

The Kennedys' Fourth of July

BY THE
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FREELAND, PA., JULY 3, 1901.



PLEASURE.

July 3.—Picnic of Local Union No. 1652, U. M. W., of Highland, at the Public park.

July 4.—Picnic of Citizens' Hose Company No. 1, at Public park.

July 20.—Picnic and Irish games under the auspices of Divisions 6 and 19, A. O. H., at the Public park.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants hence must digest every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, thus giving life, health, strength, ambition, pure blood and good healthy appetite. Grover's City drug store.

Low Fares to Pan-American Exposition.
Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Five-day tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from Freeland, at the rate of \$7.50 for the round trip. Tickets good only in day coaches.

Ten-day tickets will be sold from Freeland every day, May 1 to October 31, good on any train, except the Black Diamond express, at the rate of \$10 for the round trip.

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following a grippé. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Va. Grover's City drug store.

Pan-American Exposition.
Low fares via the Lehigh Valley Railroad to the Pan-American Exposition. Five-day tickets, good only in day coaches, will be sold on Tuesdays and Saturdays, May 1 to October 31, from Freeland at the rate of \$7 for the round trip.

Ten-day tickets will be sold from Freeland every day, May 1 to October 31, good on any train, except the Black Diamond express, at the rate of \$10 for the round trip.

Restrictions.
"You believe in etiquette to a degree at least, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. When a man gives another man a dinner, he oughtn't to try to borrow money of him until the next day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Insult to Injury.
Jabble (savage)—Chinks, your confounded dog has bitten a piece clean out of my leg!

Chinks (anxiously)—I hope you're healthy, Jabble. I prize that dog! Pick-Me-Up.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gentle action. Grover's City drug store.

Low Fares to Detroit.
Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Account of the meeting of the National Educational Association. Tickets on sale July 6, 7 and 8. See ticket agents for particulars.

The piles that annoy you so will be quickly and permanently healed if you use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of worthless counterfeits. Grover's City drug store.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get DeWitt's. Grover's City drug store.

Independence Day at the Pan-American.
Lowest fares via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Tickets on sale July 3rd. Consult ticket agents for particulars.

A bad complexion generally results from inactive liver and bowels. In all such cases, DeWitt's Early Risers produce gratifying results. Grover's City drug store.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Beginning with Monday, April 15, A. Oswald will close his store at 8 o'clock every evening except Saturdays and the general pay nights.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

The postmaster—who was also the village blacksmith—had just come in from the forge. He was a huge, clumsy creature, with a whiskered face and a kindly smile. He was sorting a bundle of letters between his big, blackened fingers. The little old man at the outer side of the partition was watching him with an expression of timorous entreaty.

"Seems like I seen a letter here for you, Mr. Kennedy. Sophy," he called to his wife, who sat sewing in the rear of the room, "hain't there a letter here for Mr. Kennedy?"

"Yes, there is. It's Cecelia's writin' too. It's a tolerable thick letter. Look again, Bill."

"Here it is—I've got it." He passed an envelope through the little wooden gated aperture to the knotty brown hand tremblingly outstretched to receive it.

"It is from her, ain't it, Mr. Kennedy? Comin' home, maybe?"

"I don't know. That's what I'm wonderin'." He had laid the letter down on the ledge and was eagerly fastening a pair of spectacles behind his ears. "Land, land, if it should be, what would mother say—whatever would she say?"

He was a weather-beaten old farmer, with a clean cut, clean shaven face—a face that, despite its fitness of feature, was full of gentleness. The well-shaped old head was thatched with gray hair, and the eyes back of the glasses were sincere and sympathetic.

"No," he announced in a tone of disappointment. He had got the letter open at last and was reading it rapidly. "She's at the exposition, an she wanted we should know she was wantin' a happy, an I soppin we was the same, an—that's about all. Oh, yes, an she's sent mother a dress pattern. 'Twould be at the deppo' same time as this letter come. She's reel good hearted, Cecelia is. She—she went away soon after you folks settled here."

The old eyes were wistfully lifted. "I don't suppose you remember her right well," he concluded.

"Oh, yes, I do," returned Bill Wheeler heartily. "The prettiest girl—I said so to Sophy when I seen her—didn't I, Sophy? The prettiest girl in these parts."

"She was a good girl, too," put in the old man eagerly. "There wasn't no better girl around than Cecelia. But after that winter we sent her to school in Hastings seemed like she couldn't bear the farm, she was young, an she found it lonesome. It was lonesome, with only mother an me there. There was them that said she ought to have let us know she was goin, but I say to mother she couldn't bear to tell us goodby. She's wrote regular since, but her letters come from lots of different towns. The lady she's companion for is one that's alius takin' towers, they call 'em. It is a pleasant life for my girl. An the wages is good, but—though his lips continued to move, the remainder of the sentence was inaudible. "I'll be goin down to the deppo' now," he said.

"Thanks to you, Mr. Wheeler."

"That's all right; good day to you." And when the door had closed behind old man Kennedy, Wheeler stood silent a moment or two.

"Somehow it makes me feel queer to hear him talk that way, Sophy. It's six years since she run off. She weren't but 15 then. An all she's done is send 'em presents—ain't ever come a-nigh 'em."

Mrs. Wheeler, a scrawny, dyspeptic looking creature, bit her thread off with a vicious jerk.

"Bet there's a good reason she don't. I allus said she was a no account girl, an it's safe to guess she ain't improved none."

"Sho, now, Sophy," he remonstrated. "I wouldn't be too sure of that. Like as not she's earnin her money honest."

"Like as not she ain't," retorted Sophy tartly and resumed her sewing.

Old man Kennedy plodded off with his basket and, after getting a package at the depot, drove home. The sun had gone down, but the mellow brilliance of the afternoon still lingered as he turned into the road that led to his farm. Waist high and green as sea water the corn rippled away to the horizon in limitless billows. The light wind driving over the oats set it courtesying in fantastic undulations or bowed it in temporary depressions of brood brown shadow. And in the hedges of osage orange and honey locust were the whir of the wings and the twitter of bird vespers.

His wife was waiting for him when he stopped in front of the house before driving around to the barn.

"You got the groceries, father, an—what's this? A present from Cecelia! My dear little daughter! A letter too! Oh, let the horses wait, father. You must read it to me. Why, your hand is burnin. Are you sick?"

"No—no." He lumbered down over the wheel. "I'll tell you in a minute. Listen." He read aloud for her the lines her eyes had grown too dim to decipher. When he had come to the end, he burst out with the plan which was to electrify her. He spoke so fast he stumbled over his words and repeated himself. But at last it was clear to her. They were to spend the Fourth of July at the exposition. And it was possible Cecelia would still be in the city with her mistress. And—ecstatic possibility—they might see her.

"There's no address on the letter," he hurried on, "but we might meet her, or we could put in the paper that Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy was stoppin—wherever we might be—an was hopin to receive a call from a friend. We might say a young lady friend. But we wouldn't put her name, for belike the lady she lives with is that grand she'd not be makin so much of an aquil of the choild if it was to see how plain we are. Say we'll go, mother."

"We'll go!" Tears splashed down on the letter she still held, but they were happy tears, being begotten by hope. "I'd have to the ends of the earth just to hold her hand awhile an hear her voice. I'd know at the first sound of it if it was as happy as she says she is—at the first word!"

"But you won't ask her to come home for a spell, Nance?"

"I can't. You wouldn't yourself." The ring of stubborn pride was in her voice now.

awhile in the little old fashioned garden, where gilly flowers and sweet williams and verbenas and southernwood and spice plants made fragrant the night, hopes blossomed out with the stars, and a sense of peace came down with the dew and as sweetly, as silently.

The journey was quite as exciting as old man Kennedy had anticipated. There were the hundred last things to be attended to before the farm might be left in care of Sam Plunkett. There was the drive in the blue morning to the railroad station. There was the thrilling time of waiting for the train and the breathless moment when the great black shape came cannonading down the line. There was the actual instant when they were tortured by fear lest the quivering monster should bound away and leave them behind. There was the grinding of the wheels, the shrill whistle, the cloud of sparks blown by the window, the fading away of the depot, the whirlwind speed through space. And at the end of the day they had reached their destination.

The Fourth broke fair and beautiful. The sky was blue as the water in a Newfoundland iceberg, and the buffeting breeze was soft as rose petals. It was early when old man Kennedy led his wife through the turnstile under the high white arch, early still when walking up the broad, winding ways between stretches of verdure and masses of bloom.

"I don't know," he said, "but I'm enchanted—such a fairland as the poor old people had never in their wildest moments of imagining even dimly divined."

"Can you see?" he panted. "Oh, Nance, asthore!"—he was apt to drop into the love language of his youth when moved—"can you see much of it—all of it—can you?"

They were at the summit of a gentle ascent. Overhead sprang the Gothic arches of a lofty colonnade. Below were masses of glowing flowers, broad walks, a lake which gave back the intense blue of the sky, and encircling these white palaces which rose in majesty.

"I can see the water on the building's. How blue the water is, Tom—like the Suir. Do you mind the bit of the Suir that went windin through Templemore, Tom? An the night we came home from Garryvenus an stopped on the bridge, an you said—"

The little, thin, brown face in the black bonnet was turned toward him. A little, shifty brown hand groped its way along the ledge.

"I mind," he said softly. His fingers closed an instant over hers. "Twas soon after we come out here. Then there was the four boys—all gone, God be praised! An then—her. We'd better be walkin a bit, Nance, woman. Sure if her mistress is here yet we might be comin foreinist her at any minute. But I won't let on if we do—not before quality. I'll just squeeze your arm quick as we go by. Let's go."

And so they did, walking, standing, seldom resting, through all that warm, bright day.

The seething crowds, the gay music, the mellowed roar of innumerable voices, the kaleidoscopic convolutions of the throng, even the stampedes, the stoppages and the vociferous entreaties of the fakirs, possessed for them absorbing novelty, interest, charm.

So the two—he in his best "Sunday look" that was bought for young Tom's wedding, and young Tom dead and buried a good ten years, she in a new silk gown, the wearing of which perplexed and harassed her economical conscience, her thrifty soul—stood close together while he explained all the fine doings of the extraordinary people who were prancing or plunging by.

"Now, there's passin beautiful ladies dressed—oh, never so, Nance! They're in little wagons that's drawn by boys. They're throwin flowers, an here's the boys with lariats. They don't look much different from our own out on Harrowsby's farm when he has a round up. An here's the rest of the circus. There's a chariot. A woman's drivin. It's just as well you can't see her, Nance. Let's go away. She ain't got nothin much on but a kind of red sash, an she's that bold lookin—oh, my God!"

The cry was wrenched from him. He fell back blanched, shaking. He dragged the little old woman with him. He plunged through the crowd, pulling her behind him.

"What's the matter?" she cried. They had got to an open space. "What's the matter?"

"I got a turn." His hand was pressed against his side, and he was breathing hard.

"I thought—somethin foolish. I got a turn."

But he was singularly silent the remainder of the day, and although he looked after the material comfort of his companion he rarely addressed her.

The net of Mlle. Cecile was over. The latter had just discarded her professional



"SHE'S AT THE EXPOSITION."

trappings and gowned herself, with the help of a maid, in marvellous evening attire. She looked a thing of frost and fire in the trailing laces and glittering gowns. A hat adorned with pale plumes crowned her handsome head. The maid had just slipped an opera cloak over her bare shoulders and was buttoning the glove on the extended hand when a boy appeared.

"There's a man out here who wants to see you, Mlle. Cecile."

Mademoiselle muttered a couple of words under her breath. They were not words she had learned at the convent. She jerked her hand from her woman, gathered up her silks and laces from the dirty floor and started toward the passage.

She saw the small black figure at the farther end. Just beyond the passage a carriage awaited her.

"Well, my good man, what is it?"

Into the light from the swinging lantern. The woman looked at him. She did not move or speak. Flowers and fan fell from her nerveless fingers. She seemed to be turning into stone.

In the tent near by there was the stamping of noisy feet. From without came the screeching of rockets, the bursting of bombs, the tumultuous uproar of patriotic enthusiasm gone mad. But in this narrow passageway—between these two—was silence.

It was old man Kennedy who broke that silence.

"We—your mother an me—was hopin to see you when we come here, Cecelia," he faltered. "We thought as how we might meet you, but we—his voice trembled—"we didn't think!"

There his voice broke.

"I am sorry, sorry, sorry," she said. He could hardly hear the low words. "I hoped you would never know."

And again that terrible silence came down between them.

"Go on," she said at length in a tense tone. "Go on."

His lean, haggard old face was lifted in the yellow light. She saw how the muscles around the mouth were working.

"I don't know, acushla machree, as there's anything to say."

She cried out at length in a tense tone. "Go on."

"I forgot. You couldn't know," he said simply. "It's a word we had in the

old country. We called them dark that might have their feelin's hurted if they were spoke of as blind."

"Blind?" she cried sharply. "Is my mother blind?"

"She can see a trifle yet," he answered, "but less each day."

"And you never let me know?"

"She wouldn't have you grieved," he said.

The woman turned, with a moan. She flung her crossed arms against the tent pole and bowed her face upon them.

"Let me see my mother! Let me speak with her! She need not know it is I!"

"She would know your voice."

"Ah, no!" The tone was full of bitterness. "She would never know my voice now," she said. "Come!"

She argued, promised, pleaded. At last they went together across the stretches of velvet sward to where on a seat near the lagoon a little bent form was blackly outlined against the fire lit sky.

"There!" he whispered. He stood still. "Don't—don't hurt her!" he said.

The woman went forward.

"May I sit here—near you?" she asked. The little woman gave a quavering cry, and then in a moment she uttered a gentle apology.

"Will you excuse me! Your voice sounded like—like my daughter's. Certainly, sit down. You are a lady. She is only a little girl. But—I forgot! She must be a woman now."

"Yes."

And they both sat silent, listening to the music which came billowing out from a vast white temple to their right.

"It is beautiful—this scene," said Mlle. Cecile.

"I am sure it is. I can see the lights, but not much more. My sight is failin. When my husband is with me, he tells me about everything, an I do not seem to miss my sight."

"Will you let me tell you now?"

"If it will not trouble you too much."

"How strange your voice sounds!" exclaimed Mrs. Kennedy after Cecelia had been talking a few minutes. "You have taken cold." She put her hand out (she had risen also) and touched the other's bosom. "Why, your neck is bare. No wonder you have taken cold. Go now, my dear! You've been kind to me. I feel—I think I should like to—to kiss you goodby if it wouldn't be takin too much of a liberty. What—what are you doin? Oh, don't, dear child, don't!"

For, with a sudden choking sob, the woman had slipped to her knees. She had caught the work worn old fingers in her own white hands. On them her kisses were pressed—long, burning kisses. On them fell, too, a rain of tears.

"Forgive me! You made me think of my mother."

"Poor child! You are away from her as my little girl is from me. Your mother is a blessed woman if she has as good a daughter as I have. An I know you are good. See how happy you have made me." The shaking hands were lifted and rested lightly on the bent, fragrant head.

"God bless you!" she said.

The woman stumbled to her feet.

"Goodby!"

"Goodby! An if you should meet Cecelia again just tell her that we don't want her to come home. I'd rather die than let her know how her father an me miss her an long for her! But you may tell her that one of these days when she's married a fine man an is as happy in his love as I am in her father's—that maybe, if little children are born to them, she will let them come out on the farm to stay the summers with us. Will you tell her that?"

There was no answer—only the sound of trailing garments, the presence of a fast fading perfume.

"Now we'll go," said Mrs. Kennedy. "We've had a beautiful Fourth of July, haven't we?"

"Beautiful!" responded old man Kennedy.—Chicago Tribune.

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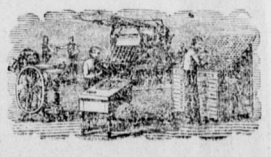
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RAILROAD TIMETABLES
LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.
LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 34 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Pottsville.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 51 a m	for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.
6 35 p m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 34 a m	from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel and White Haven.
9 30 a m	from Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
11 51 a m	from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah and Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
12 48 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.
4 44 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 35 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEK, General Passenger Agent, 30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUBURBAN AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m. 2:38 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Drifter at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:38 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:38 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 3:07 a. m. 5:00 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Oryida, Humboldt Road, Harwood, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:30 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 7:11 a. m. 12:46, 5:38 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m. 5:44 p. m. Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:59 p. m. daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m. 5:40 p. m. Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeaneville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Drifter with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.