

Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY

MONDAY AND THURSDAY,

BY THE

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,
FREELAND, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year\$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrearages must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The chief Samoan question at present seems to be whether Germany wants to buy out the others or to sell out her own holdings.

The South African Dutch are said to object very much to the term Boer; they prefer to be called Dutch, as they do not like to be confounded with the English expression boer.

It is said Austria intends to have a navy modeled after that of the United States. Considering the rapid improvements in the navy of the United States, Austria will be kept busy in looking after her models.

A Russian nobleman has just erected a paper house, containing sixteen rooms, on his country estate, and likes it so well that he has ordered paper furniture. The Slav gets ahead of the American sometimes, but not often.

The administration in Mexico of President Diaz has been marked by an industrial and general progress which can only be traced to his generous recognition of industries from abroad. Under the influences which he has set in motion, Mexico has evolved from being a land of feuds and revolutions, to be a respected government both on this continent and in Europe. With the Mexicans our relations should be of the kindest and closest business character; fully recognizing all of their good qualities, and feeling sure that we will be so treated in turn.

There is a reality in the friendships of families who for two or three generations have lived in the quiet intimacy which has deepened by years of helpful sympathy in varying joys and sorrows; each is to the other a certain resource in times of trouble and bereavement, over-full homes overflow into each other at weddings and festivals, and the bride of one household is the pride of all. Friend in this sense is a very real and assuring relation, and means that in all vitally important junctures the resources of two families will be actively co-operative for offence and defence.

With the sordid details of human frailty and depravity which the newspaper must give in its faithful picture of daily life are recorded deeds of heroism and self sacrifice that stir the pulse and uplift the soul. The eight Boers who, courting certain death, rushed out from the ranks of the fighting fellows to divert the British fire, and thus enable their distressed company to successfully change a position which meant extermination, gave up their lives as nobly as any heroes of history. The shepherds who died for their flocks in the dreadful blizzard in the West were also martyrs to what they felt to be their duty. When their dead bodies were found, guarded by their frozen flocks, it was seen that they had made no effort to escape, but had striven to the last to save their charges. Ranking with these in courage is the matron who in a burning house sat calmly beside the bed of a woman so ill that shock or removal would mean her death. "If there were any danger do you think I'd be sitting here?" she said to reassure the invalid, and remained while the fire destroyed the rooms directly under them before it was put out. The news columns are not all filled with crimes, venalities and casualties, and human nature is glorious after all, says the New York Herald.

Sharp retort of Gus Thomas.

Maurice Barrymore's wit is famed, but a neat little witticism at his expense, hitherto unrecorded, was Augustus Thomas' laconic criticism of one of Barrymore's plays, says the New York World.

The celebrated playwright had been mercilessly picking flaws in the actor's drama until the good-natured "Barry" winced.

"Oh, come, Gus!" he interrupted. "don't be quite so hard if it's not an 'Alabama.' Just remember that I wrote it in a week."

"Did you, Barry?" retorted Thomas. "then you must have loated."

At Wheeling, W. Va., 2,500 tons of coal per day and 2,000 tons of coke, are handled.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

"Your wife, Thornton? Why, it seems only yesterday you were carrying my books to school. What do boys know of love?"

And Nellie Rivers glanced innocently up into the face of him she addressed—as innocently as though she had not known for many a month the question just put to her had been trembling on his eager lips.

A hot flush dyed Thornton May's cheeks at her words. A flash of anger leaped into the dark eyes, a moment before so tenderly passionate.

"Flirt! Heartless!" burst in a muttered whisper from the young man's white lips. Then he rose with a dignity which seemed suddenly to have sprung into life. Without even extending his hand, with simply a low bow of courtesy, he left her, she sitting motionless, the echo of the closing of the outside door ringing in her ears strangely like a knell.

"They say Thornton May is engaged. What wonderful strides he has made in his art!"

"Wonderful, indeed. But who is the fortunate winner of such a prize?"

"A Spanish girl whom he met abroad. His last picture, about which every one is raving, is said to be her counterpart."

Such was the idle conversation at an evening party which fell upon Nellie Rivers' listening ear.

And this was the meaning of his in-

the only sufferer. Good-by, Mr. May, and godspeed!"

She the only sufferer? What could she mean?

For a moment a wild hope crossed his mind, to be extinguished the next as he glanced into the calm face and the eyes whence all trace of tears had fled, but at the hall door a moment later he paused.

He would return to disabuse her mind of this idle folly as to his engagement. So, again crossing the hall and mounting the stairs, he stood upon the threshold of the room he had left so short a time before. But, O, how changed!

Down upon her face lay the figure of the girl who had haunted him all these years, while sob after sob racked her frame.

His revenge was in his hand at last. The moment had come to mock her as she had mocked him; but surely the light growing in his eyes had no mocking ray, as he clasped the sobbing girl close to his heart.

"Is this true, my darling?" he said. "And has our game been cross-purposes all this weary time? O, Nellie, my pride would have kept me silent had you not shown me your secret. I had meant, darling, to teach you, if I could, to love me, but I forgot I had learned the lesson long ago—a lesson whose sweet teachings will guard all my future life."

Thus, with lip pressed to lip, and heart to heart, her sobs now sobs of happiness, Thornton May wreaked his revenge.—Spare Moments.



MAY I NOT HAVE THIS WALTZ.

difference, when she would have made atonement for the past—for the folly of a girl who did not know herself, and who had learned the lesson only through four years of bitter suffering, of which this was the end.

"Dreaming, Miss Nellie, and alone? What does this mean?"

It was his voice which broke upon her reverie, his eyes resting on her, from whom, at any cost, she must hide the truth.

"I am growing old," she answered, lightly. "Like yourself I have put away childish things, though, unlike you, I have not assumed fresh responsibilities, upon which, by the way, I believe you are to be congratulated, although you hardly deserve it for keeping such a secret from your friends."

"You speak in enigmas. Of what do you speak?"

"If so, it is a Spanish enigma, and painted in lovely characters, however calligraphic they may be."

"O," a sudden light breaking in upon him, "you speak of my picture. And does rumor give her to me as my bride? I am indeed, then, open to your congratulations. But come, as I am not yet a Benedict, may I not have this waltz?"

"And this is my revenge?" thought Thornton May, as a few hours later he sat alone in his bachelor apartments moodily surveying the dying embers in the grate. "I, who fancied her voice could no longer thrill or her beauty move me, have but riveted the chains I thought struck off from me forever. Tonight how indifferently she congratulated me upon my supposed engagement! Had things been different how charmingly my pretty model might have helped out my plan! I will put the ocean between us ere, in my weakness, I once more give her the right to mock me."

"Going away, Mr. May? Have you tired so soon of your old friends that you must desert them? But I forget—some one is waiting for you."

"Yes," he answered, "I must once more say good-by, but this time, Miss Nellie, I hope you will add godspeed. I have not forgotten our last parting, though I hope my folly has long ceased to be remembered. You were right. It was a boy's presumption, and I must thank you for my lesson."

EARNINGS OF PLAYWRIGHTS.

More Than One Drama Has Coined Its Author Over \$100,000.

Dramatists of established reputation write plays only upon order. Their ordinary pre-payments are five hundred dollars upon the delivery of a scenario, and five hundred dollars more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations," writes Franklin Fyles, of the Theater and its People, in the November Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to the author. But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually five per cent, payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned one hundred thousand dollars for its author. A dozen have yielded fifty thousand dollars each; three times as many, twenty-five thousand dollars, and a goodly number, ten thousand dollars."

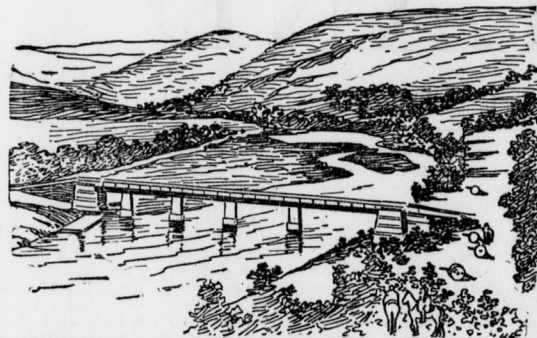
Hints for Women Doctors.

A well-known physician in New York City, who during a small lifetime of work has accumulated a fortune, attributes her success to "sick-room manners." Her advice to young doctors is to maintain a cheerful and sunny disposition, a hearty manner, and bright, interesting conversation when in the sick room. Also, that before she leaves she must not fail to return to the subject of the patient's illness. People who are half sick—and there are more of them than of any other kind—are morbidly sensitive about the condition of their ailment, and the popularity of the physician depends greatly on her manner. Another successful physician claims that an important phase of the doctor's sick-room conduct is never to be in a hurry. No matter how great the provocation might be to hurry, she must never appear to do so. The tiniest appearance of neglect or indifference will ruffle the patient's temper, and the physician is likely to lose.

Impolite Interruption.

New York World: Tramp—Lady, I'm hungry, an' I'm lookin' fer a chance to work—Lady—Very well; there's the woodpile. Tramp—Lady, it ain't perille to interrupt. I was jest sayin' I'm lookin' fer a chance to work somebody fer me breakfast.

THE BRIDGE AT COLENSO.



Colenso is on the line of the railroad running from Ladysmith to Pietermaritzburg and Durban. The key to Colenso, and likewise one of the most vulnerable points on the railroad, was the bridge crossing the Tugela River, upon which stream the city of Colenso is situated. This bridge has been the subject of much anxiety to the London War Office, owing to the dependence of the position upon its safety. The bridge is built of iron lattice work and tubing, supported by piers of masonry. Colenso is in Natal, seventeen miles south of Ladysmith.

Laha, Favorite Game of Filipino Children.

How It is Played.

Children are a happy lot almost anywhere, and the Filipino pickaninies are no exception to the rule. They laugh and shout just like other children and play their games. Something like "tag" is very popular, and then there is a play called "laha" in Tagalog, which is the language of the country folk and the fishermen and all the natives who are not living in Spanish families.

Laha is the game some of my little neighbors were playing Saturday after school, writes Harry A. Armstrong, the Manila correspondent of the Chicago Record. I went to take a picture, and when they saw the camera there was a scattering, and it appeared as if I had broken up the game. But this was not so, for presently the lively troop came back. One little girl, however, was very tardy and the others waited for her. After awhile she came, all dressed up in a "husa" cloth gown, which trailed out behind. Over her shoulders she had thrown a pina shawl. She seemed very proud of her finery and her poses appeared very self-conscious, but perhaps that was due to the stiff gown, which reached to the ground. The accompanying picture shows her and her gown as the children threw the shoe to see who should "stand." The toe of the shoe was to tell, and it fell pointing to Eness, a graceful girl of eight years, and full of life and sport.



PLAYING THE GAME OF LAHA.

Excitement as one of the players slipped past "laha." Shortly she was slipping past Oihay, and after awhile by Vahedis, and Bitruana was darting about to keep out of reach of Eness.

After the photographs had been taken Bitruana slipped into her house and changed her stiff gown, and when she came out she was clad as the others. It was with much vigor, and little, if any, restraint that she danced in the center of the field and cried "Tobegontobegontobegon," and then sidled off to the right, while she kept her eyes on the left line. Suddenly she whirled like a wink and caught Oihay as she was crossing from right to left, not knowing that Bitruana was looking. So the game went on, and this time Vahedis was the last and by and by she was caught.

The logic of wit is the most destructive logic that is employed against error. This was aptly illustrated at a public reception given a few nights ago, at which a learned lawyer, who is slightly lame in his right foot, was present. The advocate overheard a lady say to her companion, "That is Mr. C., the lame lawyer."

Turning around he replied, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross-examination of an old lady, when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark: "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."—Philadelphia Call.

Drying Clothes by Balloon.

One of the large laundries in the suburbs of Paris has adopted this means of hanging its clothes up to dry above the contaminated atmosphere of the French metropolis.

Wasted Effort. "When my wife gets to jawing," said the man with the frayed cuffs, "I preserve a dignified silence."

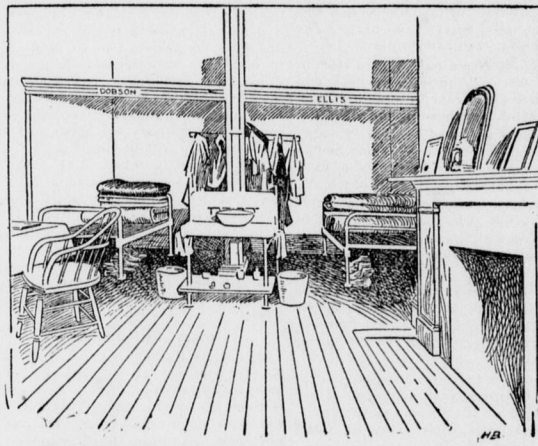
"Yes, I heard about it," said the man with the blue overalls. "I heard your hired girl telling our hired girl that you was the best hand at settin' round an' sulkin' she ever seen."—Indianapolis Journal.

Simplicity of Cadet Life at West Point Academy.

Spartan simplicity is the predominant feature of cadet rooms at West Point. They are furnished alike. There are no decorations in one that cannot be found in all the others. A millionaire's son has no more privileges than the poorest lad whose brains and physical perfection secured his appointment.

No furniture or ornaments are allowed in rooms except those called for by the regulations. Everything in a cadet's room is purchased out of the pay he receives from the government. No ornaments are allowed on the walls, but a few photographs may be placed on the top shelf of the clothes press. Each cadet must make up his bed after reveille. Mattresses and blankets are folded neatly and piled against the head. Shoes are lined parallel on the floor by the side of the bed. An alcove furnished with hooks provides a place for uniforms. The hooks are numbered for each garment. Night clothes and one clothes bag for each cadet hang on pegs next to the bed. A small clothes press, having four shelves, stands against the wall near the door. This press holds the remaining belongings of the occupants.

The mantel ornaments consists of a neat frame giving the hours of instruction, copies of the army regulations, U. S. M. A. regulations, blue



TYPICAL QUARTERS OF UNCLE SAM'S FUTURE MILITARY OFFICERS.

Two cadets occupy a room. The selection of room mates is left to the cadets themselves, the authorities claiming no jurisdiction.

Each cadet takes his turn as room orderly weekly. The orderly is responsible for the general order and cleanliness of the room. He must see that the ventilation is perfect, that the lights go out at taps. Upon him rests the responsibility of dust appearing on the shelves. He must not allow his room mate or any visitor to stand at the window in shirt sleeves, and whatever is done in the room he stands accountable for.

Formerly cadets were compelled to scrub the floors of their rooms, but civilians are now employed for that purpose. This is the only evidence of luxury that has cropped up at West Point during the century of its existence.

Two Stories of Lawyers.

The logic of wit is the most destructive logic that is employed against error. This was aptly illustrated at a public reception given a few nights ago, at which a learned lawyer, who is slightly lame in his right foot, was present. The advocate overheard a lady say to her companion, "That is Mr. C., the lame lawyer."

Turning around he replied, "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the common pleas courts the other day. The lawyer for the defense was making a very lengthy cross-examination of an old lady, when he was interrupted by the judge with the remark: "I think you have exhausted this witness."

"Yes, judge," she exclaimed, "I do feel very much exhausted."—Philadelphia Call.

Drying Clothes by Balloon.

One of the large laundries in the suburbs of Paris has adopted this means of hanging its clothes up to dry above the contaminated atmosphere of the French metropolis.

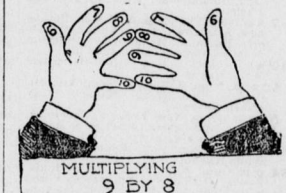
TO MULTIPLY WITH THE FINGERS. An Ingenious System Used in the School of Poland.

A Polish mathematician has invented an ingenious system whereby large sums may be multiplied on the fingers with much less trouble than with pen



or pencil. The system bears the name of its inventor, Procopovitch, and has been introduced into the schools throughout Poland. A little study of the illustration will enable any one to do sums. Children are required first to mark the numerals on the ends of their fingers that they may remember them more readily, but adults can get along without this aid by memorizing the position of the numbers.

The system is not used for multiplying numbers of less than six, since such problems can readily be done mentally. The fingers are numbered as follows:



The two thumbs represents 6, the index fingers each represent 7, the middle fingers 8, the ring fingers 9, and the little fingers 10.

To multiply any two of these numbers the fingers representing the multiplier and the multiplicand are placed together. Beginning with the fingers placed together, one counts the number of fingers, including these two and moving toward and including the thumb. The sum will be the number of tens, or the first numeral of the product.

A certain number of fingers still remain below the fingers which have been joined. The fingers remaining on one hand multiplied by the number remaining on the other will give the number of units, or right-hand unit of the product.

In multiplying 8 by 9, for instance, the middle finger of the right hand is placed against the ring finger of the left hand, as shown in the illustration. Counting the number of fingers above



those placed together and including these, we obtain seven fingers, or 70. There are now remaining two fingers on the right hand and one on the left, which when multiplied give two. These two, added to the number of tens, give 72, the product 8 by 9.

The New Government Printing Office.

The new Government Printing Office will cost about \$2,000,000, and it is said that even after its completion it will not be large enough to meet the demands upon it. The new building will be eight stories in height, and its floor space will be about nine acres. The floors will sustain a load of 85,000,000 pounds. The building will be constructed in such a substantial manner that the entire space can be filled with paper and books without injuring its stability in any degree. Access to the various floors will be obtained by twelve electric elevators. The building will be lighted with 7000 incandescent lights. A refrigerating plant will furnish cold filtered water on every floor for drinking purposes. A large crematory will destroy all the refuse material, and this will aid in heating water, etc. It is hoped in time that Congress will appropriate the money for modern typesetting machines, but it is probable that when the census is complete and the reports published, the equipment of the census printing office will revert to the Government Printing Office.—Scientific American.

His Impartiality.

"What I want to see," remarked the man of theories, "is an equal distribution of wealth."

"That's exactly what I want to see," answered the man with so much money that he could never find time to count it. "Did you ever meet my partner in business? He's a fine man. I'd like to see all the wealth in existence divided so that he'll have one half and I the other."

The Men Who Shout.

The men who are too anxious to fight before the battle opens are often conveniently absent when the fighting begins.—The Pathfinder.

In consequence of the law allowing wild ducks to be killed nine months a year, those birds are said to be on the point of extermination in the marshes of Michigan.