

Ayer's

To be sure, you are growing old. But why let everybody see it, in your gray hair? Keep your hair dark and rich and postpone age. If you will

Hair Vigor

only use Ayer's Hair Vigor, your gray hair will soon have all the deep, rich color of youth. Sold for 60 years.

It is now over 40 years old, and I have a thick, glossy head of long hair which is a wonder to see in one who has lived so long. I owe it to Ayer's Hair Vigor. Sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

It is a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor for

White Hair

THAT SWEETHEART OF MINE.

By VIVIAN CLARE HOWARD.

They were not a romantic-looking couple, both approaching the mark which the world unfeelingly calls middle age. Both were slightly inclined to ebullience.

They were traveling between Little Rock and Fort Smith. She was thinking of the number of pounds of sugar necessary to a given number of loaves of chocolate, awaiting her housewife's care, and he—well, his mind was concerned with cherries, too, but they were cherries in the blossom, the snowy blossoms of the trees that had shaded a little village lane.

Underneath the bonnets stood a girl and a boy—how well he remembers the face of the girl, the pink of her cheeks, the blue in her eyes, the brown of her hair. He could feel yet the stress of that head of hair as she switched it roughly in his face when he tried to steal a kiss.

He stole a side look at his wife's plain, wholesome features, and sighed. He even wondered why his dream of the cherry tree lane had never come true—why he had—just then the train slowed up at a little side station and he became aware of an unusual bustle on the platform. His wife said, with some little excitement in her voice:

"John, I do believe a theatrical troupe is getting on here."

John dimly remembered that Flora had always called him "Jack" as he answered lately.

"Well, my dear, what of it? There is plenty of room, isn't there? I don't see any immediate need for my being interested," and relaxed into the region of past delights again—"what a mischief Flora had been." He was rudely jolted back to the present again by a severe pinch from Mrs. John.

"For goodness sake, John, did you ever see such a go-tup?"

"Oh—what did you say, Margaret? Get up where!" and following the direction of her eyes he looked down the aisle.

"Ye gods, was he dreaming? It was Flora, Flora in the flesh; in fact, more so than when they had last met; not that the Flora of the cherry tree, but unmistakably his early sweetheart—the star of a barabaring troupe."

She came up the aisle talking loudly to a dejected-looking individual whom she addressed as "Tommy." Her dress was brown, and the feather in her hat—a hat too large for travelling—was green as a Brazilian parrot's wing.

The pink was in her cheeks as to the days of the cherry tree, but it had a suggestion of pregnancy unlike the blighting roses of fifteen years ago, and her hair—surely Flora's—was brown, while the green parrot's wing shaded a voluminous pouquador of golden yellow.

John was not sure by this time whether he was the most afraid she wouldn't recognize him, or most hoped she wouldn't—but it mattered little, she did.

In a moment she was bearing down upon them like a ship of Tarshish in full sail and was shaking him warmly by the hand and talking as only Flora could do.

"Surely this is Jack Benton? I couldn't be mistaken, though you have grown a lot stouter since we met. Don't you remember Flora Marcey? If you don't, then a man's memory for an old sweetheart is a pretty thing."

Poor John could feel Margaret stiffen at the last sentence, and groaning in spirit he introduced his wife to Miss Marcey whose volubility made up for any awkwardness that Mrs. Benton's manner might have caused.

"Jack and I were old sweethearts at Fort Smith. Lord, what larks we used to have in the old days after school and coming home from their practice. I never thought of going on the stage in those days, but talent will not be suppressed—and here I am. It looks like fate, our meeting like this, doesn't it?"

John shuffled nervously and cursed fate inwardly and presently the chatter ceased on a sudden.

"Where are you living? Still at Fort Smith? Well, I never; our circuit closed fifteen miles from there and I'm going to take a holiday. I believe I'll just drop down on you folks for a month's change. If the old place is as slow as it used to be, it will make an elegant place to rest."

Benton looked unbecomingly at his wife, but she appeared oblivious to the fact that he was still on the face of the globe. He hesitated a minute and then, remembering the boy and girl friendship he glanced at his wife and said defiantly:

"We should be awfully pleased to have you."

And Mrs. Benton astonished him by adding with suspicious friendliness:

"Yes, do come, we shall be perfectly delighted."

With more astuteness than her husband would have given her credit for Mrs. B. had come to the conclusion that a dose of an old sweetheart—when she is as impossible as Flora—is almost as good for a man as an occasional dose of rhubarb.

Flora came—John Benton saw—his Mrs. Benton conquered.

Fort from Flora's voluminous baggage came gowns faultlessly and wonderfully constructed from materials which might just have arrived from an Italian bazaar. The hat with the green feather was not a circumstance in the creation which crowned Flora's yellow pouquador when she impersonated the heroine in some glowing melodrama—and she wore them all at Fort Smith.

On Sundays Mrs. Benton systematically manufactured excuses to remain away from service, and John, who

liked to see women garbed as soberly as Quakers, was compelled to slink down the aisle in the wake of a purple gown and a green and purple velvet (Chilworth) hat.

Four weeks went by and still Flora showed no signs of an early fitting. Mrs. Benton absolutely refused to offer suggestions, but in a moment of desperation Benton bethought himself of an old-time feud between his mother and Flora, which dated back to his and Flora's school days. He wired his mother at once. "Need you here immediately do not fall me," and well did he know that the first available train would bring the faithful soul. At dinner that day he casually announced that he expected his mother that night, or the next morning, at least.

In the afternoon Flora received a mysterious message—presumably Margaret—which demanded her immediate presence elsewhere, and by 8.30 the Benton household knew her no more.

The next morning found John in bed with a racking nervous headache. As Mrs. Benton waited upon him in her quiet, restful way he wondered how he could ever have been fool enough to fancy himself tired of such a woman. Catching her hand and pressing his cheek against it boyishly, he said reproachfully:

"Margaret, how could you—what made you act so, and try to keep her?"

With a spice of mischief in her calm gray eyes she smoothed his head and answered:

"Well, you see, John, dear, I had noticed in you a growing tendency of talking in your sleep—you seemed to have realises dreamt of a mysterious 'Flora' who was connected in an odd way with cherry trees and equally youthful things. So when I met Flora, it occurred to me that at last I saw a way to restore your dreamlike sleep and my own peace of mind, which—I don't mind telling you now—was fast slipping away. I'm a homoeopathist, you know—and well, some poisons are their own antidotes, when given in proper quantities. Was I right, John?"

"As you always are, darling; but don't you think you gave me an unnecessarily large dose?"

She shook her head laughingly.

"You see, I didn't want to risk a repetition."

HERE AND THERE.

A Cabinet Minister's Duties.

In Abyssinia the duties of a cabinet minister are very peculiar according to the report that appears in a St. Petersburg newspaper. The present minister of the Emperor Menelik, who holds cabinet rank, and is presumably what Lord Halsbury would call a "top" of agricultural minister, waters Menelik's flowers, winds up his clocks, and does his own housework. Occasionally, by way of variety, he is entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Europe.

—London Daily Express.

He Tested Their Vigilance.

The other night Second Warden E. A. McPherson climbed the penitentiary wall at Salem, Ore., to test the vigilance of the guards. McPherson's feat was performed at the risk of his life, for had he been discovered he would probably have been shot. He placed a ladder against the exterior wall, climbed up, looking his ladder legs in the jail yard and down at him. He went through the prison shops, and as a final touch carried away the coat and hat of one of the guards. It was from this jail that the famous Tracy escaped last summer, and it is supposed that the ride with which he fought his way out was taken into the prison over the yard fence—Argonaut.

A Queer Town.

A communication postmarked Aqueton, Pa., reached the Oregon editor yesterday, containing a rather curious bit of information. It is in reference to a town in Bucks County which consists of twenty-six houses, with a population of fifty. There are, in the first place, twelve old maids. There were fifteen, but three died during the last year. The total number of widows is seven, and there are six single men among the householders, three being bachelors and three widowers. Four houses are unoccupied and five are tenanted by married couples with children. The correspondent doesn't name the town, and while the communication bears the postmark of Aqueton, it is dated Lebanon, Pa. The intelligent reader can pay his money and take his choice. The writer of the letters adds, naively: "If you know of any town to equal this I would be pleased to read about it." Here's a chance for residents of queer communities to spread themselves.—Philadelphia Record.

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

In a Carefully Prepared Article recommends Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, the recognized authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M. D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a care for the interests of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

JAMES H. MONTGOMERY, M. D.

It is for sale by all druggists in the New York City and the regular \$1.00 size bottle—less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle—except for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, 100 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

"BEST OF ALL FLOUR."

FEED, MEAL, BRAN, OATS, and HAY.

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to buy a postal card and send to The New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families, and EVERY issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to EVERY member of the family. The price is \$1.00 per year, but if you like to get your copy with your own favorite local newspaper, THE PINE MILFORD, Pa., at a bargain. Both newspapers yours only \$1.00.

Send your order and money to the PINE COUNTY PRESS, at Milford, Pa.

The Goose Hangs High.

An old friend says of this: "A girl had an admirer she did not like. But he was persistent, and insisted on sending her a picture of himself handsomely framed, and with it a note saying he would call that evening. When he came she was at the piano. 'How are you this evening?' he said. She replied, still playing, and looking up at his picture, which had been 'skidded': 'Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.' She was rid of him in short order after that."

Most Costly Warship.

The King Edward VII. will be the most costly warship that has ever been constructed. The original estimates were for \$7,000,000, and although they have been cut down, it is authoritatively stated that the total expenditure will amount to well over \$7,000,000. This outlay on a fabric which a well-directed torpedo might annihilate makes one realize how costly the game of modern naval war would prove.

Koreans in Russia.

Ten young Koreans are being sent by the Emperor of Korea to finish their education in Russia, the first of regular parties whose expense the Emperor will pay.

It is rather doubtful consolation to tell a widow that her husband is very much better off."

The Price of Glory.

The nation which worships Mars must go deeper into its pocketbook to meet the exactions of the god of war. This year the British taxpayer must provide \$172,000,000 for the support of his army and about \$180,000,000 for the maintenance of his navy and the construction of new warships. That is to say, every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom must contribute about \$5.80 to keep John Bull in business as a world power. This is Mars' bill with the empire on the basis of the present budget, and that it will be less in the years to come unless the Liberals should unexpectedly come into power and inaugurate a policy of retrenchment. English newspapers are filled with protests from taxpayers who complain bitterly of the burdens which are imposed upon them by the Government's demands on their purses. The income tax is excessively high, and persons of small means are clamoring for relief from war taxation. There is no prospect that their protests will be heeded. The empire is a costly luxury. A few years ago the Briton who suggested that less glory and more comfort in the British Isles would be the most sensible policy the people of the United Kingdom could adopt was held up to scorn as a "little Englander," as a "product of parochialism." The number of "little Englanders" is steadily increasing, however. There are practical Britons who believe it is better to have a square meal at regular intervals than to go hungry in order that the British flag may float over enormous areas in Asia and Africa. London is crowded with unemployed men. It is estimated that nearly 10 per cent. of its 6,000,000 inhabitants live literally from hand to mouth. Thousands of soldiers who fought the country's battles in South Africa and were discharged on their return home are in almost destitute condition. Yet John Bull is preparing to spend a larger sum than ever before in increasing his army and adding to his navy. It is a great thing, possibly, to be a "world power," but the British taxpayer is not as happy as he would be if glory didn't come so high, and Mars were content with a smaller tribute from his votaries.—Baltimore Sun.

Need for White Stockings.

The story was recently told of a nurse who, proceeding to the tropics, on consulting the matron of the hospital, who was in England at the time, as to her outfit, was advised to take out white stockings. She must at any rate take one pair of white stockings. Curious to know why, she asked the reason, and received the terse answer: "To be buried in." We relate the story as showing the spirit in which nurses take up work in unwholesome climates, knowing full well the risks.—From the British Journal of Nursing.

A doctor was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night."

"I'm no sure very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dees this mornin'."—Argonaut.

Special One Way Colonist Tickets

The Erie has placed on sale daily until November 23rd, very low Colonist one way tickets at Fort Jeris, to points in the Erie West, and any one contemplating a trip to the west would do well by dropping a postal to Erie ticket office, Fort Jeris, and receive by return mail any desired information.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Bales & Son, Matamoras, all general stores in Pike county will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

10 90 03

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Continued from First Page.)

own woman, and also became a personal friend of President Roosevelt, who taught him how to play base ball. He was only forty-six years old and was one of the youngest diplomats who ever held an important post in Washington. There has been some speculation here as to his successor, but the question has not yet been considered in London.

There is every indication that congress will make an official investigation of the post office department. President Roosevelt is said to favor it, and to advise the appointment by congress of a special commission which will make a public investigation similar to that carried out by the famous Lexow committee which made such a thorough exposure of the corruption in the New York city government. The president also hopes to have some influence in deciding the personnel of the committee in case one is authorized. Many republican members of congress believe that a congressional investigation would be a good political move, as they could thus anticipate the Democrats who are certain to introduce such a measure in case the Republicans do not. Representative Hemenway of Indiana, who has the confidence of Speaker-to-be Cannon, says, "My idea would be to have a resolution for an investigation introduced at the proper time by a republican member and adopted by the house. The inquiry can be rapidly conducted, after the careful work already accomplished by the department." The District of Columbia grand jury has found an indictment against W. Scott Towers, postmaster of a Washington subdivision, who is alleged to have accepted a commission from a type writer company on all goods sold by it to the government. He is said to have received \$50 on every book type writer bought by the government at a price of \$200. The payments to him amounted to \$1,800. Postmaster General Payne dismissed him as soon as the indictment was made public.

The news of the death of Sir Michael Herbert, late ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, has been received with deep and general regret. Acknowledged as a diplomat and statesman of high standing, in the prime of life he stood upon the threshold of a brilliant career, which it is believed would have made for continued and closer friendship between England and the United States.

Delaware Valley R.R.

Corrected to Date

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