

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888.
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 12½ 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.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., JUNE 25, 1902.



The Modern Nurse.

The London Lancet declares that "the training of domestic nurses is at the present day strictly comparable with that of the monthly nurse or 'ramp' of a generation ago—that is to say, traditions, prejudices and ignorant practices are perpetuated in unflinching sequence from nurse to nurse and constitute a closed ring of resistance through which it is almost impossible to break."

Unafraid.

"Colonel," said the fair grass widow, "supposing you and I were cast away upon a lonely island, would you be happy?"

"Yes," he answered, dodging around the rubber tree. "I wouldn't ever need to be afraid when we went out strolling together there of meeting a preacher or a justice of the peace looking for a 'job.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Judgment Proof.

Ascum—I confess I was surprised to hear of your marriage; thought you were a confirmed old bachelor.

Oldbacho—But I'm in business for myself now.
Ascum—Well?
Oldbacho—Well, I had to have a wife in whose name I could put my property.—Philadelphia Press.

Proper Caution.

Courteous Cityman—May I take you in to dinner, madam.

Cynthia Jaytown (who is visiting her city cousin)—Well, I dunno as I order. The very last thing St. Jaytown says to me wuz, "Cynthia, don't yew git taken in while yew be in the city!"—Chicago News.

The Difference.

She—Why, I thought the sermon remarkably short. I'm surprised that you should consider it long.

He—But I wasn't wearing a new bonnet to church for the first time with a consciousness that all the other women were looking at it.—Philadelphia Press.

As For Him.

"I see here in the paper," observed Sandy Pikes, "that a noted scientist says that the constant use of water as a beverage insures a long life."

"As for me," commended Whiskered Willie, "give me a short life and a merry one."—Baltimore American.

Willie's Trouble.

"What's the trouble, Willie?" said Mrs. Brown to her small son, who was crying.

"My kite won't fly," sobbed Willie, "and I made it out of fly paper too."—Little Chronicle.

Good Work.

I saw a splendid cut of Cadleigh yesterday.

"I didn't see it. What paper was it in?"
"None; it was on the street, Miss Kador did it."—Philadelphia Press.

Getting Back at Him.

St. Peter—Who are you?
New Arrival—I'm the paying teller of—

St. Peter—You'll have to get some body to identify you.—Town Topics.

A Literal Interpretation.

"Why do we say, 'Give us this day our daily bread?'" asked a Sunday school teacher after the lesson.
"Because we want it fresh," answered a little girl.—Little Chronicle.

A Paradox.

"That friend of yours is a wiry little fellow."
"Eh! How can that be? He's a wire-less promoter."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Philosophic.

When a man considers it necessary to have his private letters addressed to his club, you may begin to look for the family skeleton.—Baltimore News.

Independence Day at Niagara Falls.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad announces the low fare of \$8.25 from Freeland for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 3 and 4, limited for return to July 6, and will be honored on any train except the Black Diamond express.
See agents for further particulars.

A. Oswald has the agency for the celebrated Elysian's extracts and perfumery. The finest goods made. Try them.

TWO LUNATICS

By P. Y. BLACK

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

"It was a shameful trap," he said, "on the part of my people. The doctors were very careless in their diagnosis. To shut me up in a place like this was really too bad. In a very short time, however, I expect to leave."

"Oh, dear," she thought, her eyes dimming, "they all say that! To think that the poor man will never, never, never leave. 'I am so glad—for you,' she said aloud. 'You will be overjoyed.'"

"Oh, I—yes. But do you know this sanitarium is not so bad."

"Do you mean," she said gently, surprised, "that you will—have any regrets in leaving?"

"No," he said, "not exactly that, of course—not regrets, so far as concerns myself, for it is so humiliating to be committed, you know." He paused. "But," he went on, "even in asylums one makes friends, and—one regrets—for them."

He looked down with a tenderness and a pity he could not hide, and she blushed, and for a moment there was silence. Then she said, with an obviously strained laugh:

"We are friends, of course, Mr. St. John. What an awful existence it would be here if one had no sympathetic friends! But you must not regret so much on my account. In a very short time I think my friends will take me home."

He choked a groan before she could hear it.

"The poor little thing!" he thought. "They all say that. And that decent young fellow, the doctor, assures me her case is very puzzling and her friends fear incurable. I am so glad for you," he said. "Would it not be jolly if we became friends in the world as we have been when out of the world?"

Then he blamed himself again.

"If she really likes me," he thought, "and I think the unhappy child does, I should never had said that. It is cruel, brutal, to put such thoughts in her head."

She was looking at him with the tearful smile we essay when we encourage one who does not realize that death is near.

"It would be nice—very nice indeed."

They were silent again, each sorrowing for the other.

There were many other patients strolling on the lawns or sitting in the summer houses, patients of all kinds, from the shaly narcomaniac to the optimistically cheerful parietic. Attendants, male and female, moved unobtrusively among them.

Miss Tracy and St. John stood together, silent now and unobtrusively observant. A sturdily built (all the attendants were that) man was taking a patient to the iron barred house. He did not do it violently. He did it as one may see a policeman occasionally escort a quiet prisoner with a light touch on the captive's arm above the elbow.

The patient was a little excited, but there was no disturbance at all. A visitor might never have noticed it. The strange thing was the unanimous backward withdrawal from the attendant's path of the patients encountered, the look of fright or dislike on their faces directed not at the captive, but at the guard.

"How they all dread him—instinctively, it seems," said the young woman who "expected to leave soon." "He is polite enough and not ill looking, but—"

"A man of great experience in his peculiar work, I'm told," said St. John musingly.

"It's his eye and mouth that do it, I fancy."

"A thoroughly ill dispositioned man, with a plausible exterior," said St. John. "I believe him capable of it."

"Of murder? Do—oh, what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?"

St. John looked very uncomfortable. Miss Tracy looked vexedly embarrassed.

"I heard some rumor of a strange death in the institution just before I came. I was thinking of it. Were you here? Have you heard anything of it?"

He was a little eager.

"How could I be here? We came on the same day, don't you remember?"

"Ah, true!"

So they watched the attendant out of sight and turned to go inside themselves.

They shook hands, although there was no reason for it. They would meet at the dinner table in a few minutes, but they shook hands and that lingered.

"It's awfully sad," St. John pondered. "So sweet a face, seemingly so intelligent. I wish—oh, pshaw! What's the use of wishing? These things are not to be remedied. I wonder if—she'd give me a photograph."

Miss Tracy went to her room slowly.

"I am silly to be so affected by an ordinary case. There are thousands like him. But—oh, dear, oh, dear! If I'd known I was to have this sad experience, I would never have consented to come—never!"

They had no opportunity to meet alone for several days. Perhaps they might have had opportunities, but they did not. Doubtless it occurred to each of these two lunatics that it was the wiser thing to stifle at once any friendship which each thought likely to cause useless pain in the future to the other.

Dr. Bell found these two of his residents particularly interesting in those days, and so did the attendant. It was

strange that they both so markedly preferred the company of the sanitarium people to that of their fellow unfortunates. The young house doctor thought Miss Tracy charming and never was abrupt with her when she sought him in his office, as he was compelled to be for self protection with some who wanted to see him half a dozen times a day.

"Very puzzling case," he mused. "Now, why does she dwell so on that recent death? It seems to excite her too. That's morbidity, I'm afraid; bad sign."

The doctor liked St. John too. St. John's friends acted very nicely in sending him new books and boxes of cigars. The books were well chosen; the cigars were unexceptionable.

"Like all these parietics," he pondered, "in the first stages you would not think there was anything much wrong with the man, but it is a little singular that he should be so interested in that unlucky death also."

As for the attendants, Miss Tracy had flowers and little things and could teach the women quite a number of new fads in hairdressing and so forth. For the men St. John's cigar box and full pocketbook sufficed to make them extremely courteous. The man with the wicked eyes and mouth benefited most, however. It was wonderful what a lot of little things he could do for Miss Tracy. It was strange that St. John should find anything in the man to talk about with common interest.

Just once the two lunatics met. It was just before bedtime in the music room. He had sung to her accompaniment. When she rose to say good night, he almost whispered to her:

"I expect to go to New York tomorrow."

"I am so glad for your sake," she said.

"And—and you—you have made my stay almost tolerable. Is there nothing you will allow me to do for you?"

"Oh," she answered, with sprightliness, "I shall not be long in going myself."

"Poor, poor little dear," he said to his pillow, "it breaks me all up to think of her staying here incurable."

Miss Tracy packed her trunk, and tears dropped on silk and linen indifferently.

"Oh," she murmured, "I do so wish I had never come here. I can never, never forget the sad, gentle way he used to look at me."

There was lively work next afternoon in the building of The Gazette. A young man sat at a desk apart in the reporters' room, and he scribbled and he scribbled. By and by the managing editor came in and looked over the busy writer's shoulder and told him that he had only an hour to finish up in. Then the great presses began to clatter, and in a little while the first edition of The Gazette was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

And in the office of The Morning Jury there was also a very lively bustle, and there, at a retired desk, a young woman sat, and she scribbled and she scribbled, and late at night the presses began to rumble, and in a little while the first edition of The Jury was ready for the street, with an enormous black scare head on the front page.

The Gazette and The Jury were within a few minutes of each other in getting out. A copy of each paper was hustled into the office of the other, for rival editors watch each other's work with catlike intensity. And the Gazette office read with dismay that the great asylum mystery had been solved by the indefatigable efforts of a Jury reporter, while The Jury night staff took its editorial hair over the flaring boast of The Gazette that its "special commissioner" had given to a waiting world the first and only enlightenment of the famous crime. There had been no time for one paper to lift the news from the other. How had the expected scoop been spoiled?

Tumultuous was the wrath in the two offices. Miss Tracy was explaining to her managing editor, with tears in her eyes, that she could not understand at all, at all, how The Gazette had got hold of it. In The Gazette office Mr. St. John stormed and swore and said that for the life of him he could not understand how The Jury had got almost the same story.

"Good heavens!" shouted St. John suddenly, and he dashed out to The Jury office. There he found a friend, with whom he conferred. The two lunatics were introduced to each other and a minute or two afterward were alone together.

They laughed a great deal at the idea of two reporters on the same strange assignment never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right. The patient he poisoned when nursing him was an old enemy. It was not done through trouble arising between them in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed work. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

So they did, and when he was about to go away he said:

"You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss Tracy?"

She looked at him so smilingly, yet so tremulously, that he put his arm around her.

"Will you be more than friend, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning finger.

"If your friend came in, he'd think us mad," said she.

"Two lunatics!" he answered, laughing, as the door opened.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF Foster Township School District for the year ending June 2, 1902.

Abe Lentz, Tax Collector.
1900 Duplicate.
Dr.
To balance \$ 23 48
By check to John O'Neill \$23 48 23 48
1901 School Duplicate.
Dr.

Total amount of duplicate \$ 6,488 28
Less errors 20 98
Total to be accounted for \$ 6,467 30

Cr.
Paid treasurer first sixty days \$ 3,229 51
Rebate 5 per cent of \$4,408.80 172 04
first sixty days 173 44
Commission 2 per cent of \$4,408.80 88 18
Abatement 65 91 3,468 86
Land returns 196 18
Excavations 628 88
Filing bond and ledger 75 1,112 38
Paid treasurer 1,702 61
Commission 5 per cent on \$1,886.90 94 35 1,886 96
Total \$ 6,468 20

1901 Building Duplicate.
Dr.
Total amount of duplicate \$ 4,782 28
Less errors 15 74
Total to be accounted for \$ 4,766 54

Cr.
Paid treasurer first sixty days \$ 3,233 44
Rebate 5 per cent of \$4,408.80 172 04
Commission 2 per cent of \$4,408.80 88 18
Abatement 65 91 3,468 86
Land returns 196 18
Excavations 628 88
Filing bond and ledger 75 1,112 38
Paid treasurer 1,702 61
Commission 5 per cent on \$669.30 33 47 669 30
Total \$ 4,736 54

John O'Neill, Treasurer.
Dr.

To amount received from all sources:
Edward Doudt, ex-treasurer \$ 5 78
Abe Lentz, tax collector 8,884 87
State appropriation 5,803 84
Unsettled lands 69 83
Election rent 5 00
Total \$14,850 29

Cr.
By disbursements as follows:
Unpaid orders of Edward Doudt \$ 544 86
Teachers' wages 10,028 25
Attending county institute 200 00
Night schools 363 00
Fuel and contingencies 572 94
Books 1,161 29
Supplies 463 54
Building and furnishings 76 20
Repairs 385 78
Cleaning 202 15
Salary of secretary 250 00
Treasurer's commission 296 55
Other expenses 183 17 14,859 73
Balance due treasurer 44

Liabilities.
Orders outstanding and unpaid \$ 162 50
Due John O'Neill, treasurer 44
Total \$ 162 94

We, the undersigned auditors of Foster township, being duly sworn according to law, do hereby certify that the foregoing statement of the financial condition of Foster Township School District is just and correct, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

John Davis, Auditor.
Owen Meyer, Auditor.
E. W. Tuttle, Auditor.

June 16, 1902.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

The First Victim.

"Hello, Jinks! Why, I haven't seen you for several weeks. How's your health?"

"Poorly. Every little thingthong seems to affect me lately. Well, at any rate you are looking like a kingkong."

"Feeling that way, except for a slight touch of spring fever."

"Yes; spring fever always affects me too; makes my head ringkong."

"What in thunder is the matter with you, old man, the way you've got to talking?"

"Nothing thong!" said Jinks, making a swinging movement of his arm through empty air as his friend backed away in amazement and alarm.

"I hear that you have become a great devotee to the fashionable fad of table tennis."

"Yes," he said wildly. "I like to live my flingkong and enjoy the banjo singing of the game of pingpong at every racket's swingskong while the celluloid sphere is on the wingkong. I know that game's the thingkong!"

Gently the keepers from the asylum led him away to his padded cell, the first victim of the omnipresent game of pingpong.—Baltimore Herald.

A Lesson in Horticulture.

Four-year-old Nellie was with her father one day while he was hoeing potatoes.

There were turnips on the other side of the garden, which, of course, never needed any hoeing, and Nellie very earnestly asked:

"Papa, how do the turnips grow?"

"God makes them grow, my child," he answered.

"Well, that's funny," said Nellie. "I never saw him in here hoeing them."—Little Chronicle.

Accounted For.

They laughed a great deal at the idea of two reporters on the same strange assignment never suspecting each other, but their laugh was not very loud. The tender pity for each other of yesterday was still in mind.

"The attendant is arrested," said St. John. "You did not get it quite right. The patient he poisoned when nursing him was an old enemy. It was not done through trouble arising between them in the sanitarium."

"Oh, bother!" she said. "It doesn't matter. We've done our appointed work. Let's talk of something more pleasant."

So they did, and when he was about to go away he said:

"You said once we might be friends in the world as well as out of the world. Will we be friends, dear Miss Tracy?"

She looked at him so smilingly, yet so tremulously, that he put his arm around her.

"Will you be more than friend, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, and it was quite five minutes after, when some one's feet were heard approaching, that she jumped away and held up a warning finger.

"If your friend came in, he'd think us mad," said she.

"Two lunatics!" he answered, laughing, as the door opened.

Cholly—Yaas, Miss Cutter, that girl once made a fool of me.

Miss Cutter—Oh, is that the way it happened?

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Walter D. Davis, Freeland.

PRINTING

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.

Negligee Shirts for Summer

Here is important news for men who are fond of a negligee shirt—and what man is not? We have for your inspection a beautiful line of negligee shirts in materials of Madras, Percalé and Cheviot. All the new colorings, conspicuous for their original designs. Our better grade shirts are \$1.00 and 1.50, yet we boast of an unequalled line at 50c, about twenty different styles.

A full and complete line of Neckwear, comprising all the latest creations and styles.

McMenamin's Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store.

South Centre Street.

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 29 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 58 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, Mt. Carmel and Pottsville.

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, 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 29 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 58 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.

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

CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

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

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.

Trains leave Dorton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Dorton for Onida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onida and Shepperton at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onida and Shepperton 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 Deringer for Tombleken, Cranberry, Hazlewood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5 50 p m, daily except Sunday; and 9 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.