### The Intercepted Letter

With a tired sigh Barbars lay down her pen and walked to the window. The early morning sunlight shone upon a face that was pale and distrait, with eyes heavy-lidded from lack of aleap. For a moment she pressed her forehead against the winov pairs, grateful for the coolness it levied. Then nervouslly she re-uel her steps to the desk and pick-up the letter she had written. It as short and formal, its formality

contrasted by the straight, primitions of the handwriting.
"Dear Mr. Lehan—After grave reflection I have concluded that it will
be better for us both if you forget that tast night I consented to become your wife. I have no explanation to offer. If you choose you may simply look upon this conclusion as one of my vagaries. As you know, I do not love you, and despite your conviction to the contrary we would not be happy together with the conditions as they are. I am sure of this. You will not call here again, of course. Believe me, regretfully yours, "BARBARA DENNIS."

With trembling fingers she ad-dressed and sealed it. She hated her-self for her vacillation, for her cowardice, for her selfabness toward the mother and sister for whose sake she had promised to marry Frank Lehan. "But, oh!" she half groaned, "I never could do it! It would mean a life's misery for the two of us, just as much for him as for me, since I could not bring myself to return his affection. I'm sure mother would rather remain poor than enjoy wealth at the expense

of my unhappiness."

She started to leave the room, her intention being to drop it into a letter box at the corner of the street.

At the door she paused, hastly wiping the lears from her eyes for she have that footsteps in the hallway. In anthe room, her face aglow, in her eyes the light of a great joy. Oh. Babbiel" she exclaimed,

br athlessly. "Mother's told me! Isn't it glorious? To think that we're color to be rich at last. Or-that isyou'll be rich and I suppose." She feel a great deal more sociably is a fied roguishly, so taken up with clined than two or three bours earlier happiness that she failed to

or mother before, because I knew more could"—she hesitated—"burt you ent."

harbara submitted passively as her gis er led her to a big chair, into which she pushed her so unceremoni-ously that the sad face lighted up for s moment with a smile of amusement.

"Now," began the younger girl, seating herself on the floor at Bar-

bara's feet. "Since you and Frank will have lots and lots of money to spare, I'm going to beg for some of it. Of course," she added hastily, "I'm going to pay you back some day."
There was now no gayety in the eyes raised to Barbara's instead, they were very grave. "Bub." she went on, slowly, "ever since I entered high school, three years ago, my greatest wish has been to go to college." Bar-bars started slightly, but her sister did not notice. "I've lain awake night after night, trying to think of come way to do it, but there didn't come way to do it, but there didn't come to be any. I knew if I told moth-er how much I wished to go, she would manage somehow to send me, but I couldn't tell her, knowing how hard it is for her to get along. But now, it's different." She suddenly laughted alond, and spread out her fingers ecstatically. "Oh, how different! And you, dear old precious, have made my dream come true. Besides which, will be married, so that we'll both

Barbara gazed tenderly at the pretty face pressed against her knee, its smoothness unbroken by any line deplant the first furrow there? Shivering slightly, she reached out her hand and stroked her sister's bright hair. "It will be nice—for you, dear," she said, huskily. "You had better go now, or you'll be late for school."

The girl jumped up—then for the first time noticed the letter which Barbara still held. Glimpsing the name and address on it, she smiled mis-chievously. "What, sirendy? I will

mail it for you, Bab, on my way out."
"Never mind, dear. It's of no importance, and he's—not waiting for it. I'll mail it myself, later-perhaps."-

Judgment. When the dread day comes, with dissolving heat, and we all line up at the judgment seat, to hear what the Judge decrees—the quick from their allt of their drawing rooms, the dead from the dust of their ancient tombs. and those washed up by the seas-I think that many now smiling here, who think their titles are written clear, will find that there was a flaw, and some who wander in sink or slum will enter into kingdom come, that hypocrite never saw. For the Judge, he readeth the hearts of men, and the things writ there by life's iron pen, are strongest of syldence, and of no avail are the lip-made lies of those who would sneak into paradise through a hole in the southeast fence. -Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

To Blacken the Lashes.

The Chinese eyelash stain will blacken your eyelashes, and if you apply it carefully with a tiny brush your Hds will not become black. Here is

Gum arable ...... 1 dram. Indian ink ...... 1-2 dram. Rosswater ...... 4 ounces. Powder the lak and sum and tritu rate small quantities of the powder with the rosewater until you get a uniform black liquid in a powder, and then add the remainder of the rose-

Be careful that the mixture does not

## Of Interest to Women

English Wedding Receptions to Go-Their Place to Be Taken by a Party the Day Before the Ceremony-Presents Displayed at Time Party is Held.

It seems quite possible that the ception after a religious ceremony one of the fashionable churches will time cense to figure as a social for ion in England. It is becoming creasingly the fashion for the br mother to have an atternoon or eveling party on the day before the we ding, at which the presents are opinyed in all their glory and then the wedding day Itself to restrict tations to the house after the series immediate friends and relatives on

This has been the plan adopted several recent London weddings. F what one hears it may be very in erally imitated, so that in time to once indispensable wedding rec tion may become as obvolete as the wedding breakfast of the Victorian era, when all marriage reremontes it church were bound by law to be con-cluded before noon.

"I do not think any of us would re-gret very deeply the disappearance of the aforesaid wedding reception," and a writer in the Gentlewoman. "Three o'clock in the afternoon is not as hour at which any one is feeling much inclined for a party, no one ever kne a what to do, moreover, for the hour is toe early for ten, too late for innohern while the only refuge for the desilian -looking at and appraising the wol-ding presents—is generally render-nugatory by the fact that every on

generally stayed about five minute and then fled precipitately; wherea under the new arrangement of a part the day before any hostess is at liber ty to choose her own hour for show ing off her daughter's presents, so. as this would probably be either a tea time or after dinner we should al "All things considered therefore n tice Barbara's unresponsiveness.

Come over here and sit in this chirt near the window, Bab. There's so ething I'm bursting to tell you, ething I've never mentioned to or mother before, because I knew more decidedly than they are at pres

ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER.

Simple Apparatus for Drying Wom

en's Hair After Shampooing. How often some lady has made the emark: "I would like a good shom oo at home before going to the the stre, but cannot, because my hair is o abundant that it takes forever to

An electric hair dryer that seems to meet this want has been recently perfected by a New York man, and



noting that sorrow had ever entered by its use the exhibarating effects of a good shampoo can be enjoyed in the privacy of the home. This hair dryer is made of aluminum, being very light in weight and readily held in one hand. Power is obtained for operation from the ordinary incandescent electric light socket. By an ingenious arrangement either cold or warm air can be obtained. The air is obtained from a little electric fan which re-volves inside the dryer. To obtain the warm air current the heat is generated by having the current flo through a resistance coll.

More Pay for Working Women.

Mrs. McCulloga emphasizes the point that equally desirable with the ballot is equal pay for women who are doing the same work as men, but who in all cases get far smaller salaries. 'Men are still grabbling all the fat-salaried johs," she says, "but we womon must advance the economic conditions of our sen." She also assert that it is time women got a few of the well-puid political jobs which oftti ... She insists there are many women who are able lawyers, but they never are appointed assistant district attor nevs nor are others equally commetent with men made heads of try departments. Nevertheless she assured her audience that the ballot for women is only will raise the moral and scone condition of their sex, but that of the for an immoral or a graft bill" were her closing words.

Richter: The only medicine which does women more good than harm is dress

Learned it By Ear.
The dear little girl arcse, bowed and sected it in this manner:

"Lettace Denby up N. Dewing, Widow Hartford N. E. Pate; Still H. E. Ving, still per See Wing, Learn to label Aunty Walte."

Then, with tumultuous applause of the audience ringing in her cars, she sat down in happy confusion.-Chica go Tribune.

. ACCOUNT.

# The Masterpiece

Margery leaned heavily against the montel, then alowly turned to meet Courtney's gare. The barrier which had been steadily rising out of the past seemed suddenly to loom her vision with a new, more acute import.
"I can't marry you," she said in a low, stifled tone. "I must not."

Couriney smiled with a slow, steady assurance. "Yet, Margery, you love me?" he insisted gently. Her eyes flashed for a moment into a full-hemsitished frill along the low a radient glow, but darkened as she ar edge. Two very large pockets are

disloyal—to him."

Courtney glanced at her with a courtney granced at her with a swift, naxious scrutiny, then smiled. "The past, Margery? What could my little girl have done with a past?" She choked back a sob and his face became instantly grave. "Teil me, Margery," he antreated. "It can make no difference, but tell me."

She resurred her place near the

She resumed her place near the mantel and bent forward until ber head rested against the marble. "My father was a strange, morbid man, she began. "He spent many hours be fore the paintings of old masters and dreamed their dreams snew, but are became such a sacred thing to blin that he would not allow binnelf to cre that he would not allow himself to cre-ate until he had elimied it for 20 years. He blended wonderful masses of color, drew man bloom here, but to erase them. At teny h, when he permitted his visions to zoar, he worked for many days and nights with a feverish cost upon a picture which I have never seen. He dared not trust bimself to judge it, fearing that he might see through the rose glow of his dreams, so he carried the unvas to a friend, a famous artist fo taly, entreating him to form his Judgneut only in a moment of leisure. He runted this man so entirely that with an emotional impulsiveness he begged an emotional impulsiveness he begged him to destroy the picture if he found it worthless. He did not hear from it ugain. The artist soon left Italy and we text all trace of him. He broaded and snowmed as one who grieves for a fead child. He believed his pic-ture to be worthless and that its urtist, elseving his wish, had destroyed to the fluing his browless into the implified and broke. "There remained sublance of the father whom we have oved, until at last, cruzed are over the shot a man. "She show a thoughty with a sharp protesting up peal. "Could I be your wife?"

Be stood before her, with cleaning

straining fingers, his face white tiful; at length he moved to her a and apohe with maniferable tend-iers. "Yes, Margory yes, little and a rare, wonderful wife."

His words shook her as a terry and she clung to him in a sold rielding, until with a sharp organced her, his eyes filled with how was your father Richard Harme. se demanded.

His hands fell loosely to his succ and he seemed unable to face the ex-lock. He struggled against the termination to withhold the truth from be-

and when he spoke his valce we hoarse and hopeless. "I was the still in Italy, Margant your father brought me his pictu-and I-forgot it. I have not taken i from its wrapper."

She caught her breath sharp's

then shrank from him in a bitter re-coil. "Where is it now?" she downno

His wind flushed back into the call 'In my desk," he responded Gully. "
was called suddenly away from Italy and did not think of it again. no means of knowing that he -he was your father."
They faced each other in an in

tense, breathless ellence. At last har voice came, cold and hard: "Go, and bring it to me!"

She stood for a long time where he had left her, her eyes staring to ward the door with a bright, unnatura glitter. When Couriney at length re-entered the room, she took the pack age from his hand and in silence broke

A warm, marvellous blending of col r finshed before their eyes, and stood gasing upon a picture which held them for the moment spelibound.

Margery's eyes remained fascinated upon the canvas; then suddenly she arned to Courtney with a swift, futile age, "He trusted you with a won-terful thing like that," she fisshed out. nd you could-forget? His very life ung upon your word. You are-you

"Den't my it, Margery; yes, I know dear, but-den't." She met the pleading hopelessness i his eyes and for an instant here we softened; but the memory of a frawn, huggard face arose between them and she shronk back, "I can never see you again," she said, in a and, strained voice; "I never want

He moved unsteadily to the door, has paused and made a movement to-ward her. "Margery!" he pleaded. If it had been worthless you might have forgiven. "But it wasn't," she sobbed; "It snan't. You had broken a wonderful,

a sacred trust. He winced and turned again to the then stood with his head bout had held.-ADELA LOUISE CINBALL.

Personal.

Mighstrate (discharging the princip)— Sow, then I would advise you to sep away from bad company.

Prisoner (feelingly)—Thank you, fr. You won't see me here again

Turned 'Em Out. "The motto of our party is "Turn he rancals out!"
"Well, I guess your party has turn-(4 out more rescals than any other,"

#### Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

FOR WEAR AT HOUSEWORK.

Practical Design for Apron at Once Protective and Useful-Two Large Pockets.

Our alcotch shows a very practice design for a useful work-apron to be used in strong lines or holland, with a radiant glow, but darkened as she read. It we way surple potential it turned and paced the room, her hands knotted tightly in front of her.

"I had not intended to speak of the past," she began brokenly. "It seemed



an hold scissors and thimble, tapes wools, or embroviery sliks, as the case may be. When not netually be ing worm an apron of this kind can be olded up just as it is, with the work and materials in the various pockets and put away in a drawer until the time comes for it to be used again and, in that came, the pockets may easily be made to button, so that nothing will fall out

How College Girls Earn Money.

Varied are the ways in which girls ollege earn money in vacation time Undergraduate life is not a continuous round of honbons, flowers and mati-nees to many students in the big colby sheer determination. The summe affords the greatest opportunity, as the three months of work usually are sufficient to pay for the nine mouths' schooling. Wellesley has an unusual percentage of students paying their own way through college, and informa-tion gathered about the employments gives an idea of the adaptability of the collegians. Last summer a various cities; seven others in bur ners schools; five sold books; in served as hotel wniters; six ware unetlors" in girls' camps; seven did library work; seven others en-saged in fresh sir work; two worked for anti-tuberculosis crusaders; o e ou a floating hospital, and one on a farm in charge of children

Friend of the Children. Mrs. Frederic Schoff, who was one of the principal speakers at the symboard of managers to the national



ongress of mothers, Atlantic City, N J., has been national president of the ongress since 1902.

lovements relating to the welfare o children, was first president of the Pennsylvania congress of mothers in 1899 and organized the movement that spile court and probation system ! Pennsylvania. Mrs. Schoff was been at Upper Darby, Pa., and is a mem-ber of the Society of Mayflowar bescendants and the D. A. R.

Don'to for Kalamazoo Coleda Flirintion, even of the mildest, frowned on by the faculty of the Mich gan State Normal College in Kalem Following several conferences of the familiy a set of vales governing the carning a set of raise governing the conduct of the pung women students in and out of school have been promultated. A few which the girls are expected to observe are: "Don't let a young man kins you or place hi trm about your walst until you are formally engaged. Don't have any hing to do with a wild young man 'enve his referm to older person Don't let a young man loonge when he calls on you; make him sit u straight. Dun't so to a botel or cal with a young man for supper after th heatre; if he insists on buying re reshments go to a confestione freshments go to a confestionestill bungry he can buy a meal afte he leaves you at your bome."

Keeping Cupid on the Job That widow is a good manager

Manager? I should may so. that house of hera practically fixt like new for nothing." "Flow did she manage it?"

"She was opened to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber.

# For Weezy

It was merely a deserted bungalow, to its owner, to whom belonged acres of the forest beyond, but its modern style cast the humble dwellings of

Edgeville rather in the shade. Weezy called it a darling duck of a house, but then, the White House Itself wouldn't have awed Weezy, She had what Sanderson Miller called "a superior mind." She always ran up onto the tiny veranda and peered esceriy into its fascinating interior eagery into its fascinating interior every time they passed it in their walks. Sandy wanted her to love it. He had cherished ideas regarding that house, and Weexy, and there was nearly enough money in the bank for its purchase. Everybody but Weezy sus-pected this. Meanwhile she accepted his devotion contentedly. Sandy had always looked out for her ever since as a foriorn orphan, calling berself Edelweise Webber, she had drift 3 into Edgeville, and he had procured her a home, "helping" Mrs. Potter, wife of the lumber boas. Her future was a foregone conclusion and in Edgeville, where no social strata exsor e older, but then she was "way beyond her years." Weezy, too, sup-posed she would marry him some day. One morning the Edgeville News

be presented, entirely free, besides wree, to the wincer of a novel con-test which the owner had devised for he rapid clearing of a section of for-as: he wished to utilize. Sandy shouldered his axe with a set

of his jaw that meant he'd just got to win for Weezy, and during the following summer he saw less and less of his little friend. For every tree felled a ticket was given, and among the rostestants none knew who was

Now, Weezy knew nothing of all risunderstand his sudden devotion to ork and an unrealized neglect of or, so absorbed was he in happy line, and so confident of success. The d sundown usually found him too d tired to enjoy anything but bed. "I can't interest him enough to keep

awake when he calls," thought for Weery; "he's tired of me." Ho when Kenneth McLane, a newmer to camp, fell into the habit of laying shadow to lonesome Weezy, in failed to meet the rebuffs that had not other ambitious swains at odd itr es

So it came about that Ken, who enchow had not been told about San decided that he, too, must earn at bungalow, and having already en-'ered the content for employment, row worked harder than ever, except when Weezy had a minute "off" when Ken seeds must have one, too, tree record

And somehow no one put Sandy

One day the "ticket man," who One day the "Hoket man," who lied Sandy, whispered in his ear, outrary to orders, that Sandy was way abead." "Feel kinder sorry for soung McLane," he said. "He's set is heart on the house. Ain't got a cont, and just mot the right little maid, too."

Sandy's kind heart swelled in symnihy for this boy with hopes so like is own. He thought the matter over nd over with always the same an-wer. He, Sandy, had most money wough to build another. This lad wh't a decent suit to his back. But it had been for Weezy he had eled with aching limbs, skipping ech hours and sacrificing precious mites when he might have been

ith her, all that he might one day r little house and say, "It's yours, 'eery," Not for this stranger. But way down in his heart Sandy alt that while his record would give in the legal right, circumstances ave Ken the moral right, so seldom

To see his way clear with Sandy can to not. Finally placing his hard arried tickets in a cigar box, he set of for the section where Ken was teres of the from out a great beech's

"ere there?" be said graftly Heard you were keen on the house loing to build on higher ground my

Ken, scarcely crediting his tack rung Sandy's hand, and later, drop ing his axe, hurrled to Weezy, to my to her what he had been waiting

or weeks to say, and to tell her all beir kind benefactor And when Sandy called later to tell er his story, feeling sure of her lov ng approval, he was met by a final-of ittle whirlwind of gratitude. "So he new about her and Ken, and had elped Ken to win the house for them. ind ever a girl such a kind friend! and she had imagined that Sandy

And Sandy, with a heart like a tone, langhed with her and wishes Yes, just jolly good friends and he wanted her to be happy. "Happy! With Ken and that dar-ing house!" she had exclaimed.

but they had been just friends, hadn'

As Sandy passed the bungalow on his way home, he stopped with his back and gazed long and wistfully at it. He and indeed tried to love his neighbor us himself, only to see his own hap-dness ended like the bursting of a But one thought came to com ort his core heart.

It would be Weezy's anyway. She yould be happy. And it had all been or Weezy after all.—JANET BRIGGS. Answered

The Post-is there a literary club in this vicinity? The Editor (reaching behind the sk)—There is. Are you literary?— Cleveland Leader.

There is something tremendously human about the sun. At morning and evening, when it looks biggest and Water Street. the most imposing, it gives off the least heat.

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ELEVEN LONESOME SHIPS. England Has 1,600 Vessels in Forsion

Trade in Our One. To-day there are only eleven ves-sels engaged in fore'gn trade that fly the American flag, says the North American Review. The American Line, between New York and South ampton, has the St. Paul, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York, the last two being British built. The Great Northern Steamship Company, opeing between Seattle and the Orient, has the Minnesota. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has the China Korea Siberia Manchuria and Mon-golia. The International Mercantile Marine Company (Boston and Antwerp) has the Samland.

These eleven vessels have a total tomnage of 1180,1166 tons. England has 11,517 vessels with a tonnage of 18.320,668 and Germany has 2,094 with a total of 4,310,562 tons.

To Develop the Bust.

Lanoline 1 ounce.
Cocoa butter 1 ounce.
Sweet simond oil 1 ounce.
Put in small bowl set in hot water
mill maited. Heat together and cuol. Each night, after laying hot cloths on bust, rub it in by massaging gently and thoroughly in a circular direction

Deep breathing exercises will do

for fifteen minutes. velop the bust and broaden the chust.