

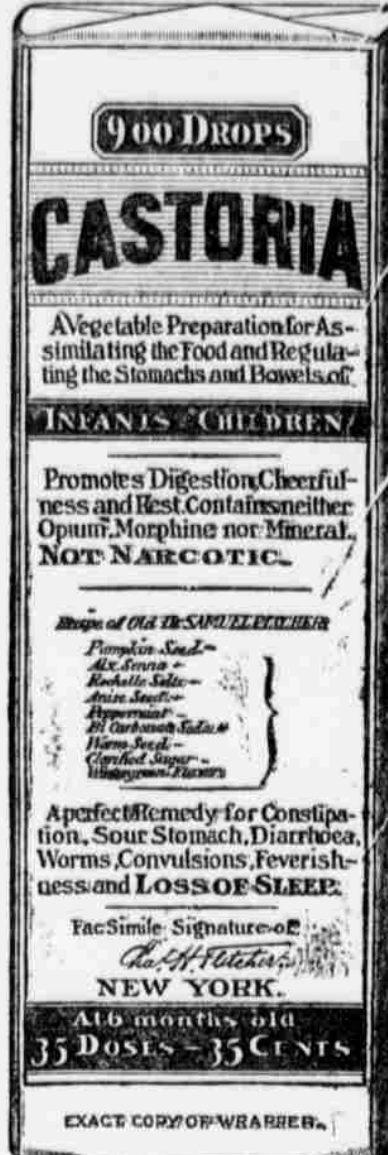
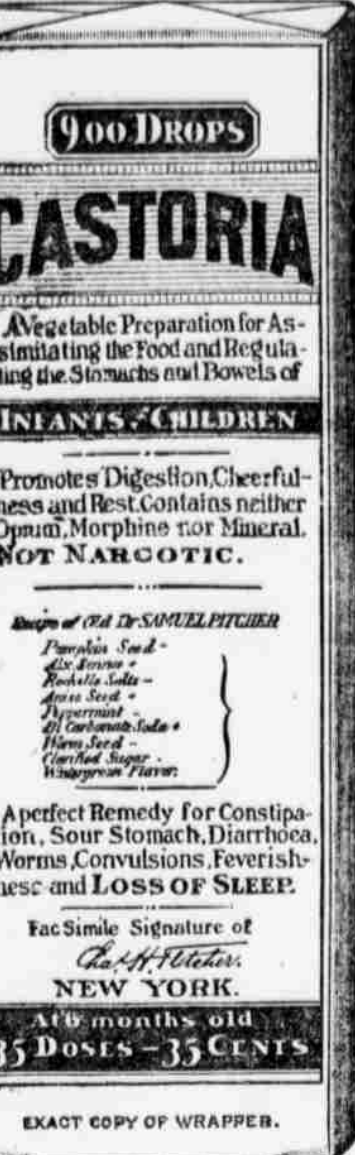
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Social & Personal

The Republican-News of Hamilton, Ohio, give the following account of the Randolph-Timberman wedding at that place which will be read with interest by many friends in this city: The wedding ceremony, which is held yearly at the homes of the sons and daughters of Mrs. Hanna Flickinger, and which took place today at the home of Mrs. Andrew Timberman at Spring Farm, west of Hamilton, was honored this afternoon with one of the most magnificent and non-stop cotyledon weddings ever held in this part of the country, which was coincident with the reunion.

The two who had decided to link their fates together were Rev. John Randolph, rector of St. Peter's Lutheran church of Scranton, Pa., and Miss Katherine Timberman, daughter of Mrs. Andrew Timberman.

The wedding took place at 4 o'clock at the east front of the picturesque Timberman home, under the protective shade of the trees, while the whole ceremony was marked by a peculiar naturalness and simplicity, characteristic of the bride's personality. Beneath the boughs of one of the trees the officiating divines awaited the bride and groom.

Amid the low strains of the beautiful Lohengrin wedding march, played by Miss Jennie Good, little Miss Katharine Timberman, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Timberman of Columbus, Ohio, and Bunny Gillespie, as flower girl, issued from the north entrance of the old family home and slowly proceeded towards the stone steps on the south end of the residence before which the ceremony was to take place.

Following these came the groom, Rev. John Randolph, and his best man, Dr. Andrew Timberman of Columbus, Ohio. Miss Randolph, sister of the groom, came next, as maid of honor, dressed in lace and white organdy, trimmed with ribbons and harmonizing most charmingly with the surroundings.

Behind her and leaning on the arm of her mother, Mrs. Andrew Timberman, came the bride, sending a thrill of admiration over the assembled company by her dignified and queenly presence. Attired in a wonderful gown of cream white tulle silk with embroidered stripes and a demi-train, and a veil of embroidered tulle, hand-made by the nuns of a Paris convent, and presented to the bride by a Parisian friend, she looked the embodiment of the ideal bride.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. Z. Meckling of Hamilton, Ohio, brother-in-law of the bride, and assisted by her uncle, Rev. D. K. Flickinger of Columbus, Ohio. After the ceremony, which was very simple the inspiring strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march were taken up, and congratulations showered upon the happy couple.

An elaborate collation followed. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph leave for a wedding trip, the destination remaining a secret to the many friends, after which they will take up their new home

Washington avenue, are visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. W. J. McCormack and mother, Mrs. Filer, of Clay avenue, are visiting in Windsor, N. Y.

Messrs. William Morris, Louis Dechwindt and Julius Traugott are summering in Atlantic City and Atlantic Highlands.

Dr. and Mrs. Horace C. Gibbons, of Burlington, Vt., are visiting Dr. Gibbons' father, Dr. R. H. Gibbons, of Wyoming avenue.

Miss Rhon Beckett is spending a two weeks' vacation in New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Josephson, Mrs. M. A. Friedlander and Miss Ella Josephson are at Block Island.

Mrs. G. F. Secor, of New York city, is the guest of Mrs. George Trauger, of East Market street.

The Messrs. Regina and Harriet Ward, of North Main avenue, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Carlson, of Carbonate.

The Messrs. Drossel and Miss Keegan, of Binghamton, are the guests of Mrs. J. J. Rowley, of Wyoming avenue.

The Messrs. Sarah Judge and Lena Early, of Cedar avenue, and Miss Beatrice Early of the Central City, are visiting friends in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Ware are at Asbury Park.

Colonel Wettes and family are summering at Mt. Cobb.

Mrs. William P. Halstead is at Richmond Springs, N. Y.

John Hodges, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends in this city.

Ex-City Treasurer C. T. Boland and family are at Harvey's Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Watkins are spending a few weeks in Asbury Park.

Miss Nina Young, of North Washington avenue, are summering at Rockaway Beach.

Mrs. George H. Sidles, accompanied by her two children, is sojourning at Chautauque, N. Y.

Mrs. John Coar and daughter, of South Washington avenue, are visiting in New York and Boston.

Mrs. Thomas Bushnell, of Jefferson avenue, has left the city for a visit to Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Miss Savage, of Buffalo, and Miss Finerty, of Honesdale, are the guests of Mrs. M. E. Wymbs, of Jackson street.

Mrs. Emily Young, of North Washington avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Annie Haley and daughter, May, of Perry county.

Dr. J. H. Holtham, of Northeast, Pa., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Holtham, of North Washington avenue.

Gertrude Cassidy, of Wilkes-Barre and Miss Byrne, of Hazleton, are the guests of the Messrs. Mahon, of Mulberry street.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Woolner, jr., of Pottsville, Pa., are visiting Mrs. Woolner's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Moses, of Mulberry street.

Rev. Robert F. Y. Pierce, pastor of the Eyn-Avenue Baptist church, accompanied by his family, is spending a month in Ocean Grove.

Charles Genter is spending a week in Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. William Edgar is spending his vacation at Laketon, Pa.

Miss Nina Sullivan, of North Washington avenue, is at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis is recuperating after a long illness in Mansfield, O.

Mrs. Arthur Jones, of South Main avenue, spent the week at Atlantic City.

Miss Georgia W. Mosier, of West Pittston, is visiting relatives on Adams avenue.

Miss Edith Jones, of South Main avenue, is entertaining Miss Annie Myles, of Kingston, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkin T. Reese, of North Hyde Park avenue, have returned from Atlantic City.

Mrs. A. A. Lindalbury and daughters, of South Main avenue, are sojourning at Asbury Park.

Mrs. S. J. Storm and daughter, Cora, of South Main avenue, are sojourning at Asbury Park.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hughes, of North Broadway, are spending a few days at Asbury Park.

Select Counselman T. J. Coyne, of the Twentieth ward; Mrs. Coyne and the

Misses Mamie Coyne and Winifred Melvin, of South Scranton, are in Atlantic City.

Mrs. John Walker, Misses Grace Walker, Florence Gibbs, Lois and Jessie Decker are at Lake Winola.

Miss Nora Cadden and her sister, Josephine, are spending their vacations in New York and Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Mrs. O. J. Pickering, of Binghamton, N. Y., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Reynolds, of South Main avenue.

Mrs. Richard James and John E. Lewis, of Binghamton, are visiting in Atlantic City.

Misses Elizabeth Davies, Horard Davies, Elizabeth Davies, Maudie Davies, Frank Jones, Robert Roberts, Robert P. Roberts, Will Price, John Thomas, David Gibbs, Richard James and John E. Lewis, of Binghamton, are visiting in Atlantic City.

Misses Cora and Florence Yost started on Wednesday of this week for a month's trip through the west, going as far as Triplice Creek, Col., where they will spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. John Oakes, who went west about a year ago from Wyoming.

The many friends of District Passenger Agent Mark L. Smith, of the Lackawanna, will be pleased that the change in the management of the road has not affected his position. Mr. Smith has in fact been one of the most obliging and courteous officials of the road and it is a pleasure to hear that he will continue to serve the company.

HER POINT OF VIEW

It is a nice place to be just now along Long Island Sound. If one lives in Scranton and seldom goes near the sea, a schooner of beer may be more interesting than a two-masted schooner off Point Judith and a gondola of Scranton coal than the finest pleasure yacht. But it doesn't take more than three days on the coast to wake up on natural matters, and you begin to watch out for the noted vessels which may chance to be known to be in the vicinity. The average land-lubber girl when she visits the shore calls every cat-bat a ship, and if she happens to see a tug is pretty certain to shout: "There's a lovely steam yacht! See how it goes!" and proceeds to take it with her camera. Sometimes she never will learn to say "top" and "bottom," and insists on calling the ribs the "three-cornered things in front," and talks about going upstairs on the steamer instead of aloft, and on occasions mentions the upper deck as "the attic."

She refuses to say port and starboard and alludes to the masts as "sticks" and the cabin as the "dinky little sitting room down stairs." She states that she's "going up front" or "down at the other end" instead of "forward and aft" and announces that she will sit in the middle by the box instead of "amidship," and all much to the disgust and annoyance of her nautically ambitious brother or sweetheart.

But you do become enthusiastic in these days when any minute you may sight one of the great racing sloops or catch a glimpse during a morning sail of a richly appointed pleasure yacht with a name across the bows known round the world. One morning you look out and see Mrs. Drexel's "Sultana" tossing disdainfully at her moorings as the inquisitive little catboats hit about her like saucy white-winged gulls.

On your way over to Newport you get a snap shot of the Defender to mate with the Columbia you caught with her broken mast. Nearly every day you see a little race between some of the beautiful thirty-footers of the New York Yacht club, and constantly you hear of exciting incidents connected with this famous cruise of the big

fleet. You learn that only a racing boat carries a balloon jib and you also become very adept in deciphering the insignia on the various club pennants.

Between the Newport woman and the woman at most of the other coast resorts, is a great gulf fixed. The other woman as a rule goes in for a good time. She wears a golf skirt from morning to night, at which time she dresses simply for dinner. She takes no thought of her complexion, what condition it shall attain as to sunburn and tan. She wears no protection in the shape of veils or gloves, but rejoices in the brown hue acquired, and she bathes in the ocean with religious regularity, and sails, fishes and walks indefatigably.

The Newport lady is different. Bicycling, driving, walking, she is as voluminously veiled with rather more exclusiveness as to effect than the dark-eyed duello in an eastern harem. The other day at Newport every swell woman you met had one, two and in some cases three veils. First is worn one of a very light white chiffon next a heavier in a dark color and often a thick black or brown veil as a topping off. How they must enjoy the strained air. You see these heavily veiled creatures on the top of coaches, or loitering in their luxurious victorias, or whirling swiftly over the magnificent roads. Even little girls are thus safely protected from the wind and sun.

I believe on the whole the Newport woman has the right idea. On the principal that whatever you enjoy is bad for you, the complexion needs to be treated. The woman who, summer after summer, persistently and determinedly tans herself like unto a smoked ham, certainly does do permanent injury to her skin. I saw one the other day on the bathing beach whose freckles were like the ginger snaps you buy in a paper barrel and they overlapped on face, neck and arms. You wonder how her husband could love her, but he did apparently cling to her with respect and even affection. The woman who can burn herself to utter darkness needs more than the most glorified bathing suit or the divinest figure to make herself appear beautiful. But it is the aim and desire of every one who doesn't summer at Newport or Narragansett Pier to look as nearly like a chocolate peppermint as possible.

The other night at a hop on the Island, a brown girl wore a low-necked gown. She also has been conspicuous this summer in a low-necked bathing suit. The gown went one better, however, and left about two inches of untanned skin like a fair white tucker just above the décollete corsage. She attracted much attention and looked as if she had "washed for a high neck." In the course of a few weeks she'll be using face bleaches and cold creams and spending good money on massage treatment to get herself back to a civilized hue.

The Woonsocket House, at Block Island, has been more popular than ever this summer, and many applicants for board have been turned away. The proprietor, A. J. Rose, has represented the New Shoreham district in the legislature of Rhode Island, and belongs to one of the families who first owned Block Island. In his employ is the last Indian of the original residents and the last living descendant of the Narragansett tribe. He has a very Christian-like name, "Church," and is past 70 years old, has drunk and smoked and never taken care of himself, but has never had a sick day in his life and has every tooth sound that belongs to the perfect man. Horrible example.

Saucy Bess,

Special Bargains for This Week.

Men's Shoes for 69c, 98c, \$1.29, \$1.49, \$1.98 and \$2.48.

Ladies' Shoes at 69c, 98c, \$1.29, \$1.49, \$1.98 and \$2.49.

Ladies' Oxfords at 49c and 98c.

Men's Oxfords at 79c and 98c.

Misses' Shoes at 49c and 98c.

Little Gents' Shoes at 49c and 98c.

Baby Shoes at 10c up.

MYER DAVIDOW

The Cheapest and Busiest Shoe Store, 307 Lacka. Ave.

Varying Circumstances.

"You should learn to meet misfortune with a smiling face," said the off-hand philosopher.

"Of course," answered Willie Wishington; "that's easily said, and, as a rule, practicable, but when your misfortune happens to be a prescription for quinine, it isn't so easy."—Washington Star.