

SIGNS OF VICTORY UPON EVERY HAND

Philadelphia Republicans Will Roll Up Big Majority.

CITY TICKET CERTAIN TO WIN

Attempt of So-Called "Reformers" to Get Possession of the Water Works Has Raised an Important Issue in Quaker City Campaign.

[Special Correspondence.] Philadelphia, Sept. 28.

Members of the local Republican clubs who attended the convention of the State League at Altoona returned home impressed with the earnestness and ardor displayed by the rank and file of the Republican party organization throughout the state in behalf of the party's nominees.

There was great enthusiasm shown at the mass meeting when Senator Penrose in his speech declared that despite some differences and friction in Philadelphia the entire Republican ticket here would be elected by a large majority and that the candidates on the state ticket will sweep the Commonwealth with a quarter of a million majority.

When the senior senator said of political conditions in the Quaker City will unquestionably be demonstrated when the election returns shall be read on the night of Nov. 2.

There has never been more activity shown by the stalwart Republicans of Philadelphia than in this contest. They realize the desperate character of the opposition and the unscrupulous campaign of misrepresentation that is being waged by the so-called Gibbons combination. They see the same old forces that have been arrayed against the Republican organization for the last ten years and more, with a few new allies joining their ranks in the expectation of being able to foster certain schemes which have been turned down by the Reburn administration.

One of these projects, in which capitalists are ready to invest millions of dollars, is the sale or leasing of the Philadelphia water works.

This great revenue producing plant has been regarded by a little coterie of wealthy Philadelphians as a great "mine" which they would like to cut up and divide among themselves.

When they could not get the Republican organization to father their scheme, the Republican leaders having called council together and passed a resolution against all propositions to take the water works from control of the people, these financiers turned in with the insurgents and have since been giving support to the independent ticket headed by Gibbons for district attorney. They have the backing of the Wanamaker newspaper syndicate, which has been fighting the Republican party ever since Wanamaker was defeated in his aspirations to go to the United States senate, and they have succeeded in making quite a "racket" at least in these newspapers. But that is as far as they will get.

KEYSTONE STATE WILL STAND PAT

Pennsylvania Will Vote to Sustain the New Tariff.

WANT TO INSURE PROSPERITY

Vote in November Will Crush Out All Elements That Would Encourage a Reopening of Legislation That Would Disrupt Business Conditions and Block the Wheels of Progress.

[Special Correspondence.] Harrisburg, Sept. 28.

Reports regarding the reception given candidates on the Republican state ticket, A. E. Sisson, for auditor general, and J. A. Stober, for state treasurer, on their first week's stamping tour are of the most gratifying character.

They indicate that the rank and file of the Republican voters of Pennsylvania are alive to the issues of the campaign and the importance of polling a large vote at the coming election.

At every point at which these candidates stopped they were cordially received, and hundreds of the most active and prominent citizens of the respective communities were on hand to greet them and to assure them that they will have their support.

The initial meeting was held in Senator Sisson's home town of Erie, and from there Crawford, Venango, Mercer, Lawrence, Indiana, Jefferson, Armstrong and Butler counties were visited.

The nominees attended the convention of the State League of Republican Clubs at Altoona, and they addressed the mass meeting at which Senators Penrose and Oliver and former Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw were among the other speakers.

The candidates were much impressed with the activity of the club men and of the plan for taking a prominent part in the work of the campaign. Senator Penrose in his speech dwelt upon the work of the young Republicans of the state in promoting the success of the party candidates and said it was greatly appreciated by the leaders of the party organization.

Senator Oliver devoted part of his address to the same subject, and among other things said:

"It is the members of this league and men like you, to whom the Republican cause of Pennsylvania is indebted for their matchless organization, through whose labors the party has grown within the last generation from a mere fighting majority to a position of overwhelming supremacy. I am not one of those who subscribe to the doctrine that the victor belongs to the spoils. That doctrine was first enunciated by a Democrat, was practiced by every administration from Jackson to Buchanan, and never until the Republican party came into power was any other policy followed except that of cleaning out the offices on the advent of each administration and installing adherents of the new one. But while I am not an advocate of this doctrine, I do believe that he who works in the vineyard should eat of the fruits thereof, and that no man should be disqualified for any office, no matter how high, simply because he has served earnestly and faithfully in the ranks in behalf of the party in whose principles he believes. I believe that the term 'politician' should be one of praise and not of reproach; that every inducement should be given to men to work for their party, and that an earnest, active interest in public affairs should be encouraged in all young men as they approach the voting age."

This week candidates Sisson and Stober resumed their campaigning.

They visited Warren and Tioga counties yesterday. Today they are scheduled to go to Bradford, McKean county, and Conspicuous, Forest county, and tomorrow to Emporium, Cameron county, in the morning, and Lock Haven in the afternoon. Thursday they are due in Clearfield in the morning, and Bellefonte, Centre county, in the afternoon. Friday morning they are to be in Lewisburg, Union county, and Friday afternoon they are billed for Sunbury, Northumberland county. Saturday's meetings will be held in Middleburg, Snyder county, in the morning, and Lewisburg, Mifflin county, in the afternoon.

Speaker Cox, of the state house of representatives, and Major McDowell, chief clerk of the national house of representatives, have been accompanying the candidates, and they have both written to Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, that they are elated over the cordiality and the manifest sincerity of the reception that have been tendered the party's standard-bearers.

Helpful Beauty Hints

Proper Use of Cosmetics, All Picturesque Results—Effective Touches of Rouge for Cheeks and Lips—Whitening Lotion for Neck and Shoulders—Hair Treatment.

ALL SHE WANTED.

Why she hesitated. "Why do you hesitate?" he inquired, looking longingly into the beautiful girl's big, dark liquid eyes and tenderly fondling the little hand which she was permitting him to hold. "Tell me that you will be mine."

"I cannot," she murmured in the soft, musical tones which had so often thrilled him, "until you have made me a promise."

"Darling," he cried, "I will promise anything—everything. If you want an electric rumba you shall have it. If you wish to have a town house and a country seat they shall be yours. If it is your desire to be presented at court I know a man who will give me letters to our ambassadors at London and Berlin, and we can go there on our wedding journey. You see, my sweet girl, there is nothing that I am not ready to do for you."

"You are very kind to agree to provide all these splendid things, but there is something else—something that is more important than any of the promises you have made."

"What?" he asked, "and what is that?"

"I am afraid," she said, "that I can possibly give or get for you it shall be yours. Please—please don't be cruel. Don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, then will you promise to give me at least \$10,000 a year when you are the time comes?"

"I will," she said, "if you will."

Heard at Breakfast.

"I used to be a weather prophet in my home town," confided the new boarder as he speared a potato with his fork.

"So?" commented the comedian boarder, laconically.

"Yes, and every time I look at that steak it reminds me of a winter's day."

"Cold and raw?"

"Quite clever. How does the coffee strike you?"

"That reminds me of a November day—cloudy and unsettled."

"Good. And do you notice that the landlady is watching us?"

"Yes, and she reminds me of a March day."

"Tell us why."

"Because she is cold and stormy."

"And the look that the waiter passed down to that end of the table would have congelated a red-hot stove."

EVER IMPETUOUS BETTY

News! cried Betty, waving a telegram in the air. "A couple of Rob's college friends will be here to dinner. Thoughtful of him to let us know. It's a wonder he didn't let us know. It's a wonder he didn't let them pounce on us unannounced. Hum—Gerald Stanton and Bob Newman. Never saw them, have you?"

The girl addressed folded up her note, and rose. They were sitting under the apple trees at their aunt's country house, where they were spending a few weeks.

"Do you realize that we have the meal to get, as Aunt is away?" she asked, calmly. "It is now 11."

"Heavens, so we have!" Betty jumped up and pushed back her tangled hair. "Puzzle—find the chaperon!" she cried, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen on a run.

"Don't tell me," she exclaimed, as the other entered, rising from the four barrel into which she had pounced head first, "don't tell me Rob isn't thoughtful. A whole host, and a dinner to prepare for two unknown men. How much flour do I want for those biscuits?"

A few moments later the chugging of the expected auto sounded down the road. A roadster slowed down before the gate, and one of the occupants appeared in the doorway. Betty met him, a smudge of flour on either cheek, sleeves rolled up to dimpled elbows.

"Just come in and make yourself at home," she said. "I'm awfully glad to see you—to see you both. Excuse my cousin and myself, won't you? We're generally presentable; we just got the telephone—and two hungry men to feed you know—"

She made a charming little gesture, and her eyes pleaded with him, turning over with mirth and contentment.

He looked rather bewildered—hesitated. "Thank you," he said.

"Sit on the lawn, if it's cooler," she suggested. "We'll be out soon."

They were. One could scarcely tell how they worked the miracle, but the dinner was ready, the table invitingly set, and themselves joined in little muslin and very presentable.

Betty pounced on the spokesman of the party, who was what she termed "tall, dark and interesting," leaving the other man to her gentler cousin.

"You must be Gerald Stanton," she said. "Don't contradict me. I've always wanted to know him. I've heard my brother speak of him so much."

The fellow laughed as though hugely enjoying himself. He did not contradict her.

Her eyes challenged him lightly; her pretty hands flew about in gestures like little white butterflies.

"They talked merrily of football—of college. Once she questioned him about Rob, and he threw back his head and laughed as though she had propounded a joke. He was charming when he laughed, at least Betty pronounced him so."

Anne, nearby, with the other men, was also enjoying herself. Once she started up as if to speak to the others, but fell back, at a pleading gesture from her companion, and entered a conversation, which evidently afforded them both much quiet amusement.

Later they went in to dinner; and it was a merry party that sat down.

"My sorry aunt isn't here," said Betty, with a smile that contradicted her words. "You see you didn't give us time to provide a chaperon."

A knock sounded at the door.

"Providence has supplied one," she announced solemnly, rising.

"Heavens! It's another man," as she caught sight of him through the hall.

"Do we want any sewing machines, Anne?"

He was a very presentable youth. A long dust-coat enveloped him; his hat swung easily in his hand.

"Is Mrs. Newman in?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but my aunt is away," replied Betty.

The man hesitated. "I am Rob Newman," he said. "I thought Rob were not his sister?"

Betty leaped against the door. Out in the street was another machine. Her eyes were glued on it, and its remaining occupant.

"Yes," she said faintly, "I—Rob Herrick is my brother."

The others had flocked out from the dining room.

"I hope," Anne was saying severely in her quiet voice, "I hope this will teach you a lesson, Betty. You never did get things straight."

"No," replied Anne, "but I thought he—they looked honest—"

"She took us on faith," said the man at her side.

Betty collected herself and turned to the bewildered fellow in the doorway. "Do get Mr. Newman and come in," she said. "And you," turning to the others, "you may introduce yourselves and we will all have dinner."

—ELLEN IRVINE.

THE GENTLE WESTERN METHOD.

I have been told, said the young lady from Boston, on a tour of the far West—"I have been told that you do very cruel and lawless deeds here."

"Oh, no, miss," protested Deadwood Dick, "we are quite tame and peaceful, here now. I assure you."

"Come, now," said the young lady, with a smile, "when a man steals a horse, what do you do to him?"

"Waal, miss," said Deadwood Dick, "only yesterday a man round about here stole a horse and we just took the horse away from him."

"Indeed? Was that all?"

"That was all, miss. Perhaps, however, I should add that he was sitting in the saddle with a rope round his neck tied to a tree when we took the horse away."

Willie Objects.

Among the Western Representatives in Congress is one whose lack of personal comeliness is the basis of personal banter from his facetiously inclined colleagues.

"Why, Willie," said one of them to the ten-year-old son of the Congressman, "how much you resemble your father?"

"Yes, sir," responded Willie, with an air of resignation. "Everybody says that, but I don't think I deserve it."

GETTING AT THE FACTS.

Game Warden—I'm afraid I'll have to arrest you for shooting game animals out of season.

Sambo—Mister Constable, I only shot one game animal and that was a owl, an' I knocked him down with a club.

A Terror of Fishermen and Bathers.

That Hides in the Sand.

The stings are the terror of the south Florida fishermen who work with their nets in the shallows of bays and inlets, while the cry of "stingaree!" will cause many a fisherman to drop his net.

To Regulate Stockyard Building.

It is likely that there will be laws in New York and other states requiring that stockyards in the future be constructed of concrete.

To Restore Discolored Enamel.

Dissolve the contents of one small box of chloride of lime and one small package of baking soda in a tubful of water. Let your enamelware stand in same over night, thoroughly rinse and dry. It will look like new.

Mrs. Astor Will Seek U.S. Patent.

Mrs. Waldorf Astor is trying to introduce a new fashion in England and also is making efforts to have her old-time American friends take it up. It is in the shape of a genuine turquoise necklace.

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43, Local Express Sunday	6:10
44, Holidays only	6:10
No. 8, Daily Express	6:54 A. M.
798, Way Sunday Only	7:31
48, Local except Sun & Hol	7:55
80, Local Except Sunday	10:30
1, Daily Express	1:54 P. M.
704, Sunday Only	3:30
24, Way daily except Sunday	3:50
3, Daily Express	4:56
26, Way daily except Sunday	6:55
706, Local Sunday Only	7:15

WESTWARD

No. 7, Daily Express	12:35 A. M.
47, Daily Express	2:35
17, Daily Milk Train	8:10 A. M.
1, Daily Express	11:54
116, For Re-depot Ept Sun	15:15 P. M.
3, Express Chicago via dal	5:32
90, Daily Express Sunday	6:00
4, Limited Daily Express	10:05

Trains leave Chambers street, New York, for Port Jervis on week days at 9:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 6:15, 7:15, 9:15, 10:30 P. M.

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A piece of gauze dampened with spirits of camphor will remove stains from windows or mirrors.

A little orris root added to the water in which handkerchiefs are boiled will impart a faint scent of violets.

The Morning Quarrel.

"Say," called his wife from the window, "you forgot something."

He came back.

"What did I forget?"

"You forgot to slam the door."

He slammed it all right, all right, all right.

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