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BROAD ST., MILFORD, PA.

NOW IN PRESS

Theodore Roosevelt's African Game Trails

Gives in Book Form the Story Account of His AFRICAN HUNT
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

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

Early subscriptions filled by First Copies from the Press FOR FULL AFRICAN PROSPECTUS WRITE TO

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Amatite Roofing

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Iron and Tin Roofing of all Kinds
Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings
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General Jobbers and Repairers.
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Hardwood-finishing
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High class Paperhanging
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Prices Reasonable.
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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.,
Matamoras, Pa.

A Woman's Happiness

Really, it was great fun! The girl smiled at herself in the mirror as she tucked the wisp of hair under the dainty lace cap and smoothed the wrinkles from her apron. Her man was going to get ahead of her she asserted with a defiant tilt of her head.

At that moment her mistress swept into the room. "Jeannette," she said, "James has left us. When the new butler comes, tell him to see me the first thing in the morning. I shall dine out this evening."

The new butler proved an unusual man. His alert and rosy bearing, which he tried in vain to conceal by the meek droop of his shoulders, belonged rather to the man of the world than to a mortal who was obliged to bow to the caprice of the wealthy.

Indeed, Jeannette felt rather reluctant about giving him orders, but she reasoned, there might as well be an understanding first as last. She was a lady's maid, and no butler was going to lord it over her. (She had heard what tyrants they were in the servants' quarters.)

"There will be nothing to do this evening," she began, with an air of conferring a favor. "Tomorrow my mistress will explain everything."

She was quite elated over her initial step, but her bubble of satisfaction was soon punctured. The butler actually grinned at her!

"The blood mounted to her cheeks," she exclaimed. "I am not accustomed to such behavior!"

"My dear child," the new servant rebuked paternally. "Probably you do not realize the difference between the position of butler and that of lady's maid. There was a distasteful stress on the last two words."

"I am quite aware of the difference; that is why I object," she retorted in her most frigid tones. "It is evident that you have not labored in the well families."

The man seemed quite flustered. "And, pray," he questioned with thin-lipped sarcasm, "in what well families have you served?"

Jeannette's heart gave a guilty bound. "Lady Rosemary's" she lied conscientiously.

"Why, that's where you worked," interjected the chambermaid to the butler. "I heard the mistress say something about it to-day."

"What?" The word burst from Jeannette's lips.

She looked blankly at the butler for a moment, and then, for some unaccountable reason, both flushed.

"Probably," he hesitated, weighing his words carefully, "you worked there after I left, three years ago."

Jeannette grasped the suggestion as a drowning man would the proverbial straw. "Yes," she replied, eagerly. "I entered her service two years ago—yesterday."

Then the discussion of their respective pasts suddenly died away. And neither showed any desire to renew their talk.

One Thursday Jeannette received a note that quite turned her attention from the new servant. There were just a few words: "I must see you before 2."

"Gracious!" she cried, "how can I possibly get off!"

But the thing had to be done somehow. So she went to her mistress and asked for the afternoon.

"Why, I am so sorry," her mistress said regretfully, "but I have just given a William the afternoon, and I really couldn't let you both go at the same time."

Jeannette felt desperate. "I—" she began, passing her hand wearily over her forehead. She stopped and fell upon the floor in a simulated faint.

"You poor dear!" her mistress exclaimed when Jeannette opened her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me you were ill? You must go out and get the fresh air. William," she called to the butler, who was passing by outside, "I shall have to ask you to stay in this afternoon. Jeannette must go out."

A look of great disappointment settled on the butler's face as he murmured an incoherent "Yes, ma'am."

"I hated to do it," Jeannette said contritely as she stepped out upon the sidewalk, "but it was the only way."

She hailed a tax-cab and started down town. At 1:45 she entered the building where she had the appointment. She had scarcely passed through the swinging doors when someone brushed hastily by her.

It was the butler!

Both stopped short as they caught sight of each other. The same idea seemed uppermost in their minds.

"Are you the man?" Jeannette asked abruptly.

"And are you the woman?"

One question answered the other.

"Well, we are both after the same job," the man said, smiling. "Who gets it?"

"Somehow," Jeannette remarked thoughtfully, "I'm not so anxious for it now. It don't seem just the work for a woman."

The man's face lit up. "I only want the job," he said, gazing at her intently, "to build a home for someone you know."

Jeannette affected not to understand.

"Do you think," the man continued, "that when I work up on the staff of the paper—I'm sure that this article on social conditions will at least win a place for me—do you think that a certain young lady would share my lot with me?"

"Perhaps," answered Jeannette, "MISS GRETCHEEN BRACK."

A Boy's Long Walk.
A Toledo youth, Stari Cronley, started on October 25, 1907, to walk around the border of the United States. He finished his little feat on November 15, 1908. He says he walked twelve thousand eight hundred and twenty miles, and he shows the signature of more than twelve hundred postmasters on his traveling register.



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 Laundry. Call or write for one.

ARMSTRONG'S PHARMACY

TRESSPASS 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 halibut from July 1st to November 1st.

Dingman sep.
May 28th, 1910. **J. S. OWNER**

FARM FOR SALE.

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

For terms etc. enquire on the premises of
Mrs. JOSEPH G. CARHUFF,
Delaware township.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as **BROMO-PAININ**. Besides curing every form of headache instantly, **Bromo-Painin** is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident there to. It is effacecent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up to date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a tonic to mankind and womankind. For sale at C. O. Armstrong, Druggist.

Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Pike county, to directed, I will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry at the sheriff's office in the court house, Milford, Pa., on **MONDAY, AUGUST 25, A. D. 1910,** at 9 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real estate, to wit:

All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situated, lying and being in the village and township of Lackawanna, county of Pike and state of Pennsylvania, near Lackawanna depot of the Erie Railroad on the road leading to Taylor Mill, adjoining the lot on which a large barn was erected by the former owner thereof, John M. Williamson, bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the north west side of the said road and running thence north fifty-one and one quarter degrees west one hundred and twenty feet to a stake, thence south forty-six degrees west twenty-two feet to a corner of the fence, thence south forty-four and one-half degrees west one hundred and thirty-six feet to a post, thence north thirty-four degrees east one hundred and eight feet to the place of beginning.

IMPROVEMENTS
Upon said premises are erected the hotel building and dwelling house known as the "Union House," now tenanted, and owned and conducted by Carl Newkirk, also large barn and a wagon house, and two houses, with other improvements; the whole described and taken in execution as the property of Wilhelm Vogel and will be sold by me for cash.

GEORGE GREGORY,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's office, Milford, Pa.,
Aug 2, 1910.

—Margains at Miller's Saturday.

WANTED—To rent small house in Milford, address,
P. O. BOX 184,
Matamoras, Pa.

Mrs. Wm. Angis has gone to Muncie, Ind., to visit her sister.

Miss Madge Emerson is a guest with friends in Atlantic City.

Harold Burnett of New York is spending a few days in town.

FOR SALE!

OR LEASE for a term of years. My farm of 105 acres at Shohola, Pa. Suitable for farming and boarding: House 12 rooms, large barn, hen house, ice house, woodhouse, etc. Also small 4 room house. Good land and wood. Water in house from the spring. A nice place on very reasonable terms. Immediate possession. Apply to
WALTER C. JONES,
Middlestown, Conn.

NOTICE.
The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings the 1st Thursday of each mo., between the hours of 9 a. m. and 4 p. m., excepting in the months when Court may be in session, and then during Court.

THEO. H. BAKER,
Commissioner-Clerk.

WANTS SUPPLIED!

If you want note heads, bill heads, letter heads, statements, show cards, programs large posters, sale bills, dodgers envelopes tags, business cards or job printing every description, done up in the best style for you in an up-to-date and artistic manner call and see us. Prices!

DON'T COUGH, BUT LIVE LONG.

If every cough were cured before it got a strong hold, human life would be lengthened by many years. If every coughing sufferer knew that Kemp's Balsam would cure the cough in a few minutes, he would be glad to engage the serious consequences. If any medicine will cure a cough Kemp's Balsam will do it. At druggists and dealers'.

KIMBLE

Mrs. Joseph Reibel and little son and daughter of Brooklyn are spending a few weeks at Ward Halls.

Mrs. Lida Hoffman is visiting her brother at Hancock.

Joseph Dills of Duryea is spending his vacation here with Edward Malone.

Mrs. Royal T. Decker made a business trip to Carbondale last week.

Edward Malone made a business trip to the North last Saturday.

Kate Keltner of Hawley visited her aunt last Saturday and Sunday.

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Does your head ache or simply feel heavy and uncomfortable? Does your back ache? Do you feel lagged out? The tonic laxative here tea known as Lamp's Family Medicine will cure your head, remove the pain in side or back and restore your strength. Nothing else is so good for the stomach and bowels. At druggists and dealers'.

PAPER FROM CANE WASTE.

West Indian Sugar Planter Producing it as a Considerable Scale.

Franklin D. Hale, consul at Trinidad, reports as follows on the progress in the utilization of waste materials in the West Indies for paper-making:

About two years ago Bert de Launay, of Orange Grove, Trinidad, the owner and operator of a sugar estate, commenced in a small way to manufacture pulp and paper from cane waste or megasse, and bamboo fiber, importing special machinery therefor. Although his efforts were largely experimental, he reports the venture a success and has placed the new manufactured article on the market. Locally it is used for wrapping paper.

Exports in small quantities have been made in England, Germany and France, and in March and April last, 18 bales of the paper pulp, weighing 18,228 pounds, were shipped to New York. The value as invoiced here was \$8.70 per 100 pounds. Mr. de Launay claims that by a further improvement in the methods of manufacture, perfect results may be obtained and paper successfully manufactured from megasse and bamboo fiber.

Of Interest to Women

Three Girl Dress-Mad in City—It is an Alarming Symptom—No Thought or Care Given to the Old Funks at Home, as Her Time is Occupied with Fashions.

It is remarkable how easy it is for a young girl who comes to New York from the country and obtains a position to drift from the \$8 or \$7 costume of her home town to the \$30 or \$40 costume of the city of her adoption. To make the change she may be compelled to live in shabby lodgings, purchase of scant fare at cheap restuarans and deny herself the pleasure of sending money home to assist those who kept and cared for her in her less prosperous and dressy days. But she does it, and even wears the \$30 or \$40 costume to the office, with but one glove, and oftentimes furs to match.

She bankers to be "classy" and usually succeeds in her own way. Suffering in time of financial stress (the girl's return to the less expensive costume of former days is met by vehement protest that such a thing cannot be thought of. If it be necessary to remain in the "classy" class she does not hesitate to mortgage her future earnings by buying more \$30 or \$40 costumes on credit. New York is full of costumed girls who are delighted to permit her to open an account and to add to the price enough to pay them 10 or 12 per cent.

There are thousands of country girls in New York who have made the "classy" drift. By the same token there are thousands of faded and broken-hearted mothers and mothers-in-law to whom the difference in price between the old and the new costume settles the difference between comfort and discomfort, and, at times, the difference between independence and dependence upon neighbors on whom they have no rights; claim for help. Those are things, however, with which the country girl who longs to be "classy" in New York does not bother her head. She is so busy looking forward to the pattern sheets that she has no time to look backward to see how the old folks at home are getting along.

When the crash came that swept away every penny of her father's fortune, John Lyndon, his lifelong friend, had come quickly to his assistance, and placed him firmly back again among the men of his world. Then he asked his daughter's hand in marriage, and Edith Mayberry, just home from school, the world stretching broad and beautiful before her, and blind with the romantic idea that she was saving her father from poverty by this marriage, consented to become his bride.

John Lyndon, shy and reserved, but with a heart of pure gold, soon found he was no match for his beautiful, pleasure-loving wife. She craved the wild excitement of travel and society and laughed at his sometimes awkward show of affection. But after the first few months of their married life he never spoke of love to her again. He made his books his companions and although ever kind and gentle, honoring her every whim, she felt that something had gone out of her life, and the day came when she hurried for the love she had scornfully thrown away. She knew that she herself had killed his love for her, and her mighty pride forbade her giving utterance to the affection that was daily growing in her heart for her noble husband.

And, above in the Castle to-night, while her guests drank deep of the chalice of pleasure and happiness, their hostess wandered among the rocks on the shore, drinking deeply of the chalice of misery and discontent.

But evidently she was not the only one abroad on the beach that night, for even their footsteps sounded on the rocks above, and two men, one of them her husband and the other his college friend, seated themselves a short distance away. The rocks hid her from their view and her presence there remained unknown.

"This reminds me of the nights at Cliffhurst," her husband's friend was saying. "I could almost wish that some kind fairy would wave her wand above us and transport us back to Cliffhurst and our boyhood days. What say you, Lyndon? For what would you ask the kind fairy?"

"Only one request would I make of her gracious majesty."

"And that is—"

"The love of the girl who bears my name."

The other whistled softly, but John Lyndon was on his feet in an instant. "Forget that I said that, Dick!" he commanded almost sternly. "You would look on us as an ideal couple. We are as far apart as Heaven and Earth. I think I have always loved her," he mused as if to himself, "but she—"

and he paused a moment and waved his hand toward the brilliantly lighted castle from whence the sound of revelry and mirth floated from the open windows, "cares only for that."

In a few moments his friend had left him, and John Lyndon stood alone on the wind and wave swept shore. No, not alone, for his wife, beautiful, pleading, was standing beside him. It all seemed a part of a dream; he could have almost laid it to the witchery of the night. But it was all very real, and the perfumed night wind cooled the fever of his brow as he tried to realize that the girl he loved after all, really cared for him.

"We will stay here and watch the tide come in, sweetheart," he said, gently, and while the silver spray dashed diamonds all around them, and the gulls flew over the shimmering waves, their pinnas flashing in the moonlight, they walked along the moonlit shore, and the song of the breakers grew soft and sweet as a lullaby, as they passed.—GENEVIÈVE MARIE BOICE.

Improves the Flavor of Rabbit.
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Talk.
Nacon—Did you talk your wife out of getting that new hat?
Egbert—No; she talked herself out of it. She talked so long about it that when she went to get it it was sold.

Otherwise Unobjectionable.
Nancy—What do you think of my new perfume?
Violeta—I don't like it for a scent.

THE LADY OF CASTLE CLIFF

The lady of Castle Cliff was weary, so weary that she had slipped away from the magnificent ball-room where flashing lights and dancing music, superb jewels and rarest flowers ran riot in beauty and color, and sought the wind and wave swept shore, wandering among the rocks and cliffs that like grim giants guard an enchanted coast.

How calm and grand and beautiful it all was! From the Castle on the Cliff floated the strains of wonderful music, down, until they mingled in an almost fairy-like sweetness with the rush of the aliver tide.

From every castle window a blaze of light streamed far out on the blue shimmering waters. Many thousand ballers blest the Lady of Castle Cliff, as they called her, when, battling for their lives in the stormy storm waves they had come in sight of the brilliant lighted castle and of the immense electric star that seemed to hang suspended in the air, although held by a glided statue on the tower, and that flashed a message of hope and courage to the heart-weary man.

Little paths of silver ripples over the blue, quivering waters, tiny, golden stars embedded in their hearts, a perfect replica of the starry heavens above.

One could not imagine a heart unhappy on such a night as this, and especially one for whom life seemed to hold so much as the Lady of Castle Cliff. And yet, it was not the sweet night-wind alone that sighed as it gently ruffled the foam-crested waves, neither was it the answering echo of the restless, shimmering waves for it broke from the lips of the girl on the shore, her burning cheeks pressed close against the grateful coolness of a projecting cliff. And yet, there was no one to blame for her present unhappiness but herself.

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Wringer for Mops.

A mop wringer for ordinary household use has been devised by two Missouri men. There is a mop wringer attached to buckets used by janitors and members of the cleaning squad of office buildings, but such a contrivance is not so useful in the home as the utensil here shown. This new wringer consists of a central can with a hook on the side by which it can be hung in the corner of the kitchen sink. It is open at the bottom and has openings at the sides to permit the outflow of water. Along the inside is a series of blades that engage the mop when it is thrust in the can and hold it when it is twisted. A couple of twists of the handle and the yarn can be squeezed as dry as though it was run through a roller wringer. This device has an additional advantage over the wringer attached to a bucket in that it can be used conveniently not only to dry a floor mop, but to wring out the small mop that women use in washing clothes.



Popular Culture.

Treatment of Corsets.
Corsets that are often taken up and cleaned in the following way, which raises no dust and leaves the corset looking very bright and fresh:
Get a bucket of lukewarm water, to which liquid ammonia in the proportion of a tablespoonful to two gallons has been added.
Dip a clean house band in the water, wring it as dry as you can and wipe the corset with the grain. The dirt and dust will collect in lumps in your fingers. The cloth needs frequent rinsing and the water must be changed as soon as it gets dirty.

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