### Reward Withheld

With trembled eyes and a strange feeding of diseatefaction, James Houston looked upon the small unhappy group by his fireside. His three children, Hary, aged 12; Alice, 10, and hitle Zieneld only 7, were sulkily withelessiting the gracious advances of his wife Gentrude, their new mamma. Happe her homecoming, a year has wan untiffing in her efforts he win these children hearts, but they these children hearts, but they ily withheld the love which they belonged only to their pretty so, who had left them for a hap-

Houston's lovely eyes Generate Rouston's lovely eyes Ried with pain and disappointment and she left the little group and wont to bee husband's side. Nurse Spencer took the shiften out, and she looked

wisfully after them, then, turning to ber hebband with a sigh: "It seems like a hopeless task. I power sented applying so much as the affection of these little ones, and put I can't seem to touch the right there at all. If they only knew how much I have given up for them, how many years of louely wearines I en-dered, do you think they would ever understand?"

He answered with a sigh and a look of tenderset devotion. "Gertrude, no obs. can withstand you long. Don't gre up, dear!"

A year had passed and sadness filled the Houston home. Mr. Houston's health had been rapidly failing, and the last hope was a serious operation, and the result of this was feared. They were in the library; the same old constraint existed between Gertrude and her little charges, and the same sweet patience in the woman's face. She left the room to give some orders, and the father called the children to him, and in a kind, carnest voice, pleaded for their hearts for his wife.

My dear children, this may be the last time we will be together. During the past year I have watched with pain the sarmest efforts of your moth-or to gain year love and your stead-net repulse. Why is it you cannot t results. Why is it you cannot a her aven a little affection? In the little affection? In the little affection? In the little and your less of the little and your train each? What is it? Do you dislike? If I should not come back to a che would care for you with the majoring attention, yet you will not up the line a smile or call her mam-

way and Spencer mays we must never longet her! Every night we talk about her and wish her back again—and

her and wish her back again—and conscious pray that we may be taken to her," and tears filled the big serious eyes of Mary, and the others remained effent.

"Many years ago, before you were been, Mary, I came to Philadelphia. My futher had just died, and I came to live with your Aunt Marjory. Your mother was there, a sunny faced girl of 18. Her helt was light like yours, Allee, and her eyes big and blue. Her of 18. Her halt was light like yours, Alice, and her eyes big and blue. Her winning smile soon captivated my hoyfah beart, and I thought I was in love with Helen. The summer flew by, and in the fall your mother's cousin Certrude came to stay with us. The was entirely different from Helen; she was tall and dark, with eyes like the night. She was older than your mothers and more serious, and they were hast friends. Hoon I began to feel indifferent towards Helen, and years for Certrude's society. I did not know what to do; I knew where my house was, and worst of all—I knew where their hearts were—with me! here their hearts, were—with me!
"One tright aftersoon I told Gerude of this love for her, and instead
f hearing a like response, she treatme with cold displeasure, and with withering secon, told me what she thought of me for speaking thus to her, when I had already won Helen's

e had been walking in the woods e passing an unfinished house I struck by a falling brace. I was sneeded for a time, and when I read her secret. For one brief mo-ment I was wild with joy—but only for a moment. When she saw that I es regaining my senses, her attitude came totally indifferent. I was ill for a long time, and when at last was able to leave my room, she had gone and with her all the sunshine of life! She left a note telling me seek her until my debt of hon-

"And so I maried Helen, your moth

has Gertrude had left withpare your mother Certrude's a breaking After three and brought her was because she leved your well that she sacrificed a sem, and now, my children, her a little of that love yield retouched for you. her duly was described when see little luces and treat to great her. And great grief befall them, then her the duced due will them together.

to a fixed habit in man, trousing is a need anort in man-ied if the to overcome. The man on the tughest is only an overgrown wil-complished bers. The burning appared atera theories that there is a cona fime when whistling may be There is a certain legal spank-which may fit the seat of the pres-notesmakers.—Chicago Post.

She didn't even take palan."

#### Of Interest to Women

An Inexpensive Home-Made Pat-An Inexpensive Monochance Fas-teurizing System for Sterilizing the Milk Supply Can be Conducted At Rone - Method is Very Simple and Incares Clean Milk for the Buby.

Dirty milk or milk that is the lease bit sour will often throw a child into a fever. Convulaions are not uncom-mon with delicate children whose milk has not been as it aboutd be. A little carelessness or a little delay may mean a house robbed of its sun-shine and the little voice that for a few short months only was there to cheer it. The only way, according to sanitary modes of thinking, to be sure that the milk is in the right condition for the buby, is to pasteurize it. This can be done at home. The method is

The bottle of milk that is to be pas-The bottle of milk that is to be pas-teurized should be placed in a can of water, the water extending about one third of the way up the bottle, the top of which should be either entirely off or else loose. Then the water in the can should be brought to a bottle as soon as the bubbles begin to arise the can of water with the bottle in it should be taken from the stove, the top of the bottle put on lightly. the top of the bottle put on tightly, and the milk and water allowed to cool in the same position in which they were on the stove. When cool the milk should be placed on the toe ready for use.

ready for use.

The cry of tenement mothers that they cannot afford ice and that they have no ice box has been answered, the Chicago Tribune says, by the health department, the members of which have designed an icebox which can be made for practically nothing and operated for less than 3 cents a far.

flay.

"Secure an ordinary wooden hox, 13 by 18 inches, with a depth of 11 1-2 inches," run their instructions. "This may be gotten from the grocer, in the bottom of the box place a substantial layer of sawdust. On this set a tin pail or can 8 inches in diameter and high enough to hold a quart

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bottle of milk. Care should be taken

that the pail rests on the sawdust-not on the wood bettom of the box. Around the pail place a cylinder of tin a little larger than the pail; then

the pail and pack broken lee around

Alexandra's Perpetual Youth.

There is not the slightest loss of girlishness in Queen Alexandra's fig-ure. Walking with the Dowager Em-

press of Hussia she appears as posith-ful as a schoolgiri. Her step is light her carriage erect and her form is

lithe and graceful. In the preserva-tion of youth she far surpasses Bern

Haif a pound of raw sugar, haif a tin of condensed milk, quarter of a pound of butter. Stir for quarter of an hour after it begins to boil.

steasant experiences through a dis-quest servant took the precaution before diplicing the vacancy, to write to he applicant's last employer for ex-plicit interpration as to the girl's hon-esty. "I believe Molite to be thor-

(COVICE OFF WHEEP AN

to you. You consider all things first, last of all—your m-mother." The sobbing woman had reached the summit of Claron Hill. Before her was aprend the beautiful sunset. and as she gazed upon its glory in deep admiration her sorrow some-what lessened. Rich, changing hues filled the western eky. First, all was deep red blood; slowly the red shad-deep red blood; slowly the red shad-ed into faintest pink, and again into yellow. Creeping from behind a som-bre cloud stole a rosy glow, envelop-ing all in softest light, till a purple have settled over the low hills and darkening valleys. Then, like a gar-ment turned, the purple revealed its lining of silver gray and a peaceful, lovely night set in.

To the woman on the hill summit

Recompense

The winter twilight was stealthly creeping in through the latticed window, making dim the objects in the simple yet coay room. There was no sound until the clock on the mantel

Great throbbing tears rolled down the mother's face, for the thoughts

that forced them were a strange in-termingling of the bitter and the

tarily from her lipe. "How I have worked for you ever since your fath-er died! You were a wee, they thing,

er died; lod were a wee, thy thing so sweet and so pretty. Shall I ever forget how thankful I was to have you left when he was taken away! Since then, how I have nursed you, cared for you, worked for you, to give you the advantages that would

have been yours had your father lived! Have I succeeded? Yes-too

well, for I have made myself a slave

this silent communion with infinite beauty brought happy hope, and she turned from it with lighter step, well knowing that he who provided all that splendor for his own glorification. and the worship of man would care for her and let her hope be realized. The day of realization came in the balmy June. Claron Hill was a beau-tiful crown of growing wildflowers which sent up their sweet tragrance. like incense, to the clear, cloudless sky. Of all lovely days in June, that day must have been the best. It was commencement at college, and Ellen—her Ellen—was to graduate with highest bonors. How selfish she had been to think herself neglected ever for a moment when Ellen had been working so laboriously these last four years to win these honors that sheher mother—might feel the great pride of owning such a brilliant daughter. In the large crowded hall she felt that every mother's eve enviously be that every mother's eye enviously be-held her when she clasped her daugha bloom like you

sparkled with joyful tears.
"Why, mother, how pretty you look!" the daughter exclaimed, drawing her arm through hers and leading her into the feative college grounds But it was in the evening that the mother realized her dearest hope. To-gother she and her daughter walked pack sawdust around the cylinder— not between pall and cylinder—up to the top of the cylinder. On the cor-er of the box nail about fity layers of newspaper. Set the milk bottle in to Claron Hill, and when they reached the summit the world was wrapped in the sunset's afterglow. Still, while it lasted, the mother lifted her face to her daughter's and the thin lips quiv-

ered and her eyes were wet.
"Why, mother-mother, darling!"
the daughter whispered, and gazing the daughter whispered, and gazing upon the aweet face she noted for the first time its numerous lines of care and worry, the sad mien on every feature. A great pang seised her. Sha drew the slight form closer to her, raining kisses upon the gray head un-til the mother looked up in surprise. It was the daughter who spoke again. tion of youth she far surpasses Bernhardt, jooked spon in this respect the world over as a wenderful example of physical youth earried into hid age Alexandra's face is sithout a line. Her cheaks are rounded and almost plump. Her chin is as smooth as if she were 18. She attributes her perfection of complexion is a cold cream the preparation of which is a carefully kept ascret. Many times she has been inclined to give the preparation to the womes of the fashionable world, but so far she has contented herself with dolling out only enough for a few of her intimate women friends. "Darling I have neglected you; I have been so selfish. You shall never by left alone hereafter, Forgive me."

And while the happy revelation of a love deep as her own crept into the nother's heart, the aftergiow ebbed into gray and night laid its heavy hand on all without its grasp until the rising sun chased it away and brought to these two another day full of love, hope and glory.—ALVA MARIE PRTERSON.

Game Laws for Indiana Three thousand copies of the Okin-homa game-laws, printed in the Choc-taw and Cherokee languages, have been sent to southeastern Okiahoma for distribution among the Indians. The Oklahoma Indian believes that his right to hunt is based only upon

Curs Effected by Radium The latest use of radium was upon a case of filarinsis, or blood work disease in Paris. In this mosquite caused disease the blood at night of microscopic maggets pingging up and inflaming and swelling the ker-nels in the armpits. A short course of radium in the armpits cured the awelling and made the worms scarces in the blood.

### Of Interest to Women

φφφ Wisconsis Girl Original for Painting of Alexandra - Evolya May Converse Playing Model, Met Artist. Wha Hept Her Arrayed in Royal Finery Until Picture Was Finished.

sound until the clock on the mantel struck 4, and then the avect-faced lady who ast in the rocker facing the west window rose and walked to the farther side of the room.

"Come, daughter," she said, speaking to a roung girl who sat behind a large desk writing rapidly, "Leava your books a few moments and come with me to watch the stinest. One sees it best from Claron Hill and the walk there is brisk and invigorating." "Yes, mother, just let me finish this thesis first. Professor wants it in tomorrow, and I do so wish to please him. Pil be right along." When the loyal and honest British ers pay homage of heart to the pic-tured Alexandra at the coronation— from the brush of Edwin R. Abbey, R. A .- it is only to their queen's bead and face. The rounded arms, the and face. The rounded arms, the well poised neck, the stately, patriclan carriage of the figure are other's the secret is out now. Evelyn Converse, an American girl from Wisconsin at that, posed as Queen Alexandra for Mr. Abbey's But in her interest the daughter for the mother walting and let her Edward VII."

got the mother waiting and let har go alone to Claron Hill. Along the Ming Converse hasp't sat on the go alone to Claron Hill. Along the snow-covered path the mother slowly went, not beeding the beautiful winter scene about her. The trees, their strong, armilke branches laden with myriad glistening anowfakes; the gloriously clear him sky, now tinging gray in the far east; the cold, exhilarating wind—all alike had lost their wanted charm for her. What was the cold of their wanted charm for her. royal throne, but she has worn the coronation robes. She has never been presented at court, but she has come and gone at Buckingham palace as ! born to the purple. She was never proclaimed queen in Westminster, but there she is in the picture.

The king himself ordered the painting to be hung on the walls of Buck rating wind—all alike had lost their wanted charm for her. What was the use of a great, beautiful world in which to live when oac's own flesh and blood did not return the most natural of affections—that of a daughter's love for her mother? ingham palace. He posed; the queen posed; all the important personages who were nearest to their majestles on that argust occasion faced Mr. Ab-bey for their portions of the picture. But for two years the great work was

But for two years the great work was beld up because there was no sultable model in England.

"For two years I've waited for you," said Mr. Abbey when he met Miss Converse. He knew he had found the model he wanted—the rest was only a matter of course. Who that could do it would refuse to posse for her majesty, consort of Edward VII. and wear her robes and jewels? Strangely enough, Miss Converse in't a professional model at all. She comes from Eau Claire, Wis., where er father, Henry Edward Converse s a successful up-to-date American



Miss Evelyn May Converse.

This is the story of how the protty American girl was asked to Queen Alexandra's coronation when Miss Converse called on Mr. Ab bey. As she tells it:
"He smiled and just looked at me

hard, hard, for about a minute. Then be asked me if I would mind taking off my gieve, that he might see my hand, I said, 'Yes, I'll do it,' and then-why he just said that if my arms were like that be'd most certainly want me for a very important picture he was painting.

"And that very day I put on Queen Alexandra's robes and he began to paint me in the picture."

Fan Branelets.

An ingenious jeweler has decided to have no more lost fans in the the aires or belirooms. He has fashioned a bracelet which holds the tiny hand ter to her breast after the exercises. fan securely, yet gives easy manipula-Enraptured, her cheeks flushed with tion and graceful movement of the th and her eyes wrist. He first contrived a carved tortoise shell to which was attached a dull gold chain. The shell handle of the fan carried out the carved idea. This was so successful and so sensi-ble that other more individual ideas have been evolved. White ivory, carved so delicately that it is hard to realize that it is not a band of creamy from a silken cord. Then there is a lovely jet idea from which is suspend-ed a black spangled fan. Gold and silver ornamented with jewels are legion. Indeed, the bracelet is a wonderfully decorative ring, which combines beauty with utility in this ne thought for evening wear.

> The Ever Changing Walst Line to keep up with one's waist line. One gues to bed at night in the sweet as surance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the beadlines in the morning papers that waist line is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waist line occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted unquestionably as that the earth wolves on its axis, but in these siny of higher criticism is likely to be auwhere. It bloweth where it listeth-Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in America

When Making Skirt Plaits. In making plaits in skirts, particu-iarly in wash materials, if the plaits are stitched on the inside close to the outer edge where it is crossed about half way down, the plaits will always be easy to keep in place when ironed

The Oldest Belgian Newspaper. The oldest hewspaper in Heigium is the Cazette van Gent, which received he privilege of printing the Gendtsche Pogt-Tydinghen on November 17, 1686, and which has existed almost continuinly since the first number was print ed of January 1, 1667. The oldest copy preserved is No. 69, of Septem-ber 8, 1667. The wext oldest new-paper in Beigium is L'Independance Beige, in its eightieth year. GENEALOGICAL FREAKS.

Apt to Come to Light as One Inquires Into His Ancestry.

Strange fruit sometimes grows on the genealogical tree. The crahapple has been accredited as the remote grandfather of the luncious apple of to-day, probably also of the Ben Davis, and now and then in old, neglected orchards the call of the wild has too evidently taken the fruit back through the ages to an undestrable ancestry.
In the human family it is perhaps
not always best to laquire too curi-

ously as to those who have gone be-Bishop Quayle of the Methodint Episcopal Church, who was born in this country of lale of Man parentage, talls of an uncle who took up with great earpestness the search for ancestry. All at once the seal of this uncle electioned. He was asked the cause of this sudden coolness in the

charo. know that along in the early part of the eighteenth century I ran into a for nest of sougglers and pirates? I was afraid to go further for fear I

An English paper, T. P. O'Connor's Weekly, gives the curious result at-tending researches recently conducted in the family history of the great Freuch post Beranger. He had a aut-ural son, who bore the name of Lucien Paren, who turned out badly. This bad boy, born in 1799, was apprenticed by his putative father to a grocer, in the Rue St. Denis, in Paris. He gave himself up to wild courses, and so was packed off to the French colony in the Island of the Reunion in the Indian Ocean.

He aquandered all the money that he had taken with him and wrote a begging letter home for more. Berang er sent a long letter of good advice with a small remittance, and notice that no more need be expected. The years ham elerhed for a while in the house of a sugar merchant; later, he kept a small school for the children of the Remion fishermen, and lived in a but an minerable as their own. He married an African weman, by whom he had a daughter named Augustine

This daughter married a Chinese bostman named Wu Tu, by whom the had three children, and these chil-dren, in turn, have married, so that there is a numerous progeny of Wu The who have as their illustrious an centor Beranger, the greatest of

Pegullar Euperstition.

The people of Kulu are extremely superstitions and go in extensively for demonolatry, says a writer in the Wide World Magnaine. Many trees are held to be sacred and have tiny temples dedicated to them. The de-mons are popularly supposed to live at the tops of trees, and if a tree falls in such a way that it is possible to pass under it, as is often the case on the mountain sides, every man before going beneath the trunk will place or it a stick or a sione to propitiate its guardian spirit. Certain streams are also sacred, and no one is allowed to wash dirty clothes in them. During 1968 some strangers came into the valley and happened to pollute the water of a river in this manner. It chanced to be a year of extraordinary rainfall, and the people implicitly be-lieve that the excessive rain was sent by the outraged "deola" of the stream as a punishment

Valuable Old Documents. The chance discovery of a secre-drawer in an old writing desk which has been to the family of Charles Beckel of Bethlehem, Pa., for genera-tions as a treasured belvioum, revealed that the drawer contained an interesting and valuable collection of his torical letters and documents. The papers, a score or more, are war de-partment letters, letters of Gen. An thony Wayne and others, and procla-mations that date back to the revolutionary war and early days of the federal government. Prof. Alliean of the historical department of Carnegi institute states that taken together the letters form a valuable source first-hand information of an important period in the n lon's history.

High Project Bates. Shippers in the United States who paid freight amounting to \$197.40 on 1150 sucks of polutions or about \$1.32 a bag for a haul of 300 miles between two principal cities of Brazil-a from New York 16 Boston. This rate higher than on mest-national pro

Tempora Mutentury A certain young man; wishing to be very thrifty, quit eating meat. "Frank-lin abstained from meat," quoth he. "and so will I."

But he didn't stop to consider how

prices have gone up since Franklin's day, and especially within the last few years. The result was that when he hadn't eaten meat for about six

one of the gilded youth.

The outwarn ideals of pesterday should be taken up very guardedly.



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WAS SECLING THE REAL GOODS.

Reason Why "Bootlegger" Wanted Patrons to Wait Before Drinking.

"I was at a little station in the micst of one of the dreariest and dryest stretches of the "Frisco road." said the Okiahoma man, "when the through express pulled in. As soon as it stopped a little goody-looking men with a covered basket on his arm, harried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart botthe filled with rich, dark liquor.

"Want to buy some cold teat" I beard him ask.

The eyes of two thirsty-looking od and they each paid \$1 for a bottle.
"Walt till you got out of the stalion before you take a drink," the little man cartioned, 'or you'll get me

"He sold another bottle to a big buck Indian with the same words of warning, and found three other customers before the train started.
"'You seem to have a pretty good thing here for a bootlegger,' I said to him when the train had disappeared, 'but I can't see that it would make you run any more risk if these men took

a drink before the train left."
"'Oh, yes, it would,' said the bootlegger. 'I'd probably be killed if they did. You see, what these bottles had in 'om was real cold tea.'"