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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 22, 1897.

Getting Ready for Next Fall.
From the Wilkesbarre Newsleader.

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 prothonotary 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 prothonotary, two for clerk and two for district attorney. The eyes of the healers 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 be coerced this time. They were deceived on the fifty-cent dollar fake but they can't be caught on that game this year.

Special.
The Labadie Faunt 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 De Haven, Frank Mummel, Clifford Venable, H. Rex, W. E. Miller, E. E. Hixon, Jessie Campbell and others.

Specialty engaged at an enormous salary is the minstrel king, Frank E. McNish, who made the greatest hit in Europe of any American artist; Miss Rosa Leland, the pretty little contralto who recently returned from a two years engagement from the Alhambra Palace, London, and the prettiest 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.

The medicinal signature of *Chas. 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 awaketh sign or moan,
The old glad songs take up a gladder tone,
There's laughter sweeter far than we have known,
— Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Her saintly presence blesses mansions fair,
Glorious gleams about the head so dear,
And thy 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, wilt go if God so will
And while transcendent raptures thro' thee thrill,
Thy souls shall meet, redeemed, yet loving still,
— Where she hath gone.

—Lila T. Dew, in Atlanta Constitution.

"BR'ER BUZZARD."

BY HARRY BALL.

ALL the birds that fly, "Br'er Buzzard" is the ugliest and the least engaging. 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 greivous duty.

What more need be said of anybody? Mankind may not love or admire Br'er Buzzard, but they are forced to accord him respect and protection. The man who kills him breaks the law and offends his fellow men.

But there are many interesting things about this undertaker in feathers that have never been described, probably because the general tendency has always been to let him alone; and of all the larger birds of this country there is not one which is less intimately known than this.

He can be seen on almost any day in the southern states, soaring high in the blue sky or dashing slantwise in wind and storm, a majestic and graceful object. This is as near as most people care to see him.

In his home life he is, it must be acknowledged, a mean and unpleasant creature; and yet, even there, he is not without interest to the lover of all things which infinite wisdom has placed upon the earth. Two species of this vulture, improperly called buzzard, inhabit the United States east of the Rocky mountains, one of which ranges from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and is familiarly known as the turkey buzzard. His scientific name is *Cathartes Aura*, and he is a very different individual from his lumber cousin, whose closer acquaintance we are now making.

The turkey buzzard is a somewhat larger bird than the black vulture, and is black in color, but a mixture of black and reddish brown, the latter being the prevailing color in his plumage. His beak, feet and head where the skin is bare, are of a bright red color, and he is much less grotesque repulsive in appearance than the black vulture of the south.

He also moves, when on the ground with a sort of dignified deliberation very different from the clumsy hopping and "teetering" stride of his black cousin. The latter—*Cathartes Aura*, the scientist calls him—is the common scavenger of the far south, where he becomes as familiar almost as the chickens in the small towns, when cold weather or scarcity of food drives him from the woods and fields to the haunts of men. He has absolutely no redeeming feature of personal appearance. Except when sailing high in air, he is a dejected, wretched, hopeless and revolting object. His color is sooty black, except the tips of the wings, which are of a dingy, grayish white, this color being visible only when the wings are expanded. His beak, head and bare wrinkled neck are dull black, and his whole aspect and demeanor is ludicrously appropriate to his ghastly calling.

He is a bird of the semi-tropics, and can but ill endure the degree of cold which is often felt in the Gulf states in January.

At such times he resorts to the towns, and can often be seen on the housetops, crouched close against a smoking chimney, where sometimes a half dozen will push and struggle together for the warmest place. When hunger presses, he will descend into the backyard and walk about in his dejected, clumsy way, disputing with the chickens for whatever scraps may be thrown out.

When he drops down from on high among these chickens, there is a mighty flutter and consternation; but they soon learn to treat him with the contemptuous indifference to which he is accustomed, and the haughty rooster or quarrelsome old hen will not hesitate to knock him heels over head, if he comes between the wind and their nobility.

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

apreads 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 Aura*.

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 *Aura* and *Atrata*, and they seem to be able to maintain it for hours without fatigue.

When the fishermen come in with their loaded boats the vultures descend, and crowd about the rafts where the fish are assorted, 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 swoops *Cathartes Aura* into the melee. The black fellows fall over each other in their efforts to get out of his lordship's way, and he calmly sails off with the prize in his beak.

No doubt it will surprise many read-



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."

One by one they drop down out of the sky at the meeting-place, 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 slyly 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 each 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 for you?" Mary—"Tell him, mum, if you please, that when I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll bring to save for the wedding things."—Tit-Bits.

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AMANDUS OSWALD,

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PERSONALITIES.

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

Rev. J. P. Buxton, of Drifton, 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 Adenried last night and were well received: Frank McHugh, Walter Reinhold, D. J. Boyle and Chas. McGill.

DRIFTON ITEMS.

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 Fearnots 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 Yannes' opera house. Admission, 10, 15 and 25c.

STATEMENT OF THE AUDITORS OF THE TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR 1896-7.

Thos. Brown tax collector. Road tax regular. DR.

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------|
| Am't of duplicate regular..... | \$4,506.50 |
| Supplemental duplicate..... | 62.15 |
| At 10 mills..... | \$4,568.65 |

Tomn't paid Stephen Eroh.....\$3,713.41

By seated land returned..... 106.74

Commissioner's abatements..... 72.86

Collectors' Exonerations..... 4.70

Col. com. on \$223.93 @ 2 per cent. 4.47

Col. com. on \$5,718. @ 5 per cent. 185.15

Balance due from collector.....\$4,540.35

August Horn, Supervisor Foster Township for the year 1896-7.

Account of time, labor and sundry expenses.

August Horn, personal labor 302 days @ \$1.50 per day..... \$453.00

Nick Schluma, horse hire, 25 1/2 days @ \$1.50 per day..... 382.50

Thos. G. Argust, auditor..... 30.00

Geo. C. Farrar, auditor..... 30.00

Owen P. Farrow, auditing statement..... 37.00

U. L. Coal Co., lumber..... 17.10

Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 72.86

Harry Argust, witness fee..... 3.40

A. S. Kemmerer, supplies..... 1.65

Geo. C. Farrar, witness fee..... 3.40

C. O. Stroh, attorney, legal adv. adv..... 37.50

Jerry Woodring, civil engineer for E. M. H. sign boards..... 5.00

Ludwig Bruntnire, water trough..... 5.00

Erich P. Farrow, auditing..... 5.00

U. L. Turbach, blacksmith..... 27.30

August Horn, witness fee..... 2.10

Geo. C. Farrar, witness fee..... 3.00

U. L. Turbach, witness fee..... 6.00

Owen P. Farrow, auditing..... 2.00

C. F. McHugh, witness fee..... 3.25

Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 7.53

Thos. Brown, annexation tax..... 57.75

Wm. Williamson, sign boards..... 5.00

Nick Schluma, sign boards and pole..... 5.00

A. G. Rought, civil engineer..... 3.00

E. U. Turbach, blacksmith..... 10.00

U. L. Coal Co., lumber and team..... 81.91

A. G. Rought, civil engineer..... 3.00

Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 7.53

General labor on roads..... 1,427.62

Total expenditures.....\$2,785.85

Orders outstanding and unpaid issued by August Horn, Supervisor.

No 47, Chas. Croll..... \$ 63

" 79, C. F. McHugh..... 3.25

" 88, M. K. Kemmerer..... 1.65

" 106, Cross Creek Coal Co..... 33.16

" 107, U. L. Coal Co..... 1.91

" 115, Wm. Williamson..... 3.15

Total.....\$ 124.43

Evans X. Davis, Supervisor of Foster Twp. for the year 1896-7.

Account of time, labor and sundry expenses

Evans X. Davis, personal labor 319 days @ \$1.50 per day..... \$478.50

John E. Rumsey, horse hire 270 days @ \$1.50 per day..... 405.00

A. Rudwick, ball roll..... 10.00

Geo. Nagle, twp. clerk, half salary..... 7.50

Joe Schenck, serving subpoenas..... 37.00

John E. Rumsey, serving subpoenas..... 18.25

C. O. Stroh, attorney, half salary..... 37.50

Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 10.79

Owen Fowler, order books..... 20.00

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., statement..... 35.00

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., lumber..... 15.84

Robert Mason, lumber..... 15.08

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., lumber..... 40.08

Press Printing Co., notices..... 2.10

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., lumber..... 17.28

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., supplies..... 5.83

U. M. E. Earhart, sign boards..... 5.00

Geo. Nagle, witness fee..... 4.00

Patk McFadden, witness fee..... 6.00

John Eberis, water trough..... 5.00

South Houser, water trough..... 5.00

M. S. Kemmerer & Co., supplies..... 2.20

Wm. Williamson, supplies..... 6.05

North Houser, railing new bridge..... 10.00

Jerry Woodring, witness fee..... 6.00

Owen and Shepton at 6.25, 11.0 a. m., 4.46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7.37 a. m., 3.08 p. m., Sunday.

Patk Campbell, new stone bridge..... 100.00

Henry Hemmish, new stone bridge..... 85.90

General labor on roads..... 986.42

Total expenditures.....\$2,996.50

Orders outstanding and unpaid issued by Evans X. Davis.

No. 4, Frank McHugh..... \$ 25.25

" 5, M. S. Kemmerer & Co..... 30.08

" 12, John D. Davis..... 28.12

" 21, Frank McHugh..... 40.25

" 33, M. S. Kemmerer & Co..... 27.20

" 34, M. S. Kemmerer & Co..... 1.47

" 40, John D. Davis..... 15.00

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Rochelle Salts - 1/2 lb.
Anise Seed - 1/2 lb.
Sundries - 1/2 lb.
St. Catherine's Salts - 1/2 lb.
Worm Seed - 1/2 lb.
Sundries -