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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 4, 1902.



Peril of the Miners' Union.

From Yesterday's Phila. North American.

The building of stockade fortifications around mine properties, the enlistment of fighting men and the hiring of mercenaries are not necessarily evidences that the anthracite mine operators have reason to fear attacks upon the collieries by strikers. That they desire to create such an impression there is no doubt, and when they are fully prepared for trouble it will not be their fault if trouble does not come. It is easy to hire men to instigate disorder, and there is always the possibility of foolish outbreaks by the more ignorant and excitable strikers, especially if the leaders cannot keep them away from saloons.

The operators have declared their purpose to destroy the miners' union. They have unlimited funds with which to buy brains and brute force, and they are not hampered by scruples about using their resources.

At Wilkesbarre two carloads of repeating shotguns and buckshot cartridges have been distributed to the mercenaries of the coal barons. It is explained that buckshot cartridges have been provided instead of rifle bullets because the intention is to "maim rather than kill." Most humane and considerate indeed are these gentle opponents of organized labor. A riot gun loaded with buckshot is one of the deadliest weapons known. It is preferred to a Mauser by peace officers and express messengers in the Southwest who have to deal with desperate outlaws.

But the fortifications and the shotguns will be of no avail to break up the union if the miners keep their wits about them and refuse to be inveigled into violence. Public opinion is more potent than buckshot in such a contest as they are engaged in. Public sympathy is their sword and buckler; if they throw it away they will stand naked and unarmed before the riot guns of the Coal Trust.

Let the miners take warning from the military preparations made by the declared enemies of organized labor, and under no provocation permit themselves to be lured into physical combat. Any outbreak of violence, no matter how it begins or who starts it, will be cunningly made to count against them. If any among them counsels violence or seeks to inflame their passions, let them regard and treat him as a hired emissary of the enemy. If he be merely a fool or a man crazed with alcohol, they must restrain him and see that he does no harm.

John Mitchell and his colleagues are keenly aware of the danger here pointed out, and they will give to the men the same advice that the North American gives. Let the miners be loyal in thought and deed to their leaders and constitute themselves the vigilant guardians of the public peace, and the railroads cannot whip them.

Both factions of the Republican party are claiming control of the coming state convention, which will name candidates for several high offices. As the so-called insurgents have been swallowed by one or the other faction, and the fight is nothing more than a scramble for spoils between two Republican machines, it should make no difference to the honest citizen which side wins. Both are corrupt and unscrupulous and a disgrace to the state and to the Republican party.

IN ST. PAUL'S LOFT

By Epes W. Sargent
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On Easter Sunday morning for the first time St. Paul's congregation was to occupy its new church. It was not an elaborate edifice, but with its quaint English effects, its huge overhanging rafters, its deep set windows and its dim, quietly furnished chancel it was a far cry from the town hall, where for several years the band of worshippers had met. So the happy occasion was to be duly celebrated, and the young women of the altar guild had taxed their individual and collective ingenuity to say nothing of piques—in order to beautify the chancel with flowers.

Philip Harrison, pausing in the doorway, nodded his head approvingly. "The girls have done well, and this will give just the correct finishing touch to the decorations," he murmured as he stalked down the center aisle, carrying a pure white dove, with outstretched wings. His sister, who was the president of the altar guild, had pressed him into service, and he was to suspend the bird just above the lectern. He was glad that the matter had slipped her mind until after all the girls had gone, for since a certain night when Mildred Allen and he had parted in bitterness he had rather avoided the circle of young people who rallied round his sister in her work for St. Paul's.

Philip climbed up a tall ladder and had wired the dove to the rafter above the lectern when suddenly from beneath his feet slipped the ladder, falling with a crash among the choir stalls. Fortunately the young man had a stout grip on the polished oak beam, and before the noise died away he had swung himself up and from his perch full twenty feet above the chancel surveyed the broken ladder with a rueful expression.

Suddenly he removed his gaze from the ladder and glanced around with an uneasy sense that some one was watching him. This was impossible, for the church had been absolutely empty when he entered it. He turned cautiously on his perch and caught a smothered exclamation. Then he saw not ten feet away a tousled golden head and a pretty face, in which amusement and fright mingled. The girl was peering from a loft above the recess near the chancel left by the builders for the eventual accommodation of a pipe organ.

"Well, Milly, it looks as if you were in a hole too."

"She ignored both the speech and the chuckle which followed it.

"I do not see," she replied in icy tones, "how my predicament can be of the least interest to Mr. Harrison."

Philip, now quite secure on the broad beam, hugged his knees and looked at her entreatingly.

"Come, now, Milly, isn't that a bit strong to the man you were practically engaged to less than a week ago?"

"It is hard to be reminded of the follies of one's youth," she confided to the paschal lamb which stood out in bold relief back of the altar to her right. "One is not to blame, however, for mistaking a flirt for a gentleman."

"I'm not a flirt," answered Philip hotly, and in his excitement he almost slipped off the beam.

Mildred tried hard not to smile and continued to gaze at the lamb.

"Isn't it odd," she continued, "how some persons will fib even in church?"

The lamb wisely kept out of the discussion, but young Harrison answered for him.

"Milly, won't you please listen? I never cared a rap for Jennie Adams, honestly."

"Then," she retorted, suddenly forgetting the lamb, "why did you send her those perfectly lovely violets?"

A great light came to Philip.

"Why, those were a philopena present. Didn't she tell you?"

"That is a very ancient excuse for bestowing violets on a girl to whom you are not engaged. You might at least have informed me of your intentions beforehand. Then, you see, I shouldn't have cared, and perhaps I might have warned you"—this just a trifle viciously—"that a girl with Jennie's sallow complexion does not look well wearing violets. Crimson carnations would have been better."

"Well, I will ask you next time. Then, catching sight of more thunderclouds gathering, he added hastily, "I mean there will be no chance of its ever happening again if you will forgive me."

His contrition seemed genuine. Moreover, she was uncomfortable, and the shadows were falling unpleasantly fast.

"Perhaps I will if—you will get me out of this."

"How did you get in?" he questioned.

"I was working on the ladder, and my curiosity led me to see what this cubby hole was for, and then I caught my heel in a knothole and couldn't get the thing loose until after the girls left. They did not miss me, and—and—then I saw you and thought I'd wait until you got out of the way."

"Thank you." It was on his brow that the stormclouds now gathered.

"I had a vague idea that you were rather glad to see me and that this miserable misunderstanding was to be forgotten."

"Oh, then you think a girl is to be bullied; that because I could not help myself I'd have to be pleasant. Well, let me inform you that I'd rather stay here all night than accept a favor of you, Mr. Harrison."

She did not mean a word she said, but when a girl has been nursing a

wrong, real or imaginary, for one good long week her heart becomes not only rebellious, but utterly unreasonable. Without a word Philip rose steadily to his feet and balanced his way along the beam to the wall. She held her breath. He might fall. He might—"Where are you going?" she cried tremulously.

"Home," he answered shortly.

"Oh, Phil, don't—leave—me—alone in the dark!" she implored.

"Why not? You have distinctly said you wanted to get rid of me. You evidently hate the sight of me."

"Oh, but that was before the ladder fell. I mean—oh, please, please come back," she entreated.

"Will you make up this wretched quarrel and start all over again?"

"Never!"

"Then goodbye!" And he resumed his progress.

"You will be killed!" she warned him.

"It doesn't matter now," he answered easily.

She knew he did not mean it and that purposely he let his foot slip while he clutched at the rafter, but she was too proud and angry to speak. Silently she watched him make his way along the beam that topped the side wall, and so to the rear of the church. Here a storm door, built inside, made a platform ten feet from the beams. He carefully swung himself down, then dropped from the platform to the floor. Next she saw him come up the aisle to the chancel.

Her heart beat fast. What would he do? She would never pay the price he demanded for her deliverance. She did hate to be bullied. She had never thought Philip could be such a bully. Yes, that was the very word.

In the dusk she could see him work along the ladder. Finally he raised it to the wall and placed it securely within her reach.

"You can come down now," he said curtly as he turned his back, "but if you will wait a minute or two I will be outside the building, and you will be safe from annoyance."

He walked toward the rear of the church. A quick gasp followed him through the gathering shadows; then as he neared the door he heard the rustle of feminine skirts, and a voice called entreatingly:

"Phil, dear Phil, wait just a moment."

He turned. A whirlwind of golden hair, warm, tremulous lips and cooing arms threw itself into his embrace.

"Phil, dear, I thought you were going to force me to be good and make up. If you had, I'd hated you, but—"

"And now?"

"What followed only the paschal lamb, smiling benevolently from his post above the altar, could tell. And he smiled in just the same set way two months later when Philip and Mildred walked down the aisle, with Mildred's white gloved finger marking the page: "The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony."

Gladstone and Irving.

Mr. Gladstone was a great admirer of and never missed an opportunity of seeing Irving in one of his great characters. It chanced that after being present at the first night of "Ravenswood," presented in September, 1890, I had occasion to post off to Edinburgh to chronicle the proceedings in the penultimate Midlothian campaign. At dinner on the night of my arrival I had the good fortune to find myself seated next to Mr. Gladstone, says a writer in Chambers' Journal.

It was a time of great storm and stress in the political world. Mr. Gladstone was leading the attack upon the government which resulted in its defeat at the general election two years later. When he heard that I had been at the first night of "Ravenswood," all other topics were set aside. He overwhelmed me with a torrent of questions as to how Irving had worked out particular episodes.

I remembered he was particularly anxious to know how the final scene, where the hat of the drowned Ravenswood is found forlorn on the sands, was staged. He told me that of all Scott's novels he most admired "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Toads as Pets.

A lady who lives near me has a toad so well trained that it jumps upon her lap and then upon a table near her in order to catch flies. Another lady has three toads as pets. They have the freedom of the house and go about hunting flies. Whenever they wish to go out on the porch they hop close to the door and trill. My friend opens the door, and out they go. When they wish to return, they approach the door and make the same noise to ask for admittance. They enjoy life indoors and always come back into the house of their own accord. They have a basin of sand for their bed and a large pan of water for their bathtub. They are very orderly and clean. When they wish to sleep, they go to their basin of sand, and when to wash they go to their pan of water for a bath. They hibernates in the house, burying themselves in the basin of sand and remaining in it during the winter.—Good Housekeeping.

Sensible Selfishness.

When you are paid off Saturday night, why not use the money in adding to your own comfort? Why divide it among a lot of people who care nothing for you and who live easier than you do?

Why play the slot machines, with three chances out of four against you? Why pay a high price for liquor which actually harms you?

A lot of things around your home need repairs, or, if you are a bachelor, make your room more comfortable.

Sensible selfishness is a good thing. If you have money to give away, give it to your wife or children or keep it yourself.—Aitchison Globe.

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

Why the Colonel Stopped His Score of Chinamen at Five.

"I had read," said the colonel as he was relating some of his experiences in China, "that if a person fell into the water no one could pull him out, holding that his falling in was a decree of Providence that must not be interfered with."

"One day on one of the canals I stumbled and went overboard, and although there were twelve boatmen, not one of them would extend me a hand. After a close shave, as I cannot swim, I got aboard again, and as soon as I recovered my breath I yelled at the boss boatman:

"You infernal scoundrel, but why didn't you help me out?"

"It was your fate to fall in," he calmly replied.

"And it's your fate to take a good licking?" I said as I went for him.

"When I had finished him off, I took another, and I was just polishing off my fifth victim when the sixth man halted me to say:

"(There seems to be a mistake here. We are taught that if a person falls into the water he must save himself or drown, but we are not taught that if he does save himself he is at liberty to lick half of China in revenge."

"I thought his point well taken," laughed the colonel, "and I stopped my score at five and went down to change into dry clothes."—Boston Globe.

Apple Trees For Beauty and Fruit.

Apple trees are so beautiful, even when bare of bloom and fruit, that they should be grown in pleasure gardens, like lilacs and laburnums. Tenyson speaks of orchard lawns, and there is no reason except bad taste why they should not have a real existence. The gloom of the fir tree, magnificent no doubt in its own northern forest, is more incongruous dreariness when it is dotted about a suburban lawn. Nothing will thrive under it, and often it will not thrive itself, but the apple, with all the associated beauty of the countryside, gives us fruit and blossom and grateful shade. In the grass under it will grow daffodils, columbines, irises and many other plants, or it may be trained as a hedge to divide one part of the garden from another and with all these uses may still produce great crops of fruit. It would be a pleasant task for the suburban gardener with his half acre of ground to grow three or four choice apple trees with the care that others give to roses.—London Speaker.

The Palate Lock.

A woman who had solved the servant girl question by importing a buxom young colored girl from Virginia went out to give her orders for dinner one day and was astounded to see the negro sitting on the floor with her hair, or wool, standing out around her head in a black and shiny nimbus. Not hearing the approach of the mistress, the servant went on with her occupation, which was pulling first one curly lock and then another in a way that suggested that she had either lost a fortune or "got religion." The madam stared a moment and then exclaimed:

"For goodness' sake, Betty, what are you doing?"

The maid hurriedly scrambled to her feet and answered:

"Oh, nothin', ma'am. I've got a sore throat and was just tryin' to find the lock what would pull mah palate up and cure the tickle."—New York Times.

Saxony's Forests.

Saxony possesses one of the best regulated systems of forestry in the world. The forests of Saxony serve not only the purpose of giving the state a substantial annual revenue, but they add a thousandfold to the scenery of the country, thus attracting many tourists into those parts every summer. The most important feature of the forests, however, is the fact that they keep forever alive the fountains of water which spring from the highlands of the Erzgebirge and Saxon Switzerland. The forests furnish the material and the water the motive power to hundreds of pulp, paper and saw mills, which, in turn, give employment to thousands of men, women and children.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that horse you bet on—"

"There's no need of bringing the matter up. I know that my judgment was very bad and all that."

"Oh, I wouldn't take it to heart! The horse might have been beaten worse. You must give him credit for getting around ahead of the horses that were entered for the following race."—Washington Star.

Pay Your Debts.

"No, sir," declared Gazzen as he was wadded up to his subject, "you'll never be happy so long as you are in debt. Pay your debts, Swayback, pay your debts."

"But I have no money," said Swayback.

"Then borrow it."—Detroit Free Press.

Truth's Chances.

William—The idea of his calling his book a historical novel! It doesn't agree with history even in the slightest particular.

Frederick—And so may be quite true.—Boston Transcript.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

May 18 1902.

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, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
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 41 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 35 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.

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THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1902.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneta Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneta and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneta Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneta and Shepton at 6:32, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifcon for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:26 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:40 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, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

WALTER D. DAVIS