

THE POET'S MISSION.
To Hit the Spot, Must Dish Up Glad,
Amusing Rot.
The youthful bard, with flowing hair, whose life is free from pain and care, is always stung by despair, and dead men's bones; he likes to walk on rocky shores, and stranded ships on rocky shores, and graves o'er which the March wind roars and shrieks and moans. But when the bard is old and fat, and has no hair beneath his hat, he cuts out all such stuff as that—his song is gay; he finds that chunks of rhythmic gloom, that touch the graveyard and the tomb, the passing bell, and death and doom, don't often pay. For people in this world below are anxious to forget their woe; they'd think of love, and fame, and dough, and things like those; when they're in need of extra grief they'll send away and buy a sheaf; they'll surely never find relief in poet's throes. And so the bard who'd hit the spot must dish up glad, amusing rot, and leave the rhyme with sorrow fraught to laureats; and if with humble themes he toys, and makes an optimistic noise, and harps on lambs and joys, to fame he skates!—Walt Mason, in Washington Herald.

A More Practical Way.
It was the dreary hour when the Christmas dinner, having been eaten, was doing its best to digest itself and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.
"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.
"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.
"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."
"H'm," said Sophie. "I know a better way than that."
"Do you?"
"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's done to change the man on the sofa."

Putting on Dog in Missouri.
When we hear a young strut who is just fresh from college trying to "spread on dog" by the use of great jaw smashing words we are always reminded of a young fellow with whom we attended school in the Southwest. After belonging to a debating society for a few weeks in a vociferous style he followed the speech of an opponent with the following remarks: "Gentlemen and Ladies; I do not come before you with the eloquence and oratorical powers of a Demosthenes or Cicero, but I do come as a mere student of Ward's Grove Academy, and will say that the argument of my dishonorable opponent was simply ridiculous, proposterous and subversive."—From the Camden Point Bee.

His Strong Point.
A beautiful young girl and her mother were discussing the eternal marriage question.
"Well, there's Charles Adams," murmured the mother, thoughtfully, after a long pause.
"Charles Adams!" sneered the girl. "He is old, he is ugly, he is mean, he is a coward. Charles Adams! Why, he has nothing in the world to recommend him except his wealth."
"You forget his heart disease," said the mother softly.

Vaulting Ambition.
The innocent pleasure which Betty would take in her new gown, before a group of eager, up-turned faces, but Betty's trembling hand closed upon the shining gold.
On the day of the graduation exercises Brenton sat at his desk watching the scholars take their places. His eyes dwelt affectionately upon the fresh, happy faces above their dainty white linens and laces. He pictured, with a warm glow of elation, the innocent pleasure which Betty would take in her new gown, before a group of eager, up-turned faces, but Betty's trembling hand closed upon the shining gold.

A Woman's Character.
What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is, first, respect for her, as she is a woman—and next to that, to be respected by his above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additions and ornaments—as many and as fanciful as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to reverence her sex.—Charles Lamb.

Rosy Checks.
Strenuous exercise in the fresh air and a good tonic prescribed by your physician will often produce rosy cheeks. To get rid of a red nose massage with a good cold cream. This stimulates the glands and promotes a healthy and vigorous action of the skin, the redness being almost invariably due to the lack of such action. The daily massage corrects this condition.

A Clever Turn.
An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worried in the encounter of wit. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed, "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?" By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.—London Mail.

The Lesson

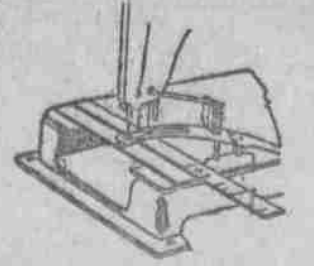
The young schoolmaster's face was stern and stern, yet his heart stretched out with a tender, protective yearning toward the bright brown head bent upon the rough, old-fashioned bench.
They were alone in the little schoolhouse, and the loud ticking of the clock seemed to record his own heart beats.
At length he arose, and, mastering the emotions which welled within him, moved to her side. The lesson he must teach her was not the lesson of love. He should wait until the years had brought her nearer to him; until her eyes had lost their underlying glint of fear.
"Betty!" His voice was steady with a ring of sternness.
She looked up reluctantly in a timid appeal.
"You have been careless and inattentive to-day." He picked up the blotting, M-spirit theme and studied it with tightening lips.
Suddenly, without warning, her head fell forward upon her arm and she burst into tears. The long pent-up grief which had been struggling all day for expression shook her as a tempest.
Brenton strode to the open door to regain his composure, and when he returned his voice was husky.
"Hush!" he commanded almost harshly. Then with an uncontrollable impulse he gently laid his hand upon the bowed head.
"What is it, Betty?"
"Nothing, much."
"Tell me!" he insisted.
"It doesn't really matter," she faltered in confusion. "It is only that the girls are planning their graduation dresses and things. I can't have any—that's all—but it means a lot to a girl."
Brenton had completely dropped his mask. His face was broken by quivering lines of compassion, but he spoke in a low-voiced expression.
"I'm sorry, little one."
"There was a long pause, broken by the loud ticking of the clock."
"Did you know that Mr. Sheldon had offered \$20 in gold for the best theme? Couldn't you try very hard, Betty?"
She raised her head, her face flushing with eagerness.
"Do you suppose—oh, do you suppose I could?" she cried, breathlessly.
"Try for it! Try hard! You may go now, Betty."
Brenton had been appointed to judge the themes. There were 12 and he arranged them upon his desk with a strangely beating heart.
The hours ticked themselves slowly away. He had read them all, yet one he read and reread, holding it tightly in his hand. His eyes were fascinated by the closely written pages of Betty's theme.
Could he, dare he judge? Was it fair to the others, who had dreamed perhaps, even as she had done? His head bent guiltily until it rested upon the paper.
Suddenly he straightened his shoulders, then with a quick decision walked across the fields and left the papers with Mr. Sheldon.
"I cannot give an impartial judgment," he said steadily. "I know too well the hopes which lie behind them."
A week later Mr. Sheldon announced the prize winner before a group of eager, up-turned faces, but Betty's trembling hand closed upon the shining gold.
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Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

AID FOR SEAMSTRESSES.

Device for Sewing a Straight Line on a Machine.
One of the most difficult feats to perform on a sewing machine is to sew a straight line. Ordinarily any little deviation is not noticeable, but in the case of a hem or tuck the slightest irregularity is apparent. At this point a Philadelphia man comes to the rescue with a device for



gauging the width of a hem or tuck to a nicety and assuring two perfectly straight lines. This device consists of a scale attachment which projects across the bed plate for a sewing machine and in the line of feed. This attachment, which is in the form of a thin bar divided into inches and fractions thereof, has openings along it for screws, by which it is fastened to the plate. When a half-inch hem is needed the bar is set to that distance from the needle and by keeping the edge of the material to the mark on the scale, the width of the hem can be kept consistent with the accuracy which only a mechanical device secures.—Boston Post.

MENU FOR ONE DAY.

- BREAKFAST.**
Stewed Prunes,
Cereal with Cream,
Steamed Clams.
- Muffins, Preserves,**
Coffee.
- LUNCHEON.**
Lentil Patties, Sliced Tomatoes,
Apple Pie, Iced Tea.
- DINNER.**
Roast Rib of Beef,
Roasted Potatoes,
Fried Tomatoes,
Olive Salad.
- Cheese, Crackers,**
Nut Custard Tart,
Coffee.

Health Recipes.

The nervous woman, heaven pity her. She makes herself and everybody around her perfectly miserable. Sometimes there's a cause for the nervousness, and then she's to be pitied, and sometimes it's just a habit one gets into of being unreasonable and fussy, and generally looking on the blue side of everything.
When the nervous system gets out of order the whole system lags in sympathy. The digestive system, the liver and the heart all refuse to do their work. Every nervous woman should eat five or six times a day. She should eat three meals, have a lunch between meals, and never omit the warm drink taken just before she goes to bed. Gentle exercise and work are as necessary to the woman with nervous as food and fresh air. An active interest in life will be her salvation, but generally the woman in such a condition thinks she isn't interested in a thing in life, so she must keep at work until she develops an interest.
A celebrated physician has said: "If you wish never to be nervous live with reason, have a purpose in life and work for it; play joyously, strive not for the unattainable, be not annoyed by trifles, aim to attain neither great knowledge nor great riches, be self-centered, but love the good and thy neighbor as thyself." A celebrated and charming actress, whose age it would be quite to chronicle, but who still looks quite young, though she is a grandmother, gives the following prescription for the preservation of youth and beauty: "You must work until you are tired, sleep until you are rested, have plenty of fresh air, live in cool rooms, take a daily sponge bath and eat the simplest food."
Vells as Cause of Red Noses.
A prominent Manhattan physician has given voice to a definite protest against women wearing vells. This authority asserts it is one of the most injurious practices of which he has knowledge, and insists red noses are the result of vells and not vice versa. If there is anything a woman objects to it is a red or gray nose, and these troubles, according to this physician, find their origin in the wearing of a veil on almost every occasion. The veil prevents the air striking the face as it would if the veil was off, and when the face is heated the nose becomes greasy and almost invariably has a reddish appearance. This doctor would not even advise a veil to be worn on automobile rides, asserting a pair of "goggles," merely to protect the eyes from dust and insects, is all that is required for a woman who cares about her complexion and general facial appearance, and what women does not?
Challenged the Jurymen.
The busy prisoner stood unabashed before the judge. "Prisoner at the bar," asked the clerk of the arraigner, "do you wish to challenge any of the jury?" The prisoner looked them over carefully. "Well," he replied, "I'm not exactly wet you'd call in trapping, but I wouldn't mind a round or two with that there old jester in the corner."
A Good Scheme.
Mitzee—Nora, why do you always sing 'The Rock of Ages,' when you are boiling the eggs?
Nora—Well, mum, two verses for soft-boiled eggs, three verses for hard-boiled!

The Baby Doll

When the letter came from sister Molly asking permission to send Eloise to us for a time I felt it was a visit from Providence. Not that a visit from that little mix was ever a treat, for she needed watching every minute she was awake, but just at that time we needed a stirring up. However, anything that would have broken the spell would have been as welcome. But the Lord sent Eloise. I didn't attempt to tell Gordon. In fact, since he had begun to act like a man robbed of his reason, and forbade our mentioning Alfee's name, silence and gloom had settled upon us, and was becoming almost unbearable. We ate in painful silence, or talked in monosyllables, and sat about the evening lamp in the same way, making a vain effort to otherwise appear natural, which was impossible, as there wasn't a natural thing about the whole affair.
When Gordon and I were alone all we could talk of was Gordon and Alfee, and being in total ignorance of the cause of their estrangement there was nothing to be gained from speculating.
Twenty years is a long while, yet it is surprising how quickly some things will pass us by. I was seven the interval. Every morning I awoke with that odd pain, which time and care had helped to deaden, tingling at my heart strings, exhilarating the happy years the care of Gordon in our changed environment had given us.
When it seemed the very darkest Eloise arrived. She tripped lightly up the walk self-conscious with the responsibility of traveling alone. She wanted to go to "that room" at once. I followed her up to the little room she called her own, which had been Gordon's when he was her age and elder. To her it seemed a treasure house, made so perhaps by the bedtime stories of the little boy who had time played and slept there. She looked about her, her glance resting lovingly on the familiar objects, when suddenly she shrieked:
"Where is she? Aunt Harry, where has she gone? My Betty doll!"
The Betty doll had once been the delight of Gordon, having been sent him from Paris by his father's sister. Now, with all his other abandoned toys, it was at her disposal while visiting us.
"Hush! She's in the big trunk, up in the attic. Hark! I hear someone coming in. Be a good girl and stop crying. I will come right back and we will go and get her."
I did not go right back. It was Gordon who had come in. He sat with his head in his hands and looked so thin and pale, all I could do was stare.
"I'm going away, Aunt Harriet," he said without looking up. "I don't know where I shall go, but somewhere where I can forget how to think; or else I shall blow my brains out so I can't."
I tried to speak, but my voice would not come.
"It's no use," he continued, "I'll go mad!"
"Open the door!" The shriek was emphasized with the toe of her shoe against the hall door.
I opened it to admit Eloise, her little skirt held at arms' length and filled with—I had no idea what. She ran to Gordon and piled them on him.
I was speechless when I saw what she had given him.
Absently he looked at the photograph she held up to him.
"You?" he asked.
I shook my head.
He took another, then started at the resemblance to himself.
"Who was that," he demanded, "my father?"
I nodded.
"When did I ever see these before?" When did he get them?
His strange manner frightened Eloise. She whispered: "I went after my Betty doll."
"Was she my mother? Of course—she was your twin sister; that is why I thought her picture yours."
Carefully and silently he examined every bit of paper, with its account of that awful tragedy, made no less vivid by age, while Eloise crouched, a frightened little heap, at his feet, and my heart beat hoarsely.
"You and grandpa have—have shirked me from—from his all my life? I understand now why you never spoke to me of them. I have wondered so much. How good you've been!"
I did not hear any more. When I woke up I was in my bed. Grandpa was in the room and a nurse with a cap on, and Gordon. I began to think I had had a horrible nightmare; grandpa and Gordon looked so happy when Eloise came into the room bringing the doll to her breast.
"Oh, Aunt Harry, Cousin Gordon has given me the Betty doll to take home!"
"Alice is here—grandpa has told us everything, and she declares—" Alice stepped into the room and Gordon led her to the bedside. "I was telling Aunt Harriet, dear, that you have forgotten me and an unwilling, anxious (and he kissed her there before he left) to marry me, knowing that my father was an insanely jealous man, and killed my mother and himself."
I couldn't look at them. I felt so full of peace and thankfulness, so let my eyes rest on Eloise in the low rocker, singing a lullaby to her baby.
—LENA SPALDING.



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REPORT OF THE BOARD OF THE First National Bank of Milford

In the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of Business, Nov 20th, 1910.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Assets and Dispositions | \$7,101.61 |
| Deposits, current and time | 157.79 |
| U.S. Bonds to secure circulation | 20,000.00 |
| Real estate owned | 60.00 |
| Real estate mortgages | 94,977.50 |
| Banking house, furniture and fixtures | 1,888.00 |
| Due from approved reserve banks | 25,229.18 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 1,400.00 |
| Federal Reserve notes, available and outstanding | 167,427.89 |
| Legal tender notes | 17,079.90 |
| Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (1/4 of circulation) | 1,290.00 |
| Total | \$248,547.68 |
| LIABILITIES | \$248,547.68 |
| Capital stock paid in | 25,000.00 |
| Surplus fund | 10,000.00 |
| Undivided profits, less expenses | 10,948.28 |
| U.S. Bonds to secure circulation | 20,000.00 |
| Real estate owned | 60.00 |
| Real estate mortgages | 94,977.50 |
| Banking house, furniture and fixtures | 1,888.00 |
| Due from approved reserve banks | 25,229.18 |
| Notes of other National Banks | 1,400.00 |
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| Legal tender notes | 17,079.90 |
| Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (1/4 of circulation) | 1,290.00 |
| Total | \$248,547.68 |

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Time Table
ERIE RAILROAD.
AT PORT JERVIS

Eastward
No. 8, Daily Express..... 6:30 A. M.
No. 10, Daily Express..... 8:30 A. M.
No. 12, Daily Express..... 10:30 A. M.
No. 14, Daily Express..... 12:30 P. M.
No. 16, Daily Express..... 2:30 P. M.
No. 18, Daily Express..... 4:30 P. M.
No. 20, Daily Express..... 6:30 P. M.
No. 22, Daily Express..... 8:30 P. M.
No. 24, Daily Express..... 10:30 P. M.

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