

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 for 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. Arrears must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 30, 1897.



TIME never drags save as when one is in prison, or, say, while waiting for a railroad train, or upon the eve of one's marriage. All the pictures of old Father Time show him having wings, and very long ones, too. He flies faster and faster as age wears on, so fast, in fact, that towards the decline and down it one may not be able to count the mile-posts. The year 1897 has gone and to older ones it seems but as yesterday since first it was here. Yet during its little hour how many the friends that went to their long home, how many the hopes unfulfilled, how many the vows that were broken, how many the disappointments, aye, and how many the pleasures, and gladnesses, how much happiness we communicated, and how much we bestowed upon others. Sitting down for retrospection, it was a very busy year after all. Had we begun on the first day with a diary of large dimensions, how easily we might have filled its every page, and still have left many, many things unrecorded.

Gone the old year altogether—save its memories, which will remain forever, precious or reprobatable, as they troop up in passing review before one. Gone the spring of unfolding flower and stalk and grass; its summer of developing buds and of field and wood; its autumn of harvest, full fruitage and many-tinted leaves; and gone its winter of hoar-frost, iridescent ice and snow of immaculate whiteness. Gone is it in its glory and pride, its shame and weakness, and we hail the new with its certain record of good and evil, false and true, tempest and calm, sunshine and shower, night and day.

Hail the year 1898! Yet many will it cast down and many raise up; many destroy and many make alive. Hope will it fulfill in some and send utter despair to others. As in the years that have passed, so in 1898 will there be simoons, tornadoes, zephyrs and calms; hail, rain, snow and diffusive, heart-warming sunshine. There shall be wars, sorrows, pains, joys, gladnesses, droughts, floods, plenty and famine. War shall rage here and there, while peace will be serene in most places. Birds shall sing sweetest songs at morn and eventide, while beasts shall utter their terrifying cries.

What will the year bring to you, and you, and you? In the midst of such uncertainties, who so wise as to be able to declare his own fate or that of another? One having good memory may dilate of 1897; but no man can predicate of 1898! But he may wish himself well, and in the same breath he should wish well to all others.

Aye, and it is a time when one may very properly make introspection with a view to information. As a garden, there is need for rooting out here, planting there; weeding in this place and watering in that place. Find out the sins that are besetting, the virtues that are deficient. Be honest and let the work be thorough. All that is good, cherish as the apple of the eye; what is bad cast off as an old garment. Such an undertaking faithfully done and conscientiously adhering to resolutions adopted will have much to do with regulation of the effects of the year before you.

Alas! how many good resolutions are made at the beginning of every new year only to be broken after a few days, or weeks, at the most; and so one year is as another with us. Whatever we do, the days will go quickly and the end of it will be here only too soon.

A New Year's Toast.
Here's to the world, the funny old world. And here's to the future, be what it may. And here's to the best—that's you.
—N. Y. Herald.

A Good Start.
"I've made one New Year's resolution that I'm going to see carried out."
"What is it?"
"The world has got to treat me better than it did last year."—Chicago Record.

Memento.
Soon comes that New Year's exercise, And, what seems sadly queer, The faults from which he will swear off Are the same he named last year.
—Washington Star.

His Folly.
Jenkins—I hear that Barlier has sworn off smoking.
Hogg—Poor devil! He's a man who always keeps his word.—N. Y. Truth.

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



A HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE RETURN OF THE CAT.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

"CATS," remarked Mrs. Mott sententially, "are a good 'eal like men. They require a lot of petting; they are very particular about their eating, and it's hard to keep them in the house at night."

As she was entirely alone, there was no one to contradict this somewhat extraordinary statement, so she dropped her eyes again on her work, the embroidering of daisies on a bit of linen. Suddenly, she heard the front door open and, turning her back, she whipped off her eyeglasses and slipped them in her pocket, before turning to greet her visitor. She was obliged to wear glasses when she read or sewed, but she would have felt eternally disgraced if anyone had seen her with them on her nose.

"That you, Melinda? Walk in and sit down—why, what's the matter? Anything wrong?"
"Humph! Lorilla Mott, what's this about you and Ezra?"
Mrs. Mott's hand shook visibly in folding her work, but she answered, defiantly: "Don't know as I'll tell you."
"Well, you needn't, then. I know a'ready. And all I've got to say is, if you prefer a cat to a husband, why—"
"You don't know one thing about husbands, Melinda Thompson; why, you never had one yourself!"
"That's just it; I know what it is to be without one. There's my taxes, now."

But Mrs. Mott hastily interrupted; when taxes were the theme, Miss Melinda usually spoke loud and long.
"You can't begin by giving in to a husband, Melinda. I know that, because I gave in to Mr. Mott before we were married and the only comfort I got out of him in the 12 years we were married was in his last illness. Then, I could call on the doctor to help me. He always sided with me against Abner."

"I guess he knew which one of you was going to pay his bill," said her visitor, thoughtfully. "Look here, Lorilla, are you and Ezra going to be married on New Year's day or not?"
"We are not," replied Mrs. Mott, firmly. Then she hastened to the door, letting in a huge tortoise-shell cat, which rubbed itself affectionately against her gown, purring all the while. Presently, he jumped up on a gray patchwork cushion in a huge arm-chair and fell to washing his face.

"And you've given that cat Ezra's chair," said Miss Melinda, solemnly.
"Melinda Thompson, I have! Furthermore, it's my chair, and always has been, though Ezra has sat in it pretty constant in the 14 years he's been coming to see me."
"Fourteen years. And how many times has the wedding been put off? Lemme see; there was the time you quarreled over the piece the choir was to sing at the wedding. You wanted 'The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden,

THE COMPACT WITH DARIUS.

Rev. Gideon George Washington Smith's sermon on the previous Sunday had evidently made a deep impression on Uncle Caesar, and he had been turning it over in his mind constantly. To-day he seemed at length to have reached a decision, for he talked to his old gray mule in a very serious tone as he attached the harness to the mule's bony frame.

"Now, yeh jes' hol' still, yeh no 'count mule," he said. "I want yeh to know 'Ezra Mason knows what has become of Jason!" she cried, bursting into tears. "And to think I had meant to marry him, in gray satin, on New Year's lay!"
Late that afternoon Melinda Thompson bustled in, her bonnet gracefully encircling one ear.
"Well, Lorilla Mott, have you heard?"
"Heard what?" said Mrs. Mott.
"That Ezra Mason feeds that dog of his out of the silver sugar basin he had bought for your wedding present, and lets him sleep in the silk quilt you made him for Christmas! What do you think of that?"
"Think?" said Mrs. Mott, slowly and deliberately. "Why, I think that a man who will commit murder will do anything."
"Murder?" gasped Melinda.
"Yes, murder! For if Ezra Mason didn't kill my cat, why doesn't he come back?"
The strange family with the invalid boy had received her advances coldly and Miss Melinda's time and tongue were entirely at Mrs. Mott's disposal. By nightfall everybody knew that she had accused Ezra Mason of killing her cat. Later that evening, they also knew that Ezra had said he would never speak to a woman or a cat again. And this was the 29th of December, and the gray satin gown in which Mrs. Mott was to have been metamorphosed into Mrs. Mason hung ready in her wardrobe, while the ring, once more exchanged for a larger one, lay forgotten in Ezra's pocket.

It was New Year's morning and Mrs. Mott felt forlorn and miserable seated before her untasted breakfast. For the first time, she regretted her quarrel with Ezra.
"If I hadn't quarreled with him he'd never have killed Jason," she sighed, "and I'd never have known he'd commit murder. Now—come in!" she hastened to open the door.



DARIUS FLOPPED ONE EAR KNOWINGLY.
dis ain't a New Year's day an' fum dis on I ain't a goin' teh hab no nonsense. Yeh undahstand? No fool kliekin' aftah dis, Darius!"
Darius flopped one ear knowingly.
"No, sah!" said Caesar. "dis am de day

THE OLD YEAR

W HAT time the gaunt and ghostly stars hung round and low on Heaven's rim, Along a line of dappled bars Like yellow apples from a limb, They two sat watching through the night To mark the old year plunge his flight.

Hand clasped in hand, the far moon's gold, Lapped over by each flying cloud, Seemed as a dead man's face, and old, Half-bid, half-pictured in its shroud, And dimly down the milky way, Crailed dusky banners shot with gray.

They watched the midnight's ebony wings Poise, float and circle, high o'erhead, As a hawk sails in widening rings, O'er summer fields with daisies spread, Hand clasped in hand, and silent so, But in their hearts the expectant glow.

Chat wavered as the night wore on— Chat fluttered at the moon's eclipse;— Chen came the first faint streaks of dawn And speech rushed eager to their lips, While down along the eastern shore The red sun painted "Nevermore."
... Ernest McGearty.

There stood a shy little girl, and—Mrs. Mott cried aloud—Jason, alive and in the fur, was rubbing against her legs and purring.
"He didn't kill him after all!" she cried; then, seeing the child's amazed look, she said: "Where on earth did you find him, my dear? Was—was he much hurt?"
"He wasn't hurt at all, ma'am. He come to us five days ago; my brother's sick and we didn't know the cat was yours—my brother kept him in his room all the time. The butcher boy saw him this morning and told us—"
"I suppose he tried hard to get away and come home?" faltered Mrs. Mott.
"No'm. He wanted to stay and I had to carry him part way."
As the child was going away with the dollar Mrs. Mott had thrust upon her, that lady stood on the doorstep with the door closed to prevent Jason from following his new friend. She saw Ezra approaching across the street and said, bitterly: "To think I quarreled with him over an ungrateful beast that forgot me in five days! Nancy," she called, suddenly.
"Yes'm," said the child, stopping.
"You can have the cat if you want him. I don't." Then she went into the house and shut the door.
Five minutes later a tremendous knock brought her to the door. There stood Ezra with the now weeping Nancy, who held Jason in her arms.
"Here's your cat," he said, shortly, "this child says a nice crazy lady gave him to her."
"I gave her the cat, Ezra Mason; I guess I can do as I like with my own—"
"You gave Jason away?" gasped Ezra. "Lorilla, the wedding is to be at seven, ain't it?"
"Ye-es, Ezra, and—and you may bring your dog."
"Hain't got him," snapped Ezra; "man I bought him from had stolen him, and—"
"A Happy New Year to both of you!" called Melinda Thompson, passing.

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, 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
Chas. H. Fletcher
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

HIGH VALLEY RAILROAD,
November 14, 1897.
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.
6:05, 8:45, 9:55 a.m. 1:40, 2:34, 3:15, 5:25, 7:07 p.m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, H-zie Brook and Lumber Yard.
6:05, 8:45, 9:55 a.m. 1:40, 3:15, 5:25 p.m. Black Diamond for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7:07 p.m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton and intermediate stations.
9:35 a.m. 2:34, 5:25 and 7:07 p.m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
7:28, 10:51, 11:54 a.m. 5:22 p.m. for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
8:38, 10:51 a.m. for Sandy Run, White Haven and Wilkesbarre.
10:43 a.m. and 1:38 p.m. for Jeddo, Foundry, Hazle Brook, Stockton and Hazleton.
10:43 a.m. for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
1:38 p.m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
ARRIVE AT FREELAND.
5:50, 7:28, 9:20, 10:51, 11:54 a.m. 12:58, 2:50, 3:51, 5:22 and 6:01 p.m. from Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
7:25, 9:20, 10:51, 11:54 a.m. 12:58, 2:50, 3:51, 5:22 p.m. from Hazleton.
9:30, 10:51 a.m. 12:58, 6:01 p.m. from Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
9:35 a.m. 2:34, 5:25, 7:07 p.m. from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.
7:28, 9:20, 10:51 a.m. 12:58, 2:50, 3:51 p.m. from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
8:38, 10:51 a.m. and 12:51 p.m. from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Hazle Brook, Foundry, Jeddo and Drifton.
10:51 a.m. 12:55 p.m. from Philadelphia, New York, Easton, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk.
10:51 a.m. from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Delano.
10:43 a.m. from Wilkesbarre, White Haven and Sandy Run.
For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent.
PHILA., Pa.
ROLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent.
A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't. G. P. A.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

WE MAKE Wheels, Quality Guaranteed the Best. Tool!

STYLES: Ladies', Gentlemen's & Tandem.
The Lightest Running Wheels on Earth.
THE ELDRIDGE
...AND...
THE BELVIDERE.
We always Made Good Sewing Machines! Why Shouldn't we Make Good Wheels!
National Sewing Machine Co., 339 Broadway, New York. Factory: Belvidere, Ills.

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.

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the
SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year; \$1.00 month. Single copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address
MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.

Are You a Roman Catholic
Then you should enjoy reading the literary productions of the best talent in the Catholic priest-hood 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.