

THE MILFORD STORE OF STORES

Longest Established, Best Equipped
FINEST LINE OF SPRING GOODS.

Specialties in woollens, jackets, ladies, mens 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, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

HARNESS

Of All Kinds and Styles.
Blankets, Robes, Waips 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

Electric Bitters
Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weakness they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified.
FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE.
It is the best medicine ever sold over a Croggie's counter.

Supplying The Table

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. Linburger, imported flour. Philadelphia Cream cheese or any others desired.

FRED GUMBLE
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

Fashion Cavalier

The Knight of the Golden Helmet rode briskly down the lane. His sword made a pleasant clanking in the rusty scabbard, which it was never intended to fit; his eyes sparkled; his plumes waved bravely in the breeze.

The general get-up of the gentleman of the surest handpiece was a trifle startling. Upon his head was a basket, the handle beneath his chin and its bottom (or rather top in its present position) decorated with the tail-feathers of an incautious rooster; about his waist was a red sash stuck full of wooden dinks; from the left side of this sash half hung, half dragged the naval sword in the old cavalry scabbard.

A rake handle answered the purpose of a lance and bore as its pennon a fluttering three-cornered piece of red fannel; upon the knight's fat, chubby legs were fastened pieces of zinc, evidently intended for greaves. The steed he bestrode was a crooked piece of apple limb, with a bit of twine about one end of it for reins.

It is probably quite as needless to cite that, now the literature had been absorbed, he thraged for deeds of valor. Hence the ride down the lane, and hence the whoops. But very unfortunately it seemed to be an off day for opportunities.

He had just splashed through the muddy pool where the cattle drank each evening, and was cantering blithely past the birches beyond, when he saw a young man approaching—a young man in fannels, very tall and straight, pleasant faced, too, although just now the forehead was wrinkled in a frown and the firm jaw was set in determination. The young man was puffing vigorously at the briar pipe between his teeth, sending out great blue clouds of smoke in his wake.

The Knight of the Golden Helmet reined in his steed and accosted the man before him with a familiar: "Hey, Charlie!"

Then, suddenly remembering the dignity of his position, he squared his small shoulders and threw up his chin.

"What ho, Charlie!" he corrected his first salutation. "Hold a bit. I would have converse with thee."

The young man seemed aware for the first time of the knight's presence. "Hello, Billy," said he, abstractedly glancing at the queer figure before him. "What's up now?"

"I am the Knight of the Golden Helmet," was the grave response. "You don't say. Where are you bound?"

"Where is thy lady?" the knight demanded.

"My lady? You mean your Aunt Margaret?"

The knight nodded.

"Down the lane a bit, by the walnut trees. Know the place, don't you?"

"Sure," was the unknighthly reply. "He drew a bit nearer, one hand rested upon the hilt of the sword."

"Why are you here, varlet?" he demanded. "Why hast thou deserted thy lady?"

"Huh!" said the man in fannels. "Then he burst into laughter, but there was a certain grating noise in it."

"Well, Billy—Mr. Golden Helmet, I mean—I'm here because she sent me. Couldn't seem to endure my society—are you on? And I hardly think you're correct in calling her my lady. She just told me mighty plainly that she wasn't."

"Back you go, craven!" he declared, snuffly.

"Huh? What?" said the man in the fannels.

"Back you go! I ride to the succor of ladies in distress."

"Bully for you, old chap!" the other replied. "I think you'd better go alone, though."

"Never!" bawled the knight. "Turn around!"

"See here," the young man began irritably, as he took a step forward; but at that moment they both heard quick steps down the lane.

Around the bend came the lady under discussion. She started violently at the sight of them. Her face was flushed and her eyes were suspiciously red.

"I've got him," shouted the knight joyously; "he's in my power. He was deserting you, but I held him up. I'll see he begs your pardon, if you say so."

The young woman drew herself up. Her face was scarlet now.

"Billy, what are you doing? What is the meaning of this foolishness?" she demanded.

"Come on, you! Apologize!" said the youth snuffly, prodding the immaculate white trousers with the point of his sword.

"Margaret," he cried, "he's right. I should apologize, that's a fact. I'm a pig-headed duffer. The quarrel is my fault—all mine."

"Then came a few low words; a little happy laugh from the girl, and then two of them strolled down the lane together, utterly oblivious to the ridiculous figure which stood stantly watching them until they disappeared around the bend."

The Knight of the Golden Helmet remained thus for some moments, lost in thought. Then he turned about and went slowly up the lane.

"Gee!" he muttered, "wouldn't that cook yer? This ain't the way they done it in the book."

He was still lost in his own musings as, whoops, he passed again the grazing cattle and the buddled sheep.—BARRY PRESTON.

The American Girl Abroad.

At the luncheon hour in the Strand recently the traffic was held up, pedestrians puzzled after the nearest fire alarm, constables spread their arms and the crowd increased. From the edge of the crowd the struggling wayfarer peered and heard the snap of the camera through the official's lens. It was an American girl snapping shooting her companions.

Unfortunately.

"Ah!" said the candidate, "this is Farmer Whiffletree's place, I believe. And you have just celebrated your golden wedding, I understand?"

"Golden wedding" nothing!" was the response. "I've just been sued for ten thousand dollars' worth of breach of promise. You've got your card index mixed."—Washington Herald.

NOT IN THE CATALOGUE

The reading room was as quiet as a tomb. Now and then some student turned a page impatiently and the paper gave forth a sharp rustle as though aggrieved at such irreverent treatment, but visitors and attendants alike moved about with silent tread, their caps lowered their heads noiseless when they were moved, and the very card catalogue drawers moved on silent ways.

Linda loved this quiet. After the chatter and clutter of a busy office which she had been compelled to escape because of nerves threatened to grow unruly, the bookish silence of the reading room was more than grateful. She was sorry when the closing hour came, and after a brief interval spent in checking up the slips and seeing that the books were replaced in their proper stacks, she had to go out into the turmoil of the busy street.

The quiet place was never lonesome. Linda had many friends among those quiet, studious men and women who spent their days pouring over the reference books. There was the little old woman from the costumers who spent days over old books in search of correct pictures of the dresses of bygone days; there was the little old German who was reading everything he could find upon chemistry, and there was the tall, quiet man who displayed a singular catholicity of taste.

One day it would be books on astronomy that he wanted, and again he would be interested in geography or chemistry.

Of them all this man Ballington was the most regular in his attendance and seemed the most like an old friend. It was he who had quietly aided Linda with suggestions which she had first come to the room. He had been a "regular" and had known more of the routine than she did. But it was often that Linda was able to help him with a suggestion as to new books, for her heart was in her work and she was something more than an automaton, dealing out the books called for with mechanical indifference.

Ballington, Richard Ballington—she knew the name from his slips—seemed almost a part of the reading room itself, so regular was he in attendance and his good morning smile was a pleasant opening of the day's routine.

Last Christmas he had brought a little gift the day before the holiday and sometimes, when luck was particularly good, a box of candy would come back with a book.

The summer before their vacations had overlapped and for an entire month she had not seen him. She was glad when the vacation was over and she could come back to her place at the desk with the beloved books around her and with Ballington sitting in the chair in a far corner where he was least likely to be disturbed.

For once Linda was glad as the hands of the clock crept around to closing time and she knew that in an hour more she would be free to hurry home and creep into bed. Just before the hands reached the closing hour Ballington rose from his place and brought a book to the desk. Then, instead of leaving, he went over to the catalogue and began to scan the cards in one of the drawers. For a few moments Linda watched him, then she looked up with the familiar glance of appeal and she came over to the catalogue drawer.

"Struck for a title?" she asked in a voice so low that it seemed scarcely to be a whisper. "What's the letter?"

"L," said Ballington. "Lo" to be exact."

"Logging?" she asked. "That's under lumber."

"Not logging," he denied. "It's a shorter word. 'Lo-ve.'"

"I don't think that's catalogued," she said in dismay. "It's a funny subject. Suppose we look for 'Romance'?"

"Let's look for romance, but not in books," he pleaded. "I know that this is a silly sort of proposal, but I love you, little girl. I've been sure of it ever since last summer, when I missed you for a whole month. Those two weeks when you were away I simply could not do any reading. I've been trying ever since to tell you, but I didn't see how. I don't want to hang around outside of the library until you come out, and I do want you to help me look for romance, Linda, even though it is not in the titles."

"I think it is in the catalogue," she said, softly, "but if you'd rather, I'll help you after hours."

"There may be a romance in the catalogue," said Ballington, "but no good romance as there is this moment just outside the drawers. You do care a little bit, Linda."

"Since last vacation," she admitted. "You may come this evening if you like—to begin the study."

Ballington made a note of her address and left the place with elastic step and boating heel, while Linda went back to receive the books the readers were returning. As she gave up the last book she had been studying, she put the catalogue cabinet as she passed it.

"You're awfully wise," she whispered, "with your thousands of titles, but you haven't a 'Love' and I'm not for you." Then Linda walked out and entered a new world.

Malign All Through.

Castro had gone to Europe to have a malign growth removed.

"Can it be done?" he asked, anxiously.

The surgeon shook his head.

"If I were to remove it all," he said, "there would be nothing left to hold funeral services over."

Addie's Proposal

Of course, Addie Reynolds did not like. She would tell you so herself, but there were some ill-natured persons in Brookton who were so unkind as to declare that a young woman who dragged half a score of eager suitors at her chariot wheels was a confirmed flirt.

"She's the sort that dies an old maid," explained Mrs. Cady, in the awed voice of one who regards spinsters as a disgrace unbearable.

Phil Brewster, one of her most ardent admirers, was undoubtedly good-looking. He was full six feet tall, well built and, when he forgot to pose—which was seldom—he moved alertly and with natural grace. Tim Darnley was his exact opposite. He lacked six inches of Brewster's height and he could not coax a romantic glance into his blue eyes, try as he would. His hair was thin and inclined to a reddish tint, and there were times when he felt that his hands were as large as dinner plates.

Now as she sat there with half a dozen cavaliers in attendance, and the entire congregation of the Brick church looking on, Addie enjoyed the situation. She could imagine the gossip declaring, as they had done at every social she could remember, that the Sunday school rooms were just the same as the church itself, and that it was profanation of the house of the Lord for her to carry on so.

That was one of the reasons why Addie always flirted more desperately at the church socials than at other times. Thus it happened that the New Year festival of the ladies of the Chancel guild was enlivened by the addition to the ranks of Addie's victims of the latest arrival in town, Sam Shanley, who had come to take charge of the new bridge. The town men were inclined to resent the presence of the newcomer, and the rest of Brookton regarded with amusement their efforts to oust the latest rival.

As the evening passed Addie found the maneuvering rather tiresome, and she slipped away so quietly that none saw her go. It was supposed that she had gone home, but Tim, wandering into the empty auditorium, saw the gleam of white dress near the chancel, and in the dim light that flickered through the ground glass partition of the Sunday school room, he recognized the proud toes of the head. He would recognize Addie anywhere, and his heart leaped with joy as he realized that she had not permitted Shanley to escort her home, but had slipped away from that eager young man and was here alone. Softly he made his way toward her, but not until he spoke did she seem to realize his presence.

"I came in here to be alone," she explained, as she looked up. "I don't mean that I mind you," she added, quickly, as Tim started to say, "but the boys have been horrid to Mr. Shanley, and I haven't been enjoying myself a bit."

"I thought you liked to see the boys fighting over you," suggested Tim. "I know that when Brewster came to town—"

Addie interrupted with an impatient gesture.

"I don't want to talk about Phil Brewster or about anyone," she said, wearily. "I have been sitting here making a New Year's resolution. I am not going to let any of the boys come to see me during the new year, and if anyone dares to propose to me I shan't speak to him again. I'm tired of it all, Tim."

"It's a very good resolution," declared Tim, virtuously. "I hope that you live up to it."

"Tim going to," declared Addie, firmly. "What are you looking at for watch for?" she added, curiously, as Tim struck a match to glance at the dial.

"Ten minutes of 12," he announced as he slipped the watch back into his pocket and ground the match under his heel. "I was wondering how much more time I had."

"Are you going to make a resolution, too?" she asked.

"Not a resolution, but a last proposal," he explained. "If you are not going to listen to proposals next year, I want to make mine now, before it is too late. I have not spoken because when I see you with the other fellows I realize how little chance I stand, and yet when you tell me that I cannot speak for a whole year I feel that I must tell you that I love you and ask you if there is any hope for me. I don't suppose that there is."

He had risen to his feet again, while she spoke, and now he stood before her, his pale, eager face lighted by the dim illumination from the rooms above the festival was in progress. As he finished speaking, the bell in the tower began to toll the knell of the year and the somnolent strokes echoed oddly through the empty church.

"If you want me to say 'No.' of course I shall try and do as you ask," said Addie. Tim grasped her hands and drew her toward him.

"Do you mean that perhaps there is a different answer?" he cried, hoarsely. "Addie, do you mean that?"

"Don't you suppose that there was some reason for my not accepting the other proposal?" suggested the girl. "Of course, I could not ask you to marry me, but now that you have—"

"You have had your last proposal," he cried. "Dear, this is going to be the happiest New Year for me!"

"And for me, too," agreed Addie.

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, FRANK HARDING,
Secretary, 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.

WOOD & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
MILFORD PA
UNDERTAKING
in all branches
Special attention given to
EMBALMING
No extra charge for attending funerals out of town.
Telephone in Residence.
LADY ASSISTANT
New York Representative—
National Casket Co. 85 Great Jones St. Telephone 8345 Spring

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.

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 and long-sustained popularity. Recently renovated, repainted and partially refurnished.
NATIONAL HOTEL.
A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a wine favorite. Recently remodelled and rendered better than ever. Opp. Pa. R. St. 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 reasonable rates.
O. G. DEWITT, Proprietor
G. DEWITT, Manager.

MOVED TO 1630 CHESTNUT ST
WE are the oldest Wine and Liqueur House in Philadelphia. We have been obliged to move from the old stand where we have been for so many years—must have more room to accommodate our increasing business. Because we have the finest trade in Philadelphia is no reason why we should be higher priced.
Old Penn Whisky, 75c quart, \$2.75 gallon is the finest whisky for its price in the world.
Imperial Cabinet Whisky, \$1.25 qt., \$4.75 gal., distilled from selected grain—spring water.
Goods shipped to all parts of the United States.
Thomas Massey & Co.
Formerly 1310 Chestnut St. 1630 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

Campaign Solace.
Little British Girl to Naughty Brother—You'll catch it, you dweevil boy! He—That's all you know, Miss Clever. Ma's out with the suffragists, and pa's hiding in the house of commons.
Some One Will Fall.
An cavation in the street me, not be a temptation, yet some person will hurry along and fall right into it.
Jumped at Conclusion.
Two small boys had strayed in the mummy room of a certain museum. "Wot's these?" said one. "Them's wot's yer's bin dead a long time," answered the other. "And wot's them letters, B. C. 14, over the guy in the corner?" "Guess that's the number of the automobile wot run over the poor bloke."