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FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 22, 1897.

Getting Ready for Next Fall.

From the Wilkesbarre Newscaller.

The returns from the different election districts of Luzerne at the last spring election develops the surprising fact that the Democrats carried the county by a majority of nearly 2,500. This is taking such offices as judge of election and inspector as the basis for calculation. These offices are supposed to give a good idea of the average party strength and are not often complicated with local questions which change votes.

These figures have gotten out some way and have given renewed hope to the Democrats. Already the work of organization has commenced and the fact that there are five candidates mentioned for probatotary may be taken as an evidence of the reawakened hopes of the Democratic workers.

The feeling in the Republican party is not exactly that of confidence. There is no great rush for the nominations. There are a few candidates for probatotary, two for clerk and two for district attorney. The eyes of the heelers are on Washington, but they might as well be on the moon, as far as results are concerned.

The Democrats intend to carry on this campaign with vigor. New men with good records will be brought forward. The shortcomings of the Republican officials are sufficient to make an excellent campaign issue. The young men of the Democratic party are alert to the opportunity. The foreign vote will not be coerced this time. They were devolved on the fifty-cent dollar take but they can't be caught on that game this year.

Special.

The Labadie Faust Company of eighteen people arrived in town yesterday with a special car to transport their scenery, baggage and effects, for their grand production. Tonight they open their three nights engagement here in the romantic melodramatic spectacle, "Faust," the craze of London, Paris and New York. Hubert Labadie will appear as *Mephisto*, Marie Loranger as *Marguerite* and the following well-known artists, Oliver Labadie, Winona Bridges, Minnie Delhaven, Frank Munnel, Clifford Venie, E. E. Rex, W. F. Miller, E. E. Hixon, Jessie Campbell and others.

Spacially engaged an enormous salary is the minstrel king, Frank E. McNish, who made the greatest hit in Europe of any American artist. Miss Rose Leland, the pretty little contralto who recently returned from a two years engagement from the Alhambra Palace, London, and the petit, Baby June, the peerless child prodigy, in her new songs and dances.

The company came here direct from Rochester, N. Y., where they filled a week's engagement to crowded houses. During their stay here they will produce a different play each evening. This is a first class company and there is no doubt that they will play to crowded houses, as their prices are within the reach of all—10, 20 and 30 cents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Wear Well's celebrated One-Piece Shoe is a great seller. Nothing is sold in this town like it for \$2. For railroad work and shop wear it is unequalled.

Hart, the English tailor, will make you a seasonable and stylish suit of clothes at a moderate figure.

A. Oswald sells the freshest eggs in town. Every egg is guaranteed.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Char H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

AT HOME.

(A Reply to Burdette's "Since She Went Home.")

Where has she gone—
No evening shadows linger cold and gray,
No winds of winter chill the summer day.
A fadless springtime blooms upon the way
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
No wailing note awokeath sign or mean,
The old glad songs take up a gladder tone,
There's laughter sweet'er than we have known.
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Her saintly presence blesses mansions fair,
Glory gleams about the head so dear,
And the poor heart will find its rest up there.
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Time doth not mark in days its golden flight,
The sun is dimmed by Heaven's greater light,
And there are never tears nor lonely night.
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Thou, too, some day, will go if God so will
And while transcendent raptures thro' the thrill,
They souls shall meet, redeemed, yet lovin' still.
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Lila T. Dews, in Atlanta Constitution.

"BR'ER BUZZARD."

BY HARRY HALL.

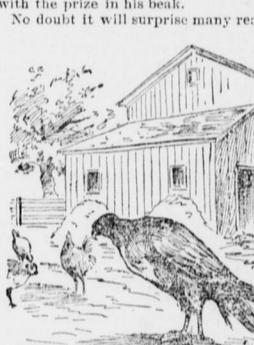
F ALL the birds that fly, "Br'er Buzzard" is the ugliest and the least engagin'. He might be called the skeleton in the closet of the bird world. We don't like to say anything more about him than we can help. He isn't a pleasant subject. The poor fellow seems to be aware of his own humble sphere in feathered society, too, and his manners are modest and deprecating. He makes no noise in the world. His demeanor, whenever he walks abroad, is shrinking and sad, as if he was conscious of his own clumsy movements and the disagreeable ideas his presence suggests. But he is not altogether unappreciated, depressing as he is; and of him may be said, with truth, that he does no injury to any living creature. He lives his harmless life and does his grawsome duty.

The fisherman come in with their loaded boats the vultures descend, and crowd about the rafts where the fish are assort'd, waiting until the dead or worthless ones are cast aside.

A favorite morsel is the head of the great river catfish, which is always cut off before the fish is offered for sale.

The fishermen, like everybody else, recognize the utility of the vultures, and encourage them until they become almost like pets; and it is ludicrous to see four or five of them seize a fish head and pull like boys at the old-fashioned game of French and English, flapping, hissing and tumbling about the ground in their efforts to drag the coveted morsel away from each other. In the midst of the ignoble struggle down swoop Cathartes Auras into the melee.

The black fellows fall over each other in their efforts to get out of his lordship's way, and he safely sails off with the prize in his beak.



TREAT HIM WITH INDIFFERENCE.

ers, and probably create a diversion of sentiment in favor of this bird of ill omen, to learn that he loves to be clean, and will even brave immersion in the cold water of the Mississippi river in order to effect it.

On a warm and sunny day a large flock of the black vultures will assemble on a shelving, sandy bank or a heap of driftwood, apparently for the express purpose of doing what the negroes who live along the batture call "washing their clothes."

He also moves, when on the ground with a sort of dignified deliberation, each new arrival taking up a position, and keeping it in decorous and dejected silence. They usually select a spot at which there is a partially sunken log, and after a large number are assembled, one of the company will march gravely out on the half-submerged log, while the others sit motionless in their places.

When the bather reaches the water, it is funny to watch him. As his feet touch it he raises himself on tiptoe, and steps gingerly, shuddering at the cold contact; but he wades bravely in, and as he goes deeper and deeper his feathers rise on end, and he looks a picture of comic distress.

He means business, however, and keeps resolutely on, until he is completely submerged except his head. Then he washes himself, precisely as a duck does, flapping his wings, rubbing and ruffling himself, and dancing up and down in the water until his feathers are thoroughly saturated. This accomplished, he marches sadly out a much more distressful object than ever, shakes himself like a dog, and "hangs himself up to dry" by spreading his great wings in the sunlight and standing like a statue for perhaps an hour, while his brethren go through the same performance, one by one, until the whole company are standing with outspread wings in the hot sun.

This singular spectacle is a familiar one in the haunts of the black vulture, and, next to his great utility in removing noxious substances from the earth, is the strongest argument I can find to recommend him to the esteem of mankind.—Golden Days.

Mistress—"That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply to you?" Mary—"Tell him, mum, if you please, that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save for the wedding things."—Tit-Bits.

It is a very uncomplaining bird. He does not make any outcry. He simply

spreads his great wings and soars far beyond the reach of his petty enemies. He meets with the same scornful tyranny from the turkey buzzard.

It is an odd sight to see one of the latter swoop down upon a flock of the black vultures as they are gathered about a dead chicken or other animal. All the black ones scramble out of the way, hopping, flapping and making their hoarse hissing sound—their only note—and range themselves at a safe distance, where they wait patiently until their big cousin chooses to take his departure.

The two species are often found together, but there is evidently a great gulf between them, and the blacks never forget their humble and respectful demeanor in the presence of Cathartes Auras.

Along the lower Mississippi river, in Mississippi and Louisiana, all the small towns are protected from inundation by high earthworks or levees, and the space between the levee and the river, called the batture, is a sort of no-man's land. Here garbage and refuse of all kinds is thrown, and the floating houses of the fishermen are moored.

Such places are the chosen home of Br'er Buzzard. No one ever dreams of molesting him. No one ever comes near enough to frighten or disturb him, and the life of plenty and ease makes him lazy and stupid. All day long he sits on some tall cottonwood tree, drawn up and dejected, if the weather be cloudy or cold, or standing with wings wide extended, to catch the sunlight if the day is fine. This singular attitude, with wings spread to their utmost extent, is a favorite with both Auras and Atrata, and they seem to be able to maintain it for hours without fatigue.

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No doubt it will surprise many read-

The Philadelphia Record

after a career of nearly twenty years of uninterrupted growth is justified in claiming that the standard first established by its founders is the one true test of

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The Pioneer

one cent morning newspaper in the United States, "The Record" still LEADS WHERE OTHERS FOLLOW.

Witness its unrivaled average daily circulation exceeding 160,000 copies, and an average exceeding 120,000 copies for its Sunday editions, while imitations of its plan of publications in every important city of the country testify to the truth of the assertion that in the quantity and quality of its contents, and in the price at which it is sold "The Record" has established the standard by which excellence in journalism must be measured.

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The Daily and Sunday

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PERSONALITIES.

Miss Cora Learch, of Nanticoke, is visiting friends in town.

Rev. J. P. Buxton, of Driftton, conducted services at Tamaqua P. E. church yesterday.

Miss Minnie McKinley will return to Wilkesbarre tomorrow, after spending a week with her parents in town.

Frank McHugh and Charles J. Gallagher, of Jeddo, will participate in a debate to be given at an entertainment on the South Side within a few weeks.

Joe Lowenthal, formerly manager of Refowich's Freeland store, has accepted the agency of a portrait company and will tour the region in search of orders.

The following young men of Jeddo, composing a singing quartette, rendered several selections at an entertainment given in Audenried last night and were well received: Frank McHugh, Walter Reinbold, D. J. Boyle and Chas. McGill.

He means business, however, and keeps resolutely on, until he is completely submerged except his head. Then he washes himself, precisely as a duck does, flapping his wings, rubbing and ruffling himself, and dancing up and down in the water until his feathers are thoroughly saturated. This accomplished, he marches sadly out a much more distressful object than ever, shakes himself like a dog, and "hangs himself up to dry" by spreading his great wings in the sunlight and standing like a statue for perhaps an hour, while his brethren go through the same performance, one by one, until the whole company are standing with outspread wings in the hot sun.

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William Barton, who for a number of years was employed as hostler for Dr. George S. Wentz, resigned his position last week and left for his home in Virginia.

Now that the spring is near at hand the cry is base ball. It is talked on all sides. The Farnsworth team has reorganized and is anxiously waiting for the Anthracite league to meet and get down to business.

P. M. Boyle, of Sugar Notch, visited friends here last week.

George Hufford, of New York city, transacted business here last week.

PLEASURE CALENDAR.

March 23.—"The Hidden Treasure," under the auspices of the Junior Dramatic Company, at Yann's opera