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FREELAND, PA., MAY 16, 1898.

Nothing About Wanamaker's Demerits.
From Philadelphia City and State.

It seems to be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to obtain from even our best journals such an impartial judgment of Mr. Wanamaker's claims to the governorship on a reform ticket as they readily give that gentleman's just and severe arraignment of Quay. Even such excellent papers as the New York *Evening Post*, the *Outlook*, and the *Independent*, quite fall for some cause to touch the heart of the truth. They call sharp attention to Mr. Wanamaker's arraignment of Mr. Quay, but they offer no adequate comment, so far as we have seen, of our arraignment of Mr. Wanamaker. The *Post* gives great editorial prominence to Mr. Wanamaker's exposures of Mr. Quay's control of many newspapers in Pennsylvania, but fails to point out Mr. Wanamaker's equally dangerous control of others. The contrast between the *Post's* past and present Wanamaker policy is striking in this regard. In January, 1896, commenting on the Wanamaker senatorial canvass, the *Post* said:

Wanamaker's hold on the newspapers of Philadelphia is almost complete, and all on account of the page "ads" he frequently places, and the regular two and three columns of advertisements which appear as regularly in each morning and afternoon newspaper as the weather forecasts, with the exception hereafter noted. He is never criticised in these papers. Neither his connection with the Keystone bank failure nor the movement to have City Treasurer Barsley pardoned has been exploited, nor his shortcomings as postmaster general.

Now is the time when the *Post* can, with great effect, take up the episodes in Mr. Wanamaker's career, which, as that journal truly says, the Philadelphia dailies will not touch, and so clearly show Mr. Wanamaker's unfitness for the governorship. It is evident that until there can be had a fair and free discussion of a candidate's record and merit before the public that wholesome conditions will not exist, and that a genuine reform is not possible. No daily paper in this city will dare to give its real opinion of Dr. Swallow's merits or Mr. Wanamaker's demerits because it cannot afford to offend the great fountain of newspaper wealth. Nor is it only in the city but in many of the counties that Mr. Wanamaker exercises the same influence over the newspapers. We have a number of amusing illustrations of the extent to which this journalistic control has been carried by the great merchant prince.

The *Independent*, commenting last week with astonishment on the failure of Mr. Wanamaker to secure the votes of enough county delegates to triumph in the convention, adds:

This is not a little strange, for the revelations he has made of party intrigue and party managements, the political crimes he has brought home to the "boss" ought, it would seem, to create a moral revolution in any average American state. His accusations are not refuted or explained away. They are made in the most impressive and convincing way, but apparently without adequate result.

But why should Quay feel it necessary to explain when Mr. Wanamaker placed in relatively the same position, does not explain? We have shown the *Independent* how to solve its riddle, but we doubt if it will either accept the solution or give it to its readers. Not until we are willing to measure the rich religious strong man by the same non-elastic yardstick of truth that we apply to others will true reform be possible.

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For Infants and Children.
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The one sure cure for
The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

BASHFUL.
Rural Legislator Gets in Remarks Even if Uncalled For.
"I can't help saying to you," remarked one of the old members of a more or less august legislative body to a rural recruit, "that some of the remarks you made yesterday were uncalled for, entirely uncalled for."

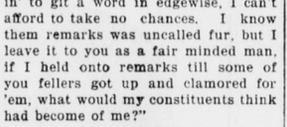
The other looked intently at his colleague and, removing his hat, mopped his brow with a red handkerchief. "Looky here, friend," he proceeded after thinking for a quarter of a minute, "do you realize that I am on the minority side of this here house?"

"Yes."
"And that the place is chock full of people who are full up to the necks with speeches they want to get delivered?"

"There are many such."
"It's occurred to you, mebbe, that there is a limit to the time that a man has in this life fur doin' things."

"That hasn't anything to do with your remarks yesterday."
"Yes, it has. You find fault with 'em because they were uncalled for. But I want to tell you somethin'. Ef I had started out in politics as a shrinkin', modest violet I wouldn't even have got a nomination. An' with all them people, with both hands in the air, tryin' to git a word in edgewise, I can't afford to take no chances. I know them remarks was uncalled for, but I leave it to you as a fair minded man, if I held onto remarks till some of you fellers got up and clamored for 'em, what would my constituents think had become of me?"

An Eye to Business.



"Yes, sir. Yer right; there ain't no money in farmin' now days, en' th' only thing feryou en me to do is to go to New York and marry one of them there rich heerseses."
Decided to Wed Mr. Dukkat's.
"Why, Ethel, what are you doing with that big medical work in your lap?"
"Well, Arabella, you'd never guess, I am quite sure."
"You are not going to make a physician of yourself, are you?"
"Not at all. I am trying to find out which of my two suitors I love enough to marry. What do you think of that?"
"How can a cyclopaedia of medicine help you?"
"Well, it's this way. Mr. Spoudulicks is fifty-seven years of age. He is worth \$100,000, and has consumption. Mr. Dukkat's is sixty-five years old. He is worth \$500,000 and has incipient gout I thought, perhaps, this medical book would help me to make up my mind. I have about decided that I love Mr. Dukkat's the better. Which would you love?"

A Disseminator of Poison.
Henry Hoglot.—So ye think ole Alvin ought ter be expelled from our society? What's he been doin'?"
Samuel Stubble.—Why, he's a infidel!

Henry Hoglot.—Infidel! What's that? What does an infidel do?"
Samuel Stubble.—He don't believe in anything. Now, ole Alvin said 'las' Fall that the cornhusk an' hog-meat theories fer prognosticatin' hard winters was all bosh; then he said that a man might as well grub up briars in the light of the moon as in the dark. But the last time I saw him he fairly put the cap-sheaf on the shock.

Henry Hoglot.—Do tell! What did the blamed fool say?"
Samuel Stubble.—Why, he said that a woodchuck would no more think of wakin' up fer groundhog day than he would fer Sunday school!

His Retort.
"Here's a queer case," she said, looking up from the newspaper.
"Is it?" he returned, for he was not feeling in particularly good humor and didn't care who knew it.
"Yes, it is," she replied. "It's a case where a bride was given as a german favor."

"Rather a stretch of the imagination to call it a favor, I should think," he said.
Of course she got even with him later—they always do; but this is not a continued story.

One Way.
Rev. Longnecker—I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.
Little Tommy—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.

Useless Worry.
"I'm afraid Wizey thinks a little hard of me."
"You're foolish. There's a man that can't think hard on any subject."

A Dream of Home.
Oh, it's nice to write of farming,
Of the hoeing of the corn;
Of the driving cows to pasture,
On an early summer morn.

Of the cutting down of timber,
When the snow is all about;
Oh, it's nice to dream about it,
But to do it—leave me out!

BRITISH WHITE CAPS.
Indiana Moral Reform Methods Adopted by the People of Wales.
They have very strange and vigorous methods of enforcing the laws of morality in the parish of Llanbister, which is situated in the hills of the purely agricultural county of Radnorshire, South Wales.

Scandalized at a breach of the laws of morality, which they believed to have been committed, the parishioners a few nights ago formed what is known in Wales as a "Rebecca" gang, and, attired in a variety of costumes, and, with faces sooty black, serendized the alleged delinquent's house. The woman who was suspected was also fetched. Both, in a nearly nude condition, were marched to the River Cwmdwr, which flows close by. In its waters they were submerged, and then made to walk backward and forward through the stream for the space of nearly twenty minutes. While in the stream the man made a desperate attempt to escape, but in crossing a weir he came a cropper, and was recaptured. The two were then made to run up and down the fields, and were well belabored with straps and sticks.

Then they were escorted back in procession to the man's house, where the "Rebecca" sat in judgment. The couple were condemned to undergo further flogging and to march up and down the fields hand in hand. Their hair was cut off, and, besides, they had to undergo many other indignities. Tar and feathers were procured, but the more cautious prevailed on their companions not to administer such a dreadful punishment.

This extraordinary affair appears to have given the greatest satisfaction to the inhabitants, who feel that a great blot on the rustic innocence of their parish has been avenged.

Jim and Bob.
"They were too much alike to get along well together," and the man who was talking shook his head as though to affirm his statement.

"I knew the father, Jim Strike. He was hard-headed, stern and self-opinionated. There was a man that would rather argue than eat. There's nothing surprising in the fact that the boy, Bob, inherited these characteristics. They asserted themselves as soon as he was able to get the first ideas of babyhood, and they cost him many a spanking."

"But it was after Bob came back from school that the campaign really opened. He and the old gentleman couldn't agree on anything less certain than the time of day or the date of the month. Jim was a conservative and strongly disposed to be an aristocrat. Bob was radical, democratic and mighty near revolutionary. When Jim's men struck at the factory Bob took their part and Jim fairly raved. He couldn't keep up his end of the argument and one day at the dinner table, after a humiliating defeat in discussion, the old man, his face purple with anger and with a voice that could be heard all over the house, told Bob either to drop his fool notions or pack and get out."

"Bob got out. He went right to work and made his living, and it takes a pretty stubborn young man to do that when there is a magnificent home and plenty of money waiting for him if he will sing in harmony with the old gentleman. That fall Jim ran for congress and Bob took the stump against him. Jim vowed he'd horse-whip the young man on sight, but I guess he made it a point not to see Bob."

"The opposing candidate withdrew because of sickness and the committee put Bob on the ticket. I suppose that was the hottest campaign that ever came off in the state. It was simply a screamer, and Bob won out. When Jim got the returns I expected to see him explode. But he was tickled to death and so proud of 'My Bob' that he went to Washington with him and stayed right through every term."

Chinaman Puzzled at Gridiron Fan.
Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister, was a guest at the last Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, and was at first somewhat puzzled regarding the fun that always goes with a Gridiron dinner. When one of the members stopped the winner to complain of the soup and the President demanded that the soup pot be brought in, to see what gave the peculiar taste complained of, Mr. Wu looked serious and inquired of his neighbor if the trouble could not be adjusted without breaking up the dinner. He saw the hotel proprietor brought in, and then the soup pot, and he expected to see trouble over the dinner before it was served. But when the President of the club fished out a civil service reform bill from the pot as the source of the complaint against the soup, the Chinese Minister saw the humor of the affair and from that moment there was no guest who caught on quicker or enjoyed more the jokes of the Gridiron than did he.

In Silence.
"Tell me," pleaded the artless maid, "wherein lies the secret of the art of conversation!"
The sage assumed the attitude he was wont to assume when in the act of imparting wisdom, and said:
"My child, listen!"
"I am listening!" breathlessly she answered.
"Well, my child," he rejoined, "that is all there is of the art of conversing agreeably."

Some Rain Records.
It rains on an average 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kezan about ninety days and in Siberia only sixty days.

FOILED.
The Gentlemanly Highwayman Was a Bicycle Fiend.
"I'll trouble you or your little wad, if you please!"
The footpad was polite, but insistent. The luckless pedestrian looked up and down the dimly lighted street, but nobody else was in sight.

"It will not do you any good, my dear friend," said the gentlemanly highwayman, still holding a revolver pointed in a most threatening manner at the other's head. "The nearest saloon is half a mile away, and the distance to the nearest policeman is exactly the same. You and I have the locality entirely to ourselves. Wherefore"—and he gave the trigger an ominous little click—"there is no occasion for prolonging this interview. Produce!"

"I see you've got the drop on me all right enough," said the victim, grumblingly, "and all I'm kicking myself about is that I didn't need to lose my roll. I could just as well have left it at home this evening. If you'll put your fingers in my right vest pocket you'll find \$9, more or less. It's all I've got about me, and I was going to spend it to-morrow for a new set of tires for my bicycle."

"What kind of tires?" sternly demanded the footpad.

"The Fladger & Skimmerhorn Punctureless Anti-Sidslip."

"Can you get that for \$9?"

"I know where I can get it for a shade less than \$9."

"Great Scott, old man! You keep your little wad and go and buy that tire. Say, do you know that's the best tire on earth? Why, darn it, I ride the Fladger & Skimmerhorn myself. Shake!"

If this should meet the eye of the gentlemanly highwayman he will learn that an outrageous confidence game was played upon him.

The belated pedestrian whom he met on that occasion uses the Jingo & Shabb Extra Resilient bicycle tire, and has no use for any other kind.

But he happened to see by the light of a street lamp that the gentlemanly highwayman wore a Fladger & Skimmerhorn button in the lapel of his coat.

Furthermore, he had \$67.50 in another pocket.

A Bright Idea.
"The new missionary," said the King, as he plucked a bit of wool from beneath a splinter on his club, "is a strange sort of person. I hardly know what to make of him."

"Soup," suggested a voice, at which the King brightened visibly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Change For It.
The best description of a counterfeit dollar we have ever heard was that given by a saloon-keeper in a trial at Wichita, Kan., the other day. He said: "Well, Dawson threw a piece of money on the counter to pay for the drinks and I could tell by the sound of it that I did not have the change."

How They Got Rich.
She—I could have married either Whipper or Snapper if I'd wanted to, and both of those whom I refused have since got rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse.

He—Of course. I've been supporting you all these years. They haven't.

Not to the Swift.
"You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save him."

"It was in ploughing matches that he took the prizes, sir."

Taken at His Word.
"Gentlemen," shrieked a medicine 'akir on the streets of Abilene, "I pledge you my honor that there is no whiskey in this medicine." With which the crowd gazed on him reproachfully and melted away.

Choosing the Lesser.
"Did you really lie still and see a purgular walk off with your watch?"
"Yes; my wife had just quit talking and gone to sleep, and I wouldn't have had her wake again for all the gold watches in creation!"

Not a Question of Veracity.
"What was the row between you and Thompson? A question of veracity, was it not?"
"No. It was a question of unveracity. I said he was a liar and he said I was another."

Paradox.
The man who treasures up his speech—
To cite a general rule—
Is either a philosopher,
Or else he is a fool.

The man who talks and talks and talks
Belongs to the same class;
He's wiser, even, than a sage,
Or else he is an ass.

Everybody Says So.
Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

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EASTERN GIRLS GOING WEST
Agents in New York Engaging Waitresses for the Pacific Slope.
A number of agents in New York are engaging girls to work as waitresses in California and in Denver and other cities in the far West. It appears that Eastern girls are more popular than Western girls in restaurants out there, and that the places that employ girls from New York, and other Eastern cities are rushed with business.

The employment of these girls began last summer, when an agent hired fifty young women to go from New York to Denver. He succeeded in getting them all employment within twenty-four hours. This induced him to try other cities, and he found there was a demand for Eastern girls in the restaurants of Western cities. He returned to New York, and now it is said that an exodus of waitresses to the West has set in. One New York restaurant keeper who employs women said:

"It seems odd that in California they should want Eastern girls rather than Western girls for waitresses; but all the same if the present exodus goes on it will soon be hard to get a good-looking waitress to stay in New York. A number of them have left two of our establishments to take employment in a hotel at Coronado Beach, San Diego, Cal., and to-day I learned that four more had secured employment in a hotel at Los Angeles. When one goes others follow her example."

Knell of London Landmarks.
London is losing its old landmarks at an alarming rate. In the neighborhood of Holborn the course of destruction has been particularly noticeable during the year past. The demolition now in progress of a number of ancient houses on the north side of that thoroughfare will cover with oblivion many a spot of historic interest. The clearance begins at Furnival's Inn, and one may take a last glimpse of the top set of chambers, in which Charles Dickens wrote part of the "Pickwick Papers." Thence the labors of the "housebreaker" extend to the famous "Old Bell," which has already been razed to the ground.

Between these two points two other licensed houses, pleasant with the favor of by gone days, and more than one building with an interesting history, are doomed. Bidler's Hotel, which is to be rebuilt and enlarged, is a relic of the early days of the Queen's reign, and the removal of the present structure means the destruction of the Horse and Groom at the corner of Leather lane. This house claims to have been licensed for close upon a couple of hundred years, but the buildings are probably at least a century older, and it is one of the quaintest hostleries in London. Former associations of the house connect it with the highwaymen who plied their calling on the Great North road, and Jonathan Wild, the notorious thief-taker, whose skeleton rests in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, hard by, was once a regular customer at the tavern whose days are numbered.

People Are Queer.
"Well, people are queer."
It was Mr. Dodge Fenders, of No. 2010 Perambulator Avenue, Flatbush, Borough of Brooklyn, Greater New York, U. S. A., who was speaking.

"As is well known, the Borough of Brooklyn, which contributes about 1,000,000 of Greater New York's 3,500,000 inhabitants, is criss-crossed with trolley lines. The first thing I get into in the morning is a trolley car, and I ride forty minutes with a fat man standing on one of my feet and a slim man stepping on the other at two minute intervals. The last thing I get out of at night is also a trolley car, and I have had therein another forty minutes of trolley torture."

"When I was at my old home in Blingtown last summer, father said he was going to give me a grand treat. I asked him what the treat was."

"Never mind; it's something great, Dodge," he cried, enthusiastically. Come on, my boy, come on; it'll be great!"

"But what is it, paw? I insisted."

"It's great, my boy; out of sight," he cried, grasping me by the arm. 'Come on, an' I'll give ye a jiminy crackin' long ride, 'way up to Bee-winger's Corners, on the new trolley car line!'"

A Novelist with 4,000,000 Readers.
The most popular novelists are those who are least known to literary people. Who has heard of Emma Jane Worboise, or of the late Mr. Smith, of "Family Herald" fame? And among French novelists Zola and Daudet and Ohnet we know, but very few have heard of Reichebourg, whose death was announced yesterday. Yet Reichebourg—"the king of feuilletonists," as he was called—had probably more readers than any novelist alive or dead, and made as much money by one novel as any other novelist by two. He wrote exclusively for the *Petit Journal*. He had, it was calculated, 4,000,000 readers for every story he wrote, and he used to receive £4,000 for the serial rights alone.

124-Mile Cycle Path.
Cyclists are apparently regarded with especial favor in Austria. A path for their use has been laid down by the side of the high road all the way from Gratz to Trieste, a distance of 124 miles. The path is said to be only about a yard in width.

A Queer Bit of Financering.
A girl doesn't love every man she is willing to go to a dollar and a half show with.—Aitchison Globe.

Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

No organs are of greater importance to the human body than the Kidneys. Their duty is to sift and strain the poisonous and waste matter from the blood, and if they fail to do this, the trouble shows in the nervous system, and even in the brain. Your life is at stake when there are pains in the small of your back—when you are compelled to get up at night to urinate—when the passing of water causes scalding pain—when there is a sediment in the urine in the vessel, or when it appears white or milky. When so afflicted, you can conquer the trouble with **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, the greatest medicine that civilization has ever known for curing Kidney, Bladder, Blood and Liver Diseases.

James Lettice, of Canajoharie, N. Y., tells of his wonderful cure: "Some years ago I was attacked with pains in my back and sides that were fearful. I could not control my kidneys, and what came from me was filled with mucus and blood. An Albany doctor was to perform an operation upon me, and said my home doctor could take care of me after. I saw an advertisement of **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, which seemed to fit my case, so I decided to try that before I submitted to the operation. I began its use. When I had taken about two bottles the flow from the bladder grew clearer, and the pain stopped, and in a short time I was saved from the surgeon's knife, and am now well."

Favorite Remedy also cures Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation. For Female Troubles it is unequalled. It is sold for \$1.00 a bottle at all drug stores.

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