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and HAY

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Boys; \$2.00 and \$1.75 for Youths.

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everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than
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ers expect more for their money than they can get elsewhere.

We carry a full line, and can insure a perfect
fit. Inspection invited.

JOHNSON,
FITTER-OF-FEET,
Port Jervis, N. Y.

THE WITHERED FLOWERS

Only a withered nosegay
Once tied with a ribbon blue,
Given me long years ago;
When plucked 'twas fresh with dew:
I remember well the night and place
And the little card that came
Alfred with nothing written on
But simply Edward's name

Full thirty years have cycled
Slowly, but tonight
As my tears drop on the flowers
They're to me as fresh and bright
As they were when they were sent me
By the one I loved so well;
Strange, even now they send forth
The same delightful smell.

It was the old sad story
I was rich, and he was poor,
My parents' proud and boastless
Made me Edward ignore.
The night he sent these flowers
I was watched and could not show
My preference at the grand ball
That gave the final blow.

To all our hopes. Disheartened
He left the town next day.
I wept and grieved in silence
And the flowers I put away.
Suitsors I've had many
Of all kinds, for none I cared
'Twas Edward only Edward
That I would have gladly shared.

My fortune I grew sullen,
From my cheeks the color fled,
I pined for years in silence
Then I heard Edward was dead.
What foolish tears I am shedding
Over this crisp bouquet,
I'll undo the knot of ribbon
And throw these faded flowers away.

What's this? A dainty missiver:
"If tonight you think all's well
Wear the white rose in your hair, love
And that to me will tell
My fate, I will watch near you
In waiting 'neath the arbor
And at twelve we'll both away."

Oh heaven! My brain is whirling,
And this I never knew,
Fate, cruel fate you've foiled me
I thought I alone was true.
I knew not why he left me
But now, but now I see
He was as true as I was—
Well, perhaps, 'twas destiny.

Long sorrow I have suffered
'Tis thirty years too late
That I have read the message
But it was the hand of Fate—
I shall keep the nosegay
And when I'm laid to rest
I wish it pinned, but hidden
Upon my lifeless breast.

CECILIA A. CULLER.

Beast of Living Things.
The mongoose is very brave, but
the most courageous of all living
things is, by common consent of nat-
uralists, the mole. Seemingly with-
out any sense of fear whatever, the
mole will fight anything that crosses
its path. It never raises the white
flag. Neither giving nor asking quar-
ter, it tears away at its adversary un-
til it kills it or is killed itself. The
mole's appetite is in keeping with its
courage, and it thinks nothing of eat-
ing its own weight. In appetite the
epider is a close second to the mole,
but when it comes to fighting the mole
carries the palm.

Let Us Hope So.
Thrown from her luxurious limo-
sine the fair girl had lain insensible
for many hours. Now, however, the
operation was over, consciousness
had returned, and she spoke faintly
in the darkened room.
"Yes, mademoiselle!" The maid
bent over her.
"Yes, tell me—"
An anxiety almost sickening trem-
bled in the low, weak voice.
"—did I, or did I not, have on my
new silk stockings?"

Watch for the Blind.
A Swiss watchmaker of Neuchâtel,
who recently invented a watch for the
blind, has been flooded with orders.
The watch has no glass, and its face
is of enamel. The hands are invisible
and are placed inside the case. The
figures work automatically, appearing
a little above the enamel face as the
hands pass underneath. A blind per-
son can with a touch of his fingers
tell the time in an instant. The watch
costs from \$4 upward.

Varieties of Girls.
"There are three kinds of girls,"
says the Philosopher of Folly; "those
who are pretty and foolish, those
who are homely and sensible, and
those that have nothing to preserve
them from being old maids."

Metallic.
Miss—I didn't know that Miss Flash
was a college graduate, did you?
Miss Blunt—Too be sure, I did. She
is one of the aluminum of Vasquez.

One Exception.
"Like does not always cure like."
"Such as what?"
"You can't always make a bit by
going on a strike!"

J. Morton's Sentence

The ponderous doors of the home
of the noted eye specialist swung
softly to behind the retreating form
of a young man, who stumbled rather
than walked down the flight of steps
that led to the street. His face was
drawn and haggard, his square jaws
set as if in defiance to the awful sen-
tence which had been imposed upon
him, for it had been a death blow to
all of John Morton's hopes 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-
tion, the doctor gravely shook his
head.

"Tell me truthfully, what you
think of my case, doctor, the young
man had commanded, and the sen-
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 addi-
tional 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."

"But even at that, eventually I will
become blind!" The doctor hesitated.
"Tell me," again insisted the young
man.
"I'm afraid the age of miracles is
past," the doctor said sadly. John
paid his fee, donned his hat and coat
and stumbled out into the crisp au-
tumn air. He winced as the brilliant
sunshine fell on his uncovered eyes.
With a groan he placed his gloved
hand before them to shield them from
the direct rays.

Of what consequence, he thought
bitterly, were his early struggles, his
devotion to his work, the applause of
his admiring friends. Would he not
steadily give all now to be able to step
down into the ranks of those blessed
with God's most wonderful—good
sight?

The one oasis in the dreary desert
of his mind was the thought a new
terror came upon him. How could he
expect her to share the future living
death that was before him, and yet—
how could he live without her? He
passed to wipe the perspiration from
his brow with a hand that trembled
like a woman's.

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

He had come to the bridge that
spanned the sparkling river. He
leaned wearily against the iron rail-
ing and watched the turbulent, foaming
waters flowing swiftly beneath. Soon
the dark night of blindness would be
upon him, shutting forever from his
view the beauties of the day. Mutely
he raised his eyes to the blue heavens
beating over him. He fancied he
could see his mother's sweet, sym-
pathetic face framed in the fleecy clouds,
and an indescribable peace stole upon
him. With a heavy sigh he turned
and walked toward the city.

On leaving the doctor's office he
had not noticed across the street a
young woman with wind-tossed hair
and rosy cheeks, who seemed to be en-
joying to the fullest extent the long
walk she had taken into the suburbs.
She had seen him and was startled by
his haggard appearance. Her first in-
clination was to call out to him, but
seeing the hopeless gesture when he
raised his hand to shield his eyes, the
terrible truth dawned upon her start-
led brain. John's rapid strides had
taken him well up the street when she
crossed swiftly and entered Dr. King's
vestibule. Soon she was ushered into
his presence.

"Dr. King," she began excitedly,
"John Morton was here just now.
What did you tell him?" The doctor
was startled by her vehemence, but
he was an old friend of the family and
knew Evelyn since her childhood.

"Won't you be seated?" he asked
her in a kindly tone. The girl de-
clined. "You're engaged to John, I
believe." The girl nodded in the af-
firmative, impatiently waiting the in-
formation she sought. "Poor chap, I
was sorry I had to tell him, but he de-
manded the whole truth and there's
no beating around the bush with a
man like John."

"I told him within a year he would
be totally blind, unless he gave up
his profession and went on a ranch
or farm." Evelyn's face had turned
dully white. "Blind," she gasped,
catching at the chair for support. "Oh,
I must go to him," she said with a
"low wail of anguish in her voice. "He
will need me now."

The midday Angelus was ringing
in a nearby church as Evelyn stepped
off the elevator before John's office.
Noiselessly she stepped in. John sat
at his desk, his face buried in his
hands. Evelyn moved forward softly
and laid a light, caressing touch upon
his bowed head. "John," the young
man started to his feet. The girl
smiled bravely through fast gathering
tears. "I know all, dear, and I came
to tell you I want to share your
—" "MAY DAVIS."

Austria to Build Airships.
The first Austrian airship construc-
tion company has just been formed
with a capital of 300,000 kronen, and
it is understood that the war office is
immediately placing an order for a
dirigible. The constitution of the
company is largely due to the fact
that the efforts of the government to
obtain a dirigible from Germany dur-
ing the recent crisis failed.

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B. dep. WALTER BURTON, Pres. Mgt.
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They provide the sleeping places at real
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Old Penn Whisky, 75c quart.
\$2.75 gallon is the finest whisky for its
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Formerly 1310 Chestnut St. 1630 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pike County Teachers' Examinations for 1910 will be held as follows:

DISTRICT	SCHOOL HOUSE	DATE
Lackawaxen,	Williamson	June 2
Shohola,	Shohola, No. 1,	June 3
Greene,	Kiptown,	June 7
Falmers,	Red, No. 4,	June 8
Bloomington Grove,	Westbrook's No. 1,	June 9
Diagonan,	Union,	June 21
Lehman,	Meadow Brook	June 24
Delaware,	Academy	June 25
Milford,	High School,	June 27
Matamoras and Westfall	Matamoras High School	June 29

Examinations for Common School Diploma will be held in all districts,
excepting Greene, at the same time and place as Teachers' Examinations.
This examination for Greene will be held at Kiptown school, June 6.

All candidates for examination, both teachers and pupils, should provide
themselves with plenty of foolscap paper, pencils, pen and ink, and a scratch
tablet.

All candidates for teacher's certificate who have not done the required
professional reading, or its equivalent, will be refused a certificate.

All examinations, with the exception of the one at Lackawaxen, will be-
gin promptly at 8 o'clock. Prompt attendance will be required under penalty
of being excluded from the examinations.

A special examination will be held at Matamoras, August 27.

School Directors and other interested parties are cordially invited to at-
tend the examinations.

LUCIAN WESTBROOK,
Supt. Pike County Schools.

Matamoras, Pa., May 16, 1910.

Cigars—Perfectly rolled smokes of every
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cigars themselves and the
money they
cost. Cigars by the box
or by the smoke. Smoking tobacco,
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