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REPUBLICAN TICKET

FOR CONGRESS ROBERT BROWN

FOR SENATOR WINSFORD O. LEWIS

FOR REPRESENTATIVE ALFRED MARVIN

W. B. Willis, who for many years has been a visitor here is again with his family at the Bluff House

Montague Reformed Church will be supplied this summer by Philip De Meister

After August 1st. the new automobile law in N. Y. requires residents of New Jersey to take out a license in that State

Mr. G. F. Emsberger and children of Holviders N. J. are visiting her parents, A. T. Seeley and wife

Dr. David Chapin and wife of Scranton are receiving congratulations over the advent of a daughter

Mrs. Echemondis suffered a hemorrhage this week and is quite ill

Milford Inn Grill room, now open is a fine place to enjoy a lunch

Mr. Dana of Philadelphia is spending his annual summer outing at "Camp Takitery"

Mrs. Florence Van Campen of Milford visited her father on Sunday

Clyde Hallit went to Branchville on Sunday. He has secured employment in that place

Don S. Miller of Philadelphia arrived on Monday. His mother and sister, Miss Maude, will follow later and will spend two months vacation here

Col. and Mrs. Good recently spent several days in the city

Mrs. R. Nispherd spent last week with her parents at Centre

Levi Jagger recently killed a fine large rattlesnake along the road near Porter's Lake

Joseph H. Beeds and family of Philadelphia are here for their summer vacation

Miss Nora Layton of Lahanam spent Monday and Tuesday with her sisters at the club house

Conrad S. Grover is in the city on business

Joseph H. Bromley and wife of Philadelphia motored up from Stroudsburg on Saturday and spent a few days at the camp

The Deletions. The deletion of Thomas Mackell of Glasgow has the key-board of a piano, but the key hammers produce sound by striking steel forks

FOLLOW THE LEADER

A Nervous Commuter Has a Thrilling Experience

A nervous commuter on his dark, lonely way home from the railroad station heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter started down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence and, rushing into a churchyard, threw himself panting on one of the graves. "If he follows me here," he thought fearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

PROOF



Mrs. Watson—Oh! I'm sure she realizes how stout she's getting. Mrs. Watson—How do you know? Mrs. Watson—She asked me yesterday the proper way to pronounce "tomb-point."

Refreshed His Memory. "Hello, there!" exclaimed the cheerful man. "Glad to see you. Howdy do?"

"Why—er—howdy do? Howdy do?" returned the absent-minded man, somewhat dubiously.

"How are you?" "Pretty well, pretty well; er—"

"You don't seem to remember me."

"Why—er—your face is familiar, but—"

"Don't remember my name, eh?" "Well—er—I hope you'll pardon me, but I must confess I don't," said the absent-minded man.

"You'll find it on the handle of that umbrella you are carrying," remarked the cheerful man. "You borrowed it from me six months ago."

A Stuttering Clock. A droll sort of a fellow, given to stuttering, met an old college chum on the street. They had some hours together and other things. As the tardy one stealthily ascended the stairs on reaching home out of the darkness came his wife's voice.

"What time is it?" she asked, sternly. "It is j-j-j-just one," he stammered. The words were scarcely uttered when the old-fashioned clock on the landing gave four laborious strokes.

"Do you hear that?" she asked, sharply. "But my d-d-dear," he rejoined, pleasantly, "you mustn't mind that tick-clock. It's j-j-j-like me."

Used by Our Best. "Forget it—cast it away,"—Hawthorne's Marble Faun.

"She was a respectable old girl,"—Thackeray's Vanity Fair.

"It's a sure thing,"—Goldsmith's Squire Raffles.

"Twenty-three,"—Dickens's Tale of Two Cities.

"Gave Hector a gift—a gilt nutmeg—a lemon,"—Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost.

"Out in and win,"—Thackeray's Vanity Fair.

The Cowardly Egg. "When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "someone hurled a base, cowardly egg at me, and it struck me on the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man. "A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

A Sure Shot at Livers. "I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients.

"Don't believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

Wise to the Game. Ted—Women won't bad campaign as easy as they expect. Ned—That's so. The female candidates won't be able to jolly the women voters by going around and kissing their babies.

Disproved. Knicker—They say that when you are sinking you remember everything. Bocher—Nonsense; it's when you can't keep your head above water that you forget your creditors.

Could Have Been Worse. Democles was intently watching the sword suspended over his head by a single hair.

"Oh, well," he chuckled, "it might be worse. Just suppose my wife had found that long golden hair on my lips."

Whereupon he ate his meal with great composure and hilarity.

GOWNS MADE IN BRUSSELS

That City Turns Out Quantities of "Paris Frocks"

"Do you know where any of the frocks are made that American women buy in Paris?" asked a man who has lived abroad for many years. "In Brussels," he went on. "That is about the greatest dressmaking center of the world. I know one woman who has a dressmaking establishment in which she employs 500 girls. Her output is tremendous, and there are many similar establishments. Every freight train that leaves Brussels for Paris carries big consignments of dresses. Labor is cheaper in Brussels than in Paris and conditions of living different. Then there is no Sunday holiday for the workers in millinery establishments. The proprietors are so swamped with orders that they keep their hands going. My wife tells me that she can get in Brussels an exquisite hand-brodered gown for \$100, and the best turned out there for \$100. Brussels is fast becoming an American shopping centre."

"A Mite Too Prying." Bushby had many natural advantages and beauties, but Mrs. Abner Crane, who was a brief sojourner in the place, having been there only a matter of ten days or so, never appreciated it. "Why was I prying the day back to Nashby the whole enduring time," said one of Mrs. Crane's Bushby neighbors, "and I was glad to see her go, feeling as she did."

"What was it she didn't like about Bushby?" asked one of the summer residents, curiously.

"She said she didn't get the news of the day quick enough to suit her," replied the neighbor, with an air of indignation. "Mrs. Crane's air as she could manage."

"As I said to my Axy, what on earth she wanted more than we have in the way of news-readers here, I don't know."

"When you consider that there are five telephones in town, a grocery wagon driven by Lucy Grant's boy twice a week, Lucy Grant herself to sew for everybody, and a mail delivery and all taking milk from Ted Kimball, I don't know how we could be any better fixed. I call anybody that wants more news of the day than Bushby folks get a mite too prying myself."

The Old Surf Bath. It is not so many years ago when surf bathing of a very primitive kind prevailed at the eastern end of Long Island and, for aught I know, at other points. Every Saturday morning, or afternoon, as the tide willed, thronged down to the beach and were swung around abreast of the line of breakers. Old fishermen served the purpose of modern bathing pavilions, and the sea costumes were those of last year's village street. A long rope was drawn from under the seats and hitched to the wheel, and then some sturdy ex-whaler or life crew man in red flannel shirt and old trousers tied at the ankles slipped his waist through the loop at the end of this primitive life line and, wading out, kept it as taut as circumstances permitted, while the women and children hauled to it and reveled and wallowed and shrieked, rejoicing in their "Saturday tub."

Where Father Got Stung. One afternoon not long ago, in the vicinity of Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, there might have been seen a young man industriously pushing up and down a baby carriage, intently reading a book while.

"Henry! Henry!" called a young woman from the second story of a house opposite.

Henry heard not, but continued to push the baby carriage and to read his book.

In about an hour the cries for "Henry" were repeated.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, rather impatiently.

"Nothing, dear," was the irritating response, "except to inform you that you've been wheeling Harriet's doll all the afternoon. I think it's time for the baby to have a turn now."

Explained. "Why do so many sick people in hospital wards like to be put in a bed next to a patient from the country?" said the young nurse to the house doctor.

"Graft," said the doctor. "Most country or suburban patients come from homes where there are chickens and maybe a cow. When the folks come in for a visit they bring eggs that were laid that morning and fresh milk, cream and butter. If the person lying beside the country patient is very sick he appeals to the sympathies of the country visitors, and the next time an extra egg and an extra pint of milk come."

A Philanthropic Spaniel. Old Buller, the curly brown spaniel, well known to Middlesex, is dead. He was a philanthropist. With a money box hanging from his neck he collected for Kelling Cottage Hospital. In the last five years he took in \$400, and he showed his discrimination as to the sides of the streets he worked in winter. In summer he frequented parks, making his appeal to numerous ladies and gentlemen. Old Buller was 110 years old, and died of pleurisy.

Trolley Lines in America. There are 1,250 street and interurban railway companies in America, with a total of 25,000 miles of single track and 75,000 passenger cars. The total number of passengers carried annually is 10,000,000,000, and the gross annual income is \$40,000,000.

Defined. "Dad, what kind of a bureau is a matrimonial bureau?" "Oh, any bureau that has two drawers full of women's strings and one man's tie in it."

His Timely Question. "Bridget, dear," said Pat, who was well versed in the ways of women, "when it comes Christmas, what would ye like to take down to the shop to purchase?"

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