

# HAND LAUNDRY

Patrick White has opened a hand laundry on Ninth St. in Milford and all work in his line will be promptly and neatly done. Goods will be called for and delivered. Telephone.

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E. L. KEMP, Principal.

## Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

### HATPIN GUARD.

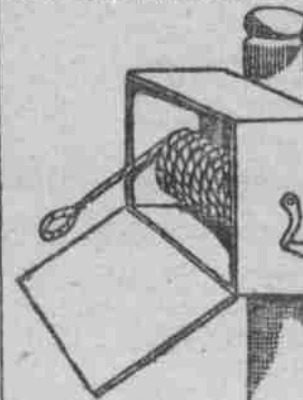
Keeps Point of Pin from Spoiling Eyesight of Neighbors.

If the several councils in Illinois cities that passed ordinances regulating the length of women's hairpins had waited a while, their laws would not have been necessary. A man in their own State has invented a hatpin guard which, it is claimed, will save the eyesight of many an inoffensive man and yet leave the ladies their weapon for defence against footpads, muggers and the like—for which uses



they declare they are needed. The device here shown consists of a small tubular contrivance with a claw at one end in which a jewel is held, thus making the guard ornament as well as protective and improving the appearance of the headgear. The open end of the tube faces into a mouth wide enough to make the guard easy to slip on, and, inside the tube, is a rubber bushing which grips the pin tightly enough to prevent the guard from falling off. It is predicted that these devices will become very popular as gifts from men to their women acquaintances.

A Handy Clothline Reel. Any bright boy can make this reel for his mother after he has studied the picture for five minutes. Set the post firmly in the ground, tamping in broken stone or bricks to hold it erect. The box will always keep the clothes line dry and clean. If one of the posts is set just inside the



kitchen porch and another box placed upon it, the clothes line may be wound up from either end by adding sufficient string to reach the distance between the posts. The reel should be of a stout piece of wood and the box must be strong enough to stand the strain of the line when full of wet clothes.

Much Coarse False Hair Used. More false hair is worn by women to-day than ever before, and the markets of the world are being ransacked to keep pace with the demand. The great amount used has been responsible for the appearance in the market of quantities of cheap and coarse hair that no woman would have thought of buying ten years ago. It is imported principally from Japan and India and is bleached or dyed to the different shades required. Hair from China, though usually it requires little treatment, is also rather coarse in texture. All the best natural hair comes from the European countries. The light hair is almost exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company, and the genuine golden blonde is so highly prized that most of it is pre-empted under contract by favored customers in the retail hair-dressing trade. Most of the brown hair comes from Central France, and Brittany and the south of France furnish the darker browns and blacks. Agents of the Parisian houses purchase an annual "crop" of about 200,000 pounds of hair every season, paying all the way from 20 cents to \$1 for individual strands. After it has been dressed and sorted most of the hair is sold to the big wholesale houses for redistribution at about \$2 a pound, but the extra choice heads of hair are sold separately for \$10, \$20 and even \$50 apiece, the private retailer eventually receiving about \$100 for a perfect swath.

Sunday Evening Tea. Sunday evening tea may be served in the library. It may be composed of sandwiches, chocolate and fruit. This saves the arranging of the dining-room and gives a variety to one's day.

Good Advice. "And now, son," said the old rabbi, "here's a bit of advice. Always keep on the good side of a dog." "But pop," queried the youngster, who was about to go forth into the big wide world, "which is the good side of a dog?" "The outside, son," answered the rabbi, "as he bit off another's hunk of cabbage."

A Natural Question. James J. Fogarty, in the waiting room of the Metropolitan, placed the "style" of "Jim" before him. "It's a neat style," he said; "but, quick to the point. It gets there like the remark of a little girl, who said to the minister, in the course of a quite interminable call: "Did you forget to bring your arms with you, doctor?"

## Gossip--Its Results

They walked slowly along the beach until they came to a high rock, which rose for several feet into the air, as though cast up and left there by the sea to form the only shade visible for some distance along the shore at this point. She seated herself in silence and prodded ruthlessly at the unoffending sands with the point of her sunshade. He stood looking down at her without speaking for a few minutes, and then throwing himself dejectedly down beside her exclaimed in a voice that showed as plain as the serious expression of his face how much her last words had hurt: "Barbara, why can't you listen to reason? You know all I said was true and it is only what they all say. You surely must see that it is only because I love you so dearly and want not to hurt you that I tell you." She looked at him with scorn for a moment, then rising with rather more speed than his words seemed to necessitate, exclaimed: "Miss Ashland, if you please, and hereafter you need not consider yourself called upon to champion me."

She turned and walked away without another word, and he stood after her with no pretence to follow. That was the last. She left the next day for home without giving him a chance to see her again, and now, after three years of hard work, in which time he had completed his course at college and made a name for himself out West, he was coming back. Back to all he held most dear, and yet which, as he approached the familiar scenes passing swiftly by the train windows, filled him with sad memories of what might have been. As the train drew into the station he gazed eagerly about him with the wild thought that perhaps she had heard rumors of his return, and even though she had not written in all these years he might at the last moment relent and come to welcome the prodigal. His wishes were unrequited, no friendly faces met his gaze, and halting a waiting cab he gave his order and was driven swiftly to his home.

That evening, for "auld lang syne," as he expressed it to himself, he purchased a ticket for the opera which he and she had attended together just the night previous to that last quarrel which had separated them both and left him to these three years of miserable doubt, and which, by a strange coincidence, was playing in the same theatre.

As he sat there scarcely heeding the drama which was being enacted before him his thoughts flew swiftly back to that last afternoon they spent together. How "happy" she seemed as she walked gaily beside him, until noticing that he had ceased to respond to incoherent chatter she looked up and found his eyes fastened upon her with an expression she did not recognize. He could still hear that voice as he exclaimed: "Why, Richard, what are you looking at me like that for? One never thinks that we were walking to the galleys instead of along the most beautiful beach imaginable." It was then he told her of the stories which people were discussing, using her name and that of Everett Dow, the town's most notable spendthrift and gambler. How she had raged, accusing him of jealousy, and ending by saying she thought she was quite capable of choosing her friends and needed no advice from him. After that final outburst she had left him. Too late now he realized how false those rumors were and that it was because of their entire absurdity that she had not even thought it necessary to deny them.

With a sigh he glanced involuntarily toward the box which he and she had occupied and he started forward in surprise. Was this simply a hallucination brought on by the tenor of his thoughts or was that slight, pale little girl in deep mourning the bright, plump, little Barbara of three years ago? Being quickly from his seat he sought the usher, who conveyed him to the box which Barbara occupied.

The curtain was just dropping on the closing scene, but she still sat as though buried in thought. He stepped up behind her and when he caught sight of the pale, pinched little face which rested so dejectedly on her hand he could scarcely control the words which flew to his tongue. Laying his hand upon her small one which lay on the rail he called her softly by name. She started and turned quickly as though recalled from another world, but looking into his face with one glad eye, she buried her head against his shoulder, and he knew that all was forgiven in that cry of "Richard."

On their way home she told him how she had lost her sole companion in her mother, two years ago, and the little money which had been enough to support them comfortably since her father's death was eaten up by the expenses occasioned by her mother's illness. Being thus thrown upon her own resources, she was forced to earn her own living, and cope with a world which found her ill prepared for the hard knocks which she received.

When she had finished her narrative she crept closer to him as though for protection and with a happy lithe sigh said: "But now that you have returned that is all over, isn't it?" "But his name was not in words," KATHERINE FOLLOCK.

Be Natural. First Porter--"Gee, dat man git me a large tip." Second Porter--"Yep. An' done git yourself away by thanking him and smiling." First Porter--"Why, ain't dat all right?" Second Porter--"No, sah. If he had acted natural he'd left obligated to do it next time. Saw?"

## The Flower O' Love

It was August. All day Wreck street had rained in the heat, and night brought no relief. The Nickel Theatre was crowded. Wreck street habitans leaned forward to catch sight of Miss Foyertion prancing down the stage. Despatching rolled down her face, tilting her blackened eyebrows, and stretching her painted cheeks. There was something ghastly in the abandon with which she poised and swayed before her vaudeville Wreck street audience. However, Meg was not the chief attraction. Behind her came a child, a year-old, golden-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful and childlike in spite of her makeup. It was her part to mimic the mingling gait, flapping elbows and winking eye of Meg. "That's the child!" ejaculated a man who looked as out of place in Wreck street as did his companion. The latter turned eagerly. "What child?" he asked. "It's a reporter," said he dug out a card. "Wallace Reest, City Editor."

"It's not much of a story," smiled the first speaker. "I'm an agent of the Wall Protection Society. The child's parents have died within a year, the mother six months ago. This Meg Foyertion professes to love the child, and wishes to possess her. The manager had a contract for the child with the parents lasting two years. The father, a tumbler, owed her money, and since the Foyertion woman cannot pay the debt, the manager refuses to release the child. The society sent me to investigate the case. I couldn't get behind the scenes, and the woman sent word that she would find other work as soon as they had worked out the contract, and she'd bring the child up differently, but she'd fight me to death before she would agree to separation."

"Rather decent of her, I should think," commented the reporter. The agent shook his head. "It's hard to find motives. Is this a decent place. Does she look a decent woman?" The reporter shrugged his shoulders at the shameless exhibition on the stage. "I'm doing Wreck street in the summer for the Sunday supplement, it's sickening business." Meg's voice broke into a rasping gasp. "I guess I've got enough of this!" and he rose to go.

A magic lantern behind the scenes at the left was throwing colored lights on the child. Suddenly there was a hiss, a sharp report, and filmy scenery was affixed. Instantly the house was in an uproar. The audience fought tooth and nail for the doors. The weak were trodden under foot, the strong were pushed by the surging crowd to the exits. The reporter, a college athlete, by sheer strength and grit, dragged the society agent to the door.

At first alarm, Meg caught up the child. Smoke choked them, flames were encircling the stage. One of two performers, waiting behind the scenes, had gained the door at the right before the fire cut off escape. Several leaped into the fighting audience. Meg knew with the child she had no chance in that panic-raging throng. Holding the child close, she ran up the steps leading to the roof. She gained it safely. After her trailed a long length of curtain rope. From the dizzy height a crowd looking up the dizzy height saw her figure outlined against the flames. She strained the ugly suffocated child to her breast. "Richard, I was going to quit as soon as we could. Tell me to make you a good woman, an' give you a chance. Can you remember?"

"Make me good--give me chance," moaned the child. Then the watching crowd saw Meg make a poise of the rope's end, and slip it under Goldie's arm. She groped her way to the edge of the roof. A cry went up from the throng. Meg was letting Goldie down through fire and smoke. The rope had seemed long when she pulled it from the burning curtain, now it seemed terribly short. Could they reach Goldie? Would the charred strands bear her little weight? A frenzied man ran up ladder, but the unconscious child saw him and hid her face. She earned a medal of honor by working her way along an ornamental ledge, stepping on a cornice and catching the child just as the rope burned through. He strayed a second with his burden, recovered his footing and descended safely while Wreck street rang with cheers.

For Meg there was no hope of rescue. She stood erect a light in her face no longer smudged, and in her heart "the flower of love," rooted in equanimity and shame, but blossoming undimmed in sacrifice. She knew no hymn, no Nevins love song to carry her good-by to the child. Through the smoke and flame her voice rang out to the crowded sidewalk in the words of a popular song:

"Not because you're fair, dear, Not because you're true, Not your golden hair, dear, Not your eyes of blue."

The flames roared her in glowing embrace. The voice stopped--stopped. Then faintly came a faltering word or two more: "Because--because you're you."

## A Baby's Whisper

The melancholy days had, indeed, come upon Mrs. Van Buren. Her life seemed like the dead leaves and withered branches of the trees outside, but unlike the melancholy days of which the poet writes, here had come upon her a "liberty" writing. Her husband had let her down in the usual happy path. An hour later she received a telegraphic message that he was at the hospital, dying. He had been importing some work on the new building of his factory, which was in the process of construction, when the "slain" broke and he received mortal injuries.

The shock of his sudden death had almost killed her. For weeks she lay at death's door, and when some consciousness came back and they told her she would live, she hid her face, sobbing in the pillow and earnestly prayed to die.

Her care and constant attention, together with her own vitality, won the battle over grief and despair, and now for two weeks she was able to go about once more.

As she sat in her room sitting room before the ruddy glow of the open fireplace and listened to the low murmuring of the trees outside, she wondered why she could not die. She had nothing to live for and no desire to live. It was true she had wealth, but that does not heal the wound caused by the death of those most dear. She grew to miss her husband more and more; to miss his loving care and attention and manly protection, for he had been a prince among men. If only one little child had come to bless her life, she would have some object to live for, but now only weary, lonesome days stretched ahead.

Her maid appeared at the door in some excitement. There had been an accident outside. Richard, the chauffeur, had not noticed the little boy standing just inside the gate until his childish screams fell on his ears. When he jumped from the car, the little one lay unconscious on the pebbled driveway. They had brought him into the house and the maid was sent to notify Mrs. Van Buren and ask what they would do.

A wave of sympathy and motherly love swept away the child of desolation that had settled on her heart, and to the maid's utter astonishment, she announced that she would see the child herself. They had laid the little boy, who was about three years old, on the seat in the hall and the housekeeper was gently rubbing his tiny cold hands. On the approach of her beloved mistress, her eyes lighted up on noting the look of interest that had taken the place of indifference on her beautiful face.

"Is he seriously hurt, Jane?" asked Mrs. Van Buren. "I do not think so," replied the housekeeper. "Richard went at once for a doctor, as I thought the poor child needed immediate attention, and I sent Kitty to notify you."

"You did right, Jane. Do you know whose child it is?" she asked, gazing on the white face and golden curls. "The boy's name is Richard," said the housekeeper. "I saw the mother's name on the white face and golden curls. The boy's name is Richard, and the mother's name is Mrs. Van Buren. She was perfectly well, she instructed Richard to go at once and search for his parents and tell them of the accident."

Before he could comply with her request, the bell rang and Kitty announced that a woman was at the door looking for the boy. When ushered into the hall, she was weeping bitterly. No, she was not his mother. Poor child, his mother had died but two weeks before and she had just received word from the hospital that his father, too, had passed away. They had both been taken with typhoid and the woman, always frail, had succumbed without a struggle. The father had fought the battle for two weeks, but he, too, had answered the summons, and the boy was left alone. She was only a neighbor who had cared for Edward and she was beside herself with grief to think that harm had come to him. Mrs. Van Buren rose and her closely as to Richard, and she said the know of no one. The child, if he recovered, would have to take his place in a home for orphan children, for while she loved the boy as dearly as her own, she could not possibly keep him.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER. ERIE RAILROAD AT PORT JERVIS. Time Table

Table with columns for train names (e.g., Erie Express, Local Express) and times. Includes a section for 'WESTWARD' and 'EASTWARD'.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Milford in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, June 30, 1910.

Table with columns for assets (Loans and discounts, Investments, etc.) and liabilities (Capital stock paid in, Surplus fund, etc.).

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