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FREELAND, PA., JULY 21, 1902.

DRESS HINTS.

Brown eyes and a brown dress go well together.

The tan shades are not often suitable for slim figures.

Black veils, unless quite fresh and clean, are injurious to the complexion. If you drop acid on your clothes, the immediate application of ammonia will destroy the effect.

Dull black is the best choice for a fair haired woman, while a brunette must order something brilliantly black if she really wishes to look her best.

Silks and ribbons may be cleaned and made to look like new by sponging them with equal parts of strong tea and vinegar. Iron with a not too hot iron.

Patent leather shoes should be cleaned with milk, or a little sweet oil may be rubbed into them. The soles and heels of such shoes are of course to be cleaned with blacking.

If a shoe be accidentally scorched, it can be restored by spreading the place at once with soft soap and when cool wiping off the soap and rubbing the leather with a little sweet oil or vaseline.

A "Violet Sponging."

The twentieth century woman is above all things dainty. She delights in perfumes and toilet waters and sachet powders, and she does not care who knows it. The woman of the past used to tremble with fear of being accused of "painting" and would blush with wrath if a man dared suggest that she used a bit of face powder.

The woman of today has on her toilet table powders and toilet waters galore and would no more do without her dainty talcum powdering from head to foot than a baby can do without its matutinal tubbing and powdering.

A "violet sponging" sounds a trifle extravagant, but in reality it is a most economical way of securing a luxurious finish to a commonplace daily bath. After the pores have been opened by a full length thorough tubbing they are ready for the violet sponge off. A basin of tepid water generously sprinkled with violet toilet water from an atomizer, a velvet sponge, a few quick passes over the body, and each pore is invested with flowery fragrance that is the adoration of a woman who delights in an exquisite and dainty personality.

Meat For Children.

One of the most unfortunate evils consequences of an early and liberal meat diet, says Dr. Winters, is the loss of relish it creates for the physiological foods of childhood—milk, cereals and vegetables. "A child that is allowed a generous meat diet," he adds, "is certain to refuse cereals and vegetables. Meat by its stimulating effect produces a habit as surely as does alcohol, tea or coffee and a distaste for less satisfying foods. The foods which the meat eating child eschews contain in large proportions certain mineral constituents which are essential to bodily nutrition and health and without which the processes of fresh growth and development are stunted. There is more so called nervousness, anemia, rheumatism, valvular disease of the heart and chorea at the present time in children from an excess of meat and its preparations in the diet than from all other causes combined," he declares.—*New York Medical Journal.*

The Glories of Womanhood.

A serene and gentle dignity; a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain; a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer, yet patient to endure; a subtle sense of the value of small, unappreciable things; a power of great confidence and of self sacrifice almost limitless where love speaks the word and duty shows the task; an instinct of protection and a joyous pride in mothering the weak; a brave loyalty to the rights of the heart against "the freezing reason's colder part;" a noble hunger and thirst for harmony; an impregnable strength of personal reserve and an exhaustless generosity of personal surrender—these are the native glories of womanhood. These are the things that life, if true and well ordered, should deepen, unfold, brighten and harmonize in the perfection of a woman's character.—*Henry Van Dyke in Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. Luella Lane.

Mrs. Luella Lane of Rufford Falls, Me., the mother of eight children and a comparatively young woman, is the proprietor of one of the most flourishing farms of her vicinity. Five years ago when she took charge of the estate of 300 acres it was in a run down condition and was stocked with implements which were of the most primitive sort. Dairying is Mrs. Lane's specialty. She has a herd of twenty-five thoroughbred Holstein cows, from twenty to forty hops, according to the season, and keeps five work horses busy. Her farm is stocked with tools and machines of the most improved kinds.

Sprinkling Clothes.

Where there is a heavy weekly wash a small watering pot with the finest possible rose comes handy for the sprinkling—ever so much handier than the tin clothes sprinkler sold in the shops. But the very best sprinkler is a good sized atomizer, such as green-house men use for spraying plants. Choose one to fit the hand, neither too big nor small enough to cramp it. It sends out a fine, misty spray that dampens clothes all over, yet makes no place sopping wet.

Home Fittings.

Do not have a cast iron rule that things in your home fittings must match. Often monotony is the result. Sometimes varying materials in harmonious coloring are very much to be preferred to those that match.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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CEMETERY LIGHTS

When I was about fourteen, my mother, whose health had been declining for some years, determined to leave the city and try country life for a change. She purchased an old estate some three miles out of the city of B. which had been over a century in one family, who parted with their old homestead because loss of property made it impossible for them to keep up former style and grandeur.

One of the conditions of the sale was that the family graveyard should not be disturbed in any way. It was a beautiful spot, about two acres in extent and about half an acre from the dwelling, just to the right, and where the windows of both stories on the right side of the house and the piazza in front would overlook it.

I never was a cowardly child, and this resting place of the dead was a favorite resort with me, and on moonlight nights I would wander for hours through its walks without, one thought of fear or dread of those resting in their last sleep around me, freed from the care and turmoil of life.

When we moved to our new home, my favorite brother, who was six years my elder, was away at college and it was not till some months after that he returned home for vacation at a time when our country home presented its most charming aspect—had dressed itself in its gayest robes to welcome him, I said—and superbly beautiful were its robes of green and rainbow tints.

He had been absent so long from home that it was not until after supper and evening worship that I could carry him off to my favorite spot. He was somewhat prepared for its beauties from my rhapsodies about it in my letters, but said, as we stood on a little knoll just at the entrance and looked over it, that I had not done it justice, eloquent as I had been in its praise.

We were wandering through its walks and I was asking a thousand questions that kept him busy in answering when suddenly he stopped a moment and said, "Are you never afraid of this place?"

"No, Jamie, darling. Why should I be?" I asked.

"You come often here alone after night, Lizzie. Are you not startled sometimes?"

"No. Why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, nothing. Only do you see anything there peculiar in appearance?" he asked, pointing to a spot where a tall marble tablet gleamed in the moonlight.

"Nothing, Jamie, but the slab of marble."

"Let's go up there for a moment," he then said, and we turned toward the spot.

Upon reaching it I saw nothing, but I could see that he did see something that surprised and somewhat startled him. While standing there he moved his little walking stick to and fro and after a few minutes said: "That will do. Now let's return to the house, and I'll tell you why I ask those questions."

Upon reaching the piazza we sat down upon the top step and looked over to the graveyard. He sat still for a few minutes and then said:

"Well, Lizzie, I have often heard and have read of what I saw tonight, but I never thought to see it myself, for I never credited it. At that grave where we stopped I saw a blue flame rise from the ground and gradually take the human form, or, rather, inside of the cloud of blue flame I saw a human shape, and when we went up to it I could distinctly see the contour of the whole figure, though I could not discern features. It is startling, but it is not supernatural. If I did not know

that you were a brave little girl and not frightened by shadows, I'd not tell you this, for I cannot tell you the cause more than this: Wherever there are decaying human bodies there is a gas generated that rises and assumes the human form, though indistinctly and not to be seen by every one. Now, there in the cemetery I see three of those pillars of blue flame and no doubt would see more if all parts of the place were visible from here."

I did not doubt Jamie's seriousness in what he said, and though it puzzled me, it did not scare me, for he told me it could be accounted for by men of science, and my faith in him was too unswerving for me to doubt for a moment anything I saw him convinced of, and it did not hinder me from taking many a long walk in the lovely spot or from again spending many an hour there in pleasant reverie and castle building in Spain.

During our residence there two other persons told me they saw the same thing, one a young cousin, a delicate, gentle girl, too gentle and conscientious to equivocate and too accustomed to seeing such things to be frightened at them. The other was a man in his prime, a judge and a statesman of note, who saw it on two or three different occasions while staying at our house on visits. The first time he was standing at his bedroom window, just after his visit, and did not know that there was a burial place so close to the house. After that he saw it from the piazza and in the cemetery after dusk.

Here I give you my unvarnished tale, I wish I could give you the scientific why and wherefore. This I cannot do, though, and you must rest content in your ignorance or find them out for yourself.

A Practical Conclusion.
"Did your investigation of volcanic phenomena lead to any practical conclusion?"

"It did," answered the popular scientist.

"What was it?"

"A check from a magazine."—*Washington Star.*

A Gigantic Goddess of War.

In the Japanese capital there is a gigantic image of a woman made of wood, iron and plaster. The time of its erection and the name of its designer are in dispute, but it is known to have been dedicated to Hachiman, the god of war. In height it measures fifty-four feet, the head alone, which is reached by a winding stairway in the interior of the figure, being capable of holding a company of twenty persons. The goddess holds a sword in her right hand and a huge painted wooden ball in the left. Internally the statue is the finest anatomical model in existence, every bone, joint and ligament being represented on a gigantic scale in proportion to the height and general size of the huge figure itself. The large eyes are magnifying glasses, through which a fine view of the surrounding country may be had.

Uninjured Lions Seldom Charge.

Like every other animal, the lion tries to avoid man until wounded, and it is only in exceptional cases of there being young ones to guard or from astonishment at seeing the hunters so close to them that they charge when being tracked.

They charge with the same coughing roar that a tiger does and come at great speed close to the ground, not bounding in the air, as they are represented in pictures. Their ears are pressed close to the head, giving them the comical appearance of being without ears.—*London Times.*

Between friends frequent reproof makes the friendship distant.—*Confutius.*

Everything New IN Furnishings

We have all the little things that a gentleman can wish for his summer dressing. Our "little necessities of life," all of which must be proper to make the "finished man," are faultless in every detail. If you want a pair of shoes, a hat, a shirt, a tie, or a pair of socks in the handsome, stylish colors of summer, you can get them here.

Although our goods are fancy in looks, as they should be, they are not fancy-priced.

We can supply you with the latest productions of the market at prices to suit the times.

Step in, and see what we can do for you.

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 al-
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For Sale By

Walter D. Davis,

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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, 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 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 41 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.
ROLLIN H. WILBTR, General Superintendent,
23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEBE, General Passenger Agent,
23 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent,
Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SEQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Row 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 Sheppit at 6 00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7 07 a m, 2 38 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Driftone for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Row at 5 00 p m, daily except Sunday; and 3 37 a m, 5 07 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Sheppit for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 40 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 11 10 a m, 3 44 p m, Sunday.
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5 40 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, Jeannette, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.
L. B. SWINT, Superintendent.



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Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.