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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 19, 1894.

One of the pet ideas of the country paper is its advocacy of every scheme or crazy idea to tax something or somebody. Every whimsical proposition to tax anything from book agents to telegraph poles is dwelt upon at length by the Republican and Democratic papers, the free trader and protectionist alike. There is nothing but demagoguery of the cheapest kind in this sort of talk. The town that succeeds the best is the one that has no bars up against anyone entering it, but which has a standing invitation to the whole world to come and do business there. It is the city which exempts industries from taxation that booms. It is the city that favors the telegraph company that gets the best service. A tax upon a corporation and especially an unjust tax comes from the people in the end because the corporation must make them pay it.—*Hazleton Sentinel.*

One of those "would-be funny" individuals, a few of which can be found in every town, thought it would be a good joke to see an article in the paper stating that his neighbor's wife gave birth to four children at one time. Having conceived the "joke," he gave it out as a fact to a reporter, and the paragraph appeared in the paper in due time. The lady in the case failed to see anything funny in the article, and so notified the publisher, who had the joker arrested under the law which makes it a crime to give reporters false information. The case happened last week in Williamsport, and if the publisher of the *Gazette* will carry the prosecution to the end he will earn the thanks of every newspaper man in the state. There are too many loose tongues in every locality, and when they blab their falsehoods to reporters they should be compelled to shoulder the responsibility.

A Washington correspondent of a metropolitan paper expresses grave doubts as to whether Cleveland will sign the tariff bill now before the senate, even if it should pass that body. If all reports are true the bill has been considerably altered through the pressure brought to bear upon the finance committee by the Republicans who are posing as Democrats. In its present state the Wilson bill would not afford much relief to the country, and rather than have the name of signing a tariff reform bill which does not reform the tariff, Cleveland might give the protectionists of his own party a rebuke for their hypocrisy and cowardice in failing to carry out the planks of the Chicago platform. Whether the bill be signed or vetoed will make no difference to free traders, for the tariff question will continue as the leading issue in American politics until every vestige of protection has been battered down. Hill and his bragadocio friends may not like the programme, but they are too small a fish to worry about. Let them go where they belong—to the Republicans.

No one would think that a genuine straight-out free trade and single tax meeting would be attended by more than a few hundred people in any city these days, yet the Academy of Music, in Philadelphia, was crowded from pit to dome on Saturday evening to hear Congressman Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio, Henry George and other prominent free traders. When it is remembered that Philadelphia is the greatest Republican state of the union, it is all the more surprising to know that nearly 5,000 citizens would crowd into a building to applaud while the principles of free trade were expounded. This simply shows that the rank and file of the Democratic party are leagues ahead of the party itself. There are today thousands of Republicans in the United States ready to join Johnson and George and then follow believers in "equal rights for all and special privileges for none," but they will not become Democrats while Democracy is tied to the skirts of protection. The Democratic party will be false to the memory of its founder, Thomas Jefferson, until it repudiates demagogues like Hill, Brice, Gorman and the people who believe with them and call themselves Democrats.

The headquarters for fancy dress trimmings is McDonald's.

NED HASTINGS' FALL.

BY FRED J. COWLES.

(Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)



It was noon at the Blue Jay mine, and the men had come out of the tunnel to eat the not-over-dainty luncheon prepared for them by French Pete, the Blue Jay chef. Dan Glass, boss of the lower workings, was the first to finish, and, lighting his pipe, he commenced to regale them with stories of "the sixties, when Quartz Hill was a honeycomb of mines." Breaking off suddenly in the midst of one of his favorite exploits, he smiled broadly and exclaimed: "There he comes now!" indicating, pipe in hand, with an oracular wave, a sturdy-looking young man coming down the trail that led from Humburg City to the mine.

"You all thought I had been budgin' over to Humburg, 'cause I comed in late this mornin'; but I hadn't. I'd jest been attendin' a little before-breakfast matinee in which that young feller there played solo part way up—er-down. You know him mostly—he's the express agent what hangs out at Winning Card. Well, where dy'e s'pose I found him this mornin'?"

"You shut up, Dan. Here is the quart I promised you," said the subject of Dan's remarks, coming up and handing out a bottle marked "Egyptian Cough Mixture, S. T., 1860, X." which Dan promptly appropriated and fondly applied to his lips, his movements followed by six pairs of envious eyes.

"You can't keep it, if I might as well tell the straight of it myself," continued the young man, balancing himself precariously upon an overturned wheelbarrow. "I guess you will laugh—Dan did; but I ain't seen where the laugh comes in yet. I may when my hair gets to laying flat enough for me to comb, which it ain't as yet."

"You see, it was like this. I had been over at Humburg, calling on a female friend of mine at the Gold Dust hotel, and the time slipped by so pleasantly that when I looked at my watch I found I had less than an hour to get over to Winning Card to get the bullion out of the safe for the Silver City stage, which passes about eleven o'clock. You know how the road winds around Quartz Hill from Humburg to the Card?—it's a good five mile, mostly uphill. Well, I knew that I couldn't make it that way, and as it was such a bright, moonlight night I thought that I would chance Old Ashby's trail over the hill, which isn't over two mile. You know Ashby's trail, Dan? That's the one aim and Dick Dunn fought about, and he had to kill Dick."

"Yep," replied Dan, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "I comed over it break o' day this mornin', an'—"

"Never mind," broke in Hastings. "I thought I could see well enough to keep out of the holes and make pretty good time, but that old hill's got an abandoned mine every fifty foot, and they run from ten to five hundred feet deep. I don't believe there is a curb or board over the whole blessed lot. Well, I was making good time enough until I came along to where I judged the Bobtail extension was—a good six hundred feet deep. If it's a foot—when I noticed that the sky was clouding up. In about five minutes I felt a chilly gust of wind, and then it suddenly got blacker than a stack of black cats. Knowing where I was, and the danger of stepping into the Bobtail, made the cold chills play tag up and down my spinal column. I slowed up, and for awhile shoved one foot ahead of the other until I began to get careless, thinking that I knew the lay of the land well enough to know that I was past the worst of it. Suddenly, just as I started to sing the first verse of 'The Days of '49,' I stepped on nothing but oxygen—and I knew to a dead certainty that I was falling into the Bob-tail!"

"If I live to be a thousand years old, I will never forget the feeling of horror that took possession of me. As I plunged forward, I instinctively threw my arms, and fetched, breast up, against a piece of scantling—the only thing left of a floor that had once covered the shaft—with a suddenness that took away my breath. I hung out that scantling like grim death, for I knew it was the only thing between me and the hereafter; but I was limp and nerveless from the shaking-up I had received."

"After awhile, though, I put out one foot and felt for the left wall—couldn't reach it! Tried a little harder, and got so interested in the operation that I slipped my hold on the board, and barely caught with my hands! I tell you, my heart come up into my mouth, and I could feel the cold sweat dripping down under my cap and rumping down my back. But I had touched the side, and in doing so knocked off a piece of wall-rock, which I heard go chinkety-chink, chinkety-

chink, until I counted thirteen, then a faint splash in the bottom. "I was so weak by this time that I could not wiggle one hand over the other and make the side that way. All I could do was to hang on and yell. And didn't I yell, though! But nobody heard me except a lonesome old coyote, who came up and had a yell with me. After awhile I made up my mind that I'd got to go, and then I began to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life, from drowning kittens to—well, no matter what to—and the few good things; they didn't take me long. You can laugh, if you want to; but I ain't going to drink any more; I can tell you that, now!"

"I thought of myself lying in that black pit o' hell, starving and mangled, wishing for death that came so slow. Somehow, that seemed all right—I could stand that; but when I thought of the five hundred dollars, Stage company money, in my pocket, and they advertising me as an absconding thief—it was worse than horrible!"

"It was about that time that I began to feel around for the end of a prayer, or two that I used to know when I was a kid, and as I repeated the familiar 'Now I lay me down to sleep' I could see my old gray-haired mother away down east on the old home farm in Vermont—I could see her sitting in the little low rocking-chair at the west window, where she wrote me she would always sit as the sun went down in the west, and give him a message for her dear boy, to deliver when he smiled upon him after she had gone to bed. I could see father come in and hand her the paper—the one I subscribed to for her when I first came west. I could see her dear old face flush with pleasure at the thought that she was soon to read a 'personal' about 'Our gentlemanly and efficient express agent,' like they are always putting in out here. The dear old lady nervously feels about for her spectacles, which she can never find, where she has pushed them up on her forehead. At last she has them safely in front of her eyes, and has smoothed the ruffled gray hairs into place. She opens the paper and stares hard at the scare head: 'Stop thief! Where is Edward Hastings, and where, oh! where is the Stage Co.'s five hundred dollars?' I could see her read the infernal black letters in a dazed way—then the truth—the lie, the black lie—gather up her braided spirit and bear it away while her head is bowed in grief! And—and I could see myself in that hole, mangled and bleeding!"

"I thought all this and more, too, boys. A man lives a long time when he knows that he has got to die the next minute. Then I felt my grip slowly relaxing. I commended my soul to God, shut my eyes, let go and dropped!"

The interest of his listeners was intense now. Even Dan's hand shook a

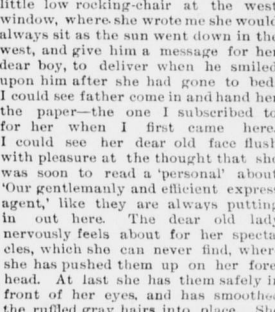
THE SQUIRREL MONKEY.

When in Captivity He Makes a Very Interesting Pet.

The red-backed teetee, or squirrel monkey, is by far the most beautiful in form and color of all the North American monkeys, as well as being an interesting pet in captivity. The length of the head and body is about twelve inches, and the tail is about the same length. In color the whole skull-cap is black; the ears, face, neck and throat are white; the back is reddish brown; the sides of the body, forearms, hands and feet are a ochre yellow; and the arms, thighs and upper two-thirds of the tail are olive and gray. The tail is not prehensile, and the outer third of it is covered with rather bushy black hair, longest at the end.

I once owned a very near relative to the species described above, a teetee, but not this identical species, which was about the size of a gray squirrel, with the nervous activity and sprightliness of a squirrel. I bought it of a sleepy Indian in South America, and it proved to be the plague of several people's lives.

He could perform one feat which I am sure no other monkey can. He could easily climb up the corner of a smoothly-planed, square-cornered door-



THE TEETEE, OR SQUIRREL MONKEY.

causing simply by exerting pressure in two directions with his hands and feet. One evening in Demerara I once saw, during half an hour's padding on the Essequibo river, about sixty of these little fellows settling themselves for the night. They huddled close together on the large horizontal branches like a flock of sparrows, partly for company and partly for warmth. One that we shot and roasted for supper proved to be better flavored than any squirrel I ever ate. These monkeys are so small they are not swift climbers in the tree tops, and although easy enough to shoot are desperately hard to find afterward.—St. Nicholas.

BIRDS THAT THINK.

A Swallow Executes a Sparrow with Neatness and Dispatch.

No one knows how much birds and dumb animals generally think, or if they think at all. It is certain, however, that many dogs do seem to reason out certain conclusions; and the most remarkable incident on record, perhaps, of this with regard to birds is that cited some time ago by a Maryland paper. The editor, Mr. Haddaway, gives an account of this remarkable encounter between a barn swallow and an English sparrow. The swallow had built its nest among the rafters of the barn of Mr. Denny, near Royal Oak, in Talbot county. While on the nest the swallow was attacked by the sparrow, and the two birds had a furious battle, which went on sometimes in the air and sometimes on the ground. The swallow was courageous, but it had not the wind of the sparrow, and finally had to yield to its antagonist. Having driven the swallow from the barn, the victorious sparrow took possession of the nest and contents. In about an hour the swallow returned to the barn, bearing in its mouth a bunch of something resembling long horse hairs. The bird went directly and noiselessly to its nest, threw itself on the back of the sparrow, and before that astonished bird had recovered from the shock caused by the sudden and violent return of its vanquished foe, the swallow put a horse-hair noose around the sparrow's neck, and some how fastened the other end of the lasso to the neck of the offender. The sparrow soon choked to death on its unexpected halibut, where it hung for several days.

Uncomfortable Solitude.

A well known English gentleman was traveling in Spain at the time of the recent Barcelona explosion, and, not hearing from him, his relatives induced the English foreign office to telegraph to the authorities at Barcelona to make inquiries. The telegram read thus: "Arthur Smith, British subject, in Barcelona during recent outrages. Make inquiries. Wire results." To this came answer: "Smith is in Barcelona. He is being watched." This was followed by a second message: "Smith attempted to leave Barcelona last night. Now in custody." Shortly after Smith himself wired: "Owing to your comradely telegram have spent twenty-four hours in Spanish jail. What do you mean?" Explanations followed, and Smith was released, but he hasn't forgiven his relatives yet.

An Example to Riches.

There was once upon a time an old lady who had known many sorrows and heartaches, who had lost children, husband, friends, and who was alone and poor in her old age. One day a lady who had gone to see her, pitying her sad fate, said: "Why, grandma, what a dreary outlook there is from your window—only barns and back doors." "Yes," said the old lady, cheerily, "but there are people who are blind, and who, although they live always by the ocean, cannot see it. There is always a bit of sky for me to look at, and when it is very blue and sweet I always think of the blind people and pity them, even though they are rich and I poor."—Alex E. Sweet, in Texas Sittings.

BUSINESS BRIEFS.

5 cent towel 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 free notice.

When the blood is pure, the bowels in good order, and the liver active, it is pleasant to live, and these blessings can be secured by using Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Averaging It.

The city editor had sent the reporter out to have an interview with a very aged woman he had discovered, and the reporter had come back. "Well," inquired the city editor, "did you see her?" "Course I did; that's what I went for." "How old is she?" "She said she was 110 years old." "Very well. When you write your story put her down at 125. The woman isn't living who will tell her real age."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Too Small Game.

A well-dressed man called at the office of a celebrated New York law firm, and said to the senior partner: "I want you to take my case. I am charged with burglary, but I assure you I am innocent as an unborn babe." "Senior Member—You are, eh? We don't want your case. We defend only notorious criminals. You had better go to some young lawyer.—Texas Sittings.

A Retraction.

Jones—I hear you said that I was not good enough for the gallows. Smith—Yes, that's true. "Well, you have got to retract." "Retract what?" "What you said about my not being good enough for the gallows." "All right; you are good enough for the gallows."—"Thanks"—Alex Sweet, in Texas Sittings.

Studying His Part.

Father—Here I'm giving you an expensive education so that you shall become a lawyer, hoping that you may eventually occupy a position on the bench, and you spend your time going to prize fights and the races. Son—It's a necessary part of my studies, father. I want to become a police-justice some day.—*Brooklyn Life.*

THE HEIGHT OF UNPOPULARITY.

She—You say he is unpopular? He—Unpopular? He is so unpopular that when he has a cold nobody offers him a remedy for it.—*Brooklyn Life.*

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Infant's dresses, 25c at McDonald's.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FOR SALE—A fresh milk cow. Apply to Patrick McFadden, Centre street.

LOST—On April 13, a silver watch and chain, on Ridge street, near Luzerne. Finder will please return it to TRIBUNE office and receive reward.

FOR RENT—A house containing six rooms and large store room; small family preferred; excellent location. Apply to M. J. Moran, Front street, Freeland.

FOR RENT—A large hall on first floor, suit for any purpose that a large building is needed. Apply to George Malinky, Fern street.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given, that the partnership lately subsisting between William D. Kline and Daniel Kline, of Freeland, Pa., under the firm name of Kline Brothers, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership are to be on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment. William D. Kline, Daniel Kline.

Freeland, Pa., March 31, 1894.

Keiper's Steam Marble Works.

COR. LAUREL AND MINE STREETS.

Monuments, Headstones,

selling at cost for next thirty days.

Iron and Galvanized Fences, Sawn Building

Sticks, Window Frames, Door Sills, Mantels, Grates, Copings, Cemetery Supplies.

PHILIP KEIPER, PROP., Hazleton.

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LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. FEB. 11, 1894.

LEAVE FREELAND.