

Face to Face with Facts!

Most All the Pains and Aches of Kidney Ills Start with

Facts. A Bad Back. More Facts

A lame back is a bad back.
 A weak back is a bad back.
 An aching back is a bad back.
 A bad back comes from sick kidneys.
 Sick kidneys cause backache,
 Backache is the first step.
 The first ache of kidney ill.
 Urinary troubles next.
 Disturb your night's rest.
 Annoy you all day.
 Dangerous Diabetes comes,
 Then Bright's Disease.
 The end is near then.

Every case of Backache, Diabetes or any kidney ill can be cured by

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

No other kidney remedy has ever received such emphatic endorsement. Read the testimony of

Don't pay to experiment.
 Kidney trouble is too serious.
 Delays are dangerous.
 Experiment means delay.
 Take a remedy that's endorsed:
 But get good endorsement.
 A stranger's word isn't sufficient.
 Hard to prove testimony from a distance.
 Take the word of people you know.
 Take the testimony of friends and neighbors.
 Easy to prove such evidence.
 Ask them about it.
 Local testimony is the best proof

SCRANTON PEOPLE.



HYDE PARK.

Mrs. Sarah Farrell, of 1919 Price street, Hyde Park, says: "I honestly believe if it had not been for Doan's Kidney Pills I would have been in my grave. Six years ago my kidneys began to trouble me. At first, I did not pay much attention to it, but it kept getting worse and other symptoms appeared. I tried many medicines, but without obtaining permanent relief. I was so bad that blood passed from me, my back ached so that I could not get up or down. I was short of breath, and finally had to take to my bed. I was growing weaker and my suffering became more intense and the doctor said he was doing all he could for me. I often wished that I had died, for I had given up all hope of getting relief. My daughter had Doan's Kidney Pills brought to her notice and got a box at Matthews Bros' drug store. I took them and the first box did me so much good that she got me some more. After the fourth box I thought God that I had found a remedy which has given me a new lease of life."

LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

Mr. William Morris, of 329 Lackawanna avenue, a member of the firm of Morris Bros., one of the largest retail boot and shoe stores in the city, says: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills, and you can put me down as saying that in my estimation they are a first-class remedy. They cured me completely of a dull, aching pain across my back and shoulders which had been giving me much trouble for the past year. I am not much of a hand at taking patent medicines, but in justice to the merit of Doan's Kidney Pills I feel it my duty to give them my endorsement, and I take pleasure in recommending them to any one that I may hear complaining of backache."

NORTH MAIN AVENUE.

Mr. A. L. Barnes, of 413 North Main avenue, engineer at the Scranton Electric Lighting station, says: "I injured my back by a fall and it affected my kidneys. There were severe pains in the loins, accompanied with irregularity of the secretions. They were highly colored and contained sediment. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Matthews Bros' drug store and they entirely relieved the pain and regulated the secretions. I believe Doan's Kidney Pills are fully up to representation and I will reply to any one questioning this statement, and enclosing stamps, corroborating it in every detail."

ORCHARD STREET.

Mr. John Cavanaugh, of 557 Orchard street, South Side, Scranton, employed in one of the large steel mills, says: "One box of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of a pain across my kidneys which I suffered from for years. I have been so bad that I could not bend over without suffering great pain. If I took cold it became more severe. I used all kinds of remedies and wore plasters on my back for weeks, but without giving me relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Matthews Bros' drug store. I had only taken a few doses when I began to feel better and I steadily improved until I was completely cured of my long standing trouble."

WASHBURN STREET.

Mrs. Margaret Moses, of 1602 Washburn street, Hyde Park, says: "For a number of years off and on I had attacks of dull pain and weakness in the small of my back. Stooling or the least exertion increased it, and at times I was so bad that I was unable to work and had to have the service of the doctor. There was kidney weakness which was annoying and distressing, particularly at night. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and they were recommended to me by Mrs. Jenkins, of 143 S. Filmore avenue. I procured a box and took them with so much benefit that I got more. I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any person suffering from kidney troubles."

SUMNER AVENUE.

Mr. Frederick Davis, of 505 Sumner avenue, an engineer at the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Company, says: "For two years there was a gnawing pain across my back which bothered me at night more than any other time. I had to lie in just such a position in order to take any comfort or enjoy my night's rest. If I was not careful in turning over sharp twinges would catch me in the back and disturb my rest so that I got up in the morning tired and with my back so lame and sore I could hardly move about. The secretions from the kidneys were highly colored and contained sediment. One of the men at the works recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to me, saying they had helped his father when everything else had failed, so I went to Matthews Bros' drug store and got two boxes. Gradually the pain in my back commenced to leave me and when I had used two boxes it disappeared completely."

LUZERNE STREET.

Mrs. H. W. Williams, of 1403 Luzerne street, says: "I had a dull aching pain all the time right in the small of my back. There were times when I was quite comfortable, but if I did any work to amount to anything the aching began. I was always worse when I did washing, ironing or heavy house work. Every morning I was stiff and lame when I got up, and it hurt me to straighten after stooling. I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Matthews Bros' drug store and used them regularly. In a short time I noticed an improvement and continuing the treatment was soon entirely cured."

The Phantom Mule of the U-Know Mine.

BY GEORGE MAY CURE.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

THE U-Know mine was a distinguished one, because of its traditional reputation. Its location was in the northwestern part of this, the Keystone state, at a village named Notnare, near the U-Know creek, from which it had taken its name.

In the year 18—, a man, whose name was Patrick O'Brien, moved with his family, consisting of a wife and sons, to Notnare. Mr. O'Brien was a person of average intelligence, kind at heart and honest. His wife's character was made up of the same genial qualities and, fortunately, having a sufficient amount of "push" for both herself and husband.

Patrick, though, as I have said, was kind-hearted and honest; was, nevertheless, prone to "grow weary in well-doing." He frequently showed the most positive signs of an erasing appetite. He had one quality, or rather peculiarity, which I did not mention, and that was superstition; acquired from the aged "Legend Gatherer" of the Emerald Isle across the great Atlantic? Or shall I say from the village folk who sat at close of day in the little "burrough" store and related the tales of ghosts, descended from their departed ancestors to the "happy hunting grounds"? Aye! If not one of the usual, pray from where?

After completing all required arrangements for life in this village of Notnare, Patrick at once sought a position in the mines. The mine superintendent, detecting signs of disipation about his features assigned a temporary situation of mule driving, until he should be counted worthy of promotion. His lack of ambition for "keepin' in de middle of de road," however, withheld from him the pleasure of advancement for a year. During this time he had a most thrilling experience.

For the second month of his work he was assigned the unenvied duty of working nights in a part of the mine where there was no other person or duty for two long hours.

O'Brien had not been serving long on "new time" when he became acquainted with the well-known veteran "Old Rusty," a white mule having numerous rust-colored spots on his once white coat.

It was believed that he had served so long that rust had accumulated on his body; he was accordingly known as "Old Rusty." At all events he had long since reached the state of being superannuated and had at several times been convicted of ferocious actions. He was getting to be a nuisance because of his great size, for he maintained a gait which in no way could be altered.

But his days were numbered. Patrick had become so enraged at Rusty's snarl gait that one night when he refused to mend his ways, the lash was applied without a moment's delay. Pat begged for—well, until he was too much fatigued to even raise the lash. Meanwhile Rusty did not budge a hair, but when commanded to "Git up there,

and mighty quick!" he obeyed, taking his own time. The "hurt" of those lash strokes rolled down his back like water off a duck's feathers.

As Patrick wended his way homeward the next morning he encountered the mine "boss" just going to the mines. Pat lost no time in telling, with all the eloquence that could be stirred in him from the experience of the preceding night, about old Rusty's behavior. The boss, bidding Pat a good morning, told him that he would order the animal to be done away with when he reached the mine. This the boss ordered, as he had agreed to.

Little Jim, employed at the barn, hearing these heart-rending news from a miner who overheard the conversation of the conspirators concerning his favorite pet mule, perched himself upon his "thinking stool" to contrive some scheme for the preservation of the venerable beast so dear to his little heart. The little "scheme wheels" revolved so quickly in Jim's head that he, after meditating for one hundred and twenty seconds, had descended with all speed from his "thinking stool," and was rapidly seeking the stall of his Rusty.

Twenty minutes gone, Jim has completed his work. Rusty standing in a deserted coal chamber and "Kicker White" in his stall. The boy is standing against a prop, chucking over the job. He was none too quick, for a miner who generally disposed of "worn out" mules, appeared. Going to Rusty's stall and untying the halter of the mule therein, proceeded to lead him forth to the shooting block.

The long wished-for death of the aged beast was at last noted about among the mule drivers, and all was peace for three days. At the end of this time, however, the important section of this legend begins.

One the third and last night of prosperity's reign Patrick went to his work as usual, although not in his usual mood. He had been drinking and was not, as a miner said, "all there."

The two hours of "no company" were to him almost intolerable when his mind was in such a condition. After spending one of the two hours alone he was startled by one of the strangest sounds he ever heard. He at once started to the place from where the noise seemed to come. On turning to proceed on his search a draft extinguished his safety lamp. He hurriedly felt in his pocket for his emergency lamp, but, alas! he had left it in the barn, where he had filled it. What would he do now? Not a match, either, and so dark. A trial for bravery, think you, with those awful noises in the dark? A rumble beneath his feet, the earth contracted and he was hanging between two rocks, wedged so tightly that he could scarcely move. He tried moving his feet in order to find something to stand on, but all was in vain; there was nothing beneath but emptiness. He felt as though suspended in purgatory, and all the demons of the universe seemed to be tormenting him. He was denied the

pleasure, however, of meditating further as to his feelings, for the rocks, which before had held him, suddenly gave way, and he sank, sank until he almost died of fear. Where was he sinking to? His air voyage at this instant came quickly to an end by his landing on some rock. He was in an unconscious state for some time and was ralled by that identical noise which he had heard before falling. He listened. That sound again! In his ears? No; it really was a noise of something approaching, what he could not imagine.

The fear, which had been somewhat allayed by his curiosity, now took full control of him.

He did not wait for the appearance of the "something" long. Almost before he had time to breathe his face was turned toward the mine, at which an animal of immense size was entering. Pat was dumb with horror, and closing his eyes for a brief moment, he uttered a prayer. On opening his eyes the form of what seemed to be a dragon loomed up before his gaze. Its body seemed to advance and with anger kindled in its horrible eyes, it came to the place where Pat had fallen in his fear. The beast lowered its massive head, and taking the clothing of his prey between his fangs, dragged him toward the mine, at the rules of the Hades, shall I say? Or will the reader be patient while I explain the mystery?

The next morning the boss on inquiring for Patrick was told that he was nowhere to be found. He therefore appointed several of the miners to begin a search for the missing man. They searched in vain until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then one of the searchers suggested that they look in the deserted coal chamber. On gaining the entrance they found Pat's safety lamp and inside the chamber of what else? The miners with cries of surprise sat Pat lying face downward on some straws and there with his fangs still holding the clothing of the man stood the invulnerable old veteran mule, "Rusty," with a look of bewilderment in his honest old eyes.

O'Brien was still unconscious, so was quickly taken to the surface. He soon recovered from his "scare," but could never be convinced that it was old Rusty who took him, but insisted that it was a "dreadful dragon." I will not dispute whether it was made or dragon, but will let the reader decide for himself.

here. They will reside in rooms over N. M. Finn's store.

Oscar Lord, of Lincaville, a young man about 29 years of age, died Wednesday night of consumption. The funeral services occur this afternoon at 2 p. m.

Miss Myrtle Phillips is spending a few days at her home in Fleetville.

The two creameries located here are at present handling over 200 cans of milk per day, the amount received at each station being about equal.

Mrs. Elzina Corey is visiting her relatives at Landville.

Mrs. Ida Tiffany's new residence on Main street is about ready for occupancy. Mrs. Tiffany and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tiffany, of Lincaville, will occupy the house.

UNIONDALE.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Uniondale, May 24.—All victims of the grip are convalescent.

Last Monday Osmer Carpenter entertained Mr. and Mrs. Crocker, of Simpson.

Hon. Philo Ewell and family spent one day this week with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Couch, in Carbondale.

Last Saturday Mrs. Elvira Davis entertained Frank Norton and family, from Scranton.

May 23 Miss Libbie Carpenter, youngest daughter of Shepherd Carpenter, was married to Mr. William Hullah, of Forest City.

Mrs. C. H. Ellis entertained two lady friends from Green Ridge the latter part of last week.

Last Sunday Edson Carpenter, of Peckville, was entertained by his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Carpenter.

Squire Elijah Carpenter has lately purchased a valuable horse.

S. S. Hubbard has recently received into his home a new piano on trial.

Preparations are under way to receive the next Sunday school convention of the district.

Miss Ellen Ballard, of Elk county, New York, is visiting Ira L. Church, here.

Rev. Mr. Huston and family are guests at the Methodist parsonage.

Union memorial services will be held in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

Miss Flora Glings, a professional nurse from New York, is visiting her parents and friends.

A delightful time is in anticipation at the ice cream social, to be held at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage next Wednesday evening, May 29.

HAWLEY.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Hawley, May 25.—Mrs. A. J. Lobb spent last Sunday in Scranton.

Miss Mary Murray returned to Scranton Monday, after spending a few days with her parents here.

W. C. Knapp returned home yesterday from grand lodge at Gettysburg.

Mrs. Gilie, of New York, returned to her home last Friday, after spending some time with relatives here.

The fire company spent Thursday evening on the streets with the hose trying the hydrants. The pressure forced a stream of water over the highest buildings. This certainly goes to show that we are not without fire protection any longer.

Ernest August Hintze died at his home about a mile above Hawley Thursday morning. Funeral will be held from his late home Sunday evening at 7:30, the remains being taken to Brooklyn, N. Y., Monday morning for interment.

MUNICH LIFE IN CAFES

A PHASE OF SOCIAL INTER-COURSE IN BAVARIA.

Reasons of Men and Women for Not Staying at Home—Formality in the Cafes—The Rule of Dutch Treats. Enormous Consumption of Food and Beer—Beer Garden Joys.

Munich letter to the New York Sun.

When a Bavarian leaves the army, has a little money, and doesn't know of any other business to go into, he opens a cafe or wirthschaft. There is no surer business, for of all people of the world Bavarians spend the most time in satisfying, or abusing, the inner man.

An example: A party of women met by appointment one afternoon at 3 o'clock in one of the largest cafes. They began with Vienna coffee and cakes. Half an hour later they switched to pilsener beer, of which several had three half-liter glasses, and some of them more. At 5 o'clock their husbands came, and for dinner there were turtle soup, lobster, roast chicken and fruits, washed down with Burgundy and German champagne. Coffee again; then they went to the theater.

After the first act they had all had vanilla ice, served in their seats. After the second act they trooped up to the buffet and stowed away sundry pate de foie gras sandwiches, with more beer. At 10 o'clock they went to another cafe, and for three hours did nothing but eat and drink. First came coffee, then, with hardly an interval, pickled eel, cold ham and sausage, cream cheese and biscuits, finally, frozen Bavarian cream—all with several half-liters of beer. Last of all there were big bumpers of hot punch, and then somebody suggested that it was time to go home. There was an English girl in the party, and she is just recovering; but the German women looked upon it as an ordinary matter—as it was.

Not everybody in Munich does this, because everybody can't afford to. It is, however, the usual thing to eat every time you think of it, if only a hunk of black bread and sausage. The work people have coffee and bread at 6 in the morning before going to work, beer and bread in the forenoon recess at 9 o'clock; beer, bread, soup, meat and a vegetable at noon; beer and bread again at the 3 o'clock afternoon recess; beer, bread and cold sausage for supper, and beer, bread and cheese in varying quantity up to bedtime.

HOME LIFE UNKNOWN.

There are many reasons why cafe life is the prevailing one in Bavaria, for, outside of the very well-to-do classes, there can be said to be no home life at all. In the first place fuel is very dear, and the Germans have not learned, as the French have, to make a handful of fire go a long way. By eating in restaurants and spending the leisure time there, fire for both cooking and heating is rendered unnecessary. Many Germans, or South Germans at least, in comfortable circumstances, have no fire in their homes from year's end to year's end.

Then again, the restaurant, buying in large quantities, is able to serve food almost as cheaply as it can be cooked at home. Thirdly, and this applies more forcibly, probably, to the thrifty Bavarians, by making a cafe the social meeting place one preserves his independence and relieves himself of the necessity of playing the host. The German is a social animal, but he is not an entertainer. It must be remembered that the Dutch treat is named, or misnamed, after the immemorial German custom of an invitation to pay your own reckoning.

Ordinarily, a housewife is at home to her friends from 11 to 1 o'clock at midday, but calls at that hour are purely formal. Most women belong to a small circle which meets daily in a favorite cafe, and there they discuss coffee and cake and people. No men are ever present. The male members of the family, on the other hand, go to another cafe, and spend the time over billiards and cards. Speaking by and large, everybody who can afford it is in a cafe in the afternoon.

The students at the university, who do nothing but drink and fight duels in the first year of their course, seem to be always in cafes.

Being what they are, social rendezvous, the cafes are distinguished by an air of formality and extra politeness. No person but an Englishman or an American ever thinks of sitting down at a table without first inquiring whether or not the chair he selected is disengaged, or without bowing gravely to each person already seated.

He must bow again with the same formality when he gets up to leave. When two strangers meet to play billiards together, each first bows, then, drawing himself up in a military attitude, utters fiercely his name, looking the other straight in the eye. After that the intercourse is always friendly, but particularly courteous to the end of the game.

NO "TREATING."

It is rigorously understood by every one that each is to pay for his own score. If a German says to you, "Come in and have a drink," it is perfectly understood that the invitation extends only to the going in part.

You would not insult a Bavarian by offering to pay for his drink, but his opinion of your common sense would be shattered. The rule is so stringently observed that if two women and a man drink together the man pays for himself; the other woman is expected to pay for herself, and always does.

Each cafe supplies about a hundred German and foreign newspapers and periodicals, and for the price of a cup of coffee a man may spend the whole day and evening, if he so disposed, without being required, or expected, to buy more.

Not many years ago the service in cafes throughout Germany and Austria was performed by waitresses, but Munich is now the only large city where they are general. The Munich kellerin is a remarkable young person, in many ways. First of all, she is usually pretty, because her employers demand that. Then she must be above the average in sprightliness and intelligence, because her function is not only to serve drinks and food, but also to entertain the guests of the house. She must be able to draw to herself a clientele, and to keep it.

The kellerin begins as a beer girl at the age of sixteen. She has nothing to do but to carry water and beer to

guests, but at this she is occupied from 6 o'clock in the morning until midnight. She gets \$4 a month, food and lodging. Most of them drop out of the business within the year, but if they stick their apprenticeship lasts eighteen months, when they become full-fledged kellerinens. From that time on their future depends largely upon themselves.

A kellerin works from 10 o'clock one morning until 2 o'clock the next, with one day in every eight or ten to herself. She earns all the way from \$30 to \$80 a month, which is extraordinarily high wages for a woman in Germany. This comes entirely from tips, as she gets nothing from her employer; on the contrary, she often has to pay him a percentage of what she earns in order to keep her place. Tips run from a cent to twenty cents, but two and a half cents is the rule.

Rather more than half of them, probably, within a couple of years marry men whose station in life is above their own. These men are mostly students at the university, and largely from country towns. They fall in love with the girls and marry them upon graduation. By that time the girls have usually laid by a little money—always necessary for the bride in Germany—and the match is looked upon by the man's relatives with resignation if not with satisfaction.

The average kellerin is a pretty, sprightly girl, dressed soberly in black with a spotted apron and wonderfully dressed hair; she is quick in action and in repartee, and in first-class cafes always eminently circumspect.

Although Munich cafes are always more or less crowded with a mixed assemblage, and although most Bavarians drink more than is good for them, disorder of any kind is almost unknown.

Largely the same class of people that frequent the cafes go also to the breweries. Each of the Munich breweries has a large auditorium connected with it, in which band concerts and other entertainments are given. It was in one of these that Sousa played when here. But one sees at the breweries also the soldiers with their sweethearts, the cooks and nursery maids.

Life is a little easier at the breweries, and one may sit—as most people indeed do—with his arm around the waist of his girl. At the breweries nothing less than a liter Krug of beer is sold, and it is amazing how much of the cool, foaming stuff, fresh from the cellar, people get away with. Yet even here there is seldom an exhibition of boisterous drunkenness.

But it is in summer, when the gardens of the town and the surrounding country are open for business, that one sees the real German life, illustrated in the Fliegende Blatter, which has charmed so many visitors, and which is so inadequately reflected in the cafe life of winter. No German will ever remain within doors when it is pleasant enough to be out; and, being out, he must have his beer and his music, and his sausage and black bread, and his circle of friends. That is all there really is in the summer garden existence; yet it is one that, having truly experienced, the average man longs again to taste. And it is only in much-maligned Bavaria, after all, that he may do so adequately.

HOPBOTTOM.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Hopbottom, May 24.—Mrs. Eliza Tewksbury, who has been convalescing for several weeks from a severe illness, has had a relapse and is again very ill.

Mr. Russell, the recently installed telegraph operator, went to Binghamton yesterday to meet his wife, who was on her way from Ohio to join him

