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FREELAND, PA., MAY 29, 1899.

From Philadelphia City and State.

Last week a youth, who apparently had no evil intent, placed a spike upon one of the rails of the Reading Railroad. and because it happened to be at a most inopportune point, a train was thrown off the track and two men were killed.

At about the same time a full-grown

man publicly boasted that for purely factional ends he had blocked the course of the Loan bill for nearly a year, during which time some six hundred people times as many have narrowly escaped death from the same disease, in consequence of an impure water supply.

Had the work contemplated by the

the railroad, will probably go to prison.

The man, who ought to hide his head succeeded in preventing his political opponents from getting the jobs which he wants his friends to have, and in the profits of which, we venture to say, he will, directly or indirectly, share when they get it: he will continue to be as the "Hon." Israel W. Durham, and will continue to hold an important position in the cabinet of Mr. Quay's governor. Such is Quayism, and such are its fruits.

What Lower Enders Ought to Do.

It is reported that the Democratic leaders at the county seat are looking up a lower end man to nominate for register. As it is probable that Register the Democrats of the lower end who are willing to seek office are not anxious to cross swords for that position.

If the Democratic leaders want to poll a large Democratic vote in this district they should allow a lower end Democrat to be nominated for commissioner.

This is an office which by all that is anybody on the islands. fair and right belongs this year to a Fourth district Democrat, and whether

some of the party barnacles, but with a determination that the rights of the it lower end to representation in the commissioner's office shall no longer be hearers. He said:

The lower end can get justice only by

books. It simply appropriates \$11,000,000 to the common schools of the state for the next two years, and those who allege that it says otherwise are merely repeating a silly lie which Mr. Stone's friends set agoing to lessen the fire of criticism which his cowardly action brought forth.

The "machine" newspapers which are spreading this lie broadcast through. * books. It simply appropriates \$11,000,- to the essence of our traditions. The

are spreading this lie broadcast through-

Multitudes of letters, nowadays, writ-ten from the Philippines by soldiers to their friends at home without a thought of their being published, are getting into print, and so reveal the true char acter of the present war that the most headlong of "patriots" can hardly resist the impression naturally made by them its recent issues, gives to its readers in full the letter of a Colorado soldier, written from Manila, April 9, to a friend in that state and forwarded by to use as may seem good, declaring that "it expresses the sentiments of the West." We give an extract or two therefrom. The soldier, Luther B. Wiley Company C, First Colorado Volunteers,

I have been uncompromisingly op-posed to this war on the Filipino; I think it wrong from start to finish. The "policy," I mean. It was entirely The "policy," I mean. It was entirely unnecessary, but now, of course, it must be fought out. And it looks now as though the men that enlisted to fight to liberate people must now fight to enslave them. . . . My heart is not in this war as it was in the one I enlisted to fight in, and I go into it simply because I have to . If I were not a American. I have to. If I were not a American I think I would be helping the Filipinos. You may well be glad that you did not enlist in the war. To be a soldier in such a cause as we are engaged in is nothing to be proud of. I am chagrined, and ashamed to think of it as it is.

In the same issue the Post prints als have died of typhoid fever and ten the now well-known letter of Captain vania, written home from Manila in

I do not feel it an honor to war with Had the work contemplated by the Loan bill been started, we might, even now, have been reaping some of the benefit of the improvement to our water supply, and have been looking forward confidently to a reduction of our death rate in the near future, not to speak of all the other banefits which the citizens who voted in favor of the Loan bill hoped to derive from it.

Application of the loan bill in the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of the control of blunders made by a civiliance of the control of the co on account of blunders made by a civilized nation like ours. The war we enlisted for is over. We enlisted in a war in the cause of humanity—or, at least, so we were led to believe. Now we are trying to take from a people what the death of the two unfortunate men on the blunders. It is also that the death of the two unfortunate men on the blunders are the death of the two unfortunate men on the blunders. It is the foundation like ours. The war we enlisted for is over. We enlisted in a war in the cause of humanity—or, at least, so we were led to believe. Now we are trying to take from a people what the dependence. Is this humanity? If it is the first of the two unfortunate men on the cause of humanity—or, at least, so we were led to believe. Now we are trying to take from a people what the is, I fail to grasp the idea.

Sergeant Williams, a Wyoming solin shame, will continue to boast that he Evanston, in that state, says, among

I am positive that the entire archipelago and its 7,000,000 inhabitants are not worth one single American soldier's life to our government. Just as sure as we retain possession of, and attempt to govern, the Philippines, so sure will they prove a financial loss. If I were running matters here, I would say to Aguinaldo and his ignorant followers, "Take your islands and welcome to them."

As Williams, it is to be noted, has just been promoted to a lieutenancy for brave and soldierly qualities, his disgruntled soldier. Private A. A. Bailey, of the Wyoming battery, at the close of a letter home, gives a soldier's impressions of the Philippine country He says:

You can bet your ears and "everything" you have that this is not a white man's country, and I would not agree to remain here permanently for a \$10,000 starter, and will be as ready and willing the return to Code. willing to return to God's country as

A a banquet on Wednesday night of last week given by the members of the the leaders favor the idea or not the delegates from this section should act session at Johnstown, Major Daly, of as a unit in supporting some one for commissioner who resides here.

General Miles' staff, in response to a toast, according to the report of the ommissioner who resides here.

Any good lower end Democrat can be meeting given by the Philadelphia nominated if the delegates go there, not in bunches, to be traded to and fro by radical antagonism to what he called "Imperialism of war lords, and all that it implies." His remarks called out

A soldier in two wars, I am oppose to the use of the soldier for anythin The lower end can get justice only by going after it in a business-like manner.

Lying Apologists.

The apologists for Governor Stone's action in cutting \$1,000,000 off the school appropriation claim that this sum was an extra item placed there to enable districts to purchase text books for the scholars and that nearly all the districts being now fully supplied with books there was no necessity for that item in the appropriation.

This claim is a lie. The appropriation bill makes no mention of text books. It simply appropriates \$11,000,

Quay will, apparently, control the are spreading this lie broadcast throughout the state must have queer ideas of their readers' intelligence if they be lieve a dishonest statement like that will not react upon them.

Quay will, apparently, control the next Republican state convention in spite of all the bluster of the anti-quayties. The latter faction should yot as they talk or shut up altogether.

Quay will, apparently, control the next Republican state convention in spite of all the bluster of the anti-quayties. The latter faction should yot as they talk or shut up altogether.

Ab, yes, what then: Anyway, ne would go to see her that night.

He put on his dress clothes and went out. Half an hour later he climbed the steps of a brown stone bouse, rang the bell and was admitted.

"It can never be."

"It can never be."

"It is all at an end," he said, bury-ed the steps of a brown stone bouse, rang the bell and was admitted.

HOME-COMING

Once more upon the old stile's top
I rest my arms and look
Upon the dear, oft-dreamed-of scene
Of meadow land and brook.
The tall fir trees about me stand
Like clustered soldiers grim,
And through their tops the evening
breeze

Sighs, a soft requiem. Those happy days of long ago, When life was in its spring, With youth's glad heart, as free from

As birds that soar and sing And dreams of that sweet bygone tim Shine through the dark'ning past As harbor lights to sailors' eyes, Storm-tossed, show home at last

From all the turmoil of my life I find a sweet release,
And to my burdened, tired heart
Comes God's most perfect peace. Ah, weary souls, whose dearest dream Earth's fate and grind may blight,

Let nature's teachings point the way If you would find true light.

-MARY DEVEREUX.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

John Watterson sat on the edge of his bed in his little hall bedroom thinking. The lower drawer of the bureau in front of him within two feet three shirts lay in great disorder, as

three shirts lay in great disorder, as though tumbled by an impatient hand.
"They're all pretty bad—frayed and worn," said John to himself. "It's a question, though, whether to wear one of them or buy a new one and go without a decent dinner. Let's look

again."

He took the shirts out, one after another, examined the bosom of each critically, and threw them in turn on the bed. Then he opened his wallet

"Four dollars, and it's only the mid have to buy the new shirt and eat a 30-cent table d'hote at Bucci's." He threw the shirts into the draw

He threw the shirts into the drawer.

"If I hadn't sent those flowers this afternoon—" It came over him suddenly how absurd it was for him to buy roses, like those. But he remembered the fine sense of luxury he had experienced when buying them—only it was a bit humiliating to have to ask the price beforehand. But they were for her, and he would go without his dinner any time to be able to send her flowers. Still. it was absurd. What a bitter chance of fate it was that had thrown him into well-bred society, where people dressed well and dined well habitually—where he belonged, he felt, by every right, but the possession of filthy lucre. He said "filthy lucre" aloud, and took a certain pleasure in the phrase. Better for him to have lived quietly and known only the people he met everyday at his work—and neverseen her.

downstairs. As he was opening the front door his landlady entered the hall from the front parlor, and pre-sented him with the bill for his lodg-

ing.
"Last week's, Mr. Watterson, you

"Last week's, Mr. Watterson, you know —"
"Yes, yes, Mrs. Higgins. This Saturday I will settle for last week and this week together. I overlooked it last Saturday, and I haven't the money with me just now. But this week Saturday—"
"Oh, all right. I thought I'd remind you.—"

you—"
Watterson had closed the door and

was out in the street.

A few minutes later he was sitting in Bucci's restaurant. He could not help noting the meanness of the place, the smoky atmosphere, the cheap pine chairs with cane seats, the thin table linen, and comparing them with the appurtenances of the dinners he had eaten in private houses. He found a eaten in private houses. He found a certain pleasure in doing so. There was a piquant contrast in dining excellently three days a week, and wretch-

edly the other four.
"Here I am now at half-past 6 eating in this disgusting place"—he no-ticed that the man who was sitting opposite him at the table had his napopposite nim at the table had his hap-kin tucked under his chin and was eating with his knife—"in two hours I shall be sitting in a beautiful draw ing-room, where every object speaks of refinement and luxury, talking with

It seemed hideous to think of her in It seemed hideous to think of her in his present surroundings. She did not know he dined, had to dine sometimes, in such places. Would she not be disgusted with him if she knew? The thought took away his appetite. He finished the insipid entree and the sickish pudding as soon as possible, lighted a cigarette to take the taste out of his mouth, and hurried out. On his way back to his room he stopped at a haberdasher's and bought a shirt. Sitting on the edge of his bed, he began to argue with himself whether he should go to see her or not. He knew all the time that he would go. He realized that it was dangerous for him to go, that his eyes constantly betrayed his secret—which he knew she knew. Could he trust his lips not to betray

all the time that he would go. He realized that it was dangerous for him to go, that his eyes constantly betrayed his secret—which he knew she knew. Could he trust his lips not to betray li? Three words might put an end to everything. It was a terrible risk. He had decided long ago not to tell her, not until he had the right to say more than these words.

It was cold and late when he stood again on the brownstone steps. The street was deserted. Some one with creeking shoes was walking away in the darkness. The insistent clang of the cable-car bells sounded three blocks away. Watterson buttoned his coat tightly around him and walked slowly down the steps. Which way should he go? It didn't matter much—he would walk over to the avenue, where the cable cars were. As he walked along the deserted cross street a perfect calmness came over him. After all, he was himself, living and breathing, seeing and feeling. It surprised him somewhat that it should be so, but it made his mere physical senses strangely acute. He noticed how hard the pevement was, how rough the brownstone copings, and he realized a certain pleasure in these keen sensations. But at the same time it seemed to him that part of himself was absent or asleep—that part of him that really noticed and felt—and that it would come back or wake up to acute sensation—he could not foresee exactly when.

In the middle of the avenue he stopped and peered down into the cable slot.

In the middle of the avenue he stopped and peered down into the cable slot. The light from the arc lamp overhead poured down into the opening and he could see the cable and the little wheels on which it ran. How it rattled and galloped along! Miles and miles of it and hundreds of little wheels-it was interesting to think of Suddenly it occurred to him that he wasn't interested in the least in the cable and the little wheels-that there was only one thing he was really in terested in, and that thing he wanted to forget.

"It can never be." The words rang suddenly in his ears and stunned him. The cable, the street, became hazy and indistinct, and at the became hazy and indistinct, and at the same time the part of him that really felt seemed to come back or awake. "It can never be." That part seemed to be repeating like an echo, while he himself stood gazing at the cable slot and seeing nothing.

A violent clanging right in his ear brought him to himself. With a bound he reached the sidewalk and stood there with beating heart, while the cable cars whirred by.
"I will be calm," he said to himself.

"I will be calm," he said to himself.
"I will walk back and think of some-

"I will walk back and think of something else."

He reached his room in a passive state of mind. "I am not sleepy," he thought, as he laid away his hat and coat. "I will sit down and read awhile and then go quietly to sleep."

"I am perfectly calm," he said to himself, after finishing two or three pages. "I understand perfectly all I am reading," He had read half a page further when a snatch of a tune somehow got caught in his head and kept repeating itself mournfully over and over again. He struggled to read on. Always that snatch of a tune. Why? He had never heard it under any circumstances to make him remember it. And yet there was a certain fitness about it to the present case. He felt that and he hated the tune for it. He threw down the book. "I will go to bed—and to sleep," he said.

In the darkness his thoughts became terribly vivid, almost tangible. And always that snatch of a tune kept repeating itself like the murmur of the orchestra in a theater when a melo-framatic situation occurs. To-day hade

dramatic situation occurs. To-day had been marked, different from all other days. Would to-morrow be like the others? He wondered what it would be like? "I shall get up a usual and breakfast. Where? At the Hopkins. And what shall I have? Why not a good breakfast? Yes, I will have som fruit, and then some coffee and boiled eggs and some nice French rolls. That will not be so different, though That will not be so different, though.
I have eaten that breakfast before.
But yes, it will be different. Why?
Because of to-day. Yes, that will make
it different. After breakfast he
should go to the office, see the same
faces, do the same work, but it would
all be different—because of to-day.
"It never can be."

faces, do the same work, but it would all be different—because of to-day.

"It never can be."

But could it never be? Possibly it could be, years hence. She would marry some brute of a husband who would make her unhappy. Then, after years, she would be free—somehow. He would be famous, rich, very rich, perhaps, then. She would be poor. They would meet and then it might be. She would be willing then. But she had said it never could be and of course it couldn't be then. He should be too reconciled to its not being.

But then it was not because he wasn't rich or famous, it was because she didn't——. He felt something hot and moist on his cheeks. Why, he was crying. He didn't mean to let himself do that. He was glad it was dark. He glit ashamed. At the same time he was angry—angry that any one should have the power to make him cry. He almost hated her for a moment. Sud-

have the power to make him cry. He almost hated her for a moment. Suddenly, while he was in this mood, the thought of pistols came into his mind. He pictured out what he would do. He would go and shoot himself on the

as he had been living.

Again he saw her married to some suppose she should care a little—perhaps a great deal—— It was possible. He recalled two or three glances, two or three words, soft-spoken at a dance, which were burned into his memory. The old thrill of them returned. But suppose she should not—what then:

Ah, yes, what then? Anyway, he would not be seen that the statement of the seen that the statement of the seen that the s

THEY BROKE EVEN

Where Both Had "Kicks" to Make

silt. "Tre got two kicks to make!"

"What's the matter?" asked the hotel clerk.

"Some fellow in the room right under mine had a card party ast night and the loud talking and singing kept me awake until after 2 o'clock. That's the first kick. You ought'nt to allow disorderly mobs of young men to make a nuisance of themselves in your hotel. I left word that I was to be called at 6 o'clock. I wasn't called at all, and I've missed my train. It's 9:30. That's the second kick. When I come to this town again 'I'll bunt up some other—"

"Say," interrupted a red-eyed young man, grumbling his way up to the clerk's desk, "I kick! What did you want to have the boy hammer at my door at 6 o'clock this morning for? I didn't leave any orders of that kind. He spoiled my nap. Ihaven't slept a wink, by George, since 6 o'clock! If You can't —"

"What's the number of your room?" asked the man in the check suit. "It's 46."

"Mine's 55. That's the reason confound it, why I wasn't called on time this morning! The boy went to the wrong—"

"Are you the man who kept hammering the floor over my room and how!.

wrong—"
"Are you the man who kept hammering the floor over my room and howling that it was time for decent people
to be in bed and all that sort of thing.?
"I am sir."

'And you got left this morning, did

you?"
"I did, sir."
"Clerk, I take back my kick. I'u
even with him."
even who had tha even with him."
"Say are you that chap who had that card party and broke up my night's

card party and blobe up and rest?"

"I'm the chap that had that card party all right enough.

"And you've been tossing on your bed, trying to go to sleep, for the last three or four hours?"

"I have, by George!"

"Clerk, I withdraw both my kicks.
I'm even with him and a little more.

—Kennebec Journal.

Conversation Simplified.

"It's a fraud," exclaimed one of the men who had stopped to read their papers in the warm though unpretentious little place which serves both as railway waiting room and postoffice. "The whole business is a downright swindle."
"Of course it is," answered his neighbor, who was busily engaged in pronouncing under his breath all the words in an article on successful fertilizing.

"It's an outrage on a confiding public, and a backset to civilization."
"That's what it is," was the somewhat gradging response.

The indignant old gentleman became so excited that he had to go out and walk up and down the platform. As his friend glanuced up from his paper to watch him depart he caught the eye of a traveling man who, pending train time, had nothing to do but watch people
"Excuse me for asking questions about things that are none of my affair," said the traveling man, "out are you a mind reader?"
"Not that I know of."
"You knew what your friend was taking about without his telling you."
"Well, not precisely."
"But you answered him as if you knew."
"Yes, but I wa'n't takin' any risk

knew."
"Yes, but I wa'n't takin' any risk in that. I knowed he was masin' allusions to either a 'lection or a prize fight. An' whichever it was, them was my sentiments."

No Consolation

No Consolation,
"There's no use in being discouraged, Victor," said his young wife.
"Remember that when William Cullen Bryant began to write he only got
\$2 apiece for his poems."
"Only \$2!" exclaimed the struggling young literary genius, with bitter emphasis on the 'only.' If I
could get \$2 apiece for my poems, Arabeila, I could make \$40 a day."

"Shall we shoot or hang him," asked the western cowboy. The methodical man of business paused to think.
"Let us not be hasty," he said, "for hurry begets criminal waste and extravagance. The first thing to do is to learn the price of rope and compare it with the cost of ammunition."—Pearson's Weekly.

Pa's Experience.

"Say, pa," queried Willie the other morning while preparing his geography lesson, "how many motions has the earth?"

"I don't know. Willie," replied the fond parent, as he bound a towel soaked with ice water about his throbing brow, but they're numerous, quite numerous."—Chicago News.

Sympathized With Him.

"And still my warry is," exclaimed the temperance orator, down with alcohol!"

"I know how to sympthize with you, old man," interrupted a man from the back seats, "I've been down with it myself more than once." A Suitable Receptacte.

Mrs. Wise—What are you going ive Marguerite for a wedding p

mr. Wise—Judging by the character of her intended I should regard a tureen as the thing.

Reasons.
Little Harry—Pa. why do you call it
North Carolina when it's away down
South?
Pa—For the same reason that they
call it South Dakota when it's away
up North, I guess.

The Intricacies of English
Monsieur de France—You wind up
ze clock to make him go?
English Tutor—Exacjiy,
Monsieur de France—Zen what for
you wind up ze beeslinss to make it
stop?—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Miser-Bridget, where in thunder are my collar buttons?
The Maid-Shure, an' yez had 'em in yer pocket whin yez wint to church yesterday.—Ex.

GRANT'S Message to SHERIDAN

WAS:

"Push Things."

We are pushing things here in a way that has brought splendid business and a multitude of new faces. People are beginning to realize that we perform all we advertise to do. When we said we were selling goods at their real worth everybody did not understand the assertion-it was so different from some of the stores where they formerly dealt. But many gave us a trial-and were pleasantly surprised to learn that our goods were just what we claimed they were-no better,

THIS WEEK'S LEADERS:

Hats vary in price from 75c to \$2.50; straw goods from 5c up. We have an unequalled line of Stiff Hats, Alpines, Fedoras, etc., besides a large assortment of Working Hats and Caps and Hundreds of Boys' and Children's Hats.

Madras, Percale, Negligee and many other kinds of Outing Shirts. Men's and Boys' sizes in every design and pattern, 25c up. White shirts have made our store their Freeland headquarters.

Our lines of Collars and Cuffs will surprise you in their extent and variety. No inferior goods on hand. We guarantee what we sell.

Neckwear bought from us can be depended upon to be the 1899 styles and makes. We have no stowaways to palm off on you. A bewildering display to select from at 10c per tie up.

Underwear from 25c per garment up to \$1 gives the buyer a selection in \$1 gives the \$1 gives the \$2 gives the

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m's Extra Dry Champagne, Hennessy Brandy, Blackberry, Gins, Wines, Clarets, Cordials, R Imported and Domestic Cigars.

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