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FREELAND, PA., AUGUST 17, 1899.

The popularity of Mark Twain in England and the lack of attention shown the other Mark (Hanna) in his recent visit abroad is another proof of the superiority of mind over matter.

Secretary of War Root has inaugurated his career by re-investing Inspector General Breckenridge with authority which he was shorn of by the action of Alger. General Miles is once more in close touch with all military plans and movements.

It is reported that William Waldorf Astor who recently gave up his American citizenship to become an Englishman, has been snubbed by the Prince of Wales, all of which goes to show that the Prince must be a pretty decent sort of an Englishman.

The proposition to make the Philippines a penal colony will doubtless meet with the approval of General Otis, as it will place at his disposal a select class of housebreakers, safe blowers, etc., to assist him in breaking his way in, which at present he seems unable to do.

The *Daily Tribune*, Pottsville's new paper, which was born less than two months ago with a flourish of trumpets, has made fortunes for its proprietors and they retired from business on Monday, when the sheet suspended publication. Who will be next to try this get-rich-quick scheme?

There seems to be no prospect of an early adjournment of the senate finance committee who are considering the proposed bill to fasten the gold standard on the country at the coming session of congress. The reason is because the sessions are held at Narragansett Pier and the government pays the bills.

The reported attempt by a certain clique in the Democratic party to shelve Bryan and nominate some one else will be fruitless, for the hold that the brilliant leader of 1896 has on the masses of the people is too strong to be shaken. Mr. Bryan will be nominated despite the wishes of the self-constituted leaders.

While there is some talk of annexing Haiti and San Domingo, for expansion has run mad in some circles of Washington, the administration is evidently waiting to feel the pulse of the people before taking any stand in the matter. The negro problem in this country is perplexing enough without adding to its perplexity.

At this time when there seems to be a disposition on the part of the Republican party to force gold monometallism on the people, the report of the Director of the Mint Roberts showing that the United States has fallen to the third position among nations in gold producing power, offers food for reflection to those who would take this rash step.

The bad effects of the precedent furnished by Blaine when he offered to give and congress voted thousands of dollars for the relief of the families of those Italians who were lynched at New Orleans several years ago is shown by the zeal that the Italian government is pushing the claim for compensation in the Tallulah affair. In both cases, the Italians who were killed had been proven to be murderers of American citizens.

The recent assassination and disputed succession of President Henoux, of the Dominican republic, are likely to bring new problems at our doors. It is alleged that a powerful American syndicate has practically control of the finances and affairs of that country. Two warships have been ordered to San Domingo to protect American interests. Syndicates have been very well cared for by the present administration and there is no reason why we should not take in Domingo, if the seizure of the Philippines can be justified. All territorial syndicates ought to look alike to Mr. McKinley and "manifest destiny" ought not to make any discrimination between friends.

The Special Election.

It is said that some quiet work is being done in different parts of the borough against the proposed increase of indebtedness, upon which question a vote will be taken on the 26th inst. Every city and every hamlet has always had a certain percentage of people who oppose improvements of any nature, but the *TRIBUNE* is loath to believe that Freeland, noted as it is as the most progressive borough in the entire coal field, has a sufficient number of this class to defeat the proposed bond issue.

The purposes of the increase of indebtedness are given in the official notice for the special election. They should and we believe they do appeal to every voter who desires to see our town advance.

The erection of a town building, on the plans officially announced, is nothing more than a public necessity. It must come in the near future, and it requires no prophet to predict that the borough will never get an opportunity to procure a site as centrally located as so small cost as it has at present. Besides, the advantages of a public library mean more for the town than can be comprehended at this day.

Fire protection for Birvanton is the second purpose. If there is a man who will openly oppose an expenditure to protect the hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property, in that portion of town he should proclaim his reason.

A fire alarm system comes next. Too often has the absence of this been mentioned. By the time a man is running three-quarters of a mile, from Alvin-town, or Carbon street, or old South Heberton, his property has every chance to be beyond hope of saving before the antiquated bell is rang to call the firemen.

The fourth purpose calls for an extension of the sewer system. Let him who believes this is not necessary wall down South Ridge street, along Carbor street, then go to North Washington and Birkbeck streets, and the sanitary point of the question will appeal to his common sense. The extensions proposed will complete the system in all parts where a sewer is a necessity, and in justice to the property owners, residents along these streets the building of the extensions ought not be delayed.

There may be good reasons why the voters should not give consent to increase the indebtedness, but so far the *TRIBUNE* has not been able to find one which will bear the light of day. If there is a voter who has a reason that has been overlooked in our investigation we offer him all the space desired in these columns to place his argument before the people.

Not an opponent of the increase who has been interviewed by representatives of the *TRIBUNE* will permit his reason to be published with his name as sponsor. The very weakness of the argument and often the motive for the stand taken is thereby exposed, for that which a man privately disseminates, but will not publicly father, is, as a general rule, not the sort of an argument which will convince men.

It should also be remembered that this is not a political question. Every member of council, Republican and Democrat, is on record in its favor, the ordinance having passed council unanimously. A Democratic burgess and a Republican secretary have affixed their signatures to the ordinance, and the question of party has no place in the special election. Let the increase or no increase carry on its merits.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free.

Low Rate Excursion
To New York and Coney Island via the Lehigh Valley Railroad, August 23, 1899. The fare from Freeland for the round trip will be \$2.45. Tickets will be sold for all trains, excepting the Black Diamond express, August 23, limited for return passage to August 25, inclusive. Consult Lehigh Valley ticket agents for further particulars.

The above quoted fare is for New York. Coney Island tickets 25 cents additional.

5 to Niagara Falls and Return
Via the Lehigh Valley Railroad. On September 9 the Lehigh Valley Railroad will sell tickets to Niagara Falls and return at the special low rate of \$5 for the round trip from Freeland, limited for return passage to September 11 inclusive. Tickets will be honored on any train, except the Black Diamond express. Consult Lehigh Valley ticket agents for further particulars.

THEY MUST WEAR CLOTHES

The American Government Issues an Edict Concerning Porto Rican Children.

NAKED IN THE STREETS.

A Common Sight on the Island Since Ponce de Leon Founded the First Settlement at Caparra in 1509.

Camera Enthusiasts Frightened Them and Gen. Henry's Order Came as a Protection—Corporal Witt Who Did Not Speak Spanish Had Many Interesting Adventures in Enforcing the Order.

Before the Americans went to Porto Rico the little black and white boys and girls of the poorer part of the community played in the streets of San Juan and other towns unenclothed. They chose the street pavement for a playground because they had no back yards. And if, in those days of Spanish rule, they neglected to dress, neither citizen nor policeman bothered them, for unclothed children, between the ages of 2 and 6 years, have been a common sight on the island since Ponce de Leon founded the first settlement at Caparra in the year 1509. For nearly 400 years, then, children enjoyed themselves, unnoticed, by taking sun baths on the front doorstep, eating their fill of oranges and bananas and by rolling on the dirty pavement. But when the American troops took possession of the island government these little people began a life of misery and trouble. At first the soldiers stared at them. Later business men came from the United States, and, taking rooms with the better families on the second floor, began to stumble over the same pickaninnies on the doorstep. Camera enthusiasts then frightened them into the house by a mysterious shaped box and even paid the mothers a few coppers to drag the little forms back into the sunlight. But the native children found protection and comfort in the new health law made by Gen. Henry.

"No children will be allowed in the street unless they are properly clothed." On the day following the promulgation of the order forty native policemen and ten American Corporals, or roundsmen, began a crusade against unclothed children. Native policemen, of course, easily made the mothers understand that the children, if not properly dressed, must be kept out of sight of the public. And as the law took effect immediately, for the next six hours, or until emergency shirts, trousers and dresses could be procured, the hordes of little natives were missing from the streets.

But in the suburban villages of Puerto de Tierra and Santurce, Corporal A. P. Witt, who like eight of his Yankee comrades in San Juan could not speak Spanish fluently, at first found the new health law very troublesome. He saw plenty of unclothed children, but as his Spanish vocabulary consisted of only malo, bueno and si, Senor, which he knew meant respectively bad, good and yes, sir, he could not make the mothers understand the purpose of his visit. At the first house he interpreted the order partly by the sign language. He captured a little black 4-year-old youngster, who naturally began to cry, and led him to his mother.

"Malo, malo," said the Corporal, pointing to the unclothed lad, referring, of course, to his nudity.
"Si, Senor," replied the mother.
"He needs some clothes."
"Si, Senor," said the mother.
"Well, put some on him, for Gen. Henry says that all the children in the street must wear proper clothing," and the Corporal, pointing again to the frightened little boy, said "Malo, malo."
"Si, Senor," replied the mother, who, upon hearing the police officer say "malo, malo," interpreted his speech as the recital of some crime her son had committed against the peace. Accordingly she started to whip him.
"No, no, no," interrupted the puzzled officer. And in order to make himself better understood, he picked up an old shirt waist, wrapped this covering around the pickaninny, and then added, "Bueno, bueno." His object lesson evidently proved more successful than his Spanish and English speech, for the mother soon returned his smile of approval with a series of affirmative nods and "Si, Senors."

Corporal Witt was gratified at the final success of his first interview, but before two more mothers had been instructed he decided that in order to save time and trouble he would call a mothers' meeting and explain the new law to all at one time. For an interpreter he secured an elderly English negroess from St. Thomas, who notified twenty-five mothers of the convention. They assembled in the back yard of a neighbor, and wondered, of course, the object of this unusual meeting. But their curiosity was satisfied soon by the statement that all the children, as well as the older persons, must wear clothes in public places, for such an order had been issued by Gen. Henry. Such a reformatory measure, the Corporal noticed, greatly astonished the mothers. But before they had recovered their surprise he told them that in the United States all the little children always wore a proper dress. He added further that the little children of Porto Rico would be citizens soon of the same Government they also should adopt the dress of civilization. But in the general discussion which followed the Corporal learned from his interpreter that more than half the mothers present had neither money nor cloth for dresses. So he immediately started a mothers' benefit fund. From well-to-do Porto Ricans, American residents and soldiers he easily collected 20 pesos for 200 yards of calico. He then distributed the cloth among a few volunteer dressmakers, and instructed them to make knee trousers and short jackets for the boys and little Mother Hubbards for the girls.

It is an inopportune man who cannot entertain an idea.
Whenever a man falls in an undertaking he attributes it to fatalism.
Spain last year exported to the United States 3,000,000 pounds of raisins.

HE GOT THEM.

Individuality as it Stands Out in a Country Town.

Individuality is lost sight of in the cities. It is swallowed up, as it were in the mob. In a village it stands out with surprising distinctness. The odd characters of the place are known to everybody, and their queer sayings and doings are told from mouth to mouth.

In a certain town not a great ways from Cleveland there are probably as many of these peculiar people as any place of its size can boast. One of them is an ancient man who longs for the good old times that followed the war, and is a firm believer in the criminal weakness of the present financial system. He is a man of considerable property, but nevertheless is economical to an extreme degree. In fact he was never known to spend a penny that didn't go for some actual necessity.

There is another character in the town who keeps the village general store. He is a good-hearted fellow who after a long course of bachelorhood, finally married. In this little town it is the custom for the happy bridegroom to set up the cigars for all the congratulating males who drop in to wish him joy. So the bridegroom in this instance had a box on the counter, and most of his patrons were regaled from it.

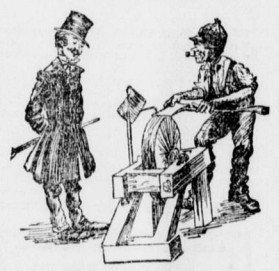
Pretty soon the ancient gentleman first referred to lounged in. The storekeeper who felt friendly to all the world just then, pushed the box toward the newcomer.
"Have a cigar, Uncle Jim," he smilingly said.
"Uncle Jim looked at the box and looked at the storekeeper.
"Wat's this for?" he asked.
"The storekeeper slightly blushed.
"Been gettin' married," he answered.
"Eh?"
"Been gettin' married."
"Who? You?"
"Yep Me."
"An you're standin' treat, eh?"
"Yep," said the storekeeper.
"How much did these seegars cost ye, Ah?" he inquired.
"Oh," replied the storekeeper, "they cost me bout 4 cents. They're nickel cigars."

The old man dropped the cigar back in the box. Then his gaze wandered around the store.
"Well, Ah," he slowly drawled, "of it's all the same to you I'll take a pound o' nails!"
And he got them.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Worried Her.

Mrs. Bobson—I was so surprised to hear something about your husband yesterday.
Mrs. Fribble—What was that?
Mrs. Bobson—My husband said your husband invited him into a saloon to have a drink.
Mrs. Fribble—Dear me! My oh, my! Well, well, well! Oh, I just can't—
Mrs. Bobson—There, don't worry about it. My husband declined and your husband didn't drink either.
Mrs. Fribble—It isn't his drinking that worries me. Where could he have had enough money hidden to pay for it if your husband had accepted his invitation? He must have some secret pocket in his clothes somewhere.—Chicago News.

Its Ultimate Use.



The Gentleman with the Top Hat—It's seldom you see a man with an axe to grind doing it himself. I suppose you're going to shave your face with it.
The Gentleman with the Axe—You have another guess, Cassidy. Sure the old woman is going to maniaure her nails.

Illusions.

Before you praise youth's industry
"Tis prudent now to wait
And see what he is digging for.
A garden crop or bait.

Pleasant Prospect Ahead.

Little Brother—Can't you walk straight, Mr. Mangle?
Mr. Mangle—Of course I can. Why do you ask?
Little Brother—"Oh, nothin'; only I heard sister say she'd make you walk straight when she married you; and ma said she'd help her.—Stray Stories.

Not in a Trifling Mood.

Mrs. Tilford, of Sorosis—It must have taken Daniel Webster a long time to compile the dictionary; don't you think so?
Tilford—Daniel? You mean Noah, don't you?
Mrs. Tilford—(tarty)—Now, don't be silly. Noah built the ark.—Brooklyn Life.

At the Mission.

Pretty Teacher (faint on the lesson)—And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (impressively) there were no flies on the children of Israel.
Small Boy—Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either.—Harlem Life.

Domestic Thrills.

"Have you ever experienced the excitement of being aroused from sleep in a house at night when it was on fire?"
"No, but I have several times gone through the excitement attendant upon my wife's announcement of her belief that the baby had swallowed her thumb."—Chicago News.

Strangers Now.

Mrs. Quick Fit—I always send the children out on the street when I'm quarreling with my husband.
Mrs. Sharply—I understand now why they are always on the street.

SHOT THE MAN-EATER DEAD

An Exciting Hunt for Big Game in a Dense African Jungle.

A SMALL BOY STOLEN

Experiences of the French Explorer, Fao, in Trailing an Animal and Killing Him.

Whole Population of an African Village Turned Out to Take Revenge on the Animal's Dead Body—Perforated It With Spear Thrusts and Cut Off Its Head.

The French explorer, M. Edouard Fao, the author of the volume, "From the Cape to Lake Nyasa," is now publishing an account of his exploits as a lion and elephant hunter, which the French papers are printing conspicuously. The following is his story of a lion chase in Tchirozo:
"We found the trail behind the house, which proved that the brute had gone around it. With the trail there were footmarks of a child. Evidently he had been seized by the upper part of the body. Then we found a few drops of blood. The animal passed through one of the streets—if we may call them streets—of the village, leading toward the river, going along with his burden in front of more than twenty huts. The inhabitants had not been aroused by a woman's cries until after the beast had passed. Still following the track, we reached the stream, where the animal halted and left his prey beside him.

Before following the trail any further I sent Tambarika to watch the outer edge of the thick bushes and to find if there were any traces of the animal having passed through. A well-known whistle from him notified us that such was the case, so I took to the clearing in order to get to him as quickly as possible. After running for a short distance through the tall grass we came upon a new pool of blood which showed where the beast had stopped again. Then we found ourselves in a little open plain still on the trail of the nocturnal man-eater. After that we entered a wood, where we discovered clots of blood and the belt of pearls that the little fellow had worn about his loins. After that we found part of his scanty clothing, which was torn off by the bushes. A pool of blood indicated where the brute began to tear up his victim.

"Finally, on the opposite edge of the wood we passed into the high grass, where a terrible growl brought us to a sudden halt. There we listened. We knew that the animal was there; but was he going to charge? We heard nothing more. I cocked my gun and kept within reach of my hand my six charges of buckshot cartridges. When all was ready I advanced in the grass with my hand upon the trigger, watching closely and listening for the slightest sound. Ten metres before us we heard the rustling of the long grass and we saw the heads of it waving, but nothing more. We continued to advance slowly. To the right there was a tree. I made a sign to Kambombe, who climbed it like a monkey in a few jumps. Soon he was in the tree's fork and on the watch. "The child is here," he said, "but there is no lion." Then turning to the right he shouted: "Here he is! Come this way!"

"Guided by his gesture I ran to the right. Then I signalled to the natives to follow us and with a movement of my arms I made them understand that they were to watch the grass to the left. I sent Rodzani to tell them to make a noise so as to frighten the lion toward me. Then I placed myself in a little opening and remained motionless, watching the bunch of bushes from which I expected every moment to see the brute emerge. Kambombe in the tree whispered: "He's going away. No, he is coming back now. He stops and looks in the direction of the men. Now he's coming your way in a walk. Here he comes! Here he comes! Stop back a little!"
"One may imagine the anxiety with which I listened to these words. Taking his advice I stepped back two paces. My men were behind me with their arms ready. "Don't fire except in case of necessity," said I. "Don't be in a hurry," said Tambarika. The tall grass moved forward like a wave, and the lion came out at about eight metres from me, walking slowly and occasionally looking behind him. At last he saw me. He stopped, showed his teeth growled and advanced without changing his course. At the same moment he lashed his tail, lowered his ears and seemed about to charge. Having followed him with my gun, I aimed at the nape of his neck and pulled the trigger. His legs bent as if they were rubber and he rolled over dead as a log.

"He was an old fellow of ordinary size and extremely thin. The child that he intended to devour was about 14 years old and must have been killed the very moment he was seized, because these felines never carry off struggling prey unless they are obliged to do so by a surprise. We carried back on an improvised litter the bodies of the two actors in this nocturnal drama. That of the child showed deep wounds which had torn the neck and the right shoulder, and on one of his thighs the bone was laid bare. As for the body of the lion, when it was brought to the village carried by eight men, the whole population attempted to rush upon it with old guns, bows and spears. I shouted that the first one to touch the carcass before it was skinned would make the acquaintance of my cane. All the population sat down in a circle, waiting patiently until Tchigallo, aided by Rodzani and Msiambiri, finished their work. They rushed upon the body, filled it with projectiles, perforated it with spear thrusts and dragged the remains through all the neighboring villages without feet and without a head. I looked like an ox prepared by the lancers. Later, in the midst of lamentations of the women, there was a funeral dance and more noise. The body of the lion was burned upon an enormous fire.

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