

### The Poor Relation

"I used to wonder," said the poor relation, "why our Aunt Maria and our Uncle Bill didn't give us a little of their money. Now there's two families, relations of ours, both got a bit of money, more's they know what to do with, as the saying is, but they never gave us a cent, and we had so many uses for it."

"They had horses and carriages—they've both got an automobile now too—and they both had fine houses and they lived in good style, and we had to plug from week to week for what we did have, with never any margin for luxuries or even for some of the comforts, and they knew those things, or they must have known them, and they might have given us something without ever missing it, but they never gave us anything."

"They'd ask us to dinner sometimes and when we went they used to treat us just as nice as could be, and sometimes they came to see us, but never any money, and they had so much. After a while I began to get a little light on people that have got money, and I'm just now beginning to hang on to it, but after a while—and this I found to be true also of many other people supposed to be equally well fixed—after a while I began to discover that relatively speaking, that is considering the way they lived, Aunt Maria and Uncle Bill didn't have much more spare money than we did. They certainly did have a lot more than we did, a lot more, but they had just the same ambitions and aspirations and heartburnings and that sort of thing that we did, and it cost them a heap more to keep up with the procession that they were in than it did us to keep up with the procession that we were in."

"For instance, to get right down to simple facts—there's Julia—that's my wife, you understand—she does not have half the clothes she'd like to have; she doesn't begin to have the dresses that the wife of a friend of ours does who earns more money than I do, and so naturally she would like to have a few more dresses to keep up as good as anybody with the people we know."

"But, do you know, I think our rich Aunt Maria has just the same trouble for herself and her daughters to keep up with the people that they know? Yes, sir. I'll bet you they have just the same troubles along this line that we do."

"They've got lots of money, but they know people that have got more money than they have, just as we know people that have got more money than we have, and I'll bet they worry more over that than we do. You know we all have our troubles; we're all trying to keep up with somebody, and I'll bet that Aunt Maria and her girls worry more over their clothes than Julia does over hers."

"Julia likes jewelry and mighty little of it she's got—I haven't said anything to her about it, but I'm going to get her a nice little diamond ring for Christmas. But nobody likes the jewelry but Julia got, and Aunt Maria and her girls have got lots. Why, Aunt Maria has got a pearl necklace. But don't you suppose that she knows women that have got much finer pearls, such as she'd give anything to have but that she can't afford? And don't you suppose that her girls feel just the same when they meet girls that have got finer things than they have?"

"Why, it's as sure as anything you know. The poor relations don't have a monopoly of all the heartburnings by a long shot. We all have our troubles."

"Take Uncle Bill, with a barrel of money and an extravagant family. Do you know I think there must be times when his checkbook must be about as lean for him as mine is for me—times when I think he must come about as near to being strapped for ready money as I am? I think so. And Uncle Bill is considerable of a hummer too."

"Anyhow, I no longer wonder or worry over why they don't give us something, I've stopped being a poor relation. I've got health and strength and I sleep well nights and I'm going to strike out on my own account and get rich myself."

"And what am I going to do about my poor relations then? 'M-m-Well, we'll see about that when we get the money.'—New York Sun."

**Appropriate Action.**  
"Old Gredballer the eminent and respected trustocrat."—"Yes, he is dead. But in his will he showed his gratitude to the best friend he ever had. He left a large chunk of his plunder to erect a monument in grateful remembrance of the man who invented technicalities."—Puck

**What He Needed.**  
The Leavenworth Times says that a young society man went into a Leavenworth clothing store recently and asked to look at legging. "I was something to cover the whole calf," he remarked. "Hain't you better buy a whole suit of clothes?" said the merchant, suggestively.

**Cheap and Good Pavement.**  
A cheap, yet durable pavement has been laid by the city of Manokto, Mich., consisting of a mixture of crushed fine stone, gravel and tar, topped with cement and sand. It cost only 80 cents a linear foot, 80 feet wide.

**Dressed for the Concert.**  
Heinrich Courled was telling how had the old-fashioned concerts were sometimes. "An old Chicago millionaire," he said, "called upstairs to his daughter."

"What a time you girls take getting ready for the concert! Look at me—a bit of wadding in each ear, and I'm ready."—Pittsburgh Courier.

### OBEYING ORDERS.

#### Grouchy German's Frau Did What She was Told to Do.

The manager of an electric-light construction concern in the West tells an amusing story in connection with the work of a new line in an Iowa town.

The workmen had begun to dig a post-hole in front of a house occupied by a grouchy German. Suddenly he appeared and forbade the men to go with the work. Thereupon they explained that they had authority from the proper officials, which explanation, however, did not pacify the indignant householder. After a good deal of wrangling, the men announced that they could not waste their time in talking, and so prepared to go to work again. At this juncture the German person called his wife, and with a dexterous and unexpected movement succeeded in flinging over the hole the men were digging a large, flat piece of slate, upon which he established his claim.

Just you schlay dere, and I go get der injunction!" he directed.  
No sooner had the husband disappeared than the leader of the gang directed his men to take the slate with the Frau upon it and lift it from its place. After a severe tug this was accomplished, and with perfect politeness the corpulent lady was set to one side, just as if she had been an inanimate object of some sort.  
The work of digging then went merrily forward, and while the stolid wife held to the letter of her instructions with silent fidelity the men set up the pole for the light. This was well in place when the husband returned, waving in his hand the paper of injunction.  
When he saw what had been done the irate householder became beside himself with rage.  
"I did you not stood on der hole as I haf told you?" he demanded of his better half.  
"It was on der stone you put me, not on der hole," she answered.

**Overworked.**  
"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "my boy is doing first rate at school. I sent him to one of them elementary schools, and his teacher says he's doing fine. He's a first-class sculler, they tell me, and is head of his class in gastronomy, knows his letters by sight, and can spell like one of those reformed spellers down to Washington."

"What's he going to be when he grows up?"  
"He wants to be an undertaker, and I'm declined to humor him, so I've told the confessor to pay special attention to the dead languages," said the proud mother.—Harper's Weekly.

**A Princeton Student's Wit.**  
An ingenious and amusing answer was recently given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Princeton University.

An instructor gave the question: "Define transparent, translucent, and opaque."  
"I cannot, professor," answered the student, "precisely define those terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way: the windows of this room were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon, they will be opaque."

**New Kind of Grandfather.**  
Josiah Quincy, the prominent Boston politician, was walking near the City Hall, when he heard an Irish laborer accost another thus:  
"That's Josiah Quincy."  
"At who's Josiah Quincy?" the other asked.  
"I never see such ignorance," rejoined the first. "He's the grandson of the statue you see in the yard."

### LOGIC OF THE STREET.

**Where is the man who runs this liver stable?** asked a large, fleshy man, in a tone of voice that was decidedly offensive to the boy in charge.  
"He isn't in, sir, just now," replied the lad, "but if you are very hungry I can show you to a stall."

**A Dreaded Verdict.**  
Mr. Patterson (as sounds of weeping came from the laundry): "Groom, dear, who is that crying?"  
Mrs. Patterson: "The washerwoman, John; she has sued for divorce, and is afraid the judge will order her to pay her husband alimony."

**A Great Difference.**  
Margaret, it was very saughty of you to make such a fuss. You said if I'd buy you that new dollie you'd go to the dentist's without a murmur."

"I didn't murmur, mudder. I screamed."

**The Decline of Oratory.**  
"Biggus says there are no great orators nowadays."  
"No," answered Senator Borghum; "when a man has anything to say he puts it into the newspapers so quick that it comes out on the stump."

**Cause and Effect.**  
Old Hunka—When I came to this town, sixteen years ago, real estate in the block where I live was higher than it is now.  
Old Hewligus—It would be so in any block where you'd settle down.

**Much Married.**  
"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married again."—"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' to me. He's roost me three waddin' presents an' two wreaths."

### THAT LIST OF THINGS.

#### Just an Act from This Exasperating Drama of Life.

**Scene:** A breakfast table.  
Disclosed: A husband and wife.  
He (suddenly rustling down his pipe): Have you got that list?  
She: What list?  
He (an expression of satirical cynicism coming over his face): Weren't you going shopping to-day?  
She: Oh yes.  
He: And wasn't it agreed between us that you were to make out a list of everything you wanted, and that we were to go over it together—in a businesslike way?  
She (vaguely): Were we?  
He: That was the distinct understanding.  
She: What for?  
He: You are almost enough to drive any one to drink. Didn't we agree that we wouldn't go on in this way, ordering things that we could get along without, and ordering things that we really needed, and all the time living beyond our incomes? Didn't we thrash it out—

She: I believe something was said about it.  
He: Great Scott! (throwing down his paper). That's a nice thing to say. Well, we'll do it. We'll make it out right now.  
She (a light dawning on her): Oh, you mean the list you talked of, day before yesterday?  
He: Certainly I do. You said that you were going shopping to-day, and I suggested that you make out a list, and that we talk it all over and decide.  
She: Of course I remember distinctly. But I am afraid, dear, that it is too late now.  
He: What do you mean?  
She: Well, I decided not to wait—and I went shopping yesterday.  
He: Ha! You did, did you? And what did you get, and why are you going to-day?  
She (smiling): Well, you see, dear, I got all the unnecessary things yesterday, and to-day I've got to get the things that we simply can't get along without.

**Too Suggestive.**  
Wimbleton—Hello, Simpleton! How did you enjoy your visit to the insane asylum the other day?  
Simpleton—Oh, so, so. It was all right enough, I guess.  
Wimbleton—Well, you don't talk as though you were much impressed with it. Did you give the superintendent my note of introduction?  
Simpleton—Yes, I gave it to him.  
Wimbleton—Well, what did he say?  
Simpleton—Oh, he just looked at me and said, "Make yourself at home."

**The Safe Side.**  
"What's that sign you're making 't'-er?" asked a grocer of his clerk the other day.  
"Fresh eggs," replied the clerk, who had just been engaged.  
"Make it 'fresh-laid' eggs," directed the employer.  
"Why," queried the clerk, "don't everybody know the eggs were fresh when they were laid?"  
"Of course," rejoined the grocer, "and that's about all it's safe to say about 'em."

**His Wish Fulfilled.**  
A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glared at him.  
"Did you wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.  
The peddler backed off a few steps.  
"Well, if I did," he assured her, with an apologetic grin, "I got my wish; thank you."

**Accommodating.**  
"Where is the man who runs this liver stable?" asked a large, fleshy man, in a tone of voice that was decidedly offensive to the boy in charge.  
"He isn't in, sir, just now," replied the lad, "but if you are very hungry I can show you to a stall."

**A Dreaded Verdict.**  
Mr. Patterson (as sounds of weeping came from the laundry): "Groom, dear, who is that crying?"  
Mrs. Patterson: "The washerwoman, John; she has sued for divorce, and is afraid the judge will order her to pay her husband alimony."

**A Great Difference.**  
Margaret, it was very saughty of you to make such a fuss. You said if I'd buy you that new dollie you'd go to the dentist's without a murmur."

"I didn't murmur, mudder. I screamed."

**The Decline of Oratory.**  
"Biggus says there are no great orators nowadays."  
"No," answered Senator Borghum; "when a man has anything to say he puts it into the newspapers so quick that it comes out on the stump."

**Cause and Effect.**  
Old Hunka—When I came to this town, sixteen years ago, real estate in the block where I live was higher than it is now.  
Old Hewligus—It would be so in any block where you'd settle down.

**Much Married.**  
"I hear yer frien' Tamson's married again."—"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' to me. He's roost me three waddin' presents an' two wreaths."

**To Extract a Splinter.**  
When a splinter has been driven deep into the hand, it can be extracted without pain by steam. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with hot water, place the injured part over the mouth of the bottle, and press tightly. The suction will draw the splinter down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract the splinter and the inflammation will dissipate.

### THE ARCHBISHOP-PISCOPAL SCOOP

Burgess (we'll call him) had to do something to redeem himself. He had everything in his favor, but he wouldn't work. For more than a week the assignment schedule had borne the melancholy memorandum from the chief—"Burgess, so day off for a month." The man at the desk was vigorously carrying out the mandate, and in addition doing all he could to make it hard work for Burgess. The victim had nothing to say and he was keeping sober.

It all started with a jamboree when the Philadelphia newspaper men listed the gang to come over and be their guests. Two brewers, one liquor house and several wine agents gratuitously and graciously contributed the joy. The jamboree was for one day only, but at least three of the gang were four days getting home. Burgess had been the cut-up of the festivities, and when the time was over refused to go home. He put on evening dress to go to a Ladies' Press Club reception in honor of the victors, and two days later was found asleep on the bench at night City, with children's building sand figures about him. He still wears evening dress and he couldn't explain.

When he returned to the office he found a harsh reception waiting for him, and only past services saved a dismissal. Then came the no-day-of mandate. He loafed on the day work and if it was a Police Court assignment he went to a matinee at the burlesque house and trusted to luck and the rest of the gang. Then he was shifted to "emergency," with a swing from 8 p. m. to 4 a. m. He was still in bed. Burgess arrived on time one evening, and known only to his innermost self, he had resolved to show them all something. He sat down at his desk, pulled out a drawer, tilted his feet on it and gazed vacantly out of the window. The city editor broke the reverie.  
"Say, Burgess," he yelled; "do you still ride that wheel?"  
"Yes," said the reporter; "I've got it with me now."  
"Fine!" replied the city editor. "Jump uptown and get me a picture of this girl who eloped with her father's clerk. You'll have no trouble; her family likes notoriety. Only be quick; I want to make a good, big cut for to-morrow."

Burgess went downstairs, jumped on his wheel and started for the picture. On his return trip he was coming along at a lively rate when a jarkly clad man suddenly stepped from the curb and right in front of the wheel. In a flash he was on him and wheel, rider and man rolled into the street. Burgess helped the man to his feet, recognizing him, felt a cold chill run up and down his back. He apologized and the rickshaw man accepted it and disappeared in a great mansion at the corner. As he walked away Burgess noticed that he limped and had a few scratches across his cheek.  
"Lucky for me," said Burgess to himself as he rode along, "that he didn't have me arrested. They'd never believe that at the office."

Burgess turned the picture in and received some more work. At nearly midnight he recognized him, felt a cold chill run up and down his back. He apologized and the rickshaw man accepted it and disappeared in a great mansion at the corner. As he walked away Burgess noticed that he limped and had a few scratches across his cheek.  
"Lucky for me," said Burgess to himself as he rode along, "that he didn't have me arrested. They'd never believe that at the office."

**Royalty Lead; Simple Life.**  
Court life in Norway is usually simple, almost to the point of being democratic. In summer one frequently meets the king and queen, who then occupy their small but charming country house outside the city, driving along the country roads, while in winter they are more common to meet them coasting down the hills upon skis, or on sledges of the country, or upon ski, joining in with the populace in the national winter sports.

**More Protection.**  
"I call it splendidly patriotic," says the first citizen, "to have a law for bidding the denigration of our nation at flag by using it for purposes of advertising."  
"Yes," agrees the second citizen, "but let's protect it more fully, by making it a misdemeanor and a malfeasance to drag it onto the stage in order to secure applause for a weak musical comedy."

**Soldiers' Paper Kettles.**  
Preparations are being made to furnish the soldiers of the German Army with paper kettles, which are a Japanese invention. Although the utensils are made of pliable paper, they hold water readily. By pouring water into them they can be hung over the fire without burning for a length of time sufficient to boil the water. On a kettle can be used about eight times.

**Questionable.**  
Westend—"When a man loses money, we call him 'out of pocket,' don't we?"  
Murray—"Usually."  
Westend—"Well, when a woman loses money, should we call her 'out of base'?"

**A Modern Reason.**  
Back—"What would you do if elected President?"  
Murray—"I'd let the Vice-President run the country, and I'd go on the Chautauque lecture platform. There's a lot of money in it."

**Hard to Do.**  
One of the hardest things for a husband to do is to arrange it so that the nights he comes home late to supper his wife is also late in getting it ready. If this were possible a great deal of unpleasant conversation would be spared.—Detroit Free Press.

**Bird and Insect Weavers.**  
The art of weaving rope and netmaking is practiced by some of the lower forms of life notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India which are a species of finch construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

**A Curiosity of Emigration.**  
Nearly one-third of the immigrants who arrive in the port of New York never go beyond the city for a home.

**The Weather and the Shoe Trade.**  
As long as I've ground is dry the old shoes do not show their hidden weaknesses and defects, but let a heavy, cold rain or even a slight snow fall arrive, and then the almost invisible cracks in the uppers and the worn places in the soles will prove their fragility, and the rush to the shoe store will amount almost to an invasion.

### COLORS THAT PROTECT.

#### Markings of Birds to Conceal Them from Their Enemies.

Many curious facts about the effects of particular colors and markings of birds, insects and other animals in concealing them from their enemies have been collected by naturalists, and the theory of "protective mimicry" has been pushed far in some cases. An interesting observation bearing on this subject is recorded by Charles B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution. About 800 chicks, of various colors and patterns, were allowed to run at large in a pasture. In less than two hours crows had killed M. Mr. Davenport inspected the slaughtered chicks, and found that they included 17 whites, 13 blacks, 11 coarsely mottled gray-and-buff, but not a single chick with "pencil" markings more or less like those of ordinary jungle-fowl or game. This he thinks, was due to the relative conspicuousness of the pencilled birds, and indicated that the colors arising under domestication increased the danger to the others.

#### Automatic Street-Lighting in London.

In some parts of London where the streets are lighted by incandescent gas, an automatic system of gas-lighting has been introduced and has proved a great success. In one suburb covering sixteen square miles, thirteen hundred lamps can be lighted simultaneously by this device. The plan has proved both reliable and economical and is especially useful in a city so subject to fogs. Directly the fog settles down, making a darkness almost as dense as at night, the gas can be lighted at once in every section fitted with the new lighters. The lights can be instantly extinguished when the fog lifts. An immense saving of expense is already reported from the district using the device, and it seems probable that its use will soon become universal.—Selected.

#### Dangers of No Breakfast.

The no-breakfast habit is harmless enough provided a hearty meal is taken, not before going to bed, but early in the evening. Late dinners have no need of "breakfast" until noon time. The French and other continental people discovered this ages ago, and have thrived under it. Barring the cup of coffee or chocolate, the late diners Frenchman wants nothing to eat until luncheon. But the habit of avoiding early food and drink is this stimulating climate when the physical energies must be taxed during the morning hours is one of those silly notions, which bear anomalous results, visible in the complexion, the color, and eventually the constitution of those devoted to it.—Boston Herald.

**Royalty Lead; Simple Life.**  
Court life in Norway is usually simple, almost to the point of being democratic. In summer one frequently meets the king and queen, who then occupy their small but charming country house outside the city, driving along the country roads, while in winter they are more common to meet them coasting down the hills upon skis, or on sledges of the country, or upon ski, joining in with the populace in the national winter sports.

**More Protection.**  
"I call it splendidly patriotic," says the first citizen, "to have a law for bidding the denigration of our nation at flag by using it for purposes of advertising."  
"Yes," agrees the second citizen, "but let's protect it more fully, by making it a misdemeanor and a malfeasance to drag it onto the stage in order to secure applause for a weak musical comedy."

**Soldiers' Paper Kettles.**  
Preparations are being made to furnish the soldiers of the German Army with paper kettles, which are a Japanese invention. Although the utensils are made of pliable paper, they hold water readily. By pouring water into them they can be hung over the fire without burning for a length of time sufficient to boil the water. On a kettle can be used about eight times.

**Questionable.**  
Westend—"When a man loses money, we call him 'out of pocket,' don't we?"  
Murray—"Usually."  
Westend—"Well, when a woman loses money, should we call her 'out of base'?"

**A Modern Reason.**  
Back—"What would you do if elected President?"  
Murray—"I'd let the Vice-President run the country, and I'd go on the Chautauque lecture platform. There's a lot of money in it."

**Hard to Do.**  
One of the hardest things for a husband to do is to arrange it so that the nights he comes home late to supper his wife is also late in getting it ready. If this were possible a great deal of unpleasant conversation would be spared.—Detroit Free Press.

**Bird and Insect Weavers.**  
The art of weaving rope and netmaking is practiced by some of the lower forms of life notably among caterpillars and spiders. The weaver birds of Africa and India which are a species of finch construct wonderful nests out of leaves by sewing them together.

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

**PATENTS**

Trade-Mark Designs  
Copyrights &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive our opinion free of charge. This service is particularly prompt and accurate. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents free. Office open for receiving notices of invention, without charge, in all countries, and without restriction.

**Scientific American**

Published weekly. Largest circulation of any publication. Terms 10 cents a copy. Yearly \$3.00 in advance. Single copies 10 cents. Sent to subscribers free of charge.

**WILLIAMS & CO.**

Washington, D. C.

### The New York Tribune Farmer

is the most thoroughly practical, helpful, useful and entertaining national illustrated agricultural & family weekly in the United States.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

Send your name for free sample copy to  
**New York Tribune Farmer**  
TRIBUNE BUILDING  
New York City, N. Y.

### PIKE COUNTY PRESS

...\$1.50 A YEAR

### JOB PRINTING

Letter Heads, Cards  
Posters, Statements  
Bill Heads, Envelopes  
Circulars, Etc., Etc.

**NEATLY DONE**

Both of these papers one year for only 1.85 if you send your order and money to  
**The Press**  
Milford, Pike County, Penn.

### PATENTS

**D. SWIFT & CO.**

### Time Table

**ERIE RAILROAD**  
AT  
**PORT JERVIS**

Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati.

Tickets on sale at Port Jervis to all points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line.

In effect June 21st, 1908.

### Trains Now Leave Port Jervis as follows:

EASTWARD	
48, Daily Express.....	4:10
6, Daily Express.....	5:45
85, Local Except Sunday.....	6:10
44, Holidays only.....	6:20
No. 8, Daily Express.....	6:55 A. M.
708, Way Sunday Only.....	7:15
48, Local except Sun. & Hol. 7:35	
80, Local Except Sunday.....	10:30
4, Daily Express.....	1:14 P. M.
704, Sunday Only.....	3:30
84, Way daily except Sunday 3:50	
8, Daily Express.....	4:55
86, Way daily except Sunday 5:35	
80, Local Sunday Only.....	7:15
WESTWARD	
No. 7, Daily Express.....	12:55 A. M.
47, Daily Express.....	3:35
17, Daily Milk Train.....	5:10 A. M.
1, Daily Express.....	11:34
115, For Hold 'Em' Sat. Sun. 12:15 P. M.	
3, Express Chicago direction 2:00	
89, Daily Except Sunday.....	6:00
5, Limited Daily Express.....	10:05

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 8:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:50, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 12:45 P. M. On Sundays, 7:30, A. M. 12:50, 1:15, 7:30, 9:15 P. M.

H. L. SLAUSON, Ticket Agent, Port Jervis.  
H. W. Hawley, Div'n. Passenger Agent, Chambers St. Station New York.

**William B. Kenworthy M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Office and residence Broad Street next Court House. MILFORD.

### For Sale or Rent

150 acre farm known as Warm farm two miles below Milford, Apply to John C. Warner Milford Pa.

### The Milford Livery Stable

HORSES AND CARRIAGES to hire with or without drivers.

HARFORD STREET  
Opposite Homestead Library.  
**COBIAS NELSON**  
Proprietor.

### BROMO-PEPSIN

"Note the Word Pepsin"

### CURES HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, INDIGESTION, A NERVOUSNESS

All Druggists, 100, 25c & 50c.

For sale by C. O. ARMSTRONG, Druggist

### WANTS SUPPLIED!

If you want note heads, bill heads, letter heads, statements, show cards, programs, large posters, sale bills, dodgers, envelopes, tags, business cards or job printing every description, done up in the best style for you in an up-to-date and artistic manner, call on us. Prices?

THE PRESS PRINT.

### J. C. CHAMBERLAIN

Real Estate Agent.  
Houses and Lots and lots without House  
Dealer in all kinds of Property.

### Notary Public

ALL BUSINESS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION  
Office at Residence on Water Street.  
Milford, Pa.