

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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Some time ago California offered a bounty of \$5 each for coyote scalps. It was supposed at the time that there were not more than 2000 coyotes in the State, but the claim for bounties for the last quarter of 1894 already amounts to \$53,000 with seventeen other counties to hear from.

It is probable that Norman A. Mozely, of Missouri, will be the youngest member of the next House of Representatives. He was born on a farm in 1865, and worked as a farm hand until 1887, when he had educated himself sufficiently to teach school and study law. Colonel George B. McClellan, of New York, who is about thirty, will be another of the youthful members of a House that bids fair to be noted for the young men in it.

The total number of Scandinavians in this country is about 1,000,000, but instead of being distributed throughout the various States, they are to be found almost exclusively in the Northwest, observes the Atlanta Constitution. Norwegians are most numerous in Minnesota, where the total Scandinavian body amounts to 250,000, double the number of Germans and eight times more than the Irish. Swedes are most numerous in Illinois, where they number more than 90,000 in a total Scandinavian population of about 125,000. In the city of Chicago there are more than 10,000 Swedish, more than 5000 Norwegian and more than 2500 Danish voters. The Danes, the smallest of the groups of Scandinavian voters in the country, are most numerous in Iowa.

The Rev. Dr. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, Mass., devoted considerable time last summer to listening to other preachers, and as the result of his experience makes a report strongly in favor of written sermons. He says: "I have tried to recall the sermons which held me at that time and which have stayed by me since. To my great astonishment, not one of them was extemporaneous. With one exception, I did not hear a single extemporaneous sermon that was scholarly, with much of intellectual flavor about it, logically suggestive or strikingly devout. I did not hear one sermon in which the preacher used a manuscript which had not about it a delightful intellectual flavor, with logical continuity of thought, devotional feeling and much of suggestiveness." Dr. Thomas's observation were made among Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans and Roman Catholics.

The New York Independent says: There must be something highly valuable in the use of the bicycle, which has long passed the stage of "faze," and has become so much the established order of things as to have seriously injured the market for horses. There is every reason to suppose that a moderate and rational use of the bicycle directly contributes to health—of course the mental strain and protracted over-exertion called for in racing are an immense tax on the vital force. It has long been known that the violent muscular effort of the hunted hare, who is coursed to his death by dogs, produces just as unnatural a condition of the blood as does a severe infectious fever; and the occasional cases of persons who have unsound hearts, dying from the extra efforts of the "cycle," should be a warning. Dr. Tessie, of Bordeaux, studied carefully the effect of the efforts of M. Stephane, whose object was to see how many miles he could ride in twenty-four hours. He accomplished 385 miles. He lost in weight fourteen pounds. His food consisted of five pints of milk, one pint of tea, one pint of lemonade, and three ounces each of rum and champagne, and seven ounces of mint; and the secretions so changed as to show that "his body ate itself." This kind of living will do for a "spurt," but would be ruinous in the long run.

## MY CLOCK.

In the silence of the night,  
If I waken with affright,  
From a dream that's full of terror and annoy,  
There's a sound that fills my heart  
With a melody of art,  
Full of beauty, full of pleasure, full of joy.  
"Tis the steady 'tick, tick, tock,'  
Of my sturdy little clock,  
As it sits across the room upon a shelf.  
And it says: "Don't be afraid,  
For I've closely by you stayed  
While you were off in the land of dreams yourself."  
"With a steady 'tick, tick, tock,'  
I am never tired or sick,  
And I count the minutes over as they fly;  
I'm the truest friend you've got,  
And I share your every lot,  
And I'm ready to stand by you till you die."  
It's a common sort of clock,  
But I like its lusty 'tock,'  
And it fills my soul with courage by its song.  
In the storm, or cold, or rain,  
I hear its bright refrain,  
As it faithfully pursues its path along.  
For it tells me to be true  
To each thing I have to do,  
And, no matter if the world applaud or scorn,  
That full soon must pass the night,  
And the sweet and precious light  
Be unfolded with the coming of the morn.  
—Hamilton Jay, in Florida Times-Union.

## A DREADFUL HEADACHE.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.  
I HAD a headache. I don't see any special reason why a young man of good moral character and temperate habits, who takes 8 hours sleep seven nights in the week should have a headache, but I did. It was one of that popping kind of headaches, that makes one feel as if his lungs had gone to his head and they were trying to expand there about four diameters, at intervals of a minute. I believe they call them nervous headaches, but I fancy they wouldn't be any more agreeable by any other name. Then my heart was as heavy as lead, and once or twice as I walked along, I really feared it was going to pull loose from my fastenings and drop down upon my abdomen, or whatever it is that the doctors tell us is concealed in our persons in that neighborhood. Possibly it was the heavy heart that gave me the headache. But no. I recall now that I was going to see Kitty, the one girl in the whole world that made it any kind of a world for me, and we had a slight misunderstanding. It wasn't the head that gave me the heart ache; it was the heart that gave me the headache. I believe I said that I took eight hours' sleep seven nights in the week. At this point, I wish to modify that statement. In the week past, I had done so only six nights, for the night before the day on which I was on my way to see Kitty we had disagreed with each other. I don't think I slept at all.  
I was going now to see the young woman and settle the matter finally, and though I was a promising young lawyer ready to make a case for anybody else, I had no papers in this case, and was going empty handed. I didn't even have so much as my brief with me.  
At the door Mrs. Milby—Mrs. Milby is Kitty's mother, and a most exemplary and motherly soul—met me, and on the instant started back in amazement.  
"Why, John"—she always called me John, for she had known me since I was a mere baby—"Why, John," she exclaimed, "whatever is the matter with you? You look like you were going to have a bad spell."  
"Oh, that will be all right in a day or so," I replied evasively. "I have a severe headache. Is your daughter at home?"  
"You mean Kitty?" she asked in surprise.  
"Of course," said I. "You haven't any other daughter, have you?" and I made believe to smile.  
"Oh, I didn't know," she stammered.  
"Didn't know what?" and I tried to smile again. "Didn't know whether you had another daughter or not?"  
"Why, to be—certainly I know that. Why, how queer you do talk," she rattled on half hysterically, and laughing one of those creepy kind of laughs one dreams of when he hasn't eaten the right thing for supper. "Ar—ar—you quite sure, John," she broke out excitedly, "that that headache hasn't gone to your head?"  
It was cruel to tease her, and with a supreme effort I talked rationally to her for a few minutes—they seemed like hours to me, and then she said she would go and tell Kitty.  
As for myself, I went into the little parlor and waited. How sweet and pretty it looked, and how like a sandstone on a gold setting I felt. Everything was as I had seen it so often, the picture of her grandpa over the cottage piano; the frame in which my picture had been for so many months, but empty now on the corner of the mantel; the large photograph of Saint Cecilia looking heavenward, as we had so often told each other we always felt when we were together; the two big friendly chairs inviting each other to come nearer, which we always sat in when I first came in the evening, and the snug little sofa in the corner that was always my point of departure when I told her good-night, and went my way back to my own cheerless apartments in a homeless boarding house. I looked at them all, and as the drowning man sees all his sins before him, so did I see these all things twice over, and multiplied by

a thousand as the greatest blessings of my life. Then I shut my eyes. I could not help it. My head felt as if a dozen sets of lungs had gotten into it and were doing expansion turns for a prize.  
I opened my eyes suddenly at the sound of a voice.  
"Mother told me you wished to see me," it said as chilly as if it had been left out over night in the frost.  
"Oh, Ki—," I began, as I stood up before her. "I beg your pardon," I continued, "your mother was quite right, I did wish to see you."  
"I can scarcely understand why," she went on, "after what occurred last night. Still, you may be able to explain and I am willing to listen, at least for a few minutes, as I have an engagement," she added, with the faintest kind of a smile.  
It was such a miserably mean little smile, I thought, that it was ashamed to show itself openly.  
"Oh, don't let me detain you," I tried to say with biting sarcasm, but I only bit my tongue in saying it.  
"I shall not," she replied. "When I am ready to go I will let you know. Pray, be seated," and she waved me to my chair again, taking one of our—"our," think of that—big chairs and nestling down in it so cozily that I wanted to throw a book at her.  
I really wanted to throw myself at her, but I had never dared do that, and this was scarcely an appropriate time to begin.  
"I presume," I said, "your engagement is with that Mr. Kilmer and my presence here is an intrusion."  
Kilmer had been the cause of the trouble the night before, and Kilmer was such a good fellow generally, that I couldn't help but wish that he had died several years before with the cholera or some of the other epidemics which visit our shores and carry away so many excellent people.  
"Oh, no," she said, "no intrusion at all. At least, not yet. He was here this morning and told me he would not be around again until 4 o'clock."  
She looked up at the pretty brass clock I had given her. Both its tiny hands were clasp the figure three. Three-quarters of an hour, and a whole lifetime thereafter!  
"Isn't it enough that you should have killed me," I said, "without being so eager to cut me up?"  
"I was merely defending a friend," she retorted.  
"And you claim Kilmer as a friend?"  
"I certainly do. Isn't he a friend of yours?"  
"Not at all. If he were, he would not have interfered with my happiness as he has done."  
"I beg your pardon," she said. "I didn't know he had."  
"Didn't I tell you last night he was a scoundrel, intent only upon separating us?" I asked hotly.  
"And didn't I tell you that I would permit no friend of mine to be called a scoundrel by anyone without resenting it to the utmost?" she replied.  
"But I did call him that," I insisted.  
"Yes, and what good did it do you?" she said, stepping to the mantel and holding out the empty frame in which my picture had formerly been the attraction.  
"His will take the place of the former occupant?" I said, scornfully.  
"His or another's?" she responded, and actually giggled.  
A giggle from a girl is dreadful enough under any circumstances, but at this time it was positively galling.  
"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, staggering to my feet, "am I then a two-fold dupe? Are the returns all in? Have the back counties been heard from, Miss Milby?" and I buried my face in my hands.  
I could hear the click of the frame as she set it back on the mantel and a mild sort of a dull thud as she dropped into the big chair.  
"Mr. Kilmer is, at least, enough of a gentleman, scoundrel though you say he is," she said, "not to talk to a lady as you do."  
"Oh, Ki—I beg your pardon, Miss Milby," I apologized. "I hope you will forget that I spoke so rudely. Indeed, I did not mean it."  
"I don't see what reason you have for objecting to Mr. Kilmer paying me any attention he sees fit to pay," she told me for answer. "I have known him for a long time and he is held in the highest esteem by everyone except you."  
"But I have known you quite as long as he has," I contended.  
"Which is hardly a reason for acting as you are now acting," she said.  
"Does he love you?" I asked, and I could feel a thousand throbs in my head at once.  
"I presume not," she replied, smiling. "If he does, he has been too modest to say so."  
"Do you love him?"  
"That is my own affair," she answered, freely.  
I threw my hand quickly to my side, for, as I live, I thought that instant that my heart would certainly break loose and drop down. I think if I could have stepped on a scale that moment with it in my bosom, I would have weighed a ton.  
"It is not altogether yours," I said with a gasp.  
"No?" and the interrogation point ran up into her eyebrows and arched them sharply like a spear-point, it seemed to me.  
"No, and I want you to so understand it." I was growing desperate. "I have some rights which I propose to see are respected and I shall not stand like a post and be dumb as one."  
"And what rights have you, pray, that I should respect them?" she asked so sarcastically that it felt as if I had stepped across the path of a cutting-haliborn.  
"The right of having my claim heard before it is disallowed and

thrown out of court," I responded, dropping into shop talk without knowing it.  
"Have you ever presented your claim?" she inquired with judicial dignity.  
"Had I? That was the question. Had I? For years I had known Kitty Milby. We had grown up from childhood together. We had gone to school together. For months I had loved her. By day she was ever in my thoughts, and by night her spirit filled my dreams with music. I had given her my heart without the asking, but I had never asked for hers. It didn't seem necessary. I thought, of course she knew I wanted it. Now, I was brought face to face with the facts. Had I ever presented my claim? Well, I had not. At least, not with the formality which my training as a lawyer demanded that I should.  
"Oh, Kitty, Kitty," and I almost cried from the reaction. "I love you more than all the world, and I want you as much as I want the world; for you are the world to me. Now, will you say that my claim has not been presented?"  
It doesn't make any difference what she said, or how she said it or whether my arms were on the mantelpiece, or where they were; and it is nobody's business how much that man Kilmer had to do with bringing me to a realizing sense of my situation, or why he and Kitty smiled when I told him it was all right.  
I think Kilmer is the best fellow in the world, and so does Kitty, with one exception.  
When I left the house Mrs. Milby met me in the hall.  
"Here's a sovereign remedy for the headache, John," she said, handing me a bag of herbs, "I've used it for forty years, and it never fails."  
"Oh, that's all right, moth—Mrs. Milby," said I; "I guess I'm cured of that kind of headache forever," and if she hadn't stood in the door as I went down the walk, I'm sure I should have jumped clean over the gate, and acted in a manner utterly unworthy of my dignity as a rising young lawyer.  
It was 6 p. m., and Kitty had not missed her engagement at 4, because by that time it was permanently settled.—Detroit Free Press.

United States of South Africa.  
Recently in the Imperial Institute, London, at a meeting presided over by the Prince of Wales, Dr. Jamison gave an account of the rush of progress witnessed in South Africa, and indicated that all signs tended to the federation of the various colonies under the name of the United States of South Africa. In no part of the world is history made so rapidly, Dr. Jamison declared, as in the country stretching from the Cape of Good Hope to Lake Tanganyika, several thousand miles northward. The area now under the control of British colonizing influence equals that of the whole of Europe. Besides gold in large quantities, coal and iron ore, those primal requisites of civilization, have been found and are under prospect of rapid development. In the last three years nearly 2000 miles of telegraph lines have been established, and three different lines of railway, from as many points of the compass, are opening up the splendid country. The colonies, together with the quasi-independent Transvaal Republic of the Boers, to be federated, would number some eight or nine members, and the racial problem, as regards the native Africans, has so far not presented itself. The natives have not been vested with the ballot, nor is it likely that the young confederacy will, for the next ten or twenty years, trouble itself with the attempt of considering the subject—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Education of Military Dogs.  
The education of military dogs in the German army proceeds as follows: First he is put through a general course of training, having for its object to teach him prompt obedience to command and signals; then he is taught to run errands with certainty, so that he may go from the advance patrols back to the rear divisions and return at the word of command, and that he may keep up communication between stationary divisions and posts; finally he is taught to be vigilant and make known the approach of any stranger to the post. Training to fit them for search after the missing is not usually required. It would have a result only in rare cases—except in the use of dogs by sanitary corps, divisions of volunteer nurses, etc., to whom in case of war specially trained dogs will be assigned—but would rather lead the dogs to expose themselves uselessly to danger and get lost. Even this, however, sometimes enters into the course of instruction, when individual dogs show themselves especially fitted for it and the teacher possesses great aptness in impressing on the dog his duties in this direction.

Native Country of Indian Corn.  
We believe that both the Japanese and Chinese claims to have known our so-called Indian corn for a thousand years or more, but this does not in any way invalidate the story of its American origin. It may have been carried from this country to Japan either by some person or in an abandoned canoe; and, in fact, there are various ways in which an ear or a few grains of corn might have reached the Eastern Nations. It was certainly cultivated here and used for food by the prehistoric races of this country more than one or two thousand years ago, because the charred and dried grains of Indian corn, beans and pumpkin seeds are found in many of the ancient ruins of the homes of a people who lived here long before the Indians appeared, or what we call the "red men" began to roam over the Western plains.—New York Sun.

## THE COMING SPRING FASHIONS.



## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

**A Riddle.**  
"Now tell,"  
Cried Nell.  
"Sometimes it's big—sometimes it's small.  
It has two hands and no feet at all.  
But still,"  
Said Nell,  
"Though it doesn't run up, it does run down.  
Its face is always healthy and round,  
And it talks very prim and very precise,  
When I am good it says, so nice,  
'Pretty—well!'  
Little—Nell!"  
"But if I'm naughty, oh, dear me!  
Its voice is as solemn as it can be!  
Solemn and sorry and dreadfully clear,  
And the more I don't listen, the more I hear,  
'Do's you, d—oughter,  
Lit-tle—daughter!'"  
"Can't you guess it, you funny folks?  
Something that runs, but never walks?  
Well, well!"  
Cried Nell.  
"If you can't imagine I have to 'splain,  
And I won't make such a hard riddle again.  
You must have a key before it will talk.  
Turn the key—and there's a —!"  
—Youth's Companion.

**How to Make a Ball.**  
Boys who are always losing their balls can make them for themselves. Take a common cork and cut it round as possible, making it the size of an ordinary marble. Then tear off very narrow strips of rags and wind these, one at a time, around the cork until the ball is of the desired size. Then cover it with cloth, or if a boy is fortunate enough to have an obliging sister she will make a cover of crevels by dividing the ball into quarters, winding the wool several times around it, then buttonholing the quarters all around one half, then the other half, until an edge is formed on each side of each quarter, then buttonholing with any colors of wool until the quarters are quite filled up, when a seam finishes them, and a capital ball is the result, costing nothing to make, but really quite serviceable.

**Books Instead of Candy.**  
"I think ambition is never given without a mind of sufficient power to sustain it, and to achieve its lofty object."

Who wrote these words? A boy of 18, named Bayard Taylor, as he looked proudly upon an autograph Charles Dickens had given him, and felt within him that fire of ambition which was never quenched. The Quaker boy of the little town of Kennett square, near Philadelphia—who was born January 11, 1825—grew to be very fond of books, and often when sent to rock the baby would forget all about the crying infant, so deeply would he be absorbed in a story of travel or delightful poem. His father was a poor farmer who had no money to spend on books, so Bayard set out gathering nuts, which he sold, and instead of rushing off to a candy store, like some girls and boys, he invested his money more wisely in buying books. At 14 he was studying Latin and French, 15 found him deep in Spanish. At 17 he was no longer the pupil, but the assistant in the school. The story of his life, with its deep shadows and bright lights, is beautiful and full of inspiration.

**Every boy and girl of America, England and Germany should know it by heart.** And see how the penniless lad at last reaches some of the heights of his ambition, and at President Hayes's request became Minister to Berlin, and was welcomed cordially by Emperor William, and had for a fast friend Bismarck. Some of his works should be in every library.—New York Press.

**He Boiled the Ice.**  
The delight of the little South American boy who was in New York during holiday week and saw snow for the first time amused his entertainers and led to the telling of some funny stories by those who had traveled in many

countries. One was of an army officer in India, who, at great trouble and expense, procured some ice to be served at dinner. He probably gave the order in that fashion, for his cook rushed into the dining room in great consternation and told him he had boiled the ice, and it had all gone into water.

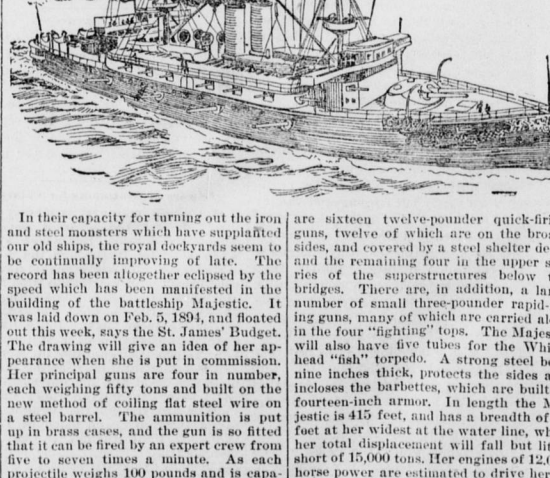
**She Spoke Her Piece.**  
Hattie F., six years old, is thought to give promise of elocutionary talent. When Auntie May came to visit the family, therefore, and offered to give the little girl some lessons, the offer was gladly accepted.

Hattie's preference for lofty sentiment prompted the first selection. It began, "See the eagle! How he soars!" After a few rehearsals, she was ready for a recitation before the assembled family. And there was great applause when she exclaimed:  
"See the eagle! How sore he is!"

**At the Lecture.**  
Naturalist—I have discovered that snakes go underground during the winter and stay there—  
Col. de Tanque (rising)—Professor, I command you to retract that statement. It's a libel on the whole State of Kentucky.—New York World.

**Foiling the Landlord.**  
"It's a splendid day outside. Suppose we take a little walk," said Mr. Uptown to his wife, who is very close.  
"Take a walk and leave this expensive flat for which we pay high rent unoccupied? Not much; I propose to stay right here and get the worth of my money."—Exchange.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S NEWEST BATTLE-SHIP, THE MAJESTIC.



In their capacity for turning out the iron and steel monsters which have supplanted our old ships, the royal dockyards seem to be continually improving of late. The record has been altogether eclipsed by the speed which has been manifested in the building of the battleship Majestic. It was laid down on Feb. 5, 1894, and floated out this week, says the St. James Budget. The drawing will give an idea of her appearance when she is put in commission. Her principal guns are four in number, each weighing fifty tons and built on the new method of coiling flat steel wire on a steel barrel. The ammunition is put up in brass cases, and the gun is so fitted that it can be fired by an expert crew from five to seven times a minute. As each projectile weighs 100 pounds and is capable of penetrating several inches of armor, some idea of their powers may be formed. Above these, on the upper deck,

are sixteen twelve-pounder quick-firing guns, twelve of which are on the broad-sides, and covered by a steel shelter deck, and the remaining four in the upper stories of the superstructures below the bridges. There are, in addition, a large number of small three-pounder rapid-firing guns, many of which are carried aloft in the four "fighting" tops. The Majestic will also have five tubes for the Whitehead "fish" torpedo. A strong steel deck, nine inches thick, protects the sides and incloses the barbettes, which are built of fourteen-inch armor. In length the Majestic is 415 feet, and has a breadth of 75 feet at her widest at the water line, while her total displacement will fall but little short of 15,000 tons. Her engines of 12,000 horse power are estimated to drive her at sixteen and a half knots with natural draught.