# NEW SHORT STORIES FREELAND TRIBUNE.

# Established 1888. PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY. BY THE

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited. DEFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE. LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

# SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

**NEW SHORT STORIES Rough on Wilkins.** Beriah Wilkins, owner of the Wash-Ington Post, was formerly a represent-ative in congress from Ohio. He tells with great glee a story about his first campaign. When he was nominated, he had never made a public speech. Soon after the convention a delega-tion came to him from a small town in his district and asked him to come out to a rattification meeting. Wilkins said he would, but cautioned the delegation against asking him to speak. They said that would be all right, as they had provided two professional spell-binders. All Wilkins would have to do, they said, would be to shake hands and kiss the bables. Wilkins went, was met by a brass band and escorted to the hall. Then, to his utter dismay, he found that the encelluicher hed not curvered. The about FREELAND.—The Futurex is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12% cents a month, payable every two months, or \$1.6 a year, payable in advance. The Futurex may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive promb tattention.

prompt attention. BY MAIL.—The TRIENE 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. Frompt re-newals must be made at the expiration, other-wise the subscription will be discontinued.

his utter dismay, he found that the spellbinders had not arrived. The chair-man insisted that Wilkins must say

something. He stood up, was intro-duced and said everything he could think of. After he had been talking what seemed to him two hours, but in

reality was not more than fifteen min

utes, he gave out entirely and sat

down. There was a dense silence. Not a per-son in the hall applauded. Then the

chairman arose and said: "If there is anybody in the hall that can make a speech, we will be glad to hear him."

Hear him." Fined Himself Fifty Dollars. "I heard a story on Representative Bartlett's father which ought to be told in these parts," asserted Repre-sentative Roberts of Massachusetts to a Washington Post reporter. "This man was long a judge on the Georgia bench and highly respected by a wide circle of people. In a murder trial he came to a charge to the jury in which he eloquently and viridily hid down the law as to the folly of

A PISTOL FELL WITH A THUMP UPON THE FLOOR.

"The details of the shooting as well

therefrom and fell with a thump upon

"The scene in the courtroom can be

imagined. There was a stillness, the while the judge flushed with embar

the floor

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Entered at the Postoflice at Freeland, Pa., Second-Class Matter.

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# LAUNDRY LINES.

Napkins should always be folded with the selvage toward the ironer. The water in which rice has been boiled should be saved for starching

Rainwater and white castile soap in lukewarm suds is the best mixture in which to wash embroideries.

Never have irons on the stove when cooking, particularly when the article cooking is one that is apt to flow or boil over or while frying.

A teaspoonful of kerosene does as well as a bit of white wax in bolled starch, and mutton suet is as good as either to make a plain gloss.

To retain the colors in any washing materials soak the articles in alum wamaterials soak the articles in alum wa-ter. A teaspoonful of alum to every quart of cold water is the proportion. In hanging blankets after washing them remember to, put them lengthwise over the line; otherwise they are likely to split from the weight of water in them.

Wash flatirons occasionally with warm water, to every two quarts of which has been added half a table-spoonful of melted lard. Wipe thor-oughly and set in a warm spot till per-fectly dry.\_\_\_\_\_

One Way to Become Beautiful. One morning a girl whose face was under a cloud of unhappiness from constantly laboring under the impression that she was plain walked out into the sunshine of Boston Common. In a moment the gloom lifted, for the bright-

moment the gboon lifted, for the bright-ness of the morning had made her thoughts unusually pleasant. "Whât a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed," she heard one of two hadies say to the other. She looked quickly around, with en-yy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, they mean me?" she exclaimed in pleased surprise. "No one ever called me pretty before. It must be because I am smilling."

me pretty before. It must be because I am smiling." Again, as she was entering a street car, she heard, "Did you see that pret-ty looking girl?" "Well, I declare!" she mused. "I am always going to look happy if this is what comes of it. I have thought my-self homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty." From that day she did try to look happy, and now she is regularly con-sidered as one of the leading beauties of her social circle.—Boston Journal.

Well Bred Women. The best bred women do not fuss. They take their gowns and their furni-ture, their jewels and their children as a matter of course. They are uncon scious of their veils and their gloves and they expect every one else to be equally so. If they see an intimate wearing a handsome gown, they refer to it admiringly, but they also preface to it admiringly, but they also preface their comment with an apology. Their differences with their husbands are not aired, neither are the domestic up-heavais caused by the descriton of the cook on wash morning. The repose of the well bred woman is not the quiet of weakness. It is the calm of trained faculties, balanced so nicely that an earthquake may cause a change of color, but will not bring forth a loud cry. Well bred women are a boon to the human race. They help the social and professional world to maintain an high standard both of morals and be-havior.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Dress Freshener. A clever bachelor girl who works all day long and every day in a very dusty locality has imparted the secret of the spick and span appearance that is the envy of all her associates. Regularly once a week she lightly sponges her plain, trim business suit with tepid water to which have been added a little liquid ammonia and a suspice dered borax. While still slig the skirt and coat are pres on of pow While still slightly damp the skirt and coat are pressed care-fully, the household laundry irons be-ing employed for this purpose. The entire process consumes but a few min and the result is a perpetual and nnial freshness and cleanliness perennial ssible in no other way .- Pilgrim.

CASTORIA. Bears the Signature Cart H. Tlitcher.

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# .. His Sister's Keeper

Elizabeth Dyke Lewis Copyright, 1901, by E. D. Lewis ..............

She was only the third lady in the cast of the comic opera, but her volce was improving, and she had youth and a good figure to give her hopes of ad-vancement. She entered into her part with an enthusiasm which overlooked the durity minor and once the helling the drafty wings and even the chilly barrenness of her own dressing room. She hated her lodgings in the French quarter in West Twenty-fifth street and always longed to get back to the theater.

She was sitting in her dressing room on Wednesday afternoon, ready for the matinee, which was to begin in ten minutes, when the callboy came to

the door. "Why, surely my watch isn't wrong!

"Wy, surely my watch isn't wrong: she exclaimed, for she was not needed until half past 2. No; only the man-ager wanted to speak to her. She came cheerfully forward to see what he wanted. He was standing in his shift sleeves giving the gas man a dressing about some lights which had ruined the star's costume the night be-fore, but he left his speech in the middle and came to meet her, laying his hand familiarly on her shoulder. He was a big man and rather ugly, but even the chorus girls confessed that he had a way with him. The little singer felt it, too, for she let her-self be drawn into the office, and the door shut behind her. Then she gave a fillip to her short skirts and perched on the table. "You see, Miss Kennedy," he began, "Yve been wanting to give you a lift for some time. I car't bounce Miss Gray, of course. She's been on a good while and is used to it. But after this run I do want you to have something better. Now, here's a thing called 'Lb-erty Belle' that's bound to make a hit some time, and ff you like you can take the score home and try Fair Hel-en's part on your plano. It was simply made for you." He turned the leaves rapidly, showing her the size of the part and a few of the situations and humming a couple of the songs, while short son bries frou're Fair Helen, Stevens is the Duke's son, and I'm your manager, and we go of on the road-Pittsburg, you know, and Chentnati, and perhaps Chicago If it's all right. And now, before you say anything, I want it to be quite understood that the point of the whole thone du-side of that door, isn't it?" He opened the door and let her out akee myself believe that you'll think it over the right way. And I guess it's about time for us both to be on the out-side of him, and she ran into the wings and talked to the chorus girls till her cue came. She joined absently in their langhter at her own jokes, and all the time she was thinking over the manager's proposal. It sounded very attractive. She knew that she would stand a better chance of real promotion i

**FLOOR.** carrying pistols. It seems that the de-fendant had gone out for a walk, be-came engaged in a fuss with the de-censed, drew his pistol and fired the fatal shot. "The details of the shooting as well as the law bearing thereon were re-hearsed by Judge Bartlett, who told how the defendant's pistol had been in his hip pocket, how he put his hand back there in anger and how he drew the pistol forth. He was illustrating by vigorous gestures, but right in the midst of the charge as Judge Bartlett put his hand back to his hip pocket by way of demonstration a pistol dropped therefrom and fell with a thuma upon

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out and to dance while they echoed re-sponses to her song. "But that I never do?" her song con-cluded as she brought both feet to-gefher with a martial click and salute. "Ah! That we never do?" echoed the chorus, and then she had to come far-ther down and do the hast verse over acain. She could see over the footlights while the page "same the page "" Mr. Clerk,' he exclaimed, as soon as he had recovered, 'put me down on the book as fined \$50 for carrying a weapon.'" chorus, and then she had to come far-ther down and do the last verse over again. She could see over the footlights and even distinguish faces in the first three or four rows of the orchestra. The front row was nearly filled by a party of schoolgifts, with their chap-eron, but at the end was a man, who was strangely out of place in that mat-lnee assemblage. She looked beyond him to the old ladies behind and then to the lines of heads in the gallerles, but presently she found her glance coming back to him. For a few mo-ments she was tantalized, and ther she suddenly remembered where she had met him. It was in quite another life. He could hardly a flord to recognize her even if he remembered her, she thought bitterly, and just then his face lighted up, and he stared at her and bowed and smilled in the most friendly way, though he seemed a little uncer-tain of her returning the salutation. She found a way to do so, however, and when she gave the last whirl to her skirts and ran off she knew that he would take her final bow as meant for him. weapon."" He Was Irish. On the late Queen Victoria's return from her last visit to northern Italy the bishop of Winchester and the dean of Windsor were dining with her when she remarked to the former: "You re-member that before I started for Italy you urged me not to fall to visit the conventional church at Assisi. I bore this in mind and was greatly impressed by all I saw there. I had one droll ex-perience, too, for as I was being con-ducted through a very chilly corridor by one of the monits I said to him, 'Don't you feel the drafts very trying, wearing the tonsure as you do? I re-ceived my-answer not in Italian, but in these words: 'No, madam. I can't say that I suffer in that way at all. As you must be aware, we Irish are a rather hot headed race.''

Instruct<br/>must be aware, we<br/>hot headed race.""Sur-<br/>and when she ga-<br/>her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>would take her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>would take her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>would take her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>her skirts and ran off she knew to-<br/>she she found two fine bouquets of take's ga<br/>mat to whom she had sent a box. He is<br/>would best there- with his wife and<br/>children. She must remember to look<br/>when she went on again. But the sec-<br/>ond there she to alse weit on skirts and there were<br/>dowers! Did it mean that there were<br/>others in this wold who would take<br/>her back again still? The manager<br/>and having read a newspaper-<br/>would have been a year before. She<br/>would have be torks. Not Many Friends. Lord Castlemayne, an unpopular statesman, while traveling in Ireland refused alms to some sharp witted mendicants and was answered, "Just chuck one tinpenny out of your coach, ni 'I answer it will trate all your friends in Athlone."

above her voice, and it would not p amiss for her to see what she could do in legitimate comedy." Indeed she had been thinking seriously of leaving the operate stage at the close of the pres-

The single drawing to an entry then single drawing to an instant in the wings. "I may repent it afterward," she said to herself, "but I won't if I can help it. It was real nice of him sending me those flowers. I am glad, though, that he'll never know how much they happened to mean to me. He'd think it was too silly! I shan't dare to look at him again." The star brushed past her with a kind jest and a laugh, and she went on, crying to meet a Strephon in blue satin, who valuly endeavored to whee away her tears. She was too much occupied with her business to have a fair look at the front seats. After a few explanatory sobs on her part Strephon, with histrionic intuition, and they advanced to the footlights together, joining in a duet. The air was her carson in the audience would think that he had heard it better done. She dared not glance even once to the spot toward which she was half unconsciously acting all the time, but when she ran out for the last time she thought that a certain lifting of her synchoses and a saucy sbrug of one shoulder just as she kissed her hand in that same direction would be accepted that same direction would be accepted as reparation for her apparently cold treatment. She almost fancied a gleam of gratitude as warm as her own com-ing toward her from the golden haze ing toward her from the go of the footlights on the end.

That seat, had she but seen it, was empty. It had been empty since the first scene. The man in a box of the upper tier scarcely remembered that he knew one of the girls on the cast. He was engrossed for the present in quite a different sort of young wom-an-the one for whom he had berought some flowers and whom he had been able to fud only after the second act . . able to find only after the second act She was sitting a little behind the rest She was sitting a fittle beina the rest of her party, and as he leaned over her chair she bent her head back until it almost touched his arm and haughed softly into his eyes at something he had said. There was a charming un-derstanding between them. They had both forgotten that there was any one on the stage. on the stage.

on the stage. **some Historical Windows.** In history and literature the window holds a conspleuous place. There is the window in Leven Castle tower through which the wisful eyes of Mary, queen of Scots, strained their gaze across the lonely lake; there is the window in Greenwich palace from which Eliza-both waved her farewells to her brave seamen as they set forth in their tiny "cockboats" to seek a westward path to far Cathay. There is the window in the tower through which the aged Laud stretched his hands in benediction as Strafford passed onward to his denth; there is the window "in Carlsbrook's narrow case," which baffled the unfortunate Charles In his attempt to escape; there is the window in the Louvre from which that other and guilther Charles witnessed the massare of St. Barthol-omew. Then there is the window in the nar-

Standard. A Really Poor Author. When Dr. Johnson was a resident of Grub street, he made the acquaintance of a poet named Samuel Boyse, whose poem on the Delty and other works had earned him high praise. Boyse could not go abroad to seek work be-cause his clothes were in pawn, so he lay abed with his arms thrust through two holes in the insective blanket, which was the only covering, writing and starving. Johnson raised enough money to get his clothes for him, but two days later Boyse was in bed again, eating a stew of beef and mushrooms purchased by the repawning of his suit. "I might as well eat while I may," he said, "for I must some day starve, whether I will or not."

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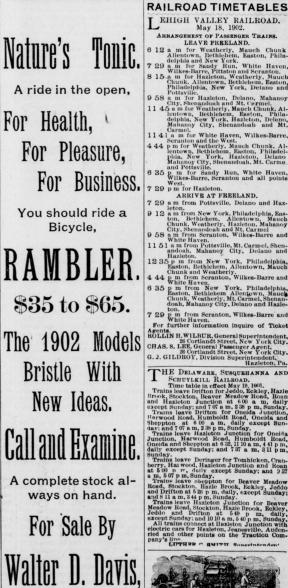
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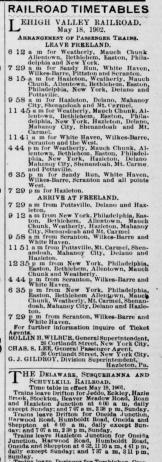
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andy except sunday; and 737 a m, 311 pm, Sunday. Traina leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cran-berry, Haiwood, Hazleton Junction and Koan at 540 p m, dnily except Sunday; and 337 Trainu Jeave Sunday. Trainu Jeave Sunday. Road, Stockton, Hisie Brook, Eckley, Jodda and Drifton at 520 pm, duly, except Sunday; and 811 a m, 344 pm, Sunday. Trainus Jeave Hazleton Junctice for New York, Stockton, State State State State State and State Arains leave hadron Junction for Beaver Mendow Kond, Stockton, Hazie Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 569 pm, Sunday, except Sunday: and 1010 am, 549 pm, Sunday, electric ars for Hezieron, Jeanewille, Auden-ried and other points on the Traction Com-pany's line.



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mew. Then there is the window in the nar Then there is the window in the nar-row Linlithgow street from which Bothwelinaugh shot "the good Earl of Murray," and the window in the High street of Edinburgh whence Ar-gyll watched the chivalrous Montrose borne onward to his scaffold, with never a thought or forecast of what his own fate would be,—Loudon Standard.

Ancient Gold. In olden times gold was obtained abundantly from the rivers of Asia. The sands of Pactolus, the golden fleece secured by the Argonauts, the yellow metal of Ophir, the fable of King Midas, all fluxtrate the eastern origin of gold. Alexander the Great brought nearly \$500,000,000 of gold from Persia. Gold also came from Arabia and from the middle of Africa by way of the Nile. But all of these famous sources of supply were long ago exhausted.