That is, for Work: But Then There Are Other Activities.

"Zeke," drawled the old farmer, as he thawed out his whiskers, "I want ycouw to go down to the woodpile and shop up some kindling."
"Brert" exclaimed Zeke, as he blow

his fingers. "It's too cold."
"Wall, then, go over to the barnrard and milk the cowa."
"Can't, pap. Honest, I'm freezing." How about cleaning the

mow off the porch?" Teouwill have to occuse me, pap; my fingers are jest like icicles."

The old farmer was thoughtful.

"Wall, all right, son," he said, slow-"R shan't he said that I allowed any of my children to get frost bitten by working in freezing weather. be year going to do now? Sit by the kitches fire and warm your hands?" Eaks grinned sheepishly.

"No, pap, I am going down to the lake and fan for pickerel through the

### The Grafter's Success.

James B. Dill, whose recent a sech en "Graft" at Oberlin College attracted so much attention, told recently, apropos of "graft" a story about a awindling tramp,
"The tramp," said Mr. Dill, "had
the niert, unscrupious, bold mind that

makes grafting successful. "He was walking in Chicago one day when he saw a little boy stoop

and pick up something.
"He crossed over to the boy quick-

"You-have made a find, my lad," he

Yee, gir," said the innocent boy, "I have found a stiver ring."
"I thought so," said the tramp, "It's the one I just dropped. Now, ain't it lucky I had my name cut in it?"

What's your name?" said the boy empiciously.

"Sterling," said the tramp.

"Take it then, it's yours," said the boy, handing over the ring with a disappointed air."

ADDED RESPONSIBILITY.



"I suppose you have little to do folks got an auto?" 'Very little-except go after it."

#### Identified. The elderly ludy who was looking

through the shop of a dealer in kutch-hacks picked up a small hand-bag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile skin?" "Absolutely certain, madam," re-plied the dealer, "I shot that croco-

dile myself." "It looks rather solled," observed

"Naturally, madam," explained the leaman. "That is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the

## Diagnosis.

Into a general store of a town in Arkansas there recently came a darky that a ham which he had purchased there was not good. "The ham is all right, Zeph," in-

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the ne "Dat ham's shore bad!" "How can that he" continued the

storekeeper, "when it was cured only not week! The darky scratched his head reflectively, and finally suggested:

## "Den mebbe it's had a relapse."

Her Profession. "Do you care for children?" asked the man of the girl who was sitting on the stoop with a calld playing near

That's my business, sir!" replied

"Oh, you needn't get huffy about

### "Ain't getting huffy; I say that's my business -I'm the nurse girl."

A Peculiar Death.

Mabel (testing the wisdom of the grownups).—Well, how did Murtin Lether die? Uncle Jim-Die? Oh, in the ordi

Mary way, I suppose. Mabel-Oh, uncle! you really don't know anything. He was ex-commun cated by a bull.

## Her Ambition.

"Why, if it ain't Lucy Simmons!" iong ago, on encountering a friend in the street. "Whar on earth has yo

"I's been workin' hard," was the

"Now dat I thinks of it." continued the first darky, "zeems to me I did hear of you' workin' night an' day. What's do matter?"

"It's jes' dis way," explained the second negrees. "I's under bonds to keep de peace for Hekin' dat good-fornuthin' husband o' mine. De ledge he says of I come befo' him agin or lays my hands on de old man he gwine to One me ten dollars."

"I see. Youse workin' hard to keep outer trouble?" "No, I aint. I's workin' hard to save

THE WILD ANIMALS OF AFRICA

with the Slinking Lion. Of some of the wild becats that requaggs, most graceful of all the hortribe, has disappeared entirely. The from the would, millions which once inhabited the When about to leave then one flat bigh plateau of South Africa were he give arrich orders to the housekilled off is sheer wantonness, and maid about his "anythrob" and said to-day not a single specimen survives that he one was to be allowed to not unless it he between the Crocodile it. and Sabt rivers, where, according to

"As with the quages, so with the and finding traces of the recent stolen swart whidebests, the white-tailed bath, questioned the maid so closely gue of the naturalists. Once the most that she had to confess she was the non of high veldt back, as well as the most gratesque and karmiess, it is now represented by a few de-pressed looking specimens in various zoological gardens. It was very easy down for the mke of its long tall. which made a splendid fig whisk, eldentally, of course, a valuable source of food supply was destroyed, no small maties in a country which to day depends entirely on tinned and

rozen meat.
"The cape buffalo are now confined entirely to the low lying jungle on the east coast, yet half a century ago they ranked among the most pleatiful of the great g me. Hunters who knew them to earlier days spenk of them with scant respect, but It a. If, as they have retreated before the advance of civilization they have grown more sullen and vindictive, until to-day they certainly take first rank among the dangerous game of Africa.

That slinking pest, the lion, is a low coward by comparison with the buffalo, the destructive unlance whose sole title to respect is that when he can excape no longer, b turns on his foc, a characteristi which he shares with practically every

animal, even down to the rat,
"The buffelo, on the other hand. harms no one if left to himself; bu when attacked he becomes the very incarnation of revenue. Moreover, in addition to his strength and fero ity, he has a cunning which the Hon does not ossess. He may be grazed with a built at sunrise, and it may be evening when he charges his asbe evening when he charges his as-sailant from behind some clump of bush. A llon may be shot from the safety of a tree, to the foot of which he has b en lured by means of a goat or a calf; but to kill the buffale it ! ever baunted jungles, and tackle him fairly and squarely, at the risk of one's life; consequently, the more fact of a man's having made the attempt is a far surer proof of his courage than the actual slaving of a lion."

"O. K. Railway men-conductors, englineers, and brakemen-are so acrostomed to communicate with each other by means of gentures that the habit of looking for such dumb eigents to comes a kind of second nature. I this connection a Western rallwhy o ficial tell, of an amusing incident is that part of his State where it is a common or cattle to be run ove that the manager of one "jerk water line required his engineers to repor all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and circum stance.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable com had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but reference to the first showed that the engineer and failed to report such an accident. Accordingly he was sent for and saked why he had omitted to re-

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he said.

"Then you remember hitting her?" "Yes, and I slowed up as abs rolled over on her back; but she waved he eet for me to go ahead, and so I con-

# Needed a Door.

An unusual ruson was given not ong ago for the bulkiness of a horse. A number of jockeys, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, had lined up for the start of a steeplechase, but a delaoccurred because a tail, raw-boned beast obstinately refused to yield to

the importunities of the starter.
"Bring up that horse?" he shouted Bring him up! You'll get into trou ble pretty soon if you don't!"
The rider of the stupid unimal, a

youthful Irishman, yelled back, "I can't help it! This bere's been a ca' sorae, and he won't start till the doc abuts, and I tin't got no floor!"

Hopelessly Out of Style.
"Peter," said Mrs. Pneuritch, "I want you to have that roof taken of our garage and one of a different kind

What for?" demanded Mr. Pnon tch. "What's the matter with it?"
I heard an architect say the other day that it's a hip roof. Everybody knows that hips are out of atyle now.

Canceling the Obligation. "You have saved my life!" said the tan, whom the tramp had saved drowning. "As a reward, you have my daughter there."

c life-saver glanced at the daugh-'er, then bent again over the old man. "What are you doing?" asked the perplexed father.

"Going to drop you in again,"

Egyptalegist. Mayorian princess who died the to many or more years ago, it w on a second of the second of the second and the stilling the palace of the Education of the senting of the

A Question of Relative Merit. A little boy of eight years, attending achool away from home, wrote a letter to his stater, from which the following extract is taken:

A Grussome Paperweight.

We had a spelling-match in school odlar, and I spelled all the boys down and won the meddle."

WHY DID MARY BLUSHT

Cape Buffalo of Heroic Mold Compared The Biston Merely Reproved Her for

a Lit of Duplielly .-An elderer bishop, a bacheler, who main to be hunted by the epotts was very contribute about his toilet man in Africa a writer says. They was especially found of his bath, and rouse, and thrticular care of his tub

Alas! the temptation grew on the native reports, a small berd was run-ning six years ago. The bishop returned unexpectedly

> culprit, and was very sorry.
> "I hope you do not think it is a sin, blahop?" asked Mary in tears. Evelue her closely, he said: "Mary. your using my tub is not a sin, but what distresses me most is that you would do snything behind my back

> > Lethal Cencerts.

esteem for his eldest daug liter's mus

There being a guest one evening the old gentleman was to his dis-rest compelled to spend an entire evening in the "par'or" whilst ht-daughter accompile of her whole restranger.

"Ah," said the latter, turning to the hieved, "there are some songs that tion:

You're right," growled the old man. "My daughter puts in a good deal of her time trying to kill 'em, but una riad. vallingly, sir, unavallingly!"

The Easier Way, "How I hated work in those days!" hood in Hamibal, Missouri. "One paper was reporting a political meet-morning my father led me into the garden and pointed to a bed of flowers be abridged: that had a considerable number of weeds in it.

'I want you,' said my father, 'to weed out this flower hed."
I examined the task shead of me, and the more I looked at it, the bigger | filled. It seemed to grow, Cartainly I had never seen so many weeds in my life. "Wouldn't it be a simpler opera-tion, I said to my facher, to flower out the weed bod?"

NOT YET.



Waiter (table d'hote)-Are you -What's the charge?

Watter-Two dollars.
Diner-Two dollars: (taking up knife and fork) No. I'm not through

All Look Alike.
"Is dis Mandy Johnsing?" asked the

"Yas, dis is Miss Johnsing." Well, Miss Johnsing I done called you to de telephone to inquire if you would marry me?"

"Marry you? Marry you? 10 course I'll marry you. What made you all think I wouldn't marry you? Ob course I'll marry you. Who is dis

Pa Furnished the Ladder. whispered the cloping lov er, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hang ing there.'

"Oh, that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it ur

again so we couldn't get back." Most Wonderful of All.

Mrs. Jenkins (returned from a visit to Londou)—Ay, that Lumon 's a wonderful place! What wi' th' oran husen and the motey buses and the Sectric underground rallways! As all goin' on just the camet

The Bishop's Reply. Captain Foretopp tells a story of a criain noted divine who was on his steamer when a great gale overtool them off the Oregon spant.
"It looks prutty bad," said the

Dishop to the Captain. Couldn't be much worse, Bishup. replied Foretopp. Half an hour later the steamer wa

a stibinarine and leaking like an old Looks werse, I think, Captain, suld the Bishop. "We must trust to Providence now

Bishop," answered Foretopp.
"Ob. I hope it has not come to that," gamed the Blabop.

The Secret of Surcesan

west was boted for niways striking pay slick. His fellows thought that there must be some secret to the unusual success of the Swede and quin-tioned him as to how he always suc-ceded in finding the apot where the gold cropped out.
"Vell, Ay don't know of Ay can tell

anytang "bout dat." answered Ole.
"Ay only know dat Ay yust keep on diggin"."

DACON RIDGE KOLDS MARATHON

Liveliest Sporting Event Even Hald

In the State. "No sport around here?" drawled the old attrements at Bacon Ridge, reflectively. "Why, roung man, yeou are away off. Yeou just should have been around here hust Satuday night and seen our tobacco-chawing Mara-

"Tobacco-chewing Marathon?" gasp ed the cornstarch drummer in sur

"Yes, sirree! It was the liveliest sporting event in the State. Years that he could chaw more tobacco lu an hour than any man in the village. Seth Wheatly took him up. Wall, sir, there was a case of fine pepper at that end of the counter and as Seth succeed the pepper went up in a cloud, and then everybody sneemed. Some of it got in old man Hardappie's eyes and he pulled off his coat and wanted to fight. Then somebody upset the stove and scared the cat. When it was all over Jesh Weatherby found his watch had been stolen by a horse trader he had erept in to ge warm. Sport? Wall, give me a to A certain venerable citizen of a warm. Sport? Wab, give me a to Pennsylvania city enter time no high bacco-chawing Marathon every time."

A Bright Suggestion. The lamentable lack of uniformity in the use of words descriptive of numbers, in the yellow preas, justifies a little attention, perhaps. At a street fight, a hotel fire, or a politica meeting, there is seldom time to ascertain the exact number of perso present, to be sure, but the following I man when one thection had been scale might be used in approxima-

Over 3, but less than 10-a growd. Over 10, but less than 20, scores. Over 20, but less than 50, a my-

Over 50, but less than 100 .. thousands.

Over 100-# vast concourse. This list would undergo a radical said Mark Twain, recalling his boy change, however, in case the news

100 or more, empty house. 300 or more .. a few stragglers, 500 or more .. a louely gathering. 1,000 or more. a small addience. 5,000 or more. only the front seats

Then the Loser Flang His Flat. Two neighbors in a Missouri vil-lage were arcested for fighting and brought to court. The judge asked e satiunt to tell his story.
"Je'te," he said, "we war a-play

in' et seven-up, seven plats t' th' game, two bits ou the corner. I had bin losin' all day, jedge, an' I had up my last two bits.
"I dole the kyards. He war two an' I war siv. He begged an' I gin him one. He flang his queen an' I played my tray fur low. He flang his king an' I played my ten. He flang his ace on' I clayed my jack, and then, jedne, then he flang bis dence, an' I hit bien."



Clerk-Will you have the soap scented or unscented? Maid Servant (from a foreign shore) I take it wid me.

Snakes Working Overt.me in Dixie. A dejected native slouched into a drug atore in the temperance State of Georgia. "Dan'i," he said, "give me a .. ttle

"What's the matter, Cunnel, enake hite?" asked Daniel.
"No, Dan'l, you'll have to give it to

me 'thout no excuse. Every snake is the county's got dates should fer a menth, and I couldn't git bit." His Work Cut Out.

Bacon-Don't know what he's go Eghert-Why?

"He's so slow."
"Perhaps he'll make a chess play er of him."

Current Phraseology.

"Little girl, where's everybody?"
"Manuma is in the kitchen, sir, eoristing the apples for the pis, and brother is in the back yard, scare-Ify ing the chickens he wants to catch for

Old NICK President Nicholas Brown, for whom Brown University was named was fond of quitzing small boys. One day, while walking in the streets of Providence, he came upon a little follow who attracted his notice. "How do you do, my boy?" axid the presi dent. "What is your name?" "My name is Harry, sir," replied the child.

"Harry, is it?" returned President "And did you know the evil one is often called Old Harry?"
"Why, no sir," answered the boy. "1 thought he was called Old Nick."

Feminine Philosophy. Jones-Why can't a woman keep

a scoret?
Smith—For one of two reasons—
either it is not worth keeping or else It is too good to keep.

Person Said It was Free but Yeu Must Pay Just the Same.

The colored parson had just con-cluded a pawarful aerment on "Sal-vation am Free," and was announcing that a collection would be taken for the benefit of the parson and bir inmlly. Up jumped an acutely brunette brother in the back of the church,

"Look a year, pahson," he inter-rupted. "yo' ain't no sooner done tell-la' us dat salvation am free dan yo' go askin' us fo' money? If salvation am free, what's de use in payin' fo' it? Dat's what I want to know. An' tell yo' p'intedly dat I ain't goln' to

"Pattence, brudder, patience," said parson. "I'll Tucidate: S'pose was thirsty an' come to a river, could kneel right down an' drink the parson. vo' fill, couldn't yo'?"
"Ob cou'se not. Dat's jest what

"Dat water would be free," contin ued the parson. "But a'posin' yo' was to hab dat water piped to yo' house? Yo'd have to pay, wouldn't yo'?"

"Yas, suh; but-"Wal, brudder, so it is wid sa'vation. De salvation am free, but it's de havin' it piped to yo' dat yo' got to pay fo'. Paus de hat, deacon, pass

He Gavo Them Latin. rew Jackson was making a political specch in some obscure campaign in a bu-kwoods Tennessee district. His iddress was very well received, but somelow there did not seem to be exactly the enthusiasm wanted for the oceasion. Having valuity tried to was just going to sit down when the chairman of the meeting plucked him is the cost tall. "For the Lord's nke, General, give 'em rome Latint to hurriedly whispered in the speak r's ear. "They won't think you know Smith, the opposition candidate, talk d Latin to 'em half the evening." Old Hickory rose to the situation

idvancing to the edge of the pint orm, he extended his arm and thuntered out: "E pluribus unum! Sie emper tyrannie! Habeas corpus!" The audience rooted with applause the credit of the orater was say on the Jackson ticket won out i int country.

The Clork Scered. There is a projector of a shop torces for their incifference in the caring on assistant say to a custo-cer. "No, we have not had any for long time," the proprietor, unable countenance such an admission,

age. Pixing a ginesy eye on his lerk, he sain to the customer: age. "We have plenty in reserve, ma'am Whereupon the customer tooked taxed; and then, to the amagenee the proprietor, burst into by deri-

at laughter and guitted the abor. "What old the say to you!" demandd the proprietor of the clerk



Prospective Buyer-In she afraid

Trader-No, sir. She will take you anywhere B .- That won't do at all. prefer to travel in the road

Green Old Age. "Say, ma?

'Don't call me 'ma.' Say, 'mother.' What is it?" What's a green old age?" "When a men who is hald and wrinkled and tottering marries a young wousen who wouldn't look at him a second time if he didn't have

ing a stealthy glance at her husband.

who was busy reading the stock quo-tations, "It may be said that he has

lived to a green old age."

She Had a Job. Provident A. B. Storms, of the State College, Ames, in, in his new lecture. "Are Wa Sane or Insane?" tells the following incident in his discussion of the mad rush of Ameri-

can youths to get positions, to get at something that will bring them "My sister, who served as a mission ary, once asked a raw Norwegian girl every description, done up to the best styl if she didn't want to serve the Lord. for you to au up-to-date and artistic muy 'Nope,' said the girl. 'Aye got a unrealised see us. Pricest



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