

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888.
 PUBLISHED EVERY
 MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.
 BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.
 OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
 LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12¢ 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. Compliments of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance; or for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.
FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 13, 1901.



FOREIGN FACTS.

Permission has been given for the erection of a crematory in Madrid.

Budapest harlots hereafter must be forty years old at least by order of the Hungarian minister of the interior.

Among the presents sent by humble people to the new baby daughter of King Victor Emmanuel III. is a gayly painted cage containing two love birds.

The European dog census has been completed and shows that France, with 2,864,000 dogs, holds the record. France has seventy-five dogs to every thousand inhabitants.

By sixty-eight votes against seventeen the Norwegian chamber of deputies has decided to allow women who pay tax on an income of at least 800 francs to vote in all business matters.

In the town of Irkutsk, on the Siberian railway, there is at present only one man, a Frenchman, who speaks any other language than Russian. A hotel with polyglot servants is much needed there.

According to a French scientific paper, there were only 50,000 deaths from consumption in England during the year 1900, whereas in France, where the climate is much drier, there were 170,000 deaths from the same disease in the same year.

One of the most striking relics of the siege of the legations in Peking last year is to be exhibited in London. It is a flag torn almost to shreds by the incessant fusillade. Throughout the siege this flag floated over the British quarters. It was taken to England by Sir Claude Macdonald.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Supreme court justices in New York city receive \$7,500 a year more than justices of the supreme court of the United States.

A seven story building in Chicago has just been raised with jacks twenty-one and a half feet without cracking a pane of glass or injuring a wall.

Minister Wu has assured the authorities of the St. Louis exposition that he will use his influence to persuade the Chinese government to make an exhibit at the fair.

A murderer, condemned to be hanged, recently refused to take advantage of an opportunity to escape from a Mississippi county jail when several of his fellow convicts got away.

Alaska has 10,000 square miles capable of cultivation. Its only lighthouse is an unsightly pole at Sitka with a red lamp tied to it, which the government pays \$10 a month to maintain.

An effort is to be made to remove a large red oak tree from the wildest section of Arkansas to Forest park, St. Louis, for the Louisiana Purchase exposition. It is 160 feet high and 12 feet in diameter at the base.

A house which is associated with the early life of Daniel Webster is soon to be sold. It is at Main street and Webster avenue, Hanover, N. H. Webster occupied one of its rooms for a large part of his student life at Dartmouth college.

TURF TOPICS.

Admiral Dewey, 2:14½, will be raced in his late engagements this fall.

Work on the Philadelphia speedway has commenced, and it will be completed at a cost of \$210,000.

The fastest average speed for sires and sons is 2:02½, for Joe Patchen, 2:01¼, and Dan Patch, 2:04½.

Geers has found it necessary to rig Shadow Chimnes, 2:07¼, with a pole to make him carry his head straight.

Mary B., by Young Jim, the sister of David B., 2:06¾, cut her record to 2:16¼ on a half mile track the other day.

Silver Coin, 2:16¼, so far the fastest three-year-old pacer of the season, is by Stehway, 2:25½, out of Jennie Mc., 2:09, pacing, by McKinney, 2:11¼.

But three mares have beaten 2:07 in trotting races. The trio, with their records, so gained, are Alix, 2:05¼; Fantasy, 2:06¾, and Benzetta, 2:06¾.

Harry Stinson has a phenomenal yearling in Mary Gage, by Oro Wilkes, 2:11. She showed a half mile in 1:14½ and a quarter mile in 0:35¾ at Cleveland recently.

The purchase of the three-year-old filly Mary P. Leyburn, 2:21 at two years, by Thomas W. Lawson for \$10,000 is a recent sensation. She is pointed for the Kentucky Futurity.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

When she comes home again, a thousand ways I fashion, to myself, the tenderness of my glad welcome. Shall I tremble—yes, And teach her, as when first in the old days I touched her girlish hand nor dared upraise Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet desire.

Then silence, and the perfume of her dress; The room will sway a little, and a haze O'er my eyesight—softly, even—for a space, And tears—yes! And the scene there in the throat.

To know that I so ill deserve the place Her arms make for me, and the sobbing note I stay with kisses ere the tearful face Again is hidden in the old embrace.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A WILD RIDE

It Was Made by a Veteran Engineer and a Fireman.

It was in Colorado, on one of the wildest and roughest railroads I know of.

I was fireman on 67, which was used in the passenger service. She had the largest drivers on the road, and they only measured forty-eight inches in diameter. Matt Irwin was the engineer.

Sixty-seven had just been housed after a run. I was filling the oil cans and Matt was hauling off his overalls when Mr. Fox, the superintendent, climbed into the cab.

After a few commonplace remarks he said abruptly:

"Matt, there's been a big mistake made in the higher offices—but that is not for us to criticize—and there is but one way to rectify it."

Here the superintendent's voice dropped to a whisper. "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold has got to be in B— before midnight, to connect with the eastern express, and you are the man selected to take it through."

Old Matt showed his astonishment with his eyes, but never opened his mouth.

The superintendent merely glanced at me and, turning to Matt, continued:

"A lone engine might create suspicion, so we'll make up a wild freight. They'll all be emptied. Back down to the offices before you couple on, and we'll put the safe under the coal in the tender."

That was all. He jumped off and disappeared.

For some time Matt and I sat staring at each other. Then he slid off his seat and said:

"This won't do! Supper, Harry; supper! We haven't much time to lose. It only lacks a few minutes of 6. Be back before the quarter."

The wind was whistling among the cars, whisking the dust and papers about, while in the south a big black cloud was coming up, resplendent with chain lightning. Altogether the night promised to be unusually bad.

I was back on time, but Matt was there before me. He had lighted the shaded steam gauge lamp and stood scanning a small piece of pasteboard.

"What do you make of this, Harry?" he asked as I climbed up beside him. "I found it pinned to my cushion."

On it was scrawled with a lead pencil the words:

Danger! Don't pull the wild freight tonight if you value your lives. A TRUE FRIEND.

"I make it that some one beside the superintendent and us knows of it," I replied, the cold shivers beginning to chase each other up my spinal column. "There's danger ahead!"

"Aye, there is danger ahead, my boy." And old Matt spoke softer than I had ever heard him before. "If you want to—"

"I'll go where you lead," I replied quickly, knowing what he was going to say.

"Then we'll go through if it takes the wheels out from under! Ring up the wipers!"

And, without waiting for the hostler to run the engine out, old Matt backed her on to the turntable, where the wipers swung her around, and then we backed down to the offices, where four trusty men soon had the square safe under the coal.

A few minutes later we were coupled on to a half dozen empty freight cars and a caboose.

"There's your orders!" cried Jimmy O'Connor, the conductor, showing up the yellow sheet of tissue paper.

Old Matt looked them over, and we began to move out of town.

"We've got a clear track," he said, looking across at me, and then he drew up the corners of his mouth, and I look for a quick run.

Before we reached the outskirts of the town the rain began to come down in a perfect deluge.

Great drops fell, mixed with hail, and in such quantity that the dry drains were soon transformed into raging creeks.

The wind howled and shrieked above the rumble of the train and threatened to lift 67 off the rails. When the telegraph poles began to snap off, Matt's face began to lengthen.

"Good night for wash overs," he said, "and wash overs are as bad as wash-outs!"

It was all down grade, and all the steam used was to run the air pump. I had only to keep the fire alive.

Eight miles down we ran past a small station where a freight train was stalled. It had perhaps a dozen cars.

Just before we reached it I saw a man dart in between two of the cars to escape the headlight.

I thought him either a trainman or a tramp, but have since changed my mind.

We were half way down the Haversack grade, with a straight stretch of track and a long curve before us, when Matt looked across and said:

"I'm afraid the little pasteboard was only a scare. If—"

There was a flash of light behind,

the rattle of coal and Bob Durcan, the forward brakeman, stood in the cab.

His face was as white as a sheet.

"Shut her down—shut her down, for heaven's sake!" he shouted. "A freight's broke loose and is coming down the grade two miles a minute!"

Before you could snap your fingers my face was as pale as Bob's.

Matt Irwin never lost his head and with a coolness that comes to few men in time of danger he asked, "How do you know?"

"Seen her by a flash of lightning. O'Connor and Billy have jumped!"

And then he swung out on the step and disappeared.

"Jump if you want to, Harry," called old Matt. "I'm going to stick to her."

I gave one look at the Egyptian darkness and concluded that I would stay with old Matt.

"Keep your eye peeled for her," he cried, and commenced to let 67 out.

"There she is!" I shouted.

And there it was, sure enough. It had just come out of a cut. One of the boxes was on fire, the flame streaming back half a car length and cutting through the air like a meteor.

"She's four miles behind," said old Matt, "and coming four feet to our one. If we can get around the curve, there's a show of her jumping."

And then began that terrible ride.

He hooked 67 up to the first notch and then opened the throttle.

With seven cars behind us we shot down the grade of 175 feet to the mile.

Sixty-seven set low in her frame, but every low joint rung her bell for an eighth of a mile. She jumped and swayed and threatened to leave the rails.

The wind shrieked around us like a thousand demons, and the rain poured against the windows in a perfect stream.

"There's danger ahead and death behind!" shouted the old engineer. "If the rain loosens a bowlder and drops it on the track!"

I shuddered. There was a blasted pine that marked the curve. The next second we reached it. For a moment I thought it was all over. Then 67 righted. There was a sharp jerk. We forged ahead faster, and our seven cars cleared the roadbed and went down the bluff with a crash that was heard high above the storm, leaving a clean track for the runaway behind that was coming as swift and sure as death.

If the runaway got around the curve, the probabilities were that we would be knocked from the track into the river.

We were very near to the bottom now, where the roadbed followed the river, and the engineers were cautioned not to run over fifteen miles per hour.

But orders were not respected that night. We were making thirty miles per hour when a flash of lightning showed me that dark string of cars coming around the curve. The blazing box was on the opposite side and invisible.

Old Matt gave 67 the steam so suddenly she seemed to jump from under us, but the runaway was not more than half a mile behind and was coming with the speed of a tornado.

There was no getting out of the way. In a moment it would be on us. I imagined I could see the black mass coming down on us in the darkness, when a heavy rumble was heard, followed by a tremendous crash.

The rain had loosened the rock and dirt overhanging the track and it only needed the jar of 67 to set it in motion. Something like 1,000 tons of debris rolled on to the track directly behind us, and into this those runaway cars plunged.

But we did not find this out until afterward. Matt kept 67 up to what was a tremendous speed on that track. She plunged and rolled and rang her bell continuously. A dozen times I thought we were going into the river.

We pulled through all right, but that was my last trip. When I got off the engine, my hair was streaked with gray and now it is white as snow.

For some time it was thought that the runaway cars had broken loose, but the company became suspicious and had the case looked into, with the result of running down some tough characters, who finally confessed to cutting them loose with the intention of ditching us between Haversack grade and the bottom and securing the treasure.

Old Matt has retired from the road, but I do not think that either he or I shall ever forget the run of 67.

Young Men as Authors.

Keats was dead when just a little over his twenty-fifth year. Shelley wrote "Queen Mab" at twenty and the "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Ode to the West Wind" at twenty-six. Byron started the town with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" at twenty-one and at twenty-four "woke up and found himself famous" by the publication of "Childe Harold." Burns was but twenty-seven when he was the lion of the season in Edinburgh. Campbell published his "Pleasures of Hope" at twenty-two. Chatterton was not eighteen when he finished his life's work. The great Shakespeare himself was famous when little more than a youth, and the same is true of the Shakespeares of France, Victor Hugo, and Goethe, by the bye, was known to all Europe at twenty-four.

Scott, on the other hand, was more leisurely. He made no serious effort as an author till he was over thirty, and he was over forty when "Waverley" was given to the world. And Thackeray also was verging on twoscore before "Vanity Fair" established his reputation.—Critic.

A Mixed Gathering.

"Is't it a mixed crowd?" asked Minc, de Pompadour of Mme. de Stael at the garden party on the Styx.

"Yes, indeed," blithely responded Mme. de Stael. "But what could you expect? All shades of society are here." —Baltimore American.

A Retort From Nature.

Among the useful results of aerial excursions are the satisfactory experiments in the way of echoes and reverberations. John Mackenzie Bacon has many opportunities of testing the carrying of sounds to and from a balloon at a great height, and Mr. Wise, the American aeronaut, relates a case in point.

He was ballooning one day above a dense cloud stream when he heard a cow bell and the sounds of a wood-chopper's ax, whereupon, to attract the attention of the laborer, he shouted "Hello!" He was immediately answered by another "Hello!" from the ground.

He then asked the question, "How far is this from Lancaster?" and was annoyed by being mocked by his own words.

"Being in the clouds," he says, "and not able to see things above or below, I felt somewhat nettled at this clownish display of wit, and in a very audible tone of voice, while the foregoing was still reverberating in my ear, I sang out, 'You're a Koll!' which in a very few seconds was answered by an equally distinct and measured tone of voice, 'You're a fool!'"

Then it suddenly flashed upon my mind that it was the echo of my own voice, which opinion was ratified by the dying reverberations of my words, which had now become as numerous as though a whole regiment had caught the watchword and were passing it in quick succession through the whole line."

Orderly Habits.

"It is a curious fact," commented a man recently, "that almost no mother realizes the importance of bringing her son up to orderly habits. She impresses upon her daughters from the time they are old enough to recognize any responsibility the necessity to keep their rooms tidy, put away articles after use and care for their belongings at all times.

The boy, however, is exempt from any similar requirement not only in his own room, but throughout the house. He reads newspapers and throws them on the floor, gets up from a divan leaving the cushions packed and shapeless, without the slightest reproof, the only notice taken of the occurrence, indeed, being to ask a sister, if he has one, to pick up the one and straighten the other. The women of the family follow in his footsteps all day long, removing whatever disorder he creates.

Yet there is no business occupation upon which that boy will presently enter in which order is not a fundamental necessity. Girls, on the other hand, do not, as a rule, suffer so seriously from a lack of order, or at least consequences are not so continually disagreeable and costly as is the case with boys."—New York Post.

Sure Proof.

When France and Germany were at war, an Englishman was arrested by the French and accused of being a German spy. A letter dated "Berlin" and signed by his mother was found upon him. He was tried by drumhead court martial and condemned to be shot.

On the way to the place of execution he said that he had left something behind and insisted on going back for it. "You can't go back," was the reply. "You are about to be shot."

"I can't help that," said he. "I have left something, and I must get it."

"What have you left?"

"My umbrella."

That settled it. He was released. No one but an Englishman, said his captors, could be such a thoroughgoing imbecile as that.

Tale of a Dormouse.

This tear compelling tale is from the London Globe: "A young lady bought a dormouse. After keeping it for some time she had occasion to send a present to a friend and utilized the dormouse for that purpose. A few months later the friend wrote to say that the pet did not seem very lively and was refusing its food. Would she come and inspect it? She came and inspected it and finally, feeling that this was a case for professional opinion, called in a vet. The vet's verdict was brief and to the point. The dormouse had been dead just six months."

Advice About Health.

Don't worry about your health. More people make themselves ill by doing that than is generally supposed. If you are constantly imagining that there is something the matter with you, you will do yourself harm. Live as far as you are able a healthy life and for the rest take your chance like a man. There are plenty of people who suffer a living death by allowing themselves to imagine that they are going to have every illness they read about.

Depressed.

"I am afraid Bliggins has met with reverses."

"What makes you think so?"

"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

Sure He Knew Best.

Mamma—Dora, your father says that that young man of yours, Mr. Hart, is deceiving you.

Dora—But he isn't, mamma, for I asked him, and he said he wasn't. Of course he knows better than papa.—Boston Transcript.

Not Unusual.

May—Have you heard of Clara's hard luck?

Belle—No. What is it?

"Now that they are married they have to retrench awfully to make up the money he wasted while courting her."—Life.



DRIVING

commonplace shoes out of the market is what the **All America \$3.50 SHOE** is doing. How would you like to reduce your shoe wants to two pairs a year? How would you like to wear the custom-made \$5.00 kind for \$3.50 a pair? Made in the custom way, of choicest selections of leather, they are the snappy, thoroughbred, 20th Century Shoes. It's a pleasure to show them.

We Also Have Other Styles and Prices.

Our Assortment of Men's and Boys' Underwear

embraces every variety in the market. We have all weights and qualities and can suit you at any price from \$1.50 per garment down.

In Hats and Caps and Furnishing Goods

our stock is by far the largest in the town. We carry the latest styles in these goods and sell at reasonable figures. All people pay the same price at this store, and the child receives the same service as the man.

McMenamin's

Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,

South Centre Street.

5 C WILL BUY A PATHFINDER CIGAR

W.K. GRESH & SONS MAKERS

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25¢ & 50¢.



RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEGH 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.
1 15 p 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, 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, Weatherly, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel 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.

HOLLIN B. WILLIAMS, General Superintendent, 26 Cortland Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, City, 28 Cortland Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Ron and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 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 Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Sheppan at 6:32, 11:10 a. m., 12:46, 5:35 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifter for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood Road, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Sheppan at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppan for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:28 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppan for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ron at 7:11 a. m., 12:46, 5:35 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppan for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:28 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

P R I N T I N G

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.

WANTED.—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one 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. Enclosure will be returned unopened, except by express, to 2300 Broadway, Chicago.