

PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD IN THE TOWN AND VICINITY.

Matters of a Local Nature Commented Upon and Placed Before the Readers of the "Tribune" in Large Letters—Some Paragraphs May Interest You.

In conversation with some of the D. S. & S. railroaders I find them just a little uneasy regarding the roundhouse and dwellings the company is erecting at Roan Junction. The prevailing idea seems to be that an order will be issued to the employees before the next snow gets here, and the substance of that order, they think, will be to compel every D. S. & S. man to go to Roan to live. Looking at the matter from the railroad company's standpoint it is a paying move. The men will be all together, and in case of emergency can be called upon with but little trouble. There will also be a saving in the running of trains every morning and evening, and in several other ways the D. S. & S. will gain.

Like everything else, however, there are two sides to the question. The railroaders do not unanimously approve of the plan by any means, and although it is not likely that the D. S. & S. officials will consult the employees in the matter, yet their interests should be considered. More than one of these men have made their home here and accepted work on that road under the impression that they could live in Freeland. Now, if this expected order is issued they must relinquish their jobs. I have it from good authority that there will be some vacancies on the D. S. & S. when the men are asked to go to the Junction.

It is whispered around town that the cases brought against the police force for illegal arrest, etc., is the work of certain parties who would not like to see their names in print in connection with the trouble. Our Polish friends who have caused the arrest of the force may be in earnest and feel that they are doing right. On that point I have nothing to say. When a man thinks he is right, I give him credit for going ahead, but it is nothing to the credit of the parties who are patting both sides on the back—posing openly as the bosom friends of the police and then giving the Poles their assurances of support. When a man dips his fingers into other people's business he ought to choose his side and stay there.

It is amusing to watch these little intrigues from a disinterested point of view, but it makes a fellow feel like talking right out in meeting when the sly folks act and talk as if their little game is not known. This town is not quite big enough for anybody to be with you and against you without being detected.

I met Harry E. Sweeney, of Drifton, the other evening. He had just returned from the World's fair and was enthusiastic in his praise of the great exposition. Mr. Sweeney tells me he will likely take another trip to Chicago about October, and I believe that month is one of the best to visit the fair. The report of exorbitant prices for living and sight-seeing that have made so many people timid of venturing on a tour to the White City are not true. The rates for meals and lodging are no higher than in any other city and in some instances a great deal lower. Mr. S. says two fellows can leave here together, spend a week in Chicago, live as good as they do at home, see everything that is worth seeing, and unless they spend their money injudiciously it will not cost them a cent more than \$45 apiece.

I heard many people kick over the discrimination in the rates of railroad fare from Freeland to Mahanoy City last Sunday. There was quite a number who intended to take a day off and go down to Schuylkill, and they were more than surprised to learn that it would cost \$1.15 from here to Mahanoy City, while the rate from Hazleton was only 60 cents. On regular trains the fare from Freeland to Hazleton is 50 cents for a return ticket, and for what reason the Reading Company charged 55 cents to the same place on an excursion train is more than I

could learn. Perhaps the debt-burdened corporation wants to pay dividends at the expense of Freeland people.

Speaking of the discrimination in railroad rates reminds me of an incident that occurred in Hazleton on Sunday, June 25, when the societies of that moth-eaten city on props were wending their way to the depot to take a train for the Slavonian church dedication in Freeland. Actually the mayor donned the garb of sanctity and with all the dignity and devoutness of a martyred saint, issued a mandate to the effect that it was wrong and sinful to desecrate the Sabbath by bands playing sacred music on the streets. Who would think a thing like that could happen in Hazleton? But it did, and one of the officers executed the order with all the formality and devotion of a New England quaker.

I have tried various ways to learn the cause of this sudden change from crime and disorder to purity and solemnity, but in each instance have failed owing to a supposition that the two latter are assumed and will not stand an investigation. The prevailing opinion, however, is that the Slavonians made a bad start when they set sail for America. They should have come from Ireland or Germany.

There is scarcely a company or corporation in the state that looks to the interests of its employees, who are so unfortunate as to be injured while at work, more than Coxe Bros. & Co. The many stringent rules which govern this firm's workmen make life a burden to the majority, but nevertheless the victim of an accident is never forgotten. It might be news to some of those living in other mining towns to know that besides being otherwise very charitably disposed the company pays those injured in its employ the sum of \$5 per week until they are able to resume work. Widow women and fatherless children are not ordered to vacate the house when the rent is due and no money to meet it with, as is the case in many other towns. Still, the cry that "charity covers a multitude of sins" is often heard, but the partial reparation is to be highly commended when compared with those corporations whose "multitude of sins" no attempt is made to cover.

BASE BALL.

The Smiths will go to Weatherly on Sunday next to contest with the club of that place, and on Sunday, July 23, to White Haven. They now have six victories to their credit, one tie and two lost.

Jeanesville and Allentown State League club will play at the former place tomorrow. The game will commence at 4 o'clock.

Shepton club may play here against the Tigers on Sunday.

Wilkes-Barre has a club composed of colored players.

Philadelphia holds on to first place in the League race with a grip that is surprising for Philadelphia people.

Shenandoah will play at Hazleton on Saturday.

Jeanesville club will hold a picnic at Glen Onoko on Saturday.

The Tigers will play at the picnic of the Mt. Pleasant club on Saturday.

Seranton is receiving tempting offers to take Erie's place in the Eastern League and withdraw from the State League.

Hazleton club will have a benefit performance at the opera house there tonight. Rather strange way of raising money at this time of year.

High Commercial Morality. Springfield's commercial morality will compare well with that of any other city. Only a few days ago the directors who held the controlling interest in one of our prosperous local corporations were offered a heavy advance for their stock, but declined unless every stockholder had the same opportunity. In another instance gentlemen who bought stock below par in a local concern made up the shrinkage to the family of the seller as soon as the business got well under way, although they were under no moral or legal obligation to do so. These are pleasant facts.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Great Paris Bootmaker. France has lost one of its greatest men. M. Godillot is dead. His specialty was boots. He had an enormous manufactory near Paris, probably the largest of its kind in existence, and would turn out an order for, say, 90,000 pairs of boots for the army with the utmost dispatch. His name lives in the French slang of the day, for his manufacture is so well known that Frenchmen commonly talk, not of their boots, but of their "godillots."—London Tit-Bits.

SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

A Young Bride's Attempt at Trying to Deceive Her Public.

She sat in the bare, handsome apartment given over to the use of bridal couples, and traced the pattern of the gorgeous carpet with the point of her sunshade. Only sixteen hours married and it had come to this! Dick, her hero, who had vowed to love and cherish her had banded, actually banded the door in her face as he went into the office, leaving her to follow or not as she chose.

"I'll not stand it," she sobbed. "I'll go home to mamma and Dick can be free to marry that horrid Mattie Wilson if he likes and he will like, I'm sure." Then she started to her feet, "No, he shan't—she shall not have him, I'll just stay, yes, and I'll make him just as miserable as he makes me. That horrid Mattie Wilson girl! I asked her to be bride-maid on purpose just to make her envious, and made her wear pink, too—she always did look hideous in pink."

In the street a band was playing "Annie Laurie;" it took her mind back to the day when Dick had first told her that he loved her. "I thought we would be so happy," she sobbed, "and now—!" The tears splashed through her fingers, lending a new brightness to the new wedding ring.

"It was such a pretty wedding, too," she said aloud; "only Dick was so nervous that he dropped the ring and the best man had to stop it with his foot. Then I could hear mamma sobbing and it made me so nervous that I responded before the minister was through—I know I heard Mattie Wilson snicker. Well, never mind, it will be a long time before she has a chance to see how nervous it makes one to be married."

She was smiling now. Harik! was that a footstep? She sank back in a heap, the memory of her woes had returned to her. No, the footstep went on.

"He would not neglect me so if he really loved me," she wailed. "They told me he would change after we were married, but I didn't believe them. O Dick, Dick—" Her handkerchief was wet now; she mopped her eyes with it in a languid fashion. A grain or two of rice was dislodged from the ruffles of her dress and fell on the carpet. Her eye fell on it.

"What a lot of rice they did throw, to be sure," she mused, "and the slipper! I knew Maggie would do mischief with it, and sure enough it struck Dick's new silk hat and made a great dent in it."

She walked to the window and looked out. A funeral train was passing. In the front carriages the mourners wept; in the last ones they yawned and looked out of the windows. A wagon loaded with trunks drew up before the hotel. A queer looking one met her eye.

"O," she cried, "there is my trunk all tied up in white ribbon, like a package of bride's cake—and I didn't want any one to know we were just married."

She sank into a chair; a neighboring clock struck the hour. "How he neglects me," she wailed, and once more relapsed into tears. The door opened softly.

"What is it? Are you ill?" cried a terrified voice. She sat up and brushed away the tears.

"O, Dick, you don't love me?" "Not love you! Why, I'd die for you!"

"But—but you shut the door in my face and walked away, just as if you forgot me, and—"

"Why, my precious, don't you remember you told me to act as if we were not just married, and wouldn't even let me touch your hand in the train and—"

"Was that why you didn't carry my satchel and why you didn't ask if I had a headache?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Then, Dick, after this I want you to act just as much like a bridegroom as you wish."

She was sobbing in his arms now, and a long ray of sunshine fell full on the dazzling newness of the wedding ring.—Chicago Tribune.

WILLING TO MAKE A SACRIFICE.

When the Summer Days Come This Man Won't Ask "Is It Hot Enough?"

"It tell you what I'm willing to do, even if it breaks a leg," said a man on the rear platform of a Woodward Avenue car to a fellow passenger the other day. "All of us order be willing to do what we can for each other, no matter if it does hurt our feelins' or cost a few dollars."

"Well, what are you willing to do?" a Free Press man asked.

"It'll be awful hot weather bimely," "Yes."

"Hot 'nuff to fry the tar right out of an iron hitchin' post."

"Porhaps?"

"You'n me will probably meet some day when things is jest bollin'. We'll be sweatin' and moppin' and gaspin' or breathin' and moppin' to do this."

"I won't ask if it's hot 'nuff fur me, I won't ask if it's hot 'nuff fur you. See? We both suffer and suffer and don't say nuthin'. I'm no hog. The man who sizes me up fur one gits left. You needn't say nuthin' to nobody about it, but that's just what I'll do fur you, and I don't care how much I'm damaged."

And he took a bottle from his pocket, held it to his lips until a full-sized "swig" had time to pass down his throat and restored it, with the remark:

"Yes, dum my hide, I'm willin' to sacrifice and I don't want no praise fur it, either. Even if you do ask me if it's hot 'nuff fur me, I'll pretend I didn't hear you and give you all the advantage. Got to git off? Keep num and watch fur yours truly about the first of August—He'll be thar, and he'll sacrifice."—Detroit Free Press.

A Vital Point. "One question dear, before I say yes to your offer of marriage," said the Chicago maiden.

"Ask it, my precious one."

"In case of divorce, what alimony do you pay?"—Judge.

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SOMEBODY ELSE.

They were both in the chorus. Every night they sang love ballads and nonsense rhymes, flashed for an hour or two in spangled garments behind glittering lights, and then went into darkness and forgetfulness again.

These two, then, are only of the mob. They might have died any day, either of them or both, and the manager would merely have written a letter or nodded a word, and hardly a soul in the next night's audience would have known that there had been change in the chorus.

And yet these two of the chorus were set far above the common lot of mummies and onlookers alike.

They were lovers. When the opera demanded that they sing the chorus of a drinking song, the eyes of these two men did flash to each other the intoxicating wine of silent love. When their hands met in some stately minuet or mazy peasant dance, the thrill of shrinking, fearfully sweet pleasure coursed through both their bodies.

Every night he waited until she came from the big dressing rooms. He opened the big glass door of the stage entrance to let her pass out, and with a smile and a tender adieu she was gone into a world he knew not. Several times he had tried, when it had been fierce weather, to accompany her to her home, to lend her aid, protection, but no, she had always sweetly declined to let him do so, so they both came slightly out of the unknown, danced awhile in the light of a love that never spoke and went out again into the unknown.

But one night he was waiting for her sooner than usual. Eager and trembling, he waited for her coming. The others had nearly all gone. There was a patter of feet. She was coming.

He held out his hands to her. She hardly knew why, but she took them in her own and looked into his face wistfully. "Well," she said timidly.

"Oh, Fan," he said, "you know what I mean. I love you. That's all. Longago I told you with my deeds, and you understood. But that is not enough. Now, Fan, I must know; will you be my wife? Strange, is it not, that a member of the chorus, which is merely an entity, should wish to marry?"

Yes. Pain crept slowly into her face as she listened to him—pain that melted with joy. "Yes," she said, then in her low, sweet voice, "I knew you loved me. I knew, and I loved you, too, dear—yes, I love you now. But marry you—no, I—oh, I cannot."

She sank upon his breast, sobbing a little. Then she tore herself away and wiped the tears away quickly. "Do you hear?" she continued, "I cannot."

An awful thought came to him as she spoke. Could it be that she was already another's? How should he have known? Had she not gone always into the unknown and forbidden him to follow? And there came to his lips that inane cry of thousands like him—thousands of lovers in whom a sudden jealousy creates a frightful monomania of suspicion. "Ah, then—there is—somebody else?" Why is it that lovers must always think that because they are not chosen some one else must needs be?

Is there no such thing as a woman who refuses to love simply from a notion, instead of from a previous exhaustion of the sentiment?

In this case the girl nodded her head and said, "Yes, there is somebody else."

"Then, why," he returned fiercely, stung suddenly out of his passive grief into quick anger, "did you not tell me so before? Why did you always say 'yes' if your lips were to say 'no'?"

"How is it possible? But he—who is he? Ah, well, what does it matter? You have turned my day into night. I will go away late." He turned to go, but her hand was on his sleeve.

"Stop!" she cried. "Come with me. I will show you somebody else. And it is you who are cruel. Did I not say that I loved you? Come."

So for the first time he accompanied her into what was to be no more the unknown. The house at last! She opened the door and beckoned him to follow her. In a dim shabby room he saw a figure lying on the bed, a wasted, shrunken figure that breathed heavily. "This," said she, "is my mother. She is dying inch by inch of a wasting disease. Every moment that is spent at the theater I must devote to her. Every thought of mine must be for her and her comfort. See, she has so little left of life! Would you have me deprive her of the care she needs?"

A big lump came into his throat and seemed to wish to stick there forever. He choked a little with a hoarse sound, and then his voice came. "And is this the somebody else?"

She nodded and turned to the bed, but the other member of the chorus suddenly picked her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "For," he said, and his voice might have been suspected of having tears in it, "you're an angel on the stage, and off. But why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Because," she said, "you wouldn't let me."

And I am told that a certain member of the chorus is daily trying to postpone his marriage by his self-sacrificing tenderness in nursing the somebody else. He does it to ease Fan's burden, and he's not thinking of himself very much, I'm afraid.

But poor somebody else has already heard the voice of the Father of us all, and I fear there will be a wedding in the chorus after all.—Figaro Fiction.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

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