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Absolutely Pure

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

FREELAND TRIBUNE

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Washington, April 12, 1897.

The Democrats of the house in caucus endorsed the statements made by Representative Bailey, of Texas, when Representative Dingley, in response to Representative Jerry Simpson's protest, bluntly stated that the Republicans did not intend to allow any general legislation by the house at this session.

Mr. Bailey said: "We are not inclined to insist upon the Republican party legislating. We feel that the country suffers when the Republican party legislates. We have contended this all our lives, and we sincerely believe it. We have no desire to urge the Republicans to make laws, and we desire to understand its policy. We are here ready to discuss any measures you desire to bring up, and believing that nine-out of ten of them would be bad we are ready to help you if your policy is to do nothing."

Speaking of whether the Democrats in the senate ought to resort to filibustering to delay or defeat the tariff bill, ex-Representative Clinie, of California, said: "I am in favor of allowing the Republicans absolute sway and full scope in the making of a tariff. The freer they are left to work their will the quicker will the country repudiate their acts, for I hold that prosperity can never come from taxation, but only from a readjustment of our financial system that will put silver back to its old footing of equality with gold."

This is substantially the position taken by Senator Jones, chairman of the Democratic national committee, in a letter made public a few days ago, and which is endorsed by most of the Democrats in both branches of congress.

Among the many prominent business men who are in Washington for the purpose of pointing out to the senate committee on finance the bad features of the tariff bill, is Marshall Field, the widely known Chicago merchant and prominent Republican. Mr. Field was asked if he cared to make a statement for publication concerning the tariff bill, and he replied: "No, except the one general remark that it is the worst tariff bill I ever saw, not only as regards the rates of duty imposed, but in the complicated and ambiguous methods of imposing them. There is scarcely a line in the bill that will not have to be interpreted by the supreme court."

In the death of ex-Senator D. W. Voorhees, which occurred Saturday morning at his Washington residence, the Democratic party lost one of its ablest and hardest workers, a man who has, for nearly half a century, occupied a place in the front ranks of Democracy in every national campaign. Mr. Voorhees has been in failing health for several years, but his death was entirely unexpected, although he was in his seventieth year.

Hon. W. J. Bryan arrived in Washington today from Florida. Last evening he was given a reception by the Old Dominion Club and delivered an address before the law school of Columbian university, and this evening he will be the guest of honor at the big Democratic Jefferson celebration.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The signature of *Wm. L. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

THREE WOMEN AND A BONNET.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.



SHALL I have an Easter bonnet this year that will make Em Gassaway turn pale," said Miranda, decidedly.

"And so shall I," said Miss Camilla, less decidedly.

Her sister whirled about. "Nonsense," she said, scornfully.

"I am the head of this family and the head of the family is the one to wear the new bonnet!"

Her speech was a trifle ambiguous, but her meaning was clear; Miss Miranda seldom mentioned her numerous years—when she did she meant to take advantage of every one of them.

"It's no use," said Camilla, to herself. "If she intends to have a new bonnet she will—and we must diet for it. I shan't tell Luke about it yet," she added.

And she knew of what she spoke, for genteel poverty was the family fate, and Miss Miranda was a housewife who made one egg do duty for three, and who had difficulty in finding either the butcher or his assistant at leisure to wait upon her when she happened to do her own marketing.

She was a morsel of a woman with a will of steel and mild blue eyes which made people who did not know her fancy that she was easily impressed on—until they tried it. The wily hair was always decorously curled, her own sister knew not how, but sunny twisted bits of paper, found in sweeping, caused her to draw her own conclusions.

It was the second Sunday in Lent before the ostensible head of the family knew what was before him. He was seated at the breakfast table, and glancing at the dish before him, he said, in a coaxing tone:

"Don't you think, Randy, that liver and bacon sort of pall on the appetite after you have eaten them for eleven consecutive mornings?"

"Luke Harrison," cried his elder sister, "you have no appetite, and, now that I notice it, you look sallow, too. Go right upstairs to bed and pile on plenty covers while I mix you a good hot dose of Grandma Todd's tea. Luckily I have all the ingredients at hand."

Luke hesitated, looked into her eye and—helped himself for the second time to liver and bacon.

"What is it this time, Camilla?" he whispered, after Miss Miranda had gone to dress for church. "Is it home missions or a plush album for the parlor?"

"Worse. An Easter bonnet," she returned, dolefully. "Then, turning on Em Gassaway's bragging, too. And why for you to know?" which was especially unfair since Luke, timid bachelor, took to the hayloft at sound of the least widow's voice. Miss Camilla's heart was excusable, however; she dearly loved the pleasures of the table, her favorite reading being the richest recipes in the cook book, and her culinary path was now a rough one.

"How lanky a grocer's wife is," she rattled, not being, perhaps, conversant with a certain proverb concerning the feet of shoemakers' wives. "To think of being able to try all the recipes in the cook book!" She stopped, crimson, for Job Carter, widower, owned a flourishing grocery.

"Goodness, Camilla," cried her sister, entering suddenly, "what makes your face so red? Truly, you eat too much. I must look closely to your diet, after this. I think I shall have pink roses in my bonnet—lace, too, maybe," she added, with irrelevance which was only apparent. Glancing out of the window as she spoke, she saw Job Carter on his way to church. She was Spartan, but she was human. Job had called ostensibly on Luke once or twice lately. She went hastily out, without looking to see how much of yesterday's roast remained for dinner.

Next day she pored over a fashion book. "Not that I care for them as Em does," she said, "Tisn't right to spend a lot of money for clothes—unless it is money earned by self-denial. What are you muttering about, Camilla?"

"I—I was only saying that I think it's hard to save and save without—I do want an Easter bonnet, too, Miranda!"

"Sit right down, Camilla, while I mix you a dose of Grandma Todd's tea; your face is red as an apple, and you are quite feverish."

"I don't want any tea, and I do want an Easter bonnet!" wailed Camilla, feeling that she, asking bread, had received a stone; but she spoke to deaf ears.

Easter drew near and Miss Miranda's board, left in one of Job Carter's boxes, grew apace. The butcher's boy and the grocer's assistant almost forgot the way to the house, but neither Luke nor Camilla dared complain. They knew that a bottle of Grandma Todd's tea stood ready in the cupboard.

Miss Miranda gloated over her prospective purchase, warming towards Em Gassaway, who had reminded her that her old bonnet was a head covering, not a decoration. One agonizing thought, however, poisoned her mind. Which of the two milliners should she patronize?

"If I go to Em's milliner she'll likely see it before and not be surprised on Easter. If I go to the other one, she'll maybe say it's old-fashioned."

The bonnet was purchased, however,

and came home in good time, and not even a more substantial tea than usual prevented the iron from entering Camilla's soul.

Fate, however, is prone to trip us by the heels, and so it tripped Miss Miranda on the Thursday before Easter, as she was coming downstairs in the dusk, after a peep at her new bonnet, hidden in the "spare room" closet.

And the instrument of fate was her sister's "Dutch blue" apron, dropped by her in a guilty flight after an unauthorized glimpse at the same object of art.

The result was a sprained ankle, a sprain of such gravity that Luke and Camilla, though conscious that by incurring a bill they cut the ground from under their feet, sent hastily for the doctor.

"Remember, doctor, that I must go to church Easter," groaned the patient.

"Yes, yes," replied the doctor, soothingly. But he told Camilla, downstairs, that a sofa and armica must be her sister's portion for weeks. "But on no account allow her to fret," he added. A remark which caused poor Camilla's opinion of masculine wisdom to go down several points.

Easter arrived, finding Miss Miranda reluctantly resigned. "I can go to church in a Sunday or two," she said. "By that time Em's bonnet will be an old story. You go to-day, Camilla, and during the sermon mark Em's bonnet well."

Miss Camilla protested weakly that she had "nothing fit to wear." Her sister replied, firmly: "You need fresh air, or else a dose of Grandma Todd's tea." Of course Camilla yielded.

"Be sure to tell me just how it's trimmed," she called after her, "for here I am at the back of the house, not even able to see Em go by!" At these words a guilty thought flashed into Camilla's mind. Half an hour later she peeped through the shutters of the "spare room" and saw Job Carter at his door.

"I know it's me that makes him so red if he looks this way," she mused. "If I only had a pretty bonnet to wear to-day I know I could muster courage to ask him if sugar's gone up or something like that."

These cogitations must have made her late, for she merely called good-by, without entering her sister's room, and

found in sweeping, caused her to draw her own conclusions.

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Naturally a Puzzle.

"See that man?" he said, and he indicated a man who was leaning against the side of a building and laughing so hard that he seemed to feel it necessary to hold on to his sides to keep himself from splitting with merriment.

"Yes," said the other man. "Well, he's an Englishman." "What of it?" "I told him two good jokes last week."

"Well, I'm wondering which one of them it is that has just dawned on him and is causing this outburst."—Chicago Post.

Bridget's Mistake.
Bridget (at counter of Importer's) gingham)—I want some gingham for aprons, sir.

Clerk (busily)—Domestic goods in the basement, lady.

Bridget (indignant)—Domestic, indeed, my money is as good as any lady's in the land and it isn't the likes of you can send Bridget McCarthy to the basement!—Up-to-Date.

Good Judges of Character.
Passenger (alighting from cab)—What's the charge?
Cabman—One dollar.

"Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew by your face that you wouldn't try to be extortionate."

"Thankie. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—N. Y. Weekly.

Could We Not Know.
Could we but know the things our best friends say,
When we're away,
And how we serve for targets for attack,
We'd not come back.

Could we but know the things they never say,
When we're away,
About our conscious dignity and fame,
We'd quit the game.

—Chicago Evening News.

Troubles of the Day.
"The present trouble is that there are too many men for the number of jobs," said the amateur lecturer on the situation.

"And that ain't all, mister," interrupted Dismal Dawson. "Another trouble is that there is too much work to the job after a man gets it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Human Nature.
Farmer Penstrow—What makes you think of keeping summer boarders? You have no accommodations for them.

Farmer Oatcake—That's just what the city people like. When they go home again they can blow so much about the hardships they have had to put up with.—N. Y. Truth.

He Was Interested.
Mamma—Were you interested, Waldo, in seeing the professor take snakes out of his hat?

The Boston Boy—Very much. The study of optical illusions has always had a peculiar fascination for me.—Town Topics.

Hard as a Rock.
Willie—I guess you'll find those biscuits pretty hard, pop.

Pop—Why, so, Willie?
"I heard mamma tell Bridget to get her a scuttle of coal, and she'd make some biscuits for supper."—Yonkers Statesman.

Hats Off.
She sat before me at the play,
Her hat bewick me and the stage.
I said, "She's of uncertain age;
She wears her hat because she's gray."
Two hands went off, two pins came down,
Her hat was off. Her hair was brown.
—London Society.

NO BONE OF CONSCIENCE.

He sat before me at the play,
Her hat bewick me and the stage.
I said, "She's of uncertain age;
She wears her hat because she's gray."
Two hands went off, two pins came down,
Her hat was off. Her hair was brown.
—London Society.

"They say Mrs. Slimwaist has a skeleton in her closet. It doesn't seem to interfere with her perfect style, however."

"No, I really believe she uses it as a form to fit her dresses over."—Brooklyn Life.

His Opportunity.
Said Freddy Vane:
"I am awfully glad to see it rain,
For now, b'gosh,
I can wear my twenty-dollar mackintosh."
—Chicago Tribune.

Not Altogether Dull.
Bertha—That Mr. Huggins doesn't know what to do with his hands.

Belle—Oh, doesn't he? Well, he just does when he's around me.—Yonkers Statesman.

Hardly Practical Advice.
Clergyman—You should love your neighbor as yourself.

Small Boy—That's easy enough to say, but you don't know our neighbors.—Town Topics.

The Worst to Come.
Mother—Dear me! the baby has swallowed that piece of worsted.

Father—That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up.—Boston Transcript.

Cause of Her Ignorance.
Benham—You don't know the value of money.
Mrs. Benham—I think I could learn if I only had some.—Town Topics.

Leaving Conventances.
"Mrs. Digby's death was lamentable, wasn't it?"
"Yes; they have just had a new fur nace put in."—Chicago Record.

YESTERDAY.

IS NOT the sun that rises in the east That lights this joyous day,
But Christ Himself, the Interceding Priest,
New-ripen from the clay.

His glory all the vault of Heaven illumines,
Earth wakens to His smile,
The sacred flower the holy fane perfumes,
Dome, altar, pew and aisle.

No grander sign the blessed God above
Than Thou, our Brother, risen Lord of Glory,
Wherewith to enter Heaven.

Wherewith we stray, whate'er our creed may be,
What though we've worshiped Doubt
Throughout the year, to-day we worship Thee,
And cast the Foul Fiend out.

The clear-voiced bells, keyed to a festive tone,
Are chiming far and near:
"Behold, the angels roll away the stone,
The Purified appear!"

Afar the Mount of Calvary looms along
The sky, with crimson pile,
Upon it stands the Cross, erect and strong,
Where Self was crucified.

But from its shade the spirit, Sacrifice,
Moves peaceful and serene,
And, thought by thought, mounts unto clearer skies.

Till, poised the worlds between,
She softly calls unto the fainting soul:
"Thou wert not born to be
A dying thing. Behold thy destined goal
Is immortality!"

'Tis not the sun that rises in the east
To glorify this day,
But Christ Himself, the Interceding Priest,
To lead and light the way.

—CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system—thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials Address,
P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

To Keep Violets Fresh.
To keep violets fresh when wearing them on the person wrap the stems first in cotton dipped in salted water and then in tinfoil. When they are not doing service the stems should be put in salted water, the tops sprinkled, and the whole covered closely with confectioners' paper and put in a cool place. In this way the blossoms may be preserved for several days.

Red Pepper for the Table.
Red pepper is an excellent condiment and its effect on the liver is remarkable. Malaria and intermittent fevers cannot endure the presence of red pepper which should be upon every table.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the borough of Freeland for the year 1896-97.

Hugh Malloy, tax collector.

To amount of duplicate..... \$2,984 00
P. J. Chenevix supplemental tax..... 45 00
Cr. \$3,029 00

By abatement..... 15 08
Returned to commissioners..... 25 62
Burgess Malloy, collector 1896..... 101 03
Error in dog assessment..... 78 00
Collector's commission, first six days..... 31 49
Paid treasurer, first six days 1,574 67
Exonerations, personal..... 305 15
Paid treasurer, after first six days..... 858 96
Collector's commission (on \$90,130)..... 45 20
\$3,070 05

Bernard McLaughlin, treasurer, in account with the Freeland borough.

Received from ex-Treasurer Fritze-
Wm. T. Reed, license money..... 6,750 80
Bernard McLaughlin, collector 1896..... 101 03
Hugh Malloy, collector 1896..... 2,433 63
Hugh Malloy, collector 1895..... 156 89
M. Zeman, freight on stones..... 4 83
Lehigh Traction Company, ordinance..... 23 05
Rent of council room, elections..... 10 00
Frank Fanchild, collector 1895..... 8 01
Wm. T. Reed, seated land tax..... 46 82
Total..... \$9,587 28

By amount paid on the following orders:
Street Labor—
Thomas J. Moore..... 178 50
Timothy Boyle..... 91 27
James Moore..... 89 12
Edward Brogan..... 6 63
George Filby..... 2 30
Patrick Brislin..... 10 13
Barney Gallagher..... 27 01
James Gallagher..... 17 52
Patrick Ward..... 5 00
John Moyle..... 1 88
John Moyle..... 1 88
Steve Welch..... 61
Condy Mettill..... 1 25
Thomas Malloy..... 1 00
James Collum..... 3 13
Andrew Hamara..... 63
John Moyle, collector 1895..... 58 77
Michael Welch..... 3 13
James McMonagle..... 3 13
Herman Dury..... 16 63
Joseph Cabbage..... 3 13
Leop. T. J. O'Donnell..... 3 00
John Herron..... 20 01
Daniel McCochan..... 5 63
Anthony Gallagher..... 16 41
Stephen Page..... 2 50
Bartel Denoy..... 1 25
John Kneedy..... 1 00
Joseph Wadlinger..... 35 64
Condy Furey..... 10 63
John Kneedy..... 2 50
Isaac Davis..... 1 25
John Hamarechak..... 63
John Moore..... 3 75
627 18

Team on Streets—
Charles Vandusky..... 10 00
J. P. Johnson..... 12 00
J. P. McDonald..... 3 00
Frank O'Donnell..... 14 75
Demetrius O'Donnell..... 3 00
John Mochan..... 15 00

Interest on Bonds—
Thomas Birkbeck..... 9 00
James Gallagher..... 9 00
George Sweeney..... 10 00
Joseph Neuburger..... 5 00

Police Expenses—
Patrick Welch..... 64 44
J. J. Kennedy..... 41 25
James M. Gallagher..... 22 60
Daniel Gallagher..... 22 60
W. A. Heers..... 1 25
Anthony Hanrahan..... 1 25
Edward Doggett..... 6 80
John Moyle..... 1 25
John Moyle..... 20 00

Labor on Manholes—
Timothy Boyle..... 27 13
Joseph Matziga..... 13 75
Edward Brogan..... 7 50
Barney Gallagher..... 7 50
James Collum..... 7 50
Andrew Hamara..... 7 50
John Moyle..... 63
Dennis Gallagher..... 63
Stephen Page..... 7 50
John Herron..... 30 00
Mike Gilgott..... 11 25
John Moore..... 2 50
Mechl Sweeney..... 25 00
John Yames, mason..... 25 00
Engel Kemon, mason..... 16 25
Joseph Wadlinger..... 4 13
Jacob Messel, mason..... 4 13
Boyle & McMonagle, sand..... 15 50
John Moyle, team..... 8 00
John Fisher, team..... 12 00
Matt Maccharavich..... 8 00

Crusher Labor—
Thomas J. Moore..... 22 25
Timothy Boyle..... 6 63
James Moore..... 19 13
Edward Brogan..... 25 00
Patrick Brislin..... 7 25
Barney Gallagher..... 4 28
James Gallagher..... 15 00
Jacob Neider..... 15 00
Mike Welsh..... 7 25
John Moore..... 9 13
Stephen Page..... 7 25
John Herron..... 11 63
George Sweeney..... 10 00
Matt Maccharavich..... 23 20
Roger McNeils..... 10 25
Joseph Wadlinger..... 9 13
Thomas McCarthy..... 6 25
William Ward..... 16 88
Chas. Vandusky, team..... 4 00

Labor on Manholes—
Timothy Boyle..... 27 13
Joseph Matziga..... 13 75
Edward Brogan..... 7 50
Barney Gallagher..... 7 50
James Collum..... 7 50
Andrew Hamara..... 7 50
John Moyle..... 63
Dennis Gallagher..... 63
Stephen Page..... 7 50
John Herron..... 30 00
Mike Gilgott..... 11 25
John Moore..... 2 50
Mechl Sweeney..... 25 00
John Yames, mason..... 25 00
Engel Kemon, mason..... 16 25
Joseph Wadlinger..... 4 13
Jacob Messel, mason..... 4 13
Boyle & McMonagle, sand..... 15 50
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John Fisher, team..... 12 00
Matt Maccharavich..... 8 00

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Edward Brogan..... 25 00
Patrick Brislin..... 7 25
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James Gallagher..... 15 00
Jacob Neider..... 15 00
Mike Welsh..... 7 25
John Moore..... 9 13
Stephen Page..... 7 25
John Herron..... 11 63
George Sweeney..... 10 00
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