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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 24, 1898.

**A Sort of Hip Lock.**

Indianapolis railroad officials are blue, it is reported, over news received from Virginia. Two months ago a man fell on the platform of a train about five miles out of that city. His heel caught in a crack, and his hip was dislocated by the fall. Three surgeons examined him, including the company's surgeon, and all declared that the man would be a cripple for life. The man was paid \$2,500 and his lawyer's fees. In addition to this he was furnished with a baggage car and transportation for his lawyer and a nurse to go with him to Chicago. The railroad officials felt that they had made a cheap settlement. The other day a man fell on a platform on the Norfolk & Western in Virginia and worked the same old story of the dislocated hip. But he had been seen on the previous day hunting for a place to catch his heel. A traveling man was present and recognized him as the man who had been paid by the Indianapolis road. An investigation revealed that the man was a professional contortionist, and could dislocate any part of his body without pain. He has swindled several roads.

"New names for old things," remarked a gentleman the other day, "are the order of the day. There are from time to time heavy rainfalls in this country which in the old time were characterized as 'downpours,' or something of that kind. Now, however, we hear of 'cloudbursts' everywhere. Every time a mill creek overflows or a hay crop gets suddenly spoiled, it is attributed to a 'cloudburst.' People have been dying from stoppage of the heart's action since the beginning of mortality, yet it is but recently that we began to hear of 'heart failure.' A heated term is now produced by a 'hot wave,' all sickness that the doctors cannot understand is attributed to 'Bright's disease,' and living cheaply in summer is called 'going into the country.' The nomenclature is different, but the old things are the same."

A Kentucky exchange says that Miss Oona Ireland, a young lady living near Skillman, has a bird the history of which would grace the columns of our natural history. Miss Oona has a very large and beautiful flock of turkeys, a part of which were hatched in the early summer months and stayed away from the house for quite a distance. In their rambles a young partridge, presumably an orphan, fell into the ranks of the little turkeys, and, finding the company congenial, forsook the field, stayed in the barnyard and orchard, and never for a moment left the turkeys, eating and roosting on the limb of a tree with them. Now the turkeys are grown, as also is the partridge, and it is no unusual sight to see the partridge creeping beneath the flock of turkeys.

A California paper states that Miss Elaine Telfor, a young lady of 18 summers, has become such an adept at bagpipe playing that she is "sought all along the coast to give color to the gatherings of the men from Burns' land." It is explained that Miss Telfor, though an American by birth as well as residence, comes of Scottish stock, her father being an Ayrshire man "who traces his ancestry to Robert Bruce." Miss Telfor is a slightly built maiden, but "she carries herself with the proverbial staidness of the piper, and marches to the tunes she plays." She is fairly ablaze with medals bestowed upon her by the admiring Scottish societies of California.

At Cripple Creek, Colorado's richest mining camp and also the largest gold-producing district in the United States, there is rejoicing and wondering over a new discovery. The vein traverses all geological and mineralogical theories, for it is a "blanket" or horizontal layer which has only earth—no rock—above it, it is richest at the top instead of at the bottom, as is the rule with blanket veins, the covering of earth is so thin that it is being removed with plows and scrapers, and the ore is being shoveled from the level; no mining is necessary.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible, and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.

**WEARY OF HIS CROWN.**

**King George Is Tired of Wielding the Scepter.**

**Were a Grecian Republic at All Possible He Would Abdicate Only Too Willingly in Its Favor.**

[Copyright, 1898.]  
Poor old King George of Greece! Weary and disheartened, so runs the report, he professes himself willing, and more than willing, to yield to the restless discontent of his people, lay down his thankless office, and give way to the republic for which so many are clamoring.

It is not likely that anything of the sort will be permitted; but that the luckless though well-intentioned sovereign is thoroughly tired of his job is little to be wondered at. From the days of Agamemnon until now, the rulers of Hellas have found their task a trying one. Yet abdication is never easy, and rarely expedient or safe.

But quite apart from the attitude of the powers—who certainly would not sanction any such radical change in the form of government at present—it is sufficiently obvious to the unprejudiced observer that stable and successful self-government in Greece is still a long way off. It is something that the world has never yet seen—popular impressions—and the world is not likely to see it for many years to come. The laws of nature are mightier even than the "powers," and their manifesto is distinctly against a republic in Greece.

It is not that the modern Greek is degenerate—though corruption of blood and ages of stultifying oppression have assuredly not increased his capacity in this direction. The Greek of to-day, nevertheless, is quite as truly Greek as the Englishman of to-day is Anglo-Saxon—if anything, rather more so—and in temperament he is as like his ancestor of the time of Pericles as one magpie is like another. Right there is the rub. He is too much like his renowned progenitors; for the inability of the ancient Greeks to maintain a republic—or democracy, which here

proves—and that has made their descendants slaves of the Turk and a plaything of the powers? Without doubt it was the result of a temperament peculiarly unstable, factious and emotional; but this only leads to another question. How did it come about that they were cursed with such a temperament? For, remember, they were of the same essential stock as the Romans of old and the English of to-day—both remarkable for dogged perseverance and organizing power. The problem is an interesting one, and the writer has a theory.

It will be observed that nearly all the inhabitants of the peninsula and islands of southern Europe exhibit



QUEEN OLGA.

much the same temperament—vivacious, volatile, with a marked inaptitude for stable government. The Romans may at first seem to be an exception, but they—like the Macedonians in their relation to Greece—belonged to the upper rather than the lower part of the peninsula. The traits in question are very apparent in the modern Italians and Sicilians, in the Spanish and even in the French. The Irish, too—though, like the Greeks, they rank among the bravest, brightest and most patriotic peoples the world has known—have experienced a similar difficulty in maintaining their independence. As in the case of old

In short, the defect that makes a Greek republic an opera bouffe proposition is racial. What the Greek was he still is—with omissions; time has not mended matters thus far. And as the weakness is constitutional, dating back several millenniums of years, it will probably require many generations to eradicate it. Till then King George and his heirs had better stick to their uneasy throne, lest some worse thing befall.

**SONG OF CAGED BIRDS.**

**It Loses Its Sweetness Apart from Its Associates.**

I have never yet seen a caged bird that I wanted—at least, not on account of its song—nor a wild flower that I desired to transfer to my garden. A caged skylark will sing its song sitting on a bit of turf in the bottom of the cage; but you want to stop your ears, it is so harsh and sibilant and penetrating. But up there against the morning sky, and above the wide expanse of fields, what delight we have in it! It is not the concord of sweet sounds; it is the soaring spirit of gladness and ecstasy raining down upon us from "heaven's gate." Then, to the time and the place, if one could only add the association, or hear the bird through the vista of the years, the song touched with the magic of youthful memories!

A number of years ago a friend in England sent me a score of skylarks in a cage. I gave them their liberty in a field near my place. They drifted away, and I never heard from them or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called upon me, and declared with visible excitement that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming; he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. What pleasure it gave him! How much more the song meant to him that it would have meant to me! For the moment he was on his native heath again. Then I told him about the larks I had liberated, and he seemed to enjoy it all over again with renewed appreciation.

Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a friend of mine was strolling and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along, and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot; a look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat, turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," my friend thought, "if I could only hear that song with his ears!" How it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills! The power of bird-songs over us is so much a matter of association. Hence it is that every traveler to other countries finds the feathered songsters of less merit than those he left behind. The traveler does not hear the birds in the same receptive, uncritical frame of mind as does the native; they are not in the same way the voices of the place and the season.—John Burroughs, in Century.

Hellas, a well-organized and united Ireland would have been impregnable, but these were conditions that could not be secured.

Behind all this lies some curious facts. A little preliminary explanation, however, is necessary.

Like most other European peoples, the Greeks were fundamentally of the so-called Aryan stock; but the Greek traits above described are very un-Aryan. These Aryans—who are supposed to have originated in central Asia—were a race of blue-eyed blonds, of unusual strength and stature, rather stolid in temperament, but endowed with a fierce energy and grim tenacity of purpose that made them irresistible. They conceived that their special mission was to conquer the world; and they set about it promptly, with extraordinary success. When, in pursuance of this idea, they began to overrun Europe—chiefly in prehistoric times—they found there, so ethnologists tell us, a comparatively short, brunette race, called, rather arbitrarily, Iberians. These the invaders partly exterminated and partly drove before them, forcing them to the coast, and probably to some extent across to the nearer islands. Naturally the fugitives were massed in largest numbers at the extremities of the great peninsula, where the remnant, as the rage for slaughter relaxed, was gradually absorbed. This merging of races, it is believed, accounts for the otherwise unaccountable variations in stature and complexion so noticeable in Europe to-day, and for the relative predominance of the brunette type in the southern portion.

There is much reason to suspect that the Iberians are chiefly responsible for the excessively emotional and unstable temperament characteristic of the regions where physical indications, and

**A SEEKER OF CHARITY.**

[Written for This Paper.]  
**COUNTY AGENT.**

The sign stood out prominently on the door of a ramshackle old building before which was a long line of poverty-stricken people each with a basket on their arm.

To me, untutored in the ways of a great city as I was, the sign was meaningless at the time, but the long line of people was one of the sights of the city, and I was in the city to see all that I could in the short space of a few days.

The savings of an entire summer's work was being devoted to this trip to the city that I might see something of the wonders of which I had heard and read so much. I had looked at the tall buildings, at the ceaseless stream of humanity on the business streets, had visited the public parks covered with a white mantle of snow; had even squandered the half of a good dollar in attending the theater, securing for that sum a gallery seat, but of all the wonderful sights I had seen that long line of suffering humanity appealed to me most.

I was born and raised on a farm where old clothes were valued as one of the necessities of our working days, but in all my farm experience I had never seen such an array of rags as this. Every garment seemed to be in the same state of collapse, all were worn, faded and dirty. All, I say, but this I must retract and make it all but one. There near the center of the line was a young girl whose clothing was at least clean. The difference between her apparel and that of the others in the line was so marked that anyone would have noticed it. While her dress was far from new it was so neatly washed and so clean that it caught the eye at once.

It would be hard to imagine how that one clean dress appealed to me. It seemed an oasis in a desert of filth, one bright ray of light in a dark sky. The girl herself presented the same hungry, frozen appearance shown by her companions. But aside from this she appeared different. She was out of place, and her condition appealed to me strongly.

As I stepped nearer I found she was crying, and her tears touched my boyish country heart. I fell into a vacancy in the long line beside her and asked her the meaning of so many poor people, and who and what was the "county agent." At first she did not answer me, but I repeated my questions.

"It means that these people are hungry and cold, and the 'county agent' is their only hope of assistance," she said. "We are the county poor, or at least so much of it as lives in this neighborhood."

At my exclamation of surprise she even ventured a faint smile.

"Are you a stranger here? From the country, I suspect," she added.

"Why do you think from the country?" I asked.

"Because in the country we were never familiar with such sights as these."

"And are you also from the country?"

"Yes; six months ago."

My heart had gone out to that girl as to a sister in distress, and before she had reached the entrance to the building where she was to solicit charity from the county I had induced her to accept an offering from me. To give it would lessen the time I could stay in the city, but it would increase the pleasure of my visit.

As we left the line of people and walked away toward the store she told me a story. Her father had been a farmer in a small way, and on a rented farm, near a village 100 miles from the city. But he had not prospered as he thought he should, and so came to the city with his wife and daughter to find work that would be more remunerative than that of the farm.

He was untrained in the ways of the city. He had nothing in the way of a trade. There was nothing for him to do, nothing that he could do, unless it was of the cheapest kind of manual labor, and even this he could find but little of. Their little store of money ran swiftly away. They moved from the pleasant little cottage to a tenement house and then from three rooms into two. The mother sickened and died. Her trouble was a broken heart and starvation. The father finally began drinking and what little he did earn went for liquor. And now there was nothing left but public charity. The girl was too frail as a result of the life she had been leading for the past six months to earn her own way where hard work was required, and not fitted for a place in the stores.

It took many questions before I had the full story, but my country manners were too much in evidence for her to mistrust me for other than I represented myself to be, and she had been so long without friends that I really think it did her good to find someone who would sympathize with her. Ever since her mother's death she had been practically alone in a great city, and in a section of it where friendships are almost unknown and confidences seldom exchanged. Her neighbors were too busy fighting the hard battle of life to give any time to her.

Before she had finished making her few simple purchases, I had made up my mind to what I would do. My mother had never been blessed with a daughter. Her four children were all sons, of whom I was the oldest. I would sacrifice the balance of my hard-earned vacation and she should go home with me. I had no doubt of the welcome she would receive; when my mother heard her pitiful story, she would give her the place of a daughter in our home.

Just how I told her all this I hardly know, but she refused. She must remember her father, she said, even though she was to starve for her devotion.

And then I hunted up her father and fortunately found him sober, a condition he admitted he had not been in for two weeks before. I told him who I was and what I wanted to do for his daughter. At first he would not consent to her leaving him, but my arguments finally prevailed.

He told her to go and find a pleasant home if possible, "and," he added, "I shall leave this cursed city also and seek for work in the country again where the demon of drink will not assail me. Go, daughter, and I promise you that we shall meet again."

It was more than his life in fear that she accompanied me home, but her fears proved groundless, for no wandering daughter could have received a warmer welcome than she received from my mother when I had told her story.

My trip to the city occurred several years ago. I have never had any desire to make another. The friendship with the half-starved, half-frozen girl which began in front of the "county agent's" office in a great city ended in our marriage. We still live on the farm, and never expect to leave it. The sight of that long line of people, suffering for the necessities of life, is a lesson I shall never forget.

My wife's father found work in the country after a short time, and would have glad to have his daughter come to him, but he did not insist, and she did not go. To-day he is with us in our country home, a noble man. God bless the farms.

WILGILT A. PATTERSON.

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