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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.

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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 druggist's counter.

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AN EVERY DAY PROBLEM

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E. L. KEMP,
Principal

Of Interest to Women

Plan to Win State Aid in Securing Small Tracts or Land on Which Women May Engage in Profitable Agriculture—A Refuge for Mass.—100,000 Who Can Never Marry

To solve the problem of what to do with the 100,000 spinners and widows of Massachusetts who can never hope to marry owing to the scarcity of men in the Bay State, and who are obliged at present to drag out a wretched existence, three score prominent business and professional women of Greater Boston have formed an organization for the purpose of winning State aid in securing small tracts of land near large cities where women can engage in profitable agricultural enterprises.

The Women's Massachusetts Homestead Association plans to encourage the many thousands of women of all ages who are forced to struggle night and day to gain a livelihood, to take up the cultivation of small plots of land in the suburbs and raise flowers, herbs, plants, mushrooms, strawberries, vegetables, squashes, chickens, bees and pigs.

To achieve this end the association wants the Commonwealth to buy tracts of land wherever available, divide this land into acre lots and then, through a commission, supply women—particularly spinners—who would like to engage in such pursuits with a share of the land. If the State is not willing to furnish the land, then the association asks that it take a mortgage on land bought by philanthropists, develop this land, build cheap, comfortable homes, barns and outhouses on it, and then furnish the necessary implements for cultivating the soil.

This plan, says the members of the Homestead Association, will take thousands of women and children out of the large cities of Massachusetts, will thin out the congested slum districts and will place these women and those dependent upon them where they can be profitably employed under sanitary conditions, and instructed in garden and truck farming.

"Man owns the earth and has heaven preempted," says one of the most enthusiastic members of the new association. "We ask the right to live. We want homes. There are 100,000 of us in Massachusetts who cannot get them because there are not husbands enough to go around. We must either be provided for or else taken out like worn-out horses and shot."

"Think of it! There are 100,000 women without husbands who have no future under present conditions. Besides that, there are thousands of middle-aged married women, either widows or the heads of families dependent upon them, who are willing to take advantage of the legislation we seek if the opportunity were offered them."

The Homestead Association has established a literary bureau for the distribution of literature calling attention to the necessity of women sharing in any legislation which would tend to provide homes. The association has also organized a lecture bureau, and plans to have women, well-versed on the condition of women workers in Massachusetts, lecture before all the women's clubs of the State to arouse interest in the cause of the organization.

The members of the Massachusetts association declare that their work has been greatly aided through the statistics and information gathered by one of the members before the association came into existence.

This woman has interested a wealthy New York woman in the project of providing small tracts of land for spinners and widows, and it is announced that she will spend from \$500,000 to \$200,000 if the cause appeals to her in buying land for struggling "old maids" and mothers of families.

Options have been secured on several farms. One farm, consisting of 6 acres of land, and located but eight miles from Boston, can be bought for \$8,000. There is also a philanthropist living in Brookline, who offers to give his big farm for experiment, if the State decides to aid widows and spinners in earning a living from the soil.

Eggs Boiled to Music.
A well-known evangelist tells a story of a visit to a small town in one of the Southern States, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice which came from the kitchen singing a famous hymn. As the bishop was dressing, he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met with an unexpected answer. "Oh, thank you, sir," she replied, "but that's the hymn I boil the eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

INBINUATING.



Madge—I never eat such things because they spoil the complexion.
Marjorie—But you used to eat them, didn't you?

MILFORD CEMETERY

Poem read by the late John D. Biddis at the dedication of Milford Cemetery May 26, 1868, and republished at the request of many friends.

For half a century back our fathers' bones have slept
In the old orchard, where the little knot
Of clustered pine trees have their vigils kept,
Lonely, but watchful o'er the sacred spot.

Nought marks the grave but the rude mound of earth,
Or tottering slab of marble or rough stone;
No epitaph to tell us of their worth—
That to their deeds and time is left alone.

Deserted now, this first old burying-ground;
Uncared for now, decaying with its dead;
But many a chiseled shaft and tall-tale mound
Cluster about our churches in its stead.

Children and friends have fallen, one by one;
Father and mother rest beneath the sod;
Their joys and sorrows felt, their journey done,
And their immortal spirits with their God.

But now within the small allotted space,
Scarce room is left for mourning friends to tread,
Who faint with loving hands would gladly grace
With flowers the turf that closes o'er their dead.

The cheerless wind sweeps, howling, bleak and drear;
The spectral army, only, points the sky;
And no protecting tree or hill-side's near
To make the wind's loud roar a gentle lullaby.

In there nought left, when in the narrow cell,
We've laid our hallowed dead and o'er them weep,
But for a mourning season in our hearts to tell
To our own selves their past, and let them sleep?

How doubly dark, how fearful would seem death,
If we, who living, look beyond life's end,
Were doomed to chain unto our parting breath
All that in love, to life its beauties lend.

Such love as that which in a mother dwells,
When weeping o'er the pillow of her child;
Or from the wife's devoted bosom swells,
When her dear-ones are torn'd by tempests wild.

The memory of a gentle sister's thought,
The fond regard that lights the lover's eye;
If with the loss of these the tomb were fraught,
Our graves were all left of us when we die.

We've met to-day to consecrate the spot
Where some of us must find our future home;
Where each of us may choose the little lot,
Wherein to rest when death shall come.

Here, where you mountain lends its grateful shade;
Here, by the side of yonder gentle river;
Where Nature's self a resting-place hath made;
Here let our loved ones rest in peace forever.

Here, through the pines the summer showers will weep,
And through their branches birds will chirp and sing;
These hills as sentinels their vigils keep;
And from the ground will sweetest violets spring.

With all that's cheerful here a solemn grandeur blends;
The stillness of the scene, you rocks of sombre grey;
And through the winding paths the funeral cortege lends
A sadness fitting to the burial day.

When once loved forms are mouldering to dust,
Let ties of love that made their lives so sweet
All centre here, and faithful to our trust,
Let us keep tenderly their last retreat.

'Tis meet that wand'ring spirits here should dwell,
And through these trees the wind in sadness wail;
The gentle dove her mournful story tell,
And with soft music fill the echoing vale.

How better far, to feel that we and ours
May sometime slumber in this lovely place,
Than in the crowded churchyard where no flowers
Or trees or birds our final couch can grace.

Marjorie's Remark.

Marjorie, aged four years, has a fox-terrier, in the welfare of which she takes great interest. Said fox-terrier wears the customary collar and license, and Marjorie understands the importance of these perfectly well.

The other evening a young woman came to dine at the house of the small girl. She wore around her throat what was possibly a souvenir of some sentimental nature, a gold chain, from which depended a tiny heart.

"Dear me," said Marjorie when the guests had assembled in the drawing-room, and she was bidding them good-night before going to the nursery for her supper. "Dear me, mamma, Miss Smith has on her license, hasn't she? Why are Fido and Miss Smith the only ones who have on licenses?"

And then she was hustled off summarily to dearest retirement and Miss Smith, tag and all, went out to dinner.

It Came at Last.

Few letters have remained so long in the keeping of the post office as one, which has now safely reached its destination after a lapse of twenty-nine years. On Christmas day, 1871, the document was posted at Swindon, addressed to a young lady who resided in Charnham street, Hungerford. A day or two ago it was delivered to a lady at Newbury, having occupied a quarter of a century plus four years in transit. The delay was caused by the mistake falling behind some wood work at the Swindon office, where it lay unnoticed until certain alterations in the building brought it to light. It was then sent on to Hungerford, where there happened to be a post-man who knew the lady to whom the letter was addressed. Hence the delivery to the rightful owner, in spite of the fact that she had changed her name three times since the envelope was inscribed.

Not the Way.
"Why have we stopped, captain?"
"On account of the fog, madam."
"Oh! but, my dear captain—surely not! Look! It's perfectly clear up above."
"Aye, ma'am—but we're not going that way, unless the boiler boils!"

The Truly Resourceful.
"De res' resourceful man," said Uncle Eben, "when some one hands him a lemon is ready wif de sugar and others kin's to make it totable 'nessant to take."
An Observant Youth.
Sunday-school Teacher—What was Adam's punishment for eating the forbidden fruit, Johnnie?
Johnnie (confidently)—He had to marry Eve.

Sherlock Holmes Was on the Job Just as Usual.

Sitting open his left forearm with a razor, Holmes was about to inject a bicycle pumpful of cocaine, ether, water, and local-anaesthetic, when the light of battle gleamed in his eyes and caused the cat to think down had come. "Some one is coming upstairs, Watson," he said. "I heard footsteps on the stairs, but—You wonder how I know our visitor is coming up instead of going down." Interrupted Holmes, reading my thoughts. "It's childishly simple," he continued. "I fixed the second step from the top so that any one treading on it shot down the whole flight. The stranger hasn't fallen yet, and must therefore be coming up."

At that moment there was a crash. Holmes opened the door and stepped out. "Try again, my dear sir," he called out to the man who lay in a tumbled heap at the bottom of the stairs. This time our visitor was more successful. He entered the room and took a seat opposite the window.

"Did you have a good game?" asked Holmes.
"How did you guess?"
"Nothing, my dear sir," answered Holmes. "Your mouth has certain lines brought on by saying a vigorous word beginning with 'd,' and the transfer in your pocket tells me you are a golfer."

"Yes, I play golf. My name is McClintock," said our visitor. "I have come to ask you to solve the mystery of the lost golf ball."
Holmes brightened up. The old sleuth-hound instincts awoke. In a few moments he had the story from McClintock. Four thousand golf balls had been lost in two weeks.

"Are you prepared for a long trip, Watson?" asked Holmes, placing a revolver in his pocket. "Better take a Heloch glossary," he added. I compromised on a flask of it. Reaching the ground, Holmes drew out a microscope and examined each blade of grass. "A cow has been here lately," he muttered.

"How did you know?"
He showed me a cowslip. Inquiries in the neighborhood showed that there was indeed a cow she was the picture of health.
"That cow," said Holmes, "has swallowed the golf balls. You see that big ad. over there, 'Pills for the Pale.' She has taken the golf ball-fer pills, and the influence of mineral matter has caused her to grow well and give lots of milk."

On our return to the house Holmes turned the case over to Detective Night with the advice to get out a search warrant.

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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.

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Write for detailed information.

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

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Imperial Cabinet Whisky, \$1.25 qt., \$4.75 gal., distilled from selected grain—spring water.
Goods shipped to all parts of the United States.
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Formerly 1310 Chestnut St. 1630 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Fair Offer.
"No," snapped the sharp faced woman at the door, "I ain't got no food for you, an' I ain't got no old clo'es. Now, git!"
"Lady," replied Harvard Hasben, "I could repay you well. Give me a square meal and I'll give you a few lessons in grammar."

The Object of Thanks.
There was a good deal of sound human nature in the unexpected reply of the dying old woman to her minister's leading question: "Have at the end of a long life, which of the Lord's mercies are you most thankful for?" Her eyes brightened as she answered: "My victuals."