

Wood Violets

In a far distant corner of the exhibition hall a woman stood before a painting. Her hands hung loosely clasped, as she looked at the picture the color faded from her beautiful, careworn face.

"Wood Violets!" she repeated. There was a little catch in her voice as she whispered the name of the artist, the name of him who embodied for her all the mystery and meaning of life.

Her mind spanned the years to the time when she and the painter had been sweethearts. She saw the smiling, merry face; she saw the laughing, drowsy violets; she saw the light of the twilight. She saw a girl, drowsy with sleep, yawn a bunch of these violets, say him that he was the one she loved, and then their lips had met.

She learned, however, the hardest lesson in life—of concealing an aching heart behind a smiling face. With the coming of her child something like peace had crept into her heart. Then, shortly afterward, her husband had died and she was free.

She heard nothing of her young lover. She knew, however, that he had left the old home, had first gone to New York to study art, and then to Europe. Now he had returned and they had met. The country youth had become a famous painter; a strong virile man replaced the lover of her maiden days.

But now the pictures of the past had disappeared. Other scenes glided across the mirror of her thoughts. Hope and longing pained them. Presently a tall, fair girl stepped to the woman's side.

"Are you ready to go now, mamma?" she asked. For one puzzling moment the woman's face was shaken, her self-command overturned. Then with a forced laugh she rose and joined her daughter.

The days and weeks passed quickly after that morning in the exhibition hall. The painter was an almost daily visitor at the woman's house. The winter grew into spring, and spring lengthened into summer. The city became hot and oppressive and thoughts of the cool, green country filled their minds.

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AS MAN TO MAN

Private Soldier Made a Fool and Frank Confession. A private soldier, anxious to secure a letter of absence, went to his captain with a most convincing story about a sick wife, breaking his heart for his presence.

The private saluted, and started to leave the room. At the door, he paused, asking: "For, may I speak to you, not as an officer, but as soon to die?"

Popular Fiction. "To So Sorry, I Was Out When You Called, Mrs. Simpson." "I think I'll Take These Shoes; They Don't Pinch My Feet a Bit."

Halter for a Hungry Fish. To make sure the youngster was not disobeying the banishing law, the game warden took his string of fish out of the water and found only catfish, perch and suckers on the line.

AGREED STATEMENT

The answer came direct: "Well, we are not doing as well as we might—as well as we shall some time. And he thought, dear old boy—impulsively—that he had no right to fetter Miss Marshall when it might be years before he could make a home for both of you.

Trials of Literature. The stone age poet, mallet and chisel in hand, was laboriously composing a sonnet, when the business agent of the stonecutters' union happened along.

Iron and Steel Products. For every man, woman and child in this country there is produced each week three-quarters of a pound of nails, half a pound of structural shapes, three-quarters of a pound of sheet piling, one-third of a pound of sheathing, three-quarters of a pound of iron pipe, one-third of a pound of iron rods, one-third of a pound of iron castings. These and other finished iron and steel products make a total of 12 to 13 pounds each week per head.

Window Glass. It is certain that there were glass windows in Pompeii, as the proof is found in its ruins. In more modern times it is known that windows of some kind were glazed so early as the third century. If not before, though fashion was not fairly introduced until it was done by Benedictine monks about 874.

Canadian Fishing Industry. The catch of fish in Canadian waters by Canadian fishermen, including seals and all fish products, in 1908 was valued at \$25,451,985. The industry required a fishing fleet of 14,114 vessels.

THE MASTER WORKMAN-FATE

Donald Grahame glanced from the abstract legal technicality that was puzzling him to a sweet faced old lady in quaint attire, who was regarding him wistfully.

"Will he be in soon—very soon?" "Well, doubtfully, he is away for the day. Could I take your message?"

The little old lady plunked at her hands. "I am sorry, I am sorry, I am sorry," she said. "I have written to my nephew, and well—confusedly, he must have misunderstood me."

"The young lady, undoubtedly," and Grahame smiled into her eyes. "And he, my nephew—you think he is in love with her?"

"The answer came direct: 'Well, we are not doing as well as we might—as well as we shall some time. And he thought, dear old boy—impulsively—that he had no right to fetter Miss Marshall when it might be years before he could make a home for both of you."

"Yes, Mr. Grahame"—her voice was troubled—"is Mr. Walker here? I—I—" she held out a letter. "This came today. It is not mine. I think it was intended for some one else."

"It is mine," the little old lady rose, holding out her hand. "My nephew—I am Ellis Walker's aunt—and he is writing letters and including them in the wrong envelopes. You are going to give up everything for me? How long, however, as the girl held out her hand impulsively, 'I do not think you will want the one he wrote to me. It meant something quite different. I am sure, from what he wrote, here.'"

"I made all the trouble by not being clear in my letter to him. Now I will tell you all about it," in reply to the girl's puzzled look, "naïve. But, my dear, I will tell you this: I am coming here for Ellis to make a home for me, a lonely old woman. At the same time he will be making one for you—for she read right into the eyes of the girl—and I shall help him, and incidentally—turning to Grahame—shall put a few thousands into the firm of Grahame & Walker to boot it along."

"Pa, I wish we were Christian Scientists." "No, Willie Green's folks are, as he ain't afraid to eat green apples."

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number Two RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to eliminate the requirement of payment of taxes as a qualification of the right to vote.

Number Three A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of a high county.

Number Four A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Number Five A JOINT RESOLUTION. Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

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Time Table

Table with columns for Erie Railroad and Port Jervis, listing train numbers, destinations (Buffalo, Niagara Falls, etc.), and departure times.

Table titled 'REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Milford in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, Sept 1st, 1910.' with columns for assets and liabilities.

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