Coi. wm. J. Harvey, a president of Wilkesbarre's city council, who will long be remembered for his great work for the city, was once a mere physical wreck, torn in every muscle and nerve from the frightful pains caused by rheunom the inguital pairs caused by near matism. He consulted the best phy-sicians, went abroad, took mud baihs, and almost every known treatment for the disease. One of the city officials had had a very similar experience and David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy Dr. Dr. David Kennedy s ravorite K-medy had cured him, so he recommended this great kidney medicine to his friend, and Col. Harvey is today a well man, hale and hearty. In his own abrupt way he states his case:

ray he states his case: DR. DAVID KENNEDY. Dear Sir:---This to certify that I was permanently cured of rheuma-tism by the use of Dr. David Ken-nedy's Favorite Remedy. WM. J. HARVEY. Nothing could be more direct or more the naiot than this simple statement.

to the point than this simple statement. Rheumatism is but another name for uric acid poisoning which is caused pri-marily by diseased kidneys. Cure your kidneys and the rheumatism disappears. For all diseases of the kidueys liver.

bladder and blood, rheumatism, dysp-p-sla and blood, rheumatism, dysp-p-sla and chronic constipation, as well as siknesses peculiar to women, Dr. David Keonedy's Favorite Remedy is unques-

Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is inques-tionably the greatest medicine known to the medical profession. All druggists sell it at \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5-less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle-enough for trial, free by mail Dr.D.Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N X Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radical cure Catarrh. Hay Fever and Cold in Head 50c.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The twenty-two shippards of Ger-many employ 60,000 men. In Russia the forests cover 36 per cent of the whole imperial area. No less than 185 species of butterflies are found in Mexico and Central Amer-ica.

ica. Victoria, Australia, ships to London each year about \$8,000,000 worth of

There are at present in London 52,-000 persons aged more than seventy

five years. A great fortune has been made from he wire device and rubber cork for

the beer bottles

Among the twenty-four inhabitants of London who are over 100 years old nineteen are women.

Cotton lands having an area of 170,-000 acres have been purchased in Lou-isiana by Cleveland capitalists. France is asking for and receiving more St. Louis exposition literature than any other foreign country.

The freight charges for hauling anthracite coal from the Pennsylvania mines aggregate \$40,000,000 a year.

Iridium, which is the hardest of all metals, is used in the tips of gold pens to lessen wear. Its cost is \$80 to \$90 a pound.

There are 6,159 establishments in the United States, with 46,647 acres, where flowers and ornamental plants are cul-tivated.

Children's Play In Germany. It is a common belief in south Ger-many that if children play soldiers very often in the street there is a war coming, and if they play "funeral" an epidemic will come over the land, and many deaths will result. The relator of this tells that, when a boy, he with others played "funeral" in front of the house of an old miser in his native town in Germany. The miser became much excited and exclaimed, "I will not die yet!" and made complaint to the mayor that the boys should be ar-rested and punished.

Considerate. A tender hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsi-mony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after baving long kept silence, he lifted up his volce in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let as remember that they are our fellow creatures."

All Paper. Hester—The theater is a world of en-

chantment. Nothing is what it seems to be. Edith—That's so. Fred and I were at the theater tother night, and Fred, aft-er looking about the house, said it was all paper, and it looked like woodwork and fresco painting.—Boston Tran-scrint

THE PRESIDENT Of the City Council, Wilkes-barre, Pa., Cured of Rheumatism. Col. Wm. J. Harvey, a president of Wilkesbarre's city council, who with construction of the City Council, who with the city Council, Wilkes-barre, Pa., Cured of Rheumatism. Col. Wm. J. Harvey, a president of Wilkesbarre's city council, who with construction of the citing, there was a strangled the construction of the citing the window, with a mighty crash of glass.

"Just one more," pleaded Squab O'Neill, leaning persuasively over Mc-

Ardell's bar. "No, sir," said McArdell emphatical-ly. "You've had one too many al-

implored.

ready." This was well within the truth. Since leaving the winter quarters of the Grand Panjandrum Menagerie early Grand Panjandrum Menagerie enrly that morning the erring Squab had augmented the raging flame of thirst that burned within him by many an onpouring of oil, the fusel oil that comes in five cent whisky. Now his exhibarant soul had risen above that brand. It yearned for the kind that comes at 15 cents a throw. The trouble was that he didn't have the 15 cents. "Put it on the slate, Mac," he begged. "It's turrible t'irsty work, tiger chas-in."

in'. "Chasing the can," amended McAr-

dell grimly. "Chasin' the tiger, I said," insisted

dell grinly. "Chasin' the tiger, I said," insisted the other. "What tiger?" There was a con-temptous tone to the query, and it was with some heat as well as triumph that Squab retorted: "Salamander-that's wot tiger." "Yes: that's likely," sneered the sa-loon man. In truth, nothing seemed less likely than that the undersized, shambling, irresponsible door of odd jobs about the winter quarters should be engaged in any chase to which Sala-mander, once the prize performer of the Grand Panjandrum, had "gone bad" a few weeks before and had gath-ered to himself (and their fathers) a trainer, his assistant and sundry loose ends of other persons engaged about th's one of your piece. Sund," engthin the better part of a forearm. "I guess it's one of your pipes, Squab," contin-ued McArdell.

ued McArdell. "You'd never win no spellin' bees by gressin'," returned Squab. "I'm on the job, 1 am. The boss give it to me spe-cial. 'O'Neill,' says he to me. 'you're the only man I'd trust to git him,' he says. 'Say nothin' to nobody.' he says, 'but git him an' bring him back quiet.' says he to me, 'an' your pay check'll be twins at the end of the week,' he says."

"Oh, cut it out!" said McArdell good

^{8a}(38.
"Oh, cut it out?" said McArdell good naturedly. "Salamander's at home in his cage, where he belongs. You'd better gret home to yours."
"That's where your brain's soften-in'." remarked O'Nell. "But he will be before night. I'm after him. I am."
He marched proudly to the door, opened it and held it open to fling back a parting word.
"When I come back with me tiger under me arm, maybe you'll set ap that drink."
Two men who crouehed up close to the outer wall looked after him as he disappeared in the gathering darkness. "Wo's that he said about a loose tiger?" growled one of them under his breath.

breath. "One of the show's beasts escaped probly," answered his companion. "Good thing we got our pops ready," he added, feeling for the handle of a revolver in his pocket. "Lot of good that'd be ag'in a tiger." said the first, peering fearfully over his shoulder. "Well, he hadn't oughter bother us. We're on the hunt our-selves." For some minutes they examined the

selves." For some minutes they examined the brightly lighted interior of the saloon from the windows. Then they walked in and ordered drinks. Before McAr-del and his assistant could fill the or-der they were looking down the barrels of two revolves.

of two revolvers. "All the cash in the register an' drawer an' a quart of the best!" said

"All the cagn in the register all drawer an' a quart of the best," sald the spokesman. "Well, I'm hapmed!" mourned the dis-comfited McArdell. "This is worse than wandering tigers." "Shut up an' hustle!" snarled the robber, casting an uneasy glance at the swinging doors. A few rods outside was a spectacle which would have deeply interested him could be have bed seen down the now dark street-Squab O'Neill and a erony, whom he had picked up in a sa-loon, energetically escorting Salaman-der homeward. There seemed to be some unwillingness on the part of the great, striped beast, for the two men breathed hard as they pushed and haul-ed. But where was the ferocity that had made his name a terror to the whole show? Never a snarl, never a grow, never the unsheathing of a claw, as the two balf drunken guardians led their charge almost to the door of the saloon. There they halted, and O'Neill spoke: "You hold him, Aleck, while I take a

spoke: "You hold him, Aleck, while I take a

look

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Spring Rat. A hat of braided satin straw has a retrousse brim ornamented by a series of pale blue liberty satin bows held in headforemost through the window, with a mighty crash of glass. "Wait fer me, Mike!" another voice implored. There was a second rush, and the glass of another window shattered. Across adjacent fields two gashed faces dripped blood at such intervals as a nan may cover in mighty leaps. The bodyn was even Actions to just the last too just the tast at dripped blood at such intervals as a man may cover in mighty leaps. The holdup was over. But what did McArdell care? Wedg-ed half way down his dumb waiter, he alternately cursed his girth and the im-pulse that had led him to that false hope of escape and prayed forgiveness for his profanity with the fervor of a man who momentarily expects a tiger to reach down and bite his head off. Above the din of battle be could hear Tim, his assistant, reciting in a series of frenzied howls a catalogue of hor-rors to freeze the blood. Tim's volce seemed to come from up stairs, but Mc-Ardell couldn't be sure because of the noise of the fight. Would the unequal conflict hever end? It secmed impossi-ble that human strength could so long hold out. Ans now the clamor began to mitigate, then died away until nothing could be heard but a hoarse panting. "He's getting his wind before he eats roor Squab?" thought the imprisoned saloon keeper. "Ther he'll come after me?" a forecast followed by so paralyz-ing an excess of terror that he lost consciousness for a moment. The volce of Tim brought him back. "Mr. McArdell! Oh. Mr. McArdel!! Where are you?" "On course he's dead. Did yon think the tiger was pettin' him, you fool?" "Of course nothin, it's the tiger that's dead." Sheer amaze at the prowess of Squab O'Nell choked McArdeli for the mo-ment. Them here here in the so

BRAIDED SATIN STRAW. place by cabochons of pearl and paste diamonds. Near the hair nestles a mass of pink and creamy button roses.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Skirts Much Trimmed. In the dressmaker's output of cloth, slik and linen gowns very few severe-ly plain skirts are shown. Most of them are trimmed with lace, insertion, embroidery, braid, stitched bands of slik or velvet, hemstitching, fagoting, stitching or tucking. Many new spring gowns show front panels of the goods or of panne velvet covered with a lacing effect done in black slik floss, Persian and oriental effects are used as tabs for skirt trimming. These skirts are not any shorter at the back, but do not sweep so at the sides and Skirts Much Trimmed. but do not sweep so at the sides and front. Skirts of circular or rufiled flounces are shown, but are not partic-ularly pretty unless worn by tall, grace-

ful women.

that's dead." Sheer amaze at the prowess of Squab O'Nell choked McArdell for the mo-ment. Then he called: "Help me out of this. I'm stuck fast-er'n a prize onlon in a goat's guilet. Gene out, I say!"

Almost every imported light word starting at the waist and continuing for a greater or less depth toward the bottom. These thry platits are even formed by the most skillful into ray-onne effects, and some are even so clev-er as to make them take the form of complete circles; but, while the latter fashion certainly shows the wonderful skill attained by the Parisian, it is not a mode to be altogether commended for its artistic merits. A black etamine gown is not only a most elegant and smart one for the spring senson, but it is also a most useful one in the dressy tailor made effects.

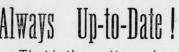
A Spring Coat.



THE THREE-QUARTER COAT.

The majority of these costs are made in silk or fine faced cloth, with infinite variety as to trimming, while for more severe wear there are sack costs in fawn or stone colored cloth, with deep others burged. There exists in the inst collars. Pouched Eton coats in moire glace or faced cloth are among the new models, with various decorations of collar, belt and strappings.—Philadel-phia Ledger.

A simple gown that might be worn either as an afternoon house gown or an outdoor costume is in champagne cloth, with applique garniture of black and white spotted panne outlined by coarse ecru lace braiding. The front of the bodice is of white silk, match-ing the undersleeves, while the small inner vest is of ecru guipure.



Always Up-to-Date I That is the motto we have established and try to live up to. That is why you find us with a tage and complete assortment of the season's changes are refored in the character of the trock we carry, and with the first brock we carry. And with the first brock we carry, and with the first brock we carry, and with the first brock we carry. And with the first brock we carry, and with the first brock we carry, and with the first brock we carry. And with the first brock we carry, and with the first brock we carry. And with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry. Boy and with the first brock we carry and with the first brock we carry and with the first. Boy and Bo



Colds,

The GERMAN REMEDY

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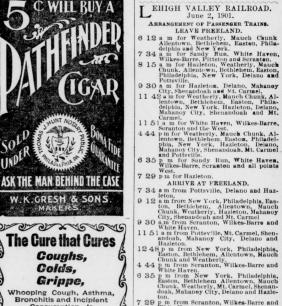
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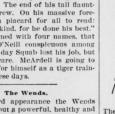
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Challerry, Tombleken and Deringer at 86 a. m. 42 p.m. 43 μm. 42 p.m. 43 μm. 42 μm. 43 μm. 43 μm. 42 μm. 43 μm. 44 μm. 44



Get me out, I say!" By dint of much hauling and strug-gling McArdell emerged. His first glance fell upon the corpse of Sala-mander, stretched on the floor. On it sat Squab O'Neill. He was breathing very hard. All about was scattered the money dropped by the robbers in their baste, and Tim was doing the jig of jublation among it. McArdell stag-gered over and laid a hand on the striped body of the type. "Squab O'Neill," said he, "speak truth to a man that's feared for his reason. Is that Solamander?" "It sure is," said Squab. "Is he dead?" "And you're alive?" "Need nothing," said McArdell-"man that can lick a tiger hand to hand. How'd you ever do it?" "Welh, he didn't fight back much." "Didn't fight back?" "Suffed!" yelled McArdell. "How could be roart fhe was stuffed?" "Id de roart fhe was stuffed?" "Id de roart fir was stuffed?" "An first L could roar s'more." "An' I well have as stuffed?" "Id do far was stuffed?" "Id de Squab. "I didn't go fer to fool you if first ywork, but for a long drink I could roar s'more." "An'I put in the sarlin' an' growi-in'," added Squab. "I didn't tell that he deal as week and has been at the taxidermer's ever since. So I come along to help, an' when we run into heak to show you, an' Aleek come along to belp, an' when we run into heak do show you, an' Aleek come along to belp, an' when we run into the holdy we done our little act. Sala-mander an' me, an." he concluded ju-dicially, "I think it was a sensation. Do we get a drink, the three of us?" Very late than night they left a dis-reputable Salamander on the head traner's doorstep. His fur was flecked with sawdust and exuded an unmis-thakel flavor of reveiry. Cocked over one eye was a wreath made of greens and the gold foil from champagne bot-ties. In his mouth was a flask of brandy. Each fore paw clasped a whis-ky bottle, each hind paw a magnu

¹ You hold him, Aleck, while I take a took."
 ¹ You bold him, Aleck, while I take a took."
 ¹ You source and the set of th

Spring Gloves. For ordinary wear calfskin gloves will be used right through the spring. They are coming in lighter weight, however, and in tans and a reddish brown. Castor gloves continue inex pensive and in good style for tailored gowns and for outdoor sports. From the glove counters comes the news that suche lisle gloves will prohably out-rank the washable chamols again. They are lighter weight, no more ex-pensive and are equally durable. The prevailing style in coats is indi-cated by that three-quarter coat shown in sketch. It is made in black silk, with basket work trimming of cloth, the col