

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Published Every Thursday Afternoon

—BY—  
**THOS. A. BUCKLEY,**  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE.  
Governor.....Robert E. Pattison  
of Philadelphia.  
Lieutenant Governor.....Chauncey F. Black  
of York.  
Secretary of Internal Affairs.....W. H. Barclay  
of Pittsburgh.  
CONGRESSIONAL.  
Congress.....John B. Reynolds  
of Kingston.  
COUNTY.  
Judge.....Stanley Woodward  
of Wilkes-Barre.  
Treasurer.....John S. McGroarty  
of Miners Mills.  
Register of Wills.....Philip V. Weaver  
of Hazleton.  
Commissioner.....Thomas McGraw  
of Beach Haven.  
Commissioner.....Thomas Dullard  
of Wilkes-Barre.  
Auditor.....John J. Brislin  
of Sugar Notch.  
Auditor.....Wm. E. Bennet  
of Wilkes-Barre.  
LEGISLATIVE.  
Representative.....Patrick F. Boyle  
of Hazleton.

FREELAND, SEPTEMBER 4, 1890.

REPUBLICAN editors are still busy trying to explain the difference between reciprocity and free trade. They have hard work of it, but in these times they are doomed to hard work. They have hard work to get men to take stock in their party any more.

To fatten every one who can by any possibility keep the dominant party in power; to throw the people's money into the hopper of politics until it becomes impossible to redeem the pledge of reducing taxation, and then to cripple the judiciary of the country by withholding necessary appropriations—here in a nut-shell you have the policy of the Republicans.

The fact is, Speaker Reed and his very able but misleading colleague, McKinley, have lost ground. Their party does not as a whole believe in them now as it once did. They had the power, and made an extreme use of it. They did not take so much pains to teach and convince as to impain their followers with the idea that they were to be obeyed. They are now reaping the unpleasant fruits of such a policy, and tariff reform in the minds and hearts and the prospective suffrages of the American people goes marching bravely on—*Auburn Despatch (Rep.).*

From the character and extent of the celebrations announced for Monday it is evident that Labor Day in Pennsylvania is already an assured success. The working men deserve their own particular outing, and can be trusted to make wise use of it in wholesome forms of recreation. The holiday comes at an auspicious time of the year, when the heat of the summer has passed and all business interests are entering upon the period of renewed activity. It will undoubtedly prove a permanent holiday, and there are good reasons why it should claim national observance. The stress of our modern American go-ahead pace is severe enough to warrant more holidays; and, as a rule, there is no more genial season of the year for a day off than the first of September.—*Phila. Record.*

An instructive feature of the debates upon the tariff in Congress has been the development of the fact that American manufacturers of a large number of articles have two scales of prices—one for the foreign market and the other for the home purchaser. It is shown that the foreigner in several cases buys the goods for from 25 to 30 per cent. less than they are sold at in this country. It has long been known that American copper was sold abroad at considerably less rates than at home; but that on agricultural tools and others of indispensable use the price was larger on the same article at home than elsewhere was not apparent until this proof of it was furnished. It is another illustration of the way monopolies upon the tariff are made to operate upon the great class of consumers.

## Disension in the G. O. P.

There has not been such angry appeal and scolding within the party since its organization. The protest of Mr. Blaine and of certain Senators against the McKinley bill, and the denunciation of the course of the Republican Senate upon the Election bill, imply a very grave party division if not rupture. Powerful forces in the party are pulling different ways, and the administration itself is pitifully feeble and ineffective in any kind of party control. Speaker Reed and Secretary Blaine openly differ; while Senator Hoar and other leaders are arrayed angrily against Senators Plumb and Quay. Behind each stands a large party constituency, and all agree in condemning the President. The general course of the party in Congress, from the extraordinary assumptions of Speaker Reed to the forced passage through the House of the Tariff and Election bills, has alienated much Republican sympathy, and has not conciliated Independent voters. But the result of the party difference in the practical defeat of the Election bill would be a cause of congratulation to a great body of Democratic and Independent citizens.—*Harper's Weekly.*

## Take the Straight Road.

At the Legislative Convention held at Hazleton, on the 23d ult., there were four candidates before the convention, namely, Hon. James Collins, John Brady, Patrick F. Boyle and P. Duffy. That the contest was spirited on each side was well known, but the absence of bitterness was everywhere noticeable. The four gentlemen went into the convention with the full knowledge that only one could be nominated, and, as is usually the case, the defeated ones should in all justice be satisfied. In a card published in the *Plain Speaker* a few days ago, Hon. James Collins, one of the three who were defeated, announces himself as an independent candidate for the office of Representative of the Fourth Representative District, giving as his reason that he is the choice of the people, and that money, or as Mr. Collins puts it, "boodle," was used to bribe some of the delegates to vote against him. Now let us see what good and valid reason Mr. Collins has to bolt the Democratic Convention! It is not denied that the convention was duly organized and in session, and the balloting proceeded without interruption for some time. It was agreed that the delegates should vote for the candidates consecutively until some one of the candidates withdrew his name, then they would be at liberty to vote for whoever they pleased. That the delegates were an honorable set of men and were carrying out the wishes of the candidates can be seen by referring to the number of ballots taken and the solid vote received by each candidate.

Seeing that the convention would remain in session late into the night, or have to adjourn until Monday morning, an understanding was had between Mr. Collins and Mr. Brady, that if the next three ballots showed no change, that he (Collins) would withdraw his name and leave the contest for the nomination between Brady and Boyle. Was this promise carried out? Let's see, balloting proceeded as before, with no change, and after the fifth ballot had been taken, with no change and no sign of Mr. Collins fulfilling his promise, Mr. Brady, in the interest of harmony and the welfare of the party, withdrew his name and left the convention to decide its choice for Representative between Mr. Collins and Mr. Boyle.

The result is already known. Mr. Boyle received a majority of the votes and was declared the nominee of the party, and, as such, is entitled to the suffrage of all good Democrats, and none in the district should give him their support more willingly than those who entered the contest with him. It is asserted that money was used to influence the votes of some of the delegates against Mr. Collins. When such assertions are made there should be strong grounds for making them. If they be true and can be proven, why not go into court and have the guilty parties brought to justice and put an end to it.

We are sorry to see Mr. Collins pursue the suicidal policy that he has set himself to do. Sorry, not because of the injury Mr. Collins can do the ticket or the party, but because of the ridicule such a course must and will expose him to if he persists in it.

Mr. Collins is yet a young man and no doubt has aspirations for the future; will the course that he intends to pursue help him any to attain that end? We think not. The sooner Mr. Collins takes a sober second thought and looks over the ground that his rump candidacy is supposed to cover, the sooner he will see his folly. Who are the men that will support him? Surely not Democrats; for no true Democrat would be guilty of voting for a man who was fairly and honestly defeated for the nomination, after having the whole machinery of the convention in his own hands. We hope Mr. Collins will see the error he has fallen into and will at once retract the announcement he has made of being an independent candidate and take his defeat good naturedly, pulling off his coat, going into the fight for the regular nominee, and do his share of the work that lies before every Democratic voter of the district and all will be forgotten. If not, then let it be war to the end, and after election his followers will be easily counted, and we can assure him that he will not need many tellers to compare the tally.

## A Record Breaking Season.

1890 will long be remembered as the year in which nearly all the former great records were broken. But it is not only the race horses, the ocean steamships, the bicyclers, the jumpers and numerous others of the athletic family who are having this record-breaking sport to themselves, for even the President and the politicians are making great records for themselves. The other day at Monmouth Park Salvatore reduced the record for horseflesh to 1:33, a feat which will probably remain unmatched for many years to come. A few days ago the Teutonic broke the record of the Atlantic passage eastward. In Congress on Wednesday Representative Cannon broke Ben Butterworth's record for obscene talk and two Republican members got into a fight. The Republican party thus retains the championship for indecency and belligerency. Last week Candidate Delamater, with the jugglery that defeated the Revenue bill still fresh in the memory of the people, claimed that the Republican policy was to relieve the farmer from taxation and to put the cost of maintaining the State upon the corporations. Thus in one fell swoop the records of both Ananias and Ben Butler were knocked out.

1890 is a great year for breaking records, but the most important event is yet to happen. November next will see a disastrous break in the long record of Republican rule in Pennsylvania.—*Ex.*

—Call at George Wise's Saddle and Harness Store and examine his new and superb stock of Fly Nets. Prices away down.

## "Working" the G. A. R. for Votes.

"Colonel" Thomas J. Stewart, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket, attended the Grand Army camp fire held at Mahanoy City on Thursday evening of last week.

"Colonel" Stewart is a Grand Army man, and is posing as the soldier candidate in this campaign. He is one of that class of the "old vets" that can be recognized upon sight by his profuse decoration of medals, buttons, badges and other emblems of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Just as the war was drawing to a close "Colonel" Stewart enlisted and served less than a month, doing guard duty. He never smelled powder, never saw the smoke of battle nor got within sound of the enemy's cannon, but he now parades his connection with the Grand Army, fights the battles in song and story at the festive camp, boasts that the organization is at his back and that he will "work" it for votes for himself and Matt Quay's two other candidates.

His opponent for the office of Secretary of Internal Affairs, Captain Wm. H. Barclay, was a gallant soldier, who bravely earned the title he modestly carries. He, also, is a member of the Grand Army, but is of the class that never makes a public exhibition of their military records and achievements. At the beginning of the war he went to the front and served through to the end in Seelye's Brigade, one of the fighting divisions of the army. His record during those years was one that any person would be proud of. To the voters of Pennsylvania he leaves it to decide the election, and will make no attempt to "work" any organization for votes.

If the Grand Army of the Republic desires to retain public respect and follow the principles of its founders it will set its foot down on such operations. Blatant humbugs of the Stewart brand are dragging down the name of the order in every part of the country. The ones who served the shortest time are the most clamorous. They seek the most honors and talk louder than those who quietly went off to the war and fought for years and gave their blood to their country. "Colonel" Stewart's assumed proprietorship of the G. A. R. is a reflection on the manhood of the organization which ought to be resented by the real veterans who largely compose its membership.

## Delamater and the Grangers.

Delamater attended the Grangers' picnic on Friday and addressed the farmers on the political issues of the campaign. He talked about taxation and confessed that through a kindergarten process he is gaining light on the question.

On the 10th of December last the business meeting of the State Grange was held in Harrisburg, which was followed by a public meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives in the evening. Senator Delamater was in the city, but declined to address the meeting, though a number of others did so. The correspondent of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* graphed that journal that "the Grangers ascribed his failure to appear at the meeting to the fact that he assisted in strangling the bill for the equalization of taxation in committee after he had promised that it should have fair play." In other words he was afraid to meet the victims of his treachery.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be. When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he." Now that Delamater wants the Granger votes he goes before them and promises everything. When, as Senator, he was considering the questions in which they were interested, he didn't scruple to strangle their measure.—*Evening Herald.*

## Their Chance.

Ben and Roger Moore were "railroad boys." Their father was an engineer on one of the great western roads, and they had been brought up in a comfortable little cottage by the very side of the tracks, so that they could not remember a time when rushing trains, screaming whistles, clanging bells, and the acid smell of coal-smoke had not been familiar things to them. Smart little railroaders they were, at ages when boys hardly know a throttle from a reversing lever, for they had been unconsciously picking up knowledge every day of their lives during the hours spent at the station, or in the repair-shops, or while the yard-master favored them with a trip on the queer little shifting-engine which puffed up and down the interlacing side-tracks from morning till night.

As they grew older their father occasionally took one of them with him on the great express locomotive 209, where they learned to stop and start the magnificent machine, and even to run it on safe stretches of road. Often Ben relieved the big, good-natured fireman at the shovel, while Roger attended to the bell and whistle and learned to manage the air-brake.

Of course all this was against the rules of the road, but rules have their exceptions, and the pair of young engineers were such exceptions. Even the stern potentate, the division superintendent, uttered never a word of objection when he saw the two youthful faces in the cab, black with smoke and beaming with pleasure, while the train-hands and station-men smilingly waved their caps to Ben or Roger leaning out of the window and watching for signals and switches as if the whole train depended upon his vigilance.

"You can run an easy piece as well as I can," Mr. Moore once proudly said. "An' the'd do pruttly will in a toight place, too," added the fireman. But Mr. Moore shook his head at this. "Perhaps so, Mike, but it isn't knowing the machine that pulls a man through tight places. It's pluck, and grit, and a cool head, and thinking of your train first and yourself last—that's what it is."

"Sure, but if ever th' b'ys have to show what'in 'em they won't find 'em lackin'." O've seized 'em oop, an' wait till they've th' right sort, an' Oi'll till they've the chance an' ye'll see." Only a short time afterward they actually did have the chance, and it will leave it to you to say whether or not Mike Murphy was mistaken. "What's the matter with that car? It's movin' off of itself!" exclaimed

Roger, while he and his brother were standing at the station awaiting their father's train. Down the track at the end of the yard a flat-car loaded with ties was slowly gliding along without any visible means of propulsion.

"Brakes loosened," replied Ben. "S'it be stopped in a minute. Yes, there goes somebody now." A man climbed on board and made his way to the brakes. He turned the wheel vigorously, but without effect. Another joined him, and both, throwing their weight on the brakes, could be seen heavily leaning outward and swinging their hats around as they strained to stop the ponderous car.

"No use. Brakes must be out of order," said Roger, after a minute's observation. "Yes, that's it," assented Ben, carelessly. But, even while yet speaking, he gave a sudden start of excitement. "Roger, there's going to be trouble. See how it gathers speed. It must be just getting on the down grade outside the yard."

"And that goes clear to the Gravelly Run bridge," replied Roger, also becoming excited. "The flat will be running like lightning by the time it gets there." "Yes, it'll pitch off the bridge, besides," continued Ben. "But I don't see what can be done about it. The men have given up. See! They're jumping off—and it's time they did." "The company will lose some money," said Roger, "but that's all the harm, for there's a clear track and no train coming up for two hours."

But Ben all at once grasped his brother by the wrist. "O Roger, don't you remember? There's a car repairing the bridge at the brook. They're clear of the gully where they can't see or hear the car, and it'll fall right over upon them! They'll all be killed! they'll all be killed!"

Roger could not say a word. He stood staring after the disappearing car pale faced and breathing hard. Ben looked around helplessly until his eyes fell upon something that made his heart leap with joy. It was the change engine waiting to relieve their father's when his train came in. It stood on the main track near the two boys, but with no one aboard, for the engineer and fireman were eating their noon lunch at the round-house, as they generally did.

"Jump aboard, quick, quick!" cried Ben, dragging Roger toward the locomotive. "We can't stop to call the crew—we must run her ourselves. I'm the strongest; I'll fire and you—you start her up! Hurry!" Roger instantly understood. He sprang upon the foot-board after his brother and grasped the lever and throttle. It was no time for careful handling and the great engine fairly jumped on the rails as the abruptly opened valves sent the steam rushing through it. Ben seized the whistle lever and a long scream of warning sounded in the ears of the astonished men who were watching the runaway car, while almost at the same moment with the sound the roaring locomotive leaped by them over the rattling switches and shot down the line like a meteor.

Both boys, now that they were actually at work to avert a disaster, the very thought of which had unnerved them a minute before, were cool and steady. Roger, with his hands occupied and feet braced firmly against the heavy shocks and lurches of the flying engine, moved his eyes from the track ahead only for a swift glance at the gauges. Ben fed the fire-box with all the skill he knew, reading Mike Murphy's instructions, and doing his best to keep a steady, hot fire without smothering it by putting on too much coal, the common mistake of inexperienced firemen. Never once since starting had he looked from his work, or even taken a single glimpse from the window directly in front of him.

Yet all the time his mind was busy. He had set upon this wild race with the single idea of chasing the flat-car, and in some way preventing the destruction it was sure to create if left to itself.

But now the question was whether the car could be overtaken, and, if it could, what should then be done. Knowing how far the bridge was away from the station he mentally calculated the probable speed of the flat-car and the time it would occupy in making the distance. Then, between shovelful of coal, he fixed the pace necessary to come up with the chase sufficiently far from the bridge to allow opportunity for securing the runaway by a plan which had just occurred to him.

"There it is!" cried Roger, as they swept around a long curve. "It's running nearly as fast as we are." For the first time Ben looked out at the flying telegraph poles, while counting the jars of the wheels on the joints of the rails.

"Give her a little more, Roger," said he. The engine seemed to drop from under them with its increasing speed on the down grade, rolling and pitching like a ship at sea. Ahead the flat was bounding along the rails, strutting the track side as it ran with heavy ties, for its load had been shifted by the shock rounding the curve. Several times the pursuing engine struck and threw aside some of the ties, which had fallen partly across the rails.

Fearful dangerous it was, but Roger did not even think of slowing up. On the contrary, he crowded his machine a little harder. There was need of it, for the bridge was less than a mile away, and a mile at this speed was only a few seconds over a minute.

Ben also knew that. He threw down his shovel, caught up an iron pin, and opened the doors leading out upon the boiler. Roger looked at him anxiously, but never spoke. The thing must be done if both his brother and himself gave up their lives in doing it, for there, down under the bridge, were twenty men—husbands and fathers, many of them—working away, unconscious of the death that was rushing upon them at fifty miles an hour.

Clinging to the brass railing and almost choked by the fierce rush of air that the engine created as it tore along Ben crawled slowly to the buffers, and from there let himself down till his feet rested upon the frame of the pilot. Half sitting, half standing, he held on to a brace with one hand and with the other raised the heavy coupling-rod, which hung along the front angle of the pilot.

It was a terrible place. Stunned by the furious noise smothered in dust, and bewildered by the dizzy sweeping of the roadbed under him his head swam, and for a moment he thought he should fall. But the weakness passed away before the thought of what depended upon him. He must save those lives. That was what he was there for. The engine was gaining rapidly, but still not rapidly enough. A few sec-

onds more would render all his struggles useless.

He leaned out and waved his hand. Instantly another of those heading leaps told him that Roger had seen his signal, and that all steam was on. The distance decreased. A hundred yards—fifty—twenty-five! Now the rumbling, swaying mass of timber was directly over-head, and Ben rose in his feet as cool as he had ever been in his life.

With the pin and coupling-rod in hand he stood balancing himself on the narrow frame that jarred and jumped beneath him, noticing even then the steady skill with which his brother was reducing the engine's speed to correspond with that of the car and prevent a heavy shock. Another second and he dropped the rod in place, passed the pin through, and fell backward upon the pilot.

The wheels screamed and grated, the steam roared, and the whole engine groaned under the racking strain of the reverse, but the car was being checked, and slower and slower it went, until it was finally overpowered and destroyed by the drag and pull behind it. Right before, not fifty feet off, was the bridge, but the car had stopped.

Well, you can imagine what a scene there was—the terrified workmen swarming out from among the timbers down in the ravine, learning what they had escaped, who had saved them, and how it had been done. And you can imagine another scene an hour or two later when the shouting procession of grateful men, wives, and mothers, and sisters, crying for joy, brought the two young heroes up to the station, where Engineer Moore was waiting. But you can not imagine what the father's feelings were on hearing the story nor how he was proud, and glad, and frightened, and thankful all at once. Nobody could imagine that.

Mike Murphy was simply uproarious. "Hurroo! Didn't Oi till ye?" he kept saying. "Didn't Oi say ye'd see what was in 'em when they had the chance? An' ye've had the chance, an' ye do see! Hurroo!"—*Manley H. Pike, in Youth's Companion.*

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