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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 14, 1899.

Truth Still Coming Out.

Soldiers returning from the Philippines all tell the same story, and those who profess still to resist the force of it must be blind with a willfulness of a very tough and strenuous sort. They are patriots of a kind having a truly stalwart belief in their country. Any one—just common sort of folk—can believe in one's country when it is right; but they seem bound to do better than that—they are going to believe in their country (or their party) when it is wrong.

The Pennsylvania soldiers just reaching their homes come back with experiences precisely similar to those related over and over by returning volunteers in other states—they tell over the same sickening story which now everybody must know to be the simple truth.

Some of them have inclined somewhat to reticence, having had it so long instilled into them that any kind of complaining is a species of military insubordination, but more and more, now they are at home, they are speaking out. The universal feeling against General Otis is one of intense bitterness.

The special ground of this, along with the general mind of the Pennsylvania volunteers on the whole question of the war, is given in the reported statement of one of the most intelligent men of the Tenth Pennsylvania—Alexander B. Young, of Company H—which comes from Braddock. Young is not only a soldier, but is an attorney, and knows the force of words. He says:

The sympathies of the entire regiment are with the Filipinos, and in private conversation the men have no hesitancy in so expressing themselves. They feel that they are entitled to make the same fight for liberty that our own forefathers were, and that, under the laws of humanity, they are worthy of the same rights.

Our men did not shirk their duties. No volunteer regiment was more anxious for service against the Spaniards, and when their terms had expired, Otis asked the men to reenlist.

A meeting was called of every company in the regiment, and the decision of the men was unanimously against a reenlistment. They had accomplished what they had engaged to do, and they wanted to come home.

But the very next thing they knew by way of news from the United States was that Otis had cabled that they were anxious for reenlistment.

I think Otis is a competent general as far as courage and fighting are concerned, but he unjustly and cruelly discriminated against the volunteer soldiers by keeping them constantly on the firing line, when there were regular troops to relieve them from the constant strain.

Keeping the men in the Philippines against their will has embittered them, and the feeling against the commanding general reported in previous despatches does not abate among the soldiers.

The prevailing sentiment in the Tenth is that the Filipinos started to fight for the liberty of which they have been so long deprived.

Since the meeting of the borough council on Monday evening last, it has been alleged that the bill of Riser & Dolan, for work done at Birvanon, has been found to be incorrect. The amount ordered paid to this firm was \$814. This, it is stated by a member of council, is from \$65 to \$100 too much. The error, it is said, was made in measuring the work. The Tribune does not say the error was intentional, but it does claim that proper precautions were not taken to protect the borough in examining and measuring the work. It is quite probable that the matter will come before council at its next meeting and proper steps taken to recover the amount in excess of what was really earned. Mistakes are liable to happen in any business, but mistakes of such magnitude as this one is said to be are generally discovered in public business before the amounts are ordered paid.

In writing of the scarcity of labor hereabouts and the present prosperity of the coal trade, the North Side correspondent of the *Plain Speaker* sounds this warning: "Freeland and other towns similarly situated should not be lulled into a sense of false security by the promising outlook. It is only temporary at best, for in most of the mines of this vicinity the conditions are such that with steady work the miners will not average \$1.50 a day."

AGUINALDO AND HIS MEN.

Interesting Pen Pictures of the Filipinos in Peace and War.

A VERY PRIMITIVE RACE.

Aguinaldo Carefully Preserved the Religious Beliefs of Natives Fearing Loss of Prestige.

A Frenchman's Account of Spanish Cruelty—The Island Chief's Disappointed Ambition—The Bandits Always For Him—Natives Are Passionately Fond of Gambling—Steeped in Vice.

Under the title "A Week in the Philippines," the *Courier des Etats-Unis* is publishing a series of letters which were written in November, 1897, giving a detailed description of the island at the time of the late insurrection against Spanish rule. Not the least interesting in the series is the following sketch from the notebook of the traveler:

"The desire which the Filipinos have always felt for a leader has brought one to them in the person of Aguinaldo. Fifty years ago the ambition of a young schoolmaster like him would not have reached beyond the grade of a captain of banditti. Under the influence of European ideas, which through the Suez Canal have spread themselves all over Asia, he aspires to be the founder of a republic. I fear very much that he will be disappointed. But it would pain me to rail at this young chieftain of 27 years, who, dazzled by the glory of Washington and Bolivar, acquired from their example sufficient force to



SQUAD OF NATIVES AT LA MIGUEL, PHILIPPINES.

discipline his army and to spare his cause from the shame of the excesses whom stained the flag of Spain. The bandits whom the Spanish police had never been able to subdue in the islands claim to owe allegiance to him, and in this they deceive nobody. It is known that Aguinaldo follows the generous example of Menelek toward his prisoners, and he has a horror of reprisals. One of his first acts of authority was to sentence a certain Bonifacio to be shot for pillage and murder. He preserves carefully the religious beliefs in the hearts of his followers, thoroughly appreciating the fact that his prestige would be lessened by the diminution of faith. All human authority leans upon the supernatural, and that perhaps is the reason why one man gains such ascendancy over others. The Tagals, fond of the mysterious, attribute to their young hero supernatural power. He lives under their tents, participates in their feasts, casts bullets, bakes black bread, and cooks maize. Notwithstanding all that, in their eyes he wears a halo. If he should declare that he was invulnerable his Indians would believe him.

Moreover, the reports that are scattered around and the orders that are transmitted assume a legendary form in this country. Before the insurrection it was reported in the neighborhood of Tondo that at about 10 o'clock at night the fiery form of a woman appeared in the sky with a crown of living serpents. That was the sign to the people that the hour for revolution was at hand. There was also another story that, at Binacato, a woman gave birth to a child dressed in the full uniform of a General. That was taken as the announcement of the arrival of shiploads of arms for the insurgents. These stories and apparitions excited the popular imagination, which ignored their hidden sense and retained only the fantastic figure.

"It has been said that the Spanish conquest robbed the enslaved races of their native poetry and that it dimmed completely the lucidity of their minds. But a time always comes when the spirit of a race is born again to grow more luxuriantly than ever. Even the soil gives to it a new sap. The Spaniards, therefore, have to-day not only to struggle against men, but also to overcome phantoms of the past nature aroused from their sleep, legends that have come down from the mountains and the dead who have come up from their graves. That is why the soldier, overburdened by his task, fights without energy, while the insurgents display in battle the most ferocious courage. In some cases they have rushed upon the Spanish lines with nothing but knives in their hands and have come back to camp un wounded, but covered with blood.

"There is one good thing at least in war, it develops a prodigious energy, and when its cause is legitimate, it gives a moral courage to all. The half-breeds and the Indians in Manila do not differ either in their nature or in their education from Aguinaldo's Tagals. Like the latter, they have fine faces and graceful figures. Like them, also, they have among them broad faces, hydrocephalic foreheads and an upper lip so far removed from the nose that the whole physiognomy presents a painful and stupid expression. Nevertheless, the foreign residents, especially the Spaniards, judge them falsely. They insist that they are lazy, avaricious and passionately fond of gambling. They prostitute their wives to Europeans and the women consider that it is an honor for them to bring into the world a child with a 'hick nose' (alto nariz). They are steeped in vice.

HAWAIIAN SPORT.

An Old-Time Incident of the Indulgence of Royal Dames.

The old practice of surf sliding, "he'e-nalu," upon surf boards, was magnificent sport. It has fallen almost entirely into disuse since forty years ago, when horses became numerous and cheap. Before that date I used frequently to see it at Lahaina, as well as earlier at Kailua. I believe some adepts still practice it at Hilo. The board used in surf sliding is from five to eight feet long and ten to fifteen inches wide, rounded at the ends and sharpish at the edges, very much like a paper cutter. The rider swims out with the board under one arm, diving under the rollers until outside, where the surf is just beginning to break. There, by an adroit movement, he stretches himself upon the board just in front of a big roller, at the same time violently playing arms and legs to "get a move on," while the roller lifts him from behind. Once in motion the wave does the rest, although great skill is needed to keep the board poised precisely at the proper height and inclination upon the front of the violently breaking roller. The riders will thus shoot several hundred yards to the shore.

By early and long practice great skill was attained in this sport. The more expert would often rise to a standing posture, balancing their boards by their feet at the right point on the wave. I can remember in early boyhood daily watching from my home through the stems of the lofty coffee palms scores of natives flying in together in the white, roaring surf. Some were prone, others crouching on their boards and some standing erect. Both sexes participated, and modesty was much at a discount, except when the venerated missionary was in sight. The males wore the malo or breech girdle when disporting thus in our neighborhood. The females did not stand up on their boards.

Customs in those early days were Arcadian. At about 1824 the writer's young mother at Kailua once received in her thatched cottage a morning call from a bevy of royal dames with their attendants, all fresh from surf play. The maidens carried the garments while their mistresses stalked into the missionary's parlor with simple dignity and proceeded to dress. All that was utterly innocent, and so in a certain sense was the nearly entire unrestraint of domestic morals in those early days. To infuse some degree of conscience on that point has been altogether the most difficult part of the missionary's task in Hawaii. To most of the Ten Commandments the Hawaiian was easily amenable. But the importance of the seventh did not readily come home to him.

Slaves in the Philippines.

The attention of the authorities has been called to the fact that slavery is rampant in Sulu, Mindoro, Tawee Tawee and other of the Philippine Islands.

If you wish to become a slaveholder you may go to one of the three islands mentioned and purchase a half-grown girl for \$2. One was offered at that rate to Prof. Dean C. Worcester, United States Commissioner. The usual price for girls of 15 years is five bushels of rice. Grown men and women sell at prices proportionately greater.

The chief Philippine slave market and port for their export now is Malibu, the old capital of Sulu. Harun Narasid, the Mohammedan Sultan of Sulu, is the central factor of the slaveholding and slave-selling business of the entire group. The Moros, who are the Mohammedan Malay subjects of this hitherto semi-official prince, continue, though upon a somewhat limited scale, the practices of their ancestors, the bloodthirsty Malay pirates who redden Philippine waters for several centuries. No admixture of blood could be more favorable to slave holding than that of Malay and Mohammedan, according to Prof. Otis Mason, the noted ethnologist. Among their slaves are found Malays captured from Sumatra, Papuans from New Guinea, Siamese, Javanese and Timorese. By collecting them within their dominion the Sulu masters have aided greatly in producing the peculiar mixture of stocks which now bothers anthropologists.

Piratical expeditions are still gathering as many captives as they can safely attack in neighboring islands. These war-like Moros of Sulu and the islands thereabout, moreover, adhere to the ancient barbarous custom of casting into slavery such of their captives of war



REMAINS OF BODIES TAKEN FROM CEMETERY AT MANILA FOR NON-PAYMENT OF RENT.

as do not suffer death. "Their most ready customers for able-bodied male slaves for many years have been the Dutch planters in the island of Borneo, to the southwest."

More criminal even than this piratical slave gathering is the custom of selling innocent children into bondage, generally practiced by the Mohammedan Malays. The parent who is in need of money lends, or, rather, gives his child as security for the loan, and the little one is condemned to labor until the debt is paid, which seldom, if ever, occurs. Very few children thus sold into slavery ever regain their freedom.

Moro warriors try the edges of their weapons by striking down their slaves, according to Professor Worcester. Moro slaves in Sulu represent all phases of slavery practiced in ancient or modern times—slaves by birth, slaves by capture in war or by piracy, bonded children and insolvent debtors.

A NOTORIOUS SWINDLER.

Austin Bidwell, One of the Most Daring Criminals the World Ever Saw

ROBBED ENGLISH BANK.

Secured Five Million Dollars on Forged Securities and Could Probably Have Gotten More.

Was Born in Hartford, Ct., and Commenced Life as Office Boy in a New York Stock Broker's Office—Saw Much Corrupt Dealing and Couldn't Remain Honest.

Austin Bidwell is dead. His death marks the end of the earthly career of one of the most daring and successful criminals the world ever saw, says the *Chicago Chronicle*. Few men have been able to rob the Bank of England; Bidwell was one of that few. He secured \$5,000,000 on forged securities and but for the vengeance of some American confederates in former swindling games might easily have made the sum ten times greater. This mammoth crime stamped him as not only a very daring man but a wonderfully shrewd crook.

Bidwell was finally caught and sent to a British prison for life. He was pardoned and returned to America, making Chicago his home until he died. While his robbery of the British financial stronghold was his great feat he had performed a number of feats in this country of equal daring, but not so great fame. All told he was the man to whom all crooks looked for an example in devious methods and certainty of execution.

Austin Bidwell was of Yankee birth. He was born in Hartford, Ct.

Bidwell commenced his New York career as office boy for a stock broker. This was soon after the close of the civil war when speculation ran riot all over the nation. The boy was quick and apt and by watching his chances became possessed of many a dark secret which forced the holders to let him in on the ground floor. He saw so much corruption in dealing—so he says—that if he had been the most honest boy in the world he would have fallen. In his autobiography, "From Wall Street to Newgate," he treats the terrible corruption of New York during the A. Oakley Hall and Boss Tweed regime without gloves.

Bidwell acted as broker in New York for thieves who stole bonds and other securities and made money rapidly until he neglected to account for the proceeds of one sale and also to divide with the police inspector, who was "in" the deal.

This was in 1873 and Bidwell, still too smart to be caught napping, received a warning and coolly walked down to the docks with a roll and some more bonds. There he went to Paris and disposed of some of his goods without trouble, as they were negotiable and not registered bonds. He then joined his brother, George in London, where the scheme was hatched to break the bank or force a settlement without prosecution.

The scheme was to procure some \$50,000,000 of the bank's money, free the land for a time until it could be safely hidden, then offer to compromise on the basis of the return of part in consideration of the dropping of all action against the schemers. It very nearly succeeded, for the operators were too sharp for the bank officials and but for the "squeal" of a former confederate in America would probably have been allowed to run to the bitter end. Austin Bidwell opened an account with the bank with the \$100,000 cash he had with him. He went about his business like any other well-to-do man dabbling a little in stocks and showing that he knew the markets well.

He made some money and increased his deposit. Then he began to get confidential with some shrewd operators on the other side, who were equally confidential with the bank officials. He showed these operators how to make good money in America and was rewarded by being introduced and dined by his new friends. He became chummy with the governor and as his tips were always productive of fat returns none had the least suspicion of his more ready. Then he prepared for his coup. That was to sell a lot of bogus bonds, get the cash and drop out of sight.

Fortune seemed to smile on the conspirators. Austin sold the bonds and George took the proceeds away to place them in the safe place. The men were winners to the extent of \$5,000,000 good, hard British gold before the slightest suspicion attached to their dealings. The leader was so skilled in market lore, knew and talked intimately of the kings of finance on this side and altogether bore himself as an American who preferred to work on the London board to going back to New York. There seemed to be no limit to the steel but that fixed by the conspirators.

While his brother was making a rapid retreat to France he kept up a bold front, visiting the bank he had swindled and joking with the officers. He was so cool that they delayed sending the detectives on his trail until too late. He was laying lines all this time to decamp, and one morning he disguised himself and shipped for the West Indies on a tramp steamer. He had plenty of money when he started too. He had an exciting trip and was finally landed in Cuba, where he went into hiding for a time. He laughed at the British detectives, but, as he naively writes in his books, he forgot the Americans.

George was caught in France after a short hunt and taken back to London. The former homes of the two men in the British capital were searched and the plant for the forgeries discovered. Then the American detectives were put on the trail of the principal offender and he was finally taken. He was extradited and at last joined George in Newgate.

Shakespeare in his plays touched upon pretty nearly every subject of human interest, except the hired girl. Was he afraid to tackle her?—Somerville Journal.

A LUNATIC YEARS AGO

Adventures of a Merchant When Insane People Were Chained Up.

Within the memory of people now living lunatics and weak-minded people in country districts were confined to the houses of their relatives, sometimes chained to the wall. A story involving a case of this kind fifty years ago is related by a New York merchant.

He made his start in life by travelling through the country districts of Pennsylvania taking orders for and delivering goods of various kinds from the cities. He is now over 70 years of age. "One fine afternoon," he said, "I called at a farmhouse to look for orders for goods from stores in Philadelphia and knocked at the door. A voice said 'come in,' and I pressed the latch and found myself in the kitchen of a strange-looking man, unkempt and unshorn, who came forward from a place partitioned off from the rest of the kitchen, which looked like a stall of some kind. He told me that the master of the house was not in and that he was the only person there just then. I had no idea that I was talking to a lunatic, as the man seemed perfectly rational. In spite of his strange appearance, and before I started to go out I asked for a drink of water.

"Certainly," said the man, "but if you have no objection to cream you can have it." "I accepted the proposal with thanks, and the man said: 'Please hand me the key of the dairy. It is on that nail above the door and you are taller than I.' Without suspecting anything, I handed him the key, remarking that it was a very small one. He instantly brought into view a chain by which he was chained to the wall and released himself by unhooking the padlock in his hand. He noticed that he kept his hands behind his back while he talked. There I realized that I was in the presence of a madman. I began to back to the door but he caught my arm saying: 'Come with me for the cream.'

"I first thought of breaking away, but on second thoughts decided that it was safer to humor him a little, especially as he was between me and the door which was open. There he filled a bowl with cream and desired me to drink it. I drank part of and made a move to get away, but his grasp tightened, and muttering something about cream not being solid enough, he brought me back to the kitchen, where he stirred some kind of meal into the cream and handing me a spoon told me to try it. I hesitated, when he seized a cudgel, which I suppose had been provided to keep him in subjection and holding it up menacingly, said: 'Sup it.'

"I made an attempt to eat the stuff and after a few mouthfuls said I had enough. He raised the cudgel again and ordered me to finish it. A happy thought struck me. "If you bring me more cream I can finish it," I said, without daring to look round at the door, as he was watching me. "The madman was taken off his guard and went back to the dairy for the cream. I immediately darted out, and the lunatic, hearing me open the door, came after me with the cudgel. It was now a race for life with me. I ran my very hardest, not even daring to use my breath in shouting for help, but after I had gone about a quarter of a mile I saw that the lunatic was gaining on me. Not a soul could I see along the road and though I kept my wits about me I could not find any lane or think of any way of doubling on my pursuer. When he was within about twenty yards of me I saw he was bound to overtake me, and I gave a cry for help. Just at that moment several men appeared. They came up in time to intercept the lunatic. One of them happened to be his brother and the madman covered and dropped the cudgel at the sight of him. The brother apologized to me for his carelessness and invited me to turn back to the house and get some refreshment, but I had enough of it and declined the invitation. After that while I continued at that business I was always chary of entering a house where there was only a single occupant."

Bringing Wifey Around.

"I have a very simple scheme for wriggling out of trouble when my wife catches me in a fib," said a Perfect Brute last evening to several congenial companions. "On such occasions it is a great mistake for a man to attempt any explanation. The thing to do is merely to assume an air of injured innocence. That attitude will puzzle a woman and shake her confidence in your guilt. She will begin unconsciously to cast about for some explanation, some theory, some clue to the mystery, and when she finds one, no matter how preposterous, she will be so impressed by her own cleverness that it is easy to persuade her to accept it out of hand.

"You see, I have reduced the thing to a science. To illustrate: I told my wife not long ago that I would be detained over my books until past midnight. After I left, some neighbors, confound 'em, invited her to the theatre, and during the last act she saw me, of course, with some of the boys in the parquet. When I got home there was an explosion, I said nothing, I simply looked at her, sadly, wistfully, reproachfully. Next day there was another explosion. I resumed my tactics. That evening she said: 'Look here, Charlie, I want you to tell me whether you really went to the theatre to see Col. Hawkins.' Then I remembered suddenly that Hawkins was seated at my left, and also that she knew I had been trying to close a large-sized business deal with him.

"In the goodness of her heart the dear girl had arrived at the conclusion that I must have gone to the show to catch the train. I smiled wanly. 'It would have thought, Mary,' I replied with great gentleness 'that something of the kind might have suggested itself to you before. That was enough, she wept copiously. I was not a monster; I was a martyr. Eventually, I forgave her upon her solemn promise never again to suspect me of an untruth. So you see how it is done. I had tried to explain I would doubtless have made a mess of it and planted lasting seeds of distrust. As it turned out the episode redounds to my credit.

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