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FREELAND, PA., MAY 4, 1899.

**Don't Be Fooled on the Tax Question.**

The city administration in increasing the taxation on great buildings and valuable real estate has done great good to the community. You can reach the busy American's thinking machinery only through his pocket.

Talk all you please about unjust taxation and nothing is gained. But let the busy man wake up to find that his business is taxed ten thousand dollars a year—his roars fill the air and he begins to talk of injustice.

In the first place, it is right that the land real estate should bear as much taxation as possible. It is hard on the man who has put his honestly earned money into land, of course. But it is about time for men to go slow on real estate investment.

Who gave Manhattan Island to the Astors? Did God Almighty prove it to them? What man has a right to the surface of this earth that was created for the entire human race? Why should not he who says who shall and who shall not inhabit this or that section of the globe pay a big price for the privilege?

The trouble is that the land-owning, non-productive individual does not carry the load.

Mr. Astor, who lives in England, rents his Waldorf hotel to Mr. Boldt. Mr. Boldt has built up his fortune by hard work and he has helped build up the country at the same time. Of course it is not the highest form of activity to fill the idle with canvasback ducks and champagne. But it is not wasted activity. It gives work to many, it advances the art of cooking—which will be important when we become civilized—and it kills off with indigestion many of the idle.

Boldt's contract with Astor says that Boldt shall pay a certain outrageous rent and that in addition he shall pay ALL THE TAXES.

Consequently, when the taxes are increased the load falls not on Astor, who is wasting his time running after Englishmen who wisely despise him. It falls on poor Boldt, who must work harder, chase his numerous creditors more swiftly, and generally gnash his teeth.

We feel sorry for Mr. Boldt, sorry for every industrious business man who must pay more because the landlord shirks his taxes.

But we are glad the taxes are increased. Next time Mr. Astor will not be able to get the same rent for his hotel, and the taxes will fall on him. And we think that the businessmen who have the power will end by making it illegal for the landlord to put the taxes on the tenant. The landlord should not be able to rent land on any such conditions. He who does no work is the man to pay for the absurd privilege of owning land. The business man whose industry and brains make the land valuable should certainly not pay the taxes.

**The Beef Inquiry.**

From the Philadelphia Record.

The Wade court of inquiry has put its report in the hands of the president. It is understood that the court vindicates:

- The Refrigerated Beef;
  - The Beef Contractors;
  - The Canned Roast Beef; and
  - The War Department.
- It mildly censures:
- The Commissary General of Subsistence;
  - General Miles; and
  - Officers who testified in his favor.
- And puts the weight of blame for all miscarriage upon:
- Tropical Heat.
- What the administration will undertake to do with this particular offender is not suggested. It is hinted that Secretary Alger will insist on dismissing General Miles as the most appropriate means of vindication.

The dogs of Labrador.

Labrador has dogs so fierce that a log of wood is tied to their necks to render them less dangerous to men and weaker dogs. In Kamchatka the dogs are severely trained to haul heavy loads across the ice and their temper gets soured, consequently they are surly brutes and their drivers manage them by stunning them with blows over the head, which is not very good for their intellects.

**A Cure for Constipation.**

I have been troubled with constipation for years. It was ruining my health, my comfort and my complexion, and I am glad to say that Celery King has restored all three, and this after trying many other medicines that were supposed to be good, but which were of no value whatever. I would like to tell every suffering woman what Celery King has done for me.—Nellie Gould, Medina, Ohio.

Celery King cures Constipation and all diseases of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Sold by druggists. 25c and 50c. 3

**AUSTRALIAN TRAMPS**

AN IDEAL COUNTRY FOR "WEARY WILLIES."

The "Sundowner" and His Mode of Existence—As a Rule He is Well Informed and Fairly Moral—He Will Work at Times But Loves His Rest.

Australia is an ideal country for tramps because of its universal hospitality and delightful climate. There are no hardships of weather, no dangerous wild beasts to contend with, very few clothes required, and there is seldom a night, up-country at least, that a man may not roll himself in his blanket and sleep in comfort.

The sundowner, so called because he invariably claims the hospitality of a "station" (ranch) at sundown—an hour when he knows he will not be turned away empty-handed—is the white tramp of Australia. He has so long been recognized as a necessary evil that at most stations a "travelers' hut" is now provided for his special accommodation; and a regular ration, usually a pannikin of flour and a pound of meat, is served out to every applicant.

In other places, more democratic, the sundowner takes his seat at the table in the men's quarters. He can always depend upon his supper, bed, and breakfast at any station; and he usually steals or begs from the cook sufficient to make a hearty midday meal. If the distances between stations are too far to be traveled in a single day, the swagsman rolls himself in his blanket and camps by the roadside. If the distance be but a few miles, he revels in a genuine holiday, picnics for the day, perhaps, under the shade of a giant gum tree and arrives at the station homestead, with all the appearance of a long day's walk, just as the sun is setting.

The Australian tramp is of a type wholly different from the ignorant, low-bred scum of humanity that one meets in some countries, and from the whining, professional beggar of Europe and America.

As a class these tramps are well informed, fairly moral, and, as the world goes, honest. The sundowner stands apart from the rest of his kind, inasmuch as he never begs for money.

He will ask for a pipeful of tobacco or a drink, a meal or a bunk, but for the coin of the realm he does not petition. He is a contented philosopher, with all the instincts of a nobleman; born, of course, under an unlucky star, yet satisfied with his lot so long as he is not obliged to work, and so long as the "squatters" feed him.

One is constantly surprised at the speech and manners of those whom one meets on the road, and it is probable that fully one-third are men who were born of gentle parents in the "older countries." Australia being an English colony, the sundowner is usually a native of the British Isles, though there is a sprinkling of other nationalities in proportion to their number in the colonies. It is due to the native-born Australians to say that they seldom turn tramps.

Although against his principles, it must be said, to the sundowner's credit, that he does sometimes work. There are times when even he feels the need of a change.

At shearing time, when the sheds are full of jolly shearers and good wages may be demanded, he will often work for a few weeks; or he may find some other easy way that suits his fastidious fancy.

With the proceeds he buys himself a few clothes, perhaps, and "knocks down" (spends) the remainder in the first bush public. Some there are who wander aimlessly from one colony to another, ever seeking new paths; others, more methodical, have a regular route laid out, which takes from two to three years to cover. In this way they do not visit the same station often enough to be recognized.

Sundowning is the outgrowth of the boundless and unequal hospitality of the Australian bush. The occasional sundowner petitioner of the old days, however, has now become an army. To-day the squatter fears this wandering tramp, and feeds him under protest, knowing well that by refusing him he runs the risk of having a woolshed burned down or some of his fat sheep killed.

**Russian Battle Songs.**

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys and instead of being brilliantly martial are sad, telling of the soldier's fate. The Turks have no war songs except those they have translated from other tongues. Germany has much military music and that those in power appreciate the influence music has on soldiers is shown by the fact that the German army contains 10,000 musicians.

**The Dogs of Labrador.**

Labrador has dogs so fierce that a log of wood is tied to their necks to render them less dangerous to men and weaker dogs. In Kamchatka the dogs are severely trained to haul heavy loads across the ice and their temper gets soured, consequently they are surly brutes and their drivers manage them by stunning them with blows over the head, which is not very good for their intellects.

**A Few Facts.**

There are about 350 female blacksmiths in Great Britain.

Over 2,000 tons of horse-flesh are annually eaten in Paris.

A lady's foot should equal in length one-seventh of her height.

**A Deer Park.**

The largest enclosure for deer is said to be the Royal Park in Copenhagen, of 4,200 acres.

**SEIZED BY AN OCTOPUS.**

Frightful Experience of a Man Off the New Guinea Coast.

The greatest enemies the divers had to fear in the waters of New Guinea was the dreaded octopus, whose presence occasioned far greater panic than the appearance of a mere shark. These ruthless monsters, says a veteran diver, would sometimes come and throw their horrible tentacles over the side of the frail craft from which the divers were working, and actually fasten on to the men themselves, dragging them out into the water. At other times octopuses have been known to attack the divers down below, and hold them relentlessly under water until life was extinct. One of our own men had a terribly narrow escape from one of these fearful creatures. I must explain, however, that each evening, when the divers returned from their fishing, they roped all their little skiffs together and let them lie astern of the schooner. Well one night the wind rose and rain fell heavily, with the result that next morning all the little boats were found more or less waterlogged. Some of the Malays were told to go off and bale them out. While they were at work one of the men saw a mysterious looking, black object in the sea, which so attracted his attention that he dived overboard to find out what it was. He barely reached the water, however, when an immense, yellow mass came into view, and at once made for the terrified man, who instantly saw his danger, and with great presence of mind promptly turned and scrambled back into the boat.

The terrible creature was after him, however, and to the horror of the on-lookers, it extended its great flexible tentacles, enveloped the entire boat and man and all, and then dragged the whole down under the crystal sea. The diver's horrified comrades rushed to his assistance, and an attempt was made to kill the octopus with a harpoon, but without success. Several of his more resourceful companions then dived into the water with a big net made of rope, which they took right beneath the octopus, entangling the creature with its still living prey. The next step was to drive up both man and octopus into the whaleboat, and this done, the unfortunate Malay was at length seized by his legs and dragged by sheer force out of the frightful embrace, more dead than alive. However we soon revived him by putting him in a very hot bath, the water being at a temperature actually to blister his skin. It is most remarkable that the man was not altogether drowned, as he had been held under water by the tentacles of the octopus for rather more than two minutes. But, like all the Malays of our party, this man carried a knife, which he used to very good purpose on the monster's body when it first dragged him under water. These repeated stabs caused the creature to keep rolling about on the surface. The unhappy man was thus enabled to get an occasional breath of air, otherwise he must infallibly have been drowned. The octopus had an oval body and was provided with an extraordinary number of tentacles—six very large ones and many smaller ones of various sizes. It was a horrid-looking creature, with a flat, slim body, yellowish white in color, with black spots and a hideous cavity of a mouth, without teeth. It is the tentacles of the creature that are so dreaded, on account of the immense sucking power which they possess. After this incident the divers always took a tomahawk with them on their expeditions, in order to lop the tentacles of the octopus that might try to attack them.

**The Retired Burglar.**

"I reckon," said the retired burglar, "that we all have a streak of robbing in us, if we only knew it. I remember once going into a house where I scooped in downstairs a miserable little lot of worn and battered spoons that looked as though generations of children had chewed on 'em, and then going on upstairs in the hopes of finding something better. I saw a light slanting out across the hall through a partly open door and heard somebody talking there."

"When I got along to where I could see in through the crack between the door and the piano I saw a young man sitting in that room on the edge of the bed, a young fellow, maybe eighteen or twenty, very much downcast just now, and sitting there on the edge of the bed, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands and looking very dejected and listening to a woman talking, who sat on the edge of the bed, too, down by the footboard of it. She was dressed in black, and she was a widow, as I could tell by looking at her easy enough, and as I learned in a minute by hearing her talk."

"And of course the boy was her son. He must have come into the house just before I did, and she was sitting up waiting for him; and now she was talking to him. It was rum, of course, but she didn't growl at him, nor find fault with him, nor pick at him at all. She loved him, you know, better 'n anything on earth, and it broke her heart, pretty near, to see him drink and she talked a long to him that way and about how his father was, and he was all she had left now, and all that sort of thing, you know, and the more I heard her talk the more I thought I did not want the pesky old spoons. Pooty dern this and no account they were, anyway, but I thought she might miss 'em, and when I saw, or imagined I saw, a tear fall down between the boy's hands and his mother leaning forward and laying a hand on his shoulder, I know what I did? I slid downstairs and put the blessed old spoons where I found 'em, and took a sneak."

**A Few Tricks.**

Too often we mistake companions for friends.

Talent teaches us what to do—fact tells us what not to do.

Why do we always show our worst side to our best friends?

The long-suffering worm will turn but it sometimes is crushed in the effort.

It is a long-sighted bachelor who gives a baby something its mother can use.

The only evidence of good taste some men show is in their selection of their wives.

**IN THE MIND'S EYE.**

QUEER TRICKS THAT OUR VISUAL ORGANS SOMETIMES PLAY ON US.

We See One Thing or Another According to the Mind's Impression—Pictures That Change When Stared at Steadily—Some Amusing Tests.

That we sometimes see with our minds as well as our eyes is brought out interestingly by Joseph Jastrow in the current Popular Science Monthly. The following sections, with their illustrations, afford striking examples of the tricks our eyes sometimes play on us:

True seeing, observing, is a double process, partly objective or outward—the thing seen, and the retina—partly subjective or inward—the picture mysteriously transferred to the mind's representative, the brain, and there received and affiliated with other images.

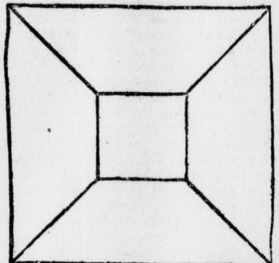


FIG. 1.

If we view outlines only, without shading or perspective or anything to definitely suggest what is foreground and what background, it becomes possible for the mind to supply these details and see foreground as back ground and vice versa.

A good example of this is seen in Fig. 1, which represents in outline a truncated pyramid with a square base. Is the smaller square nearer to you, and are the sides of the pyramid sloping away from you toward the larger square in the rear? Or are you looking into the hollow of a truncated pyramid with the smaller square in the background? Or is it now one and now the other, according as you decide to see it?

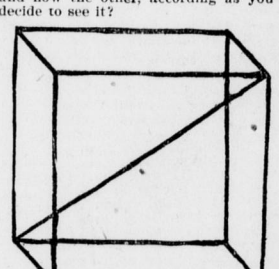


FIG. 2.

Here (Fig. 2) is a skeleton box which you may conceive as made of wires, outlining the sides. Now the front, or side nearest, seems directed downward and to the left; again, it has shifted its position and is no longer the front, and the side which appears to be the front seems directed upward and to the right. The presence of the diagonal line makes the change more striking; in one position it runs from the left-hand rear upper corner to the right-hand front lower corner, which in the other it connects the left-hand front upper corner with the right-hand rear lower corner.

Fig. 3 will probably seem at first glimpse to be the view of a flight of steps which one is about to ascend from right to left. Imagine it, however, to be a view of the under side of a series of steps, the view representing the structure of overhanging solid masonrywork seen from underneath.

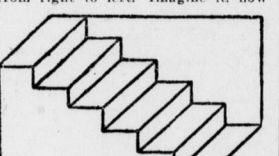


FIG. 3.

The blocks in fig. 4 are subject to a marked fluctuation. Now the black surfaces represent the bottom of the blocks, all pointing downward and to the left, and now the black surfaces have changed and have become the tops pointing upward and to the right. For some the changes come at will;

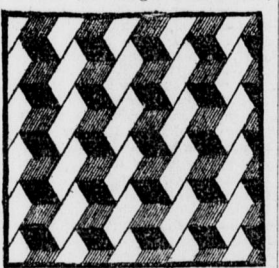


FIG. 4.

for others they seem to come unexpectedly, but all are aided by facilitating mentally the nature of the transformation. The effect here is quite striking, the blocks seeming almost animated and moving through space.

All these diagrams serve to illustrate the principle that when the objective features are ambiguous we see one thing or another according to the impression that is in the mind's eye; what the object factors lack in definiteness the subjective ones supply; while familiarity, prepossession, as well as other circumstances influence the result. These illustrations show conclusively that seeing is not wholly an objective matter depending upon what there is to be seen, but is very considerably a subjective matter depending upon the eye that sees.

**FOUND BUSHELS OF PEARLS.**

Precious Gems That Were Buried in Some Prehistoric Earthworks.

Immense quantities of prehistoric pearls have been discovered during the last few years in the ancient mounds erected by a forgotten race in the Mississippi valley, especially at certain points in Ohio, and the evidence thus obtained proves that some of the chiefs whose people formerly inhabited that region did actually possess treasures in this form which far exceed in value those owned by the richest crowned heads to-day. In fact there are no collections of pearls in existence at the present time that would compare at all with those gathered by the aboriginal connoisseurs referred to. It seems that the mounds' pearls have been found by hundreds or thousands but by bushels—large numbers of them approaching or even exceeding in size a hazelnut.

How such enormous stores of them were gathered is a problem not easily solved. The pearls were most certainly obtained from a species of mussel called the "unio," which is still found in great abundance in many of the streams of this country; but in those days the shellfish in question must have been far more plentiful than now. No more beautiful pearls exist in nature than those yielded by the unio, and the collections described must have been magnificent, indeed, in the period of their glory. Unfortunately all of them have been ruined by decay due to long burial, though an occasional specimen reveals something of its pristine beauty when its outer layers are peeled off.

In the famous Edgely mound, near Chillicothe, Ohio, was found more than a gallon of pearls, with two skeletons. All had been drilled with holes made with a heated copper wire. This drilling was undoubtedly for the purpose of attaching them to clothing or belts, as illustrated by the fact that 400 or 500 had been sewed originally upon a shirt worn by one of the skeletons. In other places in the same region more than forty bears' teeth with pearls set in them were discovered. From a mound in the Little Miami Valley Prof. F. W. Putnam obtained over 60,000 pearls (nearly two bushels) drilled and undrilled. Two other deposits yielded upward of 100,000 pearls.

A plenty of evidence as to the possession of great stores of pearls by the early aborigines of this country is afforded by the writings of the first explorers of the new world. The attention of Columbus and other Spanish discoverers was attracted to the matter, and a story having a bearing on the same subject is told by the followers of De Soto, who came upon an Indian town near what is now Tampa Bay. At one end of the town was a temple, on the top of which was perched a wooden fowl, with gilded eyes. In these eyes were pearls of huge size. When the Indian queen, whose name was Ceita, welcomed the strangers, she drew from over her head a long string of pearls and threw it around the neck of the leader of the expedition. The Spaniards returned in this courtesy by robbing the temple in the neighborhood, obtaining from them about 350 pounds of pearls.

**Virgil's Dig Nugget.**

A single chunk of gold weighing ninety-eight pounds and worth \$11,750. This was the size and value of the nugget that E. H. Virgil of East Portland found in French Gulch, near Gold Hill Columbia county, Cal., in 1857.

"I tell you," remarked Mr. Virgil, as his eyes lighted up with the recollection of that famous find, "that was the event of a lifetime and caused much excitement all over the country. Up to that time it was the largest nugget that had ever been uncovered in California. It was a mere accident, and some one else might have been the lucky one."

I had a partner named West, and we had been mining on French Gulch, but were not doing much, and we decided to go over to the Frazer river, and we sold out the very claim where I afterward found the big chunk of gold. Well, I went up north, but that did not pan out very well and I decided to return. West and I actually went back and bought back our old claim. We went to work again on the old ground. One day I was working away with my pick, taking up pieces of dull red stone that was so light and porous that it would float in water. While I was digging in the stuff my pick struck something hard. I worked away and finally the lump was exposed. My pick had creased one side, exposing the color of gold. I could not believe my eyes. I took up my hat and threw it on the ground and then tried to lift the chunk, but it was too heavy. It moved fast to the earth. I cut my finger severely. I called to West, as he came I thought I could hang my coat on his eyes. Miners gathered from all directions. It was a custom for a miner when he found a big nugget to sit down on it, and with a dish of beans, wait till he could make a safe disposition of it. In this case we were not a procession, and took the chunk to the express office, where the amazement of the officials was great indeed. The chunk of gold had some quarts in it, but I received \$11,750 for it. I suppose it must have been thrown where I found it from some distance. I and others had passed over the place many times, but never dreamed that it was underneath. We sold out the claim, but I never paid very much afterward."—Morning Oregonian.

**Hottest Spot on Earth.**

The Red Sea is perhaps the hottest spot on the face of this whirling sphere. It has been estimated that only one steamer out of twenty passes through without loss of life. The passengers are made to drink lime juice and water, and those in the steerage are denied meat, in order that the blood may be kept in the best condition possible. All the bedding is placed on deck; the port side is given up to the men and the starboard side to the women.

Electric fans are used constantly, and ice is left around in pails for those who may want it, and even then women, children die. But worst of all is the effect of the heat on the brain, the sudden insanity and the hasty suicides. No Captain ever entered the Red Sea without dreading the five or six days that it would take him to pass through it.

**Lest You Forget**

That we are the leading dealers in our lines, we think it well to remind you that our store is the best place in Freeland to buy

**HATS. SHOES.**

When you think of Hats, think of us. Hats are not a side line in our business. They form a large part of the stock. We intend to always have the Hats we have today. We buy them to sell them, and we are selling quite a number.

One of our best sellers is the Black Diamond Hat. It needs no words of praise from us. It has been tried here and elsewhere and was found honest and true every time. Your choice of a large stock at \$2.25 per Hat. No secrecy about our price. Everybody pays the same in this store.

We have Dunlap and Youman Shapes at \$2 each. With one of these on your head you are in style, and at no greater outlay than you might pay in some stores for an out-of-date hat.

Fine Dress Hats at \$1.50. Others as low as \$1. In Alpines, Fedoras and Crash Hats you will find in our line what you want.

For boys we have Hats and Caps from 15c up. Working Hats, 10c up.

**UNDERWEAR**

We are selling Spring and Summer Underwear very rapidly. Fortunately we are prepared to stand a heavy demand on these goods. Our stock is ample.

Grey Mixed Underwear, good summer garments, 25c each.  
Medium Weights, 35c.  
Babriggans, the real goods, 50c up.  
Boys' Underwear of all kinds.

**SHIRTS**

Few stores can offer you a better selection and none a larger assortment in White and Colored Shirts than we have.

Our 75c and \$1 Whites, with long or short bosoms, are warranted to give you full value for the price.

Men's Negligees, with two collars and a pair of cuffs, well sewed, of good quality and stylish patterns, as low as 50c.

Negligees, with collar attached, 45c.

Percales, 50c, 75c, 81c.

Boys' Negligees, 25c, 35c, 50c.

**KNEE PANTS**

A stock of Boys' Knee Pants has just been added. Prices range, according to quality, 25c, 50c, 75c per pair.

**McMENAMIN'S**

**Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store.**

86 CENTRE STREET, FREELAND.

**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 postage 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.

**Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions.**

**HATS**

**F. W. HOCKING**

**HATS**

A celebrated brand of XX flour always in stock.

**Roll Butter and Eggs a Specialty.**

**AMANDUS OSWALD,**

N. W. Cor. Centre and Front Sts., Freeland.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

BURS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S Favorite Remedy**

The one sure cure for The Kidneys, Liver and Blood