# The News of Carbondale.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

**Delaware and Hudson Railroad.**

November 24, 1901.

Trains leave Carbondale at city station as follows:

For Scranton and Wilkes-Barre—6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.01, 10.01, 11.21 a. m.; 1.00, 1.45, 2.50, 3.50, 5.00, 7.00, 10.01, 11.00 p. m.

Sunday trains leave at 8.56, 11.21 a. m.; 1.15, 2.10, 5.50, 8.00 p. m.

For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc., 7.00 a. m.; 4.25 p. m. (daily).

For Waymart and Honesdale, 7.00, 11.05 a. m.; 5.51, 6.45 p. m.

Sunday trains leave Waymart and Honesdale at 9.30 a. m.; 4.45 p. m.

Trains arrive at Carbondale from Wilkes-Barre and Scranton as follows: 6.56, 8.25, 9.30, 10.20 a. m.; 12.37, 2.06, 3.13, 4.28, 6.08, 7.01, 8.24, 9.51, 11.57 p. m.; 2.08 a. m.

Sunday trains arrive at 9.27 a. m.; 12.10, 3.13, 4.28, 6.29, 11.30 p. m.

Sunday trains arrive at Carbondale from Waymart and Honesdale at 12.17 and 7.55 p. m.

**New York, Ontario and Western.**

Sept. 17, 1901.

Trains leave Carbondale for Scranton at 7.00 a. m.; 1.00 p. m.

Sunday trains at 7.00 a. m.; 6.06 p. m.

Trains leave Carbondale for points north at 11.10 a. m. On Sunday at 9.10 a. m. Trains leaving at 11.10 a. m., week days and 9.10 a. m. Sundays make connections for New York, Cornwall, etc.

Trains arrive from Scranton at 11.10 a. m., 6.46 p. m.; from points north, 4.00 p. m. Sundays from Scranton at 9.10 a. m. and 7.45 p. m.; from Carbonia at 6.06 p. m.

**Erie Railroad.**

June 23, 1901

Trains leave city station, Carbondale, daily except Sundays at 7.00 a. m. and 4.35 p. m. for Lestoil and Nineveh; at 9.53 a. m., daily, also extra Sunday, to Binghamton, making connections for New York city and Buffalo, and at 6.30 p. m. for Susquehanna, making connections for western points.

Sunday trains at 9.45 a. m. for Susquehanna, with western connections, and 6.27 p. m., with same connections.

Trains arrive at 8.56 a. m. and 5.45 p. m. Sundays at 8.56 a. m.


## SCHLAETTER THE HEALER

### DIVINE WORKER FROM DENVER IN CARBONDALE.

**He Reaches This City Stranded. Seeking to Be Reunited to His Wife to Whom He Wires for Money—Letter Advising Him to Go to Assyria to Regain His Divine Powers—Making for Scranton Where He Desires to Locate as an Osteopathist.**

Francis Schlaetter, the Denver, Col., shoemaker, the man who claims the spirit of Christ is within him and who has attracted a good deal of attention in scores of towns throughout the country by his alleged divine healing, is in Carbondale.

Schlaetter, as he claims himself to be, producing a heap of letters in substantiation of his claim, reached the city yesterday afternoon. He hobbled on crutches to Mayor Kilpatrick's office in the city building, seeking the charity of the city officials. He is stranded, as he puts it, himself, but is resting on the hope that his wife, to whom he prays to be united, will send him money to lift him from the depths of his poverty and hard luck to the height that will cause a return of his powers of healing.

The "divine" Francis is truly shorn of his powers, though he says it is only temporary; that so soon as his wife comes back to him he will have all his old-time influence and power of laying on hands that makes well people of invalids. He is on his way from Blackwell's Island, where he served three months for disorderly conduct or being a public nuisance. On which charge he was detained there, he was not certain, but he knew that his offense was the ringing of doorbells and making noise in and about the apartment house where he and his wife lived in New York city.

Schlaetter reached Carbondale over the Erie, he said, but in describing his route he got Port Jervis and Cornwell-on-the-Hudson, Patterson, N. J., Honesdale and Hawley on a line with one another. In a true spirit of enterprise, he intimated that he would like to talk with a newspaper man. This was soon after he entered the mayor's office. The Tribune man was soon beside him, and it was not until then that he worked up any degree of interest and became communicative.

"In a measure," he said after he opened up, "I've been put out of business. I have just come from Blackwell's Island, where I served three months on some charge. You know what it is I guess; you read of it in the papers; ringing door bells in the apartment house where I lived is what they said I did. Well, I'm out of business and I can't get back my powers until I am re-united to my wife. She is the backbone of the firm. Somehow she doesn't want to come to me until I can provide a fine home for her; a mansion like the three that I have owned before. Before she will come to me, she wants me to go to Acco, Syria, where I am to meet Abdul Behai, the shah, who the Behais call the Tree of Life. Here is the letter, which Mrs. Dixon, our friend sent me," said Schlaetter, as he fished out from a heap of letters a missive that reads:

Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 1900.

My Dear Brother in Christ:

Mr. Francis Schlatter—I have met your sweet wife and had the pleasure and blessing of being with her part of the days past. I told her I would write you as I have longed to do for years and I have her blessings upon it. I read of your beautiful obedience to the teachings of the Master years ago and ever since I thought to know you better, to look upon your face. To know you have been in Washington while I sought and wondered where you have been is almost beyond belief. I know the papers stated you were here but concluded it would never be the holy beloved brother who has helped the world as you have done by the beautiful example of former years shown. I supposed it was only some one claiming to be our obedient brother, because I have heard you were sometimes overcome by drunken and intoxicating drinks. It seemed improbable for you to be other than strong and oh! how I pray God you may overcome in the power of Christ within you to help uplift the world as you have done in the past. I thank you with overflow of my heart and tears for the beautiful Christ-like example you have placed before the world. Nobody has helped men as your life has done except our Savior Jesus Christ and in him you will be conqueror. For there is a glorious channel to reach him in this great day. I am a Behai and your dear wife is too, and if you can only be in the presence of the Holy One in Acca, Syria he will help you and guide you always. He called me by the voice of the holy speech to go to him last year and I took my two daughters for I am a widow. We went to the Holy City of Light, the desire of all believers at present, and went to Palestine and walked upon the shores and blue gable where the sacred feet of the Nazarine trod 1900 years ago. There in that land of the Sema where he was promised to come again (in Acca) lies one in whom the Christ has reached its fullness. Greater, far greater, than the love in you or I. It has lived the life through incarnations and in this day has attained to the full statue of the perfect. He is the greatest branch in the Tree of Life while we are only the leaves. We receive life from him, while he gives live to us and the world for he is the spiritual Sema and as the branch prophesied in Jeremiah 23-5-6, also Saccierano 6-12 verses, I tender part of a letter by M. Mraffie, a holy one from the east; also a picture of our beloved Master in whom the life dwelleth so fully—our spirit head and Keeper. At this grand day of his second coming we stood and knelt in holy presence for eight days and returned with lives so blessed and sanctified for he has been the dawn of our blessing, our way to God, and I long for you to have the same blessing. You have only as a child to receive the great message of the coming of God through Beha and through this one, Abdul Beha (the servant of Beha) and in this spirit you come into the blessing and help which will sustain you as nothing else can.

So many are rejected by him as God's great channel at this time. They are like the Jews 1900 years ago, and are great losers. We are indeed like him for I am Christ as you are, but this one stands higher on the ladder than we do. He draws life from the Tree of Life and gives to us the leaves. We only receive this by acknowledging him as the center of the covenant at this time. He is the door and he who climbeth up some other way is a thief or a robber. I beg of you to ask God about this and in his strength see it most clearly and through this door you will enter and attain that strength to overcome but you cannot so well elsewhere if at all in your great need. I have loved you for years as a dear brother, one so high and near him and I send you this with tender love and sympathies as a loving mother. I long to place my hands upon your blessed head as the Nazarines of old.

Your wife has been with me in meditation and prayer for hours each day and as we talk of our God and of this channel, the greatest branch, Abdul Behi, tears pour down our cheeks. She was so sweetly impressed by the simple and pure lives of the followers of Beha that she longs to see his face and be with us who love him. Oh, if I could be as great as your sweet wife in holy power and obedience. God keep you in the power of his hand and may you never fall again.

This lies with yourself. There are many Behas who drank and were healed as soon as they became followers of Christ. The elder brother and greatest brother in the spirit. This is your help and your fortress. God help you. No one can do this work for you "except ye become as a little child," and follow his way and his message at this time.

From your dearest sister in Christ our Lord. Mrs. E. C. Dixon,
423 Fourth Street,
Washington, D. C.

P. S.—I wish so much you would write him a letter and ask his help as the channel that God has given to you at this time. Ask God to show you and address a letter to him and I will send it for you. Please answer my letter.

After the letter was read and passed around among the interested assemblage in the mayor's office, the man with the power of laying on hands took up the thread of his story. The Tribune man was the center of interest, for he was exceedingly anxious that his story get into the hands of the Associated Press, in order that his wife, to whom he referred as the "madam," would be sure to know of his whereabouts.

"You see, they want me to go to Assyria," he went on, "but I can't do that. They think that I will receive the great message and will change my life."

Respecting this change of life, Schlaetter makes no denial of the fact that he could stand a good deal of reforming. His appearance and his somewhat incoherent talk also spoke this fact.

"I can't do this, go to Assyria," explained Francis, "My stay on Blackwell's Island made me go to certain extremities in order to reach here. You know what extremities are, don't you?"

"I heard of such things," suggested the newspaper man.

"Well, I have experienced some of them," he said. "But all I need now is a little lift; something to get me out of where I am; then I will be all right. If I could get my wife a mansion, like those she had before, then she would come back to me and the spirit would return."

"Who is your wife?" he was asked.

"She was Miss Comar, of Chicago. She used to lecture in the Masonic temple every day at 12 o'clock."

"What did she lecture on?" was the next question.

"I don't know," he said. "She was an inspirational lecturer."

"She's not a Theosophist, is she?"

"No, I don't think so. She's a Behais, whatever that is; something about that the Shah of Persia is the head of," was his answer.

"The reason," Schlaetter continued, "that I'm so anxious for my wife, the madam, to join me, is that she is the backbone of the firm. She does the lecturing, while I do the healing."

"Well, haven't you the power to do your healing without her?" he was asked.

"Of course I am," he exclaimed, "but I am worrying so much about being separated from her that I can't concentrate my mind long enough to make my power felt. If she was with me, my mind would not be troubled, and the spirit would not be impeded by this worldly interference. My remorse, my regret for what I've done, keeps me troubled, but if we're reunited this would pass away."

"I can heal through objects," Schlaetter said, when he was asked to explain more about his powers. "See this handkerchief?" he asked, as he pulled a silk one from his pocket. "I could get a thousand dollars for that, if I sent it to Chicago? To whom? To Charles D. Lorson, I think he is called. I healed him once, and if he was ever sick and used this it would heal him or whoever used it."

"Why don't you send it and get the thousand, which would be the lift you are looking for. You wouldn't have to get money from your wife," was suggested.

"Yes, but I'm not inspired to send it. I do everything by inspiration," was his explanation.

**To Locate in Scranton.**

"I'm guided by a spirit," he went on. "I'm here because the spirit led me. I don't know why I'm here, but it's for some purpose, I know. I'm on my way to Scranton. I think if I could get there I would open osteopathic parlors."

"Are you an osteopathist, too? And where did you learn osteopathy?" was asked of him.

"Yes, sir, I am," he answered with a little spirit of pride. "I learned the science in Quincy, Illinois."

When asked how he came into the power of healing, and something of his life, the celebrated Francis said he was a native of Alsace, France. The power first manifested itself in his Alsatian home, when he was 12 years old. His mother was afflicted with neuralgia, which could be relieved by rubbing the painful arm. One day he simply laid his hands on his mother, and she was cured. From that time, his healing commenced. It is the faith that one has that works the cure, the same as one having faith in making pilgrimages to shrines.

He made the startling statement that he is like Christ was when he was on earth. He is simply the instrument of the Lord, carrying out His ideas.

"You know," he said, "every man has his prototype, though you may not have met yours. St. John, they say, had the spirit of Christ. Christ did not die, for he arose from the dead. His spirit still lives in some man. His spirit lived in Buddha in Mohammed, and now it lives in me. I am Christ in the flesh," was the next statement that staggered his hearers.

Schlaetter spoke of his meeting with great newspaper men and how he nonplussed them. He named among others William Penn Nixon, Henry W. Grady and Henry Campbell.

"I made it rain on Henry Campbell one day," he said, "and he got soaked before he reached the New York Journal office, though he never knew I caused the shower. I'm inspired to act that way sometimes."

During the talk, Schlaetter sent a telegram to his wife in Washington, informing her that he was stranded and requesting her to send him some money by wire. He received no reply from her, though a second telegram assured him that his first one had been received by her.

Schlaetter looks somewhat seedy just now. His long hair is gone and his long beard also. "The Irish jailers on Blackwell's Island deprived me of both," he said. "That's one of the reasons my wife is away from me. She thinks that I haven't all my power with my hair removed."

He goes about by the aid of crutches, one foot being badly bruised by a fall. He would heal himself, but he has not been inspired to do so. He admitted it was "quite savage" to be reduced to his present condition, but that all he needed was a lift to put him on the road to success. His face is narrow and long, and he has a nose of more than ordinary length. He has a high, but somewhat sloping forehead, and with a heavy beard he would take on somewhat of a patriarchal look.

When asked about it, Schlaetter claimed he had never been in Scranton, and that the healer who was there a few years ago must have been Schroeder. He was the original Schlaetter, he affirmed, the shoemaker from Denver.

He spent last night in the city jail on hard boards for his bed. His condition, he said, forced him to put up with such hospitality until he received aid from his wife. During the afternoon he was about the town, visiting saloons in his efforts to sell lead pencils. On numerous occasions, he got into religious arguments and had no hesitation about speaking his opinion of his opponents.


## FAIR CLOSED.

**Master Alfred Horswell, of Jermyn, Scored a Hit at Mitchell Fair Last Night—The Fair to Close Tonight.**

Master Alfred Horswell, of Jermyn, scored a hit last evening at the Mitchell fair with solos on the cornet and vocal solos.

The lad, who is only 9 years old, played the cornet with the skill of a veteran and had to respond to an encore. Later on the programme he sang a comic song and captured the house. He responded with another song and was again loudly applauded and encored. Miss Myra Hill very capably accompanied him on the piano.

The Mozart orchestra opened the programme with a selection, and Master Horswell was next, with a cornet solo. Miss Hazel Maxwell and Miss Sarah Griffiths, of this city, sang a coon duet in a clever manner and, on being encored, gave a delightful cake-walk. The two young ladies possess splendid talent in this line and were greatly appreciated by the crowd. The floor was then cleared for dancing. Last night's crowd was large, the five companies from Priceburg and Olyphant, in their neat suits of blue, swelling the crowd. The door price last night was a parlor lamp. Tonight the fair will be brought to a close. The entertainment will be furnished by the famous Molineux quartette, of Wilkes-Barre. This quartette is a splendid one and without doubt the largest crowd of the week will listen to them. The Mitchell company have entertained several companies this week, and none of them were of finer appearance than the Archbald company, which were their guests on Wednesday night. This company was pictured by the North American while the firemen's tournament was being held there. The Archbald boys will, in a short time, conduct a fair in their town, and will probably entertain the Mitchell company and also the many friends they made here on the occasion of their visit.

**A Birthday Party.**

A birthday party was tendered Miss Loretta Brennan at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Brennan, on South Main street, Thursday evening. Games were enjoyed and refreshments served at a seasonable hour. Those present were: Misses Susie Hoffman, Anna Cannon, Stella Farrell, Lily and May Anderson, Lucy Duggan, Maggie Goodwin, Annie Hughes, Emma and Blanche Moran, Katie Judge, Maggie Kearns, Grace Cannon, Madeline Larkin, Beatrice Smeadley, May Dawson, Minnie Dawson, Genevieve and Lillian Brennan, Mary Coughlin, and Masters David and John Connaughton, Albert Dawson, Joseph Kearns, Fred Bailey, Harry Duggan, Charles Booth, Robert Anderson, Hubert Brennan, Willard Dawson, Raymond Larkin.

**Men's Meeting.**

Deacon Nicholas Moon will be the leader of the men's meeting at the Berean Baptist church on Sunday morning at 9.45. Those especially interested in this feature of the church work are hopeful that this being Christmas Sunday, all who have thus far not attended any of the meetings may make a special effort to be present.

**Cured of Piles Where Knife Failed.**

Amos Crocker, of Worcester, writes: "After going through a frightful surgical operation and after trying any number of salves and ointments, one 50c. box of Pyramid Pile Cure gave speedy relief and it quickly cured me." All druggists sell it. Little book, "Piles, Causes and Cure" mailed free. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.


**Medical Society Entertained.**

Fourteen doctors, members of the Carbondale Medical society, were entertained Thursday night as the guests of Dr. W. W. Fletcher. The evening proved a most enjoyable one. Papers were read by Doctors Graves, Gillis and Malaun, and Dr. Wheeler gave an interesting exhibition of a case of dissection, which was followed by a general discussion. The society then adjourned to the Imperial dining parlors, where a luncheon was served. The next meeting will be held in the parlors of Dr. Meaker. Dr. Whelan, of Scranton, will speak on "Non-Operative Treatment of Appendicitis," in the discussion of which he has taken a leading place among the doctors in this vicinity.

## TIMELY TOPICS.

"You can safely say," said a merchant yesterday, "that the street car strike has paralyzed the holiday business in Carbondale this year. The effect is surprising; it's astonishing. One would never credit the patronage the outside places give Carbondale. But it has been proven this last week in the most convincing manner that the neighboring places are a mighty big factor in Carbondale's trade. You can see evidence of it every night. Just look along the street now," as he walked as far as the store door and glanced up and down Main street. "You don't see anybody, do you?" he asked, with a satisfied air.

"Why, there's no Christmas buying at all, to speak of. Where are the crowds that we saw other seasons? Where are the hurrying throngs, loaded with packages? Where are the crowded street cars, filled with passengers, weighted down with Christmas purchases? You don't see them, and you don't even see the cars. We are keeping open nights, but we're doing no business. We expected a big trade, but we're going to be disappointed. This is one of the disappointments of business life. But we'll survive it, I guess. There's a wise purpose underlying these things," he concluded philosophically, "and it will mean, perhaps, that the spring trade will be so much better. Nothing like being hopeful and courageous."

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The hotel registers of the town indicate that traveling salesmen are perforce making the Christmas holidays a season of rest. Few drummers are coming to the town and those who do are making no effort to sell goods.

"If you want to make enemies of your customers," said a drummer yesterday, "all that is necessary to do so is to try to sell them goods these days. Our firms send us out simply to let our customers know we are in the business. But we can't sell anything, and what is of prime importance, we don't try to. By Saturday you won't see one of us here and, except your local salesmen, not a traveling man is likely to show up here until after New Years, unless it be some one who is on his way home."

At the hotels, the clerks say that this is really the only time of the year they have a holiday to enjoy. From now until after the new year, they expect no travelers, except those who run up from Scranton to look after the immediate wants of the trade.

## ANENT THE TOBACCO HABIT.

**Rev. F. Ehinger Continues His Discussion of Miss Lloyd's Subject.**

The practical side of the discussion of the tobacco habit, precipitated by Miss Elizabeth Lloyd in her presentation of this subject at the teachers' institute, I must lay over until after the merry Christmas celebrations now at hand.

Last year I was presented with a meerschaum pipe, and this year I have to defend it. This would not have happened if I had never seen Carbondale. "Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!"

After Christmas, I will defend the "cup" with facts, which are said to be stubborn things. Then after closing the subject, it will stand as it always did. The facts will bring forth strong witnesses against Miss Lloyd. Bluecher and Bismarck—the "Iron Chancellor" and "Unser Fritz"—Faber and Thiersh, men of universal renown; Louis Harms, of the Tonawanda pastoral conference; the Daughters of Ann, scattered all over the east and west; the Indian squaw; the smoking compartments of prission institutes; Father Heizer, the great missionary in India, and others, will give this testimony. Louis Harms and Bismarck will show whether Miss Lloyd is right in her statement about men becoming smaller in stature an inch by reason of the tobacco habit.

And now, to all smokers and non-smokers, the merriest Christmas they ever had, in spite of this innocent war.

(Rev.) F. J. C. Ehinger.

## BEREAN BAPTIST CHURCH.

The Christmas music at this church will be especially attractive, as shown by the following programme for the morning service:

Hymn—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing" ..... Charles Wesley
Choir and Congregation.
Invocation.
Anthem—"Blessed Is He That Cometh" ..... Danks
Choir.
Responsive Reading—"The Nativity."
Pastor and Congregation.
Anthem—"The Angel's Message." Herbert
Choir.
Announcements, Offerings, Etc.
Prayer, Rev. W. B. Grow.
Solo—"The Gift."
Mrs. H. J. Whalen.
Sermon.
Anthem—"Brightest and Best." Dudley Buck
Choir.
Hymn—"Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come" ..... Isaac Watts
Choir and Congregation.
Benediction.
Greetings.

The evening service will be equally attractive in the musical features and the pastor will preach the third sermon in the series upon "Ancient Types of Modern Men."

## JERMYN AND MAYFIELD.

A special meeting of the Jermyn borough council was held last evening, all members being present with the exception of Councilman Dunn of the First ward. The meeting was called for the purpose of receiving bids for lighting the borough on a five years' contract. Quite a number of citizens and taxpayers were present and watched the proceedings with considerable interest. After the bids were opened it was found that the Meriden Hydro Carbon Arc Light company were the lowest bidders, but a number of taxpayers present protested against the contract being awarded to that company as they considered the principal of their light was of the nature of an experiment. The bids were as follows: Meriden Hydro Carbon Light company, 21 arc lights, 1,800 candle power, $56 per lamp per year.

Jermyn Electric Light company, $5.84 per lamp per month, or $70 a year.

People's Electric Light company, $6 per month per light or $72 per year.

Frank Hemelright, $5.48 per light per month.

There was a difference of opinion among the councilmen as to whether Mr. Hemelright's bid could be considered and it was eventually decided to lay the matter over until the next regular meeting and in the meantime obtain the advice of the borough's attorney in the matter.

An entertainment will be conducted under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society of the St. James' Episcopal church on Monday evening next. Considerable preparations are being made under the directorship of Mrs. Day and Miss Myra Hills, to make the affair a grand success and the children under their charge and are daily rehearing the various parts in which they participate. The entertainment will be opened with a comic opera. The story is of an election bet between an English lord and two millionaires. The one that loses the bet becomes a tramp for a period of two months, and this lot will eventually fall to the lot of the two millionaires, who wander into a distant country, thence to a quaker farm. At their arrival upon this farm they are introduced to and greeted by a band of Quakers, who collectively enter into a chorus and dance. At this juncture one of the participants who characterizes himself as Jack Hearty is here introduced. After a welcome greeting he announces to his friends and comrades there assembled his intention of enlisting in the United States Navy, after which a farewell greeting will take place. Then the farm is brightened by the arrival of a band of milk maids who participate in three choruses. When the period of two months will have elapsed, the millionaires communicate with their country friends at their home on the Hudson, where, after all their wandering they finally and eventually meet Jack Hearty's band of sailors, who have in the meantime returned from active services at war. They are then introduced to a band of colonial dames who pride their ancestors above all else, who repairs them to their banquet hall on the Hudson where a social function will be in session. At their arrival of the banquet hall they incidentally meet up with a colored butler who derides the millionaires of the fact of them losing the bet, and who escorts them to the banquet. The opera ends with a grand chorus entitled. "Old Glory" and the "Goddess of Liberty."

Besides the opera an excellent programme has been arranged through the untiring and increasing efforts of the promoters. It is as follows: Recitation, Miss Alice Jones; cornet solo, Master Alfred Horsewell; vocal solo, Master Alfred Horsewell; vocal solo, Charles Meehan; recitations, Misses Veva Whitmore, Bessie Jones, George Lane, Violet Lane. Admission, 35, and 25 cents.

Frank Forbes, a young Mayfield resident, whose illness for the past few weeks has been frequently attended to, died at 10 o'clock Thursday night. Deceased was born in Carbondale 26 years ago and for the past 17 years has resided with his parents at Mayfield. He was highly esteemed in the community and beloved by his friends. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Forbes, two brothers, John and William, and a sister, Katie. The funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2.30 o'clock at Sacred Heart church. Interment will be made in Calvary cemetery, Mayfield. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which deceased was a member, will attend in a body.

The borough schools closed yesterday for two weeks. At the close of the exercises the pupils of Professor Barrett, Miss Katie Mullen and Miss Gertie Vail were each given a package of candy and an orange, while Miss Grace Vail gave each of her pupils a carnation.

The following interesting programme was given by the pupils of the Jermyn public schools yesterday: Song, "Star Spangled Banner;" declamation, "Christmas Time," Willie Gilbert; recitation, Burness Long; essay, "John Howard," Nellie Evans; declamation, "A Christmas Letter," George Hill; recitation, "The Lining of the Gloves," Lucy Vail; essay, "History of D. & H. Mines of Jermyn," Lillian McCrone; declamation, "Happy Bells," Earl Tompkins; recitation, "Beneath the Mistletoe," Jennie McCrone; recitation, "Merry Christmas," Marporie Mumford; declamation, "September Gail," Harold Davis; recitation, "No Stockings," Ida Baker; essay, "Why We Celebrate Christmas," Walker Taylor; declamation, "On Christmas," Willie Phillips; recitation, "One Hoss Shay," Bula Sprague; recitation, "The Visit of St. Nicholas," Alice O'Brien; essay, "Lackawanna County," Maggie Marsh; recitation, "Song of Christmas," Seth Sprague; ——, Winifred Shaffer; essay, "My Visit to the Pan-American," George Gebhardt.

## PECKVILLE.

There will be a meeting of the Peckville typo club held at Peck's office this evening. All members are requested to be present.

The Wilson Fire company fair committee will meet at the hose house Monday evening next.

Mr. John E. Williams has announced his candidacy for the office of the third ward school director.

Mr. Robert Moon and Howard Brundage, students at Dickinson Law school at Carlisle, are home for the holidays.

All members of Waranipa tribe, No. 211, Improved Order of Red Men, are requested to be present at the regular meeting this evening, as business of great importance is to come before the tribe.

At the home of Mrs. J. C. Craig, on Main street, a large company assembled last Thursday evening at 8.30 o'clock to witness the marriage of her son, Robert E. Craig, to Miss Luella C. Best, Rev. J. S. Thomas officiated. The bride was attired in a dress of pearl gray, trimmed with applique lace, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Mr. Ray Craig acted as best man and Miss Bessie Craig as bridesmaid. The parlor where the ceremony was performed was beautifully decorated with evergreen and potted plants. After the ceremony, the guests were served with delightful refreshments. The bride and groom were the recipients of many valuable and useful presents. After a brief wedding tour they will make their home in Peckville. Their many friends wish them a bon voyage.

At the home of the groom's parents, under a beautiful arch of evergreen, at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Thomas Carr and Miss Ida M. Hugh were united in marriage by Rev. J. S. Thomas. They were attended by George Farrestein and Mrs. Emma Lancaster. After the ceremony, the company sat down to a bountiful supper. The bride and groom will make their home at the Ridge, and their many friends wish them a happy and prosperous married life.

## OLYPHANT

A serious cave-in occurred on the property of Thomas Kennedy, on Church street, near the boil ground, at 1.30 o'clock yesterday morning. The settling of the earth was accompanied by a loud noise and great excitement prevailed in that vicinity for a time. Had the cave extended a few feet further, Mr. Kennedy's residence would undoubtedly have fallen into the hole. As it is, half of the house hangs over the cave.

Superintendent Sarge was immediately notified of the happening and, together with Foreman Pritchard and Fire Boss Thomas, made a hasty examination of the surroundings. A peculiar feature of the cave is that it is almost perfectly circular in shape, extending thirty-one feet across in all directions, and is thirty-six feet in depth. Foreman Bell said it was impossible to locate the fall on the inside, it having occurred in what is known as the "Fourteen Foot" vein, in an abandoned working of the Eddy Creek mine. Superintendent C. C. Ross and Jeremiah Atherton were on the scene early yesterday morning and gave directions to have the hole filled at once. Twelve teams were engaged all day in hauling ashes. During the day the earth continued to settle, and last night had gone down an additional ten feet. The family of Mr. Kennedy, fearing disastrous results, have vacated the house.

Miss Maime Sarge has returned from a visit to New York.

Rev. W. R. Griffiths, of Denver, Col., will occupy the pulpit in the Congregational church tomorrow morning and evening.

Special Christmas music will be rendered in the Blakely Baptist church tomorrow morning by the choir, under the leadership of Z. D. Edwards, the elocutionist. A Christmas sermon will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Spencer, the pastor. All are cordially invited.

The Christmas exercises in the Columbine school at Blakely, yesterday afternoon, by the pupils, was enjoyed by a large number of people.

An interesting programme was rendered by the little ones at the kindergarten, on Water street, yesterday morning. Many parents and friends attended the exercises.

Misses Annie Patten and Elizabeth Waring have returned home from Bloomsburg for the holidays.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Peters, of Blakely, is ill with scarlet fever.

Hugh Ruddy, a student at Holy Cross college, returned home yesterday to spend his Christmas vacation.

P. F. O'Malley, Jesse Downey and Henry E. Jones are home from the University of Pennsylvania, to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Dora Kasik, of Green Ridge, visited friends in Blakely.

The public schools closed yesterday for two weeks.

## CLARK'S GREEN.

William Beiler, of Benton township, left here on Wednesday afternoon, with Miss Ruth Mead, for Binghamton, and reported a happy wedded pair. On Friday morning they left there, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Mead, parents of the bride, for Nicholson, where they visited their relatives, returning home on Saturday afternoon.

The school entertainment given last night was well attended, despite other entertainments in neighboring vicinities. Much credit is due Prof. James Tucker and his efficient corps of assistants.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Risley's daughter, Marion, is seriously sick with typhoid fever.

Wallace Cook, of Binghamton, is visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Chapman attended the entertainment given at Waverly Hall right by the Jubilee Singers.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Coon will spend Christmas with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Decker.

The Methodist Sunday school will observe Christmas on Tuesday evening, with appropriate services.

The marriage of the youngest daughter of our townsman, Mr. Pollard Carter Cover, took place at the parsonage in Waverly Wednesday at noon. Her pastor, Rev. M. S. Grabeal, officiated in a very pretty ceremony, after which the newly-wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellsworth, then took passage on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train, en route for their home, which was in complete readiness for them. They were accompanied by Miss Clara Cover, the only single sister, who remained with them several days.

Mrs. Edward Linton entertained the following ladies on Thursday last at dinner: Mrs. B. J. Evans, Miss M. H. Evans, Mrs. B. E. Whitelock, Mrs. A. D. Robinson, Mrs. W. S. Tracy, Mrs. W. H. Swallow, Mrs. N. S. Davis and Miss Nellie Pellender.

Mr. J. C. Higgins and Miss Lillie Ribble visited friends in Green Ridge over Sunday last.


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