

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., JULY 2, 1902.



Notice to Patrons.

In order to give the employees of the Tribune a holiday on July 4, no paper will be issued from this office on Friday. Instead, the Tribune will be published tomorrow at the usual hour. Carriers, advertisers and others whom the change may concern are requested to be governed accordingly.

SPORTING NOTES.

Edna Cook, 2:12, is in Geers' stable. Myrtle K., 2:14½, has a colt by Bingen.

Alta McDonald has Major Delmar, 2:15.

Young Corbett has purchased an auto.

Connie Mack has released Kenna, the poet pitcher.

"Bricktop" Breitenstein, once on Von der Ahe's ply roll, is winning games in the Southern league.

There is an automobile club in Great Britain and Ireland, and its present membership is 1,276.

"Baseball is a good game for young men to get into if they get out in time," says Christy Mathewson.

Alan-a-Dale, the thoroughbred colt who won the Kentucky Derby recently, was prepared for the event by being worked to sulky.

"Starlight," the Australian middleweight, who is nearly fifty years old, recently defeated Jack Conlon, a youngster, at Sydney, Australia.

Willie Fenn is in Edward Spooner's cycling camp, as are also Bennett Monroe, Joe Neyson and Bernie Hunters, with a string of pacers. The Spooner outfit will train at Washington.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan are to star next season.

Worcester, Mass., is to have a new theater for next season to cost \$150,000. Jefferson De Angellis will have a new vehicle for next season called "The Emerald Isle."

David Warfield will next season use "Dinkelspiel," a German comedy by George Hobart.

Grace George takes a try at "Fron Frou" in Chicago and will probably play it on tour.

Harrison Grey Fiske will act as Mrs. Patrick Campbell's manager next season in this country.

Annela Karle, who has been a member of the Rogers brothers' chorus, will marry a wealthy western ranch owner in the fall.

Maurice Campbell has made a three year contract with Charles Cherry, who will during that period be Henrietta Crossman's leading man.

PITH AND POINT.

Work is pretty hard. Make it count. If possible, do not associate with those who anger you.

Your troubles originate from talking too much, carelessness, acting hastily and lack of sense.

We have noticed that the man whose credit isn't good is the last man in the world to take a hint.

When a girl goes to have her fortune told, she acts as gully as a boy going into a saloon for his first drink.

How many friends have you you could rely upon to keep down all talk about you after you have left the room?—Atchison Globe.

Independence Day at Niagara Falls.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad announces the low fare of \$8.55 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.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

Watch the date on your paper.

The SPORTING WORLD

Pittsburg's Pitching Staff.
Jesse Tannehill, one of the ablest pitchers that ever filled a box, is again doing splendid work for the Pittsburgs. The lead in the National race now held by the Pirates is largely due to the telling performances of the twirling staff, and Tannehill seldom fails to deliver the goods.

Chesbro, Phillippi, Leever, Poole, Dohey and Merritt are other human cat-



JESSE TANNEHILL.

apults that are materially aiding the Smoketown contingent in the fight for pennant No. 2, and the first two named have attained prominence entitling them to leading rank. One of the features of Tannehill's work is his aptitude for hitting the ball. Pitchers are notoriously poor batsmen, but the stalwart Jesse frequently lands on the leather for safe ones.

The Pirates' pitching department is almost identical with that of last year, and Captain-Manager Fred Clarke is to be complimented for holding his men together during the days when the American league offered all sorts of tempting inducements to good National players.

College Rowing Jubilee.

There is a plan on foot to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the first Harvard-Yale boat race, which was held on Lake Winnepesaukee Aug. 3, 1852. It will be a reunion of the survivors of the crews of the first intercollegiate boat race in America, and the survivors of all subsequent college crews will also be invited to attend the reunion.

The reunion will be held in New York in October, as it is thought impracticable to hold such a meeting on the anniversary day in August. The committee of arrangements is Joseph M. Brown, Harvard, '53, and James M. Whittin, Yale, '53. The committee says in its circular letter:

"That regatta on Lake Winnepesaukee became in a way unforeseen the starting point of the present wide and varied development of intercollegiate competition, which now includes transatlantic with domestic rivalry. This in turn has promoted a solidarity of interest among American universities and colleges. It is today knitting together the once isolated communities of students with a common feeling as members of the common republic of letters. The event which has had such a sequel, however unpremeditated, may seem on reflection worthy to be commemorated."

Interest in Cricket.

Cricket lovers throughout the country will have more of the game this summer than they can well follow. From the present outlook England's national sport will have a greater following in and around New York than was ever thought possible heretofore. It is becoming the proper thing to cricket, and the smart set is taking it up just as it adopted golf.

The championship of the Metropolitan District Cricket league will be played out between seven teams. In the New York Cricket association seven teams will play for the championship, and in the Prospect Park (Brooklyn) Cricket association five teams have entered.

There will be several intercity and interassociation matches during the summer and at least one game between the Australian team now in England and picked metropolitan cricketers.

Hammer Thrower Pell a Professional.

Charles Pell of Drake university, the winner of the hammer throw at the recent western intercollegiate meet and admittedly the greatest all around athlete in Iowa, has been declared a professional. The fourteen points won by him at the state meet this year have been thrown out. The charge against Pell was based on his participation in an "open" race, although there was no stake and the only entrants were amateurs.

Ryan and McCoy.

Before departing for the other side Tommy Ryan made the following statement: "I have signed to fight Kid McCoy in the latter part of August in Salt Lake City during the Elks' celebration."

DON FELIPE

By GRANVILLE TRARE
Copyright, 1901, by Granville Trare

Don Felipe, banker of Manila, knew that to lie for the good of the church is a virtue, and he was not the man to separate religion and business. His devotion to the strong box was no less ardent than his ambition never to fail of counting the requisite number of beads on Sunday or to confess to Father Jose at least once a quarter. So Don Felipe lied with readiness when the church or his pesetas were concerned, especially the pesetas.

Therefore was he considered a good citizen, and thereby also he incurred the wrath of two heretics, impolite Americans with ancient Springfields in their hands and un-Spanish ideas in their prairie grown brains.

But the brains and the rifles served Don Felipe well once when, just after their arrival, he offered two thousand ("Mex.") to Privates Turner and Larson for the rescue of his twelve-year-old son, who was supposed to be at the plantation La Honradex in the interior.

The colonel, on whose ranch the two had punched steers, was obdurate when they went to him about it. But Larson had often worsted him at poker, and out of respect for the man he finally gave him permission to try for the reward. As for Turner, the "old man" loathed him for a shiftless dog and considered it only a question whether he would some time reach his death by Mauser bullets or by order of a court martial.

So Don Felipe sent his emissaries jungeward, to return after three months with a medley of bruises and beards of long standing and wide sweep. They brought the boy, and he was bruised about the ears.

"He thought he was the king of these cannibal isles," Turner said. "We had to cuff the little devil a good deal to teach him his place. At first he ordered us around as if he was born in shoulder straps, but we soon taught him that traveling in the jungle isn't the same thing as lying in a hammock and having a nigger to work the fan. That trip was a good thing for the kid. It would have been a good thing for any of these satin skinned Spaniards."

It was philosophy, but Don Felipe was no philosopher. He was indignant and went to the colonel. The colonel in turn was indignant and showed him the door, whereat Don Felipe waxed more wrathful than ever. He swore in fervid Castilian, brandishing his flabby fists, and told Turner and Larson to get their pay where they might.

It was a bluff, a lie, to save the reward, for if more cutting would have yielded more gold he would have kept the boy's ears roaring like a canebroke in a monsoon. But what was to be done? The military government must be lenient with the resident population, advertising its benevolent intentions. Moreover, how were soldiers, who, according to the sergeant's book, had been spending their time in barracks, to receive pay for a nasty job somewhere in the jungle?

Larson was stupefied. The ingratitude of the man was beyond him. It was an hour before he recovered from the shock, and when the eruption finally began Turner stopped him.

"Return good for evil," he admonished.

Larson was dazed anew, and his dumbness returned upon him. "We must," continued Turner. "It is best for him that he should pay his honest debts, and we must do what we can to make him see his best interests."

It was Saturday night and Larson was eager for canteen drill, but Turner objected. He turned in early to think.

Monday morning, and Don Felipe sat at his desk, a look, half anger, half terror on his face and his right hand grasping nervously for his cane. The intruder was Turner. Don Felipe's apprehensions were soon quieted, however. Turner stopped at three paces from the door, hat in hand, and made a deep obeisance.

"Will the senior grant me a word?" Don Felipe radiated majesty for a half minute, then pronounced:

"I shall hear you. Turner expressed gratitude. "The senior no doubt expects to dispose of his plantation?"

No reply. "The condition of the country is extremely unsettled and the future is uncertain. The new administration may not be friendly to Spanish interests. Being an American, I am willing to place capital here. In case the senior wishes to dispose of the plantation my friend and I are prepared to offer a satisfactory price."

Don Felipe was astonished at hearing a private refer to himself as a capitalist, but he reflected that the man must be merely an agent, and, moreover, even the shadow of such an opportunity would have been worth grasping at. But business policy dictated delay, and Don Felipe bade his caller to an interview the day following.

"Well?" queried Larson as Turner came back from the second encounter. "Good. His standing me off for a day was pure bluff. He was dead anxious. All there is left for us to do is to sign the papers and turn over the money." Larson contorted his visage expressively.

"When do we sign the papers?" "Saturday evening, and we are to do it in style—invite a dozen or two of the push and have a blowout at the castle

of his highness. A banquet is always in order with these Spaniards. A Spaniard couldn't have his mustache curled without giving a dinner."

Numerous paper lanterns rivalled the splendor of twenty white uniforms in the pavilion that served for a banquet hall, and the glory thereof was full compensation to Don Felipe for an expenditure that ordinarily would have been heartrending. He was eloquent in lame English, and there was free flowing of good wine and had toasts.

"Ellos Socorridores, the Rescuers," announced the toastmaster, and their host made Turner and Larson feel themselves heroes indeed. He forgot himself and poured forth his soul.

Larson was touched. He whispered: "Say, Turner, don't you think, really, now, that the old gent is coming around all right? Maybe we'd better not?"

"Yes, we had too. Suppose we'd be getting any of that if it cost him anything? Don't be easy—and let up on the cognac."

Don Felipe's commercial English was too limited for use on an occasion like this, and in his native tongue, thus interpreted, he concluded:

"Rescuers, heroes, you have restored to me the light of my soul. I owe you the life of my beloved son, and I repay you, senores, with the only reward which the poor may bestow or which heroes can desire; senores, I thank you."

Principals and witnesses signed legal documents, and Turner and Larson became owners of La Honradex.

Don Felipe was about to give the signal for resuming festivities when a servant brought a letter. It was from the plantation. He broke the seal and read:

Honorable Master—I hasten to write to you of what happened when the two Americans were here three weeks ago. One afternoon when we were fishing in the river where it cut through during the last rains I dropped my fish pail in the water, and when I brought it up it contained some queer yellow pebbles. I showed them to the Americans, and they seemed greatly astonished and said it was gold, and they dipped the pail and brought up more of the pebbles.

Don Felipe did not finish the rambling account. He hastened to find the signature and after casting aside several closely written pages found crowded into a corner:

Your honor's faithful and humble servant, PEDRO.

Don Felipe felt genuine emotion now. His nails blanched, but he did not swear. Turner was watching him, and it was necessary to act. He signed for silence after a moment and said in a broken voice:

"Senores, a letter from my mother, on her deathbed. She—she makes a last request." Pause for supposed grief. "A last request that I shall never part with the beloved estate of La Honradex. Senores, you will appreciate my position. Such a request cannot be denied. I take refuge in the honor and generosity of my dear friends."

"Alas, your honor's saintly mother," interrupted Turner, "a pious and devout woman, I have heard. Is her name not Pedro? I bribed Pedro to keep silence, but—"

Voluble and profane remarks from Don Felipe; then calm.

He led Turner to one side and settled the business like a man by paying two thousand ("Mex.") to get the deed back.

They of the uniforms departed. Another message arrived. It read:

Senor—it is my duty to inform you of the sad death of your faithful servant, Pedro, on the day before my arrival at La Honradex. He was wildly delirious before death and imagined himself the discoverer of quantities of gold. TURNER.

How Wars Begin.

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain; they came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby; "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know? You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent!"

"Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me or I'll send this rolling pin at your head, you old!"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy; "I think I know how wars begin."—London Answers.

Used in Bookbinding.

It seems a somewhat surprising statement to make that eggs, condensed milk, olive oil and vinegar are all used in the binding of books. Yet such is the case. The white of egg is used for "sizing" to cause the delicate ornamental gold leaf to adhere to the leather. To make the "sizing" perform its adhesive work even more delicately a little milk is added, and to help further in the important work of adhesion, a coating of olive oil or diluted vinegar is sometimes applied to the leather. Wise old bookbinders have been seen to use the light froth of ale as a coating over a binding of silk. The froth holds the gold leaf with perfect smoothness and does not stain the silk. Many of the old expert bookbinders have little secret methods of their own by which to produce peculiarly fine results, and these secrets they guard as jealously as the housewife does her favorite family recipes.—Pearson's Weekly.

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 Chevioti. 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.

Nature's Tonic.

A ride in the open,
For Health,
For Pleasure,
For Business.

You should ride a Bicycle,

RAMBLER.

\$35 to \$65.

The 1902 Models

Bristle With
New Ideas.

Call and Examine.

A complete stock always on hand.

For Sale By
Walter D. Davis,
Freeland.

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 20 a m for Sandys Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.

8 15 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 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 Sandys 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: ROLLIN H. WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City. CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 36 Cortlandt Street, New York City. G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUQUEHANNA 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 7:07 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 Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:32, 11:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 9:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifcon for Tomblicon, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:00 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:26 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

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

WALTER D. DAVIS, Superintendent

PRINTING

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.