

Wilkes-Barre.

[The Tribune has opened a branch office at No. 29, Lanning building, Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, for the transaction of business. The publishers propose to extend the circulation of The Tribune in Wilkes-Barre and surrounding towns, and to that end will present a very complete department of Lanning county news. For success in this undertaking dependence is placed solely upon the superiority of The Tribune as a purveyor of all the news of the day—domestic, foreign, local, commercial and financial. The general interests of the people of Wilkes-Barre and the Wyoming valley will have in The Tribune an earnest advocate, editorially and otherwise. It is the purpose of the publishers to issue a newspaper as valuable to the general public as the metropolitan dailies, and deliver it to the people throughout northeastern Pennsylvania from three to five hours earlier than the Philadelphia and New York papers can reach them.]

OFF FOR CAMP.

The Ninth Leaves for Their Week's Outing at Mount Gretna.

Last night at 10:30 the soldier boys of the Ninth regiment left for their camp at Mt. Gretna. The various companies met at the armory in the evening and in heavy marching order, with rations to last until camp life begins, marched to the Lehigh Valley station, headed by the Ninth Regiment band. The special over the Pennsylvania road left promptly at 10:30 and the regiment was packed in the cars. The drummer was preceded by the soldiers who made a splendid appearance as they marched through the street. Company I, of Plymouth, came upon the electric car, and marched directly to the depot. The officers and staff of the regiment who went, were as follows:

Colonel William C. Price.
Lieutenant Colonel C. Row Dougherty.
First Battalion Major George Wallace, Jr.
Second Battalion Major John S. Harding.
Surgeon Major William R. Longshore.

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Delegates from Wilkes-Barre and further down the valley will take the Plains car, which stops near the hill. The Plains St. Aloysius society has arranged for a reception to the delegates. The local delegates are: S. J. Connor, Charles Mackin, John McNulty, Patrick O'Brien and Peter Swinburne.

BROKE UP THE PARTY.

The Police Make a Sudden End to a Pleasant Little Banquet.

Late Thursday night the keen ears of Officer Tom McGraw detected the clink of glasses and the sound of laughter in a house in Gabletown, which bears none too enviable a reputation. He at once notified the police headquarters. Sergeant Kline, Officers Mulhern, Reister and Williams proceeded to the house, 123 Jackson street, and demanded admittance. Immediately lights went out but no response came. Finally a woman unlocked the door and bade them enter. In the dining room on the table were soft shell crabs, fried oysters, steamed clams, salads, sandwiches, cake and a case of wine. Evidently the banqueters had just sat down. In one room were found two men, while a young woman reclined on a shake down in another chamber. The policemen gathered the quartette in. Early yesterday morning the mayor gave them a hearing, thus disappointing a later crowd. The prisoners gave their names as Ella Kresge, of this city, wife of a former bartender at the Exchange; "Belle Gibbons," a pretty brunette from Pittston; A. Remington, a prominent business man of Scranton, and A. J. Ambro, a shoe clerk. With the exception of the Kresge woman, the names of the others are fictitious, but are well known in town.

Belle was fined \$10, Remington \$15, Ambro \$15, and Mrs. Kresge \$25, and held for court. All were paid, and Mrs. Kresge got bail.

The Parish house on South River street is being handsomely refitted for the occupancy of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Conyngham.

Miss Edith Mercer, daughter of Colonel Mercer, of West Point, left yesterday, after a visit of several days to her cousin, Miss Bessie Mercer, in this city.

Miss Mellick, of Trenton, N. J., is the guest of Mrs. C. D. Foster, of this city. Captain Carl Williams, of the University of Pennsylvania Foot Ball team, was in the city this week, the guest of Alfred Hunt.

Miss Husted, of New York, is the guest of Miss Stella Farnham.

MRS. COIN AT SCHOOL.

From the Chicago Herald.

Husband and wife, Mrs. Coin, as she is called, and her husband, proceeded to put away her things Saturday evening. "I had such an experience this afternoon. After we came out from the matinee we went into a candy store where they sell light drinks as well as ice cream soda. As soon as we sat down at a little table the waiter came up and says: 'Bullion, lady?' So I thought your predictions were coming out at right. 'Which kind?' he says. 'Hot or cold,' he says. Really, it did not seem to me that they ought to be giving out bullion hot, but I suppose he meant right from the mint. 'Gold or silver?' I says. He looked puzzled. Just then the proprietor, who had heard me, smiled, and says he, 'Silver, lady.' 'Fifteen,' says he, 'fifteen for one,' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'or twenty-five for two.' Then he brought us two cups of just common beef tea. I wonder why they keep such unalikes in such places, husband."

Coin seemed pensive, but said nothing.

Mrs. Coin was looking pleasantly Saturday evening as she dined on the stocks. "I was talking to that man I bought the silver spoons from, Coin dear. I asked him how much silver was in each of those spoons when I bought them of him just before the Sherman law was repealed, when silver had got so scarce that 50 cents' worth," says he. I says: 'Well, one of these days you'll have to take those same spoons back for \$1. Says he: 'Who'll make me?' I says: 'Coin will; haven't you read my husband's book?' I'd like to see him make me take back 50 cents' worth of silver for \$1,' says he. 'I am not a fool,' says he. 'My husband will attend to your case,' I says. 'Won't you, Coin dear?'

Mrs. Coin went right on darning, and didn't see her husband's anxious countenance.

It was Sunday morning that Mrs. Coin showed how well she had been at school. She descended, bonnet on, prayer-book in hand, and dressed in her largest sleeves. Her short curls, the product of a mechanical process of the night and morning, were primed to perfection. She laid down the prayer-book, finished drawing on her gloves and then showed Coin her empty purse.

"Not going to church with me?" said she.

"No," replied Coin. "I think I shall stay at home this morning."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Coin. "Very well, dear. Just give me a little redemption money."

"What?" said Coin, opening his eyes wide.

"A little redemption money, my dear; I have not a cent."

"Redemption money?" gasped Coin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Coin, shaking her little curls with laughter. "You see how well I have read your book. You said that Professor Laughlin said he did not know what redemption money meant in your book. I do, though. I am not a financier's wife for nothing. Am I, Coin dear?"

"Redemption money?" repeated Coin as his face grew pale.

"One would think you do not want to be saved," said Mrs. Coin.

"Redemption money?" he repeated sadly.

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Coin, triumphantly. "How dull you are this morning. Redemption money is what you put on the plate at church."

Coin put some currency into the extended purse and Mrs. Coin went forth, feeling herself one of the elect.

She did not hear him groan, as he buried his face in his hands. "Oh, why were women ever permitted to learn to read?"

THEY GOT THE PIE.

The Scheme Worked by Two Waitresses. A "Lovely" Pie.

Few of the patrons of restaurants where waitresses are employed suspect the comely damsels who serve the food have voracious appetites, but an incident which happened in a restaurant much patronized by business men shows that the waitresses reserve for themselves the choicest food.

"Oh, what a lovely pie!" exclaimed one of these sprightly nymphs yesterday, as she looked enviously at a tempting prospect of mince-pie.

"It is just to eat," responded another waitress.

Then they entered into a conspiracy to get that "lovely and cute" pie. With great alacrity one of them managed to set a dish on the surface of the pie and the "lovely" pie collapsed.

play against the local Young Men's Christian association team this afternoon at 3:45 at the new Young Men's Christian association park.

The new traction company's bridge at Plymouth, cost \$12,000.

Mrs. Hatfield, of Barney street, who has been in jail for several weeks on a charge of keeping a lawdy house, has been released. Mr. McDonnell, of Nanticoke, released her bail for \$300.

The returns of the curling club picnic at Hanover park show that they cleared \$500.

Michael Spodis, a Hungarian laborer in the Durance mine, was badly burned about the hands and face yesterday by an explosion of gas. He is in the city hospital.

Joseph Williams, a well known resident of the Seventh ward, will run for delegate from that ward to the Republican county convention. There are few better known men in this ward than Mr. Williams, and his chances for representing his ward at the convention are very good.

PERSONAL.

J. Ridgway Wright and wife are now at Beach Haven, N. J.

The engagement of Ziba Bennett Phelps, of this city, and Miss Elizabeth Droun, of Weldon, Pa., has been announced.

Mrs. M. L. Pease and daughter, Miss Helen, are at North Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis and Miss Davis sailed for Europe last Wednesday. They will summer in Germany.

Jack McCarthy, of the Hazleton Sentinel, spent yesterday in this city on political business.

P. Butler Reynolds, accompanied by his wife and daughter, left yesterday for Atlantic City.

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The other conspirator removed the dish and the attention of the chief of the corps was called to the "accident" which had happened to the pie.

The head waitress was angry, but the others told such a glib story that she promptly exonerated them from all blame. The pie, possibly not so "lovely," as it was, but just as "cute" to the taste, was removed to the kitchen and the two schemers ate it with great relish.

GIGANTIC DIAMOND FOUND.

Indian Credited with a Remarkable Discovery in Italy Lake Country.

Duluth, July 19.—An old guide from the Italy Lake country stated that a diamond of tremendous size had been found by an Indian while on a hunting trip. This Indian, according to Tom Reynolds, the guide, while out on a hunting trip, came to a small cave in a hill fifty miles from Italy Lake City, and on making an investigation of the place, which showed signs of having been inhabited, noticed a stone box, which he broke open with considerable difficulty, an immediately a bright light filled the place, almost blinding him.

Hadly frightened, but brave, he examined his find and saw that it was a huge diamond of the utmost brilliancy, from whose ragged corners the light from his torch was reflected in a thousand different hues. The Indian was now thoroughly frightened, and, dropping his torch, made his escape from the place, fully convinced that a demon had possession of the cave. On his return from his hunting trip he was taken sick and to a friend confided the secret of the cave. This friend had the sick man explain to him as well as he was able the exact location of the cave and is now making arrangements to lead a party there.

OPIMUM SMUGGLER'S TRICK.

Convey the Drug from Canada in the Stomachs of Doerpet Cattle.

Devil's Lake, N. D., July 19.—George S. Stevens, a prominent cattle buyer of Tower, has been arrested for opium smuggling. For some time certain cattlemen have been purchasing worn-out oxen on the Canadian side of the line and have wrapped opium in tin foil and forced it down the throats of the oxen. The cattle are then driven across the line and a small profit paid on the sale.

After driving them some distance beyond the customs office the cattle were killed and the opium recovered. This has been a very profitable business, and the customs inspectors have been at work for some time running down the alleged smugglers. Stevens is the first to be arrested. He was held to the United States court in \$2,000 bonds.

REVIVALIST CAUSES WAR.

Members of His Congregation Resort to Personal Remarks.

"Stout City, Ia., July 19.—Stout, a town eight miles north of here, is greatly excited over a fight last night at a revival camp meeting, in which several people were badly hurt. The revivalist, in the course of his remarks, became so personal that about 100 members of the congregation left the tent where he was preaching.

This aroused the indignation of the few who remained, and they went out to expostulate. The crowd responded with a shower of rotten eggs and a rush, in which the tent was torn down and a number of people considerably battered. The fight was finally quieted by a posse of special constables sworn in for the purpose.

OLD FORGE.

Rev. J. B. Santee is the guest of his brother, Rev. E. L. Santee, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage.

Mrs. Jenkins, of Plymouth, accompanied by her daughter Gladys, visited her daughter, Mrs. Woodward, on Thursday.

The supper under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society, on Wednesday evening, was well attended, notwithstanding the rain.

A fair-sized audience attended the lecture at the Brick church by Mrs. Jenny on "Jungle Life in India," on Thursday evening.

Mrs. E. Drake is at Mount Pocono.

Rev. Mr. Butcher, of Scranton, called on friends on Thursday evening.

MOOSIC.

A number of young people gathered at the home of Miss Blanche Tregallins on Mats street. The evening was spent very enjoyably in social games. Refreshments were served during the evening. Those present were as follows: Misses Agnes and Annie Nichols, Bessie Hinds, Ella Levan, Rose Warner, Annie Brown and Miss Emma Mosier. Also the following gentlemen: Bert Lewis, Homer Warner, Harry Doud and William Winters.

The Moosic and Avoca Presbyterian Sunday schools will run a joint excursion to Lake Ariel on July 26. As this is a well known resort people will be well pleased with it, as it has been improved considerably.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

It was a farmer-looking man, with one arm in a sling and a bundle of his papers, who wandered into the office of the superintendent.

"I was in that little smash-up down near Plunkville," said the farmer-looking fellow, "and I want to know if I can be fixed up for not more than \$50," thought the superintendent.

"Yes, I was there," continued the visitor, with a chuckle. "Just salting along, smooth as a goose, listenin' to a hook-nosed fellow tellin' a funny story, when all of a sudden—kerblip! That there ole car went sailin' so high that I could see the gray hairs in the whiskers on the man in the moon, and then she come down. How she did come down! And when I come to, there was that hook-nosed fellow with his hooked-nose changed to a pug, another fellow, 'bout seven foot high was hung across the bell rope like a snake hung up for rain, and over in the wood box was a fat woman jammed in so tight that she couldn't even holler—couldn't do nothin' but make faces. By golly, it was the funniest time I ever had in all my life. And so, I thort how much extra you thort I'd order pay for a funny story, when all of a sudden—kerblip! That there ole car went sailin' so high that I could see the gray hairs in the whiskers on the man in the moon, and then she come down. How she did come down! 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