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Sir Thomas Lipton took back with him something better than the America's Cup—the good-will and respect of our people.

Napoleon III. built better than he knew when he shaped the phrase "the logic of events." In a tumult of popular passion the wise man can often wait in patience, knowing that the temporary madness will pass when the logic of events has shown where the truth lies. There could be no hope of moral progress in a world made on any other plan.

The municipal farm at Berlin is successfully solving the able-bodied poor problem. It already employs 1000 men. It is modeled after the one in Holland, which is a tract of public land containing 5000 acres, is divided into six model farms; and to one of these is sent the person who, by reason of not being able to find employment, applies for public relief.

The United States Court of Appeals at St. Louis has decided that when the holder of a life-insurance policy commits suicide the insurance company is still bound to pay the death claim unless it can show that when he took out the policy he did so with intent to kill himself. This is a decision of far-reaching importance, settling a question long in dispute. It is manifestly just, too.

The parent's right to rule is by no means absolute. The child's right to personal liberty is as positive as that of any man, though subject to certain limitations. It is the parent's right and duty to govern the child where governance is for the child's own good or where it is necessary to keep him from wronging others. The wise and just parent will not rob his child of the discipline incident to self-control.

The action of the warden of the penitentiary at La Porte, Indiana, in abolishing the employment of the lockstep in that prison has given rise to some discussion of the question whether the step may be recognized in discharged prisoners. It was on the ground that traces do remain in the gait of prisoners who have been accustomed to the step for any length of time that several Western prisons have done away with the system.

The South African war threatens to inflict great hardship upon numbers of innocent people far removed from the theatre of its operations. Among them are the wives and families of the Cornish miners employed in the Rand gold mines, who for a long time have been living in Cornwall upon the remittances sent them by their breadwinners. The failure of the supplies from this source for months to come seems certain, and much consequent distress is expected.

Wheeling has done much for the improvement of women physically. In moderation it is an exhilarating, delightful and beneficial exercise, and a most enjoyable pastime. Carried to extremes it is very harmful. No possible good can result from the craze, which has developed to an alarming degree, for record-breaking at the risk of health. It is an idiotic perversion of sport which should be frowned upon by all sensible people, and especially by all true lovers of the wheel.

A Dog's Remorsement.
From the London Daily News: Lord Sandwich had two intelligent, companionable, little white dogs. He was very fond of both. They were very much attached to him and devoted to each other. One white pet fell sick, and he watched over the little creature. But no care sufficed to save it, and it died. The loving master said that he himself would bury the dog, and did so. The living Pomeranian (it was the breed) stood by, grieving as sincerely as the bereaved master. But the survivor could never again endure Lord Sandwich, shunned him and was utterly irreconcilable for all time. He thought that the master had killed and buried his canine comrade.

ON THE WAY.

There are days of glory coming, if you'll wait—
If you stand prepared to challenge
Any fate;
There's a way laid out for each
Leading through the gloom to light,
And by striving you shall reach
The fair station on the height
Soon or late.

There are problems to be mastered
Day by day;
There are prizes all the winners
Have to pay;
There are hardships great and small
And the road is long and rough,
But it's easy, after all,
If you jolly men enough
On the way.

—S. E. Kiser.

Little Kittie Kenyon.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MASIE.

When Tom Ainslie's cousin Maudie announced her engagement to Williams, the rich leatherman's son, every one gasped and then said: "Wonder how Tom likes it?"
Tom wondered a little himself. He had long been devoted to his cousin Maudie, ever since he could remember, in fact, and he had always had a vague idea that at some definite time they might "make it a go together." It would have been a convenient thing for them both, for she would have brought Clifford back into the family, and Tom had the money she lacked.
"But I wasn't worth while," sighed Tom to himself pitifully leaning back in his chair and stretching his long legs out toward the fire. "I'm surprised that I don't feel worse. Always was fond of Maudie, and it would have been a nice thing all around. Hope Williams is all right for her. Always fancied the beggar myself. And it seems I'm the best man. Beastly nuisance; all girls and frocks and wedding cake. I'll have to go through with it, though for Maudie's sake. And little Kittie Kenyon is to be maid of honor. She has never been decent to me; seems to bear me a grudge. Little Kittie Kenyon," and Tom sighed again.

The wedding was to take place at once, and a church rehearsal, with a supper at the bride's home, had been planned for the evening before. Tom arrived at the last moment, just in time to reach the altar as the procession came up the church. First the ushers, then the six bridesmaids, who walked stilly, as if with the weight of nations on their shoulders. Tom's eyes twinkled as he watched them. On they came, these pretty girls, sobered beyond their usual wont.

"First time in her life Elsie Yates hasn't danced along," Tom thought. "That Ashton girl is so ugly. Oh, by Jove!" Tom's eyes were fastened upon the small figure of a girl walking alone. Such a pretty girl, with great black eyes, that sparkled, and such a graceful girl, swinging slightly, in time to the stately music. She glanced up as she neared him, and a demure look of exaggerated pity came into her eyes. Then she had passed him, and taken her place near the bride.

"Little wretch," thought Tom, biting his lips, "I always seem to strike her as a joke."
The short rehearsal was over, and Tom was walking down from the altar with the tiny maid of honor at his side.

"You're so far away I can hardly make you hear me, Miss Kenyon. I have attempted it three times, and you are utterly oblivious."

She glanced up at him quickly.
"Oh, no, only sad, Mr. Ainslie. I am so sorry for you. You bear up so wonderfully well, too. If you want to cry a little, walk behind that pillar for three minutes. No? Don't need it?"
"What have I or done to you, Miss Kenyon? I'm an innocent individual who never did you any knowing harm. Will not your kind and pitying heart speak for one who is only anxious to let you walk on him? And who only succeeds in rousing your nasty, evil little temper?" said Tom, in a distinctly melodramatic manner.
She looked at him serenely for an instant. "Stuff and nonsense," she said, and ran off to Maudie, who was calling her.

He managed to secure the chair next hers at supper, though Sheldon had his hand upon the back of it, and scowled darkly at Tom when he sat down. Miss Kenyon looked up with a smile.
"Oh, so you are feeling kinder toward me now, are you not?" he said, bending over her with the devoted air he had toward women. "Because I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it seriously. You will? Well, why do you not like me?"
The girl gave him a curious little glance, and her lashes fluttered a moment. Then she answered, looking straight at him.
"You have too much of the 'Conquering Hero' air about you."

"I didn't know that," said Tom meekly. "Can't you help me to change it? For ease I like you, you know," in a low voice, "very, very much."
He was staring at her very hard, and saw the rose that deepened in her cheek. She turned her shoulder toward him.
"Mr. Sheldon," she called, "you are neglecting me shamefully. Won't you come over here beside me? Mr. Ainslie is just leaving." She glanced at Tom out of the corners of her eyes.
Ainslie got up instantly, looked at her a moment, then with a quick bow crossed the room to his cousin.
"Sorry, Maudie, but I must be leaving. Williams, I'll see about those tickets." And he was gone.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The superior flavor of Smyrna figs is ascribed to certain Asiatic insects, which produce a more perfect fertilization of the flavors of the fig trees in Asia Minor than is commonly effected in other countries. The flavor appears to depend upon the number of ripened seeds in the fruit. During the past year the department of agriculture has imported some of these insects from Asia into California, and it is hoped that they will multiply there and improve the flavor of American figs.

The reconversion of the great Sahara desert, which was once an inland sea, to its former state is proposed. It is argued that a canal sixty miles long, connecting with the Atlantic the immense depression which runs close up to the coast nearly midway between the twentieth and thirtieth parallels of latitude, would solve the problem. The water would not, of course, cover the entire surface of the desert, here and there portions remaining above sea level, these becoming the islands of the Sahara ocean.

A new computation of the period of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, discovered by Mr. Barnard in 1892, shows the extreme accuracy of astronomical calculations when they are based upon a long series of continuous observations. This computation deals very confidently with thousands of a second, the period of the little moon being set down at 11 hours, 57 minutes, 22 seconds and 647-1000 of a second. The satellite whose time of revolution is thus accurately determined moves with great speed. Its distance from Jupiter's centre is about 112,500 miles, and its path is practically a circle, so that the distance which it travels during a revolution is, in round numbers, 353,250 miles. As it accomplishes this distance in less than 12 hours, its velocity is almost 500 miles in a minute, and this, singularly enough, is about the same as the average velocity of Jupiter in his revolution around the sun.

An English railway engineer has invented a car for lessening the loss of life in railway accidents. The plan adopted, which is favorably regarded by English experts, is extremely simple. On the ground that the danger from railway accidents is in the tendency of the modern car to telescope, and in the inability of the present style of buffers to take up very severe shocks, the inventor has designed a car that will take up and break a very heavy shock without injury to itself, except in extreme cases. His buffer car is filled with powerful springs, calculated to resist ordinary pressure, but to telescope under intense strain to one-third its normal size, thus exhausting the force of the shock and saving the passenger cars from injury. The cars are to be used in pairs, one to follow every train and another to precede the baggage car, separating it from the engine and tender. The force of a collision would thus be broken, whether it should come from the front or rear.

Some very pertinent suggestions appear in the *Werkmeister Zeitung* as to the best treatment of driving belts, in order to insure the most perfect working. Thus, from the fact that the good drawing of a belt increases with the friction between belt and pulley, it is to be considered that the belt must surround as large a portion of the pulley as possible, for this reason, car-seed belts always pull better than open ones, so that, if in any way practicable, open belts should cover at least almost half the pulley. Further, if the circumference of one pulley be very small in proportion to the other this allowing the belt to cover only a small portion of the smaller pulley—a sliding of the belt frequently takes place, especially if the distance between the two pulleys be slight. Again, as a slow running of the engine makes a strong stretching of the belts necessary, a tightening pulley is frequently placed midway between the two pulleys, so as to avoid a repeated reweaving, and if a large power is to be transmitted at little velocity, a broader belt should be employed than would be necessary with greater velocity, or two belts are made to run on top of each other.

To Much Bait for His Fish.
They were passing a good story at the court house concerning a young lawyer who was admitted to practice a short time ago and recently hung out his shingle. His office isn't a very pretentious affair, but he didn't think it necessary to apologize to his friends for his little eight by ten, with several feet partitioned off for the use of his "clerk." The other day lightning struck and the door opened slowly, while a voice charged with a strong Irish accent asked if the lawyer was in.

"James" said the rising disciple of Blackstone, going up on a bench at the time, "I wish you'd step around to the First National Bank and tell them that the amount of that draft isn't quite right; it should be \$1575, instead of \$1525, and before you return drop into Mr. Johnson's office and tell him I've collected that \$3500 claim of his. While you're there step across the hall and inform Mr. Fogoball that unless that note for \$10,000 is paid in the morning I shall begin foreclosure proceedings. Don't lose any time, as I've a great deal of work for you this morning."

"Be hivin'," gasped the client prospective, who had progressed as far as the doorway into the inner office, "this be's noplax for me wid er two dollar fifty cent claim ter k'lect," and he departed.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Jack's Grievances.
How He Makes Them Known to the Captain of the Ship.
There is now but one way open for the enlisted man, bluejacket or marine who has a kick to register. He must show his hand and file his complaint in his own person or name, verbally or in writing. If twenty, fifty, a hundred enlisted men have a common grievance, they must present that grievance in delegation to the commanding officer, or in the form of a written bill of complaint, with their signatures attached to it in the order of their relative rating. In most cases the method of presenting grievances in delegation at the mast is resorted to by the enlisted men of the American navy of today. The man with the individual grievance occasionally puts his complaint in writing and addresses it to the secretary of the navy. Commanding officers are compelled by regulations to forward all such complaints to the chief of the navy—there, however, whatever indorsements thereon they elect to make.

It's generally a moderately bad job for an enlisted man to write a narrative of woes to the secretary of the navy. Such a chap doesn't frequently find his after career in the navy one long dream of peace and quiet. Enlisted men who have drawn up unreasonable complaints—even complaints not entirely unreasonable—and thus addressed them, have generally shed quite some saline tears in their hammocks afterwards over the foolishness of the act. It seems reasonable to suppose, too, for human nature is the same on sea and land—that no bluejacket or marine can possibly add to his sumtotal of comfort or happiness aboard ship by more or less bluntly informing the civil head of the navy department that the commanding officer of the vessel on which he serves is an unjust man, a bully or a man who doesn't know his business. Yet this fact, which looks so obvious, is very often ignored by rash enlisted men.

His Cousin's Independence.
Josef Hofmann, the famous young pianist, is fond of all sorts of sports, especially of skating, in which, as a boy, he excelled. When visiting St. Petersburg a year or two Josef was summoned to play before the ex-empress, the hour being named from 3 to 4 in the afternoon. It was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen over, of course, and the skating was at its height. Immediately after luncheon Josef's father found his son dressing as if to go to the palace.
"Where are you going?" he demanded.
"To play for the empress."
"But you are not going until 3 o'clock."
"Three o'clock! If I wait until then it will be too late to go skating. I'm going now."
He went. And it is not a surprise to any one who knows Hofmann to learn that he played for the ex-empress as soon as he reached the palace, and that he then went off and skated the rest of the afternoon.

NEW FOREIGN PLANTS.

EUROPEAN VEGETABLES THAT ARE DESIRABLE FOR OUR GARDENS.

They Are Not Known Here and the Department of Agriculture Proposes to Introduce Them—Novelties in Fruit Suitable for Cultivation Here Also Found

The officials of the department of agriculture, Washington, are highly pleased with the results obtained by the special agents who have been studying the seeds and plants of foreign countries with a view of introducing them into the United States. This study is being carried on with the \$20,000 appropriated by Congress to collect, purchase, test, propagate and distribute rare and valuable seeds, bulbs, trees, shrubs, vines, cuttings and plants from foreign countries for experiment with reference to their introduction into this country.

Walter C. Swingle of the division of botany has returned from a visit to the Mediterranean countries, where he studied the agriculture of southern Europe and northern Africa, and gained much valuable information. Before leaving for home he made arrangements with nurserymen to send to the United States such seeds and plants as might be called for. While studying grape culture, fig cultivation, date growing, etc., he came across a number of new vegetables which it is hoped will prove acceptable to American tastes. Of these he says:
"The crocus or stachys is a Chinese and Japanese vegetable. It has white tubers two to four inches long and the size of one's finger, but looking like a crowded string of large beads. They were imported into France, where their value was discovered by M. Paillex, a gentleman of leisure, who devoted his grounds at Crosne, near Paris, to the culture of strange and new vegetables from all parts of the world. He was so pleased with this one that he did everything possible to bring it into notice. After several years he succeeded and the vegetable is now well known in Paris. It is called after the name of M. Paillex's place. Boiled or fried and served with meat it is delicious. The plant is perfectly hardy and grows in all soils, yielding as much as five tons to the acre. Two other tubers of delicate flavor, much esteemed in Paris, are the tuberous-rooted cherville and tuberous-rooted nasturtium (the mayna of Chile)."

"In the Mediterranean countries much use is made of the vegetable marrow, of which many species are known. It is a sort of summer squash, and is eaten before fully ripe, when it much resembles a large green cucumber. Cooked and served with meat it is excellent, and no food is considered more easily digested. Many varieties are known in Italy, Greece and Turkey, as well as in Germany and England. Among other vegetables of great merit might be mentioned two species of asparagus, new to America. One of these came from Algeria, and the other from Naples, called asparagus kale, is said to be the most delicious of the cabbage family. The cos lettuce of Italy and Turkey are exceptionally fine."

Mr. Swingle also brought specimens of the pistache nut, which he thinks likely will prove of great value to California and Arizona. Large quantities of these nuts are imported for use in favoring ice cream, etc. In the Mediterranean regions they are eaten like nuts and considered even finer than the splendid almonds and walnuts produced there. Mr. Swingle thinks there is a great future for this nut when it becomes known to Americans. The choice varieties are propagated by grafting, and arrangements have been made to secure a quantity of slips for use in this country next spring.

Another novelty obtained by the department is a large-fruited over-bearing strawberry, which has been brought out in France within recent years. The ordinary varieties of strawberries yield only for a few weeks, while this one produces for months on the same stems. The two best varieties of the new plant are called the St. Joseph and the St. Anthony, and were originated not by professional growers, but by a modest country priest, the Abbe Thevolet, residing in one of the central districts of France. Lovers of catalogues will be interested in the introduction of the kirk agapanthus, melon, which has a great reputation for flavor and sweetness in the country around Smyrna. An American missionary who returned home on a visit a year or two ago informed Mr. Swingle that he had been unable to eat the American cantelope on account of its inferiority to the Turkish, to which he had become accustomed. Mr. Swingle visited Smyrna and obtained some of the seed of the noted melon, and it will be cultivated here.

Speaking of the artichoke, Mr. Swingle says:
"This vegetable is highly prized by rich and poor alike in Europe and is cultivated extensively in France and Italy. The plant is a perennial, and the fine varieties are propagated by suckers from the roots of the old plant in the same manner as pineapples. In order to introduce the culture of this much-neglected vegetable we have imported a quantity of carefully potted suckers. In spite of all precautions many died. Enough survived, however, to produce a stock which can soon be multiplied indefinitely. The New York market is now supplied from France and Italy, Naples being a heavy exporter. The absurdity of shipping a delicate vegetable 6000 miles when it can be grown with perfect success at home is evident. Artichokes have long been grown extensively around New Orleans, where there is a good local market for them, but their use as a vegetable is practically unknown in the south elsewhere."

BOERS STILL GOOD SHOTS.

So Phlegmatic That They Do Not Get Excited Under Fire.

W. H. Forbes-Townsend of Liverpool seems to be the English globe trotter of whom so much has been written, for apparently from his talk he has been in all countries. He spoke most interestingly of the Transvaal, saying: "I spent eight months there just prior to Jameson's famous raid, and became thoroughly familiar with the country and its inhabitants, although I cannot say I ever became intimate with any of them, as the Boers are absolutely the most uncommunicative people I have ever seen. I spent a large part of my time there in Johannesburg, which is a typical mining town, although it has been largely built up and has some very handsome buildings.

"The Boers themselves are very dull mentally, non-progressive and phlegmatic; this last, however, tells in their favor in battle, as they do not become in the least excited when under fire. It is a mistake to think that they have lost their ability as shots, for they practise marksmanship continually and are the most expert shots I have ever seen. I myself constantly saw the small Boer boys practising shooting on the Veldt, and some of them couldn't have been over six years old.

"I also trekked (pronounced treak-keed) up to the Limpopo river, which is the boundary line between the Transvaal and Matabeleland, for the shooting, which is the finest for both bird and beast I have ever had. I got a pretty good idea of the lay of the country, and it has the most perfect natural defences in the world. On the Natal border the few passes there are so narrow and of such a character that forty men can with ease hold themselves against a thousand, and the same is true of all their other frontiers. Then the country from its nature affords natural second lines of defence, for it is made up of successive ranges of mountains, with level plains, or veldts, between, and all the mountains can only be crossed by passes of so difficult a nature as to render it possible for a few men to stand off a large number.

"It is also a mistake to think that the Boers are unable to handle artillery. Young Boers are sent abroad for their education, and large numbers of them have studied in the military schools of France, Germany, and even England itself. As in the past, in each company of Boer soldiery a number of sharpshooters are told off whose sole duty it will be to pick off the officers of the enemy. These companies number about 100 men each. When we were in San Francisco we met a number of prominent mining men there who have been in the Transvaal and were thoroughly acquainted with the country and with the Boers and their characteristics, and while we all know that in the end Great Britain would undoubtedly conquer, we all agreed that it would nevertheless take her a long time to do it, and that the net she has set herself to crack is likely to prove far more difficult than most people at present realize."

The Gates of Gibraltar.
Quite the favorite sight at Gibraltar is the daily procession at sundown for the locking of the town gates. The keeper of the keys, looking very like a prisoner despite his uniform marches through the town in the centre of a military guard, preceded by a regimental band, which plays inspiring familiar tunes. The keys, of enormous size, are borne aloft before him as an outward and visible emblem of the vigilance of Britain in guarding her prime military treasure. On arriving at the gates, the guard salutes, the martial strains strike up with redoubled peal of triumph, while the great doors slowly swing to, and are solemnly locked for the night. Then right about turn, and the procession marches back to the convent to deposit the keys in the governor's keeping, conveying by its passage an assurance to the people and garrison that they may rest in peace. Once the gates are shut it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any unauthorized person to go into Gibraltar. Even a belated officer returning from pig-sticking beyond the lines would be confronted by so many formalities and the necessity of inconvenience so high personages that he would probably prefer to encounter the discomfort of a Spanish inn without.

Too Much Faith in a Dog.
It is not always safe to put too much trust in a dog. An Ellsworth man had a highly prized dog, and when a neighbor presented a bill for hens which he claimed had been killed by the brute the dog owner was grieved and positively refused to believe the charge or pay for the hens. A few days later the Ellsworth man was driving by the farm where the hens had been killed. The dog was with him in the carriage. He drove into the farmer's yard to prove to him that his dog was not guilty. "Let out your hens," he said, "and I'll call the dog out of the carriage to prove that he will not kill the hens." It was done. Before the dog could be stopped he had killed four. The owner of the dog, who never dishonors a just bill, pulled out his wallet and settled for six hens.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Fighting Forest Fires.
The fighting of a forest fire is about the most hopeless task human beings ever undertook. The cold truth with regard to forest fires is that once started they cannot be extinguished by anything but the rain from heaven as long as there is anything to burn. Their ravages can be lessened by prevention only, and though much ingenuity has been expended in the devising of measures to this end, nothing of real efficiency has yet been perfected in America. They do better in Europe somewhat. There, despite the existence of many extensive stretches of forest growth, the proportionate destruction of trees by fire is much less than here. This is because of stringent rules against the starting of casual fires in the woods and the enforcement of the rules by a rigid patrol system. The United States will be much older than now before any efficient forest patrol can be maintained here, though special patrols are established temporarily in some sections in times of drought. Another plan, involving the cutting of wide lanes of timber and clearing all the stumps from the ground, so that an advancing fire would be checked by lack of fuel, has been advocated repeatedly, but the scheme has never been put into extensive operation.

One reason for this is found in the circumstance that such lanes would have to be of width that is virtually impracticable in a virgin forest region. Often fiery brands are carried a mile or more when a genuine woods fire is on, and the air sometimes becomes so hot for miles around as fairly to dry the trees into flame. Twenty-foot planks, all blazing, have been known to be lifted into the air and carried a full mile ahead of the advancing fire.—New York Press.

Pink Rain.
According to a Hong Kong vernacular paper the people living outside the Lion Gate of Amoy were startled to witness pinkish-colored rain for an hour or so during a recent thunderstorm, in consequence of which the local wiseacres prognosticate that "there will be an ere of blood and war within the next twelve months for Fukien province."