HE THAT KEEP. ETH HIS LIFE

It was the weird hour of morning when souls go out with the tide. A only light that filekered across scene. From near-by stalls came the stamping and pawing of borses. A the stamping and pawing of borses. A little alcuve had been fitted up as a sort of an office where, upon an im-provised bunk, covered with coarse blankets, the sick man lay.

All his life had he herded with

horsen and the surroundings were not inappropriate. At the foot of the bed the nurse, a man, watched anxiously. Presently the outer doors of the barn separated enough for the passage of a

body and two men entered.

A welcoming gleam of intelligence shot from the eyes of the sick man to his face. It questioned, yet pite-ously begged deferment of decision. After protracted examination, while intense silence vibrated only to the whinning and pawing of the equine tenants, the doctor turned away.
"I can do no more," he announced

The young man who had entered with him joined the nurse and stood motioniers, looking queerly into the gringled face on the bed. The eyes uncloved, a passion of terror submerging every emotion, the shaggy beard quivered like a field of grass beneath powerful wind. Gnarled fingers plucked simlessly at the bed clothes as an imploring cry echoed among the rude rafters of the barn.

"Oh, doctor, doctor! I can't die! I sin't ready yet. Can't ye do some-thin'-anythin', so's I won't hey to go

he nurse approached with a southing draught, but was waved aside, tremulously, "Tain't no use. He are so, Oh, I can't die now. Don't let me go. I - Pil do anythin' - "
Still silence, cleft only by sounds
or side: darkness, softened by the

emering lantern, prevailed. The hourse tones died away in sobface: his eyes fastened them selves pittlessly on the countenance of the elder. "What will you give me," he saided coldly, "If I got someone to

For an instant the old eyes wavered. Then returning apprehension con-custed. "You here Bob," fear-aiffen-ed lips fallered. "Will you get some me? Tell him to go." he indicated the doc or with a feeble gesture, "an" go quick-an' git someone-anyona. give," as the younger man hesitat-doubtfully, "five thousand dollars

Will you give that?" The younger man peered questioningly down at him. To you value your worthless life so much? Remember how you starved and beat me when I was little so that you could save a few dollars out of me. Remember how my moth-" suffered-died-" emotion threaded the words tremulously, "that you right scrimp-out of her life-her soul even a little more, Remember— how, after that—you herded here with horses, that you only fed because they was cheaper, and the penny saved-He laughed bitterly. "Remember that—and what you have been. Is you life worth that—to you?"

The bitterness of his son's searn impressed the elder not at all. He craved life, the boon, at any cost, and he murmured cringingly. "Yes, yes. I'll give all that—five thousand dollars-if you'll git somebody to keep me alive. I can't die. I ain't ready-

The younger man drew a check book from between the blankets under the sick man's head, filled one out then motioned the nurse to bring the lantern "Here," he said, crisply, "sign tural enterprise of emanicipated here." He guided the trembling fin- en. The leaders, it is said, gers as they traced a name feared by many who had felt its power. The feeble rays of the lantern touched the amount and he gasped.

Tich, and a fine place for grazing and "I said five thousand," he whined.

and-you have made it 10-and to yourself."

"It is all too little." The younger man regarded him calmly. "And I am the one you asked to save you. Come," as the cramped fingers lingeringly re tained the fluttering paper, "is it worth it—or not?" Released, the paper passed to firmer grasp and the querulous voice murmured, "Hurry, now, and bring him. Oh," as recriminating memory prodded. "I can't die

I ain't ready."

The young man turned to the physiclan. "Doctor," he said, gravely, "the case is yours." The doctor smiled and opening his case prepared medicine it two glasses the nurse had emptied Orotesque shadows fell across his face and the sick man eyed him curi ously. "I thought you said," he mumstille that Illuminated the eyes of the physician, "that you had done—all you ecold?" Revulsion of feeling had

weathened him and great bends of perspiration should on his forehead. I did," senin the fliuminating smile tradiated the serone countenance, "all I sould," he repeated, "until you had done partial justice to your only son. If you misinterpreted me, that is your own fault." He lifted his hat, his medicine case, and disappeared through the gloomity shadowed burn.

The young man turned as he, too faces the deor. "Take good care of him, nurse," he called back cheerily. "Remember, his life is valuable,"

And after he had gone, mocking achoes repeated the words to the miser who, during all his life, had never opened his heart, his purse, as now, when he had mistakenly supposed that death demanded the sacrifica-MISS A. L. PRATT.

Snake Story.

"Before he went finin'," said the town more teller, "he swallewed 'bout a pint an' a haif of snakebite remedy, an' of course you know what that is. Well, after the snake bit him the reptile cut all sorts o' capers, kine the remedy went straight to its head. Last thing it tried to do wus to swaller to ril an' it sot itself in the form of a hoor an' I'm a liar of the children gidn't roll it around all day!"

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

WOMEN WORK TEETER BOARD. Bayarian Women Use Primitive Meth-

ods to Irrigate Gardens. Strawberries and radishes are two of the chief heables of the track gardener of Bavaria, and he knows how to bring them to a autisfactory sints of growth. But the champion track gardeners of that fascinating province of Germany, where they fully understand the raising of hope as well as garden products, are not the men. Many women undertake entire charge of the fields and they toll as ardus as ly as the men. In times of drought they water every garden patch. (* tion, many farms there are wells, but no head.

windmills. ter over the garden, drenching the



Water Power in a Bayarian Fletd. radish and other beds from time to occasion demands. The pumpli water by means of the tester-box me of the primitive methods handed

MAN THE SERVANT.

Australians in New York have been in the Pacific. These have to do with the movement among women of the hustling commonwealth to take them-

selves apart from the rule of Man. The edict against man has been spoken, and spoken out loud, in the oice of the English Woman's House holders Lengue, a lengue that bristles with independence. The Ers Woman's Householders League has The English cured from the Western State Govern ment of Australia a tract of land that is to be all its own, all and solely Woman's own. The land is an im-mense tract at Wilson's Inlet, and is to be used for the establishment of a farm colony on a large scale. The leaders and founders of the more ment, which it is declared is now in active working order, are Mrs. Crooks principal of the Woman's Agricultural College in Worcester, England; Mrs. Emily Crawford and Miss Hetty Saw-

"Remember yer, M. D.

"No prehibition State," say proud you?"

Australian women, "was ever so rigidity son's scorn by guarded from its arch enemy as this settlement will be fro chinations of the Thing that is known

as Man."" The Australian newspapers say tha each woman buyer is obliged to sign a clause in her title deed of ownership so phrased as to prevent any future selling of the land to any male. No man is to be permitted to own or at any time "directly or indirectly to hold office" in this great agricul-

en. The leaders, it is said, have shown the possession of a keen pracalso for breeding cattle.

The stories say that all the capital required for the present expenditure has been subscribed and that fourteer homesteads are already occupied.

New Design in Embroidery Here is a design that is specially set



fines or damask mats, with white or colored cottons.

Although very simple and quickly worked, the pattern is effective, the curving stalk is in cording stitch, the little dots in satin stitch, with long stitches standing out from the cording line.

Poor Opinion of Countrymen One of the great intellects of Engpeople in all Britain can read and un derstand the ordinary London news-

Hana Breitman Sayat

J. Morton's Sentence

The ponderous doors of the home of the noted eye specialist swung softly to behind the retributing form of n young man, who stimbled ruther than walked down the flight of staps Has "Rat" for Front of Head and that led to the street. His fave was drawn and haggard, his square laws set as if in defiance to the awful son him, for it had been a death blow to all of John Morton's heres and ambi-tions. His gradually failing eyesight had become worse, and, with grim de-termination, he had at last decided to learn his fate. With wildly beating heart, but with outward calmness, he had dropped in one the world famous specialist. After a careful examina-

"Yell me truthfully, 'what you The women mount a sort of te-er think of my ease, doctor, the young board and rock it until a large tub is man had commanded, and the sentilled, after which they carry the was tence of doom that was pronounced

rang in his ears to his dying day Within a year you will be totally blind. I can do nothing for you. Your continuous study has been an additional strain on your eyes and only by giving up your practice and going out into the open, on a farm or ranch, can you hope to retain even a vestige of sight."

become blind?" The doctor hesitated. "Yell me," again insisted the young

"I am afraid the one of miracles is past," the doctor said sadly. John puld his fee, donned his hat and coat and stumbled out into the orisp ausunshine full on his uncovered eyes. With a group he placed his gloved hand before them to shield them from

devotion to his work, the applicate of his admiring friends. Would be not girlly give all you to be nh'e to step down into the ranks of those blessed the others, and when the hair is final with God's most wonderful—good ly adjusted, with all the million-odd sight?

interested or anused, according to in-dividual best, at news and sicries that have been circulated lately among them from the great island continent errect her to share the fature fiving death that was before him, and yet-how could be like without her? He passed to wire the perspiration from his brow with a hand that trembled like a woman's.

> If Evelyn learned how seriously be was afflicted her loving generosity sould prompt her to give up everywhich made life dear, to sacri fice herself for a hopeless case like this. But she must not know. He best be could in a day or two, and then he would go away-somewhere -and maybe-some time-he would tell her all, but not now. She would not grieve long. Women never do. She would eventually marry someone who would protect her better than he, a helpless blind man, could.

He had come to the bridge that spanned the sparkling river. ed wearfly against the fron rallers flowing swiftly, beneath. Soon dark night of blindness would be a him, shutting forever from his w the beauties of the day. Mutely ding over him. He fancled he ld see his mother's sweet, sympa-'ic face framed in the fleecy clouds, an indescribable peace stole upon With a heavy sigh he turned walked toward the city.

On leaving the doctor's office he of not noticed across the street a I rosy checks, who seemed to be ening to the fullest extent the long had seen him and was startled by haggard appearance. Her first inwas to call out to him, but ing the hopeless gesture when he ed his hand to shield his eyes, the errible truth dawned upon her start-ed brain. John's rapid strides bad nken him well up the street when she ed swiftly and entered Dr. King's stibule. Soon she was ushered into

"Dr. King," she began excitedly hn Morton was here just now, and did you tell him?" The doctor startled by her vobemence, but was an old friend of the family and

low Evelyn since her childhood. Won't you be sented?" he asked or in a kindly tone. The girl de-lined. "You're engaged to John, I elieve." The girl nodded in the atmative, impatiently waiting the inutmation she sought. "Poor chap, I wan sorry I had to tell him, but he demanded the whole truth and there's no bestiry around the bush with a man like John.

I told him within a year he would to totally blind, unless he gave up the prefession and went on a ranch or form." Evelyn's face had turned lowly white. "Blind," she gusped, atching at the chair for support, "Oh. I must go to him," she said with a

The midday Angelus was ringing a nearby churck as Evelyn stepped off the elevator before John's office. Spisulesaly she stepped in. John sat it his desk, his face buried in his Evelyn moved forward softly I laid a light, caressing touch upon bowed head. "John." The young started to his feet. The girl ed brasely through fast gathering "I know all, deer, and I came tell you I want to share your

Austria to Pulld Airships.

MARY DAVIS.

The first Austrian sirehip con 'ru is understood that the war office in line ediately placing an order for dirigible. The constitution of the

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

HAIR SUPPORTER.

Other Support for Back. Among the uncorrous sruffces used women who are short on hair-

and few women have enough to carry out the coffirm holsted on them by the halrdressers in the past few year the supporter designed by a Wash-Ington woman and shows herewith is frame has a crescent-shaped turn on top and a projecting support at the back, both covered with false bair, like the regulation "rat," or holding a



fine wire screen. The two are joined by two wires, Ushaped. This supporter is placed on the head when the hair is down, and when the hair is done up the pads underneath give Of what consequence, he thought it the appearance of being much more bitterly, were his early struggles, his abundant than it really is. There are numerous devices to schiste this ef-fact, of course; but the frame shows here is harder to detect than most o makes the whole structure more se

> ************ MENU FOR A DAY.

BREAKFAST Figs with cream. Coddled eggs. Coffee. Corn dedpers. LUNCHEON. Rice proquettes. Strawberry Jam. Cream cheese. Wheat muffins. Tea or chécolate. Steak a in Francaise. Excet potatoes, Southern style Fried eggplant. Orange sponge. Coffee.

********* Miss Wilson on the Stage. ure, whose debut as a concert singer was graduated from the Iowa



she was the leading soprano in all the college functions and was leader of the choir in the Non-Secturian College Church.

Our Women Perfume Experts American women are regarded in France, the lome and centre of the perfume industry, as the best judges of perfumes in the world, and it is chiefly to them that the brench manufacturers make acknowledgement for expansion in their business in the last few years. Not even Frenchwomen, it is suid, are so quick to detect the fine differences in blends of essences nor to appreciate the quality of a new extract, and thus Americans, beside being liberal buyers, have enriched the science of ecents by their demand for new and deligative perfuses. is no rure thing for an American we an visiting Parls to order some nove her, and, in order to maintain the dis discriveness in which she finds so much of its charm, she negative adds to the order the condition that none of her particular blend shall be put on the general market or sold to any one except herself for six months or a

It is not fashion that changes, it is woman's taste. No woman will admit that the same style of dress can suit ber saveral years in succession.

At a place called Kotron, on the Prench ivory coast of Africa, the ma-tives believe that to est or destroy with a capital of 200,000 kronen, and a turtle would mean death to the guil ty one or mickness in his family.

"Ven a polidishen meas a deficit, company is largely due to the fact that the efforts of the government to ashamed of der deficit."—Cleveland obtain a dirigible from Germany during the recent crisis failed.

Caused Suspicion.

"Leeks like a good man," said derness into which the Hawkins. "But great Scott! When I shook hands it sounded like I was shaking dice."—Harper's Weekly.

Leisha's Choice

Who is there!"

The door burst open on the words, and Leisha stood on the narrow porch, swinging a leather strap against her short skirt. Her eyes lighted with marriment on the visitor who had awong from his horse, and tapped the step with his whip to attract her atshook her head

ot to-day, Dan," she said gently. "To-merrow!"

"Well-er perhaps." His face clouded. You haven't been rid'ug with me

lately," he said slowly. "It's that Ran-

He bit off the last savagely.
"Now, Dan't Not jealous? No, you are too big for that." hesliated, fingering the strap in her hand.

"I am going down to Hilton with Mr. Randon to-day," she said at last adding hastily, "I will go with you to morrow, Dan. Up to the old place." morrow, Dan. Up to the old place. He turned in silence, and mounted his horse very slowly.

The girl ran out to him, and put up

a pleading hand.
"Cross?" she queried gently. "We are too good friends to quarrel."
"No," he said shortly: then he reached suddenly for her hand and

crushed it flercely.
"Till to-morrow," he said, and put-ting spurs to his horse, he rode of down the trail.

Leishs watched him out of sight then slowly went back to the house An hour later she was off with Ran

Leisha thrilled as she looked up a his sirnight figure. The significance that day was very obvious to her. She was to meet Randon's mother and sis ter, and see the manner in which the lived in Hilton. Next week the Next week they York, and Rundon, his health recov-

ed, would go back to business there.
They came into fown about noon It was a mushroom Western town the hills. At one end were a group of white villas, with tiny strips of laws sin-bred girl they were palatial, an meet the occasion. She summoned th conners of her Eastern school day to her assistance as they swept up be fore the most pretentious of the vil

- 37rs. Randon came out to meethem, and the girl crimsoned before the fatronizing curiosity of her gaze. "This is Miss Fenton," said Randon, and there was pride in his tone The girl felt the chilling reserve i his mother's response, and her fac grew hotter. She thought of he short, rough skirt and high, stou boots. She did not know how brigh her eyes were, how pink her cheeks how her lips curied up intempting ed lines against her forehead.

Randon's sister was better. Shas a frank, happy girl, but Leish miled before the unconscious ense o manner, the elegant simplicity o

They had luncheon in the cool, ex ite dining room. Randon sat be de his guest and sought to put he her case, but in these surrounding too had assumed terrifying propor and she did not breathe freel hey were well on their way back And then he told her what she had

ig suspected; that he loved her.
"I don't know," she faltered, "I canot tell you now. I think I am a lit-

His answering glance was quisalally tender.
"I understand," he said gently, "I

vill wait till Friday." When he lifted her from her horse mushed back her curls and kissed

er forchead.
"I will wait thi Friday," he repeat ed and was off a brave, bright nicture of self-assurance.
It was early when Dan came for

her in the morning, the dew hardly dry on the grass. His face was very stern, a contrast to her com meed of gayety. For som Irrepressible joy. She alternate! sung and chaffed the silent figure

her side, her laughter echolog far down the trail before them. In the place they had known for years they tothered the horses, and stood looking out on the wide, ern country which swept beneath the ledge on which their feet were resting. Struck dumb by the grandeu about her, the girl's mood of laughte a projecting boulder, the man looked down at the thoughtful little face be

"Leisha," be said, and his voice held a note of resignation that did not escape her, "I've thought it over and I guess I haven't anything to offer with Randon. He can give you every thing, while I-it'll be this always most likely. But I want to tell you this, Leisha, seems as if I must tell you this just once, I love you girl, I

With a sudden gesture he caught her shoulders in either hand and looked down at her with all the flerce in tensity of rough, young passion.

To Leisha came the vision of Mrs. Randon, supercilious, condescending. The walls of the splendid house seemed suddenly to lower about and smother her. She raised her head and there was the country she loved, the face she had always known and trust-ed, and with a little laugh that was half a sob, she laid her cheek against Dan's shoulder,-HELEN IRWIN

A Dreary Land. The country from Jerusalem to the Jordan valley is as dreary and deco-

inte as could be imagined.

The hills look like great banks of rock and sand. Not even the Sahara teelf looks more forbidding. the "country not inhabited," the wil-derness into which the scapegoat was driven. We are all glad we went, but none of us could be induced to go

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Botton's Coutly Subway. The costliest mile of underground railway in the world is said to be the new Washington sirvet subway of Boston, which passes through the shopping district. Its construction and equipment has amounted to \$10,000,0000, or about \$2,000 a lineal foot. The first section of Boston's modera system of rapid transit, consisting at system of reput transit, consisting at subway tunnels was overed about 14 years ago. This was followed by the erection a few years later of the cie-vated road. And subsequently to that the system was extended by the road-struction of the East Boston tuncel under the harbor. The appealing of the Washington tunnel marks the latest and one of the most important ex-

Bravest of Living Things. things is, by common consent of naturalists, the noise. Scomingly with-out any sense of fear whatever, the mole will fight anything that crosses its path it never raises the white flug. Neither giving nor asking quarter, it tears away at its adversary un-til it kills it or is killed itself. The mole appetite is in keeping with its courage, and it thinks nothing of eat-ing its own weight. In appetite the spider is a close second to the mole, but when it comes to fighting the mole carries the palm.