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FREELAND, PA., MAY 2, 1898.

Robbing American Authors.

The Bookman charges the English publishers with a suppression of truth in the case of meritorious works by American authors. Here is the charge, the evidence in support of it and the Bookman's comments: "The English have a pleasant little way, whenever they reprint an American book, of removing from its title page all possible indications of its source. We said something about this two years ago, and several English publishers at once took umbrage at our remarks, and the ubiquitous Mr. Andrew Lang rushed into print to defend his employers. But here are two recent instances of how the thing works: A new edition of the Latin-French dictionary of Quicherat has just appeared, and in it the Latin dictionary of Lewis & Short, which is a purely American publication, is credited to 'two English scholars.' This is because the Clarendon Press, which reprinted the book after Oxford had adopted it as a standard, let it go forth as a purely British publication. Much the same thing happened in the case of Capt. Mahan's works last summer. The English published it, suppressing the fact that its author was an officer of the United States navy. Consequently the Temps, of Paris, spoke of Capt. Mahan as an English naval officer, and Lieut. Fitch, the American naval attaché at the embassy in Paris, had to write a letter to the Temps in order to make it correct this false ascription. As we said about two years ago, this sort of thing is neither just nor even honest, and we hope that American authors whose books find favor in English eyes will insist upon appearing as Americans, and thus gain for their country a credit which the English invariably begrudge it."

An interesting law point arose in a Tennessee case (Pink versus Evans, 95 Tennessee, 413). The suit was brought to recover for personal injuries sustained by two dogs in a head-on collision with a passenger train. The question arose whether the engineer was required to blow a separate blast for each dog or might whistle to them collectively. Judge Wilkes said: "It is insisted by the plaintiff that, while the whistle was sounded, it was intended for the whole pack, and not for the three dogs that were run over. This, however, seems to be a mere opinion of the witness, as he was a quarter of a mile away from the place when the whistle was sounded. In addition, it would we think, be requiring too great diligence for the engineer to whistle for each particular dog, and more especially as he had no means of informing each dog that any special whistle was sounded for him."

An odd little negro woman, Mary Craycroft, is a mascot—a wedding mascot. She is now probably 50 years old, and for the last 25 years has not been a church wedding in Jefferson, Ind., which she has not attended, modestly taking her station in the rear of the church, but just as surely seen, not only by those near her, but by those who have the wedding in charge. Were Mary missing, says a local correspondent, those who have the least suspicion about omens would rather have forgotten their rabbit's foot.

A telephone operator in a place near New York city was at Christmas the recipient of checks for five, ten and a hundred dollars, a diamond pin, a dress pattern and eight boxes of candy; although she was known to the donors only by her gentle, respectful voice, her readiness to accommodate and her operative number. When Dr. Holmes gave one of his heroines the sole title of "Number Five" and sketched her in rose-color, he, too, proclaimed that character is independent of name or position, and has its sure reward.

Why Red Irritates Oxen.
Red irritates oxen, because it is the complementary color to green, and the eyes of the cattle being fixed so much on herbage, anything red impresses their sight with increased intensity.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*
Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

CANADA'S LAWMAKERS.

Continued from First Page.
and of course he wished to get them in free. The only way open to him was to wear them. He proceeded to exchange the new shoes for the old ones he was wearing, but succeeded in getting only one on before we crossed the line. He had to pay ten cents to get the other one.

The farmers of Manitoba and the Northwest territories are making strenuous efforts for a revision of the present tariff schedule on agricultural implements, which, if accomplished, will materially redound to their benefit, as well as to the manufacturers of the middle states. Canadian farmers, particularly those of the western section of the country, have a decided preference for American-made machinery, and as the great plains of the West are almost wholly given up to agriculture, there is an enormous quantity of implements used there. Those of Canadian manufacture meet with little favor, while the American machines are used everywhere. These machines the farmers want to have admitted free of duty.

Anthracite coal is one of the chief articles admitted to the Dominion free of duty. By this the Canadians save a great deal on their fuel, as the greater bulk of the coal used here is imported from the states, and the most of it from Pennsylvania. Nova Scotia's anthracite mines are very productive, and coal is also found in several other provinces. But owing to the impediments to navigation in winter, when some of the eastern provinces are almost cut off from communication with the main land, little of this product finds its way into the interior of the country. Lackawanna coal sells in this city at \$5.75 per ton, stove size. This is considered pretty dear in this section, and many people burn wood instead of coal. Among the laboring classes wood is the principle fuel. I have met men here who have

NEVER EATEN A MEAL
that was cooked on a coal stove. In the rural districts wood is used exclusively. It will likely remain so for many years, for Canada, speaking both figuratively and literally, has "wood to burn."

However, \$5.75 a ton does not seem to me very dear, in view of such prices as \$3.75 or \$1 right at the mines. This city is about five hundred miles from the nearest Pennsylvania colliery, and taking the lowest of the prices named for a ton, it will be seen that only \$2 is added to the price for transporting it that great distance. By this brief comparison I am impressed with the fact that the cost here is either a very low price, affording but a small margin to the transportation companies (which I doubt), or it is a fair price, and the charge to miners at the mines is outrageously exorbitant.

The war with Spain is exciting much attention throughout Canada. The newspapers are devoting large space to it, and the bulletins in the cities are eagerly watched by large crowds. It was hoped all along that war would be averted, notwithstanding that since the echoes of the Maine catastrophe reached us it seemed inevitable. Everybody was sanguine that Spain would acknowledge her mistakes, and submit to consequences without drastic punishment. But since she has failed to do this, Canadians shake their heads and say, "Too bad that war should mar the closing page of the nineteenth century but—it is the Spaniards' funeral." McE.

Oldest Toll-Gate Keeper.
For thirty-eight years Mrs. Minerva T. Herring of Nicholasville, Ky., has kept a toll gate. For almost the entire time she has lived in the same toll-house, on the Keene and Troy pike road, the period is the longest on record for the State, and probably for the country, and Mrs. Herring is in no danger of having her record surpassed, as the toll roads are fast disappearing. Kentucky has clung to the system of private highways longer than any other State, but of late years the people have been rapidly coming to the conclusion that these charges were sufficient to reimburse the toll-road companies many times over for all they had paid out. Acting on this conviction, many of them have refused to pay the toll demanded, many tollgates and houses have been torn down, and at times the Governor found it necessary to call out the militia. Yielding to the popular demand, the roads have been made free in many counties, and before long pay pikes will be altogether a thing of the past.

When the Keene and Troy pike was completed, in 1860, a snug tollhouse was built, and Mrs. Herring and her husband were installed as gate-keepers. Her husband died twenty years ago, but she has remained in charge of the gate, although the ownership of the road has changed hands several times.

4,000,000 False Teeth per Year.
About 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured in the United States, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of \$100,000, are used in filling teeth.

Why Red Irritates Oxen.
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THRILLING BUFFALO YARN.

How the Old-Timer Lied About What He Didn't Do.

"When I first struck the short grass country old John was there. He got me cornered one day and was so tickled to get a fresh victim that he hardly stopped even to take a drink, until he had stuffed me so full that I was partially paralyzed for a month afterward. He gave me to understand that for years before he came to Kansas he was one of the most dreaded desperadoes and Indian killers that ever roamed through the Rocky Mountains. I learned afterward that he wouldn't fight a cat, and actually trembled with fear whenever his hatchet-faced wife turned loose on him with her tongue, but when I first met him his blood-thirsty talk fairly made my blood run cold.

"He informed me that he was known far and wide through the mountains as 'Tiger Jack, the Terror of the Rockies.' But I was going to speak of his buffalo story. I asked him one day, just to bring him out, if he ever got into any tight places when he was hunting buffalo. 'Oh, I've been in places that I suppose most fellers would call ticklish,' he replied, 'but never any place that rattled Tiger Jack but once, and that time I own I was worried.'

"I was huntin' buffalo down the Medicine Valley along in '70. The country was just alive with the critters and I was knockin' 'em right and left, when all at once some'thin' started a stampede, and three or four million buffalo come rushin' down the valley, just makin' the ground shake as they came. I seen at once that I would have to get out of there or be run over, but my pony was all fagged out, and the herd kept gaining on him at every jump. I saw that them buffalo was goin' to run that there pony down, and that something had to be done, and done quick. Well, sir, I seen that there was just one thing to do; I waited till the head buffalo was right on my pony's flank, and then I made a jump on that buffalo's hump.

"Then, sir, I just went jumpin' from the back of one buffalo to another and shootin' as I went—thought, maybe, you know, that I could scatter the herd and get down on the ground. Well, sir, when I struck the rear of that stampede I was only a mile from home. I went out the next day and measured the distance from where I jumped, and found that I had traveled on the backs of buffalo for six miles and a quarter. I'll tell you honestly, I think it was a little the closest shave I ever had."

The Lines' Convention.
They were talking one evening in Uncle Silas's country store about hard winds and strong winds.

"Speaking of storms," said Abe Wilcox, "I've seen the wind blow so fast that it blew the town clock back seventeen days."

"Well, well!" said Cy Campbell, "perhaps you have seen some strong blows, but when I lived up in Montana my neighbor carelessly opened his door during a storm. Well, gentlemen, you may think I'm a liar, but the wind got right in behind the door and turned the house completely inside out!"

"And the man?" gasped several in one voice.

"Oh, he just sat on the stove, and the wind carried him fourteen miles and landed him in the top of a peach tree. Pretty soon a side of bacon and a loaf of bread came sailing by, and gentlemen, I'm darned if he didn't light a fire and cook his breakfast right up in that tree!"

The clock in its excitement struck thirteen, and the tomatoes turned pale.

"That was quite windy," drawled Uncle Silas, chief village liar, as he carefully emptied his pipe into the sugar barrel, "that was quite windy, but out in Nevada a friend of mine started to leave his house while the wind was blowing rocks as big as pumpkins around the town. Now, I don't expect you to believe this, but before he reached the bottom of the stairs there wasn't a stitch of clothing left on his back! (Sensation.) Yes, sir; and then the wind blew him up against a wall and flattened him out as thin as a wafer. Next day his wife came and pried 'im off with a shovel, and—"

"What did she do with him?" asked Abner Johnson.

"What did she do with him? Why, she just dusted him off and used him for a door mat," and as the company slowly filed out of the door each man shuddered as he eyed the hoary headed liar with a reproachful look.

No Excuse.

"That's very nice," said the spectators. "I'm glad to see those two politicians go out of the room arm in arm, chatting pleasantly."

"There is nothing very extraordinary about that."

"But from what I have read I supposed that they were antagonists and rivals."

"Oh, yes; they are antagonists and rivals. But that is no excuse for their hating each other. They don't belong to the same party."—Washington Star.

Professional Diplomacy.
Photographer (to sitter)—I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Timson.

Sitter—Oh, did you?
Photographer—Yes, and also your friend, Miss Watts—if you could raise your chin a trifle, thanks—and what an atrocious looking hat she had on. (After a pause) There, Miss Timson, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression.—Tit-Bits.

Consolation.
When I tendered my affection To the girl my heart had picked, Though she offered no objection, Her paternal parent kicked. But the cruel blow unpleasant I more painfully might rue, If her dad had been a peasant, And had worn a hob-nailed shoe.—Harlem Life.

SHE NEEDED SALTING.
Sunday-School Teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?
Tommy—Cause she was too fresh.—Leslie's Weekly.

Easy.
"Come! Laugh at trouble," says the sage, In accents comfortingly mellow. "The easy to pursue the plan; Most any man can smile to see."—Washington Star.

They Have to Listen.
"The fact is," said the thoughtful man, "that almost any one can talk, but good listeners are rare."

"Nonsense!" returned the man who jumped at conclusions. "Just think of the number of married men!"—Chicago Post.

Circumstantial Evidence.
Judge—You say you found this man wandering about the graveyard last night? Why do you think he intended robbing the vault?
Officer Madden—Because I found skeleton keys in his pocket, yer honor.—Judge.

Learned the Worst.
"John got so discouraged about himself that he went to the doctor yesterday to get the worst."

"Did he know the information he was seeking?"
"Yes; the doctor told him his bill was \$178."—Judge.

Dad for the Audience.
Miss Gusher—How torturing, how fearful the thought must be for a great singer to know that she has lost her voice.
Mr. Tyred—It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it.—Up-to-Date.

Her Gratitude.
"You'll never have another offer like this," he said, as the maiden spurned him.

"Thank you," she replied. "I was afraid you were going to say something disagreeable."—Chicago Daily News.

Boss.
"Young Mr. Enjee is quite statuesque," remarked one young woman.

"Yes," was the answer. "He strikes attitudes all the time he is awake. All he does is to pose and repose."—Washington Star.

A MAGIC BIT OF SILVER.

"I want to ask you a question, Gomez." "Well, my dear boy, what is it?" "Where did you get your money?"

The question was an abrupt one—it was almost impertinent. But Gomez de Bonilla was an intimate friend of mine, a good fellow, and—well, had died. To say truth, we had not only dined, but wined, and it was over some excellent post-prandials in the shape of further wine and fragrant cigars that I had asked the question. But I had long wished to do so, and I will tell you why.

Some two years before Gomez was poor as a church mouse. He was always a good fellow; but then, you know, there is a difference between good fellows rich and good fellows poor. But from a poverty-stricken journalist he suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth. He had the finest horses, he belonged to the most fashionable club, he had the most luxuriously fitted town house, he had purchased the country seat of a decayed grandee, he had the best cook in Madrid and he moved in the best society.

Well, as I said, we had just finished an excellent dinner, and over the walnuts and the wine I put my question:

"Gomez, where did you get your money?" He looked at me thoughtfully and knocked the ash from his cigar. "Where did I get my money?" he repeated, slowly. "And what says Dame Rumor concerning it, Pedro?"

"There are all sorts of stories," I replied; "some probable, some wildly impossible; some good humored, more ill-natured. You will pardon my frankness if I tell you that I have heard some people call your wealth 'il-gotten gains,' whisper of retired high-waymen and the like. There are others who hint darkly at counterfeiting. Among the lower classes there is a widespread belief that you have sold yourself to the devil. And I have even met intelligent people who hinted at supernatural means."

"Perhaps they were right," was his laconic reply. I stared at him.

"Listen, and you may perhaps tell me whether the means were supernatural or no. I have never been able to decide. The reason that the source of my fortune has never been discovered was because the only man who knew of it left the city the day after."

"The day after what?" I queried.

"Well, I will begin at the beginning. The story is a curious one, and should be told in sequence."

"It is a fresh cigar and then began: 'You knew me two years ago, when I was poor. You also knew, as did all my friends, that I had a passion for gaming. You would all of you chorus, when speaking of me: 'Poor Bonilla! He has the worst of vices—he is a desperate gambler.' You were all wrong. I did not play simply for the love of it. I played because I was poor. I was not a gambler. I was a speculator. I had fixed upon a certain sum which I considered a competence. I saw no way of acquiring it by my profession, so I devoted myself to the green cloth—how assiduously you know."

He smiled at the expression of assent which involuntarily flitted over my countenance, watched the smoke-wreaths curling over his head for a moment and continued:

"One evening I was feeling unusually blue. I never drank, as you know—that is, never to excess—and certainly never to do what is called 'drowning sorrow.' My resource was the gaming table. Unfortunately I had in my possession a considerable sum of money, which had been entrusted to me by a friend for the purpose of paying some debts; he had been suddenly called away from the city. I entered the gambling hall and seated myself at the roulette table. Fortune was against me; the few duros that belonged to me were soon gone. Something seemed to possess me that night; I was not myself. I did what I never should have dreamed myself capable of doing—I staked my friend's money. I staked it, and I lost it all."

I was about to speak.

"Do not condemn me," he interrupted; "you could say nothing severer than were my self-reproaches. Long I sat there, glaring at the other players. As I watched the ivory ball spin round my brain seemed to spin round, too. My senses seemed to be leaving me. I felt as if life were no longer dear to me. Peniless and dishonored, what was there left to live for?"

"As these thoughts passed through my working brain the night wore on. The players dropped off one by one. The tables were gradually deserted. Soon there was but one left lit—the roulette table before which I sat, and at which one persevering gambler was trying his luck. Finally he, too, wearied, and I was left alone with the banker, who was the proprietor of the gambling hall."

"Oh, I remember," I interrupted; "Jose Herrera, who disappeared so suddenly a couple of years ago."

"The same," replied Bonilla, fixing his eyes keenly upon me.

I do not know why, but I began to feel uncomfortable. However, he continued:

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If you are suffering with any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs, **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** will make you well again. It has cured cases that bordered on the miraculous. It quickly cures men and women of inability to hold urine, and they are not compelled to get up often and make water at night. It removes the scalding sensation in passing it, and, when taken according to directions, it invariably cures pains in the small of the back. **Favorite Remedy** not only cures Stone in the Bladder and Bright's Disease, but prevents them from developing.

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