

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents a month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
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Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 9, 1901.



A Newspaper's Troubles.

It seems a newspaper in this town cannot express an honest opinion without being threatened with a boycott. If the publisher wants to say anything on politics, he is in danger of losing the advertising patronage of a merchant who is in politics or who has a friend in politics, if the article does not suit them.

If he criticises the council or school board he gets left when there is any printing to be done—although any member of either body will tell you on the street that he is a public servant and open to criticism and that all human beings are liable to make mistakes.

If we publish accounts of prize fights, we lose church patronage—although members of the churches are on hand to see the battles; if we attempt to give the trolley company a hot shot for charging big fares or for not paying their car tax, long since due, we lose our pass, as we have now.

A number of merchants are now boycotting us on account of politics. Last year the school board was down on us because we criticised what we considered an unjust act on their part. And now, because we expressed an honest opinion on the difference existing between the clerks and one of our merchants, we are told that that opinion is going to do us harm.

And so it goes. However, "a newspaper without enemies is not worth the paper it is printed on." A newspaper without principle will try to please every one. An honest newspaper, fearless for justice to all, cannot.

Boston Plats.
Haney—Miss Stetsan says she doesn't like her surroundings where she is living now. There are too many flats there, she says.

Ripley—H'm! Does she refer to the inhabitants or only to the apartment houses?—Boston Transcript.

Bobby's Logic.
Schootlacher—Now, Bobby, spell needle.

Bobby—N-e-d-l-e, needle.
Teacher—Wrong. There's no "l" in needle.

Bobby—Well, 'tain't a good needle then.

Naturally Slow.
"You're not looking well," said the hardware clerk to his friend, the plumber.

"No; I've been very sick," replied the plumber, "but I'm mending slowly."
—Chicago News.

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.

PLEASURE.

October 9.—Ball of Young Men's C. T. A. B. Corps at Krell's opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

October 16.—Ball of St. Kasimer's Polish congregation at Krell's opera house. Admission, 25 cents.

October 28.—Ball of Local Union No. 1499, U. M. W. of A., at Krell's opera house. Admission, 25 cents.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs.

OUT OF DATE.

When the sun every morning looks down on the earth,
He is smiling, as much as to say:
"If yesterday failed you in comfort and mirth,
You can start in brand new with today.
For the nights, like thick curtains, I've hung to exclude
The past from the weary and weak;
So prudence be doing no longer to brood
O'er the troubles that happened last week."

"There are pages of pathos and pages of cheer
To be read in each story of life.
We'll close the old chapters and still persevere
Through loss or good fortune or strife.
Though present events may provoke our dismay,
A solace 'tis easy to seek;
Let the hours drift away; you will soon find that
They are but troubles that happened last week."
—St. Louis Republic.

FEAR THOU NOT

A Tale of the French Revolution.

There are few who have not heard or read of the great French revolution of the last century, when cruel men seized on the government of France, when human life was of no account and when, as if wearied with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid his face from the sinful land.

No one may count up the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken in those dreadful times, but here and there out of the great mass of human misery history has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, reading which we shudder and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the reign of terror—as this outbreak of sin and madness was well named—a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were mild and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Do you want aught else for your comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food and light and air. What could I want more?" And he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself, "you speak as if you had known the want of these things. Have I guessed aright?"

His guest looked up.

"Would you hear my tale?" he asked. "For years I have kept silence, but today it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen and believe it if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light-hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relations, I was led to visit some distant ones who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place, where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town. I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children—I thank God for that now—but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content with out young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house maids, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own. It seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it. But, alas, it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction! For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet. One morning, however, we woke to find everything in confusion. Our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still, we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream, either, the blow fell so suddenly. There had been a stir going on in the market place for the two days following the arrival of the new official, but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which he had made in our trade, and we were less than usual in the streets.

"At noon on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maids arranged, as usual, the midday meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him. At the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from our house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head.

"Go back!" she said. 'Go back! It is too late. The monster, the wretch! He has executed the honest man, without even the face of a trial, on the accursed guillotine yonder!'"

"I was petrified with horror. Could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once, and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My

aunt passed me by and rushed into the street straight to the market place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murder. In those days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment, and before evening she had fared the same fate as my uncle.

"The reign of terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors, and I was meditating in a half stupefied way the same measure when a knock came at the door, and two men, who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the state.

"In those days a man's foes were often they of his own household. I offered no resistance. The shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I, too, should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building, which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, as I had guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting, I fell asleep. When I awoke, hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came night, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death, for they wept and pleaded vainly as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison. I could not understand it. My senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror lest this should be my sentence—to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored as I could, all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears. My fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of my youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago as a text in the school, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; he not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night to me were alike in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten. The stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the revolution and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison doors to be set open. I in my solitary cell had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein I might have perished most miserably. As it was, I was carried out perfectly senseless and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrades, in my own country, but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I hear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light and air and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut and where there is no darkness."

Good Old Things.
Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept for a long while, and some are good for nothing until they have been kept long and used. Of the first kind is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those that must be kept and used I will name three—meerschaum pipes, violins and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud compelling deities.

Violins, too—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivari! Stained, like the meerschaum, through and through with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings.

Now, I tell you, a poem must be kept and used like a meerschaum or violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an indefinite amount of the essence of our own humanity, its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Of Two Evils.
"All those stories the papers are printing about you are lies," said the politician's friend. "Why don't you make them stop it?"

"I would," replied the politician, "but I'm afraid they'd begin printing the truth then."—Philadelphia Press.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Dressy Gown.
The gown portrayed is of white muslin, with the long flowing skirt enriched at regular intervals with clusters of vertical tucks, escaping at the foot in a flounce-like fullness. In the center and at either side of the front are applique motifs of cream lace arranged between the groups of tucks. The bod-



WHITE MUSLIN WITH FLOWING SKIRT.
Ice has a full blouse, over which is worn a draped bolero with a large, stylish collar of muslin points tucked and edged with lace and joined by short straps of black velvet ribbon held in place by tiny white pearl buttons. A scarf of black chintilly lace is draped round the top of this dainty collar and knotted in front, with the ends falling below the waist. The elbow sleeve fits the arm comfortably, has a band and bow of black velvet ribbon at the elbow, below which are tucked points adorned with ribbon straps and buttons and a very full flounce of the muslin.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Jeweled Trifles the Rage.
Never was there a time when so much depended upon the little jeweled trifles which can be worn with a gown and which are a part of dress, if not dress itself. The big jeweled bug is exceedingly popular just now. Some are as large as the biggest June bug, and others are small like a spider. They are fastened upon a gown up toward the neck to look as if they were crawling up the front of the gown. A very handsome one which was seen recently was rather large, the body was of turquoise, and the long antennae were of gold. Red eyes were set in the gold head, and the legs were of silver. The bug was the only jewel worn, and it was caught in the front of a shirt waist of finest lace over a corset cover of fine blue taffeta.—New York News.

Idol of Fashion.
If I were asked to declare which is the most popular idol of fashion this present season, I would unhesitatingly give the position to the black velvet ribbon. Its ubiquity is truly amazing, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. In narrow rows it will trim a voile skirt, in a wide fold encircle a slim waist and fall with pendant streamers to the hem. In the narrower width again it will inclose the neck of the elegant, and then again it will in many sizes put in its appearance upon the hat chie—indeed, there scarcely seems to be a hat without black velvet ribbon, which is mostly used to form a large double bow at the back where the shape is cut away to permit the hair to show.

An Ecru Linen Dress.
This dress, which is of ecru linen, is trimmed with bands of cornflower blue



HINT, FROM PARIS.
linen, incrustated with designs in ecru gimpure. The belt is of red elastic, fastened with a steel buckle.—Paris Herald.

The Bridesmaids.
For bridesmaids' wear for the coming weddings are some extremely effective designs in the way of picture hats in black and colors. Big chiffon hats with trimmings of chrysanthemums in various shades will be popular to go with the bouquets and home decorations of chrysanthemums. Some very good combinations of color are seen.—Harper's Bazar.

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.

Hats for Fall Wear!

Our Hat department is stocked with the latest from the large factories, including the season's make of the celebrated Hawes hat. Boys' and Children's Hats and Caps in endless variety.

Underwear and Hosiery!

You make no mistake when you depend upon us for good goods in Underwear and Hosiery. We also have ready our stock of Fall Shirts, Neckwear, etc. Complete lines of all reliable makes of Overalls and Jackets.

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PRINTING

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state in this county required to represent and advertise old established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$100 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 310 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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, Shouandaoh and Mt. Carmel.
11 42 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.
11 55 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, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, 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 Pottsville.
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. WILBTR, General Superintendent, 23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDIROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazlebrook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ronn and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:28 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:05 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:53 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:22, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:36 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:26 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:40 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, Jeannerville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.