## 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.

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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. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive promot attention.

irregular or tardy delivery services to out-of-prompt attention.

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

Entered at the Postoflice at Freeland, Pa. as Second-Class Matter.

FREELAND, PA., JANUARY 8, 1902.



### WHEN PAW SWORE OFF.

Maw acted offic glad the other day
That paw swore off;
Bhe'd lots of pleasant things to say
When paw swore off.
She sad that smokin' cost a pile,
And every time I looked her smile
Seemed gettin' broader all the while—
When paw swore off.

She praised paw up, I tell you what,
When paw swore off,
And sed that now we'd mave a lot,
Since pa'd swore off.
She told the Browns and Greens and Graye
About our paw's strong minded ways,
And things went nice for several days
When paw swore off.

But after 'while paw he got glum 'Cause he'd swore off; He'd jaw va all to kingdom come; Paw he'd swore off! He'd set swore off! He'd set around the house at night And look as though he'd like to fight; They wan't empthing went right 'Cause paw'd swore off!

One day he got to scolding maw;
Paw he'd swore off;
Umm-m: How he did lay down the law!
And he'd swore off;
So maw she up and at him when
He'd got all through and told him then
Bey he'd swore off;
On swearing off;
On swearing off;
—Chicago Record-Herald. -Chicago Record-Herald.

Wouldn't Get Licked So Often.



Mamma (who has just whipped Bob-by)—You know, Bobby, I love you, and when I whip you I do it for your own

good.

Bobby (crying)—Well, I—I wish you didn't (boo hoo) think so much of me!

Hoptonds as an Edible.

A scandal has been caused in Parls by the discovery that the commercial supply of frogs' legs is largely adulterated with corresponding parts of hoptonds. It appears that frog hunters who pursue the saltatory game in the swamps about Montmorency, Vincennes, Boulogne and other suitably moist neighborhoods have been unable to resist the temptation offered by so convenient and easily captured a relative as the everyday tond, the result being that a large percentage of the so-called frogs' legs sold in the French metropolis are said to be in reality tonds' legs.

tonds' legs.

The expert in such matters is not easily deceived. He recognizes the hind legs of the undeniable frog by the whiteness of the flesh, those of the tond being yellowish. But everybody cannot be expected to know the difference. not be expected to know the difference, and it is painful to think that the no-tion of the ignorant Englishman, who for generations has called the French-man "Johnny Crapaud," should find a basis of fact in his traditional accusa-tion of toad enting.—Saturday Evening Post.

Out of Date.
"What are the wedding anniversaies?" asked the inquisitive person.
The emotional society actress looked

absurdly out of date you are she said. "You should let such trivial matters rest and join me in making up a set of divorce anniversaries."—Chica-

Grand Low Fare Excursion
To Washington, D. C., via the Lehigh
January Silmited for return passage to
January 19 inclusive, at the low rate of
one fare for the round trip. Half fare
for children.
Consolt Lehigh Valley ticket agents
for further particulars.

# CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chart H. Hutchir.

### PEOPLE OF THE DAY

The Pennsylvania Railway company is going to construct a tunnel under the Hudson and East rivers and Manhat-tan Island, thus directly connecting New Jersey and Long Island with New York city as the central link in this great underground and under water



railway chain. This announcement calls attention to the head of that big railway system. President Alexander way system. President Alexander Johnson Cassatt has already made his a marked administration of the Penn-sylvania's affairs, though he has been the road's chief for only little more than a year. In that time he has contributed much toward establishing the friendly relations that now exist be-tween the great railways of the east. In bringing about a consummation of the plans for constructing the proposed tunnel he is applauded as the master spirit in the largest enterprise of the kind the world has ever known.

The Considerate Prince.
Captain Worcester, commanding the P. and O. steamship Victoria, while lying off Malta, was told one day to look out for his royal highness Prince George, who was going home as a passenger on his ship. He told the first offleer to let him know as soon as the prince put off from the shore, which, of course, was close by, and to at once man the yards. The officer waited for some time, and at length, seeing a quiet young man ascending the ship's hadder, he asked him rather bluntly if he knew when that "blessed" prince was coming along.

The gentleman smiled and said: "Well, as a matter of fact, here he is. I saw you were busy coaling and as a sallor myself I knew what a nuisance it would be to have to call the men off their work, so I thought I would just come off quietly by myself and save trouble." Captain Worcester adds that the prince never failed every morning during the voyage home to touch his cap to him, as to the captain of the ship, on the first meeting of the day.

George Ade's Wit.

### George Ade's Wit

George Ade's Wit.
George Ade, whose "Fables In Siang"
have brought him into prominence as a
humorist, is from Indiana. In talking
with a lady recently she asked him if
he had ever noticed how many bright
people came from that state.
"Indeed I have, madam," he said,
"and I have noticed, too, that the
brighter they are the sooner they
come."

come."

On another occasion Ade was listening to a restaurant orchestra with some friends, when the band began to play the intermezzo from 'Rustleana." As the first few bars were played one of the listeners asked:

"Didn't De Koven write that?"

"Not yet," said Ade.

### Re-elected Unanimously.

The Red Cross society at its annual meeting in Washington unanimously re-elected Clara Barton president of the society. For fifty years Clara Barton has been on the seene of every great war, pestilence or famine, ministering to the sufferers, and her name has become a synonym for tender belin.



MISS CLARA BARTON.

Fulness in times of great calamities.

She has been the inspiration and moving spirit in the organization and upbuilding of the Rêd Cross society, which has branches and a record of good deeds performed in every Christian country on the globe. Her reclection as president of the society is an honor well earned and wisely bestowed.

### Sportsman and Diplomat.

Sportsman and Diplomat.

Lord Minto 'is both a good sportsman and a good diplomat. The Canadians all love a good sportsman, and the cabinen of Ottawa swear by him since they dined with bim in May.

## TRUMPETER MUELLER. SOLDIER -

BY EDWARD B. CLARK. \*\*\*\*\*

Hans Mueller used to toot a trumpet in the Third cavalry. Hans was more or less of a butt for the jokes of the men of his troop. He took all kinds of gibes with a good nature that was as perfect as it was stolid. The trumpeter knew more about music than he did about muskets. When for awhile he tried what the other men called straight soldiering, he was continually getting tangled up with his equip-ments, and on several occasions at skirmish drill he came within an ace of shooting himself. His comrades told Hans that as long as he confined his efforts to killing himself they would offer no strenuous objection, but that if he got real careless and shot the head off some one else he must look out for trouble. As a matter of fact, he for trouble. As a matter of fact, he did one day come pretty close to putting a builet through the heart of Sergeant Peter Nelson, who forthwith thrashed Hans in an approved style. Captain Roberts called Hans "gross" and said that he must stick to his

Captain Roberts called Hans "gross" and said that he must stick to his trumpet.

The edict of his chief made Hans feel bad. He blew the whole scale of calls from reveille through fatigue, recall and drill to taps, but his soul wasn't in his music. Down deep in Hans' soul there came the thought that somehow he was not like other men. The smartness of appearance which characterized Sergeant Nelson, Corporal Brady and a score of privates he knew could never be his. There was lacking in his makeup that something which gives dash to a soidier. Hans used to fail over his feet in a most unmilitary way, and his hands were never in the proper places. There was one thing, however, that could be said for him, he always tried to obey orders implicitly. He generally blundered while making the attempt, but the intent was right, and that covers a multitude of sins much more serious in nature than mere blunders.

The Third cavalry was in the Wyoming country in the Elkhorn creek region. There had been a good deal of trouble with the Nez Perces, and L troop had been kept on the jump most of the time for a month. L troop was Hans' outfit. There had been one constant succession of scoutings. It had been necessary to send small squads in half a dozen different directions at one and the same time. The trumpeter had been forced to stay with the main body, which was not a very big main body at that, at all times. He had been in everything in which the whole troop was engaged, but the idea of sending Hans out on a reconnoissance where coolness and the subtlety of the devil were necessary for send a scouting party to investigate the rumor of the approach of a band of savages. Now, it happened that the whole command

approach of a band of savages. Now, it happened that the whole command was fagged out, and this in a nutshell is the reason why Hans Mueller found himself for the first time in his life in a position of acute responsibility. He was ordered by Captain Roberts to proceed with Sergeant Nelson and two privates northwest until something was "felt" or until the sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been

privates northwest until something was "felt" or until the sergeant was satisfied that a wrong report had been turned into the camp.

When the little body set out, the fatigue of the individual members of the troop showed that it was not, so to speak, strong enough to keep these same individuals from giving Hans a sendoff. Hans had a carbine and a revolver. His trumpet was hanging up on a peg. One of the bystanders said to the sergeant in command: "Look out for Hans if you happen to get into a serimmage. The first thing you know he'll forget himself, and he'll try to blow "retreat" on his carbine. You may lose one man if Hans puts his mouth to the wrong end of the barrel."

Then they said a few other things to Hans. He was told to be sure not to get his canteen mixed up with his cartridge belt and to make sure that he took note of the landmarks on the way out so he could get back to camp in a hurry if he happened to hear an Indian shoot off his gun. Hans took all this well enough, because the thought of actually going out on a scout was sufficient to knock all other things out of his head, resentment along with them. They had left the camp far behind them. Sergeant Nelson, who was an old and tried campaigner, turned to his men and said, "We are getting near the place where we may expect to see something." Then he spoke seriously to Hans. "Mueller," he said, "you're not half as bad perhaps as the troop makes out, but I tell you honesty that I'm kind of afraid of you when it comes to a pinch. Do the best you can and don't run. As a matter of fact, I think that Jim Crosby was pipe dreaming when he brought the rumor of reds in this vicinity into camp, but you may have a chance to see trouble and if you do plense, stick."

That was a pretty tough thing to have to say to a soldier with Uncle San's uniform on his back. Stick! Mueller's face went almost white under realization that the true significance of that admonition was that the sergeant had a pretty strong fear in his heart that this trumpet tooter was a coward.

and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he made a mistake. He led his

and tried campaigner, indeed, but that day he made a mistake. He led his three men straight into an ambush. There were a score of painted Nez Perces straight across their track. The Indians had very little cover, but they used it so artfully that the old soldier sergeant had actually thought that the bit of embankment and the few scattered bowlders did not offer coverenough to conceal a jack rabbit.

The first intimation of the Indians' presence was a volley. Sergeant Nelson went to the ground with a wound in his side. One of the privates, shot through the shoulder and leg, fell with him. The two men crawled behind a couple of rocks and secured temporary shelter. At the savage volley Hans Mueller's heart went to his throat. With the other private, who, like Hans, was unhit, he fell back about forty yards and went behind an adequate cover. There for five minutes they exchanged shots with the reds, who, in accordance with Indian custom, would not charge across the open, but depended rather upon being able to pick off the soldiers and then to go forward without danger and take the scalps. Hans Mueller found that he could use his carbine. His heart went down out of his throat. He looked around him and saw that there was some chance of holding the savages off for hours. Out beyond he saw his two stricken comrades. They were not dead. He knew that because he saw them move and occasionally weakly ralse themselves and send a shot in the direction of the red foe.

Hans said to himself, "Those men must be brought back here." Then he handed his carbine to his comrade and with it his belt and ammunition. "You may need these," he said, "if those fellows hit me." Then he jumped over the rock in front of him, and with his long, shambling, ungainly stride he made for the side of Sergeant Nelson. The Indians pumped at him. The balls whizzed by his head, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully into the dust at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Mueller raised the

whitzeed by ins nead, cut his clothes in three places and spat spitefully into the dust at his feet. Telling Nelson to grab his carbine, Mueller raised the sergeant in his arms and made back for cover, his track all the way marked out for him by the shots of the savages. He dropped the sergeant under the shadow of the rock and then stood on his feet.

"Where you going, Mueller?" said Sergeant Nelson feebly. "I'm going after Dodds," said Muel-ler, and he cleared the little rock to the

ler, and he cleared the little rock to the front once more.

"God bless you, Mueller," was what he heard above the cracking of the ries to his front. He reached the side of the wounded Dodds, raised him and started back with him across the strip of hell. Twice he staggered as volleys rang out, but he reached the side of his comrades and piaced Dodds between Nelson and the unwounded trooper. Then Hans Mueller fell dead.

Rellef came to the three surviving cavalrymen. The two wounded lived, in the little cemetery at a post in the far northwest there is a headstone which is inscribed thus:

"Hans Mueller, Trumpeter and Soldier, His Courage Was Bullet Proof."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Attacked by a Heron.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsanan, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me.

"I was a boy then and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening, and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it; but, kidiike, I raised the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I tonehed it too hard, the gun went off, and I started toward the heron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme

and I started toward the neron, which was wounded.

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird and started to do so, when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses, it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little harder and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

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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 Shiloh's Consumption Guaranteed to cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all Lunguitan Troubles, Cures Coughs and Colds in a day, 25 cents, Write to S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y., for free trial bottle.

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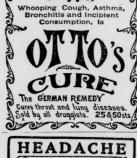
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## RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.
June 2, 1901.

ARMANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAIDS.

LEAVE FIRELAND.

6 12 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.

7 34 a. m. for Sandy Run. White Haven, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and 9 30 otsville, maleton, Delano, Amano, City, Shenandouh and Mt. Carmel.

11 42 a. m. for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy, City, Shenandouh and Mt. Carmel.

11 5 a. m. for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Seranton and the West.

4 4 deptown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandouh, McCarmel

6 35 p. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.

6 35 p. m. for Sandy Run, white Haven,
Wakes-Barre, Scrattou and all points
7 29 p. m. for Harleton.
7 39 p. m. for Harleton.
7 34 a. m. from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a. m. from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.
9 12 a. m. from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
City, Shemadcah and Mr. Carmel,
9 30 a. m. from Scratton, Wilkes-Harre and
White Haven.
11 51 a. m. from Scratton, Wilkes-Harre and
Hazleton, Mandy York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, and Weather, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.
35 p. m. from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, and Weather, Wilkes-Barre and
White Haven.
35 p. m. from New York, Philadelphia,
Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch
Chunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, ShennaChunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, ShennaChunk, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shennaton, from Scratton, Wilkes-Barre and

ton.
7 29 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
For further information inquire of Ticket

White Haven.
For further information inquire of Ticket
Agents
ULLIN H. WILBUR, General SuperIntendent,
28 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEK, General Passenger Agent
23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

G. J. GILDROY. Division Superintendent, a.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHARMA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hezleton Junction at 600 a m. daily. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Tombicken and Deringer at 600 a m., daily coxept Sunday; and 707 a m. 238 p m., Sunday, Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Blarwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oceland, and the property of the superintendent of the superinten

standay, except summar; and as a m, 422 p m.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida
Junction, Harwood Road, Humbold Road,
Oneida and Sheppton at 68 21 110 a n. 411 p m.

sunday,
daily except Sunday; and 737 a m, 311 p m.

sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tombicken, Crantrains leave Deringer for Tombicken, Crantrains leave of Hazleton Junction and Roan

4 509 p m. Sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Oneida, Humboldt
Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 711 a m, 124, 536
p m, Sunday, Sept Sunday; and 511 a m, 344
p m, Sunday, Sept Sunday; and 511 a m, 344
p m. Sunday, Sept Shepton for Reaver, Nanday

Trains leave Sheppton for Greaver, Nanday

LUTHER C. SMITH. Superintendeut.