FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888. PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY BY THE

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited. OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 16, 1899

A Petition That Will Be Ignored A Petition That Will Be Ignored. A petition signed by the leading clergymen of Philadelphia will be pre-sented to the legislature, asking that body to refuse to seat Theodore B. Stub, who was elected to the house of repre-sentatives from that city, or, if he can-not be refused a seat, to request bim to resign. Stub was at one time a com-missioner of Philadelphia and later the health officer. From the latter position he resigned last summer at the request of Governor Hastings after it had request of Governor Hastings after it had been proven in court that he was finanee proven in court that he was that ally interested in a notorious house kep one Agnes King (which fact was kep to f the columns of every daily pape that city at the time of the trial ulb was taken up by the Republican last fall and elected to the legislature. Inasmuch as one-half of Stulb's Philadelphia colleagues are as deeply steeped in filth as himself, the petition of the in filth as himself, the petition of the ministers will receive scant courtesy when it appears. It is men like Stulb who know how to roll up the tremend-ous "majorities" which Philadelphia can furnish at will, and that is of more importance to the Republicans of Penn-sylvania than the moral character of our state lergistores. tate legislators.

At this time of the year the annual statistical reports of the births, deaths, marriages, interments, etc., that have taken place in neighboring boroughs during 1898 are appearing in the local papers of these places. An accurate record of these ovents becomes quite valuable in after years, and the council should immediately provide for the should immediately provide for the systematic gathering and preservation systematic gathering and preservation of all such information. In most other towns the reports are furnished to the Boards of Health by ministers, physi-clans, sextons, etc., under compulsion, and when sent in promptly very little work is entailed in making out an annual report which in a short while becomes a valuable historical document.

It is a matter worthy of notice that It is a matter wortky of notice that the division of Americans on the ques-tion of expansion vs. anti-expansion linds those who favor an alliance with Great Britain on the side of expansion. What connection the two questions may have has not yet been disclosed, but a connection there is, unless appearances are deceiving. Expansion on the lines followed by the government across the Atlantic is an ideal which every good Atlantic is an ideal which every good American should turn from in horror. Its record of blood-letting, plundering, corruption and robbery, in the early the record of blood-letting, plundering, corruption and robbery, in the early and in some instances in the present days of its colonial policy, is not the proper model for the United States.

There is no doubt but that Freeland as in former years, will make partisan nominations for the several offices to be filled at the coming election. It is therefore the duty of every citizen to attherefore the duty of every citizen to at-tend the primaries of the party with which he is affiliated and help to select men who will fill our local positions with credit to themselves and the town. With worthy men on all tickets the people will have cause to rejoice which-ever way the votes are cast. There is a future for Freeland if energetic and prog-ressive men are given charge of the ressive men are given charge of the borough affairs during the next few vears

Commencing today the Harrisburg letters of C. G. Nissley to the TRIMINE are resumed. These weekly reports of the doings of the legislature were popu-lar with our readers during the last ses-sion, and Mr. Nissley, who is a thorough newspaper man, may be depended upon to give the same satisfaction during the present deliberations of our law-makers.

CASTORIA fants and Childr The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Char H. Fletcher:

Dr. David Kennedys Favorite Remedy CURES ALL KIDVER, STOMACH CURES ALL KIDVER, STOMACH

MY FATE. The moon looked over the hill, Coldly dispassionate: And the dreamy daffodil Bowed by the silent rill, Wan and disconsolate. Never a breath of a breeze ' Moved mid the ghostly trees, Ah, the night was strangely still When I sought my fate!

The moon looked into your eyes, Neither with love nor hate. And I walted to hear your sights In tender or worldly wise, As a dying man night wait. I was doubting if heaven were true 'Till you breathed: "'Tis you, 'tis you.'' you!" Ah, the night was paradise When I found my fate.

THE MISSING MILLAIS

A dull London aftern bit up in the st thered in the Chatteris sat e la gloom a senty that gentleman threw down shes and palette with a sigh. Thank goodness, that's six finish-Til run down to old Broadbenn ore he shuts up shop. Then I can a new pair of boots for to-mor-"

He laughed rather bitterly and strode cross to the window to look out upon He langhed rather bitterly and strode across to the window to look out upon the chimneypots of Canden Town. The prospect was not exhibitarting, but it exercised a weird fascination upon Jack Chatterls as he stood at the window of his garret and rathed two halfpennies against a latchkey that was a week behind in its rent. A gleam of gold shone in the western sky behind the forest of chimneypots, "That is the gold of her hair," thought Jack. was a week behind in its rent. A gleam of gold shone in the western sky behind the forest of chimneypots, "That is the gold of her hair," thought Jack. A very dirty chimney stack writhed hideously in the foreground. "That's me," thought 'Jack sadly, "and she's as far away from me as the sunset."

And, after all, "she" was only as far away as Park lane.

Tay as Park lane. Tak was painting her portrait, leb, when finished, was to be sub-tted to the hanging committee of the yal Academy. If they don't hang me I shall have hang myself." Jack used to think his more desponding moments. Her father was a soap-boiling mil-naire.

Her father was a soap-boiling mil-lonaire. Jack was the son of a pot-boiling artist. Therein hay the cause of his despondency, for in painting the lady's portrait upon his canvas he had like-wise painted it upon his heart, and, to make matters worse, the canvas was nearly finished. "I can't go on painting in high lights and putting them out again for many more weeks," he mused sadly. "and he old lady is already beginning to suspect me of working with a dry brush." "I c and p

the old havy is aready beginning 15 suspect me of working with a dry brush." This surmise was more correct than even Jack himself dared to think. Lady Silvertown did suspect the young artist of a secret hankering after her fair daughter. Mereover, she had not-leed a certain wistful look in her daughter's eyes of late. "Never mind about the portrait be-ing finished, John. It's fashlonable to leave 'em smudgy nowadays," Lady Silvertayn had remarked to her hus-band. "Pay the young man his money and let him go. I believe our May's getting soft on him, and I'm sure he's in love with her." "Bosh! mother," Sir John had re-pled. "May knows better. She only looks pensive-uke because she's having her portrait painted." Jack Chatteris knew nothing of this conversation as he stood gazing out at the twinkling lamp below, but his heart grew heavy within him as he iboughter of Sir John Silvertown. millionaire. "The fat's in the fire," said Jack to

naire. e fat's in the fire," said Jack to lf, unconsciously quoting a fav-but much condensed phrase of

ohn's. n. nailing his pot-boilers together liked forth to sell them to Broad the dealer at starvation prices next day came the final sitting as ushered into Lady Silvertown's inschoom

Hardly had the servant left the room Mardly had the servant left the room when the door opened and Miss Silver-own herself approached him. Miss Silvertown was pale, but out-

Miss Suvertown was pade, but out-wardly composed. "I-I wish, Mr. Chatteris," she began with a slight eatch in her throat, "to thank you for the palns and care you have bestowed upon my portrait, and I hepe you will accept this as a memory of these pleasant hours." slipped a small paint box into his

and No words passed between them, but ach understood the thoughts that pos-essed the other's mind. At length Jack spoke, "Is it possible," said he, half in in-errogation.

terrogation. Miss Silvertown nodded, then came a

This was too much for Jack. He took her unresisting in his arms.

took her unresisting in his arms. "Forgive me, deur. I have been a wicked fool to fall in love with you." You must lorget me!" Miss Silvertown shock her head. "I can't-1-1 wou't!" she sobbed. "I told mamma so this morning!" Mr. Chatter!s whistled under his breath.

th. he old dragon." he murmured. amma is not a dragon." corrected Silvertown. "She is quite right

but-but-" "Of course," replied Jack, whose soul of a sudden became uplifted with a mighty joy; "but I'll work like a nigger --I'll become a royal academician-ru."

-Fil become a file of the second state of the

interposed Mi5s Silvertown, with a divine smile. At this moment there came a sound of footsteps in the passage. In a sec-ond Miss Silvertown's handkerchief was in her pocket, while the voice of Jack Chatter's was raised in favorable criticism of the most hopeless of spur-lous old masters. Lady Silvertown entered the room "cleared for action" as Jack afterward aptly summed up her appearance. Armed with the knowledge that "his" May loved hina, he grew weary and de clined battle.

"Er-Miss Silvertown tells me that she has a slight headache to-day, and would rather not give me her last sit-ting." The stress he laid on the word "last" disarmed Lady Silvertown's suspicions, and he took his leave, to make his way home to Camden Town, walking on air.

home to Camden Town, waiking on air. Arrived at his garret his heart sank within him. Camden Town seemed a long way from Park lane. In thinking over the future he thought of the past; of his father, who had died some years since, an unsuc-cessful, eccentric, struggling artist; of his mother, who, his father told him, died soon after he was born. One memory awoke another, till in his mind he identified his mother with a picture that used to lean with its

cture that used to lean with its against the wall of his father's studio." He remembered how on his sixth birthday he had turned this canvas around to the light, revealing the face of a benuiful woman wonderfully painted by a master hand. The eyes had seemed to look out of the canvas at him with a loving gaze, and he remembered well how he had kissed the fall, smilling lips, crying "Mother!" to the painted representa-tion.

kissed the full, smilling lips, crying "Mother?" to the painted representa-tion. He remembered how ais father, hear-ing his cry, had rushed into the studio, and for the first and lat time had laid hands upon him in anger, seizing him by the shoulders and throwing him vio-lently across the room, so that he struck his head against the easel with a blow that stunned him. He recalled his avkening sensations —how he found his father hanging over his bed, with a vhite, scared face, wringing his hands and crying, "I have killed him: I have killed my boy!" "Toor old governor, I am afraid he was a bit off his head," murmured Jack, as he pondered over these old memories. "I wonder what he did with that picture?" Then came a memory of a glimpse through a half-opened door as he hay in bed, sick and dazed from the blow. His father had the picture on the easel and had painted quickly over it. Jack rose and strode over to a pile of old sketches that lay against the wall.

wall. One of these he selected without hes-itation, and, taking his palette knife, scraped carefully. There was a picture below the rough handscape! Stimulated by this discovery. Jack went caceful to the selection of the selec

Indiscape! Britis before before the folgen andscape! Stimulated by this discovery, Jack went engerly to work, and in the course of a few hours he removed the upper painting entirely. "By Millais!" he gasped, as the fam-illar initial of the master appeared in the corner.

the corner. He gazed long and lovingly at the ce. He knew by its likeness to him-if that this was his mother, this autiful woman.

Hastily wrapping up the picture, he arried it off to Mr. Broadbean, to seel his advice as to the completion of it: ean, to seek letion of its

Mr. Broadbean was in his shop. He Mr. Broadbean was in his shop. He received Jack with a friendly nod. "I want you to look at a picture for ne, Mr. Broadbean," "Chuck up!" replied Mr. Broadbean, "ablue.

^{me} (Chuck up)" replied Mr. Broadbeau, affably. Jack cut the string and threw back the paper. "It's the missing Millais!" ejaculated Mr. Broadbean, starting back. "Excuse me," replied Jack, politely; "It is a Millais." "Why, I've been on the lookout for that picture these twenty years! So ins every picture dealer in England." answered Mr. Broadbean. "And you say it is your father?" William Chatteris, landscape paint

"Ar. Broadbean raised his glasses"
Mr. Broadbean raised his glasses with a shaking hand. He looked at the picture, then at Jack.
"A wonderful likeness," he murmur-ed. "You say that your father was William Chatteris, the landscape paint-er?" he added aloud.
"Yes."
"Is your mother still alive?"
"She died when I was a baby."
"Are you certain that this is her portrait?"

rait?" "Quite." Mr. Broad ands for so

"Are you certain that this is her por-trait?" "Quite." Mr. Broadbean leaned his face in his hands for some seconds: then he spoke. "See here, Mr. Chatterls." he said, "I do not wish to pry into any of you fam-ily affairs, but I will tell you the his-tory of this portrait. It was puinted thirty years ago by Millais. The lady is the duchess of Wessex, and is still..." "Alive?" gasped Jack. "Yes; still alive. The duke of Wes-sex, it is said, was an exceedingly ec-centric and feelous man, and the mar-riage was an unhappy one. After a yolent quarrel he idisappeared, to gether with his infant son and this por-trait of his wife. The police have had the case in hand for years, and every picture dealer in the world has been tod to look out for the missing Mil-lais," as it is called in the profession. If that lady is your mother she will probably call on me in ten minutes to look at that there Constable. If yon are her son I hope your grace will threak it to her as gently as possible that you are the duke of Wessex," "Hold on. Mr. Chatterls, for heaven's sake! Here she is!" An elderly lady was descending from a carriage which had just drawn up at the door. Jack stood rooted to the ground.

carriage which had just drawn up at ae door. Jack stood rooted to the ground. She was a beautiful lady, with they yes of the picture and wonderful vitic curfs. An obsequinous footman flung open he door of the shop. Mr. Broadbean stealthily slipped over o the door and bolted it. Then he let all the blind, much to the footman'a unazement, and slipped off on tiptor into the cellar, where he commenced o teat up a ten-guinea proof engraving to small pices—just to ease his feel-ngs, as he afterward said. The old lady advanced toward Jack. she did not see the picture, but saw lack.

She did not see the parallel of the second s

well-preserved church of century was excavated, now in use. No woman can be a heartless flirt unless she has had a real love affair.

UNHEALTHY BED CLOTHES. WELL-FED PRISONER. ufacturer to Increase Weight,

was a very bad boy, that I'll admit leed, I consider it almost a miracle

Bendered Deadly by Devices of the Manufacturer to Increase Weight.
Science! Thy name is adulteration. Another terror has been adult to estimate the increase Weight.
Science is the revelation made by an english trade paper of the processes by which certain manufacturers "fill" the sheets and blankets with which they food the market. We are told that after a piece of waste sheeting has been wowen the cloth is passed over a trough containing a solution of zine, suphate of magnesia (commonly known as Epsom salts) and water. This is called a spiral of these noxious ingredients upon the cloth, with the result that a fifty-pound piece after the operation weighs seven and one-half pounds more than when it left the loom. As the goods are sold by the pound the object is evident. But what about the purchaser? A piece cuts up into ten pairs of sheets. Each pair, therefore, contains three-quarters of a pound of moisture-attracting material. The results are appailing. As soon as a wet day comes the sheets he observe the bidly casts aside the sheets and wraps himself in the blankets in way ath him nothing. For the blanket makers have leaving unsue, Next we shall hear the counterpane makers are equally astute, and the timel sleeper sub at the synch the trick, and the same ill-results may use the sheets and wraps himself in the blanket is that the woolen she sheets in the year death to a synch y astute, and the timel sleeper to a specific they with the woolen she sheets is ritents to say the sheet is they are death to asset in the year of the sleeper sheat they are death to a sub they kill the sleeper any basis that suggest travels in the furthest north. The only advantage of these "filled" or heavily "sized" sheets on the sheets is the town they wanted the travelst represent they are death to asset they kill the sleeper as well as the pulce travelst may be they with they would be an they with they would be an they with they would be a sheet is the town they wanted be an they as the sheets is they are death to I was a very bad boy, that I'll admit, indeed, I consider it almost a mirache that I turned out as well as I dd. It was at the close of the Clvil war bener i cut this wicked yet laughable of the close of the Clvil war brank, which I shall never forget. I was not more than ten years old when the town of B—gave a grand festival in honor of the returned pa-tricts who had fought so valiantly and successfully for our country's cause. Frequencies of the clvin on one of gav-tricts who had fought so valiantly and successfully for our country's cause. Frequencies of the settival was here the make the returned on the baself to make the returnion one of gav-tricts who had fought so valiantly and successfully for our anger, and disap-pointment, all were andmitted, free of charge, but boys—poor, neglected boys. There we were to the number of a dozen or more peeping cautions-tricts a pane of glass. It was en-tirely too tempting for us to see the working which fortunately was minus a pane of glass. It was en-tirely the se standing next to the broken which were nowed to take advan-tion of the or take advan-tion of the take

himself. While we were inus engaged there came stealchily behind us our town marshal. If ever there was a kind-hearted soul it was he. Droil and good natured and ever ready to forgive, while there was, notwiths anding, a certain sense of authority about his person that made the boys honor as well as fear him. He was nativy upon us, however, before we discovered him, but upon seeing him ''s began running as though for our lives. To my fright and dispair, I was expitted and feil a victim to the pursishment the con-stable desired to inflict upon me. "Til put ye where you'll not git no more cakes fur awhile," he said sharp-ig, as he shoved me into an old stor-age room of the hall and slamming the door he walked heavily away. Finding myself alone, I began to ex-plore my prison. The room was dark upon first entering it—so dark I was obliged to walk with my hands ex-tended before me and with slow and uncertain step lest I stumble and fall. I had not gone far, however, when I suddenly came to a halt. My obstruc-tion was nothing more than a board supported upon barries, Running my hand along its surface I discovered-what: Or was I draming? The board was ladended with the good things for the festival! There were cakes of all description, pies of evey kind, cookies, cold meats, fruit, and, in fact, most verything boys like. Before I could fully realize my good fortune, I had begun sampling them each in their turn. Oh, how delicious they were! The pumpkin pies tasted better (per-haps because they were stolen) than any I had ever ate before; and the doughnuts were even better than the on Thanksgiving. It was shameful, the way I mutil-ate the lovely pies and cakes, for find-ing neither knife or fork, I used my fing neither knife or fork, I used my fungtored so faithfully in preparing the foast I must have looked comical, standing there, my mouth an

well as myself to have a share of the feast. Meanwhile, the marshal had chuckled triumphantly to himself, and started strolling about the grounds, in search of more boys. But none were in sight, for profiting by my capture, they had fiel away. So the constable walked about smoking his pipe. Then he walked into the room where the ladies were serving dinner and remark-ed to a group standing near him, with an indifferent gesture of his hand, "I've got one o' them boys that was stealin' through the winder in yonder rooom."

are surrounded—our cattle, our horses, our dogs and cats, our flies, our mos-quitces, and perhaps even our fleas— in distributing disease from man to man, and, as is stated in regard to the mosquito and malaria, in deciding whether the extension of our empire over great areas of the globe's surface shall be possible or not.

stealln' through the winder in yonder "Oh! oh!" shrieked the ladies in despair, while they wrung their hands with wild lamentations. "Take him out, quick! The provisions! Don't you know? The provisions! Me've got all the provisions in there! Oh, dear! Oh what shall we do? What a shame!" The constable hurried to the room containing me, and opening the door (luckly I had heard him coming), he said in droll tone, while there was a half-dogged, half-amused look upon his face. If guess you kin come out now, if you'll promise to be a good boy after this." He eyed my pockets sus-piciously as I passed out, but said noth-ing. I found my comrades and we had a feast from the contents of my pockets.

Pin Productions. In Birmingham 37,000,000 pins are produced daily, while the other manu-facturing places of England are respon-sible for about 19,000,000 a day. France furnishes the market with 20,000,000 each day, and Germany and other coun-tries yield 10,000,000. had a feast from the contents of my pockets. (The story became well-known in our little town and though my Sunday school teacher severely reprimanded me, and the women who suffered the loss pronounced me a thief. I became a great favorite with the old soldiers, who thought my stolen feast a good joke. Although my story has no mor-al worth the telling and presents a bad, rather than a good example, hero is a moral which will probably apply to the marshal. It is, "Captor, be careful where you put your prisoner." Cod Liver Oil. The best cod liver oil is made in Nor-way. For three months, beginning in January, the fish come in from the Arctic Ocean to the Norway flords, or bays, to spawn, and sometimes as many as 60,000,000 or 65,000,000 fish are caught in a single season. Buried Church. At Soulac, in Gascony, a cross was discovered projecting above the sand. Further investigation showed that it was attached to a steeple, and later a well-preserved church of the thirteenth

Few Paupers in Japan. The paupers in Japan number few than 10,000 out of a population of 3 000,000. In that country it is co sidered a disgrace to be an idler. of 38.

A Word of Warning

ble with thousanus of ans suppose it is. The rea ctors often fail to effect a medy. Women as well uble with thousands of w

11

a cure, simply because they don't a cure, simply because they don't a sure, can ascertain for them-bly simply fill a bottle or glass tum-bler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often-if there is a pain in the small of the back-if the urino stains linen-look out! The Kidneys are diseased. Ladies can take Dr. David Ken-

Ladies can take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with perfect as-surance of relief. It will cure them of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders just as certainly

Mrs. G. W. DAVENFORT, of West Troy, Mrs. G. W. DAVENFORT, of West Troy, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my Kid-ney and suffered intense pain in my back and loins. The wife of Dr. Robinson, pastor of the First Avenue Methodist Church, recommended **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.** I got some, and have used it ever since, with the result that I am greatly benefited. All pains have left me, and I am like another person."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a perfect blood and nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition and cures the worst cases of constipation. It is a certain cure for all diseases peculiar to females.

Sample Bottle Free

FORMEDY is such a certain cure that the DR. DAVID KENNERY FLON, Rondout, N. Y., will forward, prepaid, a free sample bottle to fferer who sends his or her full postoffice address and mentions this The fact that our liberal offer appears in this paper is a guarantee of its over orporation, R very sufferer waper. The fact

All druggists sell Favorite Remedy at \$1.00 a bottle.





The Pennnce Stone. In India, three miles from Killegor is the famous penance stone. It is a

gods.

Pin Productions.

torious and candidates for the favor of the gods. **Dect and Disease**. Nothing could more strikingly illus-trate the importance of small things than the large role which is now at-tributed to the most serious and wide-spread diseases to which the human race is subject. It is truly said that what prevents the successful coloniza-tion of many tropical countries, and what throws the gractest obstacle in the way of civilization and of good government in vast regions of central Africa, is not climate, not distance from home, and not unfriendliness on the part of the natives. The obstacle is malaria, and now we find that the prevalence of malari, so far as man is concerned, depends on the mosquito, and that this pestilent little insect, in addition to irritating and annoying, is the means by which the poison of ma-tria is progagated and distributed. For years back botanists have known the scattering of seed, and of insects in the distribution of the poile of plants; and it have to recognize in a much tharger degree than has till lately been done, the large part taken by the sub-ordinate forms of life by which we are surrounded—our cattle, our horses, our dogs and cats, our fles.

I began filling my pockets, with newed enegy, for I wanted the boys well as myself to have a share of