

LIVE NEWS OF TWO PITSTONS

[THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE'S Pittston department is in charge of J. M. Fahy, to whom news items and complaints may be referred.]

ACTION FOR \$25,000 DAMAGES.

James L. Morris for Widow Oilmartin Sues Her Husband's Slayer. An action in damages for \$25,000 was commenced at Wilkes-Barre, Wednesday, by Attorney James L. Morris, in behalf of Mrs. Annie Oilmartin against James McLaughlin, formerly of this place, but now a resident of Mayfield, Lackawanna county.

It will be recalled that one year ago this month McLaughlin, who at that time contacted a saloon on South Main street, assaulted James Oilmartin, husband of the plaintiff, with such violence as to cause his death a few hours afterward. The depriving of the support thereby caused is due for the present action.

DURYEY'S NEW POSTMASTER.

Hotel Proprietor M. F. Corcoran Secures the Coveted Prize.

M. F. Corcoran is the happiest man in Duryey at the present moment. His joy is due to a message yesterday morning from Washington, D. C., appointing him to the position of postmaster to succeed F. Dilla, who has so acceptably conducted the affairs for the past four years.

Mr. Corcoran is well known in these parts for his many social qualities. He conducts a hotel business and is a "straight-haired" Democrat from his toes up.

The best mutual insurance policy against attacks of sickness is to be found in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak it will make you strong.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box, 25c.

Death of John L. Cartwright.

John L. Cartwright, one of West Pittston's most respected citizens, died at his home on Wyoming avenue Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock. His death was entirely unexpected. He had been ailing for the past few days, but his ailment was thought to be nothing more than a slight cold, brought about as a result of a trip to the Providence poorhouse, of which he was a director. The funeral will occur tomorrow afternoon at the home.

PITSTON BRIEFLY PARAGRAPHERED.

Events of the Borough Out Down for Quick Perusal.

"McCarthy's Mishaps" at Music Hall this evening.

The hospital contains twenty-three patients at the present time and the full complement of beds are in use.

The attention of school directors and teachers of the schools at the present time should be exerted in keeping a sharp lookout for children coming from infected districts. A little attention taken in this respect, if not necessary, can do no harm.

Al Rice, of Mill street, employed as a brakeman in Corton yard, while engaged in scolding cars yesterday morning had his hand squeezed. A physician dressed the wound. The injury, while painful, is not serious.

A wagon carrying telegraph poles was struck by the south-bound Delaware Lackawanna and Western passenger train which leaves the Junction at 2 o'clock. The accident occurred a short distance above the Lackawanna crossing. The driver and horses escaped injury.

The fire gong had one of its periodical spasms about 10 o'clock Wednesday evening. All of a sudden it commenced to blow and never stopped until the steam in the boilers became exhausted. The general opinion is it should be removed without delay.

Mrs. Henry Cohen and Miss Cohen left yesterday morning for New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Anderson, of the West Side, are sojourning in Philadelphia. They expect to return home today.

Miss Reap, of William street, passed Wednesday among Scranton acquaintances.

Miss Robinson, of Binghamton, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Anderson, of the West Side.

George Everhart, who has been for several years in Chicago, is visiting the scene of his boyhood in this place.

Timothy J. Durkin, of Augusta, Ga., is visiting his parents on South Main street.

Mrs. Holroy, of the West Side, will lecture in the Baptist church at Factoryville on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening of next week.

Would you ride on a railroad that uses no danger signals? That's a sign of danger. The safest one is Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

THINGS OBSERVED AND NOTED.

The establishment of a board of health for this borough is a step in the right direction and one it is to be hoped will be carried into effect as speedily as possible. If there is a semblance of truth in the many stories that are in circulation, we are commonly surrounded on all sides with contagious diseases fatal in their results. The establishment of such boards in this commonwealth is of such recent origin that few of the many cities and boroughs have as yet been entirely used or reconciled to this so-called innovation. The question as to the authority or mission of such boards is, it is fair to say, questioned by not a few. For the benefit of these skeptics it is necessary to state that the local board derives its authority from the state by the act of assembly. In 1833, an act was passed which appeared heretofore in these columns. The board ranks as a department only for the appointment of its members, it being a co-ordinate branch with the town council, on which body it relies for the approval and relation required to discharge the duties incumbent upon it as a body. While the act of assembly on the one hand defines the authority of the local board, on the other hand it sets forth the duties and responsibilities which may be comprised in the few words: "The preservation of the public health." The importance of this question cannot be better illustrated by the mere fact that if the responsibility be already great when the health of an individual only is concerned, how infinitely greater must it become when the authorities have to deal with the health conditions of the whole community.

To fulfill this mission, in view of the prevailing prejudice arrayed against it, is a problem of no mean order. That there will be more or less prejudice against the establishing of such a board

DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHERS.

Healthy, Hearty, Happy, Using Paine's Celery Compound.

How to Make the Last Miles as Smooth as Possible.

The Illness of the Aged Mainly Comes Under the Head of Weakness.

For ages the world has been piling up its indebtedness to the sweet, sunny, saintly grandmothers, who, when mothers' hands have been full and strength overtaxed, have surrounded the young lives under the home roof with the atmosphere of peace and usefulness. Care for them, then. Give them the best of care and love and thought. Do not let the old folks any longer think they are retired and must sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Carefully avoid saying anything that implies that they are in the way. Remember that they, more than younger people, need something to stir and clear their slow blood and give strength and tone to their nerves and more feeble powers of digestion and assimilation. The illness of the aged mainly comes under the head of weakness, but none are so old to be helped by Paine's celery compound.

It brings new material for building up worn-out nerve tissues. The many forms that nervous weakness takes all disappear when once the veins are supplied with pure, more abundant, more vigorous blood.

Paine's celery compound cures dyspepsia, sleeplessness, headache, and neuralgia. It cleanses the blood of every trace of poisonous humors and encourages a rapid addition of the red corpuscles upon which the vigor of the entire body depends.

White cheeks, white lips, badly nourished frames indicate thin, poor blood. Paine's celery compound restores a rich, pure current to the blood and a healthy action to the nervous system.

To those who cannot sleep because of nervous exhaustion, Paine's celery compound will show itself the one thing needed. Men and women of every age who have to struggle daily to meet the needs of too great nervous expenditures should take this great remedy. Its invigorating, soothing action begins at once at the nerve centers which manufacture the nervous force for every muscle and organ of the body.

Not only has too little attention been paid to the aged, but the prevention of nervous diseases in children and young adults has been neglected. Paine's celery compound is genuine food for the tired and used-up nerves. It cures a tendency to headaches and all other diseases which are due to a disordered nervous system. Try it, you will be convinced.

Does without saying, because there never was a time when a movement inaugurated for the betterment of the community was advanced than some ultra-conservative individual in the exuberance of his economic nature cried out: "What's the use of a board of health? Look at the expense!" and many similar remarks. It is obvious that it will require more than the persuasive powers of the board itself to overcome this prejudice and convert its opponents into disciples. To do this the board will have to rely largely upon the assistance of outside sources, and to the writer's way of thinking it would be extremely difficult to think of three more powerful allies than the school, the medical profession, and, last but not least, the press. The former in importance is paramount to either of the latter, because the instruction gained on this subject will familiarize the rising generations with the public needs in sanitary respect to such an extent that they will grow up well prepared to comprehend the importance of sanitary supervision. In the selection of the men who are to be appointed president of Council John Mangin should bear in mind that the duties which will devolve upon them will require a large amount of impartiality, fearlessness and back bone. The duties are much harder to perform in a town of Pittston's size than in larger cities, where officials are not so apt to be thrown in social or personal contact with private parties, where the authority of the office covers the little shortcomings of its incumbent, or where, to use a common expression, the office makes the man, for by reason of his familiarity with everybody it is much more difficult for an official to exercise his authority and inspire his fellow-citizens with the proper respect for his office. It is a well known fact that personal considerations, ties of friendship, social connections, business relations, all tend to hamper him in the enforcement of the law and sanitary rules governing the borough. He lacks, so to speak, the incubus of authority and official independence which is to be found in the city official. To avoid such influences being brought into play can only be remedied by the appointment of men who are subservient to no corporation, clique or class. Will this be done? ... It was highly amusing at the council meeting last Monday evening to listen to certain members protesting strenuously that they did not care in the least whether the general public knew how the office of certain officials to be filled, while at the same time these same members were using their best endeavors to have their votes taken by a secret ballot. ... Since the question has arisen, "Are councilmen entitled to pay?" it would be well for the present board to ascertain where they are at. One of the board made his position clear at the Monday night session by stating to the board they could consider his resignation immediately if there was no salary attached to it. In view of Councilman Donnelly's position on the question, he being a lawyer, and the declaration of the law which says councilmen shall serve without pay, it remains to be seen if the objecting member will be as good as his word, or whether his declaration is another case of "holding" the office of the borough auditor and borough secretary incompatible? John E. Dempsey, who was recently elected borough auditor, and subsequently borough secretary, is at the present time filling both positions. As the auditing of the secretary's accounts is a part of the auditor's work many persons contend that, legally, they are not. In support of their argument they claim Mr. Dempsey cannot audit his own accounts because to do so would establish a precedent which would be inimical to the interests of the borough—a contention that is full of sound sense and good law.

Old Coaching Days.

In 1895 driving had become a fine art, horses were good, the coach and its appointments perfect, and both coachman and guard were superior to the men of 10 or 20 years previously. Several broken down gentlemen took to the profession, including the famous Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Gistman and "the baronet," Sir St. Vincent Cotton. Of the less aristocratic coachmen the most celebrated were Tim Carter, who died so lately as last March, and Robert Snow.

It should be remembered that the old school drove heavily laden coaches over indifferent roads. The rest was that horses seldom lasted more than two or three years, and much cruelty was undoubtedly practiced.

"I find the animals," runs a possibly mythical utterance, "you find whipcord." Some of the stories of the cross country coaches, running to Wootton, Portsmouth, Bristol and so on, are curious, particularly of that started by "Squire" Walker in an unsuccessful attempt to ruin a proprietor against whom he had a grudge. One of his teams contained three pistals and a white gray pointed to match the harness. There is a story, too, about the end of Upton, an excellent whip, who after a series of mishaps finally met his death through pulling the wrong rein.—London Athenaeum.

Immeasurable Distances.

Every well informed reader knows or believes that once twirling star is either an inhabited globe or a great blazing orb of fire, like our sun, but so far away that they appear to be merely an immeasurable distance. One of the giants of the lot is Sirius, the "dog star," which is removed from the earth by such an immeasurable distance that a comparison is difficult to make. It takes light to travel the distance which intervenes, from Jupiter 32 minutes and from Sirius 16 years.

Now to the comparison. Light travels with a velocity of 213,000 miles per second—rays from the moon, 340,000 miles each, reach us in a second and a quarter; from the sun it would take eight minutes for light to travel the distance which intervenes, from Jupiter 32 minutes and from Sirius 16 years.

Let us look at this from another point of view. If it were possible that Sirius could have been blotted out on Jan. 1, 1894—that is, had he been put into an immense bag and tossed instantly into the "abyss of time"—we could not possibly recognize the fact before Dec. 31, 1910.—St. Louis Republic.

Possibly.

Jack—I don't quite comprehend Miss Smith.

Tom—In what respect?

Jack—Well, we were children together, and here now I'm 32, and she's only 23.

Tom—You've lived faster than she has.

Jack—Thanks, old fellow. I guess that explains it.—Detroit Free Press.

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With the New Valves Out of Sight. . . .

Our new Bicycles are now to be seen at our 314 Lackawanna avenue store.

VICTORS, SPALDING, CREDENDA, GENDRONS.

And a full line of Boys' and Girls' Wheels. We are making extremely low prices on Second-hand Wheels.

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Ladies' Felt Hats, this season's styles. . . . 10c. each. Boys' Winter Waists. . . . 10c. each. Mitts. . . . 30c. each. Cloaks. . . . \$1.50 each.

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Great Clearing Sale.

A. B. BROWN'S BEE HIVE, PITTSTON, PA.

HAPPY SERGEANT DUNN

The Great New York Weather Prophet in the High Tower.

WHAT HIS SECRET IS

No Matter How Hard the Wind May Blow He Keeps Well and Cheerful.

NEW YORK, March 3.—Sergt. Elias B. Dunn, who since the Department of Agriculture has taken charge of the weather bureau, has been popularly known as "Farmer Dunn," is one of the very best known men in this city. His popularity, except with his legion of personal friends, is, however, of a varying quality. On rainy days when the skies are leaden and the streets are muddy, he is reviled and execrated by unthinking pedestrians, but when the sun shines and the skies are blue and nature is smiling, the Sergeant is patted on the back, metaphorically speaking, and made much of.

Sergt. Dunn always has rosy cheeks and a jolly smile, a clear eye and a springy gait. He is a picture of health whether the barometer be high or low. "How do I keep well and fat and chippy?" repeats the famous weather manipulator, to the questions which a reporter put to him yesterday. "Come into this inner office and I'll tell you. Look out, there, don't bump into that psychrometer, or there'll be a gale on the coast in five minutes. Sit down. Now I'll tell you why I am a thoroughly healthy man. I simply follow Shakespeare's advice and let good digestion wait on appetite. I have the appetite and I have the good digestion, and it is all due to a little fat of mine for taking the artificially digested food, Paskola. Ever heard of Paskola? Not my boy I'm sorry for you. Some time ago I lost my appetite, and began to lose flesh, too. I tried all sorts of things, and finally my doctor told me to use Paskola. He said that if anything would put flesh on a man's bones and straighten out his digestive organs it was that. I confess that I hadn't much faith in it despite his high recommendation, but I took his advice and it's built me up and set me together again in five weeks. I'm a Paskola crank now, my friends tell me, but that is because I always speak well of anything that deserves it, and I have always been counting its praises of this pre-digested food very steadily ever since I first began to use it. Why shouldn't it? It has built me up and made a man of me. I stick by my friends every time, and Paskola is my friend."

To tell the truth, Sergt. Dunn "looks the part," and if Paskola effects everybody the way it does him, it must, indeed, be all that physicians and scientists are claiming for this great artificially digested food.

A pamphlet giving full particulars respecting Paskola will be sent on application to the Pre-Digested Food Co., 30 Reade St., New York City.

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Your boy. You hope he's going to be a great man.

You have to form his character, but that's not enough.

Frederick the Great.

Something ALL great men have had.

Your boy can't be great without it.

How to educate him.

Let him read and choose his own career.

You think education costs too much.

The very best education.

The best edition.

Only 14 days more.

Call and examine.

Think, act.

Your boy will be a man some day. Will he be an insignificant or a great man? That depends on the chance you give him.

You hope he'll succeed. It lies with you as to whether he will or not. You may not think so. You may think you can't do much with him. He's obstinate, perhaps hard to handle.

Well, these are points he'll have to overcome, more or less. However, his character is, to a certain extent, unchangeable. You can only modify, not radically change, his faults.

The father of Frederick the Great thought his boy was a blockhead up to the time he was 16 years of age, but he didn't stop educating him.

There's one thing that all great men have had, as boys, as young men. They have had it given to them or they have given it to themselves. Had they never had it they would never have become great. They have had education.

Your boy cannot possibly be anything, become anything, without knowing. The more he knows the better he'll be. Knowledge is power, riches, fame. You want to do your duty by him? Give him a chance. Teach him or let him teach himself. Give him education.

"Without books God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, letters dumb, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness."

If you give him books he will soon choose for himself the subject in which he is most interested, which he can most easily study. This study is the one he is most fitted to pursue, the one in which he will make the most success. It is natural that it should be so.

You think: "Books, ah yes, how many hundreds of dollars will I have to spend before he discovers what he is best fitted for?"

True, but there's another way. Invest \$4.50 and give your boy the advantage of that greatest of all reference libraries, the Encyclopedia Britannica. It will place him on a par with the college graduate.

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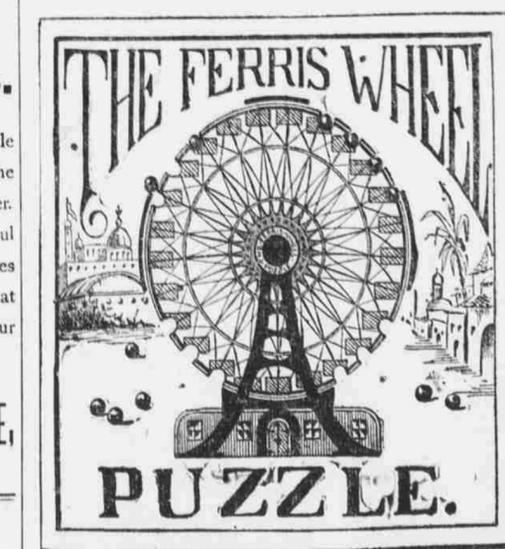
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