

BARGAINS!

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Let us name a few:

Fine, solid oak bed room suite,
\$17.50, Parlor suite, \$20.00
Rogers' best, triple plated

knives and forks, **\$3.49 doz.**

All wool ingrain carpets, **49c yd.**

Tapestry brussels carpet **49c yd.**

Full size bed blankets **47c a pr.**

Wall paper, any kind, **2c a roll.**

EVERYTHING to furnish a house about 25 per cent. less than you can buy it elsewhere.

N. Y. FURNITURE CO.,

92 Pike St., Port Jervis.

We sell the crackerjack

Plow Shoes

Buckle and Congress, prices from

\$1.00 UP TO \$1.75

Try a pair and you will be satisfied what we say is so.

KANE, 21 Front St., Port Jervis.

PEOPLE'S NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Published Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in reality a fine, fresh every-other-day Daily, giving the latest news on days of issue, and covering news of the other three. It contains all important foreign cable news which appears in THE DAILY TRIBUNE of same date, also Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Short Stories, Elegant Half-tone Illustrations, Humorous Items, Industrial Information, Fashion Notes, Agricultural Matters and Comprehensive and reliable Financial and Market reports.

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A beautiful display of New Spring Goods fills our Store from top to bottom.

A very nice all wool top coat at \$4.59, the best value on earth.

A Nobby Man's Suit at \$4.50, Worth \$6.50.	
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Boy's Nobby Suits \$3.00 to \$10.00
Three Piece Suits 2.50 to 6.00
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Have you seen the nobby styles of Mens and Boys Shoes we are offering this spring. They are the real thing without a doubt. The prices are from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

H. SCHAFFRANSKY.

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Dress making in all branches. Will go to the house or do the work at home. Address MARY LUDWIG, opposite Franklin Mill, Milford, Pa.

DeWitt's little early risers are dainty little pills, but they never fail at home. Address MARY LUDWIG, opposite Franklin Mill, Milford, Pa.

"FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER."

(Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' definition of happiness. Not made manifest before his death he said only: "Only two feet on the fender.")

"A light in the window for this time to one who looks for my coming. Who is 'waiting and waiting for me.' Is joy of earth the most precious?"

The door opened and a young man in a blue suit and white shirt came in. He looked at the young woman who was sitting on the fender. "Four feet on the fender," he said.

"What's that?" she asked, looking at him. "That's me," he answered, smiling. "I'm the one who's waiting for you." "You're the one who's waiting for me," she said.

"That's so," he answered, smiling. "I'm the one who's waiting for you." "You're the one who's waiting for me," she said.

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ways read about," he said, deprecatingly, to her, "but I got a \$50 a month, an' something laid by in de bank, an'—an'—I ain't never drove a horse that wouldn't follow me round de stable yard."

"I know, Tim," the girl answered. "An' I wish I could love you. Honest, I do; but it just seems to me like I can't marry any man that's just every day common kind of folks like I've knowed ever since I was born, that don't think 'bout nothing but just eating, and sleeping, and working. I just got to have somebody that's a hero and romantic."

"That's so," he answered, soothingly, to her passionate outburst, and then he sighed and added: "I reckon that lets me out, Mame, 'cause I ain't built that way."

"Well, I ain't going to marry a man that ain't a hero," the girl repeated, doggedly, and Tim, gathering up his cap, went back to his team.

That night, after supper, Mrs. Morgan's boarders were sitting on the steps, trying to gather a little freshness out of the sultry summer air. Suddenly some one called attention to the little glare just above the roofs of the houses a few blocks off, and in an instant more a long tongue of flame had leaped up against the dark sky.

"My God," cried a man, "it's the Meligan place. They are crowded like rabbits warren, and they will burn like tinder after this drought." The shrill clang of the fire engine gong cut his speech short, and with the inextinguishable curiosity of the street boys, they all trooped off in its wake.

The engine was already pouring furtive streams of water on the flimsy frame building, and the firemen were making a gallant fight against overwhelming odds. Little groups of white-faced women, and scared children stood on the pavement about pathetic bundles—the poor possessions that they had been able to save from the burning house.

"Everybody out!" inquired a spectator of the fireman.

"Guess so, if they ain't—God help 'em," he responded, laconically; but even as he spoke a groan went up from the crowd, and at an upper window there appeared the frightened face of a little child.

"It's too late," cried one, "the old shuck is ready to fall now. It's certain they all trooped off in its wake."

The firemen were struggling with a ladder, trying to get it nearer the window, when suddenly a man was seen to dart in the burning building and up the stairs that cranked and swayed under his weight. A moment more and he reached the trembling little figure, tore off his own hat and pressed it over the child's face, and started back on his perilous journey.

Down on the sidewalk Mame stood breathless, white, trembling, for in the rescue she had recognized Tim, and in the same instant she had known that she loved him. All that was petty, and mean, and selfish in her nature shriveled up in the fierce light of that revelation, and something nobler took its place—something grand enough to make her even willing to risk the man she loved for a great deed, and with a sudden impulse she turned to the crowd and cried:

"He is risking his life for the kid. Give him a cheer, boys; give him a cheer," and her own voice, sweet and piercing as a bugle call, led the wild shouting.

Tim, coming down the steps, stifled, blinded, choking, ready to die with his burden, heard it, and it gave him courage for one more effort that carried him across the threshold just as the walls caved in, and he knew no more. When he awoke to consciousness again he was lying in the white cot at the hospital, and a weeping girl was kneeling beside it.

"Mame!" he asked, vaguely.

"It's all right, Tim," she answered, bending to kiss the poor helpless bandaged hands, "you know I said I wasn't going to ever marry any man but a hero? Well, I—I've found him."

Regular and Volunteer of Britain.

"It comes up to me," said the regular, "an' I see to me an' see 'er. Look 'er man, where can I find your sergeant-major? I looks at 'im an' sez: 'Wot are you?' sez I. 'E sez: 'I'm a city in' p'rial volunteer.' sez 'e. 'O! sez I 'Yus, sez I, 'you're a volunteer an' I'm a regular.' I sez, 'an' you ain't goin' to lord it over me.' I sez with yer 'me men,' I sez, 'don't you forget it. I didn't get no freedom of the city.' I sez, 'the only thing the lord mayor ever giv' me, I sez, 'was 14 days for fur'ous drinkin'.' I sez, 'I wasn't entertained at the table, by all the dooks and ears of London.' I sez, 'I wasn't 'ugged an' kissed as I walked along the street.' I sez, 'but I'm a bloomin' privit an' so are you, me lad.' 'Yus, sez 'e, 'an' I sez 'e, 'Well, come an' see a drink.' 'e. 'Right you are, sez I; 'now you're talkin'!'—London Daily News

Re Chinese in Potter's Field.

Among the thousands of bodies buried in the potter's field of New York there is not one of a Chinaman.

Blue Front Stables, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Adjoining Guinac's Union Horse Road, carriage, draft and farm horses for sale. Exchanges made. A large stock from which to make selections. CANAL ST.

Hiram Towner.

ETCHED WITHIN HER VIOLIN.

As sweeps the bow its quivering strings
The violin sings low or sings
And softly rattle strings vibrate.

Etched within her violin,
These sweet notes seem to nestle there,
In gladness praise or pleading prayer.

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entertainment of the delegates or delegates, went on their way. "Mind you, I don't mean no disrespect to Sister Todd, and I'd be the last person to blame her if she took a second partner. No one can say that she ain't mourned Silas Todd faithful."

"That's a fact, Sister Phelps. And that, too, when everybody knows that he wasn't all that he might of been in the way of a husband, but we'll let that rest, seein' that it ain't becomin' to speak ill of the dead. If the minister from Zion and his wife come to the association I think we'd better send them to Sister Todd's. It'll be a real nice place for any delegate, for Sister Todd is such a good cook and the best housekeeper in town."

It was about ten o'clock in the morning on Tuesday of the next week when Sister Todd heard her doorbell ring, and her mental comment was:

"There! I reckon that's my delegate! I do hope it ain't some fussy old maid, or, worse still, a pair of 'em like those I had to entertain the last time the association met here. They was a trial, even if they was sisters in our own church."

But a second trial of this sort was not in store for Sister Todd, for when she opened the door she saw on the little porch in front of her house a kindly-looking, bright-eyed and smiling little man of about 60 years. He had a satchel in his hands, and Sister Todd was not surprised when he said, in a singularly soft and gentle voice:

"I suppose that this is Sister Todd? I am Mr. Matthew Rolfe, one of the deacons in the church over in Hebron. I have been sent as a delegate to the association and the committee have sent me here for entertainment."

Sister Todd said afterward that she had it "on the tip of her tongue" to say that she did not expect to entertain a man, but she checked this inhospitable remark and said, in some confusion:

"Well, come in and set down. I—I have friends in the Hebron church—the Tyers. Maybe you know them?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. They are among our most useful and active members. I have known them for years."

"That 'broke the ice," and Sister Todd soon found herself chatting freely and easily with her delegate. When he had gone to his room her mental comment was:

"Well, he's a real pleasant person, and if he knows the Tyers so well he must be a real nice man. I'd no idee the committee would send me a man delegate, but I can't turn him out now that he's here, and I'm too well known in this town for anyone to pass any remarks about me entertainin' a gentleman delegate single or married. I wonder which he is?"

She found out at the dinner table, for when she referred to her "trouble" and explained the nature of the "trouble" the delegate said with real kindness and sympathy:

"I know just how to feel for you, Sister Todd. I lost my own dear companion three years ago. I broke up housekeeping and went to live with a sister of mine, but she died in the spring and I have boarded since then, but boarding is mighty unattractive to a man who has always had a home of his own. I am a real home body and I'll never be satisfied until I have a home my own once more."

"I shouldn't think you would be. I should be if I had to go to boarding. There's nothing like a home of one's own."

"I feel just that way, I'm sorry I sold off my things. I planned to have a niece of mine come and keep house for me, but she died suddenly three months ago. I feel like a fish out of water without a home. And I ain't been able to find a good boarding place in Hebron. Hardly any one takes boarders there. Fact is I've been thinking of leaving Hebron and coming over this way to live. I have heard of a chance to buy a half interest in a shoe store over here, and I know all about the shoe business. If things are favorable I think I'll buy and settle here."

"You'd find this a real pleasant place to live, and you'd like our minister and all our church people here."

"I know I would. I don't know when I have been so taken with a place as I am with this place. What a pleasant little home you have here."

"Yes, it is real pleasant, but I have spent many a lonely hour in it since my trouble."

"I ain't a doubt of it. I know just how you have felt. But I have come to the conclusion that the Lord don't want us to dwell too long on any kind of trouble."

"No, I suppose He don't."

It was two weeks later when Sister Phelps hurried over to the home of Sister Todd in a state of manifest excitement and said almost as soon as the door was opened:

"What do you think, Sister Todd? I have been over to Sister Todd's to carry back a waist pattern she loaned me, and you'd never guess what she told me! She's engaged!"

"You don't mean it!"

ERIE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Corrected to Date.

Solid Pullman trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chautauque Lake, Cleveland, Chicago and Cincinnati. Tickets on sale at Port Jervis to all points in the West and Southwest at lower rates than via any other first-class line.

TRAINS NOW LEAVE PORT JERVIS AS FOLLOWS:

EASTWARD.	
No. 12, Daily Express	8:54 A. M.
No. 10, Daily Express	9:30 "
No. 11, Daily Express Sunday	9:30 "
No. 8, Daily Express	10:30 "
No. 6, Daily Express	11:30 "
No. 5, Daily Express	12:30 P. M.
No. 4, Daily Express	1:30 "
No. 3, Daily Express	2:30 "
No. 2, Daily Express	3:30 "
No. 1, Daily Express	4:30 "

WESTWARD.	
No. 8, Daily Express	12:30 A. M.
No. 7, Daily Express	1:30 "
No. 6, Daily Express	2:30 "
No. 5, Daily Express	3:30 "
No. 4, Daily Express	4:30 "
No. 3, Daily Express	5:30 "
No. 2, Daily Express	6:30 "
No. 1, Daily Express	7:30 "

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

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WILLARD'S HOTEL. A famous hotel, remarkable for its historical associations and long-continued popularity. Recently renovated, repainted and partially refurnished.

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