

The News of Carbondale.

OUR PETS TAKE TWO FROM SCRANTON LADS

They Trim Johnnie Gordon's Youngsters in Both Games, Thereby Cinching the Hold They Have in the Crank's Favor—12-3 Morning; 6-4 Afternoon—Crescents Good Batting and Fleming's Fine Pitching.

"It's not the same team we had when we done the Crescents up a few weeks ago," said Johnnie Gordon, of Scranton, as he looked about third base, while his team was practicing on Duffy's field yesterday morning.

It might be said now that Johnnie and his youngsters in purple stockings have some home, that the team he took back with him was neither the same that accidentally defeated the Crescents a few weeks ago, nor the same that he brought up Carbondale way on the glorious Fourth, for it went back crestfallen and home-sick, having behind the scalps of two victories that hung on the Crescents' belts, and taking away nothing but pleasant thoughts of the hospitality of Carbondale.

"Our pets" did nobly. They knocked Johnnie Gordon's youngsters, the scrappy youngsters from Scranton flats, Silver Hill, Minooka and the Notch, higher than Gilroy's kite. They won in the morning and they won in the afternoon and they could win in the night, only we haven't got at Lawson's portable electric light business to light up Duffy's field. Sir Richard Fleming has no further reason to bury himself in Archibald's bonnet; he wants to move up to Carbondale; the pitcher and ball player that he is belongs in this atmosphere.

And "Owney" McAndrew, "our Owney," if he continues to win games, as he has, we shall have to buy him a castle on the lakes of Killarney. And the hard-hitting, merciless slugger of "our pets" What shall we say of them? But what's the use in trying. In the words of our friend, "Chuck" Connors, we are all in. We confess that our ambitious pen falls us in our purpose. With the multitude, we keep aloof and exclaim with them: "By the gods! But ye are great!"

Honesdale, dear Honesdale! "I would do your heart good to see the national game as 'our pets' plays it. But don't be alarmed. You are not doomed to disappointment. On the contrary, there's a treat in store for you. 'Our pets' will be over Honesdale way on the 12th. Then, well then you shall see, and your eyes shall be opened.

The first game, not so interesting, was won by the score of 1-3. "Aren't it?" In the afternoon the game was a corker, 6-4; one of the best of the season.

The morning game could not be said to be interesting; it was from the Crescents' standpoint, inasmuch as it gave them splendid opportunities for fattening their batting averages, and incidentally "our pets' loyal supporters were given abundant chances to make Fourth of July hurrahs over the good work of Carbondale sporting pride.

When you say the Crescents put on their batting clothes, you're through with the story of the game. Good fielding? Yes, all that there was to be done, which was not a great deal. Fleming, of Archibald, a White Oak man by birth, but a Carbondale ball player at heart, was in as fine a mood as "Squire" Gilden, when he deals out his solemn-like justice and he pitched a game that was the most radical base-ball crank's fancy. It must have been an accident that Fleming-Fleming of the White Oak borough—was born in Archibald, for he plays all the while like a Carbondale player. But whether or not it was that incidentally directed him to Archibald, he's good enough ball player and good enough from any standpoint, too, to belong to Carbondale.

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING

And Exercise Solves the Problem.

Dr. H. L. Warner, in a recent issue of the New York World, says: "Only a small percentage of the American people have perfect digestion and assimilation of food and the elimination of the waste matters of the body. In the matter of food and exercise, the whole problem of health is contained. By making these right, we can create perfect health.

"Digestive disturbances are due either to improper food or too much or too little proper food. With proper food, perfect actions of the various processes are corrected. This is not a fact, but a fact established by the researches of pathologists and bacteriologists. The action of foods on the digestive and assimilative organs is known exactly. The result is to the blood and through it to the whole system is certain and definite."

make up the Greater Scranton, know what it was to hit Fleming as he im- agined he could when the Archibald knight of the spheroid doubled up in the first inning, parted with some of the essence of Battle-ax, the biggest chunk for 5 cents, and sailed a ball over the plate that was as noisy as the swishing of the tail of a Kansas cyclone. Before a couple of innings passed Johnnie Gordon and his laddies were asking what time the next train left for Scranton.

Six of the first twelve men that came up were struck out, then Sir Richard raved up a bit, after he got a line on Gordon's crowd of ping-pongers, and they made a few cuts. They got six in all and Johnnie Gordon, Gordon of the noisy purple and white stockings, got two of these himself. One was a "peach," a two-bagger that was good and clean. Seven men in all fanned.

In front of Sir Richard was Loftus, like the Rock of Gibraltar, when the hot ones were sailed into him, and as agile as a cat, when it was necessary to throw one of Johnnie Gordon's men out at second, third or any old base. His playing was gilt-edge, and though he hit the ball only once, it was because Gordon's pitcher struck him twice with the ball. One was a terrible rap on the side of the head that would have put a less plucky player out of business for the day.

While "our pets" put up a good fielding game, it was their batting that was the feature of the contest. Murray batted, Monahan hit, Cuff slugged, Emmett also slugged, Monahan, all of them got credit, for a hit, more or less. Murray and Cuff had the honors for batting, each having three hits. Fourteen hits in all were gotten from Manager of Gordon's team.

The team work of the Scranton, etc., team was of the Sweetzer-cheese variety, chock full of holes. It would be sort of rubbing it in to dilate upon it, so I will mercifully pass it by.

Four runs were gotten in the first inning on hits by Murray and Hart, two bases on balls, a hit by pitcher and an error.

In the third three more were added by a hit by Cuff, another by Roessler, a dead hit by Loftus and an error. A base on balls, and three singles by Monahan, Cuff and Emmett brought two more. One more was added in the fifth, three in the sixth on singles by Murray and Monahan, a dead ball and a base on balls. The last two came in the seventh when Murray and Roessler singled and a few errors were made by the Carbondale.

Table with columns R, H, O, A, E for CRESCENTS and SCRANTON. Includes players like Murray, Monahan, Cuff, Emmett, Hart, Gallagher, Loftus, Roessler, McHale, Fleming.

The afternoon game was away ahead of the earlier contest, and was well worth the efforts of the 3,000 persons who lined the field. It was snappy, full of ginger and abounded in sharp fielding that kept it from lagging at any point.

As in the morning game, it was the Crescents' batting that was the feature. They had their batting clothes on since morning, and they landed here, there and several other places on the ball until it looked like a 10-inch gun on a battleship working overtime. The fusillade kept up until they had fourteen hits, the same as in the morning. The Crescents should and would have had more runs, but for reckless base-running, a weakness that should be remedied at once. Cuff and Emmett sustained themselves in this game by taking the batting honors.

McAndrew, "our Owney," had his strong arm with him and kept the Gordon youngsters down to seven hits. McManamy, from the "Notch," was the Scranton laddie whose the Crescents soaked so terribly.

The score was close enough, 6-4.

GOING TO PHILADELPHIA.

Joseph Gilhoel Secures Place with the Correspondence Schools.

Joseph Gilhoel, one of the town's best known young men, has accepted a position with the International Correspondence schools in its field force and will leave in a short time to take up the work.

Mr. Gilhoel's location will be in Philadelphia, which is perhaps the best field for this work at the present. The opportunities are so good there that the schools' officers have transferred to that district Captain Thomas Murphy, who left the Carbondale district this week, and John Brown, of this city, who has been a supervisor in this section. Mr. Gilhoel is, therefore, quite fortunate in being assigned a place in the Philadelphia district. He is the son of J. B. Gilhoel, the hardware merchant, and has had a business training in his father's store that will serve him well in his new work.

Memorial Park Yesterday.

Memorial park was at its height of beauty yesterday; no day this year was it so fair to behold, a fact which was all the more happy since it was Independence day. While the lawn and the shrubs were their brightest under the gentle influence of the warm sunshine after the continued rain, the big circular bed at the eastern entrance was a blooming picture of beauty. The whole park indicates an every corner and in every living thing within its limits and devoted care lavished on it by

Parkeeper Richard Udy. High above the beauty spot floated the immense park department American flag. A pleasing circumstance of the park's glorious appearance was that its beauties were enjoyed during the day by a multitude of persons, including many strangers, who either strolled through or sought the comfort of a rest on the benches. A host of children gleefully romped about the park during the day.

THE QUIETEST FOURTH IN TOWN'S HISTORY

The Often Repeated Saying, "Nothing Doing," Aptly Describes the Solemn Stillness of the Day—The Condition Was Fairly Depressing. The Observances.

"This is the quietest Fourth I've seen in Carbondale, and I've been here this fifty years," the universal remark among Carbondale's old settlers, yesterday, as they looked about and stirred themselves to shake off the sort of depressing feeling that the quiet and stillness of the day were certainly productive of.

No Sunday could be more quiet than was the day; in fact, any Sunday in Carbondale had more of air of life than did the Fourth of July. The day was positively gloomy. It was characteristic Fourth of July weather, but it was not a characteristic day by any means. The streets were all but deserted during the day and there was scarcely a boom of a cannon or the snap of a cracker to keep alive the fact of the day it was.

There was quite an exodus to nearby places. Lake Lodge was the greatest attraction, perhaps, a number of car-loads to the lake over the Moostics. The attractions of the drive to Crystal Lake and the beautiful lake itself claimed a host of visitors. Poyntelle, on the mountain top, took a number of excursionists from Carbondale and vicinity, while others sought the attractions held out by drives into the country and by the trip to Fort Lytle.

The ball game on Duffy's field was the chief magnet in the morning, drawing thither thirty-five hundred or four thousand cranks. In the evening the streets were filled with promenaders, who were joined later in the evening by the returning throng of excursionists.

The only function or social enterprise of any character during the day was the ice cream social at the home of John Moon, on South Church street, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society of the Berean Baptist church.

WERE OTHER HOLD-UPS.

Two Others Stopped Before Last Monday Night—No Clue Yet.

Since the highway robberies of Monday and Wednesday night came to light it has developed that other men were stopped in a similar manner by parties, though the hold-up in each case was more like the Ben Fancher case, not a very desperate effort to extort money.

A man named Hosie was stopped in the Dundaff section a few nights before last. The men who stopped him, the highwaymen commanded him to "shut out." "Oh, stop your fooling," said Hosie, as he brushed the men aside and went on leaving them behind in mute astonishment.

A young man named McDonald, was out calling the same or next evening, when some men stopped him and insisted on tobacco or money. They got nothing, for he had neither.

Each of these men did not treat the intercepting of them very seriously, and put it down as the idle practice of some of the sports of the neighborhood who stop men on the highway.

The police have not met with much success in apprehending the participants of Monday and Wednesday nights episodes. This is due largely to the fact that the victims do not seem to give a good description of the robbers.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

Manager Dan Byrne, of Grand, Home with Good Contracts.

Manager D. P. Byrne, of the Grand, arrived from New York city, late Thursday night, where he has been for over a month, booking attractions for the coming theatrical season.

Mr. Byrne has been a successful as possible in the face of the fact that the strike has made managers timid about their booking. Among the high class attractions which he has secured are: "The Chaperones," which is now running at the New York theater, in the metropolis. Walter Jones appears in this company, which has several members and is one of the best attractions to be offered this season. Effie Elsieir in Julia Marlowe's production of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will also be presented. Mention has already been made of the Florodora company and Misses Richards and new play. Several repertoires of companies of high standing have been booked.

The season will open at the Grand on Labor day, Monday, Sept. 1, with Howard Kyle in "Nathan Hale." This was one of the best plays here last season.

Which Was Right?

"Which one is telling the truth?" said an old observing Carbondalian to The Tribune man yesterday, as he stood in the Tribune office and pointed to the weather vane on the city building and the American flag that waved nearby.

"Do you notice," he pointed out, "that the flag denotes the wind is southeast, while the weather-vane points directly north? Appears to me that the vane is certainly under the

His Last Hope Realized. (From the Sentinel, Gobo, Mont.) In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards he camping upon his claim, he encountered a rough bad water, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die one day on his journey. He brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first solid sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure, and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorder being at hand suggests this item. For sale by all druggists.

A STARTLING FACT. HALF THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD HAVE STOMACH TROUBLE.

A Simple Course of Treatment Told in Every-day Language, Free from Scientific Terms.

Half the people in the world have stomach trouble in a greater or less degree. Usually it comes from irregular or hasty eating—sometimes from other causes. But there is just one way to treat it and that can be found in a book which the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., will send free to any address upon request. Mrs. Edith Benedict, of Groton, Mass., is one of the many who took this course of treatment and was cured. She says: "I had suffered from constipation ever since about the time my little girl was born, about twelve years ago, and it finally became chronic. It isn't necessary for me to tell you the trouble it gave me, but I suffered all the time. Doctors gave me no permanent relief and I kept getting worse.

"At last, something more than a year ago, when I was all run down and my blood in a horrible condition, my mother told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which she said had accomplished wonderful results with her. I purchased some and took them according to directions and in a short time saw a decided improvement. I continued their use and they cured me."

If you are suffering from any disorder of the stomach, write for your booklet, entitled "What to Eat and How to Eat." It contains information that should be in the hands of every person who is suffering from a disordered digestion. It treats of the proper selection and preparation of food, the relative value and digestibility of various food products; it contains a chapter on the use of alcohol and gives a course of treatment by which constipation may be overcome without the use of cathartics.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, the medicine which cured Mrs. Benedict and thousands of others, may be had of any druggist or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box; six boxes two dollars and fifty cents, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

THE MEN AT WORK.

Carbondale United Mine Workers Publish Their Names.

When Carbondallians passed through the streets yesterday morning they were confronted with posters pasted on a few telegraph poles. They were by the locals of the United Mine workers, which bore the names of the men who have remained at work in the employ of the several coal companies in this city and vicinity.

"Under the caption 'To the Public.' The names of those who are stealing the bread from the wives and little ones of the miners during the strike."

The names of the men follow. There were 87 on the list; one has since been blotted out. The occupation of each man is given. They are: foremen, docking bosses, driver and barn bosses, carpenters, sales agents, clerks, coal inspectors, in short all the occupations about a coal mine are covered. There are but four engineers on the list.

Some of the men on the list are employed in other employments in various capacities about the mines.

There are only a few of the circulars posted, one in each quarter of the town.

At Trinity Church.

Next Sunday the choir will be assisted at both morning and evening services by Fred Widmayer, violinist, of Scranton. The following special music will be rendered at the evening service: Organ solo, "Offertory in D." Touris; violin solo, "Aubade," Herbert; organ solo, "Evening," Buck; violin solo, "Kathleen," Greig; Male quartette, "My Heavenly Home," Cowen.

Deputy Revenue Collector's Illness.

W. D. Evans, deputy revenue collector, has been confined to his home, Seventh avenue and Church street, by a severe attack of grip, which completely prostrated him. Yesterday, however, he was so improved that he was able to be about the house quite freely.

THE PASSING THROU.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cannon visited in Scranton, yesterday.

Mr. Kennedy, of Scranton, spent yesterday in Carbondale, in honor of Michael Munley, of the West Side, spent the Fourth in Scranton.

Miss Eleanor Birs spent Thursday with friends in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Guerin were in Scranton last evening where they visited at the Country club.

Connolly & Wallace Scranton's Shopping Center

Store Closed Today, Saturday July 5th We will be open for business Monday morning. A special feature will be the Great Reduction Sale of Ready-Made Garments in the Cloak Room.

Connolly & Wallace

For County Commissioner Of Lackawanna County Gwilym Jones Of Scranton, Pa.



SUBJECT TO THE DECISION OF THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS OF LACKAWANNA COUNTY AT THE PRIMARY ELECTION, TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1902, FROM 4 TO 7 P. M.

In the list of candidates seeking recognition from the Republican party on account of yeoman service performed, probably none are more worthy of the confidence of the public than Mr. Gwilym Jones, who has been favorably mentioned for the office of County Commissioner.

Gwilym Jones was born in Tredegar, Wales, on January 11th, 1869. He was brought to this country while yet an infant by his parents, who settled on the West Side the same year, and has grown up with the leading valley residents of the Electric City. His father was well known throughout the valley as T. ab Dewi. The elder Mr. Jones followed the occupation of mining, and was a member of the executive board of the miners' committee the trying times of 1877.

For eighteen years Gwilym Jones worked in and about the mines on the West Side, and for two years was employed in the mudding shops. He was a resident of the Fifteenth ward for twelve years, and has always been prominent as a party worker, and has a political record that is unassailable. Mr. Jones has always been a true friend of the miners and a strong supporter of their cause in every instance.

Gwilym Jones is not only fortunate in the enjoyment of a pure record, but also possesses a pleasing personality. There is no more delightful man to meet. He has a genuinely fine mind; is frank, friendly, and wins the admiration of all acquaintances by his modest and unassuming ways. At all times his manners are unaffected and cordial. Popular with all; with malice toward none; straightforward, energetic and enthusiastic, Gwilym Jones can certainly lay claim to recognition as an ideal candidate of the best Republican blood of the city of industry.

In seeking the nomination for the office of County Commissioner on the Republican ticket he does so with the knowledge that he can render efficient service to the people in the conduct of the affairs of the county, all of which come under the direct control of the Commissioners' office. Some years of service on the Board of Assessors for the City of Scranton, has qualified him especially in the knowledge of assessed valuations of property, not alone within the city, but throughout the country, and in this special branch alone, where with the County Commissioners' office has a very great deal to do, he can serve the people well. From childhood he has lived in Scranton, and since reaching manhood has been loyal in the support of the Republican party and the principles which have made it strong in the hearts of the people.

ADV.

PECHVILLE.

Even Oysters Have Their Pride.