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Competition between Eastern and Western farmers is yearly growing less, declares the New York Tribune. In years past the Western man had the advantage of cheap lands; but the Eastern farmer has the advantage of a near-by market.

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that Alpine climbers will read with disgust of the proposed railroad and elevator to the very summit of the Jungfrau. Time was, and it was not so many years ago, that this mountain was regarded as a dangerous peak and the feat of climbing it was noteworthy. Since then the Matterhorn and other Alpine peaks have taken its place in the ambition of mountain climbers. With a railroad to the summit and a hotel perched on the topmost point of this historical mountain much of the romance will go out of Alpine climbing. The Cook's tourist is fatal to the enthusiasm of travel.

James M. Glenn, President of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, writes in the North American Review: "The South this season has been favored with an enormous crop of cotton and an exceptionally large production of corn, with also an excellent yield of tobacco, and although market prices may be low, especially as to cotton, the fact remains that the cost of production, taking into consideration not only the question of labor, but recognizing the complete utilization of the by-product which was formerly wasted, is now greatly reduced, and the net result is a favorable one. The sugar interest, it is to be hoped, may steadily continue in advancement, accompanied ultimately with remunerative results. The production of rice in the South is extending, and will undoubtedly assume very greatly enlarged proportions in the near future. The lumber resources of the South are being brought more and more into prominence, attracting capital for its preparation for market, widening the employment of labor, and adding to the available wealth of the community."

Devotion to the old Shinto faith is not extinct in Japan, and a great temple at Kioto, on which ten years and many millions have been expended, is still incomplete, and work upon it not suspended even in the time of the greatest war which the country has ever had upon its hands. The women of that country give sign of their pious zeal in this work by contributing portions of their hair, which are braided into cables and used in the transportation of material to be employed in the construction of the building. Of these a large number have been worn out in the work accompanying the structure at Kioto, but more are forthcoming, showing a spirit of zeal and sacrifice among the women there which the New York Tribune believes not to be outdone by any of the missionaries among them, or by the builders of shrines and temples anywhere. Shintoism is the old faith of Japan before the introduction of Buddhism and the Confucian philosophy, and does not now absorb a large part of the religious inspiration of the country, but still preserves a measure of vitality enough to build a new temple now and then amidst the ruin of its old ones, and supply testimony that in spite of the infiltration of newer faiths the lamp of its older one is still trimmed and burning. It has no theological scheme and specific code of morals, inculcating in general obedience and reverence for the Mikado, who in that country is the direct representative of the gods; and as a religion really amounts to little, not enough to justify the erection to it of such a spacious and costly tabernacle. Japan is going on at such a pace in the adoption of modern usages that she will no doubt have a President before long after the American pattern, and then there will be nobody for the new Kioto altar to burn its incense to.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE,
1794-1894.

The blue hills rise in stately strength,
Streams ripple soft below,
As on these long gone Sabbath days,
One hundred years ago.

When in those crumbling, roofless walls,
Where birds fit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshiped God
One hundred years ago.

And word of truth, or praise, or prayer,
In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the spirit moved
One hundred years ago.

Here many a calm and saintly brow
Seemed lit by heaven's own glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
One hundred years ago.

Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
On golden heads below,
Where children lifted patient eyes
One hundred years ago.

Here youths and maidens primly sat
In silent, decorous row,
But, as to-day, Love stole his glance
One hundred years ago.

In ancient graves, where trailing vines
And tender wild flowers grow,
Sleep those whose footsteps thither turned
One hundred years ago.

Long have these altar fires been cold,
And only ruins show
The temple holy to the Lord
One hundred years ago.

But true and simple faith abides,
Through centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
Who reared this modest forest fane
One hundred years ago.

—Lucy R. Fleming, in Harper's Bazar.

A LEAP FOR LUCRE.

BY THOMAS S. BLACKWELL.

WHEN the gallant "Green Lancers" got the route from gay, "dear, dirty Dublin" for the West of Ireland, it was looked upon by the younger members of that sporting corps as something akin to penal servitude.

"Beastly bore," lisped Charley Nugent, the last-joined sub, as he palled viciously at an imaginary mustache, "isn't it?" and he looked appealingly round on his brother officers, who were lounging about the ante-room at Island Bridge Barracks.

"Look here, youngster," growled the Major from his lair on the sofa, "you 'don't know what's good for you. It will be the saving of you boys to get away from the late hours and confederacy that you are indulging in here. 'The Wild West' is not half bad."

"Tell us all about it, Major," came in a chorus from "the boys."

"The Major" was an authority on all subjects in the "Green Lancers." If it was a low affair, some detail of regimental duty, a financial difficulty, or one of the many complications peculiar to "young bloods," "the Major" was always the trusted guide, philosopher and friend.

A perfect man of the world, a thorough soldier and good sportsman, with a kind heart, despite a rather sarcastic turn, he was adored by all the youngsters of the regiment, to whom he was a regular oracle.

"Yes," said the Major, "the West is a jolly place for any fellow with health and heart to enjoy the fun one gets there. The Chief and I were down on detachment in the County Mayo in '81, when boycotting came into fashion. We had lots of work, to be sure; but we had a splendid good time of it all the same. The best of shooting, fishing and sailing sport with the South Mayo hounds. As for hospitality—there was no end of it, and as for girls! Heigh-ho! it was a lucky thing for the Colonel and I that our old chief then was death on matrimony in the regiment, or we should not be shaking loose legs now. I tell you, boys, if you don't lose your lives over the walls, or your hearts over the girls, you are a tougher lot than you look."

"Any betting fellows down in the hills there, Major?" drawled Fred. Hall, the captain of C Troop, as he languidly crossed the room and joined the group.

"By Jove! Dolly, but you will be in your element. The men there are ready for any sort of extraordinary wager, and I think will even make you open your eye. Nothing is too hot or heavy for them."

"I suppose they will," lisped the Captain, in such an innocent, artless way that a roar of laughter went around the room.

"Dolly" Hall was a man of about seven-and-twenty, with fair, curly hair, light mustache, and face that would have looked more in place over a silk dress than surmounting the green-faced tunic of the Lancers. Everything was "bore" to Dolly, and no duty (or pleasure for the matter of that) was gone into without an amount of lamentation over the hardness of his luck in having to exert himself. But the fellows in the regiment knew that Dolly could rouse himself when occasion required, as he had been twice mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in the Sudan campaign.

It quite annoyed Dolly to be reminded of these lapses from his normal state of ennui.

he had had since he joined the—Lancers, and as he was always pretty certain to be on the winning side, the merriment of his brother officers was natural.

"The Green Lancers" left Dublin for the West, and the Major and a squadron were quartered at Ballinrobe, "Dolly" Hall being one of the officers with him. The gentry (and ladies) of the neighborhood received the gallant Lancers with open arms, and the dependency of the subs quickly vanished. What with salmon fishing, grouse, woodcock and pheasant shooting, and hunting with the South Mayo's, the station was voted a first class one.

Dolly Hall was a particular favorite with both sexes of the natives—the men liked him because he was a rattling good sportsman whatever way you took him, and the ladies made a perfect pet of him from his being so totally different to the men they were in the habit of meeting. When I saw Dolly was a favorite with all I ought to have excepted Giles McCarthy, of Ballyboden, who looked upon the gallant Captain with anything but a favorable eye.

There was no better man to hounds in the county than McCarthy, and chiefly on this account he was the favored squire of the Diana of the district, Rose Mahon. But when Dolly came on the scene McCarthy was nowhere, and the rage of the latter at being deposed, was desperate. What galled him most was that the Captain treated him so coolly, and never appeared in the slightest degree ruffled at the most cutting thing that could be said.

Toward the close of the hunting season the Lancers gave a dance at the Barracks, and the county people came on a masse to it. The meet of the South Mayo's had been at Ballinrobe that morning, and Rose Mahon and Dolly were in the first flight all through a fast forty minutes from Creagh.

Rose was radiant at the dance. She had got that coveted trophy—the brush—in the morning, and Dolly was her devoted attendant in the evening, dancing more than he had ever been known to since he joined the regiment. "Giles McCarthy was not a dancing man, so he was doing wall flower, and a very dark wall flower he looked."

His black hunter, Owenmore, had never gone so badly with him, and dolly refused to negotiate a small drain he met at the beginning of the run, leaving the disgusted Giles quite out of the hunt.

It was gall and wormwood to him to see that "top of a cockney captain" beside Rose Mahon, sailing away over everything.

Dolly and Miss Mahon were floating round in a waltz, and brought up just where the glum McCarthy stood.

"Ah! Mr. McCarthy, are you there? I thought you were still in one of those Creagh ditches," said Rose, with a merry laugh. "What on earth came over the redoubtable Owenmore to behave in such a fashion?"

"Neither he nor my master care for bog-trotting, Miss Mahon," replied Giles, looking as black as thunder.

"So Irish, don't you know, Miss Rose—won't have water at any price," lisped Dolly, in the silkiest of tones.

"If you call those bits of potato furrows that we had to-day, water, I don't like it," snarled McCarthy.

"But I wish we had you over our side for a day amongst the walls, Captain Hall, and perhaps some of the gilt would come off your gingerbread."

"Why, my dear fellow, I adore walls."

"There are walls, and walls in it. Perhaps you wouldn't adore a good five foot, coped one," sneered the now furious Giles.

"Oh! That's only a trifle," drawled Dolly. "I'd drive a horse and trap over that."

"You would, would you?" yelled McCarthy, "I'll bet you a hundred you don't!"

expired, and asking his intention with regard to the bet. "Ah," he wrote, "it was a play or pay bet, I shall thank you to send me your cheque for two hundred pounds by Tuesday next, in the event of your not carrying out your part of the business."

The reply to this epistle was: "Dear Sir—I shall be quite prepared to carry out my part of the business on Monday next if you will drive over here to lunch. Yours faithfully,"

"FRED HALL,
"Cavalry Barracks, Ballinrobe."
"P. S.—Would you mind driving that clever white-faced chestnut I saw you riding at Claremorris meet? You say he is a good trapper. I want such a horse and will pay him if we can agree to a price. F. H."

Many a chuckle had McCarthy and his chums over that letter.

"The softy of a fellow is not content with making me a present of a couple of hundred quid," he said to Peter Blake, "but wants to throw away some more on that old chestnut screw. He's a smart hunter, no doubt, and showy in harness, but no vet. would pass him with those hocks. However, if I can knock another fifty or so out of the dandy English Captain, I shall have a good day of it next Monday."

The McCarthyites got on all the money they could at two to one against the Captain. Such good business was it thought that several of them drove over to Ballinrobe on Saturday to see if any of the officers could be found willing to put on some more with them.

They were rather taken aback by the readiness of the Lancers to accommodate them, and the feeling increased to one of real uneasiness, when the Major dropped in and cheerfully remarked that "if all the money wasn't exhausted he didn't mind having a 'pony' or two on Hall at events."

"Poo! nonsense!" blurted the confident Giles, when his cronies came back and told him. "Those soldiers always try to bluff you. They know right well that their man has not a ghost of a chance, but they won't acknowledge it. Our money is safe enough, never you fear. It's not like a case where you could train a horse to the work; big a fool as the fellow is he's not going to smash up a horse, trap and himself, to try if the thing can be done. I'm sorry you didn't get some more on at events, for it's sure money; you may take my word for it."

"I don't see how we can possibly lose either," said Peter Blake, "but the whole lot of them seemed so cocksure that I couldn't help thinking they had a trump up their sleeve some way or another."

Monday came and it found Giles McCarthy on his way over to Ballinrobe, driving the white-faced chestnut in a smart, light polo cart. His friends were following him in force, all anxious to see the Englishman lose his wager.

About half a mile outside Ballinrobe where should they meet but Dolly Hall sauntering quietly along the road.

"Ho! McCarthy, glad to see you. Come to win that two hundred pounds of me. I'll take a seat with you up to the barracks if you've no objection."

"Delighted," said Giles, in the best of good-humor at the prospect of pocketing his money, and of making a good deal over the chestnut screw.

"This is the horse you asked me in your note to drive over, Captain."

"Capital trapper," remarked Dolly; and you say he can jump?"

"Indeed he can. The wall isn't built in Mayo that would stop the same horse. I never knew him turn from a fence and he's good for ten Irish miles an hour, between the shafts."

"Just the thing to suit me," said Dolly. "What's his price?"

"Well, I don't care to sell him at all; but I'll give him to you at £75, and he's the cheapest horse in Ireland at the money."

"Say £50 pounds and it's a deal," replied Dolly. "Would you mind letting me have the ribbons till I see how he feels."

"With pleasure," said the delighted Giles, as he saw a certain sale in view. "You'll know what he is the minute you take a hold of him."

said the Major, pleasantly. "Mr. Crawford, the county surveyor, is here with us to certify that the wall was the correct height at any part, and copied and myself are witnesses that the horse fairly jumped the wall, and that trap and all landed on the off side. So there can be no question but that Captain Hall has won his bet."

"He never said he'd do it with my horse," roared Giles, furiously.

"And, my dear fellow, I'm very sure I never said I'd do it with mine," lisped the imperturbable Dolly.

The McCarthy contingent looked very crestfallen, but accepted the Major's invitation to lunch at the barracks, though Giles stalked wrathfully away without a word to anyone. At lunch they were told how Dolly had planned out the whole thing; but somehow their mirth was of a very strained character.

The chestnut was soon none the worse for his jump, and is a prime pet of Rose Hall's still.—Outing.

SELECT SIFTINGS.
In Japan the flute is played only by men of rank.

The big bridge at Montreal, Canada, is nearly two miles long.

Artificial bleaching of celery is said to spoil its taste and crispness.

Big crabs are found in India. Some of them measure two feet in length.

Paris connoisseurs affirm that old horses for food are more tender than young ones.

It is said that the gold product of Montana for 1894 shows an increase of seventy-five per cent. over that of 1893.

Canadian Indians have the old Roman habit of alternately gormandizing and sleeping when there is a moose at the fire.

Old Tom Tudor, of Mount Olivet, Ky., celebrated his eightieth birthday by marrying for the seventh time. His children do not object to the match.

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shi-pen-kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

A New York woman is charged with training her twenty-months-old baby to toddle into the rooms of a large boarding house and steal money and jewelry.

"The first surgeon to use the antiseptic treatment for wounds was Sir Joseph Lister, the famous English operator. He is now about to retire from his profession on account of old age.

Although Italians are very much addicted to quoting, they have never had a dictionary of quotations. Such a work, tracing 1575 quotations to their original sources, has just been published in Milan.

Mound City, Mo., has a thirteen-year-old boy who weighs 242 pounds; and Casco, Me., a twelve-year-old girl who weighs 225 pounds. This may serve to introduce them one to the other, and who knows what may happen later?

A model has recently been made to illustrate the currents of the Atlantic. The water is blown out of various nozzles representing the mean direction of the permanent winds. The movement of the water is made perceptible by a dust sprinkled over its surface.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

An Ode to St. Crispin—A Purist Abroad—Well Along—Means of Success, Etc., Etc.

The shoemaker's life is awfully fast
And his sole waxes strong each day;
Each job depends upon his last,
And he keeps pegging away.
—Boston-Courier.

A PURIST ABROAD.

"Say, is there a fellow with a wooden leg by the name of Smith livin' here?"

"What's the name of his other leg?"

—Life.

WELL ALONG.

"She is a girl of seventeen summers."

"Indeed! How old was she when she began to have summers?"—Detroit Tribune.

MEANS OF SUCCESS.

Stern Father—"He who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind."

Prodigal Son—"Well, he raises the wind, anywhere."—Detroit Tribune.

THE VITAL POINT.

Kitty—"What do you suppose her age is?"

Tom—"I don't know. But a woman's age doesn't matter so much as how long she has been that age."—Pack.

SURE TO RECOVER.

"Doctor, do you think my wife will recover?"

"Oh, yes. I told her I already had a wife picked out for you in case she didn't get well."—Life.

MODERN TRADE.

Merchant—"The bargain sale didn't go very well to-day."

Floor Walker—"No, I think we had better strengthen our rush line. Ladies get to the counter too easily."—Detroit Tribune.

RULING PASSION IN DEATH.

Mrs. Goodove—"Did you know that old Fustian, the drygoods merchant, is dying by inches?"

Mr. Goodove—"Is that so? Well, he won't last long. He always gives short measure."—Pack.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

He—"I believe there was an accident at the church fair the other night."

She—"I saw nothing of it."

He—"There was, though. A couple of fellows got away with their carfare."—Pack.

HAD HIM THERE.

He—"I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother does?"

She—"By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear."—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

PLAINTIVE.

"A human life," said the sentimental young man, "is a poem—tragic, comic, sentimental, as the case may be."

"Yes," sighed Miss Passcigh, "and so many of us are rejected manuscripts."—Washington Star.

THREAT WITH GENEROUS MOTIVES.

Emma—"I'm in despair as to how I shall get my husband a Christmas present."

Mary—"How's that?"

Emma—"You see, he's out of town so much these days that I don't have any chance to go through his pocket."—Chicago Record.

CRUEL.

"Her-neck-is-like-the-swan's," she was warbling, when her husband remarked in the surly way peculiar to some men:

"Swans sing before they die," and the silence that followed was so exhausting that he took his hat and went to the club.—Detroit Free Press.

ALL FIXED.

Foggs—"Is the 9.18 train here yet?"

Station Agent—"Twenty minutes late."

Foggs—"Would you mind telling my wife to wait, if the train gets here before I get back?"

Station Agent—"But how am I to know her?"

Foggs—"Ah! to be sure; I hadn't thought of that. Well, tell her not to wait."—Pack.

STILL KEEPING IT UP.

Meekly the Western politicians awaited the word of the female Demosthenes.

came to see her the paternal stepped into the reception room and asked him to depart.

"But, sir—" began the caller, in protest.

"Your remarks, sir," he interrupted, as he held the door open, "are not in order. A motion to adjourn is not debatable," and the motion carried.—Detroit Free Press.

GETTING AT AN ANSWER.

The lady witness was on the stand.

Q.—"What is your age?"

A.—"I haven't any."

Q.—"What is your youth?"

A.—"Inexhaustible."

Q.—"How old are you?"

A.—"I am not yet old."

Q.—"How young are you?"

A.—"As young as I ever was."

Q.—"How many years have you lived?"

A.—"I do not measure time by years, but by heart throbs."

Q.—"Are you married?"

A.—"No, thank goodness."

Court (to bailiff)—"Mr. Officer, count the witness' pulse and calculate how long she has lived from 1849 to 1894."—Detroit Free Press.

HABIT.

They had fallen in love. Mimic scenes of affection which they had enacted they were now going through in earnest.

"And now," he said, "we must part."

"Farewell," she murmured.

"Farewell," he replied.

"And once again, farewell."

"Farewell, farewell."

"Alas! We must be severed. Farewell."

"Farewell," he sighed, and she responded as usual. They did not cease till the milk man came around in the gray dawn. It was a strange situation, indeed, but one that could not not be averted. He was an English actor and she was a prima donna. Inadvertently they had commenced farewelling, and couldn't stop.—Washington Star.

THE UNDAUNTED BRIDEGROOM.

Years ago a mushroom oil town called Sawyer City sprang up in a few weeks during the petroleum excitement in the Bradford oil region. One day a bark peeler and his bride from the backwoods were taking a twenty mile wedding journey on the railroad that traversed that section of the country. They were very happy and caressed each other freely, unmindful of the smiles of their fellow passengers. As the train pulled into Sawyer City and the bridegroom imprinted his one hundred and ninety-ninth kiss upon the fair one's lips, a brakeman opened the car door and shouted, "Sawyer!"

"Don't care of yo did!" retorted the happy groom.

Then turning triumphantly to his bride, he made it an even two hundred.—The Chestnut.

A Horse Patched Up With Rabbit Skin.

"I wanted a pony for some reason," said an Albuquerque (New Mexico) citizen the other day, "and I communicated my desire to a friend of a crowd of greasy citizens of the outskirts. The next day I was besieged with offers. I looked all over the lot and picked three or four to make my final selection from. After several hours I settled on an animal that I thought to be in the pink of condition and form. I took him for a good round sum and a trade thrown into the bargain."

"I rode home on the animal. As I got into my quarters I noticed that the horse appeared to be uneasy, as if suffering from injury. As I live I found that a patch of skin several inches square had come off his back. I looked into it and discovered that the horse was raw there and that he had been patched up with rabbit or some other skin for the time being. Those Indians stood by each other, too, for I could never locate the scoundrel who had swindled me. I have since concluded that they were all wrong, and that had I brought the outfit I would have found the oddest assortment of patched horses that it was ever the fortune of a white man to look upon."

Wild Turkeys the Finest.

Contrary to the usual course of nature, the turkey has not been improved by domestication, the largest and finest specimen being still found in the wild state. A full-grown wild cock often measures in length nearly four feet, and from tip to tip may reach as much as five feet in width. The hen is about a third smaller. The cock weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds; and Audubon found one in the Louisville market weighing thirty-six pounds. Both the wild and tame turkeys are at their prime condition late in the autumn or early in the winter—about Thanksgiving time, in short; but the wild ones are sometimes so fat at that season, upon being shot and falling from a tree, they will sometimes burst open.—New York Independent.

How Heads Grow.

A story was told by Ticknor, who said it was a singular fact that the head of Daniel Webster grew larger after he had passed middle age. Ticknor, knowing Webster intimately, asked him about the matter, and received the reply, "Yes, I find that I have constantly to increase the size of my hats."

We may observe that this interesting phenomenon does not depend entirely upon increase of years, for comparatively young naval officers have been known to complain of a tightness in their headgear after the mental strain involved in taking lunar observations.—The Athenaeum.

A PARLIAMENTARY POINT.

The old parliamentarian did not like the young man who was playing court to his daughter, and the next time he