

Freeland Tribune

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What a strange fact in human nature: men who have their liberty do all they can to avoid work, while those in prison suffer, grow insane and die for want of it.

Prussian school principals are pensioned seven years sooner than judges, and not without reason. They are called upon to work nearly twice as many hours a week as principals in other European countries.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: The rumor that the South American republics are to unite against the United States is not discrediting. What South American republic can unite with itself, to say nothing of uniting with other republics?

It usually holds good that when a man says he has been hampered and kept down by his wife and children, he is indulging in that pitiful passion for self-excuse which makes so many human animals unjustly proud of themselves and justly ridiculous to their fellows.

The railroad companies of Australia have never discovered that it is possible to take up tickets on the train, hence the passengers are locked in the cars to prevent any of them stealing a ride, and when they arrive at their station are hustled out through a turnstile and held up for their tickets.

Hitherto in many cases the patent office has allowed a patent to cover a new process, the machinery by which this process was carried out and the article produced by the process. The idea was that all these three things were dependent on one another and were justly to be construed as all produced by a single act.

The fact that an outlay of \$150,000,000, in addition to the \$9,000,000 lately expended on the New York canal, will be needed to complete even the relatively slight improvements now projected, is certain to bring the whole question of their canal system before the people of the state. They are already paying a million dollars a year for the operation and maintenance of the canals, and if the further appropriation of \$150,000,000 should be authorized, the annual disbursements for maintenance and interest on debt will not be less than two millions of dollars.

The advocates of an improved canal system, however, do not stop here. They have brought forward two proposals. One of these is for a canal 12 feet deep extending from Lake Erie to the Hudson river, and suitable for barges of from 1,200 to 1,500 tons; the cost of this waterway is computed at \$50,000,000. The other proposal is for a ship canal from 20 to 30 feet deep, and, consequently, adapted to lake and ocean vessels of from 5,000 to 10,000 tons capacity. The cost of such a ship canal would be from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000.

Games of Chess. In 1296 Mohammed Balba usurped the crown of Grenada, in spite of the superior claims of his elder brother Jusuf. He was very unsuccessful in his conduct of the war against the Christians and was at length assassinated by poison absorbed through the skin from a shirt. He entertained a desperate dislike to the brother whom he had injured, and when he knew that his own fate was sealed he sent an order to the governor of the prison in which Jusuf was confined that he should be executed immediately. When the order arrived Jusuf was playing chess with the chaplain of the prison. With great difficulty Jusuf obtained a respite from the governor permitting him to finish the game. Before it was ended, however, news came that the usurper had died of the poison. This canceled the order of execution and Jusuf, instead of going to the scaffold, mounted the throne.

Eggs as an article of diet were first used by the Malaccans and when we speak of Shanghai chickens we but mention an Asiatic name.

THE CAGED LION.

BY EDNA PROCTOR CLARE. He sees them pass with veiled, disdainful eyes— The shuffling crowds, who stare, with feeble cries. What counts this jaekal race of men to him? Beyond the tawdry tent, the torches dim, Lies to his gaze the tawny Lybian plain Where his little lioness waits her lord in vain— Where fearless stars march down the Orient night, And beckon him to conquest and delight! Now, as hot memory through each vein doth surge As sweeps the simoon o'er the desert verge He springs! magnificent in kingly rage— And beats the fretted barrier of his cage, Hurling his heart out in the cry of wrath That once through covering deserts clave his path

And now—suffice only to beguile A gaping rustic to a vacant smile. Then, conscious of his impotence, his shame, His strength a farce, his majesty a name, Shuddering he sinks; and silent, lays once more His kingly head against his prison floor. Too proud to moan, too weak to conquer fate, Stares at the staring crowd in brooding hate. Yet—Desert-Born—in that dull throng may be (One, king-as-thou who thou dost hate as free) That jaekal-thing whom thou seest, through prison bars, His Lybian plain, his unattained star! —New York Independent.

DAN ROBY'S TIGE

BY J. L. HARBOUR.



WOULD like to know whose dog is that? These were the first words the pupils of the Silver Maple School heard Jabez Jordan, the new teacher, speak. He had nodded unsmilingly to a number of the boys and girls who had reached the school-house before him that frosty Monday morning when he "took up school" in the little brick schoolhouse on the crest of a hill under a cluster of silver maples. There were about thirty-five boys and girls of from five to eighteen years of age in the schoolhouse yard when, at nine o'clock, Jabez Jordan came to the door and rang a hand-bell with great vigor. It seemed to some of the larger boys and girls that the notes of the bell sounded like a slogan of defiance. They had filed into the house rather soberly, and were taking their seats, when a yellow-and-white uncollared dog of mongrel origin came sneaking in, as if well aware of the fact that he was an interloper. He was skulking forward, casting furtive glances around him, when Jabez Jordan called out, in a harsh, high-pitched voice: "Whose dog is that?" Dan Roby, a boy of fifteen, replied: "He is my dog, sir." "Well, put him out! Don't you know better than to bring a dog to school?" "I didn't intend to bring him. He followed me of his own accord, and I couldn't drive him back. Come, Tige!" Tige refused to go, and Dan had to grasp him by the hind legs and drag him toward the door amid dolorous whining and yelping. Some of the boys and girls laughed, whereupon Jabez Jordan struck his desk with his fist and said, sternly: "Silence!" The effect was instantaneous. A pin could have been heard to drop. Tige, in the meantime, was scratching on the closed door and whining for admittance. Five minutes later Dora Harvey, a tardy comer, opened the door to enter the room, and Tige darted in ahead of her, wagging his tail joyfully. Jabez Jordan scowled fiercely. "What did you go and let that dog in for?" he demanded of Dora Harvey, who was one of the gentlest and best girls in the district. The smile on her face gave place to a look of combined fright and amazement. "—I didn't mean to let him in, sir. He pushed in ahead of me when I opened the door," said Dora. "If you'd been here on time, it wouldn't have happened," said Jabez. Then he turned to Dan. "Drag him out again and take him home!" he shouted. "This isn't a school for dogs!" Tige was even more unwilling than before to go, and when Dan approached, ran up and down the aisles, trying to evade capture. In his flight Tige overturned the small wooden box on which the water-pail stood, thereby drenching himself from head to foot with icy water. More laughable still, he caught the descending pail on his head, and could not get it off, the pail having dropped down around his neck. In his frantic writhings, he overturned a small wooden bench on which Tommy Dodge and "Henry" Pope sat, and they suddenly lay wallowing on their backs in a pool of water. "Get that beast out of here!" fairly roared Jabez, striding down from the platform toward Tige, who suddenly extricated himself from the pail and took refuge under the stove in the center of the room. Dan dragged him out by the tail, and they went home together, neither boy nor dog returning that day. This incident did not leave a very favorable impression of Mr. Jordan in the minds of his pupils. His predecessor, Mr. Haskins, had been a gentle-spirited and kindly man, and some of the pupils remembered that once, when Tige had followed Dan into the schoolroom when Mr. Haskins was teacher of the school, he had said gently, "I must ask you to take your dog out, Dan, he attracts so much attention," and Mr. Haskins had allowed the children to laugh unrebuked, and had himself laughed over Dan's almost unavailing efforts to remove Tige. The pupils of the Silver Maple School speedily discovered that a sense of humor did not form any part of Mr. Jordan's mental make-up, and that he was an unnecessarily and unreasonably harsh man, with no sympathy for childhood and no disposition to concede anything to its natural tenden-

cies. The pupils were too obedient for even a harsh and tyrannical man like Jabez Jordan to find many excuses for using the long birch rod he kept on his desk; but when the rod was used, it was with brutal force and cruel effect. Mr. Jabez Jordan was extremely vain of his personal appearance. He dressed well and with great care. He even kept a small hand-mirror in his desk, and although he assumed that its purpose was to make pupils who came to school with dirty faces look at themselves, it was certain that at recess he would sit with the mirror in one hand and a pocket-comb in the other, and as the boys expressed it, "fuss with his hair." This hair of his was noticeable for its great abundance and glossiness. It was black, and but lightly touched with gray, although Jabez Jordan was certainly nearly sixty years old. He wore his hair in bushy curls and waves all over his head, and he was almost continually tossing his hair about lightly with the tips of his fingers. It was manifest to the eyes and to the nostrils of his pupils that Jabez Jordan made liberal use of cinnamon-scented hair-oil. Even the girls who disliked the teacher most admitted that he had "awfully pretty hair." He was very indolent. During the noon hour he compelled the pupils to leave the schoolroom, in order that he might sprawl on a couple of long recitation benches and take a nap. Placing two benches side by side, he would roll up his overcoat for a pillow, and stretching his long form out at full length, sleep soundly. Sometimes his snoring could be heard in the schoolhouse yard. Several weeks after the school opened there came a day in December which was so unseasonably warm that even the low fire in the big box-stove rendered the room so hot that the door and windows were opened. The unusual warmth made the teacher extremely drowsy. He yawned and stretched all the forenoon, and almost fell from his chair once or twice. Hastily eating his luncheon at noon, he placed the two recitation benches together, and bidding one of the pupils to be sure to call him at five minutes before one, stretched himself out on the benches and fell asleep. The pupils were playing in the yard, when Dan Roby's Tige suddenly ran out of the woods and vaulted the low fence separating the yard from the road. It was the first time Tige had appeared at the schoolhouse since the day when he had been twice ejected, for Dan had taken care that the dog did not follow him again. Tige was in high spirits. He barked gleefully as he bounded toward his young master and other acquaintances. Dan tried to send him back home, but he treated the command as a joke, and only barked and frisked more joyously. The boys began throwing sticks into the air for Tige to catch, and they sent him racing madly after balls and stones. Over in a corner of the yard eight or nine little girls were playing tag. Suddenly Lucy Sharpe, who was "it," stopped and said, gaspingly, with a crimson face: "Oh, I'm nearly dead for a drink of water! I'm going to tiptoe into the schoolhouse and get a drink. I won't wake the teacher." She ran lightly toward the house, and stepped in softly. A moment later she came hurrying out, her eyes wearing a frightened look and her face pale instead of red. "O girls!" she exclaimed. "What do you think?" "Why, what's the matter?" the girls asked. She glanced back toward the schoolhouse, as if fearful of pursuit, and then said, in an awestricken voice: "The teacher hasn't got any hair!" "What?" "He hasn't! Not a speck of hair has he got on his head! He looks just awful! Somebody has scalped him, or something or other, for he hasn't got a bit of hair! It's all lying on the floor by him!" "O-o-o Lucy Sharpe!" "It's so!" "Hain't we better wake him up an' tell him his hair's gone?" asked Sally Lee. "He'll know it when he wakes up, and won't he make an awful fuss? You just go and peek in the door and see how dreadful he looks! And his hair looks so funny there on the floor!" The little girls ran swiftly toward the schoolhouse, and Tige, accepting this as a challenge to give chase, sped after them. They clustered about the door, but Tige darted into the school-

with a great cluster of jet-black curls, lightly touched with gray, dangling from his mouth! Away he sped, and the little girls fled wildly in all directions, quite terrified by what they had seen. Tige leaped a low stone wall and ran a short distance across a field of stubble, and then lay down with his trophy between his paws. Meantime the boys were watching the dog's performance. "Dan Roby," said Lucy Sharpe, "your dog has got the teacher's hair, and he's eating it up!" "Is it possible," exclaimed Dan, "that all of that hair the teacher's so fussy about is a wig?" "It's something that's tumbled off while he's been sleeping, anyway," said Lucy. "It is a wig!" said Lew Ball. "I've noticed that he always ties his handkerchief over his head and under his chin when he takes a nap. If it's a wig and Tige has it, you'd better get hold of that dog! There'll be a cyclone here when the teacher wakes up." Dan and Lew ran in pursuit of Tige, who fled swiftly across the field, shaking the wig violently when he saw them coming. The dog ran into the woods, paying no heed to Dan's harsh cries: "You, Tige! Drop that! Drop it, I tell you!" Just as Tige and his two pursuers disappeared over a ridge in the woods the door of the schoolhouse closed with a bang, and all the windows were pulled down violently. It was after one o'clock when Jabez Jordan thrust his head out of a window, with his hat pushed down to his ears, and amazed his pupils by saying, quite meekly: "Do any of you know what has become of my—my—hair—that is to say, my wig?" "Dan Roby's dog's got it, sir, if he hasn't eat it all up by this time," said Joe Carter. "That miserable dog!" exclaimed Jabez Jordan, while his face flamed with wrath. A moment later he appeared at the door and asked: "Which way did he go?" "Over the ridge in the woods, sir," answered Joe, as gravely as possible. "Well, you may all go home, for there won't be any more school to-day," said Jabez, and set out on an arduous journey. His pupils never saw him again. Only a bedraggled remnant of the wig was left when Dan and Lew finally captured Tige. Jabez Jordan took the wrong trail, and did not overtake the dog and the boys. No one had known that the teacher's beautiful head of hair was a wig, and his vanity was so hurt by what had happened that he refused to return to the school, and left the neighborhood that afternoon, with no one to regret his departure. The next week the pupils were gladdened by the unexpected return of Mr. Haskins, the kindest and best teacher the school had ever had. As for Tige, if he was sorry for what he had done, he made no sign of repentance, nor was he boastful of the good turn he had served the school by ridding it of a teacher who had mistaken his calling.—Youth's Companion.

THAT CARTER CASE.

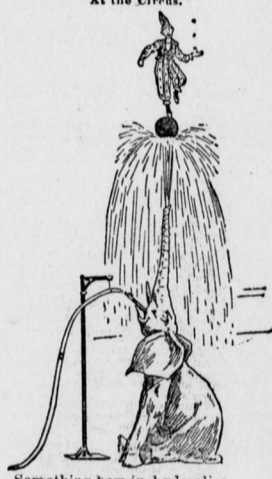
BIG REPUBLICANS INVOLVED, NO DOUBT. That is the Reason Why the Convicted Army Officer Still Draws His Pay and Does Not Go to Prison—Cause of "Better" Times.

The people of the United States must read with wonder and incredulity the statement of Attorney-General Griggs concerning the present status of the Carter case, says the Atlanta Constitution. Over eighteen months ago this man, who has been trusted by his government and advanced to high place in its service, was found guilty of having defrauded it of over \$1,600,000. In the evidence which developed the facts upon his trial it was shown that from first to last he leagued with men whose purpose was to rob the government through his connivance. The verdict of guilty which was won from an unwilling court—unwilling in the sense that its members were reluctant to see a brother officer's record smirched because it would be a reflection upon the service—was reaffirmed in every channel through which it went on its way to the president, and then came a mysterious halt, during which time a convicted thief has walked forth brazenly in the full uniform of the United States military service and has drawn his pay from the treasury on an equality with honest men now in the service, as well as those who have laid their lives down upon the field of duty. Since the date of that trial, humble privates, without powerful influences, have been railroaded through the various meshes of court-martial and have been forgotten. Officers of rank have been rushed out of the service, and everywhere has been found cereal except in the one case of Capt. Oberlin M. Carter. What great and powerful influence is it that stands behind this man which should make a president hesitate in the enforcement of a just verdict? Why should he have opportunities of revision and reconsideration which are not equally open to other men? In speaking thus plainly the Constitution does so from the standpoint of perfect friendliness for the president of the United States. Coming into office as he did, when great international questions were to be decided, it was no time for partisan contention, which might have been allowable in time of peace. Therefore the Constitution has uniformly upheld the hand of the president, because, in the face of the foe, there should be no division in our ranks. The words which we employ regarding Capt. Carter are no stronger than those which have been hurled at him by the leading Republican newspapers of the country; but we have a special right to insist upon justice to him which does not belong to other states. In the distribution of the public funds for public improvement Georgia is entitled to her equal share. As developed upon the trial of Capt. Carter, he engaged deliberately in the theft of over \$1,600,000 of money appropriated to the state of Georgia. He has abused the confidence of the general government which sent him into Georgia. He has robbed this state of its betterment, and the loss of which we must suffer for all time. His offense, therefore, was a crime against the state of Georgia, for which he has a right to demand, now that he has been convicted by every legal channel, that sentence shall be enforced. What is the president going to do about it? Is he going to permit the influences which are ever ready to rob the government to shield the criminal, and thus smirch the administration? The president might as well understand that such talk as that engaged in by Attorney-General Griggs will not be relished by the people. They are in no humor to have a criminal given his freedom because a dilatory lawyer wants to take a trip to Europe. If that lawyer wants to do business, let him get to his post. If not, some one else can take his place. The public will hold the president to responsibility for the acts of his agents unless he intervenes at once and shows by decision that he is uninfluenced by the unworthy element which would smirch his name and character.

Victory in Eighth Missouri. Influences are at work with a view of demonstrating that the election of Judge Shackelford in the Eighth Missouri congressional district is a vindication of some new-found Democratic gospel and its sponsors. As a matter of fact, the campaign was fought out on the old lines. Here is the full text of the official campaign letter sent to each voter in the district—Democratic, Republican and Populist. It is signed by the chairman of the congressional and state committees: "The result of the election to be held in this district Aug. 29 is made doubly important by the fact that it is regarded by both the great parties as the opening engagement of the great battle of 1900. The contest rises above all personal considerations. The nominee of the Democratic party stands for the restoration of silver coinage, against the further increase of the national debt by the substitution of national bank currency for the present greenback circulation; against a big standing army, which the imperialistic policy of the present Republican administration makes necessary, and against the dangerous aggregation of trusts which have reached such startling proportions under the protecting influence of Hannalsm. The Republican nominee in this contest is the avowed advocate of the single gold standard, and if elected to congress will vote with his party not only against restoring silver to its coinage rights, but also to wipe out

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. Letters and the Man—A Man of Method—Whose the Blame?—Intelligently Impromptu—All Talk—Giving Herself Away—Beyond Expectations—Retort Courteous—Outclassed—Reasoning It Out—Her Wayward Boy—Outlanders—A French Court-Martial.



Something new in hydraulics.

"I punish you," said the fond mother, "my child, to show my love for you." "It isn't necessary," replied the bright child, "for your love to work overtime on my account, ma."—Pick-Me-Up. The Song-Service After the Sermon. "Did you hear the music, Edith?" "Oh, yes." "Cau you tell me how it sounded?" "It sounded—! It sounded like an ice-cream soda tastes, mamma, just after one has been to a funeral."—Judge. Outclassed. "You must remember," said the proud Yankee girl, "that I am a Daughter of the Revolution." "Pooh!" exclaimed the beautiful, dark-eyed woman from Central America, "I am a Daughter of Six Revolutions."—Chicago Times-Herald. Reasoning It Out. "Judge, they are accusing you of favoring your friends and being too severe on your enemies when you get a chance at them." "Oh, well, it will average up all right in the long run, so justice in the abstract is none the loser."—Indianapolis Journal. Her Wayward Boy. In Launceston (Tasmania) a mother of 90 years brought her son of 72 to the benevolent asylum to be looked after. The poor lad had apparently taken up with bad companions and fallen into bad habits. The other day his speech was certainly thick, while from the odor of his clothes and breath her worst fears were aroused—she'd every reason to suspect that he'd begun smoking. The asylum superintendent took charge of the bairn, and promised to let his mother know if he misconducted himself so she might come and correct him. Tasmania has always been reckoned healthy, but this Launceston example points to the profound clairvoyance of Swift in imagining a land of Struldbrugs.—Sydney Bulletin. Mrs. Smythe—"I wonder why old china is so rare and valuable." Mrs. De Jones—"Why, I thought you kept a servant."