

There seems to be something queer about this protection to infant industries...

That news about the resolution of the Soldiers' Orphans' School Commission to abandon the syndicate's schools appears to have been of the kind classed as "too good to be true."

Seizing all British or other vessels on the coast of Alaska that happen to have Behring Sea seals on board, may be an alluring and exciting sort of exercise for the United States revenue cruiser Rush's crew...

The Philadelphia Press, commenting on our approaching judgment contest, says: "The Democrats of Luzerne County would show excellent judgment by endorsing Judge Rice if he is nominated."

The decay of New England's iron and woolen manufactures has led to the revival of the demand, once earnestly supported by Henry Wilson, Senator Hoar and other Republican leaders of that section...

How quickly a threatened reduction in wages makes men scamper back to their organization? An illustration of this was seen in New York last week when Typographical Union No. 6 was notified that a new scale...

A JOURNAL like the New York Evening Post cannot well be accused of treason or even of disrespect to our country's flag, and in speaking of the efforts of some people to put flags on all public buildings, school houses, etc., it says: "This has been recommended by some Republican organs, and a bill providing such a flag for every school house in Pennsylvania came near being rushed through the legislature thoughtlessly last winter..."

Divorce Made Easier in Chicago. The ease with which a divorce may be procured in Chicago has long been a fruitful theme for the newspaper paragrapher. Last week another bar was removed. It has been the practice of the courts to hold that the applicant for divorce must be a resident of that state, and must appear in person.

Two hundred factory girls at Wilkes-Barre will probably strike to-day.

War on Internal Taxes.

The declaration of the North Carolina Republican Representatives-elect that they will vote for no man for Speaker who does not favor an early repeal of the internal revenue laws, naturally excites great interest among Democratic as well as Republican leaders. Of the sixteen Southern Republicans in the House three are from North Carolina, two from Virginia, three from Tennessee, two from Kentucky and one each from West Virginia and Louisiana...

The bold declarations of Representative Brower on this question are answered by some of the party leaders and newspapers with the allegation that Brower, having voted for the Mills bill, is not in accord with the sentiment of the Republicans of his district and state. This is not true. Brower was returned because he voted for that measure, as the bill struck a blow at the hated internal revenue system.

That Brower and Ewart represent public opinion in North Carolina on this question is further established by the tone of the newspapers of that state. Perhaps the leading Republican paper in North Carolina is the North State, published at Greensboro, which is in Brower's district. In the last issue of that paper, discussing this question, it says: "Our state is drained of money through the internal revenue laws. Our farmers are impoverished. They have no money, and not much credit. Hanging over us like a great pall is the obnoxious and oppressive internal revenue system."

Sixteen Hours a Day—Sweet Protection. A committee from the Boston clothing trade unions has been investigating the condition of the clothing manufacturing trade in New York. The wages of the clothing workers have been steadily decreasing in Boston and work has become scarcer there. The Boston unions heard that New York had been taking away much of the business and a committee was sent on to investigate. What the Bostonians have done and learned the New York Times thus tells: They visited the east side districts where clothing is given out to work and have come to the conclusion that the sweating system which was exposed some time ago was the cause of the decline of wages and the withdrawal of much of the trade from Boston. They describe the condition of the working people who are engaged in the sweating work as miserable in the extreme, worse than that of plantation negroes during the time of slavery in the South. Men, women and children crowded into small, hot rooms, where they live and cook and work for starvation wages 14 hours and more out of the 24. Among the places visited by the committee was a five story house, occupied by several sweater contractors. One man employed eight men in a small room and worked them 14 hours a day. Some people in this building worked from 4 o'clock in the morning to 9 o'clock in the evening. Other sweaters paid their hands 50 cents for making a coat, and others paid their hands from \$5 to \$8 per week. One man, who employed 15 men and made them work 16 hours a day, paid them not in money, but in clippings of the cloth, which they had to pawn for money.

How grateful those poor miserable things—incredibly called human beings—must feel to the greatest protective system the world has ever known. Did slavery worse than this ever exist? And yet we are told that protection (oh, thou most delusive snare) is for our benefit. Away with such benevolence, Americans want none of it. Send it back to the barbarous Algerians, from whence it came.

Unclaimed Letters. The following is a list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Freeland Postoffice, July 31, 1889: Fellen, Lizzie; Gill, Stefan; Kuntz, Thos.; Lijewski, Stephen; Lukacs, Kris; McLean, Hugh; Nydem, James; Pelyak, Mike; Waznials, Yerzy; Wildman, Elias P. Persons calling for any of the above letters should say Advertiser.

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affidavit that her husband (Herman) had deserted her for two years, during which time she had lived in Chicago, she was granted a divorce. Her attorney secured this result by fishing up a forgotten decision by the Supreme Court of the state rendered about 20 years ago, in which the Court held that "in contemplation of the law the residence of the wife follows that of the husband," and "desertion for the period of two years by the husband residing in this state, although commenced in a foreign jurisdiction, will enable the wife to obtain a divorce."

Ice Cream a Necessity.

The law against Sunday liquor selling in Cincinnati has been enforced so rigidly that the saloon keepers determined to make all Sunday laws obnoxious. With this end in view they had all the sellers of ice cream in that city arrested. Justice Erinstein, in deciding the first case brought up, said: "The use of ice cream has grown to such an extent that it is no longer to be claimed as a luxury, and in the liberal view the court is inclined to take of the statute its sale on Sunday can easily be regarded as a necessity. Certainly no man was ever incited by the eating of ice cream to go home and beat his wife and break up the furniture, and I have no sympathy with the effort of saloon men to make the law against them odious by pushing the enforcement of the common labor law."

Southerners Going on Strike.

The Southern Republican members in the next House have determined to take advantage of the fact that the Republican majority is now only their, and is not likely to be greater than seven, to put a candidate of their own in the field, and to make support of him the condition of their support of a Republican candidate. They propose to have a Southern Republican for Speaker or else to refrain from voting. It is maintained by these dissatisfied persons that the administration, in so far as it could, has placed the Republican party in the attitude of being sectional. They declare that the president has persistently ignored the south, not only in the selection of his cabinet, but also in the selection of men for every place of prominence under the government. Of all the chief secretaries, all the commissioners but one, all the law officers, all the ministers to important posts, not one is a southern man. It can scarcely be claimed, say these southern men, that in all the south there is no Republican competent for any of these positions of honor.

The only policy mapped out by the president seems to them to consist of deliberate and studied neglect of the party in that section. These southern members feel that that section of the country which furnishes 17 members in a House which has a majority of only three is entitled to some consideration as a matter of right and justice, to say nothing of good, sound party policy. They assert that they have refrained from making any extravagant requests, but think it unfair to be placed in the position before the country of being repudiated by the party they have served loyally, if not successfully.—New York Times.

"Man's Inhumanity to Man."

A sad accident happened at Prospect colliery, Wilkes-Barre, about 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. John Rush was working in a breast and encountered a body of gas which had suddenly formed by escaping from a crevice. The light on his hat ignited it and in the explosion which followed he was so horribly burned that death followed almost immediately. His dead body was placed in an ambulance and conveyed to his boarding house, kept by William Deverish. There they refused to receive the body, alleging that they would not incur the expenses of the funeral and demanded \$50 as a guarantee fund before they would allow the remains to enter the house. After waiting for a few hours in front of the house the ambulance was driven to the Prospect colliery barn and there the body lay for several more hours. Later in the evening the boarding house keeper consented to the removal of the body to his house over night. The particularly sad circumstance about the case is the fact that the wife and children of the dead miner were expected and arrived yesterday from Russia, he having sent for them in order to live with his family in this country.

DEATHS.

DUGAN.—At Drifton, on July 26, Mrs. Bessie Dugan, aged 50 years. Interment at Frenchtown cemetery on Sunday. KNISE.—At Drifton, on July 29, Andrew Knise, aged 47 years. Interment at the Greek Catholic cemetery yesterday. McNulty, undertaker. DEBART.—At Drifton, on July 29, Lizzie Debart, aged 3 months and 2 days. Interment at St. Ann's cemetery yesterday. McNulty, undertaker. MEEHAN.—At Freeland, on July 30, Bertha, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Meehan. Interment yesterday afternoon at St. Ann's cemetery. Brislin, undertaker. GALLAGHER.—At Freeland, on July 26, Bridget, daughter of Frank and Ann Gallagher, aged 10 years. Interment Sunday afternoon at St. Ann's cemetery. Brislin, undertaker.

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"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

The Origin and Growth of the Famous "Folk-song" of the Civil War. In the song "John Brown's Body" we have an example of melody and a set of words which seem never to have been written or composed by anybody. It is a genuine "folk-song," growing out of a widespread sentiment, as many old folk-songs have done, which far more closely respond to the musical wants of the common people than any carefully prepared and cleverly composed song could be. In the case of this song, however, its origin and almost instant growth into common use give us an opportunity to understand its beginnings and development in a way which is impossible with older songs.

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Two members of the Boston militia company called the "Tigers," happening to be at a camp-meeting in a small town in New Hampshire, heard the song sung to religious words, and remembered the air. The name of one of these men was Purington, and of the other John Brown. Not long after this the war broke out, and the "Tigers" were made a part of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, which rendezvoused at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. Here the two men already named, Purington and Brown, formed with two others, named Edgerly and Greenleaf, a quartette, and the quartette sang, among its other songs, all sorts of words of their own "getting up" to this tune. John Brown was a good-natured Scotchman, and the members of the quartette say they sang "John Brown this and John Brown that" to the tune, until, by an almost unconscious change, the hero of them was changed from John Brown, of the "Tigers," to John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, and the grand and simple verse came into existence:

"John Brown's Body lies mouldering in the ground, But his soul is marching on." Before this time the masses of the North had not been in exact sympathy with the purposes of John Brown, but the excitement of the early days of the war called out a sentiment which these words exactly fitted. Whenever the soldier quartette were in Boston they were called upon to sing this song. The Twelfth Regiment took it up. Samuel C. Perkins, of Brockton, a member of the National Band, which was stationed with the Regiment at Fort Warren, wrote down the air while a soldier whistled it. Then the band played it every day. When Edward Everett formally presented the set of colors of the Twelfth Regiment on Boston Common, the air was accepted, being made by Colonel Fletcher Webster of the regiment, the tune was played, and the multitude fairly went wild over it. The band played the tune going up State street in June, 1861, and the soldiers sang it as they marched along. The crowd along the sidewalk took up the air and joined in the chorus.

Soon after the regiment sang it in marching through New York on the way to Baltimore, with the same effect. It spread at once through the army and throughout the country, and became the anthem of the Union. In December, 1861, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote for the air the words beginning:

"Mingoes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," which was called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which soon became immensely popular, but never supplanted in common use the old simple words.

This is the story of the origin of "John Brown's Body" as told by the members of the band and the regiment with whom it had its use as a popular song.—Youth's Companion.

Spooks on Board Ship.

"Well yes," said an officer of the United States coast survey schooner Eagle, "I believe this ship is considered to be more or less haunted. At least she used to be, but this year its ghosts seem to have deserted her capsize. When the memory of her capsize was fresh in every one's mind the men used to tell stories of meeting the figure flitting down the gangway that leads between the cabin and the state-rooms. The quartermaster, too, coming down in the ward-room at night used to see a shadowy form fade away into nothing. The sliding doors, opening into the ward-room from the companionway, have a knack of shutting their own accord in a manner which looks as if spirit hands were pushing them. Just look at this."

The officer slid back the mahogany doors, with their broad lights of beautifully etched glass, and left them so. In a minute or two they slowly slid together again. "The fact is," explained the officer, "that while apparently the ship is perfectly still, the swash of a passing ferryboat or the action of some stray wave is enough to cause a motion to the ship which, while almost imperceptible, is enough to cause the nicely-balanced doors to slide together. I myself, while sleeping in the port state-room off the companionway one night, was startled upon waking suddenly to see seated by my bedside a benignant-looking old gentleman with a long white beard. He was such a good-natured looking old man that I was not so much afraid as I ought to have been, and while I gazed at his kindly face he grinned and faded away, leaving only the light of the lantern in the companionway streaming into my room through the glass door. The next morning at the breakfast table I related my experience of the night, and one of the officers who had occupied the room before me said he had seen the same thing. An investigation ensued, and it was found that when lying in bed in a certain position the eye naturally rested on a small figure of Neptune, it was found to be identical with that of the old man who had been sitting by the bed. At night his face was in the center of the light streaming through the door. The sudden awaking and imagining did the rest. The other ghosts of the Eagle are as real as this one."

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

It was quite a romance. It might have made a sweet, pretty, fearful novel, only it didn't. But it was quite a romance. She was a pretty girl, just about twenty, and of course she was charming. She had a very serious illness. For some time they did not think she would get well, but she had a strong constitution, and was altogether too well fitted for life to lose it so easily. She got well enough to be angry with the doctor and accuse him of deceiving her because he did not tell her she was going to die when she was so ill. Just as she was convalescing the doctor told her he had a young man, interesting, a stranger patient living exactly opposite. She immediately became wild to be allowed to get to the window and see him. But the doctor forbade her for several days, at last he said she might get out of bed and—well, well, just to think of it. When the sun was shining, and the world was all so fair, the first thing she wanted to see was that interesting young male invalid opposite. She saw him, and she loved a worn hand to her, for he had been told about her. Then there came over little bunches of flowers and she would wear them in her wrapper, and he would smile a wan smile of pleasure. She did not send any other communication, but every morning they would greet one another from the window. She was well first, and the doctor could hardly keep the young man patient in his room, he was so mad and wild to get out. And so between these two interesting young people there sprang up a sympathetic feeling that seemed to grow stronger every day. They both got well. Ah, was it not romantic? Picture to yourself what came out of this strange and touching acquaintance. Can you not see the two meeting after the illness? Can you not hear that gentle voice that congratulates him, and the earnest tone in which he replied? Well, he got well, and twelve hours afterward the doctor called and told her he had gone East.

I tell you, there would be a great many more romances if they did not end in such a matter-of-fact way. Fate is with people's lives like the young woman who begins to write a story. It seems to go a certain way with them and then it drops them, or else it suddenly becomes practical and makes everything prosaic. Romance does not last. You go to a picnic and you meet a lovely girl, and you have just the sweetest time in the world under the trees and by the brookside. And you are in a kind of poetic dream until it comes time to go home, and when you get to the ferry you make a break for your dinner. You're too hungry to be poetic. The human stomach, come think of it, is a sad destroyer of your romance. Its prosaic call is so urgent and so imperative. I don't like to think of the shepherds and shepherdesses of Acadia sitting down to a meal of bread and buttermilk; there may be poetry compatible with eating grapes, but even pears, and apples, and oranges are only poetical when they are part of the landscape. Few people can eat oranges and feel comfortable without a finger bowl. When you come to think of it everything in life seems to conspire against poetry. It's all well to fancy your sweetheart laid on her snow-white couch dreaming of you, or standing in a gauzy costume by the window looking at the moon and apostrophizing you as Romeo. But then you know that she has to take the hairpins out of her hair, and when her dainty little feet touch the cold floor you know that she screams, "Ouch! how cold it is!" and in that single instant poetry is dashed to pieces. And you! Well, you have lots of poetry internally. I don't doubt, but you are not poetic in a robe de nuit; you know you're not. I know a fellow who reduced everything to prosaic. We walked up Market street one afternoon. A pretty girl was coming down. There are plenty of them.

"What a pretty girl," I said. "Yes." "That is as pretty a foot as I have seen in a long time." "Yes. What a pity such a lovely angel as that has to cut her corns." "No," said the melancholy fellow. "You can't tell about these things. I used to be very sentimental when I was young, but I got it all knocked out of me. I thought the actresses who played pretty, tearful parts were such true, gentle, sentimental women. I went once to hear a young lady give recitations, and they were sweet, tender things such as touched me, and she was pretty, with soft, meaningful eyes and a sad expression about the mouth. I fell in love with her and got introduced to her. I asked her to come out to supper with me after her reading one night. I was poor, but I had amassed all I had to give her a dainty etheral supper to wake up all the poetry in her, so to speak. I thought that sad mouth must be a portal for only dainty food and we went to the swell restaurant."

"What shall I order, sir?" said the waiter. "They don't often say 'sir' now, but those were days of politeness." "We will have—" I began. "For me," she broke in with her deep, meaningful eyes and the same sad expression about the mouth. I want a beefsteak and a bottle of English porter. I find that suits me best after a night's recitation." "I saved my money, but O! how it burst up my dream of happiness."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Women of Corsica.

The women of Corsica are devoted to their husbands, and willingly sacrifice everything to their demands. A wife considers herself the complement of the man, not his equal. In the house she keeps discreetly in the background. Says the London Queen: "At mealtime wife and daughters will not sit down with her guests, but hover about as attendants. Out of doors the men go forth to work gun in hand, while the women walk behind carrying the heavy tools. If the happy couple have to climb a steep and stony path, and they happen to possess only one horse, it is the man who bestrides the wiry-limbed beast, while the wife may consider herself lucky if she be permitted to catch hold of the stirrup-leather or the horse's tail."

A Dog He Knew.

Miss Silly (to her lover)—You had better be careful when you come up to the house now, Charley. Father has got a big dog. Charley—When did he get him? "Yesterday. He bought him of Miss Flirty's father."

Oh, that dog, hey? I an't afraid of him; he hasn't any teeth."

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