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The outlook for those who will be
compelled to spend the winter in Nome
is not pleasant. Wages are low, food
is dear, and there are not enough sub-
stantial houses to shelter one-third of
the population. It will certainly be
a winter of discontent, if not one of
actual suffering and death for those
who are unable to reach a better cli-
mate.

The Washington Star says that the
fact that our language is spreading
over the world at an amazing rate
emphasizes regret for its numberless
defects and increases the desire for
needed reforms. One of the worst de-
fects is that we have many words
which, while differing in orthography
and meaning, are alike in sound. For
example, "rowed," "rode," "road,"
"write," "rite," "right," "wright." Is
it not surprising that foreigners some-
times acquire a pretty good knowledge
of English?

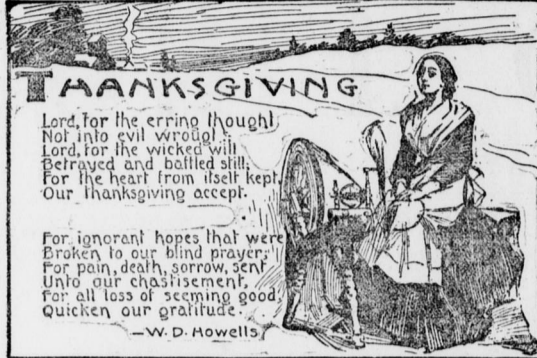
The New York Herald has lately
compiled a list of 3828 millionaires in
the United States—that is, one person
out of every 20,000. And the estimate
is that eighty-seven per cent. of them
made their own fortunes; that only
thirteen per cent. of them received
large fortunes by inheritance; that the
same number became rich from the
increased value of real estate; that
nearly twenty per cent. made fortunes
as manufacturers, sixteen per cent. as
merchants, twelve per cent. by trans-
portation and ten per cent. by banking.

The belief entertained by many per-
sons that arsenic is used in dangerous
quantities in the coloring of dress
goods and wall paper, is not well
founded, according to the Massachu-
setts Board of Health. The Bay State
has a stringent law on the subject,
providing that there shall not be in
dress goods or other articles of dress
more than one one-hundredth of a
grain to the square yard, or in other
materials or articles more than one-
tenth of a grain to the square yard.
The board, after an investigation,
finds little if any ground for invoking
the power of this law, only one piece
of cloth being found to contain more
than the statutory allowance of ar-
senic. As compared with conditions
existing ten years ago, there is very
little complaint regarding the use of
arsenic in dyeing or in coloring wall
paper.

THE WORKING OF FATE.

How it Affected the Careers of Mc-
Kinley and Roosevelt.

Fate is peculiar. It knows better
than we do what is best for us. It
fixes our destiny without our knowl-
edge, and often against our will, says
Leslie's Weekly. William McKinley's
most vigorous battle was his contest
for the speakership with Thomas B.
Reed, in 1890, which Reed won. Ac-
cording to custom, Mr. Reed made his
distinguished opponent chairman of
the ways and means committee, and
thus it was that the protective tariff
measure drafted by that committee,
largely through the influence of Mr.
McKinley, came to be popularly known
as "the McKinley bill." This made
McKinley the champion of the work-
ing masses, the candidate of his party
for president, and finally gave him a
triumphant election and re-election for
the office of chief magistrate. At the
Republican national convention at
Philadelphia, a little over a year ago,
the party leaders of New York insisted
that Governor Roosevelt must accept
the tender of the vice presidency. He
resolutely declined, insisting that he
was entitled to re-election to the gov-
ernorship. The party leaders of New
York, aided by those of Pennsylvania
and several other states, forced the
nomination of Roosevelt, and then
compelled his reluctant acceptance.
Scarcely six months have elapsed since
his inauguration, and he is now the
president of the United States, with
nearly a full term to serve. This is
destiny, and who shall say that the
Fates are always unkind?



Lord, for the erring thought,
Not for the wicked will,
Betrayed and baffled still,
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayers,
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement,
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

—W. D. Howells

Mrs. Garth, too, felt uncommonly
cheerful, and flew around next day,
with her cap-border flying with her,
from stuffing turkeys to making mince
pies and cranberry jelly, and all the
good things she was famous for.

Mary, too, had caught the infection,
and seemed inspired with her moth-
er's zeal in cooking. They did not
stop a minute till tea-time came, and
then Mrs. Garth, leaning back in her
chair, and fanning herself with a
newspaper while she sipped her tea,
said:

"Well, I'm almost beat out, and am
glad to have a restin' spell. Do you
know, father, it's been runnin' in my
bones all day that Luke's a-comin' home?"

"I believe he is, wife," said Mr.
Garth, his countenance lighting up
with the thought. "Well, we've killed

the fatted calf, whether he comes
or not. I hope it won't storm so as to
hinder John from gettin' here; but, la!
he'd come, rain or shine."

There were three silent prayers for
absent Luke Garth, offered that night;
and all the next morning there were
three pairs of eyes keeping a watch
for him, but he came not.

The oldest son came early, with his
family with him; the great dinner was
set on the stove, and the Garths went
to hear the Thanksgiving sermon.

In half an hour after they got home,
the brown fowls were smoking on the
table, and the little ones chattering
gaily in anticipation of coveted wish-
bones.

"Poor Luke!" said Mrs. Garth. "I
wish he was here to eat some of his
favorite chicken pie."

"I'll take a piece, mother!"
They all screamed and looked to-
ward the door, and there stood the
wanderer.

With five or six pairs of arms
around his neck, and the children
shouting and baby crying, Luke Garth
felt he was, indeed, welcome.

When at last they released him, and
after wiping their eyes, crowded
around him to get a good look, they
saw how much older and handsomer
he had grown.

"Now, my son," sobbed Mrs. Garth,
"tell us all about where you've been."
"I'm afraid the dinner will get cold,
mother; so, if you please, we'll eat and
talk together."

So the tale was told how, after be-
ing forbidden again and again to
think of entertaining his desire to go
to sea, Luke ran off and shipped in
the navy. He had just got back, with
six hundred and forty-three dollars
prize money, and felt like a rich man.

"But above all, mother, I'm heartily
grateful to be restored to you and
father, and my happy home, once
more, and never again will I leave it."
"Amen!" said Mr. Garth; and they
all echoed it; and spent a happy day
and lifetime together.

The Explanation.
During last Thanksgiving week, a
poultryman of the Northwest sent
several barrels of fat, dressed turkeys
to a certain commission merchant,
who is an extremely "close buyer,"
and never fails when he receives a
consignment to claim an allowance for
something alleged to have spoiled on
the way. Heretofore, he had dealt
exclusively in live fowls, and probably
the correspondence clerk got things

mixed. At any rate, the shipper was
astonished to receive a letter by re-
turn mail, running about as follows:
"Dear Sir—We regret to advise you
that four of the turkeys in your con-
signment of November reached here
dead. Please make deduction for
same, and return correct amount.
Yours truly," The poultryman com-
menced with himself and replied thus:
"Dear Sir—I am sorry to say that I
find it impossible to make concession
requested. I have established a rule
requiring all customers who desire
live dressed turkeys to notify us in
advance, so we can send them in
heated cars. Turkeys without feath-
ers and insides are liable to catch cold
if shipped in the ordinary manner.
The mortality among dressed turkeys
was very large this year. Yours
mournfully,—Argonaut.

Turkeyless.
It was the morning after Thank-
sgiving.
Laughing gaily, "swapping" nuts
and raisins saved from the dinners of
the day before, the merry children
romped into school and took their seats
at the sound of the bell.

"And now, children," said the sweet-
faced teacher, "who had turkey for
their Thanksgiving dinners?"
"I! I! Me! Me! I did, teacher!"
came the shrill replies from scores
of little throats.

But one little boy sat silent.
Little Johnny Jones, for it was he,
sat silent.
He had had no turkey for his
Thanksgiving dinner.

Seeing him, the kind teacher called
him to her desk.
"Poor little Johnny!" she said.
"And so you had no turkey?"
"Naw," was his reply, "nuthin' but

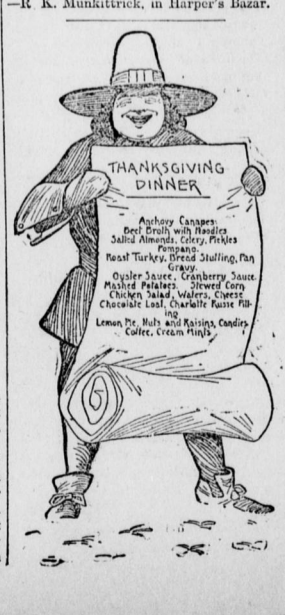


two ducks, a goose, an' suckling-pig
roasted!"—Harper's Bazar.

Thanksgivings.
The black bough moans,
And wails and groans,
And sobs a song of pain;
The buckley beams,
And gaily gleams,
And hums a glad refrain;
No bird about the window darts,
And dinary is the meadow way,
But spring smiles blithely in our hearts,
And gilds the blue Thanksgiving Day.

The wild wind whirrs
The leaf that curls
Frost jewelled in the cold,
But all aglow
Love's roses blow
In fancy's field of gold.
When thoughts like bees on happy wings
Through twinkling meads to Nowhere
stray,
While on the hearth the cricket sings
And cheers the still Thanksgiving Day.

Then let Grief stalk
The leaf-strewn walk
In gloom from all apart—
In gloom that makes
The light that wakes
Within both house and heart.
The joy that round the festal board
Blooms brightly, and transmutes the
gray
Into the gold we cannot hoard—
The sunshine of Thanksgiving Day.
—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Bazar.



A Tragedy.
"You fellows are foolish," said the
Smart Turkey. "I shant eat a
thing from now till Thanksgiving."

"Getting fat, ain't you? Well, you'll
be killed for that."

But his cleverness availed not, for he
starved to death.

Thanksgiving Amusements.
A friend of mine who has a genius
for thinking up pretty ideas of enter-
taining has planned such a charming
surprise for her family party. She has
been obliged to take some of the
young people into her confidence, but
none of the older relatives will be let
into the secret. She has an ordinary
city house, with the dining-room di-
vided by portieres from the parlor,
and, after dinner is over, it will natu-
rally happen that the portieres will be
cleared; none will suspect what a
hurry and scurry is going on behind
the curtains, and it won't be long be-
fore at a signal they are pulled back
and an impromptu stage is seen.

A series of tableaux will now take
place, each representing some scene
that has happened in the life of some
one present. Children will be able to
represent their parents, and a pretty
picture may be made of a mother's
and father's first meeting by their
son and daughter. A marriage in the
family may be reproduced; a parting
and a reunion, and other events
which have been epoch-making to
those who took part in them. I am
sure this entertainment will be the most
delightful surprise to the on-lookers;
and what a quaint idea it is.—Anna
W. Sears, in Harper's Bazar.

After the Dinner.
How little Johnny felt Thank-
sgiving evening.—New York World.

Endeared by Home Traditions.
Thanksgiving Day is yearly declared
by a solemn proclamation of the Presi-
dent and the various Governors of the
States, which is addressed to all
churches. The descendants of the
pilgrims and the Puritans both cele-
brate Thanksgiving Day. It is en-
deared more and more each year by
home traditions. It has become the
one festival of the year in many New
England families, when those that
have been separated meet again un-
der the old roof-tree.

The Oldest Holiday.
Thanksgiving time brings the one
holiday with which all residents of
New England have childish recollec-
tions and reminiscences probably full
of pleasure. Every minister who had
been in the profession long enough to
have a barrel of sermons, had a spe-
cial layer of Thanksgiving discourses,
and the family that failed to "keep
Thanksgiving" was looked upon as
fitted for particular remonstrance
from neighbors and friends.

Democratic in Character.
It is because it is a family festival
and because of the Democratic char-
acter of Thanksgiving Day, that it
has survived, to be celebrated in much
the same spirit which characterized
the day at the beginning of the cen-
tury.

Germany Laggard in Public Hygiene.
In a recent lecture at Hamburg, Dr.
Bonne lamented the fact that in mat-
ters of hygiene Germany was still sev-
eral decades behind England. In the
years 1840-1880 England converted
rivers into sewers, and then began to
change them back into rivers at great
cost. Germany is still doing what Eng-
land did until 20 years ago.

LETTERS.
Each reputed man of letters has his circle
Of halo-poishers, whose obsequious ways
Suggest the letters of the combination—
A big "I," and a bunch of little "Jays."
—Life.

HUMOROUS.
Schoolmaster—Now Rogers, what are
you doing? Learning something? Rog-
ers—No, sir; I'm listening to you, sir.
Mother (drilling Teddy for his first
party)—And now, darling, what is a
greedy boy? Teddy—A boy who wants
everything I want.

Sillius—There is nothing like a
friend in need. Cynicus—Hum. That
depends largely upon whether you are
in need, or your friend.

"This is dreadful. A man out hunt-
ing shot his wife," announced Mrs.
Penneck. "I wonder how it could
have happened." "He mistook her for
a deer."

"That mob scene was handled with
splendid effect," said the critic. "Oh,
yes," replied the manager. "You see
we hire the villain's creditors to go
on in that scene."

Blotbs—I hate him. I hate him with
a hatred that is beyond expression.
Siobbs—I suppose you feel as though
you would like to be his dentist for
about 15 minutes.

The Bachelor—But you should re-
member the old maxim. "Marry in
haste and repent at leisure." The Bene-
dict—Oh, a man doesn't have any
leisure when he's married.

"If you intend to dine on us," que-
ried the captured mariner, "why did
you greet us with a fusillade?" "Be-
cause we always pepper our food before
eating it," grinned the cannibal.

The undertaker and the dyer met in
a narrow passageway. "You first,"
said the dyer, politely. "After you,"
replied the undertaker, not wishing to
be outdone in the matter of courtesy.

Hoax—I thought he was very chari-
table. Joax—What made you think
that? Hoax—Why, he says he always
remembers the poor. Joax—Of course,
but it's merely a matter of memory
and no more.

He had gone to ask her father for
her hand in marriage. "Well, sir,
what is it?" snapped out the old man.
"Remember, I am a man of few
words." "I don't care if you're a man
of only one word, if it's the right one,"
replied the suitor. He got the girl.

"That young man of yours," said
the observing parent, as his daughter
came down to breakfast, "should apply
for a job in a curiosity show." "Why,
father," exclaimed the young lady in
astonishment, "what do you
mean?" "I noticed when I passed
through the hall late last night," an-
swered the parent, "that he was
beating upon his shoulders."

NO MEANS OF IDENTIFYING HIM.
Articles Found in the President's Pock-
ets of Assassination.

The president's clothes, which were
removed at the Exposition hospital,
were sent to the Milburn residence,
where the pockets were emptied. In
his right-hand trousers pocket was
\$1.80 in currency. With these coins
was a small silver nugget, well worn,
as if the president had carried it for
a pocket piece for a long time. Three
small penknives, pearl handled, were in
the pockets of his trousers. Evidently
they were gifts that he prized and was
in the habit of carrying all three of
them. They were simple knives, with
no ornamentation. Another battered
coin, presumably a pocket piece, was
in the left hand pocket.

The president's wallet is a well worn
black leather one, about four inches by
five and a half inches in size. It was
not marked with his name or other
identification. In this wallet were some
bills, amounting to \$45. A number of
cards, which evidently had rested in
the wallet for some time, were in one
of the compartments. They were not
examined.

In a vest pocket was a silver shell
lead pencil. Three cigars were found.
They were not the black perfectos
which the president likes, but a short
size, and were recognized as some that
had been given to him at Niagara
Falls that day. On two of them he had
chewed, much as General Grant used
a cigar. The other he had not touched.
The president's watch was an open
faced gold case American made time-
keeper. Attached to it was the gold
chain which the president always wore.
No letters, telegrams or papers were
found. There was not on the presi-
dent's person a single clew to his iden-
tity, unless it was to be found in the
cards in his wallet.—Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

Morphine Habit Growing in England.
Even the Arab does not lie so per-
sistently as does the morphia victim.
All sense of honor deserts her. Where-
as, perhaps, formerly she was scrupu-
lous in money matters, she rapidly be-
comes little less than a thief. If she
is hard up, in order to buy drugs she
will invent the most elaborate and
plausible stories, and screw money out
of the unsuspecting. There is no doubt
whatever that drug taking is enormo-
usly on the increase. No one who
has ever witnessed the rapid deteriora-
tion, both in appearance and in char-
acter, which inevitably follows from it
can hesitate to call it one of the most
frightful curses of modern days.—The
queen.