# Briablished 1888. PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY BY THE

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
NO THER COUNTIES.
IN OTHER COUNTI

House bill No. 211 is "to encourage reports, 609 bodies to be brought from the preservation of forests by providing Cuba and Porto Rico, and his may be a complexity of the set of the set



### Headache for Forty Years.

or forty years I suffered from sick head-e. A year ago I began using Celery King. s result was gratifying and surprising, see used to return every seventh day, but insk to Celery King. I have had but one dache in the last eleven months. I know the two the set of the seven seventh and the set of the seven seventh and the seven seventh and all dis-softing arcress, Stommed, I have and all dis-softing arcress, Stommed, I have a seventh sases of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kid-neys. Sold by druggists. 25c. and 50c. 2

DR. DAVID Favorite KENNEDY'S Remedy The one sure cure for The Kidneys, liver and Blood

Continued from First Page Continued from First Page. F, same regiment, who passed safely through the Porto Rican campaign and enlisted in the Sixteenth regular regi-ment. He was accidently killed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the re-mains were sent to his home in Miners-ville. Both men's funerals were largely attended.

IN OTHER COUNTIES

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

burg firms, but will be aghout the entire state,

Carr's Murderer Sentenced

Carr's Murderer Seatenced. Robert Strickland, 32 years old, the western desperado who killed Bernard Carr, at Leadville, Col., was sentenced last week to Imprisonment for life at hard labor, in the Colorado penitet-tiary. Young Carr was a former Mauch Chunker and was killed for a certair sum of money supposed to be on his person. His murderer is described by the Leadville neuroneut Chunker and was killed for a cert sum of money supposed to be on person. His murderer is described the Leadville newspapers as one of most heartless wretches in the st His victim was an industrious, q young man and was proved an ex plary citizen at the trial. But for Strickland's sentence would have b light. As it is he gets the heav sentence pronounced in any Color cont since 1888. tence pronou art since 1888.

### PLEASURE CALENDAR.

April 7.—First annual ball of St. Ann's Parish band at Yannes' opera house. Admission. 50 cents. April 22.—Second annual hop of the Good Wills Athletic Association at Yan-nes' opera house. Tickets, 25 cents. April 29.—Enerfit hop at Yannes' opera house. Tickets, 25 cents.

PERSONALITIES Charles O'Donnell, of Main street

Charles O Donnell, of Main Street, is preparing to open a meat market in Bayonne City, N. J. Mr. O'Donnell is a young man with lots of energy and onght to make a success of any business he enters. His Freeland friends wish also unever in the water. m success in the venture

Miss Lottle M. Kerschner, a momber of the junior class at Allentown College for Women, returned on Tuesday to re-sume her studies after a short vacation with her parents here.

with her parents here. The household goods of Joseph Hock-lander have been shipped to Hartford, Conn., where he is employed. Mrs. Hocklander will leave for that city next veek

Elmer E. Salmon, of Main street, re-moved today from the dwelling owned by William Higgins to the Gillespie

by order to the order of the or

street to South Heberton. Rev. E. A. O'Rielly, of Wilkesbarre, called on Freeland friends yesterday. J. C. Sneddon has resigned his posi-tion as clerk in A. Rudewick's store. Miss Cora Drumheller, of Conyngham, is the guest of Freeland friends. F. H. Albert attended to business in Scranton on Tuesday. Eugene West is visiting relatives at Allentown.

New Officials in Two Cities. The new city government went into effect in Wilkesbarre on Monday. Wil-liam C. Price was elected president of solect council, and J. Ridgeway Wright mayor named William T. Kilne for chief of police, but select council refused to confirm the new inpointed to wait on the mayor, and see if a compromise cannot be effected. In Hazleton councils reported to the point of sole of the point of the po

ache. "You think you're pretty smart." said the man in the mackintosh, speak-ing to the crowd generally, "but you're not. None of you would ever guess it. I made the \$2,000 in the simpliest way in the world. A rich old mache who was visiting us told a story we'd heard him tell a hundrea times before. I was also only one in the faminy who didn't vawn, and he remembered me in his will." him te .he on vawn, will."

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts direct-ly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two in-redients is what produces such wonder-ful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free al results in curing catarrh. Send for estimonials, free. <sup>1</sup>, J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.



### blood; hence, usual remedies have except by accident, leaving millions neurable " CORONA RHEUMA-E positively removes the cause the microhes, and of cases "incurate TISM CURE pos Cures the Disease

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WOMAN'S WEAPON. "What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a charming girl. She dropped her lashes shyly And stroked a vagrant curl, Then consciously she murmu This rosebud newly out--"I have a strong suspicion Her weapon is a pout."

"What is a woman's weapon?" Iasked a lover true. He turned him to a maiden With eyes of heavenly blue. Her velvet lips were parted, All innocent of guile, And eagerly he answered: "Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a poet then. With sudden inspiration He seized upon his pen. "Oh, I could name a thousand!" He cried in accents clear: "But woman's surgest weapon. I grant you, is a tear."

TO-MORROW AT NOON

For hours before the Chicago express entered the Grand Central Station a passenger in the sleeping-car Arcadia was in a state bordering on frenzy. He had smoked so many clgars that the porter regarded him with appre-hension. He had stamped up and down the aisle so flercely that a baby had shriked in fright whenever he appear-ed. He had cursed so horriby that the ancient spinster in the section next his had been on the point of swooning se-eral times.

firm the new appointed to wait on the mayor, and see if a compromise cannot be effected.
The Hazleton councils re-organized the same day. In select council Dr. H. H. Casselberry was elected president over P. F. Boyle on the twelfth ballot by a vot of six to five, and in common council and also city clerk, his opponent being John Klinger. D. J. Brihof was elected clerk of some not council and also city clerk, his opponent being John Klinger. D. J. Brihof was elected clerk of select council.
A silence That Faid.
"Ti made \$2,000 once," said the manin the slouch hat.
"No. It was"—
"No. It was"—
"So. It was"—
"Found it in the street and didn't spechless and couldn't to anybody?" sing system due tanbe.
"No. It was"—
"Do it on a bet?" inquired the manin the markintosh, "bu were struck spechless and couldn't to anybody?" sing the monting his owith classes of red gold hair, the laster.
"You think you're pretty smart."
His thoughts shifted to the afternoon when he was introduced to her at the ingrasma and billows of lace, the tiny fan she wiled in signal, the slice and show him and hundreo times before. It was a word about it to anybody?" sign in the world. A rich old unche you many shushing, the rings on her white ingrasmal to the state in the ana with the gray musta che, and you with cey greates and couldn't tell hin?" hazaded the man with the gray musta the state.
"You think you're pretty smart."
Hoad the selected y with eyrer to you with cey deter the big clumas, blushing, stammering the big clumas, blushing, stammering thin tell a hundreo there big the big clumas

ranchman—a pink and white angel with a halo of dazzling blonde hair. Poor Tom Weir then and there lay his great, unsullied, honest heart at her tiny feet. From the first moment she spoke to him he was her slave. Now he thought of those heavenly days that followed; the long walks and rides in that glorious air that mounted to their heads like champagne; the nights when the great red moon swung over the snow-covered mountain peaks; the first mad kiss, the tender confession, the sweet surrender and the solemn betrothal. And now he was going to see her! Two years had gone by since the girl of his heart had said good-by to him; since he had held her to his brawny breast and with swimming eyes and husky voice had begged her not to for-get him.

"To-morrow at noon--to-morrow at noon." He went to his room. He laughed as he fung himself upon his bed. "To-morrow--to-morrow at noon." The man from Denver knocked on his door and rattled and shook it. "Wake up Weir!" he shouted, "wake up. It's Darling of Denver. Come, you lazy beggar, I want you to go to luncheon with me." There was no answer. "Wake up, Weir!" he called again, banging the door with his fist. But no answer returned from the si-lent room, where the brawny form lay stretched upon the bed and where the blood was slowly trickling down from the white forehead in which the ranch-man's sure bullet was buried. When, when, would this train get into New York? There was only one little bit of alloy in this happiness; a mere trifle, to, be sure, but still there. A few words in her last letter had troubled him. He had read and re-read them, trying to discover just what caused his uneasi-ness, but in vain. Still a vague, intan-gible something seemed threatening him. Some instinct sounded a note of alarm as he pored over the perfumed paper in his hand. "I am tired of teaching," the letter ran, "The life of a governess is so narrow, so confining. So I have gone in for art."

man's sure bullet was buried. Fine Churches in Maula. By far the most striking characteris-tic of Manila is the number, size and splendor of the religious edifices. Though the walled area is only about 250 acres in extent, within these lim-its are half a dozen churches, including a cathedral. The spires and bell tow-ers of these massive structures form the most picturesque characteristic fea-ture of the city. The oldest of the existing churches, that of St. Augus-tine, was founded more than 300 years ago. That it has withstood the ty-phoons and earthquakes of three cen-ture is proof of its solidity and also of the ability of its architect, a ne-phew of the builder of the Escurial at Madrid. narrow, so confining. So I have gone in for art." That was all. Art—art? Art is perfectly harmless, to be sure, but it was strange he had never seen her draw or paint anything. Indeed, he remembered that when with the enthusiasm of the typical Wostern ranchman, he had pointed out the becuties of his beloved mountains she had seemed rather bored than other-wise.

had seemen faint, the work of the work of

Tiage should be longer delayed. He oould give her a pleasant home even if a trifle lonely. But she would never be lonely. Would he not be with her? And she could paint all the pictures she wanted in Colorado as well as in New York. Yes, he would go to her. He would sweep her off her feet by his passionate pleading; he would carry her away with him; he would bring her back to the mountains and to his home. The train thundered into the station.

CASTORIA

and has been made under his per-Sonal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Ex-periments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

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news a paper can print. Although this is an advertisement, it contains facts of more vital importance than anything elss in this newspaper. It tells of a medicine known for over thirty years as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorito 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," "com-pounds" and "tonics," now so widely sold, which heat and inflame the blood, doing more injury than good.

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. Hoxa, Lebanon Springs, N.Y. Sold in all drug stores for \$1.00 ab bottle. One teaspoonful is a dose, and you will experi-ence relie long before first bottle is taken.

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ATENTS

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

and has been made un

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and wh in use for over 30 years, has borne the

pleading; he would carry her away with him; he would bring her back to the mountains and to his home. The train thundered into the station. Tom Weir had never been east of Deaver before. The babel and confu-sion annoyed him. He thought of the solem, wind-swept mountain spaces and of the wide-spreading, peaceful plains. He longed to find a quiet cor-ner. But the clatter and hubbub pur-sued him to his hotel. The addross of the letter he was car-rying over his heart took him far up-town. When he succeded in master-ing the intricacies of the bells in the apartment he found a door was opened by a pert little maid, who stared su-perclibusly at his height and breadth, his clothes and his sombrero. "No," she drawled, "Miss Cameron is not in; she is driving in the park." "Can I see her this evening?" he de-manded imperiously. "Why, no," she said, with astonished eyes," of course not. No one ever sees her in the evening?" "When can I see her?" he felt himself going hot and cold by turns. "You might possibly see her at noon to-morrow," snapped the maid. "She's never up before noon." Then she shut the door with a decided bang. Tom stroide away, hurt, angry, suspl-cious. What did it mean? Art, a car-riage, living in luxury. Never up be fore noon. Suddenly he stopped and cursed himself for a mean, plitful cur that be should suspect her of anything that was not good and pure and wom-anly. To-morrow-ito-morrow at noon, he would see her. Everything would be explained, and on his knees he would be her to forgive him for his uworthy suspicions. As he entered his hotel her an into a man from Denver whom he knew. They shook hands and adjourned to the bar. To was honesity glad to see him. To teil the truth, the ranchman was lonely and a bit nomesity.

be explained, and on his knees he would beg her to forgive him for his unworthy suspicions. As he entered his hotel he ran into a man from Denver whom he knew. They shook hands and adjourned to the bar. Tom was honestly glad to see him. To tell the truth, the ranchman was lonely and a bit homesick. "Got the dumps?" laughed the man from Denver. "Oh, brace up! Go to the theater and amuse yourself. Let's see. Go to the Gotham. There's a great show there. Out of sight. Say, but there's a girl there that's a beauty. The town has gone wild over her. She is on only for a few moments, but she leaves an impression. Til see you to-morrow about noon. Good-night—in a — of a hurry." and he was gone be-fore Tom could tell him that to-mor-row at noon he had an engagement. The theater was crowded. The stage was peopled by hosts of pretty girls with brazen smiles and alluring eyes. There was plenty of fun and music and dancing and laughter. But Tom was not interested. Perhaps his lonely life had not fitted him to en-ioy such a shaking of folly belis. Per-haps the heart that had always rever-enced womanhood despised the dubious jest, the offensive innuendoes. He won-dered as he looked about how nice women could bear to listen to such suff. At times he lost sight of the stage.

women could bear to listen to such stuff. At times he lost sight of the stage. "To-morrow at noon," ran in his mind. It throbbed through the melody of the orchestra, it resounded in the strains of song. The violins breathed and whis-pered and sobbed the refrain over and over, "To-morrow - to-morrow at noon." At last the stage was darkended. He heard some people next him talking about the beautiful woman who was to pose as a statue. He leaned forward. The curtains parted. On a pedestal stood a woman with masses of cluster-ing hair falling over her white shoul-ders. Her superb form stood out like marble against the somber background. What was it the men were calling stuff.

What was it the men were calling out as the carriages rolled up to the door of the theater? Oh, yes, how stupid of him! "To-morrow, at noon," of course. And what did all those blazing letters read in the glittering signs along the crowded thoroughfare, "To-morrow at noon—to-morrow at noon."

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