A New York Farmer Who Galned Gratiude but not Wealth.

This story is told on David Brow-ster, a farmer, who has lived near Delphos for 40 years. During grass-hopper times many years ago Mr. Brewster fortunately had a crib full of corn, and corn got to be worth more than money in that part of the State. Two new sottlers who were just about starving went to buy a lit-

tle of the grain. Mr. Brewster," said one of the vould-be buyers, "will you sell us a

little of that corn?"
"Not a d-d ear," was the reply. "But we are nearly starved and here is the money; just name your price," said one of the men. "Fut up your money. I'm not self-ing any corn," he replied.

But we will pay you \$5-\$10-a the worst.

"Bidn't I say I wouldn't sail you any corn? Do you take me for a

"May," called Browster, "drive around to the end of the crib and put in 10 bushels, but not an ear more I'm not going to get rich off my neigh bors misfortubes. There are a lot of people around here who will need corn, and it must be divided into

And the crib of corn, which would have brought its owner a small fortune, was given to his neighbors who were mot so fortunate as himself.— Rochester Herald.

The Familiar Combination. A Boston young man had married a Chicago girl, and they had started on their wedding tour. Despite—or perhaps because of—their studied of forts to appear like "old married olks," their fellow passengers on the allwaytrain had no difficulty in classing them as bride and groom, and manifested their knowledge by winks, nods and grins.

An unfortunate secident to the dising can compelled the conductor to leave it on the side track at a small studion, and, it was several hours be fore the train stopped for refresh-ments at a fown where there was a estaurant near the passenger-station. It was by no means a first-class res taurant, but the travellers had a first With some difficulty the bride and groom found seats, and presently a writrens came to take their order. "Where's your bill of fare?" asked

the young man.
"We haven't any to-day, sir," she "Nor any other day, perhaps?"

"Well, what have you that you can recommend as being good to eat?" 'We have some nice pork and

"Alfred," whispered the bride, "everybody seems to know that we have just been married, but how do you suppose this girl has found out that I am from Chicago and that you are from Boston?"

The Sacred Cat.

"Plerpont Morgan lunched with
me at Assouan during his trip up the
Nile," said a Chicagoan. "He adviced me to beware how I bought
curios. They are apt to be bogus, you

"He said a fellah sold a New York girl one morning the mummy of a sacred cat. The girl paid some 50 or That's \$10 or \$10. A plastre's a nickel.

After the fellah had gone the New York girl, pleased with her purchase, poked a small hole in it. A bit of parchment-like stuff came out—in fact, a bit of paper on which could be distinguished the printed phrase 'pas-

"Curious: the girl continued her in vestigations to the end. This sacred eat, supposedly 5,000 years old, turn-ed out to be stuffed with the pages of

Aunt Ann Arkwright, the bushing ise of Uncle Joshua Arkwright, proudly showed him a silver imple-ment which a friend had given her as a birthday present. It was shaped something like a spatula, but broad-ened considerably toward the handle. Uncle Joshua inspected it with some

curiosity.
"What is it?" he asked. "Haven't you any idea?" she said.
"No, not the least in the world."
"Well," said Aunt Ann, "it's a pie

Uncle Joshua picked it up, inepegt wide. I couldn't eat pie with it t'hout

ed it critically and laid it down again.
"I haven't any use for it," he said,
"as far as I'm concerned. It's too eutting my mouth."

Measuring Tenths.

It is not common to find a parson who can correctly estimate the lapse of a slugle second. But, as an Eng lish writer remarks, in these days of speeding automobiles, the exact time when each of two colliding vehicles must have occupied particular spots may be a matter of great importance. In a recent experiment a car took nearly two seconds to stop after brukes were applied, and in that time it moved ninoteen feet. So even fractions of a second are important. One can train ones self to estimate even tenths of a second. Try it with a watch, and it will be found that it is just possible to count 10 in the lapse of a single second. But one ment of a single second. But one must count very fast to do it.

The tramp narrated to fellow wan-dezer the story of an intensely tragic occurrence. "Yus," be said, "there was a bootiful lawn in front of the cuse, nicely kept, and it looked a real good chance for gettin' a hit of honest symperthy. So I walks in gets down on me 'ands and knees, and starts chewin the grass. Out comes as kindly-looking a lidy as I over seed, and wanted to know wot I was doin'. Told her I 'adn't 'ad grub fer weeks, and was obliged to eat grass. She looked very sympertheticly at me, and then Come are

POLITENESS EXHAUSTED.

The Scotch Porter Let the Londoner

A London merchant, who had a rather ruddy complexion, after "do-ing" Giasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station, and bethought himself of a little joka.

"What is the name of this station my good fellow!" he saked a porter

"St. Engah station

"St. Enoch station, sir.".
A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:
"What do you call this station, por

"St. Enoch's! Due ye no see the Just then the train came in and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class amoker along with a

the worst. They can't be civil," re-marked the Londoner.
"That'e a confounded lie," said a

Scotchman,
"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet
five bob I don't get a civil answer
from the first porter I sak a question

"Done!" replied the old farmer. Looking over he spied the porter, and beckeing him over, asked in his nost polite tone:
"Would you kindly tell me the name

of this station, porter?"
"Gang, awa'/ ye bacon faced bufter! Pit, yer daft held in!" was the

FOR SHAME.



"Pa, what makes the globe at the elevator turn red?" "Blushing for the elevator service in this building. I suppose."

A Particular Customer. "Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy.

The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked blandly:
"Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do it's my delight to serve them what they want. I will attend to you in a

ney want. I wow in the poy."
"Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is the boy. "A lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house and ma doesn't want 'em to come again.'

Cure for Love. "'I romember once," says Professor Grange, "hearing two very ordinary men, a bricklayer and a plumber, dis-

cass love in a smoking car.
"I hold,' said the bricklayer, 'tha if you are terribly in love, the way to cure yourself is to run away."

The plumber shook his head and

sneered.
"That will cure you,' he said, 'provided you run away with the girl."

Too Risky. Hardup—I'll never go to that res aurant again. The last time I was

there a man got my overcoat and-left his in its place. Welloff—But the proprietor wasn't to blame, was he?
Hardup—No; but I might meet the other man!—Illustrated Bits.

Getting Down to Brass Tacks.

"I heard that before." "I heard that before."
"I worship you madly."
"Loose talk."

"I cannot live without your love!"
"Get some new stuff." "Will you marry me?"
"Well, now, there's some class to

Little Barbara's Complaint. Four-year-old Barbara went to shurch with her two sisters and came

home crying.
"What is the matter, dear?" quired her mother. "He preached a whole s-sermon-about-M-Hary and Marths," sobte Barbara, "and — never said-a-w-word about me."

The Ready Setort.
"Which paper do you find has the largest summer circulation?" inquired the customer in the general store. "Fly paper, I guess," said the pro-

"Full of catchy matter, ch?" que sed

Partners in Grime. Doctor (to patient)-Your case is a very serious one, str. and I think a sonsultation had better be held. Patient (too sick to care for any-thing)—Very welf, doctor, have as many accomplices as you like.

The Mind's Power.
"Zola," said a psychologist, "once wrote in a lady's album that his favorite amusement was writing and his favorite wish a sudden death. Zola

fied suddenly.

"And it is a strange thing," said the and it is a strange thing," said the psychologist, "that those who prefer a sudden death usually have their preference gratified. It is one of those things which go to show the mind's mysterious power. Who knows but it is this very desire for death, quick, painless, undreaded, which actually causes that happy kind of death? The behind the house. The grass is long or there,"

MAKING A PIRHING BOD Different Kinds of Australian Woods

Used for Various Joints. Queenaland woods have lately come into fashlon for the making of fish-ing rods. The South American green-

heart was Imported Into Australia and New Zealand extensively former-ly, but this has been superseded by the woods of the Queensland forests, the woods of the Queensland forests, which furnish material for the building of a very effective rod, and there is talk of establishing an export trade. The following description of a fishing rod made from the Australian woods illustrates the point. For the butt black wood was employed. This but black wood was employed. This is a dark colored, nicely figured, close grained timber, very hard and heavy. It is used chiefly as a substitute for the walnut and has been turned to advantage in gun stocks, joinery and cabinet work and can be carved for manuals.

The middle joint was of spotted gum, one of the myrtacene. It is a grayish timber; the grain, while often perfectly straight, is occasionally in-terlocked; a hard tough; and cleatic wood; it is much used for the mak-ing of spokes, shafts, piles, ax han-dies, rims and many other purposes.

The top joint was constructed of a red gum, a straight fibred tough wood, which, although heavy, may be worked freely. This is another valuable and common wood, being inzely employed in the construction of carriagos, ships, buildings and bridges.

What May Mappen to Earth. are doored nevitably to destruction, according to Professor Percival Low-ell, who declares that one of four possible fates awaits this planet and everything on it. A tramp star might strike the earth, he says, and grind it and its people to powder, or ride full tilt into the sun, when the earth's living creatures would be scorched to death. Tidal friction, by its gradually retarding force, may paralyze the earth's motion so that one side of the globe would be eternally baked by the sun and the other side forever frapped. This has already happened to Mercury and Venus.

to Mercury and Venus.

By the loss of all water and air through depiction or absorption the earth may become a dry, desicented mummy of a planet, wandering lifelessly through space. Mercury, again, is an example of this, and so is the example of this, and so is the example of the sure death of all, however, as, depicted by Professor Lowell, is the decay and freezing of the sun, which is certain to occur some time. When the last flicker is some time. When the last flicker is extinct that gigantic ball, bereft of all radiance and warmth, and its retinue of mert, dark tranges, among them the earth, will drift about awaiting collision with some other plane-tary derelict, which would mean at once destruction and a new birth.

A fault-finding, criticining habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will strangle growth guicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog, which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which he looks indicates the life aim, and people who are niways looking for something to criticise, for the erooked and ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving

the world a picture of themselves The disposition to see the worst in-stead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose your faith in people. The bad are the exceptions most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.

A Last Farewell. To be at the same time rude and polite is an achievement of great difficulty. A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger tells of a French gentleman who had finished his holiday in England, and had just paid a very large hotel bill. He was indignant, but his native courtesy was unimpaired. "Send se proprietaire to me," he said to the waiter, and presently the host entered.

host entered.

Monsieur was all smiles.

"Ah, let me embrace you!" he oried.

"But why do you want to embrace.

me, sir? I don't understand."

"Ah, saire, but look at see beel!"

"Your bill! Yes, but what of it?"

"Vot of it? Vy, it means sait I

s'ail nevaire, nevaire see you again,

Every new truth which affects life must pass through a period in which it is hated before it attains the period in which it is loved. What people dread is change; what they wish is to Thay will bill the rebe let alone. They will kill the re-former, if they can, and only those Worcester's "The Emmanuel More-ment" in the Century,

Why Pity the Farmer? Mr. Mann of Gouda Springs loaded large, fat hog into his automobile a large, fat hog into his automobile and took it to market in Arkaneas City, where he got a good price for the porker. It took him a mighty short time to get the hog to town and get the cash for it. A few plinutes. scrubbing fixed the auto so that it did not smell like a baruyard, and the hog probably enjoyed the ride, What's the use holding meetings try-ing to improve conditions of farm life?—Witchite (Kan.) Eagle,

Jamaican Women Want Ballot. The latest part of the world to be eported as making a comm reported as making a commotion in favor of giving women the ballot is the British West Indies. In Jamaica the other day the legislature killed the bill enabling women to vote by the slenderest of margins. Instead of being discouraged, the women of Jamaica declare their willingness to nght a hundred years or longer for their rights. CRAFTY GUISEPPI.

the Judge. The witty and learned Magistrate his warning to the effect that a girl who earned a good salary would be wise to stay single, as half the young men of the day were not worth mar-

They are all plausible and polished, the bad half of the young a tricky, very tricky, at bottom. Their gentle and refined methods succeed ods of the past. "To show you their trickiness:

"One of them on some small charge other, was haled, the other day, sfore a Jersey magistrate named O'Brien. Brien. The prisoner's name was Huseppl Buonarotti, but he had been born here, and spoke perfect English, "'Pris'ner befar th' bar, phwat mame?' said Magistrate O'Brien, frowning at Buonarotti.
"'Michael Callahan, sorr,' came the

reply/ quick as a flash. 'Hoy ye ever been befar me be

"'No, yer honor. Ol never seen but wan face that looked lolke yourn, an' that was the photygraft of an Irinh king." 'Discharged! Call th' nixt case,' said Magistrate O'Brien."

"When do you expect to finish your nevel, "The Violet Vagaries of Vir-giniar" the small town literary man

"I den't know," he replied, with a moving sigh. "It depends entirely upon when I can finish the resolutions on the death of Brother John Jones for the Curious Fellows, the Scarlet Men, the Knights of Scanlexis and the Order of Raccessa, the thesis on The Significance of the Presence of Heat Waves at the Equator for the valedictorian of the class of '99 at the Female High School, the composition of 'Doughtnuta' for my wife's little counts in the fourth grade, the paper on Belles Lettres as a Field for To-baco-Growers' to be read at the an-nual meeting of the Siwash County Burley Planters' Association, and the ismbic poem, 'By the Saffron Hoang-Ho the Pig-talls Wait in Darkness,' to Ho the Pigtails Wait in Darkness, to be read before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. When I have fin-ished with these, I hope to get to work for myself."

Practice Makes Perfect Ethel's father would not be describ-ed even by those most intimate with his many good points, as a handsome man. The Apolio Belvedere had nothing to fear from him in a beauty contest. His homeliness was the matter of jesting remarks recently and the little girl took it all in.

"Papa," she asked the next day,
"God made you, didn't he?"
"Yes, dear," replied her father. "And did He make me, too?"

nestioned father:
"Certainly," was the reply, as he turned back to his book commenced Ethel, as looked in the mirror, "I guess He fa doing better work now!"



Officer-This is no place to sleep. Tramp-I know dat, officer, but you ps won't put a feller on to de m

The Wisdom of Pa. The Wisdom of Pa.

Tommy-Pa, what is an equinor?

Pa.—Why, er.—It is—ahem! For goodness sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all? An equinor was a fabled animal, half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words equine. and 'ox.' It does seem as if these public schools don't teach children anything nowadays!

"JUST A LOT OF WATER."

Boy Would Not Advice Taking Trouble to See Nisgara.

You think that perhaps so much taiking about Nisgare has kind a dulled the edge of your appreciation of it. I don't believe it. The first former, if they can, and only those reformers who refuse to be killed, but who for years together go on savage it, patiently, tenderly reiterating the ame message, in the end have their standing where it was so damp would way, and are believed.—Her. Elwood probably give him rheumatian. It tells in the swide-book how a man in the early days went to see the place but it was a very cold night, and the tavern was comfortable, so he sent a boy to see if it was worth while The boy came back and said it wasn't much; just a lot of water failing, and it was colder than all get-out, and be wouldn't advise it.—Eugene Wood, in McClure's Magneine.

> The Danger of Knocking. "The simplest proposition," said Senator Beveridge in a recent ad-dress, "must be set out with the ut-most care in the wording, or utlean understanding, discent, even anger, may result.

"Thus as a train was moving forth from a Cincianati station a man stuck his head far out of the window. "Keep your head in there," a sta-tion attendant shouted in warning, 'or it will be knocked off!"

"Knocked off!' shouted the pas-senger. Enocked off, sh? Well, it won't be knocked off by anybody the size of you, you bandylogged uhrimp!" "Philadelphia Record.

postilities and like

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Buonarotti Used a Brogue that Fixed | It is not a Question of Good Luck. -- If you will be nothing, just wall

-Poverty is the want of much avarioe the want of everything -idleness travels very lelaurely and poverty soon overtakes her. -More men fall through ignorance of their strength than through know)

edge of their weakness.

You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself. of his own fortune, but he must also

lay the bricks himself.

He alone is happy who has learned to extract happiness, not from ideal conditions, but from the actual ones about him.

-Stan was made for growth. Per petual expansion is his normal condi-To have an ambition to grow larger and broader every day, to pust the Borizon of ignorance a little furth er away, to become a little richer in knowledge, a little wiser and more of a man, that is an ambition worth while.

Louisiana Turne from Cotton to Canel "In some parts of my State," re-marked Col J. S. Aubrey, a wealthy cotton grower of Avoyelles parish. Louisiana, "there is a strong move ment whong the planters to make a change of crops. Heretofore in my locality the principal product has been cotton but henceforth it will be sugar have seen much of their cotton de stroyed by that villatnous pest, the boll weevil, and they can not afford

to have such heavy losses continue "It will be inconvenient and ex pensive to make the change, but in the end it will pay. Eventually we will also put up local refineries, bu for the present all the case will have to be shipped to outside mills. The prospects now are that the coming season will mark the biggest produc-tion of sugar in the history of Louisi

He Liked Chicken, But-It was in a crowded Subway train The Saturday afternoon matineegerfilled the cars, and as a small tida wave of feminialty swept along, on was attired as Solomon never was if her coetume was striking, however her headgear was appalling with it burden of plumes and ribbon. A mee her, and as she turned her head fro side to side her long plumes tickle his ear and brushed his mouth. H atood it as long as ac could, but when a sudden toss of her head drew as exasperating feathery fringe sharp! across his lips he folded up his paper in disgust. "Madam," he said witheringly.

like chicken, but not the feathers New York Press.

How to Listen to Music

A young man who persisted in whispering loudly to the woman who accompanied him to a symphony cor cert, telling her what the music meant, what sort of passage was coming next, caused serious appoyance t ore than one of his immediate neigh ors. Presently he closed his eye bors.

and said to his companion:
"Did you ever try listening to music
with your eyes shut? You've no idea how lovely it sounds."

A man in front turned about and

said gravely: Young man, did you ever try list ening to music with your mouth shut? It would sound better to you-anothers."-New York Press.

"Eddie," said the teacher, "can you give a definition of cursory? The word is generally used in connection with public speaking. For example we often read that somebody 'made a few cursory remarks.' Please write a sentence containing the word curs

After a brief struggle Eddie evolved "Yesterday my pa helped my ma to hang pictures, and when the ladder fell after pa had climbed to the top of it he bumped his head against the corner of the dining room table and then made a few cursory remarks."-

Chicago Record-Herald. Preparing for Susiness.

An enterprising Surrey hotel keeper has holsted a large signboard notifying that his house and grounds are ready for aerial voyagers, and that there is a splendid garage for flying machines. Flying men are to have a special clubroom all to themselves when they alight. Repairs will be promptly executed to the machines and the men in charge of them, and a supply of gasoline will always be kep on hand.—London Chronicle.

An Impossible Combination. They were talking of the strange sights to be seen in a great city, and one man paid his tribute to New York. I don't believe one of you could think of any combination of circumstances that hasn't at some time occurred on the streets there," he said "I reckon I know of one that's nev-occurred there," said Hiram Fowle. "What's that?" asked the other,

"I guess," said Hiram, clowly, "that you've never seen, nor ever will see, a brass band going in one direction an' the heft of the folks going the



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