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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 21, 1898

Big, shaggy dogs are in great demand in Maine, and there is money to be made in filling orders for dogs of this description to be shipped to the gold regions of Alaska. So great is the demand that many fine 8t. Bernards and mastiffs have been stolen. The chief of police of Bangor received a letter from a friend in Alaska, who wants a carload of dogs for draft purposes, and offers good prices for all that can be got here. Two carloads of dogs from the maritime provinces passed through Bangor a few days ago bound for Alaska. There were 246 in the lot, and on the way thither they had many fights. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals stopped the train and would not allow it to proceed until all the dogs had been muzzled. This done, the dogs continued on their journey west.

ney west.

A bride of a year was recently heard to say that ten of her acquaintances were to be married before Christmus, and that as the parents of all of them had sent her expensive wedding gifts, she and her husband were in much perturbation about the customary return. There is food for reflection in her comment that, as they lived in a small rented house and kept but one servant, their valuable silver was still stored in the vault where it had been placed at their marriage; that although the gifts represented over \$3,000 the young husband had to struggle for their livelihood, and that the most modest presents they could select for their ten friends would take his whole month's salary.

The recent "national" irrigation congress, held at Lincoln, Neb., is said to have been a spiritless, uninteresting affair. The western farmers used to regard the great irrigation companies with much hope and not a little fear, but they seem to have learned that they themselves can make quickest and cheapest such dams and ditches as are necessary to them. They seem no longer inclined to "take stock," practically or figuratively, in the big companies, while the latter, except in portions of California, seem to have but little money of their own.

Some of the leading farmers in the Indiana oil district are taking advantage of the oil boom and are using the crude oil to feed their swine. One farmer put some of the oil in the feeding trough and found the pigs became wild for it. He finds it an excellent preventive for cholera, and has been able to keep his herds, while those who do not use it have lost many animals. The oil can be bought at the wells for 43 cents a barrel. 43 cents a barrel.

An eastern exchange tells the story of an enterprising merchant who gilded a lump of coal and placed it in his window, labeling it "A nugget from Klondike—value, \$9,000." He failed to remove this "valuable nugget" from the window one night recently, and in the morning found the window broken and the gilded coal gone. It cost him \$90 to replace the broken plate glass. This is the result of deceptive advertising.

Sir Thomas J. Lipton, who has just been knighted by (meen Victoria, packs meat in Chicago, has a tea and coffee business in New York, manufactures ginger ale and mineral waters in Ireland, makes confections in London and grows coffee and tea in Ceylon. In other words, he is a hustler in business.

It is reported that James E. Berry, who died the other day, was very far rom being the "millionaire tramp" ome of the newspapers called him. His millions amounted to just \$15,000, and when he died he did not have a cent, t took him less than a year to throw his money away.

The Dallas News observes: Mr.\*
Henry Highnote, of Kansas City, beame possessed of two wives by the action of a judge setting aside a decree of
divorce. This is likely to produce much
discord among the Highnotes.

A woman's club in Washington has ship, but he wears petticoats. He has always worn them, and is known as the

In one of New York's interior cities 20,000 people are employed in making photographic appliances. Modern machinery is more than offset by the new wants of mankind.

GETTING TO A FIRE

The Splendid Horses of the American Fire Departments.

F. S. Dellenbaugh writes an article for St. Nicholas on "The Quick Horse," devoted to the training of horses for the American fire departments. Mr. Dellenbaugh says: When a fire breaks out in America, it is necessary to reach it at once. The telegraph was brought into augh says:

merica, it is necessary to reach it a
mee. The telegraph was brought inte
ervice in sending the alarm. It
funish some years ago the method it
ogue was to hang out a red flag by day
ind a red lantern by night from the to
if one of the Frauenkirche towers, or
the side in the direction of the fire; bu
in America such a system would hav
resulted in the destruction of the whol

tlso necessary to reach it immedi The steam fire-engine was a sp machine, with steam always up rything in readiness for instant ture, but how to secure this inst erty destroyed. So the first swingin harness was invented; a harness contrived in such a way that, while alway attached to the engine or other apparatus, it could be made to drop instantion the horse's back and fasten ther. This seemed to solve the question, by there remained one more step, and this was the training of the quick' horse. Not only must the engine and the harness and the men and the horses and the horses must be in tharness at once—the operation must be ready, but the horses must be in the harness at once—the operation must be as nearly instantaneous as human ingenuity and brute intelligence together could contrive. In every fire-engine house in the United States to-day, therefore, we may see and admire the "quick" horse, sleek-limbed, cleareyed, with an alert, intelligent air, standing not far from the machine of which he is the moving power.

The casual visitor saunters in. He



RUNNING TO A FIRE.

and easy one, judging from the appear-ance of the quarters. All is serence. The machines are immaculate in pol-ished brass and red paint. Some of the men are reading, others are playing a

Cow Swallowed a Fortun

I think you would not thus be sent My suff'ring hours to cheer, And bring to me such calm content, And dry the falling tear.

A Fleeting Show of Hen.

Fun in a Railroad Coach for

NoT more than a dozen persons were in the ear. These were a sharp-nosed man who divided his time be-

NoT more than a dozen persons were in the car. These were a sharpnosed man who divided his time between glaring discontentedly out of the window and asking the conductor why the train didn't go faster; an elderly and benevolent-looking old lady who sat across the alsie from the sharpnosed man; three or four men who lounged back in their seats and dozed, and a quartet of young people, two men and two girls, who were amusing themselves by singing college songs.

As the train pulled out of one of the country villages a poorly dressed boy who might have been 16 or 17 years old came into the car and took the seat across the aisle from the four young people. Under his frayed cont was a big bunch, suggesting that he was carrying something concealed there. As the young people struck into another young people struck into another young he concealed there. As the young people struck into another young the concealed the girl who had been singing the alto part, turning wide brown eyes upon the youth. "He's got a hen there. Did you hear it?" "Cutta-cutta cudduck!" made itself sufficiently audible for every one in the car to hear it.

"She's a good hen," said the boy, apologetically, "but she don't like music. I was scairt that you'd wake her up."

"Cudduck cudaweut!" in rather tarters from beneath the coat seemed to

sic. I was scairt that you o was early up."
"Cudduck cudawcut!" in rather tart tones from beneath the coat seemed to indicate that the good hen was tired of being good and wanted to get out and fly around the car awhile for a change. "Shuttup!" said the boy, poking the bunch with no great gentleness, a performance which brought forth a wrathful cackle.
"The this time all the people in the car."

ful cackle.

By this time all the people in the car
were craning their necks toward the
seat occupied by the boy. The old lady
put on her glasses to see better, and the
sharp nose of the discontented man
fairly glowed with indignant surprise.
He pointed a bony finger at the place
whence the hen language seemed to
proceed.

whence the nen language proceed.

"Look here!" he said. "Do you mean to say you've got a hen under your coat?"

The youth turned a deprecatory glance upon his questioner, but evinced no signs of meaning to say anything. It wasn't really necessary that he should.

iould. "Cluck-cluck, cul-luck, cul-luck, cut-cudawcut!" was a highly adequate

tacudaweut!" was a highly adequate reply.

The sharp-nosed man's probosels spread its glow over his other features.

"It's an infernal shame!" he cried.

"Ain't it?" exclaimed the benevolent old lady, bestowing an approving glance upon him. "I wouldn't wonder a mite if the poor thing smothered."

"Darn the poor thing:" ejaculated the man with such emphasis that the old lady's glasses fell off in consequence of the shock to her system. "I ain't kicking on the beastly chicken's account. What I object to is that young idiot making a cattle train out of this car."

"Hens ain't cattle," suggested the old lady with evidently pacific intent; but strange to say this veracious and soothing statement failed to mitigate the complainant's wrath.
"Might just as well be," he said.
"Cadduck cluck!" came in pro-

"Might just as well be," he said.
"Cudduck, cluck, cluck!" came in protest to this statement.
"Say, you!" cried the man again,
aiming his loaded forefinger at the
youth. "What d'you mean by bringing
a hen into this car?"
"What hen?" asked the boy, innocently.

a hen into this car?"

"What hen?" asked the boy, innocently.

"Don't you try to fool with me. That hen under your coat."

He waggled his forefinger at the bunch, which promptly responded:

"Cut-cudaw-w-weut!"

"Oh, that hen!" said the boy, placidly.

"I brought her along so's I could get a fresh-laid aig for my lunch."

The quartet across the aisle burst into laughter, and the sharp-nosed man swore softly but comprehensively.

"Don't you let him frighten you." said the brown-eyed girl encouragingly to the boy.

The benevolent old lady was so surprised at the boy's statement that her glasses fell off again, and as she groped for them she said in rather a westruck tones:

"Goodness me. Does he sait the green."

"Goodness me! Does he eat the egg

raw?"
"Yestm." replied the boy, politely.
"Raw aigs is the only kind this hen knows how to lay. I had a hen tohome we used to feed on sulphur matches, and she laid hard-boiled aigs, but the other day she drank some kerosene oil an' just naturally busted."
"I don't believe it," exclaimed the old lady, quite violently, and the quartet simest collapsed with glee.

A look of sudness overspread, the

lain features of the youth, but before e could reply to this aspersion upon is veracity, the bundle under his coat tracted his attention, as well as that f everyone else, by observing in reso-

attracted his acc...

sf everyone else, by observing ...

nant tones:

"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cudaw-w-w-w-wcut!"

"Keep still," cried the boy, administering a second poke to the covering

coat.
"The society that looks after cruelty to animals ought to be told," announced the old lady. "I know that hen's suffering."
"Hen ain't an animal," snapped the charmoned man, retting back at her

fering."

"Hen ain't an animal," snapped the sharp-nosed man, getting back at her for her previous information. "I know I'm suffering, and unless—"

"Well, the society might look after you, then," retorted the old lady win some asperity.

"The aged person," observed one of the young quartette, "is not so easy as she looks. That was distinctly the retort rotten."

"I'll speak to the conductor," the sharp-nosed man was declaring meanwhile. "I didn't pay my money to ride in a hen coop. We'll see if this young rascal can bring his eackling chickens among decent people."

"Cluck-cluck-clu-luck-cutta-cut," rounded in rather derisive tones.

The brown-eyed girl leaned over the sisle and looked at the boy.

"Won't you please let me see the hen?" she said,
"'I'd like to, miss, but I dassent," said

"Won't you please let me see the hen?"
she said.
"I'd like to, miss, but I dassent," said
the boy.
"Do you think I'd frighten it?" she
said. reproachfully.
"No'm, but this is an awful intelligent
hen an'"—with a look of direct admiration—"like's not if she once seen you
she'd want to leave me right now and
never come back no more."
"Now will you be good?" said the
young man who sat with the girl.
She smilled entrancingly at the boy.
"I doa't believe you've got any hen
at all," she remarked, challengingly.
In reply he prodded the bundle, which
promptly replied.
"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut!"
"There! Did you hear it!" cried the
sharp-nosed man to the conductor who
had just entered the car. "What kind
of a road do you call this, where the pasvision



"WHERE IS IT!"

sengers have to roost with the chickens?"

"Where is it? Which one's got it?"
asked the conductor.

"Cutta-cut! Cutta-cut cudaw-cut!"
proclaimed clearly the location.

"Look here," said the official, striding up to the boy, who was nervously fumbling at his coat. "I've got a mind to stop the train and fire you off right here."

"What for?" inquired the youth in injured tones. "You got my ticket."

"You throw that chicken out of the window or get out."

"What chicken, mister?"

"Under your coat there. Come, no nonsense, now. I won't stand for it."

The boy drew his frayed coat closer around the bundle.

"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smoth-steel tone from it.

around the bundle.
"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smothered tones from it.
"Mercy! The poor thing's near dead," eried the old lady. "What a shame!"
"Come, get out," ordered the conductor, taking the boy by the shoulder.
The train was slowing down as it drew near a station, and the proprietor of the assortment of barnyard noises got up remarking:
"This is my station where I get off, anyway."
"Cluck-cluck-cluck, tuck-a-tuck!" evi-

got up remarking:

"This is my station where I get off, anyway."

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, tuck-a-tuck!" evidenced the fact that it was the station where the bundle under the coat wanted to get off also.

"I should like to have seen what kind of a hen that was," said the brown-eyed girl, plaintively.

The youth paused, turned and looking directly into the brown eyes, delivered himself of this surprising remark:

"I'll-cluck-cluck-cluck-tell you, miss. Just because I tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck a bundle under my coat-cudaw-cut, an' it cutta-cutta-clucks like a hen; that don't cut-cut-cudaw-cut no ice. Looka here!"—He threw open his coat and behold there was nothing there but a pair of skates fastened together with a strap.
"Cluck-cluck-cluck, cutta-cutta-cut; whur-ruck-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo-oo!" he chanted triumphantly as he marched out of the car.

"He didn't have no hen at all!" cried the old lady, her surprise getting the better of her grammar.

The sharp-nosed man hastily went into another car, but not in time to escape hearing the brown-cyed girl'announce:

"We will now sing that beautiful and highly, appropriate hymn tune: This

nounce:
"We will now sing that beautiful and highly appropriate hymn tune: 'This world is all a fleeting show, for man's fllusion given.'"—N. Y. Sun.

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Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.

If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The fine signature of the similar of the signature of the

THE REAL ST. PATRICK.

His Work in the Redemption of cland from Paganism Was an Abiding Reality—Is Worthy of All Honor.

[Copyright, 1898.]

The life of the famous Irish saint is, as everybody knows, buried and almost lost under a tangled debris of legend and tradition, much of it grotesque in the extreme. This was only to be expected. It is a fate almost sure to overtake a great religious leader in a rude and uncritical age; but as a result, any attempt to read out the true biography of St. Patrick from the existing records is like trying to decipher an obscure and faded manuscript over the face of which have been drawn a succession of arabesques and caricutures.

the tace of which have been drawn a succession of arabesques and caricatures.

Still, it is not to be doubted that St. Patrick both lived and accomplished a great work—greater, indeed, than people in general are accustomed to give him credit for—and even as to the details of his life we are not left wholly at the mercy of legendary lore. A few apparently authentic documents remain—chief among them the "Confession" believed to have come from his own hand. The "Epistle" also is probably genuine, but is far less important.

own hand. The "Epistle" also is probably genuine, but is far less important.

The "Confession" is an extremely interesting document, to the student at least. From it we get a very meager acquount of the incidents of the author's career—though it contains about all that is trustworthy—but the impression it gives of the great missionary's character is clear and striking. It is easy to see that he was a man well qualified to win men's hearts—which is necessarily the first step toward saving their souls.

St. Patrick was an enthusiast—of course—else he had been poorly fitted for his task. He was also something of a dreamer, but a happy strain of practicability pervades his dreaming; it never fails to come to something. His visions on the hills of Antrim, where the boyish captive spent so many nights in prayer under the open sky, are but the prelude to his secape from slavery; and afterward, when he had returned to his home and friends, the voices that haunted his sleep, calling him back to Ireland, resulted in bringing an entire nation into the Christian faith. To "visionaries" of this type the world is deeply indebted.

Indeed, in the "Confession" there is no hint of the exaggeration and extravagance which appears so strougly in the "Lives" of later date. Good sense, sincerity and modesty are the dominant notes. He believed in his mission—fervently special ratining, that he spent many years in careful preparation at the best religious school accessible.

tion at the best religious sensoi accessible.

True, he never attained to any extraordinary scholarship. In his "Confession," which was written as a reply to those who declared that he was unfit to be made a bishop, he freely concedes himself "indoctus" and "rusticissimus"—unlearned and very plain man: and while the fact that he wrote in Latin proves that he had sufficient education for all ordinary purposes, his peculiar use of that language, showing many traces of Celtic idiom, makes it evident that his frankness was no false modesty but simply honesty. He meant just what he said, as strong men commonly do. And apropos of these Celtic turns of expression, it is of interest to note that, although not born on Erin's soil, he was of strictly Irish stock, since his birthplace was in a region almost exclusively settled by the Irish Picts.

There are qualities far more important than fluished scholarship—which, indeed, is ever liable to waste itself in pedantic trifling—and these sturdier traits the victorious Irish evangelist undoubtedly possessed. What one of his critics could have done his work It was well for his mission that his sympathies were not dried away by the dust of libraries. All the better because he was "indoctus" his words commanded the attention of the rude clansmen; all the more because he was "rusticissimus." His themselves, they trusted and believed him. To this simplicity add dauntless courage and absolute sincerity, and you have the secret of his wonderful success.

It is a strong man whose work lives after him; and the results of St. Patrick's labors were felt for centuries and extended far beyond the island he redeemed from paganism. In the period which followed his death the Irish church was the most zealous and active in all Christendom. Although others—and they, too, are worthy of praise—whose achievements were more spectacular because they addressed themselves chiefly to kings and nobles, have received the greater share of credit for converting pagan England. most of the real work was d

Chart H. Thitches. will mistake in honoring the name of Patrick.

## A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a give the right remedy. Women as well selves if their Kidneys are diseased.

Simply fill a bottle or glass tumbler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often—if there is a night to wrong the weaklest of the weight of the property of the weight of the property of the weight of the property of the pro

nedy's Favorite Remedy with perfect as-surance of relief. It will cure them of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders just as certainly

Dr. David Kennedy's Favortie Remedy, I got some, and have used it eyer since, with the result that I am greatly benefited. All pains have left me, and I am like another person."

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All druggists sell Favorite Remedy at \$1,00 a bottle.

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