

The News of Carbondale.

THE CRESCENTS EASILY DEFEATED

The West Side Alerts of Scranton Play a Snappy Game and Take Advantage of the Local Team's Errors.

O, it was pitiful. Out of a whole city full. Friends they have none—Murtha. The above lines are very appropriate to the feelings of the base ball loving populace of this community, over the wretched doxy ball put up by local Crescents in their game with the Alerts of West Scranton Saturday. The Alerts were a pretty strong team, but, heretofore the Crescents have easily conquered superior nines, and to say that the Alerts were presented with the game by the "Pats" is easily proved by a reference to the error column of the subjoined score of the game.

There were errors of omission and commission, and to find which cost the more only an attendant at the game can tell you. There were times when the play fairly scintillated with briskness, but it rarely occurred on our infield. Cuff and Foster, in the out-garden, put up a clever exhibition, and but for the former's sore arm his play would not have been the semblance of a defect.

The new acquisition to the pitching showed very well when it is considered that Scranton obtained but seven "dinky" hits and earned not a run off his delivery.

He looks right and acts like a man that has secured a victory before, when the boys settle down to the game they are capable of, he will undoubtedly make good.

Table with columns: CARBONDALE, H, R, O, A, E. Lists statistics for various players like Murray, Rosler, Cuff, etc.

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One of the most amusing games of base ball seen on Duffy's field in many a day was played there last Friday between two aggregations of south side boys, the "Old Maids" and the "Bachelors."

There were amusing plays galore and some good ones too but when the dust cleared it was found the bachelors had scored just twice as many runs as the spinsters, the final score being 29 to 10. The teams lined up as follows:

Old Maids—Harry Quinn, catcher; Patrick Rooney, pitcher; Peter Corcoran, short stop; McHale, first base; Peter Sheridan, second base; John Kane, third base; Charles Higgins, left field; John Moran, center field; Mike Cavanaugh, right field.

Bachelors—Patrick Hadgins, catcher; James Griffin, pitcher; Patrick Gavin, short stop; James Casey, first base; John McKenna, second base; Thomas Casey, third base; William Casey, left field; John Donnelly, center field; William Hughes, right field.

Sustained a Painful Injury. Miss Annie Beyer, of Maple avenue, one of the popular favorites at the Klois Throwing mill is incapacitated from her work as the result of an unfortunate accident which befell her while visiting a friend in Scranton.

Young People Wedded. Mr. Philip Barrett, of Fallbrook street, and Miss Rena Duffell, of Forest City were quietly married on Friday of last week. The news came as an unexpected surprise to their many friends and they are kept busy since the event receiving the congratulations of their many friends.

Released on Bail. Joseph Bonnett, the 15 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bonnett, was released Friday by Judge Kelly from the county jail on a bond of \$200. It will be remembered that young Bonnett was very wayward and ran away from home on numerous occasions talking with him valuable articles belonging to his parents.

Not Over-Wise. There is an old allegorical picture of a girl scared at a grass-hopper, but in the act of heedlessly treading on a snake. This is paralleled by the man who spends a large sum of money building a cyclone cellar, but neglects to provide his family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safeguard against cholera complaints, whose victims outnumber those of the cyclone a hundred to one.

en, N. Y., are visiting friends in Dunmore. Superintendent of Schools E. E. Garr and family returned from their summer outing at Berwick Friday evening.

JERMYN AND MAYFIELD. An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Muldoon, of Main street, died Saturday afternoon after a week's illness of cholera infantum. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon. Interment was made in St. Thomas' cemetery, Archbold. The pall-bearers were James and Thomas Muldoon, Michael Walsh and John Sullivan.

To Conduct Social. The Bon Ton Social club, one of the town's well known social organizations, will conduct a social in Burke's hall tomorrow evening. The Bon Tons have conducted a number of dances at this place and others, and obtained a very good name for themselves.

Wedded at Lanesboro. A wedding was celebrated at Lanesboro on last Friday the announcement of which has caused no little surprise among the friends of the contracting parties in this city. It was that if Mrs. Sarah Thomas, of North Main street, to George Bernhart, a former resident of this city but now of Sidney, N. Y. The ceremony was a very quiet one and immediately following it Mr. and Mrs. Bernhart left for Sidney, where they will reside, the groom being employed there as a plumber. The many friends of the newly wedded couple extend their best wishes.

Campers at Chapman Lake. A party of young ladies, chaperoned by Mrs. T. H. Davis and Mrs. Rhoads Toby will spend a week at camp "You Knead a Wrist," Chapman lake. The party consists of the Misses Emma Davis, Kate Davis, Bertha Davis, Alice Lindsay, Sadie Watkins, Florence Jones and Miss Reed and Masters Clark Toby and Paul Davis.

Death of a Child. There is sorrow in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Neville Arthur, of White's Crossing, death having taken from them their youngest child, Joseph, who succumbed to pneumonia Saturday evening about 9:30 o'clock. The funeral will be held Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment at Maplewood.

Funeral of a Child. Mr. and Mrs. John Mannion, of Gordon avenue, are mourning the loss by death of their 4-weeks-old baby boy last week. The funeral was held on Saturday. Interment was made in St. Rose cemetery.

Entertained Her Friends. Miss Alice Quinn entertained a few of her friends at her home in Mayfield Friday night. Music and candy pulling were the features of the evening.

THE PASSING THROUGH. Miss Josie Taylor, a former resident of this city, now of Scranton, visited Mrs. E. J. Bly, yesterday.

Miss Cora Franey, a charming young lady of this city, has returned, after a three week visit, to her home in Dunmore street, on Friday.

Miss Alice Brennan has returned from Greenfield, where she has spent the past month visiting her uncle, Mrs. Richard Williams and children, and Mr. Thomas Thomas, of Providence, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Edmund Thomas, on Dunduff street.

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IT MATTERS NOT

How Sick You Are or How Many Physicians Have Failed to Help You.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Will Cure You if a Cure is Possible.

Doctors are not infallible and there are many instances where they have decided a case was hopeless and then the patients astonished everyone by getting well and the sole cause of their cure was Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. A case in point is that of James Lettuce of Canajoharie, N. Y., who writes:

"Some years ago I was attacked with pain in my back that I could not control my kidneys at all and what came from them was mucous and bloody and I was in a terrible state and suffered intensely. A prominent physician of Albany, N. Y., decided that an operation was the only thing to do and I was prepared to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I had taken about two bottles, the flow from the bladder was much cleaner, the pain stopped and I was saved from the surgeon's knife and am now well."

Dr. W. H. Morse, the famous physician of Westfield, N. J., has this to say of this great medicine: "I have known it to cure chronic inflammation of the kidneys, where the attending physician pronounced the case incurable."

No form of kidney, liver, bladder or blood disease, or the distressing sickness so common to women, can long withstand the great curative power of this famous specific. Its record of cures has made it famous in medical circles everywhere.

It is for sale by all druggists in the New York State and the regular price is 50 cents a bottle and a cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, 50c.

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Connolly & Wallace Scranton's Shopping Center

If you see something in our ads. to interest you, you may count on being still more interested when you come to the store.

It is not only that you see the new things first at Connolly & Wallace, but that you see things that you see nowhere else at any time. They are exclusive.

It is the business of a business man to get new experiences every year if he wants to keep his business at the front. Acting under instructions, our buyers, during the past spring and summer, have penetrated the farthest markets and searched and sifted the producing world for the best things suitable to American retailing.

Our buyers report many new and better sources of supply, of which we have availed ourselves this year. To offer to Scrantonians the most complete stock of Dry Goods in the city is our ambition. CONNOLLY & WALLACE.

Golf Vests Are in. A little early, perhaps, but the cool weather has created a demand for them. Plain colors, single breasted, \$1.75. Plain colors, double breasted, Jersey back, \$2.50.

The Yarn Stock Is Ready. Shetland Floss, 7c skein, 80c for a pound of 12 skeins. Germantown Zephyr, 10c skein, \$1.40 for a pound of 16 skeins.

Fancy, double breasted, \$2.50. Fancy, double breasted, Jersey back, \$4.00. Golf Jacket, with sleeves, plain colors, blouse effect, \$3.75.

Spanish Wool, 12 1/2c skein, 95c for a pound of 8 skeins. German Knitting, 25c skein, 90c for a pound of 4 skeins. The famous Golden Fleece brand.

New Black Goods. 50c—Black Serge, French, fine twill, 45 inches wide. 50c—Heavy Black Serge, 40 inches wide.

50c to \$1.50—A full line of Canvas Etamines 40 to 50 inches wide. \$1.00—Venetian, 52 inches. \$1.50—Venetian, 54 inches. \$2.00—Venetian, 54 inches.

50c—Black Serge and Cheviot, 54 inches. \$1.00—Panama Cheviot, 54 inches. \$1.00—Black Serge and Cheviot, 54 inches.

These Black Goods are all new goods and uncommon values.

The Hosiery Sale Attracts Buyers. Ladies' Drop Stitch and lace Lisle Stockings, fast black, regular 25 cent goods at 19c a pair, or 3 pairs for 50c.

Children's and Misses' Ribbed Lisle, fine, light and strong, double knees, spliced soles, toes and heels, and of course fast black. according to size. Regular prices were from 20c to 25c.

Connolly & Wallace

A Mexican Entanglement.

San Francisco News Letter. I began it in fun. If you incline to blame me, remember that I was in Mexico. When Americans go to Mexico they drop their sense of propriety into the Rio Grande river, and as they cross the border step back 200 years into romance and adventure.

The priest ran on through the sliding cadence of the next. The priest behind me grasped my hand as it hung over the back of the bench and held it fast under the folds of that rough red serape.

The family lived in Tlaxco. Tlaxco! A little village on the northern boundary of the state of Tlaxcala, ninety miles east of Mexico City. It lies on a slope of the Sierra Madre like a bit of driftwood tossed there. Below it surges that great earth-sea called the llanos of Apam, plains that come up from the south, wave on wave, and fall back in the foot-hills of the neighboring mountains.

"Don't tell your foolish sense of the practical tell you it isn't true." There was a long interruption. I argued with myself. Then I counted the beats of his heart.

NOT A GENTLEMAN. Strangely Indisposed to Assassinate or Be Assassinated. From the Detroit Journal.

"When I come back tomorrow I come in American clothes and as your sweetest, I have been when I return to this village, I come straight to your house and I am your sweetheart. You introduce me to the senior."

"In a business deal with a Mexican some years ago," said the speculator to the best of me, but found I was too many for him. He was very bitter over the matter, and friends came to me and warned me to look out. The man was too high up to play the assassin himself, but it wasn't long before I had reason to know that a hired bravo was on my track.

"I gapsed. The priest chanted on. 'My name is Charles Moran, really, that's my name. My mother was American. I am your sweetheart from San Antonio. You tell them my father was Mexican. He was.'"

"I don't care," I replied. "But you won't let me take it." "Not if I can help it."

"And then—and then if you do not like me we quarrel and I go away, babe?" It was a solemn moment. They were elevating the host. I bowed my head, and the priest's sister reported favorably on the unbeliever's humility.

"I was to get \$50 for taking your life, but how would you like to pay me for taking the other gentleman's life? I will do it for the same sum."

"He came, and the senior called me into the parlor. Before I was well through the door a pair of strong arms were about me, and the senior, who had visited New York in his youth and knew American customs, went out quickly and shut the door."

"I am not in the assassination business." "But I will make it \$25, Senior." "I don't care to buy."

"What about?" "The members decided to give their pastor an automobile so he could more easily make the rounds of his parish, and after the money had been collected, the question of whether it was to be a steam, electric or a gasoline vehicle came up, and you can easily imagine the rest."—The Automobile Magazine.

"I don't think of any." "Do not do you propose to remain indoors every night, as in the past?" "Very likely."

"His Proficiency as a Linguist. Brown—Are you anything of a linguist? Jones—Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, and automobile, but I can't talk 'em.—The Automobile Magazine.

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