

Social and Personal

"Now is my chance," said the sweet Summer Girl... To the seashore I'll bid me away...

The season's amusements are at a standstill. No one of the few who remain in the city has even energy enough to play golf...

In honor of his eighteenth birthday, Mr. Joseph O'Donnell was tendered a party by his friends on Thursday evening at his home on Irving avenue.

Mrs. C. M. Sanderson entertained at cards at her home in Throop on Thursday in honor of her guest, Miss Higgins of Orange, N. J.

Mr. William Price's home at 125 South Main avenue, has been the attraction of thousands of people...

Many of the Scranton teachers are giving evidence of their zeal in continuing work during vacation at various summer schools...

The New Age of Tunkhannock says: "The regular monthly meeting of Dial Rock chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held on Friday at the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Pitts, corner of Bioga and Putnam streets."

Dr. and Mrs. Stiel entertained at cards Monday evening at their home on Wyoming avenue.

Movements of People.

Mrs. Myron Kason is at Daleville. Miss Florence Richmond is at Lake Winola. Mrs. David Weed and family are visiting at Moscow...

Mrs. Joseph Blonder and daughter, Miss Mollie, of South Main avenue, are at Philadelphia. Rev. David Jones and family, of South Lincoln street, will leave on Tuesday for Utica, N. Y.

Miss Carrie Darling is spending a few weeks at Hancock, N. Y. Miss Jessie Kellow, of Chestnut street, is visiting in Hazledale.

Dr. S. P. Longstreet went to Hazledale last evening on professional business. W. L. Davies, of Archbald street, has returned from a trip to New York city.

Mr. Roland Reed will be the guest of Mr. F. C. Hand in this city over Sunday and will be given a reception this evening at the Hotel Rudolph by his Scranton friends.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha W. Moses, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moses, to Mr. Samuel Woolner, Jr., of Peoria, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Beldeman gave a "War Party" at their home on Webster avenue last evening in honor of Miss Mackie, of Kingston.

On Thursday afternoon seventeen young people from the West Side made a surprise visit to Miss Edith Doty, daughter of their former pastor, at her home at the Cedar avenue parsonage on the South Side.

DR. S. P. LONGSTREET.

Nearing the End of His First Term as Coroner of Lackawanna County.



The fact that the many friends of Dr. S. P. Longstreet are urging him to again be a candidate or coroner is not a matter of surprise to those who have followed his career during the past three years in that important office.

country and served for three years in the Civil war. Samuel Price Longstreet, the next to the youngest of a family of eight children, was born at Hawley, Pa., March 2, 1832, and when young moved with his parents to Prompton, Missouri and Erie city.

where they attended the National Photographers' convention. Mr. E. H. Bird, of Madison avenue, is visiting his mother in Birmingham.

Miss Helen Jewell is at Rahway, N. J. Miss Carrie Bonnell is in Sullivan county, N. Y. Miss Edith Pierson has returned from Baltimore.

Miss Lulu Hayward will spend her vacation at Elmira, N. Y. Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Eckman are at Wyoming Camp ground.

Miss Bertha Lowenstein will spend her vacation at Lake Winola. Mrs. D. B. Harris and Miss Maggie Harris are visiting in Hazledale.

JONAS LONG'S SONS. THE GREAT STORE. JONAS LONG'S SONS.

Powerful Bargains in Men's Golf Shirts.

We told you something of these shirts the other day—told you it was the biggest purchase of the kind New York had ever seen in many days.

- 39c for very fine Madras Golf Shirts, with white neck bands. Many handsome patterns to choose from. Manufacturer's price 50 cents.
59c for handsome Golf Shirts, with cuffs to match; that the manufacturer wanted \$1.00 for.
48c for extra good Madras Golf Shirts, cuffs to match. New and nobby patterns in stripes, checks, plaids, etc. Manufacturer goes 75c and 89c for these.
72c for handsome Golf Shirts, with cuffs to match, that the manufacturer wants \$1.25 for.

Women's Linen Collars and White Pique Scarf for 22c

Thought we had everybody supplied, but guess we didn't the way people inquired for them last Saturday—and we had to disappoint a good many. There's plenty for tomorrow. Collars are pure linen and newest shapes. Puffs are full length. The two for . . . 22c

White Aprons

Just 551 of them, embroidery trimmed, plain hem and tucks; positively worth 50c. Saturday price . . . 21c

Men's Handkerchiefs

50 patterns of them, with fancy colored borders; worth 10c. Saturday . . . 6 for 25c
50 patterns, fancy colored borders; worth 15c. Saturday . . . 4 for 25c

Folding Fans

Large size, roll folding—all colors; worth 19c. Saturday . . . 10c

Soda Water and Ice Cream Served in the Store.

Jonas Long's Sons

Then she abused him all the distance of the block and really he ought to have picked her up and dropped her inadvertently into the pool of water formed by the street flushing operations at that time in progress.

"I'm just tired out trying to keep one woman from being smashed," remarked a conductor pathetically the other day. "It's hard enough work to stand on the edge of nothing all day and part of the night ringing up fares and trying to see in four different directions, besides keeping up the reputation of being a mind reader and knowing where everybody wants to get out without them saying a word, but I didn't contract to hold women in the car."

There is the woman who always keeps the car waiting as she sails majestically up, and there is the one who carries an umbrella under her arm. Now, a woman and an umbrella are a bad combination, when the latter is under the arm of the former, especially if you happen to be clambering up behind her and get a vicious jab in the eye.

But the way a woman performed yesterday in her indignation with the conductor because he wouldn't give her a transfer to the Suburban line from Petersburg until reaching Linden street was a horrible example of how not to do it. He endeavored to explain that he was not allowed to transfer except at that point, but she frankly told him that he was a liar or something to that effect, and she knew very well his excuses were all

Scratched constantly. Baby badly afflicted with Eczema. Medical Treatment Useless. Cured by Cuticura. My niece's little baby boy had Eczema all over his face, so that he needed continuous watching, and he scratched the sores constantly. Mornings his face, hands and clothes would be stained with blood. She never could take him out, his face was so full of sores. She had medical treatment, and tried everything she heard of. She commenced using CUTICURA REMEDIES. The sores left his face, and he was entirely cured, and now his face is smooth as a rose.

Catarrh Cured

Fullness in the Head and Ringing in the Ears. Better in Every Way Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "For several years I had no cessation of the suffering caused by catarrh. I had a sense of fullness in the head and ringing in my ears. One of my nostrils was tightly closed so I could not breathe through it, and I could not clear my head. I tried several catarrh cures, but failed to get relief. Seeing accounts of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla I determined to give it a fair trial. After taking a few bottles I was satisfied it had effected a cure, for the catarrh no longer troubled me a particle and I felt better in every way than for years. I am now able to do a hard day's work on the farm." ALFRED E. YINER, Hoerners town, Pennsylvania.

A QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was once a little brown hen, A dear little, queer little hen, Her work was to lay; Just one egg every day; And she did it, this good little hen. She'd fly up in a tree, and right then, Seated high on a branch, this queer hen, Her one egg would lay; Her one egg every day; This good little, queer little hen. 'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say, Lay an egg from a tree every day; And what good was it?— Just tell me that, I beg—? That fell from the tree in that way? But some people do things just as queer; I know it, I've seen it, my dear; They have a good thought; But it just comes to naught; From the wrong place they drop it, my dear. There's a lesson for you and for me From the hen that laid eggs in a tree; Right is a right thing; If a good thought we bring, Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me. —Cardiff Times.

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The Newark Shoe Store. Bare feet are almost preferable to some shoes. The kind that it is necessary to "break in" generally make a man "break out," or say harsh things. Our shoes have the name of being easy fitters—Dressy shoes that will set off the finest walking or street costume.

THE PARK MENAGERIE.

The menagerie at Nay Aug park is an unending source of amusement to the many children who visit it in these picnic days of vacation. The older people also find it very interesting and are seen gazing intently at the various strange creatures. Briefly enumerated, the park menagerie consists of three deer, two rabbits, five squirrels, a raccoon, two otters, a fox and twelve alligators of assorted sizes. To these several objects of interest the city is chiefly indebted to Dr. G. E. Hill, who has conveyed a number of the animals from his winter home on Indian River, Fla. The beautiful deer are in a paddock close to the boulevard, where are trees and several rocks (mostly rocks). The fox is also in this enclosure, where he wanders restlessly around, wondering what it is all about. The smaller animals are in a spacious cage, where a series of boxes and a tree trunk, with extending stumps of limbs afford a home for the squirrels. Some of these are of the tropical species and their odd shaped, meek looking faces and black and tan coloring present quite a contrast to those found in the forests in this vicinity. One of the little creatures, the "Brigadier General," so called because he wants to get somewhere else, is endlessly engaged in trying to find a hole in the fine wire grating large enough to permit his escape. The others cling like bats to the netting and look out inquisitively at the spectators. One, "Dr. Swallow," has a theatrical pose which he frequently affects, and in which he clasps his left paw dramatically over his heart. "Mrs. Brigadier General" spends most of her time on a tree limb taking naps and alternately meditating as to whether a war widow may find more advantages in Washington or at Bar Harbor. The alligators are in a mud puddle across the road, where they are separated from an admiring public by a primitive tank composed of wire netting and a toboggan of boards. The puddle is unhidden by palms, ferns or other tropical plants; the alligators