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YOUTHFUL FORTY-NINERS.
 According to One of Them They Were Just a Lot of Boys.
 "It makes me laugh," says an old miner, "to see the sort of pictures that artists draw when they want to illustrate a story of early mining days in California. They make the 'Forty-niners' old men, bearded and wrinkled and dressed like dime novel heroes."
 "Why, we were just boys, most of us, and trousers patched with flour sacks were more common than red asses and fancy buttoned coats. I remember we paid \$20 a pair for heavy cowhide boots to wear in the ground sluices—that was before rubber boots came along."
 "The oldest man I camp here in Weaverville was short of thirty, but we called him 'the old man,' and one of my partners never had any name but 'Empire Mills,' because that was the brand on the flour sack he happened to wear when he was in the mine."
 "We were just a lot of rip-roaring young farmer boys turned loose in a country where we expected to shovel up gold like corn at home. We didn't think it was a white man's country anyway. Every one of us expected to wash out a peck measure of nuggets and go back home. We used to say that the best thing Uncle Sam could do was to dig out all the gold and give the country back to the Mexicans."
 "Some of us had seen lively times getting across the plains. I had walked most of the way myself and dodged Indians and Mormons; the Saints had it in for me and a lot more of the Gentiles and they would have paid us off in lead if they could have got the chance. I got to California in time to be a 'Forty-niner,' and in May of '50 I was camped down below town on Weaver creek with three partners."

Prejudice Against Sleep.
 Why can some men sleep at will, and some "nervous" men, too, while others, sometimes very "heavy" men, with apparently immovable nerves, are tortured by insomnia? Why, too, do some men seem to obtain sufficient rest with five hours' sleep, while others require nine? Do some men "sleep slow," as Mr. Smedley jealously argued in one of his amusing stories, or do they actually require more sleep? The popular prejudice against sleep works an infinity of mischief. There are plenty of sluggards even among the cultivated class, but the sleep sluggard is in that class a very rare specimen. The tendency of the educated is to wakefulness, and the man who does intellectual work and exhibits what his friends think a disposition to overstep is obeying a healthy instinct. Sleep recuperates him, and he knows it.—Family Doctor.

Could not Afford the Extras.
 Those who object, like the negro in the following story, to the high fees of a good physician do not always realize what they are paying for. The doctor in question, says a writer in The Biltz, was called out to attend an unknown patient. When he arrived he found that a decrepit negro wanted his attention.
 "The negro first asked, 'How much yo' charge, doctah?'"
 "Two dollars a visit," said the other, and when the negro gasped his surprise, he continued, "That includes, you must know, my time, experience, advice and the medicine."
 "A poor old nigger like me don't need all dem extras," remarked his patient. "Jist gib me ten cents' worth o' yo' cough med'cine, and dat's enough fo' me."

Electric Traction in Sweden.
 The Swedish government has begun the electrification of the system of railroads controlled by it. A regular service of electric trains is first to be established between Stockholm and Jarfa. The trains will be lighted and heated as well as driven by electricity, but compressed air will be employed for braking. Before extending the electrification to the entire railroad system, the government is seeking a sufficient and reliable supply of motive power from waterfalls. It is believed that this will be found, and if so it will result in great economy, because coal has to be imported to run the steam-engines now in use in Sweden.

A Subtle Difference.
 "And so," began the growling attorney to the shabby witness, "you live by your wit, do you?"
 "No, sir, by other folks' lack of them," corrected the witness, modestly.

A Plucked Fowl Should Not Be Discolored.
 The flesh should be pink or yellow, according to breed. Stales are bluish, often green, over the crop. The skin tears easily. Scurf, dry feet belong to stales.

Like a Cigar.
 "A play," remarked the theatrical manager, "is like a cigar."
 "What's the answer?" inquired the innocent reporter.
 "If it's good," explained the manager, "everyone wants a box; and if it's bad, no amount of puffing will make it draw."
 "Where's your mistress's maid?"
 "Upstairs, sir, arranging Madame's hair."
 "And Madame? Is she with her?"

CAME OUT ON THE OTHER SIDE.
 Declaration That Put a Sudden End to Traveler's Yarns.
 One of the occupants of a railway carriage was a gentleman who gabbled the time by telling some rather "tall yarns" of his experience abroad. A solemn looking individual, with a camera and a tripod, sat in a corner seat and listened without a shadow of a smile. The traveler, having concluded an interesting story, said London Punch began again: "I never see a camera but it reminds me of a sad occurrence that befell a friend of mine while we were traveling in Italy. He was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and when we climbed Vesuvius nothing would satisfy him but a near view of the crater. He wanted to go to the very edge. The guides told him of the danger. It was the last seen of my poor friend! Sad, wasn't it, sir?" he added, turning to the solemn man. The latter shook his head. "Do you doubt my word?" said the traveler. "No," returned the solemn man, "I don't doubt your word, but I fancy your memory is failing."
 "How so?" "Because," said the solemn man, slowly and gravely, "because I am the man! And yet you don't remember me! I came out again on the other side of the globe—but I got my view!" There was dead silence for a few minutes afterward, and the traveler got off at the next station.

Arbitrated.
 Conversation among travelers is frequently absurdly trivial. After several days together, as on shipboard, very one is idle, and talks about the out unimportant matters with the greatest interest. R. H. Milligan, in a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa," recounts with what complacency the conclusion was reached that the thirteen colonies should never have rebelled, and that the blame was all on the side of England.
 One man, moreover, disclosed the fact that he always wore safety pins instead of buttons. He was so proud of his preference for such enthusiasm that he made at least one convert.
 One night we put in practice the principle of arbitration, of which we were all adepts. An argument had arisen among us as to which was the more simple of the two currency systems, dollars and cents, or pounds shillings and pence. At last, the captain arriving, we decided to refer the matter to him, and to surrender our judgment to his arbitration.
 The captain, an Englishman of the very staid sort, after a period of reflection, replied very slowly, and with all the gravity of a judge:
 "Pounds, shillings and pence is the simpler system; for, don't you know that when you are told the price of a thing in dollars and cents you always have to convert it into pounds shillings and pence."
 There was a little objection to this theory, but in general it was perfectly satisfactory so long as the voyage lasted.

The Value of Dead Leaves.
 According to tests recently made in France, dead leaves possess a higher value as fertilizers for the land than ordinary manure. They are extensively used by the market-gardeners about the city of Nantes. Pear leaves rank the highest in nitrogenous content, oak leaves come next, and the leaves of vines stand lowest in value. Experiments have shown that 44 pounds of pear leaves, 60 pounds of poplar leaves, 81 pounds of peach leaves, 82 pounds of elm leaves and 83 pounds of locust leaves are respectively equivalent in nitrogenous content to 100 pounds of ordinary manure. Vine leaves alone are less valuable than manure.

Lost in the Telephone.
 Mr. Henry Abraham has calculated the maximum effectiveness of the telephone for a sound of given pitch and a current of dissipated intensity. The result shows that there is great room for improvement in this respect. Notwithstanding the apparent extreme sensitiveness of the best telephones, they are, after all, surprisingly ineffective, since they transmit to the ear in the form of sound-waves less than a thousandth part of the energy received from the line.

Crab Shells as Barometers.
 A curious barometer is said to be used by the remnant of the Araucanians in the province of Chile. It consists of the cast-off shell of a crab. The dead shell is white in fair, dry weather, but the approach of a moist atmosphere is indicated by the appearance of small red spots. As the moisture in the air increases the shell becomes entirely red, and remains so throughout the rainy season.

Camels for America.
 Plans are being made to import a herd of camels for use in the mining regions of Nevada, and the Death Valley region of California. They will be used to transport the ore through the desert region to the smelting mills. It is believed the camels will thrive in the region and their usefulness to the mining people will be best understood when it is considered the average camel will shamble off at a forty-mile a day, eat 60 pounds on his hump, eat sage bush for his supper, and go without a drink for seventeen days.

The Jamaica Firefly.
 The Jamaica firefly, a species over an inch in length, emits a very brilliant light, which comes from the sides of the head and beneath the thorax. The light is a fluctuating one and not the steady glow of the glowworm. A very remarkable fact is that this fluctuating or pulsating light may continue after the death of the animal. If we suppose that the light of the living insect is due to oxygen supplied under its control to the luminous matter we may conclude that after death the oxygen of the air might obtain access to it and produce a life effect. It is difficult, however, to account for the pulsations in the light of the dead firefly.

THE OLD SPORT SPEAKS.
 Zack Gabbie Tells How He Had His Fling Along With the Rest.
 "Yes, sir, gentlemen, I've had my fling along with the rest of 'em," said old Zack Gabbie to three or four of his cronies assembled in front of the postoffice waiting for Deaneboro's daily mail to be distributed. "I, I ain't allus been the proper an' dignified person I am to-day an' that I reckon I ort to be at my time o' life. I guess it's in the blood o' the young to sort o' sow wild oats, as the sayin' is an' by heck, I've scattered mine around pretty free in my young day. Time was when I never thought nothin' o' goin' to town a Saturday night with a dollar bill an' blowin' it sixty or seventy cents of it fer lem'bade or ginger-pop, an' proceedin' to stand treat for three or four fellows at a time. Used to smoke my two and even three cigars a day, an' many's the time I've covered another fellow's dollar at a horse race, an' it was all the same to me if I lost my dollar. Never thought nothin' o' payin' two dollars for a stable rig to take a girl to the county fair or out for a ride. An' many's the time I've dumped a hull pound o' the best mixed candy at thirty cents a pound into a girl's lap, or blowed in fifty or seventy-five cents for some piece of jewelry or trinket for her, an' if she wanted a dish o' ice-cream all she had to do was to say so, although I never was what you might call wine an' women's crazy, for I was always temperate an' allus meant to be. All the same, boys, I've had my little fling an' sowed my wild oats with a pretty free hand. I got that scar above my left eye in a fight with a fellow that tried to cut me out with a party-as-a-peach girl I took to singin' school one night. Oh, I been considerable of a sport in my day an', by heck, I ain't got over it so fer but what I can stand treat now an' then. What do you say to all steppin' into the drug-store an' havin' sody or sassaparilly or ginger-pop while we are waiting for the mail to open? Come along, the holl' kin' an' b'illin' of you, an' I'll foot the bill. Once a fellow gets the real sportin' fever in his blood it ain't easy to get it out, by heck!"—Puck.

Extracting the Truth.
 The late Senator Caspach, of Tennessee, used to tell a story of a will case where Tom Myers, former Speaker of the Legislature, was an attorney. The question hinged on the sanity or insanity of the testator when he made his will, and Mr. Myers was a notorious evidence as to the unsoundness of the mind of the man who made the will at the time he made it.
 He called a witness who had talked with the dead man a few hours before he died. "Did you hold conversation with the testator a short time before he died?" asked Myers.
 "Yes, sir."
 "Now, tell the jury what he said. Do not make any comments on what you think he meant or what interpretation should be put on the conversation. That will be for the jury to decide. Just tell us what he said. Did he say anything to you?"
 "Oh, yes, sir, he said considerable."
 "Well, tell us one thing? What remark did he make to you on any subject? Do you recall any?"
 "Yes, sir, I recall one remark he made."
 "Ah!" said Myers. "Now we are getting on. What did he say?"
 "Well," replied the witness, "he said he reckoned that Legislature where Tom Myers was Speaker was about the ornierest Legislature he ever did see."
 Jerrold's Will.
 On the first night of the representation of one of Jerrold's pieces a successful adapter from the French called him on his nervousness. "I," said the adapter, "never feel nervous on the first night of my piece." "Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before." He was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment, and questioned him: "I hear you said—was the worst book I ever wrote." "No, I didn't," came the answer; "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote." Of a mistaken philanthropist, Jerrold said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man—he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."—Aronaut.

SAVING THE ANVILS.
 Terrible Threat Made by the Brawny Negro Stevedore.
 A story to be good does not necessarily have to be new. The following story, which was a favorite of the late Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, falls within the rule.
 "A brawny negro," said Senator Carmack, "was once employed as a stevedore on the docks at Memphis to help to unload a cargo of hardware from the steamer Anna P. Silver."
 "The negro was carrying anvils ashore, and so great was his strength that he carried one under each arm."
 "In crossing the narrow gangplank with an anvil under each arm the negro slipped and fell into the water."
 "He came up puffing and blowing. 'Frow down or rope,' he yelled.
 "The men on board laughed at him in derision."
 "'Frow down or rope,' pleaded the negro, treading water vigorously."
 "Getting nothing but jeers, the negro cried excitedly:
 "'Fer de lan's sake, man, frow down or rope or I'll drop one o' dese anvils.'"
 Peanuts from Japan.
 Those Japs! After the Germans, the Japs, getting everything. Yankow are the greatest peanut eaters in the world—they would be, even if there were no disease. In 1907 and 1908 Japan exported 17,000,000 pounds of peanuts and we took nearly all of them.

AWFUL BRUTE.
 "Er—how old did you say you were, Miss Elder?"
 "I said twenty twice."
 "Oh, that's more like it!"

Heard at the Hub.
 "And how old are you, little girl?"
 "Six."
 "And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?"
 "Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise, really, we have very little in common."

In the Mail.
 "When I looked over my mail," said one young author, "there was nothing in it excepting bills or rejected manuscripts." "I know," replied the other; "it's always either something due or nothing doing."
 Using Influence.
 "It seems to be an up-to-date politician."
 "I should say so. Before proposing to Miss Speck he got up a petition with two thousand signatures urging her to accept him."
 He Failed to See It.
 Mr. Closecoupe (during his wife's reception)—Ede gives 'em lights; she gives 'em music; she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving!

"Coked" the Community.
 "I understand the fair was a great success. How much did they take in?"
 "The whole town."
 On the Quiet.
 The Convoasser—In the head of the house in?
 Mr. Weak—Sh! speak low; I'm the head of the house.
 Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
 Where postcards accumulate and letters decay.

An English Trait.
 Mr. Runelman testifies that it used to be a saying among the Turks in Constantinople that, whenever a man was drunk, it was conclusive proof he was an Englishman. That reminds one of the story current in Oxford some years ago that in a certain eastern country the populace would cry "Ox! Ox!" after an inebriated person—the explanation being that as alleged natives had brought the habit home with him as the most visible result of his English university training. There is a phrase of our own which is almost as bad—"as drunk as a lord." Probably that was not intended in reproach of the peerage, but simply expressed the envy of the humbler Englishmen in less sober days than those toward a class who could afford continuing to do what he would if he could.—London Chronicle.

Alcohol and Health.
 There can be no room for doubt concerning the general soundness of the statement that alcohol is no strengthener of the human constitution. In every country statistics show that mortality is much greater among drinkers than among non-drinkers. When alcohol is taken habitually it injures the whole constitution; all life and organs, and especially the heart, suffer sooner or later a pathological change, with which the susceptibility to disease is greatly increased. The bad condition of the food, the weakness of the changed circulation and the nervous energies of the nervous functions all combine to give a bad course to every disease, and a corresponding high mortality. It is a scientific certainty that alcohol and health are not friends, but the bitterest of enemies.
 A Delicate Proposal.
 A Scotchman who had survived three wives and who had a fourth in contemplation decided upon a delicate method of proposing to the latest object of his affections. Accordingly, he took her to walk one afternoon, and before she realized where their feet tended they had arrived at the graveyard, where his last loved one lay buried. Standing before the three tombstones he said:
 "There lies Jennie, there lies Jessie, there lies Maggie, and," he added pointing to the next vacant space and taking her hand tenderly, "how was you like to lie there?"

He Knew the Breed.
 A college student gazed in astonishment while his roommate filled out a letter of expenses to his father.
 "Great C—s—s—s!" he ejaculated as his companion added his signature with a mighty flourish of his pen, "are you going to tax your dad at the rate?"
 "Certainly," was the grim reply. "I've placed the estimate of my expenses at four times the real amount in order to get what I need after tax-cut-down. My father's the town assessor, you know."
 Making Him Useful.
 A lady who kept a little curly poodle, lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed and asked a number of silly questions. Among others:
 "Where did you find my dear darling?"
 "Why, ma'am," said the officer, "I fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

Aluminum Paper.
 The manufacture of paper coated with aluminum as a substitute for tin has begun to assume industrial importance. Within a year the Wiggins process has been successfully applied in France to the metallizing of aluminum, of paper of all thicknesses, from that of cigarette paper up to that of tin sheets from which postal cards are made. Aluminum paper has the advantage over tin-foil that it contains no lead. It is suitable for developing all kinds of confectionery for making paper boxes, and even for wall hangings. When used as wall paper it possesses the admirable quality of being cleanable with a wet cloth or sponge.

Who Was Wanted?
 It is the custom of many business houses to tell each prospective employee very explicitly exactly what is and what is not expected of him before he takes his new place. Sometimes these directions are printed even in advertising for help, as in the following instance, taken from a London newspaper:
 "We will pay—so ran the advertisement—good wages to first-class, live stenographers who will allow our business to come before their sweethearts, theatre and pleasure parties; our hours are from 9 a. m. till 6 p. m., but sometimes we work later; clock-watches are useless to us."
 Derivation of Exodus.
 "Exodus" is the name of the second book of the Old Testament. It derives its name from the Greek word meaning going out or departure, and is so named because it relates the events connected with the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt, their departure from that country and their wanderings in the peninsula of Sinai. Tradition for a long time ascribed the authorship of "Exodus" to Moses, but since the seventeenth century Biblical critics have given sufficient reasons for doubting this statement. It is probable that the book of "Exodus" is the work of several writers.

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2. Daily Express	5:40
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8. Local Except Sun & Hol	7:55
9. Local Except Sunday	10:30
4. Daily Express	1:54 P. M.
7. Daily Sunday Only	2:30
2. Daily Express	3:00
3. Daily Express	4:55
2. Daily Express	6:55
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No. 7, Daily Express	12:35 A. M.
11, Daily	2:30
17, Daily Milk Train	8:10 A.
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118, Port Jervis Exp't Sun	12:15 P.
3. Express Chesconigotto	5:25
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