Witness (appealing to the judge) -Am I obliged to answer this? The Judge—You are.
The Witness—My name is Todgers.
"First name?"

"I decline to answer."
"On what ground?" "It would be construed into a reflec-tion on the good taste of my parents." Where were you born!

'I decline to answer.' Because all my information on the aubject is of the bearsay character."
"But you were there at the time?"
"I decline to admit it."

What is your age? "Before answering I desire to con-suit with my attorneys."

What is your estensible business? "I do not remember."
"Are you in any way connected with

the Ramrod Trust?" "I do not remember."
"What is its capitalization?" "I de not remember."
"What is your salary?"

"I do not remember."
"Are you married?"
"I do not remember." The Judge-The hearing will now be adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning. And I want to congratu late the opposing counsel on the marked progress they have made in

HAS NUMEROUS SUBJECTS.



Census Taker-Are you subject to any sovereign or potentate?
Muldoon-No, sorr; Ol'm subject to nothin' but malaria!

Cool and Correct.

Professor Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, desired to point out to a young sonneteer the difference between the words "astanish" and "surprise."
"Noah Webster," Professor Herrick

sald, "was once caught by his wife in the act of pressing the hand of the The cook, blushing like a rose, fied

at once to her kitchen. Mrs. Webster said in a sad, tremulous voice:

"Why, Noah, I am surprised."
"But the philologist looked from over his glasses at his wife and an-

awared reprovingly:
"'Madam, you have not studied ou

glorious language as you should. It's I who am surprised. You are aston-lahed."

A man who was traveling the Ozark mountains on horseback stopped be-fere a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way. "What's the news?" asked the mountaineer, as he leaned his lank frame against the fonce and pulled his long beard thoughtfully.
On finding that what had become

part of history was news to him, the traveler asked why he did not take some weekly or mouthly periodical, that he might keep in touch with the world at large, "Wal," said the old native, "when

me a stack of newspapers that high indicating a height of about three feet -"and I ain't done readin' of 'em yet."

1920 and tramps were riding on the bumpers of airships. "Boss," said the dusty pilgrim of the clouds, "of yer must trow me off, would yer mind doing me one favor?"
"And what is that?" asked the

aerial brakeman, gruffly. "Why, drop me down on top of dat farmhouse shed where all dom rows of apple ples are cooling."

A Fatal Squint. A woman with a fatal squint came to a fashionable portrait painter. He looked at her and she looked at

him, and both were embarrassed. Won't you permit me," he said, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a cartain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is

From the Dopths. "Now, Johnny," maked the gentle-man, who has kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this fasteach the class, "what does this fas-

"It teaches us," said Johnny, "that you cannot keep a good man down.

"I heard somebody say comething about Bell Smith yesterday." "Oh, fine! What?"

"Nothing bad enough to repeat,

First Boarder-What kind of duck is this, Jim? Canvas back? Second Boarder-Mack duck.

Derivation of Money. The word "money" is derived from noneta," a name given by the Romans to their silver pieces, because coined in a building on the Capitoline Hill attached to the temple of Jupiter Moneta. The officers in charge of the mint were called triumviri montcales, and Niebuhr thinks that they were in troduced at the time when the Romans

His Destined Hour

Along the veranda, like a guity wrotch, John Arden crept. The cur-tain was rulsed a little and through the interatice a pleasant scene revealed their. Yes, they were all there, as he had pictured to his jealous soul many a time in the far away land from whence he had come. Ruth, his wife, their child, his rival,

Dan Weston, and—the buby on his knee. He had known how it would be. Soon as he was torgotten—well— He furned away—the lights included dazzled him, and sight of the harry

group in the cosay little sitting reconsomehow clutched his heart with confirmation of the horrible dread he had

nurtured for years.

It was dark outside—dark and hit-terly cold. A wicked curse just trombled on his tongue, then died, over whelmed by the wave of self-conden nation that swept his soul. Back ist the night he sped, back, back to the dimly lighted streets of the little vi lage that had been his home so jon;

At the door of the village store and postoffice he halted. Not one of the group recognized in the middle aged, bearded, sum-burned man, the alender, youthful fellow, too careless and happy go lucky for his own good "Can you tell me, friends," he called "when I can get a train to

"Not to-night." The reply care from the sturdy storekeeper. "Vi-trains go after 6 o'clock. You'll he to put up for the night."

Curiosity impelled him to step in side. He wanted to know how it had fared with all his old friends since last he saw them. He walked over to the stove and held out his hands to the grateful warmth.

"Stranger in these parts?" The storekeeper eyed the elegance of his attire askunce. "Yes," briefly, "What might your business be?" "Planter—in Hermuda. Here for a

little vacation. I used to be acquaint ed some around here." "What might your name be?"
"John Smith." A funny twinkle in
his eye warned the genial storehee; of the limitations of curiosity and

became instantly a reservoir volubility for the stranger's benefit. "Anyone in particular you remem "Well-just a few. You, for instance, and Squire Mason, and a few others. I say, who lives in that oldfashioned house, brick with grace blinds, just down the street from

"That? Oh, that's the old Walton place. Dan Weston 'n his family hy ing there now. Married one of the Walton girls, you know." The strans.

er smiled ruminatively. Wasn't there a fellow by the

name of Arden who used to han, around there some—if I remember rightly?" "Yes. A shiftless, no good critte-

Tried first one thing and then anothe Never made good at anything. If married one of the Walton girls, was ed the money her father left her, I-wildest schemes, and finally was burn ed up in a theatre, out West some

"Indeed!" The stranger smiled : little. "Good way to dispose of a bu-penny. And his widow," with care-less interest, "she married again

"Oh, no." The storekeeper chewoa prune reflectively. "That's the fer ny part of it. Much as he robbed he of shiftless and wasteful as he was she never lost faith in him thought he was perfect, and she mourns him yet. She lives ov there," jerking a sticky thumb bac ward, "with her stater and Din Wes-ton, in the old place. Oh, no, she didn't marry. I say, stranger!"

But John Arden was half way down the street on his way to tell her, who had been faithful, that he still lived that he had dropped out of night, after the great fire, because the sight of hi name in the list of missing had in apired him with an easy solution o the difficulties into which he had in volved the girl who loved him

through mismanagement and ill luch Then, too, he had been Jealous-Jea ous of Dan Weston, his more pros-ous rival, and he had meant to dead to her, to allow her to be happy where she loved. Now all that wo changed. He was hurrying down th narrow little street just to tell he how he had succeeded in the far awa country—that it was all here, that he faithfulness should be rewarded by the devotion of the remainder of his

On the veranda he paused. Throng: the interstice of the raised curtain i regarded the little group throng changed eyes. Then, "God bless the all," he inurmured, as he pressed the

tiny electric button.

Hurrying feet came down the leta flood of released light enguised bias her eyes met his, and honceforth there was no darkness for him, anywhere in the wide world, only the radiance of her eyes-her smile,-MISS A. L. PRATT

To enable airchip pliots to hole their course the Imperial Observator at Wilhelmshaven has had devised b Dr. Billinger a "duplex compani which is described as a "delicate indi-cator of the horizontal intensity of the earth's magnetism at any point." servations with the simple needle ar difficult, because of the whirling me tions of balloons running before th-wind. The duplex is not affected by these and other motions usual to baltoon ships.

Temptations of Evil.

Leisure misused, an idle hour waiting to be employed, idle hands with no occupation, idle and empty minds with nothing to think of these are the main temptations of evil. Fill up that empty void, employ those vacant hours, occupy those listless hands, and evil will depart because it has no place to enter in, because it is cor quered by good .- Dean Stanley.

ACCOMMODATING NIGHT CLERK.

Up to the night cierk's desk goes Abe Perimutter, a Chicago traveling man. "I wonder," he says, "could you ind me somebod's to play a game of penuchle for an hour or two to-night?" "Why," says the clerk, "I guess so." And he runs his eyes over the reg star.

"Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Getwillig," Before long Mr. Gutwillig is tound and introduced to the penachle-hungry Perimutier, and a game is arranged.

"How did you know I played penuchier" Mr. Gutwillig make the clerk. "Oh—" begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple-piled with wine. He stategers up to the desk and says. "Shay, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm how. In 'f' a scrap!"

I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm how. In 'f' a scrap!" Perimutter, and a game is arranged. "How did you know I played penuchier" Mr. Gutwillig asks the

in' f'r a scrap!"

Thus the clerk, "Boy, page Mr. |
Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."

Topsy Turvey.

The plaintiff had been struck by an automobile, which had hurried on without stopping, but as he managed to catch the number of the car he had the owner summoned to court. The defendant claimed that his car had

"If you were struck and thrown up in the air, as you claim, how could you make out the number before the car got out of sight!" he asked.

"I caught a gilmpse of it just as I came down," answered the plaintiff.
"Fin, ha!" laughed the defendant, turning to the judge. "I see how the mistake was made. The number of my car is 666. This man was standing on his head at the time. The

Asking Too Itech.

The mother of little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to hitch her sled to passing aleighs, feeling that it was a danger-ous practice, it was such a fascinating aport, however, that Mary could not resist it, and one day ber mother saw her go skinning past the house be-hind a farmer's "bob."

When she came in from play she was taken to test, her mother saying soverely, "Mary, haven't I told you that you must not hitch outo bobs? Borldes, you know it is against the

Mary toxed her head. "Oh," she eald, "don't talk to me about the law. It's all I can do to keep the Ten Com-

A Human Choice.

A conscientions Sunday school teacher had been endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the ultimate tri-umph of goodness over beauty. At the close of a story in which she flattered herself that this point had been well established, she turned confidently to a 10-year-old pupil and inquired: "And now, Alice, which would you rather be, beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, after a mo-ment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful-and repent."

WHY, CERTAINLY NOT.



"What's the next train to Squee

"Twelve o'cleck." "Isn't there one before that?" next."

Just a Little Exercise The elevator conductor of a tail of fice building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked:
"Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see."
Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de Teventh floor and every now and agin' Ah mises mah hold and

School of Experience don't know the joys and felicities of a contented, married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm

Singleton-How long have you been

Joynes-Just a month. "So your wife is a suffragette?"

"Why does she want to vote? "I don't think Henrietta really de-sires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger Not the Same.

Mrs. Riverside-Do you like Nazi-Neurich-Well, ma'am, I nover eat any of these new-faugled breakfast

foods, so I can't say. The Real Struggle. "I suppose, now that you are mar-ried and settled down, life is a strug

gle for broad." "Not exactly. It's more of a strug gle with bread."

In the Last Analysis. "Yes, my son."
"What is an ultimate consumer?"

"Oh, the officiante consumer, my boy, is the one that gets the hash." Stranger Did you ever reveal your fishing hole to a friend. Angler-Once I did to a friend on his deathbed.

Pluffy stole : flently along the top of little shanty where the garbage can were kept. Then she crouched do r

and the boards were wet with dow, She raised one little plak paw and

then the other, to stand on three fest and consider the situation. There was the Montgomery's back pard, six houses down the avenue, by dog lived. Yet there were levely, has gry smells from that direction. An only dared venture down the dari areaway and nerces the avenue limit not been out of the garage on the day there would be comething mod to e there. Perhaps even some of the aweet cream in a really cloud same

wanted it. auce, and at last Fight clipped to the ground and proceeded to dine from the things staids and caratakers had thrown away. For Fight was bungry. She had facted for two dry beenough the night before to put the

covers on the cars.
It was not at all no oppetialog feast. and it was not long before Finity had enough and was been on the fence. Through the whole of her dainty dir hating clembres-loving disposit or Finity longed to sit right down that and there and perform her tollet, but that mould not be evic, so she trotted along the fence top to the corner, and then to the buildheed. The last ter-feet were a dash in a freazy of fear, just as a culid will walls slowly through a dark room and then run desperately when near the door. Through the thry ho's Finity app ped, into the little hollow next the

damp earth, where she had made her home for, ch, such a long, weary time! There was one pleasure left in life.

Fluffy could dream of those bappy days as she sat with half-closed eyes and delicately washed her face and combed her fur. It used to be such fun to do this, more like play than a duty; but now Fluffy had to pause every few

minutes to rest.

That was partly because of the little silver collar of which Fluffy was

the silver collar of which Finity was once so proud. On it was engraved "To Finity from Alice." Alice was finity's mistress. It seemed such a long time since everyone had been running around, putting things in horse and trunks, and then Finity had been put out of doors and everyone and running away.

had gone away.

It must be a mistake somehow, Per hope Fluffy was only dreaming, and soon she would wake and find hercelf in Mistress Alice's Iap. But Just then Fluffy did wake, and she was on the damp ground. There were some aw ful rumbles and crashes over he head, and in an agony of fear Fluffy dashed out through the little hole and fore awhy. It was a bright day out side, and some men in a team were putting big black rocks into a long thing, down which they rumbled and clattered into the basement of the

Fluffy didn't stop to watch. With her tail standing up straight and every bit of the soft fluffy for for which she was named, ruffled, she raced down the walk to the avenue. Not sutti she was in the middle of the avenue itself did Fluffy pause, and then it was the boarse bark of an automobile horn that made her crouch down, too para

The brakes ground onto the skies ut it was too late; at last Fluffe ba

found peace.

In another moment the only occupant of the heavy touring car, a clean ent, level-eyed young man, had aprung out and ran back to the pittful little

huddle is the roadway.
"Poor little pussy," he said, and
then when he saw the soft fur and gaunt sides he muttered: "I don't know, though; I guess It's lucky pussy. The old story, a pampered pe through the winter and then its mi-tress gone away to enjoy the summe and leaves the erstwhile pet to starve. Hang it! a girl like that is not fit for

any man's wife." Then he gave an exclamation of surprise as he noticed the little silver other. In another instant the man in the roadway had caught up the broken, pitifully thin little body and read, "To Fluffy from Alice." "Fluffy! Alice!" he gasped. "Alice

like that!" n his face hardened. "Well, I'm giad I know in time," he said and with a sudden impulse tenderly laid the lit-tle body on the cushioned seat in the tonneau and covered it gently with

the dust robe "Fluffy shall be properly buried anyway," he said as he climbed into his sent and released the brake and threw in the clutch.

But Brot he slowly drew a letter his pocket, tore it up and dropped th pleces in the dust-MABEL READ THOMPSON.

Humorist's Wife-John, it's a swent of you to ask dear mother to visit. Humorist-Yes-you see the fact is Marin, I've about run out of mother in law's lokes, and-

Curing a Cynic.
The best way to cure a cynic is to tell him the truth. Nine times out of ten he will back down and say be doesn't believe things are as bad as that.

"He has succeeded ever since he took his wife into the business."
"Yes; the first thing she did was to make the waste as small as possible

PREPARED.

Witness Was Forehanded and the Lawyer Accepted Defeat.

The propensity of some lawyers to ask witnesses questions not only irre-levant but bordering on the absurd must have been known to a hun fellow called as a witness in a Buffalo court recently. His testimony had been clear and direct—the entire case was simple, in fact, but the lawyer doing the cross-examination began an

"Now, exactly how far were you hitched-remember, you are on your "Nineteen fest seven and three-

quarter inches," the witness respond-ed promptly. You seem very sure of the exact distance," the lawyer sneered. "How do you know you were just that dis-tance from the rost?"
"Well." the witness replied in a

good-natured tone, "knowing that I'd be called as a witness in this case, and thinking it likely some fool lawyer would ask me just that question, I

"Step down!" the lawyer growled.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.



Fond Mother To be quite frank, her heart out Brusque Old Physician-Ha! When will young people learn to eat pro

Church and Stable. The new clergyman in a little outhern town was an elderly and up southern town was an elderly and at-sophisticated man, ignorant of the fact that among his flock were many horse-raisors. At the request of one of his deacons, prayers were offered on three successive Sundays for Lucy Gray. On the fourth Sunday he was told that the prayers might he was told that the prayers might be onli-ted. "She is not dead, I hope," cald the clergyman. "No," was the reply; "she has won."

He Returned It. "And so you have guarreled with your girl, and it is all off?" asked And-

"Yes, she has sent back all my presents. But I got even with her. I had no presents to return, so I cent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd toler about that much home on my cost since I had known her."

Just a Theory. Professor Suppose an irresis bla force encountered an immovable body, what would be the result? Student-I don't know exactly, but I imagine it would be something like

the meeting of two rival Arctic ex-Mrs. Crabshaw—The new girl I the nervous disorders incident there have said she had taken a course in omestic science.
Mrs. Crawford—Is she different

from the other girls you had?

Mrs. Crabchaw—Only in one way:
she wanted five dollars a month more. A Will and A Way.

The law class was studying wills.
"Young gentlemen," said the in-structor, "I will give you one maxim that every lawyer needs, 'Where there's a will there's a way' to break

C. Q. D. Wanted-A young gentleman the point of marrying a lovely girl is most desirous of meeting with a man of experience who will take th responsibility of dissuading him from this dangerous step.

Cause for Surprise.

Mr. Huggins started to kisme last night. alah-And weren't you am prised? Belle-I should say I was. He didn't

A Fair Offer. Cook-And ses I, "I think I'll fin

another job."
Friend—What did the missus an 'Cook—She ses, 'Bedad an' Oi'l give you twenty-five dollars when ye lave if yez don't go!"—Brooklyn Life Valuable Colleteral

Dyer-How long have you had you Rysr—Twenty-five years.

Dyer—Where did you get him?

Rysr—From the Duke de Broke as
scurity for a loan.

He Knew the Facts The Stranger (triumphantly)-Fo es, old son. Shuffling Pete (gloomlly) — All right; take the money. But I'll be shot if that was the hand I dealt you."

A Tast for Eyesight.

An interesting test for eyesight may be had by observing Ursa Major—the Great Bear—on a clear starlit night. Not everyone is aware that Minar, the second star in the constellation, is a double star. To observe this doublet demands good vision. Some starry night look up to the sky and see if you can discern it. If you do see it, you can rest content in the knowledge that your eyesight is not detective.

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Necessity. The hostess-What, do you have to eave at this early hour? The Guest-I'm serry, but it's nec-

The Hostess-And must you take The Guest-Yes, ma'am: I'm surry

say I must.

Sour Grapes.
"To-morrow will be my birthday,"
remarked the typewriter mald, "and I'm going to take a day off."
"Huh!" sneered the bookkeeper,
who had loved and lost. "Why don't

you take five years off as you did the last time you had a birthday?"

He Knew Where He Was Going. The family of a Philadelphia little boy were planning to move to Chicag's. The night before the departure, he said his usual prayer and ended it with

"And now, good by, God-we are going to Chicago to-morrow."