

HARRISON & DALLEY

OUR GREAT FEBRUARY GREEN TICKET SALE BEGINS MONDAY, FEB. 8!

THE MOST IMPORTANT TRADE EVENT OF THE YEAR IN THIS LOCALITY

TWO WEEKS OF UNEXCELLED BARGAINS

The grand final clean up for the season on Winter Goods, and the preliminary introduction to the Spring season.

Thousands of dollars worth of new spring merchandise coming in during the month of February, and offered at this sale at special prices.

GET YOUR SHARE OF GREEN TICKET BARGAINS

PIKE STREET, - AT THE HEAD OF FRONT - PORT JERVIS.

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT

I had given orders that no one should be admitted except the post boy, and I was wrestling with my letters and expecting him every moment, when I heard upon my door a knock, first timid and then more decided. As it was the habit of my boy to express his arrival, I sang out, "Come in, can't you?" and did not look up. The persistent ray, engineering by the breeze—against which I felt the wrath as the papers began to flutter—caused me to push my manuscript to the further side and wheel round with my back to the intruder.

Recovering myself, "How did you get in?" I asked, more bluntly than politely.

"Through the door, in response to your invitation," she answered, quietly.

She was standing.

"Oh! yes—I had forgotten. Well— with a glance at the unfinished letters—"how can I serve you?"

"I want something to do," she said, and then I was reminded of the first knock.

"Have you ever worked on a newspaper?" I asked, feeling sure this would end the interview.

"Oh, no; but I can," earnestly.

"Really—?" I was desperate, and that sun ray kept running up and down her hair until it shone like burnished gold. "Really, I have nothing at present that you could do, and, indeed, I am well supplied with a full force except—"

I hesitated.

"Except what?" she said, eagerly.

"The person I need requires experience."

"I'll come again," and for the first time she allowed her eyes to wander round my den.

The next morning I hurried to my business with a well-defined plan of action to keep out intruders, when what was my surprise upon opening my door to find my gray-eyed friend, in almost the same position awaiting my entrance.

"Good morning," I said, trying to be polite.

"I have come for something to do," "Pray be seated, and we will talk this matter over. Have you ever reported?"

"For a newspaper?"—no.

"Well, that is what I want—a reporter—some one who can report—"

"Report what?" she interrupted.

"You want me to report anybody?" and from where I don't know came a dainty lilac pencil and a small note book.

Feeling that I was fairly trapped, I said, desperately:

"Yes—write."

"About what?"—pencil suspended.

"About the thing that has most interested you lately, and bring it on Thursday that I may know your style."

By the time I had said this much, "Richard was himself again," and I held the door open.

"Thank you."

This was Tuesday, so two days later, as I opened my office door, there sat my latest reporter with a typewritten manuscript loosely folded in her hands.

"Good morning, I have brought your manuscript in good time, I hope."

"Well, yes, you are certainly prompt. I could not help saying, 'I am glad it is typewritten.'"

"I always typewrite my manuscript," she replied.

"You have reported before?" I said, quickly.

"Oh! no," decidedly. "Shall I wait?"

"Yes, you had better, in case this is not what I want."

I certainly caught a gleam of humor then and turned to the perusal with interest.

The first words rather startled me, for there was a familiar air about them. I bent my head lower, and soon a ringing peal of laughter escaped me. Most cleverly had she described my surroundings; the first day's interview, with my very thoughts, was put in cold type, and the tantalizing sun ray came in for its share of notice, and, lastly, the article was brought up to the present moment, and I felt, then and there, that I had said just exactly what she intended I should.

"Is it accepted?" she said, demurely.

"Why, of course," I ejaculated, feeling that I had secured a treasure, and thinking of the numberless interviews which had been denied former reporters, and how well this one could manage them.

"I just wanted to know," she said, rising and putting up the notebook.

"I'll ask you please to return that manuscript. It is only one of a series that I am to write on the difficulties which women experience in forging to the front, and as it rightly belongs to the 'Woman's Club,' of which I am president, I cannot dispose of it."

"Miss S—?" I exclaimed, recalling a well-known man's daughter.

"The same," she said, now laughing.

"I am a friend of your father's," I said, remembering the gleaming hair, and trying to reconcile all the circumstances.

"Yes, he told me. You know, I have but recently returned from abroad. We shall be glad to see you."

"Thank you," I said, feeling dazed, and sending her to the door.

"In this point custom with all your reporters?"

"When they report as well as you do."

I never got over the dazzle of that sunlight on her hair, and that manuscript is kept as our most precious treasure—by my wife and myself—illustrated bits.

Balch & Son, Matamoras, and all general stores in Pike county guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for the grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

All Humors

Are impure matters which the skin, liver, kidneys and other organs can not take care of without help, there is such an accumulation of them.

They litter the whole system.

Pimples, boils, eczema and other eruptions, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, bilious turns, fits of indigestion, dull headaches and many other troubles are due to them.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove all humors, cure every skin disease, strengthen, tone and invigorate the whole system.

"I had said them on my hands so that I could not work. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it drove out the humor. I continued its use till the sores disappeared." Mrs. Iza O. Sauer, Bamford Falls, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keep the promise.

QUALIFIED FOR THE POSITION.

Conscience Would Not Allow Him to Rob the Widowed of Bread.

A merchant advertised for a stenographer with a knowledge of Spanish who could correspond in that language as well as English. By mistake the newspaper printed the salary to be paid as \$300, instead of \$3 a week. By post the merchant received this communication in reply: "London."

"Dear Sir—I beg to offer my services as applicant for the position advertised this morning."

"I am a young man thirty-two years of age and have had a business experience of seventeen years, and I feel confident, if you will give me a trial, I can prove my worth to you."

"I am not only an expert bookkeeper, proficient stenographer and typewriter, excellent telegraph operator and college professor, but have several other accomplishments which might make me more desirable than ordinary mortals. I am an experienced manager, and have won medals for reciting 'Mary had a little lamb.' I also have some knowledge of removing superfluous hair and clipping the ears of puppies."

"I am a practical farmer, can cook, take care of horses and pigs, create trousers, repair umbrellas, and also am the champion cricketer in my club. Being possessed of great physical beauty, I would not only be useful but ornamental as well, leading to the sacred precincts of your office that delightful artistic charm that a stuffed billiard ball would. My whiskers being quite luxuriant and extensive, my face could be used as a doormat, pen-wiper, or feather duster. I can furnish recommendations from the premier, Kaiser Wilhelm, and the nobility."

"As salary, I would feel I was robbing the widowed of bread and the orphaned of sponge-cake if I were to take advantage of your offer by accepting the fabulous sum of \$300. per week. I would be entirely willing to give my services for less, and by accepting 10s. it would not only give me a clear conscience, but would also give you an opportunity of increasing your donation to the church, pay your life insurance, and endow a free bed in the dogs' home."—The Bits.

The United Kingdom, Pat.—How easy it would be to free Ireland. All we have to do is to

ONLY A PAIR OF SHOES

It was only a pair of shoes. And the pair possessed by the charwoman, too, and of money value something like \$1.00. But it is surprising how much trouble a single pair of humble bogans can cause a respectable family. By the side of it a money value seems ridiculous.

The charwoman arrived early Monday morning wearing the shoes and carrying a pair of down at the heel slippers in a paper parcel. The first thing she did was to remove her precious shoes and put on the slippers. After a hard day's work up and down stairs she would have put her shoes on to go home only the shoes could nowhere be found. The cook and the maid and the children searched high and low, but in vain. The precious shoes, all the more precious now that it was raining and snowing and the crows were covered with a thin and frosty mud, had completely vanished.

The mistress of the house came home late to hear the tragedy of the shoes until next morning. Meantime the charwoman, who had gone home in a rage, had returned upon the scene and was waiting for the news or satisfaction.

"Where did you put them?" inquired the mistress.

"Sure, ma'am, an' I put 'em in the corner of the furnace room, on a pile of papers. An' when I looked at night they was gone, an' the papers w'it 'em."

"It was the ashman," decided the mistress at once. "The things piled up in that corner go to the ashman."

"They was me Sunday shoes, ma'am," groaned the poor woman.

"My mind," said the mistress, cheerfully, "he'll bring them back. I'll leave a note for him there, he will get it in the morning, the next morning he will bring your shoes."

"Very well, ma'am, then I'll come after 'em on Thursday."

"Yes, come Thursday. I've got some work for you on that day, anyhow. And don't be alarmed—you'll get your shoes, all right."

"Thank you, ma'am, so as I can have them for church on a Sunday."

The charwoman came on the day appointed and she found her shoes, as had been promised. The ashman had carried them away in the semi-darkness. Their owner carefully deposited them in a safer place this time, wrapped up in a newspaper, and went to work with renewed vigor. But when she came to leave the shoes were again missing. She was astounded.

"Them shoes are hoodooed, sure!" she told the cook.

They formed a joint searching party, but no trace of the shoes could be found. They had vanished as completely as before. She was afraid to annoy the mistress of the house again about the matter, until every claw was exhausted—the patience of the household, also. Then she appealed the case.

"Where did you put them this time, Matilda?" was the first question.

"I wrapped 'em up, ma'am, in a newspaper and put 'em on the tubs in the laundry."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the mistress. "It's the leeman this time."

"It's the leeman, is it, ma'am? Well, I'll—"

"Hold up, Matilda. Don't get excited about it. We wrap things up—odds and ends, you know—and leave them on the tubs for the leeman. He probably carried the package away without looking to see what it was. But he'll bring them back. Oh, yes. He's honest. Besides, he can't wear your shoes, you know. I'll leave a note for him. He'll get it in the morning with the order, and it will be all right. Call Saturday."

"If you was to please to tell him, ma'am, that I want 'em for Sunday sure—"

"And put a guard over those shoes," said the mistress of the house, "when they come in again, or lock them in the safe in my room."—New York Herald.

Sharp-Shooting Fish.

Certain fish have been termed "sporting" because they shoot their prey with great precision. The jacular fish of Java is of this sporting tribe.

Several of these fish, in the possession of a Javanese chief, were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which rose a pole upward of two feet in height. Beetles were put on top of the pole on sharp-pointed pieces of wood. The fish then came out of their holes and swam around the pond. One of them came to the surface of the water and rested there.

After fixing his eyes steadily on a beetle, it discharged a small quantity of water from its mouth with such force and precision as to knock the beetle off the twig into the water. In an instant the beetle had been swallowed.

After this another fish came up and performed a similar feat, and so the sport continued until they had caught all of the beetles. If a fish failed to bring down its prey the first shot, it swam around the pool till it came opposite the quarry and fired again. In one instance a fish returned three times to the stick before it secured its prey, but usually the fish were very expert marksmen, bringing down the beetle at the first shot.

The fish frequent the banks of the rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims to a distance of five or six feet from it and then with surprising dexterity ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of water.—Exchange.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC SALE

For the benefit and on account of and to close and settle the ESTATE OF PETER A. L. QUICK, deceased, on TUESDAY, MARCH 8, 1904, at the front hall of Court House, in Milford, Pike county, Pennsylvania, at 3 o'clock p. m., of valuable real estate, comprising six separate parcels of land or farms and a number of town and Borough lots, in different portions of said county, all with improvements thereon erected, to wit:—dwelling houses, barns, etc., one of which is a large brick building suitable for a hotel or boarding house, known as "Mantor Hall" near Dignmann Ferry, and adjacent to this property is a magnificent growth of heavy timber of all kinds, covering a large area. At the same time and place, will also be exposed for sale, valuable securities, consisting of ten (10) shares of stock of "The First National Bank of Port Jervis, New York"—nine (9) shares of stock of "The President, etc., Company, for erecting a bridge over the river Delaware, near the town of Milford, Pa."—eight (8) shares of stock of the "Milford Water Company," etc.

Farmers, Hotel men, lumbermen and investors, may well observe this notice and attend the sale, reference being had to had-bills, posters, etc., for terms, etc.

LENA A. TALMAGE, Executrix.

Milford, Pa., Feb'y 15 1904.

Further information may be had by addressing Hy T. BAKER, atty., Milford, Pa.

If you want folders for leap year cards or dances, The Press has handsome ones at an easy price. Just remember we do any kind of printing from a large post-r-down to a beautifully engraved card, and at reasonable rates. Will be glad to have orders for vendue bills.

GOODS FOR THE TOILET


There is many a toilet aid or convenience to be had here which is not obtainable elsewhere in this vicinity. In the more common lines the assortment is also superior to that ordinarily carried.

We have a complete assortment of combs, hair brushes, bath brushes, nail brushes, lather brushes, toilet powders and lotions, soaps, perfumes and toilet waters. You get all of them at lowest possible prices with the added advantage of a large variety from which to choose.

C. O. ARMSTRONG DRUGGIST.

Here is SOMETHING YOU NEED!

Your own Water Works, which you can have by consulting J. C. PRESCOTT of Matamoras, Pa., who is prepared to give estimates at any time. Write him at once or call and see his stock of FORCE PUMPS



J. C. PRESCOTT, Matamoras, Pa.

Stoves and Ranges. THE Round Oak For Wood and Coal. Best Heater and Fuel Saver in the Country.

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New Era Radiators, Two Fires in one HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN, AGATE WARE, ETC.

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Jobbing promptly attended to T. R. J. Klein & Son, BROAD STREET MILFORD, PA.


HARNESS Of All Kinds and Styles. Blankets, Robes, Whips and Horse Outfitting generally.

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OUTING FLANNELS WOOL FLANNELS LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S NECKWEAR GLOVES MITTENS HATS CAPS UNDERWEAR SHIRTS HOSE RUGS MATTING LAMPS GLASS AND CHINAWARE RUBBERS FELTS SHOES ETC. ETC

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make the United Kingdom inter the United Kingdom and there yet are

Uncovering Their Past.

"All right," says the rich father, after the count has stated his terms. "I'll let Sadie marry you and agree to turn over to you one million dollars. Now, let's get it fixed up properly. Suppose we say one thousand down and the balance at two dollars a week."

Here Sadie bursts into tears and leaves the room.


"Now, ma," says the rich father to his wife, "what on earth's the matter with that girl?"

"Well, I don't blame her at all, pa. It seems as if you never could keep from betraying the fact that we are of plebeian origin."

"What have I done now?" asks pa.

"Why, you talk as if you were buying the count from an installment house."—Judge.

Advertisement in the Phoenix.



Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills. The kind you have known all your life. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Your Liver

Is it acting well? Bowels regular? Digestion good? If not, remember Ayer's Pills. The kind you have known all your life. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

Our free standard is well. Any one sending which and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, "Illustrated Weekly Classified Journal," consulted by Manufacturers and Inventors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., (Patent Attorneys), Cross Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MORPHINE

What is To Become of the Constantly Increasing Number of Drug Victims? CAN THEY BE CURED?

This question is agitating the minds of the best ministers, doctors and thinking men of today. There are over a million drug users in the United States alone, and the number is rapidly increasing. All unite in saying that a reliable cure is the only salvation. This is no ordinary disease and yields to no ordinary drug or methods of treatment. We now offer our treatment which we guarantee will cure any case of Morphine, Opium, Laudanum, Cocaine or other drug habit or refund your money. To any person suffering from this dreadful disease we will send a trial package of our treatment absolutely free. Write today. All correspondence strictly confidential in plain envelopes. Address, MANHATTAN THERAPEUTIC ASSOCIATION, Dep't B., 1135 Broadway, New York City.



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