SUBSCRIPTION!

ADVERTISING!

Advertising in the TRI-BUNE is valuable be-cause of its extensive

ADVERTISING!

JOB PRINTING!

Job work of all kinds at the TRIBUNE office in the neatest style and at fairest prices.

THE KING OF THE ROAD.

And neves back along the train
And hears the signal bell that rings.
He pulls upon his bridle rein,
And lot the train has taken wings.
With rush and roar and shrieks of rigo
It darts along the slender rail—
This giant horse of Time's old age
Is like a hound upon the trail.

The driver sees the whirling wheel,
Turn by the bursished arms that play
Above the slender arms of steel.
The while he whirls across the day.
While dreaming o'er some oid love pages
Once more he lets the giant out.
She gives a sudden shriek of rage
And faster darts along the route.

The hands upon Time's dial face.
Say to him now: "Your train is late."
He says: "Old girl, we'll win this race
And make this run' as sure as fate."
Again his hand is lightly laid
Upon the throttle—open wide;
She darts away, as if afraid,
And swiftly rocks from side to side.

She plucks great fleecy clouds of steam
From out her pockets bound with brass.
And turns them out beside the stream,
Like sheep, to pasture on the grass.
A sable cloud across the sky
Her mantle drifts, begemmed with sparks,
The while the mile posts passing by
He turns by her to minute marks.

And now the twain have struck their gait.
The engine and the engineer.
The very shadows lie in wait.
To greet them with a shostly cheer.
As rushing on with ories of rage.
She dances o'er the slender rail.
This conquerr of Time's old age,
Who follows swift upon his trail.

Heroes there may have been of old.
But none outrank my engineer
Who from his window, joyous, bold,
Looits out with ne'er a thought of fear.
And poils the throttie open wide
To hurry swift across the day—
Ring of the road, whate'er bettide
Till grim beath steals his crown away.
—Chicago Dispatch



HAD been some time at one of the lesser residences in the East Indies, spending my vacation with my young friend, Ned Templeton, the president's nephew, and we had made many incursions into the surrounding fields with dog and gun, bagging pineasants and rabbits.

Now and then we had enught sight of fiercer game which we did not venture to attack, for the jungles still afforded hiding places for tigers, and the neighboring forests harbored wild boar and deadly serpents.

Hundreds of monkeys were to be seen for the mere looking, and we had killed a few, though, as a rule, we did not seek that sort of game.

The so-called state carriage was always at our disposal, and at times we would take a ride through the immediate district, being accompanied by members of the president's household, who were arrayed in a half-livery, which, to the simple country folk, made them look like people of distinction.

The carriage itself was an old affair which had come cut from the second of the contraction.

which, to the simple country folk, made them look like people of distinction.

The carriage itself was an old affair which had come out from the mother country, and at one time had been well glided. Ned and I tried our hand on its restoration, and so well did we succeed that we made it a nine days' wonder in the little town when it reappeared on the streets.

"Let's take the president's chariotout for an adring to-day," said Ned one morning. "We will astonish the country lolk and make them believe that some distinguished people have just come out from England."

Pleased with the idea, I agreed, and we concluded to take our guns with us in hopes of running across some birds or rabbits.

It was no trick at all to get the servants to accompany us, for they were always eager to go out with the "charlot," as we termed the old carriage, and when we had given orders to have it brought around we prepared for the trip ourselves.

When everything was ready, Ned gave orders for the drivers to take us down a certain road which for some distance led through a forest which, as we had seen, abounded in monkeys of all kinds.

Some of the lively inhabitants of the forest were large and ferocious, and

at us from a hundred points, and all
the time kept chattering in high glee.
Every now and then one would deseend to the ground and make faces at
us around a tree trunk as we watched
him from the carriage.
All at once Ned picked up his gun
and called the rider to pull up.
"I am going to have a shot at that
old fellow in the fork yonder," said he
as he opened the door.
"No, no, no shoot, sahib," cried the
excited servant as Ned stepped out.
"Apes fight back sometimes, and we
no get away from them if they do."
Sure enough the whole forest seemed
black with the beasts.
They seemed to descend from every
tree, and with cries that frightned me
they leaped to the ground and stood on
their hind feet, while they snapped and
snarled at us like a legion of flends.
The head man leaped upon the horse,
while the other ran to his place behind
the carriage, and the cracking of the
whip sent the team away.
But we had precipitated a battle
royal with the apsets
with wild screeches, made for us and
in a jiffy were swarming over the sides
of the chariot.
I saw the man on the horse strike at
them with the whip, while the native
on the back perch did the same thing
with a stick which he had hastily picked
up, but this did not deter our assailants, and the attack became fiercer each
moment.

moment. "Down with the blinds!" exclaimed "Down with the blinds!" exclaimed "The demons will swarm inside if we don't get them down at once!"

I had already turned to the blinds, seeing the necessity for their closing even before Ned had spoken, and while I tugged at the one on my side I was facing a pair of ferocious eyes and had to beat off a large hand which tried to grab my face.

recipies at more of the my sate? was facing a pair of ferocious eyes and had to beat off a large hand which tried to grab my face.

The carriage being very heavy, the horses could not draw it very fast, and as the poor steeds were surrounded by apes they became frightened and for a time we feared we would have to stop and fight for our lives in the road.

By this time the blinds had been pulled down, but the carriage was covered with apes, despite the efforts of the servants to beat them off.

Ned and I sank beak and remained silent. We could hear the screeches of the giant apes and the wild snorts of our horses mingled with the cries of the two men.

All at once the carriage stopped. I felt the fore wheel on my side sink into a chuck hole, and in another instant I heard the driver shout that the axle was broken.

Now came the tug of war, for we seemed to be placed at the mercy of the maddened apes.

"We've got to fight it out here," cried Ned, as he seized his gun and threw up the blinds.

The sight that met our boyish eyes as we looked out was enough to blanch our checks.

The two men were on the ground fighting the apes with clubs, and it seemed to me that all the monkeys of India had united for our destruction.

Nevertheless, Ned and I threw open the door and presented our streeks. our guns.

our guns.

The enemy paused in their attack at sight of us, and as we sprang out and fired into their midst they fell back a pace, while some retreated with cries of pain.

"Once more!" erfed Ned, and we reloaded hastily. "Show them that we are not to be overpowered by a lot of apes."

are not to be overpowered by a lot of apes."

But such was the fury of the creatures that they equally came back to the charge despite our shots, and we were driven to the very steps of the state carriage, where we had to club the guns and beat them off by sher muscle.

It was a tarible struggle and

muscle.

It was a terrible struggle, and against such a host the odds seemed against us.

Suddenly we heard a shout down the road and in another moment a small



IT WAS A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

LINES THAT RHYME.

Mappiness.
to me, sparrow, out there on the sill;
to my sorrow, to-day and to-morrow—
The winter is dreary and chill.

Sing to me, sparrow, of comfort you find; Say' Are you married, contented—so very Out there on the slat of the blind?

Sing to me, sparrow! Why are you so gay Chirping and cheery—no weather too drear; For you to be piping away!

Sing to me, sparrow, that I, tee, may learn How not to worry the trouble may flurry And blow me wherever Lturn. —George E. Bowen, in Inter Ocean.

Good-By.

We wave our hands and bid farewell,
We smile and say adleu,
We give our, parting friends God speed
With blessings ever new.
We take the hand in cordial grasp,
We press the brow and cheek,
While lingers on the lips which hold
One word we cannot speak.

One word we cannot speak.
With beating hearts and pulsing veins,
With thought too deep for speech,
We tell our hopes and breathe our fears,
Each asswering unto each.
With sadness tingering gladsome tones,
With swelling, moistened eye,
We press, in turn, the trembling lips
'That faln would say "good-by."
Clark W. Bryan, in Good Housekeeping.

A Speiling Lesson.
There lived a man in Mexico
Who all his life did battle
To rightly spell such easy words
As Nahuatlacatl.

He wrote the names of all the towns, It took of ink, a bottle, But could not spell Tenochtillan. Nor plain Tlacatecotl.

He went to spelling-school each day, And, though a man of mettle, He could not conquer Topiltzin, Nor Huitzilopochetl

He dwelt some time in Yucatan, And there, at Tzompantilli, He learned to spell one little word, 'Twas Ziuhonolpilli.

The joy of spelling just one word
Did all his mind unsettle,
But, spelling still, he choked at last
On Popocatepett.

J. T. Greenleaf, in Youth's Companion.

A coat to eat his breakfast in; another, too, for He keeps a coat for drinking tea, and one for reading Punch; A jacket for the London Times, one for his

'A purple tie for ninc a. m., a yellow one for ten.
A shrimp pink bow for tweive o'clock, a green
one for his den.
An ashen scarf he wears to smoke, at four he
wears a blue,
And twist this hour and midnight one of every
other hue.

Tis said to be a foolish thing for glided youth who daily About the street and clubs all day to keep a private valct; And yet 'tis a necessity that these our noblest bloods

She's 'dest e' dood c' doid!"

I have a little daughter
Who steals her mamma's purse,
And when we do not watch her
Does other things much worse,
Though mischief has a bower
In each soft, shiring curl,
In each soft, shiring curl,
'I'ze momes' is tweet, dood duri!"

Warner W. Fries, in Our Little Once

Harvest Time.
Come all yo soap-ad poets.
You can reap a harvest flue,
By writing silly verses
For the comic valentine.
—Pittsburgh Disc

Blow, ye winds," the poet wrote; And then he paused in doubt. Alest be could not think of aught For them to blow about. —Beffulo Courier.

LEAVE FREELAND.

605, 825, 933, 1044 a m, 135, 227, 345, 455, 50, 658, 7 12, 8 37 10 40 p m, for Drifton, feddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

605, 825, 933 a m, 125, 345, 455 p m, for Auch Chunk, Allentown, Bethleben, Phila, laston and New York, 2, 455, 6 58 p m, for thanney City, Shenaudoah and Pottsville.

726, 10 56 a m, 11 59, 434 p m, (via Highland tanch for White Haven, Glens Summit, Wilkeslarre, Pittston and L, and B, Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11 40 a m and 3 45 p m for Drifton, Jeddo, Lum-er Yard and Hazleton.
3 45 p m for Delano. Mahanoy City, Shenan-loah, New York and Philadelphia.

doah, New York and Philadelphia, Spannardoah, New York and Philadelphia, ARIVE AT FREELAND, 550, 718, 720, 919, 1054, 1159 a.m. 12.88, 215, 431, 658, 657, 1032 p.m. 1055, 105

from Easton, Phila, Bethlehem and Maueli Chunk. 9-33, 1041 a m, 2 gr., 6 8 p m from White Haven, Glen Summir, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Highland Branch). SUNDAY TRAINS. 11-31 a m and 3 31 p m, from Hazleton, Lum-ber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 11-31 a m from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton.

11 31 a m from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton. 3 33 p m from Delano and Mabanoy region. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUVLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect September 3, 1800.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Benver Mendow Road, Roan Fronk, Stockton, Benver Mendow Road, Roan 1, 190, and 100 pm, and 1

Traibs leave Drifton for Oneida Junction,
Harwood Road, Humbeldt Road, Oneida and
Sheppton at 610 a.m. 120, 460 pm. daily except
Sunday, and 7 63 a.m. 238 pm. Sunday.
Traibs leave Hazdeon Junction for Harwood,
Traibs leave Hazdeon Junction for Harwood,
m. 1 49 pm. daily except Sunday; and 8 47 a.m.
448 s.m. Sunday.

p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 40 a m, 308 p m, Sunday.

Terms leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cramment of the month of t

E. B. COXE, President. DANIEL COXE, Superintendent

ESTATE OF C. A. JOHNSON, late of Fester township, deceased. Letters of admissing tration upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all person indebted to said estate are requested to make present and those having claims or demand to present discount of the control of the control

NOTICE.—A meeting of the stockholders of the Clizens' Bank of Freeland will be held at the banking house of said bank on Wednesday, April 4, 1894, from 10 to 11 o'clock a. m., to elect directors to serve the ensuing year.

B. R. Davis, Cashier.

Freeland, Pa., Marcle 2, 1894.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

McDonald sells 5c towels. Use Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour.

Fancy embroidered hankerchiefs, 5c McDonald's.

at McDonald's.

Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates.

Wall paper, 6 cents per double roll, at A. A. Bachman's. Paper hanging done at short notice.

Nothing is more destructive of beauty than a bad complexion, and nothing is more certain to secure a good one than the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The Standard Remedy

The Standard Remedy.

From the Burlington, Vr., Free Press.

That old established cough remedy, Downs' Elixir, still more than holds its own in the public estimation, despite sharp and active competition. It is a "home remedy," and in this locality needs no words of praise from us, so well and favorably known is it. It is the standard remedy for coughs, colds and all throat troubles, with great numbers of our people, and their continued use and unsolicited recommendation of it speaks volumes in its favor.

Sold by Dr. Schilcher.

have it brought around we prepared for the trip ourselves.

When everything was ready, Ned gave orders for the drivers to take us down a certain road which for some distance led through a forest which, as all kinds.

Some of the lively inhabitants of the forest were large and fercoious, and these we had been warned by the natives managed to mend the forest were large and fercoious, and these we had been warned by the natives managed to mend the forest were large and fercoious, and these we had been warned by the natives managed to mend the birds which could be drawn, thus effectually shutting in the occupants from the outside world, and it was our custom when wedd not care to be disturbed to ride with the blinds down.

But on this particular morning, which was bright and clear, we had the bird which lay stretched before us in all its tropical beauty.

The great forest, as we called it, was our custom when wedd and care to be disturbed to ride with the blinds down.

But on this particular morning, which was bright and clear, we had the bird which lay stretched before us in all its tropical beauty.

The great forest, as we called it, was our custom when we did not care to be discussed in the propertion of the earth of the could be drawn, thus off-feetually short for the custom when we did not care to be discussed in the custom of the custom

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM Removes Frockles, Pimples, Liver - Moles, Blascheads, Sunburn and Tan, and

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Cold AND STOP THAT Cough. N. H. Downs' Elixir

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