

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND, PA., APRIL 9, 1902.



## Judge Condemns Boycott.

Judge Ferris has made permanent the injunction restraining the Building Trades Council of Wilkes-Barre and vicinity from boycotting J. E. Patterson & Co. The boycott was declared because the company refused to grant the demands of those of its men who are employed at the plant in that city, and were members of Carpenters' Local No. 665. The men employed at the Pittston plant signed a satisfactory scale, but the men of Wilkes-Barre wanted more.

Judge Ferris takes up twenty typewritten pages in his opinion, in which he discusses the relative positions of the employe and employer at length, and comes to the conclusion that a boycott is illegal because it is a menace to the liberty of the individual and to any body of men. He says:

"No man has a right to compel another to work for him against his will or for wages and under rules and regulations to which the workman refuses to assent. Neither has the latter a lawful right, either by himself or acting jointly with others, to compel another against his will to employ him or them, to adopt a scale of wages or conduct his business according to rules and regulations to which he (the employer) refuses to assent."

## Catarrah.

People who are subject to catarrah ailments have special need to be particular in regard to their feet covering. They should see to it that their feet are comfortably clad, their shoes should have substantial soles and should come well up the ankles and not be laced or buttoned tight. Light merino stockings or half hose may be sufficient for warmth, but whenever by reason of much exercise the feet have become damp, and especially if the leather has absorbed wet, it is wise for a change to be made in both stockings and shoes.

## Sorry He Spoke.

He was in the parlor of a St. Louis residence while his fiancée was playing a Chopin sonata on the piano. Her mother was seated almost opposite her future son-in-law, and when the proper opportunity presented itself she said:

"Don't you think Edna has a great ear for music?"

"I certainly do," replied the young man. "If you'd stretch a few strings across, it would make a lovely guitar!"

But he never finished his sentence.—New York Herald.

## It All Depends.

A student long ago asked the president of Oberlin college if he could not be permitted to take a shorter course of study.

"Oh, yes," replied the president, "but that depends upon what you want to make of yourself. When God wants to make an oak, he takes a hundred years, but when he wants to make a squash he takes six months."—Instructor.

## Answered.

"If a ship," began the comedian with the rose tinted beard, "is 100 feet long and 40 feet wide and its masts are 100 feet high and the boat is bowlegged, what does the captain weigh?"

"It weighs the anchor!" hoarsely shouted the audience as it grabbed the benches to prevent itself rising en masse and doing violence to the thespians.—Baltimore American.

## A Common Dilemma.

"How do you like your new cook?"

"Ever so much, but I'm afraid to let her know it."

"Why?"

"She'd want more wages."

"Then why don't you appear dissatisfied?"

"Because then she'd leave."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Dense.

Wigg—The population in London is very dense, isn't it?

Wagg—Dense is no name for it. They couldn't understand my jokes at all.—Philadelphia Record.

Some people go abroad to complete their education and some to begin it.—Chicago News.

# ONE TRIP AND— ANOTHER...

By MARIE ALICE PHILLIPS  
Copyright, 1901, by Marie Alice Phillips

The importunate cabbies and bustling porters failed to attract the attention of Frank Ryals except so far as a nervous person would notice mosquitoes or flies. He brushed them away without so much as a look as he passed down the long pier. With bent head and quickening footsteps he walked, unheeding and unnoticed, through the sweat and turmoil of the city to his home. As he rang the bell his hand shook and the muscles of his throat tightened.

The faithful butler, who had been valet to Frank Ryals before his marriage, held the door open and inquired solicitously if "Mis' Ryals" got off safe and sound.

The reply came after a pause. "Yes, Brown, thank you," but the white, drawn look of his beloved master's face repelled further inquiry, and the butler retired to the kitchen, there to unbosom himself to Cynthia.

"It's my opinion Marse Frank is mighty cut up 'bout Mis' Bess goin' off to Europe 'thout no warnin' hardly at all."

Cynthia sniffed.

"And her a bride of jes' three months," continued the indignant Brown. "It's my opinion she don't care much about 'im, and 'im the best and jolliest man that ever lived." Brown was growing more aggrieved every minute.

"Gus Brown, would you have a 'oman tied to a man's coattails always jes' 'cause she happens to be married to 'im?" And Cynthia set the pan down sharply on the table.

"I don't expect much of women folks at no time," replied Brown stoutly, injecting as much scorn into his tones as he thought safe, "but I didn't much expect a young bride to go off so cheerful-like and leave her husband for six months on a stretch."

Cynthia turned sharply and looked into the face of the worthy butler.

"Did you say six months, Gus Brown—six months?"

The faithful Brown could only bow his head in assent, and Cynthia, detecting traces of real grief in his usual woody countenance, was too shocked to take much account of the bluster made on her hand by the overturned canny.

Presently Brown put his head in the doorway of the drawing room to announce dinner, but, seeing his master with bowed head and bent shoulders, retired quietly to the kitchen.

Cynthia called Brown "a white livered coward" on his return, which emboldened that functionary to go back and touch his master's elbow.

"I don't care for dinner, Brown, thank you."

"'Thout so much as movin'," Brown confessed to Cynthia as they prepared to do justice to the dinner now almost cold.

Letters came across the ocean to Frank Ryals, full of life and vivacity, now brimming over with the joy of some bright experience, now breathing awe and wonder of the grandeur of some old cathedral or mystery of nature, but never once did she say "I miss you, dear," or "I wish I were back at home with you," or "I wonder what you are doing." Frank Ryals searched her letters feverishly for some such expression, but it never came.

Old friends welcomed him back to the club, and occasionally he went to the opera. Dinners at home were scarce and finally ceased altogether. Six months had extended into eight because Mrs. Ryals wanted to take her party into Egypt, but now they were coming home.

The man who stood on the pier waiting for the North German Lloyd steamer to cast anchor on a bright April day looked very much like the same Frank Ryals who had stood there eight months before except for a certain air of composure and two little patches of gray hair on his temples that contrasted oddly with his fresh face. He received Bess and her friends cordially and told the latter he had made all arrangements to have them at his home during their short stay in New York.

Everybody talked at once at dinner, there was so much to say and the joy of being once more on American soil was so keen. The company rose, protesting vigorously when their host bade them good evening as he prepared to leave the house.

"We refuse to stay and turn you out of house and home this way. It is atrocious," they said.

"It is my pleasure," was the grave answer, "and you must stay."

Bess for the first time in her life was thoughtful and said little. On the fourth evening after her arrival, when the guests had all departed and the clock was on the stroke of 11, Frank Ryals rose and, taking hat and cane, said good night.

Bess rose also.

"Where are you going, Frank?"

"To the club," he calmly answered.

For a moment she gasped with astonishment. Then pain, anger and wounded vanity chased in quick succession over her mobile face.

"Our first evening together," she managed to say, and as he still held his hat and looked steadily at her, "Has the club grown so dear to you that you can't give it up—one evening?"

"One has time to become attached to

anything attractive in eight months," he said, "especially if it represents one's boyhood friends and companionship. The boys at the club have been very good to me, and I have come to depend on them. I would choose them in preference to scenery any time, I think," he commented, with a strained smile.

All color and brightness had fled from her face, and as she stood in the firelight, her white evening gown clinging about her, she looked almost pathetic.

"I—would like to know—the worst, Frank. Is it—any other woman?"

"No," he said; "I have never loved but one woman, and when I found it was all a mistake I suffered a great deal, more than you will ever know. But it is all over now. She didn't love me, and I have learned to do without her."

A pause. "We are on an equal footing now, Bess." And he stroked the gray hair on his temples without looking at her. "It is not as much happiness—as the other way, but there is not so much pain."

Bess had lost all power of speech and was staring at him with eyes almost set in their horror. But he mistook the cause.

"Don't bother your head, Bess, about what the world will say. It need never know. You bear my name, you are the mistress of my home, and you will be free to enjoy your pleasures just as you see fit. You are welcome to all I have."

"Except your love."

"You had that, too, once. How long ago has it been, Bess? It seems years! Good night," he said as she made no answer. "The old servants are here, and you will be perfectly safe."

Still she said nothing, and he went out, closing the vestibule door quietly after him. Bess recovered sufficiently to reach the window in time to see him move down the lighted street toward the club.

"Oh, my God!" she moaned. "What have I done? Have I been dreaming all these months?"

She was awake now, with ten thousand accusing demons contending for the mastery of her soul.

Two months later Mrs. Ryals was ushered unceremoniously into Mrs. Ryals' boudoir and found a grave faced young woman bending over the smoldering fire.

"Oh, my dear, I am so fortunate to find you at home!" was her cheery greeting. "I am in the greatest hurry, but I do so want you to join my party to the Yellowstone park tomorrow. It'll be such a glorious trip. I telephoned Mr. Ryals, and the dear, sweet man said he left it entirely with you. Really, my dear, you are to be congratulated—Why, Bess?"

Her hostess had risen and now stood facing her, a grayish pallor spreading over her face.

"Don't speak to me of traveling! I hate the word—the thought of boats and cars and hotels! I want to be left alone—alone!"

Frank Ryals was mounting the steps of his club when an imperious feminine voice stayed his steps. It was Mrs. Ryals, and her ordinarily gushing manner had entirely disappeared.

"My dear boy, you don't want to stay at the club this afternoon. You really ought to run right up to the house. There's certainly something wrong with Bess. She's been treating me to a genuine case of hysterics. Imagine Bess in hysterics! And she won't go to California with us. Oh, she's altogether unreasonable! I left her in tears. You must have the doctor."

"Yes, I'll phone for him at once." Mr. Ryals' voice and manner were calm, perfunctory. He raised his hat and mounted two more steps. Then he paused irresolutely. Mrs. Ryals was half way up the block. A man addressed him lightly and entered the door, and still Ryals stood undecided, a strange light playing in his moody eyes.

"She won't go to California. I left her in tears."

Tears for what? For him, after all! Suddenly he turned on his heel and plunged down the steps. A hansom was drawn up at the curb. The driver knew him well and touched his hat interrogatively.

"Home!" exclaimed Ryals, and then as the hansom rumbled over the asphalt he murmured in softer tones, "Home."

The Sanyasis of India.

Popular belief in India still credits Sanyasis and other holy vagabonds with miraculous powers. Even the native journals often chronicle marvels like the instantaneous cure of incurable diseases or the feeding of thousands out of a small measure of rice. One of these prints gives a description of how a saintly Sanyasi saved the lives of a certain rajah and his escort from a wild elephant. As the party was proceeding through the lower Himalayas a monstrous tusker broke out of the jungle and set to trumpeting. The rajah and his followers were considerably scared and were giving themselves up for lost when a noble looking Sanyasi appeared and, standing in front of the travelers, told them to shout a certain order to the elephant. This done, the animal bolted into the jungle, while the savior of the rajah and his party vanished without waiting to be thanked.

Chasing the Fox.

A fox had pressed by the Warwickshire hounds, in England, dashed into a back kitchen at Nalley Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Hertford, where a woman was washing clothes. Seeking a place of concealment, the animal sprang upon the furnace and dived into the almost boiling soapuds, from which, however, he was quickly out again and was then captured.—London Telegraph.

# DON'T DELAY.

It is "Putting Off" Till Some Other Day that Causes so Many Sudden Deaths.

Be sure you need a medicine before you take it, but having once found out that you need it, lose no time in getting the best. If it's for the kidneys, liver, bladder or blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia, chronic constipation, or the weaknesses peculiar to women, the best is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and a very simple way to find out if you need it, is to put some urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a milky, cloudy appearance; if it isropy or stringy, pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that your kidneys and bladder are badly affected.

The Rev. Theodore Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Greensburg, Ky., writes us the following:

"It gives me much pleasure to state that I have received great benefit from the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Some time ago I had a severe attack of kidney trouble, but a few bottles of 'Favorite Remedy' have entirely removed the malady."

"Favorite Remedy" speedily cures such dangerous symptoms as pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, burning scalding pain in passing water, the staining of linen by your urine and all the unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer. All reliable druggists sell Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at \$1.00 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.00—less than one cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. D. Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrofulous Diseases. 50c.

## FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In transplanting the roots of trees should not be allowed to get dry. Grapevines should be planted with the crown or collar within a few inches of the surface.

Blackcap raspberries must be planted with the large central bud near the surface. Deep covering destroys it. With strawberries especially no after cultivation can entirely compensate for neglect of thorough preparation before setting out the plants.

Trees on which the leaves remain after hard frost sets in and stick to the branches in the spring may be regarded as not healthy.

In selecting fruit trees for planting take those with smooth, healthy looking bark, that have entirely shed their leaves and have plenty of small roots.

Prune peach trees in the spring, then cut off half the new wood. The fruit is borne on last year's wood, but by cutting away the excessive growth of new wood the trees become stocky.

## SHORT STORIES.

The United States requires the services of about 130,000 physicians.

From 300 to 600 American sewing machines are sold in Siam each year.

The state and local boards of health of Ohio have adopted a resolution declaring against the continued use of paper money after it has become soiled from constant handling.

Nourishment by Bathing.

It is well known that the skin is a great absorbent, and nutrition even can be conveyed through its agency," said a trained nurse. "A physician once ordered a beef tea bath for a child that I was nursing who was apparently dying of some exhaustive bowel trouble and with admirable effect. And I myself have found that rubbing delicate persons with warm olive oil is an excellent tonic. If I had the charge of a puny, sickly baby, I should feel inclined to give it oil baths instead of water baths and try the effect. The oil is quite as cleansing, and it stands to reason that such tiny beings, particularly if they are badly nourished, should not have the natural oil of the body continually washed away."

Tut Tut.

"The word 'reviver' spells the same backward or forward."

It was the frivolous man who spoke.

"Can you think of another?"

The serious man scowled up from his newspaper.

"Tut tut!" he cried contemptuously. And they rode on in silence.

Absurd.

First Neighbor—I am afraid my children bother you.

Second Neighbor—What nonsense! Why, they are not over to my house more than eighteen hours out of the twenty-four!

Reassured.

He—I've tried my best not to make love to you.

She—Well, you know what Browning says—that the only true success is constant failure.—Exchange.

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 Cure

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

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the Blood

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68 Centre street.

## RAILROAD TIMETABLES

### LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

June 2, 1901.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELEND.

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, Hazleton, 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 and Mt. Carmel.
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 B. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 28 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 28 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

G. J. GILDRY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

### THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect March 30, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Haze Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Houn 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, Tombleton 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., Sunday.

Trains leave Harwood Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tombleton and Dringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 6:58 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:22, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Dringer for Tombleton, Cranberry, Haze Brook, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 6:40 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 Drifton at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:23 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Haze Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:20 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Haze 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, Jonestown, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.