

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1898.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

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. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

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

FREELAND, PA., MARCH 6, 1899.

"An American Internal Policy."

From the Knights of Labor Journal.
A recent editorial in the New York Journal, signed by its editor and proprietor, Mr. William R. Hearst, sets forth the following five planks of a platform for "An American Internal Policy":

"First: Public ownership of public franchises. The values created by the community should belong to the community.

"Second: Destruction of criminal trusts. No monopolization of the national resources by lawless private combinations more powerful than the people's government.

"Third: A gradual income tax. Every citizen to contribute to the support of the government according to his means, and not according to his necessities.

"Fourth: Election of senators by the people. The senate, now becoming the private property of corporations and bosses, to be made truly representative, and the state legislatures to be redeemed from recurring scandals.

"Fifth: National, state and municipal improvements of the public school system. As the duties of citizenship are both general and local, every government, national and local, should do its share towards fitting every individual to perform them.

It is certainly a most remarkable departure from the ancient, if not altogether time-honored, conservative habits, practices, and teachings of the vast majority of American daily publications for a newspaper of the circulation and influence of the New York Journal to advocate a platform made up of five such radical propositions.

Notwithstanding its radicalism, this platform is far from new. For more than a quarter of a century the Order of the Knights of Labor has earnestly advocated and persistently demanded about everything contained in it, and a good deal more besides. With the metropolitan press and the newspapers of the country generally solidly arrayed against us, progress has been slow, and, except in the ranks of labor organizations, converts have been few.

We therefore heartily welcome the accession of the New York Journal as a most timely and valuable reinforcement, and the example it sets ought to be followed by every newspaper which supported Bryan and the Chicago platform of 1896. The Journal's propositions should be kept well to the front until the nominating conventions meet next year.

Mr. Williams' Achievement.

Ex-Congressman Morgan B. Williams, whose membership in congress ceased on Saturday, retires with more prestige than any of his predecessors who have represented this district in congress for many years. Mr. Williams did not shine as a brilliant statesman, nor startle the nation with his knowledge of public affairs, but by persevering and unostentatious work succeeded in procuring the passage of a bill for the erection of a public building in Wilkesbarre, an achievement which none of those who were sent to congress before him could accomplish. Wilkesbarreans will be ungrateful to Mr. Williams if they ever fail to show him the esteem and respect he has deserved at their hands by procuring the passage of this bill.

Its Tenth Anniversary.

The Philadelphia Inquirer on Thursday celebrated the tenth anniversary of its publication under its present management, and its review of the past decade shows a steady increase in circulation, patronage and influence. The Inquirer is the only daily newspaper in Philadelphia which makes even a pretense of publishing unbiased news, and if its publishers would accept all the opportunities at their command to tell all the truth about Philadelphia and Pennsylvania affairs the Inquirer's circulation would bound to a million copies a day.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy
The one sure cure for
The Kidneys, Liver and Blood

MAILS ARE EASY TO ROB.

Postal Thieves Are Ingenious
But Few Ever Escape
Final Detection.

THE SHREWD INSPECTORS

Sometimes It Takes Months to Capture a Thief and Sometimes Years.

Some Notable Cases Which Were Skillfully Handled—One Man Caught by Means of Mucilage—Two Successful Methods That Are Used in Detecting Post-Office Robberies.

"Post office thieves may work undetected for months, perhaps years, but they are sure to be entrapped and punished in the end," said an old detective of the Post Office Department. "And I may add," he continued, "that no other thief is harder to catch than the one who robs Uncle Sam's mails. Their methods are ingenious, the plunder is easily hidden or destroyed and their rascality is well masked by the honesty and integrity of associates."

Post Office thieves are not arrested every day, although valuable letters and other articles are stolen almost daily and an army of shrewd inspectors are on the alert. Positive proof of guilt must be in the possession of an inspector before an arrest is made. In almost every instance arrest means conviction. A Post Office employee never knows when he is being shadowed. Even when not under suspicion of crime he may be watched outside of business hours to see if he is spending more money than his salary will permit and if he is galloping with a fast gang. It sometimes happens that an inspector may not be able to prove his man a thief and the accused is turned loose with a verdict of "not guilty" as his certificate of honesty, but that man is not wanted by the Post Office Department any more.

"Years ago," resumed the inspector, as he filled his pipe "on one of the old star routes out in New Mexico hundreds of letters containing money, drafts, checks and other valuables were stolen. At first letters and all disappeared, but the thieves changed their mode of operation and simply stole the contents, reselling the letters and sending them on. As letters pass through the hands of many clerks it is always difficult to locate the thief. Months of faithful work resulted in nothing being discovered as to the identity of the thieves, and the rifling of letters continued."

"Finally there was a happy solution of the trouble. One of the inspectors procured a quantity of different kinds of drugs and sent other inspectors over the entire route with instructions to make a tour of book investigations, and while thus engaged to place some of one kind of the drugs in the mucilage bottle at each office, taking care to make a memorandum which would show at what office the drug had been placed. It was not long before a registered letter came through with the money gone. The inspector put his lips to the seal of the envelope, tasted the mucilage, referred to his book, and at once named the office at which the particular drug had been placed in the mucilage. Then a lot of decoy registered letters went to that office, and the dishonest postmaster secured the contents and the inspectors secured him. This, I think, was one of the cleverest pieces of work ever done by the department. The inspector who put it into execution was a fine chemist and knew exactly what kind of drugs to get."

"There are but two successful ways to catch a Post Office thief—constant watching and decoy letters. With these and patience the game will be landed, although it often requires months and sometimes years. It is one of the most annoying and difficult lines of detective work a man ever engaged in and requires the most earnest application. Not a single circumstance or detail must be overlooked. Sometimes luck helps us out of our difficulties. I remember once in a city not very far from Washington things were in a fearful state in the distribution division of the office. It appeared as though we would never catch the fellow who was making away with valuable letters. One day there came up a terrific rain and with this came a happy thought to the inspector. He carried a bucket of water into the loft and threw it on the overhead plastering just over the distributors. Naturally a leak was sprung and a workman, who was taken into the confidence of the inspector, was sent into the loft to make an investigation. Accidentally on purpose his foot went through the wet plastering, leaving a hole.

"Of course, to repair this it would have been necessary to do the work from the distribution room, and, as this was done, the clerks went ahead with their work, while the inspector looked down at their every movement from the supposed accidentally made hole. Finally he was rewarded by seeing one of the oldest employees in the office slipping letters in his pocket. Seeing he was caught dead to rights, the man confessed everything. In court he attempted no defence, save to say that he had been dealing in futures, had had his wings severely clipped, and stole to even up."

"A German named Namath gave the inspectors a world of trouble in the same city. Thousands of letters were mislaid, and goodness only knows how much money stolen. It was a case which puzzled the department, and after weeks of the closest investigation it was decided that the crooked work was not done in the Post Office. Then an outside campaign was begun, and Namath was arrested while stealing letters from one of the street boxes. He did not have a key, but used a wire for extracting the letters. His operations were confined to boxes in the business sections, and he admitted that he had stolen not less than 10,000 letters before he was caught. The amount of money he got could never be ascertained, but he must have secured a snug sum. His confession sent him to the penitentiary for a long term.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK BAY.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

The Lovers.

"I don't believe him! If he lost all his money with ours how can he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Willie King." Ruth contracted her brows in thought.

"Why does Major Topp come here so much lately?" she asked.

"He wants to marry me," replied Mrs. Lyman frankly. "He has asked me repeatedly."

The girl looked shocked.

"Is that what he was here about again yesterday?"

"Yes, dear."

Just over in Brooklyn, on the old shore road to Coney Island, stood the beautiful cottage, half hidden among evergreens and flowering shrubs.

Here lived the Lymans.

Mother and daughter sat on the front veranda one afternoon last June, both looking sad and thoughtful.

"You are thinking of papa," the girl had said a few moments earlier.

"Yes, Ruth. Where is he? At the bottom of the ocean or on a desert island? Five years have passed since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason tells me that he is dead, but my heart assures me he's living!"

"I believe he is, mamma! He may return to us at any moment!"

"Oh, how we need him!" sighed Mrs. Lyman. "What would be your fate if anything were to happen to me?"

"Are you poor, then?"

"So Major Topp says."

It was then that Ruth Lyman had broken forth with the impetuous words of disbelief.

The front gate swung on its hinges and a boyish figure came up the walk.

"It's Willie, mamma—Willie King," exclaimed Ruth, all smiles and blushes.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Major Topp, who had formerly been a partner of Ruth's long-missing father.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lyman, and having delivered it he strolled with Ruth down to the cool shadows of a grove at the foot of the garden.

Willie smiled.

"Do you see that brig down by the wharf, all ready to start on her voyage?"

Ruth nodded.

"That and another ship belong to me," he continued. "I have money in bank, railroad stocks and farms out on Long Island."

"I shall go to college soon, and by and by when I have graduated I shall settle down to some business and shall want to be married. Will you be my wife, Ruth?"

"Of course I will. But mother must live with us, and Major Topp must let us alone."

"I don't like him any better than you do, Ruth," he declared. "I believe he would be glad if something were to happen to me. You know he'd be the sole heir of everything I have if I were to die. And, speaking of him, reminds me that he asked me to come down to the brig as soon as I had delivered that letter. I must go now, but you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

The boy hurried on his mission, little guessing in his lightness of heart the treacherous net of Fate into which he was running.

In the cabin of the brig in question sat two persons. They were leaning

back on a table, on which stood a bottle with tumblers, and their heads were close together.

"A truce to all this beating about the bush, Major Topp," said the commander of the brig. "Tell me in plain English what it is that you want me to do."

"You shall soon see," responded the Major, settling himself into his chair. "I have a nephew, you know?"

"Exactly, Willie King, whose parents are dead."

of Cape Horn, and will be absent a year. Should the boy fall overboard or otherwise disappear during this voyage I will give you \$10,000 and this brig the very day of your return to Brooklyn!"

"The offer is liberal."

"And you accept it?"

"Of course I do!"

"It will not be difficult," suggested Major Topp in an icy whisper. "A single push some dark night or the cutting of a foot rope—but here he comes!"

Even as he spoke Willie King came hurrying into the cabin, his handsome face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I am just in time to see you off, Capt. Beeman," he said, not noticing the guilty agitation of the two plotters. "The wind is fair and the weather fine. A good voyage to you, Captain! Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet and must be pretty."

"Ay, Master Willie," responded Capt. Beeman. "Haven't you seen my collection of shells in yonder stateroom? Take your choice now."

He threw open the door of the stateroom in question and Willie stepped forward and looked within.

With a quick thrust Beeman pushed him into the little room and hurriedly locked the door, just as Major Topp stole away in silence.

A hurried trampling of feet succeeded, blending with the voices of the crew as they cast off and in another minute the brig was on her way down the harbor.

The boy was fairly caught. Fate's net held him even closer than he dreamed. Its meshes were impervious, and through the tightening web peered the hollow eyes of Death.

CHAPTER II.

Flight and Pursuit.

The boy's first thought was that Capt. Beeman was trying to scare him a little as a practical joke.

Then, discovering that the brig was really standing down the harbor, the truth dawned upon him!

Beeman was taking him to sea with him for that long voyage to the Pacific!

Pounding upon the door, he cried: "Let me out, Capt. Beeman, or it will be the worse for you!"

No response was made to him, no notice whatever taken of him.

"I see," he gasped. "Capt. Beeman has agreed to make way with me!"

He examined his surroundings. Now that his eyes had become accustomed to the gloom he could see that the stateroom was filled with all sorts of cheap gewgaws for barter with the natives of the Pacific Islands. Among other things he noticed a small cannon mounted on an awkward wooden carriage.

Loading this with the accompanying ammunition, he trained the muzzle on the stateroom door and fired. The close room shook with the impact, the thick porthole glass was shattered and the air was filled with choking smoke. But through the smoke the boy saw the door was battered down, and staggering forth, he gained the deck.

"Seize him!" yelled Capt. Beeman.

It was easier said than done. Catching sight of a piece of loose board, Willie seized it and leaped into the water, determined to rescue himself by swimming.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Capt. Beeman, startled beyond expression.

"After that boy, two or three of you! A hundred dollars to the man who first overtakes him!"

Three men leaped overboard and swam in pursuit of the boy, while the brig was hoisted to a boat lowered.

After a swim of twenty yards Willie reached a spar-buoy, to which he clung, facing his pursuers.

"Where is he?" asked the captain.

"Yonder at the spar-buoy."

"I see the little rascal," commented the captain, ordering his rowers to advance rapidly. "Guess he thinks it's time to be moving. Ah, there he goes!"

"He's making for the topmast of that sloop that was sunk in the recent gale," resumed the captain. "There, he has reached it. Pull in quickly now, men. We have him. In a moment more—Thunder! he's gone!"

"Gone?" echoed all the rowers in chorus.

"Yes, gone!" and Beeman sprang to his feet, bending forward. "He fell back into the water and went down like a stone, without the least sound or movement! Pull for your lives!"

"He may have had a cramp," suggested one of the men, looking around in the rapidly increasing darkness.

"In any case, he's gone!" returned Beeman.

The letter Willie had brought to Mrs. Lyman was a horror. In it Major Topp told her he had long been supporting her and Ruth, as the estate of his late partner had been exhausted a year previous. And he wound up by telling her that he could support her no longer unless she consented to marry him.

"If there isn't Major Topp now," she exclaimed. "He's coming this way and intends to call. He can't mean to turn us out of doors to-night, can he?"

She added haughtily, "for one day!"

The Major started reddening, and then raised his eyeglasses.

"You are a pert little miss," he said after a long and insulting stare.

"Since when have you put on these airs? Your mother, I fear, has neglected your education. You had better be off to your dolls and permit your mother to attend to her affairs properly."

He advanced toward the door.

"You can't come in here, Major Topp!" was Ruth's response. "You may turn us out just as soon as you can legally, but you shall not intrude upon us until then. Another thing, Major Topp, Willie King won't let you harm us. And when Willie and I are married, four years hence, we'll turn you out of the stolen house you are living in and mamma shall have it!"

The Major's face became ghastly white and his manner furiously threatening.

"The close room shook with the impact."

"You'll turn me out, will you?" he thundered, flourishing his cane. "Do you see that brig there in the harbor?" and he pointed it out. "That's my brig, you little sauce-box, and my good-for-nothing nephew is aboard of her and on his way to the Pacific Ocean!"

Ruth uttered a wild cry, regarding the brig more closely.

"Oh, my poor Willie!" she exclaimed. "You've kidnapped him!"

Without another glance at the Major she dashed down the steps toward the gate, hurrying in the direction of the shore.

Upon the shore, within two hundred yards of Mrs. Lyman's residence, dwelt an old sailor, a veteran of the Civil War, named Nicholas Collins. He had an affection for Mrs. Lyman and Ruth that amounted to adoration. To this friend went the weeping girl, therefore, as straight as she could go.

"Oh, Nicholas," she called to him, having the good fortune to find him in his little garden close by the water, "they've taken Willie to sea against his wishes in the brig yonder!"

"Which is hoist to, I see. But who is carrying off Willie?"

"Major Topp and Capt. Beeman!"

Collins comprehended the situation in an instant.

"Into that boat, then," he cried with compressed lips, as he led the way to it, and in another instant it was flying toward the brig.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Who are the most objectionable in a car—the women who spread their gowns over too much sitting space or the men who barricade the aisle with their feet?

Do not always judge too harshly a householder by the pictures on the walls. They may have been gifts from persons that he or she couldn't afford to offend, and so offended their own taste instead.

The wisest woman will sometimes show her weakness when it comes to the question of consulting a fortune teller.

The reason many a man does not marry is that he is too much engaged.

It doesn't matter if beauty is only skin deep, provided the skin is worn right side out.

The woman who is told what she said when she was delicious must feel a good deal as the sober man who is informed of his antics when he was drunk.

EPIGRAMS.

The center of rational government is the home. Its growth is centrifugal; its radius, humanity; but its circumference is the eternal.

Labor is the only true standard of value.

Some persons are of such credulous fiber that they permit vanity to clothe with reality the shadowy forms of a fictitious acrestry.

Ananias was a saint compared with the man who manufactures statistics to prop a weak argument.

Politics beckons the good man but is embraced by the rascal.

When a minister of the gospel decks truth in the trappings of the vaudeville stage he should not use the Bible as a prompt book.

When matters touching the public are discussed in secret between public servants and private interests honesty grows nervous and equity is in extreme jeopardy.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, }
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

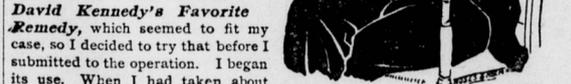
Saved from the Surgeon's Knife

No organs are of greater importance to the human body than the Kidneys. Their duty is to sift and strain the poisonous and waste matter from the blood, and if they fail to do this, the trouble shows in the nervous system, and even in the brain. Your life is at stake when there are pains in the small of your back—when you are compelled to get up at night to urinate—when the passing of water causes scalding pain—when there is a sediment in the urine in the vessel, or when it appears white or milky. When so afflicted, you can conquer the trouble with **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, the greatest medicine that civilization has ever known for curing Kidney, Bladder, Blood and Liver Diseases.

James Lettice, of Canajoharie, N. Y., tells of his wonderful cure: "Some years ago I was attacked with pains in my back and sides that were fearful. I could not control my kidneys, and what came from me was filled with mucus and blood. An Albany doctor was to perform an operation upon me, and said my home doctor could take care of me after. I saw an advertisement of **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, which seemed to fit my case, so I decided to try that before I submitted to the operation. I began its use. When I had taken about two bottles the flow from the bladder grew cleaner, and the pain stopped, and in a short time I was saved from the surgeon's knife, and am now well."

Favorite Remedy also cures Eczema, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation. For Female Troubles it is unequalled. It is sold for \$1.00 a bottle at all drug stores.

Sample Bottle Free! In order that sufferers may be convinced of the curative virtues of **Favorite Remedy**, a free sample bottle will be sent, prepaid, to those who send their full postoffice address to the **DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION**, Rondout, N. Y. It is necessary to say that you saw the advertisement in this paper if you wish to take advantage of this genuine and liberal offer. Send today.



THE CLOSE ROOM SHOOK WITH THE IMPACT.

"You'll turn me out, will you?" he thundered, flourishing his cane. "Do you see that brig there in the harbor?" and he pointed it out. "That's my brig, you little sauce-box, and my good-for-nothing nephew is aboard of her and on his way to the Pacific Ocean!"

Ruth uttered a wild cry, regarding the brig more closely.

"Oh, my poor Willie!" she exclaimed. "You've kidnapped him!"

Without another glance at the Major she dashed down the steps toward the gate, hurrying in the direction of the shore.

Upon the shore, within two hundred yards of Mrs. Lyman's residence, dwelt an old sailor, a veteran of the Civil War, named Nicholas Collins. He had an affection for Mrs. Lyman and Ruth that amounted to adoration. To this friend went the weeping girl, therefore, as straight as she could go.

"Oh, Nicholas," she called to him, having the good fortune to find him in his little garden close by the water, "they've taken Willie to sea against his wishes in the brig yonder!"

"Which is hoist to, I see. But who is carrying off Willie?"

"Major Topp and Capt. Beeman!"

Collins comprehended the situation in an instant.

"Into that boat, then," he cried with compressed lips, as he led the way to it, and in another instant it was flying toward the brig.

TO BE CONTINUED.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Who are the most objectionable in a car—the women who spread their gowns over too much sitting space or the men who barricade the aisle with their feet?

Do not always judge too harshly a householder by the pictures on the walls. They may have been gifts from persons that he or she couldn't afford to offend, and so offended their own taste instead.

The wisest woman will sometimes show her weakness when it comes to the question of consulting a fortune teller.

The reason many a man does not marry is that he is too much engaged.

It doesn't matter if beauty is only skin deep, provided the skin is worn right side out.

The woman who is told what she said when she was delicious must feel a good deal as the sober man who is informed of his antics when he was drunk.

EPIGRAMS.

The center of rational government is the home. Its growth is centrifugal; its radius, humanity; but its circumference is the eternal.

Labor is the only true standard of value.

Some persons are of such credulous fiber that they permit vanity to clothe with reality the shadowy forms of a fictitious acrestry.

Ananias was a saint compared with the man who manufactures statistics to prop a weak argument.

Politics beckons the good man but is embraced by the rascal.

When a minister of the gospel decks truth in the trappings of the vaudeville stage he should not use the Bible as a prompt book.

When matters touching the public are discussed in secret between public servants and private interests honesty grows nervous and equity is in extreme jeopardy.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, }
LUCAS COUNTY, }
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since his infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substit