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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 14, 1900.

Freeland borough council met long enough Monday evening to show that the alleged architect who has charge of the Municipal building during its erection possesses a lack of foresight which men in that profession are not supposed to display. The neglect to provide water connections for the upper floors is a small matter in itself, but that, with several other small and large mistakes which are beginning to show themselves in the structure, does not promise well for the parts yet to be finished. Council has decided to remedy this defect—and to foot the bill also.

Secretary Long may pay a "reasonable price" for armor. But what is a reasonable price? The armor makers say—or said, a few weeks ago—that \$545 per ton was reasonable. Senator Hanna declares that \$600 a ton is reasonable. The public generally thinks that \$445 is more than reasonable. What will Secretary Long decide about it?

The British are victorious and the war is at an end. We believe this because they tell us so. It is of course unfortunate that the Boers should be unkind enough to cut Roberts' line of communications, but that is a mere incident of peace. We know how it is ourselves in the Philippines.

The torch lighted in China may set the world on fire. The nations are hurrying there, like wolves around a dying deer, each waiting for its share. It is easy enough to overthrow the Chinese government, but when it comes to dividing the spoil, there will be trouble.

The first session of congress spent nearly \$710,000,000, and left a number of very expensive items to go over until next session. The chances are that the two sessions will cost a billion and a half. This is one part of the white man's burden.

The Democratic vote in Oregon shows a gain of about 25 per cent of the total vote of the state. Similar increases elsewhere would give the Democrats New York, Indiana, and a number of other states, and would elect Bryan.

According to the dispatches, justice is for sale in Cuba by the native courts. No one has ever doubted this, but no one expected our people to catch the contagion of dishonesty as soon as they did.

Washington City will be dull this summer. Congress has adjourned, the people can't vote, and their base ball club has been taken away from them. Nothing is left except to sleep till fall.

Say, why not form the "Society of Carpetbaggers"? The colonies will furnish plenty of candidates pretty soon. No one who got away with less than \$10,000 should be eligible.

Alaska may be cold and it may have gold, but its delegates to Kansas City are instructed for Bryan and silver, all the same.

L. V. R. Special Fare Excursions.
National Prohibition convention, Chicago, June 27-28. Tickets on sale June 25 and 26, limited for return passage to June 29 inclusive, for all trains, except the Black Diamond express. One fare for the round trip. 25 cents will be collected by joint agent at Chicago, when ticket is presented for execution.

B. Y. P. U. of America annual convention, Cincinnati, O., July 12-15.
One fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 10 to 13, for all trains, except the Black Diamond express, limited for return passage to July 17 inclusive, but by deposit of ticket with joint agent at Cincinnati on or before July 14 and payment of fee of 50 cents return limit will be extended to August 10.

National Democratic convention, Kansas City, Mo., July 4. Tickets on sale July 1 to 3, for all trains except the Black Diamond express, limited for return passage to July 9. One fare for round trip.

For further information concerning above excursions consult Lehigh Valley ticket agents.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, June 12, 1900.
The administration is worrying over the news from China. The revolution of the "Boxers" threatens to expose Mr. McKinley's imperialistic program concerning China in advance of the presidential election, which is just what he was anxious to avoid. In their anxiety to allay public suspicion at home, members of the administration have been doing some word juggling that would be amusing if the matters involved were not too serious to laugh about. For instance, official statements to the press from the state department have emphasized the alleged instructions to our minister at Peking, and to Rear Admiral Kempf, our naval commander in Chinese waters, to act in concert with European powers for the protection of foreigners and their property but not to join a combination of the powers for any purpose. Our representatives over there must be clever indeed if they can act in concert with the European powers without combining with them.

A marked feature of the political situation, is the genuine scare of Republican leaders over three states which they have heretofore been claiming as certain to cast their electoral votes for McKinley. In New York, the Republicans realize that the state will be doubtful. In Indiana, the state ticket nominated by the Democrats, headed by Hon. John W. Kern, is so strong that Indiana Republicans have notified the leaders of the party that the state is in danger. In Illinois, the tide has been running anti-Republican for some time, and appeals for help are being received in Washington. This scare is so bad that prominent Republicans are saying that it is useless to consider candidates from other states for the second place on the McKinley ticket; that he must be taken from one of those three states, and must be a man who will add strength to the ticket.

Secretary Long has advertised for bids for furnishing armor plates for battleships under the cowardly law forced through congress the last thing before adjournment, making Mr. Long do what the Republicans of congress were ashamed to do—agree to the prices of armor set by the armor trust, which will necessarily be the only bidder to respond to the advertisement. True, the law gives Mr. Long the authority to reject the bids if he considers the price too high, and to use the \$4,000,000 carried by the act, for the establishment of a government plant to make armor plate, but if he acted upon that authority, the Republican leaders who engineered the cowardly make-shift would throw a few fits; they are figuring on a heavy campaign contribution from the armor trust.

Mr. McKinley and General E. S. Otis have been exchanging taffy. Mr. McKinley has been telling Otis that he was the only real thing in the military way produced by the Philippine war—many believe that Otis produced that war—and that he would have been glad to have made him, instead of Miles, a lieutenant general, but congress fired it so that promotion had to go to Miles; while Otis, overjoyed at his promotion to be a major general, has been telling Mr. McKinley that he is the greatest of all presidents. Outside of the White House there has been no attempt to lionize Otis because of the prevalence of the opinion that he has already received more than was coming to him for anything he achieved during his blundering career in the Philippines.

The Industrial Commission, so-called, has provided itself with a pleasant junket, all of the expenses of which will be paid by the "dear people." It has decided that the industrial conditions, principally flirtations and such, along the Northern Atlantic coast, must be investigated during the summer, and has arranged for meetings of the commission during the next three months, in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and the New England states. One of the first duties of a Democratic administration and congress will be to abolish the Republican government commission humbug, which has become so rampant, and so expensive, under the McKinley administration.

Chairman Payne, of the house ways and means committee, has given away the claim of the Republicans that the reason they did not reduce war taxes at the recent session of congress, was their desire to have that committee grant hearings and study the question during the recess, so that the right sort of bill providing for the reduction might be reported to the house, by the official announcement that the committee would not be called together until just before congress meets. In other words, the question of the reduction of war taxes is to be left open until after election, in order that all the big interests may be taxed for the Republican campaign fund.

Dear reader, the day is fast approaching when you must decide whether you are for a continuance of the republic or for the erection of a monarchy in the United States. Which side will you choose? A big fat Troy politician says he will choose the monarchy—so he may get another soft berth—but those places will be scarce even in a monarchy; there'll not be enough to go around.—Troy (O.) Democrat.

F. Hatmaker, of Pittston, has been granted a patent for a new telegraph sounder.

HER LIFE VOCATION.

She Will Sing Gospel Songs for Religious Work.

Miss Ruth Cordis Long, niece of Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, has chosen as her vocation in life gospel singing. Her work in this line, in connection with recent revival services at a Worcester, Mass., church, confirmed her inclination toward this calling, which has dated back two years. She visited Washington last winter and by invitation sang several selections before President and Mrs. McKinley. Personally Miss Long is a young woman of much charm. Her enthusiasm in her work proceeds



(Miss Ruth C. Long.)

from earnest and sincere conviction that her voice can be made a powerful influence for good in connection with evangelical and temperance work. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto. At the age of seventeen she was brought out as a concert singer in Portland, Me., by Annie Louise Cary. Her singing then showed great promise, and her friends urged her to make the operatic stage her aim. Her family discouraged this, however, and Miss Long took up concert singing, in which she has been very successful.

Women in Persia.

Life is sad in Persia, especially the woman's life. The law of Islam allows each man to have four wives, and as many concubines and slave girls as his hand can hold. His wives, also, he may divorce at will. Our word "hush" is the Turkish word by which a Moslem divorces his wife. It doesn't count if he says it only once or twice, but if said the third time the woman must go. Down along the Caspian the men often marry their wives in the Spring, so as to have the benefit of their labor in the rice fields, and divorce them in the Fall, so as to escape supporting them during the Winter. At Meshed, where the pilgrims come, is a large population of temporary wives who are married to the pilgrims, far from home and families, for as long a time as the pilgrims remain at the shrine—a day, or a month. The Mohammedan priests draw up the contracts for these temporary alliances. Lord Curzon, who has been there, says Meshed, though the holiest city in Persia, is the wickedest in Asia. There are no words for wife and home in Persian. There are no homes and few wives. It is curious to hear a handsome woman say: "I have told my husband if he marries another wife I shall poison him, and I intend to do it." Or to ask a woman about her home life and get the answer: "Love my husband! Oh, yes, I love him. I love him as much as a sieve holds water."

Home Made Candies.

Chocolate Caramels.—One teaspoonful of milk, one of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one-half teaspoonful grated chocolate. Mix the ingredients and put on the fire in a lined saucepan; stir constantly to prevent burning; boil till quite thick; turn on to buttered plates; when it begins to stiffen mark late squares with a knife.
Cocoanut Candy.—One pound loaf sugar, one cupful water, one-fourth pound grated cocoanut. Put the sugar and water in a saucepan till the sugar is dissolved, and set it on a clear fire to boil for five minutes or more; as the scum rises carefully, skim it away till the sugar looks white and thick, then stir in the cocoanut; set it on the fire and stir constantly with a wooden spoon till it rises well in the saucepan, then at once spread it out on sheets of writing paper, which should be slightly warmed.
Almond Toffee.—One-half pound butter, one pound brown sugar, one and one-half ounces almonds, a little grated lemon rind. Put the butter into a saucepan over a clear fire, and when melted add the sugar; boil for fifteen minutes, add a little grated lemon rind and the almonds blanched and halved; boil and stir till a little of the mixture dropped in cold water hardens immediately; pour on to buttered dishes and stand aside to cool.

An Inside Neck Band.

A piece of inch-wide white satin ribbon sewed inside the neck band of a bodice protects the throat from the defacing mark that is a common result from the wear of the prevailing high dress collars. It is not intended that the ribbon shall show on the outside.

Both Wished the Same.

"I wish now," shrieked the angry young wife—"I wish you had married that Edith Macmahon instead of me! That's what I wish!"

SIGNS OF SPRING.

When springtime reigns the "season" wanes—
We weary are of footlight fads,
We watch the growing of the grass
And put away the playhouse "ads."
Let young D'Arriagnan fume and fight,
Let Cyrano woo maid and Mars,
We shall go out into the night,
Lit by the everlasting stars.

Now east and west and north and south,
Out come the graceful steeds of steel,
A flight a flash—perhaps a crash—
And, lo! the world is all a wheel.
Over the hills and far away
A million riders seem to ply.
Nature receives her friends to-day,
And few there are to pass her by.

A trumpet blare, a spangle flare,
A brazen burst of horns and drums—
A mad excitement everywhere—
And, lo! the wondrous circus comes
In glittering adjunct of the spring.
Though every nation gives you praise
Your splendors do not seem to bring
The joy that thrilled our childish days!

Come out and walk, come out and run,
Come out and ride and scream and shout—
Come out and saunter in the sun.
If you do nothing else—come out.
There is a solace in the spring—
If you will walk in nature's way
She'll gladly show you everything,
And there will be no bill to pay!

AUNT CHARETTE.

They had raided Aunt Charette. In answer to repeated complaints from the respectable element in Fort Kent the officers had come up there and had swooped down on the liquor dealers. And chief among the liquor dealers was Aunt Charette. In fact, she was the local wholesaler. She had credit, she could roll \$500 worth of "morsom," or white rum, at one time. The smaller dealers up and down the St. John from St. Francis to Frenchville found it more convenient to buy of her.

Gold beads and a black silk dress 'Sunday did Aunt Charette wear. Broad was she, with amplitude of waist and scarcity of lap. She sat all day long in her little sitting room and interrupted her knitting only long enough to answer calls at the door. Sometimes the caller would be a man from Connor with gray wool trousers and peaked cap. Another would be a Frenchville citizen with empty jugs under the seat of his narrow buckboard.

They told her whether they wanted morsom or cherry rum or "whooak" or alcohol. Then Aunt Charette went out in the little dark leanto shed and rattled the funnel and clanked the jugs, and at last came pudging back with a broad smile between her big earrings.

And she always knew whether to give or refuse credit. All sorts of queer accounts had she—scattered all over the countryside. Uncle Charette was a very silent partner in the firm. He used to tell the priest that he had tried and tried to induce Aunt Charette to give up the business of selling liquor. Still Uncle Charette had discovered years before that he would not have to go into the woods winters any more; that there was always spare change for him to buy his tobacco; that he was never asked to earn any money for the groceries. Twice a year Aunt Charette purchased new wool trousers of Canadian gray. As for his long-tailed coat, Uncle Charette seemed unable to wear that out for the reason that the most of the time he went about in his shirt sleeves.

And though Uncle Charette never went out into the dark leanto, still on a corner of the kitchen shelf stood a little earthen jug that Aunt Charette never allowed to be less than half full of brandy. She had to pour some into it from the keg every day. Uncle Charette declared that it helped his rheumatism.

When the officers came riding up to the door on a big sled drawn by two horses and ran in without knocking, Aunt Charette clung to the arms of her chair.

"Le bon Dieu! Wat ees eet?" she cried.

"Aunt Charette, you've been complained against," said the local deputy sheriff, "and we've got to take what stuff you've got on the premises. I suppose it's all in the leanto, as usual?"

When the discovery is made in prohibition Maine that there is liquor selling in a community the local deputy is usually well acquainted with the location of all the liquor deposits.

"Wat!" screamed Aunt Charette, but in sorrow, not in anger. "Wat! tak' ma leste leek! Why, m'sieu, you can't do noddins lak dat. I geet ma palmiree from dat man—'wat yo' call keem, de county attorney. Here—here—here it be," and with trembling hand she poked under the deputy's nose the receipt showing that she had paid a fine at the last term of court. She insisted that it was a permit to sell liquor. Aunt Charette believed that it was.

opening the door. The deputy, with one blow of his boot, shattered the lock. Then he and his men rolled out the barrels and the kegs and the demijohns. Aunt Charette, as they laid their hands on each article, screamed, "Ah, mon Dieu! Non! non! You've taken enough! Leave dat wan!—leave dat wan!"

But the officers were inexorable. They rolled everything out. They had to send for another sled. There were loads for two heavy teams. The last man to go out was the deputy with a jug, the last he could find. As he dug out the remotest corner, as he went through the kitchen his eyes fell on the jug on the shelf. He took it down and smelled of it.

"Ah, offecaire! offecaire!" she wailed, "dat be just a little sup of brandy for poor M'sieu Charette, dat poor man dat set dere. Don' tak' dat!"

Uncle Charette, pulling at his pipe, only blinked an extra time or so.

"Eef yo' tak' dat, offecaire, wat da poor man do for hees drenk, wat-daw mornin'! Please leave dat." The officer could appreciate the situation. He left it.

Aunt Charette stood at the door until the teams disappeared in the dusk far down the street.

A rough inventory at the storehouse that evening indicated that Aunt Charette had \$700 worth of liquor in stock.

The officers left word that Aunt Charette must be at the office of the local trial justice the next forenoon at 8.

At 8 o'clock Uncle Charette eased her down out of the old-fashioned chaise onto the platform before the justice's office. It was a slow and tedious job, for Aunt Charette's avoirdupois is disposed in most unwieldy fashion. She was arrayed in her best black dress. Uncle Charette—this being a state occasion—had on his long-tailed black coat. The faces of both were perfectly expressionless. Evidently Aunt Charette had exhausted all her emotion the afternoon before.

They sat side by side in the justice's office mute, never moving, never even turning their heads while all the other cases of seizure were disposed of.

It had been a wholesale raid through the village. All the men and women who had been raided owed money to Aunt Charette. All gave bonds to appear at the higher court. All went away.

"Well, Mrs. Charette," said the justice, "you are charged with single sale, with nuisance and keeping a tippling house. Have you any lawyer or any defense to put in?"

To the surprise of all Uncle Charette who had been all these years the silent partner in this firm, was the one to speak.

"She have no lawyer," said he; "she have noddins to say."

"Well, I shall have to impose fines amounting to about \$500 on her," said the justice. Aunt Charette gasped—that was all. Uncle Charette said nothing.

"You appeal, don't you?" asked the justice. "You know you can appeal and give bonds and then your wife won't have to go to jail. You will also have time to get money collected to pay the fine."

"We don't do noddins 'tall 'bout dat 'ting," said Uncle Charette doggedly.

"What you don't mean to say that you are going to let your wife go down to jail?" cried the justice. "If she doesn't pay or give bonds she'll have to go to jail and await the sitting of the court. That is two months off. Then she will have still more time to serve in carrying out her sentence. She is likely to stay there the most of a year. Aunt Charette has been a good wife to you, Uncle Charette. Your home place stands in your name. All you have to do is to sign her bonds and then she can stay here till court sits. And by that time you will have a chance to talk this thing over with your friends. I'll make out the bond."

"No," declared Uncle Charette. "Eef yo' want to tak' her down to jail she go. She all dressed up. She go any time."

Now, you and I and all the rest of us know that this isn't the way the prohibition statute usually operates—and it isn't the way the authorities like to have it operate. And then, too, here was an old woman, who had never been away from her home in all her life, who had grown-up children, who had knitted in that little kitchen there in the village of Fort Kent and had looked out through her little window at the passers until she had become one of the local landmarks. There wasn't a person in the village who wanted to see her go down to Houlton in that manner.

But there she and Uncle Charette sat without looking at each other. Every one knew that Aunt Charette had money enough to pay the fine. Uncle Charette's name on the bond would liberate her. Finally he said: "She 'tink she batter go. She'll be all r-r-at. I'll kip house till she com' back. We've talk 'bout dat 'ting som', and we 'tink dat 'praps she batter go down dere."

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