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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., NOVEMBER 24, 1902.



Great Britain is still the greatest tea drinking country. The consumption is five pounds per head of the population. In Switzerland it is estimated at one and a half pounds per head and in the United States about one pound per head.

Practical measures are now in progress with a view to exploiting the various coalfields existing in Egypt and elsewhere on the direct eastern route. The Egyptian government has granted concessions for this purpose to Edward Nichols, an Englishman.

Siberian merchants are loudly complaining that Manchuria and parts in Siberia are flooded with American, German, Japanese and other foreign goods and that Russian trade is disappearing. Energetic measures are demanded, particularly a frontier guard sufficient to prevent smuggling.

A newspaper in Norway recently contained the following advertisement: "I, the undersigned, declare that, through a regrettable mistake, I circulated the rumor that the coffee house keeper, Jorgen Henriksen, had drunk a glass of beer. I humbly apologize to Mr. Henriksen for this unfounded imputation. Olaf P. Laen."

A child discovered wandering in the streets of Paris recently was found to have had her finger nails torn out. Upon being questioned he said that this was done by his parents. The parents were found and arrested. They were habitual drunkards, both of them, and admitted that they had "punished" the lad because he would not go out and beg for them.

The octopus system of typographic telegraphy invented by the late Professor Rowland of Johns Hopkins university will enable 18,000 words per hour to be sent over a single wire by twenty operators. This system is now being tested by the general telegraphic department of Germany. The Hughes system, which has the widest use, can handle but 2,200 words per hour.

**PLAYS AND PLAYERS.**

Joseph Kilgour has replaced Aubrey Boucault in "Hearts Aflame."

Wilson Barrett is back again in London from Australia and has a new play.

Rose Coghlan is soon to appear as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mr. F. Anstey has been making a play out of his funny story, "Lyre and Lancelot."

It is said that Sir Charles Wyndham intends to revive "Rosemary" for his first appearance in London this season. J. S. Hiller, a well known chef d'orchestre, has composed an opera called "Daphne." S. B. Cassin has written the text.

George Ober has been engaged by D. W. Truss to create the part of Simon Bassett in the production of "Jerome: a Poor Man."

Henry W. Savage has accepted a new opera from Henry W. Blossom, Jr., and Alfred G. Robyn, which he will produce late this season.

**To Retire Permanently.**

From the Lehigh Advocate.  
R. L. Sweeney, whose store in town was closed by the sheriff a few weeks ago, has been adjudicated a bankrupt. He intends to let the goods be sold by a trustee to be appointed by the creditors and will permanently retire from business. Mr. Sweeney will locate at Jeddo to accept a position with his brother, Harry, who is chief book-keeper and paymaster for Coxo Bros. & Co. The trustee to dispose of Mr. Sweeney's stock will be selected by the creditors at a meeting on December 1.

Vito Cowell, an Italian employed on the Lehigh Valley work train, was struck at Hazleton shops Saturday morning. He stepped from the work train in the way of a coal train. His back and neck were broken and death was instantaneous. The unfortunate man has a wife and three children in the old country.

Ice cream—all flavors—at Merkt's.

Read - the - Tribune.

**The Man Who Made a Man**

By HARLE OREN CUMMINS.  
Copyright, by H. O. Cummins

When Professor Aloysius Holbrook resigned his chair as head of the department of synthetic chemistry in a famous American college, his friends wondered, for they well knew that his greatest pleasure in life lay in original chemical investigations. When two weeks later the papers stated that the learned chemist had been taken to the Rathburn Asylum for the Insane, wonder changed to inordinate curiosity.

Although nothing definite was published in the papers, there were hints of strange things which had taken place in the private laboratory on Brimmer street, and before long a story was current that as a result of dabbling in the mysteries of psychology a man had been killed while undergoing one of Professor Holbrook's experiments.

It is to clear up this mystery and to refute the charges of murder that I, who served for ten years as his assistant, am about to write this account, which, to the best of my knowledge and belief, contains the facts of the case.

I had noticed for the year previous that Professor Holbrook was much preoccupied, but I knew that he was working over some new experiment. Many times when I came to his door at 5 o'clock to clean up as usual for the next day I found a notice pinned on the door telling me that he was in the midst of important work and would not need me again that day. I thought nothing about it at the time, for when he was experimenting with Dr. Bicknell, performing operations with hypnosis instead of anesthetics, there were weeks at a time when I was not allowed even a glimpse of the inside of the laboratories. One day, however, as I came in to report the professor called me aside and told me that he wanted to have a talk with me.

"You know, Frederick," he began, "that I have been working and experimenting for a long time on a new problem, and I have not told you or any one else the object of my toil. But now I have come to a point where I must take some one into my confidence. I need an assistant, and I know of no one I can trust more than you, who have been with me now for nearly a dozen years."

I was naturally flattered. "Frederick," he continued, rising and placing his hand on my shoulder, "this experiment is the greatest one of my life. I am going to do what has never before been done in the history of the world except by God himself. I shall make a man!"

I did not realize at first what he meant. I was startled not only by his wild statement, but also by the intense tone in which he had spoken.

"You do not understand," he said. "But let me explain. You know enough chemistry to realize that all things—water, air, food, everything which we use in everyday life—are merely combinations of certain simple elements. As you have seen me by means of an electric current decompose a jar of pure water into its two component parts, two molecules of hydrogen to every molecule of oxygen, so you can bring these same elements together in the gaseous state, and if the correct proportions are observed when an electric spark or a flame is brought into contact with the mixture you will obtain again the liquid water. This is only a simple case, but the chemical laws which govern it hold equally well for every known substance found in nature. There are only about seventy-five known elements, and of these less than thirty compose the majority of the things found in everyday life.

"During the last six months I have been working with these elements, making different substances. I have taken a piece of wood, decomposed it with acids, analyzed it quantitatively and qualitatively, finding the proportions in which its elements were combined. Then I have taken similar elements, brought them together in the same proportion, and I have produced a piece of wood so natural you would have sworn it grew upon a tree.

"I have been analyzing and then making again every common thing which you see in nature, but I was only practicing. I have had an end in view. Finally I took a human body which I obtained from Dr. Bicknell at the medical college, and I analyzed the flesh, the bones, the blood—in short, every part of it. What did I find? Of that body, weighing 165 pounds, 100 pounds were nothing but water, pure water, such as you may draw at the tap over yonder, and the blood which in the man's life had gone coursing through his veins, bringing nourishment to every part—what was that? Nothing but a serum filled with little cellular red corpuscles, which in their turn were only combinations of carbon, oxygen, sulphur and a few other simple elements.

"I have taken the sternum bone from a dead man's chest, analyzed it, then brought together similar elements, placed them in a mold, and I have produced a bone which was just as real as the one with which I started. There were only two things in nature I could not reproduce. One was starch, that substance whose analysis has defied chemists of all ages; the other was the flesh. Though I have analyzed bits of it carefully, when I have brought together again those elementary parts the flesh would not form.

"Chemists all over the world have been able to resolve the flesh into proteins, the awesome proteins, as they

are called. They form the principal solids of the muscular, nervous and glandular tissues, the serum of the blood and of lymph, but no man on earth except myself has ever been able to create a protein. They have missed the whole secret because they have been working at ordinary temperatures. Just as the drop of water will not form from its two gases at 4,500 degrees F. or at its own lower explosion temperature unless the spark be added, so will protoplasm not form except under certain electric and thermal conditions.

"For the last two months I have been working on these lines alone, varying my temperatures from the extreme cold produced by liquid air to the intense heat of the compound blow-pipe, and I have been repaid. A fortnight ago I discovered how it was that I had erred, and since then I have succeeded in everything I have tried. I have formed the proteins, the fats and the carbohydrates which go to make up protoplasm, and with these for my solid foundations I have made every minute and complicated organ of the body. I have done more than that—I have put those component parts together, and now behold what I have made!"

He lifted a sheet, which was thrown over a heap of something on the table, and I started back with a strange mixture of awe and horror, for stretched out on that marble slab lay a naked body, which, if it had never been a man, living and breathing as I lived and breathed, then I would have sworn I dreamed.

The thoughts which began to come into my mind probably showed in my face, for the professor said: "You doubt? You think that I have lost my reason and this thing is some man that I have killed. Well, I do not blame you. A year ago I myself would have scoffed at the very idea of creating such a man. But you shall see, you shall be convinced, for in the next part of the experiment I must have your help. I will show you how I have made this man or I will make another before your eyes. Then you and I, we will go further; we will do what no one but God has ever done before—we will make that inert mass a living man."

The horror of the thing began to leave me, for I was fascinated by what he said, and I began to feel the same spirit with which he was inspired.

He took me into his private laboratory, and before my eyes, with only the contents of a few reagent bottles, a blow-pipe and an electric battery, he made a mass of human flesh. I will not give you the formula, neither will I tell you in detail how it was done. God forbid that any other man should see what I saw afterward.

"Now all that remains is the final experiment, and that with your help I propose doing tonight," said the professor. "What we have to do is as much of a riddle to me as it is to you. It is purely and simply an experiment. I am going to pass through that lifeless clay the same current of electricity which if sent through a living man would produce death. Of course, with a man who had died from the giving out of some vital function I could not hope to succeed, but the organs of this man which I have made are in a perfectly healthy condition. It is my hope, therefore, that the current which would destroy a living man will bring this thing to life."

We bore that naked body, not a corpse and yet so terribly life, into the electric laboratory and laid it on a slab of slate. Just at the base of its brain we scraped a little bare spot not larger than a pea, and, as I live, a drop of blood oozed out. On the right wrist just over the pulse we made another abrasion, and to these spots we brought the positive and negative wires from off the mains of the street current outside.

I held the two bare, uninsulated bits of copper close to the flesh. Professor Holbrook switched into circuit 2,000 volts of electricity, and then before our startling eyes that thing which was only a mass of chemical compounds became a man.

A convulsive twitching brought the body almost into a sitting position; then the mouth opened, and there burst forth from the lips a groan.

I have been in the midst of battles, and I have seen men dying all around me, torn to ribbons by shot and shell, and I have not flinched; but when I tore the wires from that writhing, groaning shape and saw its chest begin to heave with spasmodic breathing I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was lying half across the slab of slate, and the room was filled with a sickening stench, an odor of burning flesh. I looked for the writhing form which I had last seen on the table, but those wires, with their deadly current, which I tried to tear away as I fainted, must have been directed back by a higher hand, for there only remained on the slab a charred and cinderlike mass.

And the man who had made a man could not explain, for he was crawling about on the floor counting the nails in the boards and laughing wildly.

**Products From Bones.**

The economy which is practiced in the average boarding house has become proverbial, but it is extravagance to the standard of economy practiced at a "bone mill." The chief product from bones is glue, and among other materials which are obtained from them are soap, glycerin and fertilizers. Nothing is wasted. Even the most economical boarding house has a few parings and husks to throw away. There are no parings and husks in the disposition of the bones.

**Ambitions.**

"I have no room for you at my office, my boy."  
"Don't yer want somebody dere when yer goes on yer vacation?"—New York Journal.



**A PAPER DOLL'S HOUSE.**

Try Making One by Pasting It in a Big Scrapbook.

The nicest way to make a house for paper dolls is to get a big scrapbook and paste it in. That sounds funny, doesn't it? But it really is very simple.

Just go to some of the furniture shops and ask the salesman to give you a catalogue. They always have some old ones that are not wanted. Then buy some pinwheel paper—the kind that sells for a cent a sheet. Have several sheets, some plain and some with patterns. Now you are ready to begin, and it's lots of fun. The first two pages, as the book lies open before you, are to be the hall. Look in your catalogue and find two tall backed hall chairs and a hallrack. Cut them out neatly. Choose the dark red pinwheel paper for carpet and paste it across the lower part of two pages, in a strip five inches wide.

Paste in your chairs, with the hall-rack between them, on the left hand page. You can cut doors out of the page on the right hand side that will lead into a drawing room on the next two pages. Make portieres of dark red tissue paper and paste across the door. You will be able to get all sorts of things to furnish the house with from the different catalogues and even ornaments like lamps from shops where they sell them and are likely to have the catalogues. At a piano manufacturer you can obtain a catalogue from which you can cut any style of piano that you prefer for your parlor.

Choose a light colored carpet for your parlor floor. It is better to have odd pieces of furniture in this room than the stiff looking parlor suits. Find a pretty divan, several odd chairs and a dainty desk (you will have to get a catalogue of ladies' desks in order to secure it). Look in some of the advertisements of the newspapers and cut out pictures of jardiniere (you might have several of those in your parlor). If you like, you can fashion a mantel-piece between the windows. Cut it out of the pinwheel paper, oak or cherry color, and make the grate of narrow strips of black paper, which you paste at either end, leaving room enough to stick crumpled bits of red and gilt paper inside of it to look like fire.

Some catalogues have tall pier mirrors, if you prefer one of those to fill the space between the parlor windows. Windows in the bedrooms may be cut out and curtains of white tissue paper pasted over them. These may be tied back with narrow strips of blue pinwheel paper. Bedsteads may be cut from catalogues and also lace spreads and pillowshams. One gets these catalogues from the linen shops or any of the wholesale "motion" houses on lower Broadway. If you can't get the bedsteads, you can make them out of white tissue. Leave a space underneath them, so that you can slip the paper dolls "under the covers" when you put them to bed.

Cut the pillows out of white tissue paper, tiny squares, underneath each of which you may place a small bit of "cotton batting," if you want to make them look "comfy."

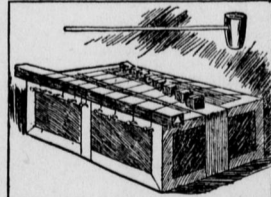
You must have a washstand in the bedroom, although if you want to have a very up to date apartment you might cut a door out of the page that will lead into a smart bathroom. Get a catalogue containing bathtubs and all the pretty fittings that go into the bathrooms nowadays.

Then go to some wall paper shop and ask them to give you a small piece of the tiled paper that is used on bathroom walls.

It is a pretty notion to have each bedroom a different color—that is, have a blue room and a pink room and a violet room, or a dainty green room would be pretty.—New York Herald.

**How to Make a Xylophone.**

To build our little musical instrument we need a common but clean cigar box. We insert little tacks in both length sides at even distances, as



shown in the illustration. Span thin wire from tack to tack across the top of the cigar box and push a sharp cornered, smooth piece of wood under the wires to the left of the top. To get the correct scale we push small squares of wood under each wire and move them to and fro until the harmony is reached. All we need now are two thin strips of wood, with a cork on one of the ends, to be used as a hammer, and after a little practice we can show, so we hope, very satisfactory results.

**Ethel's Per Cent.**  
"I am of Scotch per cent," said little Ethel in school. Her mamma had told her that she was of Scotch descent.

**Perhaps You've Met Him.**  
There's a little boy I know  
Who never seems to go  
Downstairs in just the regulation way;  
He will roll or slide or crawl,  
Go backward, jump or fall,  
But walk? Oh, no! Not once the livelong day.  
—E. L. Sylvester in St. Nicholas For October.



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Mr. H. S. Ketcher, of 350 M. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, testifies that Dr. Miles cured him after ten able physicians had failed. Mrs. R. Trimmer, of Greenspring, Pa., was cured after many physicians had pronounced her case "hopeless."

All afflicted readers may have \$4.00 worth of treatment especially adapted to their case, free, we would advise them to send for it at once.

Address, Dr. Franklin Miles, 203 to 211 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mention Freeland Tribune in Your Reply.

**Damaged by Dynamite.**

The homes of August Portland, Mrs. Sarah Crawshaw and William G. Lewis, Mahanoy City, were dynamited at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. The dynamite, believed to have been at least forty pounds, was exploded in the Portland property, which is a saloon and Tyrolese boarding house, near the front entrance to the bar.

The explosion ripped up the floor, shattered the bar fixtures, tore through into the second floors and overturned the sleeping inmates in their beds on the third floor. They fled in their night robes, frightened, but unhurt.

The interior of the place is a complete wreck. In the Crawshaw and Lewis properties, adjoining, the foundation walls were cracked and plastering blown down. Mrs. Lewis was lifted from a couch and hurled across the room. For a square around the houses trembled on their foundations, and window panes were broken. The loss will reach \$8,000.

Portland is of the opinion that the dynamite was employed by parties against whom he has been frequently warned. One of his boarders, who was absent all night, was arrested on suspicion, but was released.

**RAILROAD TIMETABLES**

**LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.**  
November 16, 1902.  
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.  
LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Alentown, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.  
7 29 a m for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Hazleton.  
8 15 a m for Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Alentown, 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, Alentown, 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, Alentown, 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.

**ARRIVE AT FREELAND.**

7 29 a m from Pottsville, Delano and Hazleton.  
9 12 a m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Alentown, 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, Alentown, Mauch Chunk and Weatherly.  
4 44 p m from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.  
6 33 p m from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Alentown, 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.

**HULLIN, B. WILBER,** General Superintendent, 29 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

**CHAR. S. LEVY,** General Passenger Agent, 36 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

**G. J. GILDRUP,** Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

**THE DELAWARE, SUGBUHANNA AND SCRUYKILL RAILROAD.**

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.  
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Rond and Hazleton Junction, at 6:00 a. m., daily, except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 2:28 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., 2:28 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, Jenamsville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.

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