

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1868.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY  
BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.  
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.  
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Four Months ..... .50  
Two Months ..... .30  
The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrearages must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

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

FREELAND, PA., JUNE 1, 1899.

## Protect the Honor of the "Has-Beens."

There are so many candidates being groomed for the Democratic nomination of judge of the supreme court that one is compelled to wonder how the Republicans ever carried the state—if all the candidates have in recent years been voting and working for the Democratic ticket.

The party's nomination for this office is equivalent to election, and perhaps this fact is responsible for the overwhelming supply of high-private Democrats this year.

It is surprising how many old "war-horses," "staunch party men," "tried and true standard-bearers" and so forth come to life when a dead-sure thing is in sight.

If the delegates to the state convention will cut down the list of eligibles to those who were straight party men in 1896, when party men were needed, and will tell the Palmer-and-Buckner Democrats, the McKinley Democrats and the can't-swallow-the-platform Democrats to seek honors from those who have been lately receiving their votes, if this is done the Democratic nominee for judge of the supreme court will be a worthy representative of the half-million voters who are Democrats in off years and as well as in sure-winning years.

The Democratic platform is the same today as it was in 1896. Why, then, should the delegates allow those "has-been" Democrats to appear inconsistent by giving them a place on the ticket—even though they are campaigning the state for the office?

Their "honor" and "dignity" revolted in 1896. Let the Democrats see to it that this same "honor" and "dignity" shall not be tarnished in 1899.

## Improve the Public Park.

If it is true, and there does not seem to be much room for doubt, that the borough council is prevented by the deed from erecting a covered dancing pavilion in the Public park, this should not put a stop to several of the proposed improvements on the grounds.

There is nothing in the deed preventing the borough from cleaning the park, filling up depressions and placing seats under the beautiful shade trees.

The people who appreciate the park and the purposes for which it was given to the town earnestly hope that council will not falter in the good work of beautifying these ten acres because the pavilion cannot be erected.

There are other pleasures in life besides dancing, and if the apparatus necessary for the latter pastime cannot be placed in the park that fact should act as an incentive to the placing there of improvements which may be more elevating and profitable to the town.

The people want the park improved. They are willing to risk some of the public money on the ground.

## Our Town Honored.

In ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison the Mining and Mechanical Institute will have as its guest at the closing exercises tomorrow evening a man whose visit to our town is an honor which the townspeople ought to show their appreciation of by attending the opera house in large numbers.

The work of the Institute alone should cause sufficient pride in our people to crowd the building at the coming event, but if the pupils' efforts do not possess the required magnetism the presence of so eminent a man as ex-Governor Pattison should appeal to our citizens to make tomorrow evening an occasion that will reflect credit upon Freeland.

## A Mean Corporation.

The Tribune was misinformed on Monday and stated that the notice ordering the Cross Creek Coal Company's colliers to work on Tuesday had been countermanded. The colliers worked half a day and the employes, contrary to the custom of paying on the 29th, did not receive their wages until late Tuesday afternoon. The action of the company is too contemptible to comment upon.

## ICELAND GEYSERS.

Tourists Have Injured Them by Throwing Stones into Their Craters.

Barren as the place really is, the artist's eye would revel in the beautiful effects on the snowy Jokulls, the twilight softening shades of mauve, greens and grays on the distant lava peaks, and the luminous midnight sky. The intensity of the blue water of lake or ocean is superb, and the mighty waterfalls are grand. And the geyser fields! All the warm tints, from cream to russet, are found in the mineral deposit around the basin of the Great Geyser, Little Geyser, Strokkur (the Churn), and the Little Strokkur, while Blesi (the Blue One) is lined with exquisite white, like porcelain, making it a fitting vessel for the cooking of food, and for furnishing boiling water for our tea and coffee. It was so smooth and beautiful that I seemed to be mutilating something rare when I chipped off pieces of its lining, but I knew they would be valuable souvenirs, and the uneasy, bubbling water would soon amend the deficiency.

The mud pools on this plain are the most dangerous, for they spout hot mud diagonally out of the earth. Coming upon them in one direction they are not seen, and many a visitor has gone home with a scalded foot. The hydraulic display is now very fitful and inconsiderate tourists have injured the spouting fountains by loading stones into them to see them cast out, so you must take your tent with you, and encamp on the plain to await the pleasures of their majesties. Blesi will serve you well while waiting. The Great Geyser had not spouted for a week when we were there, and such silliness indicated a near activity. The water spouted unusually high when it finally appeared, 150 feet, and showed all the tints of the rainbow, majestic at the same time and mysterious. It played for fifteen minutes, and then its beautiful cascades subsided in a feathery mist, a refined and graceful withdrawal.

## A Floating Snail.

There is a small snail which is so fond of the sea that it never comes to land, and it builds such a capital boat for itself and its eggs that while large ships are sinking and steamers are unable to face the storm it tosses about in perfect safety.

The little snail is of a violet color and is therefore called *lanthina*. It has a small shell and there projects from the under part of the body a long, tongue-like piece of flesh. This is the raft, and it is built upon most scientific principles, for it has compartments in it for air. It is broad and the air compartments are underneath, so that it cannot capsize.

Moreover, the snail knows how to stow away its cargo, for the oldest eggs and those which hatch the soonest are placed in the center and the lightest and newest on the sides of the raft.

The *lanthina* fills its own air compartments by getting a globule of air underneath its head, the body is then curved downward beneath the raft, and the head being tilted on one side, the air rushes in and fills the spaces. It feeds on a beautiful little jelly fish, which has a flat, raft-like form with a pretty little sail upon it, and they congregate in multitudes when the sea is calm.

Sometimes specimens are washed upon the northwestern coast of France, and when they are handled they give out a violet dye.

## A Wonderful Bird.

Many sailors believe that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night upon the American shore. Whether this is a fact or not has yet to be determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures and is able to fly, under favorable conditions, 200 miles an hour.

## Stag and Engine Race.

A race between a stag and a locomotive on the railroad was lately witnessed near Labelle, Can. The engineer noticed the stag on the track, about 200 feet ahead, and he blew a warning whistle. The animal started on a run, keeping to the track, and continued the race for three miles, then gracefully bounded aside until the locomotive had passed.

## The Hunting Japanese.

Japan is making great headway in the manufacturing world. It is a strange fact that it is now manufacturing modern war material for the use of western nations. Six big guns turned out at the Japanese government arsenal at Osaka were supplied to the Portuguese government.

## Rabbit Fur.

Rabbit fur is now an important commercial article. It is known to the trade as electric seal and when dyed so closely resembles the genuine article as to defy detection except among experts. It is said that \$500,000 is invested in rabbit culture in England.

## Rolling Stock in the U. S.

The railway systems in the United States employ 36,000 locomotives, 26,000 passenger cars and 8000 mail and baggage cars. These figures seem large till the number of freight cars is stated, which is 1,250,000.

## A Long Canal.

The length of the Grand Canal from Tientsin to Hangchau, in China, is 650 miles. It connects great ports with rich coal regions.

## Champion Burglar.

In Vienna there is a burglar who has been convicted of breaking into 390 houses.

## THY SPIRIT WALKS WITH ME.

I know thy spirit walks with me,  
Else why should I,  
So often, often think of thee,  
So tender and so true to me,  
In days gone by?

When springtime gladness fills the land,  
In autumn sear,  
On misty moonlit summer night,  
When winter skies with stars are bright,  
Then thou art near.

The wild bird's sweet and plaintive note  
From leafy dell,  
The voice of waters soft and low,  
Where pebbles stay their onward flow,  
The Sabbath bell.

The glow which falls from sunset skies,  
Across the sea,  
The perfume borne by passing breeze,  
From lightly shaken flowers, all these,  
Bring thoughts of thee.

I know thy spirit walks with me,  
And glad am I,  
To feel that now thou knowest full well  
The love my lips refused to tell,  
In days gone by.  
—MARY E. ORR.

## OUR DRESSMAKER.

Miss Peckitt used to come to our house to sew. She sewed my frocks and she sewed my pinafores, and sat among her tapes and pins and yard measures telling me old stories that no one else cared about, for Miss Peckitt had no relatives, and had always, as she said, kept herself to herself.

And of all her stories the one I liked best was the one about the pincushion. It was a large, heavy cushion, and I wondered why Miss Peckitt always brought it with her when she came for the day.

"It has a brick inside to keep it steady when I pin my work to it," she said, "and I carry it with me because it was the last thing my young man made for me."

"O, did you ever have a young man? Do tell me about him!"  
At 10 years old one is not discreet. I suppose Miss Peckitt was not inclined to be hard on youthful indiscretion. She threaded her needle and began:

"It was when I was a young girl." She could not have been more than 30 at this time, but to me she seemed immeasurably old, as I said: "It's a long time ago, then," as sympathetically as I could.

"Yes," she said, "a long time. He was the son of a farmer, and we was courting ever since we was quite little things and went to Sunday school. But it was not to be."

"What happened?"

"Why, his father died, my dear, and when it came to looking into things it was found he'd borrowed money on the land, and the interest hadn't been paid. So, then, my Willie said he'd pay the interest and all, if they'd only wait. But they wouldn't—and the old place was sold up—house and buildings and the beasts, and the land with the standing crops. They may say it's law, but it ain't justice."

She bit off her thread sharply and I said it was a shame.

"So it was—a black shame. My Willie would a' paid them every penny if they'd only a' waited. But no; they sold the old place, and it fetched more than they looked for, and there was near \$1,000 over, and that they gave to Willie, as was only fair. And after the sale was over I saw nothing of him for two days, and then he came to me looking like a dog that the boys are after with stones."

"I'm off," says he; "with this bit of money I'll make a fortune over in America, which is a free country, and I'll come home for you, my girl, or I'll write and you'll come to me."

"If it was to the world's end," says I.

"Then he gave me this pincushion; it seemed a funny present, being quite plain, as you see, and it had big stitches, but sewn strong, and I almost laughed as I took it. I was glad after that I hadn't laughed, for Willie he says:

"Blossom, my dear, do you know what makes it so heavy?"  
"So I said, no, I didn't."

"It's a brick of the old south wall at home," says he, "where the yellow rose is, and where the apricots fruit so free, and it's covered with a bit of silk gown my mother was married in—it's faded, but you can see the rose sprigs on it yet. You'll keep it for my sake?"

"Well?" I asked, for Miss Peckitt had stopped abruptly.

"Well, that's all," she said, shortly; "he never come back, but I know he was true—and he would a' come back if he'd been living, and the Lord's will be done," she added.

"Did you keep the piece of the old dress?" I asked, "when it wore out and you ripped it off? I should like to see it."

"I never ripped it off," she said; "I covered it with a bit of damask, meaning to show it to him fresh and bright when he come home; but I dare say it's worn out now, underneath, with all the needles and pins I've stuck in it—worn out."

Time did not stand still in our village. A bicycle factory reared its gaunt ugliness by the church, and the moss-grown well was replaced by a galvanized iron pump. The old families moved away, and new people came; smarter people, in their glimmering way, who got their dresses made in the county town, and despised Miss Peckitt's old-fashioned patterns. I was finishing my education in France and Germany. When I came home I hardly knew it. Almost my

first visit was paid to the little white house with the green railings.

"It will do the poor thing good to see you," said my mother. "I fear she is horribly poor. She gets hardly any work now. And she won't accept anything she does not earn."

She did not know me at first, and was dusting a chair that was already of a spotlessness to shame our chairs at home, when suddenly she recognized me—the shock shattered for a moment the reserve years—she threw her thin arms around my neck and kissed me—faltered an apology for the "liberty," and then sat down on the doubly dusted chair and cried piteously.

I listened to such a tale of poverty and self-denial as my young ears had never heard before. Work scarce and growing scarcer, hardly enough to live on, and to crown all, the urgent necessity of saving, for hoarding every possible penny.

"But why?"  
"For my funeral, my dear," she said. "I've kept myself respectable all these years, and if the parish was to touch me I should turn in my coffin—I know I should."

"Your needle's crooked," I said, fighting with a choking feeling in my throat. "Let me thread you another."  
"Dear miss," she said, "this is the only needle I've got. It's not so crooked—and a cent's a cent—and needles in penny packets isn't what they used to be. No, and I won't let you buy me even needles, miss. It's the principle I think of; I won't be beholden."

"You've got the old pincushion there, still," I said; "there must be lots of needles in that; let me empty out the sawdust and see. I'll put it all back carefully."

I think Miss Peckitt's will must have been weakened by long fasting and trouble, for she let me rip up one side of that sacred cushion and pour out the bran into that little black tea tray with the gold border. I found in that bran sixty-seven good needles, to say nothing of broken ones.

Then I began to put the bran back, and as I pushed it in to make it hard and tight I felt a hollow in the brick. There was something in it. I pulled it out.

"O, Miss Peckitt," I cried; "look what I have found in your pincushion!"

"A little canvas bag—and in it several bills and a little letter."

"My Dear Blossom: This is \$250 of my money, so as you will have something if I am not lucky with the rest. You will find this when you rip off the cover. If all goes well, as please God, it will, it will pay for things for our home. Your true friend and affectionate lover.

"WILLIAM BEALE."  
"Pay for things for the house? It will pay for my funeral."

Miss Peckitt was on my mind. I had seen that the money and the words from the dead had brought her more pain than joy—and after dinner that evening I slipped on a dark cloak and ran down the quiet street to a little white house. I opened the door softly and peeped in.

There was a fire in the grate, and before it in the armchair with the patchwork cushion sat a middle-aged man. Miss Peckitt sat on his knee and her arm was around his neck. In her cheeks was the "fresh color" I had never seen there, and in her eyes the light of youth and hope.

"It's my Willie," she cried; "he's come back! O, miss, dear, to think of it—he was coming home to me, with his fortune made and the ship was wrecked, and him and the others has the reserve of years, she throw her thin only fetched away by a ship the other day."

I am sure they were both persons of sentiment, because they bought back the old farm, with its south wall where the apricots "fruited so free," and when they went to church Miss Peckitt wore a gown of faded silk with a rosy sprig. The cousin in Maidstone had been faithful to his trust, and there was enough of the silk that the bridegroom's mother had worn at her marriage to clothe the little bride on her wedding day.

## Never Caught Napping.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during their stay in the world. Among fish it is now positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.

## Warships in Wax.

By the admiralty's orders perfect models are made in paraffin wax of every new English battleship before it is laid down, and these models are tested in a tank at Haslar. The models are from 12 feet to 24 feet long, and the tank is 400 feet long and 20 feet wide. The models are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so alterations can be easily made. Also the material can be melted up and used again.

## The Useful Ant.

It is generally known that any small dead mammal or bird, when left near an ant hill, will ultimately be found picked clean of flesh quickly. It has been lately demonstrated that they can be made useful in the direction of skeletonizing specimens. Prof. Bernard has been employing ants as his servants. While in Florida he had a fox squirrel thus skeletonized in a single day. The only agents employed were ants.

## APHORISMS.

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.—South.

It is the motive alone that gives character to the actions of men.—Bryce.

Obstinacy and vehemency in opinion are the surest proofs of stupidity.—Barton.

No man doth safely rule but he that hath learned gladly to obey.—Thomas a Kempis.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit makes it a pleasure.

If there be aught surpassing human deed or word or thought it is a mother's love.—Marchioness de Spadara.

The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man.—C. Sumner.

There is a vast difference in one's respect for the man who has made himself and the man who has only made his money.—Mulock.

To know how to grow old is the master-work of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.—Aimel.

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.—Disraeli.

No heritage can a father bequeath to his children than a good name; nor is there in a family any richer heirloom than the memory of a noble ancestor.—J. Hamilton.

## INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

Manila has one brewery. Japan has 73 cotton-mills. Santiago has 15 drug stores. Hops are raised in 15 States. Glass tombstones gain favor. Japan has one sugar refinery. London has 15,000 policemen. Italy has 11 electric railways. Egypt has nine sugar factories. Berlin contains 8,500 liquor shops. Glass church bells are announced. Tennessee has 137 varieties of wood. Japan now makes electric machinery.

America uses 10,000,000 eggs annually. Austria-Hungary has floating exhibitions. India Jute mills are electrically lighted.

Great Britain leads in sugar consumption. Uncle Sam is first in tobacco consumption. Six hundred thousand persons are employed in Italy in rearing silk worms.

Some 7,000,000 tons of coal are annually used in the United Kingdom in the manufacture of gas.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

Who are the most objectionable in a car—the women who spread their gowns over too much sitting space or the men who barricade the aisle with their feet?

Do not always judge too harshly a householder by the pictures on the walls. They may be gifts from persons that he or she couldn't afford to offend, and so offended their own taste instead.

The wisest woman will sometimes show her weakness when it comes to the question of consulting a fortune teller.

The reason many a man does not marry is that he is too much engaged. It doesn't matter if beauty is only skin deep, provided the skin is worn right side out.

The woman who is told what she said when she was delirious must feel a good deal as the sober man who is informed of his antics when he was drunk.

## EPIGRAMS.

The center of rational government is the home. Its growth is centrifugal; its radius, humanity; but its circumference is the eternal.

Labor is the only true standard of value.

Some persons are of such credulous fiber that they permit vanity to clothe with reality the shadowy forms of a fictitious ancestry.

Ananias was a saint compared with the man who manufactures statistics to prop a weak argument.

Forties beckons the good man but is embraced by the rascal.

When a mislester of the gospel decks truth in the trappings of the vaudeville stage he should not use the Bible as a prompt book.

When matters touching the public are discussed in secret between public servants and private interests honesty grows nervous and equity is in extreme jeopardy.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Want of tact is an incurable infirmity. When a man plays the races the races work him. Cheap jewelry beats the more expensive kind all hollow.

A tailor is sometimes able to mend everything but his ways. Ulsters and roll-top desks hide a great many things from the public.

Some men can't understand why the fool-killer doesn't call next door. Secret societies evidently originated in Egypt. Mummies is the word there. The original settler in Tennessee was probably the first man who tennis saw.

It ain't vanity that makes a man go out between the acts and look in the glass.

Secret societies evidently originated in Egypt. Mummies is the word there. The original settler in Tennessee was probably the first man who tennis saw.

It ain't vanity that makes a man go out between the acts and look in the glass.

According to the old saw, every dog has his day. So has every saint, for that matter.

One of the most certain ways of making time fly is to have to take bitter medicine every half hour.

# GRANT'S Message to SHERIDAN

WAS:

## "Push Things."

We are pushing things here in a way that has brought us 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, no worse.

## 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

weight, quality, color and price that can't be beaten in this town.

Men's and Boys' Hose can be had at all prices. A very fine line of Summer Hose has just been placed on sale.

For Working Jackets and Overalls of the Wearable Kind you should try the make we sell.

We haven't said much about our Shoes lately. We were waiting to learn how they suited those who have tried them. The reports are coming in every day. Modesty and space prevents us from telling you all the nice remarks made about our Shoes by those who are wearing them. Men have told us they never wore a more comfortable shoe, a better shoe for the money, a shoe that fitted so well or a shoe that shaped itself to the foot so easily. All this is very gratifying and has induced us to further enlarge our stock of Shoes. Why not give us a call next time you need a pair? Only Men's and Boys' Shoes on sale.

# McMENAMIN'S

Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,

86 CENTRE STREET.



## What is Celery King?

It is an herb drink, and is a positive cure for constipation, headache, nervous disorders, rheumatism, kidney diseases, and the various troubles arising from a disordered stomach and torpid liver. It is a most agreeable medicine, and is recommended by physicians generally. Remember, it cures constipation.

Celery King is sold in 25c and 50c packages by druggists and dealers.

## DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE.

Corner of Centre and Front Streets, Freeland, Pa.

Finest Whiskies in Stock.

Gilbey, Dougherty, Kaufer Club, Rosenbuth's Velvet, of which we have EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN.

Mum's Extra Dry Champagne, Hennessy Brandy, Blackberry, Gins, Wines, Claret, Cordials, Etc. Imported and Domestic Cigars.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE.

Ham and Schweitzer Cheese Sandwiches, Sardines, Etc.

MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS.

Ballentine and Hazleton beer on tap. Baths, Hot or Cold, 25 Cents.

## PRINTING

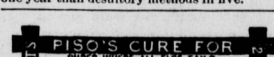


AT THE TRIBUNE OFFICE.

JOHN F. HALBACH, MUSIC TEACHER.

PIANO, ORGAN, VOICE, THEORY. CENTRAL HOTEL, FREELAND.

Direct Training in Touch, Note Reading, Time and Expression accomplishes more in one year than desultory methods in five.



## Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.



A celebrated brand of XX flour always in stock.

Roll Butter and Eggs a Specialty.

AMANDUS OSWALD,