

THE MILFORD STORE OF STORES

Longest Established, Best Equipped
FINEST LINE OF WINTER GOODS.

Synthetic in wool, jackets, hats, men and childrens underwear.

Gloves, hosiery, boots and shoes. All the latest styles and best materials for winter wear.

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

The Quick Time Line..

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

When in need of any

Hello to No. 5., or come to

SAWKILL MILL, MILFORD PA.



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.

HARNESS

Of All Kinds and Styles.

Blankets, Robes, Whips and Horse Outfitting generally.

CARRIAGE

TRIMMINGS

Repairing: NEATLY DONE.

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

L. F. HAFNER.

Harford St. Milford

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

WORK
You will apply who can give the best work.

On his trial.

By the fire, and waits to be fed.

of feet, makes himself comfortable.

the other. "It comes in with me."

"Yes, it's very similar," answered

"I don't know," said one woman.

"You're a very good worker,"

with the

The Diary

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

The look of satisfaction on Caleb's face when he came home 2:45 afternoon attracted attention almost as soon as the bulky parcel that he carried in his hand.

"What on earth have you got now that you're so tickled over?" demanded his wife. She took the parcel from Caleb's unresisting hands. He watched her with a kind of fascination while she impatiently tore off the brown wrapping-paper, and as she brought to view something that looked like an overgrown account book he found voice to say, "It's only a diary."

"A diary!" echoed Mrs. Jenkins. "Just as though you had patience enough to keep a diary! I should judge by the size of the book that you expected to write in it every day, and live to be a hundred, at that!" Then, as she opened the book, she exclaimed, "Why, it's been used! Somebody has palmed off a second-hand diary on you, Caleb Jenkins!"

"Oh, that's why I bought it. I wanted to see if I couldn't fool Zenas Perkins with it once in a while. You see, Zenas has got to be considerable of a nuisance with that diary of his, that he's kept for a dozen years or more.

"He doesn't allow anybody else to know anything. If anybody remarks that this is the warmest October that he ever saw, why, Zenas is ready to prove that the mercury averaged 30 run higher in October only two years ago.

"Then he's always wanting to know if we remember that it is just so many years ago to-day that Joel Pike's barn burned, or that something or other else happened. Only the other day I was saying that Cain Baker's third wife hadn't been dead more's six months when he married his fourth, and Zenas took me right up, and got his diary, and showed by it that the cap'n had remained a widower just eight months and eleven days.

"You can't bring up a namable thing but Zenas is waiting to pounce on you with his diary. And I don't believe he's right more'n half the time. I calculate he doesn't keep the diary along regular, but writes it up at odd jobs rainy days."

"I s'posed Zenas spent his rainy days hunking about the store, like some other folks I know."

"Time and again," continued Caleb, disregarding his wife's thinly veiled allusion, "I've thought of keeping one myself; but a diary has to have some age before it's good for much, and Zenas had most too much of a start.

"One day, when I had an errand at old Uncle Artemus Baxter's, I found him writing in a big book, and as he remarked that he had kept a diary for thirty odd years, and I thought then that I'd better like to get hold of it. Well, when the old gentleman passed away, and I heard that his son-in-law, Seth Strout, was a-disposing of the household goods, I reflected the diary, and thought I'd see if I couldn't dicker for it. I've just come from Seth's, and there's the book. I'm going to read it all through, and then I'm going to keep it along myself, and we'll see if Zenas Perkins will be the only authority on happenings in Posttown."

"How much did you pay for that book?" asked Mrs. Jenkins. "If you paid for it by weight it must have come to considerable."

"Well, I paid three and a half for it. I offered two, and Seth wanted five, and finally we split the difference."

"Three dollars and a half! Well, I never did!" and Mrs. Jenkins referred to the kitchen, leaving her husband to the undisturbed perusal of his dearly bought treasure.

When she looked in on him, an hour later, Caleb was still poring over the book, but the exultation had faded from his eyes.

"Alvira," he said, mournfully, "I've spent three dollars and a half treacherously foolish."

"I guess that's no news, Caleb Jenkins," was the curt reply.

"Now just listen to this," said Caleb, too much absorbed in his treasure to notice his wife's displeasure. "This is one day's record: 'October the eighteenth. O, the wickedness that stalks abroad! We have indeed fallen upon evil times, I myself am as prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward. Rheumatism about as retarded. Applied skunk's oil, but derived no benefit.'"

"There, it's just like that, Alvira, all through the diary. There is plenty of the old gentleman's reflections and accounts of his ailments and what he took for 'em, but there's nothing about the weather, and I have not run across a single event yet."

Notes and Comment

By F. E. C. ROBBINS.

A NATIONAL DELUSION

That American Woman Has No Superior in Absurd.

The idea that the position of American woman is superior to that of any other women in the world is characterized by Mary Weston Morse, in "Appleton's," as a "national delusion." She admits that they are undoubtedly the "most indulged and petted women of the world," but as for real respect she thinks that the downtrodden German housewife gets more. "The German husband may seem to us uncharitable in the minor details of life. He may talk with brutal disparagement about the female brain, but when he goes out to amuse himself it doesn't occur to him to go alone. He takes with him his wife and his children that pathetic person whose language suggests her for the society of men for whom our tears flow so often in this country, is not found in Germany."

The canon assigned is that by neglectful household management the hausfrau has become a source of wealth to the country. The part which women play in the national life is what makes them pre-eminent or relatively unimportant, says the article.

"The amount of small courtesy shown to really doesn't make much difference. Show me a country where the women add to the country's wealth by participating in the business of the country or by their thrift and I will show you a country where the economic position of women is a higher one." In France, where the woman is her husband's comrade and business partner, she has the most power.

"As a contrast to this, the American man stands alone. The woman's part of his family does not help him. As far as his business goes, it's quite immaterial to him whether he has a wife or whether he has not. Our men may talk as much as they like about the uplifting influence of a noble woman and of the tangible support that the thought of her nobility gives them. It does not alter the fact that the average American man associates all the business of his life without even recognizing it as his life's partner for any counsel in the matter, and generally without her even having any knowledge of the business in hand."

There is comradeship between young girls and men, Mrs. Morse finds out it ceases just at the time when the latter begin the real business of life. For this state of affairs she thinks the women are to blame.

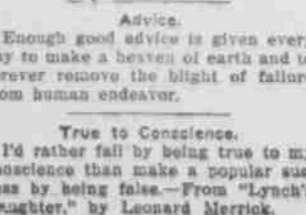
"When a man first marries it is his instinct to take his wife into partnership with him. It's natural for a man to want to talk about that which takes up most of the hours he is awake to the person he cares for most in the world." But the wife checks these advances according to her nature and disposition. "Elsewhere she will slip her arm through John's and say coaxingly: 'Don't let's talk about your business, dear; let's talk about something else. You ought to rest when you get home. Or how agreeable, and more honest, she may admit that business bores her.'"

So the man actually comes to think that he ought to leave his business cares at the office. He sits "bored and silent in his own home," while his wife complains that he is "so absorbent in business that he has no interest left for anything else."

"I do not for a moment mean," the article concludes, "to bring the influence of woman to her household down to a matter of dollars and cents, but is not probable that the spiritual bond between man and woman was ever less because they were helpful partners to each other in the affairs of everyday life."

A Cheap Shoe Box

A pretty and serviceable shoe box may be made in the following way: Procure a small wooden goods box say two feet long, two feet deep and



one and a half feet wide. Fasten the lid on with small hinges. Paint the inside of the box and lid a rich dark red or blue. Cover the outside with cretonne or burlap, in rich color, tacking the covering on with bright-headed brass tacks. The lid may be slightly padded so as to form a seat when closed. Four red wax tassels may be tacked to the corners of the box, a way of decoration. A red wax loop to draw out a brass hook may be used as a fastener. Such a box is very handy to hold the boys' or girls' shoes and is ornamental in the room as well.

A Glass Rolling Pin

The modern rolling pin is of glass or of porcelain, with glass handles. These materials are considered much more hygienic than wood.

Forget-Me-Nots

By MISS CLARA UPTON.

The vast opera house was crowded that evening with the occupants of boxes and a beautiful picture, the dazzling jewels of the occupants flashing and scintillating in the light. Even the gallery was filled to its utmost capacity with people who had stood, some for hours, in the biting cold hoping they might be able to get a seat. These were the real music lovers who could not afford to buy seats elsewhere. As the time drew near for the curtain to rise voices were hushed and the very air seemed filled with breathless suspense. For Marguerite was to make her first appearance in America that night. Many stories had reached New York of her great success in Europe, her wonderful beauty and still more wonderful voice. At last the curtain slowly rolled upward and the people listened with ill-concealed impatience to the performance of a noted pianist in conjunction with whom she was giving her concert. At last he had finished, and as the orchestra softly began the prelude of the "Jewel Song" a burst of expectancy settled over the theatre.

Five years before Margaret Gordon had been the affianced bride of Philip Temple, a struggling young artist, and her cup of happiness at that time had seemed overflowing. How happy they had been, and what plans they had made for the future. What sums in arithmetic they had figured out together, mentally buying each piece of furniture for the tiny house that was to be the realization of their dreams. Philip's work was recognized. A great artist, who had a beautiful though untrained voice, was offered a position to sing in a church, and anxious to earn a little money to add to Philip's carefully hoarded store she eagerly accepted. But one day a noted musician heard her sing and recognizing a voice of marvellous power, urged her to work for something higher and better, and almost before she realized it she was making plans to go abroad to study. Philip did all in his power to change her determination to do this thing which he instinctively felt would come between them, but she was anxious to help him and argued that it was only for a little while, that he finally consented to her going. His parting gift to her was a bunch of forget-me-nots, and the sight of these starry little flowers always brought back to him the picture of a girl clasping in her arms a bunch of forget-me-nots waving to him from the deck of a fast reefering steamer.

At first Margaret's letters arrived on every boat filled with love and plans for their House of Dreams. Philip on his part devoted himself assiduously to his work, his only thought being of Margaret and their future together. Little by little, however, her letters, which now came very irregular, spoke less of her return and more and more of her art. To Philip's entreaties that she come home she gave no heed, and when he wrote releasing her, she seemingly gladly accepted. She often thought of Philip, she had heard indirectly that he had never married, and sometimes when she thought of the old days her life seemed a very empty thing to her, and art a very insufficient compensation for the loss of Philip.

At last the article appeared and as the glorious voice of the singer rang through the theatre, a man sitting in the orchestra saw once again the girl with forget-me-nots in her arms. As the singer smilingly scanned the audience, bowing her acknowledgments of their applause her glance was caught and held, and in that brief instant a great longing came over her for life and love. With an almost imperceptible start she recovered herself, and the strains of the beautiful old English ballad "Take Me to Your Heart Again," floated on the air. The great audience listened spell-bound, for the soul of the singer shone in her eyes, she cared nothing for the storm of applause which rang through the hall, for she saw no one and sang for no one, except the one she now knew she had been longing for.

At the close of the concert when a spray of forget-me-nots, bearing a card "Philip Temple," was sent to her dressing room, Margaret Gordon knew that the world had heard of her for the last time. "Marguerite, the Queen of Song,"—Boston Post.

Odd Cowan Customs

Cowan's wear full mourning for their fathers. The dress is of hemp cloth, with a narrow girdle. A face shield is used to show that the wearer is a widow and must not speak to any one unless addressed. The costume is retained for three years, the shield for three months. This is worn for a father only, secondary mourning is worn for a mother, and no mourning at all for a wife. The hat is of wicker.

Imaginary Holidays

I know a man who cannot afford to travel, and has a delightful way of deceiving himself. He learns about the cost of traveling, the proper clothing to be worn, gets a time table, and arranges excursions for himself to various places, and then reads about them in books of travel. To the man with imagination it is a captivating occupation.—Hearth and Home.

Romance in the Ring

No article worn upon the person has more romance and sentiment connected with it than the finger ring. Not only love and fealty, but hatred, murder and magic are associated with the golden circle. Casar Borgias had a ring with a receptacle for poison behind the stone, and with this it was his pleasant custom to deal death to his guests as they sat with him at

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.

Amatite Roofing

T. R. J. Klein & Son, Agents
Iron and Tin Roofing of all Kinds
Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings
Hardware, Stoves and Ranges
Gutters, Leaders, Plumbing, Gasfitting.
General Jobbers and Repairers.
Broad Street, Milford Pa

RYDER'S MARKET

RYDER'S BUILDING
DEALER IN
Meats and Provisions,
Fish and Vegetables,
Canned Goods
Orders Promptly Attended
PAUL RYDER
Harford Street, Milford.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

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.

THE CHAMPION RUNNER'S LAST RUN

He Certainly was a Fast Sprinter, But Ran into Debt.

"I'm the real thing as a runner," said Howard James majestically as he seated himself at the first home dinner since his return from college. His mother and sister looked at him in sheer admiration.

"Yes, mother, I wish you could have been at the university to see me run. During the football season I ran away from every one on the team. They were not in it for a minute. In the classes I took the lead leaving them in the lurch. I always stood highest in my lectures. And then when it came to selecting a president for the anguist-ology class I made the race. When the voting started I ran second, but at the last, well, I ran ahead of all of the other candidates. There's no doubt about it, I'm a runner. Of course, when the baseball season opened the crowd wanted me to get on the team. At first I hesitated because I realized my superiority, but persuasion succeeded. I went on the team and the way I ran bases was a positive shame. Then I went into the track meet. I ran ten yards in ten seconds almost equalling the world's record. Yes, I am a runner. Then—"

"Then you ran into debt," interrupted old man James with a distinctive grunt, "and I have to pay you out."

Soldiers Sleep on Paper Mattresses.
Mattresses filled with paper are used by German soldiers.

The One Exception.
Everything comes to him who waits—except the waiter.—Judge.