

# Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY,  
BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.  
FREELAND, PA.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Four Months ..... .50  
Two Months ..... .25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrears must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

French retailers do not take very kindly to newspaper advertising. They prefer to make use of catalogues, which are often very expensive affairs. The general catalogue of the Louve in Paris, for instance, is said to cost \$20,000, and this catalogue is issued four times a year. Another favorite mode of advertising is by means of posters, some of which are of an extremely artistic character.

As indicating the degree of prosperity which now exists in Kansas, the Topeka Capital quotes figures showing that the number of sales for delinquent taxes in Jewell County, which amounted in 1896 to 1771, were only 873 in 1898, while the total amount of such sales, which in 1896 amounted to nearly \$21,000, reached in 1898 only a little over \$8000. It is also pointed out that in one bank in Jewell County the deposits on October 21st last amounted to \$160,236, against \$71,864 on the same date two years previously.

The Czar has just sanctioned the establishment of an agricultural colony at Djenan-Abad, in the Government of Bessarabia. This is the first official departure from the law forbidding the residence of Jews in villages. The movement is due to Baron Horace Gunsburg, who has granted 1350 acres on his estate to be set apart as a settlement for Jewish agriculturists. They must all be more or less trained in agricultural pursuits. Trade will be absolutely forbidden. Should a store be found necessary it must be kept by a Gentile.

The American Society of Municipal Improvements, which held its annual convention in Washington, considered the question of municipal sewage, and the consensus of opinion was that the systems of sewage now in use in American cities absolutely demand improvement. Our country is, in this respect, as in some others connected with the efficiency of local administration, far in the rear of Europe. The municipalities of Europe, such as Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Frankfurt, and others, have undertaken extensive experiments. By physical and chemical processes, planned on a huge scale, the sewage has been taken both by direct transport and by conduit to farms at a distance from the city. There the refuse became valuable as an excellent fertilizer, while the drinking water has been freed from pollution.

### The Mameaters of the Jungle.

These three paragraphs from the Central African Gazette prove that there is still great danger from wild beasts in the dark continent: H. C. McDonald, judicial officer at Chiro-mo, mentions that a lion took a native servant off the veranda of the club a few days ago and then retired into the middle of the town to eat the unfortunate man.

P. Devoy, writing from Dedras, says: "Leopards are very plentiful; I killed two during the month. Lions are also troublesome, one brute having killed seven people before we bagged him."

Mr. Bowhill reports: "Lions have been doing a great deal of harm in the West Shire district, nine men having lost their lives."

The record is increased by the death of W. A. Harrison, senior assistant engineer on the Uganda Railway, who was killed by a lioness at Fort South. —Chicago Times-Herald.

### A Newspaper's Strongest Point.

The poster fades and the circular finds its way into the garbage box; but the newspaper enters the home and becomes part of the life of the family.

### Rather Indefinite.

When General James M. Lewis arrived in Washington from St. Louis to attend the Supreme Court the other day, he asked ex-Senator John B. Henderson what he thought about "this expansion business." "Oh, Lord!" replied the Senator, "I don't know anything about it. I feel like the preacher up in Boston who started a sentence that he couldn't finish. He kept on and on, but couldn't find a stopping place. At last he stopped, looked around upon the congregation in a bewildered way, and said: 'Brethren, I've forgotten where I started and can't finish that sentence, but I know I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven!'"

Detroit is planning a demonstration for 1901 to celebrate the bicentennial of its founding by Cadillac.

### "JEST OUR JIM."

At the school examination when we set back in the crowd, Watchin' of the bull proceedin' was so roshamigo, road, An' I noticed that his mother had a tear-drip in her eye, An' my own ol' gray-fringed blinkers wasn't uncomfortably dry, Fur the one that graduated at the head of all the school Wasn't any goldfish swimmin' in the 'ristocratic pool— No, there wasn't any sky-blue-blooded pedigree in him, For the boy that tuk the honor cake was

Jest Our Jim.  
An' up yonder in the court when he pleaded his first case, An' the jury got a verdict without risin' from their place, An' the lawyers crowded round him an' the judge came off his seat Fur to compliment his talent, I could scarce control my feet. Couldn't hardly keep from dancin', an' I wanted fur to whoop At the way he put the lawyers fur the plaintiff in the soup, But although he swum in honor an' they made a heap of him, In the heart of his ol' daddy he was

Jest Our Jim.  
Then when me an' his ol' mother went to hear a famous case, An' we saw him there a-sittin' on the bench with a solemn face, An' the lawyers was a-callin' him "Your Honor" an' "the Court," How we felt our bosoms swellin' an' our sassy hearts cavort! There he set just like a statue, full ol' dignity an' law, Jest the very grandest pter of a man we ever saw, An' although he wasn't swellin' full ol' p'vile clear to the brim, I kep' whisperin' to mother it was

Jest Our Jim.  
But the golden fires o' glory seemed a-blazin' in our souls, T'other night when I come singin' "Yankee Doodle" from the polls, An' jest hollerin' out to mother they'd elected of our son Fur to go an' set in Congress in the halls at Washington, Ort to see us hug each other an' a-kissin' jest like kids, An' the tears a-verdowin' of the dam beneath our lids, An' a-ragzin' an' a-waltzin' till our heads began to swim, An' a-tellin' of each other it was

Jest Our Jim.  
—Denver Post.

## WHILE THE "TWO SISTERS" BURNED.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



SIGNALS had been sent in that the "Two Sisters" were on fire. Perry, the superintendent, saw the yellow smudge of smoke crawling up from the boiler-room and curling from the doorway into the liberty of the open air. And Perry ran, breathless and hatless, to turn in the still alarm.

The Two Sisters stood in the strip of Goose Island between the Milwaukee sidings and the Chicago River. They were huge, grim, smoke-blackened boxes of wheat elevators. Their walls were of square timbers built up like a child's block house, and covered with a thin coating of corrugated iron. They stood side by side, their cornices a hundred feet above the water, and so close together that a man might step from the roof of one to the roof of the other. Tugmen plying in the river called them the Two Sisters.

By the time the marshal arrived the fire had crept half-way up the plank wall of the building, and the iron siding was crumbling and crisping like scorched paper. A moment later there was a crash of timbers, a rush of scorching air, and from out of a huge hole gnawed by the fire there poured a yellow stream of grain. "Where's your ladder?" shouted the marshal.

Some one bawled an order, and truck twenty's horses came down at a gallop. "Take your men to the top of the north elevator," said the marshal. "We must save it if we can. The south one is gone."

Yendt, truck twenty's lieutenant, looked up at the nearest window. It was a full sixty feet from the ground, and close to the corner nearest the fire. But he did not question his orders. Axeman Fuller loosened the truck, and the Bangor ladder crept up the dull red wall with twenty's whole force straining at the windlass. The moment it touched the window ledge Wendt ran up like a spider on a web.

The other truckmen followed with their lanterns and axes, and behind them toiled and struggled company fourteen's men with a lead of hose. Once inside, they scurried up a cramped stairway to the belt room at the top, which perched like a pigmy house on the broad plain of the elevator roof.

The other men followed without accident, Wendt last. Then began the perilous journey along the eighteen feet of ledge to the stand-pipe. Quirk slid, sliding along the slippery slate mansard, never trusting one foot in the narrow gutter until the other was firm.

From below, it seemed as if the ten men were walking on air. So close to the edge of the roof did they tread that the crowd saw the bottom of each foot as it was lifted.

At last Quirk clasped the stand-pipe and slid swiftly downward. Then came Gies and Fuller in order. "Hurry, there!" shrieked a voice above the roar of the fire. "The roof is going to fall!"

At that moment there was a crash and a bright burst of flame behind them. Greenman, still terrified, reeled wildly. "Steady, there," roared Wendt. "It's only the belt house—not the roof."

Greenman, Scanlon, Christianson went one after the other, spinning down the iron stand-pipe like boys on a peeled pole, until only Wendt was left.

"Hurry! hurry!" came again the marshal's voice. A great stream of water drenched a flame that had sprung out just below the gutter where Wendt stood. The crowd was silent, with every muscle tense.

Wendt grasped the stand-pipe, now almost burning hot, and slid. An instant later he was swallowed up in smoke and flame. There was the growl of yielding timbers, then a sullen roar, and a volcano of fire poured upward out of the elevator's pit. The roof had fallen.

Two firemen ran forward with their helmets to the heat and dragged Wendt away. His hair and his eyebrows were singed. His hands were raw with burns. "I guess I fell most of the way," he said, laughing weakly.

There the incident ended. It had lasted just twenty minutes—from twenty minutes after twelve o'clock on October 25, 1897, when the Bangor ladder tipped the elevator window, to forty minutes after twelve, when Wendt came down. The Two Sisters were destroyed, and more than a million bushels of wheat were left soaking in the river or smoldering in the ruins—but no lives were lost.

The scarred marshal was asked after the fire if such coolness and daring should not be rewarded. "Rewarded!" he said, gruffly. "Didn't they escape? It is a part of the business."—Youth's Companion.

### ANCIENT FORT UNEARTHED.

It Was Occupied by French or Spaniards Two Centuries Ago.

Buried a dozen feet under a Nebraska sand hill, twenty miles west of Sioux City, Iowa, the remains of a stone fort have been discovered. Inside the walls the searchers found a quantity of human bones and fragments of arms and armor at least two centuries old.

The patterns of the weapons and armor indicate that the owners were Frenchmen or Spaniards, though there is no record of any settlement in this region of either nationality at so early a date.

The find was made by John Hammond, a farmer, who stumbled on one corner of the fort while excavating for a drainage ditch. Stone is a rarity in Northeastern Nebraska, and Hammond was so much surprised that he carried his investigation further, and has now uncovered an area about 150 feet by 200 feet in extent.

The fort itself is built of hard red sandstone, much like that so extensively quarried now at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The walls are about three and one-half feet thick and twelve or fifteen feet high, with small towers, evidently for sentries, at intervals of twenty or twenty-five feet.

The armor includes a half dozen breast-plates, two or three steel caps and a morion, or helmet, of the pattern much worn by French and Spanish soldiers of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries. All are badly rusted and in most of them many holes are eaten completely through the metal.

Among the weapons are several two-handed swords, the head of what was evidently a battle-axe and the wheel-locks and barrels of ancient muskets. The bones are much scattered, and from them it would be impossible to say how strong the fort was garrisoned.

### Canadians Buy American Fruit.

Consul Graham, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, says that the fruit growers of the United States (chiefly those of the Pacific slope) supply at least four-fifths of all the green fruit consumed in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory of Canada. Canadians now, however, are making a vigorous effort to capture their own home trade.

Cold storage plants and packing houses are being constructed and transportation lines are being worked. The United States system of packing fruits has been adopted, and a much stronger bid will be made for these markets than heretofore. Still greater care in selecting, packing and shipping will be necessary on the part of American fruit growers if they would continue to hold their supremacy in the market.

### Instead of a String on His Finger.

"Williams," said Flint, who had been in a brown study for several minutes, "what is the name of that British General they have been making so much fuss over?" "Kitchen, isn't it?" responded Williams. "That's it!" exclaimed Flint, delightedly. "Kitchen! That brings it up all right. I know now what it was my wife asked me to attend to this morning. She wanted me to advertise for a cook."—Chicago Tribune.

## BAD FOR THE CHURCH

DR. RYLANCE SAYS IT FOLLOWS WEALTH.

His Resignation as Pastor of America's Once Most Aristocratic Church, Made the Occasion for a Fling at the Wealthy Classes of Society.

Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Rylance, who resigned from the pastorate of St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal church, New York, the other day, talked with a reporter about the changes that have taken place on lower Second avenue since he took charge of the church twenty-seven years ago.

"In 1871 the neighborhood was still the residential quarter for wealthy and refined citizens," he said. "St. Mark's place and Clinton place—parts of Eighth street—were lined with their homes, as were also many of the adjacent streets. A change was even then setting in, which soon became a social rush 'up-town.' Now only here and there can be found a home of the old style below Fourteenth street.

"The churches followed wealth. St. Thomas' left Broadway and Houston street; St. Bartholomew's left Lafayette place. And so with others of all creeds, with one exception, the Roman Catholic, St. Mark's has not gone because it is an endowed parish. The abandonment of the poorer populous localities by the wealthy churches has

entailed upon those that remain an unjust share of the burden of caring for the helpless poor. There ought to be an ecclesiastical clearing-house in New York, through which social obligations could be distributed according to the measure of each church's ability.

"Second avenue, from Tenth street to Eighteenth street, is still, however, one of the healthiest and most delightful residential quarters of our city. Mr. Ottendorfer's noble institution near Eighth street—library and dispensary—and the Hebrew Technical and Industrial schools have been of widely felt service to the neighborhood.

"The personnel of St. Mark's church has almost wholly changed in twenty-seven years. Fish, Renwick, Remsen, Catlin, the Goletts, Stewart, with crowds of other once conspicuous people, are of it no more. But others not less worthy have come into their places. Some of the old blood remains, but henceforth the church, with its noble chapel and schools on Tompkins square, will have to be a church of the people.

"Nearly all my old professional associates are in Paradise—Tyng, Cotton, Smith, Washburn and others. The last-named was the greatest man that I have ever known in the clerical ranks of America. The saintly Dyer still lingers with us."

### Both Ends of an Absurdity.

From the Washington Star: "We can't keep the Philippines," said the worried-looking man. "We ought to get rid of Porto Rico and even Hawaii. If we go on at this rate, what reason is there to prevent our gradually acquiring Asia, Africa and ultimately the whole of Europe?" "I never thought of that," answered the good-natured friend, with a sudden look of gloom; "and yet by the same sort of argument I'm convinced that we can't give 'em up. I'll admit that territory may be an embarrassment, but if we go on getting rid of it by starting in with these islands we'll be tempted to turn California adrift and then cut loose from Florida, and the first thing posterity knows we'll have contracted our responsibilities so that we won't have anything at all to worry over except the District of Columbia."

### No Joke.

Bobby—"Popper, what is a hostile Indian?" Mr. Ferry—"One with some good, arable land."

### A Cincinnati barber explained to his inquisitive son that a hostile Indian is one who has some good, arable land.

## THE COW DEATH.

Curious Superstition of Pagan Origin Practiced in Russia.

Lowenstimm mentions a curious superstition of pagan origin still practiced in portions of Russia, and known as "korovya smertj" (cow-death) and "opachivaniye" (plovling roundabout). If pestilence or murrain prevails in a village, an old woman of reputed as a seeress or fortune teller enters the confines of the village at midnight and eats a pan. Thereupon all the women of the place assemble in haste, armed with divers domestic utensils—frying-pans, pokers, tongs, shovels, scythes and enudgels. After shutting the cattle in their stalls, and warning the men not to leave their houses, a procession is formed. The seeress takes off her dress and pronounces a curse upon Death. She is then hitched to a plow, together with a bevy of virgins and a mishapen woman, if such a one can be found, and a continuous and closed furrow is drawn round the village three times. When the procession starts, the image of some saint suitable to the occasion, that of St. Blasius, for example, in the case of murrain, is borne in front of it; this is followed by the seeress, clad only in a shift, with disheveled hair and riding on a broomstick; after her come women and maidens drawing the plow, and behind them the rest of the crowd, shrieking and making a fearful din. They kill every animal they meet, and if a man is so unfortunate as to fall in with them he is mercilessly beaten, and usually put to death. In the eyes of these raging women he is not a human being, but Death himself in the form of a werewolf, who seeks to cross their path and thus break the charm and destroy the healing virtue of the furrow. The ceremony varies in different places, and generally ends by burying alive a cat, cock or dog.—From "Superstition and Crime," by Professor E. P. Evans, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

### PRESERVING THE BODY.

By the discovery of Professor Elfasio Marini of Italy the human body is actually rendered immortal. Death loses its all-destroying power. The spirit, the soul, leaves the body—perhaps to continue in higher spheres—but the body may remain forever, parted only from its soul, from life.

Marini's process is not a mere method of embalming. This art, as it is now practiced, may delay, but cannot arrest, decomposition. The method of preserving the body invented by Marini is quite different. The departed remains among us as if he were alive,

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Our souls crave a perfect good; we feel the pull thitherward, we own the law that points in that direction.—William M. Salter.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.—Epictetus.

In every loving woman there is a priestess of the past—a pious guardian of some affection, of which the object has disappeared.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

Many brave young minds have oftentimes, through hearing the praises and famous eulogies of worthy men, been stirred up to effect the like commendations.—Spenser.

Look in all things for the beauty which is their soul, and shall fill your soul. Seek it and dwell in it, for, rightly understood, it is a part of your deepest life.—Henry W. Foote.

Self conceit is a weighty quality, and will sometimes bring down the scale when there is nothing else in it. It magnifies a fault beyond proportion, and swells every omission into an outrage.—Jeremy Collier.

Books well chosen neither dull the appetite nor strain the memory, but refresh the inclinations, strengthen on the powers and improve under experiments. By reading a man does, as it were, antedate his life, and makes himself contemporary with past ages.—Jeremy Collier.

It is surprising how practical duty enriches the fancy and the heart and deepens the affections. Indeed, no one can have a true idea of right until he does it, any genuine reverence for it until he has done it often and with cost, any peace ineffable in it till he does it always and with alacrity.—J. Martineau.

### The World's Hours.

When such of us unfortunate folk as rise early are getting up at 8 in the morning they are dressed and taking 9 o'clock breakfast in Venice, Naples, Malta and Copenhagen. At Stockholm and Cape Town those who begin business at 10 are on their way to their offices. At St. Petersburg the banks, if they open at 10 o'clock, have just swung back their doors. At Odessa the bank clerks have hung up their overcoats, and at Suez they have probably dipped their pens the third or fourth time. At Bombay the bells for 1 o'clock luncheon are ringing, and the residents of Madras have got half through that meal.

Those who dine at 2 o'clock are just sitting down to table at Singapore. They are half-way through 3 o'clock dinner at Canton. At Sydney the greater part of the workers are on their way home and late diners are feeling hungry. At Jeddo a large part of the population is in its first sleep, the theatres are very near closing, and many people are undressing and going upstairs with candles. The people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore are in the middle of their night's rest, and in Galveston, New Orleans and Pensacola the cocks are crowing—London Tid-Bits.

### Babies and Schools.

Is there any necessary connection between going to school and a low birth-rate?

In new colonies the birth-rate is usually high. Large families were the rule in this country in early days in the same regions where now the race seems to be dying out.

In New Zealand, where conditions are colonial but where education is universal, the birth-rate has fallen from thirty-eight per 1000 in 1882 to twenty-six per 1000 in 1898.

The population increases, but if the rate of birth continues to decline it must soon be as low as in Ireland or France. The climate is good, the death-rate phenomenally low. What is the matter? Is it going to school?



DR. RYLANCE.



PROF. MARINI.