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FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 18, 1897.

Full Vote Elects the State Ticket.

The people of Pennsylvania are facing a very serious crisis. The verdict of November 2, if for the Republicans, will be entitled to be accepted by the treasury looters as condoning the wrongs they have perpetrated and as a commission to indulge in even greater enormities of speculation and extravagance. If for the Democrats it will be not only a popular condemnation of the evil practices, but a step and a decided step in the direction of practical, tangible retrenchment and reform. The party of profligacy must and will accept it as meaning that there shall be:

- No more multiplying of needless offices.
- No more wild and wilful waste in the furnishing of the departments.
- No more thievelishly lavish provision of toilet articles and pocket conveniences for the legislators and their employes and every other hanger-on about Capitol hill.
- No more doubling of the expense of government, with no other excuse for it than that of party necessity.
- No more conspiring of secretaries of state and deputy attorneys general with state treasurers for the withdrawal of moneys from the treasury to pay so-called officials not recognized in the law and appointed solely as rewards for partisan services.
- No more wholesale leakages in the public printing accounts.
- No further nonsense in connection with the construction of the proposed new capitol building, to which already so much disgraceful scandal attaches.
- No more robbery or recklessness of any kind on the part of the state's public servants but, instead, a prompt and speedy return to pure and honest-priced and rigidly constitutional government.
- All this in sight. Democratic success will make it an accomplished fact. There is a most excellent fighting chance for the Democratic nominees. To begin with, they entered the canvass with a regularly organized and long established party behind them which last fall polled in the neighborhood of 430,000 votes, and which, it is generally conceded, with the same candidates to the fore and the same issues at stake, would today exhibit even greater strength. With the defection in the Republican ranks which the candidacy of Messrs. Swallow and Thompson have caused, this number is more than enough to carry Pennsylvania. A full Democratic vote, remember, elects the state ticket.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are cured by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic, are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box today; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

"Social Position."

People who belong to what is called the "best society" in large towns or cities, says Henry Childs Merwin, in Atlantic, are usually quite unconscious of the fact that society is graded just as minutely beneath them as it is in the plane with which they are familiar. But, in fact, every individual in a complex society, down to the beggar in the street or the tramp on the highway, has his "social position." The city missionaries of Boston report, with some astonishment, that a great social gap exists between the peasant venter on the sidewalk and the peripatetic organ grinder, and that the children of the former are forbidden by their parents to play with the children of the latter. It is indeed asserted, and with considerable truth, that mere wealth is a passport to the best society; but this is less true in America than it is in England, and less true in Australia than it is in America. The reason is that in England the best society is a state institution, and therefore is more sure of its position and can afford to be less exclusive—to be more hospitable not only to wealth, but also to intellect and originality—than is possible for the corresponding class in a democratic country. Moreover, even from the most aristocratic point of view, a good reason can be given for accepting wealth as a substitute for birth. The fact that a man has made much money implies, as a rule, that both his mind and his physical strength are far above the average. From what better stock, then, could the best society be recruited? This, of course, is not the motive of the rich man's reception in good society; it might be better described as nature's reason for permitting the anomaly.

The Dallas (Tex.) News says a farmer near Cleburne raised a watermelon that weighed 103 pounds, a Collin county boy killed 300 fat plovers in one day, a Lamar county man has a bull-frog with legs as big as baseball bats, a Hill county man found a post oak tree with a ton of honey in it, a McKinney man raised from seed furnished by Congressman Bailey a cucumber that weighed 18 pounds, a Smith county farmer raised radishes that measured ten to the bushel, a Hill county rooster has come off the nest with a brood of chickens, a Llano county man found a nugget of gold that was worth \$800, a Van Zandt county woman has given birth to quadruplets, Corsicana has learned that an ocean of petroleum lies just beneath it. It is evident that the wave of prosperity has hit Texas with full force.

A New Orleans man, who wanted to be a policeman, and made preparations for the civil service examination, found that he had studied along the wrong lines. He determined to make use of his newly acquired knowledge, however, when he came to a question that struck him as absurd. The question was: "If a bullet is dropped in a well and it takes five seconds for it to strike the water, how far is it from the top of the well to the surface of the water?" The candidate answered: "Heaven mythology says that when Jupiter kicked Vulcan out of heaven, it took him 47 days and nights to fall. If so, how far is heaven from Kosciusko, Miss.?"

A tourist who has been looking over Daniel Webster's big farm at Marsfield, Mass., found but one person who was acquainted with the statesman. A former superintendent of the farm still survives, and relates how he drove the oxen past the window in order to gratify the dying man's request to see them once more. The old superintendent denies that Webster was a hard drinker, and insists that the only trouble was that he did not have as much money as he needed.

Of a Tennesseean 78 years old who attended a Methodist conference at Murray, Ky., it is said that he has never drunk coffee, bought a drink of whisky or been ill. Neither has any of his seven children been ill. His wife, it is said, has never missed cooking a meal. To this record of deadly monotony is added the statement that the man has never missed a district meeting and has attended 156 quarterly church meetings.

Some one who saw an English millionaire, Mr. Beit, at Homburg the other day says he looked the personification of amiability, as that week he had made \$3,000,000. We cannot see that there is any plausible excuse for unamiability in a gain of \$3,000,000 in one week. There are men, we venture to assert, who could without much effort get up a very fair stock of good nature on only half that amount.

A patient under treatment by Dr. William S. Gottlieb, professor of dermatology at the New York School of Clinical Medicine, has lost all his hair, scalp, eyebrows and eyelashes as the result of excessive worry. The physicians say that the only conclusion possible is that his case is the rare one of "true neurotic alopecia, caused by mental anxiety."

A great many of the pennies now in circulation are bogus. The United States treasury gets from one to two dollars in bogus pennies every day. They are cut into two parts and returned to the parties. Only experts can detect the difference.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold, Than rank or title a thousand fold, Is a healthy body—mind at ease, And simple pleasures that always please; A heart that feels for a neighbor's woe, And shares his joys with a genial glow. With sympathies great enough to hold— All men as brothers—is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear, Though tolling for bread in the humblest sphere; Doubly blest, with content and health, Untried by lust or cares of wealth; Lowly living and lofty thought Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot. For man and mortals on Nature's plan Are the crucial test of the gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose Of sons of toil when their labors close; Better than gold is the poor man's sleep, And the balm which soothes his slumbers deep. Brings sleeping draughts to the downy bed Where luxury pillows its aching head. His slender opiate, labor deems, A shorter road to the land of dreams. —E. A. Emmons, in Union Signal.

A Miner's Story.
BY ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

THERE were a dozen of us—miners, prospectors and engineers—sitting about the camp fire one evening at the head of Granite creek, Arizona territory.

Prescott, the capital of the territory, was at that time in its infancy, an annex, as it were, to Fort Whipple, just below it on the creek.

Cochise's Apaches were making things hot in that portion of the territory at the time, but even if there had been no hostile Indians in our vicinity, it is safe to say that all my companions would have gone armed to the teeth from sheer force of habit.

The conversation ran on lynchers and road agents, and more than one story was told that combined all the elements of tragedy, given with a broadly humorous manner that was absolutely grotesque.

"Did any of you fellers ever hear of Jake McCabe, an uster hang out round Tucson a few years ago?" The man who asked the question knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked round on the flame-lit faces before filling up again. He was a tall, bronzed man of 35, with a slight drawl in his tones and a manner that was tantalizingly deliberate.

The men about the fire shook their heads. Except Abe Owens himself none of them were in Tucson at the time stated. Yet it was "allowed" that they might have known Jake McCabe under another name, particularly if he didn't "travel on the square."

Just here it may be well to state that the vernacular of mining men is enriched by the terms of their calling, which they apply in a figurative sense that makes them unintelligible to the uninitiated. "Pan out" is one of these words. Men "pan out" the gravel in the river beds for golden particles, and they "pan out" men that they are studying, or a horse "doesn't pan out" as well as the feller that sold him said.

And so the term is used in a hundred curious ways that are seemingly foreign to its literal and original significance.

Abe Owens "wasn't much on chinning"—the latter word a Chinese term for talking—but in response to the general demand he told all he knew about Jake McCabe, which ran as follows.

We shall not attempt to reproduce the quaint phraseology of Abe Owens. There had been a great many mail carriers, prospectors and ranchmen killed between Tucson and the Rio Gila, and for some time it was supposed that the Indians were the perpetrators of these crimes.

But even those who were most ready to believe that an Indian is capable of any and every barbarity were forced to the conviction that the murderers were white men, and that plunder was the object. At first there was an attempt made to scalp the victims, but an old scout declared that it was not "Injun work," and finally the bodies were left where they were shot down without any mutilation.

As there was no law at that time that could be enforced in that section, a sense of self-preservation led to the formation of a vigilance committee, every member of which was enjoined to consider himself a special detective.

But these precautions did not lessen the danger. One week after the vigilance committee had published its purpose, a mail carrier was found dead on the Fort Berrie trail. His horse was gone and the mail-bags rifled.

Suspicion directed her finger at two men, who were unacquainted and as different in appearance and mode of life as it is possible to conceive.

James Nesbitt was a man of 30, with a pale, serious face, and an abstracted manner. He associated with no one, and he had no business that the miners could see that would enable him to keep two good horses and a black servant. He frequently made trips into the mountains, would be gone for days and always returned in safety.

The other was a Mexican herb doctor, who, it was reported, had once been a member of the gang of plunderers commanded by the noted outlaw Joaquin Murietta.

But Dr. Pintara had some practice among his countrymen and the half-breeds, and this served to shield him from the charge of having no visible means of support.

Jake McCabe was the most prominent and the most indignant of the vigilantes. According to Abe Owens, "Jake McCabe fairly ached to get his grip on the red-handed robbers," but they eluded him.

Jake McCabe lived in a half-frame, half-adobe structure about a quarter of a mile from the built-up portion of the

little town. His ranch was presided over (we quote Abe again) "by a black-eyed, tallish woman, as Jake said was his sister, but no one didn't try to make love to her on that account. Jake had a saloon and ran a game in town, and that wasn't no one more pop'lar with the boys. And then he was a good-looking feller, and always dressed as neat as a pin and looked as smooth and slick as quicksilver."

It was Jake McCabe who confirmed the suspicion against James Nesbitt, or "the professor," as they called that gentleman. It happened in this way: One morning Jake McCabe, who had a good horse and was fond of riding out at all hours, came galloping into town and said he had discovered the body of Tom Horstman, a well-known prospector, about six miles from town, and that he came upon the body he saw two men riding off—one of them was the professor and the other his colored man, Ike.

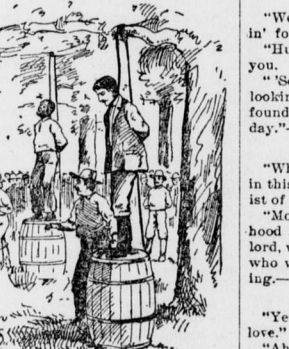
The vigilantes were in no humor for investigation. This was the strongest and clearest evidence they yet had, and, without more ado, they surrounded James Nesbitt's house and ordered him out.

He obeyed and appeared to be very cool for so great a criminal, till Jake McCabe, as spokesman of the party, pointedly told the mission of himself and companions.

Then Prof. Nesbitt became indignant, "and while he didn't swear," said Abe Owen, "he acted to me as if he was innocent as the babe unborn. But then some men kin do that when they're guilty, and them that's innocent looks just as if they wasn't."

The professor said that he was a botanist in the service of the Smithsonian Institute, and offered to show his collections and his papers, but Jake McCabe wouldn't hear of it.

"He was told that him and the black



"We were just a-going to swing 'em off."

man must die, and when they heard that they both was game. The professor asked for time to write to his mother and to the young lady he was engaged to, and the boys didn't hurry him. When he'd writ the letters he rose and said: "Gentlemen, I am innocent. You are about to become murderers, and when too late you will regret this day's work."

"Waal, the boys led 'em to some cottonwoods whar ropes had been got ready and give 'em a chance to pray. The professor he bowed his head on his breast, silent-like, but the colored man, he prayed out like a hull camp meetin'."

"We was just a-goin' to swing 'em off, when who should stagger into the crowd but Tom Horstman all covered with blood."

"Then we held up to hear Tom's story. None of us had noticed that Jake McCabe had lit out in the meantime. Waal, the story was that that same Jake McCabe was the man that shot and robbed Tom, and left him, as he thought, for sure dead."

"I never seed such a crowd as that was when Tom Horstman got through. Of course they freed the professor and his servant and axed millions of pardons, and then they made a break for Jake McCabe's ranch."

"The doors was closed and Jake was inside. He knew the game was up, and told us to get back in five minutes, as he was going to shoot. We got back, and after a council of war we made up our minds to burn him out that night."

"Of course the woman was with him, and we didn't want to hurt her. I never just knew how she got out of the house, but I saw her soon after the fire was lit that burned to ashes about the worst man, as we arterwards larned, that ever lived. And that's all I got to say 'bout Jake McCabe."

As Abe Owens made preparations to relight his pipe, one of the party asked: "What became of the professor?"

"Oh, he was out to Yuma a year ago with his wife, and the prettiest critter I ever saw in shoes, and him and me laughed over his escape," replied Abe.

"And the woman?" asked another.

"What woman?"

"Jack McCabe's sister."

"Waal, we found out she was his wife."

"What did she do?"

"What do you think?"

One thought that she swore vengeance, another that she went into mourning, and a third that she at once shook the ashes of Tucson from her feet and withdrew.

"Nothing of the kind," said Abe. "Within six months she married another of the same stripe, and both are now dead. But she knew that Jake had lots of gold dust on his person and in the ranch. She waited till everything got cool, and then she got the proper tools and went over and panned out all the ashes—includin' Jake's—and they do say she made right smart by it." —N. Y. Ledger.

Hibernian.

An Irishman was riding a frisky horse. The animal presently got his hind foot into one of the stirrups. "By jabbers," said the Irishman, "if ye're going to get up, it's time for me to get down." —London Truth.

Just an Hour Too Late.

The other day X—, the Bohemian, on receiving some money from a rich uncle, took it into his head to clear off some of his most pressing debts. He first called at his tailor's, and heard that the poor man had just died. His widow, all in tears, desired to know the visitor's errand.

"I have come to pay my bill," he simply replied.

"Ah," sobbed out the widow, "if my poor husband had only lived till this morning the shock might have brought him round!" —Tit-Bits.

In Self Defense.

"Yes," said the man who was relating the experience, "I am usually a peaceful and law-abiding citizen, but on that occasion I joined the infuriated mob and threw stones at the militia."

"You did?"

"Yes. I knew that if the militia began to shoot the infuriated mob would probably escape, while the innocent spectators would get hurt." —N. Y. World.

Mrs. Hashcroft Was Suspicious.

"A dinner such as we have had today," said the elderly boarder, "makes me feel like a young man."

"Indeed," was all Mrs. Hashcroft deigned to reply.

"Indeed; when I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must be still a boy." —Answers.

Pride of Station.

Mr. Forundred (proudly)—Note this magnificent business block. I own every foot of the ground on which it stands, and it is from this that I derive my income.

Old Gent—Ah, yes; I remember this locality very well. It was here your grandfather had his junk shop.—N. Y. Weekly.

Discovered.

"Well, madam, I've been years looking for work."

"Humph! I have plenty of it for you. You can—"

"Scuse me, madam, I said I had been looking for work. Now that I have found it, my curiosity is satisfied. Good-day." —N. Y. Truth.

Nothing Nobby About It.

"What sort of hunting is done mostly in this region?" asked a northern tourist of a Kentucky mountain inn-keeper.

"Most of the lunts in this neighborhood are still hunts," replied the landlord, with a wink to the revenue officer, who was smoking a cigar within hearing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Spite.

"Yes," she said, "I know I have his love."

"Ah, you've taken to dealing in second-hand articles, have you?"

She merely shrugged her shoulders. She knew that a jealous woman was always a spiteful woman.—Chicago Post.

Female Friendship.

"My husband is not only handsome, but good," said Mrs. Boulevard, proudly.

"Isn't it strange how extremes meet?" replied Mrs. Murray Hill, her best friend, who was paying a visit.—Tampabay Times.

Domestic Science.

Teacher—Now, leather comes from the cow, and wool from the sheep, and wool is made into cloth, and cloth into coats. Now, what is your coat made of—yours, Tommy?

Tommy (with hesitation)—Out of feyther's.—Tit-Bits.

She Couldn't Keep It.

"I've found at last what silence is!" A poetess once sang: And then she talked with emphasis Until the welkin rang. —Town Topics.

ONLY ONCE.

Mother—You seem sad, my dear. What troubles you?

Mabel—Jack proposed to me, and I refused him the first time.

Mother—But didn't you accept him the second time?

Mabel—There wasn't any second.—N. Y. Herald.

Jealousy.

Now is the time the cyclists all begin to warmly hate The man who claims he rides a wheel Model of '88. —Detroit Free Press.

That Was All.

Gumme—What is that noise? You haven't a music box in your desk, have you?

Glanders—That was only a rubber band.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

And Well It May.

"Why is the circus lemonade pink in color?" asked Benny Bloomumper of his papa.

"It is blushing for itself," replied Mr. Bloomumper.—N. Y. Journal.

Honors Even.

"My mother was a lady," said she. "Well, you have none the best of me." was his flippant reply. "My father was a gent."—Indianapolis Journal.

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 *Chas. H. Fletcher* 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.*

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"It is blushing for itself," replied Mr. Bloomumper.—N. Y. Journal.

Honors Even.

"My mother was a lady," said she. "Well, you have none the best of me." was his flippant reply. "My father was a gent."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Worth the Effort.

He—Will you give me one kiss?
She—I wouldn't bother to put up my lips for one kiss.—N. Y. Journal.

Muffled.

He—I am going to kiss you.
She—I shall scream—the moment your lips meet mine!—Town Topics.

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