

### A ROYAL DIS-APPOINTMENT

"The carriage is waiting, Princess." "I will walk this morning," the Princess Rosalie answered graciously. Then to her ladies-in-waiting with a sweet winning smile, "I wish to be alone."

The royal wish constituted a command, and the maids-of-honor soon dispersed to their several divisions. Left alone, the Princess wandered through her beautiful gardens, and at length made her way to her favorite arbor, a little retreat tucked away under a huge bowlder, where the roses grew in riotous profusion, and the branches of the trees heavy with foliage interlaced, formed a canopy, that the golden sunlight tried to penetrate, but that only a few shafts of gold could pierce.

The Princess threw herself carelessly on the little rustic bench that ornamented the arbor and closed her eyes. A strange thing had happened last night at the court reception. It was her 21st birthday, and the castle was filled with guests, many of them American tourists. Even at the reception last night many Americans had been presented to her, and there had been one in particular on whom she had smiled with more than ordinary favor when he kissed her hand.

She hoped he would be at court again that evening, and if he were, perhaps she would dance with him as a mark of her special favor. The Princess's reverie was rudely disturbed by the sound of voices approaching the arbor. With a frightened gasp, she slipped behind the big rock. There were many strangers at the castle, and it would be a most unconventional thing to find the Princess Rosalie alone in the arbor unattended by her maids-of-honor.

Again the little Princess gasped as she recognized the intruders, for they entered the arbor and sat on the Princess's own bench. The man was no other than the handsome American the Princess had spent the morning dreaming of, and the girl? Well, her Majesty did not care to know just who the girl was, but that she was very young and pretty even the Princess could not deny.

"You were at the court reception last night," the girl was saying. The Princess Rosalie is very pretty, is she not?" "Is she?" her companion returned indifferently. "I didn't notice. I was looking everywhere for you, dear. I would not have gone had I not thought you were going to be there."

### CAP, THE FIRE DOG

Cap had lived with the fireman ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him and declared that Cap was the wisest dog that he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his back feet and say, "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark whenever he was thirsty.

He could walk on his back feet, drink from the fire hose, and drag the hose about whenever he was told to do so. The chief of the fire department said that Cap could do more "tricks" than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told how to do it.

The fireman slept upstairs over the station in long rows of white beds, and, whenever the fire bell rang in the night, the firemen would spring from their beds, dress before you could say "Jack Robinson," run to the four large holes in the floor, and come sliding down the poles and after another, then they would run to the horses, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hose-cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon, and the chief's cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire.

Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but of course that was something no dog could do. So, if he happened to be upstairs, as he often was, when the fire bell rang in the daytime, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring to his place on the seat beside the chief.

But at night Cap stayed downstairs, sleeping very near the telephone and fire bell; and, when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow" almost as soon as they heard the bell, and, no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them. "He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that, if they slept in their clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute, or, I am too sleepy to go." Even the horses would run to their places the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

### Beginning Anew

Pickert pulled his slouch hat still further down over his eyes, and looked steadily at the store as he shuffled past. But in that glance he had seen all that he needed to finish his report. He had walked this way before.

The captain was a strict man, and if a report did not please him, Pickert well knew that he was not the one to show any leniency in his dealings with the offender. But he was confident that his report this time would not fail to please his superior. It was not infrequently that Pickert wished that he could leave it all. The desire to be honest again would almost master him at times, but when he had about made up his mind, the thought would come to him that there was no other place for him in life.

He had tried to get employment to a man wearing such rags as he was obliged to wear, and on whose face the seeds of the last two years had not failed to leave their marks. No, it was no use to try to be decent once more. He got through from the spoils to keep body and soul together, and though that was about all, it was better than not being able to have even a crust and shelter.

The captain dressed well—almost elegantly. He did not take an active part in the affairs which his men carried on in the night. He only superintended the business—it was far the safer way—yet to him fell the maximum share of the ill-gotten gains. Once Pickert had been honored and respected, but that was before he had left his home for the West. Not finding the gold which had lured him there, he had drifted back to an Eastern city, and had fallen in with bad company, and eventually, not having a penny left, he had joined the captain's band.

Since that time he had tried to thrust all thoughts of his old home from his mind, but was impossible. Pickert hated the small dingy room under the eaves which he was obliged to call home, and to-day he dreamed more than ever to return to it. Just now he could not help thinking of the home of his boyhood days and his mother who had loved and trusted him. He had left her with the assurance that some day he would return with gold enough to give her everything that heart could wish. And how well he remembered her answer: "Never mind the gold, Jim. All I ask is that my boy shall be a good and an honest man." And he had told her that he would be all that she wished. And now—

Pickert's rough hand stole up to his eyes, and he murmured something under his breath. As he was passing a small church in the most respectable part of the city—very near his home—he was arrested by the sound of singing. Just now was a great revival season, and noon services were being held in most of the churches. Some feeling which he could not throw off impelled him to enter, and he sneaked into a seat by the door. He was too wicked to be here, he muttered to himself in a minute he would be moving on, but he would wait until they had finished singing. His eyes grew moist as he listened to the hymn. How many times in his boyhood he had heard his mother sing "The Ninety and Nine." Then he had been a good and honorable. What would she say if she could see him now? It would break her heart. The tears fell now upon the ragged coat, and at that moment Pickert registered a vow in his heart. "I'll be a man again—it's not too late." Then he thought of the thought came, "What will the captain say if you back out?" Then as quickly the answer, "It won't make any difference what he says—or what he does. I'm dead tired of doing wrong."

### RESOLUTION SHATTERED

The Moral Suggestion Schemes Didn't Work on Jack Jones. A little boy came home one day from school in a very bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given him a thrashing, and he wanted revenge. "Oh," said his mother, "don't think of revenge, Willie. Be kind to Jack. Heap coals of fire on his head. Then he will become your friend."

Willie thought he would try this method. So the next day at recess, just as he was buying a lemon pie for Junebeon, Jack appeared and said: "Look here, I licked you yesterday, but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm going to lick you again." And he planted a hard blow on Willie's little stomach. Willie gasped, but instead of striking back he extended his pie to Jones. "Here," he said in a kindly voice, "I'll give you this. I make you a present of it."

Jack, in glad amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon disappeared. "Gosh, it was good!" he said. "What did you give it to me for?" "Because you struck me," said the bearer of the coals. Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now go and get another pie," he said.—Ladies Home Journal.

FINANCE. Landlord—I'll give you ten per cent. If you'll pay the rent to-morrow. Tenant—Thank you. Now, suppose you let me have that ten per cent now and I'll pay it to you on account to-day.

Exasperating. From the dark kitchen came emanated a series of thumps and angry exclamations. Jones was looking for the cat. "Pat!" called the son from the stairway. "Go to bed and let me alone," blurted Jones. "I've just barked my shin." "Pat!" insisted Tommy, after a moment's silence. "Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?" "I—I didn't hear your shin bark." And the next moment Tommy was being pursued by an angry ewer with a hard hair brush.

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY. "My dear," said a thin little Brighton man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband." "Well, what of it? I think he could easily do it if he is thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."

### A Telling Shot

Bradford had three weaknesses at Lennox that summer, each one excellent in its way, but combined—they combined against him. There's no harm in a camera, except to a pocketbook; there's no harm in a bicycle; there's no harm in a girl. But the girl had said, "Do you know, Mr. Bradford, you look uncommonly well on a wheel." That was why Bradford had been busy for two days with his best instantaneous shutter and a very long string.

He chose an old road, little frequented by riders and drivers, where he would not be liable to interruption, and spent a great deal of time in choosing the best point of view and fixing the tripod firmly. The focussing was again a matter for the slickest judgment. Then he set the shutter lightly across the road and fastened the string's end to a little bush in such a way that the pressure of the wheel across it would set the shutter off without paring the camera.

Then he gave a few touches to his hair, mounted his wheel and took a short run through the trees, coming back and passing neatly across the string. He had scowled at the camera. "I'll try again," said Bradford, setting the shutter and putting in another plate. "I'll keep my mind on her, and then I won't worry about the shutter so much." He thought of her as he wheeled off to take another start, and in thinking he leaned forward and passed the brown string at a scorching gait. "And she hates scoring," he murmured, discomfitedly.

He set the camera once more. "It's the last time I can try to-day," he quavered, glancing at the long shadows and the fading sky. "I'll take a good long run and come back easily in a graceful position with my face neither turned to the lens nor quite away from it, and I won't do any thinking, and in that way I may get a telling shot." But as Bradford came along he saw a little basket pheasant in front of him pass slowly across the brown string in the roadway and disappear among the shadows of the woods. And Bradford spoke about it feelingly.

"I'll just see what I've got," he remarked to the man as he went into the dark room after dinner, "because I promised one to a friend, but a carriage came along and spoiled my only good chance. Say, you want to come in with me? Well, and he and a faller entered the stuffy little closet. "They're just as I expected," he continued, as the first two exposures came up swiftly out of the mysterious fog. "The first has a beastly expression, you'll see, and the second is John Gilpin's ride to Ware. The third is a little slower in coming because the light got so thin, and I don't care about it anyway. It's a wonder that horse cleared the string. He might have tangled the string about his foot and brought the camera down smash. People oughtn't to go driving carelessly like that along an unfrequented road."

"Ah, here it comes! Gad, but it's to be a pretty negative! As soft as velvet; focus was a little too sharp on those others; and here they've had the brass to bump along and take my plate. It's a man and a girl, of course."

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