

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 7, 1894.

What has Congressman Hines ever done to deserve a re-nomination from the Democratic party?

### An American Disease.

The recent death of Frank Hutton, the well-known journalist, resulting from paralysis incites the Kansas City Star to comment on the growing prevalence of this disease among Americans. That there is much truth in the following cannot be gainsaid: "Frank Hutton, the well-known journalist, is the last to fall a victim to what is coming to be considered an American disease—paralysis—caused generally by an excess of mental application. So frequent have become these cases of the prostration of men engaged in business or other enterprises requiring the active use of the brain through long hours and continuously that extinction by paralysis, sometimes accompanied by softening of the brain, is beginning to be considered a 'natural death' for certain classes of working Americans. The end is frequently predicted for such some time in advance of its arrival. Each case where the sufferer is a prominent person, known to a wide circle or to the country, is made the occasion for a warning on the part of the press against the American passion for over-work and the need of more leisure and relaxation in American life; but so far no visible result has come from these warnings, frequently written by men who themselves disregard them. Nations, like individuals, have their sins and consequent forms of punishment. The American vice is a prodigality in work and the penalty is paralysis."

### Sympathy Versus Business.

"My intention, when I entered the field as a bread winner some ten years ago," says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, "was distinctly to be a literary light, possibly even a star of magnitude. Indeed, in the earlier days of returned manuscripts, I considered journalism as entirely beneath my consideration, and when, through force of circumstances, I reluctantly entered upon the thorny path familiar to all writers for the press, I did so with the flattering belief that as an art critic I had little in common with journalists as such, and still less with reporters, whom I had held in light esteem. Alas for my egotistical conceit! I soon had reason to learn that I was but a minnow in the ocean of journalism. A very short experience of the outskirts of the world of letters taught me two things very thoroughly—one being that to gain any hearing at all it was necessary to possess more than mere ability; the other, that sympathy for me as a woman with three children to support might help me over the threshold, but certainly would not secure me an income."

Some strange articles have been transmitted at times through the United States mail, in defiance of a law which regulates such matters, but a singular package was found in a mail pouch at Union Bridge, Baltimore, upon the arrival of the afternoon mail one day lately. It was nothing less than a cat, in such excellent condition that it was evident the singular journey through which it had passed had not deprived the animal of any one of its nine lives. The postmaster was surprised when he opened the pouch and pussy promptly emerged from the bag. The cat is still in his possession. Its presence in the pouch was evidently accidental, but just how it came there is not known.

COUNTING ten hours of labor for each day, and that a man will be permitted to live and labor until he has reached the age of 85, says the United Presbyterian, the young man who enters upon his profession at 25 has before him only 204 months of actual working time. At 30 he has left 170 months, at 35, 154. The man of 40 has but 139 months to labor. When he is 45 his working time is reduced to 104. To him who has reached his semi-centennial, only 70 months remain; and at 55 there are left but 54. Take out of this all the uncertainties, and how insignificant a human life appears!

A CHICAGO commission house received an order for supplies a few days ago that had been twelve years in transit. It came by postal from Tuscola, Ill., and had whiskered on it when delivered to the dumfounded merchant for whom it was intended. It was thought that the Tuscola office was to blame.

THERE are sixteen states in which a medical diploma of itself is no license to practice and in which an extra and independent state examination is demanded before the applicant can be qualified. These states are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington and portions of the Indian territory.

It is interesting to note how close the inventors of patent medicines and patent foods follow upon the heels of medical discovery. What the regular physicians are telling their private patients or discussing in medical publications, the patent medicine men of the progressive sort are preaching to the public through a thousand advertising channels.

The late David Dudley Field's ideas came so much more rapidly than his handwriting was deciphered only by the joint efforts of all hands in his office, who would copy it legibly, leaving spaces for words or phrases they couldn't make out. Mr. Field, however, thought his chirography as plain as day.

MANY of the Chicago landlords are in a pickle this spring through the course adopted by renters throughout the city. High rents have driven tenants to the suburbs, and many have stored their goods and gone to boarding in preference to paying high rents. The result will be plenty of empty flats and a marked reduction in prices.

A WESTERN genius has invented a machine for making gas for illuminating purposes out of wood instead of coal. The machinery is very simple, consisting merely of a retort and purifying chamber, with a tank for holding the gas. He claims that the machine can be used for domestic purposes, and that by attaching it to an ordinary cooking stove enough gas to last a day can be made by the fire necessary to do the cooking.

ABOUT this time of year servant girls take their annual vacation and give their employers a chance to get all settled in their new homes. If there is anything the average servant girl has an aversion for it is being involved in anything that has the appearance of work.

THERE may be some excuse for a man's keeping his seat in a car while women are standing, but if there is one thing madder than another it is for a man to sneak into an empty seat while there are women unseated near him.

A PLEDGE not to use cigarettes previous to twenty-one years of age is being circulated in New York schools.

### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

### Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in thirty minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by William Woolcock.

### "Town Topics" Latest Novel.

The novel in the June number of "Town Topics" is a sprightly affair called "An Unspeakable Siren," a title that eloquently describes the heroine of the story, Vera Mazurka, who is a strangely fascinating young society girl of very startling characteristics. She is a hysterical and morbid creature, that rather repels people at first, but who grows on one, and ends by exerting a terrible spell, a good deal after the fashion of a snake. In telling this story the author provides many brilliant pictures of life in New York society, and in his character-drawing of modern types is especially clever. "An Unspeakable Siren" is accompanied by a collection of short stories, sketches, poems and witticisms taken from the back numbers of "Town Topics." The whole makes a bright summer volume. Town Topics Publishing Co., 208 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

### BUSINESS BRIEFS.

See McDonald's 75c lace curtains.

Picnics supplied with ice cream, cakes, candy, etc., at low prices by Laubach.

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

Cannibal king—"I don't see why I shouldn't eat you."

Missionary—"I don't agree with you."

Medicine man—"Take a dose of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills after the meal, sire."

The secretary of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., of Elkhart, Ind., informs us that their prices will be lower for 1894 than ever. He wishes us to ask our readers not to purchase anything in the line of carriages, wagons, bicycles or harness until they have sent 4 cents in stamps to pay postage on their 112 page catalogue. We advise the readers of this paper to remember his suggestion.

Cheapest carpets in town, McDonald's.

# The CLINK of GOLD

(CONTINUED FROM MONDAY.)

### III.

When I had found my way into the bedroom, and had struck a light, I formed a resolution to act promptly as soon as morning dawned. I drew back the curtain from the window, and looked out into the night.

I had thrown myself upon the bed and soon began to dream that some one was knocking at the door—a knocking which seemed to continue for hours, when suddenly I opened my eyes and found myself in broad daylight.

As the knocking still went on, I sprang up and exclaimed: "Who's there?"

"Only me, sir."

It was the voice of my landress, Mrs. Billings.

"Why, what's the time?"

"Struck three, sir, if you'll believe me."

I opened the door and glanced quickly toward the sofa.

Scroggie had vanished!

"Where is Mr. Scroggie?" said I.

"Gone, sir, hours ago," said Mrs. Billings.

"Says he, sir, 'Don't disturb Mr. Field.' Them was his words."

Says he, sir, 'Mr. Field ain't well. And, says he—'

"What time did he go?"

"Mr. Scroggie?" said my landress, meditatively. "When I comes into the room, sir, he jumps up, and goes out. If you'll believe me—"

"Do you know if Mr. Bowser is in?"

Mrs. Billings gave me a smile through the black patches on her red face and said:

"Lor, sir, Mr. Bowser went out early, too."

I now remembered my engagement to take tea with Miss Pilkington and Alice Darell; and it occurred to me as not improbable that Frank Bowser had already gone to Guilford street, where they lived. It was nearly four o'clock, so I hastened to make my toilet.

As I drove to Miss Pilkington's, meditating over Bowser's scheme to awaken a guilty conscience with the clink of gold, a thought which had hitherto only taken shadowy form in my mind now took a shape. I became convinced that Bowser suspected Scroggie, and Scroggie was the man he was hunting down.

When his suspicions had been first evoked it was impossible for me to determine. The men had met frequently for a year or more at my chambers, and yet it was only within the last few weeks that Bowser had invented the plan of clinking his gold; he had never told me that the scheme had been suggested by Scroggie's remarks or manner, and yet this now seemed to be the only possible explanation. But what seemed most certain was that he had been intentionally concealing these suspicions from me.

The necessity for seeing Bowser concerning this strange affair appeared every moment more urgent. Yet, as the cab drew up at Miss Pilkington's door, I felt unmoved and disinclined to meet him. His conduct required some explanation. He had not, I thought, behaved to me like a friend.

Miss Pilkington's house in Guilford street had an old-fashioned appearance of comfort which was exceedingly inviting. Passing through the snug entrance-hall, where a strong inner door seemed to be holding all draughts at defiance, and up a softly carpeted staircase, I was shown into a room in which the air was as warm and pleasant as a well-ventilated conservatory, and here I found Miss Pilkington, sitting in an arm-chair, near the fire, wrapped up as if she were some rare exotic.

Alice Darell came forward to welcome me in that unaffected manner in which she received all Frank Bowser's friends.

"And where is Mr. Bowser?" said Miss Pilkington.

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arrest must be effected. This was my duty, and Frank Bowser, I had reason to conjecture, could aid me. Yet I knew, unless I took my leave with considerable tact, that I should cause Alice Darell great anxiety. For she sat reading my thoughts.

I therefore passed another half-hour in a state of mental agony, conversing on trivial subjects with Miss Pilkington over cups of tea; and when I rose, and held out my hand, she said in a lofty manner: