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Suits in wool, jackets, hats, mms and childrens underwear.

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Beautiful Neckwear A New Department.

A large assortment of Laces and Trimmings. A complete stock of mens furnishings. Finely stocked Grocery Department. Crockery and glassware direct from England.

All of the above at prices that will make it to your advantage to buy of

MITCHELL BROS.
Broad Street Milford Pa

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The undersigned have entered into an arrangement to expedite passenger traffic to and from Port Jervis. Prompt service will be rendered and polite attention shown. In connection they will conduct a general livery business. Proprietors of Wells, Fargo express. Connections here with Dingmans and points South.

Findlay & Wheeler,
Milford, Pa. PROPRIETORS

"BEST OF ALL FLOUR."

FEED, MEAL, BRAN, OATS, and HAY

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KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

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Of All Kinds and Styles.

Blankets, Robes, Whips and Horse Outfitting generally.

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Repairing—NEATLY DONE.

Examine my stock it will please you. The price too.

L. F. HAFNER,
Harford St. Milford

A United Family.

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go to the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying: "Dear Mother and Father—Just wait another fortnight and I'll come home with an extra 10. Your affectionate son."

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AN EVERY DAY PROBLEM

We solve it by keeping

Fine Groceries,
Canned Goods,
Choice Meats,
Fresh Vegetables.

FOR AN ELEGANT DINNER

If you appreciate a good market in town buy your fish and clams at my place. Limburger, imported Requefort, Philadelphia Cream cheese or any others desired.

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Harford St. Milford Pa.

The East Stroudsburg State Normal School is winning for itself an enviable reputation because of the SUCCESS of its Graduates.

The fall term will open Aug. 31, 1908.

For catalogue and special information, address

E. L. KEMP,
Principal

ARE NOT GOOD WIVES

COLLEGE WOMEN DECLARED BY MEN TO BE MASCULINE.

A Discouraging Lot of Testimony to This Effect is Given by the Stern Sex-Reasons Given by the Testifiers Are Many and Various.

Do college-bred women make good wives or do they not? A discouraging number of men lean to the negative, if testimony gathered by Annette Austin and published in "Good Housekeeping" is to be taken as representative. The reasons given by the testifiers are many and various.

"The college girl is too religious," says one man. "She is always pushing a spiritual hobby under your nose."

"Too masculine," complains another. "Not content to resemble a boy in tastes and disposition, but must dress like him."

"Of kindred mind is a third critic. "Hard, brainy, flat," he tersely describes the college girl. "Resembles a fourteen-year-old boy more than anything in nature, and always will."

A New York physician brings a number of counts against the college girl. "Inadaptable in the marriage relation," he says. "Her intolerance is directed especially against men."

Seculsion in college breeds a distorted idea of marriage and of the sex relation in general, and it is to this gross ignorance that much misery in the marriage relation is traceable.

Also, this physician thinks she is "too masculine." A woman has failed to fulfill her first duty to humanity when she fails to be attractive," he declares, "and the college-educated woman is usually not attractive by reason of her masculine attitude toward life." She is too athletic, has a "lumpy, clumsy way of moving about," is slangy to a degree, and even swears on occasion.

All in all, the doctor thinks college girls are dreadfully undesirable.

Another man, an author-physician, is even gloomier.

"The tendency to withdraw into herself, to shun marriage and to seek a career, which is particularly noticeable of the college-bred woman, is a manifestation of a deep-seated abnormality, the result of a misdirected training in a freak institution. That is only one of the things the author-physician says. In particular, he is bitter because a college girl—he believes—wouldn't marry a man who said 'It's him.'"

"No matter how worthy he may be as a man, how prosperous in business, how amply suited to make her a good husband, that grammatical error removes him forever from any hope of eligibility to her hand."

Deafness. A deaf child is probably suffering from adenoids, and should be examined by a doctor, and, if necessary, operated on as soon as possible. The earlier such an operation is performed the better. It is quite a small one and not dangerous.

Her Opinion. He—You don't believe, then, that man descended from the monkey? She—No, I do not. I think it is more probable that he descended from the frog, judging from his tendency to jump from one thing to another!

THE CAPTAIN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Lieutenant—Officer McClubbe averages 25 arrests a day.
Captain—Ah, I see; a regular lightning arrester.

A Reasonable Doubt. Officials have a right to ask questions in the performance of their duty, but there are occasions when it seems as if they might curtail or forego the privilege. Not long ago an Irishman whose hand had been badly mangled in an accident entered the Boston City Hospital Relief Station in a great hurry. He stepped up to the man in charge and inquired: "Is this the Relief Station?" "Yes. What is your name?" "Patrick O'Connor sor."
"Are you married?" questioned the officer.
"Yis, sor, but a this the Relief Station?" He was nursing his hand in agony.
"Of course it is. How many children have you?"
"Eight, sor. But sure, this is the Relief Station?"
"Yes, it is," replied the official, growing a little angry at the man's persistence.
"Well," said Patrick, "sure, an' I was beginning to think that it might be the pumping-station!"

The Patient was Improving. The following was told of the patient of a well-known New York physician:
The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a vacation, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady, residing in the same hotel, became aware of his illness, and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his las this mornin'!"

Several of the smaller islands of New Zealand are without telegraphic communication with the mainland. A substitute has been found in carrier pigeons. To send a message by a pigeon costs twenty-five cents.

UNSUCCESSFUL DIAGNOSIS.

What the Doctors Agreed on in Regard to that Cough.

The man's cough grew worse, so he resorted to the physicians.

"From the stomach, I think," said Dr. Sinton.

"Fardon me, there is no such thing as a cough from the stomach," answered Dr. Hoders.

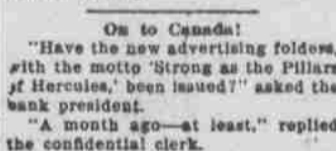
"From the effects of vaccination, I should say," announced Dr. Nature.

"Indeed," replied his colleague, Dr. Verum, "let me remind you that (except tetanus, blood-poisoning and graft), there are no evil effects of vaccination."

"Well," said Dr. Experiment, "it is not to be expected that we should all agree."

"On one thing we are agreed," cried Dr. Getros, "that is to charge five dollars apiece."
But the widow refused to pay.

ACCOUNTS FOR THE THIRST.



"He has a lot of dry humor, hasn't he?"
"I guess he has; at least it takes lots of wetting."

On to Canada! "Have the new advertising folders, with the motto 'Strong as the Pillars of Hercules,' been issued?" asked the bank president.

"A month ago—at least," replied the confidential clerk.

"With a picture of the new time-mechanism, dynamite-proof, twenty-ton safe?"
"Yes, sir."

"And the names of Senator O. Howe Riche and Rev. Tony Follows and Congressman T. Rust Knott as directors, insurance, the safety of every dollar deposited?"
"All that has been attended to, sir."

"And the returns from the folder?"
The vaults are crammed to overflowing.

"Then you may bring me the railway time-tables, a large, strong grip, a folder concerning the Canadian resorts and a lot of pencil paper. I am about to compose a very touching little rondeau called 'The Bank President's Farewell.'"

A Lover's Quarrel. Two young persons at German-town had been engaged, had quarreled, but were too proud to "make up." Furthermore, both were anxious to have it believed they had entirely forgotten each other.

One day the young man called, ostensibly on business with her father, on which occasion it chanced that she should answer the door-bell.

The young man was gone. "Pardon me," he said, with the politest of bows, "Miss Eston, I believe, is your father?"

"I am sorry to say he is not," the young woman responded, without the slightest sign of recognition. "Do you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," replied the young man, as he turned to go down the steps. "I beg your pardon," called out the young woman, as he reached the lowest step, "but who shall I say called?"

THEY ALMOST FOUGHT.

The Angular Chap and the Stern-faced Man Have a Little Talk.

The angular chap who had been jotting down notes on the margin of a newspaper approached the stern-faced man in the water-proof collar.

"Beg pardon, sir; but could I ask you a question?"

"If it isn't nonsensical."

"Well, my memory isn't good of late. Who invented the sewing-machine?"

"Howa."
"Hm! so must be a little deaf who invented the sewing-machine?"

"Howa."
"Great! Scott! I'd better get a trumpet. The old geezer is as deaf as he can be. Hey, there, who invented the sewing-machine?"

"Howa."
The angular chap teased over and served his hands. Then he whooped: "For the last time, who invented the sewing-machine?"

"Ho-wa—Howa. Mr. Howa. And now if you ask me again blamed if I don't thrash you within an inch of your life. Now get!"

And the angular chap "got."

Strategy. "I thought your bank wasn't going to give any vacation this year?"

"It didn't intend to," replied the assistant cashier, brows from a long outing, "but I put on an anxious look and puttered over my books so long they insisted on my taking a rest."

"So they could expert your accounts?"

"Sure. And they found them in such elegant shape that when I struck for a raise they had to give it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Carrier Pigeon Service. Several of the smaller islands of New Zealand are without telegraphic communication with the mainland. A substitute has been found in carrier pigeons. To send a message by a pigeon costs twenty-five cents.

THE FAMOUS SWAN DINNER.

Given by the Father-in-Law of the New German Ambassador.

The appointment of Count John Bernstorff as German Ambassador to this country recalls the famous swan dinner which was given at Delmonico's in the early '80s by the late Mr. Lippenkoyler, his father-in-law.

This gentleman was a wealthy importer and he received from the United States Government the sum of \$10,000 as a refund of excessive duties exacted from him on importations.

He dedicated this sum to a gastronomic monument, and never in the history of New York restaurants, says Town and Country, has such a gorgeous entertainment for a limited number of guests been rivaled.

Seventy-two friends were asked. There was one table covered with silver, excepting a space in the center, left for a lake and a border around the table for the plates.

This lake was an oval pond, thirty feet in length by nearly the width of the table, enclosed by a delicate golden wire network reaching from table to ceiling, making the whole one grand cage.

In the lake swam four swans, brought from Central Park, surrounded by high banks of flowers, which prevented them from splashing the water on the table.

Golden cages with canaries were hung from the ceiling and the entire room was one mass of flowers. It was a dinner at which all the most fashionable women of that day were present.

The menu was done in gold and was long and elaborate, after the fashion of that period. The hors d'oeuvre was timbale a la Conde, and there were two soups, a relache, three entrees, a sorbet, truffled chickens and saddle of mutton for the roasts, two vegetables, a number of sweets and ices.

Where the Apple Came From. There are two varieties of apples found wild in Europe, but the region adjacent to the Caspian Sea seems to have been the origin of the apple as known in the East. Charred pieces of apples are found in the heaps of refuse left by the Lave Dwellers, who occupied portions of Europe before any of the present races.

These people lived on platforms laid over piles driven into the water—probably to protect themselves from animals, in an era before metal weapons were known. These specimens of apples are generally carbonized by heat, but they show perfectly the internal structure of the fruit.

There are five types of Native American apples, all of them crabs. John Smith wrote from Virginia that he had found "some new crabapples, but they were small and bitter." New Englanders made the same report.

The Soudard has the reputation of being the largest and best of these natives. Sorts of this variety, like the Matthews, are improved in size and quality. Selections might probably be made from western thickets of even better sorts than are now known. I believe the blood of the wild crab is in some of our best orchard apples.

Easy Charity. Frederick Townsend Martin was discussing at a dinner the fund that he is raising for the great campaign against tuberculosis.

"Now, as Christmas approaches," said Mr. Martin, "my fund will grow fast. Christmas opens all hearts and pockets. It finds few Americans like—like the Spaniard."

He shook his head and smiled.

"A man once solicited for a charity in St. Sebastian," he said. "He asked a nobleman to subscribe. The nobleman shook his head and said haughtily:

"I only give, Sir, to the genuine deserving poor."
"And whom do you call the genuine deserving poor?" the other asked.

"The genuine deserving poor," explained the nobleman, "are those who are too proud to accept charity."

Tiger Terrorized Corean Village. A man eating tiger is terrorizing the outskirts of Seoul and parties are out with guns in the hope of finding him in his lair.

Last week Kim Sin, a wife of Min To-sun, living at their home, situated on the mountain slope about five miles northwest of a town called Sangko-no-ong, was attacked by a tiger when she went out to shut the front gate of the house at about 9 p. m. She was killed by the animal and was carried away into the adjoining mountain.

It is said that lately tigers have appeared at several places in the town and wear about and inflicted damage on people as well as on the cattle.

It Was Fun for the Bear. Tired by a 200-pound bear after it had hugged him, torn off his clothes and chased him a half mile, William Temple, of Emmons, Pa., was forced to sit in the bitter cold on a small branch for nearly four hours Monday, until a companion, searching for him, came upon the bear and shot it.

Temple had three deep scratches in the face, his clothes were badly torn in the encounter, and he was scared out of about a year's growth.

More Than Microscopes. The human heart concerns us more than poring into microscopes, and is larger than can be measured by the pompous figures of the astronomer.—Emerson.

A Purist. "Did you ever have a cold?" inquired the plain citizen, "that you couldn't get rid of?"

"No," answered the purist, "if I had had I would have it now."

The Early Bounds. Galey—"That man Trester certainly punishes the boozie, doesn't he?"
Daly—"Wait! The fight is young yet."

How He Figured It. "Howard says he has four mothers."
"How does he make it out?"
"Owa, God, God, and in-law."

SHALL WE DO BUSINESS WITH YOU?

THE ORANGE COUNTY TRUST CO.,
Middletown, N. Y.,

with an ample capital and surplus security is paying interest dormant accounts at the rate of four per cent. It paid more than \$100,000 in 1908.

Interest begins when deposit is made, Compounded in January and July. There is no change in the rate caused by the amount of the account.

Business may be done by mail. Write for detailed information.

G. SPENCER COWLEY, Secretary.
FRANK HARDING, President.

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Meats and Provisions,
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Pleasant to Take,
Powerful to Cure,
And Welcome in Every Home.

KIDNEY, LIVER & BLOOD CURE

Not a Patent Medicine.
Over 30 Years of Success.
Used in Thousands of Homes.

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

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Special attention given to **EMBALMING**

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STOVE WOOD Furnished at \$2.25 a load. Mail orders given prompt attention. Milford Pa. Nov. 5th. 1908
J. W. Kiesel.

Washington Hotels.

RIGGS HOUSE

The hotel par excellence of the capital located within one block of the White House and directly opposite the Treasury. Finest table in the city.

WILLARD'S HOTEL

A famous hotel, remarkable for its historical associations, long-continued popularity. Recently renovated, repaired and partially reconstructed.

NATIONAL HOTEL.

A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a prime favorite. Recently remodeled and rendered better than ever. Opp. Pa. R. Dep. WALTER BURTON, Hon. Mgr.

These hotels are the principal political rendezvous of the capital at all times. They are the best sleeping places at reasonable rates.

O. G. DEWITT, Proprietor
G. DEWITT, Manager.

HUSBANDS

How to Make Them Eat from the Hand and Sign Checks at Will.

Husbands are the natural product of most civilized countries. They are plentiful in most of the United States of America, being scarcest in Utah and Massachusetts, where each lady owns but a fraction of a husband, or none at all. Those owning no more than a mortal interest in a husband are called old maids.

Although the best husbands in this country are acknowledged by experts to be indigenous to the soil, those commanding the highest market prices are the imported varieties, because of their expensive labels. The Crown brand brings the largest figure.

The husband is a wary and elusive animal. Being for safety at the first place like a skir to his lair in clubs, offices and other remote caves of his habitat; but he may be cajoled forth by an appearance of indifference on the part of the trapper, as his curiosity can always be aroused by the strange creature who could remain immune to his charms; after which he may be easily caught any where in broad daylight (though a white night-gown of moon-calcium is preferable), in a trap composed of flour-trout, talcum, golden locks and fastery.

There is a tradition to the effect that the earliest husband-catcher was a clumsy contrivance made of tin-rod-sewing attached to a spinning wheel, decorated with home-made preserves put up in a sirup of sweet disposition and sealed in common-sense.

Once secured with a matrimonial halter tied in a diamond hitch, the husband becomes quite tame and will sit from the hand and sign checks at will. There are more than fifty-seven varieties of husbands at large and in captivity, but they are broadly classified as good and bad, by their respective owners or keepers called wives.

Since the wife is so constituted that she can believe anything she sees her mind to, she can easily persuade herself that a bad husband is a good one and vice versa—a merciful provision of Providence for marital happiness.

The American husband is called by its transatlantic compeer a beast of burden; to which he may very justly resort that the transatlantic husband is a beast of prey, or otherwise, but always a beast, and that it's a White man's Burden, anyway. All of which proves that the highest grade husband is a beast of prey, and that his permanent habitat is none United States of America.

Orange Custard.

Soak one-third box gelatine in a third of a cup of cold water until soft. Pour on one-third cup boiling water, stir until dissolved, then add one cup orange juice and the juice of one lemon, the orange pulp with a little of the water and tea off of the already weakened silk ruffes. The silk ruffes has now stood several additional months' wear, and seems good for an indefinite period.

The Queen's Quair.

At a certain dinner party, a well-known writer who was present was asked by one of the company what he thought of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's novel, "The Queen's Quair." "Don't you think that the author was a little—er—improper—in 'The Queen's Quair?'" was the question. The gentleman thus interrogated pointed out that the manners and morals of the time fully justified Mr. Hewlett's work, and the conversation was changed to other topics. When the dinner was nearly over a mild-looking gentleman sitting next to the writer whispered, "I beg your pardon, Mr. —, but what did Mr. Hewlett do in Queen's Square?"