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FOUR FEET ON THE FENDER." [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' definition of applicant. Not many months before bit with he and suffy "Only two feet now

denth ha and smitp. "Only two feel ap-on the feeder."] "The fire on the hearth is all givering. "A light in the window for thes." "A light in the window for thes." Who is "weighting and waiting for me." O, by of earth the most preselual The dwar angul presence of homo in bende me in the sweet gloaming. As unit my heart-rest forme. "Four fact on the fender."

Our cup is full of life's nectar. And we think its das Father above As we sit "four feet on the fender." In the oneness of hearts' perfect love. So near our sould are together, They meet and mingle as one, in this holy and lender communion, The love feast I keep with my own, "Four feet on the fender."

Four feet on the orman. No hand lies softly in mine, No eyes all tender with love-light For me with the home-welcome shine. And I long with a wort-sche and grieving For the "grace of a day that is dead." For the "grace of a day that is dead." For the one fender presence, my beart reat From my home and yearning sight fiel. Only two feet on the fender.

The Autumn came in its glory. Fut a glory had passed from the earth. The genial presence had vanished. No light on the evening hearth. Ended the songe of one eingen. Broken the strings of his luie. Slience over chords he has wakened. The volve of his melody mute. No tret on the fender. —Phebe A Holder, is Banner of Gold.

\* HER HERO By Elizaboth M. Gilmer,

M 18. MORGAN kept a workingir the railroad tracks, and a perpetual odor of filed strak and onions and builed cabbage pervaded the dingy hills, and saluted you as you opened the frost door. Life there remaived itself into a procession of tired men who stumbled up the steep steps at night, or heaved themselves down at the table and ate ravenously of the heavy food, or smoked short pipes in their shirt sleeves on the door-step in the evenings. It was the last

place on earth where you would have looked for a romance, yet, nevertheless, It was the home of an idealist whos soul soared far above her sordid surroundings, into a world of fancy where such things as grimy men with cal-loused paims were unknown, and a putty pipe would have been an imposability

This was Mrs. Morgan's daughter Mamle. Mrs. Morgan, in talking about her, always dwelt foudly on the fact Mamie had had advantages, which, being interpreted, meant that she had been ground through a few grades in the public school, where she had acquired a passion for novel reading and a profound contempt for the station in life to which she had been oorn. In her mother's adoring opinion this passed for cuiture, and she never looked at Mamie's soft white hands, so different from her own work-hardened ones, or at Mamie's allm young figure

i its pretty, cheap finery, so different from her own toll bent one, without a thrill of pride that she had "raised" he girl above herself.

The little tragedy of the mother who makes a willing slave of herself in order

"Mamle don't take to housework.

ways readin' about," he sold, depreestingly, to her,"but I got a \$50 a month, an' something laid by in de bank, an'-an'-I ala't never drove a hoss that wouldn't follow me round de stable 3 ard.

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

"That's so," he nnawcard, soothingly, to ber 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, duggedly, and Tim, gathering up his cap, went back to his team.

That night, after supper, Mrs. Morgan's boarders were sliting on the steps, trying to gather a little freahness out of the sultry summer air. Bud-tienly 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 Mehigan flats. They are crowded like rabbits warren, and they will burn like tinder after this drought." The shrill clang of the five engine gong cot his speech short, and, with the inex-haustible curiosity of the street bors.

they all trooped off in its wake. The engine was already pouring fu-tile streams of water on the' firmsy frame building, and the firemen were naking a gallant fight against overwhelming odds. Little groups of white-faced women, and scared chil-

dren stood on the pavement about pa thetle bundles-the poor possession 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 responden, incontently; but even as he spoke a groan went up from the crowd, and at an upper window there appeared the frightened face of a liftle child.

"It's too late," cried one, "the old shack is ready to fall now. It's certain

ETCHED WITHIN HER VIOLIN. As smeeps thy bow its quivering strings Thy violin sole low or sings, And spitly rusile angel wings.

Meabed in the halo of thy hair. These sweet notes seem to instite there. In gladsome praise or pleading prayer, Idt by the love-lamps of thins eyes, Within whose glow and gladoess lies The altar light of home I prize.

In the clear tones come back to me Those happy avenings by the sea, When I received lave's claim to these

With sunset crimeoning the west, A red light on each tossing ersst. The sea-bird hurrying to its nest, O'erhead the hindly watching stars, The sea all ativer spears and bars, The shipe aglow like fairy cars.

I see us walking on the sands. Close classed our souls as were our hands, God's peace entuiding lakes and lands; The perfectness of all thy charms, Within thy fond encircling arms No place for lile nor side slarms.

A magic circle lit with love, With peace on earth and God above, Thou nestling by me like a dove.

And now despite the world's loud dis, All hats shut out and love within, These scenes stoled by thy violin, And blooming in each vibrant tone, By thy soul in its mulde sown, Rome sounds for me and me alone.

Perhaps, when we are old and gray, With life's sumer not fur sway. Love of my life, thou still will play: And life's lest Hegering desp twilight Shall see us both contented quite. God's pance upon us as to-night. I. EDGAR JONES.

CONSCIENCES OF CONSCIENCES OF CONSCIENCES

Sister Todd's Delegate By J. L. Harbour.

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THE Widow Todd was making "pound for pound" quince pre-serves in her spotlessly clean and sunny Hitle klichen, and the aroma from the gently bubbling compound in her shining brass preserving kettle filled the kitchen and some of the adjoining rooms with a delightful fragrance. Mrs. Todd was about to begin the concoction of a Lady Washington cake she had promised to contribute to a church supper when her front door-bell rang. Hastily throwing aids her gingham kitchen apron and putting on in its stead a crisp and spotless white apron, she went to the door, where she found two comfortablelooking, middle-aged sisters of the church of which Mrs. Todd was a member

"Well, I do declare, if it ain't Sister Brush and Sister Phelps!" said the Widow Todd. "Come right in! I'm real pleased to see you. It's been longer than it ought to of been since either of you darkened my door." "We sin't come to make a visit now, Bister Todd," asid Sister Brush. "I dunno as we ought to set down at all, for if we do we'll git to talkin' and land knows when we'll git away." "That's true," said Sister Phelps. "You come in, just the same," said Sister Todd.

"Well, you mustn't keep us long if we do. You see we are around get-



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

"That's a fact, Sister Phelps. And that, too, when evryhedy knows that he wa'n't all that he might of been in the way of a husband, but we'll let that rest, seein' that it sin't becomin' to speak ill of the dead. If the minfater 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 housekceper in town." It was about ten o'clock in the

morning on Toesday of the next week when Sister Todd heard her doorbel ring, and her mental comment was

"There! I reckon that's my dele gate! I do hope it ain't some fusa; old maid, or, worse still, a pair of 'en like those I had to entertain the last time the association, met bere. The was a trial, even if they was sisters i our own church.

But a second trial of this sort we not in store for Bister Todd, for whe she opened the door she saw on th little parch in front of her house 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 genile voice: "I suppose t...i this is Sister Todd? I am Mr. Matthew Bolfe, one of the

had it "on the tip of her tongue" to say that she did not expect to enter-tain a man, but she checked this inhospitable remark and said, in som

confusion: "Well, come in and set down. I-I-I have friends in the Hebron church-the Tylers. Mebbe you know Washington Hotels.

them?" "Oh, yes, Indeed. They are among

our most useful and active members. I have known them for years." That "broke the ice," and Slater Tedd 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 Tylers 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

kindliness and sympathy: "I know just how to feel for you, Bister 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 unsat-isfactory 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 fly if I had to go to boarding. There's nothing like a home of one's

"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 o water without a home. And I sin't been able to find a good boarding rdie inkes boarders there. Fact is l've been thinking of leaving Hebran and Big China, Store 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



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17	7, Daily Express	10	3fr	61

deacons in the church over in Hebron. I have been sent as a delegate to the association and the committee have went me here for entertainment." Sinter Todd anid afterward that ahe and it "on the tip of her tormet"

D. I. Roberts, General Passenger Agent, New York,

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THE RESCUE.

seen to dart in the burning building and up the stairs that creaked and swayed under his weight. A moment

erowd and cried:

shouting.

with a ladder, trying to get it nearer the window, when auddenly a man was

more and he reached the trembling lit-tle 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 Mamie stoo breathless, white, trembling, for In the rescuer 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 shriv-

hera? Well, I-I've found him."

Hiram Towner.

death." The firemen were struggling

appears in THE DAILY TRIBUNE of THE DAILY TRIBUNE of to the hout of and she ain't got to, long as I live," her eled up in the fleree light of that revelasame date, also Domestic and Foreign going to press, an Agricultural Depart-Correspondence, Short Stories, Elegant ment of the highest order, has entertain-Half-tone lilustrations, Humorous Items, ing reading for every member of the fam-Industrial Information, FashionNotes, Ag-ricultural Matters and Comprehensive are accupted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up-to-date and reliable Financial and Market reports. interesting and instructive. Regular subscription price, \$1.50 a sear. Regular subscription price, \$1,00 a year.

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Drama making in all branches. DeWitt's little early risers are Will go to the house or do the work dainty little pills, but they never fail at house. Address Mary Lupwis, opposite Bawkill Mill, Milford, Pa.

"Advertise in the Parsa

low her own devices Mamle reveled in lurid romances where the beautiful but | make her even willing to risk the man mpecunious and lowly born heroins is she loved for a great deed, and with a mportuned by Sir Reginald de Mont- sudden impulse she turned to the morenci to share his coronet, or where, after impossible scenes of carnage and daring, the hero succeeds in rescuing the noble Lady Clara De Beauchamp from her enemies, and is rewarded with

the hand of that angust and frigid lady n marriage.

If she had only been content with what real life had to offer her, Mamie would have had no time to find her love stories in books. She was an extremely pretty girl, with a skin like milk, and eyes as blue as a summer sky, and there was no lack of honest-hearted young fellows who would gladly have married her, but she would have none of

"She's looking out for one of them hero chaps what wears silk hats, and amokes eigarctics, and don't get his hands dirty, like what's in them books she's always reading." one of her dis-comfited suitors had declared, resentfully

"An' what if I am, Sim Reeves," she "\*E comes up to me," said the regu-lar, "an' 'e sez to me, sez 'er 'Look 'ere had finshed back in sudden wrath, "what if I am looking for a man what's man, where can I find your sergeantgot more spunk than to sit down cross-legged and' sew an' patch all day like major?' I looks at 'im an' sez: 'Wot are you?' sez I. 'E sez: 'I'm a city im woman? Anyway, don't you worry. When I start out to look for a hero I won't come round your way." Other men had come and gone, and

paid their court to the romantic and scornful maiden, and had taken their blighted affections elsewhere for conolation, but Tim Neely had been faithful through It all. He was a blg, good-natured teamster,

with a hand as large as a sledge ham-merandus gentle as a child's. Forthree years he had occupied Mrs. Morgan's second story back, and during all that thue he had had had patient slege to Mamie's heart, with a devotion as faithful as a dog's. He surrounded her with boundless love and tenderness, but he

mother would say, and left free to fol- tion, and something nobler took its place-something grand enough to

SISTER TODD AND THE DELEGATE.

"He is risking his life for the kid. ting places for the delegates who are Give him a cheer, boys; give him a to the association meetin' in cheer," and her own voice, sweet and piercing as a bugie call, lead the wild our church next week. You know that the delegates from other places have to be entertained, and Sister Brush and I have been appointed a committee to see who will take the Tim, coming down the steps, stiffed, blinded, choking, ready to sink with his burdes, beard it, and it gave him cour-age for one more effort that carried him delegates for the two days and nights the association is to last. We feit across the threshold just as the walls sure we could put you down for one delegate, anyhow." caved in, and he knew no more. When

he awoke to consciousness again he was "Why, yes, I don't know but you may," said Bister Todd. "I ain't got but the one spare room, but I'll take lying in the white cot at the hospital, and a weeping girl was kneeling beside two ladies or a man and wife, just which you want to send me. I've felt "Mame?" he asked, vaguely. "It's all right, Tim." she answered, real lonesome ever since my niece left bending to kiss the poor helpless bandme to be married and go to her own homs, and mebbe entertainin' dele-gates will kind o' take my mind off my trouble and cheer ms up some, aged hands, "yon know I said I wasn't going to ever marry any man but a speahly if they happen to be real nice Regular and Volunteer of Britain. otile."

people." "La, you wouldn't expect our shurch folks to be anything else, would you?"

"Oh, of course I know they would be good folks, but then some good p'rial volunteer,' sez 'e. 'O!' ses I 'Yus,' sez 'e. 'Yus,' sez I, 'you'ru a vol unteer an' I'm a reg'iar,' I ses, 'az folks are pleasanter to entertain than others. But, as I say, it'll take my mind off my trouble to entertain any you ain't goln' to lord it over me,' I sea one.

with yer "me man," ' I sez. 'don't you Eister Todd's "trouble" was not of 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 15 days for fur'ous drivin', I ses. 'I wasn't en of her husband, which event had oc-tertainedattes.' I ses, 'by all the dooks terisince attes. I see, 'by all the dooks and earls of London,' I sez. 'I wasn't 'baged an' kissed as I walked along the street,' I sez. 'but I'm a bloomin' privit an' so are yoo, me lad.' Yua,' sez 'e 'ab' d- proud of it,' sez 'e. 'So am I,' sez L. 'Well, come an' 'ave a drink, sez 'e. 'Right you are,' sex I; 'now you're talkin'!'"-London Deily News

and settle here." "You'd find this a real pleasant place to live, and you'd like our min ister 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 sin'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 Eister Brush in a state of manifest excitement and said almost as soon as the door was opened:

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

"You don't mean it!"

"It's sol And to that delegats we sent her! Did you ever! I guess she is going to do real well! Didn't I tell you that the wimmen that talked most you that the winner has taken nost about such 'trouble' as Sister Todd has had was the first to up and marry the sconest? Not that I hiame Sis-ter Todd mone! I'm just glad she is to marry such a nice man! I reckou she didn't callate on takin' a dele-gate to entertain for life, but that's just what she's done. Don't it beat m11 9\*\*

Ris Grateful Young Frienda. "A Georgia legislator wants to have all the schools of that state closed for a

"I'll bet the Georgia schoolboys will erect a monument to that fellow before they get through."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

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