### FREELAND TRIBUNE.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

- \$1.00 PER YEAR.

FREELAND, PA., JULY 18, 1889.

The New York legislature increased the pay of laborers on the state canals to two dollars per day and then neglected to make the necessary appropriation to pay the increase. The result was that while 700 workers got the increase 500 others had to be discharged.

When, oh when will the report of that Harrisburg labor committee be given to the public? Is it possible that their master, the G. O. P., will not allow them to publish the record of Quay's "model" legislature? Will the chairman please throw some light on the subject?

The Democrats may have originated ne idea that to the victors belong the the near that to the victors belong the spoils, but it seems to suit the present administration to a nicety. They have carried it so far in some departments that it is like a four-rib roast—they devour the meat and make buttons of the bone.

The Pekin (China) Gazette cele-brated the 800th anniversary of its

mer bedom the most and make but been of the bone.

The Yolin (China Genetic celebrated the Stoth male was a final members of superfined the Stoth male was a part of the production a short time up to be included the stoth of th

From the New York World.

The great world without knows but little of the life and trials of the miner. If it gets its fuel cheap it cares not how to be without the property of coal or some terrible disaster by the first that causes a scarcity of coal or some terrible disaster by the miner—a general strike that causes a scarcity of coal or some terrible disaster by which scores of lives are lost. Yet the miner deserves to be better known.

scarcity of coal or some terrible disaster by which secres of lives are lost.

Yet the miner deserves to be better known.

He is, as a general rule, a patient in dustrious, God-fearing, poorly paid worker, whose toil contributes to the comfort of many and the wealth of a few, but who of late years has been unable to secure either comfort or wealth for those near and dear to him.

The statues of Pennsylvania say that children under twelve years old must not be employed in or about the mines, but in the case of the children of the coal fields "necessity knows no law," and the little ones are often sent to pick slate in the screen rooms of the big, black, dusty breakers at a much earlier age. Boys of eight and nine years and sometimes younger enter upon this exacting employment, which stunts mind and body. This is the first step to the mines.

A few years ago little toddlers not more than six years of age were sometimes found picking slate in the screen rooms, and accidents by which children were crushed to death by the massive breaker machinery were not infrequent.

People not acquainted with the condition of affairs naturally wondered why children were permitted to become slate pickers at such a tender age, but the cause was not difficult to find. Owing to the frequency of fatal accidents in the mines, by which the father of the family was suddenly killed at his task, the mother and her little ones are often left penniles and without means of support.

In such a pitiful extremity the oldest boy, no matter how young, would be selected for the coal breaker so that his title pittance of forty, or fifty, or sixty cents a day might help keep want from the door.

TRUTHS OF THE COAL FIELDS INTERESTINGLY TOLD.

Some of the Breaker Graduates—The State Picker, Mule Driver and Miner in the Pennsylvania Anthracite Regions.

The great world without knows but little of the life and trials of the miner. If it gets its fuel cheap it cares not how or by whom it is produced. There are only two things that attract attention to the miner—ageneral strike that causes a scarcity of coal or some 'terrible disaster by which scores of lives are lost. Xet the miner deserves to be better known.

The is, as a general rule, a patient influenced of many and the wealth of a few, but who of late years has been unable to the mine laborer is generally a But the miner and profit and the safet to the mount of the mine who of late years has been unable to the lives of all the men in the mine and then be load thus bringing it in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume of gas strong tit in contact with a volume o

has shart to the mouth of the mine hamber.

But the mine laborer is generally a theerful being. He is up at the earliest lawn, sometimes before daylight, espe-ially in the short winter days, and he hastens to his work with a light heart, the though he may be going to his last 'shift."

the though he may be going to his last hift."

The miner is usually a man of more an ordinary intelligence. In addition being skilled in the requirements of scalling—the nature of the gases, the fect of sudden barometric changes on en mines, the measurement of air rrents by the use of the anemometer dother matters essential to the careful orking of a mine—he possesses a wide unge of knowledge on general topics datakes a keen interest in the news of the day.

and takes a keen interest in the news of he day.

On all matters of vital current importance in religion, education, politics and outble questions, generally, he is up to he times. In this respect the miner of Pennsylvania differs widely from the sollier of the English mining districts. The English collier feels that he belongs to a class and that he has no interest beyond it. The Pennsylvania miner feels that he is an American citizen and that he is interested in everything of importance to his country.

Many of the miners own the homes they live in. Some of their homes are poor and plain and severely simple, and not a few show the hard lines which their occupants endured through the long siege of idleness in the coal industry, but many more are cozy, pretty and picturesque.

The feudal castle of old was grand to

A regiment in motion and the rattle of a drum,
With a "rat, tat, tat,!" and a rat, tat, tum!"
Feer is on the face of some,
Others stepping with aplomb,
And steady is the patter and clatter of the drum.

Sweeping lines in evolution, fast the wheeling columns come.

columns come.
And a thousand men are stepping to the tapping of the drumb,
There are countenances glum,
There are senses dull and numb,
But a boy is stepping proudly—there is playing on the drum, The rage and roar of battle and the rattle of

a drum,
n a drum,
shrapnel shot are flying with a "zip!" and
a "zum!"
Cruel shells exploding come,
And the bullets hiss and hum,
But a drum still echoes loudly—will the thing
be never mum?

Darkness on the field of battle, where the body-seckers come: The storm of death is ended and displayed the struggle's sum. There is blood, and both are dumb— A story of a drummer and a story of a drum.

#### IN HONOR BOUND.

IN HONOR BOUND.

In a handsome bedroom in one of the leading New York hotels, a gentleman was growling at the heat, moving about, and exhibiting in every way the restlessness of expectation or a mind ill at ease. He was tall, well built, and fair, telling his nationality in face and dress, every inch an Englishman; and if he had spoken his thoughts they would have been:

"How long Rodney is gone! I wonder if he found her? To think she has been in such trouble, and I did not know it! But what could I have done? Nothing! I bound myself to stand aside until Rodney came back. Why? I had as good a chance, as fair a right to speak as he had, but when he confided in me, told me he loved her, and was going home to ask his father's consent to marry her, I felt bound in honor to wait. A nice time he has had, he says, in winning his father over. Anyone would imagine by the fuss he made about representing the title' that Miss Underwood was a squaw wearing a blanket. Well, he will be aggreeably surprised when he sees her. There is not a lady in London society more refined, graceful, highly educated, and nobody can dispute her beauty; but will the loss of her father's wealth make the old gentleman withdraw his reluctant consent?

Oh, here is Rodney!

And the door opened to admit another Englishman, younger, rosier, more perfectly blonde than the occupant of the room. His face was clouded, and there was decided temper in the way he pitched his hat on the bed, and exclaimed!

"What a beastly hot day!"

His companion's heart beat thickly,

and exclaimed:

"What a beastly hot day!"
His companion's heart beat thickly.
Hope crushed down by honor, sprang
up defiantly.

"She refused him!" Hope whispered.
Aloud he only said:

"Well?"

"Oh, it's all over!"

"She—she—refeated you?"

"Well?"
"She—she—rejected you?"
"She—she—rejected you?"
The boyish face lighted for a moment with a conceited smile.
"Well, not exactly that. I didn't ask her. You see, old man, when I saw Mrs. Vandenhopper yesterday, she did not tell me half how bad it was. She told me that Miss Underwood's trustee, guardian, and lawyer all in one, had defaulted, lost all her money as well as his own, and that of numerous other people, and vanished. But an aunt, in a place on Long Island, left Miss Underwood a small farm, years and years ago, which was in the care of another business man, who, so far, has not vanished. That was all I heard yesterday, and I went to Cold Spring full of hope, to tell Miss Underwood of my undying affection. But, by Jove! just imagine—the farm turns out to be a miserable little piece of a few aeres, and Miss Underwood is cultivating it herseif! Sending green peas and strawberries to market! I saw her! A calico dress, I give you my word, great thick boots, a big check apron, and a sun-bonnet! She was out. her! A calico dress, I give you my word, gret thick boots, a big check apron, and a sun-bonnet! She was out in the garden, actually weeding a cabbage-bed herself, and a towzle-headed boy was carting off the weeds in a barrow. I asked one of the neighbors who lived there, don't you see, and got a lot of valuable information that would stand the governor's hair on end. That's the deuce of it, I had hard enough to bring him and my mother round to the heiress, but when it comes to weeding cabbages herself, you see, for a living, well—"
"So you give her up because in her misfortune she goes nobly to work, instead of whining and living on her relatives?"
"Well, it's all very well for you to

instead of whining and living on her relatives?"

"Well, it's all very well for you to talk that way. I've envied you your independence before now. By Jove! if I were like you, rich, with a good old family name and estate, and nobody to control me, I might do as I pleased. But, after all, I was completely disenchanted. Bob, when I saw that sun-bonnet. Nobody knows what state her hands are in, and a fellow in my position must think something of appearances."

"Yos!"

"Now you needn't look as if I had committed a crime, Bob. I never said one word that the wildest imagination could construe into love-making. I didn't dare tell I had talked the governor over, and now I'm glad I didn't. I think I may look a little higher than a woman who sends cabbages to market."

"You will look a long time before."

ket."
"You will look a long time before you will find a more perfect lady, in every sense of the word, than Miss Underwood."
"Well, I'm off for a bath and some clean line. Note: wester bett."

aweiling, air that was left of her lost wealth. A lady, as Robert Beauchamp had said, in the fullest sense of the word, poverty had found her without one money-making art at her command. Her music was far too superical for a teacher, her education was in no way thorough enough for practical purposes. She knew nothing of sewing or housekeeping, having employed servants for all her work, and a competent housekeeper for her house. It was true that she knew no more of farming than of Greek, but the farm was her own, and she paid a man to come every day to do the heaviest of her work, and to teach her how to weed, to sow, to plant. With boundless energy, good health, and a strong will, she took her misfortune bravely, and worked faithfully to make a living.

Her aunt in New York had offered her a home, and suggested matrimony as the object for a shork a hould.

Her aunt in New York had offered her a home, and suggested matrimony as the object for which she should work, but Emily had distinctly refused to hunt for a husband. She never spoke of the two Englishmen who had haunted her during one entire winter, had paid her most devoted attentions,

haunted her during one entire winter, had paid her most devoted attentions, and then quitted New York—one to return to England, one to make an extended tour of the States. They went away in March, and in July she had never heard of or from them. She would have indignantly denied any-especial interest in either one of them, yet she often sank into long day-dreams, in which she wondered why Robert Beauchamp's lips had never told her the love she read in his eyes, in his changing color, in those fleeting signs by which a man betrays what he believes to be a carefully-concealed secret.

She knew, from his companion's frankness, that he was free to woo and win where he would. Why, then, if he loved her, had he left her unsonght? It was one of life's mysteries, she told herself impatiently, and she would rouse from her day-dream to take a lesson in butter-making from her servant.

vant.
Leaning over the fence that separated her garden from her neighbor's was an old man, who said in a drawl:
"There was a city chap here to-day, Miss Underwood, askin' questions—no end of 'em, bout you. Th' old 'ooman allows he's English. She came from Cornwall herself, and she knows the talk."

"Cornwall! Emily Underwood felt the blood rush to her cheeks, but she asked no more questions. She had washed her hands, examined the fresh scratches and bruises on their delicate white surface, wondered how soon they would be hard and brown, and was lingering in the doorway, dread-ing the stairs for her lame feet and weary back when she saw Robert Beauchamp.

was lingering in the doorway, dreading the stairs for her lame feet and weary back when she saw Robert Beauchamp.

The offending sun-bonnet still shaded her face; the thick, mud-stained boots still covered her slender feet; the calico dress, the coarse apron, were all there, as described four long hours before. But her lover, her true loyal lover, saw only the shy brown eyes droop under his eager gaze; the quick rich color stain the fair round cheeks; the beauty of the sweet face and graceful ligure, and his heart rose to his lips.

Quick words of tender love, gentle words of sympathy, loving words of protection, all the language by which heart tries to win heart, were poured out in a rapid flow; and shy timid eyes, quivering lips, answered.

He told her of his pain in learning the loss that had fallen upon her, his sorrow at her changed fortunes, and in tenderest tones he besought her to trust her future to him—to be his beloved, cherished wife.

And she? She loved him! A little.

trust her future to him—to be his be-loved, cherished wife.

And she? She loved him! A little protest, checked by his lips upon hers, and she gave him the promise he sought.

She had been mistress of Beauchamp

She had been mistress of Beauchamp Hall for more than a year before she knew the reason of her husband's concealment of his love—the check honor placed upon his lips.

"Rodney went down to propose on the same day I did, sweetheart, but your sun-bonnet frightened him. But it makes me shiver to think he might have asked you."

might have asked you."
"Why? It would have made no dif-

"Why? It would have made no dif-ference."

"But he has a title—will have a higher one when his father dies, and six times my income."

"Well," and no one could doubt the sincerity of Mrs. Beauchamp's lips and eyes, "I did not love him. I did love you."

you."

"And if I had not found you?"

"I should have continued to weed cabbages in a sun-bonnet."

Rodney, meeting her in society, sighs sometimes, and wonders if hedid not make a mistake; but he would listen in incredulous amazement if he were told his title or wealth could never have won Emily Underwood for his wife, and that she would have married Robert Beauchamp if he had not had a dollar.

#### Religion in the Colleges.

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Religion in the Colleges.

Religion in the Colleges.

The colleges never had so many professing Church-members in them as a tresent. A few examples will show this, Yale College in 1795 had but whis, Yale College in 1795 had but or of very, and now I'm glad I didn't, ink I may look a little higher than coman who sends cabbages to marginal will look a long time before I will find a more perfect lady, in ry sense of the word, than Miss Unwood."

Well, I'm off for a bath and some and linen. Never was so hot in my refit shows than Never was so hot in my refit shows the had a certainly prepared tables these signines are taken, the proportions are still more favorable the prospects of religion.—Harper's Magazine. religion. - Harper's Magazine

Left alone, "Bob," otherwise Robert Beauchamp, consulted the time-table his companion had studied with interest in the early morning, and dressing rapidly, left the hotel.

It was hot, even at Cold Springs, and Emily Underwood, the cabbage bed weeded, pushed back her sun-bonnet, unconscious of the offence it had given, and straightened herself almost with a groan. The towale headed boy looked on and sympathized.

"You'd hadn't oughter go in spiecrel' he said. "Folks t'aint used to't allers does, ma says. You'd oughter hire the weedin' done. Lor'look at your hands!"

"They are certainly very dirty, Sam," said the low, sweet, well-bred voice.
"Beauchamp, consulted the time-table deviced by looked on and sympathized.

"They are certainly very dirty, Sam," said the low, sweet, well-bred voice.
"Beauchamp, consulted the time-table during the daytime feeds with them, and altogether conducts itself as a well-dispositioned chicken.

S. S. Cook, of Fisher's Landing, has set out on twenty acres of land, for which he retrees and 700 pear trees set out on twenty acres of land, for which he retrees and 700 pear trees set out on twenty acres of black-cap rasperries from which he netted \$100 per acre last year.

"They are certainly very dirty, Sam," said the low, sweet, well-bred voice.
"But working is better than starying, Sam," "Gran, ma'am. I'll make it all like a parlor."

And seeing him attack his work as if he meant what he said, Miss Underwood went into the small inconvenient which herefore, will generally last about thirty days.

# LOST! LOST!

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