

# Freeland Tribune

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Italy has given up her scheme for building \$104,000,000 worth of warships. She had unfortunately overlooked the important fact that she hadn't the price.

The average yield of wheat per acre in France has been steadily increasing for seventy years, until now it is one of the highest in the world. There is a lesson in agriculture which even the United States might heed with profit.

Steadily American ideas of liberty are invading the sacred precincts of Great Britain. Mill operatives in Lancashire, England, struck because they were not permitted to shut up shop and attend the Barnum circus, which is touring Great Britain.

Hundreds of American farmers are getting good interest on the value of their farms, simply because they located near a large town where real estate had a chance to increase in price, says the American Agriculturist. High taxes eat up a good part of the profits, but still if the town grows fast, the owner of the farm often grows wealthy. Increase in land value is a legitimate part of a farmer's profits, but nobody should buy a farm which will not pay its own way by straight farming, whether real estate goes up or down.

By the launching of the new battleship Illinois one of the five warships of the same displacement of 11,525 tons is placed in the water, to be followed by the Wisconsin, there having been already launched the Kearsarge, the Kentucky and the Alabama. The Illinois exceeds the Iowa by some scores of tons, and the Indiana, Massachusetts and Oregon by over 1200 tons. The armor of the Illinois will not be quite as thick as that of our first three battleships, but it will be of better quality and of a greater resisting power. It will be seen, therefore, that the Illinois forms a splendid addition to the navy, and will add materially to its efficiency.

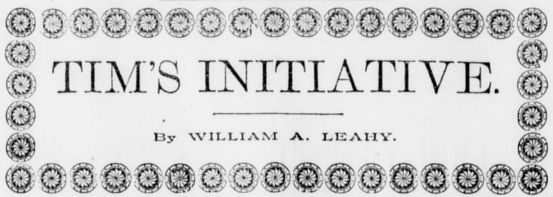
A fire, with its consequences, in the courthouse at Easton, Md., recently, furnishes a hint for the novelist or the dramatist. To counteract the dampness in the vault of the probate court an oil stove was lighted. It was neglected, with the result that fire was communicated to some unfiled and unrecorded papers, which were charred beyond recognition. One of these papers was the will of a late resident of St. Michael's, who, for reasons not disclosed, had "cut off" his only child, a daughter, with \$10, bequeathing the bulk of his small estate to the Methodist Episcopal church in his village. By this accident of fire the condition, according to the law, was the same as if the St. Michael's citizen had neglected to make a will, and all of his property will revert to his next of kin, the daughter, who is traveling in the far West, as the representative of a commercial firm in Baltimore. There is an uncle in the case, who deposited the will in the court, and who was by the will, made heir to the favorite horse of the deceased. This uncle can easily be converted by the novelist into a wicked and scheming relative, the modest estate can be multiplied many fold, the quality of attractiveness can be given to the daughter, the once necessary honest wooing can be added, and the book is ready for the publisher.

**A Temple of Serpents.**  
The small town of Werda, in the Kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its temple of serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

**Easy Work.**  
"We've got to economize, Maud," said Henry. "It's absolutely necessary." "Very well," returned Maud. "I shall give up your cigars." "And I will do without your fall bonnet," said Henry.—Harper's Bazar.

## THE LITTLE DINNER PAIL.

In morning gray, along the street,  
I hear the tramp of many feet,  
And hear the friendly hail,  
"Good morning, John!" "Good morning,  
Bill!"  
As on they trudge to shop or mill,  
With little dinner pail.  
With little dinner pails they go,  
Through mud and rain, through slush and  
snow,  
Wearing in manly way,  
Wearing as King wears kingly crown,  
The toilers' garb of blue or brown;  
For very kings are they.  
Who, brave of soul, with cheerful face,  
Are faithful in the lowest place  
That Duty calls them to;  
Who for the home, the weans, the wife,  
Grow gray with care and stern with  
strife,  
Keeping their heart-beats true,  
Such men—God bless them! cities need—  
Men great in thought and strong in  
deed,  
Knowing no word like "fail";  
Then doff your hat what time you meet  
The man who carries down the street  
The little dinner pail.  
—Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier, in the Voice.



By WILLIAM A. LEAHY.

**P**ARTNER and myself don't think we shall need you after to-night, Timothy.

The blow had fallen at last. Tim had been expecting it for weeks. In fact, from the moment Lawyer Dodd had remarked to his partner, "Well, we'll try him anyway," Tim had known he would not suit; and time had only confirmed him in this conviction.

The lawyers were so sharp and quick; their errands full of strange terms, hard to remember, and despatched to strange places, hard to find. And when he was left alone in the office, and other lawyers came in, all quick and sharp, like his employers, how confused he grew!

How he blundered at the telephone! How he always failed to say the right thing to the clients! How he hit upon the utterly wrong thing to say to the judge one day, and saw Mr. Dodd slip his long yellow envelope on the desk and swing his chair around and look at him, as much as to say, "You born dunce!"

"You don't seem to take hold as we would like to have you," explained Mr. Dodd, counting out two two-dollar bills, a dollar over Tim's usual week's pay, but the last that he was to receive from this employer—the last, perhaps, he was ever to receive from anybody, he thought, as he shuffled disconsolately down the stairs.

It was a sad story to tell to his mother; though, of course, being his mother, she would be easier than any one else.

"Well, it's too bad, Timmie, losing your very first place, but I suppose you can look around for another one."

"Oh, yes," replied Tim, choking up at her sympathy. But when he went to his own room and looked out of the window, it really did not seem any use. It was the recommendation from his grammar school that got him this place; but now he hadn't any recommendation. And who would take a discharged office-boy?

However, next morning he faithfully copied out all the "Boy Wanted" advertisements in the Sunday paper, and on Monday started out early to try his luck. At noon he came home discouraged; at supper-time he had no appetite at all.

Sometimes the place had just been taken by another boy. The "Help Wanted" column had many readers, it seemed. Sometimes a bigger boy than Tim was wanted, and how Tim wished he was tall! Sometimes it was a smaller boy, and Tim regretted his long trousers.

Sometimes the faces of the women clerks, looking sidewise from their desks at the candidate for Harry's or Charley's position, froze his courage completely. His voice sank low, and he grew in his own esteem twice as shabby and humble as he really was. Then he saw clouds of doubt gathering on the face of the manager or floor-walker, and heard him conclude the examination with a blunt "You won't do," or, perhaps, the more evasive "Well, I think we'll make other arrangements," or, gentlest of all, but knelling with no less certainty the doom of his modest application, "Leave me your address, so that if we should want you we shall know where to send."

Two weeks of constant rejection sapped Tim's hope most lamentably. He dreaded to turn an office door-knob. He began to look upon employers as a class apart from other men, of stern, inquisitorial temper and disposition that could not be pleased.

"It's too bad we haven't some friend who could get you a place, Timmie," said his mother. That was just what Tim had been thinking, himself. Naturally, he heard his mother had certain traits in common. "But I can't think of any; so you'll keep on trying, like a good boy, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Tim, "I'll keep on trying."

But two months went by, and he hadn't energy enough left for a real, hearty try. To be sure, he dreamed every night of golden strokes of fortune, and usually started toward town in the morning determined to "do something, anyway." But even this vague determination oozed away after he had crossed his threshold; and the upshot of every journey was a random saunter through the streets, with his hands in his pockets and a far-away, desolate look in his eyes.

Now and then he would stop at a store window with a sudden jerk, then turn aside after a short survey, move on to the next corner and halt a minute before he decided whether to proceed to the right or to the left. He

examining him, probing him, just like the eyes of those terrible managers and floor-walkers and employers.

"Where's Dineen's wagon? He isn't peddling this year," said Nelly.

"Oh, I forgot that. But that's all—old and kinder—"

"Couldn't you point it up?"

"Oh, I'm no good at painting." "You're too—too bashful to live, Timmie Tighe. You just want somebody to plant you in a chair, and put a pen in your hand, and tell you what to write, and you'll write it. But they never will; and you'll go to the bad, if you don't look out. That's what you'll do."

"Oh, no, I won't do that, Nelly." "I wish I was a boy."

"Besides—the idea of the peddler's wagon haunted Tim strangely—"I'd have to have a license, anyway."

"What of it?" "Where'd I get the money?" "Your mother has some. She could set you up. You could get a license easily enough, and a wagon, too, and a horse, and stock, and everything, if you weren't such a—great big baby."

Tim looked up once more in Nelly's eyes. Now Nelly was not a queen or a heroine of any sort. But the fire which she flashed forth at that moment was the very inspiration which had urged kings and conquerors to their greatest achievements—some of them no more adventurous in the beginning than our halting friend, Tim Tighe. Tim read it correctly. He saw fate in those eyes; he saw initiative. They said "Must"; they said "Will"; they refused with scorn to accept any paltering negative like "Can't."

A week later he announced casually to Nelly that he had bought Dineen's old horse and wagon; and the look in the eyes was friendly once more. It had been hard work to persuade his mother to advance so much money; but if a boy cannot persuade his own mother, what hope has he of moving the world outside?

Tim's first investment was a stock of blueberries. Columbus, journeying westward, in momentary peril of falling over the brink of the world; Nansen, pushing north, nearer and nearer to the pole, but farther and farther from kin and succor—neither of these heroes could have felt more venturesome than Tim Tighe, daring to drive his newly-painted wagon through strange city streets, and to send into the cold cars of residents and passing pedestrians that loud clamor of his:

"Blueberries—all ripe—three quarts for a quarter!"

The first time he shouted, the sound of his own voice startled him; he seemed to hear the words thrown back in derision. But Willy, Nelly's ten-year-old brother, who sat on the wagon, sent to "mind the team," seconded his effort with such a shrill, cherry chirp. "Yeer they are—blueberries—all ripe!" that Tim felt ashamed of his timidity.

They had resolved to experiment in a distant quarter of the city. For fully fifteen minutes their cries were unanswered; but at last a neat old lady called Tim to her doorstep, inspected his berries, and ordered three quarts.

That three-quart order was the making of a man. Tim did not sweep the berries off level with the top of his measure. Far from it! They rose in a great mound from the middle of the box, and when he turned them into the lady's brown earthenware dish, they actually spilled over at the sides.

He counted out the change in his left hand with a new feeling of importance; and the very horse started with excitement when he tossed the measure back into the wagon and sang out boldly, with florid variations of his tune:

"Nice ripe blueberries yeer—three quarts for a quarter!"

At dusk, one great box of berries was empty and another well hallowed in the middle; Willy was hoarse, and Tim, who did the walking, was tired; but his pockets were heavy with silver, which he jingled for Nelly's satisfaction—she happened to be at the gate again—and counted out on the table for his delighted mother.

Next evening the return was larger. Gradually the customers began to watch for him and he for them. His cry was a warning signal which in quiet quarters could be heard a block away. It distinguished itself sharply from other peddlers' cries. Really it was like a song, compared with theirs. Perhaps that was why the nice old ladies called him so often to their doorsteps. His being a boy did not seem to deter them in the least.

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

**Novelty in Sofa Cushions.**  
The sofa cushion has become as much a part of the home wardrobe as the shirt waist is of the personal outfit, and every season new styles of cushions are exhibited, putting the seal of disapproval on those we have and tempting us to replace the worn out ones with those on which fashion smiles.

The newest cushion to-day is the one whose cover is made of the famous canvas work in cross stitch. The beauty of this cross stitch work is in its possibilities of infinite gradations of color; with an intricate design one can use ten or fifteen shades of the worsteds. The pillow is finished with a ruffle combining two or three rows of inch wide ribbons of the shades employed in the canvas work, stitched together or embroidered with her ringbone or buttonhole.—New York Herald.

**Having Good Ventilation.**  
The poets' "melancholy days have come," and with them the season for starting the furnace, that foe to all plant life. The writer is a thorough believer in that form of house-heating, but it must be said that the ordinary furnace-heated house is a bad place in which to grow plants. The air seems to have had all the dampness removed, and that moist condition so conducive to a good growth in plants is not found. This may in a measure be overcome by means of evaporation, which, while not supplying a great amount of moisture, should do something toward relieving the bad condition of the atmosphere.

Place jars or pans of water in, around or about the furnace, hang buckets of water down inside the furnace pipes below the registers, or place them anywhere that rapid evaporation may be induced.

Keep all the plants in light, airy locations, but away from drafts. Never consign a well-grown specimen palm to a corner of the room, though it may look better there. Its beautiful appearance will last a short time only in the dark, close place. It may seem strange to some, but the very best place in the house, if the temperature can there be maintained at an even point, is the kitchen, because of the constant evaporation of water as it puffs forth from the spout of the teakettle.—Woman's Home Companion.

**Caring for the Piano.**  
It is well to sometimes rub the wires gently with chamois or a flannel cloth, and to pass a soft muslin over the sounding board by means of a slender point which will slip between the wires and engage the cloth, which may then be carefully moved over the surface, taking off the dust. A steel crochet hook or a stout knitting needle will answer the purpose.

It is advisable to keep a little camphor gum inside the case, for if the moth miller has been attracted by the felt used in various parts, it will serve as a means of protection against the moth. The temperature of the room should be moderate, and as even as may be. Extreme heat that is drying should always be avoided, as when a piano stands, as is often the case, too near a stove, a register or a grate fire. An instrument should be opened for a short time each day; if it is not much used this is especially desirable.

Often there appears a sort of bloom upon the case, or the wood looks dingy, and seems to be in need of cleaning. It is, however, very uncertain work to attempt to improve the fine finish of a piano with polish, so much of which is advertised as making a piano look like new. Instead, the method recommended and used by a professional tuner is one that may be safely tested, with the certainty that it will not be the means of gathering additional dust, as oils and polishes are apt to do.

Take the finest toilet soap and lukewarm water, and wash a little of the piano at a time, as you would wash a baby's dirty face, using a soft cloth, such as Canton flannel, working upon a space not larger than your hand. Wipe it off with clear water, and rub well with clean Canton flannel until it is perfectly dry and well polished. The fine soap does not affect the original finish in the least, but simply removes that which obscures it, and, if rubbed absolutely dry, with a brisk motion, the result is that the piano is cleaned and brightened.

**Recipes.**  
Baked Pear Sauce—Cut peeled and cored pears in quarters, and stir as usual, adding sugar. Then put in an agate pie plate with the sauce and bake slowly half an hour. They have a different flavor from either baked or stewed.

Brunswick Stew—Cook a small part of beef suet until nearly done, then add peeled and quartered potatoes, skinned and sliced ripe tomatoes, small or quartered onions, salt, pepper. This may be dish with the meat in centre and vegetables around, or cut the meat in pieces and serve as a stew.

Apple Puffs—Three eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt and enough flour to make a batter, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Fill the cups alternately with a layer of the batter and then the apples chopped fine. Steam one hour and serve hot with sugar and cream. Any other fruit may be used.

Italian Paste—In one quart of sweet milk soak until pliable one-half pound of macaroni, drain off the milk and place the paste in a deep earthen dish. To the milk, with enough more to cover, add a teaspoonful of salt, two well beaten eggs, a dessertspoonful of sugar and pour on the paste. Grate dry bits of cheese and sprinkle over the paste one-half inch deep; bake brown.

SOMEHOW AND SOMEWHERE  
AMONG THE MUSCLES AND JOINTS  
The Pains and Aches of  
**RHEUMATISM**  
CREEPS IN.  
Right on its track  
**St. Jacobs Oil**  
CREEPS IN.  
It Penetrates, Searches, Drives Out.

Save the Baby  
From strangling with croup, by checking it at once with Hoxsie's Croup Cure. 50 cts. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colics.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Russia exports 430,000,000 eggs annually.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

United States contains 75,000 typewriters.

**CLEVER MATCH MAKING.**  
Both of the American Girls Got Eligible Husbands.

"An exceedingly clever bit of match-making has just been executed by an American lady whose eldest daughter left New York with some friends on a European tour, and who, after doing the continent, returned to our gay capital for several months of rest and pleasure." "Attractive and clever, she had many suitors. She adroitly reduced the number to two. Then she vied home to her mother, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well-conducted and rich that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question: "What shall I do?" Ten days later she received a telegram from her mother: "I sail tomorrow; hold both until I come." The next transatlantic steamer brought the mother with her second daughter, just turned 18. On her arrival she at once took the helm of affairs, and she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning."

**Cost of Launching a Warship.**  
The total cost of the launch of 2 modern battleship often amounts to over \$10,000. About five tons of tallow and over a ton of oil and soft soap are used in greasing the ways—that is, the slip down which the cradle in which the vessel is placed, glides into the sea.

**All for One Price.**  
"What a lovely new coiffure Miss Oldtimer has. Where did she get the style?" "That comes with the hair."

**Half Sick Half Well**

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood. And the remedy?

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the droxy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

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