

A MODEL WITNESS.

Showed Such Ability that Even the Judge Extended Congratulations. The Opposing Counsel—What is your name?

HAS NUMEROUS SUBJECTS.



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

Cool and Correct. Professor Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, desired to point out to a young sophomore the difference between the words "astentah" and "surprise."

The cook, blushing like a rose, fled at once to her kitchen. Mrs. Webster said in a sad, tremulous voice: "Why, Noah, I am surprised."

"Madam, you have not studied our glorious language as you should. It's I who am surprised. You are astonished."

Not Caught Up. A man who was traveling the Ozark mountains on horseback stopped before a typical Arkansas farmhouse to inquire the way.

It was in 1920 and tramps were riding on the backs of airships. "Boss," said the dusty pilgrim of the clouds, "of yer most trust me off, would yer mind doing me one favor?"

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.

From the Depths. "Now, Johnny," asked the gentleman, who has kindly consented to teach the class, "what does this fascinating story of Jonah and the whale teach us?"

Gossipy Surprise. "I heard somebody say something about Bell Smith yesterday." "Oh, fine! What?" "Nothing bad enough to repeat, dear."

Derivation of Money. The word "money" is derived from "moneta," 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.

Temptations of Evil. Lelaure 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.

His Destined Hour

Along the veranda, like a guilty wretch, John Arden crept. The curtain was raised a little and through the interstice a pleasant scene revealed itself. 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.

At the door of the village store and postoffice he halted. Not one of the group recognized in the middle-aged, bearded, sun-burned man, the John Arden they had known as a slender, youthful fellow, too careless and happy-go-lucky for his own good.

Curiosity impelled him to step inside. He wanted to know how things 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 askance. "Yes," briefly. "What might your business be?" "Planter—in Bermuda. Here for a little vacation. I used to be acquainted some ground here."

"Well—just a few. You, for instance, and Squire Mason, and a few others. I say, who lives in that old-fashioned house, brick with green blinds, just down the street from here?" "That? Oh, that's the old Walton place. Dan Weston 'n his family bying there now. Married one of the Walton girls, you know. The stranger smiled ruminatively.

"Yes. Wasn't there a fellow by the name of Arden who used to hang around there some—if I remember rightly?" "Yes. A shiftless, no good critter. Tried first one thing and then another. Never made good at anything. He married one of the Walton girls, wasted the money her father left her, in wild schemes, and finally was burned up in a theatre, out West somewhere."

"Indeed!" The stranger smiled a little. "Good way to dispose of a bawny. And his widow, with care less interest, she married again didn't she?" "Oh, no. The storekeeper chewed a prune reflectively. "That's the funny part of it. Much as he robbed her of, shiftless and wasteful as he was she never lost faith in him. She thought he was perfect, and she mourns him yet. She lives on the street, jacking a sticky thumb backward, with her sister and Dan Weston, 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 sight, after the great fire, because the sight of his name in the list of missing had inspired him with an easy solution of the difficulties into which he had involved the girl who loved him through mismanagement and ill luck. Then, too, he had been jealous—jealous of Dan Weston, his more prosperous rival, and he had meant to bleed her, to allow her to be happy where she loved. Now all that was changed. He was hurrying down the narrow little street just to tell her he had succeeded in the far away country—that it was all here, that his faithfulness should be rewarded by the devotion of the remainder of his life to her.

On the veranda he paused. Through the interstice of the raised curtain he regarded the little group through changed eyes. Then, "God bless them all," he murmured, as he pressed the tiny electric button.

Hurrying feet came down the hall, a flood of released light engulfed him, her eyes met his, and henceforth there was no darkness for him, anywhere in the wide world, only the radiance of her eyes—her smile—MISS A. I. PRATT.

To enable alms recipients to hold their course the Imperial Observatory at Wilhelmshaven has had devised by Dr. Billinger a "duplex compass," which is described as a "delicate indicator of the horizontal intensity of the earth's magnetism at any point." Observations with the simple needle are difficult, because of the whirling directions of balloons running before the wind. The duplex is not affected by these and other motions usual to balloons ships.

ACCOMMODATING NIGHT CLERK.

Up to the night clerk's desk goes Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of penicillin for an hour or two tonight?" "Why," says the clerk, "I guess so."

And he signs his eyes over the register. "Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig." Before long Mr. Gutwillig is round and introduced to the penicillin-hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged.

"How did you know I played penicillin?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk. "Oh—" begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple-placed with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says, "Rhy, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm lookin' for 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.

"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 glimpse of it just as I came down," answered the plaintiff, "and the number was 899."

Asking Too Much. The mother of little six-year-old Mary had told her a number of times not to kick her heels in the intimate tri-nukh 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 moment's reflection, "I think I'd rather be beautiful—and repeat."

Just a Little Exercise. The elevator conductor of a tall office 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' and every now and agin' Ah misses mah hold and falls out."

School of Experience. Joyous—I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented, married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of— Singleton—How long have you been married? Joyous—Just a month.

"So your wife is a suffragette?" "Yes," answered Mr. Neckton. "Why does she want to vote?" "I don't think Henrietta really desires to vote. She's merely tired of talking to me. She wants a larger and more intelligent audience."

Not the Same. Mrs. Riverside—Do you like Nastimova? Neurich—Well, ma'am, I never eat any of those new-fangled breakfast foods, so I can't say.

The Real Struggle. "I suppose, now that you are married and settled down, life is a struggle for bread." "Not exactly. It's more of a struggle with bread."

Fluffy

Fluffy stole silently along the top of the board fence until she was over the little shanty where the garbage cans were kept. Then she crept down to the barn, for she was a pig, and she had a good appetite for the garbage.

After a moment Fluffy dropped lightly to the top of the shanty, and then paused caustically. The odor of the garbage cans was overpowering, and the boards were wet with dew.

There was the Montgomery's back yard, at the house down the avenue, that meant passing where that awful dog lived. Yet there were lovely, honey smells from that direction. And Fluffy felt perfectly sure that if she only dared venture down the dark alleyway and across the avenue itself, there would be something good to eat.

It was not at all an appetizing feast, and it was not long before Fluffy had enough and was back on the fence. Through the whole of her dainty, dirt-hating, cleanliness-loving disposition Fluffy longed to sit right down there and eat and perform her toilet, but she dared not be seen, so she trotted along the fence top to the corner, and then to the hulkhead. The last ten feet were a dash in a frazzle of fear, just as a child will scurry slowly through a dark room and then run desperately when near the door.

Through the tiny hole Fluffy slipped, into the little hollow next the damp earth, where she had made her home for, oh, such a long, weary time.

There was one pleasure left in life. Fluffy could dream of those happy 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 once so proud. On it was engraved "To Fluffy from Alice." Alice was Fluffy's mistress. It seemed such a long time since everyone had been running around, putting things in boxes and trunks, and then Fluffy had been put out of doors and everyone had gone away.

It must be a mistake somehow. Perhaps Fluffy was only dreaming, and soon she would wake and find herself in Mistress Alice's lap. But just then Fluffy did wake, and she was on the damp ground. There were some awful rumbles and crashes over her head, and in an agony of fear Fluffy dashed out through the little hole and tore away. It was a bright day outside, 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 house.

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

In another moment the only occupant of the heavy touring car, a clean-cut, level-eyed young man, had sprung out and ran back to the pitiful little huddle in the roadway.

"Poor little pussy," he said, and then when he saw the soft fur and gaudy silver collar, he muttered: "I don't know, though, I guess it's lucky pussy. The old story, a pampered pet through the winter and then its mistress gone away to enjoy the summer and leave 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 collar. In another instant the man in the roadway caught up the broken, pitifully thin little body and read, "To Fluffy from Alice."

"Fluffy! Alice!" he gasped. "Alice like that!" Then his face hardened. "Well, I'm glad I know in time," he said and with a sudden impulse tenderly laid the little body on the cushioned seat in the tonneau and covered it gently with the dead robe.

PREPARED.

Witness Was Forehanded and the Lawyer Accepted Defeat. The propensity of some lawyers to ask witnesses questions not only irrelevant but bordering on the absurd must have been known to a humorous fellow called as a witness in a Buffalo court recently.

"Now, exactly how far were you from the post to which the horse was hitched—remember, you are on your oath!" "Nineteen feet, seven and three-quarter inches," the witness responded promptly.

"You seem very sure of the exact distance," the lawyer sneered. "How do you know you were just that distance from the post?" "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 measured it."

"Step down!" the lawyer growled. A MISUNDERSTANDING. Fond Mother—To be quite frank, doctor, the poor girl has been eating her heart out.

Drumque Old Physician—Ha! When will young people learn to eat prudently? Church and Stable. The new clergyman in a little Southern town was an elderly and unsophisticated man, ignorant of the fact that among his flock were many horse-racers.

He Returned It. "And so you have quarreled with your girl, and it is all off?" asked Anderson of Gray. "Yes, she has sent back all my presents. But I got even with her. I had no presents to return, so I sent her a half dozen boxes of face powder, with a note explaining that I'd taken about that much home on my boat since I had known her."

Just a Theory. Professor—Suppose an irresistible 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 explorers.

Frills. Mrs. Crawshaw—The new girl I have said she had taken a course in domestic science. Mrs. Crawford—Is she different from the other girls you had? Mrs. Crawshaw—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 instructor, "I will give you one maxim that every lawyer needs, wherein there's a will there's a way" to break it."

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

Cause for Surprise. Belle—Mr. Hoggins started to kiss me last night. Benah—And weren't you surprised? Belle—I should say I was. He didn't do it!

A Fair Offer. Cook—And set I, "I think I'll find another job." Friend—What did the missus say? Cook—She sez, "Bodad an' O'll give you twenty-five dollars when ye lave if ye don't go!"—Brooklyn Life

Valuable Collateral. Dyer—How long have you had your butler? Ryer—Twenty-five years. Dyer—Where did you get him? Ryer—From the Duke de Broke as security for a loan.

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