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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 13, 1902.



PUBLIC OPINION

Opinions From Various Sources On Political Questions of the Day.

Every time Mr. Sibley forces his Republicanism he manages to say a lot of patriotic things — The Commonwealth.

There is no reason to question Chairman Donnelly's declaration that "Ex-Governor Pattison and the Democratic city committee are working in perfect harmony and in mutual trust and sincerity." Certainly this ought to be true, and we have a right to assume that it is true, notwithstanding apparently interested efforts to create a different impression. — Philadelphia Times.

The Pennsylvania state building at the Charleston Exposition, which cost \$11,325 to build, has been sold at auction for \$135. It was a characteristic machine job when built, and its sale was of the same character. It is impossible to secure honest dealing as concerns the state in anything the people at Harrisburg of the Stone administration put their hands. The track of dishonesty and theft trails after them from the cradle to the grave. — Pittsburg Post.

Mr. Guthrie has done more than any man in the state to promote ballot reform. He has labored with equal assiduity and success for municipal reform and governmental improvements of every kind. As lieutenant governor he will be a part, and an important part, of the legislative branch of the government, and his presence there will be an inspiration to effort and a basis of hope for all citizens of the commonwealth who desire honest elections and just returns. — Harrisburg Star-Independent.

The record of the present administration at Harrisburg has convinced thinking men that partisan success does not always insure the best results in office, and that a proper regard for the operation of the organic law of the state and the rights of the people are more desirable in an executive than his devotion to any particular brand of machine politics. The nomination of Mr. Pattison as the Democratic candidate for governor will invest the state campaign with a degree of interest that it would not otherwise possess. — Scranton Truth (Ind. Rep.).

The nomination of Quay's candidate for governor means, if it means anything, that ballot-box stuffing is to be perpetrated in Philadelphia. The practices of Salter are to be continued and perfected. It has been made possible in the past by an acquiescent bench, and the judicial courtesy will be invoked this year to help Pennypacker. If the judges had been faithful to their obligations and just to the community the practice would have been broken up long ago. But they have encouraged ballot-box stuffing by making it as difficult as possible to convict the perpetrators of the crime. — Bellefonte Watchman.

When Judge Pennypacker, away back in November, wrote his panegyric of Senator Quay in which he estimated that gentleman as a greater statesman than Daniel Webster and the possessor of gifts equal to those of Shakespeare, he thought he was simply paying the profligate tribute of a blind infatuation to a kinsman who had been kind. It marked him a fool, for besides showing an intellectual infirmity it revealed an indifference to political immorality which was disgraceful to the bench. But it may be assumed that he neither expected nor desired other reward than a sign of appreciation. Such an infatuation is equally satisfied with a kiss or a kick. — Harrisburg Star-Independent.

At Centralia yesterday morning fire broke out in a row of houses. The hose company responded, but the water had not sufficient force to carry it to the burning buildings. Five dwellings were burned and the total loss is \$10,000. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the
 Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

AN EASTER DISCORD

By GRACE G. KINCAID

Copyright, 1901, by T. C. McClure

The coolness between Mrs. Wentworth and Mrs. Drewelowe was beginning to occasion remark. They met frequently, for Mrs. Drewelowe was the gracious mistress of a beautiful Euclid avenue home, while just around the corner, upon a short and unpretentious side street, stood the smaller house rented by Professor and Mrs. Wentworth.

Years ago they had been girls together in the little village of Mayville, when she of the stately mansion had been only Maria Duzenbury, daughter of the most shiftless man in the village.

In those days Mrs. Wentworth had lived on no side street, but in the stately white pillared mansion which crowned the highest hill in Mayville and which was pointed to with pride as the home of Judge Titus. Fate plays strange tricks! After the death of the Judge, when the lawyers were quite through, somehow there was little or nothing left for the daughter, although one of the lawyers took his entire family abroad within the year and the other built himself a new house.

The trouble began at the Culture club. Mrs. Wentworth had felt sure she had detected a most peculiar smile upon Mrs. Drewelowe's face at the precise moment when she stood up to read her paper on "Egyptian Architecture." Then, later in the afternoon, Mrs. Roberts, also of Euclid avenue, had leaned over and said laughingly: "Mrs. Wentworth, Mrs. Drewelowe says she doesn't believe you ever wrote that paper. It was so good she thinks your husband must have written it."

Any clubwoman knows this is a most grievous insult. Mrs. Wentworth gave charming little teas in a modest, side street fashion, and the bitterness rankled in her heart to such an extent that she left Mrs. Drewelowe off her list the next week. Then there was an elaborate social function at the Euclid avenue mansion, and Mrs. Wentworth did not receive cards.

But the climax was reserved for Easter morning in the vestibule of the Euclid avenue church. Mrs. Drewelowe and Mrs. Wentworth met, and, remembering the sacred threshold, bowed less coldly than usual, then gasped and stood transfixed. Taking in every flower and knot of lace, they realized that their beautiful new Easter bonnets were exactly alike.

Their husbands, balancing their hats carefully in one hand and with the other holding each a vestibule door, were courteously awaiting them. They had cordially shaken hands, for it had become dignified men to notice women's small quarrels.

Mrs. Drewelowe was first to recover. "A beautiful morning," she said in her sweet, even tones, and a bar of purple and yellow flashed from the window across the violets in her bonnet as she turned and swept after her husband.

Mrs. Wentworth bowed in silence, biting her lips in vexation, and raised a delicately gloved hand up to see if her bonnet, that had cost her so many economies, was really upon her head or upon that of rich Maria Drewelowe. She felt that now, as ever since they had lived in the city, Mrs. Drewelowe had the best of her.

A little path had opened through the garden of spring millinery across the congregation, and through it she saw Mrs. Drewelowe turn and stare directly back at her, smile in a superior way, then whisper something to Mrs. Roberts in the pew just behind, whereupon Mrs. Roberts laughed most immoderately, considering the time and place.

The hot blood rushed to Mrs. Wentworth's face in such force as to make her quite dizzy. She knew what Mrs. Drewelowe had said as well as though she had heard every word.

"Annie Wentworth, never content with running after me, has managed in some way to copy my bonnet, and don't you think, Mrs. Roberts, it is an outrage?"

Alas! Annie Wentworth, daughter of Judge Titus, to be thus openly flouted by a Duzenbury!

It was bad enough to be reduced to living on a side street, to watching her in the lead of the most exclusive set in the city, but to be accused of copying her clothes—that was the last straw. Move! Indeed they'd move the 1st of May! She would resign from the Culture club! They would go where she might never meet this regal, queenly daughter of amless, shiftless old Duzenbury or her husband, who had made his fortune in kerosene.

The minister soared away in magnificent flights of oratory, but Mrs. Wentworth's mind constantly returned to the problems of how the bonnets came to be alike and what Mrs. Drewelowe had whispered to Mrs. Roberts. At last she solved the first question. Mrs. Drewelowe had discovered her! It was possible for her, the wife of Professor Wentworth, to appear for \$10 in bonnets which looked as though they had cost \$30, the poor little relic of better days who lived in the old tumble down brick building behind the cathedral and who had a wonderful knack for copying expensive bonnets. To place her oldest customer in such a humiliating position! Mrs. Wentworth turned cold all over with the remembrance of the whisper. Oh, the letter she would send with the bonnet straight back to that traitress!

She was quite hysterical by the time the last amen was pronounced and

hurried the dazed professor home at a rapid pace. Patiently he listened to the time worn complaints—the wreck of her father's estate, the bitterness of seeing Maria Drewelowe in her beautiful home while she must live in an obscure corner.

Tenderly he soothed her and bathed her throbbing temples. Years of wedded life had taught him the futility of argument when his wife's mind was made up. He remembered, too, that for love of him she had refused Henry Drewelowe back in the old sunny days at Mayville.

Unable to be up the next morning, nevertheless she managed to indite a bitterly accusing note to the little milliner and dispatch it with the bonnet by a messenger boy. Several days elapsed, and no answer came. Finally in desperation she gathered her strength and, boarding a downtown car, was soon mounting the steps of the old brick building behind the cathedral.

There was no answer to her first knock, so she rapped again. A faint moan came through the open transom. Then she turned the knob and entered. The room was in disorder; most of the little furniture it had contained had mysteriously disappeared. Only a bed, a chair and a table remained. Upon the table lay two opened letters, and beside them sat a bonnet box securely tied. Upon the bed lay the frail figure of the milliner, her face hot with fever. At this sight Mrs. Wentworth's wrath vanished, and she stood by the bedside only a sweet, helpful woman. Her heart wrung with pity.

There was a rustle of silk lined garments outside in the hall, then an imperious knock, and when Mrs. Wentworth opened the door she beheld a second Nemesis in the form of Mrs. Drewelowe. The latter bestowed a curt nod upon Mrs. Wentworth, and that softened and already repentant woman stepped aside and allowed her to advance to the bedside. Mrs. Drewelowe heard her own name and Mrs. Wentworth's mingled, falling incoherently from the parched lips. After a moment she turned and faced Mrs. Wentworth.

"Annie Wentworth, this is our work. I wrote her a very harsh note Monday morning, accusing her of copying my new bonnet, which I bought in New York three weeks ago. She was in the house doing some work, and I felt sure she must have seen it through the treachery of the maids."

"And I," sobbed Mrs. Wentworth, "sent back my bonnet Monday morning with a scandalous note—perfectly scandalous!"

Then they sought the landlady and demanded an explanation of her neglect. She surveyed the two ladies with rising anger.

"Sure, ma'ams," she said, "an' I'm a lorn widdier myself with five childer to support, an' she's back on her rent three months. It's all along of her havin' to go on to New York an' git her bad brother out of jail, an' she's sold her furniture an' clothes an' gone without fire an' enough to eat to make up. Then on top of that, two women—folks ladies in sassiety—writ her two of the meanest letters you ever see in your life, an' then she went clean out on her head. They was all about a bonnet she see when she was in New York an' copied for one of 'em, an' she said the other one must have been on an' bought the identical bonnet, fer it had jest come over from Paree, an' nobody'd had a chance at it."

"Them letters done it. Mighty mean women, if they are sassiety women, as would let loose an' abuse!"

"There! You have explained sufficiently," lily interrupted Mrs. Drewelowe, her face quite crimson. "We will pay the rent due you and take charge of your roomer at once." And she drew out her purse.

When the little milliner had been safely tucked in the white hospital bed and Mrs. Wentworth was seated in the Drewelowe carriage rolling home, she suddenly exclaimed, "Maria, what did you say?"

"When? What do you mean?" queried that astonished lady.

"Why, Sunday in church, when you leaned back and whispered to Mrs. Roberts?"

Mrs. Drewelowe was lost in thought for some time and then said: "Oh, I know. I told her that, after all her instructions, the night before I had forgotten to make the mustard plaster for Henry's chest as she advised, and the poor man was blistered so dreadfully that if it hadn't been Easter morning he would not have tried to come to church."

It was a fashionable hour, everybody was abroad, and the dignified Drewelowe coachman felt quite humiliated by the peels of merry laughter which rippled from the aristocratic Drewelowe equipage.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

The Bedroom Candle.

A woman who has a country cottage says that whether one has gas, gasoline, lamps or electricity in one's house it is always well to have a candle in each room. When a big storm comes, either the electric light wires and poles will be blown down, connections or machinery stopped, power house flooded, or in some way the gas or electric light is cut off.

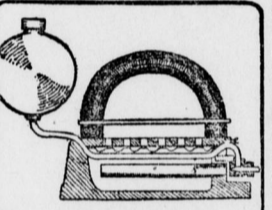
For some purposes, such as carrying from one room to another and keeping in a bedroom to make a quick light in case of sudden emergency, candles are safe, clean, convenient and cheap. Any one who once adopts the custom of keeping a candlestick in each bedroom will never abandon it. Have low, plain candlesticks, and with a keep clean, not easily broken and with a saucer shaped base, broad enough to catch all the drips and impossible to upset, and you will be glad a dozen times a year that you have them, and if you never allow a lamp carried from one room to another you will be less apt to collect your insurance.

For Baby's Comfort.

When there is a baby in the house, his comfort during the warm weather should be considered before anything else and every effort made to keep him healthy and good natured. His meals should be given regularly and his diet confined to the simple articles of food that you have found to agree with him. Even then he is apt to have an attack of summer complaint, and it is well to have a remedy at hand, especially if you live some distance from a doctor. The following remedy has been used for years and has proved very effective. It is composed of equal parts of camphor, peppermint, laudanum and rhubarb. When they are well shaken, put one drop in a teaspoonful of water and give a dose every hour or two until relieved. A tea made of whitegreen or peppermint is good for the colic.

Self Heating Saddle.

The improved flatiron shown in the drawing seems to have been invented especially to aid the busy housewife who has a large ironing to do on a hot summer day, as she can keep right on with her work long after the fire in the range has gone out and the room has cooled to a more comfortable temperature. Besides, there is no changing of irons to replace the one rapidly cooling through use, the one iron doing all the work without change and being ar-



INDEPENDENT OF THE RANGE.

ranged to keep the temperature of the smoothing surface at just the right degree to suit the operator. The iron comprises a hollow chamber formed in the casting, in which a horizontal tube having perforations on the underside and a feeding tube connecting the burner with the globe-like reservoir above. The reservoir is supplied with any volatile oil and in passing to the burner is adapted to be transformed into gas through the action of the flame, which also impinges against the comparatively thin underside of the iron to maintain the proper temperature. By adjusting the valves the flow of the liquid from the reservoir and the pressure of the gas entering the perforated tube can be easily altered. The inventor is H. B. Swartz of Wooster, O.

Attractive Bathrooms.

It is readily possible now to have not only a pretty but even novel bathroom. Wall papers come in patterns specially designed for bathrooms. There are tile papers, but in the way of fanciful designs there is, for example, an imported frieze called the estuary, which is an artistic panorama of ships passing along a narrow strip of water, with trees and banks in the foreground. Tiles are eminently clean, and a bathroom which has a tiled dado in white and green or white and deft blue will always look inviting. The walls should be painted in a solid color or papered to harmonize with the colors in the tiles. If the floor be covered with oilcloth, a tile or other design in the colors of the room can readily be selected. All the accessories of the bathroom, such as soap dishes, sponge receptacles—every conceivable requisite from a towel rack to a tooth-brush holder—now come in nickel, which greatly increases the possibilities of making the domain devoted to the health promoting and refreshing morning dip an apartment most attractive in appearance.

To Find Partners.

After racking her brain one hostess evolved this method of finding partners and places at her luncheon for a bride to be. Each guest entering the parlor was given a pretty saucer or a cup. Partners were found by matching saucers with cups. When the guests came to the table, each found at her place either the saucer or the cup which matched her own again.

A Bleaching Hint.

When pillowcases and other articles have become discolored by being dried indoors in bad weather, soak them for four or five days in a large pan of clean cold water, turning them about each day. Blue lightly and finish in the usual way. They will be beautifully white.

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IN

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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.

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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 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 46 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 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.

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

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Beckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:05 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Oneida and Shepton 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 Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 3:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Beckley, 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, Beckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

G. J. GILDROY, Superintendent.

PRINTING

Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.