## GRAND OPERA HOUSE. J. J. McMenamin, Manager

One Night Only. Friday Evening, February 20.

EDWARD C. WHITE PRESENTS

en my

WILLIS GRANGER

GYPSY JACK. Portrayed by an excellent company. lished with magnificent scenery.

25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

Miners' Bills Approved.

### Seats on sale at McMenamin's store

A HEROIC TRIO.

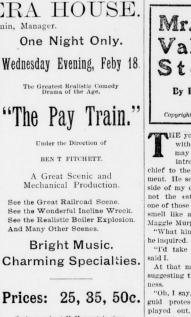
legal votes were cast against Brogan. , Sol. A. Bacharach, of Wilkesbarre, has been reappointed to the position he has filled in the executive department, Harrisburg, the past four years. It was thought some time ago that Mr. Bachar-ach would not receive the appointment owing to his activity in the canvass of Mr. Elkin for the gubernatorial nomina-tion.

tion. Lackawanna court passed sentence on Saturday on councilmen of the borough of Archbald, who were convict-ed on Thursday on the charge of main-taining a nuisance by not keeping in repair the road running through the borough from Jermyn to's Brown Hollow They were directed to pay a fine of \$5 each and the costs and to abate the nuisance within ninety days. nuisance within ninety days.

nuisance within ninety days. Too Good Highlanders. Some years ago a vote was taken among the men of a certain highland regiment (at that time not wearing the tilt) to find out how many would be in favor of wearing the highland costume. In due time the sergeant major ap-peared before the commanding officer with the result of the voting. C. O.-Well, sergeant major, how many are in favor of the kill? S. M.-Two men, sir. C. O.-Unly two. Well, I'm glad there are at least two good highland-ters in the regiment. What are their names, sergeant major? S. M.-Privates Patrick O'Brien and Michael Rooney, sir.-Scottish Ameri-can.

Struck For \$16 a Day. Francisco in 1849 clerks in Struck For \$16 a Day. In San Francisco in 1840 clerks in stores and offices had munificent sai-aries. Five dollars a day was the smallest stipend even in the custom house, and one Baptist preacher was paid \$10,000 a year. Laforers received \$1 an hour. A plek or a shovel was worth \$10 and a butcher's kniff \$30. At one time the carpenters, who were getting \$12 a day, struck for \$16.

O\$1.50 a year is all the TRIBUNE costs.



<page-header><page-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

# Needless Alarm.

**Recelless Alarm.** Dangerous things look safe, and safe things look dangerous. The trouble is all in the beholder's eye, as the common expression is. An Englishman was on a voyage to Spain. Ships were dying by of varying shope, rig and color. One, the English-man noticed, was bearing slowly down toward him, with her cargo piled on deck half way up the masts. What could she be? How could she hope, laden in this way, to live on the faint-est suspiciou of a gale? The English traveler was consider-ably exercised about her. Something surely ought to be done to make such rascally "deck loading" illegal and im-possible. He scanned the vessel with his glass. The breeze was light, but she rode buoyantly. At hast a sailor cleared up the mystery. "Why, sir," he said bluntly, "she's only a coaster loaded with cork."

Advantage of Advertising. "Will you allow me to ask you a nestion?" interrupted a man in the adjence.

question? Interrupted a man in the de-audience. "Certainly, sir," said the spellbinder. "You have been giving us a lot of figures about immigration, increase in "Let's see what you know about fig-ures yourself. How do you find the greatest common divisor?" Slowly and deliberately the orator took a drink of water. Then he pointed his finger at the questioner, lightning flashed from his eyes, and he replied in a voice that made the gas jets quiver: "Advertise for it, you ignoramus!"— Chicago Tribune.

Read - the - Tribune. low, yet it that there



HE young author seated himself with that nonchalance which HE young author seated himself may be expected in one which may be expected in one who is introduced by the editor in chief to the mere editor of a depart-ment. He scratched a match upon the side of my desk--it really is mine and not the establishment's-- and lighted one of those Egyptian eigarettes which smell like an early spring bonfire in Maggle Murphy's back yard. "What kind of stuff do you want?" he inquired.

"I'd take a good valentine story,"

said I. At that my visitor assumed a smile suggesting the early stages of seasick

"Oh, I say," said he in a tone of lan-guid protest, "that sort of thing's played out, don't you think? Who cares about valentines? There's no ro-

cares about vinentities? I here's no ro-mance in them any more. In society, people notice the day at all, they send flowers, not picture cards." "Our circulation exceeds 400," said I. "We have outgrown society. Give us something about young men and wo-ween".

The talented author blew Egyptian cloud into the air and slowly shock his head. "I don't see anything in it," he de-clared. "The valentine is a dead issue."

Shook his lead.
"I don't see anything in it," he declared. "The valentine is a dead issue," Now, though I had never met young Mr. Breck before that day, I had read some of his stuff, and I knew that he could do good work. He was a western product, and such of his stories as I had seen were as full of spirit as an unbroken pony. Eastern civilization seemed to have taken the life out of him with astonishing rapidity, or it may have been the Egyptian cigarettes. I was conscious of a sort of rage against him, partly because his affected manner was such a disappointment to me, but chiefly perhaps because he had treated my commonplace, old fashioned notion with contempt. "We're going to have a lot of valentine stuff in the issue of Feb. 13," said I, "and most of it is rattling good, but of course if it doesn't appeal to you"—Breck waved the reeking cigarette before my eyes as if in some form of silence by this, he said: "You run the supplement, I'm told—the literary and artistic end of the paper?" "That's what I'm here for," I replied.

"That's what I'm here for," I replied. He shook his head very sadly and

muttered: "Valentine stories! Good Lord!" "Why, what's the matter?" I in-quired.

"Why, what's the matter?" I m-quired. "Now, look here," said he. "I try to keep pretty close to life; to write the thing that is and not the dream. Do I make myself clear? Well, such being the case, let me ask you one question. In the last ten years have you known or heard of any human creature who has attached any serious importance to a valentine or had any really romantic adventure connected with one?" "Yes, sir; I have," said I. He shook his head slowly and sadly. I could have cuffed him for that inso-lence, and yet his question, his method of getting at the matter, appealed to me.

"I will spin you a little yarn," said I;

"I will spin you a inter yirh, saw, ", "a true yarn and not a bad one." "Delighted," said he, lying back in his chair and closing his eyes, while



HE LAY BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND CLOSED HIS EYES.

HE LAY BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND CLOSED HIS EYES. the smoke from his cigarette, now pointing straight upward, ascended to the celling and seemed to stick there. "This happened to a fellow named Jones," said I. "He was a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines. He had been out there six months and hadn't had a letter from a girl." "Particular girl?" queried Breck. "Any girl." I replied. "There was a particular girl? not so very particular either, and yet he'd have been mighty glad if she had remembered him on the other side of the world. Most fellows, of course, would have found a romance of some kind suited to their individual tastes and fancies out there, but Jones didn't have the luck. I don't know that he was a particularly scatimental fel-low, yet it seemed rather hard to him here there shouldu't ba are some seemed rather hard to him shouldn't be a girl some-

where who cared for him to the extent

where who cared for him to the extent represented by the moderate price of postage. He said it was as if he had died unlamented and was just finding it out in the other world. "He'd been brought up in a little, so-ciable city where everybody knew ev-erybody else, and though he no longer and any close relatives there—very few, indeed, on earth—there were his old friends, including some very nice girls. whom he had traveled a hundred miles out of his way to say goodby to just before leaving his native land. They'd all promised to write to him"— "He'dlang the girl?" said Beek. "Yes," said I. "And the fact is that a considerable package of mail for him, sent through the publishers whom he represented, and tardily forwarded, had gone to the bottom of the Pacilic ocean, but he didn't know that. "In Maila he met a young fellow named George Templeton, from the same town as himself. Templeton had not been bred in the first circles, and his early reputation for industry and sobriety was not of the best. Jones had rather looked down upon him, and Templeton, no doubt, had found some reason for looking down upon Jones.

a g



HE SAT THERE ALL NIGHT.

It's a privilege never denied a freeborn American. However, they became friends in Manila because it was so far friends in Manila because it was so far from home. "Templeton was a sergennt of volun-teers and a homesick soldier if ever there was one. He excited Jones' sym-pathy, which became acute when Jones learned that there was a silf at home who had stopped writing to Tem-pleton for an unknown reason. This is a serious matter when a fellow real-ly cares for the girl and she is 10,000 miles away and there's no method of learning why she no longer writes. Fancy waiting for a letter to go half way around the world and for the re-ply to come loitering back or not to come lottering back or not to come lottering back or not to to the girl. "In the latter part of January Tem-pleton's compdny was sent up into the interior to a little forsaken village where there was a peck of trouble. A mail steamer came in the day before the detachment marched, but it brought no letter to Templeton. The poor fellow revealed this misfortune to Jones with tears in his eyes. He seemed to think that this was his last chance. "A few days later Johes learned en-trely by accident that a letter for templeton had really come on the stamer and had been delivered by mistake to a surgeon of the same sur-mame. The addressed side of the letter had been, wet, and the ink was a mere blot, so that the word Templeton was about all that could be deciphered. The surgeon, however, detected the given name of 'George' and did not open the letter. "Jones had had it in his mind to try to get through to this place where the frouble was. Bet hought he same sur-tures enough to fill abok. The party got through alive, but every man of the was going up with dispatches, and the result was that he had adven-tures enough to fill abok. The party got through alive, but every man of the was wounded, including Jones, who made the last forty miles of the journey practically on one leg. But trouple nois letter-when he was morally convinced was the letter-me-posed in his breast pocket when he stangered into acmsp. "He found Templeton flat on his back and raving with feve

"THAT'S MINE," SAID JONES. The solution of the second sec

"When is it likely to happen?" "Heaven knows,' answered the sur-

"And Jones name troum the one pin-who remembered him upon the far side of the world?" "No," said I, "but he will." Breek lighted another of his deadly cigarettes. "Why can't I write this thing for you?" he inquired. "Not for your life, my friend," said I. He stared through the first great cloud of smoke. "Why not?" he demanded. "Because I'm 'Jones," said I, "and at present the matter is sacredly confi-dential. When I have found that girl, I shall write the story myself." "Heaven knows," answered the surgent.
"TII wait," said Jones. And he sat down on the foot of the bed. His wound was dressed and he was fed while he sat there. Of course they tige, and as everyhody was pretty busy he was presently forgotten.
"The sat there all night, sometimes in that conscious sleep which is the product of physical wearhess and mental concentration fighting for supremacy. He was half crazy from a dozen causes, and he held that letter in his hand every minute.
"It seemed to him that by continual feeling of it while in that peculiar mental state he gained an idea of what seemed like a small photograph. But

shall write the story myself." He Was Right. Cronwell stood moodily watching the battle of Naseby. "Why so downcast?" inquired his generals. "Aren't we making glorious history?" "Not much!" cried Oliver. "We're only furnishing material for some fool novelist." With an imprecation on posterity he rushed off to dictate his terms of sur-render.-Judge.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

1

4

ý

Hazleton at inutes after ndays at 6 45

For further information inquire definition of the second strength of

THE DELAWARE, SUBJUES, HAZIETON, PA. THE DELAWARE, SUBJUESANA AND SCHUYLKILL RALLROAD. Trains leave Drifton for Jaddo, Eckisy, Hazie that have brifton for Jaddo, Eckisy, Hazie that sunday; nad 10 an 230 p m, Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Marwood, Granberry, Trains leave Drifton for Oneida Junction. Tarkins leave Drifton for Oneida Junction. Tarkins leave Drifton for Oneida Junction. Trains leave Brifton for Oneida Junction. Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Harwood, Granberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 35 s m, daily eccept Sunday; and 5 6 s an, 4 22 p m. Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Oneida Junction. Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Concide Stan-Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Concide Stan-Trains leave Hazieton Junction for Concide Stan-Trains and Bartinger Hazieton Junction for Con-

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Granberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6 35 and Markowski and States and States and States and Junction, Harwood Road, Humbold Road, Oneida and Suepton at 6 32, 110 am, 4 41 pm, Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Oneida Junction, Harwood Road, Humbold Road, Oneida and Suepton at 6 32, 1110 am, 4 41 pm, Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cran-berry, Harwood Road 7 55 am, 311 pm, Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cran-berry, Harwood Road, Formbold Road, and 50 pm, daily except Sunday; and 3 5 m, 507 pm, Sunday, m, 501 pm, Sunday, m, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, and Sila m, 344 pm, Sunday, Mitmains extension Junction for Beaver Medow Road, Stockton, Hazle Strock, Eckley, Ali trains connect at Hazleton Junction vito leatric cars for Hazleton Junction for Beaver Medow Road, Stockton, Hazle Strock, Eckley, Ali trains connect at Hazleton Junction for Trains leaving Prifton at 600 am makes sonnection at Deringer with P. K. Kursins for Wilkesbarre, Sundury, Harrisburg and point west. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

Freeland Schedule. First car leaves Hazleton for Freeland at 15 a m, then on the even and half hour hereafter. First car Sundays at 6 00 a m. First car leaves Freeland for Hazleton at 6 a m, then on the 15 and 45 minutes after he hour thereafter. First car Sundays at 645 m.

The hour thereafter. First car Sundays at 645 am. Last car leaves Hazleton for Freeland at 100 pm. Last car Su redays at 1130 pm. Last car leaves Precland for Hazleton at Cars leaving Hazleton at 600 and concert with D. S. & S. Kailroad trains at Hazleton am and 100 pm Sunday. am and 100 pm Sunday. The second second second trains at Hazleton and Derringer daily except Sunday, and 830 am and 100 pm Sunday. Cars leaving Hazleton for Beaver Meadow and Sheppton at 600 and 1030 a m and 400 pm daily, and 700 and 300 pm Sundays. Cars leave Hazleton for Beaver Meadow and Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and pifton at 300 pm daily and 300 am mand 500 pm Sundays.

road. Stockton, 50 p m daily, and and Drifton at 30 p m daily, and 5 30 p m Sunday A. MARKLE, General Mana, CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. November 16, 1902.

JERSEY. November 16, 1902. Stations in New York: Poot of Liberty Street, North River, and South Ferry. TRAINS LEAVE UPPER LEMIGN. For Niver York, at 8 15 a m. For Philadelphia, ar 8 15 a m. For White Haven, at 8 15 a m and 6 65 p.m., For White Haven, at 8 15 a m and a chanton, at Por Wilkes Barre. Pittston and scranton, at

For Wilkes Barre, Pittston and scranton, at 81s an. For Manho Chunk, Catasauqua and Allen-Through tickets to all points at lowest rates may be had on application in advance to the ticket agent at the station. C. M. BURT, Gen, Pass. Agent. W. G. Bester, General Manager.

We Can Sell Your Farm,

Factory. Business or Resi-feces. No matter where located. We have sold hundreds of others. Why original method, which seldom fails. Send un description and price and we will explain how \$1.000.000 to Lean on Good Morigage.

on Good Mortgages. Offices in all principal cities; highest act-ences. A. A. POTTNER & CO., 816 Real Estate Bldg., Phila., Pa. Established 1893.

SO YEARS'

Scientific American.

MUNN & CO. 361B

TRADE MAR DESIGNS COP

istrated weekly. Largest cir-ientific journal. Terms, #5 a , \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. 361Broadway, New York 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

P

LEHIGH TRACTION COMPANY Freeland Schedule.

hesitation. "'Dear George,' he read in a whisper, 'mail this to Frank Jones if you know where he is, and never tell him who sent it. I don't know how to address him, but you can find out.' "'That's mine,' said Jones, in a dream

dream. "The doctor put the inclosure into his hands. It was in a separate envelope, unaddressed.

"The doctor put the inclosure into his hands. It was in a separate envelope, unaddressed. "This is a friendly letter from a mighty fine girl,' said the doctor. 'I'd like to take something of this kind with me when I go.' "He put it back into its envelope and laid it inside the rough woolen shirt which was the dead man's garment. "He has delivered your message, lit-tle girl,' said he, 'and he'll never tell who sent it.' "So that's the whole story. Jones has come back to this country, and he has that valentine—a pretty card with a lit-tle love verse on it, but not a scrap of writing. He doesn't know who sent it, but if he did I think he would find that girl. I feel quite sure that he would ind that girl." "Not bad, as such things go,' said Breck, rising, 'but conventional." "Conventional be— I beg your par-don." said I. "Why, the thing is true.", "I don't see that that helps it any," replied Breck. "However, that's nei-ther here nor there. The had up, and if a valentine story's what you want

<u>eeee</u>eeee

2 Los

1.7

調い

-0

Breck. "Precisely," I replied. "And Jones hasn't found the one girl who remembered him upon the far side