FREELAND TRIBUNE. STANDING IN, PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE ION RATES.

SUBSURIT TION	
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the subscribers will save both themselves
and the publisher much trouble and annor
Subscribers who allow themselves to fail in arrears will be called upon or notified twice,
and, in publisher much trouble and annor
Subscribers who allow themselves to fail in the merry fronth of Max, some few years ago, and felt the I farey month thereafter, collection will be made in the manner provided by law.
FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 17, 1893.
COUNTY CONVENTION.
Official Call issued by the Democratic county committee.
Under authority of a resolution adopt data a meeting of the Democratic county committee.
Under authority of a resolution adopt data a meeting of the Democratic county committee.
Wilkes-Barre, Saturday, June 10, 1893, the regular annual Democratic county controller; fourth, two candidates for the offices of: First, one candidate for county controller; fourth, two candidates for county commissioners; fitting, one candidate for the delignt of wills; third, one candidate for the delignt of such other business as may properly come before it.
The delegate elections in the several districts will be held on Saturday, Angust 29, 1893, at 10 o'clock in the forwarde of the leath with their horses in the assisting and yrophic combines in the several districts will be held on Saturday, Angust 10, 803, between the hours of and 7 o'clock p. m. at the usual pollupping places.
Blank forms of credentials will be forwarded to the judge of election of each district, and credentials must in all cases be made up on such forms.

Women passed around little muslin bags at the Maryland Prohibition state convention, requesting that the delegates would deposit in them one cent for each birthday they had pass-ed. As there was not much resent-ment at the suggregation ment at the suggestion.

The soundness of a beam or log can be accurately determined by the sense of hearing alone. The ear should be applied to one end of the beam, while the other is struck with a hammer. If the sound is clear, distinct and sharp, the beam is sound in every part, if dull or muffled, decay bas set in somewhat in the interior.

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WITH THE STABLE. FINCH MASON. [Copyright, 1893, by the Author.] -T is all very well T is all very well for Dives, revel-ing in purple and fine linen and far in g s umptuously every day, with e v ery thing to make life s arm-chair and way about the

and first every day, with every thing about him calculated to make life pleasant, to sit in his arm-chair and talk in a grandiloquent way about the cowardice of the suicide. owardice of the suicide. If Dives had been in my shoes on a certain night in the merry month of

and 7 o'clock p. m. at the usual polling places.
Blank forms of credentials will be forwarded to the judge of election of each district, and credentials must in all cases be made up on such forms.
In accordance with the rules of the party, the chairman and sceretary of the county committee will sit at Exchange hotel, Wilkes-Barre, from 7 to 10 o'clock on the evening of Monday, August 21, and from 8 to 9 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, to receive credentials, issue delegates' tickets and make up the roll for temporary organization. All delegates are requested to report promptly upon their arrival.
T. C. Mullally, Jno. S. M. Groarty, Secretary.
This said there is a tribe in Africa where speakers in public debate arr not allowed to speak longer than they own a soult fortune by supporting him at long odds, for the double event, on my own account. The whole thing worn assuted soreant that 1 felt for the morning and in that position. With all our boasted civilization we discover every now and then points in which savages surpass us.
Take the single taxers out of the party, and nothing of its moving resures.
Take the single taxers out of the Democrating party, and nothing of its moving resures.
Take the single taxers out of the Democrating party, and nothing of its moving the sport of kings that had brought me to a great measure my partially for a suble truth. It was in a great measure my partially for a specific port of kings that had brought me to the posible exceeds for a trainer or the subject. I very quickly solved in the adjuence of the own they be?
Now, I was well-versed in turf matters—in fact, to speak the truth, it was in a great measure my partially for the sport of kings that had brought me to the posible exceeds for a trainer the solut of the moving my mind to bear on the adjue trainers at the truth at all the subject. I very quickly solved the riddle-or thonght I had, at all events. Yes, I had, I felt sure.

events. Yes, I had, I felt sure. The only possible excuse for a trainer bringing his hor sees on to the Heath at this hour of the morning was to bring off a trial, and what was more a very important one. The time of year, too, just ten days before the Derby, was all in favor of my theory. Yes, it was a Derby trial that was coming off. I felt convineed, and what was more I meant to witness it.

It ow I chuckled to myself as I crawled along the grass like a snake until I reached the rear of the stand, well out of sight, when I ventured to peep out. There, standing exactly opposite the racecourse itself, were five horsemen. One I recognized immediately dark as it was as a well-known trainer who had a prominent Derby favorite under his charge; the other four, three of whom were mounted on thoroughbreds, hooded and clothed, were evidently jockeys.

Crack, went a whip. Some one was calling on his horse for an effort. The next instant the three horses flashed past us; the chestnut with the white hind legs first. The trainer gave his thigh a triumph-ant smack, as he exclaimed: "By the Lord Harry, but he's a stone better than I thought he was." Now was my time for action, and I seized it.

Now was my time to be seized it. "I congratulate you, Mr. Snaffle," was all isaid. Short speech as it was, it was quite enough to nearly make the trainer tumble off his horse with astonish-

the least mind telling you my business on the Heath this morning. I came here expressly to see the Butterfly Colt put through the mile for the Derby, and I congratulate you, now I have witnessed it, on having such a good horse in your stable. Good morn-ing. Mr. Snafle." "Here, not so fast!" exclaimed the trainer. "I'm not going to let you go like this. Come, you don't look quite so well to do in the world as you might; what will you take to come to my house straight away and remain there until, say, four o'clock this afternoon? After that I'll give you leave to go away and tell all about the triai te everyone you meet. Will you take five hundred?" "Down on the nail, and the promise of another monkey if the Butterfly colt wins the Derby and I'm on," was my roply. "Done!" said the trainer, holding out his hand for me to shake. "Don't say a word to the others," he whispered,

reply. "Done," said the trainer, holding out his hand for me to shake. "Don't say a word to the others," he whisp ered, "bnt come along with me at once." I was in nothurry to leave the worthy man, as the reader may guess; on the con-trary, no leech was ever more anxions to cling to a human body than I was to him, had he known. I accordingly hung on to the trainer's stirrup and trotted by his side as he went off to join the horses, who had now pulled up and were waiting for him. Silence was the order of the day, but there was a very satisfied look on everybody's face that spoke more elo-quently than words, as the order for "march" being given the small troop of envairy, Mr. Snaffe and myself taking up the rear, moved off towards the "top o' the town," where the trainers' stables were situated. That worthy did not want to lose sight of me, it was very evident; for no sooner had he jumped off his hack and handed it to a lad, than seizing me by the arm he said: "Now, my man, come into the house and let you and I have a talk." The jocleys, who by this time had dismounted, accemptation and the put the sub-sub the put the sub-sub the sub-sub the sub-sub the my the sub-the sub-the sub-the the sub-sing the sub-the sub-sing the sub-sub the sub-sing the sub-

inted. se med rather astonished as they glanced somewhat comtemptu-



"I CONGRATULATE YOU, MR. SNAFFLE."

"I GONGRATULATE YOU, MR. SNAFFLE." ously at my general get-up and appear-ance, which I need scarcely say had been allowed to run to seed terribly of late, but whatever their thoughts were they took care not to express them. To see they know how to hold their sources at Newmarket. My step is done. Suffice it to say the shift was in his house, on pa-ore is the trainer "did" me uncommonly well—the breakfast I ate this word to the latter as to monetary arrangements. The shift of the see that the source of more and the second second second second mass paid for holding my tongue was not a penny too much, for the large morning all over London could never have been executed at the good price it was, had I chosen to open my mouth. The therefore, as low as satisfied the was all that was necessary. The Butterfly coil won the Derby, machas I had backed him on my own when settling day arrived. Invested my earnings in a share in an S P hook in a manufacturing town in S P hook in a manufacturing town in the Midlands, and a very profitable con earn it is so profitable indeed, that for is son in my old friend Snaffle's stable, you may depend. Defined Snaffle's stable. The Patentary.

DAISY-FROST AND ASTER-SNOW. ood's fair and glad Thro' realms of innocence we go, Whose ev'ry mead is gommed with rim Of daisy-frost and aster-snowi

No,dream have we of colder drifts As, tow'rd the magic gleam and glow Of hope, we move through od'rous rifts Of daisy-frost and aster-snow! Ah, happy, happy childhood days, Whose fragmant zenhyrs gently blo Whose leas are blanched where'er w With daisy-frost and aster-snow!

There song birds thrill the radiant hours: There sparkling draughts of gladness flow There we look forth from jeweled towers 'Pon daisy-frost and aster-snow!

Alas, that life should ever bring The hours when roaring tempests blow: When joys, affrighted, cease to sing 'Mid daisy-frost and aster-snow!

But soon, so soon we hear the sigh Of swelling winds! How quickly grow The dark-plumed clouds that gloom our sky O'er daisy-frost and aster-snow!

Our shaken towers dissolve to dust. And ashen heaps around us show How frail are joys in walch we trust, Like daisy-frost and aster-snow! Ere age has come with chaplets hoar, We've laid so many sweet faiths low. And learned how transient is the store Of daisy-frost and aster-snow!

But there's a land of lasting cheer, Where faith's fruition we shall know, And reap the harvests cherished here 'Neath daisy-frost and aster-snow! --Virginia S. Haller, in N. Y. Observer

AS DO

Br Robert G.V. Meyers A Star [Copyright, 1893, by the Author.] HEN he had collected the implements of his trade, The Tiger took up the most im-portant tool of all, long an d slim, and put

'Oh!" cried a voice

11-and gain succes when the propertime. "Oth" cried a voice. If e had gone along, his head bent to the storm, and under a gas lamp he had run against a young woman. She dropped a packagre. He picked it up, and found that it was a music book. She thanked him and went on; his black-garbed form was soon swallowed up in the dinness. She was young, and the night was not always kind to such as she. He reached the old brewery in time to see her go in. The pile of boards; the shelter he had thought of, was just across the way. He went there and waited. Suddenly a strain of organ music swung in to him. The girl organist was playing before service began. Surely he had heard that tune before. He had once played the organ, and that had been one of his tunes. Now she was at another tune-Handel's "Largo." That had been ititle Annie's favorite. Just such a night as this he would go into the parior and play for little Annie while ner beautiful restless mother would look at fashion books and sigh becaus she had not the means to get he prety things she wanted. He threw his hand to his head.

though she should never know, he must do something for her. He sprang away, he tore along the deserted way. He found the house, a little tongwe of beautiful fame licking the ontside darkness. The door was locked. He pressed his shoulder against the timber, once, twice, and it yielded. He was in the hall, thick with smoke; he had gained the room where the fire was—burst open that door as well. Then he remembered and under-tion of the knife was in his hand still. The old man was in the room frantie-ally looking for the key of the lock. The old man turned and saw him and recognized him, and lifting a heavy chair sent it crashing through a win-dow came a low, dull tone of musis-dame playing in the old brewery, the congregation singing. The figer shock. Annie would never own him, would turn from him in hor-her. What? The old man was shrieking his name -typing to elimb out the high window to escape from him. The Tiger had dragged the box from under the bed and pitched it through the window. KELLMER

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Jontown, Bethiohene, Thila, Kaston and Poly yara n for Bethiehene, Easton and Phila, 728, 10 56 a.m., 12 16, 43 p. nn, vin Highland anch for White Haven, Glens Summit, Wikes- arre, Piltston and L. and B. Junction. SUNAY TRAINS.
 SUNAY TRAINS.
 11 40 a.m. and 34 p. m for Dirtifon, Joedo, Lum- r Yard and Hayleton. 34 p. pr. for Delanay City, Shean- ADEUVE. AT EDETE AND ADEUVE. AT EDETE AND

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

no, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via v Boston Branch). 5, 658 and 8 87 p m from New York, Easton, adelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Maueh

1 is a us and 3 if p m from New York, Easton, Philadeiphik, Bethichem, Altentow and Maueh Churk. Baston, Phila, Bethichem, Altentow and Kauch Baston, Phila, Bethichem and Mauch Chunk. 9 is, 10 41 am, 27, 6 38 pm from White Haven, Glen Summit, Witkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch). 8 USDAY TRAINS. 11 81 an and 33 h pm. from Hadeton, Lum-ber and Barre, From Hadeton, Lum-ber and Barron, Barleton, Philadelphia and Easton. 283 pm from Delano and Mahanoy region, For turther information inquire of Ticket Agenta

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-the greatest thing a man could do, though she should never know it. The old man was clinging to the win-

dow, frantically calling The Tiger's name, and eying that knife in his

The old man was clinging to the win-dow, frantically calling The Tiger's name, and eying that knife in his hand. The Tiger went toward him. "Who made me what I am?" he said. The knife dropped from his fingers, and he seized the old man, who fought him, calling his name-calling "murder." The Tiger's coat was wrapped round the old man's whitened head; he was fighting his way through the crack-ling timber of the hall. The stairs were gone; with his struggling burden he took an awful leap, going through a fiery, seething hell. There was a sharp pain in his eyes—a sudden darkness in the golden fire—and he was groping along, flame stinging him, smole mothering him! But he found the doorway; he was out in the snow—the old man was saved! There were voices out there—the old man's voice, calling his name, calling "murder!" as he reached his box—and then all the world next came back to The Tiger he knew that they had carried him into the old brewery. He was inexpressibly weary, and felt like sleeping peacefully; and peace had so long been a stranger to him. "Brother," said a voice in his car; "it was nobly done! The man you saved

A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ars't G. P. A. South Bethlehem, Pa.

The Delaware, Susquehanna
 and
 schwarz

 Passesone
 Train Time Tame.

 Taking Effect, May 59, 1886.
 Train Time.

 Passesone
 Stational Station



THE TIGER WENT TOWARD HIM.

THE TIGER WENT TOWARD HIM. Inst old the story. But you are terribly index in and we fear.—..." "Hash" and a soft voice. The Tiger tried to raise his hand, but he found that another hand held it. "Father?" said the soft voice who had said: "Hush".—..."Father?" She broke down, and it was a little what confusion was in The Tiger's burner. "Father," then said the soft voice, "Thave never forgotten you. I have always loved you. I play your music-the music you used to play for me. Do you remember? And you will never leave me now. I will stay with you till your remember? And you will never leave me now. I will stay with you till your a remember? And you will never leave me now. I will stay with you till your. Ahl we are all alone, you and I, for I am wearing black for-mother." She leaned over and kissed hisscarred lips—the first kiss he had fel in twenty years. He was very weary he knew he must shortly sleep: he could not keep awake. He slowly and painfully drew the hand that clasped his up to his blastered to nevel, what is you thy was to his blastered to heake, but it was not his. "Father!" The was too sleeps. "For Annie," he managed to whisper. "I thought of Annie, and the music!" He really could not keep the sleep off any longe. "Father," she said; "Father!" Size ha Files.