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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 31, 1898

Posted on Powder.

No man in congress can produce on short notice more dangerous explosives than Representative Hilborn, of California, the ranking republican member of the house committee on naval afairs, says the Washington Post. While discussing the disaster to the Maine in the committee room the other day Judge Hilborn stated that the only explosives in the forward magazine were 50,000 pounds of brown powder. "Just remain here for a moment," added the judge, "and I will show you some of that kind of powder." He hastened to his desk in the hall of representatives and returned in a moment with a small paper package. Unwrapping it, he disclosed several small solid pieces of various symmetrical forms. Pointing to an octagonal-shaped piece which had a round kole through the center of it, he said: "That is brown powder, such as was in the forward magazine of the Maine. I will show you how it burns in the fire." There was a scattering of spectators as Judge Hilborn walked boddly to the fireplace for the purpose of consuming the chunk of brown powder, which burned and sputtered without making any explosion. Drawing from the inside pocket of his coat a long, thin strip of brownish color, he announced that it was smokeless powder, and again advanced to the fireplace, where a spark was rather cautiously applied, and the powder allowed to burn on the hearth. Judge Hillborn is well informed on all matters contained.

r, and again advanced to the fireplace, nere a spark was rather cautiously applied, and the powder allowed to burn the hearth. Judge Hilborn is well formed on all matters pertaining to e navy, and especially about powder, cause he has been giving that particular attention recently in connection this committee labors.

Many of the counties in Kansas are Many of the counties in Kansas are contributing money in a generous manner to defray the expense of collecting a creditable state exhibit at the Transdississippi exposition. In the western part of the state along the Arkansas valey, Kinsman, Larned and Great Bend re preparing exhibits of the resources of their respective counties. Hutche preparing exhibits of the resources their respective counties. Hutchson and Lyons will make an interest-g display of salt in various forms, hile Sterling will show its corn products in the natural and manufactured ite. A picturesque exhibit will be ade by the fruit growers of Leaven-protecounty, and the large packing uses of Wyandotte county will combute a fine display of cured and anned goods as proof of the impornee of the Sunflower state as a meat oducer in connection with the great d growing southwest.

"There is one enjoyment that we may the sone was a superstant of the sunflower of the sunflower."

and growing southwest.

"There is one enjoyment that we may all alike enjoy," said the man of moderate means, "and that is the warmth of returning spring. I can always tell when spring has really come by seeing somebody standing in front of a building, where he is sheltered from the wind, enjoying the sunshine of the first really gentle day after winter. There is a mellowness about it, a broad, great geniality, that is unmistakable, and that we accept with grateful hearts. It hat we accept with grateful hearts. It that we accept with grateful hearts. It pervades us with present comfort and gives us much promise of the future. The glow may last, on the first day, but a little time; it may be chilly before and after. Happy is he who is abroad on this day, and who happens upon a sheltered spot at such an hour as to receive it—the sun's first spring greeting to the earth."

A Sullivan (Me.) man whose young A Sullivan (Me.) man whose young on had had symptoms of Klondike over offered him the necessary \$1,000 eith which to start if he could transport 2,000 pounds of paving blocks overand to Hardwood Hill on the airline oad, between February 18 and March o, without the aid of horses—giving in the privilege of all the hand sleds e desired, and three square meals, tate-of-Maine and woman-cooked, very day. The young man looked at he blocks, then to the east, shook his ead, and decided to go to school. tate-of-Maine

A colored deacon, says the Kansas ity Journal, was brought before a burch committee on a charge of having "played the lottery." He admitted is guilt, and was asked to make a statement if there were any extenuating ircumstances, as the brethren didn't this to be hard on him. Whereupon is informed them that he was merely exist to grant the proper groups to wait the ng to get money enough to paint the rch. Then he was asked to retire, presently returned to hear the ver-, which was: "Guilty in a good

\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs. | books.



RACING ON STILTS.

A Sport That Is Quite Popular Among the French Peasantry.

the French Peasantry.
In certain parts of France stilt-walkng is a necessary accomplishment. In
the Landes, for example, everybody
uses them—the postman on his rounds,
the peasant going to market, the sheptered tending his flocks, even the little
thildren—the nature of the country denands it.

deaux on his stilts, and the idea of traces came into being. The stilt of 1892, described by a writer in Sketch, demonstrated the wonder-endurance of these peasants, both e and female.

In endurance of these peasants, both male and female.

If one takes into consideration the great heat that prevailed, the hardness of the roads, the speed to be maintained if one aspired to win, and the scanty allowance of food, sleep and drink, one cannot but marvel at the hardiness of these people. Out of 69 male starters 22 accomplished the enormous journey of 490 kilometers in the fixed time of eight days and a half. Certainly many suffered great fatigue, and some complained of numbness, but none were seriously ill. One or two had at length



THE CHAMPION STILT RACER FRANCE.

b down and walk, vanquished by

fierce sun.
is an interesting fact that at first
men's route was simply Bordeaux,
onne and back; but the authorities
ged that the course might be exled to their most beautiful town,
ticularly as they were just then enaining his majesty, King Oscar II.
sweden.

particularly as they were just then entertaining his majesty, King Oscar II. of Sweden.

The first prize winner and the champion of all was Pierre Deycard, of Bilos, Commune of the Girond. He won the most valuable of the many medals, besides 1,000 francs and a number off minor cash prizes. His time was 103 hours 36 minutes, and his average 4 kilometers 928 meters an hour, including stops. His progress was a veritable tour de force. He was terribly auxious to win. His short snatches of sleep were broken by dreams, in which he seemed to be buying cows with the prize money and settling down to married life with his sweetheart. At St. Vincept de Terosse he was followed by musicians who played "La Marseillaise" with so great an effect upon the crowd that one gave him ten francs, another 20, and so on. At Dax he found 200 prope waiting for him. He was too fatigned to notice them, and had to ask his cycling escort to roar at him in order to keep him awake. He even dozed on his stilts, still striding mechanically. Camphornated brandy frictions were tried to get rid of the cramps that threatened him. Young girls came out to meet him with laurel wreaths and bouquets, and everywhere he was hailed like a conquering Roman general.

Queer Legend of a River, ere is a river in Arizona known as a-Yampa, which runs for a few as a clear and broad stream, and, sowing suddenly, disappears up the sands, only to gush out a few miles further on and rung again as placidly as a well-regustream should. The man who tibed this stream adds that there is tend connected with this river, to effect that anyone who ever tastes.

Not to Be Imposed Upon.

It was Willie's first experience in yer meeting. During the service his her was asked to offer prayer, and the midst of his petition a good other responded with a hearty amen. Hie suffered this to pass without reark; but when it was repeated, thinky it was said to draw his father's ayer to a close, he could stand it no uger, and, rising in his seat, he extined in his clear, childish volce; ton't you mind him, papa; you pray at 's long 's you want to."—Boston reald.

Alle Thereton

POLITENESS PAID.

How an Accommodating Boy Was Rewarded by a Stranger.

Jimmy Brennan, il years old, and son of Police Officer Brennan, of Seattle, was standing on Yesler way, when a stranger came along, says the Post-Intelligencer of that city. He looked like a man who had just returned from a looking camp.

logging camp.
"Boys," he said, "where's the Butler hotel?"

boys," he said, "where's the Butler hotel?"
"I'll tell you for a quarter," said one of Jimmy's companions.
"I'll show you where it is for ten cents," chimed in another.
"Say, I'll do it for five cents," remarked a third.
"Mister," said Jimmy, "I'll point out the Butler to you for nothing,"
"You're my man," said the rough-looking strunger, and the two went down Yesler way together, while Jimmy's companions stayed behind to call him a chump. Jimmie led the stranger to the Butler.
"Come in here," said the man, and he led the boy into a clothing stay.

mys companions stayed behind to call him a chump. Jimmie led the stranger to the Butler.

"Come in here," said the man, and he led the boy into a clothing store. "Give this boy the best suit of clothes in the house," said the stranger. Jimmy simply opened his mouth. Soon he had on a fine suit.

"Now give him an overcoat," said the stranger, and Jimmy's eyes tried to pop out of their sockets. The clerk adorned Jimmy with an overcoat.

"Now a hat," said the stranger. Jimmy wanted to cry. He thought it was Christmas time, and that he was by the side of a grate fire, reading Andersen's fairy tales.

Sooh he was arrayed in new hat, new suit, new overcoat. The stranger paid for all. Jimmy started out of the store. He was so bewildered that if several goblins had put in their appearance he would have joined them in their fairy-land festivities.

"Just a minute," said the stranger. Jimmy waited. If the stranger had said: "Go roll in the dust of the street," Jimmy would have done it.

The stranger went down in his pockets and closed his dealings with Jimmy by giving him a five-dollar gold piece and a gold nugget worth about five dollars.

Then Jimmy thanked the stranger

and a gold nugget worth about are lars.

Then Jimmy thanked the stranger and went off to tell his companions about the man whom he showed the Hotel Butler "for nothing."

The stranger was a Klondiker, supposed to be Patrick Galvin, who returned on the Rosalie, with a fortune estimated at about \$20,000. It pays to be polite. If you don't think so, ask Jimmy Brennan.

TAPPING DATE PALMS.

How the Operation is Performed by the Bengalese. We are indebted for this photograph

to the Baptist Missionary society. It was taken in Bengal, where a great quantity of juice is extracted from the date palms, for making sugar and various kinds of sweetmeats, of which the



TAPPING A DATE PALM.

TAPPING A DATE TALM.

natives are very fond. In the flowering season, when the sap is abundant, the leaves on one side of the tree are cut off, and the rind pared down to the woody fiber. Notches are then cut and a peg inserted, so that the juice may be conducted into the calabash suspended below. Curiously, the juice runs more freely at night, that which exudes during the day being allowed to run waste as being of little value. Where there are a great number of trees being tapped, watch is kept all night for fear of thieves and poachers, who wait their opportunity and climb the trees very early in the morning to steal the juice.—Strand Magazine.

the juice.—Strand Magazine.

He Was Too Economical.

Sometimes it does not pay to be economical. A farmer near Hubbard.
Neb., purchased 45 head of cattle and started to drive them home. He was cautioned to not drive them across the ice on the river, as it was considered unsafe, and he was directed to the bridge. But he calculated that the tolls would amount to \$4.50 at ten cents a head, and made up his mind to save that amount. So he drove them on the ice, not in a string, but all in a bunch, and soon there was a crash and the cattle broke through. Fortunately a number of cowboys from the stock yards had followed him, anticipating such an accident; and, with ropes, they saved 32 of the herd. The 13 that were drowned were the most valuable animals, and the total loss was more than \$300. He will patronize the bridge for the rest of his life.

" white the come of

STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

His Horns Grew Through His Eye and Killed film.

HIS CHARACTER SKETCH

His Horns Grew Through His Eye and Killed Him.

A squatter in the backwoods of Ne-South Wales had a young steer withorns so perfectly turned that the formed two artistic loops at the side ohis head. One day "Boss" strayed with a mob of store cattle into a piece of wild country infested only by kangaroos and the out-station boundary riders' families.

These cattle are rounded up and otherwise handled but once a year. Before this annual yarding took place "Boss" had become a fractious terror to every animal and man in that range. He had terrified and scattered the herd that were once his mates; he had charged madly every kind of person who was wont to pat him. Because his horns curled like those of a sheep he was called "Sheep Head." His mild, tractable nature added to this delusion of likening him to a lamb. Six months after his entrance upon the range he began to act strangely. A wild look shot out of his eye under the points of the ingrowing horns, whose shadow fell heavier and heavier upon the retina. He constantly shook his head, as if trying to rid himself of some annoyance. Then "Boss" would stand and stare at the points which were pressing the pupils nearly up against the sockets. He became more irritable



STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

and unfriendly. He reared, stamped, shook his crazed head and stared at the creeping things before his vision.

At last "Boss" went mad and bellowed through the night like an enraged demon. He chased everything in sight, and viciously dashed himself against the forest trees. The mere tramp of a foot angered him. The points of the horns were cruelly pressing against his helpless eyes, back in their sockets, and every jar upon the ground tortured his brain and enraged him. "Boss" had scattered the mob of his ruminating mates and had so terrorized the few people about that fences did not give a sense of security. Women and children lived in mortal dread of the unfortunate beast.

At length his maddened roar was heard no more. About a month after that the out-boundary rider went out with dogs and a Winchester rifle to end the suffering of "Sheephead Boss."

After searching for two days the bullock was found. "Boss" was dead. He was lying under a clump of acacia, less sweet than their blossoms. He had evidently been dead for a week or more, and had been blind for months. The horns had grown into the eyes and almost touched the bone of the skull behind. The head of the poor beast was as strange an object as ever was seen. The horns of "Boss" were never curved by any art. They grew as nature directed their fatal tips, and, unless sent to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, England, the preserved head still hangs upon the door of the Darling out station, where "Boss" lived and died.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Worst Construction, "Something has been clipped from

The Worst Construction.
"Something has been clipped from
this paper!" she cried, springing to her
feet.

first paper: she steel, springing of the feet.

As for her husband, he affected fudifference.

"Oh, yes," he answered, lightly. "The account of a woman who threatens to have me arrested for bigamy."

"False in one, false in all!" shrieked the woman, her eyes glittering with rage. "I believe you lie! I believe it was an advertisement!"—N. Y. Journal.

WIHINE.

was an advertisement!"—N. Y. Journal.

WIIII S.

"No, madam," said Meandering Mike:
"I'm sorry, but it's ag'in my principles.
I can't split no wood."
"Well," she answered, "there will be
a load of coal here this afternoon
and—"
"I'm sorry ag'in; but I can't carry
no coal. But I'll tell you what I will
do. I'll compromise. Ef you've got a
gas stove, I'll turn on the gas fur ye."
—Washington Star.

The Cry of n Dreamer.

Oh, for some fair Utopia,
Some glorious country, where
They print no words but English ones
They print no words but English ones
Wheel the words are selected to the print of the selected to the print of the print of



Read - the - Tribune.

"If you want a character sketch," said Babley—Babley is the editor of the Locust Daily Hummer, and I had run down to Locust to spend a day or two—"why don't you write up Mrs. Hasky?"

"Who or what is Mrs. Hasky?"

"Who or what is Mrs. Hasky?"

"Mrs. Hasky is an institution of this own—or, rather, just outside of it. Go and see her. She will give you something to write about. I don't know what it will be, but it'll be something. By the way, a legacy has just been left to her; they will give you an excuse for calling. And you may be sure your call will be interesting, and that you will have something interesting to write about when you return. I believe that every newspaper man in this town, especially the older ones, has interviewed Mrs. Hasky, and they always have a story when the call is over. She is an interesting character, and especially so to the space writers when all other subjects fail them. It is your turn now, and don't forget to make her recently received legacy your excuse for calling. I want to see what she will say on that subject, and if it will gain you an audience."

It did. I found Mrs. Hasky on her knees in her little front garden, potting plants in the soft black loam. She pushed a green-checked submonnet back from her face and looked up, redly and perspiringly, as I drew near. Her dress was neat, but a bit odd. She look of a busband had, juign gain 30, but rependence her years have have been easily guessed it was not a premature age that she showed. Before she had spoken a word I realted that Mrs. Hasky was gipth, and they was right, and they have been showed. Before she had spoken a word I realted that Mrs. Hasky was Babley was right, and they was made to do or say next. I began he lowly posture I felt rather at a loss as to what to do or say next. I began how hat it do or say next. I began how hat it will entire with the says to be sorely tested before I had succeeded in my massion to the home of Mrs. Hasky. She was evidently was an interviewer was to be sorely tested before I had succeed

"I called—to—titatingly.
"I dare say," she interrupted, with nromptness. "I did not suppose ye called to

"I called—to—to—see you—I began, nes" itaningly.

"I dare say," she interrupted, with promptness. "I did not suppose ye called to see the gate post."

"But, as you seem so busy, perhaps I had better come another time."

"Well, ye won't," she rejoined, getting on her feet with an alacrity that caused me to retreat a step or two; it was so unexpected in one of her age and stout proportions. "Ye'll jest trot along to the verandy an git through. There!"

She pulled forward two chairs, placing them with a thump facing each other, and sat down in one. I took the other and held my hat by the brim. I was only young in the newspaper business then and had never had a great amount of experience at interviewing. I was sure, however, that Mrs. Hasky would have proven a match for the oldest and wisest of the profession.

"Mr. Clarence Winham," she repeated, slowly, putting on her glasses and eyeing me over from head to foot. "Why, I don't be lieve ye're 25 years old! Be ye?"

"I am 27."

Mrs. Hasky laughed, but not mirthfully. "Pore infant! And I'm 57."

"Thank you for telling me," I said, gratefully (the doors were beginning to open of themselves). "In fact, I came to ask me: "Oh, I know what ye came to ask me: "Oh, I know what ye came to ask me: "Oh, I know what ye came to ask me: "Oh, I know what ye came to ask me:

of themselves). "In fact, I came to ask you."
"Oh, I know what ye came to ask me; but I thought it might stop ye to know my age."
"On the contrary," I said, jocosely, "that quite encourages me."
"What? Ye're allowin' I can't live very long? Don't make no sech mistake as that, young feller! My fambly ain't never-died till they wuz 89—not one of 'em."
"I am sure I hope you may live to be a hundred," I answered, gallantly. "Ah—Mr. Babley mentioned that you had received a 'egacy lately, and I have called-"
"Tain't one mite of use," said Mrs. Hasky, determinedly. "Ye're the fifth what's come around a'ready. It's too redecklous!"
"Why," I reassured her, smilingly, "I'm not a life insurance agent. Did you think I was?"
"I don't keer wither ye air or not. There

not a life insurance agent. Did you think I was?"

'I don't keer wither ye air or not. There might 'a' bin some sense in the others—mostly widders, and older'n I be—but sech a kid! Don't ye suppose I know ye're after my money. Sho'!"

'After your money!" I exclaimed, rising indignantly. What do you mean?"

"Wal, fer certain sure, ye don't expect me to believe ye're after my beauty? An' it wouldn't make no difference if ye wuz. I ain't goin't to marry no one at present. Tell babley that, will ye?"

"My dear madam—"
"No use—not a bit!" She shook her head firmly. "I bin a widder I byears, an' I ain't had but one offer, an' that wuz from a deef and dumb man, till this legacy come, an'there wuz five in three weeks. Course I'm sorty to disapp'nt ye—or any of ye, but—so 'tis."

"Why, my good woman, you are entirely mistaken in we intention."

paper—"
"That settles it! Ye ain't no sort of a responsible person for a husband, even if ye wasn't young and silly. I wouldn't hev ye —not fer—"

wasn't young and suly. I wouldn't hery a mot fer-mot f

Good mornin."

With that she got up and walked back to the garden, leaving me on the veranda, about the maddest newspaper man anyone had ever seen. I wanted to continue my explanations, but felt that it was useless to say anything more if I did. I was so mad that it was some time before I had sense enough to leave.

SEE

THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

hat Helitchers

IS ON THE

WRAPPER OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

are Chart H. Fletchire wrappe

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