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The supreme court of Kentucky decided in a case brought by a black-listed employe against a railroad company, that "whoever wrongfully prevents a man from pursuing his occupation inflicts an actionable injury."

A forcible illustration of Great Britain's supremacy in the ocean carrying trade is shown in the commercial statistics of China for 1897. In that year, of all the ships entering the nineteen treaty ports of the empire 29,900 were English, while only 2140 were the German flag and 174 that of France.

Another practical joker has come to grief. At Red Bank, N. J., the other day a man tried to scare a friend by playing ghost, and was dangerously shot. He was more fortunate than the western practical joker, who played highwayman to scare a friend and was killed. Joking has certain limitations which devotees of the merry art of jesting will do well to study.

The Worcester Gazette observes: "It is a proof of the rapid progress of events the last twelve months to reflect with what incredulity a prophecy would have been received in February 1898, that in a year's time American regulars and volunteers would be engaged in hostilities with the Philippine Islanders. Hardly one man in a hundred knew what the Philippine Islands were, and it is to be doubted if one in a thousand knew anything about them."

The recent meeting of the Quebec fruit-growers in Montreal attracted some little attention to the present situation of that very important branch of the farming industry. While the farms in sections capable of peach-raising bring the highest prices in the whole Dominion, no infrequently the sale price of a single crop will suffice to repay the purchase money. Excellent returns were also made in former years by such farmers as grew strawberries, raspberries and the like, and the natural result has been what is called "overproduction." The result has been that farms once considered worth nine or ten thousand dollars because of their special capacity for fruit-growing have sold in the last few years for six and seven thousand or even less, and there is now a decided tendency to abandon fruit-growing, or, at the very least, to abate the interest formerly shown.

Extremely interesting are some of the facts about the present status of public schools in Massachusetts, as set forth in the 62d annual report of the state board of education. There has been an increase of about 17,000 in attendance and of 360 in teaching force. It is shown that 111 towns appoint their teachers under the tenure of office act to serve practically during good behavior. A new law has been enacted, requiring eight months of school, but only 47 towns will have to change because of the law. The cost for each child in the state between five and fifteen, including text-books, supervision and sundries is \$21.64; for each child in the average membership of the schools \$25.22. Last year's increase in the number of teachers who have attended normal schools was 426; in the number of normal graduates, 322. It cost the state for transportation of pupils last year \$123,032.41—an amount very gladly paid, because of the increased efficiency of the consolidated system.

Air vs. Consumption.
A man with a penchant for computation has calculated that when we are at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800, two miles, 1,000, three miles, 1,600, four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

He Deserves the Best.
Tired Treadwell—Wot do you tink of dis scheme to make Dewey a full admiral? Sloppy Simpkins—Say, dere's a man wot not'n ain't to good fer. If I had me way I'd even have dem furnish him wit what he'll need to git over it next morning.

EBB-TIDE.

A sudden reach of wide and wind-swept sea,
A sky of shattered steel that pulls the sight,
And one long shaft of sun that seems to write
Vast letters slowly on a slate of sea;
The dreary wall of gulls that skim the crest
Of sullen breakers sliding in to land,
A world grown empty, full of vague unrest,
And shadow-shapes that stride across the sand.

The gray beach widens. Foot by foot appear
Strange forms of wreckage creeping from the waves,
Like ghosts that steal in silence from their graves
To watch beside the death-bed of the year;
Poor shattered shapes of ships that once stood out
Full-freighted to the far horizon's sweep
To music of the cheery sailor-shout
Of men who sought the wonders of the deep!

Poor shattered ships! Their gallant crews o'er,
Their cargoes coral-crustled leagues below,
They rise, unnamed, unnumbered, from the coast,
Recession of the ebb along the shore.
The sickle tides that bore them bravely then
Betray their shame and nakedness to view
Mute witness to the littleness of men
Who battle with the sovereignty of sea.

For me, as well, alone upon the dune,
There sinks a tide that strips the beaches bare,
And leaves but grim unsightly wreckage where
The brooding skies make mockery of noon.
Ah, dear, that hopes, like tides, should ebb away,
Flamming on the naked shore of love
Flotsam and jetsam of a happier day,
Dreams wrecked, and all the emptiness thereof!
—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in Harper's Magazine.

WALTER'S FIGHT WITH INDIANS.

By SIDFORD F. HAMP.



T the time I was foreman for Mason & Jevons, wool-growers—so said the old managing director of a famous ranch company—young Walter Mason came West for his first visit. He was a pale boy of fifteen, nephew to the senior partner, and sent from his home in the East, under

the doctor's orders, to live in the open air for a couple of years. There were no comforts or conveniences about sheep-camps in those days. A bunk-house and kitchen, with all the furniture home-made except the cooking apparatus; some rough shelter for the sheep and a stable for the horses were generally the only buildings, and these were apt to be set down in some hollow of the bare, brown plain, to bake like ovens under the summer sun and to shake in the cold blasts of January. Mason & Jevons had a lot of such camps, but the home ranch, on the Deep Arroyo, was a more pretentious place. There my men and I had a five-roomed house, about pasture enough for two cows, and a small garden, "under ditch," for the growing of potatoes and such luxuries.

We thought the place a wonder of comfort, but the sudden change from a good city home to a sheep-camp, with its extremely early hours, its very plain fare and still plainer cooking, was rather trying to Walter; but he never made the least bit of complaint, not he. He fell into the ranks at once, and although he was not required to work, he set about learning the details of sheep-raising by doing everything with his own hands.

Before a year was over the outdoor life had turned his muscles into steel and burned his face to a brick red; still, he was only a boy, and could not be expected to compete with the seasoned men in an ordinary day's work. And yet, for all that, he would come in brisk and smiling at the end of a long day's lamb-herding, when some of the older hands were used up.

This puzzled the men, for they had been generally inclined to laugh at the boy as a "tenderfoot." The explanation really was that Walter never lost his temper in dealing with the provoking, scamping, silly lambs. Now few things are more exhausting than a total loss of temper—especially when it is lost for fifteen hours a day—and that is the usual misfortune of lamb-herders.

Walter spent most of his leisure time upon a superannated cow-pony, shooting at coyotes with a rifle, but it was months before he hit one. The coyote, although he always turns "broadside on" and gives the marksman the best chance he can, is a bad target; his thick fur makes him look much larger than he really is. Walter fired away cartridges by the box in vain.

him, John Hansford rode up, and without waiting to shake hands or to get off his horse, said: "Martin, you had better call your herders into camp mighty quick. They say, down at Truebury's, that a small band of bad Indians is knocking about the country somewhere north of here. They've killed a Mexican herder and burnt his cabin, and now they've crossed the railroad coming this way."

I lost no time. "Dick Taylor!" I shouted, and out ran the cook, the only other man on the place at that time of day. "Saddle up—hurry," I said, "there are Indians betwixt here and the railroad. We must gallop to overtake Sally and Walter."

With his paper cap on his head and his hands covered with dough, Dick rushed with me to the stable; out came the horses; on went the saddles, and in less than five minutes we three, all well armed, were galloping northward. Meanwhile Walter and Sally had traveled some fifteen miles. They were jogging along, laughing and chattering and watching the shifting mirages which are always to be seen at that time of year, when my girl cried out:

"Oh, look! There's a funny one! Then Walter saw what appeared to be the legs of five horses trotting along a foot from the ground. Presently the scene changed, and the horses' legs vanished, and the youngsters saw the heads and shoulders of five men, large and undefined, sailing through the air. Sally told me afterward that this frightened her.

Suddenly the mirage cleared, and the girl and boy saw, about two miles to the northwest, five horsemen, one behind the other. They were riding as if to intercept the wagon, and there was something very unusual in their appearance. Walter pulled up and took out his field-glass. "I don't like the looks of them," said he. "They aren't cowboys; they've no hats, and I think no saddles. I'm afraid they're Indians."

"Turn back," said Sally, "and then we shall know if they're trying to cut us off!" "That's sensible," said Walter, and turned at once. The riders immediately broke into a hard gallop, and headed straight for the wagon. Walter urged his horse to a trot, and then the desperate race began.

shooting. They'll crawl up to you through the cover—that is, if it's more than just a bush or two," for you see, Sally hadn't been born on the plains without learning a good deal about Indian-fighting.

"Well, that's a fact," Walter cried out. "But—Hello! what's that?" and Sally stood up and clutched hold of him, and they both stared while the old horse raced onward. "It's water—it's no mirage," said Walter. "Yes, it's real water," said Sally. "There's a hollow there and the thunder-storm's filled it."

"Must be pretty shallow," said Walter, an idea jumping into his head. He didn't ask Sally's opinion this time, but, man fashion, he took his chances. "Sit down and hold on tight, Sally," was all he said. With that he turned out of the road, whipped the horses into their best gallop and drove straight for the water, which was a shallow pond about three hundred yards wide and four or five times as long.

Maybe it was the sight of the water that encouraged the ranch-horses; anyway, they kept the pace so well that the Indians were still more than half a mile behind when the horses splashed into the pond and were brought to a walk. Walter drove them straight forward until water began coming into the wagon-box. Then he turned the wagon broadside to the Indians.

Sally and the boy were now about a third of the way across the pond, and they had entered it about midway between its ends. This suited Walter's plan exactly; he set the brake hard so that his horses couldn't move the wagon against his will, hung his cartridge-belt about his neck, jumped into the water, helped Sally down beside him, pulled her little trunk over so that it concealed and protected her, and then took his rifle and stood ready.

If you will think, you will see that he had a pretty good fortification. The wagon-box was between him and the Indians; the enemy could neither ride fast nor run on foot fast out to where the boy and girl stood more than waist-deep; they were half under water, and their heads and chests were well defended by the wagon-box and the trunk; there were only five Indians and these could not get near enough to shoot without offering a far better mark themselves.

The plain afforded no cover for the redskins—nothing but some scattered bunches of grass and a soapweed here and there. Sally understood the situation at a glance. "Well, you've got an Indian-fighter's head on you, Walter," she said, approvingly. "I guess we've got them where we want them," said Walter, for a boy that could knock over a coyote five times in seven couldn't expect to miss Indians.

"I think so," says Sally. "They can't get within shooting distance at either end of this pond; they can't come in where we did without your hitting them, and if they wade across out of range and try to take us at the back, all we've got to do is to cross to the other side of the wagon, and then they're in more danger than they were before."

trying to hit them; his hope was to keep them crawling or lying, so that they would not rise and see what was coming. There they lay very flat, and moving with extreme caution until Sally cried out: "Walter, they've turned back! No, they're galloping away! They know, now!" "Oh, see them run!" cried Walter, as at that moment the three crawling Indians sprang to their feet, made a dash for their ponies, and rode off helter-skelter.

They had reason. Three angry, well-armed white men were within half a mile of them, and riding on like mad. We had arrived in time. "Oh, father," said Sally to me, as I lifted her up out of the water and kissed her. "Oh, father, I'm so glad you came in time! Walter would have had to shoot those Indians, and I don't believe I should have felt happy again if he had."—Youth's Companion.

HARDWOOD SAWDUSTS.
The Fine Dusts Used For Various Special Purposes—Fine Sawdusts Exported.
The fine sawdust of hard woods, that which is produced in sawing veneers, is used for a variety of special purposes; fine mahogany sawdust, for instance, being extensively used in cleaning furs. There are sold fifteen or twenty different varieties of fine sawdust from as many different kinds of hard woods, these being gathered from the various mills.

While fine mahogany is the softest most largely used in cleaning furs, various other kinds are also employed for that purpose. The use of boxwood sawdust for cleaning jewelry is traditional. Boxwood sawdust is also used in polishing silver. Some sawdusts are used in making pressed mouldings and ornaments. Sandalwood sawdust is used in scent bags. The production of coarse sawdusts of various hard woods, such as oak and maple, is greater than the demand for them; such sawdusts may be burned in the mills where they are produced. Coarse mahogany sawdust may be sold for commonplace uses, or employed as fuel where it is made; but for the fine sawdusts of all the hard woods there is more or less demand, of which the supply is less than the demand.

Fine hardwood sawdusts are shipped from this city to various parts of the United States; they are exported in considerable quantities to Canada and some are sent to England.—Sun.
Sleep-Walkers' Freaks.
A well-known physician gives an account of an Irish gentleman who swam more than two miles down a river, got ashore and was subsequently discovered sleeping by the roadside, altogether unconscious of the extraordinary feat he had accomplished.

Professor Fishnell, of Bale, writes of a young student of Wurtemberg who used to play hide-and-seek while fast asleep. His fellow students knew of his propensity and when he began walking three bolsters after him, which he always eluded, jumping over bedsteads and other obstacles in his way.

A man was once discovered at 1 o'clock in the morning in a neighbor's garden engaged in prayer, evidently under the impression that he was in church, but otherwise in a deep sleep. A young girl given to sleep-walking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled her physician a great deal until he learned that when an infant the girl lived in a room adjoining a fiddler, who often performed upon his instrument within her hearing.—London Tit-Bits.

Guest Room Toothpowder.
Passenger Traffic Manager McCormick, of the Big Four, tells of a friend of his who was visiting some relatives. He was given the spare room and slept well. In the morning, desiring to clean his teeth, he looked through his valise for his tooth brush and box of tooth powder. He found the brush, but had come away from home without the powder. Looking about he discovered a small jar on the mantel. He opened it and saw it contained a grayish powder. "Here is some tooth powder," said he, and wetting his tooth brush he dipped it into the powder and gave his teeth a good scrubbing. When he went down stairs to breakfast he said to his hostess: "You must excuse me for taking the liberty, but as I came away from home without my tooth powder I used some of that you have in the little jar on the mantel in my room."

SMUGGLED FOR DEWEY.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY ABOUT OUR SQUADRON AT MANILA.

The Smuggling Steamer Zafro—She Carried Green Groceries as Well as Dispatches—How Captain McLean Cared For Dewey's Men—Falsified Manifests.

Professor S. A. Knapp, the confidential agent of the Department of Agriculture, who has just returned to the United States after a tour of Japan, China and the Philippine Islands, was accompanied on the homeward trip by Captain Walter McLean, chief of Admiral Dewey's war staff at Manila. In the San Francisco Chronicle Professor Knapp has given some unwritten history of the doings of the historic Asiatic squadron, learned by personal observation while in the Orient and by association with Captain McLean on the way over. His hero is Captain McLean, whom the professor styles the hero of post-battle days, and it weaves itself largely about the goings and comings of the little merchant vessel Zafro, which succeeded the cutter McCall as the carrier of dispatches from Manila to Hong Kong. Dispatches are not the only things the Zafro carried, and that is the reason Professor Knapp finds a hero in Captain McLean. She carried green groceries and coal.

"The fact of the matter is," said the professor, "McLean turned smuggler when he got hold of the Zafro, and went cruising in Chinese waters. He smuggled more tons of fresh things to eat into Manila Bay than you have hairs on your head. He became the most proficient falsifier of manifests the East ever saw. Ask him, and he'll tell you the same thing. Did Dewey know about it? Didn't he know about everything that was going on?"

"McLean's chance came when he was made commander of the Zafro. The day this happened Admiral Dewey called McLean up on the quarter-deck of the flagship, where there was a lot of dyspeptic looking officers and men standing around, and said: 'McLean, you will take these dispatches down to Hong Kong on the Zafro and cable them to Washington.' 'Yes, sir,' answered McLean. 'And remember,' continued the admiral, in a solemn voice, 'that this is a time of strife; that Great Britain has issued a neutrality proclamation; and that there is such a thing as contraband of war. Do not allow any contraband article aboard your vessel.'"

"McLean looked around on the hungry men of the fleet, and then he looked into the eye of Admiral Dewey. He thinks he saw a sort of faint quiver of the eye, for he touched his cap smartly, winked at the other officers, and retired. When the Zafro got to Hong Kong, McLean called Captain Whitten up to the deck and said: 'Captain Whitten, I am going ashore with Colonel Smith. I won't be back until the last minute before sailing. Remember that this is a time of strife; that Great Britain has issued a neutrality proclamation; and that there is such a thing as contraband of war.' 'Yes, sir,' answered Captain Whitten, saluting.

"And I say, Whitten," continued McLean, lowering his voice 'if we get caught at it there'll be the devil to pay.' 'So, sir.' 'So that if any little packages come aboard, be quick about it.' 'Well, McLean and Colonel Smith hadn't any more than got out of sight than Captain Whitten weighed anchor and sailed around the corner. He hadn't been there very long before the little packages began to arrive. It didn't take very long to stow them away, and pretty soon the Zafro dropped anchor in the harbor again. McLean and Colonel Smith came aboard.

"Sir," said Captain Whitten to McLean, "those little packages—' 'Don't bother me, sir,' thundered McLean, in a rage, 'I am in a great hurry to get back to Admiral Dewey with important cablegrams.' 'So they sailed away. When they reached Manila McLean called Captain Whitten up and said: 'Sir, I must hasten to the flagship and report to the admiral. When I return I shall inspect your cargo. If I find anything contraband in it, I shall order you into irons.' 'Well, McLean didn't get back until the next morning, and when he went over the cargo he found nothing contraband. In the meantime, every officer and man in the squadron had had a square meal. That was the first of many trips.

"McLean's greatest feat was in restoring peace between the American and German Governments as represented by their Admirals at Manila. On one of his trips to Hong Kong he told Rounsevell, Wildman, the American Consul, to notify the other Consuls that if they had any little presents or tokens of friendship they wanted to send to their folks in Manila, he would take them there on board the Zafro. The result of the invitation was that the German Consul sent a little present aboard for the German Admiral. It consisted of thirty-one sacks of potatoes. "When McLean got back to Manila he found the feeling between the two fleets was running very high and bitter, and he was in a great quandary over what to do with the German Admiral's potatoes. He felt that if he delivered them Admiral Dewey would be angry, but that if he did not Dewey would be angrier still, because of his (McLean's) violation of his promise. He was afraid to speak to the Admiral about it, so he finally concluded to consult the Flag Lieutenant.

"It strikes me," said the Flag Lieutenant, "that you'll be blamed if you do, and you'll be blamed if you don't. Between the two evils, I advise you to see the old man." "So McLean went to see the Admiral. He found him on the quarter-deck of the Olympia, and told him the story. "Young man," replied Admiral Dewey, "when you came here to disturb me I was just reflecting on the vast responsibilities that rest on my shoulders. I look at the lights of yonder beautiful city, and I shudder to think of the countless precious lives that would be lost were I to turn my guns on its walls. How terrible—" "But, sir," interrupted McLean, "what am I to do with those thirty-one sacks of spuds?" "Confound your spuds!" roared Dewey. "Yes, sir; of course, sir," stammered McLean, preparing to retreat. "But, sir," called the Admiral, lowering his voice to a whisper, "do you suppose those Dutch are as hungry for something fresh to eat as we are?" "That night McLean delivered the thirty-one sacks of potatoes to the German Admiral. The next day the German Admiral sent a note of thanks to Admiral Dewey, and thus hostilities were averted."

PRANKS OF NAVAL CADETS.
An Amusing Encounter Between Captain Clark and Captain Cook.
When the famous Captain Mahan was a lieutenant and one of the officers of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, it became his duty one evening to award several demerits to Cadet Clark, now or recently captain of the battleship Oregon. The circumstances were such that Clark felt that he had some reason for grievance against his roommate, now Captain Cook of the cruiser Brooklyn, who had escaped his demerits by being found in bed, where both should have been at the time. So Clark bided his time to pay Cook off, and soon the opportunity came. Two days in the week was known at the academy as pie-days, because pies of all varieties and in great abundance then glorified the dinner-table, although there were never enough to satisfy the cadets. One day at dinner Clark saw Cook, after giving a stealthy look around the table, pull a sweet-potato pie toward him, and slide it deftly off the cloth into the recesses of his jacket. With another look around at the faces of his companions, who seemed to be all satisfactorily engrossed with their plates, he carefully buttoned his jacket over the prize, which required tender handling, and went on eating his dinner.

As they marched out of the mess-hall, Clark, in the rank behind Cook, leaned forward and whispered, "Say, how about finishing that wrestling-match we were having the other day?" Cook shook his head in emphatic negation, but as the ranks broke up in the outer hall, Clark, disregarding his friend's frantic winks, frowns and attempts to back away, grasped and girt him with both arms.

"Here! Stop! Wait! Hold on, confound you, hold on!" implored the victim, wriggling in the grasp of his tormentor, who did hold on harder than ever. Then a soft yellow substance came creeping over the top of Cook's collar, oozed from the breast of his jacket, and into a fringe at the bottom. With a wrench, he shook himself free from Clark's arms, tore open his jacket, and exposed the mashed and crumbled remains of the sweet-potato pie.

"You inspired idiot!" said he, more in sorrow than in anger. "See what you've done! Why, I was going to give you half of it!"—Youth's Companion.
REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.
Pride goeth before a woman's call. A woman must love somebody, if it is only the skeleton in the closet. The most kissable girls are the kind that are good at pretending they hate it. There is some excuse for the babies to talk that way; they don't know any better. The man who won't play second fiddle as often as won't play any fiddle at all. Next to his wife, a man's views about other women are the best test of her taste. Probably if the women weren't allowed to cry at weddings they would laugh at funerals. If a man knew that his best friend did the things that he does he would out his acquaintance. There are two women in every man's life; the one he married and the one he thinks he might have. When a girl is in love she can never quite believe that any married people can possibly know just how she feels. Women are all right as long as they have plenty of clothes and their own way; a man is all right as long as he has plenty to eat. The truest love a woman gives a man is the same kind which she gives to a child, and to give him this she must see weakness in him. The proportion of men who tell their wives all about their business is about as great as the proportion of women who don't tell their husbands all about their home trials.—New York Press.

England's Meat Supply.
The extent of the foreign trade in refrigerating beef is shown by the fact that Great Britain imported in 1898 this meat to the amount of \$29,000,000. Probably it all came from America and Australia. The trade has amounted to more than \$25,000,000 yearly since 1896. The dependence of Great Britain on other nations for her food supply is shown as the valuation of food imports of all kinds in 1898.