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Put Yourself in His Place.

Correspondence in City and State.
The attempt made by the present administration to place the American people in the position of battering down by brute force a brave people struggling for national independence is one that is filling many of the said American people with disgust and contempt. If the present administration desires to succeed itself (and there is widespread belief that does), it will bring this anti-independent war to a close as soon as may be, otherwise its doom is sealed. Recent reports from Washington are to the effect that our Napoleonic president has had his ear to the ground, and has heard rumblings from the West that are not reassuring. These rumblings versus the Alger-Eagan war contracts and the sacrifice of American lives in the distant islands of the Pacific, in the attempt to conquer a desire for independence, will, when joined with the increasing anti-war feeling of the East, make a ground-swell that will soon prove fatal to the existing administration and the president will soon show great wisdom by laying this lesson to heart and promptly changing his course.

An illustration drawn from our own history seems to throw full light on our present policy. If General Washington had been waited on immediately after the battle of Yorktown by Count Rochambeau and other leading Frenchmen, and had been addressed somewhat after the following manner:

Dear General Washington.—We have greatly admired your military genius and the bravery and constancy of your troops, but you will acknowledge that you could not have won this and other battles without our aid; therefore, all the credit belongs to us. We know the desire of your people for independence, but in our opinion they are utterly unfitted for it. You have not had the advantages of European civilization; you have not attended our schools and colleges, and you are, therefore, ignorant, and unable to make law for yourselves. We are under obligations to the nations of the world to see that nothing rash is done. We will, therefore, retain control of affairs, dear general, and when we get ready we will call on you to take part in the government.

If General Washington had been thus addressed by his French allies, how long would it have required for him to decide to try his strength against them? Would he not quickly have thrust them from the country if he could? Would he have waited as long as Aguinaldo did?

We should remember that Aguinaldo was the leader of his countrymen as much as Washington was the leader of his. He gave our army and navy all the aid he could in the capture of Manila, and there is a good reason to doubt whether they would have been successful there without his co-operation. After treating them in this manner, for our leaders there to treat him and his people as they did seems like the rankest ingratitude, and it is not strange that he revolted. Would not our own Washington have done likewise in similar circumstances? What people desiring to be independent could have acted differently? If our forces succeed in battering him and his followers to pieces, how much on the dollar will American honor be worth?

Who Killed Ballot Reform?

From the Philadelphia Press.
Those senators who voted on Friday last against putting on the calendar the Keator ballot reform bill, which had been negatively reported by the senate committee, were:
Charles L. Brown, Philadelphia.
John H. Brown, Westmoreland.
Perry A. Gibson, Erie.
E. B. Hardenbergh, Wayne.
William Hertzler, Juniata.
Edward M. Hummel, Snyder.
C. L. Magee, Allegheny.
William B. Meredith, Armstrong.
Walter T. Merrick, Tioga.
James G. Mitchell, Jefferson.
C. A. Muehlbronner, Allegheny.
F. A. Osbourn, Philadelphia.
William J. Scott, Luzerne.
John M. Scott, Philadelphia.
William P. Snyder, Chester.
J. C. Stineman, Cambria.
George A. Vane, Philadelphia.

These are all senators who are voting for Mr. Quay for United States senator, and they were acting under the immediate directions of that conspicuous Quay leader, Is. W. Durham. Those who voted to get the ballot reform bill on the calendar and thus indicated their support of ballot reform were all anti-Quay senators with the single exception of Senator Eby.

These names ought to be kept convenient for reference by the people in the several districts. These seventeen members have made ballot reform impossible at this time but they will not all be in the next senate.

COURT HOUSE PLANS.

Continued from First Page.
HEATING AND VENTILATING.
The system proposed is that known as fan or mechanical system, by which fresh air is taken from the top of the building and passed down through ducts and over steam coils and heated to the desired temperature by means of fans. These fans are driven by steam power and force the warm air through the main ducts in the basement and tunnels, which, in turn have branches leading to the flues or brick ducts in the walls, with outlets in each room of the building of eight feet above the floor. This device positively supplies each room with a sufficiency of warm air to any degree of temperature.

DESIGN.
The building is designed in the French Renaissance style of architecture, perfect in its proportions and in detail to be a model of perfection. Special attention is called to the simplicity of the design and the fact that a repetition of work exists on all of the twelve sides of the building and consequently reduces the cost of the building very materially.

COST OF BUILDING.
The cost of the building is limited to \$450,000, including all steam and gas fitting and plumbing and electric wiring, mail chute, but not including power plant, heating plant, or electric plant, and elevators or gas and electric fixtures.

Guiney's Charges in Court.
The controversy over the plans was formally brought to the attention of the court on Monday morning and action was postponed on the matter by Judges Lynch and Halsey who were presiding, until they have an opportunity of conferring with President Judge Woodward, who is at present out of town.

Commissioner Guiney objects because he thinks the plans are not the best submitted, because they provide for a building costing over \$450,000, the limit of the appropriation, and because he thinks the plan was not submitted under the rules provided.

The petition tells at length how the commissioners and the county controller let on a tour and how they were met at Buffalo by Osterling, who remained with them the remainder of the trip through the West.

Mr. Guiney said he knew of no appointment to meet Osterling and when he questioned the others they denied all knowledge of it. When later it was decided to allow five non-resident architects to compete, Osterling's name was among those submitted and though Guiney protested the other commissioners insisted and he had to give in to them.

The petition concludes with the statement: "While I have no information other than above set forth, I am satisfied in my own mind that Messrs. Jones and Hay knew that plan No. 22 belonged to Mr. Osterling from the moment the plans were opened. If this be so, the said Mr. Osterling had an advantage over his competitors, which was a violation of the rules governing the competition. If the said Messrs. Jones and Hay had this knowledge, the precaution taken to conceal the identity of the competing architects was a mere blind."

ODD ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.
The number of people at present who speak English is said to be 116,000,000.
Arabic coins have a sentence from the Koran, and generally the calligraphic name, but never a image.
Nearly all the gold coin in circulation in the Sandwich Islands is of United States mintage.
A curious remedy for sleeplessness is used by the inhabitants of the Samoan islands. They confine a snake in a hollow bamboo, and the hissing sound emitted by the reptile is said to quickly induce slumber.
The desert of Sahara is as large as all that portion of the United States lying west of the Mississippi.
An interesting test has just been made by a French woman. With a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate she lived on that alone for 60 days and lost but 15 pounds in the interval.
At an Auburn, Me., wedding, the other day, the ceremony was performed in the room in which the bride was born and in which her mother and grandmother had both been married before.
The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one of them was completed.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Japan has seventeen shipyards.
Japan has two electric railways.
Germany reports electric plowing.
Wisconsin exports cattle to Japan.
Russia has seventy platinum mines.
Cuba has 17,000,000 acres of virgin forest.
Russia's empress has a \$5,000 handkerchief.
Italy exports chestnuts to the United States.
The largest sewing machine in the world is in operation in Leeds, England. It weighs 6,500 pounds and sews cotton belting.
The facilities for inland transportation are so limited in Brazil that the inhabitants of the ports find it cheaper to import grain from North America than from their own farms.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

There will come a maiden soon, I ween,
Dressed in a cloak of palest green;
The robins follow her gentle call,
And wild-flowers bloom where her footsteps fall.

There will come another with stately tread,
In lilies and roses garlanded;
Her breath is the essence of all things sweet,
And she carries a sheaf of golden wheat.

A third will come dressed in a nut-brown suit,
Her lap all filled with yellow fruit;
Around her brows are autumn leaves,
And she makes her way 'mid vines and sheaves.

Lastly a snow-white maiden fair
Will come bedecked with diamonds rare;
She will put the others to rest complete,
And wrap them all in a winding sheet.

HISTORIC TREES.

The following list includes some of the more prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country.

They all have a place in our national history, and are inseparable from it because they are so consecrated. A knowledge of the events associated with their memories cannot but engender patriotic emotions in the breasts of every true American citizen.

One of the best-known trees in American history is the Charter Oak, which stood in Hartford, Conn., until 1856, when it was blown down. This tree once preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the infant colony of Connecticut. In 1687 Governor Andros, whom King James had sent across the sea to be Governor of all New England, appeared before the Connecticut Assembly, then in session in Hartford, and demanded the colony's charter. Tradition tells us that the charter was brought in and laid upon the table. In an instant all lights were extinguished and the room was wrapped in total darkness. Not a word was spoken. The candles were again lighted, but the charter had mysteriously disappeared; and though Sir Edmund searched diligently for it, his search was in vain. Captain James Wadsworth had seized the precious charter and concealed it in a hollow in the trunk of this friendly tree.

All strangers who visit Cambridge, Massachusetts, look with interest upon the remains of the venerable Elm Tree under which Washington sat, when on the 3d of July, 1775, he assumed command of the Colonial army. It stands in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out for this tree.

A tree interesting from its associations with the General of the American army is the Washington Oak at Fishkill. Washington's headquarters remained on the west bank of the Hudson, between Newburgh and New Windsor, from the spring of 1782 to August 18, 1783, and during this time he crossed the river frequently for the purpose of visiting the troops in camp upon Fishkill Plain, near the village of that name. The most convenient landing place on the east bank was upon a long, low point of land formed to the north of the mouth of Fishkill Creek, and here, according to the tradition of the locality, under two large trees, Washington always mounted and dismounted from his horse as he started and returned to the camp. The tree is a chestnut oak, still healthy and vigorous, and standing directly at the top of the low river bank. The trunk girths at the present time, over twenty-one feet, and judging from the age of its companion, which was blown down a few years since, eight or ten centuries may have passed since the acorn from which it sprang fell to the ground.

There is a Weeping Willow in Copp's burying ground near Bunker Hill that has grown from a branch taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Under this tree are buried the remains of Cotton Mather, so noted in Salem witchcraft. Copp's burying ground is so near Bunker Hill battlefield that a number of grave stones can be seen from the top, which were pierced through by bullets fired by British soldiers in that battle.

It was the custom of our New England ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country and dedicate them to liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees," consecrated by our forefathers, are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm," in Boston, was planted by a school master long before the Revolutionary War, and dedicated by him to the independence of the colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it during the war they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriotic armies, and after the terrible struggle had ended the people were accustomed to assemble there year after year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood still within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire State.

The Elm Tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn made the famous treaty with nineteen tribes of Indians, was the only tree never sworn to and never broken. This Elm was carefully guarded until 1810, when it was unfortunately blown down. A monument now marks the spot.

The Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, which was planted on the day the British General Burgoyne was brought a prisoner into the city, the day after the surrender.

The magnificent Black Walnut tree, near Haverstraw, on the Hudson, under which General Wayne mustered

his force at midnight, preparatory to his successful attack on Stony Point. The grand Magnolia tree, near Charleston, South Carolina, under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.
The tall Pine tree at Fort Edward, New York, under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.
The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation, below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of General Packingham was buried.
EDWARD C. DELANO.

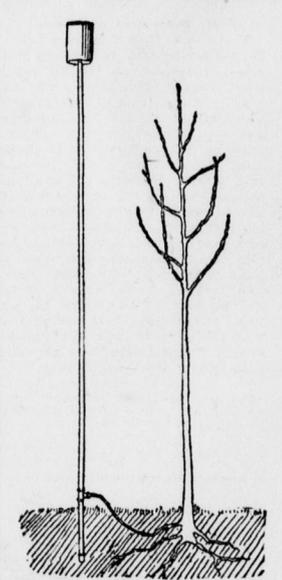
TREES FORCED TO BUD.

They Are Actually Pushed Out By Means of Water Pressure.

Pushing buds out of slow-working, weak or stubborn trees and plants is the latest thing in horticulture. The force used is hydraulic pressure, and it is applied by a simple yet ingenious process, devised at the experimental station of the Department of Agriculture in Wisconsin.

In transplanting trees most failures are due to an insufficient supply of moisture in the soil for the tender saplings. Out in the experimental station in Wisconsin the officials have discovered a method of applying a slight water pressure to the roots of newly transplanted trees as a means of starting their buds, thereby preventing failure in the transplanting.

A small vessel, containing water, is placed at a height equal to or a little more than that of the tree, the support being a tube, which connects the vessel, and a root of the tree, so that the pressure exerted by the column of water in the vessel and tube is communicated to the sap within the tree. A small gaspipe is advised, and the lower end of which is closed with a cap. Near the closed end the pipe is supplied with a T-joint, connected with a brass nipple, to which a short



APPARATUS FOR WATER PRESSURE.

rubber tube is attached. The soil is removed near the end of the root, and the closed end of the pipe placed in position near enough to allow the rubber tube to be slipped over the end of the root. After it is placed over the root it is secured with stout cord and the soil is replaced.

The apparatus is filled with water, and its pressure shows quick effect generally. In some cases the effect was noticed within forty-eight hours in the Wisconsin experiments. In one instance water pressure was applied in this way in May to a small beech tree, which had been planted the month before, but had shown no indications of opening its buds. Six days after the water had been attached the buds opened sufficiently to show the leaves plainly. A plum tree was influenced favorably in precisely the same way.

Restoration of the Forests.

The objects of the restoration of the forests are as multifarious as the motives which have led to their destruction, and as the evils which that destruction has occasioned. The planting of the mountains will diminish the frequency and violence of river inundations; prevent the formation of torrents; mitigate the extremes of atmospheric temperatures, humidity and precipitation; restore dried-up springs, rivulets and sources of irrigation; shelter the fields from chilling and from parching winds; prevent the spread of miasmatic effluvia; and, finally, furnish an inexhaustible and self-renewing supply of material indispensable to so many purposes of domestic comfort, to the successful exercise of every act of peace, every destructive energy of war.—George P. Marsh, "Man and Nature."

A Little Planter.

Down by the wall where the lilacs grow,
Digging away with the garden hoe,
Telling us busy as he can,
Eager and earnest, dear little man,
Spoon and shingle are lying by,
With a bit of evergreen, long since dry,
"What are you doing, dear?" I ask,
Ted for an instant stops his task,
Glances up with a sunny smile,
Dimpling his rosy cheeks, the while:
"Why, it is Arbor Day, you see,
And I'm planting a next year's Christmas tree."

No Dictation.

Promptly at the usual moment, the conventional stern voice sounded forth from the darkness:
"Arabella," it protested, "it's time you sent that young man home!"
The slender girl rose to the occasion; metaphorically speaking, of course, since she remained sitting where she was.

"Let us have no dictation," she exclaimed, earnestly, "by persons ignorant of conditions at the front."—Detroit Journal.

OPENED IT WITH DEUCES.

The Way in Which McGregor Won the Final Jackpot.

"The man who opens a jackpot without holding the openers takes about the longest chance possible in card gambling," said a Colorado man who had seen some historic doings in the American game of draw. "It's risky work. It means bullets. In a good many sections of this country, and even in peaceable communities the man who's caught at it has a heap of trouble in squaring himself, whether he has actually made a mistake or not. I only recall the case of one man getting away with that kind of a proposition, and he was on the level and made good afterwards. This smart was Byron McGregor, who back in the swiftest days of Colorado, ran the swiftest establishment for money-hazarding purposes in Denver. McGregor was a finely educated and polished man, and he was in the game with three of the most prominent citizens in Denver, one of whom afterwards became a United States Senator—namely Ed. Wallace, another man. The game was served out in the private parlor of one of the players, and I was one of half a dozen witnesses of it. There wasn't a high-grade man with a liking for draw poker out that way who wasn't content to sit into a game in which Byron McGregor was one of the players. All in all, McGregor was about the most perfect honest man I ever met up with. He could beat any magician I ever saw at card tricks, but when it came to inserting any of 'em into a legitimate game, McGregor wasn't there. He played a magnificent game of poker, of course, although he was often a big loser after long bouts at draw with heavy-playing friends.

"In this particular game McGregor was way loser after the first couple of hours—nearly \$4,000 in the hole. He wasn't bothered a little bit over this for he was a thoroughbred loser, and besides, the receipts from his rooms frequently netted him \$8,000 or \$10,000 on nights of big play at the cases. But he didn't like the way the cards were running, and he finally pushed his chair back, remarking:

"This isn't one of my nights. Make it a trivariate, you three. I think I'll stay out."

"Better hang on a bit, McGregor, and see me if I back, so you won't have to smoke a pipe," says one of the players demurely. "Stay in a while anyhow. Such easy ones as you don't come our way very often."

"Oh, well, we'll play a final jackpot," said McGregor. But, win or lose I've got chills so far as continuing play to-night is concerned. One more Jack."

McGregor dealt the hand himself and I was behind him as he did so. The best he gave himself was a pair of deuces. It was a \$100 jack, and the \$400 was in the centre of the balze in gold. It passed around and none of the three opened it.

"Well, if I've got to smoke a pipe I see my way clear for \$400 worth of smoking tobacco, anyhow," said McGregor, when it was up to him. "She's open."

The three of 'em stayed along and drew to their hands. They all filled two. McGregor drew two cards to his pair of deuces and the eight spot he held up, and he caught another deuce and another eight—a comfortable-looking full house, deuces atop of eights. When it came to a betting McGregor poked them to a standstill, and the three of 'em had finally to look at each other and say:

"If anybody in the crowd's got 'em it must be McGregor."

"And so they called him. He showed down his full hand and scooped in \$5,800. Then he yawned, put on his top coat and stuffed his winning into the pockets thereof and left. The three others played on for an hour or so and then the game broke up and they went down to the lobby of the hotel. When they made their appearance the night clerk of the hotel called them. He had three official envelopes in his hand, one addressed to each of the three players with whom McGregor had been pokerizing.

"Mr. McGregor left these for you gentlemen before he went out a while ago, with instructions that they were to be handed to you when you came down," said the clerk, handing the envelopes to the gentlemen contained.

"Each of the envelopes contained a check signed by Byron McGregor for the amount each of the players had involved in the phony jackpot, together with a note reading:

"I didn't want to get shot to pieces so I employ this method of stating that deuce-opened jackpots are vicious in principle and dangerous to the peace of society, especially in these parts. Never mention a tobacco pipe to a loss again. It vitiates his sense of squareness. Check enclosed. Query: Who's the laugh on?"

"P. S.—I guess it's on me."
B. MCGREGOR."

A Six-Shooter With 43 Notches.
Among the curios which attracted much attention at a recent display in Maryville Mo. was a big six-shooter. Back of this gun is a history which is as interesting as the most thrilling yellow-back novel. At the commencement of the Civil War it was the property of Jesse James. During a raid in the neighborhood of Independence, Mo., Quantrell and his gang of followers became very hard pressed. They were fighting for their lives or the run, when a member of the party who now lives in Maryville, but whose name, is withheld out of deference to his wishes, had his pistol shot from his hand. He was riding by the side of Jesse James, then only a common member of Quantrell's band, when the gun dropped, and with it a part of the thumb that held it. Jesse, seeing the accident, reached in to one of the scabbards of his own belt, pulled forth a pistol and handed it to his companion, who kept it until a few years ago, when he sold it to W. F. Smith. The gun had thirty-eight notches on it when Jesse gave it away, and before the war closed this man who succeeded to its ownership added five more, making forty-three— which means, of course, that forty-three men have been killed with it. The pistol is rusty, but it looks as if it might do good service yet in the hands of the right man.

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It quickly cures men and women of inability to hold urine, and they are not compelled to get up often and make water at night. It removes the scalding sensation in passing it, and, when taken according to directions, it invariably cures pains in the small of the back. *Favorite Remedy* not only cures Stone in the Bladder and Bright's Disease, but prevents them from developing.

One case is that of JOHN J. NEILL, of 2011 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. In 1889 he began to suffer indescribable miseries from Stone in the Bladder. An eminent physician said a surgical operation was necessary. If unsuccessful it meant death, and Mr. Neill put off the evil day as long as possible. While in this frame of mind he heard of *Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy*, and bought it. Before he had finished the third bottle the gravel was completely dissolved and his sufferings were at an end.

Favorite Remedy is a perfect Blood and Nerve medicine. It restores the liver to a healthy condition, cures the worst cases of Constipation, and all diseases peculiar to females. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism. Your druggist will sell you a regular full-sized bottle for \$1.00.

Sample Bottle Free.

Those sufferers who wish to try *Favorite Remedy* before buying should send their full postoffice address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper. A free sample bottle will be sent them prepaid, together with full directions for using. This is a genuine offer, and all our readers can depend upon it.

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