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What is said to be the smallest book ever printed has just been published at Padua, Italy, by Salva Brothers. It is only six millimeters in size, and contains of eighty pages, each page containing nine lines of minute type. The book reproduces a letterhead published in 1812, Gallia's to Christina of Lorraine (1812).

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CAPITOL PARK TO BE ENLARGED

State House Will Be Relieved of Unightly Surroundings.

GOVERNOR OBTAINS FACTS

Long Denied Public Improvement to Be Accomplished at Last.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 18.—The Fox bill for the extension of Capitol park has been favorably reported by unanimous vote of the senate committee on public grounds and buildings. The bill is certain to pass the senate, and probably without a dissenting vote. While there may be some opposition in the house this has not yet asserted itself in any way and there is every reason to believe that a handsome majority awaits the bill there. Governor Stuart is expected to sign it in view of the overwhelming sentiment in the legislature and throughout the state in favor of this much needed improvement.

The desirability of extending the Capitol park, so as to give the magnificent new state house an adequate setting, has never been questioned. The only objections raised in the past have been based on the uncertainty of the cost of the project and the difficulty of finding revenue to meet it because of the extraordinary demands on recent legislatures for providing modern and ample asylums for the insane, increasing the public school appropriation,



TANNERS ALLEY—FROM SOUTH STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

establishing tuberculosis sanatoria and promoting good roads. In view of the liberality of the legislatures of 1905 and 1907 toward these objects, the present body finds itself restricted in the matter of expenditures for permanent public improvements, and the plan of the Fox bill for expending not more than \$400,000 a year during a period of five years, for the purchase and improvement of the park extension, makes the way easy from the standpoint of the state finances. As the state spends \$25,000,000 a year on its departments and its charities, \$400,000 is a mere drop in the bucket, and as the purchases are to be made by a commission, all questions of the possibility of wasteful extravagance have been eliminated.

Nor is there any longer a question as to just what the park extension will cost. The last legislature authorized the governor to appoint a commission to appraise the property and report to the board of public grounds and buildings for the information of the present senate and house. This commission, composed of three real estate experts, has presented a detailed report, including a complete description, with the assessed and market values of every property in the district, and Governor Stuart has transmitted this report to the legislature. It shows that the assessed value of the property is \$941,219 and the market value \$1,401,459. The Fox bill provides for a total expenditure of \$2,000,000, the difference of \$1,558,781 being considered ample to cover all cost of purchasing and condemning the property.

The inadequacy of the present Capitol park is apparent to everyone. The new capitol is as long as the park is wide, nearly 520 feet, and in addition to the capitol building proper the state museum, 230 by 125 feet in dimensions, and the conservatory, 200 by 60 feet, occupy a large portion of the lengthwise dimensions of the park, which is only 1500 feet. Thus the park is badly crowded already. The great west front of the capitol looks out upon a space scarcely wider than the building itself, while on the east side trolley cars run within fifteen feet of the granite walls, and on the opposite side of a narrow street are some ancient dwellings, a crowded market house, stable-enclosed knowledge.

The Greek, Eratosthenes, 250 B. C., taught the doctrine of the roundness of the earth, and the ideas of the sphere, its poles, axis, the equator, arctic and antarctic circles, equinoctial points and the solstices were quite generally entertained by the wise men of that time. There were plenty of men in Rome, therefore, who were prepared to talk about the earth as a sphere and to make globes illustrating their life

yard, saloons, power plant and a n-house. Clouds of black smoke from the power plant and other nearby factories sweep over the beautiful hills and are rapidly discoloring it. In warm weather when windows have to be opened the deliberations of the legislature and the work of various state departments are seriously hampered by the smoke from the city street.

Looking out from the new capitol as far eastward as the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad, four blocks away, the eye sweeps over one of the most unattractive portions of the capital city. The twenty-nine acres comprising the proposed extension are occupied by cheap tenement houses, small factories and shops, unsightly warehouses and stables. The area is intersected by numerous narrow alleys, lined with rickety wooden buildings which constitute some of the worst slum places in the city.

The incongruity of such conditions adjacent to the seat of the government of a great commonwealth has been the occasion of severe comment on the part of many distinguished visitors, including William T. Stead, the great English publicist; Architects Burnham and Kecey and noted civic authorities from all over the United States. Only last week Vice President Fairbanks, while here to deliver the Lincoln Day address, after a tour of Capitol Hill, said:

"I am very much impressed with your state capitol. The entire building is one of which you may well be proud. For the scheme of park extension for the capitol I have only commendation. It is badly needed. I have thought so frequently in passing by on railroad trains. Never was I more impressed in this way than today. By all means extend the park, and do it now. The thousands of travellers will then be able to obtain a satisfactory view of your handsome state house."

Aside from the appearance of things there are practical and economic rea-

sons in support of the park extension project. Harrisburg is rapidly developing as a manufacturing city, and property values are going up by leaps and bounds. Every year of delay will largely increase the price that the state will have to pay for the property. It is only a matter of time until the growth of the state government will require an extension of the present building or the erection of new groups of buildings. The public grounds as they are today would not permit of such addition.

Leaders of all parties and public men generally are outspoken in their belief that now is the time to make a start on the extension of Capitol park. During a visit to Harrisburg on Jan. 19 last, Senator Roles Penrose said:

"I am earnestly in favor of Capitol park extension. It is an entirely proper and legitimate undertaking for this great commonwealth. Harrisburg has for several years expended large sums as a municipality, and through the direct investment of the legislature in making the seat of the state government ideal in every way, and it is therefore right that the commonwealth should exhibit the same enterprise in providing for its magnificent capitol building in a proper and adequate setting.

"There is no reason whatever for postponing this needed improvement. The state is abundantly able to undertake the work and it would seem to be the height of folly to further delay the inevitable extension of the public grounds. Millions of dollars are being expended by the national government in improving the city of Washington, and no loyal citizen of Pennsylvania will object to the making of a proper setting for the capitol here.

"From what I can gather of the sentiment of the legislature there is little doubt that the Capitol park extension measure will be sent to Governor Stuart for his approval at the present session of the legislature."

Senator Penrose's confidence in the passage of the bill at this session is shared by members of the legislature generally. They realize that the park extension can now be authorized without curtailing the necessary appropriations for schools, roads, local charities and other legitimate objects of state aid.

Nothing New. Fashion is ever changing, but it must be confessed that all the dresses we "create" are merely variations, improvements, or transformations of models worn in other days.—Noda, Rome.

An Apology Crank. A man who is good at making explanations and apologies is seldom good for anything else.

The Tryst

By GRACE M. PETERS

The night wind blew the loosened tent-Pan softly. Ten, tap, back and forth it fluttered, vaguely persistent, until Eversham finally awakened. He opened his eyes and looked out into the dim perspective of the forest. Yes, there they were, the tall straight trunks without number—hoary, pathless, suggestive of ineffable mystery.

Eversham did not stir—he breathed very quietly. He wished to cheat time into forgetting him and the ecstasy of the forest dream—the dream that he had dreamed every night since first he took the fever; more than that, the dream that had been his soul's life for twenty years, since she failed to keep the tryst and the joy of life had died.

Now he was dying—so the strange nurse and doctor who moved about his bedside had said early in the evening. When he heard a triumphant thrill had shaken his hot, dry body, for he knew that tonight at last he should know the truth—the dream would not break off, a fragment, as it had always done before.

It was so cool in the murmuring forest—just such a night as that other long ago when he left his tent and went down to the river to meet her. Was that twenty years ago or only the last weekend, as it seemed? It had been a wild country in those days; strange things often happened, and when she did not keep the tryst and never was seen again no one had wondered very much. They said that others had loved her as well as he, and that some young Lochinvar had come out of the West and borne her away down the river—the swift swirling river that had only chattered on, tantalizingly as the sun went down and the dark came on and he waited alone and she did not come. He could hear the faint murmur of it now.

What was that? The doctor was trying to rouse him, but he lay cunningly still. They could not snatch him back from the forest again—the time was far too short.

The balsam boughs on which he lay were very sweet, and then there was the moon just rising over the pointed hemlocks. He could not see the moon, but he knew that it was up for the reflection struck the pall of water in the tent. It was a blue, worn-out old moon, neither silver nor gold, but the drunken copper color of a useless candle burning out toward daylight. He would look at it.

Eversham crawled to a moss-grown log that lay moldering outside the tent. Ah, now he could see the black, swift river with the endless mute forest on the other bank. There was where the red campfire had burned each night. He fancied he saw the lurid fire now, dancing and glowing with elish light over half forgotten faces of old companions. Wild snatches of their song and laughter seemed borne on the night wind down the river—down toward the trysting place that stood out a shapeless mass of rock above the seething current.

Eversham suddenly drew a sharp painful breath of wonder. Something was moving at the trysting place—something vague and indistinct but surely neither shadow nor mist. What was it? Could it be she? Had she come at last to keep the tryst now that he was dying? The thought made him tremble with ecstasy—he could not bear so much joy all at once.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he whispered imploringly, with all the pent-up love of twenty years in his tone.

Yes, there she stood, beckoning and smiling, elusive, a shadow among shadows. Her lips moved as if she spoke, but the words were lost in the roar of the water.

Eversham sprang to his feet—he cared no longer for the nurse and the doctor; they could not hold him back now. He was dying and he cared not for that—was she not waiting to keep the tryst? The useless old moon was almost set, and it was very dark as he groped his way through the fantastic lacy network of shadows down to the rock on which she stood.

"Oh, my darling, my darling," he cried, stretching out his arms.

But she turned from him, and bowed her head and wept.

"Look into the treacherous river," he heard her say. "What do you see? I slipped and fell—Ah, why did you not know?"

Eversham grovelled at her feet in agony.

"My darling, my darling," he cried again.

But his voice met only its own echo reverberating from across the swift flowing river. He stood at the tryst alone.

"Come rest with me," a voice crooned from the swirling water far below. "Come rest with me in my river bed. Twenty years have I waited, dear heart. Come rest with me, forever."

Eversham gave a mighty cry—he leaped out into the darkness; and then there was quiet.

The old moon had set, the tryst was kept. The doctor and the nurse who had watched by the bedside since early evening knew that the fever with its restless phantoms would trouble Eversham no more—he had found peace at last.—Boston Post.

Time's Changes. "Before we were married you said you'd lay down your life for me," she sobbed.

"I know it," he returned, solemnly; "but this confounded fat is so thin there's no place to lay anything down."

The Artist's Problem. "Was, was, your picture will live?" "Yes, but how about me?"

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interest on them, from the day they are deposited. It is paying out over \$100,000.00 each year, for interest.

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Write to Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for a FREE sample bottle. Large bottle \$1.00. All druggists.

Who He Was.

One Saturday, shortly before the close of business, Kuhn, Loeb and Company had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan. As all the other employees had left, it was necessary to entrust the negro porter with the errand. He received careful instructions to take the valuable package to Mr. Morgan's office, and to insist upon giving it to "Mr. Morgan of J. P. Morgan and Company and to no one else."

By commendable persistence and many repetitions of his instructions he finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Morgan, who was in session with several other gentlemen in his private office.

"Ah wants to see Mr. Mawgan ob J. Piehpon' Mawgan an' Comp'ay," he doggedly insisted.

Mr. Morgan arose. "Well, I'm Mr. Morgan," he said. "Who are you?"

"Who-er-me?" stammered the porter. "Why, I see de coon ob Kuhn, Loeb an' Comp'ay, an' he's de papers Ah done bring you."

Knew Which was Which.

Johnny's mother gave him two five-cent pieces, one for candy, the other for the Sunday school collection.

Light-hearted, he was tossing the coins in the air as his way to the church, when suddenly one eluded his grasp and disappeared through a cellar grating. Down on his knees he peered into the dark pit, only to realize his loss. Then, looking thoughtfully first into his hand, next at the cellar steps, he remarked: "Well, there goes the Lord's nickel!"

Entirely Too Far.

"Dennis," inquired Mr. Hogan, glancing up over the door of the post-office building, "what is the meanin' of thim letters 'MDCCLXXXVIII'?"

"They mean 'eighteen hundred an' ninety-eight,'"

"Dennis, don't it strike you that they're carryin' this shpellin' reform entirely too far?"

One Purpose.

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger, politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"He's in," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to the other hand.

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WILLARD'S HOTEL
A famous hotel, remarkable for its historical associations and long-standing popularity. Recently renovated and partially refurnished.

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A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a prime favorite. Recently remodelled and considered better than ever. Opp. Pa. B. R. dep. WALTER BURTON, Res. Mgr. These hotels are the principal political rendezvous of the capital at all times. They are the best stopping places at realizable rates.

G. G. DEWITT, Proprietor

Europe's production of beet SUGAR in the season of 1907-8 was 6,552,000 tons, a decrease of 15,900 tons from 1906-7 and 239,000 tons from 1905-6. Germany led in 1907-8 with 2,132,000 tons followed by Austria-Hungary with 1,440,000 and Russia with 1,410,000.

First Jewish Cemetery.

Many travelers on the Third and Second Avenue elevated railways of New York city wonder how the little cemetery at New Bowery and Oliver street came to be there. It is a remnant of the first Jewish cemetery in the United States and was established in 1654.

European Women Architects.

Mrs. Michaela an architect, is now constructing what will be when finished the largest building in Marselles. Great Britain has at least one famous woman architect, Miss Elizabeth McClelland.

As She Understood It.

Small Margie while at church heard the choir sing "Rock of Ages, Gieft for Me." Upon her return home she was heard singing, very seriously, "Rock the babies, kept for me."

When Graft Will Die.

The human race will not be absolutely perfect until a man can educate himself to walk by a two-dollar bill on the sidewalk and not pick it up. Then, indeed, would graft be dead in him.

The Real Thing.

"I guess I'll take a hand in the poker game," hinted the gambler's wife, as she broke up the party with a flourish of that homely but useful kitchen article in her muscular hand.

Text from Dr. Williams.

"Dar's some wolves in sheep's clothing in dis day an' time, but me's ingenuitly de wide-awake folks skins de sheep 'fo' de wolf kin git a lick at 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

Increasing the Suffering

Sometimes the first pang of remorse come to criminals when they see how idiotic they are made to look by the artist who "draws from life."

Loafers at the Pool Table.

The best pool players in any town are generally the young fellows who never hang onto one job very long at a time.