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FREELAND, PA., FEBRUARY 19, 1902



Date for the Conference.

Notices have been received by the district officers of the United Mine Workers from President John Mitchell announcing that an invitation has just been sent to the heads of the big coal carrying companies to meet the anthracite miners to joint convention Wednesday, March 12. Secretary Hartlein, of District No. 9, made the following statement:

"If the operators meet us, many differences will be amicably adjusted. Employers will be better off dealing direct with the miners. If the operators decide to confer with us a call will be sent out for the miners to send delegates to a convention of the three districts to be held about March 6 or 7, otherwise the miners' convention will begin March 12, and at the deliberations an order for a strike will no doubt be issued because of the operators not recognizing the union. Six hundred delegates will be in attendance.

"Providence seems to be with the miners because of the floods this winter and extreme cold weather throwing so many collieries idle, some being put into such shape that they cannot be operated until spring. By their idleness the great volume of coal for market is reduced. At this time all the big storage plants are almost denuded of coal, and they will remain so until after the convention. If the operators want to combat us they will force a coal famine on the public as soon as the men quit work."

Same Old Fight.

It is believed here that the Amalgamated carpenters will ignore the ruling of the American Federation of Labor in regard to trade autonomy. The Brotherhood carpenters, having the largest membership in Pittsburgh, is entitled to absorb the smaller organization, and the American Federation of Labor says that the minor body shall assent. Since the convention at Scranton it has been learned that no action was taken on the protest of the Amalgamated carpenters here for representation in the Iron City Central council. A member of the Central council said that the protest had been shelved and the Amalgamated men would "have to wait a year."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

New Light on an Old Subject.

The man who had been kicked by a mule and was quoted as saying he "considered the source" was speaking of it afterward to some of the other fellows.

"I wouldn't care," he said, "if there hadn't been so much fuss made over it, as if it was a bright thing for anybody to say, but the honest truth is that I never said anything of the kind. When you're kicked by a mule, you're not in a frame of mind for considering things. What I really said was: 'You darned old beast! If I had a gun and it wasn't against the law to shoot inside the corporation I'd blow your darned old head off, darn you.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Seven.

The alleged supernatural powers of the seventh son of a seventh son are merely an illustration of the mystical powers of that number, which has somehow caught the imagination of mankind. The seventh day and the seventh or jubilee year of the Jews is a case in point, but there are also the seven wise men, the seven wonders of the world, the seven lamps of architecture, the seven sleepers, the seven sisters and the seven senses, the last being an obvious concession to superstition. Indeed, from the seven churches to the seven deadly sins the number for good or ill holds the arithmetical record.

Definition of a Bore.

"You call So-and-so a bore." What is a bore?" asked Bishop Selwyn. "It is a man who will persist in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself," or, we may add, in telling stories when you want to be telling them. Coleridge says he used to be much amused with Tobin and Godwin. "Tobin would pester me with stories of Godwin's dullness, and upon his departure Godwin would drop in just to say that Tobin was more dull than ever."

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FACTS IN FEW LINES

In France duels are most frequent in winter; in Italy, in the spring.
The exports of Canada increased from \$106,440,244 in 1895 to \$195,641,833 in 1901.
It is said that \$9,000,000 will be needed for the repair of our warships during the next fiscal year.
If the sea were emptied, and the world's rivers had to refill it, it would take them 40,000 years to do so.

A blue book recently issued shows that the postal department of the British isles employs 173,000 persons.
Over 5,000 motor carriages and 1,100 motor cycles are accounted for in the registry books of the Paris police.

The latest society fad among the fashionable women in England is that of being photographed as a moving picture.
The lord mayor of London receives a salary of £10,000 a year and has to spend twice that sum to maintain the dignity of his position.

Of late there has developed among the native Hawaiians, especially among the younger men, a desire to engage in a seafaring life.
Thousands of apparatuses for making coffee have been invented. The patent office is packed with pots, etc., some of which cost \$25 apiece.

The last American camel died in southwestern Arizona a few weeks ago. The camels came to the United States from Egypt and Smyrna in 1857.
A number of automobile lorries are being made in Brussels for use in the Congo Free State. Each of them will do the work of sixty-five native carriers.

Hungarian vineyard owners are rejoiced at the routing of the phylloxera, and they expect soon to be shipping their fine wines to all parts of the world again.
The establishment in Rome of an American library has been ordered by royal decree. It will contain all publications relating to the new world since its discovery.

Bamboo pens have been used in India for over a hundred years. They are made like the ordinary quill pen and for a few hours' writing are said to be very serviceable.

A Harvard professor has discovered what he considers the remains of an extinct volcano at Schuylerville, N. Y., a small country place already famous in American history.
The ocean used to be considered about as deep as its deepest as the highest mountains are high. It has now been proved to be half as deep again—that is, 46,236 feet.

According to a French army paper, suicide is more common in the French army than in any other in Europe. Of the annual death rate in all branches of the service suicide accounts for 5 per cent.
Shocking accounts have been received at Craew of wholesale flogging of Polish children by Prussian schoolmasters for refusing to learn the catechism and prayers in German in Wresnia.

Chicago is making a specialty of sending through the mails envelopes fastened with buckles. The buckles are of white enamel and old gold. They take the place of a gummed flap and a seal.
According to the Pall Mall Gazette, the British workman has almost abandoned his clay pipe and shag in favor of the twopenny packet of cigarettes with a portrait of a favorite actress or khaki clad general given.

Availanches are so common in Switzerland that devices are now being made to control them. The Swiss form earthworks or intrenchments which are pointed in such a fashion that avalanches coming in contact with them are split and so driven aside.
A society called the Fan an Eireen has been formed at Dungannon for the purpose of endeavoring to check the heavy exodus from Ireland. Members have taken an oath to remain in the Emerald Isle and to do their utmost in support of home industries.
Coblenz has built for itself a fine concert hall and will hold a musical festival in it next spring. Mayence will also be festive after the same manner in honor of the three composers, Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner, with Weingartner as conductor. Four concerts are decided on.

Mr. Scribbsbrook of Grune Hall, England, has offered to pay for the instruction of all the fishermen in that village in the art of swimming. Lancashire fishermen have a strong prejudice against learning to swim, believing that thereby the agonies of drowning are greatly increased.
There are between 8,000 and 10,000 lawyers in Chicago—that is to say, there are between 8,000 and 10,000 men in the city who have studied law and been admitted to practice. Of this number, however, only 4,500 to 5,000, or about 50 per cent, are following their profession. The other 4,000 or 5,000 are in the ranks of trade.

The Lincoln park commissioners of Chicago have authorized the erection in the park of a monument to the memory of David Kennison, who is declared to have been the only soldier of the Revolution who went from Illinois, returned to Illinois and lies buried in Illinois—in fact, in that park. A boulder properly inscribed will probably be placed over his grave. The Sons of the Revolution will bear the cost.

A Newark (N. J.) woman has a collection of 1,500 pitchers, no two of which are alike. They are of every shape and color under the sun and have been picked up in all the odd nooks and corners of the world. One of them was obtained at the little store that Dickens immortalized as "the old curiosity shop." The whole 1,500 are on exhibition in the rooms of the New Jersey Historical society.

KATHRYN'S BURGLAR

By Frank S. Chiswick
Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

Kathryn never would have done it had her brother Tom been home, because he would have laughed at her. Nor would her stern father of Scotch ancestry tolerate such absurd nonsense as the observance of heathen customs on All Saints' eve. Just the year before he had objected to her attending a Halloween frolic simply because he did not approve of perpetuating silly superstitions.

But Tom was safe at Harvard, undergoing the first anxieties of an ambitious freshman, and her father had been summoned abroad to look after a big contract. So, motherless, Kathryn was free to walk down stairs backward or perform any other Halloween feat.

Just at present she was standing in front of the old fashioned gilt edged mirror in the drawing room. All around her was midnight stillness. "I hope the face of my true love comes to me."

She murmured the ancient formula approved by generations of lovelorn damsels and to complete the charm slowly nunched an apple, half apprehensive and wholly filled with wonder as to whether the apparition conjured up by the invocation would be clean shaven or mustached. Would it be the features of Frank Handy or Chester Raymond? Both had asked for her hand, and really she did not—

"What was that? Yes, it must be a masculine face, with bonnie blue eyes, appearing just above her own curls. A little, smothered shriek, and she swung round to confront a personable chap with crisp blond hair and a face which, save for a haggard look, would have been more than ordinarily attractive. His eyes had a subtle expression that her heart thought of Tom, and his dress proclaimed that he had once moved in good society.

Following the first spasm of apprehension, she felt a sensation of relief that the picture reflected in the glass was that of a very pretty girl whose chestnut hair formed dainty contrast with a fluffy negligee of pale lavender. The stranger raised his cap. "Pardon the intrusion," he began. "I had no intention of attracting your attention, but when I opened the door I could not resist the temptation to help out fate, even though the forced prediction might displease you."

Kathryn stared at him. "How did you get in without my hearing you?" she demanded. "I locked all the doors hours ago."

"That is my business," he explained. "No," he went on as she drew herself up. "I did not mean to indicate that it is my occupation to get into houses with as little disturbance to the occupants as possible."

A wave of red swept over her face. "So you are just a common burglar?" she demanded, with icy scorn.

He flushed at the disgust she did not seek to conceal, but in a moment his easy assurance reasserted itself. "No, quite an uncommon one, I assure you. In fact, I am merely a tyro, and a pretty bad one at that, I imagine. You see, I was not brought up to a respectable trade, and when I was thrown upon my own resources I had to do the best I could. I sought everywhere for work, but my family friends remembered the time when I led a riotous life and would not have me, while others seemed to think that I did not mean what I said when I asked for the simple work I could perform. No man wanted to hire a porter who wore more fashionable clothes than he did, and I couldn't tell him that I had no others."

"Still, that is no excuse for becoming a burglar."

"No," he admitted, "but yesterday it came to a choice between the poorhouse and a rich one, and when I passed your house this afternoon I heard you tell a friend you would be all alone save for the servant. I did not intend to take much, just enough to get me to Chicago, and I never supposed that you would be trailing about this time of night. Then, you see, when a man has been practically starving for two days there is—"

"She flashed a sharp glance at him. "Do you mean to tell me that you have starved to death?" she demanded.

"Not quite that, or I should not be here, but if I remember right the last meal I had was Tuesday morning. This is Thursday. It might have been Monday; I never was good at ancient history, but I think it was Tuesday."

Kathryn picked up a quaint silver candlestick. "Come right along," she commanded. "You should have gone to the poorhouse, but I suppose you are foolishly proud."

He followed, his eyes resting admiringly upon the little lavender form in front. Here was a girl who was not afraid of burglars and who carried herself as fearlessly as though she were entertaining a guest.

In the dining room she laid out a dainty lunch. Then she sat herself down on the other side of the table, nor did she speak till the first keen craving for food had been satisfied.

"You don't look a bit like a burglar," she said musingly as she looked at the well built man opposite. "Somehow you look as though you were cut out for a leader of men."

"If I keep this sort of thing up," he responded with grim humor, "I am apt to wind up leading a chain gang." She sprang up with a little cry. "You mustn't keep it up. You must get work and make your people proud of you. You must not go to prison."

"I don't know," he responded, regarding her excitement wonderingly.

"It's the only boarding house I know of where you are not put out if you fail to pay your bill, and, apparently, it's the only place where I can find work."

"You should not say those things," reprovingly.

"I know I should not, but when you have done your best and the whole world seems to be against you, when you starve till you are made desperate—there come moments of temporary insanity, when all sense of right and wrong is lost. When I came here, I fully intended to get enough money to take me out west, where there might be a better chance for me, but when I saw you before the glass in that violet colored dress somehow you made me think of my sister—and she's dead. So are the others, thank God!"

Kathryn rose abruptly and went into the library. Would she call for help? The man did not care much. He simply sat watching the doorway through which she had disappeared. He was very tired, and it did not matter much now anyhow.

"She came back with a card in her hand.

"You know where the Hewitson mills are, don't you?" He nodded. "Mr. Hewitson is my father." Again he nodded. "Take this to the manager. I think there's an opening in the shipping department. You will probably have to start at a ridiculous salary, but—"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips as a loyal subject might kiss the hand of a revered sovereign.

"Oh, I will go. Only give me the chance, and I'll show what I can do." He felt something folded under the card. He looked down, and his face flushed a deep purple. He laid the bill on the table.

"Oh, but you must take it till you get your first salary. You can't starve."

"No, not that. I can't take it; but, please God, I'll show you that I can lead a decent life and justify your faith in me." And, waving his cap, he disappeared, as he had come, through the dining room window.

Three years have passed swiftly for Kathryn; but, oddly enough, she has tried no more Halloween charms. This evening she stands in the square hall watching the storm which is ushering in November. A sleigh dashes up to the door, and her father comes in, shaking himself like a great polar bear.

"I've invited young Douglas up to dinner this evening, Kathryn. I didn't think it necessary to phone you. Just have an extra place laid. He pushed through that Rothberger deal in splendid shape, and in consequence I've given him the promotion he deserved. By the way, Kathryn, where did you meet that chap? He was a lucky find for me."

Kathryn does not answer, but with a conscious blush looks into the drawing room, where the softly shaded lights play on the gilt edged mirror. The bell rings, but she does not wait to receive the guest in the hall. He finds her in the dim drawing room before the mirror. She is looking over her shoulder, and she wears a lavender gown.

A Wonderful Sense of Smell.

The buzzard's wonderful sense of smell is a curious subject that has often been discussed, the discussion of the matter having resulted in a general uniformity of opinion among scientists that they locate their food by their sense of smell alone.

A noted biologist says that he has noticed that in Florida they never leave the roots where the night is spent, especially on damp, foggy mornings, until the moisture has been dried by the sun. They then move slowly across the wind until a "scent" is struck, when they move more slowly "up the wind" until the carrion is located. Sometimes they will drift down the wind past their prey until they have struck the scent, which they follow up until they have found the object of their search, sometimes in the densest thickets.

The biologist says that he has upon several occasions killed wild hogs in the thickets, and, after dressing them and taking what meat he wished, would see twenty or more buzzards coming down with the wind. On one occasion they had discovered some animal remains he had covered up, and on another had found a dead snake which he had buried.

The Best Works.

A story is told of one of the old time pillars of a New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when he finally yielded did so without reserve.

From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't very consistent," said one economical brother reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon grimly. "If we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second rate running gear!"

When You Travel.

Don't wait until you reach the station, a few minutes before it is time for the train to start, before you find out the time for starting, arriving at your destination and the time of connection. Other passengers wish to take the same train and must buy tickets. And don't argue the question of the price of your ticket with the ticket seller. The price is settled by the managers and directors of the road. If the price is unjust, address a communication to them and stay at home till the price is satisfactory or pay it and keep still.

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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 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, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
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.

HOLLIN W. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 100 Broadway, New York City.

G. J. GILROY, 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, Ron 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, Tomhicken and Dringer at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:38 p. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Dringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Ron at 5:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Ron at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:38 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton 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, Jeannetteville, Audent and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Train leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m. makes connection at Drington with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and other points.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.