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Read - the - Tribune.

Stevenson's Cue Work.
A story of Robert Louis Steven-
son is told as follows by an ac-
quaintance: "Once only do I re-
member seeing him play a game of
billiards, and a truly remarkable
performance it was. He played with
all the fire and dramatic intensity



HE PLAYED WITH FIRE AND DRAMATIC
INTENSITY.
that he was apt to put into things.
The balls flew wildly about on or off
the table as the case might be, but
seldom indeed ever threatened a
pocket or got within a hand's
breadth of a cannon. 'What a fine
thing a game of billiards is,' he re-
marked to the astonished onlookers,
'once a year or so!'

YOUR FAITH will be as
strong as
Shiloh's
Consumption
Cure
and ours is so strong we
guarantee a cure or refund
money, and we send you
free trial bottle if you write for it.
SHILOH'S costs 25 cents and will cure Con-
sumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all
Lung Troubles. Will cure a cough or cold
in a day, and thus prevent serious results.
It has been doing these things for 50 years.
S. C. WELLS & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

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GURDS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.**
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A Close Shave

HOW A MAN'S HAIR STOOD ON
END AND THEN DROPPED OFF.

John Rhett, the handsomest young man in the county, he of the raven locks and with the beautiful black mustache that the women adored—John Rhett walked into the barber shop in Yorkville for a shave.

It was a cold day, and there were three or four of his friends, besides several tonsorial artists, standing around the stove at the time, but the man who always did his work being idle, he walked directly over and threw himself into the comfortable chair.

The barber was a tall, well built young fellow by the name of Henry Casey, whom Rhett had known for a long time. The usual preparatory process was gone through with, and then he sharpened his razor and went to work, but he started off in a manner that made Rhett uncomfortable from the first. This was due to the unusual and seemingly reckless way in which he handled the razor. There was entirely too much flourish about it to make one feel easy. He would whirl it round in one or two circles before it touched the face and then take it off again in the same artistic style. This may have looked very pretty to a spectator, but to the person who formed the center of these concentric circles Rhett thought it was anything but pleasant. At first he was inclined to think the fellow was drunk, but he soon dismissed this idea, for the work was being done well and skillfully and as no drunk man could do it. Finally he told Casey that he didn't like any such flourishes around his head and to stop it.

But the only reply he received was the press of the barber's finger against his throat and a short, hissing "keep still."

This made Rhett mad, and he started to express himself very forcibly, but when he looked up at the man who stood drawing the razor over his face his anger gave way to a far more fearful feeling. The words died on his lips, and a sudden chill crept over his body. He had looked into the wild, excited eyes of a maniac.

"Don't you move or say a word. If you do, I'll cut your throat," came again in a suppressed whisper as that sharp, cunning face bent near to his.

"Do you know," said the barber as he kept on with the work—"do you know that this will be your last shave; that I intend to kill you with this same razor the moment I have finished?"

"I have long wanted to make the experiment," he continued as he went rapidly on, "just to see how quickly it could be done. Perhaps you think I am crazy, but you are wrong. I only want to do this work in the interest of science. I believe it will prove to be the most painless and quickest of all deaths. If I succeed today, as I expect to do, my method may become the public mode of execution in this country, supplanting the gallows. You see what an honor it will be to have started such a reform in capital punishment. My name will become immortal. There will be none of the suspense attending executions now, none of the terrible scenes at the gallows. You simply take the condemned man in for a shave, and before he knows it he is in eternity."

Then commenced a fierce and hidden game between those two—a game in which one knew the prize for him was life and, if he lost, the profit death.

"Henry," said the young man, and he smiled, though his heart was beating fast, "you shouldn't try to frighten a good customer in that way. You know you wouldn't kill an old friend like me."

"I'll show you, Mr. Rhett," half shrieked the barber, and the gleaming eye grew fiercer and the voice trembled with passion.

Rhett saw that this had only added fuel to the flame, and he began to despair of conciliating the madman.

"Yes," said Casey, and his wild hand grew wilder and the razor pressed harder upon his victim's face; "yes, you must die this very hour for the sake of science. Why, it will be a noble death. You ought to feel honored to perish in such a cause."

The young man was now thoroughly frightened, and he watched for an opportunity to spring from the chair and escape. But he looked in vain. Though the barber occasionally relaxed the stern grip upon his throat, yet he still held him with his glittering eye.

thought of death, he will be hurled into another world. Talk about executing by electricity! My method will not only be quicker, but more painless.

"Just a stroke like this, and it's all over," and Rhett's heart gave a wild leap, for he thought his end had come.

Casey, however, had only drawn the back of the razor across his throat, but with such force and rapidity that it burned like fire.

The situation was growing desperate. In a minute the barber would be through with his work. With one hand he had Rhett by the hair and with the other was finishing up the job, while his lips kept muttering and his body swayed with excitement. Rhett knew with the next sweep of that infuriated arm he would meet his doom. Whatever he did must be done instantly.

"Well, Henry," he said as lightly as he could, "sharpen your razor well before you start, for I don't want any bungling job." For he thought when the barber turned to do this he could leap from the chair and get away.

"It's sharp enough for you, Mr. Rhett," and the madman grew madder as he spoke; "it's sharp enough for you, sir."

He had already finished shaving. Rhett's heart almost stood still.

"Now we'll see if it needs to be sharpened," said Casey, with a demoniac laugh, and Rhett felt a sharp sting as the keen blade cut the skin on his throat.

"But, Henry," he rapidly ejaculated, "I want you to make a success of this, for it will be a blessing to the world—but if you go on now I tell you it will be a failure."

The razor stopped.

"Why?" asked Casey.

The maniac was interested. Rhett saw that he had gained a point, and he knew his life depended upon how he used it. He had touched upon the man's pet mania. It seemed strange to him now that he had not thought of it before.

"You will make a failure," he continued, "because you have told me all about it, and I have already suffered as much suspense as the criminal on the gallows. Besides, when I feel the razor giving me the fatal wound I will shriek out in agony, and the people will say that I suffered a terrible death. They will not believe you then that it would be the most painless mode of execution. So, you see, Henry, you would defeat the very object you are trying to accomplish."

The barber withdrew the razor and held it motionless in his hand. Rhett breathed easier and became eloquent on the subject of the experiment.

"Now, the next man you shave, Henry, don't say a word to him on the subject, but all at once, in the twinkling of an eye, put him out. And I believe you will become a greater man than the inventor of the guillotine."

"Well, Mr. Rhett, I believe you are right about it," and he began to close the razor.

The mania was wearing off, and in its stead there came a playful and mischievous humor.

Patting his customer under the chin, "Ah, Mr. Rhett," he said, "you would look so much better without your mustache. Now, don't you want me to take it off for you?"

Afraid to cross him in his humor, Rhett replied, though it almost broke his heart to say it:

"Why, certainly, Henry, if you think it will look better."

On went the lather, and in another minute the beautiful silken strands were no more than the withered leaves of the forest.

"Now, Mr. Rhett, if you had your hair clipped you would look splendid. Don't you want me to take it off?"

"Of course, Henry, clip it," came from those anguished lips. He was willing to say or do anything to get that razor back into its case.

So the clippers were brought out, and in less than two minutes he was slicker than a newborn rat.

But if his head was light his heart was, too, when he arose from the chair, and never in all his life did he feel so willing and happy to pay for a shave and hair cut.

Of course everybody laughed at him when he went out on the street, and the wind blew cold about his head. To his friends when they gathered around him he told his harrowing experience, and he was still as pale as a ghost.

A committee forthwith waited on the barber, but it did not find anything in his words or actions to denote insanity. So some believed the story and some didn't, and the barber kept on shaving.

But never again did he put his razor upon the face of John Rhett.

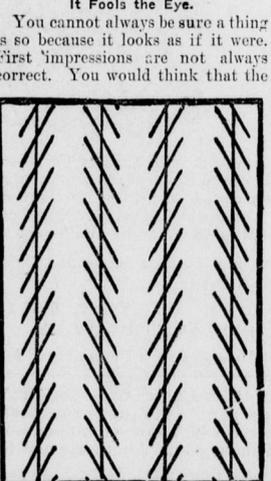
FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

A Kitten That Had a Jolly Good Time In the Snow.

Perhaps it will be interesting to our little folks to hear the story of Katura, a seven-month-old kitten that during the first snowfall of the winter was found collecting snow into heaps and then rolling it into balls. We supposed this to be a freak simply, and, though we watched her scuttling and scrambling in the soft drift, we supposed that the next snowfall would find her forgetful or indifferent. But, to our surprise, at the next storm of the kind we found her at a still more animated game. Standing near a fence, with gleaming eyes and waving tail, she watched the flakes fall. Finding that they fell from a height, she stood upon her toes and, holding up her paws eagerly, looked into them, tossing up the supposed contents. Her excitement increased each moment, and, hoping to bring herself nearer to the source of the fairy, feathery things, she mounted a flower box, and, rearing her little lithe body, she continued to catch and toss, catch and toss, until she grew wild with excitement. Then, leaping down to the walk, she once more gathered and rolled the woolly stuff into balls, scattering them hither and thither, every line of her body expressing the most perfect, gracious action. This is surely an exceptional case, knowing, as we do, that the feline race has a decided antipathy to getting its feet and paws wet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Fools the Eye.

You cannot always be sure a thing is so because it looks as if it were. First impressions are not always correct. You would think that the



THE CRISSCROSS LINES DO IT.
long lines in this picture were not exactly parallel, and yet they are. The deception is brought about by the short crisscross lines.—American Boy.

Gypsies in Hungary.

Gypsies being wanderers on the face of the earth, they have no fatherland, but if there is one country more than another where they feel at home and in which they have been fairly treated on the whole that country is Hungary. Two things have brought the two folk together. The gypsies are born musicians, and the Magyars are born dancers. For some reason or other the Magyar thinks fiddling is beneath him. The gypsy is quite content that it should be so, for no instrument save the bagpipes can supply the wild dance music which the Hungarian loves so well as the violin can. Gypsy bands are thus in great demand in Hungarian towns, and many of the players make a lot of money. Let a gypsy band but strike up a gay tune, and in a few minutes men and women will be seen dancing like mad, some of them during the fury of the moment lavishing money upon the musicians. It is "the thing" even for peasants to hire a gypsy band for their private junketings, and it is said that Hungarian nobles have ruined themselves largely because of the sums of money they have spent upon orchestras of gypsies.

Our Circus.

There's going to be a circus
In our town today.
You'd better come and see the fun
And watch the monkeys play.

There's going to be an elephant
And great big kangaroo,
A lion that roars—well, just like mad—
And a striped zebra too.

There's going to be a feller
Found standing on his head
And a fierce old growling tiger
Just waiting to be fed.

There's going to be a great big tent
And a mighty fine parade;
There's going to be some gingerbread
And perhaps some lemonade.

There's going to be an or-kest-ry,
With a fute and drum and horn;
T'll bet you never heard the like
Since ever you were born.

We're all of us to be the band;
There's eye of us, you see;
There's Minnie, George and Winifred
And Snip, the dog, and me.

Willie Wasn't Sure.

Teacher—Willie, please give me the definition of buttress.
Willie—Teacher, I think it is a billygoat's sister, but I ain't sure.



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Large variety of styles and prices.
Some people don't like rubbers.
For these we have good honest stout shoes for street wear.
The foot often looks better and feels better this way.
All America \$3.50 SHOE
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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, Scranton and Scranton.

8 15 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.

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 45 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

4 44 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 H. WILBUR, General Superintendent,
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CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent,
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G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.
Time table in effect March 10, 1901.

Trains leave Driffton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Driffton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Driffton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Driffton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepperton at 6:02, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:11 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepperton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Driffton at 5:29 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepperton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:29 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepperton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Driffton at 5:49 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, Jeanesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Driffton at 6:00 a. m. make connection at Driffton with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.