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CONDENSED STORIES.

Coolness and Common Sense of the Late Ameer.

The late ameer of Afghanistan once received his European dentist in open court and asked him there and then to look at his teeth. There was one old stump which was giving him much pain, and the dentist suggested to the ameer that he should take "laughing gas" and have it out. The ameer asked what the effect of the gas would be and, being told, said, "I cannot risk being a dead man for five seconds, much less five minutes." So, with the whole Afghan court looking on and a regiment of the escort as well, the dentist had to struggle with the difficult stump while the ameer sat, never moving a muscle. The ameer was a man of strong common sense, and this most valuable quality once saved a war between England and Russia. When, after the Peshawar incident, the ameer went over the border of his country into India to meet the viceroy, there was a moment when peace and war hung on a man's word. The viceroy told the ameer that the Russians had taken Afghan territory, that England had guaranteed him against such aggression and that England was prepared to fulfill its pledge. The ameer sat in the tent and pulled his beard and then asked for a map of Afghanistan. When one was brought, he asked that the territory seized should be pointed out to him. He traced with his finger the tiny fringe that had been taken and then swept his hand over the great space that represented the rest of his kingdom. "It is so little," he said at last, "that it is not worth making a great war about it."

Anecdotes About Dorothy Drew.

Many interesting stories are told of little Dorothy Drew, the favorite granddaughter of Gladstone. Quite a host of notabilities have entered their names on Dorothy's list of friends. She coaxed an amazing autograph out of Li Hung Chang and has met Rudyard Kipling in one of his happiest moods. They had been in the grounds together when Mrs. Drew appeared. "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearying Mr. Kipling," said her mother, and Dorothy, the soul of frankness and honor, replied: "Oh, not a bit, mother. But he has been wearying me." When no other power on earth could tempt Gladstone from his books, Dorothy never pleaded in vain. He must have talked to her a great deal of Armenia, for Dorothy asked just after his death, "Do you think the Turks will be sorry grandpa is dead?" and to have added sadly, "I know the Armenians will."

His Commission.

When Coronet Joyce, one of Cromwell's men, went to Holmby to remove King Charles I. to safer quarters, there being a plot among Presbyterians to kidnap him, he took along 500 troopers. When Charles stepped out of his house, he was confronted by this considerable force. The king at once asked whether Joyce had any commission for what he was doing. "Here," replied Joyce, turning in his saddle as he spoke and pointing to the soldiers he headed, "is my commission. It is behind me." "It is a fair commission," replied King Charles, "and as well written as I have seen a commission in my life."

Pure Sympathy.

"That Mr. Berrien you introduced me to is a very sympathetic man."
"Think so?"
"Yes, indeed. I was telling him about a neighbor of mine who is dangerously ill, and he said he'd call right away and leave his card."
"Yes, Mr. Berrien is an undertaker, you know."—Philadelphia North American.

FOR SHUFFLING CARDS.

A card shuffling machine has been invented by R. F. Bellows of Cleveland. It should make business poor for crooked card players. The device is complicated, yet simple in its action.

The shuffling machine is a metal box about 12 inches high, 3 inches wide and 6 inches from front to back. All the mechanism is inside. The cards are dropped in at the top and rest on a tiny shelf. Below this there are five small fingers, one on each of five thin steel blades extending across the full width of the machine. When a shutter on the front is dropped, the shelf falls and the cards drop upon the blades and are separated into five little irregular bunches by the fingers. The blades separate, and one by one cards drop from the various bunches into a receptacle at the bottom, the drop being regulated by a clock-work mechanism.

There is now way of telling where any particular card will be found in the pack after they are shuffled. The same card, placed on the top of the pack, will rarely be found twice in the same place after the shuffle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Sulphuric Acid For Snake Bites.

Those who fear snakes or live where snakes are found will find comfort in the assurance of Dr. John H. Henry of Montgomery that sulphuric acid is a specific. Dr. Henry says:
"The poison of animals and snakes is intensely alkaline, and sulphuric acid taken internally and injected hypodermically, diluted or pure, in the fang puncture immediately kills the poison. This discovery was given by a gentleman who says he has been bitten by snakes and insects over a hundred times. This gentleman takes delight in keeping snakes in his room running all about. Six weeks ago he was bitten in the foot by his big rattler. He immediately used hypodermically the acid, and it did not swell or give him any trouble. He says he fears no poison of animal, snake or insect bites if he has his acid with him."—New York Times.

Fiddlers Without Hands.

In Atlanta, a small town in Illinois, lives Frank Clawson, a fiddler whose chief bid for fame lies in the fact that he is without hands. Several years ago he was caught in a blizzard, and both hands were so badly frozen that they were amputated at the wrist. Being somewhat of a mechanical genius, he evolved a contrivance out of heavy wire which enabled him to wield the bow. The matter of fingering was more difficult, but by hard practice he trained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to another and from position to position. With the fiddle held in place by his chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms Clawson manages to play the old time airs with nearly as much success as formerly.

An Unfinished Sentence.

Shortly after President Roosevelt entered the White House a politician called upon him with reference to appointments. After the preliminary expressions of high esteem, unbounded admiration and eternal loyalty he began to disclose his business. "I want to speak to you about Mr. Blank, who holds a small office down in my district."
The politician didn't finish his sentence. "What!" exclaimed Roosevelt, interrupting him. "Is that infernal scoundrel still in that place? I had some knowledge of him when I was a civil service commissioner."
The politician acknowledged that Mr. Blank was still there and then turned the subject.

Two Quarrelsome Women.

A novel method of suppressing two quarrelsome women has just been adopted in Wilkesbarre, Pa. Day after day they quarreled over their back fence, and their scoldings so annoyed the neighbors that a sixteen foot fence has been erected between their houses. It was put up the other night by masked men and a warning was posted that it should not be torn down. The women were unable to see each other, but they found a hole in the fence and made remarks through that. Then a committee waited on them and said if they quarreled any more they would be driven out of town.

Entirely Willing.

John L. Sullivan was in the North station the other day and, seeing a little Irish baggage man coming along with a bicycle, squared off at him with that easy humor for which he is noted. The little chap, who didn't weigh over 135 pounds, put up his free hand.

"Wait on a bit," he said, "till I lean me bicycle against the rail."
John L. was so tickled he tipped back his head and roared. Then he told the pygmy who he was.—Boston Journal.

PUNCTUALITY WON.

A Life Insurance Agent to Whom Time Was No Object.

A life insurance agent who resides in this place deserves great credit not only for the energy and persistence with which he pushes his business, but for his punctuality in keeping engagements. He had been after a man who resides in Anita for the past two years and had received some encouragement. He called one day last week, and when the man saw the insurance agent approaching he ran and hid. But the insurance agent had caught a glimpse of his fleeting form and was not to be foiled. He finally smoked his man out and told him he had come to talk insurance.

"I am too busy," said the man. "Call again when I have more time."
"When may I call, then? Set your own time, and I'll be there."

The man thought a moment, then made reply:
"You may call next Friday morning at 3 o'clock."

"I will be on time."
When the appointed day arrived, our indefatigable insurance man arose at 1:30 o'clock and walked to Anita, a distance of nearly five miles, arriving there at 2:55. He sat down on the porch and waited until precisely 3 o'clock, then rang the doorbell.

"What's wanted?" inquired a female voice from an upstairs window.

"Is Mr. Jones at home?"

"He is."
"Tell him to come down right away. I have some very important business with him."

Mr. Jones hustled down stairs in his nightshirt, and there was the life insurance agent!

"I have called," he began, "as you requested, to talk life insurance."

Jones was somewhat astonished and bewildered, but, realizing that he was up against it, said:

"Such punctuality deserves to be rewarded. I surrender."

And he gave him his application for a policy.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

A Caustic Comment.

A lawyer of some distinction who began practice in a small New England town says his first client required a deed covering certain parcels of land sold to a neighbor. The deed was drawn in due form, and after its execution the client demanded his bill. It was \$2. This amount was objected to as a most exorbitant sum for the service rendered.

"I told him," says the lawyer, "that to enable me to draw the deed I studied two years in the Lancaster academy, and this cost me \$200. Then I spent four years in Dartmouth college, which cost me \$250 a year more, and then I went to the Harvard Law school for another year at a cost of \$500."

"So you see, Mr. Hines, that to get the necessary education to do this work I had to pay out \$1,700, and yet you think my charge of \$2 is a large one."

"The man looked at me for a moment in amazement and then exclaimed: 'Gosh! What a darned fool you must have been before they begun on you!'"—Exchange.

His Mother's Pride.

The Liverpool Post tells a story of a clergyman who was recently called upon to baptize nine children. From number one to eight nothing went amiss. The ninth, however, proved to be a lusty boy, who soon succeeded in almost wriggling out of his somewhat scanty clothes. The clergyman, grasping the infant by the nape of the neck and by such garments as still remained secure, was proceeding with the service, when the mother, overcome with admiration for her child, and scarcely realizing the solemnity of the occasion, remarked in a loud voice, "He's a nice little lump, sir, isn't he?"

A Gallant Lover.

Sir Harry Hayes was in 1801 condemned to death for "running away with Miss Pike." The sentence was commuted to transportation for life. On Sept. 24, three weeks after his conviction, the London Times published the following: "The Irish baronet who is upon his road to Botany Bay has gallantly written to take leave of the object of his affection and the cause of his crime. Other lovers, he says, feel momentary raptures for their mistresses, but 'show me one, besides my own self, that's transported for life!'"

Thunder Turns Buckwheat Black.

A puzzling phenomenon has been the blackening of fields of buckwheat blossoms by thunderstorms. An explanation is suggested by the researches of Lemstroem, a German electrician, who has caused water to be sucked up through capillary tubes when an electric influence machine was worked some distance away. As the fluids of plants rise through capillary tubes, it appears that an electrified condition of the air may cause an unusual flow.

WOMAN IN THE KLONDIKE.

Just at dark we made a landing on the banks of the Yukon, directly in front of the little town of Dawson, and, pitching our tents in the snow, we camped for the night under our first shelter—even of a tent—for ten days. All were so pleased and happy that good fortune had enabled us to escape the perils which threatened, as well as the danger of an ice block in the river, that the men proposed a celebration of their good fortune. They were going up town, but I told them it was not right to leave me alone the first night in a strange place and that if they would remain in camp I would pay for enough for them to drink and have their celebration in their tents. To this they agreed, and one of them went to the town and shortly returned, stating that whisky, Canadian case goods, was \$10 a quart. I sent him back and purchased a couple of bottles, which the men drank without becoming boisterous. I then went to my war sack, and, taking out my guitar, which I had carried over the summit, we sat on the ground around the little tent stove and all joined in singing the songs of home.—Emma L. Kelly in Lippincott's Magazine.

Got a Big Pearl With His Oysters.

Morgan H. Morgan, file clerk in the office of the clerk of the circuit court, in company with several friends, lunched in a restaurant at Clark and Randolph streets, and, among other things, the entire party partook of fried oysters. Morgan picked out a large, juicy one and was beginning to eat it with a relish when his teeth grated on a hard substance.

He removed the object from his mouth and was about to tell the waiter that he had not ordered the oysters to be seasoned with gravel when his attention was attracted by the reflection of the light upon the object he had thrown on the table. Investigation showed that it was a pearl of good size.

Morgan put the pearl in his pocket and after leaving the restaurant went to the office of a lapidary in the Champlain building, where he was offered \$14 for the gem. He took the money.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Our Excess of Men.

Whatever differences Dame Nature may have intended between the spheres of influence of men and women, she evidently intended that numerically at least the two sexes should stand on nearly the same footing. The world over, except where recognizable and what might be called artificial causes interfere, the male and female elements of the population are about equal.

Curiosity, not to say astonishment, is excited, therefore, by a recent announcement of the census bureau. The enumeration of 1900 shows that there are more men and boys than women and girls in this country and that the difference exceeds 1,800,000 in a population of 76,303,387. The excess appears more distinctly perhaps when it is said that there are 512 males and only 488 females in every thousand people in the United States.—Chicago Tribune.

Sixty Dollar Overcoats For Soldiers.

Just at present a buffalo overcoat is a very scarce article, and yet the humblest of Uncle Sam's soldier boys may have one of these highly prized garments for the asking. All he has to do is to include the item in his requisition for supplies, and the coat will be issued to him, although it will still belong to the government, and if he loses or destroys it he must pay \$60 for his carelessness.

The coats in the possession of the war department are relics of the days when no man living in the northwest was thought to be properly equipped without a buffalo coat. All of them have been worn, but they are still in fair condition and are issued annually to those soldiers who may want them.—Minneapolis Journal.

He Walked.

An insurance officer who claims to be the only man in his business who ever talked business to J. Pierpont Morgan remarked the other day: "I could more easily see the hundred hardest men in San Francisco than do it again. Never mind how I did it. I walked in on Morgan at the office one day and stated my business."

"How did you get in here? said he."

"I walked in," said I.

"Well, walk out," said he.

"I did."


Leap Years In This Century.

The twentieth century will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—namely, twenty-five. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that up to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948 and 1976.

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Tigers Fair

Krell's Opera House

opens

Saturday Evening

Uncle Sam's Usual Whopper.
When Mr. Gallot went through the United States with Mlle. D'Jeck, the celebrated elephant, he one evening was warm in his praises of the hospitalities and socialities of the mother country.
Amid other instances he quoted one of the Rutland punchbowl, which on the christening of the young marquis was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat who laded out the liquor.
"I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that 'o immortal smash, for at my brother's christening the bowl was so deep that when we young uns said it wasn't sweet enough father sent a man down in a diving bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Naked Truth.
It was an extremely formal wedding.
"I didn't see you there," said I to Love later.
"No," said Love; "I wasn't dressed for it."—New York Sun.

Candy and nuts at Kelper's.