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Principal

## THE YELLOW ROSEBUSH

The afternoon sun was caressing the flowers in the old garden for the last time. The gate opened and a sweet lady in white came down the box-bordered path, peering from left to right.

"Laddie, Laddie," she called, "where's mother's little maid?"  
Crouching behind a hollyhock a little figure was trying to avoid observation, but a gleeful laugh burst from his lips at his mother's ignorance of his hiding place, and in another moment his dusty blue jumper was nestling in the folds of a white gown.

"Naughty Laddie to make poor mother hunt!"  
Laddie's laugh rang out again. He waved a bright flag in the air.  
"Tell me a story, mavour, a nice, long story."  
The mother sat down on a settee and cuddled the little man in her lap.

"Does Laddie want to hear about a big, brave man?"  
"Yes, mavour."  
"Once upon a time," Laddie knew that "once upon a time" stories were the very nicest and he smiled contentedly—"there was a little man." Laddie looked apprehensive. It was when his mother had been questioning that stories were about "little men."  
But mother shook her head.

"Not about this little man, but about one who was a little man when mother was a little girl. This little man played in a garden and he loved the flowers. He had a rosebush that his mother and he had planted on his fifth birthday. Every morning he used to water it and he grew to love it very much. The first rose that blossomed was a beautiful yellow rose. How proud he was of it! The third day after it blossomed, when he started to water it, he saw a little girl looking through the fence. She did not have nice clothes like he had; her feet were bare and she had been crying. The little man looked at his rose and then at her.

"Would you like to have my rose?" he asked.  
"Her little face brightened and she said, 'Oh, yes!'"  
"His little fingers trembled as he broke his sweet rose from the bush and gave it to the little girl through the fence. She broke into a merry laugh and said 'Thank you,' then ran away.

"This little man grew to be a big man very soon and he took such good care of his rosebush that it grew large and had very many roses on it."  
"One night he came into the garden with the little girl who had grown to be a young lady and they walked down to the rosebush. There was a big yellow rose on the bush, very much like the one that had first blossomed. He had forward and picked it and put it in her hair. Then, Laddie, for the first time, he gave her what mother gives you every night when she tucks you in bed, because he loved her. A little while after that the lady came to the garden often, for she came to live in the big white house near it.

"Then there came a day, Laddie, a very sad day, when the lady came into the garden with the big man. He was dressed like a soldier. She picked the prettiest rose on the bush, kissed it and gave it to him. He did not stay long, but said 'Good-by,' and the gate closed behind him.  
"A long time passed and one day the lady came into the garden and gathered all the roses and made a wreath, and later in the day she went to a place where there were a lot of little mounds covered with grass. She stopped before one, over which a flag was waving, just like this flag, Laddie, and she placed the wreath on it. She was very sad. You see this big man was brave. He went off to a great war, and was shot while putting up a flag which some bad men had pulled down."  
"Mother took Laddie by the hand and walked down to the end of the garden. There was a rosebush covered with yellow blossoms.  
"This is the rosebush, Laddie."  
"Who was the big, brave man?" asked Laddie.

"Your father, darling."  
"And was the little girl and lady you, mavour?"  
"Mother nodded her head and Laddie saw two great tears almost ready to fall from her beautiful brown eyes. He bent forward over the bush and picked a yellow blossom.  
"Here, mavour," said he, "take this rose and don't cry. Laddie's going to be your big, brave man."—**MAR-THA GRAY PILSBURY.**

**High Prices of Horseshoes.**  
General St. Clair Mulholland, veterinarian and historian of the civil war, tells an incident showing the utter worthlessness of Confederate paper money at the close of the war.  
"Shortly after Lee's surrender," says the General, "I was a short distance from Richmond. The Confederate soldiers were going home to become men of peace again, and were thinking about their farms."  
"One had a lame, broken-down horse which he viewed with pride. 'What! I had him, Jim,' said the other. 'What! I take for him? I'll give you \$20,000 for him!'"  
"No," said Jim.  
"Give you \$50,000."  
"No," said Jim.  
"Give you \$100,000," his friend said.  
"Not much," replied Jim. "I just gave \$150,000 to have him shod."

**Look for Brazilian Dreadnaughts.**  
The Government of Brazil has called for bids for the construction of a great floating dry dock to accommodate war and merchant vessels, and especially the new battleships of the Dreadnaught type now being constructed in England for the Brazilian navy. The dock, which is to be built at Rio de Janeiro, is to have a length of 440 feet and a width of 83 feet.

## MONEY IN CUTTING OFF HEADS.

Bloody Guillotine Job Has Paid the Dieblers Richly.  
Anatole Diebler, the executioner, or "Monieur de Paris" of French renown, has expressed himself strongly in favor of capital punishment—not on the ground that it gives the Government for his work—he is rich—but for the good of society. Anatole is the son of the former executioner, who died a few years ago, and whose father was in the same business before him, the bloody job being handed down in the Diebler family from generation to generation.

He has owned two guillotines, both built in the year of 1871, one of the previous machines being burned by the Communists. Each of these guillotines cost \$600. The knife, which weighs about fifteen pounds, is worth \$10. The total weight when it falls with its cast-iron back is ninety pounds, and it drops from a height of eight and a half feet. Anatole seemingly looks upon the business as a mere "surgical operation." He has, however, a deep sense of his usefulness to society.

Out of the hundred and twelve criminals whom Anatole Diebler has executed only one had reached his fortieth year. All the others were from eighteen to twenty-six years of age, and he is not sure that more crimes would have been committed had he not put them out of the world! Diebler is a solid little man, with light blue eyes. He has been in the execution business for more than twenty years, having acted as assistant to his father. His salary is \$1,200 per annum, plus \$1,600 for expenses.

**Calling the Deaf.**  
"To wake a deaf person who wishes to be called at a certain time in the morning is about the hardest proposition a hotel clerk runs up against." To ring the telephone is useless, because the man can't hear. Knocking, for the same reason, is futile. Now and then a guest who has just left his room suggests that he leave his door open so we can walk right in and shake him, but even if he does appear to be dead game there are so many chances of somebody less guileless than ourselves walking in ahead of us that we can't consent to that simple expedient.  
"It seems to me the man who can patent a device for waking the deaf is sure of fame and fortune, not to mention the gratitude of the brotherhood of hotel clerks."

**Nests of the Golden Eagle.**  
Every pair of eagles whose habits I have had an opportunity of watching over a period of a few years would seem to have invariably at least two alternative sites for their nests. Some have three, and I know of one with four sites. In fact, I only know of one pair out of many which habitually resort to but one place and only one. The reason for this, however, apparent, for owing to its situation it has never been disturbed. The nest is in a small cavern on the face of an absolute wall of limestone rock some 500 feet high, at about 400 feet from the summit. Above the cliff is a talus of loose stones at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, above which again rise other precipices. To reach the nearest point above this nest would be a long day's work.—**London Saturday Review.**

**Knew His Business.**  
"Say," said the old farmer sneeringly to the city clerk who was working in his garden, "what air you a-goin' to do when you get through diggin'?"  
"Put a porous plaster on my back," replied the amateur soil disturber.—**Chicago News.**

**Health and Beauty.**  
Wrinkles in a young person's face are often merely lines of congested pores. Steaming the face once a week rubbing in cold cream will produce a wonderful effect.  
When tired and dusty do not plunge the face in cold water but use tepid water or buttermilk is better. This prevents irritation.  
For a sprain boil cotton seed and apply while hot.  
To prevent a felon, apply turpentine frequently at its first indication. Tender feet may be relieved by bathing them in salt water.  
Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves and is good for insomnia.  
A handkerchief saturated with cold water and tied about the throat will often relieve soreness. A dry cloth should cover the wet one.  
An egg shampoo stimulates the growth of the hair. This should be done only once a month. The hair should be brushed thoroughly every day.

**Removing a Mole.**  
Many persons go through the world with blemishes on their skin which easily could be removed, but fear the preparations sold are injurious.  
One ugly mark which is not difficult to remove is a mole. It is unsightly, and will not go away itself, but with little attention it should disappear in a short time.  
The following remedy is harmless, and is used on the mole until it disappears. Take salicylic acid and moisten with alcohol or glycerine and bind around the mole for a half hour. The acid will eat away the morbid tissue. At each application it will become smaller, and it should disappear after the third application.

**Dark Circles Around the Neck.**  
A complexion brush is as good as anything else for whitening the neck but you may make the dark ring disappear immediately by rubbing it with a soft cloth wet with either lemon juice, peroxide of hydrogen or a little diluted alcohol.  
To Darken Eyebrows.  
Gum arabic, 4 drams; India ink, 7 drams; rose water, 1 pint.  
Powder the ink and the gum and triturate small quantities of the powder with the rose water until a uniform black liquid results absolutely free from granules.

## CUNNING OF THE COYOTE.

His Patience and Some of His Other Peculiar Traits.  
This is the coyote, Co-wo-tay, with all the syllables, in the Mexican who named him; "Kote" merely to the American wanderer who has come and gone so often that he regards himself a resident stockman and farmer.  
It is this little beast's triangular visage, his sharp nose fitted for the easy investigation of other people's affairs, his oblique green eyes with their squint of cowardice and perpetual hunger, says the Outing Magazine, that should have a place in the adornment of escutcheons. It is notorious that the vicissitudes of his belly never bring him the fate upon whose verge he always lives and that nothing but strychnine, and not always that, will bring an end to his forlorn career.

As his gray back moves slowly along above the reeds and coarse grass and he turns his head to look at you, he knows at once whether or not you have with you a gun and you cannot know how he knows. Once satisfied that you are unarmed, he will remain near in spite of any vocal remonstrances, and by and by may proceed to interview you in a way that for unobtrusiveness might be taken as a model of the art.

Lie down on the thick brown carpet of the wilderness and be still for twenty minutes, and watching him from the corner of your eye, you will see that he has been joined by others of his brethren hitherto unseen. He seems to be curious to know, first, if you are dead, and second, if by any chance—and he lives upon chances—there is anything else in your neighborhood that he might find eatable.

If you pass on with indifference, which is the usual way, he will sit himself down upon his tail on the nearest knoll and toll her red tongue and leer at you as one with whom he is half inclined to claim acquaintance. He looks and acts then, so much like a gray dog that one is inclined to whistle to him. Make any hostile demonstration and he will move a little further and sit down again.

If by any means you manage to offend him deeply at this juncture the chances are that he and his comrades may retire still further and then bark ceaselessly until they have barked you out of the neighborhood. That night he and some of his companions may come and steal the straps from your saddle, the meat from the frying pan—and politely clean the pan—and even the boots beside your lowly bed.

**Useful in Train Despatching—Connections Quickly Made.**  
There are three methods followed in the application of the telephone to electric railway despatching: (1) Fixed telephone sub-stations in booths placed at suitable points along the line. (2) Jack boxes at poles to which portable telephones carried in the cars may be hung and connected for temporary use. (3) Portable telephone sets hung upon the front of the cars, the vestibule platform of which serves as a booth, and attachment made by flexible wires to jack boxes at numerous poles along the line.

On some railway lines, says Technical Literature, the method of connecting a telephone on the car with the line is not by means of a jack at the side of one of the poles, but by a long slender rod carrying the wire, which may be hooked upon the main line at any place.  
The telephone system of electric railroad systems must give transportation which is clear and loud, and must be of types not liable to be placed out of service by the jar of construction transportation on a car.

An location of the telephone to train despatching on electric railways has resulted in a marked economy of both plant and operation, in that the ability of the superintendent to be informed as to the position of the train cars, and to communicate with their operators, gives a greater service efficiency to the road.  
The telephone is of great service in severe snowstorms by reason of the facility which it affords for information to be given the train despatcher as to the condition of the road. In cases of mishap the telephone affords means for the quick clearance of the track by the facilities of obtaining wrecks, cars or repair hands. In cases of accident not only can medical help be summoned for the injured but persons can be taken to procure information relative to details of the occurrence which may be of great importance in ascertaining the liability of the company.

**An Herb that Tames a Tiger.**  
Most people are familiar with the effect that catnip has upon Miss Pussy, and know how she will tear open a paper filled with it, scatter it about, and roll and rub her head and sides in it, apparently delighted with its fragrance. Mr. C. William Beebe, a delightful writer and student of animals, has found by experience that this pungent herb has exactly the same effect upon a jaguar, tiger, lion, and leopard. A snarling leopard, after sniffing the catnip, will come close to the bars of his cage and follow back and forth the one who holds it, purring the while, and finally rolling over and showing every sign of delight—Selected.

**Correct Answer.**  
"This," said a teacher to her class of arithmeticians, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," said she. "And these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower and an apple. Then she posed the apple, and holding up the pencil, said, "Now, children, what is this?" Silence. "Come, you know what it is," she urged.  
Little Bill's hand went up slowly. "Well, William!" said the teacher. "Fie, fie, ma'am, the skin of a unit!"—**Christian Register.**

## 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.  
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**FRANK HARDING,** President.

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Iron and Tin Roofing of all Kinds  
Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings  
Hardware, Stoves and Ranges  
Gutters, Leaders, Plumbing, Gasfitting.  
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A famous hotel, remarkable for its historical associations and long-sustained popularity. Recently renovated, repainted 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 comfortable and high class. Recently renovated and furnished better than ever. Opp. Pa. It. Dep. WALTER BURTON, Res. Mgr. These hotels are the principal political headquarters of the capital at all times. They are the best stopping places at reasonable rates.  
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**Old Penn Whisky, 75c quart, \$2.75 gallon is the finest whisky for its price in the world.**  
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Goods shipped to all parts of the United States.  
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The meeting of the University Reading Club will be held in the library building next Monday evening at eight o'clock. Topic—The Bible.

Mrs. M. H. Chapin and daughter Dorothy of Bridgeport, Conn., are guests in town.  
The advertisers of Lane's Family Medicines were here this week distributing samples. They drove a showy team and from the appearance of the outfit seem very prosperous.