

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Subscribers are requested to observe the date following the name on the labels of their papers.

Freeland, Pa., July 12, 1894.

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

All the medical fraternities of the United States and Great Britain, all opathic, homoeopathic, hydropathic, and electric confection cigarette smoking as one of the most destructive evils that ever befell the youth of any country.

"It is apparent to the most careful observer," says the New York World, "that there are still more than the usual number of persons out of employment in this city."

At a recent dinner Dr. Villon offered his guests some pears whose exterior seemed to be intact, but which internally exhibited the colors of the French flag.

When the Democratic delegates meet here next Monday to nominate a legislative candidate they should remember that two Democrats have been defeated in the district during the past four years, and to win this time the selection should be made after due deliberation and consideration of the claims of every candidate whose name may be presented.

Perhaps one reason of hard times is that so many Republican office holders have been turned loose on the country without any visible means of support, every one of whom has made it a point to make times seem harder than they really are.

"Bancombe Billy," according to the Hazleton Sentinel, is thinking about having the editor of the Tribune and Matt Long, of Hazleton, arrested for making attacks upon him.

The legislature of Louisiana has just voted an appropriation for the erection of a monument to the memory of Tom Laffon, a New Orleans negro celebrated for his philanthropy.

The number of railroad employes killed during the year of 1893 was 2,727, being greater by 173 than those killed the preceding year.

Go to McDonald's for \$1 chenille table covers.

COLORING OF FRUITS.

Peculiar Tricks Practiced by the Fruit Dealers of France.

The Bulletin d'Arboriculture, of Belgium, points out the following sophistications to which fruits are at present submitted in Europe.

Acetate and sulphate of copper have for a long time been employed for coloring plums that are too green.

Nothing is easier than to give peaches a beautiful color. To this effect there is employed a mixture of rhodamine, azo-red and citronine, which is applied by means of a brush and a perforated plate of zinc.

The melon itself is not spared. Atropedine or azo-orange is introduced into the interior by means of a tube, and care is taken to add a little essence of melon.

Apples and pears come in their turn, and pretty varieties of them are obtained by means of aniline colors, which attack the flesh as well as the epidermis.

At a recent dinner Dr. Villon offered his guests some pears whose exterior seemed to be intact, but which internally exhibited the colors of the French flag.

Separating the Bones of a Skull. Anatomists when they wish to separate the bones of a skull fill it with small beans and place it in a vessel of water.

A Sudden Change of Front. Wife (vexed)—What a fool I am to expect you to agree with me.

Love's Lack of Veracity. Love paints life a blooming rose. Without a bribe.

HEARD IN A DIME MUSEUM.

Lo Bengala—Do you know that the bearded lady died last night? Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Soup—Yes, I heard about it. It's awful sad. She left a wife and three children.—Life.

How He Escaped. Dashaway—What luck did you have in Texas? Billboard (the tragedian)—I played to full houses.

An Explicit Response. "Did you tell the hired girl that you could not put up with her work?" asked Mr. Slimmips at the dinner-table.

Up to the Times. Mother—You have drawn the donkey very nicely, Johnny, but you have forgotten one thing. Where is his tail? Johnny—Oh, that donkey doesn't need any tail. There are no flies on him.

Impatient. May—Why have you been flirting so outrageously this evening? Edith—Jack proposed to me by letter to-day, and I positively had to get some one to hug me.—Town Topics.

Human Nature. I kissed her a dozen times last night. And now it makes me sore. To think that I'd only stayed. I might have had one more.—Life.

Consolation Privileges. Edith—So you think that women ought to have their rights? Helen—Yes—if they can't get husbands.—N. Y. World.

That Proposal Was Not Made. Old Bachelor—Do you expect to marry, or do you prefer to keep your liberty, Miss Stronge? Miss Stronge—I intend to do both.—Answers.

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.

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.

Do you wish to enjoy good health? If so, use Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which clean the bowels and purify the blood.

McDonald sells 6c dress gingham.



GERTRUD.

(Copyrighted by Short Stories.)

One day in the autumn of 1884 a traveler could be seen walking along the highway between Marisfield and Wichtelhausen.

When he had left Marisfield about a quarter of an hour behind him, the village bells began to ring for church.

His thoughts had flown back to his home, to his mother and sisters whom he was leaving behind, and a strange feeling of sadness came over him.

The road was dusty, and the sun hot, and after a time he began to look about for a pleasant path.

No sign posts appeared to enlighten him as to his whereabouts, he met no one, and the silence was profound.

"He is the schulze of the village, and if you are a painter you must come home with me to dinner. Then you can talk it all over with my father."

"Yes," she replied, earnestly, "and you must stay with us a long, long time, until—until our day comes again and the pictures are finished."

"Well, we'll see about that later, Gertrud. But your Heinrich may not like it to have me so much with you."

"No," said Gertrud, calmly. "As he was not there at the appointed hour he will stay away until our day comes again."

She looked at him with large and earnest eyes, and did not reply, and her gaze grew far away and sorrowful.

Finally she sprang up, saying that she must go. Arnold quickly put his things together and hastened to join her.

Arnold (as our young artist was called) stopped in surprise. The girl, who wore a very singular but pretty peasant costume, was scarcely seventeen years old, and extremely beautiful.

"Oh, how can you speak so?" faltered the girl. "How could I be angry? But if you only knew how I had waited and longed for his coming!"

"Then he is not worth waiting for any longer. If I had been in his place I would not have kept you waiting a moment."

"How strangely you speak!" said the girl. "He would certainly have been here long ago if it had been possible. Perhaps he is ill—or dead!" she added, with a sigh.

"Then he will surely come," said Arnold, reassuringly. "A man must have a heart of stone to break a promise to you."

"Where do you live?"

"A little farther on in the valley," she answered. "Don't you hear the bells? They are just ringing for the close of mass."

Arnold listened. He could hear the slow strokes of a bell, but the tones were harsh and discordant. A thick mist was lying over that part of the valley from which the sound came.

"Your bell is cracked," he said, with a laugh. "Yes, I know," the girl replied, indifferently. "It does sound badly, and we ought to have it recast. But what does it matter? It answers the purpose, and we are used to it."

"What is the name of your village?" "Germelshausen." "And can I get to Wichtelhausen this way?" "Yes; it is only a short walk."

"Then I will keep on with you to your village, and I can get my dinner at the tavern, if it is a good one." "It is only too good," sighed the girl, with a backward glance to see if Heinrich might be coming, after all.

"Can a tavern be too good?" "Yes, for the peasants," she answered, earnestly, as they walked on slowly. "The men waste their time there and neglect their work. But, of course, it is different with gentlemen, like you, who don't work. The peasants earn your bread for you."

"No, indeed," cried Arnold. "The peasant makes it, certainly, but we have to earn it ourselves, and hard enough it is, too, sometimes, for the peasant looks out that his work is well paid."

"But you do not work?" "I will show you how I work. Sit down there on that stone." "But what shall I do there?" "Only sit down," cried Arnold, hurriedly snatching sketch-book and pencil. "I will be through in a moment. I want to take your picture away as a remembrance."

"Are you a painter?" "Yes." "Then you can paint over the pictures in our church. They need it badly." "What is your name?" asked Arnold, rapidly sketching the outlines of the girl's charming face.

"And who is your father?" "He is the schulze of the village, and if you are a painter you must come home with me to dinner. Then you can talk it all over with my father."

"About the paintings in the church?" asked Arnold, with a smile. "Yes," she replied, earnestly, "and you must stay with us a long, long time, until—until our day comes again and the pictures are finished."

"Well, we'll see about that later, Gertrud. But your Heinrich may not like it to have me so much with you."

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"How strangely you speak!" said the girl. "He would certainly have been here long ago if it had been possible. Perhaps he is ill—or dead!" she added, with a sigh.

the schulze appeared in the doorway and at the same moment a friendly looking old woman nodded to them from the window.

"How long you have been gone, Gertrud," said her father, "and he! he! What a handsome young fellow you have brought home with you!" "My dear sir—"

"No explanations on the doorstep. I beg of you. Come in, the dumplings are ready and will be getting cold." "But that is not Heinrich!" called the old woman from the window; "haven't I always said he wouldn't come back!"

"There, there, mother," said the schulze, "he may come yet;" and holding out his hand to Arnold, he continued: "You are welcome to Germelshausen, young man, wherever the child may have found you. And now come in to dinner; we'll talk later."

And without giving the young man any further opportunity for apologies he shook him heartily by the hand and led him into the house.

Besides the old woman, who had now closed the window and drawn her chair up to the table, there were several rosy-cheeked children sitting in the corner, and a robust peasant woman, wearing, like the others, a costume wholly unlike that of the neighboring villages, was just opening the door for a maid, who entered with a great platter of dumplings. All hastened to their places, eager to begin, but nobody sat down, and the children, as it seemed to Arnold, cast glances of terror at their father.

The latter stood sullen and silent behind his chair, with eyes downcast and knitted brow. Was he praying? Arnold observed that his lips were tightly pressed together, while his right hand hung clenched at his side. There was no sign of prayer in that face, only obstinate yet irresolute defiance.

Gertrud went softly to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, while the old woman opposite stood speechless, looking at him with anxious and beseeching eyes.

"Let us eat," he finally exclaimed, harshly. "There is no help for it;" and, drawing up his chair and nodding to his guest, he seized the great soup-ladle and went to work. There was something almost uncanny in the man's behavior, and Arnold could not feel uncomfortable in the air of depression which hung over his companions.

The schulze, however, was not the man to spoil his dinner with troubled thoughts. As he rapped on the table, the maid appeared again, bringing flasks and glasses, and with the taste of the old and costly wine, which he now offered, new life and spirits came into the company.

Through Arnold's veins the noble beverage streamed like liquid fire; never had he tasted anything like it. Gertrud also drank of it, and the old mother, who then seated herself at her spinning-wheel in the corner, and in a low voice sang a little song about the gay life in Germelshausen. The schulze was like another man. He was now as gay and cheerful as he had before been grave and silent; and even Arnold could not resist the influence of this exquisite wine. Before he knew what had happened, the schulze had seized his fiddle and was playing a lively dance tune, while he himself was whirling madly about the room with Gertrud in his arms, upsetting the chairs and knocking against the maid who was taking out the dishes, until the others shouted with laughter.

Suddenly all was still in the room, and as Arnold turned in astonishment, the schulze pointed toward the window with his bow and then laid the instrument back again in the large chest from which he had taken it. Arnold saw that a funeral procession was passing along the street.

Six men clad in white bore the casket on their shoulders, and behind it walked an old man leading a little fair-haired girl by the hand. The old man moved slowly and feebly, but the child, who could scarcely have been four years old and could not realize who was lying in the casket, nodded here and there, wherever she saw a familiar face and laughed aloud at the gambols of two little dogs who were tumbling about the sidewalk.

The silence lasted only so long as the procession was in sight; then Gertrud spoke to Arnold. "Come," she said, "you have romped enough; get your hat and let us take a walk. When we come back it will be time to go to the inn, for there is to be a dance this evening."

"A dance! That is good!" cried Arnold. "I came just at the right time. You will give me the first dance, won't you, Gertrud?"

Arnold had already seized his hat and portfolio. "What are you going to do with the book?" asked the schulze. "He draws, father," said Gertrud; "he has made a sketch of me already." Arnold opened his sketch-book and handed him the drawing. The peasant examined it in silence.

"And you mean to take this away with you, and perhaps frame it and hang it on your wall?" "Why not?" "May he, father?" "If he does not remain with us," said the schulze, "I have no objection. But there is something wanting in the background."

"What is it?" "The funeral procession that has just passed. Put that in, and then you may take the picture with you." "But the funeral procession with Gertrud?" "There is room enough," said the schulze, persistently. Arnold shook his head, laughingly, but the old man seemed determined, and Arnold, to pacify him, finally did as he desired, thinking he could change it later. With practiced hand he sketched from memory the figures which had just passed by. The whole family crowded about him, and watched with undisguised astonishment his rapid work.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CONGRESS—JOHN LEISENRING, of Upper Lehigh.

Subject to the decision of the Republican congressional convention.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—JOHN J. MCNELIS, of Drifton.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic convention of the fourth legislative district.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE—JAMES A. SWEENEY, of Hazleton.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic convention of the fourth legislative district.

FOR JUDGE OF ORPHANS' COURT—D. L. RHONE, of Wilkes-Barre.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

BREED TO A PRODUCING STALLION. HAWKMERE.

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FOR SALE.—A fine piano, also bed-room suit and household goods.

ESTATE OF JOHN HUDOCK, late of Fostertownship, deceased.

Letters testamentary upon the above-named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands to present the same without delay to Chas. Orion Stroh, attorney, Mary Hudock.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.—In accordance with a resolution adopted by the Democratic district committee May 12, 1894, a convention will be held at the Cottage hotel, Freeland, Monday, July 16, at 10 o'clock a. m., to nominate a candidate for the legislature. Delegate elections will be held at the regular polling places by the Democratic vigilance committees, Saturday, July 14, between the hours of 4 and 7 p. m. Election districts are entitled to one delegate for every one hundred Democratic votes or portion thereof above fifty, as at the last preceding county election. Such vote being based upon the average vote of all the county candidates.

John J. McNelis, secretary. Bernard McLaughlin, chairman.

IN THE COURT of common pleas of Luzerne county, No. 248, October term, 1894. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to one of the law judges of the court of common pleas of Luzerne county on Tuesday, July 31, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the act of assembly of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 23, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Mining and Mechanical Institute of the Anthracite Coal Region of Pennsylvania," the character and object of which is the support of an educational and scientific undertaking in affording to men and boys who are engaged or are desirous of engaging in the business of mining, or in mechanics or other pursuits, a better opportunity of fitting themselves for the work in which they propose to engage, and to furnish those who desire to do so with the means of preparing themselves thoroughly to pass the examinations required by the mine laws of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act of assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the prothonotary's office.

Andrew H. McClintock, solicitor.



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"Is that right?" cried Arnold, at last, as he sprang from the chair and held the picture at arm's length. "Excellent!" replied the schulze, with a nod of approval. "Now you may keep it. But go with Gertrud and take a look about the village," he added.

Arnold was only too eager to get out into the fresh air, and a few moments later found him walking by Gertrud's side along the village street.

Continued on Thursday.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets enlarged you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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