

# GAS FITTING...

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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PLUMBING**  
IN ALL ITS  
BRANCHES

**Cuddeback & Co.**

BROAD ST., MILFORD, PA.

## NOW IN PRESS

**Theodore Roosevelt's  
OWN BOOK  
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  
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Colonel Roosevelt's  
Great Book.

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

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,**  
153 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

## Amatite Roofing

**T. R. J. Klein & Son, Agents**

Iron and Tin Roofing of all Kinds  
Metal Shingles and Metal Ceilings  
Hardware, Stoves and Ranges  
Gutters, Leaders, Plumbing, Gasfitting.

**General Jobbers and Repairers.**  
Broad Street, Milford Pa

Painting, Decorating,  
Hardwood-finishing  
Graining Gilding  
Sign Painting  
High class Paperhanging  
and Upholstering.  
Prices Reasonable.  
Satisfaction GUARANTEED.

**ANGELON BROTHERS,**  
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 wisps of hair under  
the dainty lace cap and smoothed the  
wrinkles from her apron. Her man  
was going to get ahead of her, she  
perched 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, be-  
longed rather to the man of the world  
than to a menial who was obliged to  
bow to the mistress of the house.  
Indeed, Jeannette felt rather reluctant  
about giving him orders, but she re-  
solved, the night as well as the day,  
to understand first as best she could  
a lady's maid, and no butler was going  
to lord it over her. (She had read  
what tyrants they were in the ser-  
vants' quarters.)

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

She was quite elated over her in-  
itial step, but her bubble of satisfac-  
tion was soon punctured. The butler  
actually grinned at her!

The blood mounted to her cheeks.  
"Sir," she exclaimed, "I am not ac-  
customed to such behavior!"

"My dear child," the new servant  
replied paternally. "Probably you  
do not realize the difference between  
the position of butler and that of  
lady's maid. There was a dreadful  
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 bargained in the  
servants' quarters."

The man seemed quite flustered.  
"And, pray," he questioned with thin-  
ly veiled sarcasm, "in what serv-  
ants' quarters 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 un-  
accountable 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 proverb-  
ial straw. "Yes," she replied, eagerly.  
"I entered her service two years  
ago—yesterday."

Then the discussion of their respect-  
ive pasts suddenly died away. And  
neither showed any desire to re-  
sume them.

One Thursday Jeannette received  
a note that quite turned her atten-  
tion 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 some-  
how. So she went to her mistress  
and asked for the afternoon.

"Why, I am so sorry," her mistress  
said regretfully, "but I have just got  
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 ex-  
claimed 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 out-  
side, "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 mur-  
mured 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 taxicab and started  
down town. At 1:45 she entered the  
building where she had the appoint-  
ment. 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 doesn'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 under-  
stand.

"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 cer-  
tain young lady would share my lot  
with me?"

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



### 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 book-  
let on diseases of Fam-  
ily. Call or write for one.

**ARMSTRONG'S  
PHARMACY**

## TRESSPASS NOTICE.

All persons are warned from tres-  
passing on the private property  
of the undersigned for the purpose of  
hunting, fishing or any other purpose  
under penalty of the Act of Assem-  
bly approved April 14th, 1905. Atten-  
tion is especially called to the law  
making the open season for halibut  
from July 1st to November 1st.

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

## FARM FOR SALE.

The farm now occupied by Mrs.  
Joseph Carhuff in Delaware town-  
ship containing about fifty four acres  
thirty cleared. Good dwelling, barn  
and other outbuildings. Also excel-  
lent fruit on the place.

For terms etc. enquire on the prem-  
ises 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**. Beside  
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 effaceant and pleasant  
to take and may be had of all up-  
date druggists at ten cents a bottle.  
It comes as a tonic to mankind and  
womanhood. 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 me 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 vil-  
lage 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 thirty-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  
farm, thence south forty-four and one-half  
degrees east one hundred and thirty-six  
feet to a post, thence north thirty-four de-  
grees 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 ice house,  
with other improvements; the whole desir-  
ably located on the main public highway  
in the center of the village of Lackawanna  
and adjacent to the Erie Railroad station,  
and very valuable for purposes of conduct-  
ing the hotel business.

Sold 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.

—Bargains at Miller's Saturday.

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

Mrs. Wm. Angis has gone to Min-  
nucle, 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.

## Of Interest to Women

\*\*\*  
Rivers Girl Dress-Mad in City—  
It is an Alarming Symptom—No  
Thought or Care Given to the  
Old Fashions 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 posi-  
tion 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 com-  
pelled to live in shabby lodgings, pur-  
chase of scant fare at cheap restau-  
rants 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 usual-  
ly succeeds in her own way. Sugges-  
tion in time of financial stress (she  
also returns to the less expensive cos-  
tumes of former days is met by vehem-  
ent 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 who are delighted to pay  
but 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 law-  
home to whom the difference in price  
between the old and the new costume  
is the difference between comfort and  
discomfort, and, at times, the differ-  
ence between independence and de-  
pendence 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 look-  
ing forward for 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 assist-  
ance, and placed him firmly back again  
among the men of his world. Then  
he asked his daughter's hand in mar-  
riage, and Edith Mayberry, just home  
from school, the world stretching  
broad and beautiful before her, and  
filled 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 awk-  
ward 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 com-  
panions 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  
hungered for the love she had ac-  
cidentally thrown away. She knew that  
she herself had killed his love for her,  
and her mighty pride forbade her giv-  
ing utterance to the affection that was  
daily growing in her heart for her no-  
ble 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 discon-  
tent.

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,  
pleasing, was standing beside him.  
It all seemed a part of a dream; he  
could have almost laid it to the witch-  
ery 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 piteous flashing in the  
moonlight, they walked along the  
moonlit shore, and the song of the  
breakers grew soft and sweet as a lull-  
aby, as they passed.—GENEVIEVE  
MARIE BOICE.

Improves the Flavor of Rabbit.

Few persons know that the flavor  
of cooked rabbit may be much im-  
proved, if, when cleaning Brier Rab-  
bit, the small, waxy kernel or gland  
under the front legs is taken away.  
Cut directly between the fore-  
leg and body, and the small gland, about  
the size of a pea, may be seen. It is  
white in color.—Madeline Pelton, in  
Recreation.

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 wanted to get it it was sold.

Otherwise Unobjectionable.

Pansy—What do you think of my  
new perfume?  
Viola—I don't like it for a scent.

Wringer for Mops.

A mop wringer for ordinary house-  
hold use has been devised by two  
Missouri men. There is a mop wrin-

ing device attached to buckets used  
by janitors and members of the clean-  
ing 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 ap-  
proach 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 you  
though it was run through a roller  
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al advantage over the wringer attach-  
ed to a bucket in that it can be used  
conveniently not only to dry a floor  
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that women use in washing clothes.

**KIMBLE**

Mrs. Joseph Reibel and little son  
and daughter of Brooklyn are spend-  
ing a few weeks at Ward Hills.

Mrs. Lida Hoffman is visiting her  
brother at Hancock.

Joseph Dills of Duryea is spending  
his vacation here with Edward Mal-  
one.

Mrs. Royal T. Decker made a busi-  
ness trip to Carbondale last week.

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

Kate Kellar 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 known as Lam-  
p'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 \$2.

**PAPER FROM CANE WASTE.**

West Indian Sugar Planter Producing  
it as a Considerable Scale.

Franklin D. Hale, consul at Trinid-  
ad, reports as follows on the pro-  
gress in the utilization of waste ma-  
terials in the West Indies for paper-  
making:

About two years ago Bert de La-  
marre, of Orange Grove, Trinidad,  
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 bam-  
boo 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 mar-  
ket. Locally it is used for wrapping  
paper.

Exportations in small quantities  
have been made in England, Ger-  
many and France, and in March  
and April last, 18 bales of the  
paper pulp, weighing 18,225 pounds,  
were shipped to New York. The  
value as invoiced here was \$8.70 per  
100 pounds. Mr. de Lamarre claims  
that by a further improvement in the  
methods of manufacture, perfect re-  
sults may be obtained and paper suc-  
cessfully manufactured from megasse  
and bamboo fiber.

Talk.

Nacon—Did you talk your wife out  
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Egbert—No; she talked herself out  
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