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FREELAND, PA., JULY 3, 1899.

Preparing for the Boodle Feast.

Like a flock of hungry vultures hovering over what promises to be the scene of a desperate battle, the spoils-men of the Republican party are awaiting the call for the next county convention. In some polling districts, especially in the Fourth legislative district, where the appetites of the money-seekers were whetted by the recent state delegate contest, candidates for delegates have already announced themselves. The majority, however, are awaiting the official call to the boodle feast, for that is what the convention promises to be. That is what every up-to-date Republican convention in Pennsylvania has come to, and never before were indications of a money-ruled gathering greater than they are for the occasion named.

We believe that some of the honest men of the Republican party will endeavor to win seats in this convention and that some of them will succeed, but judging from the methods now in vogue even at primary elections the well-meaning politicians of the party will be overwhelmingly defeated as a general rule.

Those Republicans who would redeem their party from the rule of the money-mongers are today in a hopeless minority. The careless, indifferent members of the party, the men who vote for delegate regardless of what or who the delegate represents, the sell-my-soul-for-a-cent men, the lickspittles of power and the baser elements of society are opposed to them.

The glitter of the gold which has been distributed at the Republican gatherings during the past few years in this county has attracted to that party all the unprincipled men of all parties and has corrupted and destroyed the manhood of thousands who would otherwise have become good citizens. The party is now controlled by those who love money better than principle, and any man who cannot add that to his creed will receive scant courtesy at the coming convention.

Isn't Protection the Mother of Trusts?

The American Tin Plate Company has done serious harm to its own interests and may do still more injury to the iron and steel industries of the country by precipitating a contest with its labor over the wages scale.

The tin-plate industry is the child of a protective tariff. It could not exist without it. The tariff was imposed not to benefit individuals or tin-plate makers but to create and maintain a new industry, to foster competition and to advance wages. Whenever it is clear to the American people that the protective tariff is not doing this its rates will be lowered, and whenever it is clear of any particular rate that it is not doing this in its particular industry this rate will be cut.

The iron and steel industry as a whole is aware of this. Prices have not been unduly advanced. Competition has been maintained. The wages scale has been as a whole and in its parts, most liberal. Exceptions have existed, but while the average ad valorem rate on iron and steel has been from 40 to 50 per cent on the average—it was in 1898 under the present tariff 45.51 per cent—the rate of wages has been twice that abroad. This has never been clearer than this year. Advances in iron and steel wages have gone on all over the country. The amalgamated scale this year is extremely high; but its wages sheet is being accepted both by works that sign it and by works that do not.

For the American Tin Plate Company to get in a controversy with its men under these conditions challenges the entire issue. This company is distrusted as a "trust." It was the first to advance prices, though they are not now in excess of the advance on billets and plates from which its tin sheets are rolled. It can afford to pay high wages and it ought to pay high wages. Into the specific merits of this particular controversy we do not propose to enter. It is a technical issue, in which, as usual, there is a case for each side, and a compromise would be fair. But it is a safe general proposition that a monopoly industry protected by the tariff which has a wage conflict on its hands in a time of great prosperity has done its permanent interests injury, risked its own production and dealt a blow to the entire cause of protection.

BRIDGE VIEWERS.

Appointed by the Luzerne Court to Inspect County Bridges.

The following viewers, among whom are a number of lower end citizens, have been appointed by court to inspect the bridges built this year by the county and report to the court:

Black Creek township—Ira L. Yost, Anthony Bauer and R. T. Tubbs.
Salem township—George W. Callender, W. H. Capwell and Thomas Stobo; George Wildoner, John L. Evans and John Roach; C. E. Whitesell, D. J. Davis and M. H. Hughes.
Sugarloaf township—C. A. Hazlett, E. H. Kulp and George Hibert.
Fairmount township—C. B. Wheeler, James Giles and J. H. Dando; Frank Ramaley, Evan Evans and George Ferguson; H. C. Warner, John Devlin and Herman Funke; W. E. Jones, Charles Gardner and R. L. Westover.
Butler township—Thomas Nesbitt, George J. Llewellyn and Roger O'Donnell.

Huntingdon township—George Yaple, George Fairclough and E. D. Nichols; D. C. Keck, H. J. Richards and Jonathan Bonham.

Bear Creek township—Isaac Vaughn, John M. Hill and Albert Lewis; George Athey, Ernest Williams and Albert Lewis.

Foster township—Elmer Banta, W. A. Jones and E. A. Oberreder.
Nescopeck township—G. W. Harter, John T. Jones and Harry Evans.

Denison township—J. H. Gallagher, William Stroth and S. W. Trimmer.
Lake township—George Callendar, Theodore Davenport and Theodore Hart; Jacob Nulton, D. P. Williams and Owen Fowler.

Dorrance township—C. M. Ero, Thomas M. Jones, and Thomas A. Buckley.
Franklin township—C. A. Borgess, Richard Evans and Isiah Rineheimer.

Plymouth borough—W. J. Bunnell, James A. Lane and Philip P. Callery; John Berch, Frank Jones and Howard Armstrong.

Jackson township—D. J. Linskill, Joseph Carey and Thomas Evans; A. C. Stout, Joseph Carey and George W. Mane.

Plains township—Benjamin Webb, Richard Edwards and Charles F. McHugh; Thomas Reese, George Lubrecht and G. A. Wich.

Union township—J. R. Koons, Evan M. Evans and W. C. Dershubek; Charles Gardner, James Crowe and A. C. Snyder; S. M. Blanchard, David Davis and D. A. Kline; Robert Pollock, William Richards and P. M. Boyle.

Wilkesbarre city—Daniel Behee, Howell Williams and J. W. Hollenback.
Wright township—James Giles, Christopher Rose and Adam Knies.

Plymouth township—John Keefer, John A. Davis and James McHugh.
New Columbus borough—David Davis, Frank Shultz and George L. Fenner.

Scheme May Work Harm.

From the Hazleton Plain Speaker.
On and after August 1 the names of all people receiving aid from the Middle Coal Field Poor District are to be published. This is to be done the directors say, in order that undeserving parties may not impose on the district, the belief being prevalent that there are quite a number on the lists now who are depending on poor aid while able to support themselves. On the other hand, however, this scheme may work harm.

There are poor people here who would not wish to have their names published because they would not like to have their neighbors stare at them and call them beggars, which neighbors in any town are rather liable to do. Publication of the names may lessen the expense of relief but it may also tend to prevent many deserving poor from applying for aid from the poor district.

Undertakers' Act Unconstitutional.

A case involving the unconstitutionality of the act requiring the registering of undertakers was tried in the Luzerne court on Friday before Judge Halsey. It was that of R. P. Riley, a Hazleton detective, against J. M. Fierro, a Hazleton undertaker, who was charged with conducting his business without a license and contrary to the act of assembly which holds that such undertakers must register with the state board.

After the prosecutor had stated his side of the case, the defendant's attorney asked that the indictment be quashed, as the act was special legislation and was unconstitutional. Judge Halsey agreed that a verdict of not guilty should be rendered, which was done.

A Bugbear Demolished.

One of the great bugbears of spinsterhood has been demolished by a Minnesota woman. Though she had had many suitors, of course, she was still unwedded at thirty, and one day, as she was sending off a gift to a girl friend who was about to be married, she bawled the fact that the bachelor girl never got wedding-presents or a trousseau. Her father promised that she herself should not be slighted in this respect, whether she married or not, and a few weeks ago, when she accepted the offer of a business position and decided to take up her bachelor residence in Chicago, the old gentleman was as good as his word. He gave her a handsome check to buy a complete outfit of clothes, from shoes to bonnets, and many of her friends took up the idea and gave her useful and ornamental articles for her bachelor apartment. And now it is announced—whether it be through the aid of her fine feathers or not is not stated—she is to marry the president of the company that employs her.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME GREAT MEN.

Horace was a shopkeeper's son.
Moliere was the son of a tapescy-maker.
Francis Rabelais was the son of an apothecary.
Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter.
Homer, most illustrious of poets, was at one time a beggar.
Columbus, the discoverer of America, was the son of a weaver.
Thomas Wolsey, the English cardinal and statesman, was a butcher's son.
Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator of antiquity, was a cutter's son.
The great English preacher, George Whitfield, was the son of an innkeeper.
Plautus, one of the greatest of Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.
Edmund Halley, the English astronomer and mathematician, was the son of a soap manufacturer.

Watch the date on your paper.

POINTS AND MOOT POINTS.

Man is a silhouette seen against eternity.

It is too small a canvas to waste time on.
Effort should beget smiles; not blood or tears.
It is natural to succeed. Failure is degeneration.
God is infinite pleasure; to be happy is to worship him.
Timidity develops far worse vices than courage does.
Life is a battle—no exemptions; volunteer, or be drafted.
A loving sincerity excuses some very blunt observations.
If you break the shell of decency you will become offensive.
Many a wise man is harnessed and driven to death by a fool.
The fool knows beauty as well, or better, than the philosopher.
Passion runs round the world while pity is putting on its sandals.
The most self-effacing personality the world has ever seen was its greatest.

We put up ineffectual bluffs at modesty in front of the blushing camera of truth.
Love is an insignificant ripple in the great ocean of being. Passion is the tidal-wave.
Education is to get nature and the God of nature into our souls—no great matter how.
The bank of life is always overdrawn on certain moral values—delicacy, for instance.

A moral exchange, where we could deposit our surplus values and recoup our deficiencies, would be a very benevolent and beneficial institution.
The one grace lacking spoils perfection—personal honor is, perhaps, the top-blossom of excellence nature has the most difficulty in developing.
A corner in heaven will be reserved for the jolly and jocose, unless, indeed, we assume heaven to be the rendezvous of the unfortunate classes exclusively.

Living statues head the procession of beauty and love, ghosts of old philosophy pilot the procession of truth—hence, probably, the difference in attendance upon each function.
Melancholy is the unwholesome moonlight of the soul—the reflected rays of lunatic passion rather than the direct rays of reason.
Work was originally play; but, so twisted is man, his play has now become hard work.

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ASTONISHED THE TEACHER

A Lecture on Hygiene and the Pupil's Reply to a Question.

There is a lady occupied in the instruction of the juvenile mind who is quite willing to confess that the pupils who attend her classes do not do all the learning. Some of the small folks under her tuition occasionally astonish her with their superior knowledge of the modernly developed resources of the English language. A lecture on hygiene had been included in the programme for the day, and she had taken care to show the effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the system. She impressed her teachings by means of anatomical charts, which gave especial lucidity to her remarks when she came to warning the little girls, years in advance of any practical need the dangers of tight lacing. One of the little girls, whose home surroundings are rather than elegance of expression is sought, listened with profound attention.

"Now, Margaret," the teacher said, "you may see how well you remember what I have said about tight lacing and tell us why it is injurious."

"There was no response," the teacher added, and the girl jumped to her feet as she recognized the more familiar name.

"Tight lacing, ma'am, is injurious, ma'am."

She hesitated and the teacher smiled encouragingly and said, "Go on."

"Cos, ma'am, it's liable to twist yer slats."

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A MAID'S PROPOSAL

SHORT SKETCH IN WHICH SEVERAL CHARACTERS ARE INTRODUCED.

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton in Feline Manner Comes Very Near Breaking Up a Love Match But Falls Owing to Miss Trevor's Good Sense.

Scene—A dance in May-fair. Time—One A. M. Bobby Vane (finding Captain Emery lounging disconsolately by the door of the supper room)—Hullo, old fellow! Didn't expect to see you here. Dancing?

Captain Emery—No; of course not. Bobby Vane—I thought it wasn't much in your line. Why did you come, then? What's her name?

Captain Emery—Well, you are not expected to play cricket every time you go to see a match at Lord's, are you?

Mrs. Mayrick-Fenton (passing into the supper room)—What is that you're saying about a match? The latest? You've heard about it, of course. Friend of your's, isn't she?

Captain Emery—Ah, Miss Trevor! Is that settled, then?

Mrs. Mayrick-Fenton—My good man, haven't you seen Mrs. Trevor's face this evening? She's positively beaming. She was even decently civil to me.

Captain Emery—Let me see, Perelra's—Mrs. Mayrick-Fenton (in an undertone)—Cocoa. Pity it isn't coal, or something like that. I always think there's something about cocoa that—well—sticks; don't you think so? But he's rich. So sensible of Mrs. Trevor, when Gwendoline might have done so much worse—don't you think so?

Miss Trevor (dropping the arm of Mr. Pereira and advancing with her programme in her hand)—Please, Captain Emery, I'm hungry. Here's a signed declaration that you'll take me into supper. Have you forgotten all about it, or shall I ask some one else?

Captain Emery—Oh, I'm so sorry! Of course, I hadn't forgotten; only I thought, perhaps—

Miss Trevor (after regarding her companion for a minute or two)—Let me see, Tom, when is it you leave for India?

Captain Emery—The day after tomorrow. There, you've spilt some cocoa on your dress.

Miss Trevor—Oh, never mind. Why do you go out again?

Captain Emery—Must. Miss Trevor—Why is it that all the—the men one likes, go off to the ends of the earth, and then—you never see them again?

Captain Emery—Well, you see, they pay you more when you're in India. My private income is about a penny a week; and I simply can't live on my pay at home. Besides, I shall feel more comfortable abroad for a week—under the circumstances.

Miss Trevor—Under the circumstances? Captain Emery—I suppose I ought to congratulate you!

Miss Trevor—You ought to have done it yesterday. I was twenty-one yesterday. I thought it horrid of you to take no notice.

Captain Emery—I hadn't the least idea—

Miss Trevor—And I'm my own mistress now. I wrote a check this morning. They sent it back from the bank because I hadn't signed it. As if it mattered when it was my own money that I wanted.

Captain Emery—But you are not to be your own mistress long.

Miss Trevor—Was that what Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton was telling you just now?

Captain Emery—She said that you and Pereira—

Miss Trevor—Cut! Captain Emery—Eh?

Miss Trevor—I mean it isn't true. Did you believe it?

Captain Emery (after reflecting for a few moments with his eyes on his plate)—Well, it's a suitable match—in one way. He has plenty of money.

Miss Trevor—So have I. Quite as much as I want. You knew that, didn't you? (Captain Emery nods.)

Captain Emery—That's what makes it so very suitable. Neither can be suspected of any mercenary motive.

Miss Trevor—But that is what makes mamma so anxious that—Of course, he has—he has asked me, and mamma wants—

Captain Emery—And you refused him?

Miss Trevor—No.

Captain Emery—Well, but—

Miss Trevor—I haven't answered yet at all. Don't be so stupid, Tom. (She crumbles a piece of bread and gathers up the fragments carefully into a little heap.) I shall decide—I shall decide—

Captain Emery—Well?

Miss Trevor (under her breath)—The day after tomorrow.

Captain Emery—And I shan't be here to congratulate you.

Miss Trevor—Don't Tom. Captain Emery—You mean—

Miss Trevor—I mean—I mean—Tom, what should a girl do when she doesn't know what to do? Can't you help me? Can't you advise me?

Captain Emery—I don't see exactly where I can come in. It's rather difficult for me to take an entirely unprejudiced view. And your mother—no doubt she's quite right—would probably disagree with my advice. I—

Miss Trevor—That doesn't matter, now. My poor old godfather has made me quite independent. The question is ought I to marry one man when I'm—when I'm—you know.

Captain Emery—in love with another? (Miss Trevor builds a pyramid of crumbs with the utmost care and nods assent.)

Miss Trevor—And he is—he is—

Captain Emery—in love with you. But, Gwen—

Miss Trevor (leaning forward with her elbows on the table)—And, Tom—you must advise me—supposing the—supposing the—other man is quite—quite poor—

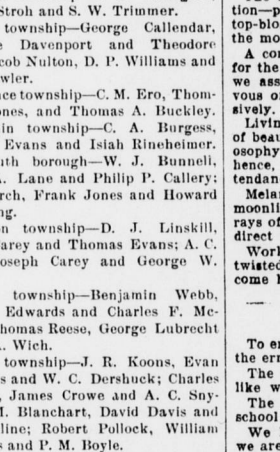
Captain Emery—Yes.

Miss Trevor—Only a penny a week—just like you, you know—and he's afraid—I mean, he's dreadfully honorable and—silly—can a girl—ought a girl—ought she—oh, Tom! I can't do it all myself.

Captain Emery (after an interval of ten minutes, during which the meeting has been adjourned to a quiet corner upon the stairs)—Gwen you must let me tell your mother that you proposed to me.

Miss Trevor—Tom, you're a dreadful coward—for a soldier.—Black, and White.

The Same Old Story.



"I only sold three papers dis morning. I'm gettin' sick of de literary business!"

"Curse me luck," hissed the burglar, and fled into the night.

Beer in mind, if you please, that all crime was now disease, merely, and all disease the work of germs.

The burglar perceived in the cellar window where he tried to enter one of the latest automatic spraying devices and endeavored to avoid it.

But fortune was against him.

A click in the dark and almost before he knew it he was drenched with germicide and cured of his malady.—Detroit Journal.

Squaring Himself.

Snowbound Snawley (in deep disgust)—Has it come to dis that yer are 'round wid a saw on yer shoulder lookin' fer work?

Foxy Feeney (injured)—Yer wrong me, pard; I'm lookin' fer food, an' de saw makes folks 'tink I would work. Yer see, I allus avoid yards wot hev wood piles, an' wenever I'm cornered an' offered a job I ax so much fer me services dat no one will hire me.—Judge.

Encouraging Prophecy.

"That palmist said that for one dollar he would tell me how long I would live."

"Did he?"

"He said I would have to live many, many years before I would have sense enough to take care of money."—Detroit Free Press.

Incompatible.

Mr. Dukane—Why did your wife change physicians? I thought that she was satisfied with Dr. Tablet's professional skill.

Mr. Gaswell—She was satisfied, so far as his professional skill was concerned, but he rode a different make wheel from hers, and his calls were more occupied by a defense of his favorite.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Correct.

Tagleigh—"Did you ever notice, when a man has been drinking heavily the night before, how long and earnestly he will look at himself in the glass the next morning?"

Wagleigh—"Certainly. That is the time for sober reflection."—From Life.

In a Bad Way.

The Irish foreman was very much agitated. He rushed over to the machinist too excited to talk.

"What's the matter?" asked the machinist.

"Come quick to the motor?" cried the foreman. "It's rapidly stopping!"—Philadelphia North American.

The Way It Happened.

Sympathetic Visitor (to prisoner)—My good man, what brought you here? Facetious Prisoner—Borrowing money! "But they don't put people in prison for borrowing money."

"Yes, but I had to knock the man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."—Pick-Me-Up.