

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Freeland Opera House Co., Lessees.

Thursday Evening, Sept. 26.

THE BRILLIANT ACTOR,



Mr. Willis Cranger

and a select company
Direction of M. W. Hanley and Son,
Presenting the Romantic Drama,

"A Secret Warrant,"

By W. A. Tremayne.

Powerful Company
Magnificent Scenery
Superb Costumes
Brilliant Accessories

Prices: 25, 35, 50, 75c, \$1.00.

Sets on sale at McMenamin's store.

The Discovery of Electricity.

Children rub together bits of amber picked up from the ground and find that when rubbed these small pieces of waxlike substance are excited to attract particles of light substances, like straws and feathers. Could anything be more elementary or seemingly further removed from the mighty mechanical developments of the electrical powers which now surround us? Yet that simple frictional play was the starting point of all we now possess electrically. It lay by as a child's sport for ages—lay for Sir Isaac Newton himself to look at, removed only to a box with a glass lid containing paper figures, which would move when the glass surface was excited by friction. A little later, and the flat glass surface became a tube, a globe, a globe revolving on a frame, a machine, an electrical battery, and so steadily onward until, each step marked by a gentle advancement upon advancement, lightning and thunder themselves were the inventions of man as well as of nature.

The Moors and Their Morals.

In appearance the Moors are a very fine race. For many generations their mothers have been chosen for their beauty. An active life in the saddle has developed them physically and a splendid appearance is the result. In addition, they have manners of unequaled suavity and polish, the result of early years spent in the harem. They are so habituated to think well of themselves as followers of the true prophet that an uneasy conscience never troubles them.

A man may be an utter scoundrel, cruel and licentious, and yet be regarded as a saint if he is descended from the prophet and conforms to the outward ceremonial of Islam. His brow is frank and unclouded, his smile is even benevolent, and yet it would be impossible to describe the details of his life. Such are the Moors—an interesting tableau vivant of many a chapter in the book of Judges, or Samuel or the Kings—African Review.

Coffee Drinking Denounced.

As early as 1663 coffee was satirized in England, and on every hand the bitterest invectives were applied to it by the press and pulpit. In one instance a preacher hurled anathemas at the heads of those who used as a beverage "a sirup of soot and essence of old shoes." Probably he had good grounds for this statement, having sampled some boiled coffee. Another divine denominated it "a poison which God made black that it might bear the devil's color." The women also took up the cudgels against it.

Folding Linen in Holland.

Folding linen is an accomplishment in which each one of the women in Holland is expected to be proficient before she becomes mistress of a home. In Holland especially the folding of linen requires considerable skill and training. Much of their fabric is of the finest texture and quality, and they fashion the various pieces in ironing into birds, animals, flowers and all manner of artistic shapes. Their linen closets are often shown to visitors with the same pride that china closets are shown elsewhere.

Never Wanted to Be at Home.

"Oh, you men, you men! When you used to call on me before we were married, it was all you could do to tear yourself from me at midnight. Now you are never so happy as when you are away from home."

Mr. Griffin—But you seem to forget, Fannie, that I was away from home in those courtship days when it was so hard to tear myself away.—Boston Transcript.

\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs.

THE PLAN TO KILL LAON.

Tonight the Indian prince was thinking as to how he would kill this Laon, and many plans came into his mind. He reached for a wine cup, and as he was in the act of drinking his mind was flashed with an inspiration. He saw his way clearly. He laid the half emptied goblet upon the board, and leaning back in his chair he smiled as a man will smile in a moment of triumph.

At last! At last! And he began to revel in his scheme. He looked at it from this side, from that side and thought of all the contingencies that might arise from the working of it out, for this Laon was surely one of great power.

And as he was thinking he suddenly raised his eyes, and there, standing before him, was Laon.

"I have come," said Laon as he looked him full in the face, "to tell you to abandon the plan that entered your mind as you were drinking the wine."

"What plan?" asked the prince. He was too surprised to feel even fear.

"Your plan to kill me."

"I will kill you! For what reason?"

"I will not discuss that," answered Laon. "All that I will say is that I know the whole details of the plan—the plan you have determined to act upon. I warn you against it."

"Warn me! Warn me! Explain yourself!"

"You know well that I speak the truth. And I will not threaten you. I fear you not, though I know that you have thought out and accomplished the death of many. Do not look at me so strangely. What I have spoken is the truth."

"Then—"

"I merely tell you that if you attempt my life it will be your own that will go, and after that will come punishment."

"Cannot we be—"

"No, we cannot be friends. I have desire neither for your friendship nor fear for your enmity, powerful and treacherous though you be. And you will think it strange that I have come to speak to you as I do. Well, it is strange, but there is a reason for it—a strong reason."

"What reason?"

"Oh, a certain reason. However, listen. Go your way if you will, but remember that going your way means death and terrible punishment. Remember!"

And Laon was gone.

And the prince wondered. How had he come so mysteriously? What did it mean? What was there in this Laon so different from the rest? What strange, clear eyes he had—eyes that pierced into the soul; eyes, eyes that pierced the soul. Was it man or demon who read what was passing in the mind of another when far apart? He had heard of beings who could feel the innermost thoughts of others. He had heard of men who had discovered the hidden secret that underlay and was the life of all things—magicians who kept their knowledge from the world, who mixed not closely with their fellows, whose aim was to keep the knowledge of their secret close till men were wiser.

Could it be that this Laon was one of these men or as one of them?

But he was so young. He was—but stay, was he so young after all? Did not his eyes, though brilliant, look old and full of all an knowledge? Ay, his eyes looked wise and old, and it is the eyes that tell the age. This Laon was old.

And then he began to think of himself. Why did he wish to kill—ever to kill? What was the thing or the demon that drove him to plan, carefully to plan, the death of those who had done him no harm—those against whom he bore no malice? Vengeance had never overtaken him because he was such a power in the land.

But why did he feel this desire to kill? There was nothing malignant in his look. He was neither misshapen of body nor distorted of limb nor cruel of nature.

Then why—why did he kill? There were times when he felt a love and tenderness for all things, times when he felt—

Oh, why—why did he obey this prompting? This question repeated itself to him again and again.

And as if to answer it he sprang up suddenly. His eye had become cold and threatening. His thoughts had taken another turn.

He killed—he killed because of the sense of power it brought him. It was fine to carefully plot and plan, to be awake in the dead of night when all was still and think, think as to the killing of the one he had fixed upon.

Yes, he would kill this Laon. Magic or no magic, he would kill him. He would begin the working out of the plan he had formed at once.

He was reaching up his hand to a small square box that lay upon a shelf when he heard a slight noise behind him.

He looked, and there was Laon again, but now he was clad in the garb of a priest of Brahma. His right hand was raised aloft; his left hand was grasping a huge, writhing snake, the body of which trailed off behind him.

"You have not heeded my warning," said Laon in a slow, cold voice, "and you are to die. The last act of your will has used the last of your life force, and you are now to be punished for your crimes. You are to live for the space of one human life in the body of this snake. As you die it will die, and then it will live again, possessed of your soul. Die, prince, die—die of awful fear!"

And the prince fell and, gasping, died.

Stock Market Tips.

Does it ever occur to those who follow journalistic tips on the stock market that they are written by men who find it worth their while to follow an arduous and moderately remunerated profession and that therefore the tipster obviously cannot trust to his tips for a livelihood?

Is it conceivable that any one whose judgment of the movements of securities was sufficiently trustworthy to make even the majority of his shots bullseyes would waste his time by compiling paragraphs for newspapers? Would he not rather spend half an hour or so in the morning at the end of a telephone instructing his broker to buy and sell and devote the rest of his day to the graceful consumption of the boundless fortune that his knowledge and acumen would, ex hypothesi, inevitably provide?

And tips from stockbrokers come under the same suspicion, for it is not reasonable to suppose that one who really had tips worth following in his possession would utilize them as baits for clients who reward his efforts with a beggarly half crown per cent.—Cornhill.

Deer Live to a Great Age.

Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than 200 years, and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus Captain McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged 96 years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Trig for 50 years, his father for a like period before him and his grandfather for 90 years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Gleanery is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-MacIain, O.G., who had been dead 150 years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number.—Chambers' Journal.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.—Youth's Companion.

Banks Ready For Emergencies.

To meet sudden and unexpected demands upon banks a large sum is kept ready for use. The average large bank—say with total assets of \$20,000,000—is prepared by four lines of defense to resist sudden attack. In the vault or safe about \$500,000 in bank bills is always on hand, back of that is a cash reserve of perhaps \$1,500,000 deposited in various business banks subject to instant call, back of that again is perhaps \$8,000,000 in United States and other gilt edged securities immediately marketable, and the fourth and last line of defense and to be retired upon only in extreme distress is \$6,000,000 or \$8,000,000 in bonds and mortgages, on which the mortgagors will be hurriedly called to make a payment on account if the bank is pushed to extremities. With such resources disaster would seem impossible, though it has come to the best fortified institutions.—Bookkeeper.

Monument to a Pig.

No stranger monument ever existed than that which was erected at the Hotel de Ville by the inhabitants of Luneburg, in Hanover, in honor of a pig. This, which took the form of a kind of mausoleum, contained a large glass case in which was hermetically inclosed a fine ham cut from the animal whose memory was to be handed down to posterity. Above was a handsome slab of marble, on which, engraved in letters of gold, was the following inscription in Latin: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Luneburg."

Changed His Tune.

It is said that when President Polk visited Boston he was impressively received at Faneuil Hall market. The clerk walked in front of him down the length of the market announcing in loud tones: "Make way, gentlemen, for the president of the United States. The president of the United States! Fellow citizens, make room!"

The chief had stepped into one of the stalls to look at some game, when the clerk turned round suddenly and, finding himself alone, suddenly changed his tone, and exclaimed: "My gracious! Where has that damned idiot got to?"

The follies of youth are drafts on old age, the payment of which is imperative.—Chicago News.

The eye of an educated person averages 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

A ROMANCE OF RAGS

By Hope Harte.

"Rags" stood on the corner of two of the busiest streets of the city. The "beautiful" covered him with a white mantle, and a cold, biting wind swept chills through his thin, worn coat. Passers by there were by hundreds, but none bestowed upon him more than a disinterested glance. He was a "stranger within the gate" of a city where poverty is too common to awake comment.

"Rags" was the eminently fitting sobriquet given him by half a dozen devilish youngsters.

"Rags" had walked the streets all day in a fruitless search for employment. He was "willing to do anything." "For God's sake, let me do something!"

The many times he had made this appeal he had ceased to count. Truly there was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the shaggy haired man, with the stoop of 60 years and the burden of his poverty. And "Rags" services were not in demand.

It was growing dusk. Through the thick mist of snow the electric lights began to twinkle.

The lonely man on the corner put his hands in his pockets—they were empty. He heaved a sigh and, turning, entered a narrow side street leading to a cheap lodging house. The door closed behind him, and he wended his way up two flights of rickety stairs to his room—his home! The mockery of the word to how many poor, weary, aching, breaking human hearts! It was cheerless and cold, but the wind didn't blow in even at that big hole in the window half so hard as it did on the corner, and "Rags" was grateful for the cot and the rickety table, with its new red and green cover (the donation of some enterprising "Dorcas club"), and a hard wooden chair.

A violin case stood in one corner of the room.

"Rags" lighted the dirty lamp and brought forth his old violin. He touched it tenderly with his almost frozen fingers, rested it under his quivering chin and drew the bow caressingly across the strings.

He loved it. It had been his companion now for 40 years.

Its every tone was fraught with sweet memories. When the strings awoke to magic melody under the pressure of Love's bow, there thrilled an answering vibration in a fair woman's heart, and even after the heart was stilled the violin was the medium for "heart to heart" talks—the messenger from soul to soul. It had been his "good fairy"; it had brought him into favor with the fickle goddess, Fortune, and the queen of fame had smiled when he and the old fiddle had played for her—long, long ago.

If "Rags" were playing for her tonight, she would surely lay a laurel wreath upon his silver hair, and fickle Fortune should return and fill his pockets with golden nuggets direct from far Cape Nome, for he played tonight as he had never played before.

A man passing on the street below paused and listened. He entered the lodging house and followed the stairs up to the half open door whence came the music. He was a man of 30, perhaps, and his face was one familiar to amusement patrons. He waited for the music to cease.

Five—ten minutes—and still the violinist felt. Each passing moment the listener felt more certain that he had not been mistaken. He peered in at the door. The faint light fell across the old man's face, his fingers had warmed, his eyes flashed, and the love for his old instrument (ah, there was the secret of his power tonight) shone in his countenance. There was only one thing else on earth he cared for—since Kate was gone—and tonight was the last time he would ever touch the beloved violin!

Tomorrow it would hang in some pawnbroker's shop, and he—

His frame shook with sobs, and the music ended in a broken chord.

"Father!"

The word was uttered in a low, concentrated tone, and the strong hand of youth clasped the feeble hand of age.

"Father!"

The old man started. The gray head was raised, and the violinist looked into the handsome face before him.

"My boy! My boy!" he cried, his arms round the two things he loved most on earth, the old violin and his child.

"And you never received my letter, father?" the boy had asked. "I supposed your silence meant that you were still angry with me, and pride forbade my writing again."

"It was too hard on you, my lad," the old man wept. "Kate told me so. Sixteen was but a boy, and the circus ring is attractive."

"From a reserved seat," the young man interrupted. "But the spangles are for the benefit of the audience, and sometimes each separate spangle means a separate heartache to the wearer. Many, many times I longed to see the old home and you—mother. And you have been searching for me ever since!"

And after a while the young man told the old one a little story of

One made up
Of loveliness alone—
A woman—of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.

who had brought into his life brightness thousands of times more radiant than ever the spangles of circus riders in years of yore.

Then the old man and the young man and the violin that would not hang in a pawnbroker's shop on the morrow all went away together to find her.

The snow had ceased falling, the moon was shining, and the gilded cross of fashionable St. Paul's gleamed pitiless and cold in the white light—Nickell Magazine.

Shoes for Fall Wear!

Very large stocks of the latest style Fall Shoes have just been received. We invite inspection from the most critical, knowing that the goods we now have to offer you are the peer of anything sold elsewhere at the same price. We carry complete lines of all grades of Men's, Women's, Youths' and Children's Shoes.

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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, Delano and 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, 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.
9 30 a m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
11 51 a m	from Pottsville, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, 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.

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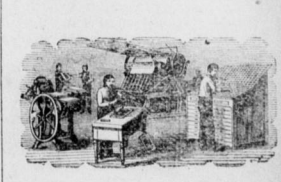
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