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Month.

scribers are requested to observe the data fing the name on the labels of their . By referring to this they can tell at a how they stand on the books in this For instance: Grow-

fance how they stand on the second flace. For instance: Grover Geveland 23June35 means that Grover is paid up to June 28, 1895. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report prompty to this office when your paper is not received. All arrearges must be paid when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law. Self-murder is decidedly on the in

crease in Christian countries.

The chief obstacle to commercial progress in Persia is in the unsatisfactory state of the roads.

There are as yet as many unpub lished sermons of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon as will require another ten years to get out.

Nitrate has doubled in consumption during the past ten years, and Colonel North, the nitrate king, is afraid that the supply will soon fall short of the

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by \$2,000,000,-000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is 860,000,000,000.

The shrinkage of value of horses in 1898 is estimated to be over \$25,000.-000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will, the New York World estimates, aggregate \$60,000,000, since the commencement of the present depression of values.

In Paris, according to a recent enum eration, there are more tailors, up-holsters, bonnet-makers, barbers, advocates, and men of letters than in any other city of the world. London has the most cab and carriage proprietors. engineers, printers, booksellers and cooks. Amsterdam is ahead on general dealers and money lenders. Brus-sels is celebrated as the city where the largest number of boys smoke. Naples has the most street porters. Berlin has the largest number of beer drinkers, and Lisbon contains the most bailiffs.

An interesting New England custon is that mentioned by Harper's Weekly which provides that stockholders of the Boston and Albany road shall ride free to Boston from any point on that road to attend the annual stockholders' meeting in September. They show their stock certificates instead of tickets, and they have all the week to get home in. So it happens that in stockholders' week people from west-ern Massachusetts flock to Boston to do their shopping, and crowd the hotels. A similar concession by other railroads in other States would tend to popularize small holdings of railroad ock.

The black ladybird of Australia, which was introduced into California two years ago to exterminate the black scale and like orchard parasites, has not belied its reputation, announces the New York Post. To these pests it has proved so relentless an enemy that in some parts of the State, nota bly Santa Barbara County, scarcely any insect life remains for the sustenance of the ladybird. Trees which, two years ago, were covered with the secretions of the scale, which, in fact. secretions of the scale, which, in fact, seemed irremediably ruined, are now clean, bright and vigorons. "It is difficult," says an expert, "to place a pecuniary estimate on the value of the The province of the South."
The model of the second of the second of the South."
The second of

THE LILY AND THE POET. A lily on the highland lay, A may of the nightand lay, Beneath the floree and scorehing ray Of midday summer sun. It chanced a poet, passing by, Upon the lily cast his eye; His sympathy it won.

"Poor little flower," he pitying said, "Who left thee thus with drooping h Beneath a burning sky; Ab, me! it was a thoughtless deed To cast thee forth, like common wee To wither and to die,

"Away from cool and grateful shade

Of garden bed or mossy glade, Where, erstwhile, thou didst bloom, My heart with pity bleeds for thee, Thus treated so despitefully, And left to such a doom.

"The lily is the spotless flower, The emblem of the pricess hower, Of purity of heart. King Solomon, in all his power, Was not arrayed like thee, sweet flower, Thou work of Nature's art.

I nou work of Nature's art.
 "I cannot leave thee in thy need, Amid the dust to pant and bleed.
 I cannot leave thee so.
 Close by thee lies a lovely mere, Whose sparkling waters bright and clear, O'er water lilles flow,

"Upon its cool, refreshing breast, I'll hay the gently down to rest, And banish all thy pain. The water sprites will change thy shape, And, as a 'Lily of the Lake," Thou yet shalt bloom again." —The Academy.

'MANDY'S ORG'N.

WONDER," reflect-

wONDER, "reflect-ed Mrs. Bentley, "why 'Mandy don't feed them chick'ns --'ts high timo they was fed! 'Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo! Hoo-oo-hoo! Hoo-oo-hoo! You 'Man-dy!'' ''Yes, maw, what d'you want?''

"The org a summer provide the second second

and that one with twenty-two, she said.
"No," said 'Mandy, with a sigh of indifference. "Oh, maw," she added, suddenly, with a very passion of longing in her tone; "d' you think pawil ever get me 'n org" her Christmas?"
"I do' know," replied her mother.
"Looks kind o' like snow, don't if? Which o' them pull'ts i' you go'n' ter kill fer termorrow?"
"I do' know; any of 'em's fat enough."

A dull grayness lowered upon the farm. The wind whistled a little as it came around the corner of the big barn, and pushed some stray locks of the girl's hair across her neck. A horse came running up from the lower pasture, and looked over the tall bars, neighing and pawing the ground im-patiently. Far off, down near the river, was the tinkle-inkle of a cow bell.

'There comes the cows," said Mrs. "There comes the cows, and Bentley, sighing unconsciously. It was a sigh of resignation, however, for Mrs. Bentley had been a farmer's

Maria's splendor; the sum of a ditter the sum of contempt. "Well, I don't see where them Quackenbushes gits so much money ter -'n they didn't have no bigger crop, I know. 'N' they ain't sold their hawgs yet. It beat me where they git gitt ''She's got a pair o' gloves ter match, to..'' ''Lan' sakes ! Just's if that pair o' gray ones she got'n the spring warb good enough! It beats me. Well, there's one thing might y sure! They deed. ''They are a sum of the spring warb they can walk over my gir!''s due was sying. Her lips were shut firmly together, and there was an ominons -'', ''She's got a pair o' gloves ter match, to..'' ''Lan' sakes ! Just's if that pair o' gray ones she got'n the spring warb there's one thing might y sure! They deed. ''They are ''' She climbed into the wagon over the

"Lan' sakes! Just's if that pair o' gray ones she got'n the spring wasn't good enough! It beats me. Well, there's one thing mighty sure! They needn't any of 'em think she's go'n ter look better in all her finery than you'll look'n thet peacock blue o' your'n!" "'Ts 's old 's the hills," said the girl. Her lips quivered, and there was an undertone of tears in her voice. Her mother looked at her in mute sym-pathy.

oathy. "Maria Quackenbush ain't got "Maria Quackenbush ain't got m such figger 's your'n, 's he said, afte a little, taking stock of the girl's good points; 'nor no such hair, 'n' sh don't know how ter do't up like yor do. I don't suppose he'll take a no tion to her."

tion to her "Who will?" There was a conscion

"Who will?" There was a conscious look on the girl's face. "Dick Underwood." "Who's a-car'n whether he does 'n not?" exclaimed 'Mandy, with an eraggerated affectation of scorn and in-difference that but poorly concealed the deep hur her mother's words had given. "He's welcome to, 'f he wants to! Nobody 'll hender 'im, I guess." "Hey you got them chick'ns fed?" "Yes." She shook the last grains of wheat from her apron. Her face was flushed, and tears were very close to her eyes now.

to her eyes now. As she turned toward the house

ran out, barcheaded. Sho was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slept. "'Oh, maw!" she cried. "What you got there?" "Stop holler'n'," said her mother grimly. "'Tis a new org'n fer you-"n' its got twenty-eight stops 'n' three knee-swells!" "Oh, maw!" exclaimed 'Mandy, completely overcome. Then-"you're a holler'n 'yourself! Say, maw, what's the third swell fur?" "I don't know what 'ts fur, but 'ts there. 'N' I guess I can holler 'f I want to, because I've slowed 'em! "N' I've got a dress fur you thet cost a dollar 'n' a half a yard, 'n' two pairs o' gloves ter match!" "Oh, maw!" gasped 'Mandy, "you're a holler'n offul!" "'N' Dick Underwood told me he was com'n' ter see the new org'n. 'N' he asked me 'f I thought you liked him like you uster, 'n' like he likes you! So, 'f I ain't showed them Quackenbushes, missy, I'd like ter know who has! 'N' I guess I can hol-ler 'f I want to!"

in amazement. "It you, houses,"
What you go 'n' ter git some things for dinner termorrow. I'm all out."
She began drumming with her coarse red fingers on the gate. There was a look of sudden resolution-almost stubbornness—on her face; and a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—especially when she looked at Maria. "I wish you c'u'd come," said that young ladv, airily, to 'Mandy, flickling her hose's ears with her whip: 'T've got lots ter tell you''-simpering—'' n' just piles ter show you. I've got a new dress that'll make your mouth water!"
"Hunh!" snifted Mrs. Bentley, tossting her head contemptuously. "The got a new dress that'll make your mouth water!"
"Hunh!" snifted Mrs. Bentley, tossting her head contemptuously. "The got a new dress ell'ast-ingfaction to-day. She returned with placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.
"I' do know," she retured with placidity Mrs. Bentley's intense gaze.
"' I've got a pair o' gloves ter match, 'Mandy. Guess you better come, after all. Well, we'll hev ter glance, whereat poor 'Mandy turned a fairly purplish tingo—'' r w'll be late. Good-bye! Hope you'l hev a south a fairly purplish tingo—'' r we'll be late.

STUDYOF PARKHURST

be trified with. As she passed the kitchen, she looked in, but 'Mandy was not in sight. The ominous look deepened on the mother's face. "('11 show 'en," she muttered again. The wind whistled around the corner, and brought with it the first flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs.

Bentley drove with adlourish of tri-nmph into the barn yard. 'Mandy ran out, bareheaded. Sho was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slent.

Over.Sensitive People

The Latest Thing in Shoes.

foot at rest. If this new style of turned-up toes is adopted, however, the modern flexible sole will in some degree mitigate the evils of such a shape by permitting the toes of the foot to press downward partially at least. This seems to be one of those novelties in footgear that is more calculated for novelty than comfort.

lurry of snow.

ACTER AND TRAITS OF NEW YORK'S REFORMER.

and Slandered He Is Only Just Now Winning Men's Respect-Business-like. Direct, Courageous, Without Self-ishness or Egotism.

Is the Highest Type of Man. It is doubtful if through all the length and breadth of the land there is any man more talked about just now than Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, She climbed into the wagon over the front wheel, and took up the reins with decision. "Git up," she said, in a tone not to be trifled with.

REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

REV. DE. CHARGES DE PARKHURSE. of New York City. His name and his deeds have become "familiar in our mouths as household words," in-deed, he is at present the conspicuous man of the time. And yet, there are few men less understood and less appreciated; there are none who have suffered more from misrepresentation and slander. When Dr. Parkhurst first appeared in the role of reformer, as the hater of vice, the newspapers affected to regard him as a monster of lust: as one of those whose strange, morbid impulses to vice are at once the wonder and pity of their fellows; he was abused as a Satyr cloaked in the garments of religion who apriled himself with horrible industry to the dissemination of the cult of Priapus. How different the true man is! and ow different is the world's opinion of him now that it has seen what he of him now that it has seen what he an do! One who knows Dr. Park-

How different is the world's opinion of him now that it has seen what he can do! One who knows Dr. Park-hurst well discusses his traits mi-nutely in one of the New York jour-nals and gives a pleasing picture of his character. **Parkhurst's Pority.** In person, he says, Dr. Parkhurst is a rather small, fine-bred, gentle-manly man, eloquent and animated in every motion and gesture, keen of intellect and with a nervous force continually displayed by his mobile features. The good Doctor is unsur-passed even among his professional brethren for purity of life and sim-ple innocence—an innocence often synonymous and identical with ignor-ance. He seems to be almost wholly without passion, of an icy crystalline coldness which has nothing In com-mon with the general weakness of humanity. Joined to this Dr. Park-hurst has a burning, overwhelming horror of what he conceives to be evil. It is not the doer of wrong so much that he detests as the huge, impersonal mass of sin which fills the earth and shuts out the brightness of the sky. He regards this evil as a monstrous and unnatural growth; it does not appear to him as interesting in itself; he has no imagination and sin is as passionless a thing to him as the nudity of deatt. This frame of mind arfles from his theologic pre-possessions, from the fact that Dr. Parkhurst believes absolutely in the close and vital connection between man and God. **Distinctly American**. Over-Sensitive People. There is a class of people with whom it is painful to come in contact. Very nice, they may be, and good in all respects, but the fact that they are gifted with an undue amount of sensi-tiveness makes life often a burden to themselves and to others. In many cases this intense sensitiveness has its origin in childhood when children are made much of, until they grow to be wonderfully conscious of themselves. If parents, when they see the dawning of this trait, which grows to be such a painful one awhile, would do all they could to check and discourage it; if those who have a temperament which inclines them to sensitiveness much oftener than they meet others, and consider how much of it has it origin in imagination, both they and the world would be gainers. The basy world call of the is to stop to listen to smuch on then to to top to listen to sense they posses pushed aside as to really have some grounds for discon-tent. The wisest plan is to try as far appossible to forget self. The slights which are usually so trying may be ig-nored, for it is not a matter of soo-ties the effect it has upon the other, is the effect it has upon the char-acter. That effect is lasting, the other is but transient.—Christian Herald. The Latest Thing in Shoes.

A UNIQUE INDUSTRY. How Labricating Oil Is Obtabod in Penn-sylvaria. The lubricating Oil Is Obtabod in Penn-sylvaria. The lubricating oil field of French In Creek, in Vennayo County, Pennsylva-nia, i one of the most curious spots in all oildom. The business had its start in the well of Biacksmith Evans, at Franklin, in the '0's, and since then \$12,000,00 worth of oil has been taken from the few miles square of territory where this oil alone is found. Around the pescribed limits wells that yield largely of the regular illuminating oil have been drilled, but none of that kind of oil has ever been found within the ubricating oil limits. This small but rich oil district extends into the Venango County, and there are wells In many private yards in that place. The production has fallen off greatly, though, and the price also. The production has fallen off greatly, though, and the price is below \$4 a barrel, The oil is reinhed at Oil City, and eighty different commercial products result, be does the oil itself. Franklin en oys a monoroly of the has barrel of it. There is little or no gas unto lubricating oil rock, and every well has to be pump-d. As many as inthe lubricating oil rock, and every well has to be pump-d. As many as inty wells are pumped by one engine. This is accomplished by an ingenious device called the pumping rig. The wells to be pump-d. As many as inty wells are pumped by one engine. This is accomplished by an ingenious leve ods around Franklin these suck-er rods surved together, reach-ing out in all directions, frequently more than a mile from the engine. The wells are norme be ongine. This side around stream the the in-glar motion of a pixton, and no engine within sight or hearing. The samo whing may be seen in the streets of Franklin, where the long arms recth-ing colunaries. The wells are ont pumped regularly, but by 'heads. Twice a day there is auflegent accumulation of oil in the Distinctly American. Dr. Parkhurst is distinctly an Amer The Latest Thing in Shoes. Perhaps the most striking thing among the late offerings in sole shapes is the last that turns almost skyward at the toe. The curve begins at the ball, and the toe very much resembles the peaked, turned-up front of some centuries ago that had to be chained to the knee, only that it is not nearly so long, says a writer in Boots and Shoes Weekly. It was not so very long ago that the turned-up toe was in vogue with us, made with a stift, unyielding, heavy sole-leather bottom. The advocates of this shape contended then that this was the proper form for the sole of the shoe, because the foot assumed this position in progression. But there was no provision made in it for the foot at rest. If this new style of turned-up toes can. He has the nerve force, the bright-eyed eagerness for knowledge and the indefatigable enthusiasn which are all thought to be disting guishing marks of our countrymen

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great odds against him. He shows also what a force the feeling we call "duty" is as a motive power. It was about twelve years ago that Dr. Park-hurst was called to the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, one of the wealthy and aris-tocratic churches of New York City. For years he preached there his schol-arly, quiet, unimpressive sermons, made his parochial visits to his rich parishiones, lived his life of grace-ful ease and luxury, and employed himself in study, pleasant work and recreation. Suddenly he discovered certain facts as to the immoral condi-tion of New York He whole he had not dreamed of before. He was amazed and horrified, and his horror and wonder grew on him. One Sun-day he preached a sermon such as he had never preached before. That day was the turning point in Dr. Parklury's life and in New York's moral history. Driven by a sense of duty, Dr. Parkhurst now left that life of pleasant clerical ease and delife of pleasant clerical ease and de-termined to devote himself to purify-ing New York and taking away the ity's reproach.

Ing New York and taking away the city's reproach. Parkhurt's Great Work. He received the support of the So-clety for the Prevention of Crime, of which he was president, and, armed with this power, he set to work mak-ing investigations. He was soon con-vinced that the whole system of mu-nicipal government was rotten, and that therefore vice and lawlesness were rather encouraged than re-pressed. In the face of sneers and opposition, notwithstanding slander and calumny, the Doctor kept on. Finally he appeared before the grand jury and laid before it the result of his investigations. Indictments were found by it en the strength of Dr. Parkhurs's evidence against one police captain, and testinony was A theorist is a man with perfect con-fidence in his imagination. The competition of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for charity. It is the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs so much that we can't afford to take a second.

police captain, and testimory was given implicating several others. The tide of public opinion turned now in Dr. Parkhurst's favor, and instead of being termed "crank" and sneered at



DR. PARKHURST'S STUDY as a fool he was now hailed as a re

venality which seems almost incredi-ble. And the end is not yet.

A UNIQUE INDUSTRY.

Bacon—"It's not difficult, nowa-days, to get men to do your bidding." Egbert—"No; I've often noticed the dummies about an auction room." Can a woman a secret keep? There is one such, I'll engage, As the years upon her creep— 'Tis the secret of her age. as a tool ne was now halled as a re-former and a man whose worth had not been hitherto appreciated. Soon the Senate appointed a committee to investigate Dr. Parkhurst's charges against the New York police, and the revelations made by this body have shown a depth of corruption and venality which seems almost incredi-

-Judge -Judge. The man who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly huppy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.-Puck.

THE MODERN GAME

How they squirm with

Ghoulish joy, When they've killed

When they've crushed

How they mangle,

How they strangle

How sweetly soft

ne bright young boy How they roar and How they laugh

Some youth in half, In the football game!

How they wrangle, In the football game!

How sweetly soft Their joyous tones, Mingled with the Awful grouns! Listen to their Happy cries When they've knocked Out some one's eyes, In the football game! .-Harold McGrath, in Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Keep off the grass--Lawn mowers.

an't afford to take a second. There is nothing poetical about anory. Distant prospects of it lead to enchantment to the view.--Puck. A gallant youth-a pretty miss-A trolley car that's dark-word it define spars'. — New York Herald. — New York Herald.

The same woman who langhed at you with richas, will smile with you at poverty—if she takes the notion.— Pnek.

Puck. "Till tell you a tale that is positively hair raising." "For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald headed!"

tell it to JOBSON; us s barn -Judge. Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of tics until they put their necks into the matri-monial halter.—Statesman.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness somethines lends dol-lars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a fie."—Puck.

In the football game!

How they jam 'em, How they ram 'em, How they slam 'em

other people may be better posted. — Puok. Miss Hasbeen.—"I'm very tir 2d af-ter the party last night." Littlè Ethel —"Yes, you must be. Sister assy you held the wall up the whole evening." —Brooklyn Life. She—"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault).—"Waitab, bring ohef for two."—Harlem Life. Mr. Snapp.—"Is the gentleman in the next room a somnambulist?" Land-lady—"Gracious goodness, no; for generations back they've all been Bap-tists."—Ohleago Record. There's heads and heads and flats; Some heads mouth heads, and flats; Some heads mouth heads, and flats; Mr. Shenge made to carr brains, And some just carry hats. —"Why"did the football game stop?"

And some just carry hats. "Spare Moments. "Why did the football game stop?" "The ball got mashed to a pulp." "How did that happen?" "A practi-cal joker on one of the teams slipped a wig on it during the game." —Puck. Patron (to laundryman) -- "John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John..."Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runnee."...New York Weekly. "I don't see how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pills. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He strains every nerve to keep me alive; I'm his only source of income." ...Harper's Bazar.

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