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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 20, 1903.



SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

Curious Inquiries and Remarks by Little Men and Women.

First Stork—I just left a baby at that millionaire's house.
 Second Stork—Funny things, these human beings. I've just delivered three to one woman in a tenement, and her husband's out of work, and they haven't a cent.—**Brooklyn Life.**

Offended Mother—Now, Bobby, don't let me speak to you again!
 Bobby (helplessly)—How can I prevent you, mamma?—**Boston Globe.**

"Why, Harry, what's the matter?" asked a mother of her four-year-old hopeful, who was crying as if by his heart would break.

"G-granda slipped on the s-street and g-got his c-clothes all m-muddy," sobbed the little fellow.
 "Well, don't cry about it, dear," said the mother. "I'm glad to see you so kind hearted and sympathetic, however."

"It ain't that," sobbed Harry. "S-sister s-saw him and I d-didn't."—**Chicago News.**

The Colonel's Bitter Thought.
 "Yes," said the colonel's northern friend, "I hate to think about the good chances I have lost."

"You're right, sah," responded the colonel. "I was just thinking last night of a mistake I made myself once. Probably you don't know it, sah, but I began to drink whiskey when I was seventeen years of age, sah. If instead of drinking that fast gallon of whiskey—"

"Yes," interrupted his friend, "we ought never to take the first drink; ought never to contract the habit. Whiskey ruins us mentally and—"

"If," continued the colonel, unheeding the interruption—"if instead of drinking that whiskey I had stored it away in the cellar, that whiskey would be more than fifty-five years old today, sah!"

And he pushed back the bottle of common seven-year-old rye and stared gloomily at the ceiling.—**Indianapolis Sun.**

From an Author's Notebook.
 Sold one poem and had five returned. Made almost enough to pay the butcher.

Sold a short story and came within an ace of making enough to pay \$10 on the grocery bill.
 Wrote an obituary on an ancient citizen and had Maria's shoes mended with the proceeds.
 I must try to write enough tonight to buy a gallon of kerosene oil.
 I believe there's money in the literary business, but it's not so sure as that which comes from splitting rails.—**Atlanta Constitution.**

Comparative.
 "You eat your breakfast food so slowly, Mr. Beaks," remarked the land-lady.
 "Yes, ma'am," replied the star boarder, "and it reminds me of a kiss through a telephone."
 "In what way?"
 "Goes a long way and is tasteless."—**Wheeling News.**

The Weight of a Trifle.
 In the journal of the celebrated English preacher, Frederick Robertson, occurs the following singular passage: "If I had not known a certain person, I never should have given up soldiering to become a minister; if I had not met a certain lady, I never should have known that person; if my dog had not disturbed that lady's invalid child at night, I never should have met her. It is true, then, that if my dog had not barked on that particular night I should now be in the draughts or fertilizing the soil of India."

Fashion in the Garden.
 It is the passion for fashionable novelties—a passion of modern existence—which prevents us from enjoying our gardens as our grandparents used to enjoy them. We allow our hired gardeners to drive thence all the simple old flowers that our fathers loved and called by pet names which were familiar to us all in nursery days.—**London Garden.**



MEG AND KATHIE.

Their Queer Little Quarrel and How It Was Happily Ended.

Such a time! And to think it all came out of a clear sky! as Aunt Esther would say. A minute before Meg and Kathie had been cozily chattering, with their arms round each other. Then came the thunder shower that bade fair to settle down into steady raining.

Aunt Esther happened to be in the other room, and this is what she heard. Meg began: "It's in Webster Under-the-bridge."

"Webster On-the-bridge, you mean," Kathie interposed briskly. "Under-the-bridge." "On-the-bridge."

"Kathie Trundy, I guess I know! My father's a minister!" "Meg! Mr. Merriweather, my father's a bridge maker, an' I guess I know, so there!"

This was too much for Meg for a minute, but she recovered presently. "I don't care. It's Webster Under-the-bridge. My brother's in college, an' I guess he knows!"

"Pooh! If I had a brother, I guess he'd know enough to know it's Webster On-the-bridge!"

"Tisn't!" "Tis too!" "Kathie Trundy, I don't s'pose my mother'd want me to play with such a niggerman! Here's your coral ring."

"Here's yours." The exchange was made stiffly. Both little girls held their heads very high and looked dignifiedly hostile. The little red spots in their round cheeks flickered. Their bright eyes snapped.

"Wait!" Aunt Esther called just as they were parting "forever."
 She took them each by the hand and led them into the library up to the dictionary stand. Then she pointed to the big title word.

"U-n-a-b-r-i-d-g-e-d," she spelled distinctly and slowly.
 "Oh, my!" breathed Meg ruefully. "We didn't both of us know!"

"No, we didn't," Kathie admitted. And when they went out again their arms were clasped, and the little coral rings had gone visiting again.—**Annie Hamilton Donnell in Youth's Companion.**

The Dancing Balls.

Get a bottle with a wide opening and close it with a cork in which a funnel is inserted. Close all crevices. Fill the bottle half way with water in which you drop the two powders belonging to a selditz powder. The carbonic acid gas generated tries to escape through the funnel. But by placing two or three small balls made of cork in the funnel the gas can escape only a little



APPARATUS FOR THE EXPERIMENT.

at a time, as one or the other of the little balls will keep the opening of the funnel closed until the pressure of the gas becomes strong enough to force the ball up. In such a way a part of the gas escapes, the pressure is relieved, and another ball closes up the funnel opening. This will keep on until all the gas is exhausted. This experiment can be made more effective by painting the balls in different colors. Or you can make butterfly wings of tissue paper, which you can color and fasten to the balls, as shown in the illustration.

To Play Commercial Traveler.

"Commercial Traveler" needs no equipment but quick wits. The players sit in a circle and each one except the leader is supposed to be a drummer going to a certain place on business. The leader asks each one in turn where he is going and what for, and the answer is going alphabetical, the first person's beginning with a, the second with b, and so on. For example:
 Leader, to person next to him: "Where are you going?" Answer: "To Antwerp."
 "What will you do there?" "Advertise antidotes."
 Leader, to next person: "Where are you going?" Answer: "To Buffalo."
 "What for?" "To boost burnished boilers."
 C goes to Chicago to catch Columbus coins.
 D goes to Denmark to dun delinquent debtors.
 E goes to Evanston to enjoy eagerly every entertainment.
 F goes to Florida to find fortune in fine filters—and so on.

The Sick Doll.

Don't laugh at this poor sick doll; It hasn't the whooping cough; We washed its face with the wash cloth, And the paint it all came off, And sister she cried about it, But now we don't mind at all; We play it's a smallpox patient, And no other doll may call, And sister's the nurse to tend it, And I am the nurse about, To nail up a sign on the doorway, And keep all the well dolls out.—**Good Housekeeping.**

A BOTTLE MORGUE.

Odd Department That Is Maintained in Some Drugstores.

The woman left the prescription and said she would call for the medicine in half an hour.
 "I'll bet \$5 she won't," said the clerk. "She just looks like the kind that gets medicine put up for the fun of the thing."

"I didn't know there was anybody foolish enough to take his fun that way," remarked the next customer. "Oh, yes, there are such people—lots of them," said the clerk. "Seldom a week passes that we do not put up a prescription that is never called for. Why in the world the people who thus neglect their remedies after ordering them compounded will go to the trouble and expense of consulting a doctor is more than I can figure out. If they don't want to take the stuff prescribed, they certainly don't have to, but they might as least have the grace to come and take it home after we have gone to the trouble to prepare it and not throw it back, a dead loss on our hands.

Why, I've got a regular morgue back there for the repose of uncalled for bottles of medicine. I keep the stuff indefinitely, hoping that in case the customer has not been carried off by sudden death she will show up again some time and ask for the bottle. If I happen to know the delinquent's address, I send it around C. O. D., but people who make a practice of ordering medicine that they never intend to take are not apt to leave their card with the druggist.

"Most of these nuisances in the drug business are women, and many of their prescriptions have been written by out of town doctors several months or, in some cases, years ago. In such cases the customer probably has no intention of coming back for the medicine, but merely wishes it compounded through some freakish fancy. In order to guard against loss through such crazy whims we ought by right to demand a deposit on all prescriptions to be called for later on, but such an innovation would undoubtedly bring out a mighty howl, and we have never had the courage to suggest it."—**New York Press.**

A PECULIAR HOTEL.

Its Rooms Named For States Instead of Being Numbered.

"In a little town in the Backwoods of Mississippi," remarked a traveling man, "there is a peculiar hotel. It is just like any other hotel except in the way the rooms are named. They are not numbered, as is generally done, but each room is named for a state of the United States."

"When I stopped at the place, I was assigned to a room called 'Delaware.' It was correctly named, too, for it was one of the smallest rooms in the house. A man who was occupying 'New Hampshire' made complaint to the landlord that the man in 'Maine' was drunk and boisterous and was thus keeping him awake. This seemed strange, when we recall that Maine is a prohibition state. Two men up in 'Montana' were keeping up the reputation of the wild west by engaging in a noisy poker game. A big fat capitalist had 'New York,' which was the best room in the house. The room named for Alabama is too ordinary for anything, and a farmer was occupying it the night I was there."

"It was funny to stand in the office and hear a bellboy tell the clerk that towels were wanted in 'Iowa' and that the fellow in 'North Dakota' was kicking like a steer because he had no fire! 'Send two Manhattan cocktails up to Mississippi' was one of the orders that the clerk gave. 'Be sure to call the man in Florida at 5 o'clock in the morning,' said one of the employees. And thus it went. This hotel is a curiosity to the traveling public. It is conducted by an eccentric old fellow, but where he conceived the idea of naming rooms after states I do not know."—**Birmingham Age-Herald.**

Americana Trade Long Ago.

To the notices which we have from time to time published of the favorable posture of trade we may add a gratifying view of our commerce with the United States. Its extent is probably more considerable than our readers would imagine. The exports from Scotland of manufactured goods to various parts of the Union will this year amount to about £2,000,000. The magnitude of the sum will appear more surprising when we consider the restrictions which prohibit us from taking in exchange agricultural produce. A trade so important it behooves us to cherish with all possible care, and it is gratifying to think that customers so valuable are a free people, little likely to impede her prosperity by projects of ambition.—**London Globe, 1822.**

Welsh Grammar and Spelling.

The following notice is inscribed above the door of a shop in a North Wales village: "Coblar, daler in Bacco Shag and Pig Bacon and Gingarbed Eggs laid every morning by me, and very good Paradise, in the summer gentlemen and Lady can have good Tae and Crumquets, and Strawberry with a scim milk, because I can't get no cream. N. B. Shuse and Boots medned very well."

What More Could He Want?

"What is your father's objection to me, Millie?" asked the young man. "He says you have no application, Gerald."
 "No application!" he echoed bitterly. "I wonder if he knows I've been coming to see you twice a week for nearly six years!"—**Chicago Tribune.**

There is no use in repining that life is short.

It is not to be measured by the quantity of its years, but by the quality of its achievements.—**Philadelphia Ledger.**



THE HALL OF FAME.

Lord Salisbury, when a young man, wrote several pieces of fiction, but they were never published.

Father Klarman, a priest of Woodhaven, N. Y., recently published a comedy and an opera and is now at work upon a drama.

Lady Curzon, wife of the viceroy of India, is said to be an active promoter of every kind of philanthropic work among the Hindoo women.

Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson of Kansas, who has a large ranch in New Mexico, attended the recent stockmen's convention at Kansas City.

More than seven times the distance round the earth has been walked by a Dover (England) postman named Edén Heam, who has just retired after forty years' service.

H. A. McNeil of New York has been awarded the contract for the design of the William McKinley arch at the west entrance to the statehouse at Columbus, O. The arch is to cost \$50,000.

Dr. Barnett A. Elzas of Charleston has begun an examination of the state records of South Carolina. He is making a study of the part which Jews took in the early history of that state.

The wife of the recently appointed French ambassador to this country, M. Jusserand, is an American and a member of a prominent New York family. Her maiden name was Miss Elsa Richards.

H. G. Wadlin, who has been chosen head of the Boston Public Library, has two fine libraries of his own at his home and in his office in the bureau of statistics at the Massachusetts statehouse.

Chefro, the celebrated palmitist, has just purchased the American Register, published in Paris. The Register was made famous by the late Dr. Evans when it was the only English paper in the French capital.

Robert Poole, who has just died in his suburban home near Baltimore, had charge of the work of building the dome of the national capitol at Washington, as well as the heavy iron castings and columns of the treasury building.

W. H. McGowan of Urbana, O., has one of the most unique collections of autographs in the country. It contains the names of over 12,000 actors and actresses, besides 1,700 pictures and over 50,000 programmes, posters and the like.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

John, 2.08%, is still Chicago's ice queen. M. W. Savage has had Dan Patch, 1.59%, insured for \$112,000.

John R. Gentry, 2.00%, will stand in Tennessee in both 1903 and 1904. Twenty thousand dollars in money and plate is offered for this spring's Boston horse show.

Slavonic, 2.06%, the pacer, Miss Russell's last foal, recently passed to a new owner in Berlin, N. H. It is predicted that it will be a cold day for the ice record, 2:18½, when Crecus starts against it at Ottawa, Ont.

Arch W., 2:11½, is back in Vance Nuckols' stable. His various changes of ownership have been somewhat perplexing.

Elk Point (S. D.) horsemen are raising funds for an interstate fair association. It is intended to put the mile track in good shape and to construct a half mile track.

Charles Nicholas, Osborne, Kan., bought a five-year-old gelding by Jack Cade, 2:24½, dam of Homeline, by Jack Daw, 2:28¾, from William Clemmons, Waldon, Kan.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

The newest silk petticoats are in gun metal shade.
 One of the newest color blendings is blue combined with violet.
 The yoke shirt, full, but not flaring, will be the leader in the coming season.
 A smart blouse has ribbon laced through openings down the front and falling in tasseled ends to the skirt hem.

Fashion oracles say that the general trend of style is toward the 1850 styles, conspicuous for drooping shoulders and voluminous skirts.
 Chenille scarfs with long fringe at the ends are draped about many of the new models, the fringe falling away below the hat at the back.
 A charming waist for a young girl is made of white peau de soie, with blouse front and yoke of tucks, joined together with pale green fagoting. It is fastened up the back with tiny gold buttons.

THE BOY.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.
 Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.
 Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.
 Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.
 Don't snub any one, not alone because some day he may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind nor right nor Christian.—**Exchange.**

DON'T BE FOOLED INTO DOING SOMETHING ELSE.

"After what I have taken and done it is no wonder I am glad of an opportunity to recommend what cured me to my friends."

I suffered intense agony from gravel for nearly fifteen years.
 For five and six weeks at a time I could not work, the pain was so great. My kidneys and bladder were in horrible shape. My back ached so I could not sleep. I had no appetite at all.

I tried about every doctor in Syracuse but they failed to help me.
 I used nearly all the advertised medicines without any benefit.
 This was my discouraging condition when I began the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I used only four bottles and I consider myself cured. I have no backache at all, no pain in passing urine, my appetite is splendid.

It helped me from the start and I gained twenty pounds in weight."
FRED HOFFMAN,
 1811 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a vegetable help to the stomach and bowels. It overcomes and permanently cures dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and rheumatism. It is absolutely harmless and purely vegetable. It contains no narcotics or minerals in any form, no dangerous stimulants, no mercury or poisons, and is the only kidney medicine that does not constipate.

Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 bottle.
Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Salt Rheum Cream cures Old Sores, Skin and Scrofulous Diseases, etc.

WILKESBARRE AND HAZLETON RAILROAD.

January 26, 1903.
 Cars leave and arrive at corner of Broad and Wyoming streets, Hazleton, as follows:

HAZLETON TO ST. JOHNS.
 Leave Hazleton: 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00 a.m.; 12:00 noon, 1:30, 4:00, 5:30, 6:40 p.m.
 Conyngham, Pass: 6:14, 7:14, 8:14, 9:14 a.m.; 12:14, 1:14, 4:14, 5:14, 6:14 p.m.
 Drums: 6:21, 7:21, 8:21, 9:21 a.m.; 12:21, 1:21, 4:21, 5:21, 6:21 p.m.
 Beisels: 6:25, 7:25, 8:25, 9:25 a.m.; 12:25, 1:25, 4:25, 5:25, 6:25 p.m.

ST. JOHNS TO HAZLETON.
 Leave St. Johns: 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 a.m.; 12:30, 1:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30 p.m.
 Beisels: 6:33, 7:33, 8:33, 9:33 a.m.; 12:33, 1:33, 4:33, 5:33, 6:33 p.m.
 Drums: 6:35, 7:35, 8:35, 9:35 a.m.; 12:35, 1:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 p.m.
 Pass: 6:42, 7:42, 8:42, 11:42 a.m.; 12:42, 3:42, 4:42, 5:42, 6:42 p.m.

Arrive Hazleton: 6:57, 7:57, 8:57, 11:57 a.m.; 12:57, 3:57, 4:57, 5:57 p.m.
 All cars run daily, except on Sunday and public holidays.
ALVAN MARKLE, General Manager.
G. W. THOMPSON, Superintendent.
A. F. HARGER, General Passenger Agent.

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Deductions.
 The Detective—I deduce that you have one or more small boys at your house.
 The Client—Wonderful! How did you guess it?—**Chicago American.**

Companions in Misery.
 Briggs—Did you meet any attractive people on the steamer?
 Griggs—Oh, yes. Why, I was seasick all the way over with a most charming blond.—**Town Topics.**



The Detective—I deduce that you have one or more small boys at your house.
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FOUND.

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Most wonderful invention of the age. Will not break from handling, heat or cold. About the only way to break them is to hit them with an axe. Stand on them, drop on the floor, put in the fire or on ice and they will not break. Guaranteed forever, unless purposely broken. All sizes. Ordering blank sent to any address.

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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 Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
 8 15 a m for Easton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, 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 White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and the West.
 11 41 a m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
 4 44 p m for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia, New York, Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Mt. Carmel.
 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, Hazleton, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, 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 and Weatherly.
 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.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agent.
HOLLIN WILBUR, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York City.
G. J. GILDROY, Division Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect May 19, 1901.

Trains leave Drifton for Jedd, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Hazle, Jedd, Eckley, Hazle and Hazleton Junction at 6:00 a.