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Statements rendered the first of every month, and if paid within three days from date of bill, a cash discount of 2% is allowed. The same discounts given on all cash purchases exceeding \$1.00. Goods sent out will be C. O. D. unless otherwise previously arranged.

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We carry a stock of goods valued at \$1,000,000.00. We receive from 10,000 to 25,000 letters every day.

We own and occupy the greatest mercantile building in the world. We have over 2,000,000 customers. Sixteen hundred clerks are constantly engaged filling out-of-town orders.

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**DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Remedy**  
The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

### THE KICKER'S KICK.

This would be a funny thing if it were not a fact. That suited kickers everywhere—woman, child and man. "Would be a grooved, bulging, sady out of the affair. And we would do a lot of things that now we do not dare; We'd 'knock the stuff' out of that," change this all about. We turn the thing upside down and also inside out; And when we got it fixed to suit there'd be an awful row. And it's a cinch that we would kick lots worse than we do now.—Chicago News.

### MY FRIEND DICK DANA.

Dick Dana's companionship was much sought, by young and old, for the reason that he was what the world calls a "good fellow." He was of that happy disposition that holds the power to assist one to forget, for the while at least, that there is anything but sunshine anywhere. Moreover, knowing him intimately and probably understanding him more than any one else, I am free to say that I have yet to discover his equal in unselfishness. He was one of those unfortunates whom everyone likes and no one fears and, as such, his life was largely spent in doing favors for people who accepted them as a matter of course.

By reason of his ability to please, to do and say the right thing at the right time, Dick was considerable of a favor in the limited circle of fashionable society of the town in which he was reared, and where he had wasted, through unambitious "drifting," the early years following his college course. He was known to all as "Dick," and was never taken seriously by anyone. Anything he said was expected to have a laugh in it and passed for a joke whether it was intended or not. That his habit of smiling and of being so good-natured and tolerant was conceded, but lack of power to assert himself, spoken of by some as downright laziness, and by others more charitably disposed as indifference, discouraged even those who most courted his society.

I have just said that no one took him seriously, and yet that is not exactly true. He was taken very seriously indeed by a girl who, for a long time, he had loved. She was a girl of a certain type, and her face, with its laughing lines, undeveloped possibilities for usefulness in an enlarged sphere—a career even—and when Dick himself made this startling discovery the sensation impressed him in a manner that was new and novel. He told me afterwards, "I, who was his closest friend and was to have been his best man, that he did not realize exactly what had come over him until upon a certain night, I believe it was after the last Assembly ball, when they were standing together at the foot of the great staircase, and Grace appeared as particularly handsome, his manner grew serious for once, and he scarcely knew what he was saying. But it is certain that he did not speak in vain, and it is probably equally certain that there was a tablean just at that time, with a soft lighting effect reflected from a dimly burning Moorish lamp, but of this feature he did not tell me. It is merely a fact on my imagination."

Grace Dixon's father was spoken of by the business world as a successful man. By sheer hard work, including the manipulation of an occasional "corner," he had built up a fortune and had surrounded himself with every luxury. He judged every man by his ability to make and keep "good, cold cash." How much of his work was usually his first and generally his last question. He had absolutely no patience with the young men of the period who spent their time riding to hounds or playing golf, and he had even threatened to cut off Tom's allowance because that worthy had dared to play centre rush on his college team.

I smile now when I think of the scene which must have followed the request of my friend Dick—a request plain and straightforwardly put to the President of the Lakeside National Bank for the hand of his only daughter. "I had always known that Dick was very nice," I had sincerely thought him equal to this. We went into the library that night knowing that the man he was to interview was prejudiced against him in particular and in general against his class of men. Moreover, he must have known that of all his associates he was probably the most hopelessly ineligible for various reasons, but he did not hesitate.

Of course there was a terrible storm. Dick told me afterwards that he had remembered often to have seen the same thing on the stage in melodrama, and the recollection that it always came out right in the end was the only thing that served to brace him up, but it was a long, seige, and came to a very unsatisfactory ending when the English servant, at his master's bidding handed in from the hall an over-coat and a cane and a derby hat, and Dick recognized his property.

It was three days afterwards that Grace departed for another year at school in the city and Dick appeared as usual in his routine business with the same hearty laugh and happy manner. Apparently there was nothing in the world to worry him, but I knew that back of that carelessness there was a great deal of hard thinking going on mingled with the first twinges of real sorrow he had ever known.

With the departure of his daughter, Arthur Dixon considered the matter settled. A year's separation, he figured, would work wonders. He had forbidden Grace to carry on any sort of correspondence whatever, and the usual of business soon relieved his memory in a measure of the affair. As he usually the case the separation was about the poorest plan that could have been suggested. Of course the father didn't know it—fathers never do—but it was true, and it was not later than Thanksgiving Day that another storm shook the Dixon household at the discovery. Aunt Mary, spinster, had written Brother Arthur that Grace had confessed to her of an engagement. Again the banker began nervous trap up and down the library, while Thomas discreetly absented himself from the room, and the family sat ached his back and sought refuge under the sofa.

"I'll see that fellow, damn his im-

udence! I'll end the business this time or I'll end him!"

"But, my dear, I'm afraid Grace—"

Mrs. Dixon was smothered.

"Don't talk nonsense, Napp," he continued, looking as if interruption was you think I can allow myself to be made the laughing stock of the town. Why, the fellow hasn't a cent in the world. He's a regular fortune hunter—a spender and of questionable morals. I tell you the thing is not to be thought of. It's preposterous and entirely out of the question, and I'll stop it—do you understand, I'll stop it!"

"Thomas!"

"Thomas!"

When the servant appeared he was sent, forthwith, to the Club, bearing a message from his master for Mr. Richard Dana, requesting an interview at once.

An invitation to attend a levee of the Prince of Wales could not have caused Dick greater surprise and yet overjoyed. I have known, in a similar manner, that it was something more than an invitation to a dinner. He leisurely finished a game of pool, winning it, of course, and just as leisurely dressed and went into the great, white pillared mansion, prepared for trouble and curious to know just what form it was going to take.

When Dick stepped into the library he was received in a manner which rather nonplussed him, and from which he very mistakenly took heart. The stormy anger and sharp tongue of the older man had, apparently, been overcome. He sat down in their place, a little courtesy and a voice less harsh, was a great relief. A man of experience would have quickly detected the danger signal in the smooth manner that Richard Dana, who, he did not Dick. He had had very little experience with promoters.

"I have taken the liberty to send for you to-night, Mr. Dana, because I want to talk to you on a subject which ought to interest you very much. It is a thing which has been very much on my mind since our last—our last—well, I confess, rather unpleasant meeting."

Dick looked intently at the older man, who was carefully toying with a pair of eyeglasses, and remained silent.

It is a subject on which, very likely, I have no business to intrude, and yet, it continually suggests itself to me after—well, after what has passed between us, and let me say now—your respect for me is not constant, everything,—that in all your relations with my family, you have conducted yourself most honorably and gentlemanly."

Dick was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable and nervously pulled at his watch chain, but the older man was quick to continue.

"What I want to talk to you about is—your respect for me is not constant. The two men faced each other and there was an interval of silence. Dick was trying to figure out just what had happened or was about to happen. The hope that the man was going to withdraw his objections to his suit no sooner occurred to him than it was dismissed. Dick knew him too well to believe that he would change his mind in the respect.

After a pause, adroitly drawn out to allow of the desired impression, the financier continued.

"Now, Richard, to get right down to the subject, I want to make you an offer. You have two years' experience for architecture and I am convinced that with careful study of the subject you can make a success of it. I am told that the suggestions you made when the late architect was in the House were most valuable and that led me to think the matter over—you see I have taken greater interest in you than you thought—and I have evolved this proposition which I want you to consider: I will furnish you with funds to the amount of six thousand dollars provided you will go to Paris and Rome and devote yourself faithfully to the study of architecture for two years. Upon your return I will probably be able to give you sufficient work to enable you to pay me back the money advanced, and I am convinced that you will be able to do so. You can return to this country and be in reality—well architect of your own fortune. Now, what do you think of it?"

Dick was thinking very hard. On its face it was a magnificent proposition, and just such a plan of which he had often dreamed, but there was a recollection of a girl's face. What had Grace said about this, and after all, just a scheme to get rid of him?

Mr. Dixon was the first to break the silence, by saying, just as though it was a small matter which had for the moment slipped his memory, "You see, and by-the-by, Richard, of course that absurd engagement with Grace must be terminated. Grace is only a school girl, you know, and has been misled by a pair of crafty eyes which peeped over gold rimmed spectacles just as they had, on many other occasions, when the golden ball had been put out. When the younger man said there was a perceptible twinging of his voice, but his manner was decisive and to the point.

"I think you are right about the engagement," he said, "it should have been ended before this. I think I understand you, however, but to make matters plain, if you will allow me, I will put them in writing."

Dick sat down at the desk and after writing a few moments submitted the following:

"For, and in consideration of the sum of six thousand dollars, paid to me this day by Arthur Dixon, Esq., to be spent in studying architecture in Europe, I hereby agree to have an engagement to the matrimonial engagement now existing between my daughter, Grace, and myself."

"(Signed), RICHARD DANA."

"That's a little abstruse," said Dick, "but I think it covers the ground."

"It's certainly plain enough," the promoter exclaimed, "in fact, I may say

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that it is admirably executed," and the faint trace of a smile was discernible on his flushed face. He was wondering what his daughter would say when the true character of Richard Dana was thus shown to her. "The coldest blooded fortune chaser and all round rascal I ever heard of," he said, when Dick had gone, and as for the latter, he carefully folded a check and put it away in a convenient pocket with the calm demeanor of a broker who had cornered the market and taken about everything in sight.

It was four days after this interview when a messenger boy handed Thomas a message for his master. The President of the Lakeside National Bank was enjoying an afternoon cigar and at peace for once. Everything had come his way in the financial evolutions of the day. All acknowledged his prowess. "He has you beat a trick."

He carefully opened the yellow envelope with a paper knife, adjusted his spectacles and read the telegram several times, and then it fell from him the what his daughter would say when he carefully folded a check and put it away in a convenient pocket with the calm demeanor of a broker who had cornered the market and taken about everything in sight.

On Board S. S. New York. Arthur Dixon, Esq.

Dear Grace, I have just received your letter. Have kept it close. We sail to a few moments for Liverpool. Grace sends love.

RICHARD DANA.

### TEARS AND WHY THEY FLOW

Are the Scavengers of the Eyeballs and a Gift to Humanity

Tears are the common heritage of the human race, and if anybody should ask whence they come and where they go there would be displayed a surprising amount of ignorance about a very simple subject.

For example, it is generally known that our eyeballs are always wet with tears. Not only when we weep, but always. Our tears are flowing constantly, even when we sleep, over our eyeballs; and were this flow to cease for a single hour, miserable indeed would be the possessor of those eyeballs.

When we weep and the tears roll down our cheeks are simply subject to an overflow of lachrymal fluid.

Now arises the question which the reader may ask: If the tears which roll down our cheeks are an overflow, what happens to the ordinary or natural flow which keeps our eyeballs moist? Let us begin at the right place.

At the outer corner of every eye is a gland—the lachrymal—which nestles under the overhanging bone of the forehead. This gland secretes, or manufactures, the fluid, which flows over the eyeball to the inner corner, and there it disappears through a little orifice, whence it is conducted to the nostril. That is why you know your nose so violently and demand so many extra handkerchiefs when you have a cold; in fact you dry your tears by wiping your nose during that trying period.

Now comes the question: How do the tears find their way to your nose? If you will examine your eye in the mirror you will find a small elevation upon the lower eyelid near the nose. Place your finger upon the lower eyelid just below this small elevation, so as to turn it outward.

There you will see a small hole, like a pin prick, and there you have found the little passage which conducts the tears into the nostril.

Sometimes this little orifice becomes obstructed from various causes, and then the unfortunate subject of that anatomical holding weeps persistently and constantly until he is relieved. In such cases of obstruction it is sometimes odd to see the sufferer drying his eyes with one of his numerous handkerchiefs and at the same time laughing uproariously and making a joke. He may be a very jolly fellow, but he weeps incessantly and cannot help it. It will be almost unnecessary to add in conclusion that the much-decried tear is the scavenger of the eyeball, and such is one of the most valuable gifts to humanity.

In his Tremont Temple speech in Boston President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor made an earnest plea for peace on the ground that it best conduces to the benefit of mankind and especially of the wage-earner. He stated that every national or international conference of workmen ever assembled in modern times has declared for the principle of settling international difficulties by peaceful means. Mr. Gompers made it plain not only that he and the other members of the Federation are deeply earnest on the subject of securing permanent peace among the nations, but that the influence of the wage earning classes throughout the world is strongly and increasingly being thrown into the same scale.

It was a daring but not wholly illogical prophecy in which he indulged when he said that a time is coming when all over the globe skilled workmen by common consent will refuse to employ their practically educated minds and trained hands in manufacturing weapons of war—when laborers in all the nations of the earth, acting under the instigation of secret societies will decline any longer to handle the machinery of death at the bidding of men who desire other men to waste in blood for greed and gain.

The wise and rational course of war fall on all, but with special heinousness upon the workman. Nothing so helps the condition of wage-earners both industrially and socially as peace. Ex-Senator Evans once gave a reason for the miserable pay and wretched state of wage earners in Europe. He said that in Europe wage-earners can earn but little, because every workman goes to his daily task with a soldier on his back.

Smallest Farm on Record.

There is a farm in the thriving town of Moiena, Ga., known as the "dood's farm." It is owned by a stock company, and contains one square foot of land. It was decided to the company, which is composed of five or six men, by a sick politician, in order that these men might vote in elections where two-thirds of the few voters decide the election. A few years ago an election was held at Moiena to decide whether liquor should be sold in the incorporated limits. Only fresh riders were allowed to vote, and the politician had to receive two-thirds of the total vote cast before liquor could legally be sold. The election was an exciting one, and one of the leading anti-sets the land in order to carry the election, which he did.

"I was nearly dead with dyspepsia, tried doctors, visited mineral springs, and grew worse. I used Kodol dyspepsia cure. That cured me. It digests what you eat, cures indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and all forms of dyspepsia."

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" 10, Daily Express	8:39 "
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	7:45 "
" 10, Daily Express Sunday	10:07 "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12:15 P. M.
" 2, Daily Express Sunday	2:27 "
" 2, Daily Express Sunday	4:39 "
" 18, Sunday only	5:45 "
" 14, Daily	10:10 "

WESTWARD	
No. 3, Daily Express	12:30 A. M.
" 1, Daily Express	11:33 "
" 11, For Hudson R. Pt. Sun	12:10 P. M.
" 8, Local Except Sunday	12:30 "
" 27, Daily Except Sunday	3:40 "
" 7, Daily Express	10:15 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York for Port Jervis on week days at 4:00, 7:45, 9:00, 9:15, 10:30 A. M., 1:00, 3:00, 4:30, 6:30, 7:30, 9:15 P. M. On Sunday, 1:00, 2:30, 9:00, 9:15 A. M.; 12:30, 3:00, 7:30 and 9:15 P. M.

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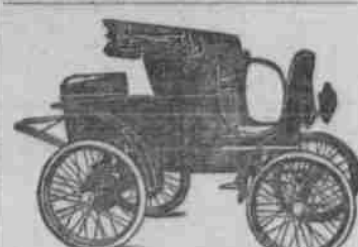
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