"Won His Bride in a Coal Mine."

BY MRS. L. E. HAMMOND.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

IN A VILLAGE not far from the city of Scranton three young teachers from the High School were leisurely making their way toward home one pleasant afternoon in May, chatting merrily in glad anticipation of a mine party, composed of most of the village young people, to be held that very evening.

Miss Nancy Morton, of Ithaca, had been visiting Norma Leigh, one of the teachers, and many excursions had been made in her honor. They had crossed the big viaduct at Moosic, had visited the silk mills and the electric light plant at Taylor, the steel mill at Scranton, and rode to Campbell's ledge and to Bald Mount in the store wagon, taking a camera along to get some pictures of the joyous company. Tomorrow Nancy would leave for her home, and as she had never been down a mine all were anxious to have her visit one. Everything had been arranged, except who should conduct the party through the mine.

"Well, girls," said pretty Margaret Wilson, who was one of the trio, "I can conduct the party myself. I often go with Charley when he takes papa's lunch down at night. I know the way and can bring you all back safely, I'm sure."

"Yes, but we cannot go in without permission," said Norma. "Alice, why don't you ask your papa to take us? He is a foreman and could do so if he would."

"I will," said Alice, "I had never thought of that. He will gladly go, if we want him to."

So it was arranged and they separated to meet again that evening, and when 7 o'clock came a merry, laughing party crossed the fields on its way to the mine. They visited the engine room and fire room and looked in surprise at the glowing bed of coals; then they stepped on the cage to be lowered into the mine. Arriving at the foot of the shaft they trooped along, the bright lights falling on fair faces and manly forms, making a striking picture amid the dark surroundings. A light twinkled before them in the darkness, and the foreman called to the party to stand aside, as a trip of cars was coming.

They obeyed, and soon a noise was heard; then the cars drew nearer and passed on, and the party again proceeded, but with one exception. This was Ellsworth Crawford, who, in his efforts to be near Margaret, who was "the bright, particular star" of the evening, had been crowded to the rear, and the ambitious driver, on seeing the foreman tried to hurry his stubborn mule, and, unluckily for Ellsworth, who carried no light and was unseen by the driver, swung his heavy whip around, and as he did so caught Ellsworth's hat from his head and whisked it upon the car of coal.

Ellsworth had no desire to detain the party, as he thought he could soon secure his hat and overtake them, so he boarded the trip, but his hat was nowhere to be seen; it had dropped off some distance back. He alighted and began a search for it by the light of an occasional match which he took from his pocket. When he did find it it was ruined, the wheels of the car had passed over it, and to his dismay the party had entirely disappeared from view. He hurried on in the direction they had taken, calling frequently and stumbling over the uneven road, until far ahead of him he saw a single light. Thinking it might be some of his friends coming in search of him, he made his way toward it, but found it to be a solitary laborer, wearily loading a car of coal.

The fellow looked up as Ellsworth approached and instantly a wicked gleam shot from his eyes, and when Ellsworth inquired about the party, he said, sullenly:

"Yes, he had seen them as they passed."

"Did you notice which way they went?" queried Ellsworth.

"Yes; they followed this road for a short distance and then turned to the left," was the answer, while an evil look crossed the laborer's dusky face.

"Here is a lamp," he added, "and you had better hurry."

Ellsworth took the lamp, thanked the fellow and followed his directions, while the laborer in turn stealthily followed him, muttering:

"Yes, I saw them pass, but they went to the right, while you go to the left and I follow you. This is a glorious chance of revenge. Satan is good to his own."

Ellsworth had not gone far before he fancied he heard footsteps. He listened, then he called, but receiving no answer and seeing nothing but black walls and dreary darkness, he pursued his lonely way. Again he heard sounds behind him and again he listened. All was silent, and once more he went on. Once more he heard those footsteps behind and they were growing nearer. Fearing he was followed by a ghostly tenant of the mine, he broke into a run, but the faster he went the faster his pursuer followed, and gained on him at every step. Soon a treacherous blow from behind laid him senseless on the black dust. When he recovered consciousness he was bound securely and the wicked eye of the laborer glared fiercely at him.

"What is the matter? Where am I?" asked Ellsworth.

"Nothing is the matter, only you are my prisoner," replied the fellow with a fiendish grin.

"What does this mean? Release me at once!" cried Ellsworth, struggling to free himself.

"Easy, now, easy; you will not get free so easy as you may think."

"Who are you. How dare you commit this outrage? Release me or I shall call for help."

"You may call till you are black in the face, it will do you no good. Now, if you keep quiet long enough, I shall answer some of your questions and I am dying to do so. You are in an abandoned part of the mine, among the old workings, where you may yell until you are hoarse, and no one will hear you. In fact, you are actually buried alive. No one saw you come here and no one will ever look for you here, and you are securely bound and cannot leave the place alone. You shall never leave here alive. I could make short work of you now, but I reserve you for a worse fate, that of dying by thirst or starvation in this awful loneliness. You may be sure I will keep my word. I am Dick Gordon. I know you don't know me, but I know you and have known you these many months. You have won from me the only girl I ever loved, and I have made a vow of vengeance. You can soon tell how I fulfill it. I hate you with a bitter, jealous hatred for coming between me and the girl I love, and tonight when you came to me alone I saw my chance for revenge had come, and sent you here to die. I will leave you a few pleasant thoughts to comfort you in your last hours. Margaret Wilson loves you, she told me so yesterday in the park at Nay Aug. I intend to win her love myself now, and shall use every effort to do so, and one year from this day she shall be my wife. Good-bye. You won't need this light, there's nothing to see, and you can think just as well in the dark."

So saying he picked up the lamp, reached into Ellsworth's pocket, took a handkerchief from it, placed it in his own pocket and disappeared.

Ellsworth lay like one stunned until Dick was out of hight; then he tried to realize his situation. Alone and bound in an abandoned part of a mine. He tried to rise, but it was impossible. His case was hopeless enough. He could not change from his painful position, and he hoped that something might happen that would save him from such a horrible fate. He wondered what the fellow wanted of his handkerchief. Then he began to think of his words. And, oh, blessed thought, was it true, could it be, that Margaret loved him? He could scarcely believe it. No pain was too great to bear now. Margaret, his idol, loved him, and with those sweet thoughts he fell asleep, and for many hours he knew no more.

To return to the party. When Ellsworth's absence was discovered they returned and conducted a search for him; then, as they could not find him, decided that he must have left the mine and gone home. The party went on just as merrily as before, for all except Margaret. Although surrounded by a group of admirers, the trip had lost its interest for her and she reached home in a rather unenviable frame of mind.

She believed Ellsworth was still in the mine and would have prolonged the search for him had she dared.

Next morning the little town was in a fever of excitement. The company store, the postoffice, and two hotels had been robbed of their cash, the safes had been blown open and it must have been done while the cars were passing, else some one would have heard the explosion. Ellsworth Crawford was missing. He had left the mine party early the evening before, perhaps thinking he would never be missed. He had not returned home and his bed had not been slept in, and besides all this a handkerchief with his name written in ink in the corner had been found in the postoffice. It was streaked with black from the mine and it was supposed he had carried it the evening before, and it apparently had caught on a nail and was drawn from his pocket without his knowledge. Little did the gossips know that it was placed there with great care to direct suspicion just where it went. Ellsworth was suspected. Detectives were sent for and began to work. Everyone was on tiptoe. Few doubted his guilt. He was almost a stranger and had worked in a nearby mine but a short time. Having come from some far-off place a few months before. Oh, yes, Ellsworth was surely the guilty one. Handsome, reckless, dashing Ellsworth! Some always knew he was a rascal; they could tell that at a glance, as some always can. But poor Margaret. She arose in the morning with an aching heart. Her eyes burned from having passed a sleepless night. How she felt when she heard the news no one ever knew; not a muscle of her face betrayed her feelings. She never lost faith in her lover, never believed him guilty. She went to school, met her pupils with a quiet "Good morning," and the daily exercises commenced. The day dragged itself along slowly, and 3.30 came at last and school was dismissed, but Margaret remained in her room until all the other teachers had gone. She wanted to be alone—she wanted to think. She went home and went to her room, silent and thoughtful, and after a time concluded that Ellsworth was still in the mine somewhere and she would go herself and find him. She had not known him long, but she knew that he was inexpressibly dear to her. There was no danger. She knew the way well, as she had often accompanied her brother when he carried her father's lunch at night, if he happened to work an overshift.

Having secured a suit of her brother's, she donned it and a cap of her father's, with a miner's lamp hooked in the front, and when darkness came, stole out of the house, pressing to her heart a glove of Ellsworth's, which she had picked up unobserved the previous evening while searching for him. Near the gate she saw Brave, a noble dog belonging to her lover. She patted him and caressed him, then went on her mission, the dog following her. As she drew near the mine she grew more cautious and pulled her cap well over her eyes to avoid suspicion. A new thought struck her. She led the way to the cage and induced the dog to follow her; he could help her find his master. She then bade the dog lie down, gave the signal, placed her arms about the animal's neck and in another instant was down the mine. With a wildly beating heart she led Brave to where she could remember of having last seen her lover, gave him the glove and bade him take it to his master. He seemed to understand a once what was wanted, sniffed around a little, then started off, with Margaret grasping him by the collar. On they went over the rough road, she finding much difficulty in restraining the eager animal. While she was tugging at his collar and stumbling along, she saw Dick approaching, almost on a run, his face ashen, his expression fearful to behold, and she shrank aside fearing discovery, but her alarm was needless; he glanced neither to right nor left, but passed by and she was once more alone with her thoughts.

He had been working alone in his chamber that night, when he saw some men pass on their way to the very part of the mine where poor Ellsworth lay. He heard one of them say:

"I leave tomorrow for the south, and now that this beastly lawsuit is settled, I want to show you some of the old workings, here to the left, that I want opened up while I am gone."

Dick's heart stood still. What should he do? Discovery was certain. He stood irresolute, but only for a minute, then started on full speed for the foot of the shaft, carrying a can of oil with him. A diabolical thought crossed his mind and he intended to act upon it instantly. He would burn the breaker, none of them would live to denounce him, even if the crime was discovered. He would be free. He ascended the shaft and soon a bright tongue of flame shot forth and the breaker was doomed, and it seemed that the men in the mine were doomed, too, as the roof had fallen near the slope a short time before, making egress by that way impossible. A large crowd soon collected. Dick joined it, mingling with his friends, who congratulated him upon his escape, while Margaret traveled on, unconscious of her danger.

She thought she had walked for hours; she was so tired. The place grew strange to her, but still she struggled on heroically until she heard a thunderous crash, the dog broke from her grasp and she was almost buried beneath large masses of coal and rock.

When the noise had subsided, she heard some one groan near her, and Brave was howling dismally. She tried to extricate herself, but could not. Her light was extinguished, and her lamp was gone. She heard some one moan as if in pain and listened; now all was silent as the grave. She wondered how long she might be compelled to remain there. Would some one never come? She could not accomplish her purpose now. Was no one near? She would call, and naturally enough she called for the one who was uppermost in her mind.

"Ellsworth, come to me and save me. Oh! Ellsworth!" she cried, raising her voice.

"Is that you, Margaret?" asked a feeble voice that she recognized as Ellsworth's.

"Yes," she cried, gladly. "I am beneath this rock. Where are you."

"I am here, bound hand and foot, and I'll be blessed if I can move an inch," came the feeble answer. 'How came you here?"

"I came to find you, feeling certain you were still in the mine, and I got caught under a fall of roof."

"Did you really care what became of me?" asked Ellsworth.

"Can you doubt it?" was her only answer.

A few more words passed between his wife, if they ever got out of there them and Margaret had promised to be alive, which seemed doubtful.

In a short time, however, they could hear men at work, but they seemed to be far off. The sounds grew plainer, and they thought nearer every moment. Soon they heard a deafening noise; the wall near them opened, and a glorious cheer greeted their ears. Margaret uttered a glad cry and a dozen noble miners were beside her. When she was released she found Ellsworth within a few feet of her, with his faithful dog's head on his breast. He had swooned and a few of the men carried him to the surface, some assisted Margaret, while others went to rescue their fellow workmen. The rest is soon told. Dick fled at hearing of his rival's rescue and he has never been heard of since.

Margaret kept the promise she made in the mine, and she and Ellsworth live a happy married life. Ellsworth says he has learned to carry a lamp when visiting a strange mine, and he believes even then it is best to keep up with the party. All of the men in the mine were saved through the opening made into the adjoining mine.

Woodsmen

Know that in spite of hard work in the clear forest air the blood often becomes impure. The heavy food served in the lumber camps is to a great extent responsible for this condition of the blood, which renders the body an easy prey to many forms of disease. There is no better blood purifier than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures eruptions, pimples, eczema, scrofula, rheumatism, and other diseases caused by an impure condition of the blood. It cures absolutely and altogether by cleansing the blood from the poisons which breed and feed disease.

Accept no substitute for the "Discovery." There is no other medicine "just as good" for the blood.

"I will forever thank you for advising me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Mrs. James Murphy, of Fonda, Pocahontas Co., Iowa. "It has cured me of chronic scrofula of twelve years' standing. I also had chronic diarrhea for twelve years. I am in good health now—better than I ever was in my life, owing to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took several bottles of the 'Discovery' before I stopped."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing 1008 pages, and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper cover, or 31 cents for the book in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF MARS.

If Men Cannot Live There It Is Suggested That Ghosts May.

From Harper's Weekly.

Astronomer Brooks, of Geneva, thinks Mars is inhabitable. Astronomer Holden, of New York, thinks not. Dr. Holden thinks men would freeze in Mars. Dr. Brooks thinks that Dr. Holden's assumptions are not warranted by the facts. But the two astronomers seem to disagree about the facts, for Dr. Brooks, who has seen the Martian canals, says that Dr. Holden disbelieves in them.

But supposing Dr. Holden to be right about the frostiness of Mars, why should not unfreezable creatures live there? Dr. S. D. McConnell in "The Evolution of Immortality" speculates hopefully about the ability of active and progressive human souls to build up for themselves during earthly life a physical fabric, made of indestructible ether, which shall survive the body of flesh and flourish comfortably in frost, flames, or water. These indestructible bodies would be material and fit to express the physical life of rational souls. They seem to be very much such bodies as ghosts and spirits have always been understood and expected to have, but Dr. McConnell makes them seem likelier and more comprehensible by suggesting that they are made of a real substance, and that that substance is the luminiferous ether. He writes in the light of such recent additions to our knowledge of this ether as have come through the experiments of Struve, Helmholtz, Lord Kelvin, Dolbear, Tesla, Rontgen and others, and through the workings of the X-ray and wireless telegraph apparatus.

It dosen't really bear on Dr. Holden's views about Mars being uninhabitable to say that ghosts could live there, for he has not been speculating about ghosts, but creatures like ourselves. But Mars as a place of residence for souls with bodies made of indestructible ether is more interesting than Mars with no one on it at all. Moreover, if rational beings with indestructible bodies which can prevade matter are scientifically conveivable, modified bodies, not necessarily indestructible, but adapted to Mars, are conceiveable also.

INDUSTRIAL JOTTINGS.

Strike Situation Is at a Stand Still, The D. L. & W. Board for Today.

Superintendent M. N. McLaren, of the Allis-Chalmers company, has returned from Chicago, but has had no communication with the strikers nor intimated in any way what the next steps contemplated by the big manufacturers towards their men will be.

In the meantime all is quiet in the local situation. There were no new developments yesterday among either machinists or carbuilders. A delegate from the Dover strikers visited the latter during the day.

Lackawanna Improvements.

The Lackawanna Railroad company is having erected a seven-stall engine house at Owego, N. Y., where a sixty-foot turn-table, water tank, office building and coaling station is also being erected. Similar improvements will be installed at Syracuse next fall.

New passenger stations are in course of erection at Moscow, Cortland and Norwich, and a number of minor improvements are under way at different points along the line.

D., L. & W. Board for Today.

The following is the make-up of the D., L. and W. board for today:

Scranton, July 4, 1901.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3.

Wild Cats, East—8 p. m., E. M. Hallett; 10 p. m., W. J. Mosier.

THURSDAY, JULY 4.

Wild Cats, East—12.30 a. m., J. H. Masters; 10 a. m., G. T. Staples; 2.30 p. m., F. Wall; 6 p. m., M. Staples, with P. Cavanaugh's crew.

Summit.—6 p. m., J. H. Hennigan.

Pushers—8 a. m., F. McDonnell; 10 a. m., O. W. Fitzgerald; 11.30 a. m., Moran; 7.30 p. m., Murphy; 9 p. m., Lamping; 10 p. m., Widener.

Passenger Engines—7 a. m., Gaffney; 7 a. m., P. Singer; 10 a. m., Lattimer; 5.30 p. m., Stanton; 7 p. m., C. McGovern.

Wild Cats, West—10 a. m., Ketchum; 2 p. m., C. Kingsley.

NOTICE.

M. Finnerty and crew will run pick up 9 a. m., July 4, one round trip, in place of W. McAllister and crew.

M. Golden and crew will go to Gouldsboro on No. 12, July 4, and run ice train from there until further notice.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Nixon & Zimmermans production of "The Messenger Boy" will open the regular season at Daly's theatre in New York the second week in September. Ben Teal will direct the final rehearsals. The principals engaged are James T. Powers for the title role, Georgia Caine for "Nora," the female lead, and May Robinson, George Honey, Jobyna Howland, Rachel Booth, Harry Kelly, George De Long, Harold C. Crane, Hattie Waters, Agnes Weyburn, Helen Chichester, Leonora Kium and Agnes Blake.

Klaw & Erlanger will present their elaborate production of Harry B. Smith's new musical comedy, "The Liberty Belles," in New York at the Madison Square theater, September 30. The initial presentation will be made in Philadelphia, September 9. Augusta Close, Edith Barr and Margaret Walker have been added to the cast. Rehearsals will begin the first week in August at the Madison Square theatre under the direction of Ben Teal.

"The Bostonians" open their season at Atlantic City, August 26. This organization will be larger than for several years and will number among its members very prominent artists. Later in the season they will present the new de Koven and Smith opera, "Maid Marian," a sequel to "Robin Hood." Rehearsals of this opera will begin in September and a most elaborate production will be made of it.

Maurice Levi, the musical director of Klaw & Erlanger's Rogers Brothers company, has returned to New York from Mount Clements, where he has been at work on the score of John J. McNally's new vaudeville farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Washington." Mr. Levi says he has written a new number, a companion piece to "The Inocent Maid" and "When Reuben Comes to Town."

The Klaw & Erlanger Opera company with Jerome Sykes will begin rehearsals of "Foxy Quiller" under the direction of Ben Teal, August 19. With two exceptions, the organization remains the same as last season. "Foxy Quiller" will open its coming tour in Utica, September 14th and the 16th begins an engagement at the Star theatre in Buffalo.

John J. McNally, who has just finished the new farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Washington," in which the Klaw & Erlanger Comedy company and The Rogers Brothers appear next season, says that if a man desires a really serious occupation he should go into a dark corner for three months and try to write comic lines for a funny show.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Aime Lachaurne as director of music for Harry B. Smith's new musical comedy, "The Liberty Belles." The scenery will be painted by Ernest Albert and special properties will be provided by Edward Seidel of the Metropolitan Opera house.

Klaw & Erlanger have engaged Robert Taber to play the title role in their London production of "Ben-Hur," to be presented at the Drury Lane theatre, April 8, 1902. Joseph Brooks, representing Klaw & Erlanger, now in London, concluded a contract with Mr. Taber last Monday.

Frank McKee has definitely decided on "The Taming of The Shrew" as the Shakespearian production in which he will present Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett in a special joint starring tour next spring, covering a period of six weeks.

Frank McKee's special company presenting "Janice Meredith" will open its season at Asbury Park, September 28. The name part will be played by Amy Ricard.

Rehearsals of the company to appear in "Ben Hur" next season will begin at the Broadway Theatre August 5, under the direction of Ben Teal.

Andrew Mack in "Tom Moore" will open his season in New London, August 26, coming to the Herald Square theatre in New York August 31.

The Augustin Daly Musical Comedy company in "San Toy" will open its season at the Harlem Opera house September 23.

EXERCISES AT THE MONUMENT

COMMEMORATION OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

They Were Held at the Monument at Wyoming—Speeches by President Benjamin Dorrance, of the Association, Rev. Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL. D., President of Lafayette College, and Judge Alfred Darte—Presentation of Two Cannon to the Association.

At the Wyoming monument, at Wyoming, yesterday morning exercises were held in commemoration of the massacre at that place in 1778, when a band of Indians and Tories swept down on the defenceless little settlement and butchered the gerater part of the inhabitants.

The exercises were held under the direction of the Wyoming Commemorative association, and opened shortly after 10 o'clock by Alexander's band playing the "Star Spangled Banner," the audience rising and uncovering. This was followed by a selection, entitled "Whispering Flowers." Both selections were well rendered and elicited much favorable comment. Rev. H. H. Welles, D. D., asked the invocation, and Joseph B. Lippencott rendered a trombone solo, "The Holy City," in excellent style. Mr. Lippincott was accompanied by the full instrumentation of the band.

The choir of the Wyoming Methodist Episcopal church, under the leadership of Rev. Stephen Jay, sang a patriotic song, which was well received, the singers being loudly applauded. The voices of the choir blend beautifully, and their selection showed careful training on the part of the leader.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Benjamin Dorrance, of Wilkes-Barre, president of the association, delivered a brief address. He said, in part:

While coming to this spot this morning my glance travelled over the Forty Fort cemetery and I saw that other graves were being decorated. I saw flags which had been placed over our soldiers' graves on Decoration day still waving and thought it is a happy condition for us that we have two decoration days and that this is one of them. The only cause we have for regret is the lack of enthusiasm in our children. They should be brought here and should be taught to honor the memories of those who lie buried here, whose memories we today gather here to perpetuate. Unless we perpetuate the memories of the heroes who have helped to make our country glorious in the past we cannot hope to be great in the future. When this era of speculation passes there will be another ebb of the tide and unless we have a strong feeling of patriotism the United States will eventually need an emperor to perpetuate it.

Alexander's band played "The Drummer of the Guard," and the Methodist Episcopal choir led in singing "America," the audience standing.

Rev. Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL. D., president of Lafayette college, was then introduced and delivered the address of the day. Mr. Warfield's address, which was of an historical nature, was entitled, "Our Debt to the Pioneer."

"There is nothing more striking in the study of that department of history which may be called current opinion than the way in which facts take new forms and episodes received different interpretations from those accepted in other times," said Dr. Warfield. "Perhaps I should spend a few moments in justifying the expression which I have just used and in explaining what I mean in speaking of such a department of history as current opinion."

RUSINESS OF HISTORY.

Continuing, the speaker said each age has its own opinions. It is as much the business of history to recoru these things as to record physical facts. Indeed, the history of thought is more important than the history of deeds because the deeds are poor, forceless things.

"Were I to picture to you today a simple tomb of brick built into a hillside on an ordinary American farm you would remain unmoved—but when I speak the name of Washington, memories of Boston, Trenton and Yorktown, of the blood-tracked snow of Valley Forge, of the victorious general, of the sagacious statesman, of the self-denying patriot, bring joy to your heart and tears to your eyes, and that humble tomb stirs you as the vision of the mausoleum of the greatest conqueror is powerles sto do," continued the speaker. "You gather here today around this simple memorial with a reverence which few ever show to the tomb of kings. Men go to gape and stare at the monuments of the mighty dead, but few with the feelings that bring you here.

"This fact, the mere fact of your presence and of mine tells the story of our regard for those who hewed a path for civilization and Christianity through the forest and met here one of the common reverses of the pioneer."

THE PRESENTATION.

Dr. Warfield's address was followed by a selection by the band entitled, "Sweet and Low," after which Judge Alfred Darte, of Wilkes-Barre, presented on behalf of Lieutenant Charles H. Riley post, 567, Grand Army of the Republic of Wyoming, to the Monumental association two 100-pound parrot guns. These guns were mounted during the War of the Rebellion in the casemates of Fort Hancock, at Sandy Hook, N. J., and formed a part of the defences of the southern entrance of the New York harbor. The guns, though obsolete at the present time, look as though they were capable of doing efficient service at the time they were in use. They were dismounted a few years ago and the old fort was partly torn down to make room for the more modern coast defences.

The guns were presented to Lieut. Charles H. Riley post, 567, Grand Army of the Republic of Wyoming, by the government, and with the consent of the ladies of the Monumental association was placed in the association's plot and the transfer to the association was for the purpose of having the guns cared for after the members of the post have passed away. Each gun weighs 9,800 pounds and each is accompanied by ten projectiles of the kind used by the gun.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED.

The following preamble and resolution, as unanimously passed by the post in making the transfer, was also read:

Whereas, Lieutenant Charles H. Reilly post, No. 567, G. A. R., of Wyoming, are the possessors of two 100-pound Parrott rifle guns, each weighing 9,800 pounds, and twenty projectiles, the same having been presented by the United States government, to said post, and,

Whereas, Said guns have by and with the consent of the ladies of the Wyoming Monument association, been placed and mounted upon the Wyoming Monument grounds. Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That Lieutenant Charles H. Reilly post donate the above recited guns and projectiles accompanying them to the ladies of the Wyoming Monument association.

William Rhoads, Commander.
J. J. Shoemaker, Adjutant.

The guns were accepted on behalf of the Monumental association by the president, Mrs. Frear.

The Wyoming choir sang a patriotic song, and the exercises closed with a selection by Alexander's band, entitled "The Heavens Are Telling."

NEW STATIONS OF PRIESTS.

Assignments and Re-assignments Announced bp Bishop Hoban.

More assignments and re-assignments of priests of the Scranton diocese were announced yesterday by Bishop Hoban.

Changes were made as follows: Rev. Father McNally, from Georgetown to Jermyn; Rev. Father Bustin, from Williamsport to the Cathedral; Rev. Father Moore, from Bellevue to Williamsport; Rev. Father Fleming, from South Scranton to Hazleton; Rev. Father Holmes, from Hazleton to Providence; Rev. Thomas O'Malley, from Honesdale to Upper Pittston; Rev. Father Boland, from Towanda to South Scranton; Rev. Father Carmody, from Jermyn to Bellevue.

The new priests were assigned as follows: Rev. Father Leahy, to East End, Wilkes-Barre, for the present; Rev. Father Lynch, to Honesdale; Rev. Father Kelly, to Towanda; Rev. Father Heffron, to Nicholson for the present, and Rev. Stephen O'Boyle, to Wilkes-Barre for the present.

Boucicault Married.

By Exclusive Wire from The Associated Press.

London, July 3.—Dion Boucicault, the actor, and Irene Van Brugh, the actress, were married today at Buxton.

Jangling Nerves.

Are you irritable? Do you sleep badly? Is it hard to concentrate your thoughts? Is your appetite poor? Do you feel tired, restless and despondent? Try Lichty's Celery Nerve Compound. It will do you more good than anything you have ever tried. Sold by Matthews Bros.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Delaware, Lackawanna and Western

In Effect Dec. 2, 1900.

South—Leave Scranton for New York at 1.40, 3.00, 5.50, 8.00 and 10.05 a. m.; 12.55, 3.33 p. m. For Philadelphia at 8.00 and 10.05 a. m.; 12.55 and 3.33 p. m. For Stroudsburg at 6.10 p. m. Milk accommodation at 7.40 p. m. Arrive at Hoboken at 6.30, 7.18, 10.28, 12.08, 3.15, 4.18, 7.19 p. m. Arrive at Philadelphia at 1.00, 3.23, 6.00 and 8.22 p. m. Arrive from New York at 1.10, 6.32 and 10.23 a. m.; 1.00, 1.52, 5.45, 8.45 and 11.30 p. m. From Stroudsburg at 8.05 a. m.

North—Leave Scranton for Buffalo and intermediate stations at 1.15, 6.35 and 9.00 a. m.; 1.55, 5.48 and 11.35 p. m. For Oswego and Syracuse at 6.35 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. For Utica at 1.10 a. m. and 1.55 p. m. For Montrose at 9.00 a. m.; 1.05 and 5.48 p. m. For Nicholson at 4.00 and 6.15 p. m. For Binghamton at 10.20 a. m. Arrive in Scranton from Buffalo at 1.25, 2.55, 5.45 and 10.00 a. m.; 3.30 and 8.00 p. m. From Oswego and Syracuse at 2.55 a. m.; 12.38 and 8.00 p. m. From Utica at 2.55 a. m.; 12.38 and 3.30 p. m. From Nicholson at 7.50 a. m. and 6.00 p. m. From Montrose at 10.00 a. m.; 3.20 and 8.00 p. m.

Bloomsburg Division—Leave Scranton for Northumberland, at 6.45, 10.05 a. m.; 1.55 and 5.50 p. m. For Plymouth at 1.05, 3.40, 8.50 p. m. For Kingston at 8.10 a. m. Arrive at Northumberland at 9.35 a. m.; 1.10, 5.00 and 8.45 p. m. Arrive at Kingston at 8.52 a. m. Arrive at Plymouth at 2.00, 4.32, 9.45 p. m. Arrive in Scranton from Northumberland at 9.42 a. m.; 12.35, 4.50 and 8.45 p. m. From Kingston at 11.00 a. m. From Plymouth at 7.35 a. m.; 3.20 and 5.35 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

South—Leave Scranton at 1.40, 3.00, 5.50, 10.05 a. m., 3.33 and 3.40 p. m.

North—Leave Scranton at 1.15, 6.35 a. m.; 1.55, 5.48 and 11.35 p. m.

Bloomsburg Division—Leave Scranton at 10.05 a. m. and 5.50 p. m.

Lehigh Valley Railroad.

In Effect June 2, 1901.

Trains Leave Scranton:

For Philadelphia and New York via D. & H. R. R., at 6.45 and 9.28 a. m., and 2.18, 4.27 (Black Diamond Express), and 11.59 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 1.58, 8.27 p. m.

For White Haven, Hazleton and principal points in the coal regions, via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 2.18 and 4.27 p. m. For Pottsville, 6.45 a. m., 2.18 p. m.

For Bethlehem, Easton, Reading, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations via D. & H. R. R., 6.45, 9.38 a. m.; 2.18, 4.27 (Black Diamond Express), 11.59 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 9.38 a. m.; 1.58, 8.27 p. m.

For Tunkhannock, Towanda, Elmira, Ithaca, Geneva and principal intermediate stations, via D., L. & W. R. R., 8.08 a. m.; 1.05 and 5.40 p. m.

For Geneva, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Chicago and all points west, via D. & H. R. R., 7.48, 11.55 a. m., 1.28, 3.33 (Black Diamond Express), 7.48, 10.41, 11.59 p. m. Sundays, D. & H. R. R., 11.55, 8.27 p. m.

Pullman parlor and sleeping or Lehigh Valley parlor cars on all trains between Wilkes-Barre and New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Suspension Bridge.

ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gent. Supt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
CHARLES S. LEE, Gen. Pass. Agt., 26 Cortland street, New York.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Div. Pass. Agt., South Bethlehem, Pa.

For tickets and Pullman reservations apply to 309 Lackawanna avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Stations in New York—Foot of Liberty street, N. R., and South Ferry.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JUNE 30, 1901.

Trains leave Scranton for New York, Newark, Elizabeth, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and White Haven, at 8.55 a. m.; express, 1.10; express, 4.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Pittston and Wilkes-Barre, 8.55 a. m.; 1.10 and 4.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Baltimore and Washington and points South and West via Bethlehem, 8.55 a. m., 1.10 and 4.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Long Branch, Ocean Grove, etc., at 8.55 a. m. (through coach) and 1.10 p. m.

For Reading, Lebanon and Harrisburg, via Allentown, 8.55 a. m. and 1.10 p. m. Sundays, 2.15 p. m.

For Pottsville, 8.55 a. m., 1.10 p. m.

For Mountain Park, 8.55 a. m., 1.10 and 4.00 p. m.

Through tickets to all points east, south and west at lowest rates at the station.

C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt.
J. H. OLHAUSEN, Gen. Supt.

New York, Ontario and Western.

Time Table in Effect Sunday, June 23, 1901.

NORTH-BOUND.

Trains.	Leave Scranton.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Cadosia.
No. 1 ...	10.20 a. m.	11.10 a. m.	1.00 p. m.
No. 3 ...	4.00 p. m.	4.41 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
No. 7 ...	6.10 p. m.	Ar. Carbondale..	6.40 p. m.

SOUTH-BOUND.

	Leave Cadosia.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Scranton.
No. 6 ...		7.00 a. m.	7.40 a. m.
No. 4 ...	8.40 a. m.	10.01 a. m.	10.40 a. m.
No. 2 ...	3.15 p. m.	4.00 p. m.	4.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS ONLY, NORTH-BOUND.

	Leave Scranton.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Cadosia.
No. 9 ...	8.30 a. m.	9.10 a. m.	10.45 a. m.
No. 5 ...	7.00 p. m.	Ar. Carbondale..	7.45 p. m.

SOUTH-BOUND.

	Leave Cadosia.	Leave Carbondale.	Arrive Scranton
No. 8 ...		7.00 a. m.	7.40 a. m.
No. 10 ...	4.30 p. m.	6.06 p. m.	6.45 p. m.

Trains Nos. 1, on week days, and 9, on Sundays, make main line connections for New York points.

Trains Nos. 3 and 4 make Walton, Delhi, Hamden and Sidney connections.

For further information consult ticket agents.

J. C. ANDERSON, G. P. A., New York.
J. E. WELSH, T. P. A., Scranton.

Erie Railroad, Wyoming Division.

Trains for Hawley and intermediate points leave Scranton as follows: No. 2, 7.10 a. m.; No. 4, 8.50 a. m.; No. 6, 2.25 p. m.; No. 8, 5.20 p. m. Nos. 6 and 8 are through trains for New York.

Arrivals—No. 1, 8.18 a. m.; No. 3, 10.30 a. m.; No. 5, 3.15 p. m.; No. 7, 9.15 p. m. Trains Nos. 5 and 7 are through trains from New York.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Departures—No. 20, 9 a. m.; No. 22, 2 p. m.
Arrivals—No. 21, 12.15 p. m.; No. 23, 8.15 p. m.

SYRUP OF FIGS

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

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