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FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 24, 1901.



The Best of Reasons.

As soon as there comes a suggestion of frostiness in the air there is an excuse for the smartly gowned woman to swathe her throat in some one of the many pretty and becoming boas she is so fond of wearing. For some occult and feminine reason she does not consider her costume complete without this finishing conceit—a conceit which goes through slight changes with the coming of each season, but which in the end is a mass of soft and fluffy chiffon or lace of a color that sets off to the best advantage a woman's features.

It is not so much on account of the warmth possessed by these airy accessories that they are so well liked, nor for the comfort of having something high at the back of the neck, though it is a fact that after once wearing a ruchoe or a boa a woman doesn't feel quite chic if she appears on the street without one. The real reason they are so popular—if you could get a woman to explain her very evident fondness for boas and other neck creations—is because they add to the attractiveness of any face, be it young or old.

Value of Fresh Air.

Sleeping in the open air has passed the life limit of a "fad" and assumed the proportions of a habit. It is, moreover, a growing habit, the motto of which is "with nothing between you and the sky." Only in summer is it possible to push this habit to the extreme, of course, and even then so meager are the sleeping accommodations of the average home that few can enjoy the luxury indicated in the motto. The number of persons who take to tents and repose in hammocks swung in the open air in the summer, however, increases each year. This is particularly true of young children, hundreds of whom during the past summer were emancipated from stuffy nurseries and given their naps on piazzas and balconies or upon the hand breadth of grass plot dignified by the name of "dooryard" in city homes. Such children, in their plump beauty and infantile good nature, are the best possible witnesses to the efficacy of the "open air sleeping cure," if cure it may be called, since, more properly speaking, it is a preventive instead.—Portland Oregonian.

An Autumn Note.

Autumn said to dying summer: "Sweet were your songs and softly went your winds above the blue banks of violets and gardens where your lilies were like altars of sweet worship. But the beautiful dies and leaves us but the rose of memory, kissed of sad sunlight, and the rain that Love calls tears. Your birds have left their nests, faced in the sheltering trees; your flowers are but phantoms; your streams have sung you to sleep; your footprints are fading from the hills; your voice is silent in the valleys, and, grieving for you, I have robed you not in ghostly shrouds, but in raiment of scarlet and gold, and laid you down to dream beneath thy perfect skies of life to come, of love that lives forever!"—Atlanta Constitution.

How Music Writing Pays.

John Philip Sousa says: "A publisher who died a short time ago gave me \$35 for every piece I wrote. Among those \$35 pieces was 'The Washington Post,' which I wrote in 1888 for my deceased friend, Frank Hatton, who was editor of the Washington Post. I don't know what my publisher made out of this composition. I changed 'houses' because a firm offered me 15 per cent on net sales, and out of the march 'Liberty Bell' I have received about \$45,000. I advise every one to write music if he can sell it."

Odd Classification.

It is said that a consignment of "Wheeling stogies," which is the name of a brand of cigars, recently shipped to England was classified by the custom house officials as "leather manufactures" on the assumption that they were boots for bicycling.

This is equal to the action of the Dutch patent office which classified an American machine for making ginger-snaps under "distilling and brewing" on the assumption that "gingersnaps" was some sort of "schnapps" to drink.



TOYS FROM TIN CANS.

How an Ingenious Frenchman Got Rich Out of Sardine Tins.

Near the close of a long and fierce war between France and several other nations of Europe, when the Prussians were trying to get entrance to Paris, the French soldiers were in the city, and that they might have enough to eat and drink the persons who owned shops and bakeries were forced to give them wine and bread. Many of the shopkeepers soon found their stores empty, and various ways were invented to keep their children from starving.

At this time a wine seller named Drog was in sad distress. His wine-shop was ruined and empty, and he knew not how he could secure bread for his family. In the yard at the back of his shop was a large heap of empty sardine cans, which had been thrown out in the happier days. He had learned that solder, with which the cans had been sealed, was in great demand, and one day as he came across the old cans the thought entered his mind that the solder might be sold; so, building a little furnace, the solder was melted off the cans, and for this he secured a neat sum of money, with which he bought food for the family.

Not stopping at this, Mr. Drog hired a number of rascals to go around the city and gather up all the sardine cans they could find. While experimenting another idea came to him that the tin of the cans could also be used in making toys for children. Tin soldiers and other pretty playthings were made and sold. In after years Mr. Drog built factories in other parts of France. Millions of children's toys are now sent out from these shops each year, and Mr. Drog has made a large fortune from the old sardine cans.

Tiny Toy Automobile.

The little son of Mr. George Billan of Middletown, Ind., is happy in the possession of what is perhaps the smallest automobile in the world. It was made by Mr. Billan, who is a jeweler, and it is only ten inches long and eight inches in height, weighing only two pounds



JUST LIKE A BIG ONE.

and two ounces. It has rubber tires, is ball bearing and is furnished with a side steering lever, which is controlled by a little figure in the seat. It runs in a circle or a straight line over 200 feet at one winding of the spring motor and has a perfect starting and stopping lever, just like the big machines.

The Princess's Villa.

The little Princess Victoria Louise, who is eight years old, is the only girl in the imperial family of Germany. Her father, the emperor, has bought a beautiful villa for her older brothers to live in while they are studying at the university in the quaint old city of Bonn, on the Rhine. The house stands on the bank of the river and has large grounds around it. There are conservatories in the gardens and a fine tennis court, which can be flooded in winter and turned into a skating pond. The crown prince is fond of riding and driving, and the stables are well filled with horses. The prince's suit of rooms are on the ground floor, while his younger brother, Prince Eitel Frederick, has his apartments up stairs. Everything has been done to make the house a pleasant home for these two princes through their college days.

Birds That Walk.

Does it not seem strange that, although we cannot fly like the birds, no matter how much we try, some birds can walk like human beings? Watch your pigeons or a quail, lark, blackbird or snipe walk or run proudly and quickly along the ground. Don't you suppose they think us very stupid not to be able to do both? And how sorry they must be for their cousins, the woodpecker, thrushes, sparrows and warblers, who can only hop!

Of all the awkward walkers among birds the graceful swallow is the worst. Perhaps he realizes it himself, for he very seldom uses his feet at all.

The Hill of the Cellar Door.

I know a hill not far away
Where children always love to play;
The hill is straight and smooth and low;
For little folks 'tis better so.

The coasting there is very nice,
Without the cold of snow and ice;
You slide in summer, fall or spring,
But need not bother sleds to bring.

It is the safest hill I've found;
Sometimes you tumble to the ground,
But 'tis not far you have to fall,
And would not hurt a child at all.

It's very near your home, and so
Your mother'll always let you go,
For then she knows you're right near by,
And she can hear you if you cry.

So up you scramble, down you slide,
And, oh, you have a jolly ride!
You always want to play some more
Upon the hill of Cellar Door.

—Annie Willis McCullough.

WINDMILLS IN THE WEST.

Important Part They Play on the Great Farms of the Plains.

"A thing that strikes an eastern man strangely," said the man just back from a western trip, "is the prevalence of the windmill in the west. This is supposed to be the age of steam and electricity, of new ideas in every line of human activity, but you would be inclined to change your mind if you ever saw the forests of primitive windmills that dot the western plains. They first come into view when the traveler crosses the Mississippi into Iowa, and by the time he gets to Nebraska and Kansas they seem to be staring in the car windows at every revolution of the wheels.

"And they are the most useful adjunct the western farmer possesses. Usually a man associates the windmill with Holland, but the western variety is a different brand and used for exactly the opposite purpose that Hollanders employ them for. In that country the mill is used to get rid of the water. In the west it is employed to produce it. The enterprising manufacturers make them in all styles, some tall and graceful, others low, with a half circle of fans at the top. The big ones are useful in grinding corn, but most of them are engaged in pumping up water for irrigation and to slake the thirst of the cattle, horses and hogs. For the latter a system of pipes conveys the water to various parts of the ranch.

"The wells reach way down into the earth, where an exhaustless supply is found, and, while few furnish the source of any extended irrigation systems, nearly all have connections with the garden and yard. The small streams which abound in the west generally become stagnant during the summer; but, with the sand point and the wind pump, the great reservoir of nature is tapped, and great streams of water are furnished. Many ranchmen have built milkhouses around the wind pump, and the fresh, cool water is kept running through large tanks made for milk cans, enabling them to furnish their own tables with choice cream and butter and an overplus that in many cases pays for the family groceries.

"Only a western farmer can appreciate the value of a windmill as a factor in the development of the country. It means an abundance of water for stock and irrigating purposes, and this means greater productiveness, bigger crops and better prices, more business in the towns and increased earnings for the railroads. The windmill is a primitive method of obtaining power, but it is doing a splendid work in the west."—New York Sun.

How Cities Bury Themselves.

A well has recently been driven in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville in Paris for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the subsoil of the French capital. The revelations throw light on the manner in which great cities in the course of centuries bury the relics of their past. First comes a layer of rubbish, nearly four and a half feet thick, dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. A second layer, a little over two and a half feet thick, consists of rubbish recognizable by the character of its fragments as belonging to the period from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. This is separated from the first layer by a thin deposit of sand, and a second sandy deposit covers the third layer, which plainly shows relics of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. At the bottom is a clayey deposit filled with fragments of pottery and bits of oak timber belonging to the Gallic and Gallo-Roman periods.

A Staddle.

Wynks—Are you a believer in protection or free trade?
Bynks—Both—protection from bill collectors and free trade with the butcher and the groceryman.—Somerville Journal.

Candy and nuts at Kelper's.

If You Could Look

into the future and see the condition to which your cough, if neglected, will bring you, you would seek relief at once—and that naturally would be through

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Every Evening

John G. Saxe's Wit.

John G. Saxe, the poet wit, attended a flag raising at Greenbush, a little place across the river from Albany, during the civil war and made an eloquent speech in which he praised the young men of Greenbush for showing their patriotism by exerting themselves to procure the star spangled banner.

This did not altogether please the chairman, who whispered to him that the young ladies of Greenbush had also been instrumental in raising funds for the purchase of the flag.

Thereupon Saxe, addressing the young ladies, made them a graceful and gallant apology for not including them in his praise. "I don't know how I came to make such a mistake," he explained, "save as I may have been laboring under the impression that the young men of Greenbush embraced the young ladies of Greenbush."

Wonderful British Dogs.

A delightful story is told of a sportsman who was boasting of the intelligence of his dog. "Would you believe it," he said, "when I was walking in to the city he suddenly stopped and pointed at a man by a bookstand, and nothing I could do would induce the dog to move. So I went up to the man and said, 'Would you oblige me with your name?' 'Certainly,' said the stranger. 'My name is Partridge.'"

Another dog's "fall." A suburban gentleman who was in the habit of giving his dog some small delicacy on leaving for the city each morning forgot to do so on one occasion. As he was going out of his house the dog caught his master's coat tails in his teeth and, leading him into the garden, stopped at a flower bed. The flowers growing there were forgetmenots.—London Globe.

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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 45 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 5 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.
For further information inquire of Ticket Agents
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent,
23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent,
25 Cortlandt 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, Honn 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, Tomblicken and Deringer at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 28 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Queida and Shepton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 4 41 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 37 a m, 11 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Deringer for Tomblicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Jeddo at 6 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 3 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Honn at 7 11 a m, 12 40, 5 29 p m, daily except Sunday; and 8 a m, 2 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 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 26 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10 10 a m, 5 40 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 11 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannetteville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Train leaving Drifton at 6 00 a m makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Harrisburg and points west.
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