"Uncle Dave" had reached the age of 70 years, and his chief con sern, after the religious ardor which is characteristic of his race was that he had never learned to read and

He was full of song and story with which he held the cager attention o the children of the neighborhood, the most fascinating and popular being of "De time de leves breke in Mississippi," but he longed for the accomplishments of the "three R's."

"If I could only write my name an read my Scriptures, I could die hapy," he would say every day to Miss Mamie," the little daughter of the "big house" in the back yard

of which he lived.
Miss Mamis was a blue-eyed, rosyfaced child, whose tender heart yearned over all that was weak or helpless or old.

She was so touched by his long ing to read and write, and so haunt ed by the fear that he could not "die happy," that she undertook to teach him, beginning the task by writing his name, "Dave Powell," on a slate and having him copy it over and over. He keyt the copy on the slate, and at every spar's moment be

worked at it.
At last, after many days, he was able to write it from memory-Dave Powell-without the copy, and after repeating it a few times at Miss Mamie's command to make sure, he wept with pride and gratitude that his heart's desire was fulfilled, and he could write his name.

With confidence and courage now began the task of learning to read. Miss Mamie patiently and tenderly pointed out the letters, and Uncle Dave as patiently and anxiously conned them over. But it was slow, and the old man began to think there were many difficulties to be surmounted before he could read the Scriptures. It was not so easy as

writing "Dave Powell."
Miss Mamie's tender heart and ingenuity at last devised the plan of teaching him some favorito passages by memory, and marking the places or him in the Bible so that he could 'read" these while he was completing the arduous task of learning

He learned these texts readily, and then the book changed hands. Miss Mamie sat on the steps to listen while Uncle Dave read to her, the book more often than not upside down, "The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want"; "Suffer little chil-dren to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"; "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil," and others which the little girl had selected as particularly com-

forting to the old man. When he had read over the whole lot he would close the book and say, "There's many a true word in that little book, Miss Mamie."

Meanwhile the work of learning to spell was slow, and the summer waned; and before the primer was half-learned the little teacher was stricken unto death with a fever,

Through all the auxious days and nights Uncle Dave hung about the windows of her room, praying and reciting his texts with an aching heart; and when at last all was over, and the funeral cortege left the house, bearing the little form away from him forever, Uncle Dave fell upon the ground and wept aloud.

Loying hands had covered the littie mound with flowers, and it was bathed in the tender light of the setting sun, when late that evening the old man made a pligrimage out there alone. He stood for a moment lifting his hands and eyes to the sky, and then sat down beside the little grave, took out his Bible and read aloud all the old familiar verses. Then his memory turning to chapters she had read to him in the past, he cried, "It is well with the child!"

Over and over again he repeated in little store of verses, but even this could not satisfy his longing to pour out his leve and sorrow, and as a last tribute he smeethed a place in the earth at the foot of the little mound, and wish a trembling finger traced there on the ground his name, "Dave Power."—Youth's Companion.

Ethergram. Language grows apace with the victories of applied science. Consider for a moment how many words in the ordinary work-a-day vocabulary were unknown a quarter of a cen-tury ago and are the natural product of discovery and invention. With the perfection of wireless transmission of intelligence there obviously came need of a word designating a mes-cage conveyed by the new method Ethergram' has been suggested and, in fact, is being used in Great Britain. If not, why not?

Absolutely Pure.
"Yes, sir," said the steamship agent
to the clergymas, "we have stopped a'l gambling on the vessels of this line. Passengers must confine themsolves to pools on the daily run, bridge whist, the wireless stock quo-tations, and the daily prize fight between members of the crew. If they cannot be content with such harm-

Rich Land Unused. In the mountain regions of Cubs there are many ridges and valleys of extremely fertile land, nearly all un touched, and existing practically as they did before the time of the Spani

fees amusements we would prefer they went by some other line."

Mary on the Job. Teacher—Mary, give an important use of electricity.

Mary-To run trolley cars by! Teacher-Name a good conductor. Mary-My brother. He's been on the trolley car for five years!

WITH A RESERVATION.

The Sutler Sald Everything was All Right, But-

The inte depression we have had t the financial world caused a friend omine to be much worried. He went is his physician, who advised him to

"Now, Charile," he said, "you must stop smoking and excitement of all kinds; in fact, you must keep your self entirely by yourself; receive no mail, read no letters and get no news from the outside world. Go away, all

My friend did this and was much improved. Returning home he met his butler at the station and said: "James, how is everything? Al

right?" "Yes, air; everything is all right air. Purty good-"
"Anything happen while I was

"No, sir; everything is all rightexcept your dog, sir."
"My dog?"

"Your dog, air." "What happened to him?"
"He's dead—"

"Dend?" "Yes, str." "What did he die of?"

"I don't know, sir. I think it was from eating burnt horse flesh, sir." "Burnt horse flesh? Why, how did that happen?" "Well, I don't know, sir. I think it was from the barn, sir."

"The barn!" "Yes, sir. The harn burned down

"Why, how did that happen?"
"Well, you see, sir, I think it was
from the sparks from the house--" What house?"

"Why your house. It burned down "What! My house burned down!

Why, how did that catch fire?
"I don't know exactly. I think i
was from the curtains in the win

Why, how did they calcu fire?" "Well, I don't know. I think they must have caught from the candles." "What candles? We haven't any candles in our house. We use nothin but electricity and gas."

I know, sir, But the candles were all around the coffin-" "The coffin? why, who's dead?" "Oh, nobody but your mother-

law sir." "My mother-in-law?" "Yes, str."

"How did she die!" "I don't know, sir, but I think it as from the shock?" "The shock?"

"Yes, air."
"What shock?"

"Well, you see-your wife ran away with the conchman,"—Marshall P. Wilder in "The Circle."

Once Was Enough.

one occasion, when a guide in the Adirondacks was accompanying an amateur huntsman from New England, the guide was so unfortunate a to be shot in the leg by the novice. Immediately the wounded man felt and lay flat; whereupon the hunts-man ran to him in great distress, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, man! Tell m you are not hurt!"

"No, I ain't hurt much," was the surly response of the guide. Then, why don't you rise? Can'

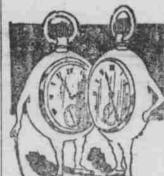
"Oh, I can get up all right," said the guide. "Only I was afraid you'd let me have the other barret."

One Better.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket, and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the King whose picture you see on this

"What a coincidence," said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grand-father was made an angel by the in-

UNRELIABLE.



"Why did Miss Jewelcase break her engagement with you?"
"Said I was too fast."

Bright Little Walter.
Six-year-old Walter just doted bn
"Alice in Wonderland" and seemed to
live with the characters constantly. One day at the table he said, "Auntie

will you please give me some bread?"
"Yes," said his auntie; "but don't staff your mouth so full. You look

like a chipmun:.."
Walter loaned across the table looking steadily at his auntic, and said very soberly. "The latter's only reply was, 'Butter me another slice."

Small Evidence. "Poor chap! Everything he earns nes on his wife's back." "Well, if you had seen her at the opera you wouldn't think he earned much."

The teacher was drilling her little pupils in the meaning of words and requested them to form sentences containing the word "bitter end." Direct by a little girl submitted this: "The dog chased the cut under the planta and bit her end."

A LEGENDARY TIGHTWAN

How He Solved the Problem of Light for the Plumbers.

Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston millionaire, believes that it is rather through enter, rice and originality than through economy that fluxucial

"The time is past," he said the other day, "for such economy as used to be practiced by an old Boston restauranteur who recently died.
"This old fellow was economical to

xcess, but while he pottered about his kitchen, trying to make one egg do the work of two, his neighbor across the way was introducing a roof garden and a mandolin orchestra, and the economist, I understand, hardly left enough on his demise to

'He was beyond any doubt an economist. A couple of plumbers were writing one day in the cellar. It was too dark down there to see, and the men asked for some light.

"'Well,' said the old fellow, 'here's a candle. Make it go as far as you

"'One candle won't do," said the plumbers. 'I' won't give us sufficient light. We must have 'wo.' "The old man knit his brows -ed

"'How long, boys, will you be working down there?" he said. "'About fifteen minutes,' said the plumbers.

"Then," said the restaurance, r, cut the candle in two."

A Narrow Eccape.

The disputes which old "Squ.re"
Benis was called upon to estile were
play and various. He asked for no fee. "All I require is that you'll stude by what I say, or you needn't ever come to me again," he told his Bushby clients.
"You've helped me out a good many

"You've helped me out a good many times, square," said Ephraim Gregg, on one occasion, "and I look to y-to do it now. Bill Henderson's colt oroke loose and got into my garden resterday, and between what he's tore up and what he's et, I should say twould take about four dollars to cover. Can you get it out of Bill, think? "Square" Bemis shook his head.

"Bill's been here before you," he said, gravely, "and I've been with him to look over the colt. I've advised him not to prosecute unless you The damages his coit has sustained from your blackberry-vines would come to considerably more than four dollars, Ephraim. But if you

"I'm not insisting," broke in Ephraim. "On the whole, square, some o' them squash-vines might not have come to much aryway. So we'll just let the whole third go"

Overplayed His Hand.

"Sir," began the bumptious appli-cant for a job, "I have seen told that you are looking for a clerk." "So I am," answered the man at

the desk.

"I suppose you want a person who neither smokes, drinks nor swears and never engages in games of chance? One whose character is the best? One who is honest, industrious and thoroughly capable? One who will stop at nothing, consistent with his principles, to further the interests of his employer? In short, a brisk, intelligent, aff-ground man who knows business from A to Z and will never be caught napping? If so, I am the

individual you are looking for."
"You will pardon my diffidence, I hope," said the man at the desk, "If you are balf as competent as you claim to be I feel myself unworthy of becoming your boss. Good morn

Incontestable. They were trying an Irishman, charged with a petry offence in an Oklahoma town, when the judge ask-

"Have you any one in court who will youch for your good character?"
"Yis, your Houce," quickly responded the Celt. "There's the sheriff there.

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement. "Why. your Honor," declared he, "I don't even know the man!"

"Observe, your Honor," said the Irishman, triumphantly — "observe that I've lived in the county for over twelve years an' the sherist doesn't know me yit! Ain't that a character for ye?"

The Ready Actor. A melodrama of the most stirring kind was being given in a theatre in a small provincial town. In one of the critical scenes the hero suddenly became aware of the fact that he

had come upon the stage minus his pontard. Without a moment's best tation he made a dash at the traiter exclaiming: "Die, villain. I meant to strike thee with my dagger, but I left the weapon in my dressing room, and will, therefore, strangle thee in the presence of this indulgent audi

Examination Results. What is the function of the gustyle juice? To digest the stomach Define "idolater." A very idle per

Define "ignition." The art of not What are the molars? Testh which

grow outside the head. Define "interioper." One who runs away to get married. What is the chief industry of Austria. Gathering ostrich feathers. Define "vengeance." A mean destre

o pay back. Vengeance is mise, saith

the Lord. Not Very Useful.

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult leasons learned to say quite distinct-ly. "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickted peppers." His friends con-gratulated him upon this aplendid achievement.

achievement,
"You," said the man doubtfully, "but It's resuch a d-d-descediy d-d-d-fff-cult rem-mark to w-w-work into ar ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-s-sa-tion y

MAUD MULLER

What She hald Thirteen Years Later

When the Judge was Caught. Mand Mutter, on a summer's day, Ded with pay, when the Judge came slong.

"Good morning, Mand."
"How are you, Junge. Fine morn-

Yes. Um. You are probably aware that President Reserveit has forbid-

den all this."

"Remily? "Risily. He claims that the farmer's wife and, or course, the farmer's daughter, sught not to be raking up hay. Now, it you will sive me a glass of water I shall be glad to take you away from all this. I am a rising young corporation lawyer, and I think I can make you fairly comfortable."

Mand, looking carefully at his chest

out mare, accepted his invitation About thirteen years later, when the udge was investigated and put into jall, she coked wistfully back over the usual vista of years, thought of the golden hatred yas who lived two farms beyond, that she might have had, she muttered softly to herself:

"Of all sad words of toague or pen, The sadders are those: I might have had flon."

IT CANNOT BE.



"Men are growing hetter."
"I don't think so. Where find and do man wot's as good as Jim

A Pertinent Answer.

Jorn Ridgley Carter, secretary of the American embossy at London-according to Pearson's Weekly-was plisting some American friends through the museum at Hastings, when he observed an unhappy attendant, wearing a milliony uniform, with a helmet from which a chin strap mg, at whom an inquisitive touris was firing all manuer-of silly ques

The tourist's last question was. Say, what is that strap under your

The attendant sighed. "The stray s to rest my jaw when I get tired ; incwering a cestions," said he.

Weman in the Case. A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband; and one day when she egain came to

stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstop. "I suppose George has left you." "Yes" (sob).

"Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Who is it?" she demanded.

"You" (acb).
"Gracious!" exclaimed the motherin-law, "I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."

A Future Arrangement.

"I canna' isave ye thus, Nancy," a good old Scotchman walled. "Ye're too suld to work, ac' ye couldn's live too auld to work, no' ye couldn'a live in the almahouse. Gin I die, ye maur

marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer anid age."
"Nay, may, Andy," answered the good spouse. "I could na' wed anith good spouse. "I could na' wed anith or man, for what wad I do wi' two husbands in heaven?"

Andy pondered long over this, but

suddenly his face brightened.
"I have it, Nancy," he cried. "Ye her auld John Clegumens? He's a kind man, but he is na's member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him. 'twill be all the same in heaven, John's na' Christian."

WAS ANNOUNCED.



"Did you know that her father ber half a million in bonda just after Yes, I maw they had been joined

Vengeance. "Twe got a washing-unchine here, hegan the inventor. The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating run straight hone and me it." That night the unarchies circle received an other night the unarchies of the membership.

in the bonds of matrimony."

Helpful Beauty Hints

A Typewritar Tells How She Keeps Erect and Hee Neck from Sagging-A Tight Collar Fatal to a Beartiful Threat-Valuable Saggentions By One Who Known

How so I keep my back straight and my neck from angging?" said the comen who spent hours each day at a typewriter. "I write with my chest and my eyes turned ceilingward. "I never allow myself to stoop, siting well back on my chair to make be erect position possible, and whener I do not have to look at my copy

throw the neck back.
"When taking dictation it is quite any to keep the head up and I arth my eyes. Naturally I use the such system so the keys need not e watched.

Often, when working is a room by nyself I twist my head and take eck-stretching movements while writanging throat muscles that are se philo much

The way I happened to think of on bining neck development and work can by watching my grandmother. for throat is as thin and supple as a it's though she is nearly 80, and she as none of the sagging and lines that nest of us consect with age.

She told me that whenever she got a chance during the day, when ver she had to plan any of her work wanted a minute's rest, she sat will her eyes turned heavenward, her chest up and the muscles at the back of the neck contracted.

Often as she sat there she would mercire the throat muscles with the tips of her fingers or draw the palms of her hands alternately from the line of her chin toward her chest. She senily carried a small tube of cold ream in her pocket and would put not enough on her fingers to keep he skin from getting sore.

"How did she minute about her offer? She never were one sround he house, but had her morning frod a Tive freedom and air to the threat.
"Grandmother never went to a beauor doctor in her life but she agrees with most of them that a light collar a first to a beautiful throat. I can go collarless in no office but alte it on the minutes and always tear a Dutch neck dress

Cucumber Milk.
The formula for excumiser cream is

Oll of sweet almonds, 4 ounces trest encumber juice, 10 ounces; en-once of encumbers, 3 ounces; white neitle soan (powdered), 1-2 ounce;

To obtain the juice of the cueum ers tiles them very thin, akin and all, cover with a very little water and et cook slowly until soft and musky reas through a fine sleve, then strain brough a chestrolosis. To make the casence, take equal parts of pure alco-ton and the juice; put lise essence ind soap to a jac, the larger the bet-er, as the wixture requires much shaking: after the nonn is fully dis rolved add the escumber juice. Bhake until thoroughly safeed, then pour late s bowl and and the oil and benzeln etirring until you have a creamy and Put into amail bottles, tight ly corked and keep in a dark place. I use the fresh figs and apricots:

Almond meat is excessent to use on womankind. For sale at C. O. tender hands, and good preparations woodshilled. For same may be found already made up. Be Armstrong, Drugglet.

Almond meal, in fine powder, prepared from blanched bitter almonds. after the oil has been extracted, 6 ounces; orris root, in fine powder, 6 ownces; wheat flour, 4 ounces; white mixture through a fine sleve.

Anticoptic for the Hair, Quieine bisulphate, 2 grains; spirits of resemary, 2 conces; sicohol, 2

Flesh Food. Landine, 2 ounce; almond oil, 6 ounces; white wax, 3-4 ounce; gly-cerime, 1-2 ounce; spermicett, 2-4 ounce; theture of bencoin, 30 drops.

Astringent.

Ean de cologne, 1-2 ounce; eldflower water, 6 ounces; pondered alum 20 grains.

Massage Cream. Express oil of awart almends, \$0 atnims; fresh curnaber Julce, 1 ounce; landine, 4 drams; oil of ross

boiler; remove from fire and stir in enumber; indee; before the mixture for you in an ad-te-state and arriche muse Melt the oil and impoline in a double cools add the perfume; best until



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