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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 3, 1899.

LET US DO RIGHT.

Stop Playing Tyrant With the American Flag Wrapped Round Our Body.
From the Philadelphia City and State.

We assume that it is right to have a national conscience. If this is true, such a conscience can only be formed and made operative by the individual members of the nation expressing their opinions on national affairs. The more critical and important the affair, the more necessary is expression of the sober opinion of citizens. The reverse makes of the American democracy nothing but an immense chained mob. Once forced into any line of policy, and the man at the helm becomes an autocrat. He either actively does what he wants unimpeded, since criticism of his acts is impossible, or he gets what he wants done, or what he is afraid to have stopped, by the drift of destiny.

What are American arms doing in the Philippines, wherein is being incurred the slaughter of hundreds, possibly thousands of natives, and scores, possibly hundreds, of brave, valuable American lives?

We are seeking to effect a conquest over people who do not belong to us; a conquest as vulgar, as indefensible morally in its basis, as those which Napoleon effected on European soil in the early part of the century. We have demanded submission of a people over whom we had such rights as came from a purchase from Spain, their confessed oppressor—that and no more. With insolence and mendacity we call them "rebels" and shoot them down—men who, as Senator Mason truly says, swore no allegiance to us, and who, judged in any court of ethics known among men, owe us no allegiance. This is precisely what we Americans—who reverence Lexington and Bunker Hill, and other battle-grounds of freedom—are doing in March, 1899. It is not bullying John Bull, or glory-loving Johnny Crapeaud, or the brutal Russian Bear that is doing this, but we ourselves. We are "the man," and no other. We have to rub our eyes and slap ourselves to be sure we are awake and in our senses, so totally un-American is this thing.

The Filipinos have right on their side, and their climate—and every honest man, in his heart of hearts, knows it; and we have wrong on our side, and a love of the main chance—and we all know that, too. Men have determination—desperation—when they are fighting for freedom. Mean, treacherous "rebels" like the Filipinos prefer that to a beautiful gilded American cage. It is to put them in that cage, and to have them hop up and down gratefully like timid birds, that we are destroying good American lives; no principle in it, no glory; just the fun of making men who thought they were about to be free crawl—and then that beckoning main chance later on! We may succeed; we may take, shoot, or exile the "rebel" Aguinaldo; we may hem in and crush his army.

But this ugly truth will remain precisely the same, indestructible whether we succeed or fail: We are playing the tyrant with the beautiful, free American flag wrapped round our body. This is what history will see, and what we may now see if we cool our heads and look straight at it.

President McKinley said, at the Boston Home Market Club dinner, that he left the question in the hands of congress to settle it. Then why not let an extra session of that body, and let it settle it? Why not command our forces to stay within their army lines, stopping the conquest programme until congress determines what action the true honor of the country requires? If Gladstone was man enough to hold Great Britain after defeat back from an unjust war with the Boers, why should not our president at least give congress the chance to do the right and magnanimous act after repeated victories?

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Coughs,
Colds,
Grippe,
Whooping Cough, Asthma,
Bronchitis and Incipient
Consumption, is
**OTTO'S
CURE**
The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25 & 50cts.

THE BIGGEST COAL FIRE.

IT HAS BEEN BURNING FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

Forty Acres of Anthracite on Fire at Wilkesbarre Which Has Entailed a Loss on the Delaware and Hudson Company of \$3,000,000.

The Wilkesbarre correspondent of the New York Evening Post had the following interesting story from that city in the above paper, recently:

Twenty-five years ago, on the 6th of January, 1874, there was ignited what proved to be the biggest and most expensive mine fire in the coal mining history of the world, a fire that has destroyed forty acres of coal, twenty feet in thickness on the average, has cost over \$3,000,000, and is still burning. It is estimated that it will last another quarter of a century, and may cost some thousands of dollars more before it has burned itself out.

This remarkable fire, whose proportions and importance few who are not mining experts realize, is in the No. 2 colliery of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, in the East End district of that city, and is one of the most noteworthy features of the mining region of northeastern Pennsylvania. Despite its unusual extent it is under the watchful care of but two men, one during the day and the other at night. Two men have in the last twenty-four years been its sole guardians, yet upon their vigilance depends many thousands of dollars worth of property.

The Baltimore vein is famous throughout the anthracite region as being the most valuable coal in northeastern Pennsylvania, for it is free from slate or rock, and averages from sixteen to twenty-four feet in thickness. There are bigger veins, notably the Mammoth of the Lehigh region, which reaches a thickness of forty feet, but the coal from none of them sells for so high a price.

When the Delaware and Hudson Company "tapped" this vein in the early seventies the officials looked forward to a rich harvest, for it was easy of access and was readily mined. It was reached by an interior slope, starting near the foot of the No. 2 shaft, and the cars were hoisted up by this slope by engines placed at the foot of it, the steam being generated in boilers close to the engines. This was the custom in the early seventies, and it was not changed until the disaster at No. 2 demonstrated the danger. Nowadays the steam is carried to the interior engines through bore holes from the surface.

The vein had been worked but a comparatively short time when, on January 6, 1874, the working in the vicinity of the engines caved in, the boilers were demolished by the mass of coal and rock falling on them, and the boiler fires ignited the coal. Thus in a moment occurred the disaster which has cost enough money to buy several mines. Gangs of men working in short shifts cleared up the fallen rock and slate as quickly as possible, but when the boilers were reached the fire had eaten well into the big vein and was spreading rapidly.

The difficulty of fighting a big mine fire is great. The intense heat, the confined space, the suffocating gases, all make it well-nigh impossible to get within striking distance of it by ordinary means. But a miner can endure much, and for weeks a gang of 300 stout-hearted and strong-limbed men waged a ceaseless battle with this fire. Each could labor but a few moments before being overcome, and a constant stream of workmen were advancing on the "face" of the fire, and being carried back again to revive, where the air was comparatively pure and the heat less intense. But the fire gained steadily and soon the plan of fighting it was changed.

Water had no appreciable effect upon it, and the next course pursued was that which was called "suffocating it." Fire must have air. So all the openings and channels, by which air could reach the blaze, were hermetically sealed with tons of clay. This work, though immense walls of masonry, and thousands with the utmost vigor and the largest available force, was also a failure, for, after months of waiting for the fire to be suffocated, the air tight compartments were tapped and the fire was found to be of greater extent and fiercer than before.

The work of the first month alone cost the company \$100,000, and in the following months more hundreds of thousands had been spent in unsuccessful efforts. Then, every method known to the American mining engineer having failed, the company engaged Robert Brown, an English mine fire expert. Still the fire raged, until, at last, after years of work, the effort to subdue it was abandoned.

The officials, anxious to save as much as possible, cut off the burning workings, making them practically an island of fire in an oasis of coal, for there are other rich veins in close proximity to the Baltimore. Had the fire been totally neglected, it would, in time, have spread to these other veins. A great gangway was built around the mass of coal the experts considered beyond saving, enclosing forty acres of the richest anthracite in the world, which was left slowly to burn itself out.

Some idea of the extent of forty acres of coal can be obtained from the fact that the fire has been burning steadily for twenty-five years, and it is estimated that it will last for another quarter of a century. The value of this mass of coal is placed at \$1,500,000, and the cost of

fighting it and caring for it has amounted to the same sum.

The work of watching this great fire is interesting. As soon as the big gangway circulating the fire was put through, water pipes were placed along its entire course, and every hour in all the years that have intervened a strong force of water is kept in them. At convenient distances are taps. All this is made necessary by another feature of the fire. As the coal burns away it falls in smothering ashes, until the roof of rock that confines it is visible twenty feet overhead. As soon as there is a fall of several feet, exposing the roof, one of the watchmen, whose duty it is to tramp unceasing around the circuit of the fire, watching for just such a thing, taps the water pipe, and plays water upon it until the great smouldering mass is cold. Then gangs of men are sent in to set up massive timbers. These big props, some of them twenty inches in diameter, support the roof, in place of the coal, which has been burned away.

The surface of the ground over this big fire is populated; there are several houses on it, and much valuable property. If the roof was allowed to remain unsupported, as the coal burns upwards it would cave in, with possible loss of life. This is what the company has to guard against constantly, for not only would the surface be affected, but there is every possibility that the "drag" in the cave-in would affect other portions of the mine.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

A Business Man Tangled Up With a General Utility Citizen.

"I suppose we all got caught at times," remarked a well-known business man, "but I have had an experience that was particularly mortifying to one who has been in business for forty years.

"I received, some time ago, a letter from a party living in a little town in the west, who wanted a small bill of goods.

"Not finding his name in either Dun's or Bradstreet's, I wrote the postmaster for the man's standing. I received a very flattering letter in return, saying that the party I inquired about was one of the town's solid citizens and good for any amount.

"This allayed any suspicion that I had, and I forwarded the goods ordered.

"I sent three bills before I received an answer, and then it was not satisfactory. I allowed the matter to run for some time, and at last, getting a saucy answer in reply to a letter of mine asking for a settlement, I lost my temper and wrote the postmaster a letter, telling him to hand the matter over to the leading attorney in town for collection, no matter what the cost would be.

"It wasn't long before I received an answer from the postmaster saying he had followed my instructions, and handed the matter to an attorney, who had succeeded in collecting the amount, but at a considerable expense. In fact, the attorney had a bill against me for \$25 more than he had collected, and that he (the postmaster) had paid it and would look to me for the amount.

"Here was a situation, I hadn't instructed the postmaster to act as my cashier, but thinking that was the western way of it, and not caring to have the fool postmaster lose the amount, I sent him a check, and considered the matter closed.

"But the other day I chanced to meet a party who formerly lived in that town, and I asked him if he knew the party who had beaten me out of a bill of goods. He said he did. He was a general utility man for the whole neighborhood. Ran a general store, kept the post office, and, when he could get nothing else to do, took what business he could, got as a lawyer. He added that he appeared to be making money, but it was a mystery to every one how he managed it.

"But it was no mystery to me. I had seen a great light. He has an endless chain arrangement that will make him a fortune if some one doesn't get mad and go out there and kill him."

THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA.

There are 4,500 women printers in England.

Americans pay \$8,000,000 a year for looking glasses.

The Chinese have a special god for every disease.

World's annual coffee production is 1,600,000,000 pounds.

There are 600,000 people employed in Italy in rearing silkworms.

The number of medical periodicals published in the United States is 275.

Among the 780,000 persons employed in Russia's factories about 200,000 are women.

London enjoys a greater area of open spaces than any other capital in the world.

No fewer than 2,401 patents have been taken out on processes for making sugar and salt.

The University of Oxford has type and appliances for printing in 150 different languages.

It is said that the peasant of the south of France spends on food for a family of five an average of 2 pence a day.

Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over 1,000.

It is computed that at the present time the diamonds bought for American betting lives in the United States are worth no less than \$5,000,000.

HAS MANY MEANINGS

REAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTIANITY IS BROUGHT HOME TO MAN.

Many Interesting Stories Concerning the Doings of the Day—Keystone of Human Faith Based Upon the Observance—Oldest of All Festivities.

The churchgoer knows the meaning of Easter in a way, because in every land where the Christian faith obtains the singers carol "Christ is Risen." Technically, it means the anniversary commemorative of the resurrection. Really, it is an annual reminder to mankind of all the terms religion implies, and of the duties that really devolve upon every person.

The resurrection is the ostensible topic of the majority of sermons preached upon on Easter Sunday, but it is not only that which is meant. The deep religious significance of the occasion is illustrated in the most attractive and beautiful form in the churches, as a lesson to the eye and through that to the heart. Greatest of all, however, are the joyful features of Easter, the springing of hope and the miracle of resurrection. All these inspire a condition of joy and happiness in the lives of young and old and the most insensible object becomes a part of the carnival of joy. In a word, Easter is a continual pledge to mankind that life is eternal.

It was not until the fifth or sixth century that Easter was kept as a festival upon the date of keeping the festival. Some persons observed it annually on the same day of the year. Others observed the fourteenth day of the first moon in the new year, regardless of what that day might be. Still others celebrated the first Sunday after the first full moon, and these persons differed widely as to exactly what Sunday that day was.

Nothing was definitely settled in the way of a universal agreement until the question was taken up by the council of Nice. That body settled the date as the first Sunday following the 14th day of the calendar moon which happened upon or next after the 21st of March, so that if this 14th day be a Sunday, Easter was not to be on that date, but on the next following Sunday. Easter, therefore, may be any date within five weeks, inclusive of March 22 and April 25th. It cannot happen earlier or later than these two days. In 1883 Easter occurred March 25th and again on the same date in 1894.

It was after keeping the passover with His disciples that Christ's crucifixion took place, yet the Christian Easter and the Jewish Passover seldom fall on the same day. The last time they did so was in 1825, on the 3d of April, and they will occur again in 1903, on the 12th of April. Easter is, therefore, called a movable festival and on its date depends the time of keeping Lent, being forty days before, and also the ascension, forty days after Easter. Besides this, Easter fixes the date of the feast of Pentecost with the remaining six Sundays that go to make up the church year.

German mythology pictures Ostara as the goddess of Easter and makes her a most attractive personage. This goddess, says the mythologist, has given her name to one of the greatest events in the Christian era. The name is a form of the old German "Ostern," and of the English "Easter." The early church found it wise to adapt to Christian purposes many institutions and customs of a pagan nature, which had become established in the affections of the people. So the observance which in heathen times honored the advent of Ostara, the goddess of spring, survived, to a certain extent, in the Christian celebration of the resurrection.

Apart from the religious services, those observances with which the heathen people honored Ostara still linger in their primitive form in many parts of Germany and possibly of England. In New York and other centers of Anglo-Saxon civilization, they have assumed a more complex character. German mythology always said that the German rustic feasting at Easter time represents the ancient sacrifice of the goddess. Sacrifice is also ordered by the urban American in these days, in the form of fine raiment and bonnet.

Ostara is represented in mythological art as a dazzling creature, clad with simplicity but exceeding beauty. She is surrounded by winged babies, birds, flowers, rabbits and other things emblematical of Easter and the springtime. The sun, mythology has used to leap with joy three times when Ostara appeared on Easter day. Easter eggs are supposed to be laid by no common hens. The goddess Ostara was especially favorable to hens, which are usually to be seen in her pictures, surrounded by many eggs. Easter eggs should be red, because red was the favorite color of the thunder god, and the first thunder storm of spring was sacred to Ostara.

The custom of coloring Easter eggs is as old as the use of the egg as a symbol. Long ago the tender blades of wheat, which at the Easter season had just peeped above the earth's surface, were used for coloring. A handful of the wheat blades thrown into a pot with the eggs turned the color of the shells to a dark green. Soon afterwards colors were obtained from mulberry leaves and the Persians used their dyes with great effect. The people then learned to write upon the boiled eggs with a greased stick. This latter custom is still observed by the Indian population of the United States.

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CHIMES OF GRACE CHURCH

Fretty Fingers The Keys That Cause Them to Ring Out.

Just a narrow little instrument, looking for all the world like the half of an old-fashioned melodeon. It is in a tiny quietly shaped room—almost a closet, in fact—the entrance to which is a small door at the right of the great portals of Grace Church, New York.

At the keyboard sat a young and pretty woman. Quickly and deftly her deft fingers pressed the keys. An instant after came the distant sound of melodious chimes from the belfry far away. The girl played lightly, carelessly, it seemed, upon a noiseless organ which nevertheless set in motion and harmonious ringing the great bells overhead. No force was exerted other than the organist always uses in playing. The performer sat comfortably in her little room.

The bells pealed out a cheerful invitation to the passers-by. It was a familiar tune—an old hymn which most of the busy through had learned in childhood.

Men half paused, looked up and remembered that a Lenten service was about to begin. A few turned their steps toward the church and silently stepped in. Busy women, their arms filled with parcels, stopped their spring shopping for a few moments and entered the quiet, restful sanctuary.

Still the bells rang entrancingly. The girl kept her eyes fastened on a clock. At a certain minute the chimes ceased, and the slow, warning tolling of the bells was heard. The player was pressing one note over and over again and at regular intervals.

Finally that tone ceased, the roll of the great organ overhead was heard and the service had begun.

Miss Bertha Thomas has been the assistant organist and player of the chimes in Grace Church for a number of years.

Miss Thomas is a New York girl of German parentage, and is in every essential a finished musician. Nearly all her time is devoted to her work in Grace Church, though she manages to give a few lessons during spare moments on the organ and piano.

Miss Thomas has exclusive control of the chimes. She looked a modern St. Cecilia as she sat in the dimly-lighted chime-room, her fingers on the keys and her hair forming a golden halo about her head.

"The sound of my chimes," said Miss Thomas, "has gone all over the world. Mr. Edwin Clarence came here one day and received the music of the bells in his photograph. I believe that he has taken it all over, and that Grace Church chimes have been listened to and admired in England, Japan and Australia."

Miss Thomas evidently loves her bells. During the Lenten season there are so many services that the chimes are rung a number of times during the day, and Miss Thomas is constantly found at her post.

"You see," said the young musician as she prepared to play the chimes again, "you can hear the bells perfectly well here. There is a tube running from the belfry to this room. At the end of this funnel or tube, you see, there is a diaphragm, to which are attached rubber receiving tubes such as are used on phonographs. By placing these in the ears you will notice that the sound is intense. One might almost be in the belfry itself. I never use that apparatus unless at a wedding or, for instance, when the chimes must peal out at the same time that the organ is playing overhead. When the organ is sounding the music of the bells is confused, and I use the telephone attachment.

"I want you to notice a great advantage of this electrical arrangement," continued Miss Thomas.

"One of the chief faults of ordinary chime music has been the discordance due to the resonance of the bells; but you will observe that I can regulate that difficulty by the use of these dampers, which, you see, I manage with my feet.

"If a long note at the end of a tune, for example, is desired, I simply hold the key a little longer and take the dampener off. The clapper is then held next to the bell and the resonance is prolonged.

"It is quite possible, you know, to not only play a tune with the chimes, but to play it with expression."

Miss Thomas went on to say that in time she supposed the electric attachment could be made from bells at any distance.

A FEW BRIGHT SAYINGS.

Loneliness is the greatest foe a woman has to fight.

Every field of labor seems more fertile than our own.

The hardest thing in the world is to endeavor to be brilliant to order.

The fragrance of fresh flowers is the nearest thing in nature to a caress.

The very thing that we wish to see most in the newspapers is the item we are apt to overlook.

The person most suspicious regarding another's actions is generally the one most in need of watching.

The longest day is generally the one when you get ready in the morning for something that doesn't occur until night.

It isn't always the girl who wears the biggest bunch of roses and violets to the game who knows the most about football.

There may be some people so imbued with anglomania that they can see something beautiful in a fog, but their name is not legion.

The fragrance of a flower or a long forgotten strain of music has the power to paint a mental picture for us that we thought had faded into oblivion.

Easter Morning.
When happy brooks are running races
Down from hills with laugh and leap,
Who are these in woodland places
That up from moss and dead leaves
creep?
Each bud that breaks from dark, low
mold;
Each frond or blade from prison rolled;
Each breeze that whispers to listening ear,
Of the life that springs from buried
year.

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.

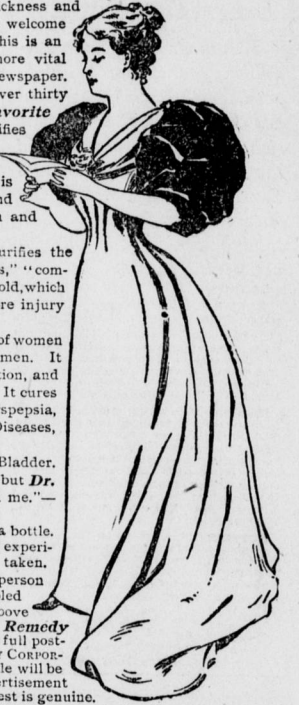
Favorite Remedy cools and purifies the blood. It is not like the many "bitters," "compounds" and "tonics," now so widely sold, which heat and inflame the blood, doing more injury than good.

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.

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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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