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

mand, and the maids-of-honor soon dispersed to their several diversions, 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, forming a canopy, that the golden sunlight tried to pe trate, but that only a few shafts of gold could pierce. The birds flew in and out at will, and their strange sweet chorus, together with the song leaves, formed a delightful symphony performes by that most wonderful arrist, Mother Nature. It was altogether a charming nook, and well carned the title of "Her Majesty's

The Princess threw berself careless ly on the little rustle bench that oreyes. A strange thing had happened last night at the court reception. It was her Tist birthday, and the eastle filled with guests, many of them American tourists. Even at the reon last night many Americans been presented to her, and there had been one in particular on whom she had smiled with more than ordi-He was so different from her own people; be was so strong and handso with a boyish careless grace that quite won the little Princess' heart And all the evening he had reamed through the rooms as if looking for some one. Perhaps, and here a sweet ace, perhaps it was herself he was looking for; for after the reception was over she had mingled with the guests and had danced outte like the ther ladies present. She hoped he would be at court

again that evening, and if he were, perhaps she would dance with him as

mark of her special favor. The Princess' reverle was rudely disturbed by the sound of voices approaching the arbor. With a fright-oned gasp, she slipped behind the big ock. There were many strangers at the castle, and it would be a most unconventional thing to find the Prin tended by her maids-of-henor.

Again the little Princess gasped as she recognized the intruders, for they entered the arbor and sat on the Princers' own bench. The man was no otter 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.

were at the court reception last night," the girl was saying. The Princess Rosalie is very pretty, is she

"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."

The girl laughed softly and hap-ly, as she broke a rose from its stem and carelessly pulled the petals apart, watching them fall through her fingers to the ground. Still laughing happly, they left the arbor and wan-dered off to enjoy the heautiful grounds surrounding the palace.

The Princess came forth from her ding place with a flush of real anger on her face. Tearing up her beloved oses right before her very eyes, and then walking off with the handsome American with whom she had already fallen in love. It was quite a few intrutes before she sufficiently recovcred her imperial dignity to present terself at the castle, and then her maids of homor wondered at the silent haughty bearing of their royal mis-tress, who was usually so aweet and

"I will ride now; you may all ac company me," she said quietly.

In less than balf an hour the horse were brought around and the Princess and her maids were ready to start on their morning ride. The usual gay chatter was absent this morning, as her Majesty showed a desire for silence. Suddenly she reined in her herse and called quickly to the groom. Her companions wondered at their royal mistress' flushed and disturbed face, for all they could see were two inoffensive foreigners en-Joying the beauty of the grounds.
"Henri," the Princess voice shook a little as if in anger, "you see that

lady and gentleman by the shrub

Yes, your Majesty," the groom an

Kindly inform them that these are

Princess Rosalie's private You, your Majesty."

"And, Henri, tell them they are trespassing, and that the Princess requents they leave the park at once The groom went on his errand, vaguely wondering for although the grounds belonged exclusively to the Castle, the Princess gracionaly allowed the tourists to enjoy her beau-

The Princess suddenly became her bright happy self again as they turned into a different path. After all Prin-cesses are very much like other girls.—GENEVIEVE MARIE BOYCE.

Almost as Good.

Almost as Good.

Little lkey came up to his father with a very solemn face.

"Is it true, father." he asked, "that marriage is a failure!"

His father surveyed him thought-

CAP, THE FIRE DOG

Cap had lived with the firemen had been brought to the station when fireman loved him and declared that Cap was the wisest dog that he had

One firenian had taught Cap to stand on his back feet and say, "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught water faucet and bark whenever be 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 do without ever having been told how to do It.

The firemen 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 one and come aliding down the poles one 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 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

But at night Cap stayed down stairs, sleeping very near the tele-phone 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, they would always find Cap in his

they would always find Cap in his place shead of them.

"He is the beat 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 light was a constant. clothes as Cap did, they, too, would be ready and in their places in one

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 aleepy 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

One night there was a great storm, and something happened to the tele-phone and fire bells, so that they could not ring; and, in the night time, when all was dark and still and all the firemen and the fire 'orses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policeman on the street corner ran to the telephone o call the firemen out.

The fire bell tried its best to ring;

but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than

Bu-n." Not a fireman heard it. Not a fire horse moved.

Not even a fire horse moved.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell again, and suddenly Cap opened his eyes, and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's

The fireman rolled out of their beds, and each one saked: "Did you hear that? Did the fire bell ring?" And the answer came: "No. ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire,' We had better dress and alide down and see about it."

"How-wow! bow-wow-wow!" bark-

ed Cap. "B-z-z-z!" said the bell just as the first fireman came sliding down the pole.

was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed many noors as the fire horses dashed to their places, the Jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policeman in front of the station, and "clang, clang, clang," from the gongs of the engine, the hose cart, the hose and adding ways and the book-and-ladder wagon, and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon found and put ot; and, when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen, the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap. best fireman of on all." And Cap.
who had never for one moment
ceased his "Box-wow-wow!" wagged
his tail and said, dog fashion, "I did
the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog."
—Edna Everett, in kindergarten
Pavious

Review. Professional Query
Among the papers of R. H. Stodgard that Ripley Elitchcock edited there is a letter which Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet-physician, is said to have re-ceived. This letter was system many years ago by no, ignorant country practitioner, and it is interesting because it shows the low level to which in the early part of the last century, it was possible for medical education

The letter, verbatim, follows: "Dear dock I have a pashunt whose physical sines shore that the winpipe is ulcerated of and his lung hav dropped into his itumich. He is unabel to swaller and I fear his stumick toobs is gone. I have giv him everything His father surveyed him thought-fully for a moment.

"Well, Ikey." he finally replied, "if you got a rich wife it's almost as good as a fathure."

Without efeck his Father is wealthy hontle and infinenshul. He is an active member of the M. E. church and God noss I don't want too loose him wet shall I do?"

Beginning Anew

fied past. But in that glance he had seen all that he weeded to finish his report. He had walked this way be

The captain was a strict man, and if a report did not please him, Pick-ert well knew that he was not the one to show any lenlency in his dealings with the offender. But he was confident that his report this time sould not fall to please his superior.

It was not infrequently that Picker rished that he could leave it all. The desire to be honest again would a desire to be nonest again would at most master him at times, but when he had about made up his mind, ih-thought would come to him that there was no other place for him in life Who would give employment to man wearing such rags as he wa obliged to wear, and on whose fac the deeds of the last two years had not falled to leave their marks? No it was no use to try to be decent once more. He got enough from the spoils to keep body and soul together, and though that was about all, it was bet-ter than not being able to have even

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 super the nater 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 cap-

tain'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 root

under the caves which he was obliged to call home, and to-day he dreaded 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 every-thing that heart could wish. And how well he remembered her answer: "Never mind the gold, Jim. All I sak is that my boy shall be a good and an honest man." And he had told her that he would be all that she //ished. And now—

Pickert's rough hand stole up to his eyes, and he murmured something under his breath.

As he was passing a small chi in the most disreputable part of the city-very near his home he was ar-rested 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 impelied him to enter, and he encaked 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 bymn. How many times in his boyhood he had heard his mother sing "The Ninety and Nine." Then he had been good and honorable. What would she may if she could see

him now? It would break her heart, The tears fell now upon the ragged coat, and at that mement Pickert registered a vow in his heart. "Fil be a man again—it's not too late." Then swiftly the thought came, "What will the captain say if you back out?" Then as quickly the answer, "It won't make no difference what he says—or what he does. I'm dead tired of doing

He started to leave the church, but he stopped suddenly, petrified with amazement. The captain stood by the When he had recovered himself be walked up to him.

"I'm through doing your dirty work," he whispered hoarsely in his ear. "You can do what you want to me-I don't care-I'm through with this miserable kind of a life."

"Let us walk along together a little ways," was all the captain said in re-Pickert was astounded. What had happened? All the captain's bravado

was gone, and his black eyes had softened considerably. "I watched you go in—I wanted to see what you was up to," the captain said after a while, "and I followed. I ain't been inside a church before for years. You heard that hymn, Pickert. She used to sing it when I was a boy my m-mother, I mean, and it made me think of—when I was different But I've been too long now in this business to turn over a new leaf, but

It's not too late for you to begin anew. You shall have a chance, Here's enough lin to take you out West. When you get there go to work, and start over again." He had put his hand into his pocket and as he finished speaking he thrus something into Pickert's hand. Be-fore the latter had a chance to say a word, the captain turned on his hee

and walked away in the oposite direc For the first time in two years Pick ert raised his head and looked upward. "Thank God for this chance to begin again," he murmured reverently, "I'll yet be the man that I promised moth

And this time Pickert made good. ESTHER RANDOLPH.

London Bridges.

Few perhaps are aware of the ex-tent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all it seems there bridges. Of these nineteen are rall-way bridges three are bridges over roads such as Holbern visdust, and first-three bridges which sonnect pri-vate promises.

RESOLUTION SHATTERED.

The Miral Sunsion Scheme Didn's Work on Jack Jones.

A little boy came home one day from school in a very had 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 nethod. So the next day at rec just as he was buying a lemon pie for luncheon, Jack appeared and said: "Look here, I ticked you yesterday, but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm going to liek you again."

And he planted a hard blow Willie's little stomacti.

Jack, in glad amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon dis-"Gosh, it was good!" he said. "What

"Hosh, it was good!" he said. "What did you give it to me for?"

"Hecause you struck me," said the heaper of the coals.
Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now go and get another pie," he said.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FINANCE. .



Landford-I'll give you ten per cent. off if you'll pay the rent to morrow.

Tenant—Thank you. Now, suppose you let me have that ten per cent low and I'll pay it to you on account

From the dark kitchen there emanted a series of thumps and angry ex-lamations. Jones was looking for

e cat.
"Pa!" called the son from the stair-"Co to bed and let me slone," blurt-

I Jones. "I've just barked my shins."
"Pa!" Insisted Tommy, after a mo-Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you

"I-I didn't hear your shins bark."
And the next moment Tommy was eing pursued by an angry sire with bard hair brush.

A Sharp Retort. "My dear," said a thin little Brigh-on man to his wife, "this paper says hat there is a woman down in Doven-hire who goes out and chops wood

ith her husband."

Jith her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think he ould easily do it if he is thin as you ire. I have often thought of using ou to peel polatoes with."

The thin man laid down his paper with a sigh that sounded like the equeak of a penny whistle.

Again Those Immigrants. Little Eleanor's mother was American, while her father was

One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplin-ary measures at the hands of her paternal ancestor, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your bust ness of yours back to Germany."

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.



"Dotte's case of brain fever lasted a long time, didn't it?"
"Yes, the germs lost a lot of time

finding his brain." How Strange. A woman who visited the British museum recently inquired of an at-tendant: "Have you no skull of Cromwell? I have been looking all arous for a skull of Oliver Cromwell."

"No, medam," replied the attendant "We've never had one." "How very odd!" she exclaimed; "they have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

A Shifted Burden.

"Bo you sold that minerable old mule of yours"

"Yassir," replied Mr. Erastus Finkley; "foh real money."

"Doesn't it weigh on your conscience."

Wall, bosn I's done had dat mule on my mind so long, it's kind of a re-list to change off an' git him on my conscience."

"The autopobile is rapidly dividing the public into two classes."
"Rase the taling of the dead."

A Telling Shot

Bradford had three weaknesses at Lennox that summer, each one excel-lent 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 wall on a wheel." That was why Bradford had been busy for two days with his best instantaneous shutter and a very long string.

Willie gaaped, but instead of siriking 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."

He chose an old road, little frequenced 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
present of it." He chose an old road, little fre

fixing the tripod firmly.

The focussing was again a matter for the sicest judgment. Then he set fustened 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 parring the cam-

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 atring. He had scowled at the cam-

"I'll try again," said Bradford, setting the shatter and putting in an-other 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 think ing he leaned forward and passed the brown string at a scorching gait. "And she hatch scoring," he murmured, dis

He set the camera once more. "It's mused, glancing at the long shadow 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. no in that way I may get a telling hot." But as Bradford came along he saw a little banket phaeton in front of him pass slowly across the brown string in the roadway and disppear among the shadows of the woods. And Bradford spoke about it

feelingly.
"I'll just see what I've got," he re marked to the man as he went into promised one to a friend, but a car riage came along and spolled my only good chance. Say, you want to come in with me? Well." And he and an aler entered the stuffy little closet "They're just as I expected," he con tinued, as the first two exposures came up swiftly out of the mysterious

you'll see, and the second is John Gil-pin'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 careless-ly like that along an unfrequented

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

course." The dipdain increased in Bradford's "I might have known it was a man and a girl. He's got his arm around her, too. Bah! Gad! I be lieve he's kissing her." Bradford smote the table in delight. "If it'r only someone round here, wou't it be a treasure? Yes; I'll take it out of my hypo in a minute. Just pour the developer back into the hig bottle on your left-that's it."

The sound of the bath, poured from the tray into the graduate, and from the graduate into the bottle, was the only sound in the dark room, except the little drip of bypo into the tray as Bradford finally lifted the plate full to the red light. It was a beautiful ple-ture—the best one he had ever taken He raced at it as instant, and then as he recognized the girl's features, he let it fall shivering on the hard stone floor. "That's the end of it," he mumbled, as the idler gave an exclamation of dismay, spilling develop er over his figurels as he turned "What a pity," said the idler, "and you hadn't found out who they were! Well, you have your own pictures-the one you promised-anyhow."

That's so; I have my pictures, and as the idler led the way out of th dark room, Bradford's heel ground into atoms all that was jeft of the tell ing shot. What He Wanted.

Small Boy (applying for situation)
-What kind of a boy does yer want? Merchant-A nice quiet boy doesn't use bad words, amoke eigar-ettes, whistle around the office, play tricks, or get into mischief— Small Boy-Yer don't want no boy; yer want a goll. See?

Double Charge, Anyhow. Howell-Did you have double pneu-Powel-I guess so; the doctor charged me twice as much as I

atents

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