

The News of Carbondale.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Delaware and Hudson Railroad.

Trains leave Carbondale for City station as follows: For Scranton and Wilkes-Barre—6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 p. m. Sunday trains leave at 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 p. m. For Albany, Saratoga, Montreal, Boston, New England points, etc.—7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 p. m. (daily).

Victim of Fast Running.

Almost a Tragedy of the Trolley on Belmont Street.

Little Carl English, the 6-year-old grandson of Nathan English, of Belmont street, is the first victim of the fast running of trolley cars through the streets of Carbondale. While coasting down Drummond avenue, which runs at right angle to Belmont street, he was struck by a car, and his clothing catching on to a part of the car, he was dragged along for about 100 feet before the motorman realized what was happening and brought the conveyance to a standstill.

Visiting Copper Mine Owner.

J. T. Donahoe, a copper mine owner from Salt Lake city, was at the Harrison house over yesterday. He is on his way to Susquehanna to make a short visit among relatives in that town.

Jordan's Case Hopeless.

The opinion of Emergency hospital is that Martin Jordan, who was shot by Patrick McNulty, is in a hopeless condition.

Opinion of the Victim of Patrick McNulty, of the West Side.

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Jermyn and Mayfield.

Mrs. Mary Burdick, an aged resident of the East Side, died at 10 o'clock on Friday night after a week's illness. Deceased was born in Ireland nearly eighty years ago, and has been a resident of Jermyn over thirty years. She is survived by one son, Patrick and three daughters, Mrs. Moehan and Mrs. Casey, of the East Side, and Mrs. Casey, of the South Side, Carbondale.

Levi's Horse Causes Stir.

The following item from the Forest City News tells of what a figure one of Levi Newton's trotters is cutting up in the county.

Loyal Hurd a Patient.

Loyal Hurd, of Canaan street, was admitted to the hospital yesterday for surgical treatment. A short time ago, he fell and injured his leg. He has been troubled recently by the injury the bone showing signs of disease, and he will undergo an operation for relief.

Many Carbondalians to Hear Sousa.

Herbert F. Clark, druggist, at Carbondale, is selling a large number of seats for the Sousa concert to be given at the new armory at Scranton next Tuesday, and may avail themselves of the chance to hear this delightful band at popular prices.

Meetings of Tonight.

Common council, 7:30. Odd Fellows, 7:30. Patriotic Order Sons of America, 7:30. Carbondale council, Knights of Columbus, 7:30.

Lenten Organ Recitals.

A series of organ recitals, to be given in Trinity church during the Lenten season, is being arranged for by Rev. J. H. Sawyer, the rector. It will be similar to the series of last year, and, as then, the leading organists hereabouts will give numbers.

The A. P. F. Dance.

Tomorrow night, the A. P. F. quartette will conduct its subscription dance in Burke's hall. The hall will be well decorated and the Mozart orchestra will provide dance music. The affair will be quite a social event.

Improving.

Mrs. Michael Kelly, of South Main street, who has been quite ill, is somewhat improving.

The Passing Through.

Miss Mary Kelly, of Honesdale, is the guest of Carbondale friends. Attorney H. W. Mulholland, of Scranton, spent yesterday in Carbondale.

Sore Neck.

Take Scott's Emulsion for scrofula. Children often have sores on the neck that won't heal up. The sores may come and go. Parents may not know what's the matter nor what to do.

Was Operated On.

Marcus Duffy, of Scranton, underwent a surgical operation for kidney trouble at the Scranton Private hospital Saturday. The operation was Dr. R. H. Gibbons. Yesterday Mr. Duffy was quite comfortable and the indications are that he will have a good recovery.

Campbell Ditchburn's Funeral.

The funeral of the late Campbell Ditchburn will be held today. Interment will be made in Scranton, his former home. Services will be conducted at his late home on Canaan street at 12:15, and will be conducted by Rev. Charles Lee, of the First Methodist church.

ROBBIN BOY INJURED.

John Newfrack's Hand Cut While at Work in Silk Mill. John Newfrack, a hobbin boy in the silk mill, met with a disaster while attending to his duties on Saturday. Sustaining an injury that will keep him from work for quite a number of days.

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OLYPHANT

A supper will be served by the Women's Guild of St. George's mission, in the Edwards building in Blakely tomorrow evening, from 6 to 9 o'clock.

TAYLOR.

Superintendent and Mrs. Paul Clements retained a number of friends at their home on Monday evening.

WEDDED IN SCHENECTADY.

Miss Anna McGill and Dennis Doyle married in York State town.

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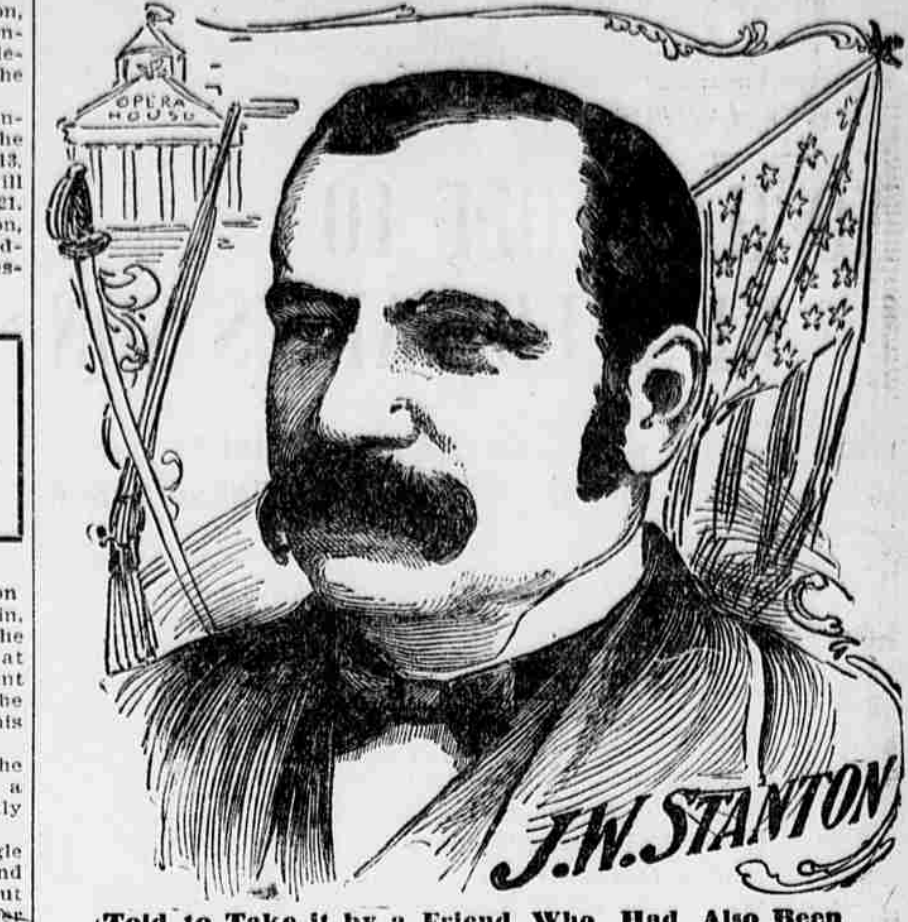
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Rheumatism Cured

Says J. W. Stanton of Canastota, N. Y., by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.



(Told to Take it by a Friend Who Had Also Been Cured by its Use.)

A certain and positive cure for Rheumatism was never known until Dr. David Kennedy, of Canastota, N. Y., discovered and used in his large private practice the remedy now widely known as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Hundreds of the worst cases have been cured that have baffled the skill and methods of other physicians. Over no single complaint in the long catalogue of ills for which it is a specific has this celebrated medicine won more victories than Rheumatism.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by druggists at one dollar a bottle, or six bottles for five dollars—less than one cent a dose.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S CHERRY BALSAM BEST FOR COLDS, COUGHS, CONSUMPTION, 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

that the moonshiners trust no one. You will help me, sweetheart? He asked as he drew her to her feet. "But how?" asked Mary. "Get my horse, Mary! It is down at the forks." "To fer," answered the girl; but reckon my mare'd do. "Just the thing, Mary, but where is she?" "Right here, come." "After much scrambling they were upon comparatively level ground. A rough road skirted the side of the mountain. Below it a shallow stream slowly moved, with dark ferns and snow-dendrons on its banks. "I can't stay here, Mary," said the man looking about; "it's too open." "Look," and the girl spreading her arms wide parted a clump of laurel. Into this greenery the sheriff crawled. "Well, kem back agin, Ben," mournfully asked the girl as she leaned against her mare. "Of course," answered the man, and asked as he tightened the girth: "What's become of your old lover, Mary?" Tom was his name, wasn't it? "Then no waiting for a reply, he added: "I suppose if I'd not come along you'd have been married to him long ago, eh, girl?" He raised her chin and looked into her eyes as he asked the question. "But you-uns kems, I niver kin now—Ben—lem me go long of you-uns, Ben, the mare kin tote two." "No, child, what could I do with you down in the city? No, no," he said, more emphatically. "You'd be better off with Tom." "But—Ben, I had to love you-uns, tell you-uns kem I loved I loved Tom, but now—oh, Ben!" she pressed his face between her hands, her eyes dim with emotion. "From above came the angry hiss of an owl. The girl, recognizing it as a signal of the moonshiners, sprang the stirrup and exclaimed: "Quick, quick!" The sheriff swung himself to the saddle just as two men can down the slope. He dug his heels into the mare, but the girl clung to the stirrup and to his leg as she implored: "Tek me, Ben! They'll kill me! Oh, tek me!" "As he put his arms about the pretty blue-eyed girl she sighed happily. With her hands on his shoulders she again exclaimed: "How'd ye kem here, Ben?" "I fell through that hole," pointing upward, "and the men must have thought me a sheriff." He laughed as he glanced at the girl to note the effect of his words. "You saw what they did to me. What have you in your pail, Mary?" His throat quivered, he asked: "How can I get out of this?" "But ye ain't no sheriff, Ben?" asked the girl apprehensively. "No, Mary. Have you forgotten me?" "Forgotten ye, Ben?" she asked lovingly at him and nestled to him. "But, Mary," said he, "I must get on." "Come, then," sadly said the girl, as she took his hand and led him from the dim cave through the low entrance. Before them precipitous banks rose grimly. The girl, still leading, turned into a narrow trail ascending the seemingly unscalable cliff. Entering a vine covered, shallow cave on the way, they rested. The girl asked: "Ain't ye agin agin, Ben, and ye hev only jes' the same? Then with a sigh she asked: "What mas' I do fer ye?" She passed her fingers softly over his palm as she sat beside him, but the man was impatient of delay and found it hard to be gentle with her. He slowly twisted one of her curls as he answered: "I must tell you all about it, Mary. I came to see you, and taking a short nap, burying, not seeing that hole, I slipped into it, and although, as you know, I am neither a sheriff nor a spy—he rose and peered through the vines as he spoke—"still, of course, I know what the men were at, and also