## FREELAND TRIBUNE. INDEPENDENCE DAY ODE.

Narrow the zone that his little soul bounds!

What is the story the skyrockets tell, Soaring up over the walls of the night? 'Tis the story of pride that was lofty and fell When the stars of our freedom burst grandly

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## HIS INDIGNATION.

His INDIGNATION. Only a Bente Would Let a Woman Stand In a Car. The rusked man of affairs jumped on the car. The passenger next to the doer got off, and he made a dive for the vacated seat, never once casting ever a glauce at the half dozen women clingting despectively to the straps as the years jerked this way and yank-ed that. He hid himself behind his paper, and all things else sank into onfafairs was concerned. It mattered nothing to him whether the woman in front of him sighed as her tirred hands during to the strap over his head with-stood there forever, and the man would never have as much as turned a pity-negative as they scatted themselves at unner. "O, no, not especially."

no, not especially. "Well, I am tired-just tired out tonight.

night." "Been overdoing it again, I suppose. You must be more careful. Avoid all unnessanty exertion, my dear, or we will have a doctor's bill." "I had such a trying experience to day. A man made me stand up in the ear for 20 blocks. My hands were all cramped and tired, and I was nearly dead. Such men should be ashamed of themselves."

"Oh, you find such people every-where. Only a brute would let a wo-man stand in a car," indignantly ob-served the man of affairs. "Did you find the paper interesting?" she inquired sweetly.-New York Sun.

### A Musical Diversion.

"Sue, have you milked the cows?" "Yes, dad." "An killed a shoat fer Sunday?"

"Jest have." "An hoed the garden?"

"All over." "Well, then, put on the greens fer dinner, an you kin go an play the planner fer yer grandaddy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Lurid Orator. He-But you should hear him when he is really full of his subject. She-Cowcies his audience with him, does he? He-Right into it. Why, when he was preaching on "Hades" the other night he had to stop till the ushers had distributed fans,-Brooklyn Life.

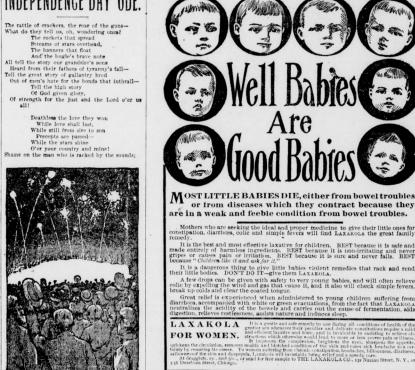
Such a Fool. Major Crust—So you refuse me, Miss Fondaut? Miss F.—I am sorry, Major Crust, but your sen just proposed to me, and I accepted him. Major Crust—Good gracious! You don't mem to say the boy has been such a fool—Tit-Bits.

On Hand at the Hight Moment. He wasn't strong on logic, but when he fell into the water in a lonely place he knew enough to save himself. "What a good thing I was here?" he said in a shirit of congratulation. "If I wasn't, I night have been drown-ed."--Philadelphia Times.

Holding Himself Back. "For a man who doesn't work," said the housekeeper, "you have a pretty good appetite." "Yes, ma'am," replied Hungry Hig-gins. "Dat's why I don't work. If I did, dey wouldn't be no satisfyin me." --Philadelphia Record.

--Philadelphia Record. "I wish to truthfully state to you and the readers of these few lines that your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is without ques-tion, the best and only cure for dyspep-sia that I have ever come in contact with and I have used many other prepara-tions." John Beam, West Middlesex, Pa. No preparation equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure as it contains all the natural di-gestants. It will digestall kinds of food and can't help but do you good. Grov-ar's City drug store.

the CASTORIA. the The Kind You Hare Always Bought



A YEAR AND A DAY peal for forgiveness,

Narrow the zone that his little soul bounds! Let the gruns row, Let the gruns row, And bring from the smithelis the anvils once more! With the fife and the drum And the bugle and bound Let the universe know that the great day is come! For their glory who turned from the plow to the sword Make a sound-make a sound of great joy to the Lord! Like a white thread carclessly caught on the dark skirts of an untidy wo-man lay the dusty road across the dun brown earth. One solitary trav-eler alone gave a touch of life to the deadly monotony of a landscape made up of low sky and high hills, continually meeting and failing apart in endless undulations. From the earth itself arose the soft, shining shimmer of in-tense heat, and through it, with a sort When the stars of our freedom burst grandly in sight, Flooding the world with their glorious light! And traditions die, And readitions die, And men aşnive; Let the bands in dight reskipter, higher, Let the share in lights rise higher, higher, Let the share in his roght and fail Ever till earth from her orbit shall fail Let he scopters they won Pass from size to son-Each a king in his right and the Lord o'er us all —-Chicago Record-Herald. of automatic unconsciousness, plunged

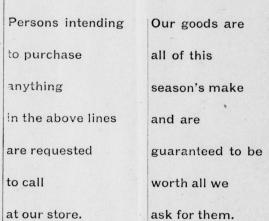
of automatic unconsciousness, plunged the figure whose gun and game bag be-spoke the hunter—a hunter and a mighty man as well, whose broad shoulders, lithe limbs and lean, un-handsome face bore the unmistakable stamp of breeding and refinement. For hours this man had tramped, ut-terly lost to the discomforts of the present, in the intense pain of vivid retrospection, a retrospection suddenly interrupted by a spectacle of human misery as grewsome as it was pathetic.

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peal for forgiveness, written by ms cousin's widow. The letter, that morn-ing received, had been less a surprise than his own reception of the fact that she was no longer inconsolable. Know-ing the heights of sacrifice to which this guilty wayfarer had attained, see-ing his paternal passion returned with absorbing fillal affection, he realized that the English girl, willing to sell her sordd soul for the Vernon title, was no longer his ideal of perfect womanhood. Suddenly, loud and clear, from the dying lips came the cager question, "Stranger, will you get that money for my girl?" Serge Vernon bared his med and lifted his hand. "As God is my witness," said he, "I will." wfitten by ni

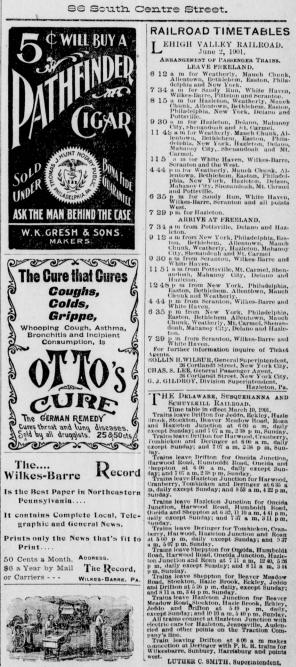
Before Serge Vernon and his wife were married she told him the story of her sinless shame, but he gave her no naswering confidence. Today her fa-ther sleeps in an honored grave, and she in her happy English home has won all hearts save that of the wid-owed Lady Vernon. Serge himself dis-courages any intimacy between the two, feeling it to be unnatural and un-wise.

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