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FREELAND, PA., OCTOBER 24, 1902.



THE ILLS OF PENNYQUACKER-ANIA.

The Quay candidate for governor continues on the down grade. The humiliating spectacle which this misguided creature of the machine has made of himself has never been equalled. It seems to have been his deliberate purpose to prove his abject subservience to the basest political influences. The revelation of his infatuation with Quayism, as shown through his extraordinary services in editing and endorsing the platform stupidities of his boss, followed by a fresh installment of undeserved praise of such an unworthy leader, has been supplemented by a series of public deliriums which are a disgrace to the state. Intelligent and sincere men cannot understand how the author of these efforts could have held a place upon the bench for a dozen years. It looks like a case of political paresis. Either ex-Judge Pennypacker has parted company with his conscience, or his ability to see clearly and think honestly and speak truthfully and sensibly has departed. Friend and foe alike have looked on with amazement. Nothing but the impetus and weight of party machinery will induce men who have no self-interest at stake to vote for such a man for the governorship of our great state.

These alleged speeches have been a singular mixture of foolishness, egotism, weakness, impudence and downright falsehood. If the man who has thus stripped himself of almost every vestige of public respect, had continued the routine work of following the traditions and precedents of the court, keeping his blundering tongue silent upon public questions, he might have retained a moderate reputation as a public servant; but every time he opens his mouth this exponent and defender of Quayism excites the contempt of his own followers and the increasing wonder of the people. A climax was reached in the single speech the Quay candidate has been permitted to make in Philadelphia.

Therein he said that the nomination he holds was conferred by "the dominant party" without "effort, expenditure or even expectation" on his part. The shameful fact is the Republican party did not nominate Pennypacker. Except for the imperious command of an arrogant boss, he would not have had a single vote in the convention; and this brazen statement was made, too, in the presence of a man from whom forty delegates were corruptly taken, in order that the scheme to fool the people might be carried out. "It may well be doubted," cried the speaker, in an ecstasy of absurd vanity; "whether ever before in the whole history of American politics such an event occurred." There is no doubt about it. The more's the shame. In no other state would such a mockery of popular rule be permitted.

It was further observed, with characteristic obtuseness, or brazen demagoguery, that herein was "an example to other states and a promise of better things." Instead, it is a warning to every other commonwealth against permitting the will of the people to be ignored and trampled upon. Drawing himself up by his bootstraps, Mr. Pennypacker solemnly declares it to be the duty of the man, "so called no matter at what sacrifice of personal comfort, happiness, etc., to take up the burden." The simple fact is the happiest hour this ambitious slave of the Quay ring ever knew was that in which his name was put up as a candidate for

the highest office in Pennsylvania. To babble about "personal sacrifice" in such a connection, is to insult the public intelligence.

For years past the man who made this silly statement has been dreaming of the governorship, and in order to secure this coveted honor he has demeaned himself as no other citizen ever did. All the way through he has shown that Pennypackerism is, and always will be, the counterpart and fulfillment of Quayism. He has lauded as "Pennsylvania's most distinguished statesman," the one man who has done more than any other to degrade the politics and the government of this state. He has defended gross public abuses, tried to shield public criminals, abused honest men, perverted history and in every way made himself offensive to the self-respecting citizenship of Pennsylvania. He has shown, every time he has taken the platform, that his election would be an unspeakable public calamity.

A MAN'S BLUSHES.

He Will Fly the Red Signal More Quickly Than a Woman.

"If there is any one thing that makes me want to get up and talk right out in meeting it is to hear it said of a man that 'he blushes like a woman,'" said the social philosopher to a representative of the New York Times. "How women ever gained the reputation of having run up a corner in blushes is beyond my comprehension. The report does her a grave injustice, for as a matter of fact she not only has no monopoly in blushes, but does not make use of the share that properly belongs to her. There are some women, of course, who blush if you even blink an eyelid in their direction, but as a general thing men blush much more readily and more violently than women.

"This is not a random statement that I am making for the purpose of hearing myself talk, but a sober deduction founded on careful observation. For years I have made it a point to study the sexes in moments of embarrassment, and the statistics I have jotted down prove that in nine cases out of ten the average man will fly the red signal of distress much more quickly than the average woman. This holds good in all sorts of situations.

"Crack a joke at a man's expense, he blushes; ply him with awkward questions, he blushes; subject him to some humiliation or let some ludicrous accident befall him in public, and he straightway rivals the blotted lobster in hue. A woman may reddish slightly under the same circumstances, but her blush is diluted and perfunctory compared with the brilliant, sunlit glow that suffuses the countenance of man. "I don't attempt to explain the phenomenon—physiologists and moralists may do that if they can—but merely give the facts for what they are worth in the hope that the next time a story writer has a crop of blushes to dispose of he will ring a few changes on the old phrase that has done duty for generations and say of the heroine that she 'blushed like a man.'"

FIRE ALARM BOXES.

The System in New York and How It is Operated.

Greater New York is thickly studded with lamppost fire alarm boxes. The directions on each box, which is painted red and is surmounted at night by a red light, are:

"Turn handle to right until door opens; then pull inside hook once and shut the door." The opening of the box rings a large bell in the door, which alarm is intended to notify any one in the neighborhood, especially the nearest policeman, that the box has been opened. The policeman will then make sure that this was not done out of mischief by some one who wanted to see the engines arrive or, as recently happened, by a raw maid servant who wanted to mail a letter. When the inside lever is pulled down and let go, it sets in motion a certain clockwork that ticks out the number of the box three times in succession at headquarters in Sixty-seventh street. Not only that, but it makes a record upon a tape, showing the number of the box and the exact second at which the lever was pulled.

A clerk who sits night and day beside the headquarters instrument notes the number and selects from a drawer a certain disk which when inserted in the proper apparatus causes the alarm to be rung in the station houses of the district in which that firebox is situated. The average time required to select this disk and send out the alarm is ten seconds. There are always two clerks and sometimes three in this department. Not a word is spoken. An outsider would hardly know that an alarm is going out. In order to prevent several alarms coming at the same time from people who see the same fire and run to different boxes or two neighboring boxes are on the same circuit.—Scribner's.

Who Told the Fib?

The bell rang, and the occupier of the apartment started to the window to see who the visitor might be. To his annoyance he saw a persistent creditor who had evidently called again for payment of his long outstanding account. The impetuous one instantly called to his youthful son and said: "Tommy, go to the door at once. I don't want to see that man. Tell him I'm not at home."
"Oh, papa, I thought you never told fibs," remarked Tommy.
"I don't, my boy. It's you that's going to tell ope. Now run off."

Mrs. Dane, of Northfield, Vt.,

Cured of Kidney Disease and Rheumatism.



There is no better known woman in Northfield, Vt., than Mrs. Jane S. Dane, whose picture is shown above. Mrs. Dane was so much benefited by the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy that she has written the following letter to Dr. David Kennedy for publication.

For five years I was afflicted with kidney disease and rheumatism, the latter I had in its most acute form in my hip. I suffered so I could not turn over in bed at times. I resorted to many different kinds of treatment, only to find myself worse than ever. I was advised to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and after I had taken four bottles of it I considered myself completely cured.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. JANE S. DANE.

Such testimony as to the merit of a medicine, coming from a woman of Mrs. Dane's standing and character, ought to be of immense value to the sick and suffering. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has cured many cases of kidney disease and rheumatism that were given up by their attending physicians.

A very simple test to determine whether your Kidneys or Bladder are diseased is to put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a cloudy, ropy or stringy appearance, if it is pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that you are in a dangerous condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such serious symptoms as a pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it. Frequent desire to urinate especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey, wine or beer.

If you suffer from kidney or bladder trouble in any form, diabetes, Bright's disease, rheumatism, dyspepsia, eczema or any form of blood disease, or if a woman, from the sicknesses peculiar to your sex, and are not already convinced that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the medicine you need, you may have a trial bottle, absolutely free, with a valuable medical pamphlet, by sending your name, with post office address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Roudout, N. Y., mentioning this paper.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists at \$1.00 a bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00—less than one cent a dose.

Dr. David Kennedy's Magio Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eye. 25c

THE SUPREME ISSUES

Guthrie On the Interest of the Fireside In Honest Government.

In one of his speeches in Philadelphia, Mr. Guthrie, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, said:

There is no other part of the commonwealth where the wrongs of bad government fall so heavily as on the city. There is no possibility of growth and progress unless the resources of the city are husbanded and used for the benefit and good exclusively for the public good. Every dollar improperly diverted is money stolen from the man who labors in any station. A public franchise diverted to private profit is as though it were money stolen from the treasury.

The vices of ring rule are so many that I have not time to recount them here. The greatest wrongs committed by the machine are those against the sovereignty of the people. Your state is but the front yard of your homes, and your homes are your castles, at the firesides of which gather all that are nearest and dearest to you. If you would have the fireside safe you must have the front yard safe, too. The distinguished candidate for governor on the machine ticket says that the matters raised by us in this campaign are of small moment, narrow and here, that you should say that the sanctity of the fireside is a thing small and mean! The powers of the state government are those that come right to the fireside. These are not narrow and small and mean.

It is to the state you must look for your privileges, protection and safety. It is the state which gives us police protection. One might suppose from the remarks of the distinguished candidate that he does not think the duty of the police to be your protection, but the protection of dives and policy shops.

We have permitted the building up of a machine system more debasing and destructive to the liberties of our country than the African slavery. The machine sends men to the legislature who represent only fraudulent ballots, not the people. In the whole history of Republican government there has never been known a case where an office has been filched for an honest purpose.

The distinguished jurist says the government of our country is unwieldy fairly represents the virtue and intelligence of its people—that they who speak of its wrongs are slandering its fair name. Such a statement itself casts a stigma upon the people.

Some men may live in such a cloud of history, not even history, but just petty family incidents, that they lose all touch with things of the world. The men who live in the world know that these things of which we speak are known to the citizens of Pennsylvania. Let us free our state from this. We have the opportunity now. The people are aroused as they never have been before. Our state must be the home of freemen, worthy to be such.

Fame.

"When I grow up," remarked Bobby Toughmuscles, "I am going to be the people's choice."

"Pugilist or president?" asked Tommy Sharpboy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Every one should occasionally say "Whoa!" to himself. Because his friends do not say it does not indicate that he doesn't need it.—Aitchison Globe.

An orange tree in full bearing has been known to produce 15,000 oranges; a lemon tree, 6,000 lemons.

\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs.

John Mitchell in Colors.

With an army of 170,000 strong, earnest far-seeing men, John Mitchell has won a victory that ranks him among the greatest captains the world has known. All eyes are turned toward the hero of the hour. Millions of his fellow-Americans to whom his name has grown daily more familiar are asking one another, "What manner of man is this conqueror of trust monopoly—this organizer of victory?"

Yet so quiet and modest is John Mitchell that very few have been able to gratify their natural curiosity to know more about his personal appearance and private life.

The Philadelphia North American is going to satisfy the public by issuing with its Sunday edition a full page color portrait of the great leader as he is today.

Realizing that many readers will treasure his picture and desire to preserve it, the Philadelphia Sunday North American has decided to engrave it on heavy calendared paper suitable for framing.

With next Sunday's Philadelphia North American, among a service of other valuable features, this big picture of John Mitchell is to be issued.

In order to secure one of them you ought to notify your newsdealer well in advance.

Remember, the Philadelphia Sunday North American on October 26.

Tough Buckskin.

Everybody knows that the early pioneers and plainsmen wore clothes of buckskin. They did it not only because cloth was hard to get, but because buckskin, although soft and comfortable, will stand great wear and tear. One may be pardoned, however, if he doubts the story of the strength of buckskin told by one of a group of old settlers, who were discussing the degeneracy of the present age.

"I was breaking sod in northern Texas," he said, "with four yoke of oxen. Something frightened them, and we started on a dead run straight for a large scum-stump which was at least three feet in diameter.

"The plow struck it about in the center and split it wide open. I was still clinging to the handles of the plow, which went clean through the stump, dragging me after. The stump flew together again and caught me by the seat of my buckskin pants."

"What happened then?" asked one of the listeners.

"Well, sir, would you believe it? We pulled that stump out by the roots!"

The EGGS
which some coffee roasters use to glaze their coffee with—would you eat that kind of eggs? Then why drink them?
Lion Coffee
has no coating of storage eggs, glue, etc. It's coffee—pure, unadulterated, fresh, strong and of delightful flavor and aroma.
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For Health,
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For Business.

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Bicycle,
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A complete stock always on hand.
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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, Pottsville 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 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, 20 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEB, General Passenger Agent, 26 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 7:57 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifner for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:40 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 4:40 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.

PRINTING
Promptly Done at the Tribune Office.