

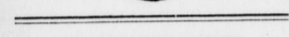
FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Spots on paint which cannot be stirred by soap and water will vanish beneath a rag dipped in washing soda or ammonia.

Bedclothes should often be exposed to the direct rays of the sun. It gives them a sweetening that is promotive of quiet rest and sleep.

It is said that two ounces of permanganate of potassium thrown into a cistern when the water has become foul will purify it completely.

Try renovating brass chandeliers which have become dirty and discolored by washing them with water in which onions have been boiled.

A good broom holder may be made by putting two long screws or nails into the wall about six feet from the ground. Drop the broom between them handle down.

Rugs, mats or carpets can be cleaned thoroughly by generously sprinkling on them yellow cornmeal that has been well dampened in clean soapuds or weak ammonia water. Sweep off in a few minutes.

To use oil of red cedar as a moth preventive pieces of cotton batting should be wet with the oil and placed in closets and drawn or tied in the mouths of bags holding garments or bedding.

Washing Valuable Rugs.
A writer in Good Housekeeping urges against the practice of putting valuable rugs on the line every two or three weeks and beating the dust and, one is almost tempted to say, the very life out of them. Perhaps this is not generally known: "When the surface becomes soiled, it can be washed with no fear of injuring the colors, since the majority of oriental rugs are washed repeatedly before reaching this country, and the dyes used are thereby mellowed and enriched. The best method of washing a large rug is to stretch and tack it upon a clean floor, then scour it well with soap suds. After the scouring it must be thoroughly rinsed to remove all trace of the animal matter in the soap, after which it should not be removed until it is perfectly dried. Then it will not shrink and will lie perfectly flat upon the floor. A small rug may be tacked upon the side of the house or barn, scoured as if on a floor and then rinsed with the hose."

Be Just With Children.
Be just with the children, and you will gain their respect. A broken will is about as useless as a shattered teacup, while a strong will trained to obey is the most valuable possession a child can have.

Never threaten unless you intend to perform, and don't scold. Explain briefly to the child why it is at fault, punish at once and forgive freely, never referring to the matter again.

A smart, light slap is the most effective argument to use with a child under three or four.

Except for cruelty or an exceptionally gross fault an older child should never be touched.

If a child is persistently fractious and unreasonably presumptuous it is ill and send it to bed and administer a dose of Florida powder.

Sitting on a chair may seem a ridiculously light punishment, but if punishment is rare even a slight one is effective.

An Afternoon Out.
The housekeeper who is without help is especially in need of rest and recreation. She should set apart an afternoon, preferably in the middle of the week, and on the same day each week, for if not definitely fixed it will too often be postponed. This leisure time should be spent in rest or recreation, duty for the moment laid aside. Of course when possible these afternoons should be literally "out" in the fresh air and sunshine. On stormy days or when she is very tired a long nap or an interesting novel may refresh or amuse the weary worker. A good story, read before an open fire, is always enjoyable. But when possible get away from home, for usually change is the best rest. Believe me, you will find this a wise plan. And make your "afternoon out" as long as you can.

Read - the - Tribune.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Liquid Layers.
Everybody knows that some liquids are lighter than others. But there is nothing like an actual experiment to illustrate this important principle of physics to boys and girls or to grown people either for that matter.

The experiment here described may be made by any careful young person, and it is well worth making, if only for the amusement it will afford. Get a tall wineglass and into it pour cold sweetened coffee to a depth of half an inch.

Then make a cone of writing paper with a very small opening at the lower end, and bend that end until it makes a right angle with the cone. Into the cone pour water very gently and carefully, so that it will pass out of the small end against the side of the glass and thence down on to the surface of the coffee.

Make another cone and through it pour a little clear wine, then through a fresh cone a little salad oil and through another fresh cone a little alcohol, making the depth of each liquid the same as that of the coffee and being careful to let them pour from the small end of the cone against the side of the glass and not directly down on the liquid already in the glass.

Thus you will have five layers of liquid in the glass—brown, white, red, yellow and white—and by pouring them carefully, as has been directed, they will remain separate from each other simply because their specific gravity is different.

A Loving Daughter.

It is told of Gustavus III. of Sweden that one day while hunting he got separated from his attendants. Passing a spring, he saw a little girl filling her pitcher. Being very thirsty after his hunt, he asked her for a draft of the cool water. She gave him the pitcher, with a smile, and the king took a long draft. Giving her back the pitcher, he asked who she was and where she lived. The little girl gave him very modest answers to all his questions, and he was so pleased with her behavior that he offered to provide for her at his court, telling her at the same time who he was. But she refused, thanking him for so splendid an offer, for she said she had a sick mother, who had no one else to look after her and work for her.

Gustavus asked if he might come and see the cottage where they lived, and the little maid led him to the wretched hut in which her mother lay. But the poor woman begged the king not to take away her only comfort—her little daughter. He was so struck with the child's devotion that when he went away, he gave the woman a purse full of gold, and a little while afterward he settled on her a comfortable pension, which was to be her daughter's after her death.—F. J. II. in Chatterbox.

The Timid Kitten.
There was a little kitten once
Who was of dogs afraid,
And, being by no means a dunce,
His plans he boldly made.

He said: "It's only on the land
That dogs run after me,
So I will buy a catboat, and
I'll sail away to sea.

"Out there from dogs I'll be secure,
And each night ere I sleep,
To make assurance doubly sure,
A dog watch I will keep."

A Clever Donkey.
A few mornings ago, after a night of severe wind and rain, a workman was aroused by a scraping sound at the door of his cottage. On looking out he found the noise was made by a strange donkey. He drove the animal away three times, but it returned each time and at last added to the previous noise a plaintive moaning, showing as plainly as it was able that he was to follow it down the road.

He did so, and on reaching a clump of thick brushwood he saw a little foal entangled, which he immediately released. The mother donkey showed the greatest delight, licking and fondling the little captive whom she had helped rescue so wonderfully.—Home Notes.

There Are No Cradles in Japan.
Japan does not know the cradle. As Diogenes made a cup of his hollow hand, thus the Japanese mother makes a cradle with the back of an older child, an ambulating, delightful cradle, where it stays from morning to night and is un rhythmically rocked, according to the chances and sports which the day offers to its patient and loving victim. Her own back of course is its first cradle.—Albert S. Ashmead, M. D., in Science.

The Rabbit's Anecdote.
"What is an anecdote?" asked the teacher.
"A short funny tale," answered Johnny.
"That's right," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, you may write a sentence on the blackboard containing the word."
Johnny hesitated a moment and then wrote, "A rabbit has four legs and one anecdote."

NEW SHORT STORIES

How Chamberlain Met Miss Endicott.

When Joseph Chamberlain came over to the United States, one of the objects of his visit was to find out what kind of a girl Miss Mary Endicott, his present wife, was. His son, Austin Chamberlain, had met her in Europe, fell very much in love with her and asked his father's consent to address her. The old gentleman was somewhat chary of American wives for English gentlemen.

Before giving his consent he concluded to meet the lady in person and investigate herself and family. A night or two after his arrival in this country there was a ball at the British embassy.

Mr. Endicott, then Mr. Cleveland's secretary of war, and his daughter were among the guests. Mr. Chamberlain particularly noticed a stately and beautiful girl whose unaffected dignity greatly pleased him. He asked to be presented. To his surprise and gratification he was introduced to Miss Endicott. During the entire evening he paid her assiduous attention. The next day he called at her father's residence. He soon became satisfied as to the social status of the Endicotts. He finally succumbed to the charm of the fair girl and instead of sanctioning Austin's suit addressed her himself and presented a handsome young stepmother instead of a prospective fiancée to the waiting young lover. Austin Chamberlain accepted the inevitable and is said to be respectfully devoted to his stepmother.—Philadelphia Press.

Not Such a Fool as He Looked.

An Englishman tells this story: "A young friend of mine charged with the repair of telegraph wires in the rear of Lord Roberts' army when the Boers were particularly active on the line of communication had one or two black 'boys' sick and decided to ask a Basuto chief who was in charge of some hundreds of his tribesmen re-



WE WANT TWO BOYS.
pairing the permanent way to supply others. The Basuto, with a billycock hat on his head, was sitting with his back against the corner of a truck smoking a short pipe. To him our engineer, speaking very loud and clear in words of one syllable, said, "We want two-boys—telegraphers," at the same time holding up two fingers and pointing with the other hand to certain 'boys' near. The Basuto swelled his pipe out of his mouth and slowly repeated the request, "You want two-boys, and—?" So our engineer friend said it all over again. The Basuto, without changing his expression in the least, replied in incisive and rapid parliamentary English: "I don't know how far my instructions authorize me to detach two boys from the repair of the permanent way to assist you in the telegraph department. However, I will stretch a point and do my best to accommodate you."

Why Mr. Healy Was Tired.

One day toward the close of a long sitting in the assize courts, when another case was called on, says Pearson's Weekly, the leading counsel rose and huskily requested that the cause might be postponed till the next morning. "On what ground?" asked the judge snappishly. "Me lud, I have been arguing a case all day in court B and am completely exhausted." "Very well," said the judge. "We'll take the next." Timothy Healy, K. C., M. P., rose and also pleaded for adjournment. "What! Are you exhausted, too?" said the judge, with a snap of the eyelids. "What have you been doing?" "Me lud," said the Irish wit in a wearied voice, "I have been listening to my learned brother."

A Question That Bored Her.

King Edward VII. when Prince of Wales was conversing with a pretty woman at an entertainment some years ago. "Be sure to tell me if I bore you," said the prince, and the lady loyally replied that it was her pleasure to be told when she was to go. They talked on for some minutes, and the lady spoke casually of something which had happened when she was ten years of age. "How long ago did you say it was?" asked the prince. "I am bored," replied the lady.

Condensed Advice.

Lewis Nixon relates a story of a fond parent who devoted much care and thought to teaching his young son the habit of punctuality and promptness. The father knows Thomas A. Edison and took his son to call upon the great electrician. Prior to the leave taking the father asked Mr. Edison to give a few words of advice to his son, and Mr. Edison replied, "My boy, never look at the clock."

AN ABDUCTION

A group of British officers were seated in the quarters of one of their number in the garrison at Calcutta. Chester Ashby, captain of dragoons, seemed the most deeply interested.

"It is certainly strange," observed a young lieutenant, "where Miss Blatchford could have disappeared to. That it is a case of abduction there is little doubt in my mind, but who is there who would dare to perpetrate such a crime?"

"I know not, Will," returned Ashby, "but as sure as there is a heaven above us I will find her. Gentlemen, she is my affianced bride."

As the young soldier crossed the parade ground a white robed dusky form followed closely behind him. When the two reached a spot where the light which streamed from the barrack windows did not penetrate, the native touched the European gently and whispered:

"Would Ashby sahlib find the lost maiden? If so, All can direct him to where she lingers."

"What! You!"

"Sahlib, she is even now a prisoner in the palace of the rajah of Judpore."

"What! In the power of that heathen prince! By my sword, I'll go to the order out my dragons and tear his glittering abode down about his ears."

"Stay, sahlib!" quickly rejoined the faithful servant. "If English soldiers were seen about the palace of the rajah, the feeble spark of life which still flutters in the bosom of the white maiden would die."

"What! Would the villain murder her?"

"Sahib, All has said the maiden would die and leave no trace of her death. Listen, sahlib. The slaves of the rajah are friends of All, and it is they who have told him of their master's captive. Would Ashby sahlib enter the palace of the rajah unaccompanied save by All?"

"Why does the light of the rajah's eyes weep? It should bring joy to the heart to be chosen one of so great a lord!" And a lovely Hindoo girl knelt at the feet of Agnes Blatchford, who was sobbing bitterly.

She offered no reply to the kindly meek speech of her companion. Presently the damask portiere at one end of the saloon was lifted, and the rajah himself entered.

"When will the light of my life cease weeping and when will a smile adorn the face of her who is loved by the rajah of Judpore?"

Agnes Blatchford sprang to her feet and, turning upon her persecutor, exclaimed, "Never, wretch, never, until she is restored to the home of her father."

The native prince might have made answer had it not been for the entrance of a sable Nubian, who, falling flat upon his face, begged forgiveness for the intrusion.

"Speak, slave. What would you at this time?"

"Most mighty and powerful rajah," said the black, "will it please the son of a king to look upon that which his servant has brought him?"

"The curiosity of the rajah is aroused. Let him see."

The Nubian arose and left the apartment, but reappeared in a moment, ushering in a closed palanquin, which was borne upon the shoulders of four blacks like himself.

A sardonic smile played about the lips of the rajah as he stepped forward to lift the rich curtain of the litter. The next moment he started back in horror, with his right hand clapping the hilt of his scimitar.

But before he could draw the blade the sword of Captain Ashby was at his throat.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the soldier. "Were you a Christian I would award you a moment to make your peace with the Almighty. But, infidel dog that you are, look your last upon things earthly, for your time has come!"

The rajah essayed to call for assistance, but the clasp died away on his lips, for his eyes fell upon a body of dragoons that were rapidly filling the apartments. Lieutenant Carleton sprang forward and struck up the blade of his captain.

"Your pardon, sir! Do not forget and overstep your authority. This rajah is a man in high position. The British government should deal with him."

"Lieutenant, I thank you," returned the captain, with more composure. "It was now that Captain Ashby first seemed to take notice of the girl whom he had rescued. Springing to her side, disregarding the presence of his soldiers, the captain clasped her in his arms.

The faithful Ali had, as he said, obtained the information as to the whereabouts of the young English girl from the servants of the native prince, who, without exception, hated the tyrannical despot. It was he who suggested to the captain to effect the rescue of Miss Blatchford by entering the abode in a palanquin, for he felt that if his master could reach the side of the young lady he could protect her from the fury of the rajah until his soldiers could gain an entrance and come to his support.

Today the happiest woman in India is the young wife of the captain of dragoons, while the rajah of Judpore has been deposed from his high rank and made to pay an enormous sum for his audacity in abducting from her home an English lady.

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Why Diseases Become Chronic.

Nerve Force Regarded by Scientists as More Important Than the Blood.

A \$4.00 TREATMENT FREE.

The blood was formerly regarded as the life-giving principle and to its condition was attributed all that there was of health or illness. Now, physiologists know that nerve force and vitality are the same, and that the constitution, good or bad, depends upon nerve force. Nerve force controls all motion, sensation, digestion and nutrition. An abundance of this subtle energy means health and vigor; a lack of it causes general debility, nervous prostration, premature decline, disease and death.

Nerve force is chiefly generated in the brain, and therefore in the treatment of all lingering diseases the condition of the brain centers should be carefully considered and treated. One great cause of diseases becoming chronic is that physicians overlook the fact that deficiency of nerve force is the chief cause of most diseases. Nervous prostration is due to lack of nerve force.

Dr. Miles' Neuropathic Treatments strengthen and invigorate the nerve centers. They are the result of twenty-five years' careful study, extensive research and remarkable success. They build up the system by increasing nerve force, and have won for Dr. Miles the thanks of thousands of sufferers.

Mrs. A. Kroeck of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed; Mrs. Flora Grosz of Bristolville, O., after twenty-two; Jos. H. White, the noted actor, after a severe fall pronounced him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mrs. Julius Koester of Chicago, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker after sixteen failed.

The treatments are not generally advertised, but every chronic sufferer is invited to write for Dr. Miles free book and Examination Chart, \$4.00 worth of treatment especially prepared for each case will be sent free as a trial.

Address, Dr. Frank Miles, 203 to 211 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Freeland Tribune in Your Reply.

Dining Room Rugs.

One of the artistic home decorators' unwritten laws is always to have one center rug in the dining room, large enough to hold the chairs comfortably when people are seated at the table. A number of small rugs dispersed at intervals may be permissible in other rooms, but not in the dining room. Brass nails and sockets now come for fastening rugs to the floor, and these are often used. Strips of lead fastened in an invisible facing underneath is another way of preventing rugs from curling up or slipping on a polished floor.

How Rival Lines View New Records.

When the Grosse Kaiser broke the record some time ago, a director of the Hamburg-American line was asked what he was going to do about it. "Build a new ship," was the quiet reply. Apparently the four odd millions of dollars involved was only a detail. A new ship was built, the Deutschland.—World's Work.

Laying a Desert Cable.

The French government is to plow a furrow 1,500 miles long across the north African desert, from Tunis to Lake Tchad, and lay a cable in it, both to be done at one operation. The plow, drawn by an engine and moving a mile an hour, will open a furrow thirty inches deep and lay the cable in the bottom.

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DR. DAVID FREE
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REMEDY
Favorite Remedy.
If you suffer with bladder, kidney, liver or blood troubles, you may have a simple bottle of Dr. David Free's Remedy this paper and address Dr. David Free, Corporation, London, N. Y.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.	
November 16, 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 Scranton, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Delano and Pottsville.
9 58 a m	for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
11 32 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, and Pottsville.
1 14 a m	for White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
4 44 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, and Pottsville.
6 33 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 32 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, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
4 44 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 33 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.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.	
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Keeley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Boat and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a.m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a.m., 8:38 p.m. daily.	
Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Newwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a.m. daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a.m., 8:38 p.m. daily.	
Trains leave Drifton for Tombleton, Cranberry, Hazelwood, Hazleton Junction and Boat at 6:00 p.m. daily except Sunday; and 3:37 p.m., 6:07 p.m. daily.	
Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Keeley, Jeddo and Drifton at 6:29 p.m. daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a.m., 3:44 p.m. daily.	
Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Keeley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:49 p.m. daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a.m., 5:40 p.m. daily.	
All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Leesville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.	

Advertising Pays.

A department store in New York announced in the newspapers of the city one day that it would give a stickpin with the class number on it to the children in every grade in the public schools if each child would mail a postal card asking for it. One hundred and sixty-five thousand postal cards were received in response to the advertisement, which seems to indicate, among other things, that when something is offered for nothing there is no lack of people ready to accept it. Incidentally, also, it suggests that advertisements are read, and that in turn suggests that advertising pays.

Mechanical Scarecrow.

The latest agricultural "labor saver," though humble in its way, is most useful as removing a cause of danger. It is an automatic safety gun for bird scaring. Not only now are the crow boys most difficult to procure, but the "boy with the gun" is not always free from danger either to himself or others. The new machine fires at times as fixed by the farmer, it fires safely and takes loud detonating cartridges.