ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6 05. 8 45, 9 35 a m., 1 40, 2 34, 3 15, 5 25, 7 07 p m r Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook and

White Haven and Wilkesbarre.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

\$38, 10.51 am for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.
1043 am and 138 pm for Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook, Stockton and Hazleton.
1043 am for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shemandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville. vitsville. 188 p m for Weatherly. Mauch Chunk, Allen-wn, Easton, Philadelphia and New York. ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
550, 728, 920, 1051, 1154 am, 1258, 220, 351, 322 and 601 p m, from Lumber Yard, Hazle 3 cok, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
728, 920, 105; 1134 am, 1258, 220, 351, 522 zieton. i m, E 58, 6 01, p m, from Phila-Vork, Easton, Allentown, Mauch
FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 13, 1895

SUNDAY TRAINS.

38, 10 51 a m and 12 55 p m, from Hazleton, ekton, Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Founr, Jeddo and Drifton.

0 51 m, 12 55 p m, from Philadelphia, New
RE Easton, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk,
051 a m, from Potsylle, Djamonia, b,
151 a m, from Potsylle, Djamonia, b,
152 habiland, shenandoan, Manazoy City
11 Debahaland, Shenandoan, Manazoy City

and Delano. 10:3 a m, from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.

CHAS, S. LEE, Gen'l Pass, Agent, Phila., Pa. ROLLIN II, WILBUR, General Superintendent. A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

iday. rains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida action, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, elda and Sheppton at 632, 11 10 a m, 441 p m, ly except Sunday; and 737 a m, 311 p m,

daily except Sunday; and 737 a m, 311 pm, Sunday.
Theins leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazieton Junction and Roan at 225, 5 40 pm, daily except Sunday; and 957.
Trans leave Sheppton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazlen Junction, H

returning to seek his property und in its place a card thus in d: "This card has been left by a who can run 12 miles an hour. I not come back."—Tit.Bits.

In Doubt.

"In Doubt.
"I don't know exactly what I had etter do with this advertisement," sand he man in the newspaper business of ce. "A politician wants to put in a nug statement of his grievances as add matter. How shall I classify it?" "I guess," replied the cashier, after the caption, "we had better put it uner the caption 'help wanted." "—Washigton Star.

Never Touched Ilin.

"It looks like rain to-day," said the affable milkman, as he dumped the regular quart into the pitcher.

"It always does," said the woman, and the milkman drove off wondering why some people take such gloomy views of everything. — Detroit Free Press.

she—Yes.

Ie—Her mother has a beautiful com-xion, too. I suppose she gets it from

She-No; she gets it from the drug-gist.-N. Y. Journal.

gist.—N. Y. Journal.

Grent American Moth Cure.

Mrs. Brown—John, I want you to
buy me some tobacco to put under the
carpets. They say it's the best thing in
the world to keep moths out.

Mr. Brown—Here's that box of cigars
you gave me last Christmas. I think
that will be even more effective than
tobacco.—N. Y. World.

tobacco.—N. Y. World.

Cynicism.

"There's one thing I will say for your friend," said Miss Cayenne. "He is very truthful."

"How do you know that?" inquired Willie Wishington.
"Because there is no excuse for his being otherwise. He never says anything interesting."—Washington Star.

Madge—I'm miserable.

Lulu—Why?

Madge (absent-mindedly)—Josie Denn told me a secret and—
Lulu—Oh, do tell me what it was!

Madge—That's why I'm miserable.

ve forgotten the name of the man who issed her.—N. Y. Journal.

Subscribe for the TRIBUNE.

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1988. PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

Talked Through the Cat.

From a recent report we learn that John Stewart and his wife, of Matawan, N. J., have not spoken to each other in 18 years. Mrs. Stewart is a devout Methodist. Her husband, to whom she has been married 30 years, is an atheist. For love of this man, whose views are so radically different from her own, she has continued to live and work that he might have a home, but for 18 years they have not exchanged a word. All this time the two have lived in a tiny house, where they were constantly thrown together, and yet each has carried on a separate existence. For many years they lived as happily as any man and wife could live, and then the serpent entered their paradise. It came in the form of doctrines of anarchy, which the husband began to study. He became an enemy of law and order and loved to argue on the points of his new belief. Then, to be still more at variance with his rural kind, he read Voltaire and other writers opposed to the Christian religion, and next he was an atheist. These departures into so-called havanced thought were a great sorrow to his devout helpmeet, and gently did she try to win him back to the behief in which he had been born and bred. The husband resented these pleadings. The wife feared that her husband would cease to love her if she continued to play the missionary. She made a compact with him. They were never to speak again. There could then be no quarrels about anything. He agreed, glad, he said, to be exempted from what he called her nagging. That was more than 18 years ago, and as yet they have not exchanged a word. A cat has been to the said, to be exempted from what he called her nagging. That was more than 18 years ago, and as yet they have not exchanged a word. A cat has been to read would come and go, but they had always had one cat or another to act as the go-between. If the meal was ready the wife told the cat. The husband heard the message and sat at the table. If the meal was ready the wife told the cat. The husband heard the message and sat at the ta

years.

If Diogenes were still on earth, hunting with his lantern for an honest man. Monrovia, Ind., would be the place for him to turn his steps toward. Clark Geare lives there, and if one recent act of his is an index of his nature, he is just the sort of man Diogenes was looking for. Geare is a veteran of the late war, and some time ago applied for a pension because of rheumatism. He got it, but recently returned his certicate and \$350 in back pension to the department at Washington, saying that his rheumatism had gradually improved and finally left him completely, and that he was therefore not entitled to the pension.

pension.

A policy holder thus writes to the western department of an American insurance company: "Dear Sir—I have given up intentions of insuring because I think a man is doing rong if man has the right thought toward god he need not be afraid of anything when we know god wright and mortal man rong there is nothing but mortal mind ideas surrounding the world what we need is spiritual ideas and then we will be all harmonious for the light of the

Believers in the wooden nutmer legendean say once more that time wakes all things even. A stranger has appeared in Connecticut with a preparation warranted by him to keep flies and mosquitoes away from domestic animals. One package dissolved in tenquarts of water was said to be sufficient to protect 12 oxen or 25 horses. After the seller had disappeared the stuff was examined and found to be oak sawdust scented with camphor.

Near the Maryland border of Pena-sylvania, on the farm of a county com-missioner, 800 bushels of apples were picked from 24 trees.

re Chart. Flitchers wrapper.

oy.

It isn't a tune, but a jumble galore
Of all the notes in the musical score,
And while to another it's nothing but
noise,
To me it conveys a heart's volume of joys.

Many times in the day I am straining my ear
At the door or the window that whistle to locar.
And when from the distance comes floating the sound.
I know that my boy on his homeway is bound.

t tells me he's well long before he's in slight; It says he is happy with childhood's de-light; Then, as it grows louder and nearer, I see My bonnie brave boy wave a welcome to

Some day when the cares of the world he must share.
When his heart is no longer as light as the air.

boy. -H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

A POLICEMAN'S PLUCK.

THE popular supposition that a police officer is never, never on hand when he is wanted and that the sound of alarm is his signal of retreat received a severe shock when the story of Sergt. Howard's chase after the murderer Rohan was published a few days ago. The comic papers, with their clever illustrations, the dialogue-writing jokers and the others have taught some persons to look upon the policeman as the pauneby and pusillanimous tyrant of small boys and shrinker from contention. Which is wrong in a great many cases.

man as the paunchy and pushammous tyrant of small boys and shrinker from contention. Which is wrong in a great many cases.

Sergt. Howard, with two loads in his revolver, crouching on one side of a garbage box, on the other side of which stooped an escaped murderer, with three weapons and unlimited ammunition, is not the first officer who has gone with open eyes into danger and has persisted against great peril for the sake of the law. Indeed, this was not the first case of the kind in which this particular polleeman figured.

But the glory of his conduct in the Rohan case is enough without raking out of the past old stories of his courageous adventures. Other wearers of uniforms have performed similarly nervy feats and have made the silver star a sign of valor.

weekly.

Weekly.

Hoyal Diadems.

The value of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,800,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the crown of the the meeting the stanch grit formsby, the lesser mannattered upon the face of g policeman, but still he prisoner tried to throw whirling and swinging to efficer fought back and welf closer. With his own was beaten, and the gigan-value of the series of the cost of the crown of the prisoner tried to throw whirling and swinging to efficer fought back and welf closer. With his own was beaten, and the gigan-value of the series of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and worm upon his person being not less than \$12,000,000,000.

The value of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and the self-over one-fifth of the cost of the jewels in the British crown is about \$1,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and worm upon his person being not less than \$12,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and worm upon his person being not less than \$12,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and worm upon his person being not less than \$12,000,000, or a little over one-fifth of the ventue, and worm upon his person being not less than \$12,000,000, or a little over one wagon, but the efficer fought back and wrapped himself eloser. With his own club Ormsby was beaten, and the gigantic prisoner centered every effort on reaching the policeman's revolver, his own having already been lost overboard. He caught a fleeting grasp upon it once—a grasp which was enough to tend a ball flying at random through the air, scarring Ormsby's leg in its

transit and increasing the fear of the horses by its discharge; but the policeman, recognizing his own inferiority in strength, with a jerk of his wrist threw the weapon out from him. It fell on the stone pavement, and another explosion added to the insanity of the horses.

They flew through the town and struck the country road which leads to the fort on the heights four miles away. The danger of a broad, clear midnight street was many times multiplied on the narrow dirt road cut by guilles and broken by ridges, but all the danger seemed insufficient to cool the ardor of the battling men in the blue wagon. Ormsby heard the hollow sound of their passage over wooden bridges, and felt the careening of the big vehicle as it crashed from side to side; momentarily he caught dizzy glimpses of night lamps in the outlying houses which shot past them as they progressed; he heard the yelping of the dogs, which, roused from contemplation of the moon, tailed behind the wagon, barking new frenzy into the unwearied horses. He heard the challenge of the sentry at the gate of the fort, and almost before the half was uttered the wagon with its attendant clamor was inside the lines of the garrison, and was over a ditch and across a sidewalk and out into the parade ground, and, trashing against a tree, was shattered and overturned and loosed from the trappings of the horses, which, with a last bombardment of kicking at space, broke away and disappeared down Officers row, clanging and clattering as the singletrees and the attached fragments of the vehicle struck the flagstones.

Ormsby and his herculean prisoner were thrown out by indescribable twin

are thrown out by indescribable twin mersaults, remaining strangely close gether through it all. The officer of e guard came rushing, and found em gory and tattered where they had len, the big man unconscious from e concussion and Ormsby grinning aldy through blood as the lamplight Lor him.

weakly through blood as the mapping.
fell on him.

"What's this?" said the military man,
after the policeman had briefly told of
the adventure. "You're handcuffed."

"Yes," said Ormsby. "You see, I was
afraid he might get a gun to my head
and make me let him go, and to be sure
that he couldn't get away, no matter
how he licked me, I snapped the irons
on him and me when I saw he was doing
That in the hurry I got his lett



WHAT'S THIS!" SAID THE MILITARY MAN.

hand locked to my right, and he kept right on putting up too much fight for me. Still, it didn't worry me much, for I knew that even if I was killed he couldn't get away. I threw the keys away with my gun."

The officer of the guard, who was a captain and who had been through nearly 30 years of fighting, looked admiringly at the little scrub of a policetann.

The Cake Would Do It.

"You seem to be enjoying the cake this evening, James," said the young wife, watching the disappearance of that luxury with a look of the greatest satisfaction:

"Er--yes," was the rather confused reply of the devoted husband.
"Don't curb your appetite on my account; I shall not think you are greedy, dear."

"I am going to eat as much as I can," mumbled James.
"I am soglad you like it. I may after this each of the same of t

"I am going to eat as much as I can," mumbled James,
"I am so glad you like it. I was affaid that I was not making my cakes to your liking; you have always eaten so little of them on previous occasions."
"This one is just what I want to-day," jerked out the husband.
Then she was very, very happy—until she discovered that he had wagered Brown that he was the heavier, and was eating as much of her cake as possible so that he should win the bet, which was to be decided that evening.—Pearson's Weekly.

CHAT FROM ABROAD.

THOSE WHO WRITE

THOSE WHO WRITE.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell (lk Marvel) is preparing a second volume of "American Lands and Letters," which will appear early next year.

Thomas Whittaker announces the publication of a new story by Charlotte M. Yonge entitled "Founded on Paper, or Uphill and Downhill Between Two Jubilees."

publication of a new story by Charlotte M. Yonge entitled "Founded on Paper, or Uphill and Downhill Between Two Jubilees."

It may interest the readers of E. W. Hornung's Australian stories to know that he is a brother-in-law of Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

A monument is to be erected in Paris, in the Place Malesberbes, to Dunnas the younger. In the same square there is a statue to the elder Dunnas, and the name of the little park will be changed to "Dunnas."

Sir Lewis Morris, the English poet, who is to make a lecturing tour in this country, commencing early this month, began his career as a lawyer, and now leads the life of a country gentleman, possessing ample private means. His last volume, only just out, is called "The Epic of Hades."

The publishers of the complete edition of Miss Jane Austen's works referredly received a letter addressed to "Miss Jane Austen." and regard it as a good joke to tell. But the fact is that many people who enjoyed Jane G. Austen's works'es, "A Nameless Nobleman."

"Nantucket Scrapp." "The Desmond Hundred" and other modern novels. lave imagined that the novels of the Jane Austen of our grandfather's time were by her. Hence the amusing occurrence recorded above.

GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

Parsecs.

The next story from Mrs. Burton Harrison's pen will be "Good Americans." It is a study of the growing tendency of the wealthy and cultured classes to anfit their children for life at home by teaching them to find their chief pleasure in foreign countries.

SEE

THAT THE

hart Fletcher.

OF EVERY

Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoed Worms, Convulsions, Reverish-

The fac-cimile Chart H. Fletchire overy signature Chart H. Fletchire wrappe

DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE.

Perine of Old Dr. SIMUEL PITCHER

tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoe Worms, Convulsions, Feverish ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of Fac Simile Signature of
Classification,
NEW YORK,
A16 months old
35 Doses-35 Cents

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

ape of Old BrSNVLL
Funpkin Seed =
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Solts =
Ania Seed +
Papermint Lit Ourbonate Soda +
Warm Seed +
Clarthed Sugar Wintergrown Flavor:

Freeland, Pa.

Finest Whiskies in Stock. Gibson, Dougherty, Kaufer Club, Rosenbluth's Velvet, of which we have EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.

MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS. Baths, Hot or Cold, 25 Cents.

P. F. McNULTY, **Funeral Director** and Embalmer.



Prepared to Attend Calls Day or Night.

VIENNA: BAKERY J. B. LAUBACH, Prop.

CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY. FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

Confectionery & Ice Cream

upplied to balls, parties or picni all necessary adjuncts, at sho notice and fairest prices

Delivery and supply wayons to all parts of wn 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

e ablest and most vigorous defender of holicism. All the news-strong citico-se-a children to denor home, which is de-sent to the strong citico-ni to the little ones. Only 82.00 per r. The Grandest Premium ever issued by paner given to subscribers for 187. Send sample copies and premium circular.

The Catholic Standard and Times Pub'g Co

FRANCIS BRENNAN,

FINEST LIQUOR, BEER, PORTER, ALE, CIGARS AND TEM-PERANCE DRINKS,

Baker & Confectioner.

Best Cough Syrup. Traces Good. Die in time. Sood by drougnests.

CONSUMPTION

Baker & Confectioner.

Wholesale and Retail.

CENTRE STEEET, PREELAND.



THE ELDREDGE

THE BELVIDERE.

339 Brondway, New York.



beautifully illustrated, largest circulat any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 \$1.50 six months. Specimen copies and BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address MUNN & CO., 361 Breadway, New York,

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents of same in the U.S. and foreign ent free, Address."





RESTAURANT PRINTING

notice by the Tribune Company.
Estimates furnished promptly on all classes of work. Samples free. G. HORACK.

CENTRE STEEET, FREELAND.



SIGNATURE INFANTS / CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opnum, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC. IS ON THE

WRAPPER

BOTTLE OF