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ered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa cond-Class Matter,

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Less-majeste has discovered a new form of offense in Germany. Let all be warned when they are in Germany to get up on their feet in a hurry whenever anyone "hochs der kaiser." It will not do to believe that the indivi-dual that hochs has been drinking too much, because that allows no excuse for remaining seated when his maj-esty's name is spoken. The courts have decided that. A town councillor has lately been tried and sentenced for forgetting his duty to the crown's might.

It is not impossible that the predi It is not impossible that the prediction that the day of the sailing vessel has passed will be falsified by the event. It is beginning to be seen by some shrewd men that the esstential thing in some classes of transportation is to get the articles transported to their destination as cheaply as possible, and that the factor of time is only one of many that must be considered in order to achieve profitable results. in order to achieve profitable res Hence it may happen that a half a century from now such commodities as coal and pig iron will scarcely ever be shipped in steam vessels. Indeed,

A PETITION. Hera among lere among your poppy fields, dieness, I pray you. et me wander hzy-eyed, low of thought and pace; hmpty-handed, light of heart, Eager to obey you, To loaf and make a madrigal Tuned to fit your face.

Sick am I of strife and toll. I would seek your dalates. Count the clouds and doze and Through drowsy afternoons. Prithee, take me by the hand-Show me where the way is-Let me change the clink of gold For your linnets' tunes.

Idleness! Oh, Idleness, Bmile a welcome for me. Here's a minstrel out of volce, A weary heart to rest. Soothe me with the pipes of Pan, Hum his music o'er me. Rock me like a tired child ock me like a tired child eepy on your breast. —Theodosia Pickering Gar

Blunders of John Carster.

BY GASTON HARVEY. Copyright, 1800, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Well, I suppose this is the end of t." John Carsten heaved a heavy 18h, and strode along moodily. Helen ooked at him curiously and then stead.

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You are getting better, John-Don't do it."

do it." man with nothing to recommend him but money, as between the two a woman will choose the man with the money ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. That's what I mean." "Why John, why John!" There was an infnity of reproach in those "Yes I mean."

in your career that year ocar of When was it?"

"You know very wen and d allude to. You know that I have loved you for all these years, since we were little "You know that I have loved you for all these years, since we were little more than children. You know that there has not been a day that the in-cense of my soul was not offered to you. I have loved you truly, faith-fully, unavaeringly. You know that my highest dream of earthy happi-ness was to some day make a home for you, where I could have you with me always. You know that my wak-ing thoughts are all of you; -that I dream of you at might; that not a plan I have made has not had you for its inspiration, with the hope that it would conduce toward the end I wished. There has not been an ambi-tion in my brain that was not caused by my wish to excel and make you you do me. "The rest of the world can go hang -you are my world, the all hor me. And now, after all these years, all that counts for naught. There comes into your life agreat big, befy man-you know little about him ex-



Then, taking her hands, looked her full in the face.

what I have done, or rather in that time accomplishes what I could not ac-

what I have done, or rather in that time accomplishes what I could not ac-complish in six times as many years. Is not that evidence enough? What is to be deduced from that except what i have stated?" "I ought to be very angry with you, John. You have accused me of a wretched thing—that I would sell my life, my love, my soil, merely to pro-vide myself with creature conforts. I don't know why I don't make you leave me, and never permit you to speak to me again, except that I'd realize that your angre has carried you off your feet. I realize what you say, that such a state of things is an awful blow to a man. But I do not grant that any such state exists—that is—I mean—" "You mean what, that you are not zoing to marry him?" There was light and life and hope in the questioner's eyes now. "Yes, I mean that; and that I have

going to marry him?" There was light and life and hope in the questioner's eyes now. "Yes, I mean that; and that I have not intended to do so. And now let me do a little preaching to you-you have had your say, and you have said things you ought not to have said. I will say what you left unsaid, and what you should know. It is, that with a true woman, and with true love, all the gold in the universe could not outweigh her love. If on the one side is a man a woman loves, who is as poor as poverty itself, and on the other a man offering himself, a millionaire, the man and his money would not for an instant be considered as a possibility. "It is a mistaken notion men have, that a woman wants to receive all and give nothing. True love is self efface-ment, and bearing the burdens of those whom we do love, and nothing gives a woman so much pleasure as to suffer for the man she really cares for." "Do you really mean that?" There was wonderment upon the face of the questioner. "Yes. And there would be more

for." "Do you really mean that?" There was wonderment upon the face of the questioner. "Yes. And there would be more women who would be glad to accept even the litle in the way of wealth their sweethearis possess, if they were given the chance. Instead of going bravely to her and saying 'I have little or nothing, but I love you. I can pro-vide enough to keep us from starving, and enough to keep us from starving. There was a long pause. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the west was gorgeous with the opaline tits of the dying day. In the dying grasses the crickets chirped a requi-em for the sweet summer. A few dead leaves floated through the branches and rustled genily to their last resting place. The air had a tinge of the coming chill of winter, and na-ture seemed saddened and dreary. The couple stood a moment looking at the sunset. Perhaps it was the glory of the ruddy rays upon her face, or the fue west that shone in her eyes. He paused, for a moment incoked her full in the eyes. She looked down and her face flushed. "Helen," he said very gently, "I have almost nothing in the way of goods or wealth, but I have a love for you that the wealt hof Midas could not by. Will you accept what I have?" She looked up and smiled softy. "Why didn't you say that a year or so ago? Yes, I will."

Bird

Language Language a second secon

Prince Victor Was a Fighter.

The grandson of Queen Victoria, Prince Christian Victor, who died of fever in South Africa a few weeks ago, was a soldier born, who owed nothing to rank, but obtained his advance in recognition of his military ability. He knew everything about Tommy Atkins, from the existing frees down to the canteen extortions, which he labord to abolish. In his room at Winchester might be found nearly double the num-ber of books on tactics and drill usu-ally found in an officer's guarters, and

NOT RESTFUL.

served recognition for valor. any beneficial effect whatever. He de-clares that green paper, green shades, green unbrellas are all a mistake and that by increasing the green light we are simply provoking a nervous dis-turbance. He says that each of the colors tires a different set of nerves of vision and therefore looking at one particular colour saves one set of nerves at the expense of another. The best method, he says, is to dim all the rays of light by smoked or grey glasses, which rest all of the optic nerves. money ninety-nine cases out of a money intery-nine cases out of a money.
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THE PAINT HABIT.

THE PAINT HABIT. Ag Zasidious Vice That Alterike and Then Controls Men. Of all the vices to which the head of a family can be addicted, the paint craze is probably the most devastat-ing in effect upon the mind, clothing, and purse. Unlike drunkenness and playing on brass instruments, it is a vice which can be practiced without publicity, and this is doubtless one reason why it is to avfully prevalent. There seems to be something won-derfully fascinating in the private paint brush and the cans of prepared paint that are extensively advertised as combining the twoloid mission of preserving and beautifying objects upon whch they are applied. The man who has once allowed him-self to paint the kitchen chairs or the dog kennel takes a step which he can arely retrace. His thirst for paint grows with indulgence, and he soon comes to feel wretched unless he has a brush in his hand. Among private painters there exists a strange and morbid unwillingness to

grows with indulgence, and he soon comes to feel wretched unless he has a brush in his hand. Among private painters there exists a strange and morbid unwillingness to allow a particle of paint he waited. The man wno buys a pound can of blue paint with which to paint a table, and finds that after the work is done he has a quarter of a pound of paint left, instantly tries to find some other article of furniture on which to use it. Thus he is constantly led on from one article to another, and reduces himself to poverty, madness, and despair. The story of a man who was once a respectable and worthy ratepayer of an adjoining municipality presents a fearful illustration of the misery caused by private painting. The man in question was induced by an indis-crect friend to buy a pound of red paint with which to paint a smail dog kennel. Without reflecting upon the danger to which every one exposes himself who takes the unhallowed brush in his hand, this man painted the dog kennel, and with the quarter of a pound that was left undertook to paint the bathtub-in- order, as he told himself, that the paint should not be wasted.

the influence of painter's colic.—Mon-treal Gazette. If any stranger offers to sell you un-canny-looking objects and tells you that they are heads of Incas, wo were great warriors long ago, says the New York Journal, beware of him and hand not over your good dollars, for the chances are a thousand to one that the man is an impostor and that the so-called heads are really the product of some factory. Genuine mumified heads of Incas there are, but they are rare and costly. The warlike Incas, it appears, were deside the heads of their conquered en-emics, but before doing so they sub-jecter them to a certain process with the object of rendering them as light as possible. First, the bones of the skull were re-sub being that finally there remained nothing but a very small yet wonder-fully lifelike countenance, of leathern consistency and or merely nominal weight. A few such heads may be found in Ecuador. How old these heads are no one knows, but many centuries have cer-tainly passed away since their owners fourished. The price of such a curi-tosity varies from \$250 to \$1000. The demand, however, has always been greater than the supply, and this fact recently emboldened some enter-

The demand, however, has always been greater than the supply, and this fact recently emboldened some enter-prising but unscrupilous gentlemen in Ecuador to open a factory for the purpose of supplying enthusiastic col-lectors with all the mummified heads that they might need. always and this

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