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FREELAND, PA., MAY 3, 1894.

Rev. J. T. Shelton, a well-known minister in Little Rock, Arkansas, in a recent sermon made use of the following language: "Laboring men will remember that during the strike in 1885 I predicted from the pulpit the present turn in the warfare for the recognition of the rights of the individual. Again, in 1890, I prophesied every movement that has taken place since and all that will be, in a general way, until 1900. The present movement is a fermentation of conflicting thoughts. Look out for hell and fury in the next six months, with more to follow until 1899."

The women of New York have recently awakened to the idea that they ought to have the right of suffrage, and in that opinion are backed by a large number of influential men. They make their appeal for the right on the ground that large numbers of them pay taxes and should therefore be entitled to have a voice in the selection of public officers. The demand is a reasonable one and though it is hardly probable that this effort in New York will be successful, there will be such a demonstration of public sentiment in its behalf as to leave no doubt that eventually the demand will be complied with.

The senate on Friday came very near treating the country to a genuine sensation. In accepting the challenge of the Republicans to put the tariff bill to the test of a vote, in order that the measure might be at once referred to a committee of conference of the two houses, the Democrats rose to a true appreciation of the demands of the people of the country for immediate action on this long delayed subject. The inglorious backdown of Senator Aldrich and a number of his party associates, however, afforded fresh evidence of the insincerity of the Republicans in their profession of a willingness to dispose of the question before the senate.—*Phila. Record*.

Eckley B. Coxe, ex-state senator and multi-millionaire, has declined to permit his name to be used as a gubernatorial candidate. Mr. Coxe would make one of the strongest candidates the Democracy could produce. When he was first elected state senator he very wisely declined to take his seat because money had been illegally appropriated to insure a large majority. He then returned to his constituency, and in a special election was re-elected by a larger majority than before, but did not use money to accomplish that result. He then became a state senator and was very active in the work of legislation. It is a pity he has withdrawn his fair name.—*Tamqua Recorder*.

The Democratic county committee at their meeting on Saturday made a most excellent choice for chairman in the person of J. Ridgway Wright. The new leader of the county Democracy is no stranger to the rank and file of the party. He led the Democratic hosts to victory in a former campaign, and with proper support and co-operation, he can land the party nominees, this fall, winners. Mr. Wright is a man of magnetic influence, considerable executive ability, and popular with the masses as well as the classes. He is an ideal Democratic leader, and if the party cannot win under him, then there must be something wrong with the party, not with the leader.—*New Dealer*.

It is a significant circumstance, remarks the Baltimore *Star*, that while contingents for Coxey's "army" are making for Washington from all other parts of the country there are none from the south. They come chiefly from Republican states—states in which Republican teaching has done its perfect work in undermining the Democratic doctrine of self-help, and no paternalism. Coxey himself and the first army came from Ohio, where McKinleyism is rampant and protection has impoverished its thousands. Then follow the detachments from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California and other Republican states where the high tariff has made the rich very rich and the poor very poor. But we do not hear of a single "army" from the impoverished south, nor from any state in which protection has not showered its favors on the owners of pet industries.

Badly Mixed.

The recent death of Mrs. Mary Ann Adams at North Manchester recalls to the Indianapolis Journal an interesting romance. Her first husband was Ernsperger, and she had three children, two girls and a boy. Henry J. Adams and wife were neighbors of the Ernspergers, and their children were the same in number, but two of them were boys. They resided in Darke county, O., at the time. By mutual agreement the two husbands traded wives, the women being very well pleased to do so. The children were equally divided, the fathers choosing the sons and the mothers the daughters. In 1847 Adams moved to this county, and later to Miami county. A few years later the Ernsperger family moved to Fulton county. Being near neighbors, the two families still retained friendly relations as long as they lived. After the death of the second Mrs. Ernsperger, who had been Mrs. Adams, Miss Ernsperger, then a young lady living with her mother, went back and kept house for her father. While there she took typhoid fever. Her mother, Mrs. Adams, who had been the first Mrs. Ernsperger, went to Ernsperger's and nursed her daughter until she died. Mrs. Adams was the mother of four children by her second husband, Henry Adams. Several members of the peculiarly made up family still reside in Wabash county.

A Novel Sewer Project.

Philadelphia is going to give the world an excellent object lesson in sewer building. They are building a large sewer on piles, and if they succeed in their undertaking, which is to cost one and a half million dollars, they will have done a great deal toward solving a very difficult problem. This new sewer runs along the bed of the Aramingo canal, which is too soft to hold the great weight. To get over this difficulty piles of yellow pine twelve inches square are to be driven down to rock bottom about three feet apart. At the top of them a heavy plank floor will be placed, and on this a nine-foot sewer will be built. The undertaking has been discussed by engineers throughout the state, and opinions differ very much as to the result of the undertaking, which in several features appears to be daring in the extreme. In this age of engineering advancement it is absurd to say that anything is impossible, and the men in charge of this singular work are likely to be able to convince the world that after all there is something new under the sun.

The inquisitiveness of boy in Alton town the other day resulted in the finding of six hundred dollars and will cause a lawsuit. The personal estate of rich old bachelor, who died a short time ago, was sold at auction. Among the goods disposed of was an old safe, which was knocked down for three dollars and a half. The safe had been used by the owner, but after his death it was opened by his relatives, and everything of value was taken out, as they supposed. Before the purchasers had an opportunity to take it away, however, a small boy worked the combination and opened the door. While examining the interior he pulled out a private drawer and found a pile of gold pieces. When counted they were found to amount to nearly six hundred dollars. The money was taken in charge by relatives under the protests of the new owners, who threaten to bring suit for the gold.

The business engrossing the attention of Haskell county (Texas) solons is counting scalps. At the last sitting of the commissioners' court something over fifty-one thousand scalps were counted. In February they counted twenty-three thousand; so in the last sixty days—or in February and March—hunters have destroyed about seventy-five thousand prairie dogs, costing the county treasury something over three thousand dollars.

As showing the thorough systematication of stove manufacturers it is asserted that a resident of Sharon, Pa., ordered a stove at a foundry there.

The pig iron was melted and cast, the frame put together, polished, set up in the purchaser's house, and a fire started in it in less than three hours from the time he gave the order.

It is reported that Belva Lockwood, once candidate for president, presented herself last week before the circuit court of Richmond, Va., to qualify for practice, but the judge denied the application on the ground that all precedent was contrary to the admission of women to practice in Virginia courts.

The Boston Herald is authority for the statement that it is contrary to the school commission's rule to wash the windows and floors of a Boston school other than once a year. This surprising assertion would appear to call for an explanation from the commissioners.

GREAT interest is being aroused throughout Virginia and the south over the exposition which is to be held in Richmond next fall. The necessary guarantee fund has been secured, and arrangements are being made for cheap railway transportation.

Twenty-five Chinese of New Haven, Conn., lately boycotted a Sunday school because the police raided the opium and fan-tan joints. There are some American ways that "John"

readily adapts himself to.

THE CHUGUIPOGIO INN.

(Translated from the Spanish of Baroness Wilhelmina.)

BY MARY SPRINGER.

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I HAD encamped at the foot of the Chimborazo, that huge snow-topped mountain which conceals in its deep bosom the mysteries of the early history of Ecuador.

I had arrived there just as twilight was casting its shadows over the arid skirts of Colossus, while its white crest stood boldly out against the sky.

I was filled with admiration at the magnificent view, and as soon as I dismounted I hastened to climb to the top of a hill in order to enjoy that marvellous work of creation.

The humble inn, which was called the Tambo de Chuguiogio, was to shelter us that night, and I and my companions intended to remain there until daybreak in order to escape the high winds which prevail in that region and are so trying to travelers.

That vast solitude has an indescribable charm, and appeals strongly to the imagination, while the picture one beholds never can fade from one's memory, it is so beautiful. The Andes are seen on every side in all their imposing majesty, with their snowy crests, volcanoes casting forth fire and thick volumes of smoke and hillsides where many generations of natives sleep in their hidden tombs.

Many traditions abound about the treasures concealed in the bosom of the earth, and at the foot of the mountain are the Indians' humble huts, in which the natives dream of their lost liberties.

I could hear the roaring of the volcano, Sangay, where I was standing, and felt my own insignificance as a mite of creation in the midst of all that grandeur, for what is a human being compared with the grand creation of the Almighty? What is glory, which the greater part of the human race so anxiously longs for, but an ephemeral shadow compared with the wonders of the earth—the colossal mountains which look down disdainfully on man as a mere pygmy, who can only gaze on their heights from afar?

There have been two exceptions, however, Bolívar and Humboldt, who ventured to ascend its steep sides, and to win immortal fame by this achievement.

I was engaged in these reflections when an agonizing cry broke on my ear.

I rapidly descended the hill and joined Maj. Montenegro, who was accompanying me, together with several other gentlemen, and we all hastened to the inn to find out what had occurred.

It was a terrible sight which met our eyes. Stretched on the floor of the room in which the guests usually congregate was a young, beautiful Indian woman, the blood oozing from a deep wound in her side, while the knife that had done the deed was close by. She had arrived that same afternoon, accompanied by a middle-aged man, also an Indian, but who had evidently run off to escape the consequences of his crime.

The victim was still breathing. She was carefully lifted from the floor and placed on a pallet. Every traveler is provided with blankets and mattresses, which he carries on a mule, and thus can easily make up a bed wherever he may be.

One of the soldiers of our convoy rushed off to the nearest village after a doctor, although we thought it would be no use, for the poor woman was in her death throes.

We were greatly impressed; and after bandaging the wound endeavored to restore the dying woman to consciousness by giving her some brandy.

Suddenly she trembled and tried to raise herself, while she fixed on us her beautiful black eyes, already glazed by death. We gathered around the unhappy woman, and, as I was quite near

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"On our way from Mocha to the inn I threatened to seek the villain and kill him; I confess I did not intend to make away with her then. But she drove me wild with her despair, and I fancied she was weeping on his account; that she loved him and despised me; or, perhaps, her fear was due to the terrible expression on my face. That is the don't which now tortures me. When we reached this place, after dismounting, she did not want to come in, and attempted to escape, but I saw through her purpose to call on the men in the barbershop for help. Then I do not know what happened. I forced her to come in here, and she struggled and screamed, and then, unhappy man, I stabbed her—and yet I loved her! My dear Rosario, how could I kill you? Pardon me, pardon me!"

The unhappy Bautista covered his face with both hands, and his sobs revealed the most heartrending grief.

The magistrate called us to one end of the room, and asked us to tell him all we had seen. The knife with which the deed had been done was still lying on the floor. Suddenly Bautista seized it and plunged it into his heart, crying as he fell:

"Forgive me, Rosario. I am going to follow you!"

We all ran toward the unfortunate man, but he only lived a few moments, and his tragic death made all legal proceedings useless. After the usual formalities had been gone through, and we had given our evidence, we proceeded on our journey.

Rosario, whether she be guilty or innocent, now sleeps by Bautista's side, while her secret is buried in the tomb.

WHILE THE KNIFE THAT HAD DONE THE DEED WAS CLOSE BY.

to her, she clasped my hand convulsively, while she murmured a few words in a low tone. Her gaze wandered around the room and stopped at the door, while a startled expression overspread her face. I turned to see what had alarmed her, and there stood the assassin. It was he, without doubt, for his victim's look denounced him. The man's face did not look cruel nor bad, nor did it express any fear; but a deep melancholy and desperate resolve seemed stamped on his countenance.

Slowly, as though drawn by those eyes, now glazed and dim with approaching death, he came forward, without apparently noticing any of those standing around the bed, and kneeling down he took her hand, which easily tried to repulse him, and exclaimed in an agonized tone:

"Rosario! Rosario! forgive me. I was beside myself."

The dying one fixed an indescribable look on the Indian, in which were

blended love, compassion and fear, and, loosening her hold on my hand, she sank back with a groan.

"O Rosario, you will not die without pardoning me!" he cried, and as he spoke he arose and threw his arms around her neck.

But she made no response, and her eyes were fixed and glassy. She was dead.

Just then my attention was attracted by the sounds of horses' hoofs, and a short time after I saw four men enter the room, the doctor from Mocha, the village magistrate and two policemen. We looked at the murderer, but he made no attempt to escape.

He seemed overwhelmed with grief, and still clasped the hand of the dead woman in both of his, his head hidden in the bedclothes, while he appeared indifferent to all that was going on around him.

As the doctor drew near the bed, not knowing who he was, said:

"Get up, my good man, for I want to examine this young woman to see whether she is still alive. But alas, she is dead!" he added, as he looked at her more closely.

"Oh sir, perhaps she is still alive, for it is not possible that she has died without pardoning me."

So saying, the assassin withdrew to a corner of the room, and waited to hear what the physician would say.

The blow had been dealt by a skillful hand, and death had quickly ensued.

When the assassin saw that she was really dead, he turned deathly pale, and fell on his knees by the side of the pallet where the dead woman was lying, and began to sob bitterly.

"Who is this man?" the magistrate then inquired.

We all kept silent, for we felt averse to denounce him, as his grief was so intense.

But he raised his head, and had evidently heard the question, and understood our repugnance to speak.

"My name is Bautista Perez," he said in a faint voice, "and I—I have killed that woman, who was my wife!"

The magistrate uttered an exclamation of surprise, and, with a look, ordered his men to guard the door.

Bautista understood this move, and sadly but firmly added:

"I do not want to make my escape, sir. I am ready to confess my crime, and I was led away by jealousy."

"Was Rosario innocent or guilty? I do not know. We lived in Ambato, and I have been suffering torture for



HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

To REMOVE EGG STAINS FROM SPOONS
rub with moist salt.

If straw matting be washed over with salt and water it will look like new.

A LITTLE salt in the water in which flowers are placed will help to keep them fresh for a long time.

To REMOVE CLARET STAINS PUT SALT IMMEDIATELY AND THICKLY OVER THE PLACE. RINSE IN COLD WATER BEFORE WASHING.

A TEASPOONFUL OF SALT IN A GLASS OF WATER IS A CURE IN MANY STOMACH TROUBLES, RELIEVING COLIC AND HELPING INGESTION.

VINEGAR AND WATER IN EQUAL PROPORTIONS AS A REMEDY FOR OUTWARD APPLICATI-

ON IN CASES OF SPRAIN OR STRAIN.