

After the Burglar

It was night. Deep, dark night, all over Reno, including the home of Tom Ramsey. The darkness in the rooms of the Ramsey home was so dense it could have been discovered by a burglar's convention. Tom Ramsey discovered it as soon as he got home, and he went to bed just the same, and, enjoying the possession of a clear conscience, he went to sleep without loss of time or anything else. Tom didn't sleep long, however, notwithstanding the clearness of his conscience, and when he awoke it was with the well-defined thought that there was something unusual going on in the house. Cautiously and with stealth he arose and, securing his trusty automatic and wrapping his clothing around his shapely form, he sallied forth from the bedroom into the darkness, now freighted with lurking, mysterious danger, into the rooms beyond. First, he awakened his son in low, tense tones, bade him arise without noise, and arm himself, because there was an anarchist in the basement preparing to blow the house up, or something like that, and, anyway, it was necessary to get a move on.

Mr. Ramsey, Jr., clambered promptly out of bed, and arming himself with a miner's candlestick of the latest and most deadly pattern, followed his war-like father forth to the fray.

There was a roomer upstairs, and he, too, was served with a notice to come forth and do battle in defense of the house of Ramsey, and hastily drawing his trousers from the place between the mattress, where he kept them to keep the creases from going away while he slept, he was soon a member of the now fully assembled army.

"Halt!" came from Ramsey, in low, vibrating tones which made the hair on the back of the roomer's neck turn its ends upward and his toes curl in eagerness to be moving (away from the scene of the threatened carnage), and in his heart he considered the question whether or not it would not be best to desert, then and there, and so avoid taking the life of the man looking some where in the gloom, all unknowing, waiting for an awful death.

The son of Ramsey and the roomer followed the lead of the grizzled veteran, guided by the soft, almost inaudible froufrou of his silk kimono. From rooms to rooms the sleuths moved as silently as the shadows they would have cast if there had been any light, and poked around the corner of every door-jamb in advance of the party was the trusty automatic and the deadly candlestick, and ever and anon came the threatening chatter of the teeth of the roomer, who longed for the fray and glory which was sure to follow the onset.

There was nothing doing in the anarchist or dynamiter hue above stairs, and then the party silently descended on to the floor below, where it was not kept long waiting.

Suddenly, and with appalling noise from a far corner of the room came the sound of the alarm. There was a spitting-bubbling sound, followed by the crash of a heavy weight striking something with great force, followed in turn by a slighter sound from various parts of the room, and the dauntless three were just on the point of opening fire in an attempt to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when the roomer and the younger Ramsey were startled and somewhat relieved to hear the voice of the older Ramsey reverberating in clarion tones: "Oh, fudge, it's only a cat."

Silently, and with the gravity becoming the release from the necessity of shedding human blood, the roomer, Ramsey, and Ramsey Junior returned to the slumber regions above, thinking of the goodness of providence in sparing them from the necessity of blood-shed. — Reno Evening Gazette.

The Cruise for Speed

Those mighty ocean steamers, like the Lusitania, the Mauretania, and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which rush across the sea at the rate of thirty miles an hour, burn up a thousand tons of coal every day. It requires five thousand tons to drive one of them across the Atlantic at that high speed. At a moderate speed, less than half that amount would do, but our century is gone speed crazy. On steamships, on railroads, on automobiles, we must have speed, and sacrifice everything to it, even human lives. Everybody is mad to "get there," whether he has any business "there" or not. — Hoy Life.

Enemies of the Rubber-Tree

A great deal of attention has recently been given to the cultivation of rubber, on account of the continually increasing demand for it. Prof. Francis E. Lloyd points out that "the inevitable struggle of man with nature" has already manifested itself in this new field. Already a considerable number of parasitic enemies have been discovered, whose energies appear to be largely concentrated upon cultivated rubber-trees. It is another problem for science to deal with.

Electricity as a Carrier

Does an electric current, when passing through a metal conductor, cause any transportation of particles? It is well known that it does so in the liquid conductors known as electrolytes; in fact, such a common operation as electroplating depends entirely upon this action. To test the matter a recent experimenter passed an electric current continuously for a whole year through a conductor composed partly of copper and partly of aluminum, the sections being pressed firmly together. At the end of the year they were taken apart and examined, but not the slightest trace of either metal was found in the other.

SPEAKING OF RAISING HAIRS

Story Told By A Man Who Made A Hair Grow From A Tail.

They were discussing the proper way to bring up rabbits, when the young man in the white canvas hat with a light-blue band threw away his cigarette and remarked dreamily: "Speaking of raising hairs, when I was up in Canada last year I heard of a hair tonic that was so marvelous it made me somewhat skeptical. Finally I borrowed some of it to try on a tame jack-rabbit that had been rather out of sorts ever since his tail got chopped off by accident. I gave him some of it, and it sure toned him up great—in fact, I forgot he was running yet. But he let the loose piece of his tail behind him, and I says to myself, 'It's a poor hair-tonic that won't grow hair.' So I tried some of it on that chunk of tail. Well, boys, you can believe me or not, but as sure as my name is Bates that stuff was so powerful that it grew another hair on the tail in nine and three-fifths seconds by my watch."

There was silence for forty-eight seconds, and then the stout man in the pink shirt and the pale-green tie with purple dots spoke.

"That's what you call a hair-raising tail," he murmured in a sudden burst of inspiration.

A Frank Introduction

In the days when William Jennings Bryan was not so well known, a widely admired campaign speaker in Nebraska, who had been billed to make the principal address at a political gathering at Lincoln, was obliged, at the last moment, on account of illness, to send word that he could not keep the appointment. I chanced that Mr. Bryan was selected to fill his place. Naturally, Mr. Bryan felt some nervousness, knowing that he was to act as substitute for an older and much better known speaker, and his apprehension was not lessened when he heard himself thus announced by the chairman: "Fellow citizens, this here's the substitute for our gallant and adored leader, unfortunately sick. I don't know what this gent can do; but time was short and we had to take what we could get."

HOW MOUNTAIN SHEEP LEAP

Ease With Which One of Them Elude Himself of Dogs in Paranal.

Soon after we started a black bear ran along the foot of a cliff and past a bunch of mountain sheep up on the edge, following one of them to the edge. writes D. C. Beaman in the Beaver. It was a big ram and when he got near the edge of the cliff he came to bay, and for several minutes stood on one of the few terraces which had kept close to him. Pretty soon a foxhound got up on top and joined the terrier, and they both made a charge on the sheep and it looked pretty bad for him, as we thought, but he did not seem to think so, for he made a sideways spring straight out from the edge of the precipice, apparently six or eight feet, and then spread his feet in a sort of bracing way, and with his body in a perfectly horizontal position and parallel to the face of the cliff dropped straight down to the foot of the cliff.

There is an old theory that mountain sheep in jumping from a cliff light on their horns, but that has long been exploded. However, many have supposed that they jumped down in the ordinary way, alighting first on their front feet. This I believe is also an error, except when the distance is slight. Where the distance is at all great, I now entertain no doubt that they light on all their feet at once, and as squarely as if standing still, just as this one did. The position of this sheep when dropping was stiff legged, but the instant his feet touched the ground his joints gave way, with increasing resistance, however, acting as springs, until his belly almost touched the ground, before the force of the impact was overcome by the muscular resistance. The philosophy of this is obvious.

The hoofs of the mountain sheep are also heavily cushioned and are about as elastic as a rubber ball. There seemed to be no more jar when this sheep lit than if he had descended but two or three feet. He was up and away instantly, and was soon out of reach of the dogs, which wouldn't think of making the jump. A short distance to the left of where the sheep touched the cliff slipped off so that he could have descended to the foot of it easily and without a leap of more than four or five feet, but the dogs could have followed and thus kept hot after him. This way down was in plain sight of the sheep and he was no doubt perfectly familiar with it and with all the features of the cliff, as it was his home. It seemed as if the sheep decided that the only or best way to baffle the dogs was to do something that they could not do. I would not dare to assert that such was the case, but I should run up against some of the naturalists who claim that wild animals do not reason.

The dogs were afraid to approach even as near the edge of the cliff as where the sheep stood when he jumped, and when he had passed out of their sight over the edge they seemed to think he had taken wing as they immediately quit the chase and came back to us.

Divided Hoity

"Johnny," said his mother severely, "someone has taken a big piece of gingerbread out of the pantry." Johnny blushed guiltily.

"Oh, Johnny!" she exclaimed, "I didn't think it was you!" "It ain't all," replied Johnny, quickly. "Part of it's in Ella's."

DEBIT AND CREDIT

A Bit of Wit and a Bit of Wisdom

Appreciation of Unpaid Bills.

One of the most amiable men who ever dined a delinquent debtor has condensed the argument of his calling into an epigram and pasted it on the back of his collection book. It reads:

MAN CAME FROM DUST—DUST SETTLES—ARE YOU A MAN?

In one of the offices of the Department of Education, New York City, hangs a card which gives the other side of the philosophy of owing money. "There is something appalling," it says, "about the patience of our creditors."

Women Like Pockets

"Talk about the small boy and his desire for plenty of pockets," remarked Harry New, manager of one of the biggest concerns in the city or in the west, manufacturing women's garments, "see youngster with his first pair of trousers as half an excited about his pockets as is the average woman buying a clear or suit. Within the last few years the question of pockets has come to be an important matter in women's garments. Women are not only like pockets for carrying various small articles, but they can even like them so placed in their coats that they can walk with their hands in them, the same as a man. It's getting so that we manufacturers hardly dare put out a garment without paying attention first of all to the pocket feature."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Is All a Matter of Taste.

A strange fact is told by travelers who declare that the Arabs in the deserts of Africa have contracted a violent dislike to running water, and will only drink from stagnant pools when on journeys. This has become so much a matter of habit that while the most poisonous-looking water agrees with them perfectly, pure running water will in a few hours make them violently sick. This prejudice against fresh water is common amongst the animals of the desert also, and is frequently acquired by European travelers. At first, however, when the latter drink of stagnant water it produces nausea and even fever, but when once the system becomes acclimated to it, running water affects them in precisely the same way as it affects the Arabs.

Her Answer.

An Atchison girl had a proposal of marriage Sunday night and asked a week to think it over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work and hadn't been to the theatre or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was a promising young man at the time she was married, was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visiting them and hearing their woes, the heroine of this little tale went home, got her ink and paper and wrote an answer to the young man. You may think it was "refusing him, but it wasn't. She said she'd be ready in a month.

Measles Built of Meerschmum.

The town of Valdecia, in Spain, is almost entirely built of meerschmum. Valdecia has on its outskirts great quarries of a meerschmum too coarse or pipe making, and a meerschmum-suit town is the result—an ivory-white town that shines in the Spanish sun. In Morocco meerschmum is so plentiful that they use it, when soft and fresh, for soap. It gives pleasant and cleansing lather. Kishi-scher, in Asia Minor, supplies the world's meerschmum. There are 2,000 mines, large and small, and 8,000 Kurd and Persian meerschmum miners lay and night in them. The meerschmum comes from the earth yellow, and turns white after ten days bleaching in the sun.

Setting Fire to a Whale.

A dead whale, recently five feet long, came ashore at Phillips Cove, on the Maine coast, and large numbers of tourists went off in motor boats to have a good look at the monster. Then the town authorities towed the carcass two miles out, and inserting into it sticks of dynamite, set the explosive off. What was their astonishment when the whole animal burst into flames, fed by the whale oil for which whales were once so much hunted before the discovery of petroleum. The flames shot ten feet high, and the carcass was several hours in burning, the beach being lined with astonished spectators.

Real Diamonds.

Mrs. McBride—It was awfully thoughtful of Uncle George to give me what he did for a wedding present.

Girl Friend—Why, what did he give you? "Haven't you heard? Why, you see, the other guests sent plated ware and paste jewelry mostly, but Uncle George gave me real diamonds—just think of it! a whole ton of Lehigh coal to begin housekeeping with!"

How He Found Them Out.

A sleepkeeper, the head of a large firm, one evening, after business hours, caused his sleepkeepers to be assembled before him.

"There are among you," he said to them, "several individuals whom I know to be guilty of theft from our establishment. I have the names of every one of the culprits, but I neither wish to mention them here nor to hand them over to the police. Meanwhile my firm cannot continue to employ thieves, and I ask those among you whom it may concern not to enter my premises any more after tonight. If you dare, after this, to put in an appearance, I shall hand you at once over to a detective, who will be in the house."

Upon this the girls were allowed to go home. Next morning eighteen of them did not come.

IN A BAD WAY.

Patent Saw a Sight that Made Him Doubt the Doctor.

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slipped him on the back and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new." The patient, went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was locking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cook's hat and was crushed. What he did see was his escaped postage stamp slipping, almsly across the floor to the washboard, warping up over the washboard and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter that he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Not on your life!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

Gas is Sad.

A mother, who was rather fond of the cheaper tan, wearing thirty-cent undies, one afternoon took her young daughter, who had grown to consider herself above that sort of thing.

The daughter was bored, but the mother was greatly interested, and finally, when the breath had got into a seemingly insupportable position, broke down and sobbed bitterly.

"Mother, I wouldn't cry here," whispered the daughter significantly, ascending the last step.

"Let me alone," replied the other hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."

Marriage—Before and After.

North Tarkington has written some exceptionally clever fiction. More recently he has been in the limelight in the role of a politician. Not long ago he was the guest of some of his friends at a theatrical supper. In speaking to his neighbor at the table on the subject of marriage, Mr. Tarkington said a number of epigrammatic truths about this important subject.

One was:

"Before a girl marries a man, her opinion of him is much the same as that held by her mother. After the honeymoon is over, the young lady generally comes over to the viewpoint her father had."

Spare the Horses.

A cavalry sergeant at a Western post had endured the stupidity of a recruit for many days. One day the "rookie" was thus greeted when he had violated the sergeant's orders:

"Say, don't ever come at the horses from behind without speaking to them!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They'll be kicking in that thick head of yours. Then the first thing you know there'll be a lot of lame horses in the squadron."

To Sew Hooks on Dresses.

In sewing on hooks, whether used in connection with eyes or studs, all ways spread the hook, all sides, before sewing on; it not only makes the strain come on different parts of the material, but it prevents them from pushing forward and showing at the edges of collars, plaques and such things.

When sewing them on a lined lining the bone can be slipped between the front curves and the back of the hook, after they have all been sewn on, making it very tight, thus saving the labor of fastening the bone in the usual way. In most of course, be fastened at either end after it is inserted, otherwise it will come entirely off during the process of hooking the dress.

For a Double Chin.

The modern chock is one of the most determined tail-tails of approaching age. To rid yourself of this chin with social tendencies, one should massage the throat each night. The method prescribed is to begin at the point of the chin and rub hard toward each ear. The finger tips should be together at the beginning of the motion and should then push away from each other. Repeat the motion under the jaws and remember to always rub upward. When the cream of an aromatic lotion should be used. Be sure that during the massage the head be held well up.

To Induce Sleep. If you cannot sleep well, try eating an onion sandwich early in the evening. Since the onion thin-springs with salt and place between two slices of this bread and butter.

Cause for Reflection.

The editor of my paper, declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

"His Indianapolis—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

THE PERFUMED BATH

REFRESHING TONIC EARLY MADE AT HOME.

The Benefits to be Derived from Camphor, Glycerine, Milk and Soda Baths—Particularly Commended for Depressing Hot Weather.

A delicately perfumed bath of softened water is a tonic that improves the texture of the skin and improves the complexion. The expense of such a tub need not necessarily be large, and the refreshment from it is great owing to the relaxation of the nerves.

A Camphor bath is the one to be commended for the depressing spring days of April. It is made from a mixture of an ounce of tincture of camphor, half an ounce of tincture of benzoin, and two ounces of toilet vinegar. Such a bath as this may be taken in the morning, at night, or, if preferred, in the afternoon. Better effects will be gained if the immersion is taken at seven times as to permit of lying down for half an hour or so afterward.

A woman who is fortunate enough to spend her summer on a farm where milk is plentiful should set her face to the use of milk baths. For nothing will more quickly soothe and whiten the skin than this simple wash. A tub not being always at hand in the country, it may be necessary to use a basin. In either case the soap should be more than half milk, and the water should be hot enough to warm the milk sufficiently to make it a comfortable temperature. No soap is used in a soap bath, rather than a scrub should be used in applying it.

A strong tonic bath is made by mixing a pound of carbonate of soda with half a quart of sulphate of soda and a quart of a pound each of chlorides of the soda and magnesium. These ingredients may be put into the tub and water poured on to disolve them. Then the tub must be filled with the usual water. This particular tonic should not be used after a hot sun, or after a long day's labor. It is an excellent bath made by using five pounds of any of the steeped variety of oatmeal to a pound of powdered aris root to a pound of almond meal, and half a pound of castile soap scraped. A small quantity is then sewed into a muslin bag and one of these may be used several times by tossing it into the bath for fifteen minutes before using.

Old-Time Recommendations.

"All of our ancestors," said a physician, "were good marked, and smallpox was a recommendation if you were taking for work."

"What" meant is that you couldn't get a job if you had not had smallpox. No one wanted a servant who was liable at any moment to be stricken down with the loathsome disease.—Hence:

"He opened a newspaper volume of 1774.

"Hence, help wanted" ads read like this:

"Wanted" a man between twenty and thirty years of age to be a footman and under butler in a great family. He must have had his smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fortune and fashion. The woman must have had the smallpox in the natural way.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Riggs—How did the quarrel begin?

Riggs—The knife grinder spoke sharply and the butcher made a cutting reply.

Don't Complain.

Don't kick because you have to button your wife's waist. Be glad your wife has a waist and doubly glad you have a wife to button a waist for. Some men's wives have no waists to button. Some men's wives have waists with buttons on to button don't care a continental whether they are buttoned or not. Some men don't have any wives with buttons on to button any more than a rabbit.

Who Columbus Was.

In the afternoon in all the schools a part of the time was devoted to the study of the life and deeds of Columbus.

An amusing reply was given by one of the pupils.

A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the crew were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing how well they had followed her talk.

One little hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked the teacher.

"Columbus was the gem of the ocean."

Cause for Reflection.

The editor of my paper, declared the newspaper business manager to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary he keeps out only one dollar for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis!"

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No. 3, Daily Express	6:54 A. M.
709, Way Sunday Only	7:21
49, Local except Sun & Hol	7:35
30, Local Except Sunday	10:30
4, Daily Express	1:54 P. M.
704, Sunday Only	3:30
94, Way daily except Sunday	3:30
5, Daily Express	4:56
25, Way daily except Sunday	6:15
708, Local Sunday Only	7:05
WESTWARD		
No. 7, Daily Express	9:12 A. M.
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17, Daily Milk Train	8:30
1, Daily Express	11:54
112, For Ho'dale Exp't Sun.	15:15 P. M.
3, Express Chicago Indal	5:33
90, Daily Express	6:03
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NOTICE

The Commissioners of Pike County will hereafter hold Regular Meetings the first Monday of each mo, except the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. on the 1st of the month when Court may be in session, and then during Court.

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