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FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 12, 1898.

ALL SORTS IN A NUTSHELL.

The strength of two horses equals that of fifteen men.

There are 269 color varieties of the chrysanthemum to be seen in Japan.

Vegetarians assert that one acre of land will comfortably support four persons on a vegetable diet.

It is a curious circumstance that some of the most important inventions have been discovered by lunatics.

Boarding houses are necessary evils intended to convince bachelors that they should have homes of their own.

A French professor is said to be the owner of a collection of 920 heads, representing the various known races of people on the globe.

No restaurant in St. Petersburg is now allowed to have its bill of fare exclusively in a foreign language. By a recent edict, a Russian version must always be added.

PITH AND POINT.

A woman's look may affect a man more than her words.

Don't pick out for your friend an individual at whom dogs growl.

Don't forget that an ounce of silence is better than a pound of explanation.

Self-praise is like a church-steep—the higher it goes the narrower it becomes.

Polliteness is like an air cushion; there may be nothing in it, but it eases our joints wonderfully.

It is all very well to talk of loving one's enemies, but we are much more apt to love those who love us.

If we were paid what we consider we deserve everyone else would declare that we were overpaid.

A little tact, a little kindness, a little judgment will many times save a housekeeper great worry and vexation.

IRONICAL IFS.

If a man is always on the go he seldom stops when he gets there.

If a man attends solely to his own business he has a good steady job.

If bees made glucose some dealers would adulterate it with pure honey.

If the street sprinkler throws water on a man it doesn't cool him off.

If it is true that the apparel makes the man some men ought to change tailors.

If an employe never pretends to be busy when he has nothing to do he is trustworthy.

If people would reflect more they would be brighter and if they were brighter they would reflect more.

If a man's wife can read the war news without wishing she was a man he will never experience the pleasure of being henpecked.

PRECIOUS PROVERBS.

One touch of love mends all a heart's punctures.

Some men marry maids and some are married by widows.

When it comes to manual labor the average man is an imbecile.

The man who looks upon the wine when it is red may feel blue later.

A woman changes her mind so often that it keeps her busy speaking it.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead, regardless of the road others take.

Lots of people are too conscientious to lie and yet manage to suppress the truth.

Life may be a grand, sweet song, but one can't get much harmony out of it in "A flat."

Self-praise is like a church steeple—the higher it goes the narrower it becomes.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address:

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASTORIA.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Signature of *J. C. Atkinson*

IS DEATH WORTH DYING.

"Is life worth living?" she asked of me. One day of days by the singing sea. "Is death worth dying?" I asked in turn.

"Beyond the grave or the gilded urn is there a star-land, A miracle far-land, That equals—half equals—our sphere terrene? Answer me, answer me, O, my queen!"

"But O! for the Heavens of Heavens!" she cried;

"And, O! for the souls of the Purified!" The sunfire sprinkled upon her there! And turned to a glory her golden hair; A zephyr stole from a perfumed place O'er seas of gladness and shoals of grace;

It tossed the lily-bells to and fro. While the birds sang loud and the birds sang low; It rippled the roses with hearts of fire Till they swooned the swoon of a rapt desire,

And all the universe was aflame With a jubilant joy that I cannot name. As I spake For her sake, And without a share:

"This is the Heaven of Heavens to me, And thou art the Purified soul I see; And, O, if this life and this love were immortal, I never would sigh for the star-flaming pearl; Nor seek in the far-away sky to discover An hour diviner than this for a lover."

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

"If she were only of good family." Peter Dunlap said this for the hundredth time, glancing at his typewriter, said typewriter being nineteen years old and pretty.

"What is good family, Mr. Dunlap?" asked the typewriter one day.

"Why, my dear, what do you mean?" stammered Mr. Dunlap; "were you reading my thoughts?"

"Oh, no," said the typewriter, Miss Sweet, smiling demurely. "I was only thinking a little for myself. Is your family a good family, Mr. Dunlap?"

"The finest in this country," said Peter Dunlap, puffing out his cheeks and swelling out his chest, "and we have been bankers in the city of St. Louis for sixty years, one Dunlap following the other."

"And—were your wives also bankers?" murmured Miss Sweet as sweetly as her name.

Peter Dunlap looked at her sharply and coughed.

"My mother," said he, "was a banker's daughter; her mother was the daughter of Lady Cadogan, of England; her cousins were related to an Earl, and the Earls' children inter-married again into our family. We are, I might say, Miss Sweet, of noble descent."

"Yes, yes, I thought so," lisped Miss Sweet very sweetly.

It was no secret in the office, nor to Peter Dunlap, nor to Miss Sweet herself, that there was something more than the clicking of the keys between the proprietor and his pretty typewriter. Touching the ivory buttons, Miss Sweet had touched the heart of her employer at the same time, and for the last six months matters had been coming daily to a crisis between them. Miss Sweet thought she loved the proprietor; indeed, she was pretty sure that she did, and as for Peter Dunlap, he was very certain that his heart was only in one spot, and that spot was under the neat shirtwaist worn by Miss Sweet.

Most young women under the circumstances would have felt very much miffed at the thought of being loved and rejected for reasons which they could not help, but Miss Sweet was not like other girls. She viewed the fact of her poverty with equanimity, and was undisturbed by the knowledge that it was only her poor social position that kept the banker from proposing to her. Not that she was unaware of the state of affairs; in fact, they had talked it over.

"You see, my dear," Peter Dunlap called Miss Sweet "my dear"—"it is this way: My sisters are very proud. Elsa is the wife of an Admiral, Clara married a millionaire, my only brother is a yachtsman and cup-holder, and I must uphold the family name. Now, my dear—for the twentieth time—I repeat to you that I love you very dearly, and if I could I would ask you to be my wife—but—do you see just how it is."

"To be sure," said Miss Sweet, with a ready show of that sympathy for which the banker loved her among other qualities, "I understand all about it. Mr. Dunlap, the rich banker of Chicago, of the proudest family in the West, cannot create a social sensation and shock family traditions by marrying a poor typewriter, who was so penniless when she came to him that she had to live in a working girl's home."

"Yes, yes, exactly, that's the way it is, though you put it rather harshly."

"Otherwise you love me?"

"Better than my life."

"I see. So my life is to be spoiled, and what is left of yours?" Here Miss Sweet laughed so merrily that Peter Dunlap looked confused, and shortly after he put up his ledgers for the afternoon and went out.

It was nearly three days before the subject was alluded to again, for it was an old matter with Peter Dunlap and his typewriter, and one which, though they discussed it often, did not come up every day. This was more Miss Sweet's fault than Mr. Dunlap's, for the banker would have talked it over with the young lady, and would gladly have come to some arrangement by

which he could marry her without shocking his family. "You see, they would take it so dreadfully hard," he said to himself many times, "if I should marry beneath them."

"What is good family, Mr. Dunlap?" repeated Miss Sweet twice in one day. "I think I have asked you that once before."

"Why one that's—er why, a good family is—a good family, don't you know?"

"Yes, exactly," said Miss Sweet, "but I was wondering if we agreed on the subject. Now, my family is, well, I should certainly have called it good, though they all died and left me poor."

Peter Dunlap turned his head from the window where he was standing and looked at his typewriter.

"I have often asked you to tell me," said he.

"I'll tell you more about it tomorrow," said she; "now I am going home."

A minute later he saw her whizzing under his office window on her bicycle.

"Strange she would never tell me anything about her folks," he mused. The next afternoon when the other clerks had gone he asked her again.

"O, I don't know," said she, "I was thinking about a relative of mine who was a banker's daughter, and another one who was a daughter of Lady Cadogan, of England, and several others who were related to Lords and Dukes and Earls and plenty of rich people in this country."

"What do you mean?" demanded Peter Dunlap, turning around in his chair and facing her.

"I suppose you never heard of a branch of your family named Sweet, did you?" asked Miss Sweet prettily.

"Sweet! It seems to me that I have!" There was a second cousin of my mother who went away and married a school teacher, a college professor, or something like that. He died and left her and there was a little girl, I believe."

"Yes," said Miss Sweet, "there was a little girl."

"It isn't possible—it isn't!"

"Yes, it is."

"Why haven't you told me before?"

"O, I enjoyed hearing you talk about family, and I have been having a little fun of my own."

A few weeks later Mr. Dunlap's sister, the Admiral's wife, received a letter from a very distant little cousin in the far West. She had been left an orphan with small means, and wished to come to St. Louis on a visit.

The Admiral's wife said to her brother, "Of course I shall invite her to come for a long stay. She must make her home with us, the poor little thing, for she says she is only nineteen, and next winter, if she is pretty and presentable, I shall bring her out. I should really enjoy having a nice young relative."

"So should I," said Mr. Dunlap beamingly.

"It was quite a society romance. They tell it yet in St. Louis, how the wealthy middle-aged Peter Dunlap fell in love at first sight with his first cousin on his mother's side, and how she, though less than half his age, returned his affection."

The wedding was a pretty one and Mrs. Dunlap, nee Sweet, was quite an imposing personage in her long veil, her diamond tiara, and her magnificent silk dress, the first of which was loaned by the wife of the Admiral, who said that all of the brides of the house of Dunlap had worn that veil.

Simple Test of Drinking Water.
 Here is a simple test for the presence of sewage in water. All drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently, as there are other impurities besides sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water is liable to be a source of blood poisoning. Mice, rats and other pests must have water, and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state.

To detect this impure condition is very simple and unobtrusive. Draw a tumbler of water from the tap at night, put a piece of white lump sugar into it and place it on the kitchen mantel shelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the morning the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test well known in chemistry.

Japanese Dentists.
 The Japanese dentists perform all their operations in tooth drawing with the thumb and the forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is acquired only after long practice, but when once it is obtained, the operator is able to extract half a dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth.

Belt for Electric Light Company.
 A leather belt, 80 inches wide and 165 feet long, was recently made in America for an electric light company. No rivet, peg or stitch was used in the making, it being glued together with a special cement. Four hundred and thirty-two hides were used in the belt.

Must Catch His Bride.
 It is a common Asiatic custom for the bridegroom to give chase to the bride either on foot, on horseback or in a canoe. If the bridegroom catches the fugitive he claims her as his wife; otherwise the match is broken off.

Comic Songs.
 An actor says that not one comic song in ninety introduced to the public ever becomes popular.

WHY HE DIDN'T BID UP.

The Flight of a Man Who Had a Weakness for Auction Sales.

There was a red flag out in front of a farm house up in the Swift River region in Oxford the other day when Burns was driving past the place. He can never get by an auction sale. There is something about a bargain at vendue that strikes him just where he lives. So Burns hitched his horse and stopped on the outskirts of the crowd. He remembered that at the last auction he attended, he bought two pod augers and an ox yoke, and this time he stole off himself lest he might commit similar egregiousness. In fact he concluded that he wouldn't bid at all.

But when the crowd got well waked up over Jersey heifer, Burns chipped in a bid or two, and finally got to going hard against a red-whiskered man who carried a whip in his left hand and expected violently after every bid.

As the contest waxed somewhat energetic, Burns reached for his pocket-book. His fingers ran down and down into his trousers pocket until they slid into a good big hole. The pocketbook was gone. You, who have found holes in your pockets where wallets ought to be, can, in some measure, appreciate Burns's feelings.

He stopped bidding, and while the red-whiskered man, still expectorating, was paying down an installment on the heifer, Burns pushed forward through the crowd and got the auctioneer's ear. That functionary listened intently. Then he arose erect once more, and in his professional drone commenced: "This gentleman informs me that he has lost a pocketbook containing the sum of \$200. He offers the sum of \$10 for its return. Now—"

"I'll give twenty," broke in a voice in the corner.

"Thirty," cried another.

"Thirty-five," came in determined tones from the red-whiskered man.

"That was beyond what I could afford," says Burns, "and so I came away and left them bidding on it."

The Parson was Mixed.
 The minister had reached the critical point in his "missionary" sermon. He had finished his firsties and secondies, and with one neat figure would link them to an impassioned appeal that would strike his congregation's hearts, and make their rocks flow like water.

"It," he declaimed, "it has truly been said that he who makes two glades of brass to grow where one—"

The puzzled look on the face of a deaf old member in a front pew led him to pause and repeat:

"That he is a benefactor who makes two grades of brass—"

Smiles throughout the house, and his own sense showed him there was something wrong, but with an attempt at lightness, he said airily:

"As I meant, two blades of glass."

The choir was now keen-earred, and the pastor felt as if he had met Dewey. So he shouted, "Two blades of grace."

Then the senior deacon had pity on him and arose. "My brethren," he spoke, "our pastor has been upset by the intensity of his emotions, and has tripped on two blades of grass."

Character Analysis.
 "No," said Colonel Stillwell. "I don't yearn for his society. Understand me; I don't say for a minute that he is not as perfect a gentleman as grows. But a man's previous associations will necessarily influence his character."

"What do you know of his previous associations?"

"Nothing personally. But I observe that he can't be expected to play half a dozen games of poker without counting over the entire pack of kyards."

Personal Appearance.
 "Do you think that women are much influenced by a man's personal appearance?" asked one young man.

"I should say so," replied the youth with a peachy complexion and curly hair. "Apollo was all right in his day, but he'd have to put on quilted trousers and wear a foot-ball mask to make any impression now."

In Dreamland.
 Walter (to proprietor)—Just see this joint; it's all burned up! I can't see that before a customer.

Proprietor—Serve it to that lady and gentleman there. They are a bridal couple—they'll never know the difference.

It Looked Suspicious.
 Weary Wraggs—So de woman started fer yer wid an ax, and yer skipped? Do yer tink she meant murder?

Trotter Long—Well, I'm willing ter give her de benefit uv de doubt, but I thought she meant work!

One Way Out of It.
 "Bridget, you've broken as much china this month as your wages amount to. Now, how can we prevent this recurring again?"

"I don't know, mum, unless yer raises me wages."

Just Before the Engagement.
 Miss Sweetly—"When I was being shown over the treasury in Washington they let me hold a package of bills worth a million dollars in my hand."

Mr. Loverly—"And it didn't increase your value one bit."

Equal to the Occasion.
 Maud—"Did you not call for help when he kissed you?"

Marie—"No; he didn't need any."

AN INCONVENIENT BIRD.

A Mississippi Housewife's Experience With a Famished Guest.

In the days "before the war" a family of hard-working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner.

That Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch, where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected."

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his knees and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman fainted.

Strictly Business.
 The manager of the bicycle agency was clearly suffering from a dyspeptic mind or a pessimistic stomach. It was late in the morning when he arrived at his place of business, and without a word he walked over to the desk at which one of the salesmen was seated. He looked over the salesman's shoulder, and then, with an unamiable inflection in his voice, commented:

"I thought I paid you a salary to sell bicycles."

"That's what I am trying to do."

"Do you call scribbling all over that pad of paper selling bicycles?"

"No."

"And what kind of arithmetic do you call that column of figures there, mere child's play to kill time?"

"What column of figures do you mean?"

"The one on the corner of the desk. You have written '\$75' and scratched it out; then '74,' and so on down to '\$60.'"

"I suppose that strikes you as trifling."

"Assuredly."

"Well, it isn't. That represents a strenuous effort to dispose of one of our seven-fifty dollar wheels to a deaf and dumb man."



Chimmie—Me fader's a sojer, an' he wears a uniform all day!
 Billy—Fergit it! Me fader's a waiter an' he sleeps in a dress suit!

Welcome News

Any information that tells how sickness and disease can be overcome is the most welcome news a paper can print. Although this is an advertisement, it contains facts of more vital importance than anything else in this newspaper.

It tells of a medicine known for over thirty years as **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**. It is a medicine that purifies the blood, and restores the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs to vigor and strength. Its principal ingredient is not alcohol. It does not ruin men's and women's lives by causing intoxication and fostering the appetite for strong drink.

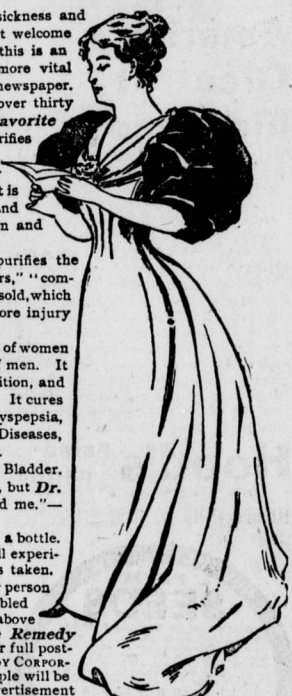
Favorite Remedy cools and purifies the blood. It is not like the many "bitters," "compounds" and "tonics," now so widely sold, which heat and inflame the blood, doing more injury than good.

Favorite Remedy cures troubles of women just as certainly as it cures troubles of men. It restores the Liver to a healthy condition, and cures the worst cases of Constipation. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

"My complaint was Stone in the Bladder. Physicians said my case was hopeless, but **Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** cured me."—D. H. HOAG, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.

Sold in all drug stores for \$1.00 a bottle. One teaspoonful is a dose, and you will experience relief long before first bottle is taken.

Sample Bottle Free! Every person troubled with any of the ailments mentioned above is offered a chance to try **Favorite Remedy** without any cost whatever. Send your full post-office address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORP., 440 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and a free sample will be sent you. Please say you saw the advertisement in this paper, so we may know your request is genuine.



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 Cures where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup. "Tastes Good." Use in time. Sold by druggists.

ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to travel on railways at a fare and a half.

Since the legislative foundation of arbitration courts there have been no strikes or lockouts in New Zealand.

One of the latest things in surgery is the practice of embalming an injured limb as a substitute for amputation.

The Emperor of China is an editor. His journal has the distinction of having appeared regularly each day for the last 800 years.

The debris left from coral made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as a tooth powder at a high price by Italian perfumers.

One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and the other half doesn't care whether the first half lives at all or not.

One of the constituents of the best qualities of varnish is a resin known as kauri, which is only found in New Zealand.

A \$7,000,000 needle trust has been formed in London, and still, someone has aptly observed, some people claim that they can't see any point in these trusts.

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Why?

Why isn't the way of the transgressor the road to wealth—for the lawyer?
 Why shouldn't level-headed people live in flats?
 Why doesn't a poor barber supply talk at cut rates?
 Why aren't water intoxicating when it makes a barrel water-tight?
 Why does the average man know so many things that are not worth knowing?
 Why isn't the man who is constantly harping on one idea a musical crank?

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

CURES ALL KIDNEY, STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES.

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.

HATSON
 HATS
 A celebrated brand of XX flour always in stock.

Roll Butter and Eggs a Specialty.
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 Embalming of female corpses performed exclusively by Mrs. P. F. McNulty.



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 CHOICE BREAD OF ALL KINDS, CAKES, AND PASTRY, DAILY.
 FANCY AND NOVELTY CAKES BAKED TO ORDER.

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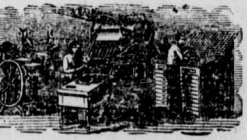
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