

RHODE ISLAND has followed the example of Pennsylvania in voting against constitutional prohibition by a large majority.

The prohibitionists declare that they must "reorganize." In much the same spirit an old lady down South inquired of her nephew, about ten days after the surrender at Appomattox: "When is General Lee going to whip these Yankees again?"

An Ohio dynamiter who failed to blow up the house of a woman who wouldn't marry him committed suicide on being arrested. This was better than furnishing the hangman with a job, and if all dynamiters will commit suicide before blowing anybody up they will do the public the greatest service possible.

The "bosses" of both political parties in this state evidently have little influence outside of Philadelphia. They piled up a big majority for the suffrage amendment there, but that city stands alone in the column intended for counties voting for the amendment, and its majority, big as it was, is not much more than a third as large as the majorities piled up against it by the people of the state.

It is reported that Miss Maggie Harrison, the President's niece, was on Monday saved from drowning in Lake Minnetonka, Minn. The names of three gentlemen are connected with the event but neither is given special prominence over the others. It is understood that all will be treated alike and that their commissions will be issued as soon as their Democratic predecessors have been formally removed. The time when Republics were ungrateful is past.

OKLAHOMA is a typical American city. It is less than two months old and announces a grand celebration of the Fourth of July, which a committee has been appointed to conduct. Excursion trains are to be run to the new city, and the committee confidently announces that 30,000 strangers will visit the place. A great deal of this is Western brag, but it will have its effect, and the speculators who have lots and claims to sell foresee in the Fourth of July celebration a fine opportunity to bring sight-seers and investors to the new city.

CERTAIN politicians, who thought they were going to grow Presidential timber when they planted David Bennett Hill on the ruins of the Presidential campaign in New York last fall, are finding out that treachery is a poor fertilizer. While Gov. Hill's friends in Albany are vindicating the purity of his motives and the honesty of his purpose, the moulders of Democratic opinion throughout the country have carefully weighed his case and come to the conclusion that Gov. Hill is not the man to lead the Democratic battle in 1892.—St. Louis Republic. Quite correct. Democracy wants no ballot reform vetoer as a leader.

STRIKING workmen in Europe manifest a fierceness and savageness which is not shown by Americans, even under circumstances of greatest excitement. Some silver miners on strike in the Ural mountains, Russia, set fire to the houses of the managers and to a number of factories, and seven persons were burned to death. These men in their blind rage doubtless thought they were getting revenge for years of oppression and wrong; but they were wide of the mark. Killing a few mine managers and burning factories will not remedy the trouble, while it will bring on those guilty of these acts the condemnation of Christendom, in addition to the severe punishment of the law.

A COMPLAINING contemporary, commenting upon the refusal of the administration to give reasons for the removal of Chief Justice Sandford, quotes the following passage from a speech made by Harrison in the Senate in 1886:

I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not either pursue and compel his cabinet advisers to pursue the civil service policy pure and simple and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly—either have that kind of a civil service or, for God's sake, let us have that other frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political reasons. Let us have one or the other.

Well, what would you have? Is not Harrison giving us the "other" kind of civil service policy, "frank and bold, if brutal," in full measure? The frankness is a trifle weak-kneed perhaps, but there can be no doubt as to the boldness and brutality of the things done by this administration.

The wife of ex-President Hayes died at her home in Ohio on Monday. Simon Cameron died at Harrisburg at 8 o'clock last night.

The Modern Danger.

Mr. John Fiske, in his historical work just published, "The Beginnings of New England," after dwelling upon the growth and advantages of the English or representative idea of government as compared with the Roman or non-representative, says: "The inherited predatory tendency to seize upon the fruits of other people's labor is still very strong, and while we have nothing more to fear from kings we may yet have trouble enough from commercial monopolies and favored industries marching to the polls in the robes of bribed retainers."

These are the words, not of a politician, but of a philosophical student of history and of governmental tendencies. They follow in a line of thought having respect to the weakness and strength of the several forms of "nation-making" from the earliest times to the present. First was the Oriental method, or conquest without incorporation. This was a mere extended slavery. Then came the Roman method, or conquest with incorporation but without representation. This was an improvement on the former and the cause of human rights was to some extent advanced thereby, but during the many centuries it was maintained on the European Continent—and it yet lingers—tribute all the time was wrung from the unconsulted masses by the power of might.

The Roman is being supplanted by the English method, or incorporation with representation, which, so far, finds its highest development in the United States. It has put aside old forms of despotism and injustice, but, says Mr. Fiske, not "without unremitting watchfulness can we be sure that the day of peril is yet past." What if, though we have a Government representative in form, the representation is assailed, polluted and robbed of its fidelity by despots who have learned to make sceptres of money. It is a trite saying, but overflowing with truth, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The predatory instinct is still active, and here, clearly, is the enemy in its new shape, and the sooner and more widely its presence is recognized the more effectually will it be coped with.—N. Y. World.

Cleveland Ever; Hill Never.

Henry Watterson, the brilliant editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and the most representative leader of Western and Southern Democracy, says, in a late number of his newspaper regarding the early presentation of the names of Presidential candidates for 1892, that "the discussion of a leader for 1892 seems to us both premature and frivolous. Half a century of American history teaches us that three years is a political generation in a country and a system such as ours. Three years before Cleveland's nomination his name had not travelled fifty miles away from the city in which he lived, and who, three years ago, when Benjamin Harrison lost his seat in the Senate he had not distinguished, would have ventured the prediction that he would pass over the heads of Blair, Sherman, Allison and the rest and become President of the United States? Facts like these baffle all calculation. They show us how idle is prophecy in this regard. Our next President may be hid somewhere in a cornfield, in a cabbage, or the stars. Who can tell?"

The names of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill are those which are still so prominently mentioned by the Eastern press for the Democratic nomination. The Democracy of the West and South seem to be unanimous for the ex-President, and the North and East nearly so. As for the West, it does not like Governor Hill, and its leading Democratic journals express the general sentiment that he cannot be the candidate of his party in 1892. Respecting the proposition to nominate him the St. Louis Republic, one of the most radical of Western Democratic journals, says: "This is the year to tell the truth about David Bennett Hill, one of the most ignorant, narrow and unscrupulous political politicians who ever pretended to be a Democrat or knifed a Democratic ticket. He is not honest enough to be reputable, and he has not brains enough to conceal the traces of his subterranean work."

Tanner as a Surplus Spender.

Nothing could be better calculated to cast discredit on our entire political system than the spirit in which a man like Tanner comes to its administration. And surely nothing could be better calculated to humiliate self-respecting veterans of the war than the prominence given by the aid of the Grand Army of the Republic to a blatherskite and trickster like the present Commissioner of Pensions. If Mr. Cleveland blundered in treating with scant courtesy the claims made on behalf of disabled veterans of the war, Mr. Harrison will blunder still more seriously if he thinks that the country will stand any such reckless squandering of public money on all who have the ghost of a claim for a pension as Tanner and his associates seem prepared to sanction. That since 1863 the pension list should have grown from \$8,000,000 to \$80,000,000 is a sufficiently suggestive fact without adopting a scheme of payment under which the expenditure would continue to grow with the lessening of the numbers of the survivors of the war, and which would result in saddling the next generation with an elaborate system of making paupers.—The Epoch.

The Law Comes None Too Soon.

The Philadelphia Inquirer, in referring to the accident at Plymouth last week by which four lives were lost says that the law providing for examination of men employed in coal mines was not enacted any too soon, as was shown at the Nottingham mine, at Plymouth, last week. A number of Polish miners, so utterly incompetent that they did not know the meaning of a danger sign, not only walked past the warning, but removed it, so that more intelligent men who might have escaped were led into the trap. It was providential that the disaster occurred when but few men were in the mine; otherwise the loss of life would have been much greater than it was. One would think that mine owners would fear to risk their property in the hands of such incompetent men, but they seem to look only at the cheapness of this class of labor and pay no attention to the danger that goes with it.

The Lehigh Valley Will Probably Win.

The New York Mining and Engineering Journal says there is considerable discussion now in the trade concerning the probable decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in the Coxie case, and, though, of course, no official information has been given as how the decision will go, yet the feeling is becoming rather prevalent that it will not be against the railroad company; at least, those who are supposed to have the largest interest at stake among the transporting companies are acting as though quite satisfied on this point. Certainly the interests involved are enormous, and the commission will, no doubt, give the matter the most careful consideration before arriving at a decision. The case has in no manner affected the market either for present or future deliveries.

A Weighty Matter.

I dreamt the whole thing out as I was sleeping; My confidant in you? I spend my days in waiting and in weeping for fear my dream come true; I thought that with no kindly word of warning, No hint of coming trouble, Some cause mysterious one awful morning Made gaviation double. The branches snapped from all the trees around me. A fierce, terrific sound, I faintly saw afar. Alas! I found me Fast fixed upon the ground. The birds fell down like feathered stones from heaven. The sky was all bereft. Ten houses were before; behind me, seven; And not a house was left. It rained, and every little drop down rushing Cut like a leaden ball. The air grew denser; pressing, strangling, crushing. I tottered to my fall, And then awoke from out my fearful sleep. I thought, what now, what shall we do? I spend my days in waiting and in weeping. Might not my dream come true? —A. R. Wells, in St. Nicholas.

The Afterglow.

Grand is the view from quaint, arched Berne To where, majestic, tower in glittering show The Herese Oberland. O peaks of snow, One lesson from thy silvery heights we learn! Lo, we gaze, the evening hours return, And through thy shrouds, with marvellous radiance, flow The roses of Alpine Afterglow! Thus with the sainted dust in crypt and urn We keep the great. To us, of meager mould, Like frozen peaks they lived, Though pure With aims and deeds beyond our humbler ken. Viewed from afar how marble-like, how cold; And 'neath Azrael's torch their clay waxed bright. And gods shone forth where we had seen no men. Switzerland, 1888. Thomas J. Ham, in Seranton Truth.

A Dangerous Retrenchment.

What it Cost to Do Without a Daily Paper.

It was the beginning of the year, and Mr. Archibald Wise had made up his mind that he must economize somewhere. After debating the matter for some time he concluded to give up taking regularly a daily paper. Mrs. Wise ventured the retrenchment. "Why not give up some personal expenses," she said, "instead of hitting upon something which will affect the entire family? Cigars, for instance; I have often thought it would be a positive benefit could you do without them."

Mr. Wise was a kind husband and father, but, like many another man, once he had resolved upon a certain thing he was not easily turned aside. "The family," he began in reply, "consists only of you and me, my dear, so far as the use of a paper is concerned. Our children, all under 14 years of age, are not exactly eager for news; and as to my getting along without cigars, I could far more easily go without my coffee in the morning or tea at night. You can not imagine the solace contained in a cigar to a tired or perplexed man of business."

Mr. Wise still remonstrated: "You are mistaken," she said, "in thinking that the children do not need the daily paper. Indirectly they do; I find a great deal of interest and instruction in our paper with which to teach the children. I really hope you will reconsider before actually stopping it."

"I shall buy a paper quite often," replied Mr. Wise. "Of course a man must know something of what is going on in the world about him, but I think a daily of numerous pages quite unnecessary, and I must be allowed to exercise my judgment in the matter."

It is an old saying that the remark, "allow me to judge," puts an end to most any discussion. Accordingly Mrs. Wise said no more, but it depressed her to feel that the friendly views of her favorite daily must be discontinued.

At first Mr. Wise carried home a little thin substitute for the old favorite nearly every night, but by degrees even that came less and less frequently. When he boasted to his wife that he really got the news almost as completely as ever by watching the bulletins and hearing men talk, she replied rather dryly that men did have considerable advantage over women in the matter of getting news without paying for it. They could stand and gaze at pleasure at great scrolls posted on the side of newspaper buildings and glean a good deal from other men. Yes, it was a real sharp way to economize without losing much, cheap and perfectly nice, she supposed.

Next day, in going to and fro, Mr. Wise scanned the bulletins in search of the "bad news" alluded to by his friend, also for an account of the collision mentioned by the boy; but he succeeded in obtaining information on neither point. On his way home he encountered the grain dealer, who asked him with his aggravating squint: "Read 'bout the 'clision yet, mister?" "How dare you tell falsehoods to help sell papers?" inquired Mr. Wise, sternly.

"Read there for yourself," said the youngster, pointing to a paragraph in his single remaining paper. Mr. Wise took the paper and read: "Boylston street runs into Washington street." Without a word Mr. Wise paid for the paper and strode on.

Arrived at home, his wife asked if he attended the annual meeting that afternoon of the stockholders of the T. Y. and Z. Railroad Company. It occurred a week sooner, she explained, than had been expected, but Mrs. Chester said it was advertised in the leading daily papers.

Mr. Wise's face fell. He was not a stockholder in the wealthy concern, but it had been intimated to him that at the close of the meeting some appointments would probably be made, one of which might affect him favorably were he on the spot to press his claim.

He ate his supper in gloomy silence, then went to call on Mr. Chester, one of the stockholders of the railroad company. To his keen disgust and disappointment he learned that his absence had been taken for indifference and the appointments had been made.

"But I received a circular stating that the meeting would not take place until next week," said Mr. Wise. "Yes," replied Mr. Chester, "so of course you did not, but circumstances were making it necessary that the meeting should take place to-day; it was well advertised in the papers," added Mr. Chester.

"Strange I didn't see it," almost growled Mr. Wise, as he turned from the door. Mrs. Wise sincerely hoped this circumstance would convince her husband of the poor economy of trying to get along without a daily paper, but she soon discovered it had only served to make his resolves more dogged.

About that time Mrs. Wise became engaged in the purchase of a new dress. She was a pretty lady, and was always tastefully attired, a matter in which her husband felt no little pride. But when she appeared before him in her new attire Mr. Wise exclaimed almost angrily: "Why, wife! I never saw you in anything so positively hideous before. What could have induced you to buy such a piece of fabric, and such dull, unbecoming colors?"

"Had I only known it," his wife replied, regretfully, "I might have gone to Warren's and bought a beautiful silk and wool fabric for the same money I paid for this, but I did not see their advertisement, and thought it was no use to go up to their store, where things are usually higher than anywhere else. I was limited as to price, and did the best I could." In another part of the suburban city where Mr. Wise resided lived his cousin, Mr. Herbert Wise. The cousins had no great fondness for each other and seldom met, except occasionally at the house of Dr. Erastus, an uncle. Dr. Wise was a retired physician living in the great city where both his nephews were engaged in business. He was widely known and esteemed among the profession, and had a large acquaintance, with whom he was extremely popular.

in eager, sincere terms, the nephew begged to explain his absence the night before. "I entirely missed learning of the accident," he said, simply. "I see you have your paper," said his uncle, glancing at the ample sheet in his nephew's hands. "Yes; I've just been in to pay my subscription." "And I'm going in to renew mine; wait a bit, Archie, and we'll go to dinner together."

True to the latent manliness of his nature, Mr. Archibald Wise told the whole story to his wife that night, and added what seemed a redeeming confession; he said: "Why is it a man seems possessed to persist in a resolve he knows is only damaging and hazardous simply because he is determined to do so? I can't tell; I only know I'm done with trying to economize in such a costly way as I discover is involved in doing without my valuable paper."

A few years later, when Uncle Erastus's will was opened, it was found that Herbert's Wise's prejudicial hints had not injured his cousin in the least. For besides stubbornly apportioning a large sum to the city hospital, of which he had long been the senior visiting physician, the old doctor had further demonstrated the contrariness of human nature by leaving to his nephew, Archibald Wise, twice as much money as he left his more ambitious cousin, Herbert, who unconsciously displeased his good uncle by a base yet perfectly truthful insinuation, only its truthfulness was fortunately concealed.—Harriet A. Cheever, in Boston Transcript.

The Sole Survivor.

"And you say they were all drowned?" "Yes, all but one woman, a dressmaker, who managed to grasp a floating spar and she held on till help came." "Ah, I see, the survival of the fittest."

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.—On and after this date, April 24, all persons found trespassing upon the Birkbeck farm at South Heberton will be required according to law. Several parties are in the habit of travelling across the fields and from their work. They are known and if seen crossing again will be prosecuted. WILLIAM JOHNSON, trustee for the Birkbeck Estate.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE Freeland - Borough SCHOOL DISTRICT, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1888.

Table with columns for Income and Expenses. Income includes To bal. on hand from year 1888, To state appropriation, To amt. rec'd from Wm. Williamson, etc. Expenses include By teachers salaries, By cleaning and supplies, Interest on bonds, etc.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE Freeland - Borough SCHOOL DISTRICT, FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 1, 1889.

Table with columns for Income and Expenses. Income includes To cash from Thos. Birkbeck, ex-treasurer, To cash from Patrick Sweeney collector, To cash from commissioners, etc. Expenses include By teachers salaries, night school, By teachers attending county institute, etc.

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LOST! LOST!

Anybody needing Queensware and won't visit our Bazaar will lose money. Just See!

6 cups and saucers, 25c; covered sugar bowls, 25c; butter dishes, 25c; bowl and pitcher, 60c; plates, 40 cents per dozen up; cream pitchers, 10c; chamber sets, 7 pieces, \$1.75. Also groceries: cheap jelly by bucket 5c per lb; fresh butter 20 cents per lb; 5 lbs. rice, 25c; 4 lbs. prunes, 25c; 4 lbs. starch, 25c; etc. Dry Goods: Bazoo dress goods, 8 cents per yard; calicoes, 4c to 8c and white goods 5c per yard up. Carpets, 18c per yard up. Furniture! We have anything and everything and won't be undersold. Straw hats! Hats to fit and suit them all. In boots and shoes we can suit you. Children's spring heel, 50c; ladies' kid, button, \$1.50. Come and see the rest. I will struggle hard to please you. Your servant,

J. C. BERNER.

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HUGH MALLOY, Corner Centre and Walnut Sts., Freeland.

—BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.—

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SOUTH HEBERTON, PA. Clothing, Groceries, Etc., Etc. Agent for the sale of PASSAGE TICKETS From all the principal points in Europe to all points in the United States. Agent for the transmission of MONEY To all parts of Europe, Checks, Drafts, and Letters of Exchange on Foreign Banks cashed at reasonable rates.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION is also the best Cough Medicine. If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this slight Cough may become a serious matter and several bottles will be required.

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