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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 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 and domestic 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.

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 for farmers and villagers. It contains a full and 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.

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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
Children's 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. Will go to the house or do the work at home. Address: MAEY LIPSON, Upper Broad Street, Milford, Pa.

THE ETHICS OF LUCK.

Arbitrary Dogmas Take the Place of a Logical Basis Among Believers.

On the belief in luck have angels, diviners, fortune tellers, all traded from time immemorial to the present age, says Chambers' Journal. They "calculate" the inevitable, and, necessarily, arbitrary dogmas take the place of logical basis on which to work out their schemes. They rely on the luck of odd numbers; in their imperial phantoms—either in their chance or death—loves to reside. Seven has always been number to conjure with, and the seventh child of a seventh child born in the seventh month comes clad in a mysterious principle of forked knowledge absolute, while nine was at one place and period looked upon as a symbol of Delity. Great men will have their lucky day or month, as one of the Caesars gave his name to the eighth month—that in which the most fortunate events of his life had occurred. The blood of a great family, like that of the Stuarts or the Bourbons, for instance, is said to carry with it, even in its collateral branches, the taint of that ill-success, ill-health, which is summed up as ill-luck. Certain great men, for instance, as open, are esteemed as slaves of ill-luck. Tallmenses reversed. It is not, of course, that their beauty is brittle, but that they carry with their ill-luck to their wearers or owners. The truth of this superstition is demonstrated by the violent deaths which have befallen unlucky opal wearers. Have they not succumbed to the ill-luck attending a gem, to give possession of which a fellow-creature has not hesitated to shed their blood? No doubt it is very unlucky to awaken the covetousness of a robber and a murderer.

Honesty Pays.
Jim—Honesty is der best polley, rter all.
Bill—How?
"Remember that dog I stole?"
"Vep."
"Well, I tried two hull days to sell in, an' no one offered more'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' giv him to the ole lady what owned him, an' she giv me five dollars."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Thirteen Superstition.
"Thirteen dollars and a half seems a high price for such a comparatively short trip," said the man with the traveling bag in his hand.
"We thought people would rather pay that than \$13," replied the agent of the steamer line, with an explanatory and apologetic cough.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Worst Yet.
Farmer Hayrake—Deacon Perkins did get stuck awfully on his last New York trip.
Farmer Whiffletree—How wuz that?
Farmer Hayrake—Why, he took down six o' those old gold bricks o' his'n and swapped 'em off for 50,000 shares of oil stock.—Puck.

Her Chance.
"Look at those two bad boys in the crowd," said Mr. Markley, as they crossed the bridge.
"By the way, dear, that reminds me," replied his wife, "let me have a couple of dollars? I've got to get a pair of undressed kids."—Philadelphia Press.

Debarred.
"So Spindler's going to join your fishing club, eh?"
"No. He heard that a man had to be a pretty good liar as well as a fisherman, to join."
"Well?"
"Spindler can't fish."—Brooklyn Life.

Solving a Problem.
"One of our troubles at the club," said Cholby, "has been to make the waiters distinguishable from the mumbachs at our evening excursions. But we've solved it at last."
"Ah!" remarked Kostick. "By getting intelligent-looking waiters?"—Philadelphia Record.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.
"Something New Under the Sun."
All doctors have tried our 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 GOLD in the HEAD.

CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is an 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."

Send prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. B 375, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 355 and 357 Mark Street, Philadelphia.

COMPENSATION.

I sit alone with my heart in sight.

Where the gloom is dark and deep,
Across the portals the shadows fall,
And here with my grief I weep;
But over my sad heart's darkness
Steals a radiance rich and rare,
For long ago, when a child at play,
I hid a sunbeam there.
The harp is silent, the chords are dead
Whose music was all too fleet
And I listen in vain for the silver strain
That made my life complete!
But long ago, when a child at play,
I hid a sunbeam there,
I needed a song-bird to my breast,
And there it sings and sings.
The garlands are faded and old and near,
And the laurels that came with the years
Have gone with the dreams and the per-
ished hopes—
I buried them with tears;
But out in the garden of my soul
The roses bloom so fair,
For long ago, when a little child,
I planted a rose tree there.
—Muriel Stride, in Chicago Evening Post.

The Robber's Cross

By David Ker.

THEY call Spain the land of adventure. To go to Spain is to go to a land where the Spaniards are to be found. Harry White, as he strolled before breakfast around the outskirts of a small Spanish town on the southern slope of the Sierra Morona; "and I've been in it three weeks, and not had one adventure yet. A man gets no show at all in traveling nowadays. Hello here comes somebody in a hurry!"

Very much in a hurry, certainly, seemed the sturdy Spanish peasant who had just appeared on the top of the steep ridge above the boy's head, for he was leaping from rock to crag as recklessly as a wildcat, and at times even swinging himself over some deep cleft by the bough of a tree, as if in such haste that he had no time to think of such a trifle as the chance of a broken neck.

But in this case it was "most haste, worst speed," for all at once a large stone gave way beneath the Spaniard's feet, and he came tumbling headlong down into the road amid a whirlwind of dust.

Harry—whose sympathies were already enlisted in favor of a man capable of such feats of strength and daring—flew to the spot, feeling as if he had really met with something like an "adventure" at last. But when he reached the fallen man he stopped short in sheer amazement.

And well he might. The man who had been bounding along the ridge had long gray hair and beard; he was quite sure of that for he remembered wondering that an old man



LIED HIM UP A STEEP ZIGZAG PATH.

should be so active. The hair of the man before him was short, thick, and black as night, and he had no beard at all.

Meanwhile, the stranger had managed to sit up, and was wiping the blood from a bad cut on his forehead. In doing so, he discovered the loss of his false hair and beard, and met Harry's eyes fixed wonderingly upon him.

"Well," asked he, fiercely, answering the boy's glance with a defiant stare, "do you know me?"

"No, and I don't want to know you," said Harry, in broken Spanish, rather nettled at the man's impertinent tone. "I suppose you're a smuggler by your disgracing yourself that way."

"Yes, I am," replied the other, with a strange smile. "Are you going to give me up to the police?"

"Not if I can help it," cried Harry. "It's not the style of us Americans to give away a man who can't stand up for himself."

"Ah, you're an American, then?" said the smuggler, looking curiously at him. "Well, if you are willing to help me, I'll tell you how you can do it. Give me your arm as far as the chapel of St. James, about half a mile down the road—for I find I've sprained my ankle too badly to walk alone—and then I'm all right."

"Come along, then," rejoined Harry, offering his arm.

And the strangely assorted pair set forth.

On the way our hero told his new friend, who seemed in too much pain to talk himself, that he was traveling through Spain with his father, that he had picked up in Mexico what little Spanish he knew; that his tour had hitherto been provokingly bare of adventures, and that the one thing in the world which he most desired was to fall in with a gang of real Spanish brigands.

At last they reached the chapel, and then, at a peculiar whistle from the smuggler, five wild-looking horsemen, with long guns on their shoulders, started out of the encircling thickets, one of whom led by the bridle a fine black horse, on which they at once mounted the crippled Spaniard, not without casting more than one puzzled and suspicious look at the wondering boy.

"Take this for your good deed," said the tall smuggler, taking a small

silver cross from his neck and giving it to Harry. "It may be of use to you if ever you meet again. And, as you seem anxious to meet with some Spanish brigands, it may please you to learn that you have seen half a dozen of them to-day."

So saying, he spurred his horse and vanished into the forest with his grim comrades, while Harry turned slowly back to the town, hardly knowing whether he was awake or only dreaming.

"Just like my luck! I've lost my way, sure enough! And this strikes me as the very place to fall in with that nice man, Pedro Gonzalez, the brigand captain, who seems to be terrorizing the whole country at this time."

The speaker was no other than our friend, Harry White, now grown into a tall young man, and revivifying, after a five-year's absence beyond the Atlantic, his former haunts in southern Spain.

He had certainly good cause to feel uncomfortable just then. To lose one's way in a gloomy forest, among the Spanish mountains, with night at hand and a storm coming on, is not a pleasant experience in any case; but when to all this is added a very strong probability of falling in with a band of robbers, whose usual mode of demanding ransom for a captive is to nail his ears or nose to his anxious friends as a hint that "speedy payment is requested," he must indeed be a brave man who can face the situation without flinching.

What Harry feared came only too soon. A hoarse shout was suddenly heard among the bushes, and before he could draw his revolver he was surrounded by a gang of fierce-looking men, whose grim, ruffianly faces and swelling eyes looked him no good.

A smart stroke from the butt of Harry White's heavy whip fell on the foremost man, but the rest at once dragged him from his horse, and, in spite of his furious struggles, bound him hand and foot.

"Let me kill the dog!" roared the injured robber, whose head was bleeding freely. "He shall never strike a Spaniard again!"

"Not so fast, Brother Juan," said another. "He looks like an Englishman, and the English are all rich. We'll make him pay a fat ransom."

"And if he don't pay it quickly," put in a third, with a significant whisk of his knife, close to the prisoner's ear, "his friends won't find him quite so handsome the next time they see him."

Harry shuddered at the horrible threat and the roar of brutal laughter that followed. He was not completely disenchanted, for the brilliant and chivalrous bandits of his boyish dreams were utterly different from these ragged, hangdog ruffians, who almost choked him with the stifling odor of garlic and bad tobacco.

Then his horror turned to rage at the thought of being plundered and insulted by these brutal rascals, and he inwardly vowed that when he did get free he would spend all the money he had in hunting them down. But, as we shall see, he never got the chance of doing so.

The robbers laid their prisoner on the horse and led him up a steep, zigzag path to a kind of rocky platform, walled in on three sides by unscalable cliffs, while on the fourth lay a precipice of several hundred feet.

Here about 20 more brigands were encamped; and Harry White, suddenly remembering his silver cross, looked eagerly to see if the man who had given it to him was one of the band; but he could see no one in the lead like him.

"Has Capt. Gonzalez come back yet?" asked one of his conductors.

"No," was the reply, "but we are expecting him every moment."

Just then a hasty step was heard below, and a tall, dark figure, springing up the rocks as nimbly as a mountain goat, came bounding on to the platform.

"Up with you, comrades!" shouted the newcomer.

THE HOME GOLD CURE.
An Ingenious 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, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating the 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 hard 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 to no use 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 apparent 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 215, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 355 and 357 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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Your Lifeaway!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco habit, easily, by a new, strong, magnetic, fluid, and safe, smokeless, and odorless, and makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over \$200,000 worth of all-day cures guaranteed. Send for price FREE. Address: STEERING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.

For Chase & Sanborn's loss and coffee go to Armstrong & Co.

the newsmen, who was no other than the formidable Pedro Gonzalez himself. "We have been betrayed; and all the soldiers from San Rodonda are upon our trail. We must retreat at once. Hat who is this—a prisoner?"

"We took him in the valley yonder, and have kept him for ransom," replied one of the bandits.

"There is no time to think of ransom now, when our very lives are at stake," said the robber chief, sternly. "Take what money he has on him, and then hang him over the precipice."

Instantly a dozen eager hands were rifling Harry's pockets, and the brave youth, giving himself up for lost, prepared to die like a man. But, as his watch was dragged forth by the robbers, the silver cross that hung to its chain caught the eye of Gonzalez, who sprang forward and asked, hurriedly:

"Where did you get that cross?"

"It was given to me five years ago by a smuggler of these parts, whom I helped to escape when he was crippled by a fall," replied Harry, looking fixedly at him.

"And I am the man who gave it," said Gonzalez, grasping his hand warmly; "and for that good deed you shall depart free and unhindered. Comrades, give him back all that you have taken. Follow that path, Señor Americano, which will lead you to the village of San Tomas; and when you tell this story to your friends, tell them also that kindness is never thrown away, even upon a brigand."—Golden Days.

British Secret-Service Fund.
A secret service fund is voted yearly by parliament for the purpose of doing for the country against the state. Last year £10,000 was paid to spies who were employed for this purpose. For a copy of a treaty between France and Russia, known as the treaty of Tilsit, Great Britain paid £40,000.

AN AWFUL THREAT.



"I see I must be more severe with you, Alfred! If you get home again as late I'll dismiss the cook and begin doing the cooking again myself!"—Fliegende Blätter.

PROFIT IN GOOD CENTS.
Counterfeiters Run Little Risk and Make Good Margins on Genuine Coins.

To pass a counterfeit \$1,000 bill is an extremely difficult undertaking, because the very size of it invites close inspection, but counterfeit cents will pass about as fast as you hand them out, even in banks, under the eyes of experts, for their insignificant size demands suspicion. This fact is being very strongly impressed on the officers of the national treasury, who are now in receipt of an immense number of these humble little counterfeiters, says the Chicago Tribune.

About 500 of these little bogus coins are arriving at the subtreasury daily, and the April report shows that 13,166 counterfeit cents were received out of a total of 373,870; yet the secret service men are not able to locate the counterfeiters. It is found that the counterfeit cents are growing more and more like the genuine ones, as is practice in making perfect, and it is often with difficulty that they are distinguished.

A strange feature of the business is that the bogus cents are intrinsically worth as much as the genuine ones. They have the right quantity and quality of metal in them, bear the proper image and superscription, and yet represent only 17 cents in value, to the pound, while a pound of similar coins, struck at the United States mint, are legal tender for \$120. The margin makes profit enough to invite counterfeiting.

A Prodigal Son.
Eight years ago a little boy ran away from home in York, Pa. His parents made all efforts possible to find him, spending a small fortune in advertising for his whereabouts and following up clues that proved to be worthless. At last, after eight years of uncertainty, Michael Zaklar, the boy's father, has received word that his son is in Zagazig, Egypt.

Our Cotton Seed Abroad.
American cotton seed is responsible for a tremendous increase in the production of cotton in Russia, middle Asia, Bekharaz and Khiva. The year 1900 shows an increase of 41 per cent over 1899 in the Asiatic lands, and the increase in the Russian district is 29 per cent. Most of the former cornfields are now being planted with cotton.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

IF YOU HAVEN'T A REGULAR, HEALTHY MOVEMENT OF THE BOWELS EVERY DAY, YOU'RE IN THE SHAPES OF THE "CANDY CATHARTIC" CASCARETS. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

CANDY CATHARTIC CASCARETS

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

Subscribe for the PRESS.

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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.

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