FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., DECEMBER 28, 1899.

A Remarkable Decision.

From the Wilkesbarre Record.

The supreme court of Ohio has handed down a decision in the famous Monnett-Standard Oil bribery case that will in all human probability have a far-reaching and evil effect. Attorney General Monnett had made information to the effect that he was offered a bribe of $400,000 if he would permit certain cases then pending against the Standard Oil Company to go by default. The bribe was offered by a man named Charles Squire, of New York. The evidence that this attempt to corrupt the attorney general had actually been made was overwhelming and conclusive, but the court based its decision on the ground that the information failed to connect the Standard Oil Company with the attempted bribery.

The only assumption of this decision therefore is that a disinterested man named Charles Squire, upon his own responsibility and out of his own private funds, offered the large sum of $400,000 to the attorney general of Ohio to violate his official trust and betray the cause of justice, solely in the interest of the Standard Oil Company.

It is just such decisions as this that destroy public confidence in the judiciary and convince the masses that the great and powerful corporations control the courts. Not one man in a million will for a moment believe that the man Squire was not the agent of the Standard Oil Company, or that the money he offered to Attorney General Monnett did not come out of the treasury of that corporation.

In these days of venality and corruption in official station one is almost lost in admiration for a servant of the people who without a moment's hesitation, and with flaming indignation, rejects such a temptation as was held out to Attorney General Monnett, of Ohio. Not only was he proof against this assault upon his integrity and honor, but he instantly instituted proceedings to expose and punish the crime.

If the president of the United States should be looking around for a man to fill some high position in the federal judiciary, Attorney General Monnett, of Ohio, should not be overlooked. Men of his stamp are needed to restore waning public confidence in the judiciary, not so much the federal, however, as that of many of the states.

Sympathy for the Boers.

From the Hazleton Sentinel.

The suggestion made by a clergyman of town that the citizens of Hazleton hold a meeting to give voice to their sympathy with the cause of the Boers is likely to fall on fertile ground, for the sympathy of the large majority of the people of this town is undoubtedly with the Boers and not with the English.

In other sections of the country, notably in the West, there have been large meetings composed of all nationalities which have in no uncertain terms expressed their opinions in the premises, but Pennsylvania has been lagging behind in this respect. There is no reason why this should be so, but every reason why Pennsylvania and especially its so-called "Dutch" counties in it, should be in the van in such a movement. A very large proportion of its population is made up of the descendants of Germans and people in whose veins flows Teutonic blood.

As a matter of fact their sympathies are entirely with the Boers, as the most casual observer can easily ascertain, and the signs of it are so clear that he who runs can read. Neither Hazleton nor the coal regions are preponderatingly "Dutch" in the current acceptation of that term, for we have with us people of all countries and their descendants, but a pro-British feeling is conspicuous among all of them by its absence. One needs but ask the opinion of any one of them to quickly discover that their sympathy is strongly with Oom Paul's people. In this they but coincide with the views held by the greater part of the people of this country, for outside of a few Anglomaniacs and some newspapers who lick the boots of every Englishman, like the New York *Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the real people and the real American press are in favor of the Boers.

The English government seems to be under the delusion that the American people and the American press are on the side of the English and derives apparently much satisfaction from that reflection. Why it should be laboring under that delusion it is difficult to understand, for it is certainly not based upon truth. Quite the contrary is the case as the English government could very easily ascertain by investigation.

A DOUBLE CHIN.

If it Should Offend Thee, Have a Surgeon Cut It Off.

It is no longer necessary for women to suffer annoyance or chagrin from the double chin that so often accompanies good living and advancing age. Simpler and more effective than massage, diet and other prescribed treatments is the surgical operation which removes the superfluous flesh, and leaves so slight a scar that in a short time it disappears entirely. A New York woman who underwent the operation says: 'I went to an eminent surgeon. He examined my neck, and said, 'Boo! That is nothing.' Then he listened to my heart, and declared that I could take anaesthetics with perfect safety. My double chin had been the bane of my existence for years. I dreaded the operation, but I made up my mind to submit to heroic measures rather than to endure continuous mortification. So to the hospital I went. The surgeon and his assistants were polite and considerate, yet the whole thing seemed terribly formidable. I had thought of backing out even then, but the surgeon gave me an encouraging word, and, I marched to the operating table like a lamb to the slaughter.

After that I knew nothing until I awoke in a clean little room with my head swathed in stuff, that made me look like a mummy. The bandages that went around my chin and over my head contained something that stiffened after they were in place and held my head as if it were in a plaster cast. Outside of that came yards and yards or something like gauze. I felt a little sick from the ether, but otherwise I had no pain. But I dreaded the day when the bandages should be removed. I thought that would kill me. To my surprise, the doctor unwound and unwound the bandage until my throat was bare, and not a bit of sticking had there been. The vaseline, or something like it, which had been applied on the first layer of cloth had prohibited that. Then I was bandaged up afresh, but not so rigidly as at first. In ten days I was able to leave the hospital, and in a fortnight more no one would have have known that anything had happened to me, except that I had lost my double chin, a result that causes general comment upon my improved appearance and untold satisfaction to myself. If I should begin to lay on flesh there again I would think no more of going to the hospital to have it removed than of going to the chiropodist, or the manicurist.

CROKER'S CIGARS.

How a Senator Prevented the Discovery of The Real Donor.

At the Hoffman House they are talking of a scandal in Richard Croker's Democratic club. It appears that shortly after the elevation of one of the jurists of Tammany Hall to a seat in one of the minor Courts this gentleman thought it would be a kind and delicate thing to do to supply Richard Croker a sufficient number of cigars for his daily consumption. Therefore, whenever opportunity offered, he slipped a handful of perfectos into the pocket of the Democratic leader and said nothing about it. Mr. Croker, of course, was very much surprised when he put his hand in his pocket to find a lot of cigars, but the story runs that he was never able to catch the man who put them there. When Mr. Croker became a daily visitor at the Democratic Club, and it was his custom to take off his overcoat and hang it on a certain peg every night, he found a pocket of the coat full of cigars when he put it on.

According to the story, an eminent State Senator discovered this strange custom. So one evening, while awaiting the arrival of his chieftain, he noticed on which hook the coat was hung. He took it off, hung it on another hook, and substituted his own coat, with the result that the jurist was fooled and the Senator got the cigars. But that would not have been so bad had it not happened on this particular night. The Democratic chieftain was anxious to discover who it was who kept him supplied with so fine a brand of cigars. For the purpose of ascertaining, some of his friends made note of the absentees each night. Of course, if a man was not there he could not have put the cigars in the coat.

By this process of elimination on this particular night but two members were left under suspicion. One of these was the eminent jurist, and on that evening the Democratic leader found no cigars in his pocket, thus relieving the jurist of suspicion. The other member under suspicion was not there at all, so it was decided that he must be it.—New York Correspondent Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Isolation for the Church Mutineer.

"Perhaps the most effectual system with the mutineer in the church," writes Ian Maclaren in the November Ladies' Home Journal, "is not scolding and storming, but a policy of isolation. As nature makes a cyst and incloses any strange material so that it be kept separate from the body, let this man be imprisoned in a place by himself. If he should offer any remarks upon church affairs, let the other person answer on the state of the weather; and if he criticises a sermon, say that you are sorry to hear of his dyspepsia. If he rises to speak at a church meeting, let the silence be such as will be felt, and after he has spoken let the chairman call for the next business as though he had never existed. If he has ever to be spoken to, the best plan is to treat him as an absurdity, and play around him with ridicule, for this will give much innocent amusement to other people, and it is the particular attack which he cannot stand. Between loneliness and laughter he will depart to another church."

Small for His Age.

"Grandfather," said a saucy little boy the other day, "how old are you?"

The old gentleman, who was much under the ordinary size, took the child between his knees and said: "My dear boy, I am 85 years old, but why do you ask?"

The little fellow replied: "Well, it seems to me you are very small for your age."

At meetings of the British Cabinet no official record is kept of the proceedings.

The Exchange Editor.

Pile luxury as high as you will, health is better.—Julia Ward Howe.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.—Chicago Record.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. —Confucius.

Talk is cheap ordinarily, but it costs like rip over a long-distance telephone. —Houston Post.

Whoso combeth his hair with a view to covering a bald spot, is a liar in his heart.—Detroit Journal.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may soon run itself out of breath.—Fuller.

A woman who dresses in a hurry always puts too much powder on the end of her nose.—Atchison Globe.

A man has to be very much in love with a woman to willingly carry her parasol over her.—Feminine Observer.

Some people keep the Sabbath so holy that they don't work any for three days before or three days after.—The Bachelor.

Some people seem to think that the straight and narrow path is a short cut to a good many things that is not. —Puck.

You can't get something out of nothing; but there are a number of people who can get little or nothing out of almost anything.—Puck.

A beast when it suffers goes off alone to some lonesome place; it is only man who lets every one know when he is suffering.—Carmen Sylvia.

A reflective middle-aged man never sees a very young couple billing and cooing that the sight does not suggest souvenir spoons.—Philadelphia Times.

If the good a man does is interred with his bones, some of us will have plenty of room to turn over, narrow as the bed is.—Atlanta Constitution.

The difference between work and play is exemplified by the fact that laborers often are prostrated by the heat, but children, rarely.—Feminine Observer.

It is always a great shock to a woman to hear a preacher express a desire to go to Paris; his longing should be to visit the holy land.—Atchison Globe.

The belief in God is probably almost as instinctive to a woman as the idea that she can't clean house properly unless she has a sunbonnet on.—The Bachelor.

The truly great politician is one who is able to perform a clear public duty and by the same act gratify a grudge against a political enemy.—Chicago News.

The enthusiasm of inexperience has never been more thoroughly illustrated than in the case of the bachelor who thinks he knows all about women.—Philadelphia Record.

Two women in whom the same man is interested may never be able to decide how much they like him, but they don't have any trouble deciding how much they don't like each other.—New York Press.

The Wiseacre.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

A bad workman never finds a good tool.

Praise a fool and you may make him useful.

A bird in the cage is worth a hundred at large.

Who hunts two hares, leaves one and loses the other.

Make yourself an ass and every one will lay his sack on you.

One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool.

Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them.

A great many pair of shoes are worn out before a man does all he says.

Better be organized for success in the long world than in the short one.

World philosophers give us a splendid appetite for inspiration

The insolence of cash is illogical, but who can make it appear so?

To get a living—easy phrase, but it involves all the practical virtues.

The unselfish is the last in the race —yet the winner.

The focus of truth is not for time, but for eternity.

A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks and then reflects on what he has uttered.

Two thinks indicate a weak mind; to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

The Alaskan.

One hundred native girls attend the school at Holy Cross Mission.

The Treadwell mine earns from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in a year in clear profit.

Rich finds of gold have been made near Cape Nome, 150 miles north of St. Michael's.

A large majority of disappointed prospectors are chopping wood for the steamboat companies to earn their passage home.

One of the buildings of the Treadwell mine is as large as was the Manufacturers' Building at the World's Columbian exposition.

From north to south Alaska stretches 1,200 miles or 300 miles further than from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. Its width is greater than from Chicago to London.

Recent surveys of the United States Fish Commission show that Alaska's codfish banks are thousands of square miles greater than all those on the Atlantic coast put together.

All along the Koyukuk River boats are stranded, having been overtaken by ice before reaching the promised land. Complaint is made that the mail contractors do not live up to the provisions of their agreement with the government.

The Objector.

Don't imagine a doctor believes life isn't worth living.

Don't take your watch to a physician because it is run down.

Don't try to pull yourself out of trouble with a corkscrew.

Don't stand in front of bars too much or you may get behind them.

Don't bet on what you feel in your bones—unless it's rheumatism.

Don't judge a poet by his dress; fine feathers don't make fine birds.

Don't neglect to talk sensible at times; it may be difficult, but it's necessary.

Don't stay away from church on account of your clothes. The Lord is too busy to notice the handiwork of tailors and dressmakers.

A BIRD TALK.

The Common Birds of the Country Not Decreasing in Number.

There is a reassuring "Bird Talk" by John Burroughs in the November St. Nicholas. One of the good signs of the times, he says, is the interest our young people are taking in the birds, and the numerous clubs and societies that are being formed throughout the country for bird protection and cultivation. In my youth but little was heard about the birds. They were looked upon as of little account. Many of them were treated as the farmer's natural enemies. Crows and all kinds of hawks and owls were destroyed whenever chance offered. I knew a farmer who every summer caught and killed all the red-tailed hawks he could. He stood up poles in his meadows, upon the tops of which he would set steel traps. The hawks, looking for meadow mice, would alight upon them and be caught. The farmer was thus slaying his best friends, as these large hawks live almost entirely upon mice and vermin. The redtail, or hen-hawk is very wary of a man with a gun, but he has not yet learned of the danger that lurks in a steel trap on the top of a pole.

If a strict account could be kept with our crows and hawks for a year, it would be found at the end of that time that most of them had a balance to their credit. That is, they do us more good than injury. A few of them, like the fish-crow and sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk and the duck-hawk, are destructive to the birds and wild fowls; but the others live mainly upon insects and vermin.

I do not share the alarm expressed in some quarters over the seeming decrease in the number of birds. People are always more or less gloomy in regard to the present and present things. As we grow older the number of beautiful things in the world seems to be fewer. "The Indian summer is not what it used to be; the winters are not so bracing; the spring is more uncertain; and honest men are fewer." But there is not much change after all. The change is mainly in us. I see no decrease in the great body of our common field, orchard and wood birds. I do not see the cliff swallows I used to see in my youth; they go farther north, to northern New England and Canada. At Rangeley Lake, in Maine, I saw the eaves of a barn as crowded with their mud nests as I used to see the eaves of my father's barns amid the Catskills. In the cliffs along the Yukon in Alaska they are said to swarm in great numbers. Nearly all our game-birds are decreasing in numbers, because sportmen are more and more numerous and skilful, and their guns more and more deadly. The bobolinks are fewer than they were a decade or two ago, because they are slaughtered more and more in the marshes and rice fields of the South. The bluebirds and hermit-thrushes were threatened with extinction by a cold wave and a severe storm in the Southern States a few years ago. These birds appear to have been slain by the hundred thousand. But they are slowly recovering lost ground, and in ten or more years will no doubt be as numerous as ever. I see along the Hudson River fewer eagles than I used to see fifteen years ago. The collectors and the riflemen are no doubt responsible for this decrease. But the robins, thrushes, finches, warblers, blackbirds, orioles, fly-catchers, vireos and woodpeckers are quite as abundant as they were a quarter of a century ago, if not more so.

Thirty Tons of Spruce Gum.

The spruce gum of crop of Maine of 1899 has been harvested and sent to market. It has proved to be the largest crop in the history of the state —thirty tons, worth $63,000. This is all collected by the lumbermen, and contains considerable bark and chips, but is sorted over by the thrifty Yankee, who sells it to the trust.

An interesting and peculiar thing in connection with the gum crop is the fact that the harvesters have combined to crush the trust. They will sell none of their product to any dealer who does not give his promise that no gum handled by them shall be manufactured and put on the market by the trust.

A Balloon Bridge.

A French aeronaut has invented a "balloon bridge," which is not a bridge sustained by balloons in the air, but supported by small balloons or air bags on the surface of the water. For a river 100 yards wide 200 bags are required, and 100 men can build the bridge in less than an hour. A platform of twenty-one wooden rafts, end to end, and tied by ropes is laid upon the bags. This new pontoon is actually in use in the French army.

A Fighting Family.

A monument recently placed in a cemetery in Louisville, Ky., bears inscription to the memory of John E. Austin, a soldier of the revolution; J. Allen Austin, his son, a soldier of the war of 1812; James Grigsby Austin, his grandson, a soldier of the war with Mexico, and James Richard Gathright, his great-grandson, a confederate soldier, who was killed at Mufreesboro, Tenn., Jan. 1, 1863. All were privates.

Plenty of Kilts.

A Scottish paper says that between 150,000 and 200,000 kilts are made every year. The kilted regiment of regulars, militia and volunteers number some seventeen battalions. To these may be added the pipers, belonging to Lowland regiments, making in all about 14,000 men. As the military kilt is only provided biennially, this represents a supply of 7,000 each year.

Hollanders Smoke Most.

The Hollanders are perhaps of all the northern people those who smoke the most, the humidity of their climate making it almost a necessity while the moderate cost of tobacco with them renders it accessible to all. To show how deeply rooted is the habit, it is enough to say that the boatmen of Holland measure distances by smoking.

Elephants Have Eight Teeth.

Elephants have only eight teeth, two below and two above on each side. All Baby elephants' teeth fall out when the animal is about 14 years old, and a new set grows.

The Gossip.

Prince Cachula, a Russian, is a waiter in a Budapesth retaurant.

The princess of Monaco was the daughter of the famous banker Heine.

A new automobile is being built for the Prince of Wales, who will operate it himself.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a passion for gay colors and wears dresses of gorgeous hues.

Miss Ella C. Witter, of Denver, is the only woman authorized to practice before the United States land office.

Warren C Coleman, of Concord, N. C., is the richest colored man in the South. His income is invested in cotton mills.

John C. Klauders, who died recently in Philadelphia, was the original tincan mush man, and made $2,000,000 in the business.

A sixteenth child was born recently to Mrs. Walter Ellis, of Anderson, Ind. The father is eighty-six years of age and the mother forty-five.

F. W. Collins, of Denver, has presented to the Colorado Historical Society the original deed of Brigham Young's mill, the first erected in Utah.

Tim Healey, the cattle king of New Mexico, has more money than he knows what to do with. He has an income of $87,000 a year, and lives in a hut that cost him about $60.

Lord Kelvin has resigned the professorship of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which he had held for fifty-three years. He is now seventy-five years of age.

Daniel D. Emmett, the author of "Dixie," is living at the age of eighty-five the life of a hermit. He spends most of his time within doors and is seen on the street only when taking his afternoon drive.

Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, pastor of Boston's famous Tremont Temple, never writes a sermon and never uses notes in speaking. He carefully makes out a brief of his subject beforehand, corrects this, commits it to memory and destroys it.

William Dean Howells does not believe that he was born with literary talent. "I came," he says, "of a reading race, which has always loved literature in a way. My inclination was to read, rather than to write."

Ex-Governor Warmoth, the first Northern Governor of Louisiana has lived down the bitter unpopularity which at one time nearly cost him his life, and is now one of the leading sugar planters of the state and a most successful lawyer.

Jerome K. Jerome takes his vacations on a farm, where he becomes one of the day laborers. He has studied agriculture both from a theoretical and practical point of view and expects to establish a model farm of his own next summer.

Aguinaldo knows but little about America and its institutions. Last year Major Younghusband found that Aguinaldo thought that the victory of Omdurman was a triumph of Americans over the Dervishes, and that he labored under the impression that the English and Americans were one and which snow is stirred until the desired

The Cuban.

Few of the ruined plantations have been restored.

Owners of plantations in Cuba refuse to employ Spanish laborers.

Only one plantation in the entire Province of Havana is in operation.

There is talk of erecting an office building in Havana on American lines.

The more intelligent residents are anxious for annexation to the United States.

Natives near Santiago do a land-office business selling relics from the battlefields.

Skilled labor is scarce. Cuban carpenters ,plumbers and masons are not skilled.

Not one out of ten natives can read and write, and they have no ambition beyond mere existence.

Bill posting is a new industry, and Havana is now well plastered with unsightly advertisements.

Life and property in Havana and Santiago are now said to be as safe as in any city in the world.

Brigandage is scattered and the bandits are renegade Spanish soldiers for the most part—not Cubans.

The natives are said to lack leaders of national importance, although there are many chiefs of factions.

The school system has been practically annihilated, chiefly because the teachers have had no pay for two years.

Complaint is made of the railroad traffics. Seven cents a mile is the passenger rate, and freights are correspondingly high.

Retail stores confine themselves strictly to one class of goods, and returning travelers say there is a splendid chance for a department store.

The Moralist.

Physical nerve is common; the valor of the heart is rare.

Self is the integer, God the fraction—if deeds speak louder than words.

Creation is ransacked for man's brain and nerve, yet what return is on his conscience to make?

The do-nothing is the worst man in the universe.

Consumption of the soul is the malady most common to man.

Back-suffering and suffering-beforehand is the greater part of human misery.

It is a nice point to determine beforehand what is inevitable.

Pride being an aristocratic vice, the poor are fascinated with it.

Timidity, irresolution, procrastination are all defects of love.

There is no covering like manliness; it is the robe that is left when a true man is stripped to the bone.

Sheep are sheared, rabbits are popped over—but we stand aside and let the lion pass unmolested.

Wisdom is only to will and to do—yet no one is wise.

The Bachelor.

Men who get along best with the women are born to be graceful liars.

Every woman laughs too much before she's 20 and too little afterward.

Love at first sight is the only kind worth having, only there's no such thing as love at first sight.

At a wedding the girl always tries to act ashamed, and really looks triumphant. The man tries to act triumphant and really looks ashamed.

There are two ways of doing everything: one is to do it the way you think it is best to do it, and the other is to do it the way some woman tells you it ought to be done.

Little Willie's Lesson on City And Country Rabbit Hunting.

Little Willie's lesson was this:—

Once upon a time two men made a wager.

"I will wager you," said one, "that I will go out hunting to-morrow with a gun and a belt full of shells and bring in more rabbits than you."

He was a city sportsman, with a nickel-plated shooter and a hunting suit that cost $63.

The man he addressed was just an over-grown boy about nineteen who looked as though he had never seen the cars and would likely shy at them if he should.

"Whattel yer bet?" he said, when the other had finished speaking.

"I'll bet you $10."

"I'll tuk ye." The over-grown boy who had been raised on a farm and didn't wear a celluloid button with a picture on it, ran around the barn and raised ten off the hired man, which he put up with the chore boy.

The next morning the two hunters started in opposite directions.

The city hunter carried a dog, a gun and his suit. The farm boy carried a bag and a stick of wood.

The day passed on.

Night came on.

Toward eight o'clock the city youth returned to the old homestead and poured out upon the kitchen floor from his game bag four rabbits that he had shot. "There," he said, "how's that?"

The farmer looked at the dead animals.

"Thet's putty good," he replied.

"Has Reuben come in yet?" asked the city youth, with a cheerful smile.

Heavy footfalls were heard upon the floor of the porch, and the next instant Reuben entered the kitchen. In his two hands he held by their legs twelve rabbits, and from the sack he had carried with him on the hunt he poured twenty-five. Out of each capacious pocket he drew from two to four, and unloaded himself generally.

The city young man leaned back against the table. The chore boy handed $20 over to the Reuben and the Reuben took his ferret out in the shed and thrust him into his cage.

The city youth was carried home the next day suffering from brain fever.

The lesson little Willie learned from this is:—"Never go up against a sure thing unless you know yours is surer." —Detroit Free Press.

Statistical.

"I see that the Star puts the population of the globe at twenty-five hundred million! Why, the idea!" cried the lovely unstatistical creature, with the paper in her hand, as she stood beside his chair—he gazed abstractedly at the fire.

"A mistaken idea," he grunted; "the correct figures are twelve hundred and fifty millions and one."

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, with a highly deprecatory glance at her favorite paper. "Who would have thought that the Star could be so far out of the way! Which is the more wonderful—their blunder or your accuracy, so minute and so—so spontaneous?"

"The Star has excuses for such blundering which I could not have. 'Tis this way Nelly. The population of the globe comprises twelve hundred and fifty million men—and just one girl!"—and the wrotch turned up an expectant face.

She bent down and kissed him.—Washington Star.

Unhandsome.

"For an experienced rider like you, Mr. Gordon," casually observed Miss Quickstep, as they wheeled through the park, "I suppose it is an easy matter to ride with hands off?"

"It's no trick at all," replied the young man.

"Perhaps, then," she rejoined, "you wouldn't mind taking your hand off my shoulder."—Chicago Tribune.

Subscribe for the TRIBUNE.