Impure blood always shows somewhere. If the skin, then boils, pimples, rashes. If the nerves, then neuralgis, nerv-ousness, depression. If the

Sarsaparilla

stomach, then dyspepsia, billousness, loss of appetite. Your doctor knows the remedy, used for 60 years. "Retorning from the Cuten war, I was a perfect wrock. We blood was lad, and my leasts was gone. But a rev belong of Ayer Barrapacilla compilately ented the."

B. U. Bloom was, it recention, Pa.

Impure Blood

lid the Sersaparilla by keeping the

Bridge-And you so right on eating soggy bread and half cooked meats. For heaven's sake, why don't you dis-

charge your cook and get another one? Pike-Well, you see, old fellow, so far ms I can find out, the courts won't grant you a divorce for had cooking. Boston Evening Transcript.

The Lost Fraction of Time. If one grain of sand on the shore of the ocean were lost, and scientists were to spend years in trying to find it, they would be attempting a task resembling that to which the leading astronomers of England and France are now asvoting themselves. One sixteenth of a second is missing, and no one can tell where it has gune. Between the sun's time, as recorded at christened "Purity," certainly showed Greenwich and as understood at Paris. there is that prist and seemingly unimportant discrepancy. No expense is being spared to trace the missing fraction. A slight variation of time may change the antionalities of thousands of people. The pursuit of the missing of people. The pursuit of the missing celebrate the sale of Jennings's "Study fraction of a second is, therefore, of of a Head," and how be had thought world-wide importance. When It is at the time that he, who spent such found not a grain of the sands of time nights, had no business to paint a will be missing...London Tit-Bits.

The beggars of China have organized a regular system of blackmail. Every lown has a band of them with a "king." The "king" goes about among the merchants and others, colleating tribute, in return for which he gives a signed document insuring them against all annoyance for a cartain leagth of time.

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The Thrice a Week World was a bril Bant success in the beginning and has been steadily growing ever since. Time "A man had given all other bitss is the test of all things, and has set its seal And all his worldly worth for this: of approval on the Thrice a Week World. To waste his whole heart in one hiss which is widely circulated in every state and turritory of the Union, and wherever there are people who can read our mother

This paper for the coming winter and the year 1900, will make he nows survice. If possible, more extensive than ever. All events of importance, an matter where they happen, are reported accurately and

The subscriber for only one dollar a year gets three papers every weak and more nerry from matic gainage lumman than most great dailies can formish at five or six times the

The Thrice a Week World is absolutely fair in its political news. Partison bise i never allowed to affect its name column and democrat and republican alike can obtain in its passe trishful accounts of all the great political campaigns.

The specific of contradges.

Weak World furnishes the best serial ficlost, eighteres market reports and other,
adcount of interest.

The thrice of Weak World's regular andseription acids is only 31 per year and this
ways for 105 gapers. We offer this unemaint messages who the Pike County
trees together and year fee 5.

The results subscription pripe of the

Many Lupwey, Broad St., Milford, Pa. in about half a million dollars.

BY MYRTLE REED A CRISIS IN THE CAREER OF JOE HAYWARD People said that Joe Hayward's pictures "lacked something." No one was sure what it was, fiven the critics, who know everything, were at a loss. Hnyward bioself worked hard; study-

ing the masters, patiently correcting faults in color and perspective, and succeeding after a faction. But he felt that art, in its bigliest and best sense, was uttarly beyond blue there was a haunting clusive something

Occasionally, when he sold a picture, he would give "a time" to a dozen artist chains from studies nearby, as they did whenever fortune far ored them; after which he would paint again, on and on, with a really tre-

which was continually out of his

At length he obtained permission to make an exhibition of his work in a single room at the Art Gallery. The pictures were only too to a fusion. pletures were only ten in aumber, and some of them were small, but they represented a hard year's work. When he superintended the hanging, on Saturday morning, he was more nearly happy than he had ever been in his life. The placard on the door, "The Hayward Exhibition Will Open Mon-

he had done his best. At last he was suited with the arrangement. The man went out with the ladder and wire, and he stood in the center of the room, contemplating the result. The landscape in the corper might be a little out of drawing. he thought, but the general public would not notice that. And the wo-man in white beside it, which he had to very good advantage. He remombered very well the day he had gut the finishing touches upon it, after the night of revelry in which he had helped Jennings and a dozen other ellows from neighboring studies to

As he turned to leave the room, he saw a gray gowned young woman, who evidently did not know that the pictures were not as yet upon public view. She passed him as she came in, with a rustle of aliken skirts and a cooling odors of violets. Seeing the key of the toom in his hand, she turned to him and said:

"Pardon me, but can you tell me whose pictures these are?" These are Hayward's," he replied. "Hayward," she repeated after him, as if the name were wholly new to

"Hayward is a young artist and of purely local reputation," he explained. "This is his first public exhibition." She surveyed the collection without any strong show of pisasure, until he remarked, "You don't seem to think much of his beginning."

She was prompt in her answer. "No. I do not, They seem to lack some-He sighed inwardly. That old, old

'something!" Hayward's pictures all "lacked something," as was commonly said of them; but what that something was, his intimates his fellow artists, were not the kind to know.

"I don't know," she replied slowly. "If one knew the man, one might be her reply:

able to tell " full in the face. He saw nothing but

her eyes, clear and honest, reading him through and through.
"Yes," he answered, "if you knew
the man, I think you could tell."

"I'm not at all sure," she laughed. "It's only a fancy of mino." Drawing a watch from her belt, she looked surprised and turned away. He listened until the allken rustle had completely ceased. Ther he too went out. On the stair he found a hand-kerchief. It was edged with lace, delicately scented with violet, and min-utely marked in the corner: "Cou-

On Sunday night the studio building where Hayward and others painted glowed with light. The morrow's opening of "The Hayward Exhibition" you to judge of our claims. was being celebrated with "a time" at the expense of the artist. Glasses clinked and the air was heavy with smoke. Two women from a vaudeville theatrs near by made merry upon an impromptu stage. Everybody was happy except Hayward. The owner of wish. the handkerchief was in his mind. He felt that those eyes of here, gray, deep of his Tennyson, smiling as he caught the words on the oposite page: "A man had given all other bliss

Upon her perfect lips."

Her handkerchief would feel more at home there, though as he closed the book, he wondered what she would

A quick eye had followed him, and soon afterward its owner. Jennings, took occasion to examine the volume He waved the handkershief aloft triamphantly. "Heigho, fellows! Hayward's got a new mark for his clothes. Look here-Constance Grey!"

Hayward was shaken with a minsted shame and anger that he could out explain, even to blinself. The

lets and a quick cure is cortain. the other side where the horse would hatsmoras, all general stores to probably have the advantage. Pike county will refund your money all general stores in Pike county.

gords and tons with which he bade his friend put the little thing suck where he had found it were as not as they were foulth. For a moment the two friends faced each other; then Jennings apologised and then Hay-

ward. In spackling champages they drank to good fellowship again. But the incident was not without a certain sabtle effect upon the celebration, and at 1 o'clock Hayward sat alone by his cased, his head buried is his hands, a dustry handbarchter upon his lap, and before him the rapidly sketched out-line of a.face.

He know now why Jennings had angered him. The shaft of light from a woman's syss, which once strikes keep into the soul of every man, bad at last orme home to him.

The "opening" was ampreious.

Wealth and art alike were well repre-

Toward the end of the evening a lady who had once ant for a portrait came up to him. "Mr. Hayward," she said, "I want

He followed her late the next room.

to ressure her she answered: "Let's not talk about it; it's too humiliating." So they spoke of other things. He learned that she had come from a disday," filled him with pleasure. It was not a conceiled feeling of importance, but rather a happy conscious and the Miss Grey and her and was and but rather a happy conscious and the miss of the conceiled feeling of importance, but rather a happy conscious and the miss of the conceiled feeling of importance, and the conceiled feeling of importance in the conceiled feeling of impo which served as well as Fridays. It was seldom that the girl looked him in the face; but when she did so he felt himself confessed before her-a man with no right to touch even the hem of

her garment, yet honoring her with every fiber of his being. They were much together, and Conatance took a frank enjoyment in his friendship. He made every effort to please her, and one day they went into the country. Constance was almost childishly happy, but the seeming perfection of her happiness distressed him when he learned that in very few days she was to sail for Europe, pass the Summer and Autumn in travel, and

spend the Winter in Paris.

At length they sat down under s gnarled oak tree and watched the light upon the river and in the sky, After some moments of silence Hay-

ward spoke. "I think you know the man now. Will you tell me what his pictures

Inck? She hesitated. "I do not know the man well enough to say, but I will give you my art creed and let you judge for yourself, I believe that a man's art is neither more nor less than the expression of himself, and that in order to obtain an exalted expression his first business is with himself. Wrong living blunts, and eventually destroys, the fundamental sense of right and wrong, without which a noble art is impossible. When a man's art is true, it is because he himself is

The true artist must be a man first and an artist afterward." Hayward took the admonition with a worshipper's meekness. Their conver-sation ended with his declaration that he would not paint again until he had comething in himself worthy to put

lato the pleture, "You'll help me, won't you?" he

ankod: Her eyes filled. "Indeed I will, if I

He went home with love's fever in his veins. She had promised to help "What is it, do you think?" he him, and surely there was only one ked. an hour later his messenger brought

"Believe me, I never dreamed of this For the first time she looked him and you know what my answer must buil in the face. He saw nothing but be; but I do not need to tell you that whatever honest friendship can offer Is already yours.

"With deep regret, I am, as ever,

"CONSTANCE GREY." The grim humor of the thing stunned him momentarily, and he laughed harshly. Then he flung himself down in a passion of grief. In again, after a night of alcopless dis-

"You cannot mean what you say. That white, womanly soul of yours must wake to love me some day. You have stood between me and the depths, and there has been no shame in the life that I offer you since you came into it Oh, you perfect thing, you perfect thing, you don't know what you are to me! Constance, let me come!

The answer was promptly forthcom-

"I cannot promise what you ask, but you may come and see me if you

Pale with expectancy. Hayward was only the ghost of himself when and tender though they were, might the servant admitted him. He had blaze with anger at a scene like this.

The handkerchief had no place in such entered the room in the gown in which entered the room in the gown in which an atmosphere. He went over to his be had seen her first. He came to meet bookesse and put it between the leaves her, but she came and sat down be-

> "Listen," she said, "and I will fell you how I feel. I am twenty-five and I have never 'cared.' I do not believe that I ever shall care, for the love that we read of is simost incomprehensible to me. You cannot marry such a wo-

> It was very hard to say what she must. With an effort she rose and drew away from him. "I must be true to myself and to you," she said, and I can may nothing but the cid, bitter no."

White and wretched, he went away; leaving ber, white and wretched, behind him. For days and weeks thereafter Hay-

ward painted busily. Jennings went

Gen. Miles made his 80 mile cavalry relay run in record time. He For a billious attack take Cham- expresses the belief, however, that borisin's Stomach and Laver Tab-

"No, but you're tired of us, and you can't hide it. Come down the size with as comight. The follows have got a yacht, and we'll have supper on board, with plenty of champers.

on't you come?" 'An I work the a man who would make good company at a champague supper? You kidy what's the marier with me. Why don't you just sensibly drop me?? Sennings begged and mocked and

builted, all in a good natured way, but, his friend was firm. When he went out Hayward looked the studio door and drew his half finished picture from behind a curtain.

"She was right," he said to himself, Constance sailed. He dreamed of his picture as being hung in the Salon and of her neeing it there. By and by it was finished. It crossed the water, and the dream he had dreamed came

When Constance looked upon Hayward's painting ber heart leaged as though it would have ber breast White, radiant and glorified, it was she herself who stood in the center of the picture. That self-reltant, fearless poss seemed to radiate an fminths calm. Belilud her raged the powers of darkness, niterly belpless to pass the line on which she stood. Her face seemed to illuming the shadows around her; her figure was instinct with grace and strength. Below the picture was the name; "A White

The beauty of the conception dawned upon her slowly. Pale and trembling she stood there, forgetful of place, and the things around her. At length she knew what she meant to him; that his art at last rong true because he had loved her enough to be a man for her

make. She dared not linger before it then, but she came again when the place was empty, and stood before her lover's work like one in a dream. fiends in the shadow showed her the might of the temptations he had fought down. She gazed at her own glorified face until her eyes filled with tears. With a great throb which was almost pain. Constance woke to the knowledge that she loved him, even as he love her; well enough to stand between him and danger till she herself should fall The old gray guard, passing through the room, saw her upturned face It that moment of exaltation. It was the

and he quietly went away to wait un til Constance came out, her face flushed and her eyes shining like stars before he locked the door. That night the cable trembled with a message to America. It reached Hayward the next morning as he sat reading the morning paper. The unvalore fluttered unheeded to the floor

same that he saw in the picture above

and his face grew tender as he read the few words which told him that his picture had rewarded his love. "Wait," he said to the messenger boy. Hurrledly he wrote the answer "Sall next stenmer"—then, utterly oblivious of the additional expense, he added another word, which must have been very expressive, for Constance turned crimson when it reached herperhaps because the discerning genius who copies cablegrams in typewriting thinking that the message came from a Mr. Darling.

the next car or not. The tinker wanted to go uptown on a Second avenue car. The conductor did'nt think that a glowing fire was proper hand baggage under the rules and would'nt let the tinker get aboard. There was a scrap on the step of the rear platform in which the conductor got a hard jab with a stick of solder. The tinker had on the step of the rear platform in which the conductor got a hard jah with a stick of solder. The tinker had one sleeve torn out of his coat, but retreated in good order without dropping an iron or spilling a single coat. The conductor cussed and rang for full the conductor cussed and range for full the conductor cussed and conductor cussed

ductor on the shin, and got away without a scratch. Then he got abroad an E. Broadway horse car, where he conductor wasn't so particular.

Alexander F. Chamberlain has discovered that there are 131 words of Algonquin derivation in the English language. The algonquine occupied a considerable section of this country before they were saked to move on, and some of the verbal heirlooms they left us are: Chipmunk, bickory, hominy, menhaden, moccasin, moose, mugwomp, musquash, permmican, persimmon, pappoose, pone, porgy, possom powwnw, raccoon, samp, skink, squash, squaw, succetash, Tammany lantog, terrapin toboggan, tomahawk totem, wigwam, woodchuck.

The National Library of Paris has \$38,200 a year for the purchase of new books. The Berlin Royal Library has \$87,500, while the British Museum Library has no loss than \$185,000,

The Department of Agriculture will have a building at a cost of \$1,500,000

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Special One Way Coloniats Tickets "Look here, old fellow," he said. The Eric has placed on sale daily what's the matter? I know I was until November 29th, very low ingentlemanly about the handkerchief, Colonies one way tickets at Port but that is no reuses why you should dervise, to points in the Far West, get about it?

Why, Januings, old buy, I haven't the west would do well by dropping. and any one contemplating a trip to

> HEFORY OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF MILFORD

n the State of Pennsylvania, at the Hole Dusiness, September 9th, 1908;

ALL LORING AND DESCRIPTION OF LOSS OF LAND DESCRIPTION OF LOSS OF LOSS

lawful Money Reserve in Bank, Total \$100,088 Mg

Capital stock pulif in 8 95.000 for Surplus found 5,000 00 United the pulif in 5,000 00 United the pulif surplus found 1,588 22 and taxes pulif National Hank settes outstanding 25,000 (2) Due to other National Banks 40 15 Individual deposits subject to check incates of deposit 1,165 22 7 55

Total .. \$100,588 55 State of Pennsylvania, County of Pike, as I, John C. Warner, Cashier of the above amed bank, do solemnly swear that the shove statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JOHN C. WARNER, Cashter Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of September, 1908. J. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Notary Public. A.D. BROWN.
GEO.W. WARNER, Directors.
E. WARNER,

PARTITION NOTICE

Peter A. L. Quick, Court of Pike County deceased: Pennsylvania.

Gescased: Pennsylvania.

To Catharine A Quick, Lafayette W. Quick, Flora Conner and B. W. Conner, her husband, Maggie A. Nyce and John W. Nyce, her husband, Emma J. Snelling and George R. Sueiling, her husband, Lena A. Tnimage and D. Sherlil Talmage, her husband, and John C. Wesstrook, Jr. Gunrilan ad Hean of Franklin C. Rauh, John W. Nyce, Jr., and Peter Quick Nyce, minors.

You are h reby notified that the Orphang Court of Pike County awarded an inquest on make partition and walustion of certain real estate, whereof Pater A. L. Quick, ate of the township of Dolawars, county of Pike, Pennsylvania, died, sefeed, edisting of and comprising the following priefly designated pieces of land, to wit:

briefly designated pieces of land, to wit:

FIRST—A certain piece of land, situate
in the township of Delaware, county
of Pike aforesaid, containing in the whole
the cof about 400 acres after deducting
therefrom all lands told by Peter A. L.
Quick in his lifutime and land previously,
solid, and excepted in the deeds conveying
said land to him—Peter A. L. Quick—a
part of this land comprises the homestoad
property and known as "Manor Hall" and
upon which said decedent, Peter A. L.
Quick, resided at the time of his decease. HIS BAGGAGE WAS AFIRE.

A Trolley Car Wouldn't Let the Tinker Aboard, but a Horse Car Took Him. An itinerant tinker with an armful of soldering irons and his little portable furnace full of live coals created so much diversion at the bridge entrance the other day that a lot of folks didn't care whether they caught the next car or not. The tinker wanted to go uptown on a Second avenue car.

THIND—A percent land situate in the decesse.

SECOND—A piece of land situate in the township of Lehmen. counts of Pilke aforesaid, originally comprising two whole tracts of land surveyed as aforesaid in the name of Joseph Smith containing 96 acres to the whole of said land containing 176 acros. ESP perches, excepting the next car or not. The tinker wanted to go uptown on a Second avenue car.

The conductor cussed and rang to the speed ahead. The tinker did'nt say a surface and the provertist "dam," which his trade eatitled him to.

The old man who mends things tried the next car with no better results. He swung his fire put and caught one considerable many to the control of the said county, containing in the whole thereof \$52 aces 30 perches, with allowance, etc., excepting thereout 182 aces, more or less, with usual allowance, taken from off of the Atraham Horn tract.

of the Atraham Horn tract.

SIXTH—All the following town lots, aitmate in the Borough of Milford, county of Pike aforesaid, and numbered in Eddred's map of an addition thereto, as numbers 29, 59, 59, 59, 59, 51, 33, 35 and 38, comprising about two acres of land, described in deed from Edwin B. Eldred and wife to Peter A. L. Quick, recorded in Deed Book No. 57 page 241—said lots Beginning at a past for a corner at the junction of Harbert and Tenth streets in the said Borough.

And that said inquest will be held of the premises above designated, the jury to most for said purpose at the Sheriff Office in the Burungs of Billford, Pa., or TUESDAY, THE SIXTH DAY

OF OCTOBER, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock in the furences, and process, with the inquiest until completed, at which time and piece and during the continuance of said inquest you are requested and hereby notified to attend, if you think proper.

GEORGE GREGORY, Sheriff's Office, Milford, Pa., } August 16, 1008.

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