

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1893.  
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 15¢ 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 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 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., JANUARY 20, 1902.



## TOOK THE BAIT.

Old Man Bet Him \$20 That John Would Be There.

"I used to think I was some pumpkins," said the drummer as he lighted his cigar in the office of a Detroit hotel the other evening, "but I hadn't been rubbing against the world over a year before I was saying nothing and saying wood as hard as I could. About the first game I ran across was in Chicago. An old chap from the turnip fields, with a face as innocent as a baby's, came up to me on the street and wanted to know if I knew a fellow named John Smith.

"You've been confounded!" I said as I looked at a bank check in his hand. "I guess not," he replied, though he looked rather scared. "I lent a feller \$10, and he gave me this check for \$20 to hold till he got back. You see it's signed 'John Smith' all right, and that was his name. No, I don't think he's come any game on me. He looked like a decent feller."

"It was so refreshing," said the drummer, "that I leaned up against a lamp-post and laughed till my sides were sore. I told the old man that his check was not worth the paper it was written on and that he ought to have known better and all that, and he finally grew quite indignant and said:

"I don't believe he was any such chap. He said he'd be back at 4 o'clock, and I'll bet he'll come. I'm an old haysed, but I know a good man from a bad one."

"You'll never see him again, and you'd better look out or somebody will get your boots."

"But I'm sure he'll come. I've got \$20 here as says he will."

"I didn't want to add insult to injury, but the old chap was so sure and saucy about it that I put up my twenty to teach him a moral lesson. A policeman was stakeholder, and we had only five minutes to wait. Then John Smith showed up, repaid the \$10 and took back his check, and of course I lost my \$20 and was humiliated into the dust besides. The old haysed called the turn on me by advising me not to go far from my hotel and to leave my watch in my room, and I was full of grief for three days. Then, on a corner a mile away, I caught him playing the same trick and understood that it was a put up job."

"And that assuaged your grief," was suggested.

"Well, perhaps. At least it made me realize that I was the biggest ass in the United States."—Detroit Free Press.

It is curious to note that sixteen out of the twenty-one English coronations that occurred between William Rufus and Elizabeth, both inclusive, were held on Sunday. For each of the exceptions there was a special reason. After the days of Elizabeth not a single coronation took place on a Sunday.

Of 21,329,819 males of voting age in the United States 2,226,295 are illiterate. In other words, one possible voter out of nine is unable to read or write or to write if able to read. Nearly one-half of all the illiterates in the country are negroes, and about 45 per cent of all negroes of voting age are illiterate.

Over 8,000 women are employed in the various government offices in Washington, 2,044 of whom have entered the service after competitive examination. Nine hundred of them are paid salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year, the others being paid the compensation of ordinary clerks, \$900 to \$900 a year.

The city of St. Louis has added another department to her city government. The smoke abatement department will fully consider the work of the leading smoke consumers, but will, of course, recommend no one especially. As it is desired to abate the smoke nuisance by the time the world's fair is held there close attention will be paid to the ordinance.

## Admiration.

"You admire your grandfather very much, don't you, my little man?"  
"Yes," answered the youth.  
"You think he could do things that no one else could, don't you?"  
"I know he could. He used to punish father whenever he felt like it."—Washington Star.

## SAVED BY A WILD CRY

"Yes," the bishop remarked reflectively, "as you say, Travers, we had some delightful times at Oxford together."

"I should think so!" the newcomer assented. "We did have larks! What days on the river! And what nights in college!"

The bishop moved uneasily in his chair. Then he glanced at the bishopess and the two bishopinas. "My dear," he said, wriggling inside his black apron, "it is very hot in here. I think I will take Mr. Travers out in the garden a little."

The bishopess' face expressed sincere relief. Mr. Travers' talk tended not to edification. She, too, glanced at the bishopinas. "I would, Edward, if I were you," she answered. "Perhaps Mr. Travers smokes. He might like a cigar."

"Ah, you don't smoke now, then?" Travers put in, with a note of surprise. "Well, that's odd. Given it up? Must have cost him a wrench, though, Mrs. Mitchell. Never saw him at Oxford without a short brier root in his mouth, bar chapel or lecture. Did I, Mitchell?"

The bishop rose solemnly, stood for a moment by the open window, with his episcopal legs in a studied attitude of episcopal doubt, and then led the way into the garden. It was a beautiful West Indian night. Tropical moonlight lay pale green upon the floor of the veranda. Fireflies flitted in and out. The scent of large white flowers was heavy on the air. Travers thought it all beautiful. He had only arrived at Tortuga that morning and had come straight up to Bishopstow to make his first impression of the tropics under his old friend's roof and his old friend's auspices.

The bishop selected a sequestered spot at the farthest end of the veranda, placing a long deck chair for Travers where he was least likely to be overheard by the two bishopinas.

"Yes," he continued in a bland professional murmur, "we have a great work here, and I feel that abstinence from all appearance of evil is a necessity of my usefulness."

John Travers lighted a cigar. His smoke blew toward the bishop. "Capital tobacco one gets here," Travers remarked.

The bishop sniffed it regretfully. "It has a delicious fragrance, I will admit," he answered with reluctance.

Travers leaned back in his chair and watched the fireflies as they flitted. The air was balmy. "Ah, what times we had at Oxford!" he went on reflecting. "What times we had there, Mitchell! Do you remember that saucy little girl who used to sell flowers at the corner near the Randolph? A pretty bit of fluff. Polly Peach they called her. What fun we had chaffing her! Well, she's married a doctor now and has a son at Brasenose."

"I am glad to hear it," the bishop answered, putting his thumbs and forefingers together. "Though she was a frivolous young woman, she was not wholly lacking in—in what I may venture to call the essentials of refinement. And we must remember she was placed in a position of some temptation."

"Yes, she's married," Travers went on, "to a doctor, as I say. I think you know him. Oh, of course. We were at a drunk together at his rooms in Balliol."

"I remember taking wine," the bishop admitted after a pause, "with a man named Holmes there."

"The same! The very fellow! What a way he had with the girls too! And then the bonfire! Do you remember our bonfire on the night our Torpid beat Christchurch and Oriel? How you brought out frogs into the quad after the bump supper and remarked that you didn't care a something or other for the dons and made a jolly good blaze and were almost sent down for it?"

The bishop hesitated. "I have some indistinct recollection that there was a bonfire," he allowed at last dubiously.

"Was a bonfire! Why, my dear fellow, you were all but sent packing for it. You can't possibly forget. You were left off on the ground that most of the other men were much more drunk than you; you were just sober enough to light the fagots in the middle of the quad, while the other men wanted to pile and light them against the hall and chapel."

The bishop's face was rigid with terror. Just then a cry rose on the air from a cottage not far off—a weird, shrill cry, as of women wailing.

"What's that?" Travers asked, with a start.

Saved, saved! The bishop gasped with joy. He remembered that Travers had had typhoid at college and lived ever afterward in bodily dread of zymotic diseases. "That," he replied in very calm and measured tones, "is—only a negro wail. The women are wailing and keening after their kind over one of their people who has died in this epidemic. I regret to say, owing to our imperfect sanitary arrangements, such scenes are too common. We grow perhaps to disregard them with almost un-Christian lack of sympathy."

"Epidemic? What epidemic?" The bishop stretched truth as far as it would go. "Yellow jack," he answered in an unconcerned voice. "Very bad here at present. They are dying by thousands, the whites and browns especially. It attacks newcomers most of all. People of florid complexion and full habit of body, fresh out from England, are almost sure."

Travers rose in horror. He was fresh colored and full bodied. "Is it all over the islands?" he asked, with marked eagerness.

The bishop gave a dramatic pause. "Not in Barbados," he answered slowly. "Barbados is quite wholesome. There's a steamer to Barbados tomorrow morning."—Sketch.

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## A Beautiful Hat.

The illustration shows a late creation of one of the most famous milliners of Paris. It is a picture hat, with crown



## A Parisian Fanny.

of embroidered white velvet and entire brim of feathers. The illustration is reproduced from Le Moniteur de la Mode.

## A Lovely Blouse.

A novel and lovely blouse is of white chiffon lined with palest pink and arranged with a yoke formed of two or three feather designs carried out in an applique of lace. Other designs in floral lace applique trim the lower part of the bodice, while the waist belt is very becomingly contrived out of two curved bands of tucked white chiffon connected with featherstitching. The elbow sleeves are finished with accordion plaited frills of chiffon edged with lace.

## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Changed About.  
"It is always amusing to me," said the thoughtful man, "when I read of a reward being offered for the return of lost money. It always seems to me that if the money falls into the hands of an honest man he would be only too glad to see that the loser got it, but if, on the contrary, it should fall into the hands of a dishonest man, why, money spent on the advertising of a reward would be merely thrown away unless the reward equaled the amount lost."

"A number of years ago an old man living in the same town that I did and who had the reputation of being very close lost a roll of bills amounting to several hundred dollars. It was a mystery to every one how he let go of it long enough to lose it, but he did, and he spent several days rushing around town looking for it, but without success."

"Finally some one suggested the advisability of offering a reward for the return of the lost money. He objected to this as costing him too much, but at last he opened his heart and offered the sum of \$1 to the finder. A few days later he received by mail a dollar note, together with a letter to the effect that he could have the reward and the finder would keep the rest for his trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

Satisfied.  
"My friend," said the very severe person, "treasure the precious moments. Think, with the deep awe which the subject deserves to command, upon the fact that time is swiftly fleeting and stays for no man."  
"That's all right," answered the cheery citizen. "I want to fleet. If time were stationary, I'd be out of work. You see, I'm a watchmaker."—Washington Star.

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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 42 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.

WILLIAM W. LEBUR, General Superintendent, 30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
CHAS. S. LEBUR, General Passenger Agent, 30 Cortlandt Street, New York City.  
G. J. GILBROY, 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, Roun 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, Tomblaken and Deripier at 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 2:38 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:22, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m. 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Deripier for Tomblaken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roun at 8:00 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 3:37 p. m. 5:07 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Oneida, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Oneida Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roun at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:58 p. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m. 3:44 p. m. Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:20 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, Leansville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Deripier with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.