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FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 25, 1897

THANKSGIVING DAY.

w Engla hichwitnes 1 genesis of ksgiving a f-ed no possible ry of that anen and women cluded with the en, were gath-red upon a rocky ore, with a wide n d storm-driven

and storm-driven sea separating them from their former home, and , as yet, unknown north, south and dismally through Yet these Puritans la sbraze people, to God for their long and boisterous setsere wint is close what heartfelt songs are sung. Through urkey thighs Sends curcus arises and a tis close what heartfelt songs are sung. re especially pleased antry was bleak and fields, which each ild yield rich har-ie.

m. er, they were grate-w world they could by pleased, without escription, stripes, Thanksgiving day hanksgiving day of a consuming religious liberty. At other times, your power is lost to-day: tat as a nation we and His control-collectively as a foundly. Uponour swords: "In God y proclamation of the sun. So shall sweet sleep unwonted pillows bless When western slopes have swallowed up the sun. The each act of special tendeness proclamation the blessings we well as our duty ligations to Him. the sun. And for each act of special tenderness Unto the poor on this Thanksgiving e more appropriately these proclamations,

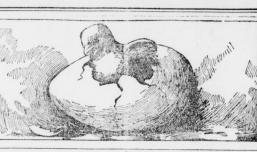
us set the fashion of the duty and obliga-men. But they could the thought how in night how in nem, and in iply them— lown in Vir-centuries em the foreoved of and tha of a lion. From time to tim back into a corner and sticks of brushwood to l things in hould find open, but the light upon the loom, to so dull. The woman the Widow Towson; t daughter. The husba known as Cling Towso

giving Philosopher.

e use ob all de kickin' an' de lat am wanted by de moke

dat turkey gobbler gob risin' to remark

in' in de dark! In N. Y. World. CASTORIA. Chat At Flitchers wrapper



Heri

P

done, The raggedy man, Napolean, Who lives like the sun or stream, Like the moon or the rose, With no thought of clothes, With no thought of clothes, Will bring you a bliasful dream. CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

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Che Red Steer.

A Southern Thanksgiving Story.

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Kak mas

5

The night was warm, open, but the fire was r

out a life senten

TIRED - LOOKING

Thenksois inos county road was not fai dar with his gun lying across his

Among the last of "Regret" across the autumn skies Flecked all with white like inland runhard.'

ther

Th

The user with min gun tying across me knees. "Let me weave now, mother," said the girl. "You are worn out," "You attend to the fire," the woman replied, looking round with a sigh. "That's hard enough. And, besides, you can't weave." "But I can try," "Yes, and while you are trying the work will be going to waste. If you would only do as I beg of you-" An appealing look from the girl checked her. "You know what I mean." she said. is; is that cling the eaves along but the ricks below are full, neart of man is glad to song, makes his prospect beautiful, he raggedy man, Napolean, Who wags his beard at the clock, At this thankful time Sits down to dine With the stiff old Puritan stock.

"Yes," the girl replied, "I know." "Then you know what I want you to do "Yes."

With the stiff old Puritan stock. The children come to feast abundant spread, Grown children with the silver in their hair, And with them, marked by hesitating tread And air subdued, their own dear off-spring fair, Afrighted still, but grandma's voice as-sures. "Yes." "Then why don't you do it?" "Because I can't." The woman frowned. "But you can ee me kill myself at work." "I am compelled to see it, but it rrieves me nearly to death." "If it did, you would seek a remedy, at one is at hand. What have I done or you? I have stolen the time to give "If it did, you would acek a remedy, and one is at hand. What have I done for you? I have stolen the time to give you all the education I had—we have hidden our books in the woods, because your father thought they were fool-ish—"

"I know all that, mother," "I know all that, mother," "But you don't think of it." "Yes, I do, when you are asleep. But to save my life I can't marry that man." The woman turned from her loom. "I suppose you are going to be foolish enough to say that you don't love him." "I don't love him." "Ah. I thought so. But you could re-spect him." Before the feast what earnest prayers are said. And at its close what heartfelt songs are

Interview of kindness (rip) from every
The graces bend to lift the mystic vell
That hides the future on all other days,
Where Plenty stands and Comfort cries:
"All hall!
Ye sons of men, join in a song of praise."
Then the raggedy man,
Napolean,
Sits high in the numble seat,
And he freely quafis,
And he orders the dark of the meat.

spect him." "I might, but I couldn't respect my-

self." "Your father must have been right. Our books were silly, to put such no-tions in your head. I married for love, Ella, and what did it mean? A life of drudgery. And that is what a love mar-ringe generally amounts to for a wom-an. You will at least promise me to think over it."

ringe generally amounts to for a wom-an. You will at least promise me to think over it." "Yes, I will promise that." The girl went to bed and she kept her promise to think over it. The mother was soon asleep, and the girl could hear her sigh in her troubled dreams. But the more she thought the more she dis-liked old Lige Coster. He was the loud-est man that had ever ridden through the neighborhood. It was his business to ride about, buying steers. He looked like a red steer. His red hair (he was bald except on the sides of his head) stuck up like the horns of a steer. He had a laugh that sounded like the low of a steer. Once he had a fight with a man and did not use his hands at all. He kicked like a steer. But he made money, he had a house painted green. with sunflowers in the yard, but with steers lowing in the back lot. He had said that his wife would not have to work, and this statement found cre-dence even among women who knew that his first wife had almost killed herself with hard labor. As the neighbors ex-pressed it, he had made a dead set at Ella. He had laughed, or lowed, when she had kindly told him tog o his way. He said that he would but that he would come back again; and he did, not only once, but many times. He had thought that Sam Mayfield, the wag-gish school-tencher, stood in his way. And it was a fact, a stronger fact than he supposed, but Mayfield could promise her nothing better than a life of hard work.

The potential state of the second state of the

id the girl. for?" "In the interest of your father," he

"But the interest of your latter, are "But that won't do any good." "It may. I have told them what a' brave union soldier he was during the' war. That will have a good effect, if it is properly presented. And I am working on it like a man writing a book. I find that he saved the flag more than once; and I also find that there is con-siderable doubt as to his killing the deputy."

deputy." "He declared that he didn't," Ella re-

Oito Lana 91 MAYFIELD RECEIVES HIS REWARD.

field." All stepped aside, and May-field addressed the people. "My friends," said he, "I think that this will be a day of real thanksgiving in this neigh-borhood." He paused for a moment and then continued: "An investigation by the government has proved a certain man innocent of the crime of killing a

deputy, and his great service as a sold-ier has pardoned his offense as an il-ier has pardoned his offense as a no-his distiller. He reached my place las: night, by arrangement, and is now here."

night, by arrangement, and is now here." Cling Towson stepped in at the side door. His wife, with a shriek, sprang to meet him. He looked for a moment upon her tired face, and then putting his arms about her, he said: "You won't have to work so hard. The gov-ernment has given me a back pension." The congregation shouled with tears in their eyes, for Cling had always been a favorite in the neighborhood. The pardoned man embraced his daughter and, with a backwoodsman's uncom-fortable grace, bowed and put her hand in Mayfield's outstretched palm. Then Mayfield spoke ngain. "We have dis covered that the deputy was murdered by a man known as the Red Steer." OPTE READ. ried?" She shook her head sadly. "I don't kuow, Sam. Mother—" "Yes, I know. The Red Steer has worked on her." "She thinks be is the greatest man in the world." "On account of his money. But we shouldn't blame her. Her life has been hard." "But you don't want me to marry nim." He looked up, and then drawled hu-mcrously: "It would be sad if they should find a Red Steer lying in the road." "Ella, come in here," the mother

THEY WERE GRATEFUL.

"Ein, come in actor the could could." The young man seized her hand and kissed it as she turned away. That afternoon the Red Steer called, full of confidence. "Oh, it's all right to make a bluff," he said, talking to the mother but looking at the girl. "I don't want anything to be too easy." "It will not be at all," said the girl. Two Wanderers Exemplify the Phi-losophy of Thanksgiving. lie and Tattered Edgar had les that Thanksgiving day roads. Weary strangest couple in the

Thanksgiving services, the first for many a year, were to be held in the Lick meeting house. The widow de-clared that she would not go, that she had nothing to be thankful for. May-field called at the house to persuade her. "Don't talk to me," she said. "You are the very one that causes me not to be thankful." "But you will let Ella go, won't you?" c thankful." "But you will let Ella go, won't you?" "She can do as she pleases. She has one so; she has broken my heart. Mr. Joster went away disgusted day before esterday and swears that he will not ome any more." "Ah, and as he is now out of the way, on won't object to—" you won't object to-" "Yes, I will. You shall never marry "Yes, I will, her with my consent." "Oh I think so. Will you promise me one thing?" "I don't know, but what is it?" "That you will foring her to church to morrow?" to-morrow?" "I don't know. Why do you want me

there?" "To see you thankful in the presence of your neighbors." "Impossible. But if you will make me a promise—but I ought not to ask it." Yulon't know what it is, but I'll tell you what I will agree to do. If you are not thankful on this occasion, I will

THE GOBBLER'S LAST APPEARANCE. traw in favor of the Red | lingly bright green, in which he looked like a vandeville comedian overdone. Edgar was slightly over six feet in height. He wore a discarded golf suit that had been mude for a man of about five feet four. His general appearance suggested a perennial hunger. The couple was tired, but it was hap-py; for Weary Willie had found a dime, py; for Weary Willie had found a dime.

a Start

there," said the widow

the Long /

"I will be there," said the widow. The sermon was to be preached by an old man. The congregation was large. A mysterious whisper had gone about that something unusual might be ex-pected. The preacher was nervous when he arose. He looked from time to wime toward a side door. The widow and her daughter sat well toward, the Very Wille had found a dime, vere on the way to the next tere they intended to honor the give due thanks by enjoying of 'oaming lager npicee. Were still six miles from the alloon and it was already four ternoon. They were seated by dide, resting. On the other side oad was a hay field in which o invitingly restful haystacks. Not been for the anticipated of the beer the haystacks we wood them from the road. Gidle," said Willie, as he sadly a stonebruise on his heel," dis antegrint day is a great insti-ain't try" in the aftern the roadside, of the road were two invitin Had it not been pleasure of the would have wooe

ain't

tootion, ain't it?" "Dat's wol!" remarked Eddie, "I allus feel glad when it comes round, 'cos we's dead sure of a full feed. Dey ain't no-body got de heart to t'row us down on Tanksgivin' day. De human heart gits chuck full of love and all dat sort o' biz. I ain't never knowed nobody ter say 'woodpile' on dis anniversary." "Nor me needer," said Willie. "An' we aln't so slow ourselves, dis year. We got a dime widout workin', an' we're goin' ter have de drink: we can be as n dis anniversary." needer," said Willie. "An'

n't so slow ourselves, dis year. dime widout workin', an' we ter have de drink; we can be goin' ter have us ... t'ankful as anybody." "Ef et wasn't so fur ter de town, "Ef et wasn't so fur ter de town,

Eddie. 'replied Eddie, with contempt, Why—" He ran his hand into his pocket. There

MAYFIELD RECEIVES HIS REWARD. front. The girl wondered why May-field had not come. The Red Steer sat not far away, gazing at her. There was a sudden commotion at the front end of the house. The people were aston-ished to see armed men take their stand at the door. Just then Mayfield entered from the side door. He nodded at the preacher, who said: "Before the services begin there is a strange cere-mony to go through with. Mr. May The preacher stepped aside, and May-The preacher stepped aside, and May-

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Brace Up. Brace Up. unksgivin's gittin' under way, sin't no time fer nurss troubles: show yer gratitude ecause they ain't no worse. —Rochester Post.

