

Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

FREELAND TRIBUNE.
Established 1880.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrearages must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 20, 1897.

Martin in the Governor's Cabinet.

From the Philadelphia City and State.

In common with the rest of the state, Philadelphia politically has been thrown into a condition of amazement by the extraordinary changes in the executive department in Harrisburg which culminated in the appointment of David Martin as secretary of the commonwealth in place of General Frank Reeder. The governor's falling out with Quay has ended in a practical discharge of the Quay men in the gubernatorial cabinet. The gauntlet has been thrown down for a bitter contest in the Republican party at the next election of governor and United States senator, the like of which perhaps this state has never known.

For a few days after the political differences at Harrisburg became known, popular opinion among the respectable and independent voters of this city favored the governor. His vetoes of the pernicious bills fostered in the last legislature were still in the public mind, and the people did not agree with Senators Penrose and Quay that the reason given for requesting the resignation of Secretary Reeder and Deputy Attorney-General Elkin was a trivial one.

These officials had signed an indemnity bond for \$20,000 to reimburse State Treasurer Haywood for money paid out to men employed without authority for the plain purpose of paying political debts. Mr. Haywood apparently did not object to paying out state money for unauthorized purposes, but he wanted to be personally guaranteed against loss. This a number of Quay politicians, including General Reeder, Mr. Elkin, and others, agreed to do.

The bill providing for these places was vetoed, and Governor Hastings strongly objected to members of his own official family indulging in such questionable practices. Thus, when the governor stepped out in defiant opposition to the Quay element, he was applauded by those who deplore the present condition of affairs in this boss-ridden state.

Now the applause has suddenly ceased. The governor has seen fit to ignore the better class of citizens and has chosen for his new secretary of the commonwealth a petty politician of the worst type, opposed to Quayism but closely akin to it, the former undisputed master of Philadelphia, David Martin. This astute politician has accepted with thanks, and the people are agast.

Perhaps Martin has an equal claim to office with Messrs. Quay and Penrose; but something better was expected from the governor. So surprised were men identified with the city's true interests that they would not venture to express opinions, and the opinions of politicians identified with either Quay or anti-Quay faction are valueless.

Some advantage may result from the fight, but it seems doubtful, and there are those who say that the wily Mr. Martin will feather his own nest, make peace with Quay, and that this state will be further than ever from redemption. How long will the people endure being thus plundered, tricked and ignored?

Go on Record at the Ballot-Box.

From the Wilkesbarre Newsdealer.

Will it be natural, do you suppose, for the foreigners, whether of the blood of those shot down by assassins, or any other nationality, to vote the Republican ticket this fall? They may be ignorant, and unintelligent, but they know that the sheriff who led the murderous work is a Republican, that nine-tenths of the deputies who did the cowardly shooting were Republicans, that the Republican press of the state laud and defend the action of the sheriff and deputies. The foreigners know all this from information, and as men they cannot be true to themselves unless they record at the polls their votes against the Republican party.

WHY HE IS A BACHELOR.

Romance of a St. Louis Street-Car Conductor.

He Fell in Love with a Fair Passenger Whose Marriage Interrupted His Dream But Not His Simple Faithfulness.

We are not likely to think of romance in connection with the man who rings up fares. He is mortal like ourselves, however, and, being so, is a target for Cupid's darts.

There is a tall, quiet-mannered man whose hair and mustache show the frosts of age, who could tell an interesting story of an unprofitable attachment if he would.

You remember the tender little love story that appeared in magazine form a year or two ago and which maidens cried over and ladies speculated upon at afternoon teas? It was as tantalizing in its way as Frank Stockton's vexatious question, the lady or the tiger? Did Luke know? The ladies asked each other, and the answer was according to the temperament of the speaker, for the author had left it a mystery. Luke, a bluff, lovable backwoodsman, tells a comrade about the sojourn of a family of wealth and culture in his neighborhood one summer long before, and about the lovely girl of queer actions.

Everyone who reads the story as the author makes Luke tell it knows that the girl loved Luke. There it ends, with no promise of hope's fruition. The gray-haired conductor was telling the story to a friend who stood with him on the platform the other day. "That man is one in a thousand," said the friend afterwards to a St. Louis Republic reporter. "He has the highest kind of an opinion of women. He bows at their shrine as he would at that of a far-away saint. He is a bachelor and always will be on account of the strangest kind of a love story you ever heard.

"He is a college man and has a lot of energy, though you might think he was lacking in anything like ambition. After he graduated from college there was no opening in professional or business channels to him, for he was a poor boy who had worked his way through college.

"The support of his mother and a younger sister then devolved upon him. He had a chance to get work as a street car conductor, and as that was the only thing that presented itself, he, like a sensible man, accepted it. He had been at work not more than three months when he noticed a sweet-faced girl who rode on his car two or three times a week. She was one of the girls who radiate sunshine. She smiled at everyone, including the conductor. His life had been a hard and lonely one, and it is no wonder that the sight of the gracious girl and the delicate scent of her favorite perfume set him dreaming.

He began to think of the days when he might meet this girl as an equal. He noted the birdlike turn of her head and the tendrils of hair on her neck with a lover's delight. If he had been more of a cloud and less of a dreamer, this wouldn't have happened, but as it was he was made ecstatically happy by the opportunity to raise her umbrella or wipe up her handkerchief.

"One week he missed her. Another passed and she did not appear. He overheard a conversation one day that gave him the information he desired. She was ill at her home. He learned the address. Next day some exquisite red roses cheered the sight of the sick girl. No card accompanied them. Every day the gift was repeated.

"He did not see her again until one evening when she returned from the city with a number of friends.

"When the merry party alighted the pretty girl looked shyly at the conductor. She had a warm heart that often led her to forget the less important conventionalities. She had bade adieu to the cat at home. Why not to this quiet, stern-looking man who, she vaguely remembered, had always been kinder than his duties required? Besides, she was so happy tonight that her heart overflowed with kind impulses. 'Good-by,' she said, softly. 'I shall not ride on your line again soon. We go to Cleveland to live. I was married to-day.'

"The hand pressure that returned hers was gentle and respectful. The man's face was ashen. He said not a word. He was surprised. 'Perhaps I should not have done that,' she whispered to the bridegroom. 'Nothing you do could be wrong, dear,' he whispered, and neither thought of the conductor again. I know him well, and I was at a loss to account for his moroseness and the premature whitening of his hair. It was long afterward that he told me this in a burst of confidence. It was the death of the man's ambition. That happened 15 years ago. He is a street car conductor still, probably always will be. He seems to have no desire to become anything else."



HER LAST RIDE.

TWO TOO MANY.



Miss Ten Stryke—Well, what did papa say?

Percey—Oh, he said there had never been a fool in the Ten Stryke family yet, but if you married me there would be two.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Great Allentown Fair.

The forty-sixth annual exposition of the Lehigh County Agricultural Society will be held at Allentown, September 20 to 24. From present indications it will surpass all previous exhibitions, and the management have arranged to give all who attend something new, novel and interesting to see. No money has been spared to make this the greatest fair in this part of the country, and it is expected that the attendance will be larger than at any former fair. Fifteen thousand dollars will be paid in premiums and speed purses. Competition is open to the world and every department will be a show in itself. Five thousand dollars alone will be paid for the races, which will, no doubt, attract the fastest and best horses on the turf today.

Excursions and reduced rates have been secured on all the railroads, and thus far sixteen special excursions have been booked during the week. All who wish to see fine grounds, large exhibits, and have a good time should not fail to visit "The Great Allentown Fair."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Half Rate Excursion to Niagara Falls.

Via Lehigh Valley Railroad. Three days' carnival, September 23, 24 and 25, on the occasion of the opening ceremonies of the Grand Trunk Railway Company's new single-arch steel bridge across the Niagara river. Tickets on sale for evening trains September 22, and for all trains except Black Diamond Express September 23, good to return until September 27. Inquire of Lehigh Valley ticket agents for further particulars.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today! 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Values His Judgment.

When Phyllis proclaims among my books, To borrow some of them, She bears away, with saucy looks, Those volumes I condemn.—Chicago Record.

An Estimate.

"How long is it going to take you to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—Washington Star.

Appropriate.

"Now," said the leader of the convivial assemblage, "let us drink to your best girl."

The host bowed suavely. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said; "suppose you make it a sour mash."

They perceived that she had but erstwhile given him the stony glare.—Eastport Outlook.

Delightful Neighbors.

"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkase to her husband, when he came home at night.

"Are they?"

"Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder, and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait awhile they'd send and buy one."—Tit-Bits.

Not Particular.

"I suppose," she said, acidly, "that you would turn up your nose at cold viandals?"

"No, ma'am," replied Meandering Mike. "You'd be surprised to see how good-natured I'd take it if you was to offer me a Roman punch or champagne frappe."—Washington Star.

To Take Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

Has its Advantages.
Robbie—it must be awful to have the palsy.
Willie—I expect it has its advantages in fly time.—Yale Record.

A New Classification.

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs." "Why-er," replied the medical student, "it's a contagious disease." "I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?"

"From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep, I'm just as wakeful as he is."—Tit-Bits.

Point Not Well Taken.

She—John, you are a perfect bear about the house! He—Maria, that assertion won't stand the test of science a single moment. A bear sleeps all winter. I don't have to get out of bed before daylight every morning to stir up the fire and call the hired girl. Try some other metaphor, Maria.—Chicago Tribune.

The True Test.

Bess—You could hardly call her a social success.

Jess—Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers.

Bess—Oh, yes, if you look at it that way, but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected.—Chicago Journal.

A Hard Test.

Wiggins—And you think that a woman can never keep a secret?

Parrot—No, she can't.

Wiggins—Well, I don't know just how big a fool my wife thinks I am, and I'll bet you're in the same fix regarding your wife's opinions.—N. Y. Truth.

Bolting It.

Mother—Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food?

Johnny—Guess 'tisn't no worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard.—Boston Transcript.

Perfectly True.

"Mrs. Skimmills says that her husband never spoke a hasty word to her in his life," said the lady who gossips.

"That's perfectly true," replied Miss Cayenne. "The dear man stutters."—Washington Star.

Oddities of Music.

Yeast—I saw a man to-day who had no hands play the piano.

Crimsonbeak—That's nothing! We've got a girl down in our flat who has no voice and who sings!—Yonkers Statesman.

In No Danger.

It was evident that he was depressed. "Alas," he sighed, "she has my heart."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about that, old man," said his chum, consolingly. "She won't care to keep it."—Chicago Post.

Got Off Lightly.

"See here, young man," said the magistrate, "you never paid me that fee for marrying you."

"You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages."—Detroit Free Press.

After the Engagement.

He—And are you sure that you never loved anyone before?

She—Quite sure.

He—Then how did you ever learn to kiss like that?—Somerville Journal.

A Missing Scientist.

Mrs. Globetrot—What has become of Dr. Curcell, the great scientist, author of "How to Live Forever?"

Mrs. Stayhome—Oh, he died some time ago.—N. Y. Weekly.

Discretionary Gloom.

"How would you define a pessimist?" "He is a man who is afraid to look happy for fear some other fellow will try to borrow money of him."—Chicago Record.

A New Meaning.

"Long absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Quoth Bess; and thus I know 'tis true: Her absence made my heart grow fonder. Than 'er before—of pretty Prue.—Harlem Life.

NOTHING PERSONAL.

Mrs. Chatterton (laying down morning paper, horrified)—John Henry! I see here that a young lady in New York was persuaded to allow her healthy middle finger to be removed for remuneration the other day!

Chatterton (wearily)—Her finger! I could see some sense in it if they paid her to let them cut off her tongue!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Lasting.

"I like to cook enough to last," remarked the young bride.

"You do, you do," groaned the devoted hubby, "no matter how little you cook."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PARROT SELLS PAPERS.

How a Bright Bird Earns His Living in New York.

Grandpa Jenks' farm, where Flo and Harry were visiting, was not far from New York city. One morning Grandpa Jenks said: "Harry, to-day we'll take Frolic to see a parrot that is smart enough to earn his own living."

"Where shall we find such a parrot?" cried Harry.

"Every day, on the New York side of the ferry, I pass a place where a parrot does a thriving business," was Grandpa Jenks' reply.

After dinner Grandpa and Flo and Harry and Frolic went over the ferry into New York and there, near the ferry, almost at once the children noticed a throng of men and boys around a little booth at a street corner and all seemed to be watching something curious and amusing. As they drew nearer they saw that the booth was a news stand—a news stand that appeared to be tended only by a fine green parrot.

The green parrot walked about over the piles of newspapers, calling out: "Paper, sir? Paper? Extra Sun?"

Grandpa Jenks and his young people stopped to look on. Every few moments some man would come up, take a paper and toss two cents into a little box upon which the green parrot kept an eye all the while. At such time the bird stopped, nodded his head and said: "Thankee." Then he began shouting again: "Paper? Extra Sun?"

"Is it possible that the parrot keeps the stand alone?" cried Harry. "Suppose somebody should cheat him by taking more than one newspaper without paying for them, how would he know?"

"No one better try it," answered Grandpa. "Once a boy tried to steal two Telegrams, but the parrot pounced upon him and gave him such a pecking and mauling that he was glad to drop them. But of course the parrot has a partner. Don't you see him?"

"In the rear of the booth there was a lad of about Harry's age. He had nothing to do, however, but watch the papers and the box, and to come forward and make change now and then.

Grandpa gave Frolic some pennies, and pointed to the two piles of papers,



"PAPER, SIR? PAPER?"

to show that he wanted one of each. Frolic knew how to buy things. Beside he had been observing the scene closely. He flew from Harry's shoulder to the stand, and in his blue cloak and cap, and hopped along on one leg, holding the money tightly clasped in his other claw.

The parrot newsdealer was very much surprised to see his queer customer, and was on the point of driving him off. But when he saw the other parrot gravely drop the pennies into the box, just as all his patrons did, he smoothed down his feathers again and said "Thankee," as usual, while Frolic dragged away a paper from each pile in his beak.

Harry and Frolic were talking now with the boy, who told them the bird's name was Ned, and Frolic thought he would be friendly, too. "How do you do," he called out politely. The other bird looked him over sharply and then croaked out: "No time to chat! You clear out! Paper, sir? Extra Sun? Telegram?"

Presently, a messenger boy stopped to watch the droll newsdealer. Ned's bright eyes always saw whatever was going on. As soon as he caught sight of the boy's uniform, he screamed: "Hie, Buttons, hurry along! No idling here!"

"Oh, please!" put in Frolic. Ned cocked his eye at him. "You clear out!" he croaked. Then, turning to the messenger boy again, he remarked: "Come, hurry along! Hurry along!" till the little fellow had to go.—Mary Catharine Crowley, in Little Men and Women.

Rescued by His Sister.

New Jersey boasts of a ten-year-old girl who is both brave and quick-witted. She lives on a farm, and while she was playing with her little brother, aged four, the latter fell down the well. Waiting but an instant to call her mother, the girl seized the rope that is used to pull up the pail, and jumped down. When she struck the water, 20 feet below, she caught her brother by the hair and hoisted him into the bucket. Then she held on to the rope while her mother turned the windlass, soon bringing the two children to the surface, none the worse except for a thorough wetting.

Little Girl's Clever Guess.

A little girl who lives in Crafton received an invitation to a party which a friend was about to give. The invitation had been written by the small hostess. After surveying the note with delight for a few minutes, the recipient said: "Papa, I wonder if it is a birthday party?"

"Let me see the invitation."

"After a brief inspection, he said: 'Yes, it must be a birthday party. It begins: 'Your presents is desired.'—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

American Losses.

"Old Bullion lost \$200,000 last week."
"How?"
"His daughter married a count."—Ohio State Journal.

Has Its Advantages.

Robbie—it must be awful to have the palsy.
Willie—I expect it has its advantages in fly time.—Yale Record.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now

on every bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper.

This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought

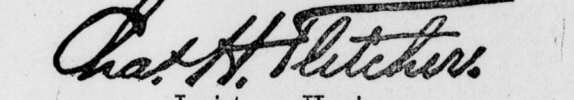
and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M. D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF



Insist on Having The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT BARGAINS IN Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

Notions, Carpet, Boots and Shoes, Flour and Feed, Tobacco, Cigars, Tin and Queensware, Wood and Willowsware, Table and Floor Oil Cloth, Etc.

A celebrated brand of XX flour always in stock.

Roll Butter and Eggs a Specialty.

My motto is small profits and quick sales. I always have fresh goods and am turning my stock every month. Every article is guaranteed.

AMANDUS OSWALD,
N. W. Cor. Centre and Front Sts., Freeland.

P. F. McNULTY, Funeral Director and Embalmer.



Prepared to Attend Calls Day or Night.
South Centre street, Freeland.

VIENNA: BAKERY.

J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.
Centre Street, Freeland.

CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS, CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.

FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Confectionery & Ice Cream

supplied to balls, parties or picnics, with all necessary adjuncts, at shortest notice and fairest prices.

Delivery and supply wagons to all parts of town and surroundings every day.

Are You a Roman Catholic

Then you should enjoy reading the literary productions of the best talent in the Catholic priesthood and laity (and you know what they can do, as they appear weekly in

The Catholic Standard and Times

OF PHILADELPHIA.

The ablest and most vigorous defender of Catholicism. All the news—strong editorials—a children's department, which is elevating and educational. Prizes offered monthly to the little ones. Only \$2.00 per year. The Grandest Premium ever issued by any paper given to subscribers for 1897. Send for sample copies and premium circular.

The Catholic Standard and Times Pub'g Co
503-505 Chestnut St. Phila.