ONE WOMAN'S VIEWS.

Rev. Anns H. Shaw, Diesgrees Some what with Dr. Elliot's Statements on the New Religion.

Heaven and hell, as described to the current terms of religion, are

the educated men and unescential to the educated men and women of to-dry. We are not afraid of being bried in a real red fire. We would tremendously bored in a heaven of mair rest and pealm singing. Dr. To is unquestionably voicing the arm conception as to the tradition-tereafter—it simply doesn't count. I vould disagree with him only in use of the past tense. Heaven and is have counted in the centuries be-due. They have influenced "gen-trations of devout and learned," as well as the unlearned masses. But now we have engrown them.

We have learned to look at nature accentifically instead of emotionally, that is all. God's voice no longer quarks to us in the thunder. We know



Rev. Anna Howard Shaw.

electricity. "The blue heaver The steethedy. The side has been appropriately interested the control of the cont

and more growing to consider good and evil as an end in themselves, not as means toward an end. Very small means toward an end. Your small dren are encouraged to be "good" y means of penniss. Likewise they re made to fear being "bad" by threats of punishment to come. So, in the earlier stages of the world's derelogment, it appeared necessary, perhaps to the priests and ministers to bribe and threaten their men-children and women-children with foture

But suppose dying does mean just going to sleep and never waking up. I, for one, would infinitely prefer that canonement of the typical Christian onception of an eternal haloed concept. And suppose it to be a fact, this simple blotting out—does that change the goodness of good or the badness of bad for us—here—today? We know we have this world and that what we do must have an effect in it. Why do we need to bother ahout what we don't know? Mr. Bernard Shaw wisely remarks somewhere

terd Shaw wisely remarks somewhere that the religious soldier will never have on his final victory till he has conquered in himself the mean little monal wish to continue as a permal factor and till he becomes will-

ing to be thrown on the scrap heap after his work is done. Now—here—those are the voices that call both the saints and sinners. Not afterward—hereafter,

Mest for reasting should not be washed, but wiped with a dry cloth. Bacon rinds should be scalded and used for favoring stocks and stews. Sausages should beat gradually when cooking to prevent the skins burstless.

putting together.

All lard to fry fritters and dough-nuts must be very, very hot before putting in the batter.

Do not salt stock till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as the salt pre-

vents the soum from rising.

Before broiling a steak dust it with sait and pepper and rub it in well with

This will greatly improve Delicious are het biscuit served with game. Break them opes, butter them generously and then spread with cur-

rant jelly. To keep silver from tarnishing when packed away, make small sotton bags and fill with camphor gum. Place them among the silver.

Always lower the temperature of the oven some after a roast has been in for 15 or 20 minutes. Then the juices will be retained.

Hand-Painted Silppers.
In the present age, when little de-tails of continue are considered im-portant, and when the ornament of the hair is weighted in a critical bal-ance just as carefully as the girdle of an evening gown, it is not surprising that the slippers come in for their share of artistic consideration. These are now painted to match the gown or any especial decorative note in the

White bid is extremely dainty when ptak sosabuda or blue forget me-nota are displayed on the instan. Any col-or can bloom in the form of a delicate fower, with probably a sparking few-ci in the center. It is a new idea, and the point which appeals most emphati-cally is that these beautiful alluper-sau be made at home by the artist

of the family. How it Happened. "Dear me," said the kind-hearted

pedestrian, pausing and putting on his pince-nes, "have you fallen through that conthole?"
"Not at all," replied the man, who was still endeavoring to extricate a leg from the hole, smiling winningly. "As you seem interested in the mat-ter, I will tell you what happened. I coolly answered the young man. "Your chanced to be in here, and they built daughter said she would be a sister the pavement round me."

THE PROOF OF THE GODS

Long ago there lived in the north land an unbeliever called Athrod. He believed in no superior being except man. He iaughed at the worshipers and scoffed at the temples. In vain did his neighbors relate 'he stories of the great Norse gods Odin, Thor, Freyr and the goddesses Friggs, Hela and Freys. But Athru

atill laughed. "No," he s he said. "What proof have you that there is such a thing as Val-balla? Odin and Thor are but crea-tures of the imagination."

One night he lay in his best think-one about the future. He wondered whether there were gods; invisible people who haunted the great above. As he thought there was a great last of a trumpet. Athrud shuddered and lay still.

"Athrud! Athrud!" called a voice tie went to the window and threw nack the shutter. Ne one was in right. The full moon was arriving at

He slept till morning. Then he the woods and hunted. He killed a deer.

As he was bringing it home on his cowerful shoulders a man came up Athrud threw down the dead beast and then did as much for the man. Holding a knife at the min's throat, he demanded, "Who are you that dare to steel my lawful gain?"

to steal my lawful gain?"
The failen man mattered, "I wish
to place it on Olin's altart"
"Then so much for you!" cried Athrud and he killed his adversary.

Said he to the dying man, "Do you still believe in Odin?" A movement of the cyclids indicated the affirma tive. "Where will you go when you are dead?" asked Athrod, standing pensively over his now nearly dead (on. No answer. The limbs stiffened and the blood flowed more slowly.

Athrud drew his long sword and began to whiri it over the body. "Now shall kill your soul, if you have no, on its upward flight!" he said, in the same tone he would have used to a neighbor in talking of the weather or the hunt.

After a while he ceased, for the man was dead. As he sheathed his sword there was a whir overheard. But on looking up he could see nothing. Placing the knife in its case, he

"Athrud! Athrud!" called the voice, as on the previous night. His knees shook; no one was in sight. Reaching his house, he skinned his prey and cooked a piece for dinner. That night as he lay in bed he felt

his house shake and there was a low growl as of distant thunder. Then growl as of distant thunder. Then followed a jarring of the earth, such as made by a heavy blow. "The Hammer of Thor!" he ejaculated. He was alone in his house, as was his unvarying rule. For the first time in his life he was afraid of the darkness. If he had had a lighted ham by his health he would not

lamp by his bedside, he would not have taken fright so quickly. But the darkness was awful. There was a clattering of hoofs beneath his window and a creaking of wheels. He ushed to the window; threw back the shutter; put out his head.

Two black goats stood below. ittered a cry: "The steeds of Thor!" Immediately the goats started off a voice in the distance cried "Athrud!" ind the creaking recommenced, while

The next night he built a fire in his room and kept it burning bright-

It was nigh midnight when Athrud was startled by the blast of a trumpet. He went to the window and looked at the heavens. There was a faint ight in the sky that grew brighter Never try to fee a cake hot and Jark mass in that light which grew

Suddenly there was a second blast of the trumpet and a brass chariot dashed down from the sky, drawn by two black goats. The brass shed a bright light over all. Athrud watched with quaking heart and shaking

The chariot passed the window, the goats pawing the air and doubling their necks in their efforts to gallop aster. The figure in the char the reins in one hand and in the other he brandished a powerful ham-

it was Thor! After him came twenty Valkyries on winged steeds. They were clad in silver armor and bore javelins and swords. Like a whirlwind they swept

Then came the grand car of Odin! All gold was it and set with jewels. The eagle perched on the shoulder of the greatest of the gods of the north land. Solemnly went the triumphs car past the window of Athrud the

Then came the long retinue of Odin. The ghostly clank of their armovemote upon the cold night air and sent a chill through the heart of the terrified mortal at the window. The grand host of Odin passed by and asnded to the above.

As the last warrior disappeared "Athrud! Athrud! here came a cry: Dost thou believe?"

"Odin! Thor!" eried the converted man, sinking back, "I believe! I believe? But give me one more proof that thou art indeed a god!" And io, there came a boit from heaven and Attrud was stricken blind! That was the proof of the gods and Athrud believed.

The New Relation. "What do you mean, sir," roused the irate fatism, "by bringing your portmanteau to my house and order-

to me."-Life.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

CHAIR FOR SHAMPOOING.

Against the Washstand. Among the numerous totlet accessories for the well-appointed modern bathroom, one of the newest is the tellet chair. This chair is a plain, solid piece of furnice of a style corresponding to mission, and the feature is that the back is hinged to the seat.

A head rest, consisting of a heavy wire support with a pad in the centre comes with the chair and can be attached to the top of the back. For washing the hair this piece of furni-ture will be found very convenient. It can be placed at a little distance from the washstand and the back caned against the stand at such an



ngie that it affords a comfortable relining position to the person using it. The back of the head rests on the ad at the top and when the bair is rashed the dirty water flows down rom the face, instead of over the face, ind does not annoy the subject by get-ing into his or her eyes. The annoyng sensation of trying to breathe without inhaling soapy water is eliminated.

***************** Menu for Sunday. BREAKFAST. Peaches and cream, fishballs,

rameal dodgers, toast, tea and LUNCHEON. Ham omelet, brown bread (steamed), salad of whole to-

matoes stuffed with minced cel-ery and cold peas or beans dressed with mayonnaise, thin bread and bester, junket, cup cake, tea. DINNER

Vegetable soup, pot roast of beef (from fireless cooker), fried carrots, browned sweet po-tatoes, ice cream, light cake,

About the Children.

It is a good idea to keep a little eight years old. There will be re eight years old. There will be nienty of time after that for it to grow thick and long with proper care, and while she is still a little girl, if her hair itself is very apt to be ragged and thin. If she has curly hair, it is a great temptation to let her ring lets grow as long as they will, but even curly hair may be improved by being clipped once in a while and kept to about shoulders' length.

A great many mothers write for ad-vice regarding their little girls' hair, how to make it curl, how to keep it know that a little child's hair turns larker as the child grows older? It s as impossible to retain that baby clint which is like a bit of sunshine, keep the fine softness of nair. As for keeping the onir curly or inducing it to curl, it is onsible to coax it sometimes by contantly fluffing it, twirling it on a amp finger. As for twisting those oft, tender locks up with curi papers, or, dreadful to tell, using an iron on

them, words fail.

Baby hair should never be combed but brushed with a very soft infant's brush. As the hair grows longer and thicker the brushing may be some what more vigorous. Baby hair may be washed every day, an older child's hair once a week, with warm wate and castile soap. A fine tooth com-should not be used on the scalp eithe

of a grown person or a child. It is very irritating to the skin and does more harm than good. more harm than good.

A child's hair should be healthy and if it shows any tendency to be too dry or too olly the health of the child should be looked into at once No tonics should be used on the scal; of a little child. Sweet almond of or olive oil might be gently rubbe-into the roots of the hair occasions ly, but a strong tonic would soon burn out and destroy the tender growth. Dandruff on a child's head nes almost invariably from lack of

Housecleaning Hints.

A great convenience when cleaning nouse is a stick with a notch in the end that will lift picture cords off from hooks without so much stepping up and down.

A Case of Business Oversight.
"Try, did you hear about Moses
Resenthal?" "No," answered his friend, "what's happened to Moses?"
"He's met with a big loss!"
"And what has he lost?"

"He's lost his appendix."
"His appendix is it—well, he never did have no business about him why didn't he keep it in his wife's

What He Said

Miss Carison, her face considerably flushed, jerked out the silds of his desk, placed her notebook and pencils upon it with much suphasis, switched her skirts to the other side of her chair and sat down.

The other occupants of the menographers' room azchanged glancos It was Miss Courad who spoke, aproaching her subject with gracefu

"What makes your face so red, Kit-T" she saked.
"Red!" exploded Miss Carlson. "Well, I guess it is red. I guess your face would be red, too, if you—Oh, it makes me so mad! That little nine

"Goe! What's hurtin you, Kit!" inquired Miss O'Hara. "Has O'Bries been tryin' to get funny again?" "No. Mr. O'Brien is a gentleman, if

he does act foolish sometimes. It was that new guy, Winthrop." The one that wears the necktie that looks like a garter snake?" asked Miss Dusenberry, taking a hand-glass from a drawer in her deak and regarding her reflection therein criti-

cally.

"Yes, that's the one. Well, he certainly is the limit, and then some."

"What's the matter of him?" inquired Miss Jones mildly. "I think he's real cute-lookin."

"Cute-lookin!! With that beard!" exclaimed Miss Hogan, scorn depicted in every feature. "Why, I never see him without I want to say "Bas-a!" Cute-lookin!! He looks like a billy-

Cute-lookin'! He looks like a billy-

"Ob, cut it out, girls, and let Kit tell what he did," commanded Miss O'Hara. "Did no ask you to tell him if he went too fast? That's what the new ones gen'ly do, and like as not they can't dictate more'n fifteen words a minute."

"Naw," replied Miss Carlson, "I wouldn't of have minded that. Wait

wouldn't of have minded that. Walt till I tell you."

She whirled her chair around to get a better command of her audience. "When I went in there," she said, "he was nosin' 'round in a lot of files, so I sai down and put my gum is my mouth and walted for him to took up. After a while he turns round kind of abcontinuouded. When he was thinkin'. absent-minded, like he was thinkin' about what he had for supper last night, and he remarks, 'Good maw-w-nin'!' Just like that—'Good maw-w-nin.''"

"Land!" commented Miss Hogan "It always did make me tired to hear person say 'good mawnin',' instid f 'good mornin',' like other folks."

"After he got started he went along, all right, 'cepin' for sayin' 'lahst' and 'pahst' and all like that, till he come to a place where he says, This matlist's desert food.'
"Well,' thinks I, 'that certainly is

a fierce bunch o' words to put in a "It was a kind of a long letter," continued Miss Carlson, "and when he got through he says, with a smile I

guess he thought would tickle me to pleces: 'Will you please read that?'
"'All right,' I says, and I started in and I read along till I come to the pince where he said that about the oculist's desert food. "When I come to that he kind of

sat up and leaned over, and he says, Will you please repeat that labst entencel "I read it back real slow and plain: This matter seems to have fallen into

n oculist's desert food.'
"Well, that champ gave a yell that liked to knocked me out my chair, and then he laughed like he's goin' to

kill himself. "I stood it for about a minute, and then I says, just as sarcastic, 'Excuse how to make it cart, now to keep the light, etc. I feel always a certain sur-orise at the second question, that is coming from a mother. Is there any conger." Then I picked up my pencils and my book and started out of the me, but, not bein' able to see the joke, I guess you won't need me any You bet I was sore.

"He kind of straightened out his face then and he says: 'Wait a minute, please. I ain't through yet."
"I was too mad to sit down and I just stood there like a wooden Indian,

waitin' to see what he's goin' to say.
"'I beg your pardon,' he says, kind
of chokin' to himself, 'but the last
sentence tan't just what I said. I said Innockuous deswetood-la-a-o-o-u-o-u-s "Now, what do you know about

"Well, I wrote down the forl stuff just like he spelled it, and then I looked him in the eye and I says: 'Maybe that's what you thought you was sayin', but I heard what you did say just as plain as day, and it's just like I wrote it and just like I read it
an ocalist's desort food—and, land
knows, it's bad enough either way."
"With that I salled out of the room.

I'm just a-goin' to tell her"-referring to the head stenographer, who, it is needless to may, was absent from the room during this recital—"that she needn't send me to him again, for I won't go. I'll turow up my job first. It's an insult to a person's intelligito send 'em to a man like that."

"Well, anyway, you give him what was comin' to him, Kittle," said Miss O'Hars, approvingly. "That's one

"I sh'd say," chorused the others, with the exception of Miss Jones, who was thinking: "Well, it sounded real swell, anyhow."

Miss Carlson pushed down her belt buckle vigorously and turned back to her macaine, and when the bead stenographer entered a moment later an edifying clatter of typewriters

Patrick Henry.

The teacher was conducting an oral examination. She asked one boy who Patrick Henry was. He raplied: "Patrick Henry was a patriot. He loved his country. He worked hard and he studied and then he got married and on the first Sunday after-ward he and his wife went to church and he got up and cried out, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'

Of Interest to Women

Wessan Planning Queer Form— bire. George Cornwellie West, the Former British Society Lander, Will Raise Froge—Forty Acres of Mar-shy Land Laused for the Purpose.

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, form-erly Lady Randolph Churchill and mother of Winston Spencer Churchill is reported to be planning a new shock for British aristocrany. This beautiful, talented American woman, whose amhition and ability made her first husband one of England's fore-most extrement, and who, as a most statemen, and who, as a widow married a man about the age of her son, according to the latest re-port, is preparing to raise builtings on a large scale for the London mar-

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, it is said, has leased 60 acres of marshy land near one of the London suburbs and will inclose it with a fine-meshed wire fence. A large number of builtrogs have been ordered from France with which this place will be stocked. There is no more interesting character in England than Mrs. Cornwal-

lls-West, formerly Miss Jennie Jerome of New York and afterward Lady Ban-



dotph Churchill, While Lord Randoly was alive she was his most devote and helpful aid, and contributed large ly to what success there was in that brilliant, though impulsive states-man's career. Then she was a public

man's career. Then she was a public personage and a great social figure. Now Mrs. West is leading the life of a recluse at Salisbury hall, St. Albana, where she is writing her remislacences, which will doubtless form one of the most delightful books of the time. The house is both historic and beautiful, and it is splendidly furnished.

Mrs. West's four sons frequently visit her, and they and her young husband and herself make the joilies company imaginable.

LIFE IN SUBURBS NO ECONOMY, SHE BAY

Woman Who Has Tried It Bays Viel ing Friends Are to Blame. If you've just married and have to make a thousand dollars do a yeardon't become a suburbanite. That I the serious conclusion to which a anonymous author has come in Go-Housekeeping. Live in the city an save money, is the writer's advice and don't make many "visits.

According to the writer, she and he husband started out the first year a Brooklyn flat, paid \$32 rent for ligh a Brooklyn flat, paid \$33 rent for light and beat, had all they wanted to ea for \$22, hired a woman to clean urons day a week at \$5 a month, spen \$5 in transportation and \$4.83 for fuel bought all necessary brooms, scap stc., for a final \$2, and added up each month's expenses into a

\$71.83. Then they boarded for an unfor Then they boarded for an unfor-tunate Summer up in Central Park district at \$20 a week and decided that a whole house in the suburbs was the only way they would ever manage

to put away a cent.
The author says she and her his band then chose a house in the sub urb of a "suburb" within the limit of Greater New York. They didn't pay any more for the house unheater than they paid for the heated apart meat in Brooklyn, but they found at meat in Brooklyn, but they found at the end of a year's gruelling efforts at economy that it cost them \$94.45 a month to live there against the \$71.83 of the Brooklyn flat. Fuel cost soared up to \$11, service to \$10 and food went from \$22 to \$28. Also the etc. bill grew from \$2 to \$4.

But visiting friends were the worst expense. The author says each of these ate up enough to add a fourth more to the average food bill, and she is sure that with a small flat she could decently turn many of these visitors away. Her final injunction to all housewives is never to order anything down the dumbwelter. Do it yourself and don't patronise any store just be cause it's near.

er in removing stains that all alkali stains can be removed by a weak solution of citric soid, while soid stains can be removed with am-



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"Are you ready to pay something

"It's clear to me you have not made the least effort to par."

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"No. I hadn't seem my hotel-bill ret."

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own business?" "Yes, your bonor. He caught me suddenly by the cost collar and threat-

were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind?" "None whatever, sir."

"Alast Excellency, I have nothing nothing at all."

"Ah, signor! Twenty times, at ieast, I have hidden at the side of the road with my gun, but not a living soul passed."