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FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 7, 1897.

The Present Coffee War.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.
The object of a trust is to prevent competition and keep up prices. It is a few people saying to the many that they shall not make money in that line of business. If these people will not stay out means are devised to drive them out. Now as the world has to carry along everybody in it, has to feed, clothe and support the unemployed, the making of trusts is an unprofitable occupation and harmful to society, a truth which, being generally recognized, accounts for the instinctive hostility to trusts of all kinds.

The sugar trust is just now engaged in a coffee war with Arbuckle Brothers of New York, who control the American coffee market and are said to be the biggest operators in coffee in the world. The Arbuckles wished to handle sugar as well as coffee. They tried to buy sugar of the trust on their own terms, and on being refused started to build a sugar refinery at Brooklyn.

This started the sugar trust into the coffee business. This trust bought out a coffee plant at Toledo, Ohio, the chief competitor of the Arbuckles, and have lately acquired another plant in Chicago. Then the trust started into make war on the Arbuckles by knocking down the price on coffee. Green coffees have dropped five or six cents a pound, and now roasted coffees have begun to go down.

The trust which will not have any competition against itself jumps at once into a competition outside of its line of business to destroy a possible competitor. The public is presented with a spectacle which looks more like war than business. It doesn't speak very highly for the progress of civilization, or show much advance in the last thousand years or so. Given the material, the business would handle them about in the same way. But if Arbuckle will complete his refinery and cut the price of sugar the public will willingly see these manipulators of food prices destroy one another.

The "era of prosperity," which campaign orators glibly promised would envelop the United States as soon as McKinley's election became assured, is now here, but it differs somewhat from the brand predicted. In the twelve business days from December 21 to January 4, of these "prosperous" times, twenty-eight banking institutions have closed their doors, entailing a loss in whole or part of deposits aggregating over twenty-two millions of dollars. The number of business failures for the corresponding period is also enormous, and there are no signs that the end of these crashes is due. After a while the pressure may ease a little, but there can be no genuine and widespread prosperity until many of the nation's laws are altered. This need not be looked for under McKinleyism and the gold standard.

"The genealogical tree of President-elect William McKinley," says an exchange, "has been traced by a Chicagoan, Edward A. Claypool, to its root in the great Duncan MacDuff, the same Thane of Fife who slew Macbeth, and who was immortalized by Shakespeare. The Mackintosh clan came from the MacDuffs, and from that clan came the clan Farquharson. One of this clan, Findlay, had four sons, who took the name MacLaurin, derived from Finlay. From these sons sprang the clan MacKinley. Of this clan, James, "the trooper," went to Ireland and became the ancestor of a large portion of the Irish MacKinleys. His son, James McKinley, came to America before the revolutionary war."

John Wanamaker won't be the successor of Don Cameron in the United States senate. That was settled by the Republican caucus on Tuesday night, but no sooner was he whipped than a boom was sprung for him for state treasurer. Wanamaker is making a desperate effort to follow Quay's footsteps, but he ought to show some originality. Because Quay dejected the treasury of \$400,000 at one whisk when he held the keys is not a good reason that John Wanamaker should be given the same privilege.

The Nervy New Woman.

The woman who dares is becoming more common. Perhaps it's the result of the new woman craze. At any rate, here is a story about one. She is a young matron in New Brunswick, N. J., named Mrs. Julia Heidingsfeldt. At about 1:30 o'clock one Sunday morning lately Mrs. Heidingsfeldt, who with her husband occupies a flat on the ground floor of an apartment house, was awakened by the opening of a kitchen window. Instead of quaking with fear and arousing her husband, the young woman got out of bed and went to the kitchen. There she saw a burglar climbing in through the window. Mrs. Heidingsfeldt promptly caught up a very feminine weapon, an ironing board, and fell to. She brought the slab heavily down upon the man's head. He grappled with the plucky woman, but she pushed him out of the window, secured the shutters and returned to bed. She did not take the trouble to notify the police until several hours later, and by that time the house-breaker had made his escape.

A Brooklyn man wants to establish a chain of stations across the ocean on the lines of the steamship routes. He has invented a buoy, a number of which he would place in the ocean at intervals along the routes and at intervals of 400 miles guardships with a crew of eight or twelve men would be stationed. Each buoy has a crew of three men, sleeping, cooking and living quarters, and is equipped with a lifeboat and a life raft, all the buoys being connected with the guardships by telephone, making them very useful to shipwrecked crews or vessels in distress. The buoys are provided with signal lights and fog horns. The inventor claims this system would be useful in time of war as well as peace by mounting on each buoy a number of rapid-firing guns and also using them for outposts or pickets.

When it appeared that the New England apple crop would altogether exceed the market demand, an organization, now known as the Farmers' Fruit Offering, was formed in Boston to distribute the surplus orchard product to the poor of that city. This society gathered and collected whatever apples the farmers would donate to it, and it has just concluded its mission after seven weeks of effort. In that time it has distributed 4,816 bushels of apples, which might otherwise have gone to waste, among 43,789 persons. The charity has been so practical and grateful that it will probably be repeated whenever crop conditions make it possible.

A pneumatic tube system for carrying mail is about to be established between New York and the Brooklyn post office. The contract between the constructing company and the general government has been signed, and that between the company and the trustees of the Brooklyn bridge will be completed in a few days. Then the preliminary work having been finished, the work of building will begin. Next thing we know the mails will be shooting about the country through regular lines of tubing.

An Abilene (Kan.) man is reported to have divorced his wife and married immediately, violating the law which requires a lapse of six months. His eldest son, with threats of prosecution for bigamy, forced the father to desist to him all his property. The father went to law to recover, alleging duress, and got a decision in his favor, and the community has since been waiting to see whether a bigamy prosecution will follow.

A scientist says that only 900 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping-cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus, and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regarding the population of the globe as a whole.

A proud papa and his 13-year-old boy called upon Speaker Reed the other day, and the youngster, for the want of something better to say, piped out: "Mr. Maine Reed, we have all of your books in our library, and I think you 'Scalp Hunters' is fine!" Mr. Reed explained that he was not the celebrated Capt. Maine Reed, and the boy looked very much disappointed.

Tests are about to be made at the agricultural experiment station in Berkeley, Cal., for the purpose of showing exactly what foods and how much a man should eat to enable him best and most economically to exercise his physical and mental powers.

A bird lover in Louisville writes deploring the extinction of song birds in the south and says that for three years he has not heard a mocking bird in woods where they used to abound.

"I'LL DO WHAT I CAN."

Who takes for his motto: "I'll do what I can." Shall better the world as he goes down life's hill. The willing young heart makes the capable man. And who does what he can, oft can do what he will. There's strength in the impulse to help things along. And forces undreamed of will come to the aid Of one who, though weak, yet believes he is strong. And offers himself to the task, unafraid.

"I'll do what I can" is a challenge to fate. In its tussel with life ever comes to the best. It puts the blue tints of depression to rout. And makes many difficult problems seem plain. It mounts over obstacles, dissipates doubt, And unravels kinks in life's curious chain. "I'll do what I can" keeps the progress machine In good working order as centuries roll. And civilization would perish, I ween. Were not those words written on many a soul. They led the great forests, they furrow the soil. They seek new inventions to benefit man. They fear no exertion, make pasture of toil. Oh, great is earth's debt to "I'll do what I can." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in N. Y. Independent.

A "SAFE" AFFAIR.

R. PHILIP MARSDEN, senior partner of Marsden & Ryliott, bankers, sat alone one evening in his counting house. The season had been a very heavy one for much money had exchanged hands through the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by bank failures and the explosions of public companies; but Marsden & Ryliott's bank had stood unshaken, for it was conducted on a sound financial basis with a large capital, and had become quite an old established institution.

In consequence of the aforesaid failures, the receipts at Marsden's had expanded enormously, and Mr. Phillip, whose heart and soul were in the life-long work which his great-grandfather founded, frequently drove across and stayed behind for an hour or so of late to glance through the transactions of the day carefully and quietly. It was, perhaps, a little indiscreet so far as his health was concerned, for Phillip was traveling toward the "sundown" of life, having passed his three score years and ten. His medical adviser had frequently enjoined him to avoid mental or physical exertion, his constitution being far from strong; but when the banker laughed and pooh-poohed the idea, the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, prophesied that Marsden would assuredly die in the harness.

The latter almost believed it, too, while admitting that his intellect was not so keen, his judgment and discriminating faculties not quite so clear, nor his strength what it was some 40 years back. He had been a masterly financier in his early days at the bank, conjuring with monetary problems as boys do with marbles, and giving the strictest attention to the work and to the secure custody of the documents and cash within its walls. Some very ingenious devices in the construction of the building and its rooms were attributable to his foresight, artifice and care. Marsden was a dear old gentleman, genial, happy and exceedingly kind to the staff in his employ, who, in return, performed their duties to the very letter, knowing the esteem in

which their services were held and substantially recognized. The moments were on, and Mr. Marsden, with a yawn, rose from his seat, and was just about to depart when a knock at the side door of the office demanded his attention. Upon opening the door a police sergeant and two stout officers in plain clothes confronted him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe," which their services were held and substantially recognized. The moments were on, and Mr. Marsden, with a yawn, rose from his seat, and was just about to depart when a knock at the side door of the office demanded his attention. Upon opening the door a police sergeant and two stout officers in plain clothes confronted him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe, sir; the head of the bank?" inquired the sergeant, in an anxious undertone. "That is so, I am Mr. Marsden."

"I have some most important evidence to communicate, if you will grant us a few minutes in private, sir."

"Indeed! Certainly. Step inside. And these two gentlemen, who might they be?" asked the banker, turning on his heel. "Two detective officers engaged upon their duty," replied the sergeant, and the trio were quietly ushered into the private sanctum of the banker. "I am staying rather later than usual to-night; it is fortunate I had not gone."

"Yes, sir; from information which has come into our possession, and which I must ask you in the interests of public justice not to divulge, but to afford us what assistance you can, I have to inform you that a daring robbery is contemplated upon your bank to-night."

"Never!" said Mr. Marsden, staring aghast. "Why, these premises are proof against anything." "You may think so; but you don't know these men. To go into the matter, sir, it came about in this way: We were on the scent of a notorious little gang of three expert bank robbers and safe breakers a short time since, and through smart fellows, too. But, unfortunately, we only succeeded in running one to earth—the others eluded us. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; but, like similar cases we have known, it subsequently came to his knowledge that his confederates had since his incarceration not acted up to their promise in making provision for his aged mother out of their ill-gotten gains, so he, in a spirit of revenge, poached upon them, and furnished us with full information concerning their whereabouts and future intentions. From this point these two other officers can better explain than I."

"Great heavens! You astound me!" said the aged banker, who became furthest agitated. "Do not alarm yourself, sir; they will fall into their own trap, rest assured," continued one of the detectives, taking up the thread of the narrative. "Yes, acting on the statement made by the prisoner, my colleague and I instituted careful and I might say, cunning inquiries, for these wily fellows are difficult to track. We have been unable to come upon the two individuals themselves; but after indefatigable efforts from a roundabout source—a woman as usual being at the bottom of it—we have learned that they intend forcing Marsden & Ryliott's bank to-night, and leaving by the best express to-morrow for the continent."

"The scoundrels!" "But they will just be deceived, sir. We have hit upon a plan, and ask you to acquiesce in our carrying it out." "Most certainly, whatever you think best. What do you suggest?" "Well, we want to catch them red-handed, as it were, and ask your permission to secrete ourselves upon the premises for the night, so as to fully be prepared and waiting for our men."

"Yes, yes. I presume you have written authority?" "Certainly, sir." "And the plain clothes gentlemen drew from their breast pockets the authorized official document bearing the name of the chief of the department, which was quite satisfactory."

"After consulting with our superiors," continued the officer, "we think that the plan we have suggested, with your permission, the most likely to insure success. We should like you to furnish us with your private address so as to communicate with you during the night, should your services be required."

"Yes, of course. 'The Hallies,' 11 Winstanton crescent." "Well, thank you, sir. That will be sufficient, thank you." "And the officer jotted it down quickly in his pocket-book. After pointing out a ponderous iron safe, which he hoped the villains would not turn their attention to, Mr. Phillip Marsden bid them good evening, requesting them to let him know the instant he might be wanted."

He departed in a feverish state of anxiety, wondering naturally, what the night would bring forth. Now, directly the old gentleman had left the real character of the pseudo-police officers was apparent. It was quite true that a notorious "little" gang of bank robbers contemplated an attack on the bank that night, and those scoundrels were actually none other than themselves! Their warrants were forgeries and the sergeant's uniform the perfection of imitation to the last button. No time was to be lost. From the coat tail pockets of the sergeant came some of the finest tempered steel drills and other implements for forcing and boring iron safes as ever graced the person of the most experienced crib-cracker. Deftly manufactured skeleton keys for picking the best and most complicated locks were brought forth, in short, everything needed for a thorough, daring and successful burglary.

"We've got a long night's work, Charlie," he said, "it's now nine o'clock, and if we get through this safe under ten hours we're lucky. We must set to work with a will." Accordingly the "sergeant" speedily turned his attention to the back premises with a view to a hurried escape should they be disturbed, while the two others directed theirs to the huge iron safe spoken of by the banker. Drills were quickly applied behind the hinges of the door, and boring commenced in earnest, for these "gentlemen" burglars knew pretty well everything worth knowing as to the construction of most safes in use.

Progress was very slow at first, but the men never ceased. Drill, drill, drill, on went the work almost in silence. Now and then just a short spell for a "breather." Midnight arrived, and a little better progress, for they labored harder than ever. One, two, three o'clock and now the huge iron door began to yield and creak a little. "Tough work, Jim. But it'll pay us in the end, old fellow. Keep it up. We must finish it by six o'clock, for perhaps some blessed office cleaner may be here, or people be moving outside."

Four o'clock and a good aperture was made. Five o'clock and they were perspiring like blacksmiths at a forge in July, and they worked like demons with their drills and levers. Presently, with a united and terrific effort, the outer door was loosened from its sockets.

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mighty piece of metal to the ground. "The inner compartment is very short work, chummie."

And so it proved, for with the utmost dexterity one picked the lock as the other, with a thin chisel, as hard as adamant, started for the door.

"One more wrench, Jim, and then for the spoils!" And he rubbed his hands with glee.

"Clang! And open flew the door. But what? Foiled! Frustrated! Baffled! The safe was empty!"

The scoundrels who had instantly dived their hands into the interior shrunk back aghast swearing and pouring curses upon the old banker's head.

"Bah! the old blackguard! He has done us, Jim! And who'd have dreamed it?"

"There's no time to lose," blurted his confederate, smashing anything he could lay his hands on in sherr wantonness. "It's striking six o'clock and work people are about."

Tools were hurriedly collected and pocketed again, and the "sergeant," with a disappointed growl, suggested that they should go out by the door they came in by, as nobody was stirring much, and the back way meant scaling walls and roofs. This they did, but immediately on emerging into the street they were met by Mr. Marsden in company with three constables. The old banker had experienced a sleepless night and risen early, calling at the police station, innocently enough, on his way to ascertain the news, if any, and was there astonished to learn that they believed it to be a bogus affair, as they knew nothing of it.

There was a desperate effort on the part of the burglars to escape, but one or two passing workmen at the cry of "Help!" rendered assistance, and the "police officers" were strongly secured by Mr. Phillip Marsden, on stepping into



"THE OLD BLACKGUARD HAS DONE US."

the bank, although greatly unnerved and agitated at the state of affairs, could scarcely suppress his laughter on finding that his "decoy," as he called it, had given so much trouble, and thoroughly done them, although he was quite ignorant of the plot he had unintentionally laid for them.

The "decoy," an old, insecure safe, which was always purposely kept empty, was one of Mr. Marsden's ingenious ideas for throwing burglars off the scent, being fixed in a prominent position to attract notice, while other safes containing the valuables were far away from the rooms in ordinary use.

The pseudo-detective officers are in safe custody now. They have their regular "drills," and instead of picking locks, pick oakum.—Liverpool Mercury.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect December 15, 1896.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eokley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle Brook, Hazleton Junction at 5:20, 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomlinson and Deringer at 5:00 a. m., p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 5:05 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Harwood Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:20, 6:40 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 5:05 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Junction at 6:20 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., 4:20 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 5:45 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Harwood Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:20, 6:40 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 5:05 p. m., Sunday.

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