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FORT BLUNDER.

How It Was That Uncle Sam Built It on British Soil.

Curious indeed is an American fort which was built on British soil. How many can guess what fort it is and where located? The name is Fort Montgomery, and the location is on an island near the foot of Lake Champlain, about half a mile northeast of House's Point, N. Y.

A short time ago, when traveling in that part of the country, I saw this fort and asked the name of it. "Why, that is Fort Blunder," said my informant. "Did you never hear of it?" I confessed ignorance, and he explained matters. It seems that after the war of 1812 the government of the United States became convinced that the entrance to Lake Champlain should be guarded by a fort strong enough to engage any British fleet which might attempt to force an entrance to the lake, and so Fort Montgomery was constructed at a cost of nearly \$500,000. It was an immense fortification for those days and was arranged for three tiers of guns.

Just about the time it was completed the joint surveyors fixing the line between the United States and Canada came along and, after doing a good bit of figuring, announced that Fort Montgomery was on Canadian soil. The northern boundary of New York state was the forty-fifth parallel, and this fort was several hundred yards over the line. Work on the fort came to an immediate standstill, and the matter was made the subject of a special treaty.

It was decided that in view of the fact that the United States had not intentionally encroached on Canadian soil the forty-fifth parallel should be bent a little out of its course at this point so as to include the fort. That is why the fort is called "Fort Blunder." It was never armed and has never been occupied by more than one or two men.—New York Herald.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

De tiredest people in the world is dem dat takes de most ease.—"Son."

The only safe investments are education and health.—"Daniel Everton."

The thing I did not pay for I found most expensive.—"The World's People."

You may be sure the devil will hump himself if you don't.—"Those Delightful Americans."

There is no such certainty of knowledge on all subjects as one holds at eighteen and eighty.—"Captain Macklin."

There are greater virtues than thrift. It is better to die penniless than to have been too much of a saver.—"The Unspeaking Scot."

"Let me get over this difficulty somehow," says youth, "that I may play the game of life well." And our hair is turning gray before we learn that the difficulty is the game.—"The Way of Escape."

The knights of the world no longer fight in armor, but in every street of every city there are still men "sans peur et sans reproche," who not only live for love, but who are ready to die for love's sweet sake.—"The Loom of Life."

An Emperor's Strange Fancy. Strange fancies have taken hold of some men regarding the manner in which their bodies were to be disposed of after death and the ceremonies to be observed at their funerals.

The great Emperor Charles V. had the curious idea of celebrating his own funeral. Shortly before his death he caused a tomb to be made in the chapel of the monastery of Estremadura, to which he had retired after his abdication, and on its completion he was carried to it as though dead. Placed in a coffin and accompanied by a procession, he was borne along, while chants were sung, prayers said and tears shed. After the solemn farce was over he remained a short time before rising out of the coffin.

What Started the Jar. Wife—I wonder how you can look me in the face.

Husband—Oh, a man can get used to anything.—New York Times.

It's easier to explain your neighbor's failure than your own misdirected efforts.—Chicago News.

MENU OF THE TURKS

DISHES THAT COULD BE ADOPTED BY AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES.

Viands That Are at Once Appetizing, Nutritious and Inexpensive—Popularity of Vegetables and Sweets. The National Dish.

Some of the dishes found on Turkish tables might well be adopted by the American housewife, being appetizing and inexpensive and easily prepared from articles that are to be found here in great abundance.

Turks do not care for salads, but prefer meat, fish, vegetables and sweet dishes. The Bosphorus furnishes a great variety of excellent fish, among them the red mullet, oysters and mussels, but the Turks have no idea of the choice of cuts and simply ask for so many okas, caring nothing so that they get meaty pieces with few bones. Corned beef, roast beef, steak—these are unknown. Mutton, beef, a little veal, fowls and game are eaten. Pork is "the unutterable flesh."

Breakfast with the Turks of all classes consists of a cup of coffee and bread. A piece of cheese rolled into the fat pancake is eaten by the laborers. This is sometimes exchanged for cakes that are much like pretzels, only larger and not so hard. In the fruit season different kinds of fruit are added. Black bread made of unboiled rye flour is sold everywhere and when fresh is delicious. With a few grapes, a piece of the native cheese and a cup of coffee the richest man is satisfied.

With all fish, lobsters and many meats a sort of salad dressing is served made of garlic, oil, breadcrumbs and vinegar, all bruised to a cream, with caviare or cucumber. Mussels are much larger than in this country. They are washed, steamed until they open, then filled with rice, chopped onion and pepper and butter, packed closely in a vessel and baked an hour.

Turks make few soups, as they prefer solid food, but sardines, anchovies and salted olives or pistachio nuts are eaten before meals as appetizers. Of vegetables, which enter largely into their diet, the favorite is the tomato, and scarcely any dish is considered complete without it, though they never eat this vegetable raw. To preserve tomatoes for winter use they boil them until the skins are loose, then pass them through colanders, after which they throw salt into the pulp. This causes it to settle, and the water is poured off while the residue is put into thin bags and hung in the shade. The next day it is spread on flat surfaces to dry. Later it is cut into squares and laid in covered jars. This process retains the taste and qualities of the tomato better than canning, and a little water makes the pulp moist again.

Potatoes, a taste for which is an acquired one with the Turk, are first boiled, mashed with eggs and a little flour, then made into cakes and fried. Beans and lima beans are boiled with tomatoes and butter and sometimes onions. Squash is sliced and fried or stuffed with mince, onions and boiled rice, and then baked. Large cucumbers are also stuffed with mince and baked or are eaten raw with salt. One good stew is made of mutton and green peas. Another has all sorts of vegetables, like an Irish stew.

Eggplant is cooked in many ways, some of them palatable and good. One recipe is called *inambalide*, which means that the man for whom the dish first was made fainted with delight at its excellence. To make it, cut slits in the sides of the eggplant and insert a forcemeat of onion and minced chicken in the cavities. The strips of cloth around and fry thoroughly in boiling fat. Another way is to substitute eggplant for potato in a stew. Tomatoes should also be added.

Moussaka, another and better form, calls for one large eggplant, sliced rather thick, without peeling. Have a quart of tomatoes freshly peeled or canned and one pound of minced beef. Fry the beef until it separates, set aside while the eggplant is being fried, then put alternate layers of meat, eggplant and tomatoes in a deep dish; season and bake in a slow oven one hour.

Another delicious dish results from placing sliced onions, tomatoes and ship's bread or soda biscuit in layers, with a generous piece of butter, in a covered dish. Bake slowly four hours. Pilaf, the national dish of Turkey, is served invariably at every dinner. Rice always forms the foundation, and the most popular variety is that where nothing but butter, tomatoes and rice is used. Take three-quarters of a pound of Carolina or Egyptian rice, wash until perfectly clean and while still wet place in a pan with one-quarter of a pound of butter. Stir over the fire until the rice has absorbed the butter and become a light golden color. Add the rice to three pints of strained tomato juice, boil the whole up once, then draw aside to cook, without stirring, for twenty-five minutes. When done, melt another quarter of a pound of butter, and when the pilaf is dished up pour it over the top. Each kernel should be separate. The color will be a rich light brown.

Yalanje-dolma is a popular dish with foreigners as well as Turks. Scald some fresh green grape leaves. Take a half pound of rice and fry in butter as for pilaf. Mince some onion and parsley very fine and add them to the rice with salt and pepper. Stuff each leaf with the mixture, fastening the little bundles with cloves. Lay them in a kettle, the opening downward, keep them in place and just enough water to keep them from burning. Simmer for three-quarters of an hour.—New York Tribune.

ANOTHER HISTORY-MAKING BARGAIN-GIVING EVENT

at NeuBurger's

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OUR ANNUAL INVENTORY SALE BEGINS TODAY, and for the next 10 days every article in the Big Store will be sold at price sacrifices nothing short of astounding. The following groups of unmatched bargains are picked at random from the greatest stock ever offered to the buying public of Freeland and vicinity.

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Muslin Sheeting— Nine-quarter wide Fine Muslin Sheeting, reduced, per yard, to 15c	Pillow Case Tubing— 20c Bleached Pillow Case Tubing, reduced, per yard, to 15c	Bleached Sheets Largest Size 75c Bleached Sheets, reduced, each, to 49c	Fleece-Lined Hose— Ladies' and Misses' 15c Fleece-Lined Hose, reduced, per pair, to 9c
Working Shirts— Very Best Quality Men's Flannellette and Cheviot Working Shirts, made 36 inches long, double breasts and backs, reduced to 38c	Madras Shirts— The Prettiest and Newest Patterns in \$1.00 Men's Madras Shirts, with detachable cuffs, reduced to 50c	Walking Skirts— All-wool Oxford Ladies' \$2.00 Walking Skirts, reduced to 98c	Underwear— 50c, 75c and \$1.00 Ladies' and Gents' Wool and Cotton Underwear, all the broken lots in the store go now at 29c



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18.00
20.00
Fine Suits
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12.00

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Boys' Knee Pants— All Sizes of Boys' Blue all-wool 75c Knee Pants go, per pair, at 38c	Men's and Boys' Trousers— Men's and Boys' Fancy Worsted \$2.50 Trousers go now, per pair, at 1.19	Youths' Shoes— Youths' Solid Leather Guaranteed Shoes reduced, per pair, to 98c	Ladies' and Gents' Shoes— Ladies' and Gents' fine Dress Shoes, reduced, per pair, to 1.19
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THAT CLOAK

Farmer Foxglove, in pity for the Widow Waterman, who was too thinly clad for cold weather, recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra hide which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

"Where's the bombazine cloak, pa?" said Seraphina after supper as she took the milking pail. "It's raining a little, and the cows haven't come home from pasture yet."

"If I had a pair of eyes, I'd use them," said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pails with an eager glance. "Well, I declare! Nehemiah," turning to her husband, "that comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us!"

"I did just step out to the woodpile for some more logs," said the farmer, thankful for the avenue of escape that was opened to him. "But I wasn't gone long."

Meanwhile pretty Seraphina, singing softly to herself, folded an old striped shawl around her taper shoulders and went out to the pasture after the truant cows.

Old Tulip's bell was jangling among the silver stemmed birches on the bleak hill. They were already on the homeward path, but Seraphina loitered unnecessarily on the footbridge that spanned a brawling brook.

Suddenly there was another step—strong, swift and full of purpose. Seraphina's eyes brightened. A vivid color rose in her cheeks.

"There he comes now," she murmured. "There comes George!"

To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other woman below.

"He is throwing his arms around her neck," thought the indignant Seraphina. "He is—yes, he is actually kissing her! But I don't care. Why should I care? I'm sure it don't matter to me."

Seraphina hurried the cows home and finished the milking in less time than it had ever taken her before. She was just carrying in the foaming pail when a tall figure approached.

"Seraphina!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to speak to me," said Seraphina, with a toss of the head, "or if you do please call me Miss Foxglove!"

And Seraphina vanished through the kitchen door.

"What's the matter, Phiny?" said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

"Nothing, ma," said Seraphina. "It was getting toward 9 o'clock when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman.

"I hope I'm not intruding," said Mrs. Waterman, "but here's the brown bombazine cloak, Mr. Foxglove, and, humbly thanking you all the same, I'd rather not wear it."

"Oh?" said Mr. Foxglove in amazement.

"It was very kind of you to give it to me," went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter discomfort of the poor farmer, "but there's some things as human flesh and blood can't bear, and to have Dea-

con Kennedy's son asking if he could not see me home when I come out of the store, and Mr. Ferdinand Pluff saying was I to be at the dance at Melinda Edwards' on Tuesday night, and might he call for me at 8 o'clock—well, it's rather upsetting. But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook. A young fellow seized hold of me and was going to kiss me. I believe it's the brown cloak as done it all."

And he went. Seraphina, running out for a pitcher of water the last thing before shutting the house for the night, nearly stumbled against George Paterson.

"Goodness me! What are you doing?" said Seraphina.

"I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, while you are angry with me," said the poor fellow, who was very desperately in love. "What have I done?"

"Nothing," she replied. "Except—except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman."

"It was the cloak, Seraphina—the brown cloak that misled me," pleaded George. "I thought it was you."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk!" said

Seraphina.

Mrs. Foxglove thought Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing a pitcher of water. To George Paterson, however, the moments seemed winged. But nevertheless he went home rejoicing.

What She Was Seeking. A lawyer who has charge of the collection of rents of a large tenement on the east side was recently visited by an old Irishwoman, who after much persuasion had been induced to come downtown and pay her rent. The lawyer's office was on one of the upper floors of a large office building. After the rent had been paid and the receipt given, the old woman was shown out into the hallway by the office boy. The lawyer found her in the hallway a few minutes later when he had occasion to go out. She was wandering about opening doors and otherwise acting in a strange manner.

"What are you looking for?" asked the lawyer.

"Shure, I'm lookin' for the little clostet I came up in!"—New York Times.

His Neighbors in the Flat. "Yes, I know of one case where excessive use of the piano actually caused lunacy."

"Isn't that awful! And did they lock up the unfortunate pianist?"

"Of course not. They locked up the people that went crazy."—Baltimore News.

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