FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES,

Sufficient time has now elapsed since the scandalous disclosures of the dischonesty connected with the Panama canal project for the world at large to give to M. de Lesseps the credit that is due to him as a great engineer and a man of gnius. It is not to be doubted that if the enormous funds which were raised for this great work had been honestly administered the isthmus would long ago have been pierced and the two ocans joined. The later cloud on the fame of De Lesseps should not blind the world to his great talents, which were amply demonstrated by the splendid success of the Suez Canal. In the case of the Panama project the difficulties to be overcome were much Sufficient time has now elapsed since difficulties to be overcome were much greater, and so the talented engineer fell into the hands of unscrupulou speculators whose dishonesty necessarily reflected on his own integrity.

Derby, Conn., has a most inconsiderate ghost. It went calling the other night and made all sorts of trouble. Among other things it waked up John Connors and told him that his aunt was dying and wanted to see him. Then It hustied him six miles through the snow, clad only in his night robe. From the standpoint of the ghost this may have been all right, but it is not regarded as a proper proceeding by others. No ghost of standing in the community would call for a man under such circumstances without providing him with furs and good warm boots. It is an imposition to do anything else, and it nay as well be understood now that any man is justified in refusing to stroll out with an unknown ghost that does not display a little consideration. Should one call it is perfectly proper to tell it to get some clothes and a carriage.

Nearly every winter a great insane nsylum burns, usually with loss of life. The destruction of the institution at Anna brings home to the people of Illi-nois with much force the fact that no matter how much money may be ex-pended or how many employes may be pended or now many employes may be in service there is no reasonable hope that their great public buildings will escape the fate which, through univer-sal - blundering and incompetency, seems to be reserved for all of them. There must be criminal carelessness There must be criminal carelessaess in the construction and safeguarding of these institutions or their destruction would not be so general and so frequent. The Illinois Assembly should make a searching inquiry as to the responsibility for the Anna fire. Somebody is to blame for it and for the inadequate means for resisting its progress, and it would have a very wholesome effect if an example could be made of him.

The Japanese are vicious little beasts and their civilization is a gloss, but some one of them must have brains. It would be exceedingly interesting to

ion. She was so disconcribed by resome one of them must have brain as treatment of the some one of them must have brain as treatment of the some one of them must have brain as the some of the most have brain as the some of the other languages double is, when the temperature of the care of troops with the temperature of decrees above zero requires sense.

Who is the little brown surpe have been do agree to the changeage of the country of the country and the

THE LITTLE VALENTINE.

Chough 'tis faded now and yellow With the dust of many years, And its verses float before me In the mists of unshed tears,

Yet of all the tender tressur That around my heart entwine, There is none I love so fonlly As this little valentine.

For around it cling and cluster Mem'ries of the long ago;
If the sunny days of childhool,
And the joys I used to know;

And like shadows flitting softly,
Loving faces come and go—
faces that have long been sleeping
'Neath the blossoms and the snow
And Corr hands, that long have v
Once again I clasp in mine,
As I gaz a in love and reverence
On this little valentine.

Voices sweet that death has silenced. Whisper to me words of love, Like the sound of angel music Floating downward from above: Floating downward from above: Fill at last, the echoes dying In the depths of mem'ry's shrine, I am let in silence gazing On my little valentine.

On my little valentine.

So, although 'tis dim and faded
With the dust of many years,
And its verses float before me
In the miss of unshed tears;
Yet of all the tender treasures,
That around my heart entwine,
There is none I love so fondly
As this little valentine,
—Julia T. Riordan.

A VALENTINE ROMANCE.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.



"Oh, lonely, lonely is my heart,
So lonely, love, for thee,
I'm happiest when I'm where thou art,
Oh, wilt thou come to me?
Oh, wilt thou come to me for aye,
And be forever mine,
To gladden all the future years?
Say: 'Yes!' Say: 'Yes!' My valentine.

To gladden all the future years?
Say: 'Yes!' Say: 'Yes!' My valentine."

"Mercies!" cried Miss Dyke, as she let the valentine fall into her lap, while her arms fell limply to her sides and she almost gasped for breath. Presently she said slowly, nodding her bonneted head to and fro: "I—just—wonder—who—did—send—me—that—silly—thing? Some mischievous school-boy, likely. But, no; he'd sent me one o' them nasty comics with a picture of an old maid on it with a nose a yard long and a sassey verse printed on it. I never saw that writing before, that I know of."

She took up the envelope and scrutinized the address carefully.

"No," she said, "I never saw that writing before, Now, if I knew who sent me that thing, I'd send it right back with a note, tolling 'em just what I thought of 'em. I vow I would!"

She put the valentine back into the

She put the valentine back into th She put the valentine back into the envelope and gave it a spiteful little toss over to a small stand near her. Then she rose briskly, took off her bonnet and shawl, exchanged her black alpaca for a gray mohair house-dress and a crisp white apron with wide-crocheted lace on it, and sat down by the little stand with a piece of half-inished sewing in her hands.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sowing.

The valentine fell to the floor at her feet, when she took up her sewing. She let it lay where it had fallen for several minutes, while she stitched away in silence, drawing the thread through the cloth with quick, short jerks. Suddenly she stooped and picked up the valentine.
"How did that silly verse go?" she said, as she drew the valentine from its envelope. "Such stuff as it is anyhow!"

going to hang you if you should happen to tell an old maid who sent her a silly valentine? You know better than that! Did Jas Hoyt send it?"
"No, he didn't."
"It ain't Sile Lawson's handwrit-

"Nor Judson Sparks's?" "No, 'Cindy."
"Did John Gleeson send it?"

"It ain't his writing."
"Well, who in creation didsend it?"
"You'll get mad if I tell you."
"Well, I won't get mad at you, any-

Sure not, 'Cindy?" "Sure not, 'Cindy?"

He was leaning over a little counter, now looking up into her face with an lager, pleading, searching look.

"You sure not, 'Cindy?" he asked

again.
"No, of course not," she said.
"Why should I? I—1—why, Moses
Moss!"

"No, of course not," she said.
"No, of course not," she said.
"No, of course not," she said.
"Why should I? I—I—why, Moses
Moss!"
She stepped back with a wild, frightend look. Something in his face and
manner startled her.
"Cindy," said.
"Why, I—well?"
"I sent it, 'Gindy."
"Good Lor.' Mose Moss!"
"I did, 'Cindy. I— Wait a moment, 'Cindy!"
She would have fled from the postoffice, but he reached across the
counter and caught both her hands in
his, saying eagerly:
"I did, 'Cindy! I did! I sent it."
"You won't send it back, 'Cindy?"
"I—I—why, Moses Moss!"
"You won't send it back, 'Cindy?"
"I—I—why, Moses Moss!"
"You won't eder?"
"Oh, mercy!"
"Say you won't."
"Well, I—I—won't -there."
"Oh, 'Cindy, I've wanted for months
and months to say what that poetry
verse said, but I sin't dared to say it
myself. I am lonely, and you must
be, too, 'Cindy. You'll say 'yes' to
that verse, won't you, 'Cindy?'
"I—I—the me think. Oh, there
comes old Mrs. Duke into the office.
Let go my hands. She'll tell it all
over town before sunset, if she saw
you holding my hands. I must go. I
must go."
"I—I—the me think. Oh, there
comes old Mrs. Duke into the office.
Let go my hands. She'll tell it all
over town before sunset, if she saw
you holding my hands. I must go. I
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comes old Mrs. Duke into the office.
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you holding my hands. I must go. I
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"I oh, the reached

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They Kill a White Man on Sight—So Filect-Footed That They Outrun Deer and Rabbits.

The killing of two Americans by the Seri Indians of Sonora last spring has given occasion for recent diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Mexico. It will be remembered that the victims belonged to an exploring expedition headed by a newspaper man named Riobinson. The latter and one of his three companions were murdered. The deed had no other motive than pure flendishness. Small as is the tribe of the Seris—they number only about 250 souls—these savages are the most bloodthirsty in North America. For a long time they have terrorized Sonora, but the Mexican Government seems powerless to control them.

The tribe was visited recently by an expedition from the Bureau of Ethnology, which has just returned to Washington with some very interesting information. Professor W. J. McGee, who led the party, said:

"It is understood that the Seris are cannibals—at all events, that they eat every white man they can slay. They are cruel and treacherous beyond description. Toward the white man their attitude is exactly the same as that of the white man toward a rattle-snake—they kill him as a matter of course, unless restrained by fear. Never do they fight in open warfare, but always lie in ambush. They are copper-colored Ishmaclites. It is their custom to murder everybody, white, red or Mexican (I employ the terms commonly used in that country) who ventures to enter the territory they call their own.

"In many respects the Seris are the most interesting tribe of savages in North America. They are decidedly more primitive in their ways than other Indians, having scarcely are arts worth mentioning. In fact, they have not yet advanced as far as the stone age. The only stone implement in common use among them is a rude hammer of that material, which they employ for beating clay to make a fragile and peculiar kind of pottery. When one of the squaws wishes to

hammer of that material, which they employ for beating clay to make a fragile and peculiar kind of pottery. When one of the squaws wishes to make a meal of mesquite beans she has no utensils for the purpose. She looks about until she finds a rock with an upper surface conveniently hollow, and on this she places the beans, pounding them with an ordinary stone.

'The Seris live on the Island of Tiburon, in the Gulf of California, They

born, in the Gulfot California. They also claim 5000 square miles of the mainland in Sonora. Their dwellings rock commonly serves for A change of the commonly serves for A change of the commonly serves for A change of the sun the most as an illustration; stones are pilled as a to make a small incleave, and the shell of a single great ruthe does for a roof. The house is always open on one side and is not intended as a shell to five from storms, but chiefly to keep off the sun. The men and common wear a single garment, like a petticota, made of pelicans show the store is a smaller island where pelicans roost in vast numbers. The Seris great most remarkable. They are of great stature, the men averaging nearly six feet in height, with splendid chests. But the most noticeable point about them is their legs, which have been known to other tribes as the runners. It is said that they can run from 150 to 200 miles a day, not pausing for rest. I suppose you are aware that he jack rabbit is considered a very fleet animal. Yet these Judians are accustomed to catch jack rabbits by outranning them.

"For this purpose three men or boyago together. If the rabbit result is omake it slight by xigz-ags. The hunters arrange themselves at short in the jack rabbit is expected by coyted, which work similarly by threes. By this stratet squichly close in upon him and grab him.

"It is an old fact that this method of catching jack-rabbits is precisely the same as that adopted by coyted, which work similarly by threes. By this stratet squichly close in upon him and grab him.

To see Your Own Eye.

"Did you ever see your own eye?" a keep of the ground, not waiting for the propose of the conductor, particularly the same as that adopted by coyted, which work similarly by threes. By this stratety these wild dogs capture the rabbits, though the latter are more face by far. I believe that no other human beings approach the Seria in celerity of movement. A favorite sport of the boys is lassoing dogs. Mongrel curva are the only an imals domestic buron, in the Gulf of California. They also claim 5000 square miles of the mainland in Sonora. Their dwellings are the rudest imaginable. A chance

THE BLOODTHIRSTY SERI.

THE MOST INTERESTING TRIBE ON THE GONTINENT.

They Kill a White Man on Sight—So Fleet-Footed That They Outrun Deer and Rabbits.

They killing of two Americans by the Seri Indians of Sonora last spring has given occasion for recent diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Mexico. It will be renembered that the victims belonged to an exploring expedition headed by a newspaper man named Robinson. The latter and one of his three companions of the work of the motive than pure fiendishness. Small as is the tribe of the Seris—theey and be rouly about 250 souls—these savages are the most bloodthirsty in North America. For a long time they have terrorized Sonora, but the Mexican Government seems powerless to control them.

The tribe was visited recently by an expedition from the Bureau of Ethnology, which has just returned to Washington with some very interesting interesting instruments. I saw worn by any of them was a necklace of luman hair, adorned with the rattles of rattlessance.—Washington Star.

WISE WORDS.

WISE WORDS

Nine out of ten people you talk with have some sort of a tale of woe to

with have some sort of a tale of woe to tell.

The best sweets, like the greatest joys, should be sipped, not gulped down.

Fame is cheap in a small town; it is so easy to get your name in the newspaper.

paper.

If you have a good thing stick to it
until you are certain of something
superior.

The public will always suspect any
institution that is a particle averse to
superiorities.

institution that is a particle averse to investigation.

There are few speeches and few books that would not be improved by judicious pruning.

So many wicked spiders down town are regarded as innocent flies by their women folks at home.

No woman should ever worry over the loss of a man who hadn't the courage to ask for her.

A woman's idea of a perfectly awful

A woman's idea of a perfectly awful thing is to have a visitor call while she is washing her hair.

A lie is often told without saying a a word, by putting the rotten apples in the bottom of the basket.

If you don't want to subsist upon bitter husks of retrospection, don't buck up against a put-up job.

Men who imagine that they thoroughbreds, discover finally they are only plain work animals.

HEART-COIN.

One day I gave my heart's best dower To one whose tears were flowing, My sympathy in that dark hour Her poor, grieved heart was knowing.

To me she gave a rose, to-day, 'Tis ever thus along life's way, We lend, or else we borrow.

Did we remember "love or hato

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A man who is crooked usually fol-ows his own bent.

You can usually tell an ass by his ack of horse-sense.—Puck.

lack of horse-sense.—Pack.
Miss Elderly—"I fainted last night."
Maude—"Who proposed?"—Life.
A man would be surprised if he were
what a woman thinks he is.—Detroit
Free Press.
She—"And what would you be now
if it weren't for my money?" He—
"A bachelor."—Pall Mall Budget. Elsic—"She says she is twenty-two." Ethel—"Then she must have deducted her time allowance."—Puck.

Let a play house be built
Which no others may use
Than the girls with big hats
And the men with big sho
—Washingtor

He—"Darling, will you love me ware not too far gone."—London Tid-Bits.

Miss Olds-"Yes; he said yesterday that to him my face was like a book."

Miss Frend - "As plain as that?"--

The first setback in many a man's life occurred at school when he was set back among the girls.—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

"But what earthly use is it to discover the North Pole? I can't see."
"It will save future expeditions."—
Harper's Bazar.
"How can there be such a thing as

whole day, you know," mused Fweddy, "when it bweaks evewy nawning?"—Chicago Tribune. "You'll please look over this small bili,"
Exclaimed the dun. The debtor took it;
And then said he, with wear; smile,
"I'd rather overlook it."
—Philadelphia Besord.

And then sada he, with weary sinke,
"To' arther overlook one thing I have
to say in favor of the wind when it
whistles," Dullheal—"What's that?"
Pertly—"It never whistles popular
airs."—Harper's Bazar.
No matter how good the deacon is,
he will always look wise and pleased
if anybody suggests that he was a
pretty lively young fellow when he
was a boy.—Somerville Journal.
"I thought you told me that Miss
Brown had spent a great deal of money
on her voice?" "Well, so I did."
"But she can't sing." "Well, I didn't
say that she could, did I?"—Truth.
Little Rich Girl—"Don't you wish
you had a pair of lovely red gloves
like me?" Little Poor Girl—"Don't
you wish you had a pair of lovely red
hands, like me?"—South Boston News.
Bronson—"Have the detectives

Bronson—"Have the detectives found out anything about that burg-lary yet?" Johnson—"Yes; they come to the conclusion that the motive for the crime was money."—Boston Herald.

the for the erms was money. —Boston Herald.

There is a woman in Georgia weighing 600 pounds who makes moonshine whisky. Hasn't a woman who weighs 600 pounds gôt trouble enough of her own without making it for other people?—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

She (at the dinner)—"I think our hostess is the most perfect la ly I ever saw." He—"Yes, but I notice that she made one break early in the evening." She—"She always does that. It puts her guests more at their case." New York Herald.

Rambling Raysy—"Will yer please

It puts her guests more at their case."
New York Herald.

Rambling Raggay—"Will yer please give me a dime, sir, to get sumthin' to eat?" Citizen—"What can you get for a dime?" R. R.—"I kin get a plate of hash for a nickel, sir." C.—"What do you went with the other flue couts?" R. R.—"That, sir, is far a tip far the waiter."—New York Press.

Sir George—"Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?" John—"Beggin' your pardin, Sir George, but in a book on ethyletty which I possess it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."—Household Words.

The neighbor who borrows your wheelbarrow and rake and sprinkling hose and lawn-mower and one thing and another in the summer never comes to borrow your snow shovel in the winter. And when he shovels of his own walk it is touching to note with what exactness he works up to the line where your lots divide, without infringing the smallest fraction of an inch upon the snow that hes on your part of the sidewalk.—Rockland (Me.)

Tribune.

The Toa?'s Queer Way.

The Toat's Queer Way.

sport of the boys is lassoing dogs.

Mongrel curs are the only animals domesticated by these wild people. For anusement's sake the boys take their dogs to a clear place and drive them in all directions. Then they capture the frightened animals by running and throwing lassos, which are made out of human hair. They have no difficulty in overtaking the dogs.

"No other people in North America have so few conceptions of civilizations as the Seris. They have absolutely no agriculture. As well as I lucly no agriculture. As well as I could ascertain, they never put a seed into the ground or cultivate a plant. They live almost wholly on fish, water fowl and such game as they kilo on the mainland. The game includes large deer, like our blacktails, an exquisitely graceful species of dwarf deer, ly graceful species of dwarf deer ly graceful species of dwa