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"Great corporations and consolida-ed monopoliès are fast seizing the ave-nues of power that lead to control of the government. It is an open secret that they rule states through procured legislatures and corrupt courts; that they are strong in congress, and that they are strong in congress, and that they are unscrupulous in the use of means to conquer prejudice and acquire influence. This condition of things is truly adarming, for unless it be chang-ed quickly and thoroughly, free insti-tutions are doomed to be subverted by an oligarchy resting on a basis of money and corporate power."-Justice David Davis. The wicked old hands in the same of

The wicked old hands in the game of politics, the men who conceive iniquity which they prevail upon their miserable dupes to execute, are now dealing with the question of the governorship. They tell Mr. Elkin he is a fine young They tell Mr. Elkin he is a fine young fellow—none finer; that he would make an ideal governor; that as far as their preference goes he is their choice; but that he is so thoroughly identified with late machine rascalities that, dear as he is to their hearts, they must pul him off the track till the scent shall get colder. The hypo-crites! The hypocrites! — Franklin Leader. Leader.

Let us teach that the brute force and crooked policy which annex a conquest are infinitely inferior to the wisdom, justice and beneficence which makes a country happy. Let us teach that the monor of a nation consists, not in the forced and reluctant submission of other peoples, but in equal laws and free institutions. Let us never be weary in institutions. Let us never be weary in reprobating that Infernal spirit of con-quest, by which a nation becomes the terror and abhorrence of the world, and invariably prepares a tomb, at best a splendid tomb, for its own liberties and prosperity. Nothing has been more common than for nations to im-agine themselves great and glorious on the ground of foreign conquest when at home they have been loaded with chains.—Rev. William E. Charming. Whichware explanation is the true

chains.--Rev. William E. Charming. Whichever explanation is the true one--whether Quay is in earnest about forcing Eikin to withdraw, or whether Quay and Eikin are playing a game with the purpose of leading the people to believe that Eikin is making a he-rolc, unbossed fight for the nomination and that if he wins the nomination will come to Him on his merits, it is equally plain that the will of the people cuts no figure in the calculations of the machine leaders.

No ngure in the calculations of the machine leaders. Either Quay is carrying bossism to an extraordinary length by deciding long in advance of the state convention who shall or shall not be nominated for governor, or he is the prime mover in a game of bluff which is even more obnoxious than unconcealed dictator-ship. The people of Pennsylvania are becoming very weary of being bossed and much more weary of being play-ed with and befooled.—Pittsburg Lead-er.

er. Attorney General Elkin has been let down hard and in a cold-blooded way that should invite sympathy un-der ordinary circumstances. He joins Governor Stone in the list of the might-have-beens. If he had served the party and Republicans principles instead of the bosses and the franchise grabbers, the people would not have bermitted him to be sacrificed in this ruthless fashion after its many years of service to the organization and much sacrifice to secure the nomina-tion for governor. It is another pathet-ic illustration of how the powers that be use a man till he has fortified popu-ar respect and then fing him aside as ineligible. ineligible.

The political rubbish heap is full of The pointest rubbish heap is full of these aspirants for public honors who have thought the machine, and not the people, confer political preferment. Some of them are to be pitied, but none deserves less commiseration than

LIFTING A MORTGAGE

How did we pay the mortgage on the church? Waal, stranger, yer goln' to leave town in the mornin' for the States, anir yer? Yer won't blab a word of what I tell yer, will yer? Yer looks like a squar' man, stranger, an' I guess I can trust yer. Yer see, in the first place, stranger, our preach-er was clar grit to the backbone. He had a mighty hard time to convert us sinners. Why, we used to go up to the sincers. Why, we used to go up to the old church, play poker, drink an' cut up generally while he was exhortin' of us, but he was clar gril, stranger, an' as soon as he seed that arguin with us wouldn't convart us, but we went on playin' poker an' got wuss an' wuss, he jest fixed up for war one meet-in' night an' came ready for business. Instead of openin' the meetin' with pra'ar, as usual, the fust thing he did was to whip out a six shooter an' blaze away at Three Fingered Jack's hat, that was hung up on the wall opposite him, an' I'll be scalped if he didn't put

away at Three Fingered Jack's hat, that was hung up on the wall opposite bin, an' Til be scalped if he didn't put those six plugs in a space that you could cover with a four bit plece on the crown of that hat. Stranger, I'll be scalped if we didn't-jine the church, every one on us, with-in six months arter that, and there's no more lawabidin' camp in the dig-gu's than we've got. Oh, yes, yer wants to know about the mortgage lift-in'. Waal, yer see, arter we'd got con-verted the preacher set to work to build a bigger an' better church build-in'. Now, our diggin's warn't pannin' out very well, an' big nuggets were scarce, but we managed to chip in enough to start the new church. Lum-ber was so all fired dear an' buildin' stuff ginerally that we had to finally raise money by a mortgage, an' when the buildin' was done it was covered by a pretty steep blanket. One Sunday the preacher took his text from the Bible on givin' an' fin-ished up his sarmon by sayin' that he expected a 'isit from the bishop next Sunday an' he would like to have the mortgage paid off at that service. He would lift the mortgage, in 'myelf a committee to raise the dust. Waal, arter the preacher had gone home we took up a collection, but when all our pockets were emptied there warn't nearly enough to settle the debt. Big Jim spoke up an' said the dust would have to be raised, an' he chiled for volunteers. We all wanted to fine with him, but he picked out eight of the best men of us an' said to meet him, mask-ed, armed an' mounted, ready for busi-ness, in the woods back of the church line side up an' said the dust would have made an pretty tolerable guess. Arter we'd rode lively for an hour Big Jim slow ward't to lor clock. We were all there on time an' rode off over the hill nis layout, but-most of us could have made a pretty tolerable guess. Arter we'd rode lively for an hour Big Jim called a halt, tellin' us we find to bob the Pacific express that was due through the big cut at about 12 o'clock. He said we warn't to shoot to kill, o to scare, an' gave each one of us our positions, two for the engineer an' fireman, three to make the passengers ante up an' the rest to do the shootin air

We tied our horses conveniently an We need our norses conventently an took our positions in the cut, Big Jim with a red lantern to stop the express. Now, we'd all been used to this kind of business before we'd got convarted an' knowed jist what to do.

Now, we have been used to this kind of business before we'd got convarted an' knowed jist what to do. The express came rumbiln' along an' stopped as soon as she seed the red light. It was sich a surprise to the trainmen—they hadn't been robbed in a long time—that everything worked slick, an' there warn't any shooth' back at us. The three men app'inted to do the holdin' up went through the passengers, an' they all anted up mighty obligh' 'ceptin' one big, fleshy party with a bald head an' glasses. He asked if this was a civilized coun-try an' said he'd have the sheriff arter us an' wanted to fight Big Jim, but a likely young lady that scemed to be his darter cooled him down an' made him come up with the dust. Arter we had made 'em all ante we left the train go. On countin' over the dust to form a posse to hunt down the rob-bery was made known we was the fust to form a posse to hunt down the rob-bers, but they were never caught. Sun day we were all in our places in church early an' had put the stuff to settle the mortgage on the publit so the preacher would see it fust thing be-fore he commenced the sarvice. We all wore biled shirts an' were dressed to kill. What do you think, stranger? When

to kill. What do you think, stranger? When the bishop put in appearance with the preacher we railroad committee found he was the same old, fat, baid party that we'd robbed on the express an' had made sich a fuss. The committee feit a bit shaky, but then we remem-bered that we'd worn masks, an' we kep' our seats. The preacher intro-duced the bishop, an' the bishop spoke about how glad he was the church had been so prosperous an' was able to pay off the mortgage. He said it was more blessed to give than to receive, though he did make a strong kick when we robbed him. He said he'd a tough experience conint' in on the frain. Toid us about the robberg an' What do you think, stranger? When bind deserves less commiseration than John P. Eikin, who occupied a quasi-judicial position, but never was know to use his great influence to hait the legislative jobbery which has plunged the party in Pennsylvania into dis-grace and infamy.—Bedford Hawkeye. CASSTORIAA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Cheff Hill the full the solution of the angel of the diggin's, a-omfortin' of use an' ablessin' to the camp. Any-ward married our preacher, an' she's the angel of the diggin's, a-omfortin' of us an' a blessin' to the camp. Any-ward married our preacher, an' she's the angel of the diggin's, a-omfortin' of us an' a blessin' to the camp. Any-mark that's the way we lifted the mort-age. Don't theb about it, will yer, atranger' ROBERT D. COARD.

WOMAN AND FASHION HE PLAYED BURGLAR

A Pretty Blouse. Blouse of white silk tucked all over and trimmed with ecru lace insertion. The fichu and sleeve caps are of sky



A FRENCH NOTION blue panne trimmed with the insertion

and finished with applique bowknots made of the velvet and insertion. The The blouse fastens invisibly on one side.

White is Still Popular. White is Still Popular. There is absolutely no waning in the popularity of white. Never before was so much white worn. Cloth, alpaca, homespuns, white china crape and oth-er materials are much in demand, while inevitably for summer wear white invitably for summer and other exceedingly smart made up will be all buttons and touches of glit trimming. Among the favorite combinations are

glit trimming. Among the favorite combinations are black and white and green and white, both of which are striking. Particular-ly in foulards these combinations are noticable. The prettiest among the new silks are the white ground fou-lards with black spots and the white foulards with organ followed cosiens factors with brack spots and the white foulards with green foliage designs running through them. The latter are often trimmed with a touch of black guipure edging a flonnee of net or one of white or even guipure. The effect is strikingly original.

strikingly original. French and American Women. The American woman is first of all neat. She likes things sung and trim, and all this fancy and theatrical busi-ness does not appeal to her. Her crit-ical faculties are tree, and when she sees a thing she asks: "Why is it made so fanciful? Why not more simple?" This is the reason why French hats idea much of their grotesqueness when identified with the better class on this side. In fact, good taste is pretty much their tastes. The difference is in figure, the association, and the conditions of life and necessities are really account-able for the difference in dress. The American woman in the same position as the French woman would probably dress similariy, and the French woman under similar conditions in America would bring herself undoubtedly to our standpoint, —Chicago Tribune. would bring herself undoubtedly to our standpoint.—Chicago Tribune.



THE DOLLY VARDEN

with Irish lace. A wreath of shaded hydrangens and foliage covers the up-per brim. There are strings of black ribbon velvet.

The Taffeta Jacket. The taffeta jacket of this senson is not an Eton. It is more like a blouse, It is absolutely covered with trimming, is broad across shoulders, loose across bust and drawn snugly into the waist with a broad, stitched belt of silk that has ornamental tabs hanging from the back. back. It is usually laid in a great number of large and small box plaits. Between these are stitched bands or pieces of velver ribbon that float to the waist line finished with fringe tassels of the silt.

silk The front has a deep facing of fine lace that turns over for an inch or two on the outside. There is a wide circu-

Ince that turns over for an inch or two on the outside. There is a wide circumstance is a wide wide with a set of the set of th

BUT HE DID IT INNOCENTLY AND DID IT ARTISTICALLY AS WELL.

The Plausible Scheme by Which a Safe Expert Was Fooled and Used by a Trio of Notorious Cracksmen to Get at Their Plunder.

To the man whose shingle bears the inscription "Safe Expert" and whose little shop, not far from the great dry goods district, contains a full assort-ment of implements for the forcible opening of safes, the writer said, "Would you be well qualified to play the burglar?" "Yes," said the little keen eyed man,

running his fingers through his scant hair reflectively. "I once did play burglar. In fact, I played the star role in a safe cracking enterprise. I was the innocent means by which a whole-sale house was robbed of several thou-sand deduces which had hear them in sand dollars which had been taken in

sand dollars which had been taken in too late in the day to be banked. "I was in business then in another clty. I was slitting smoking at my shop door about 8 o'clock one evening when a messenger boy came with a note on the letter paper of a well known house asking me to come at once with my tools to the office of the firm. firm

"The office was lighted up, and a portly, prosperous looking man sat at a roll top desk, while two clerks, perched on stools, were working at books.

"'I am Mr. —,' said the portly one, giving the name of the head of the firm. 'Something has gone wrong with firm. 'Something has gone wrong with the safe, and I want you to open it. The combination is 6-27-45, but some-thing must have broken inside, for it won't open, and we have got to get some books out of the safe tonight.' "As I tried the combination which the man had given me he explained that he had locked the safe when he went out to dinner and was unable to open it when he came back. "It was one of those 'alum' filled safes, and I suspected rust had done its work inside. "'Go ahead,' said the portly one, 'and "Go ahead,' said the portly one, 'and

said I. "'Go ahead,' said the portly one, 'and don't keep me here any longer than you

"Go ahead, said the porty one, and don't keep me here any longer than you ean help." "With that he turned to his desk, and I worked away unsu cetingly. There was dead silence except when the man at the desk spoke to one or the other of the clerks about some necount, and the tread of the polleeman on that bent could be heard as he passed the office. "I did not realize until afterward that I was working out of view of the pass-ing polleeman, for the safe was behind the bookkeeper's desk, but the shades were up and the iman at the roll top desk and the bookkeepers could be plainly seen from the street. "I got out my bits, adjusted the brace, and soon steel was biting steel, but the sound of the ratchet was drown-ed by the click of the typewriter, for the portly party began dictating to one of the clerks as soon as I began driiling the safe. When I thought it all over afterward, it occurred to me that this was to ever the kound of my opern-

afterward, it occurred to me that this was to cover the sound of my opera tions

"In half an hour I had a hole in the front of the safe, and a little manipu-lation got the tumblers into place, and the door swung open. "'Here you are, sir,' said I, and the

portly man came around to the safe. "'Very neatly done,' he said. 'You'd "True," remarked the man, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he handed

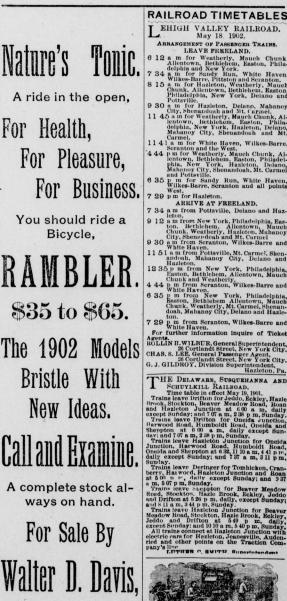
"True,' remarked the man, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he handed me \$20. "Quite right,' I replied. 'Shall I come in the morning to fix the safe? "No,'s said he, I will have the mak-ers of the safe attend to ft.' "As I gathered up my tools the port-ly man directed one of the elerks to get out the books that were needed, and he went back to the desk. "I trundled back to my shop, meet-ing the policeman at the corner, and while I was standing chatting will him the trio came out of the office. "You can come down an hour later than usual in the morning,' said the portly man as he elimbed into a han-som that had rolled up to the office, and, shouting the name of a well known club to the driver, he pulled the doors to and was driven away. "Before noon the next day the po-leeman whom I had talked with and a detective came into my shop. "That was a neat job you did last night,' said the policeman. "What? I asked, the nature of the work I had done not yet dawing on me.

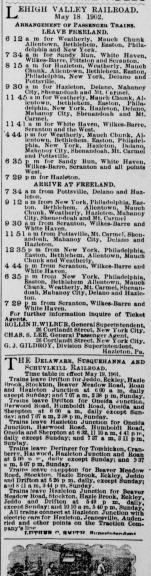
me. " 'The looting of ---'s safe,' said the

""The looting of —'s safe,' said the polleeman. 'Come along,' "The portly person who employed me to open the safe was a well known burglar who had 'made up' to imper-sonate the head of the firm, and the two clerks were confederates, one of whom had got a place with the firm to get the lay of the land. "They had taken possession of the office after it was closed for the day, and, not daring to blow open the safe, because that would have made the po-liee swoop down on them, they had bedly sent for me to 'do the job' neart.



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