A Man or A Woman

Feels better, walks better, acts better in a pair of perfect-fitting, stylish shoes, than in the other kind. Don't put yourself at a disadvantage when our new

Box Calf Shoes Only Cost $3

With Heavy or Light Soles.

SCHANK & SPENCER,
410 SPRUCE STREET.

CITY NOTES.

The girls' friend, Mrs. Nouvell, will be happy to meet all girls and young women at the Young Women's Christian association rooms this afternoon at 3.45.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western company paid its employes at the Diamond, Manville and Hailstead mines yesterday, and will pay today at the Sloan and Hampton mines. The Delaware and Hudson company paid the superintendents, agents and clerks at Scranton, Providence and Carbondale on Monday. No paying was done yesterday by this company.

CAR STRUCK A DRAY WAGON.

The Driver and His Son Thrown to the Pavement.

A street car on the Scranton Railway company's North Washington avenue line collided with a dray wagon in front of Cusick's livery stable at 5.30 o'clock last evening. Michael Sweeney, the driver, and his 9-year-old son, John, were thrown from the seat to the asphalt pavement and were severely injured.

Sweeney was driving along the avenue and behind him came the car. When in front of the livery stable Sweeney drew his horses from the east side of the road and across the tracks, intending to drive into the stable. The car rushing along, struck one horse, knocking down the animal, and bending the axle of the forward truck.

The traces on one side were severed by the force of the blow.

Sweeney and his little son were thrown to the road and the momentum of the car pushed the horses along between the tracks. After ten feet the car was stopped and the horses sprung up uninjured, save for scratches and bruises, and made a dive for up the avenue.

The driver, however, quickly recovered himself and picking up his son, carried him to the curb, then ran and stopped the struggling horses.

The car fender was smashed. Sweeney and his son were taken to their home, at 1323 North Washington avenue, in one of Cusick's carriages. Both are suffering from the effects of the shock.

PECKVILLE.

All members of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist Episcopal church are requested to attend today at the church parlors, as the election of officers for the coming year will be held.

Mr. and Mrs. William Swales were tendered a surprise party by their many friends at their home at the West End last Monday evening and a very enjoyable evening was spent with music and other amusements, after which luncheon was partaken of. Those in attendance from out of town were Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell, Messrs. George Bonfield and William Wetherhog, Misses Georgiana and Alice Bonfield, Sarah Brace, Eva Mertice and Jessie Mitchell, of Scranton, Daniel Sanderson and Alice Swales, of Peckville.

Justus, Pa., Oct. 25, 1897.—A small blister appeared on one of my fingers and developed into a running sore. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle did me good and I kept on until the trouble was completely cured. Mrs. Prosper Antoine, Box 23.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. **

AN IDEAL SHOWING

Every day our Millinery Artists have new surprises in store for you. Every day beautiful, bright hued hats are introduced to our show rooms. The prettiest hats of the season are on exhibition just now. Where else are you so sure of finding exactly what you want?

Langfeld's Millinery
324 Lackawanna Ave.

CURIOUS STORIES FROM VARIOUS MINES

Superstitions of Men Who Work Far Down in the Earth.

GHOSTS ARE SEEN EVERYWHERE

Superstitions That Are Common to Every Mine--At a Mine in the Southern States There Is the Spectre of a Pretty Little Child--Indian Girl Shut Up in a California Mine by a Discarded Lover.

To the dwellers in the surface of the earth, who walk abroad in the sunshine, the weird stories told by miners seem but the superstitions of ignorant men, says the Washington Post. But once descend into the black depths under foot and walk through the subterranean caverns where the miners work; listen to the strange echoes and whispering sounds that fill the dark passages, and a change will come over the spirit of the most skeptical man's dream.

Alone, far underground, amid the silence of death, the miner plies his trade. When he enters the shaft he cannot tell whether he will ever again see the blue sky and the faces that he loves in the upper world; or whether his will be one of the names in a long list of the victims of some horrible catastrophe. Among such unnatural conditions the real becomes unreal and the unreal real.

Nearly every mine has its ghosts, its propitious days, its mascots and its "hoodoos." Some of the mines are haunted by the spectres of those who have met their deaths there in former times, connected with grewsome stories of awful accidents or violent deeds. Unlucky days usually have their origin in a local catastrophe that brought misery and heart-break to many a home.

At Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, near Bangor, work was always suspended upon Ascension Day, on account of the superstitious fear of the miners, who maintained that if the quarries were worked on that day an accident was sure to occur. Upon several occasions the management succeeded in overcoming this objection, and continuing the men at their employment, but in every instance the experiment ended in some catastrophe that served to confirm the miners in their belief.

COMMON SUPERSTITIONS.

There are many superstitions common to all mines and their operations. For instance, no one must whistle when once at the bottom of the shaft. You may sing as much as you wish, but whistle—never—unless you intend to incur the severe displeasure of the miners. Again, it would be the extreme of reckless madness to make the sign of the cross while underground. The death's hand is universally credited by the miners. This wraith consists of a white hand that takes hold of the rungs of the ladder one after another as the hand of the descending miner leaves them. The spectral hand gleams white from blackness around as the light from the "Davy" falls upon it, and he who is unfortunate enough to be followed by it knows that his days, perhaps his minutes, are numbered.

Most miners have their own particular ghost stories, founded upon local tradition, or sometimes upon real occurrences. In one of the Welsh counties is a mine, deserted some time ago, that is haunted by a woman's voice. The why and wherefore is explained as follows: Once when the place was owned by a great company that employed many men, one of the passages caved in. The people came running to the mouth of the shaft, each calling for his own. It was at first supposed that many men were below and that all had escaped. The cars came up full, and the women, wild with joy, flung their arms around the necks of their restored husbands, lovers, sons.

"All safe above ground, thank God!" cried the overseer.

Then the overseer's wife, a handsome, strapping woman, stepped forward. "Where is Bert?" she said.

Now, Bert was her son from a former husband, and the overseer wasted little love upon the lad. One man suddenly remembered to have seen him at the end of the wrecked passage a short time before the accident. Everybody turned pale and looked anxiously at the dark mouth of the shaft, but no man volunteered to go to the rescue.

CALLED THEM COWARDS.

The overseer's wife looked stricken to death; in a moment all life, all joy had disappeared from her face; but her voice was strong and clear as she said:

"I will go down in the car."

The men looked at her in silence.

"You cowards," she cried, "can't you even get the car ready? May you be deserted and left to die alone when your time comes."

Two of the miners stepped up to the shaft's mouth and she started toward them; but her husband placed himself in her path. "You fool," he said, "it is certain death to go down there now. No human being could breathe the foul gases that fill that mine. The boy is dead now; do you think I am going to let you throw your life away for nothing."

"Stand away and let me pass," she answered, and then, as he did not obey, she—it does not sound womanly, I know, but she was a muscular woman and acknowledged no master but love—she knocked him down.

A minute later she entered the car and was lowered into the shaft. She never came up alive. The miners at work thereafter could hear her voice calling through the different passages the name of her son, "Bert, Bert, my son!"

There is a haunted mine at Whitehaven, England. An overseer was discharged and a new one brought on. The former bitterly hated the man who supplanted him, but he kept his enmity locked in his own breast and taught the new man his work with apparent cheerfulness. One day, with wicked cunning, the old overseer led his successor to a passage where he knew fire damp to exist. A terrible explosion, in which both men were killed, was the consequence. Ever since the mine has been haunted by the voices of the two men in angry controversy, followed by the muffled sound of anexplosion.

SPECTER OF A CHILD.

In one of the Southern States is an old disused mine in which, it is said, may be seen the specter of a pretty little child. The father of the little fellow was angry at the mother and to be revenged he took away the child and hid it in the old shaft. He went regularly to feed the little one, but one day while riding he fell from his horse and broke his neck. So the poor boy was left to di and his little ghost appears to whoever enters the mine—a pretty 3-year-old boy, with curling golden hair.

Another mine that was made a prison for the innocent is to be found in California. A beautiful Indian girl was shut up in an old, disused shaft by a discarded lover. He left bread and water enough to last for a few days, after which she was doomed to slow starvation. Travelers passing by the lonely mine at night hear a woman's voice calling for food and water. At first it sounds clear and shrill with agony, and then becomes weaker and weaker, until it dies away in a feeble wail.

Conwall is full of mining superstitions, as is natural since that is the only occupation of the people, with the exception of fishing.

There is a public house in that county with this sign: "Come all good Cornish boys, walk in. Here's brandy, rum and shrub and gin. You can't do less than drink success to copper, fish and tin."

If on his way to work one of the miners passes a snail, he always leaves him a small part of everything he is carrying for his own lunch, in return for which attention the little creature is supposed to protect him from accident and to bring him good luck.

At the mouth of almost every shaft is fastened a horseshoe, and as the miner descends he never fails to touch his hand to the mascot, after which he feels that he is safe for that day, at least.

The Cornish miners say that when Noah's flood went into the sea it flowed from east to west, violently breaking up the rocks and tearing down the trees in its course. To prove the assertion they point out the direction in which the great rocks lie in the mine and say that they frequently come across trees extended from east to west.

One Cornish mine is haunted by a white rabbit. This specter invariably foretells misfortune. Sometimes the little creature jumps upon the miner's shoulder, and the he is surely a doomed man.

Many are the stories told of warnings given to miners just before the occurrence of some catastrophe. One man was called three times. At the third summons he threw down his pick and went to see what was wanted. He had barely moved from his former position when an enormous rock fell that would inevitably have crushed him had he remained.

One of the great burning mines is supposed to have been purposely destroyed. The ghost of the man who did the wicked work is seen, when the shaft is dark, to issue from the shaft. He is enveloped in flame and rises shrieking from the ground, pursued by the spirits of those who lost their lives through his evil act.

The miners in the emerald mines at Muzo, Roraina, say that the magnificent butterflies peculiar to that locality are the spirits of the mines and obtain their brilliant green color by feeding on the emeralds.

A MAGIC CIRCLE.

The Indians call Roraina "the red-rocked light mountain." They claim that it is surrounded by a magic circle within which no stranger may set foot without danger from the demons which are set to guard the immense treasure concealed in the interior of the mountain. On stormy nights, when lightning flashes, the demons dance. They take the form of beautiful women, dressed in white, and their eyes are living emeralds.

How strangely matter of course we are! When do we ever think what toil, what pain has been expended in the productions of any one of the articles of our daily use? Take, for instance, a little lump of black coal. Lives may have been sacrificed, hearts broken, in bringing it from the dark home in the bosom of the earth to the light of the upper world. And all for what? To go up the chimney in smoke; to fall, a handful of ashes from the grate. The romance and bitter reality of life are too completely blended to ever be truly separated.

On account of Pennsylvania State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry meeting, to be held at Harrisburg, Nov. 9th-12th, the Delaware and Hudson R. R. will sell round trip tickets from Scranton to Harrisburg at the low rate of $4.07. **

ANNOUNCEMENT!

JONAS LONG'S SONS
Have Opened an Office at
223 SPRUCE STREET.

Applications for positions in their new store can be made daily beginning Thursday, with the Superintendent, from 9.30 a. m. till 4.30 p. m. Appointments by mail.

JONAS LONG'S SONS,
TEMPORARY OFFICE,
223 Spruce St.

MR. HARRY BROOKS.

His Own Experience and That of His Wife--Valuable and Interesting.

Mr. Harry Brooks, a well known and valuable citizen of New York city, has passed through an experience which, while it may not be unusual, is none the less valuable, and is there given herewith.

"Some years ago I was run down by over-exertion and completely exhausted. I was at a loss what to do, but finally began the use of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. A trial completely renovated my system. I am not a drinking man, and after being restored I stopped using this valuable stimulant.

"But in the past year I have been so weak that I have had to return to the use of this grand remedy, and I am proud to say, with good result. I have used, but not abused Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, and it certainly is a grand success.

"My wife was a short time ago taken with la grippe, and her physician, Dr. Kerin of this city, asked if we had any good whiskey in the house, if so, to give her some at night. She had not slept for two nights. I gave her some of Duffy's Malt. She went to sleep and slept for five hours. It is this that makes me feel that it is a grand success, and I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries."

There are many people who are going through painful experiences which might be avoided by the timely use of this grand medicinal whisky.

FIRE IS NOT YET EXTINGUISHED

Discovery That Coal Is on Fire in the Von Storch Mine.

FIVE OF THE VICTIMS BURIED

Funerals Were Attended by Large Concourses of Sorrowing Friends. The Body of Moran Was Borne to Hyde Park Catholic Cemetery in the Morning--Other Funerals Took Place in the Afternoon.

Burning coal was discovered yesterday morning in the Von Storch mine by a gang of workmen who were engaged in clearing away the debris of Saturday's disaster. The Diamond vein in the vicinity of the plaace where the fire is supposed to have started was found to be red-hot and glowing for a space of twenty feet and at several points small patches of coal had become ignited. The work of mastering this new danger was begun at once.

A twin hose was attached to the three-inch water pipes running down the slope from the breaker to the foot and during all of yesterday the burning parts were flooded with water. Last night the work had been so effectively done that the fire was under fair control.

The gang of fire-fighters experienced not a little danger in the work. The sulphurous gases from the smouldering mineral could be detected in the greater portion of the mine. Precautionary methods to prevent a possible repetition of the Jermyn, No. 1, mine horror several weeks ago, by which five men lost their lives, were adopted by the superintendent of the colliery, Finlay Ross.

CLEARING UP DEBRIS.

The work of restoration after the great fire was somewhat retarded yesterday because of the new danger. Nevertheless, great headway was made in clearing away the debris. It is estimated that 3,000 car loads of dirt from the falls in the mine must be removed.

The dirt is being dumped along the left bank of the river. Already a heap of slate and rock and coal, 300 feet long, twelve feet high and fifteen feet wide has been banked up. This track is being extended as the mass accumulates. Two gangs of men are at work on the debris—one in the mine and one outside receiving the loaded cars on the plane and sending down "empties."

Another gang is engaged in erecting new pillars where old ones were burned out. On the grounds about the breaker several massive piles of huge tree-trunks are scattered about. It is thought that the work will be completed in two weeks' time.

Chief of the Fire Department P. J. Hickey visited the mine yesterday and offered the services of the department in the work of fighting the burning coal. It is not likely that the department will be called upon to assist. Six hundred feet of city hose is still in use in the mine.

Chief Hickey yesterday secured the "safety lamp" of the dead fire boss, Thomas Hill, as a memento of the exciting catastrophe. The lamp, which was found where the dead bodies lay on the Diamond plane, shows the effect of the intense heat to which the poor fellows were subjected. The gauge of the lamp was melted so that the metal was formed into a solid sheet.

FUNERALS OF VICTIMS.

Yesterday, while men were falling and men were rising in a battle of life, five coffins were laid away in five new made graves and another chapter in the history of coal mine catastrophes—that of the Von Storch mine horror—was concluded. The body of John Farrell, the sixth victim, was buried in Hyde Park Catholic cemetery Monday. Yesterday Thomas Hill, the fire boss; John McDonald, company hand; Thomas Padden, company hand; John Walsh, company hand, and John Francis Moran, driver boy, all were given to the eternal sleep, so terribly begun.

The funeral concourses in every instance were large.

In the morning at 10 o'clock the funeral of young Moran took place from the home of his parents, 1072 West Market street. It was the largest attended of any. A high mass of requiem was sung in Holy Rosary church. Burial was made in Hyde Park Catholic cemetery. In the afternoon the remains of Thomas Padden were removed from his late home, 1762 North Keyser avenue, to Holy Rosary church, where services were held. Burial was made in Hyde Park Catholic cemetery.

Immediately after this cortege left the church, that of John McDonald, of Leggett's Creek patch, moved in, and services were held over the body. The pall-bearers were F. T. Neary, M. J. Breuning, P. Neary, T. T. Ferguson, John Walsh and John Padden. The half hundred carriages in the McDonald funeral passed along on East Green Ridge street, near the West Ridge colliery, where the men met death and, on the right, on Ross avenue, near the corner, the mourners over the body of John Walsh waited for the McDonald cortege to pass so that they might proceed with their dead.

WALSH'S FUNERAL.

The Walsh funeral was in charge of Division 19, Ancient Order of Hibernians and St. Paul's Total Abstinence and Benevolent society, from which the pall-bearers were selected, as follows: Martin Mahon, Frank Mahon, Edward Ruane, James Mellody, Martin Early and John Miller. After the service in St. Paul's church, burial was made in Hyde Park Catholic cemetery.

The funeral of Thomas Hill was conducted in the afternoon. The remains were removed from the family residence on Deacon street to the Primitive Methodist church, where the services were conducted by Rev. Charles Prosser. There was a large congregation of the friends of the deceased, and the floral testimonials were very beautiful and in profusion. Interment was effected in Forest Hill cemetery.

TRAMP'S AWFUL FATE.

Lay Down to Sleep on an Ash Dump and Died.

An unknown man died at the Lackawanna hospital last evening from the result of breathing sulphurous gases. He was found at 9 o'clock Monday morning laying asleep in a shanty on an ash dump of the South steel mill.

The man was unconscious. He was removed at once to the Lackawanna hospital, where Drs. Newbury and Rank administered remedies, but without any noticeable effect. Last night at 7 o'clock he died.

The unknown was dressed in ragged clothing and was evidently a tramp. He had probably intended to spend the night in the shanty, but the deadly gases from the burning ash dump entered his lungs.

Nothing was found on the man's body to indicate who he was.

Coroner S. P. Longstreet will hold an inquest on the body this morning.

Gypsy Musicians Have a Union.

New York, Nov. 2.—Under the name of Hungarian Musical society, the 250 Hungarian Gypsy musicians of this city have founded an association against the rule of managers, who they claim in lieu of forming orchestras with genuine Tziganes, employ Germans and Poles.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Sawyer's Millinery

The Cheapest Place to Purchase Headwear in Scranton.

This everyone knows who has taken the trouble to compare our prices with other dealers. We do not give you shoddy goods at high prices, but we give you good goods at low prices.

We are selling a variety of GOOD FELT HATS in the latest and most desirable shapes. All colors and Black, AT 39c. We would be pleased to have you compare these prices with the price charged elsewhere.

Don't fail to see our display of Trimmed millinery, Wednesday and Thursday.

A. R. Sawyer,
132 Wyoming Avenue.

You miss the advantages of FELS-NAPTHA soap unless you go by the plain directions on the wrapper, using only cold or lukewarm water. Remember, no hot water.
FELS & CO., Philadelphia.

Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomach Disorders positively cured. Grover Graham's Dyspepsia Remedy is a sucefic. One dose removes all distress, and a permanent cure of the most chronic and severe cases is guaranteed. Do not suffer! A 50-cent bottle will convince the most skeptical.
Matthews Bros., Druggists, 320 Lackawanna avenue.

LEXINGTON EVENTS.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 2.—Results: First race, six furlongs—J H C won, Imp Skate second, Royal Dance third; time, 1.19.

Second race, five and a half furlongs—Ma Angeline won, Miss Floride second, Congal third; time, 1.42½.

Third race, seven furlongs—Momus won, Myth second, McFarland third; time, 1.33.

Fourth race, mile and quarter—Performance won, Simon W second, Winker third; time, 2.1.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for Stomach and Liver ills.

China Hall.

We will give you a Dinner Set worth
$34.00
FOR
$25.00.

We are offering Haviland & Co. French China Dinner Sets at less than the old tariff figures. Your choice of two decorations on the Ransom shape—the most famous in the world.

See Sample Set in Window.

Full set of 112 pieces for $25.
Actual Value $34.00.

Very large set of 128 pieces $32.00.
Actual Value $39.00.

You cannot buy this same set in plain white china at this price.

China Hall.
MILLAR & PECK,
134 WYOMING AVENUE.
Walk in and look around.

Pay Us $400

For a four hundred dollar Upright Piano, and we hand you back

$150

If we kept pianos alone, of course this would be impossible. Wagons, canvassers, agents, rent, etc., all cost money. We save this and turn it over to you. See the point?

Best in the world.

Fischer Pianos,
Lester Pianos,
Capen Pianos.

Our piano man is waiting to play for you and explain our easy terms, if desired. Will you call?

THE REXFORD COMPANY
303 Lackawanna Avenue.

Pushing Things

for some time has given large results. This busier business must be made more so, as we must make room for our immense holiday stock. The bargains of the past will be introduced larger than ever.

Brass Lamps With china globe such as has been sold at $10. To make more room the price is **$6.98.**

Squat Lamp In blue, green or light tints, globe and body prettily decorated; real worth $1.50, now **98c.**

Dinner Set 100 pieces, tints of green pencil, brown or buff and full gold traced real worth $9.00. This last package goes at **$6.98.**

112 Pieces Semi-porcelain, three-color decorations and stipled, gold traced; real worth $12.00. During this movement of goods they're **$9.98.**

Floor Brush Full bristles and handle good, long hair; real worth 75c. Price now **49c**

Whisk Brooms With bone or ivory tops and rings or plush covered tops; regular price 35c. Now they go for **24c.**

Scrub Brush Of best cocoa and shaped to go in corners easily; real worth 20 cents. Our price **11c.**

THE GREAT
4c. STORE
310 Lackawanna Ave.
J. H. LADWIG.

BROWN'S BEE HIVE

6 Days' Sale.

Bargains In Every Department

BROWN'S BEE HIVE
224 LACK. AVENUE.

GREAT SALE OF DRESS GOODS,

Commencing Tuesday, November 2. We Guarantee to Sell Stylish Goods at the Lowest Prices Ever Offered.

At 39 Cents

Illuminated Mohair and Wool Caracule Suitings, large assortment of shades; all two-toned effects. No better goods made for service; real value 60 cents.

At 49 Cents

Pin Checks, neat mixtures, Covert Suitings, Henriettas, Serges, Bright Plaids, etc. Real value 75c.

At One Dollar

A great variety of Fine Suitings, in the most stylish and serviceable goods of our own importation.

☞A Bazaar Pattern given free with every Dress Pattern sold.

Black Dress Goods

We made a special effort this season to import the largest selection of Fine Black Dress Goods to be found in the city. Our German Goods are superior to all others in touch, and finish. At $1.00 we display a great variety of styles, the real value of which is $1.25 and $1.50.

MEARS & HAGEN 415 and 417 Lackawanna Avenue Scranton, Pa.