

# WELL! WELL!!

Christmas is at hand again, and I have got to buy some

## Christmas Presents.

But it isn't much trouble, for I will go where I have always gone—92 Pike St., Port Jervis, New York—and I am sure I

## CAN GET SUITED

there. They have everything. Toys for the baby; presents for the boys and girls; useful things for grown people; articles of comfort for the old folks. Come on, let's go at once to the

# N. Y. FURNITURE CO.,

92 PIKE STREET, PORT JERVIS, N. Y.

## HOLIDAY WANTS.

We have a big line of everything pertaining to footwear except hosiery.

**Slipper Department--**  
In this department you will find the best assortment of holiday slippers the town can produce.

**Patent Leather Department--**  
Our men's patent leather shoes are just it.

Your brother or sweetheart will appreciate a gift of this kind.

**Etc. Department--**  
Leggins and gaiters for ladies and children.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to All.  
**KANE, THE SHOEMAN,**  
Port Jervis.

## New York

# TRIBUNE FARMER

For sixty years the NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE has been a national weekly newspaper, read almost entirely by farmers, and has enjoyed the confidence and support of the American people to a degree never attained by any similar publication.

## THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER

is made absolutely for farmers and their families. The first number was issued November 7, 1890. Every department of agricultural industry is covered by special contributors who are leaders in their respective lines, and the TRIBUNE FARMER will be in every sense a high class, up to date, live, entertaining agricultural paper, profusely illustrated with pictures of live stock, model farm buildings and homes, agricultural machinery, etc.

Regular price, \$1.00 per year, but you can buy it with your favorite home weekly newspaper, THE PIKE COUNTY PRESS, one year for \$1.50.

Send your subscriptions and money to THE PRESS, Milford, Pa.

Send your name and address to the NEW YORK TRIBUNE FARMER, New York City, and a free sample copy will be mailed to you.

## H. SCHAFRANSKY

OUTFITTER TO MEN AND BOYS...

## GREATER THAN EVER Our Display of Fall & Winter Clothing

Men's Suits, All Wool Cheviots, \$7, \$8, \$9 and \$10.  
Fancy Worsted All Wool at \$10, Equal to Custom Made.

The Best Business Suit on Earth for \$4.50.  
Men's Kersey, Clay, Worsted, Lined, a Swell Overcoat, at \$14. Another at \$10. An Elegant All Wool Kersey for \$6.50, Worth \$10. Others at \$5, \$6, \$7 and \$9. We Have Them for \$3.  
Boys' Suits, 14 to 20 Years, from \$3 to \$12.  
Children's Suits, 4 to 16 Years, Our Magnet Suits, at \$2, Never Wear Out, Double Seats and Knees.  
Boots and Shoes

## VARIETY ENOUGH TO PLEASE YOU ALL

## H. SCHAFRANSKY.

OUTFITTER TO MEN AND BOYS...

15 Front Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Dress making in all branches. Will go to the house or do the work at home. Address: MARY LEWIS, upper Broad street, Milford, Pa.

## Foley's Honey and Tar

for children, safe, sure. No opiate. French marshmallows at Mitchell's.

## Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. An original.

## BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS

Want your whiskers or mustache a beautiful brown or black? This dye is the best. It is guaranteed to dye and to last. It is safe and pleasant to use. It is the best.

## in a Bad Way.

"You'll have to excuse my dolly," said the little fourteen-year-old, with great dignity. "She's indisposed."

## Her One Request.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Yorkin, "there is one favor I want to ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry."

## What is it?

"I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never let on a horse that he's going to win."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## An Experienced Reply.

He was only a medical student in his second year, but he had all the coolness of an old and skilled practitioner.

## Another Ping-pong.

"How," she asked, "did you ever think of all the little things you make those foolish society women say in your new play?"

## "N. Jackson, Danville, Ill., writes:

"My daughter had a severe attack of the grippe and a terrible cough settled on her lungs. We tried a great many remedies without giving relief. She tried Foley's Honey and Tar which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

## Female Prisoners in England.

Between 40,000 and 50,000 women pass annually through the prisons of England and Wales. Taking the figures for last year it appears that 72 per cent. had been previously convicted.

## For Pneumonia.

Dr. C. J. Bishop, Agnew, Mich., says, "I have used Foley's Honey and Tar in three very severe cases of pneumonia with good results in every case."

## Not for Him.

"Why don't you go in and win her, old boy?" "I know it," groaned Arthur. "But I'm so short."

## Chapped hands, cracked lips and roughness of the skin cured quickly by Banner Salve, the most healing ointment in the world.

## A Marvelous Discovery!

Dr. Cassin's Kidney Cure and Foley's Honey and Tar are the best. They are the best. They are the best.

## Don't

Frank Treadwell, Bennett, Ia., was troubled with kidney disease for two years. He writes: "I had taken several kidney remedies, but with little benefit. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and a dollar bottle cured me." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

## REMEDY FOR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS

Cascarets, pure cascara sagrada, the best. It is the best. It is the best.

## A Message from the Dead

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY. (Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

UNDER the blue of the Cuban sky, a soldier lay, with a great jagged hole in his side and a fever burning in his veins.

The officer grasped his feeble hand in both his. "I promise," he said. "A smile settled upon the face of the boy, and, with a happy sigh, he closed his eyes, while the colonel sat beside him with unheeded hand, holding his hand and looking down into his face."

Presently her glance fell upon an object hanging on a peg behind the door, and a sudden sob escaped her.

The war was over. In the heart of the great nation, which but recently throbbed with the fire of vengeance

## "I'M DYIN'—FOR THE OLD FLAG—COLONEL."



illides and in the valley, the soldiers lay on their backs, and here and there the smoldering embers of camp fires flickered.

The colonel, asleep in his tent, was aroused by a hand on his shoulder. He awoke with a start and saw an orderly standing over him.

"Private George Sanderson is dying in the hospital," the orderly said. "He says he wants to see you, sir."

The colonel sprang from his cot. "Very well, sir," he replied, "I will come at once."

The wounded man lay with his face towards the door, and a faint smile quivered upon his lips when the officer entered.

"The colonel sat on the edge of his cot and took one of his hands. "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

"I am hard hit, sir," he said, "and I guess I'm done for. You are very kind to come—I wanted to tell you something before I—before I die. You have known me as George Sanderson, colonel, but—that is—not my name."

Once, years ago, I broke the laws of my country, but, say, don't you think I'm kinder—wiser on the old score? The boy's hand trembled.

"I don't care, for myself, sir. My life ain't worth nothin' anyhow—only to a mother. And I don't reckon it's been known where I was for the past ten years. Wish I could live them ten years over again, colonel. I'd apend 'em with her, 'tryin' to make her happy. For God knows, her life has been—'all right'—for the old flag—colonel."

He lapsed into silence and a look of infinite sadness came into his eyes. "She broke her promise to the only man she ever loved, and married to please her parents—married a man who was a scoundrel, just—like I am, sir. But father is dead now, and I suppose I shouldn't say nothin' against him. But—I know mother never loved him. I know—her heart broke—when the man—the loved—went away, and she—never heard—from him—again."

"And what became of this other man?" asked the colonel, much interested.

The wounded boy looked sharply into the other's eyes and said: "As near as I know, sir, he never married. He joined the army and the last I heard of him—he was—'still in the man—the loved—went away, and she—never heard—from him—again."

Silently the colonel gazed at the picture and the boy saw the grizzled veteran's steel, gray eyes grow moist and a tenderness creep into his face.

"Colonel," he said, "truly, a passionate pleading in his voice, 'Colonel, promise me you—will go to her. Tell her—'

Frank Treadwell, Bennett, Ia., was troubled with kidney disease for two years. He writes: "I had taken several kidney remedies, but with little benefit. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and a dollar bottle cured me." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

## REMEDY FOR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS

Cascarets, pure cascara sagrada, the best. It is the best. It is the best.

her—I sent you to her—tell her—I died—in help!—to put the old—flag—up on—El Caney. Promise me—'

The officer grasped his feeble hand in both his. "I promise," he said. "A smile settled upon the face of the boy, and, with a happy sigh, he closed his eyes, while the colonel sat beside him with unheeded hand, holding his hand and looking down into his face."

Presently her glance fell upon an object hanging on a peg behind the door, and a sudden sob escaped her.

The war was over. In the heart of the great nation, which but recently throbbed with the fire of vengeance

illides and in the valley, the soldiers lay on their backs, and here and there the smoldering embers of camp fires flickered.

The colonel, asleep in his tent, was aroused by a hand on his shoulder. He awoke with a start and saw an orderly standing over him.

"Private George Sanderson is dying in the hospital," the orderly said. "He says he wants to see you, sir."

The colonel sprang from his cot. "Very well, sir," he replied, "I will come at once."

The wounded man lay with his face towards the door, and a faint smile quivered upon his lips when the officer entered.

"The colonel sat on the edge of his cot and took one of his hands. "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?"

"I am hard hit, sir," he said, "and I guess I'm done for. You are very kind to come—I wanted to tell you something before I—before I die. You have known me as George Sanderson, colonel, but—that is—not my name."

Once, years ago, I broke the laws of my country, but, say, don't you think I'm kinder—wiser on the old score? The boy's hand trembled.

"I don't care, for myself, sir. My life ain't worth nothin' anyhow—only to a mother. And I don't reckon it's been known where I was for the past ten years. Wish I could live them ten years over again, colonel. I'd apend 'em with her, 'tryin' to make her happy. For God knows, her life has been—'all right'—for the old flag—colonel."

He lapsed into silence and a look of infinite sadness came into his eyes. "She broke her promise to the only man she ever loved, and married to please her parents—married a man who was a scoundrel, just—like I am, sir. But father is dead now, and I suppose I shouldn't say nothin' against him. But—I know mother never loved him. I know—her heart broke—when the man—the loved—went away, and she—never heard—from him—again."

"And what became of this other man?" asked the colonel, much interested.

The wounded boy looked sharply into the other's eyes and said: "As near as I know, sir, he never married. He joined the army and the last I heard of him—he was—'still in the man—the loved—went away, and she—never heard—from him—again."

Silently the colonel gazed at the picture and the boy saw the grizzled veteran's steel, gray eyes grow moist and a tenderness creep into his face.

"Colonel," he said, "truly, a passionate pleading in his voice, 'Colonel, promise me you—will go to her. Tell her—'

Frank Treadwell, Bennett, Ia., was troubled with kidney disease for two years. He writes: "I had taken several kidney remedies, but with little benefit. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and a dollar bottle cured me." Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

## REMEDY FOR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS

Cascarets, pure cascara sagrada, the best. It is the best. It is the best.

# ASTHMA CURE FREE!

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL. WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.



CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS

EVERY BRINGS RELIEF.

There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good advised from it. I was a slave, chained with asthma sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overstepped yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full-sized bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. Israel, New York, Jan. 9, 1901.

Dr. Taft Bros' Medicine Co., New York, N. Y. 1001.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS' MEDICINE CO., 79 East 100th St., N. Y. City.