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Judge Wheeler, of the Connecticut Superior Court, will have many indorsements of his declaration that Connecticut law holds human life at too small a value. Under this law only \$100 can be recovered for the loss of a life unless it is proved that death was accompanied by suffering and pain. The sooner such a law is repealed or radically modified the better, thinks the New York Herald.

The fountain of reputed nymphs in plaster which has lately been displayed on the lake front in Chicago has recently been a subject of spirited discussion in the American press. There is no harm in that. The nymphs were let out for that purpose, and to discuss them shows a healthy and encouraging interest in art, philosophizes Life. Chicago criticism, however, has taken a more violent form, involving their virtual destruction by the hoodlums of that cultured city.

As civilization spreads the query: Where are we to get our furs from? becomes yearly more difficult to answer. At the annual meeting of the American Fur Company the other day the chairman stated that the furs brought to market this year were much smaller in quantity than in 1898, although this was largely offset by the increase in values. The field of operations, he said, had been contracted by the increase in settlement and the opening up of the country in the Far Northwest.

Our railroads are in much better physical condition than they were ten years ago, and this fact accounts in great measure for the decreased number of casualties to passengers, but it is still fearfully large. We brag of the superiority of our railroad service to that in Europe, but there is one thing in which the European railroads surpass ours very far—the better protection of their passengers. They carry a great many more passengers and kill and injure a great many less, says the Atlanta Journal.

Cultivating Whooping Cough.
The vivisectionists are apt to brag of the great benefit human beings derive from scientific inhumanity to animals. But listen to this experiment made by "a well-known physician" who "expresses the opinion that whooping cough is contagious only during the catarrhal stage, and has put his opinion to severe tests. On various occasions he permitted nearly one hundred young children, who had not previously suffered from whooping cough, to be associated in the same ward for twenty days or more with children suffering from the disease during the stage of whooping. In only one case was the disease contracted, and in this instance the patient from whom the infection was derived was in the very earliest period of the whooping stage." By which charming experiment he was "able to satisfy himself that infection was contracted from children who had not yet begun to whoop. He concludes that infection ceases very soon after the characteristic whoops commence, and that, therefore, in a family it is not the patient who is already whooping but his brothers and sisters who have not previously had whooping cough that ought to be isolated."

Soldiers in Opera.
Opera in Russia is sometimes subject to unexpected interruptions. The following incident, which recently occurred at the Court Opera House in Moscow, is related by Music Trades: "Carmen" was being produced, and the commanding general of the garrison had kindly lent a number of privates to represent the Spanish soldiers in the piece. When, in the second act, at the command of Don Jose, the privates marched on to the stage, they were thrown into confusion by seeing their commander-in-chief sitting in the front row of the stalls. They forgot all about the play, and stood still at attention before the general, as required by military discipline. Regardless of the wild entreaties of the stage manager, and the despair of the principal actors, the dutiful soldiers remained thus until the general shouted: "All right, my children, play away." At your command, general, answered the men, and then took their part in the piece, the production of which suffered, however, somewhat from the unforeseen interruption."

THE YAQUIS A NOBLE RACE

Most Remarkable Tribe of Aborigines Known to History.

MEXICAN TROOPS HAVE THEM AT BAY.



ATTENTION has again been called by the present hostile attitude of the Yaqui Indians, in the mountain districts of North western Mexico to what is perhaps the most remarkable tribe of aborigines known to history. The Yaquis differ materially from the numerous other tribes inhabiting this section of the globe, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While thoroughly partaking of the ferocious nature of the Apaches of the American frontier, and entertaining quite as pronounced a hatred for all people of more civilized tastes, they are characterized by a very distinct predilection for intelligent forms of government. But that any restrictions or obligations should be placed upon them by an alien people, such as they have ever been disposed to regard all mankind not of their tribe, they are disposed to consider as unwarranted interference with their hereditary customs, and hence intolerable. The Yaquis have been a constant source of dread to the Mexicans ever since the first attempt at civilizing the northwestern section of the republic, to which movement the former have been most strenuously opposed. Like other North American tribes, they hold that the territory they inhabit is theirs by right of inheritance from their forefathers, and every foot of land that has from time to time been wrested from them has ultimately been paid for by the life's blood of the invaders. During past centuries the Yaquis have been almost incessantly at war with the Spaniards and their Mexican descendants, and by degrees their once powerful tribe has been reduced until at the present day it numbers less than 15,000 members. Of their former broad domain all the possessions that now remain to the Yaquis are a few leagues of land situated in the lower valleys of the Rio Yaqui, in the southern portion of the State of Sonora. Here, during the brief intervals of peace which they have occasionally experienced, they have made their homes, following their natural pursuits of farming, stock raising and mining. This is the land that has been officially assigned to them by the Mexican Government. Back of it, however, in the fastness of the great

principal Mexican seaport of the Gulf. The State of Sonora has an area of about 71,000 square miles, or nearly 25,000 miles more than New York, and a population of about 155,000. The assessed value of the property is about \$7,500,000. It consists in mines, cotton weaving, china potteries, cattle ranches and other branches of pastoral industry. The valley of the Yaqui, which is the scene of the present disturbances, according to

try. They are the remnants of a brave and partly civilized people whom the Spaniards found in Mexico. They have never been conquered, and have never forgiven their Spanish enemies nor their descendants. Their military organization is almost perfect, and consists of companies, regiments and divisions. The wife of our chief blushed with pleasure as one of our number hung about her neck a string of blue beads as a parting gift. She was truly worthy of our admiration. So was the grin on the face of her youngest son as he began to realize what sweetness was concealed in a lump of maple sugar which we gave him. Their huts were our homes, the doors of which would always have been open to us had there been any. At the back end of each were two tiers of bunks for sleeping purposes; in the front the family squatted, cooked and lived. Mere justice demands that I should say I found nothing but clean-



TYPES OF THE FIGHTING YAQUIS IN WAR DRESS.

American scientists and explorers embrace about 12,000 square miles. It is one of the most mountainous parts of Mexico. The Yaquis as a race claim descent from one of the original seven emigrations from the North, having closely followed the Toltecs of the sixth century or before, who founded their kingdom on the site of Tula, about fifty miles north of the City of Mexico. They claim by tradition an earlier origin than the Aztecs, who built cities and possessed a civilization which was at its height in the time of the first expedition of Cortez. The Mexican Government has announced a policy of extermination against these Indians.

The present uprising is the sixth in their history. The Indians revolted against Spain in 1735. The Hidalgoes were worsted in battle, but they made up for their failure in arms by their artful duplicity. The Yaquis revolted again in 1825, and again in 1832, against Mexico, when, armed with bows, battle axes and spears, and led by their celebrated chieftain, Banderas, they made it lively for the Government troops, but were finally overcome. They made another attempt in 1841, and defended their mountain fastnesses with Spartan valor, and for years held the Government at bay. Order was restored by a compromise. The conflict this time will be to the death. In their ten years' war the

lines about their homes, persons and surroundings, and the high opinion which I then formed of their general intelligence, great bravery and intrinsic worth still remains unchanged. They are not savages. The talk in the papers about surrounding them and starving them is not, for it cannot be done at this season of the year. At this time down there everything is green and verdure is at its best. These Indians live on cactus, on a kind of brown sugar and on parched corn and of this they can



A YAQUI MAIDEN WITH PAINTED FACE.

find an unlimited amount at this time of the year. It is just as sensible to put a man in a well and talk of killing him by thirst as to talk of starving these Indians now. Just south of the Yaqui Indians is another tribe which is about as large and which sympathizes largely with the Yaquis. These are the Mayo Indians and they are probably as fine specimens of physical manhood as are to be found on the continent. They are as numerous as the Yaquis, and it is the custom of these Indians to kill all their old men and women long before they would die a natural death, and they prevent the marriage of either a man or a woman of the tribe who is in any way imperfect or deformed. The result is they have a tribe of magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood. The Mexican Government will have its hands full with the Yaquis alone, but if the Mayos join them it will be a long drawn out contest.

Yaquis were still using almost wholly their primitive weapons. To-day they are well armed. The Yaquis are fine people, and rather deserve encouragement than annihilation, writes an American officer who recently visited their coun-

INSURED FOR \$10,000,000.

That is Said to Be the Aggregate of Policies on the Prince of Wales's Life.

A big insurance man told me recently in New York, writes W. E. Curtis, that the Prince of Wales was the heaviest risk of any patron of the insurance business, and that his death would cost English, German, French and American companies not less than \$10,000,000. "No other person carries twenty per cent. of that insurance," he said, "but comparatively little of it is for the benefit of his family; perhaps not more than \$1,000,000. Some years ago large policies were taken out by his creditors as security for money loaned. If he should ever pay his debts they would of course revert to him, and might be carried for the benefit of his family, but his premiums, like the premiums on all of the royal families of Europe, are very high—much higher than those paid by private individuals for the same amount of insurance.

"It is a curious fact," continued my insurance friend, who spent a good deal of his time in England, "that \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 of insurance, perhaps more than that, has been placed on the life of the Prince of Wales as a speculation by persons who do not know him and have never had any relations with him whatever. This would not be possible under the insurance laws of the United States, but it is allowed by some of the English companies. Over there any man can secure a policy on the life of a neighbor, provided he can persuade the neighbor to submit to a medical examination or find a company which has recently had him examined. Thus when the Prince of Wales undergoes an examination for insurance lots of speculators apply to the same company for policies on his life, or get certified copies of the report of the medical examiner and use them with other companies. It is pure speculation. They pay a high premium, a margin, so to speak, or, to put it in another way, they book a wager with the insurance companies that the Prince will die before the total of their premiums exceeds the amount of the policy. Therefore many persons would be financially benefited if Albert Edward should drop off suddenly one of these fine days. The Prince is perfectly aware of this fact. He knows very well what advantages have been taken of his situation, but I do not suppose it makes any difference with his habits."

Built From One Tree.
At Santa Clara, Cal., there is a Baptist church which was built of lumber made from a single giant oak tree. Under its branches the first Baptist service in that region was held in 1853.

When it was decided to build a church edifice it was thought best to use the site of the original meeting place. With appropriate ceremonies the tree, whose shade covered an acre of ground, was consecrated for its new purpose. Workmen then cut off the tree twenty feet from the ground. This big stump was partially hollow and was allowed to stand for the church tower. A tapering steeple was built on top of it. The upper part of the tree trunk and its huge branches were sawed up into lumber for the main body of the church. When the church stood completed, a substantial building thirty feet wide by seventy feet deep, 1200 feet of lumber remained unused. "A more sturdy building could not be imagined. It is as strong as the old Saxon churches of England, which were built centuries ago out of native oak and are still in use."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why He Wanted a Pass.
Applicants for passes over railroads sometimes give novel reasons for the granting of their requests. The latest thing in this line comes from Chicago. A Texas cattleman walked into a railroad office and asked to see the general passenger agent. When he reached the desk of that official, he said he would like to have a pass to stop over at the various stations along the line. The cattleman was a large shipper over the road, and the general passenger agent told him he would be glad to grant the request, but asked why he wanted the stop-overs. "Well," said the cattleman, "you see, when coming up with the last bunch of steers I poked my head out the window, and blamed if my false teeth didn't fall out, and I'd sooner like to dud them."—Washington Post.

A Dog and Horse Story.
Dogs and horses generally get on well together, but the following story from Manchester proves that in some cases the friendship is something more than a mere toleration of each other. A carriage horse, accompanied by his stable companion, a retriever dog, to which he was exceedingly attached, was drinking at a trough near the exchange. While the dog was waiting for his friend to finish his draught a large mastiff picked a quarrel with him which ended in a fight. The mastiff, as may be supposed, had the better of the battle, and the retriever was badly bitten. The horse, the moment he heard his friend's cry, broke from the man who was holding him, hurried to the rescue, and, after kicking the mastiff across the street, returned to the trough and finished his drink.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Critical Ages For Men.
At forty men begin to feel the strain of hard work. If they have been careless or reckless they are liable to break down. Another critical period is sixty, when those holding positions of responsibility who are too absorbed to take proper rest go to pieces. Yet a man who has lived to that age ought to continue for ten years longer, provided he takes care of himself.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Brave Scouts With Lawton.

A dramatic story of the Philippine campaign is told by Major Grant of the Utah Artillery. General Lawton told the story to Major Grant as they sat in the General's headquarters at the front, near Candaba. General Lawton referred to the campaign then in progress to the north and east of Manila and said:

"The work of my men during this campaign has been simply wonderful, and much of its success is due to the gallant work of the scouts. Soon after leaving Malolos, I entered the enemy's country and was greatly annoyed by the sharpshooters. One morning I had ordered a halt to make a reconnaissance. In front, sitting on a log, some distance to the front of where my staff and I were, I saw a man in civilian dress coolly watching operations. I asked who he was, and one of my staff officers replied that he did not know, but he had seen him on the firing-line many times. Although he had been frequently ordered to the rear, he had disobeyed the order.

"The Lieutenant said, 'He has been continuously in front of our lines under fire, but the men can't keep him away.' Now, if there's anything that angers me, it is to see a brave man needlessly expose himself. So I ordered the stranger sent to me. He approached, and I was much taken with his appearance. I said, 'Who are you, and what are you doing out there?' He replied, 'I am an American citizen, and my name is Young. I have been a scout in the Indian campaigns of Montana and the Dakotas, and I thought I would come out here to try and help out the boys a little.'

"I recalled his name as one of the men who had done gallant service against the redskins. I asked him if he could pick twenty-five men like himself from the North Dakota Regiment. He said he could, and I at once appointed him chief of scouts at a salary of \$150 a month. He accepted, and the next day was ready for business. During the campaign these men did gallant service. They would leave camp with only rifles, canteens and ammunition, and be gone sometimes for four days. "On the way to San Isidro the enemy had crossed the river on our approach and fired the bridge. Then Young's scouts showed their mettle. The brave fellows waded into the water on either side of the bridge, and using their campaign hats to dip up the water, they put out the fire on the bridge. Young and a man named Harrington, his lieutenant, armed only with big army revolvers, stood in plain sight on the bridge, covering their men. Whenever a Filipino put his head above the trenches a revolver bullet ended his career. The brave officers held the bridge amid a storm of bullets until finally Young fell, shot through the knee.

"Harrington ran to his wounded leader, and with pistol in each hand stood over the fallen man, shooting at the Filipinos who tried to pick him off. He held his position until the soldiers came and carried Young to the rear, and later sent him to the Manila Hospital. Our men crossed the bridge and drove out the rebels. "A few days later Harrington took his men to the front, and after a hard march stopped for supper at five o'clock. He sat down, leaned against a bank of earth, and waited for mess-calls. He did not respond when the call came, so the men went to look for him. They found him leaning back, his head resting on his breast, with his rifle lying by his side. He was dead. He had fallen asleep and a stray Mauser bullet passed through his neck, killing him. Next morning I sent this personal message to Young at Manila Hospital: "Harrington died at five o'clock last night." A few hours later I received from the Chief Surgeon in the hospital this dispatch: 'Young died at five o'clock last night.'

"So the two brave men had closed their last campaign at almost the same moment. Too high praise cannot be given to these fearless scouts."

Heroism of Bowie.
The testimony of Mue. Candelaria, who was his nurse in the Alamo, sets at rest all stories of Bowie's being found with "a ring of dead Mexicans around him, all bearing the marks of his terrible knife." For days before the fall of the church fortress he had been too weak to lift his hand to his head. Mue. Candelaria washed his face for him each morning in the water which was heaped up in little buckets from the irrigation ditch that ran just outside of the rear wall and fed him with such food as she could get. The man's dauntless spirit never flickered, but disease prevented him from taking any active part in the defense. It was on the evening of March 3, 1836, after days and nights of struggle, that Colonel Barret Travis, commanding him, men arranged in line and spoke to them, telling them that they were doomed, and giving permission to any man to leave the fort who cared to do so. Rose was the only one who left. In ending, Travis drew a line on the ground with the point of his sword and said that every man willing to die for glory and duty should step across it. Bowie had been brought into the yard on the canvas cot which was his bed, and spoke first. He said: "Boys, I can't walk; but some of you please lift me on that side of the line." He was lifted over. When the Alamo fell Bowie was

lying with his head upon Candelaria's bosom. She was feeding him milk. The Mexicans rushed in and one of them drove a bayonet to the clamp into Bowie's breast. He died without a struggle. The point of the bayonet in passing deeply gashed Candelaria's chin, and she bore the scar all her life. Bowie was unable to offer any resistance at all, nor did he lay two Mexicans low with his pistols, as has been printed a thousand times. In fact, of all the characters of national fame who perished at the Alamo Crockett was the only one who appeared to have been fatal to the last. Dead foemen were around him two deep. He died with the barest madness on him. Travis was killed almost before the place fell. Perhaps the sincerest tribute ever paid to Bowie was uttered by General Cos, who commanded the storming party. When the lean and withered body was brought into the courtyard where the dead Americans were piled breast high—a body so emaciated that scarcely a spoonful of blood had followed the bayonet strokes—the Mexican looked at it sorrowfully.

"He was too brave a man to burn," he said. "But let him go with the rest." So Bowie was incinerated along with nearly 200 of his comrades, and if there is a home of him left it lies under the new Federal Post Office at the intersection of Houston street and Alamo plaza. The celebrated Pedro knife, of course, was lost beyond finding. Possibly it is still doing duty far down in Mexico. The President of the Texas Society in Washington, D. C., has a gavel made from the leg of the cot on which Bowie was lying when he was slain.

Leopard Troubles a Gurkha's Bath.
About 4 a. m. a few days ago a Gurkha soldier who was bathing in a tank near the outskirts of the city of Gorakhpur, India, was suddenly attacked from behind. Thinking his assailant was a pig, he (gosh ke lalach se), as a Hindustani official loftily put it) grappled with it and both rolled over into the tank, where they had a bit of rough and tumble. The assailant turned out to be a large leopard. He left the Gurkha something to remember him by in the shape of a number of claw marks, and then proceeded to invade the city, attacking and wounding a number of persons on the way. He finally took up his position in a Kubar house, situated in the heart of one of the barams, quite close to the principal octroi post, the Gulgahar. Intimation of his presence was at once sent to Mr. Innes, the D. S. P., and to Mr. W. Calaan, the collector. The news also crept round the station and a regular posse of other sahibs assembled. Mr. Calaan and Mr. Innes got on the roof of the house where the animal was, and by pulling off the tiles and poking the animal up with a long pole succeeded in shooting him. He turned out to be a fine male leopard, in most sleek condition, and measuring seven feet three inches. During his brief career in the city he had injured no less than seven persons, some of them very severely indeed. The lives of two men were despaired of; one of them had, among other wounds, his elbow crushed from a bite. Two men had their eyes dislocated. A few women were badly scratched all over the body. The good folks of Gorakhpur were all keenly interested in the occurrence. Hundreds of them visited Mr. Innes's compound to inspect the carcass, and large numbers also went to the hospital to inspect the wounded.

Over the Brink.
In his "Twenty Years in the Near East" Mr. A. G. Hulme-Beaman narrates an adventure which befel him while he was traveling in Montenegro. He had gone up one of the larger streams at Rieka, trout-fishing. After following the river toward its source for a mile or two, he came to a place where the water trickled over some large, smooth, moss-grown stones, and fell some forty or fifty feet. Wishing to cross, he felt his way cautiously along, with the water just over the toes of his boots.

Half-way, he says, I suddenly felt the stone on which I trod shift, and the next moment I was over. I had no time to save myself. I simply knew that I was going, and then—a blank. I picked myself up after a while, hardly believing it possible that I was still alive, but found I could walk and that my arms seemed to be in working order. As soon as I had realized this I fainted again.

This happened two or three times; then some peasant women came up. They were as much surprised to see me on my feet as I had been to be able to stand, and said that they had seen me fall, turn a complete somersault in the air, and come down "smash" on the rocky bed of the stream, where I had lain till the moisture revived me. Later it was found that two of my ribs were damaged, my left wrist badly sprained, and the same arm splintered, while my left thigh was severely bruised. My watch, a heavy double hunter, was smashed to atoms, even the jewels in the holes being punched out. It was through the watch, so to speak, that my ribs had been cracked; but I was lucky to escape so easily.

A Problem in Relationship.
On one side of the Kentucky River lives a man named Joe Curd. On the other side of the stream lives a man named Joe Curd, he being a nephew of the Joe Curd living on the opposite side of the river. Many years ago they married sisters; both now have grandchildren. A man out there offers a chromo to any one who can unravel the relationship existing between the grandchildren of Joe Curd, Sr., and his nephew, Joe Curd, Jr., and vice versa.