

Boarding House Keepers!

You want something cheap. We can help you out. We can furnish your house complete. If you buy your whole outfit of us we can afford to give you a big discount. We keep carpets, crockery and furniture. If you want either fine goods or cheap goods our prices are always lower than any one else. For instance, we can sell you a

Wash Stand, Wash Bowl & Pitcher, Towel Rack, & Soap Dish, All for **\$1.50**

You can't buy anything like that anywhere else, can you? We don't take it out in talking; we have got the goods. Bedsteads, bureaus and matting in the same proportion. You know where to come to get a bargain.

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 Published Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It is really a live, 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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NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE Published on Thursday, and known for nearly sixty years in every part of the United States as a National Family Newspaper of the highest class, for farmers and villagers. It contains all the most important general news of the hour of going to press, an Agricultural Department of the highest order, has entertaining reading for every member of the family, old and young, Market Reports, which are accepted as authority by farmers and country merchants, and is clean, up-to-date, interesting and instructive.

Regular subscription price, \$1.00 a year. We furnish it with THE PRESS for \$1.65 per year.

Send all orders to **PIKE COUNTY PRESS, Milford, Pa.**

Everything Springy Everything Bright Everything New

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
- Childrens Suits 1.25 to 4.50

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. SCHAFRANSKY, 15 Front Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Dress making in all branches. DeWitt's little early risers are Will go to the house or do the work at home. Address **MARY LUDWIG,** upper Broad street, Milford, Pa.

Bath Was and Lost.
"My wife and I topped up last night to see whether she'd get a new bunnet or I'd get a new suit."
"Who was?"
"I was."
"What kind are you going to get?"
"Well, she hasn't decided yet whether to have it trimmed with covers or feathers."—Harper's Bazar.

A Coincidence.
Mrs. Uppercrust—They say Mr. De Millens, the rich manufacturer, has made an assignment. Have you seen him lately?
Mrs. Bluebird—Not since last Thursday night, when he attended our church-fair. When did he assign?
Mrs. Uppercrust—Last Friday morning.—Judge.

No Change.
Mapleton—There's no doubt about it—the expenses of a family man increase steadily every year.
Grassmere—But that only holds good up to the time your children are grown up.
"Not at all; for now my daughters are going to get married."—Brooklyn Life.

Continous News.
"Yes," said the publisher of the Morning Scream, "it will be good policy to print an evening edition."
"Why?" inquired the subordinate who was close enough to hear.
"In our evening edition we may contradict the rumors we print in our morning edition, and vice versa."—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Luck.
Mamma—For goodness' sake, Tommy, what are you growling about?
Tommy—Why, that nickel I lost, that's what.
Mamma—But your Uncle John gave you another one for it.
Tommy—I know; but if I hadn't lost the first one I'd have two now.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Smooth Answer.
He—Do you think you really need a new dress now?
She—You don't know anything about it. I wish I had known before I married you what a stupid you are.
He—You might have guessed it easily when I offered to marry you.—Picks Me-Up.

Not So Strange After All.
Mrs. Crimmonback—I see by this paper that gray horses live longer than those of any other color.
Mr. Crimmonback—Well, when you come to think of it, people with gray hair seem to be older than those with hair of other colors.—Yonkers Statesman.

Nearly to Be Placed.
"What do you think of the Chicago professor who says he never kissed a pretty girl?" said one young woman.
"Oh, I don't stop to think," answered the other. "I have no time to listen to other people's troubles."—Washington Star.

Peas of Travel.
Ida—Cousin Harry has just returned from Europe.
May—Indeed! Wonder if he saw any whales during the voyage?
Ida—No; but he says he saw plenty of sharks in the poker room of the ship.—Chicago Daily News.

An Unbiased Opinion.
Mrs. Casey—The piano teacher says our darter do how fine "execution."
Mr. Casey—Execution, is it? Well, begob, I'd call it "murder in the first degree!"—Judge.

Engaging Candidate.
Stern Parent—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? Well, sir, what have you to live on?
Young Brokeleigh—If I succeed in marrying her I'll have you.—Chicago News.

Had Had Experience.
Mr. Green—Will you believe me when I tell you that I was never before engaged to any girl?
Miss Summermaid—Oh, I know that the first time you kissed me.—N. Y. Weekly.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.
"Something New Under the Sun."
All doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a Treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES" the GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD to the HEAD.
CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES" the "GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."
Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B, 275, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 3200 and 3202 Market Street, Philadelphia.

DO NOT TOBACCO SPT AND SMOKE Your Life Away!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco using only **DO NOT TOBACCO SPT** and **SMOKE** new life and vigor by taking **DO NOT TOBACCO SPT** and **SMOKE** for ten days. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FREE. Address **WILLIAM REMEDY CO.,** Chicago or New York, 42

A MONSTROUS LAZY CRITTER.

An Aquatic Fowl That Is Too Indolent to Eat the Food It Catches.

"During a recent trip through the lower western section of the country," said a young man who has recently returned to New Orleans, says the Times-Democrat. "I believe I discovered the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It was an aquatic fowl, with a big clumsy-looking beak, in form something like the duck, now extinct. I have spent much time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They call them shags, I believe, out west. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bills with considerable precision when they get for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one or maybe more than one member of another kind of water fowl. Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long-legged, long-necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands the fish, the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around, she will continue to watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished its meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts. I have, on one occasion, seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before catching a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind him to steal the fish out of his mouth."

Achievements' Instability.
Fame is not as honest a mountain as we can conquer for all time; Nor is it a moving hillside—Detroit Free Press.

MUTUAL COMPASSION.

Real Head—It's a humbug, John. It can't be taught in six lessons. I've been trying to teach it to you for 16 years, and haven't succeeded yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Home, Sweet Home.
"Where is your mother, Johnny?" "Playing golf."
"And your aunt?" "She is out on her bicycle."
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"Then I'll see your father, please."
"He can't come down. He is upstairs giving the baby a bath."—Tit-Bits.

HER HUSBAND'S PARTNER.

Much of D'Oyley Carte's Success Was Due to His Wife's Efforts.

D'Oyley Carte, the dramatist and manager, whose recent death was sincerely regretted by members of the dramatic profession, owed much of the success he achieved to his wife, one of the most remarkable women in her way that ever was associated with a theater, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Joining Mr. Carte's company in a somewhat subordinate position, she soon showed a grasp of everything connected with the stage—so completely astonishing, indeed, that everybody used to say Miss Lenoir—the Frenchified and dramatized version of her own name of Black—had the head of a man and the shoulders of a woman. She could keep accounts in bookkeeper fashion, dress a piece in a way that a French dressmaker might envy, bargain with authors—in short, do all sorts and conditions of things in dramatic work, until in the end she had all the threads of Mr. Carte's business in her hands, and when he and she got married it was the conclusion of a great business partnership, as well as the joining together of two people who had a true and abiding affection for each other.

In recent years the business partner the devoted wife had had to perform the duties of the Irish nurse, and it was to her soothing hand that poor D'Oyley Carte owed that alleviation he received during the tedious journey which lies between constant ill health and welcome death.

COLONIAL SABBATH LAWS.

None More Rigidly Enforced Than the Regulations Regarding That Day.

A narration of the laws relating to the Sabbath and the prosecutions due to them would fill a huge volume and make interesting reading. The rigid Puritan observance of the Lord's day had its origin with the Puritans of old England and reached its fullest development in Puritan New England, says Donahoe's Magazine.

None of the laws were more rigidly enforced than those intended to prevent the "prophane of the Lord's day." The old records are full of convictions for violation of them. Capt. Kimble, of Boston, was in 1656 set for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly conduct," which consisted in kissing his wife publicly on the Sabbath day upon the doorstep of his house, when he had just returned from a voyage after an absence of three years. The story is told of Robert Pike, of Amesbury, that he was to go on a journey, he waited patiently until the sun set behind the western clouds on Sunday evening, and then mounted his horse; but he had only gone a short distance when the last ray gleamed through a break in the clouds, and the next day he was brought before the court and fined.

Military Advice Gratis.
"The public are very fond of offering me advice," Gen. French told an interviewer. "One fellow wrote: 'Why don't you collar your horses?' And then I also have my little correspondents who take me after their own fashion. 'My Dear French,' came from a Rugby boy, 'I want you to send me your signature, but mind you don't let your secretary write it;' and a little girl, expressing herself as very wishful to see me back in London, pointed out an immense number of ink crosses she had traced on the paper, and said she hoped I would take them for kisses."

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Eloquent Treatment by which Drunkards are Being Cured Daily in Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses. No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liqueur Habit.

It is generally known and understood that Drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison, and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquor, require an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how long a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES CURE YOUR HUSBANDS!! CHILDREN CURE YOUR FATHERS!!
This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but a specific for this disease only, so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of Drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives without their knowledge in coffee or tea, and believe today they discontinued drinking of their own free will. DO NOT WAIT. Do not be deluded by ignorant and misleading "improvements." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effective than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B, 275, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 3200 and 3202 Market Street, Philadelphia.

For Chase & Sanborn's tea and coffee go to **Armstrong's** tons and

A Family Skeleton.

"Where have you been?" asked the Boston boy's father.
"Up in your library."
"Haven't I told you not to disturb those books without my permission?"
"Yes. And I now perceive the reason of your caution. You were afraid I would discover that you devoted to 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'The Arabian Nights' those precious hours of your youth which ought to have been applied to Plato and Euripides."—Washington Star.

Contented Head of the Family.
Ostenbald Head of the Family—Maria, there was a book agent around to-day who wanted to sell me a work on etiquette and good behavior. Teaches it in six lessons. I told him I'd ask you if you thought we wanted it.
Real Head—It's a humbug, John. It can't be taught in six lessons. I've been trying to teach it to you for 16 years, and haven't succeeded yet.—Chicago Tribune.

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Nation d'Etre.

The orchestra coughed and the hero of the light opera sprang forward to remark, in recitative:
"The slices are overcast!"
"O yes!" exclaimed the heroine, her face radiant with unwonted intelligence. "That accounts for all these young persons in wet weather skirts!"
The audience thundered applause, for it was the first time, in the memory of living man, that an adequate and artistic raison d'etre had been assigned the conventional chorus of the village maidens.—Detroit Journal.

Between Friends, of Course.
"There is a woman in London," remarked the haughty and self-satisfied one, just by way of saying something, "who is said to be remarkably successful in making over society faces."
"Ah," replied the envious one, "that explains it."
"Why, from the first moment that I heard you were going abroad I insisted that you would not make a purposeless trip, like some foolish, frivolous girl."—Chicago Post.

His Uncertainty.
Farmer Honk—Say, Lem!
Farmer Stockrider—Har?
Farmer Honk—Is that 'ere solemn, spectacled young nephew of yours that's been called 'doctor,' and goes around lookin' as wise as a treeful of owls, a dentist, a boss physician, a corn curer, a layer-on-of-hands, a presidin' elder, or just a common doctor that saws bones and kills folks?
Puck.

Home, Sweet Home.
"Where is your mother, Johnny?" "Playing golf."
"And your aunt?" "She is out on her bicycle."
"And your sister?" "She is training for the hockey match."
"Then I'll see your father, please."
"He can't come down. He is upstairs giving the baby a bath."—Tit-Bits.

Until She Spoke.
She was such a stylish, aristocratic-looking girl that she won admiring glances from the whole car. "We Americans," I mused, "do not need empty titles to make our folk gentle blood."
Her friend handed her some photographs. She examined them critically.
"Them's bully!" she exclaimed.—Boston Record.

Opposites.
Cunso—Mr. and Mrs. Gazzam evidently believed that only opposites should marry. He is ugly enough to stop a clock, you know.
Cawker—I know, but what about Mrs. Gazzam?
Cunso—She is pretty enough to stop a car.—Leslie's Weekly.

She Was Sure.
"What makes you so sure that man is less than 35?" asked the young woman.
"There isn't the slightest doubt in the matter," answered Miss Cayenne. "He keeps bragging of what he knows about human nature."—Washington Star.

On to Him.
Stormington Barnes (presenting himself at door of Podunk Academy of Music)—Do you recognize the profession?
Local Manager—Do I? Well, I should cackle! Why, that plug hat, long hair an' frayed pants gives yew dead away.—Brooklyn Life.

Two of a Kind.
Jaggles—What makes you think they are searching for the unattainable?
Waggles—His wife is seeking for something to remove superfluous hair, while he is looking for preparation to grow hair on a bald head.—Judge.

Wall from the Race Track.
I never have discovered yet—
And I am no biologist.
Just why, when I fall to bet, I always pick the winner.—Chicago Evening Post.

UNFORTUNATELY WELL.
Husband—I see that they're advertising bargain in patent medicines at Kutt & Price's drug store.
Wife—Isn't that too aggravating?
There isn't a thing the matter with any of us.—Moonshine.

Twelve Seasons.
The melancholy days have come;
Small comfort now we get.
Too warm to keep our flannels on,
Too cool to shed 'em yet.—Philadelphia Press.



CONSTITUTION
"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, but being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief, such was my case with **CASCARETS**. I now have from one to three passages a day, and I feel as if I would give **1000** for each dose of **CASCARETS** if such a relief."
—WYMAN L. HAYES,
100 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Hurts. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
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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. 10, Daily Express	8.34 A. M.
" 10, Daily Express	5.20 "
" 28, " " "	6.25 "
" 28, " " "	7.40 "
" 28, Sunday Only	7.05 "
" 28, Daily Except Sunday	10.35 "
" 6, Daily Way Train	12.25 P. M.
" 7, Express except Sunday	2.30 "
" 20, Way Except Sunday	5.20 "
" 60, Sunday Only	4.30 "
" 15, Sunday Only	5.20 "
" 68, Express Sunday only	6.07 "
" 14, Daily Except Sunday	6.50 "
" 14, Daily	10.00 "

WESTWARD.

No. 3, Daily Express	12.30 A. M.
" 17, Daily Milk Train	5.00 "
" 17, Daily Express	6.25 "
" 11, For Hudson's Pt Sun	12.10 P. M.
" 11, Way train except Sun	12.25 "
" 3, Deposit exp. Sat. only	4.49 "
" 5, Daily	6.15 "
" 27, Daily Except Sunday	5.60 "
" 7, Daily Express	10.15 "

Trains leave Chambers street, New York for Port Jervis on week days at 4.00, 7.15, 9.00, 9.15, 10.30 A. M. On Sundays, 4.00, 7.30, 9.15 A. M.; 12.30, 2.30, 7.30 and 9.15 P. M.

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

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RIGGS HOUSE.
The hotel par excellence of the capital, located within one block of the White House and directly opposite the Treasury. Finest table in the city.

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

NATIONAL HOTEL.
A landmark among the hotels of Washington, patronized in former years by presidents and high officials. Always a prime favorite. Recently remodeled and rendered better than ever. Chg. Fr. H. H. dep. WALTER BURTON, Res. Mgr.
These hotels are the principal rendezvous of the capital at all times. They are the best stopping places at reasonable rates.
O. G. STAPLES, Proprietor, G. DEWITT, Manager.

FIVE TWO-CENT STAMPS will put you next the **VANDAL...** an interesting magazine of criticism. Send for one to-day. No Free Copies.

THE VANDAL, 5226 Butler St., Pittsburg, Pa.

HOAGLAND'S Big China Store IN **PORT JERVIS, N. Y.** Largest Stock.

HEADQUARTERS For Sets of Dishes, Lamps and Glassware. Occupying the entire floor of Building.

We buy Butter, Eggs and Grain.

Hoagland's, PORT JERVIS, N. Y. UP TOWN.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburns, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. Dewitt & Co., Chicago.

PATENTS GUARANTEED
Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of the same. We have a Patent sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents sold and through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated, semi-weekly circulated journal, compiled by Manufacturers and Inventors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.