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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 30, 1902.



End of Fourteenth Year.

With today's issue the Tribune closes its fourteenth year. The publishers feel that the occasion should not pass without a word of thanks to the many who have stood loyally by the paper since the day it made its first appearance, as well as to the many others who enrolled themselves as patrons in more recent years.

While we are satisfied that the Tribune has given each year full value for all it has received from subscribers and advertisers, we are not unmindful of the fact that without the patronage accorded us the publishers could not have made their newspaper what it is today, and for this substantial recognition of our efforts we return our full measure of thanks.

The policy of the past, which has been to publish a paper that has the welfare and best interests of Freeland and its vicinity at heart upon all occasions, will continue to be the policy of the future, and with the co-operation of the public in its efforts to claim for the town the position it is entitled to in the county and state the Tribune will undoubtedly be as successful hereafter as it has been in the past.

The first four years of the paper's life were passed as a weekly, the succeeding eight as a semi-weekly and the last two as a tri-weekly. For the present the tri-weekly will be continued. Should the needs of the town require a more frequent issue, the Tribune will be found ready to meet the demand.

A STUDY IN INDOLENCE.

Oh, de river is a-singin' as it dances past de hills!

It's all dressed up in diamonds shinin' bright.

De insects is a-vingin', an' de musico kind of hills

Yoh mind wif de belief dat all is right.

Ho, Mistuh Lazyman! What you gwine ter do?

'Pears like dis ole worl' was mosly made for me an' you!

De white man go a-fishin', an' he make me go along;

He tells me dat I've gottor do de work.

An' fus' 'ting dat he knows I've fas' asleep, when I belong.

An' de white man fish an' fish an' never shtuk.

Ho, Mistuh Lazyman, you'll have to wait yoh turn;

When it comes to loafin', why, you's got a heap to learn.

—Washington Star.

Fa's Little Joke.



Little Johnny—Say, daddy, what becomes of the old moons?
Daddy—Why, I suppose they die of newmoon, my son.

Pa Will Regret His Little Joke.

Mrs. Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select little 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well behaved, was in high feather.
"Ma," he said as cake was being handed round, "may I have some tongue, please?"
"There isn't any tongue, Bobby."
"That's funny," commented Bobby. "I heard pa say there would be lots of it."—What to Eat.

Ice cream at Merkt's.

PRETTY TIME O' DAY

By Mary C. Francis

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"If Judge Chester A. Ballard of Helena, Mon., was formerly of College Corners, O., and would like to meet an old friend, he will be cordially greeted in the red parlor. If the conjecture as to identity be incorrect, please send reply by bearer, as the writer declines to meet a stranger."

Thalia Lambert, with a thrill half of fear, half of darling, thrust a coin into the uniformed messenger's hand and, bidding him make haste, slipped behind a palm.

"It's almost like answering a personal," she said, half laughing. "What if it should not be he? But it must be! I know that after he married Helen they moved to Denver. After she broke off our correspondence I heard they had gone to Helena. Thank goodness, if it isn't Chester Ballard, he can't find out who I am!"

Her knees shook under her as a tall, well formed man of middle age entered the room and looked around inquiringly. Then she came from behind the palm, and these two, who had been plighted lovers twenty years before, met once more face to face.

Thalia never was able to recall just what was said by either at first. The unexpectedness of the meeting made both perfumery. Then Thalia relaxed.

"I was determined if it were you that you should not go out of town until we had talked over old times. How is Helen? Did you bring her with you?"

"I am here alone on business," he said, with a grave dignity which seemed to reprove her flippant manner. "I shall be here ten days only at the furthest. My mission is to handle the interests of a mining syndicate, and then I return to Helena. But tell me all about yourself. Are you still Thalia Lambert, free?"

Thalia was smarting a little. Here was the old, masterful manner of the one man in the world of whom she had ever been afraid. She gave a coquetish shrug.

"I am none other than Thalia Lambert, and a woman is always free until she puts her neck into the marriage yoke."

He smiled. That evening they dined together. The constraint of their first meeting had worn off, though the judge had been told by a mutual friend that Thalia was engaged to Stewart Curtiss, and Curtiss himself, lunching with Thalia, had told her that her old friend was now a wealthy and influential lawyer, likely to be nominated for the senate.

The orchestra played "Love's Young Dream" as they dined with their coffee after dinner. Judge Ballard smiled across the table at his companion.

"Do you remember all the foolish little things we used to do in the old academy days—the notes we used to write in class?"

"Of course I do. But do you remember the time we got caught? I wrote you a note—'What time is it? Do you love me?'—and you wrote on the margin: 'Half past 10. Of course I do.' And Professor Foster got hold of it and wrote on the bottom, 'A pretty time of day,' and sent it to me."

"Well, the old man was right. Wasn't it a nice time?"

"Oh, yes," vaguely—"that is, nice for the first time."

"Have there been other times, Thalia?"

"Why not?" defiantly. "Surely; many other times—times and half times and times between times. That's a woman's record."

The music throbbed in Thalia's veins. Her throat swelled, but she met his gaze steadily.

After that they were more or less formal.

The last night of Judge Ballard's visit came, and it was 10 o'clock when he rang the bell of Thalia's flat. Curtiss in the act of departing almost ran into him. Thalia stood near her desk, pale and agitated.

"I'm sorry Mr. Curtiss went on your account," said the judge. "It's not worth while to spoil your evening by my brief leavetaking."

Thalia recovered herself with difficulty, and her breath was still irregular. He took both of her hands in his masterful way and fixed on her the dark, powerful look that had always compelled both men and women. At the magnetic clasp a strange calm fell upon Thalia. She knew that she would rather tell this man the truth and walk alone the rest of her days than to part from him with a half lie, acted if not uttered. She met his searching look squarely.

"Mr. Curtiss has not gone on your account," she said. "He went on mine."

Judge Ballard regarded her gravely, it seemed to her almost sternly.

"Let it be only a lovers' quarrel, Thalia. Life is too short to waste in trivialities."

"It is not a lovers' quarrel," she said hotly. "It is final."

"Don't say that, Thalia. Very few things are final in this world."

The warning solemnity of his tone carried a chill. Instinctively she leaned toward him as if for protection.

"But it is final," she whispered. "I have sent him away, and he will not dare to come back."

Judge Ballard's tall, dignified figure seemed to grow rigid.

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"My darling! My darling!"

He snatched her in strong arms and showered on face and hair fervent and specifically injudicial kisses not provided for in the statutes of Blackstone. Thalia, half drowned in this lawless onslaught, finally managed to partially free herself and to pant indignantly, "How dare you!"

He only said, "I couldn't help it," like any schoolboy, but he looked totally unrepentant and remained in dangerous proximity.

Thalia, her cheeks burning and her heart thumping, gasped: "You have no right to say that! You should have remembered—your wife!"

"My wife! Thalia, my wife has been dead for five years."

He caught her swaying form and supported her tenderly.

"You inquired about her in such a way that for the moment I merely said that I was alone, intending to tell you about it later. When I asked you if you were free, you gave me an evasive answer, so when I was told on the afternoon of the same day that you were engaged to Stewart Curtiss I thought you had deliberately equivocated. I met him here. You said nothing. What was I to think? Naturally I withheld my own confidence and got what pleasure I could out of the last times I ever expected to see you. Then, you told me just now—and I couldn't help it."

His voice deepened to a sonorous whisper as he paused, but Thalia's head was bowed low on his breast, and he felt her quiver.

"Dear, are you angry?"

No answer.

"Are you angry?"

Silence.

He deliberately lifted up her face and devoured it with a look. And then he put Blackstone to much more confusion in the same illegal manner as in the previous case. The silver chime of the clock on the mantelshelf struck the half hour.

Thalia pushed the hair out of her eyes and laughed.

"What time is it? Do you love me?"

"Half past 10. Of course I do."

A Scotch Ring.

The traditional history of the Scotch regalia ring is of the most tragic, not to say melancholy, character. It is believed that it was the favorite ring of Mary Stuart and that after her judicial murder in Fotheringay castle it was transmitted to her son. From James it descended to Charles I., at whose coronation at Stone in 1633 it played a distinct part. Once more did this ill fated ring figure at an untimely and ill merited death, for, with almost his last breath upon the scaffold at Whitehall, Charles bequeathed it to Bishop Juxon in trust for his son.

In due course of time the ring came into the possession of James II. and was carried away with him on his flight to the continent. When, however, he was detained by the fishermen at Sheerness, the ring, which had been secreted in the king's underclothing, only escaped robbery by the luckiest of mistakes on the part of the sailor who searched him. Thus the ring was passed on uninjured to James' descendants till by the bequest of Cardinal York it became the property of the reigning dynasty once more and was by them replaced among the royal jewels of Scotland, from which it had been separated for many a long year.—Good Words.

He Didn't Say It.

He was a good little boy, and he lived not many miles from Boston. He never disobeyed his mother, he never called her names when her orders were not his wishes, and he had the face of an angel. Next door lived little Rosy, a girl who proved the proverb about small pitchers. One day Harry was allowed to go over to play with Rosy, but with strict orders not to take off

his hat and coat to go in the house if Rosy could not come out into the yard.

Rosy could not come out, but would not Harry take off his things and play inside? Harry quoted sadly his mother's injunction.

"Your mamma is a silly," said Rosy crossly.

Harry went home and told his mother what Rosy had said. "She is a very naughty little girl," his mother declared. "You must never say such a word."

"No, mamma, I won't," said the dutiful Harry.

A few days later he was again forbidden to do something which he greatly desired to do. "Mamma," said he, lifting to hers his angelic face, "do you remember what Rosy said about you?"

—New York Tribune.

Turkish Educational System.

The educational system of the Turks is not entirely bad, but is mostly for religious instruction. The mekteb, or primary school, are general and afford every boy and girl in the city an opportunity to learn to read and write and obtain a knowledge of the Koran. Such schools are attached to every mosque in the empire. The Ibtidaiyeh, or secondary schools, afford opportunities for learning geography, arithmetic, history and the modern languages, but there are only twenty of these schools in all Constantinople for a million and more of people. The medresseh, or colleges, teach philosophy, logic, rhetoric, theology and Turkish law and generally take the place of the universities found in other countries. They are the highest educational institutions maintained by the Turkish government.

Eyes Only For Her.

Martha—You don't mean to say you have accepted that Mr. Spooner? Why, he is so awkward, you know! I saw him holding an umbrella over you the other day, and all the water it caught he allowed to drain right on to you.

Nancy—What better proof could I have that he is in love with me? He hadn't the least idea that it was raining, the dear man!—Boston Transcript.

What You Need.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician.

"But, my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession."

"Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and depots."—Washington Star.

A Good Thing.

"Your new office boy may be all right, but he stammers so."

"That's the beauty of it. If a client calls when I've stepped out for a moment, I have time to get back before the boy gets through explaining where I've gone and when I'm expected to return."—Philadelphia Press.

Some Reasons

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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, Percale 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.

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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 21 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.

8 11 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, 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 and Mt. Carmel.

11 44 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 23 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, Weatherly, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City, Delano and Hazleton.

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.

HOLLIS 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 18, 1902.

Trains leave Hazleton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Horn and Drifton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sundays and 7:07 a. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:32, 11:0 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifering for Tomhocken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Horn at 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 2:57 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifering for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:30 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, Jeanville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

L. P. HARRIS, Superintendent.

PRINTING

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.