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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."

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.

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.

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.

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.

It is a significant circumstance, remarks the Baltimore Sun, that while contentions for Coxe'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.

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.

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.

The inquisitiveness of a boy in Alintown the other day resulted in the finding of six hundred dollars and will cause a lawsuit. The personal estate of a 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 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 systematization 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.

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THE CHUGUIPOGIO INN.

(Translated from the Spanish of Baroness WILSON.)

BY MARY SPRINGER.

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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 marvelous work of creation. The humble inn, which was called the Tambo de Chuguioggio, 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 mere mortal 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, Bolivar 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.

blended love, compassion and fear, and, loosening her hold on my hand, she sank back with a groan. "Oh, Rosario, you will not die without pardoning me!" he cried, and as he spoke he arose and threw his arms around her neck.

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 face half hidden in the bedclothes, while he appeared indifferent to all that was going on around him.

"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."



"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

some time past, and finally resolved to take her away from the man whom I thought was my rival, and bring her to Guaranda. She wept and begged me not to leave Ambato; but I forced her to come with me, and my rage increased on the way, as I thought I saw the villain who had wrecked my happiness as we arrived at Mocha, and that Rosario only feigned that she was resigned in order to deceive me and run away with him."

Bautista then kept silent, while he fixed his glittering eyes on the dead woman with a mingled expression of love and hatred. "And what happened afterward?" inquired the magistrate, who was interested in this domestic drama. "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 that she loved him and despised me; or, perhaps, her fear was due to the terrible expression on my face. That is the death which many tormentors 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 burgundy 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!"

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 on immediately and thickly over the place. Rinse in cold water before washing.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

The Canadian Pacific railway report for 1893 shows that the net earnings were \$7,640,000, a decrease of \$975,000. BETHLEHEM Iron company has increased its capital from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 to provide for extensions of plant. REPORTS from United States consuls at various foreign ports show an increasing demand for American flour and wheat abroad.

HORSE NOTES.

Too MUCH coarse food has made thousands of horses unsound. Trotting through sandy or muddy places and on rising grades exhausts a horse rapidly. In such places go slowly. HORSES were never so cheap as now, quality considered, and yet the best authorities allege that with proper care and desecration there is still good money in the business.

SEXATOR MITCHELL, well known as a breeder of trotters, has introduced a bill in the United States senate prohibiting racing in the District of Columbia from December 1 to April 1. UNTIL a young horse reaches maturity his circulation is not so strong as it afterwards becomes; consequently he is more subject to the ill effects of jarring from fast work and tension from heavy drawing, which shows itself in connection with the fetlock joints by swellings of various kinds.

Girls' Perversity. Nell—How do you know she is in love with Jack? Belle—Because she told me he was perfectly horrid, and if she were in my place she wouldn't have anything to do with him.—Philadelphia Record. \$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

BUSINESS BRIEFS.

Black shirt waist, 95c. at McDonald's. Parties supplied with ice cream, cakes, etc., by Laubach at reasonable rates. Wall paper, 6 cents per double roll, at A. A. Bachman's. Paper hanging done at short notice. Doctor to Patient.—"Why you are using the wrong medicine." "No, sir, the right medicine, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills."

HAPPY HOUSEHOLDS.

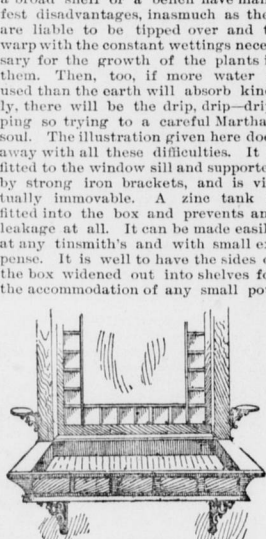
They Are Those in Which the Anniversaries Are Remembered. The happiest households are those that do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift-giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question, owing to the straitened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Let each realize the fact that they are one. Let her meet him with a kiss—not a frown. Let her sympathize with him in business cares. Let him assist her in beautifying the home. Let him speak to his wife—not yell "say" at her. Let her not narrate Mrs. Next Door's gossip. Let him be as courteous after marriage as before. Let her not worry him with petty troubles. Let her make home more pleasant than the club. Let the husband frequent his home—not the club. Let her dress as tastefully for him as for strangers. Let his latchkey gather unto itself rust from disuse. Let him confide in his wife—their interests are equal. Let her not fret because Mrs. Neighbor has a rich dress. Let her home mean love and rest—not strife and noise.

WINDOW PLANT BOX.

One That is Ornamental and Cannot Be Tipped Over. The usual boxes set in windows on a broad shelf or a bench have manifold disadvantages, inasmuch as they are liable to be tipped over and to warp with the constant wettings necessary for the growth of the plants in them. Then, too, if more water is used than the earth will absorb kindly, there will be the drip, drip—dripping so trying to a careful Martha's soul. The illustration given here does away with all these difficulties. It is fitted to the window sill and supported by strong iron brackets, and is virtually immovable. A zinc tank is fitted into the box and prevents any leakage at all. It can be made easily at any tinsmith's and with small expense. It is well to have the sides of the box widened out into shelves for the accommodation of any small pots



WINDOW PLANT BOX.

desired, and there may be two little round brackets at each side of the window just above the shelves. The whole thing may be made ornamental to the room by using wood that has a pretty grain, with more or less modest ornamentation in the making.—Webb Donnell, in American Gardening. Fidelity in Little Things. There is no real elevation of mind in a contempt of little things. It is, on the contrary, from too narrow and contracted views that we often consider of little moment things which are really of immense and most extensive consequence. The more we are by nature prone to neglect little things, the more we should fear the effects of this neglect, and be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to our remissness. Do not let us be discouraged by this constant necessity for watchfulness as to trifles. To maintain the conflict will at first require firmness; but it is a discipline that we have need of, and one that will at last bring self-control, and with it peace and security for our souls. A True Paradox. Nable—Do you not think Mr. De Little a man of small calibre? Grace—Perhaps, but I'm sure of one thing; he's a big bore.—Brooklyn Life.

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