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FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 14, 1898.

OH! THE BEAUTIFUL WRETCH.

He had been going there for a month now, and had not progressed any further in his race for the girl than when he first began. True, she was cold and haughty; true, too, was it that she treated him with disdain, but what mattered that to him. Was she not worth millions, and were he not almost penniless. He was working, but at what?—a six-dollar a week clerk in a drygoods store—and he could not hope to marry on that. As a matter of fact she was one part in a storm and possibly a haven. At length he determined to find out how much she cared for him and with that object in view put on his best suit, placed a four-inch collar around his neck, doffed a new hat, patent-leather shoes—for which his last week's earnings had been expended—and with a new pair of gloves, borrowed from the store for the occasion, went to visit her at the magnificent home of her parents on Girard avenue. The evening was spent pleasantly enough until 10 o'clock, when a remark that she dropped brought to his mind what he intended to do. He began timidly at first, and after some he-having managed to ask her "may I—er—press my suit?" "Of course," came her answer instantly as she reached for and pressed the butler button. "James show this gentleman to the kitchen and give him a flatiron."

Pointed Paragraphs.
The man who invests in green goods must want money bad.
The lass whose lover goes to sea sheds many a private-tear.
What men call firmness in themselves they call contrariness in others.
The man who is employed by his wife's father don't worry about losing his job.
It's a curious anomaly of war that both contending parties are always in the right.
Men and clotheslines become unsteady when they have too many sheets in the wind.
A man's success often depends on his ability to prevent others from preventing it.
When the average young man graduates from college he knows more than he ever will in the future.
Men convinced against their will are of the same opinion still, but no woman is ever convinced that way.
There's a screw loose somewhere when a minister gets the princely salary of \$400 per year, and a baseball player only gets \$4,000.

On the Merrick Road.
"Hi, there! Got a monkey wrench?"
"Naw; this here's a sheep ranch."

Wanted to Surprise Him.
A thrifty man went to an auction to bid for a bookcase which he was sadly in need of. In due course the thing was put up, and there were several bidders for it.
The man continued to bid, but he was harassed by some woman who was bidding against him. The woman was in the crowd on the other side, and he could not see her, but he was determined to have it, and he bid up pretty high.
Finally it was knocked down to him, and the auctioneer asked his name. He gave it, and arranged to have the case sent home.
Just as he started out of the door some one tugged at his sleeve. He turned, and there was his wife.
Knowing that he wanted a bookcase, she had come down to buy one cheap and surprise him, and it was she who had been bidding against her husband.

No Alliance for Him.
Tired Treadwell—"Wot, an alliance wid England? Not any fer me! I'm agin it, first, last and all de time."
Weary Watson—"Ain't yer got no pride in yer country? Tink how we could swiipe de reat de powers. We'd be de whole 'ting if we had dat kind of a combination."

Tired Treadwell.—"Dat's all right, but I seen an item in a paper dat dey use 400,000,000 pounds of soap every year in England."

COST OF MEAL \$500 000,000.

Where the Material Came From and the Investment Necessary for a Meal.
Recently, a man, who is fond of arithmetic, made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. He first ascertained that the dinner he was eating cost seventy-five cents, presumably. He contradicted this, and then made out the following statement about the cost of that simple little dinner:

The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and one thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital, and then he had also to pay wages to workmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill, and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; then other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it, and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The salt came from the northwestern part of New York State. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands, over in the Indian Archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The simple little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of \$500,000,000 of capital and 5,000,000 men.

Warning to Young Men.
The bicycle face is old. The bargain-counter face, the quick-lunch face and the war-bulletin face are more recent. The newest discovery in this line is the pipe face, which is grown by men who smoke pipes. The staid old Medical Record saw it first and said this of it:



"The habit of smoking the pipe has a perceptible effect upon the face. The pressure of the lips to hold the pipe in position increases the curvature of the lips round the stem, and the muscles become more rigid here than in other parts. Thus the lips at a certain point become stronger and the pipe is unconsciously held in the same habitual position. After long continuation of the habit small circular wrinkles form parallel with the curvature of the lips around the stem. These are crossed by finer lines caused by the pressure of the lips to retain the pipe in position. In the case of old men who have smoked a pipe for years the effect upon the lips is very marked."

An Historic Carriage.
An historic carriage owned by the late Dr. Evans has been offered for sale at the Paris Tattersall establishment, but it was decided at the last moment to retain the vehicle as an item of the estate. In the doctor left Paris with the Empress Eugenie on Sept. 4, 1870, when he was assisting her to reach England. It is intended by the heirs of the noted dentist to transfer the carriage to the Evans Museum, which is to be founded in America under the clauses of the doctor's will.
The vehicle will be temporarily handed over to the care of the old coachman who drove the Empress, her attendants and the doctor to the coast in 1870, when she was about to embark for England in Sir John Burgoyne's yacht. The vehicle is a landau with accommodations for four persons, and was built in 1867 for the Exhibition. About ten years since Dr. Evans had it recleaned and reemblemized, in order to make a journey to Granville over the same ground as that traversed by him with the Empress in 1870. During that long drive he stopped at the same places en route as those selected on the memorable journey.

A Good Disposition.
Some day it will be found that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in many accomplishments.

"How is it that your baby drops asleep at such a regular time? What do you give her?" "Nothing. Her father just stops singing to her."

AN EXTRAORDINARY MEASLY TALE.

A certain well known Cleveland lives out on the Crawford road and can be further identified by the fact that he is a confirmed bachelor. It might be too humiliating to mention his name, and possibly too annoying, if the experiences of other eligible bachelors is remembered. The letter carrier out that way has all he cares to do now, without adding to his burden the countless applications of matrimonially inclined females.
The fact that he has no children does not lessen this bachelor's interest in the children of others, and the other afternoon as he was walking down Oakdale avenue his attention was attracted by a pink card on the front of a friend's house. The card bore this legend:—

MEASLES WITHIN.
The mistress of the home happened to be in the doorway, and out of the sympathetic fulness of his heart the bachelor called to her:—
"I am sorry to hear about your little ones, Mrs. B.," he exclaimed.
"Thank you for the sympathy," said the lady. "But the children are no longer in any danger. They are getting well nicely."
"How can that be?" said the bachelor. "Their symptoms seem to me extremely ominous."
"What do you mean?" cried the lady.

"How can that be?" said the bachelor. "Measles should be brought out. It is a very bad symptom if they are not brought out. Why don't you do something to bring them out?"
"B-but," stammered the astonished lady, "who told you they were not?"
"Your sign," said the bachelor.
And pointing to it he read aloud:—
"Measles within."
The lady giggled.
"That's so," she said. "It's a false statement. Take it away."
And he did.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Garden.
"Come into the garden, Maud, For the wintry days have flown; Come into the garden, Maud, And see how things have grown. I have planted pansies and sweet peas And morning glories there— Come into the garden, Maud, And see how my seedlings fare." He took her little hand in his, And they sauntered out to see, But not a pansy had come up, Nor a solitary pea; He took one look around and then He wildly tore his hair— His next door neighbor's chickens had Preceded Maudie there.

One of Many.
Hamlett—"Miss Pinkleigh is a member of the chorus, isn't she?"
Eggett—"Oh, no; she's the leading lady."
Hamlett—"Is that so?"
Eggett—"Oh, no; she's the leading one until I proposed, and then refused me."
Hamlett—"Well, if that's the case, I would class her as a sleight-of-hand performer."

A Wonderful Woman.
Bilkins—My wife used to be rather foolish, but she's one of the most calm and sensible women in this town now. Why, say, do you know what she did yesterday?
Orcutt—No; What?
Bilkins—Saw a telegraph boy coming across the street toward our house and never fainted or hollered that she knew "something had happened to mamma!"

One Way of Using the Chatelaine.
A country vicar tells a curious story about a mouse and a banknote. The note, which was left on a shelf in a store-room, always kept locked up, suddenly vanished. The servants were quite above suspicion. The fact that the note had been laid in that particular place and had disappeared, admitted of no doubt whatever. After some search it was noticed that there was a mouse-hole in a corner of the floor. A carpenter was sent for, and a board taken up. A large quantity of minute bits of paper were drawn out, the accumulation, probably, of very many years. Strange to say, in one corner of the heap, a nest of young mice was discovered lying on a banknote! It was uninjured, no portion had been nibbled away, and was the only piece of paper left entire in all the heap. It happened, then, that the mouse had carried the note, folded up as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to its nest, and had used it as a blanket, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. The wonderful part of the story is the leaving of this one piece of paper entire, apparently because it was of a different texture from the rest.

New Industry in Virginia.
A new industry in this country is to be established near Norfolk, Va. It is an institution for extracting the oil from peanuts. The prospectus of the company announces that the product from five tons of peanuts will be 225 gallons of oil, worth 50 cents a gallon; 3, 650 pounds of peanut flour, worth 2 cents a pound, and 3,680 pounds of meal for stock feed, worth 60 cents per 100 pounds, which will make the value of the product \$450 for each day's operations.

Couldn't Faze Her.
A little girl who attends a Maine public school has quite an idea of nobility, as was evidenced by her reply to her teacher. The class had been reading about the King's family. The teacher, wishing to inculcate the correct idea of royal descent, said: "Now, children, if the King and Queen had a son, what would he be?" "The Jack," was the quick response.

Not Dumb.
An angry small boy was pelting stones at a noisy dog when a venerable passer-by stopped and addressed him. "Little boy," the stranger remonstrated, "don't you know you should be kind to dumb animals?"
"Yes," replied the angry boy, "but what's dumb animals got to do with yelping dogs?"

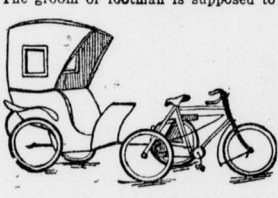
LIGHTS IN THE PYRAMIDS.

Tomb of the Pharaohs to Be Illuminated by Electricity.

The ancient institutions of Egypt are rapidly giving way to the new order of things. For centuries old methods of transportation have been in vogue unaltered by the rapid strides in other parts of the globe, the camel being the only means of conveyance of freight and passengers, and crude agricultural implements of Biblical times have only recently been laid aside for newer machines. Idle waterfalls have been recently made to turn mill wheels, and where no falls existed the Nile's waters are being impounded for power purposes as well as for irrigation. There are immense stretches of country, until recently unproductive, now covered with cotton plantations, and their product has become of the greatest importance to Egypt. English capital is now building a great storage reservoir near Assuan, in the Upper Nile region, in which will be caught the water of the river during the freshet season, to be released in the dry times. This will feed a great irrigation system, which, it is hoped, will reclaim vast stretches of desert land and what was once a barren waste of sand will be transformed into blooming plantations, growing wheat and cotton. This will be restored to the ancient country its old reputation and standing as the "granary of Europe."

The latest and not the least novel of these innovations is the illumination of the pyramids by electric light. Already the trolley car has invaded the ancient precincts, and it is possible to ride to these old structures from several points by electric vehicles. Wires will soon be laid from the Assuan cataract, where a modern power plant will be constructed, to the pyramids, and the interior rooms and passages as well as the exterior will be ablaze with electric light. Many timid persons have heretofore been deterred from making this trip because of the gloomy interior. The tour was formerly made with the assistance of several natives, who acted as guides and torch-bearers, their flaming lights serving only to enhance the darkness of the passages.

Novel Automobile.
A particularly novel type of automobile, advertised in an English journal as light and gracefully constructed, is shown in the illustration, which represents a combination coupe and motor tricycle. The motor cycle is detachable from the carriage and can be ridden by itself, but when attached as shown it serves the purpose of a horse. The groom or footman is supposed to



The Mouse and the Banknote.
A country vicar tells a curious story about a mouse and a banknote. The note, which was left on a shelf in a store-room, always kept locked up, suddenly vanished. The servants were quite above suspicion. The fact that the note had been laid in that particular place and had disappeared, admitted of no doubt whatever. After some search it was noticed that there was a mouse-hole in a corner of the floor. A carpenter was sent for, and a board taken up. A large quantity of minute bits of paper were drawn out, the accumulation, probably, of very many years. Strange to say, in one corner of the heap, a nest of young mice was discovered lying on a banknote! It was uninjured, no portion had been nibbled away, and was the only piece of paper left entire in all the heap. It happened, then, that the mouse had carried the note, folded up as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to its nest, and had used it as a blanket, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. The wonderful part of the story is the leaving of this one piece of paper entire, apparently because it was of a different texture from the rest.

THE TEST.

Diana Garland was what the world calls a fashionable young lady 19 years old.

"Harry," said Miss Garland to her betrothed, one evening, "I've been thinking."
"Is that such a very unusual mental process on your part?" said Mr. Ernestcliffe, gravely.
"About our engagement," said Diana, "Harry, what made you like me at the very first?"
"Well—at the very first, I suppose it was because you were so pretty."
"And now?"
"Now, it is because you are my Diana."
"But, Harry," with downcast eyes, "suppose I were homely and unattractive—"

"Well?"
"Then would you care for me? Would you love me as you do now?"
"My darling, I should love you just as well if you were as ugly as—as old Miss Hilsey," asserted Ernestcliffe.
"Are you quite sure, Harry?"
And his laughing, loving glance reassured her for this once.

Miss Garland scarcely knew what had inclined her thoughts toward this strange and unusual channel. She forgot it again the next minute, but she remembered it again with all the swiftness and suddenness of a revelation some two weeks subsequently, when she happened to be taken ill and old Dr. Vivian was summoned to attend her.

Dr. Vivian looked intently at Diana. He asked one or two questions and then looked at her again.
"Doctor," cried Di, "what is it? There is something in your eyes that you do not speak out."
"Miss Garland, when did you last visit that blind protegee of yours in the Simond street tenement house?"
"About two weeks ago, doctor. Why?"
"I thought so," said Dr. Vivian. "Since then I have sent three children from that house to the hospital."
"Doctor," gasped Mrs. Garland, "not—"

He nodded his head. "Very bad cases of small-pox," said he. "And I very much fear, my dear young lady, that you have contracted the same disease!"
"I told you so, Di," wailed Mrs. Garland. "I always knew how it would turn out, all that poor district business of yours. Oh, my child, my child! your prospects in life will be ruined, and—"

"Mrs. Garland," interrupted the doctor, "re-collect yourself. My patient must not be annoyed or excited. These regrets come too late to be useful. What we have to do with now is the present."
Diana looked up with a smile.
"Do not fear, doctor," said she. "Small-pox—I have always had an undefined dread and horror of it. Now defined dread and horror of it, the fear seems to have all passed away. Mamma, don't cry. Beauty is only skin-deep after all, and—if there is any among my friends who loved me for that alone it is perhaps as well that I should find it out at once."
"But Harry Ernestcliffe, my darling?"
"Mamma, we won't talk about that just now," said the girl, in a low voice.

But Diana Garland thought within herself how fortunate it was that Harry had just started for that business journey to New Orleans, which would certainly detain him there for a month at least.
"No one must write to him. It would be of no use," said Diana. "And, mamma, if death should come to me, I shall not be sorry that my last work on earth was ministering to God's poor."

"May I go to her, Mrs. Garland?"
Harry Ernestcliffe had known nothing of it all until, returning from his Southern trip, he heard of Diana's illness. And this was the first occasion upon which he had been admitted to that home on Madison avenue.
"Harry," faltered Mrs. Garland, "I—I have a message for you."
"May I not hear it from Diana's own lips, Mrs. Garland?"
"It is not fitting that you should," said Mrs. Garland, firmly. "Here is the ring, Harry—the ring you gave her. She preserves you from the engagement and returns the token of your troth."
Harry's eyes flashed reproachful fire.
"Have I asked for such absolution, Mrs. Garland?" he questioned, almost sternly.

"No—but my daughter thinks that it is due to you. She is altered by the fell hand of disease. She is no longer the fair, beautiful girl to whom you engaged yourself. She—"
But Harry Ernestcliffe silenced her.
"She is Diana Garland still," he said fervently. "The Diana Garland whom alone I love—the only woman I will ever marry. Pray conduct me to her at once, Mrs. Garland."
And the mother, trembling like an aspen leaf, could but obey.

The soft, level light of the afternoon sun was shining in through the rose-colored chintz draperies of Miss Garland's boudoir, and Diana stood in the middle of the room as he entered, robed all in white, with her lovely golden-brown hair falling in a glistening shower to her waist, and her large, wistful eyes turned toward the door, no seemed and haggard remnant, no disfigured and haggard remnant of her former self, but Diana Garland, as beautiful as ever, save that she was a trifle thinner and more pale.

"My Diana, oh, my darling!" he cried, clasping her to his heart.
"Yes, Harry, yours forever," she murmured, her soft eyes full of happy tears. "So you would not give me up—not even when you fancied me disfigured for life. But, oh! Harry, when I fancied that all my beauty was left from me, the one thing that hurt me most was the fear that you would not love me the same. Now I know that you are true as God's own sunshine. Oh, Harry, how can we ever be sufficiently thankful that Heaven has been so merciful!"
And thus all Diana Garland's fears and doubts were exercised forever.

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.

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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.

Sample Bottle Free! In order that sufferers may be convinced of the curative virtues of **Favorite Remedy**, a free sample bottle will be sent, prepaid, to those who send their full postoffice address to the **DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION**, Rondout, N. Y. It is necessary to say that you saw the advertisement in this paper if you wish to take advantage of this genuine and liberal offer. Send today.



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A Typographical Error.
Through the addition of a single letter to a word by a typographical error a Missouri paper was led to make the following grave announcement the other day: "Sedalla's mayor, having plenty of time on his hands, has decided to begin a war against immortality."

A Military Swimming School.
The German army has a swimming school for troops, where every one must learn to swim. The best swimmers are able to cross a stream of several hundred yards' width, even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition.

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CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

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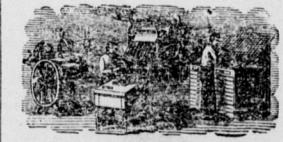
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