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If you are intending to put in Gas or are having any trouble with your pipes already in, Let us know.

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Gives in Book Form the Story Account of HIS AFRICAN HUNT

Agents WANTED NOW in every City Town and Village to handle Colonel Roosevelt's Great Book.

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Satisfaction GUARANTEED.

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HIGH STREET
MILFORD Rear of Court House PENNA

Roofing Slate

All kinds of roofing slate constantly at hand at lower prices than elsewhere.

We lay slate either on Lathed or Tight Boarded Roofs and guarantee satisfaction.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Matamoras Slate Roofing Co.
Cor Penna. Ave. & 7th St.,
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Of Interest to Women

Etiquette Governing Calling When Women are in Mourning—Visits Should not be Made Until Three Months Have Elapsed Since a Death.

Persons in mourning for a death in the immediate family are not expected to pay calls until three months have elapsed, but they are expected to receive their friends. For though it is decreed by etiquette that the whole make what is called a "year of mourning," there must be no feeling of grief or indifference if you that the hostess in mourning is "not at home." It is understood that she may not be in health that day, or so nervous by a string she is unable to see even friends. This fact should not prevent a friend from paying a second time within a few weeks.

Friends of those in mourning do not wait for a call to be returned but as soon as convenient. A widow is exempt from paying visits for a year, but she should not ignore the courtesies of her friends. She is supposed to post her calling card within a month after she first call is paid her, and after a few months some member of her family should take her card, leaving it when on a round of social visits.

A daughter does not wear mourning for as long a period as a widow. She may after three months go to other houses, but not when her friends are entertaining. For her to go to a tea, luncheon or dinner would be bad form, but she may take a walk away from her own house if no others have been invited to the function. Not until a year is she free to go to every kind of affair, but after six months she may play bridge informally at the houses of old friends or go to lectures, concerts or the opera.

"In-laws" those related by marriage are given more respect than this. Their social engagements are qualified by the amount of mourning they wear. One who puts on crepe may not go into second mourning before the end of a year. But when an "in-law" wears black only, she may go almost without restriction after three months she may adopt light mourning, gray, lavender, and the like, and go to the theatre and opera.

If for any reason a person is unable to call upon friends after there has been a death in the family a note of condolence is imperative.

Old friends are supposed to write and to call, too, and the notes must be acknowledged by the recipient. In cases where they are sent to spouses, it is good form for another to answer them in her name, saying that she feels unable to do so herself, but thanks her friends for their thought of her.—*Rosanna Schuyler, in the New York Telegram.*

She Sleeps in These!

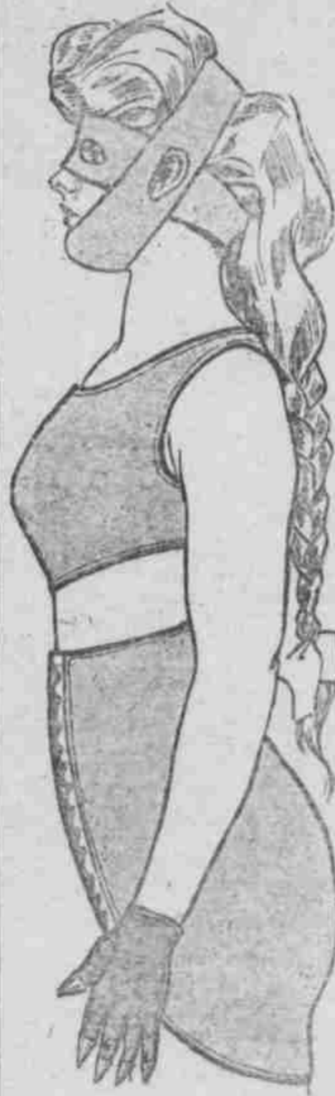


Diagram showing the new contrivances which many women are wearing during their sleeping hours to improve face, chin, bust, hips and fingers.

Ironing.

When ironing fine white waists or underwear lay a bath towel on ironing board, lay buttoned side on it, and iron over wrong side of garment. Between buttons will be ironed and not any ironed on.

The Capitan Sink.
It results from the careful measurements of level recently made by Lieutenant-Colonel Parilly along the line of the Transcaspian railway that the level of the Capitan Sink is 81 feet below the level of the oceans. If the Capitan Sink were filled with water up to ocean-level, the town of Krasnovodsk, which stands on its shores, would be submerged, for the mean elevation of that town is between 82 and 84 feet below ocean-level.



KRESO DIP No. 1

GOING AFTER THE LICE.

You need something to clean up' disinfect and kill parasites.

KRESO DIP No. 1

will do the work.

**DEPENDABLE
SURE
INEXPENSIVE
EASY TO USE**

We have a special booklet on diseases of Poultry. Call or write for one.

ARMSTRONG'S PHARMACY

TRESPASS NOTICE

All persons are warned from trespassing on the private property of the undersigned for the purpose of hunting, fishing or any other purpose under penalty of the Act of Assembly approved April 14th, 1905. Attention is especially called to the law making the open season for mallards from July 1st to November 1st.

Diplomat No. 1
May 20th, 1910
J. S. OWNER

FARM FOR SALE

The farm now occupied by Mrs. Joseph Carball in Delaware township containing about fifty four acre, fully cleared. Good dwelling, barn and other outbuildings. Also excellent fruit on the place.

For terms etc. enquire on the premises of
Mrs. JOSEPH CARBALL
Delaware Township

PHYSICIAN HAVING BEEN LOOKING

for a harmless headache remedy, it has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as **BAKERS' PAIN-EXPELLER**. It cures every form of headache, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatism, and as promptly relieves in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to the sick and the weary. For sale at C. O. Armstrong, Druggist.

THOSE PIES OF BOYHOOD

How delicious were the pies of boyhood. No pie is now ever taste so good. What's changed the pie? No, it's you. You've lost the strong, healthy stomach, the vigorous liver, the active kidneys, the regular bowels of boyhood. Your digestion is poor and you blame the food. What's needed? A complete toning up by **Electric Bitters** of all organs of digestion—Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels—Try them. They'll restore your lost good appetite and appreciation of food and fully re-arrange your body with new health, strength and vigor. See at all druggists.

A FRIGHTFUL WRECK

of train, automobile or buggy may cause cuts, bruises, abrasions, sprains, or wounds that demand Bucklen's Arnica Salve—earth's greatest healer. Quick relief and prompt cure results. For burns, boils, sores of all kinds, eczema, chapped hands and lips, sore eyes or ears, its supreme. Surest pain cure. See at all druggists.

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.

Heart of Gold

The chill, blustering March winds had swept the bare earth for many days, and in the little hollows of the woods the last stained patches of snow were fast disappearing, when there suddenly came a day of fair, cloudless skies, soft breezes, and warm, glorious sunshine.

Miss Lavinia drew her rocking chair close to the south window and pushed up the shade that the sun might shine full upon her.

Miss Lavinia had no young niece or nephew to plant and water her garden, and her own strength was barely sufficed for the needful daily tasks. In other years her lilacs and roses had been the delight of the village, and flowers of every hue had blossomed freely under her loving care.

As time passed she had drawn slowly aloof from the life around her. Old friends had gone beyond and she had lost the art of making new ones. Day by day she sat at her window and peered through the dark shutters, watching the children on their way to school. Had one of them come through the gate and ventured up the path, she would have met him at her door with outstretched arms, but she had forgotten how to call to them from behind the bars of her shyness and reserve.

There was no tenderer heart in all the world than Miss Lavinia's, but its sweetness was wrapped away from her own soul's understanding by the close shut petals of her shy restraint and lonely reticence.

Yet on this fair spring day, when she heard the Easter bells ringing as she raised her window for a breath of the soft air, there stole into her heart a longing to mingle once more with the happy-faced throng of churchgoers. With swift resolution she took down her plain black bonnet with its white mill strings, wrapped her shawl around her black silk gown, drew on her best lilac gloves, and stepped out into the warm sunshine.

The bells had ceased ringing when she reached the church and she hesitated on the threshold, for every peal seemed filled. Then, as the congregation rose and the familiar doxology poured forth, she walked quietly down the broad aisle and found her accustomed seat near the front.

The altar was banked with fair white blossoms, whose delicate perfume filled the whole place. A new message of life, radiant with the joy of this world and the hereafter, came to her with the music and the sermon.

Near the close of the service the children came to the space in front of the pulpit and each one was given a pot containing an Easter lily. One blossom was left.

Then a little lad who sat in the pew behind Miss Lavinia, and who had often caught a glimpse of her face as he peered her window, went swiftly forward, lifted the plant in his arms and carried it straight to Miss Lavinia's pew. She held out one hand for the lily, and with the other drew the boy to her side. So they stood, listening to the sweet words of the benediction, and when the Amen had been chanted the white head bent to the golden one.

"Do you like the lily?" the child asked eagerly.

For an instant she looked deep into the golden heart of the fair blossom and her soul drank in the message of its unfolded petals. Then she drew the boy closer and kissed his forehead.

"I shall love it very much," she assured him. Then added shyly, "You must come and see me often and let me love you, too."

And the lad nodded brightly as he walked up the aisle by her side and out into the sunny street.

As they walked along he spoke best truthfully.

"Mother says you need to have love-lily in your garden when she was a girl."

Tears sprang to Miss Lavinia's eyes, but she smiled down at him through the mist. Then she confided to his childish, sympathetic heart how sorely she had missed the beauty and fragrance of her flowers since her hands had grown too frail and weak to tend them.

They reached her gate as her home by little confession ended. The lad looked from his own lily he was carrying to the blossom in Miss Lavinia's hand.

"I think I'll leave my lily here, too," he said. "One might be lonesome all alone, and mother won't mind. We'll have so many other flowers soon."

Then he looked up at her with eager eyes.

"I wish you would let me come and work in your garden. I'll do it just as you tell me, and maybe some of the other boys will help. May I try?"

The Awakening

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