

Freeland Tribune

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The demand for technical education is growing in every civilized country.

The housekeepers' alliances that are being formed in our large cities are also discussing methods for bringing about the broader education of the woman who presides over the house.

The Shanghai Mercury, a secular journal that, as it frankly says, holds no brief for missionaries and is not concerned with the motive or motives that underlie their activities, declares that missionaries are not only the best auxiliaries of the government from which they come, but also are the most important advance agents of commerce.

The marvelous speed of forty-three miles an hour acquired by the new British torpedo boat destroyer, the Viper, marks a new era in warship building.

It is well that the dead of the Maine are to be brought home for sepulture in their native soil.

Within the last few months the number of accessions of new college Presidents have been extraordinary.

The old-fashioned college President was expected to be an all-around man. He must be a profound scholar, a clergyman and an expert in human nature.

London newspapers just now are filled with incidents of the Boers, most of them far from flattering.

Many women earn comfortable salaries by packing trunks for guests at large hotels.

Thrilling War Stories.

A Tale of the Santiago Campaign, Written Exclusively For This Paper by OSCAR HATCH HAWLEY.

"THE MAINE GUY."

RECRUITING business did not proceed with lightning-like rapidity at Tampa, for the principal reason that there seemed to be a dearth of applicants for admission to the ranks of the regular army.

A dozen regiments were encamped here, and not one of them had its full quota of men.

"Say, Jack (every stranger is 'Jack' in the army), don't you want to join the Ninth, the 'fighting Ninth'?"

"The 'fighting Ninth,' the 'bloody Tenth,' wouldn't that jar you? Why say, Jack, the 'scrappy Twelfth' is the only outfit around here.

"Looks like one," said Mango Pete after a critical survey of the approaching form.

"Tangle in the family, though," commented another.

"Who is he?" chorused the others incredulously.

To the officer who enlisted him he gave the name of St Bender, and his home at Jacksonville, Fla.

The first day in the awkward squad had the drill sergeant swearing mad most of the time.

"The Maine Guy was a good-natured fellow, and never objected to his nickname.

Sometimes, after conversing with the Cubans, Bender would sit down in front of his peep tent and tell wonderful stories that he had heard.

Then there was 'the story of the red machete, a wonderful weapon carried by a Spanish officer.

Mango Pete and the Maine Guy had pitched tent at Seville as soon as the march was done and fifteen minutes later were off with bag and canteens to find good water and some ripe mangoes.

"Well, Pete, this looks some as though we would have a walk-over going into Santiago, don't it?" remarked Bender.

"The sure does," was the reply. "Them greasers ain't no earthly good. Got big streaks of yellow in 'em, all of 'em."

"Still, Pete, you know they used to be hot stuff. I'm thinking that they'd give us a good warm reception even now, only there are not enough of them, and they haven't food, nor money, nor much else, except lots of ammunition, I guess."

"Of course, if they do make a stand at all," said Pete slowly, "they're liable to be quite a death rate around here. You see they've got guns that shoot like sin. Just as good as ours. Better, maybe."

"Yes, but even at that I think most of the men would welcome a good hot scrap."

"Not 'em," replied the Major, harshly; "I do. 'What do you want?'"

"I told you then I'd prove it if I ever had a chance. And I had the chance to-day. I love the old flag, Major, and I'd fight for it any time, but I can't do it again. Won't you take back what you said about me, Major? I am no coward and Kitty never believed I was."

"Lieutenant," he said at last, "forgive me if I have wronged you. No, you can't be a coward or you would not have sought a soldier's death."

"I say, Pete, what do you think of this?" shouted Bender.

"I may need you to-day. Give my compliments to Captain Steele, tell him that I've relieved you from duty with his command, and then report here again immediately."

Then there was 'the story of the red machete, a wonderful weapon carried by a Spanish officer.

Bender had taken a rifle and joined a company of the —th, advancing and fighting with all the vim of a seasoned warrior.

"The red machete!" yelled Bender, catching sight of the weapon in the Spaniard's hand.

"You know me, don't you?" said Bender, weakly.

"And, and, Kitty," whispered Bender faintly. "Is she happy?"

"Yes, Lieutenant; I think so." Tears were streaming from the Major's eyes now. "And you will soon be with her."

"Dead?" "Yes."

The burial squad was a much befogged lot of men when given orders that night to bury Private Bender with honors of an officer.

Lieutenant J. C. Bender, Co. I, 16th Infantry, U. S. A., Died in action, July 1, 1898, A gallant soldier.

As to Caddies. Some time ago a newspaper stated that Mr. A. J. Balfour, M. P., had been presented by a certain institution in Scotland with a pair of "silver mounted caddies," and was promptly made the butt of his witty contemporaries.

"Congratulations." It was a letter in answer to the announcement of the engagement of a young man, and sent to the girl to whom he had previously been engaged.

"The value of Mr. Gage's kindness to 'those speculator fellows' in Wall street is almost beyond estimate.

THE BANKERS' TRUST

HOW THE SLEIGHT-OF-HAND WORK IS DONE.

The Game of Robbing the People Through the Issue of Notes That Can Be Contracted at the Will of Wall Street Thereby Driving Down Prices of Farmers' Products.

In his annual report United States Treasurer Roberts says: "It is vital to the cause of sound money that clamor for more government paper should find no excuse in existing conditions.

Is this the end of wisdom on this subject? Why do not the banks meet the demand under existing law when it is supposed to be legitimate?

The reason is, says the treasurer, because bonds are high and the banks can get only \$90 in notes for every \$100, face value, of the bonds they deposit as security, though they cost in the market, say, \$112.

But by what natural or supernatural process do Mr. Roberts and the other officials arrive at the knowledge that these measures would give the banks just the right profit to induce them to issue the notes necessary for the relief of the market?

From the Wheeling Register: That venerable Republican, John Sherman, still continues to act the part of thorn in the administration flesh.

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THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

Returning home at close of day, Who gently chides my long delay, And by my side doubts to stay? Nobody!

Who gets for me the easy chair, Spreads out the papers with such care, And lays my slippers neatly there? Nobody!

When plunged in deep and dire distress, When anxious cares my heart oppress, Who whispers hopes of happiness? Nobody!

When sickness comes and sorrow taints, And grief distracts my fevered brain, Who sympathizes with my pains? Nobody!

But I'm resolved, so help me fate, To change at once my single state, At Hymen's altar I will mate Somebody!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

"He has very decided views, hasn't he?" "Yes; they are decided by his wife."—Tit-Bits.

Wary of life, she yearned to die. Why live and with each moment sigh? Home came her new frock—just the style—Her exit is postponed awhile.

Some people are born free, some achieve liberty, while some are weaker than Great Britain, and have liberty thrust upon them.—Detroit Journal.

"I'm unworthy of your love," he softly said. As the question to the maid he popped, "Well, I don't doubt it," she softly replied, "And right there the figures stopped."

"You say that the figures don't lie. Well, permit me to flatly contradict you." "May I ask your business?" "I'm a dressmaker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A spinster, eighty-two years of age, was lately married in Manchester. She said she was "determined that nobody should ever call her an old maid."—Fun.

First Watchdog—"Do you bark in your sleep?" Second Watchdog—"No." First Watchdog—"Too bad! Now, I do, and the family think I'm awake all night."—Pack.

Short—"I wish I had money enough to pay my debts." Long—"Is that all you want?" Short—"Certainly. Then I could go ahead and contract some new ones."—Harper's Bazar.

Gentleman (to house agent)—"The great disadvantage is that the house is so damp." House Agent—"Disadvantage, sir? Advantage, I call it. In case of fire it wouldn't be so likely to burn."

Mamma (sternly)—"Don't you know that the great King Solomon said, 'Spare the rod and spoil the child?'" Bobby—"Yes, but he didn't say that until he was grown up."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

"The inmates of Sing Sing print a newspaper." "Well, is any different from any other paper?" "Yes; composed of longer sentences, and the editors are not allowed to keep any old files."—Chicago News.

Author—"You have no idea how many stamps I use posting my manuscripts to various editors." Critic—"Very likely. I think there ought to be excursion tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates."—Tit-Bits.

The man with the gun and the man with the hoe. Have recently filled up the stage, as we know; But just about now, as a factor of power, The man with the wishbone's the man of the hour.

Dr. Ends—"There is nothing serious the matter with Freddy, Mrs. Blakely. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything." Mrs. Blakely—"Yes, doctor; an' will I give it to him before or after his meals?"

"Is your father at home?" asked a caller. "What is your name, please?" inquired the little girl. "Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill." "Then I reckon he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Unsophisticated Professor. "I had a peculiar case in court the other day," said a lawyer from a sister city. "An old Irishman named Callahan had gotten into a row with his landlord about his rent. The landlord was a fussy little ex-college professor, totally unversed in the ways of the world, and he was imprudent enough to send word that he would have the family evicted and he called for discharging personally. He came along, armed, and said that he had first met Mrs. Callahan, who told him her husband would do him no harm, upon the strength of which he had waited for his return. When Callahan came in he promptly gave the visitor a beating. The old Irishman and his wife were both arrested, and I appeared for the defense. The ugly feature of the case was the alleged effort of the woman to lure her caller into a trap, but when put on the stand she denied the landlord's story in toto, and swore point blank she had warned him that her husband proposed to punch his head. Both parties seemed perfectly sincere in their statements and I was somewhat puzzled. I finally decided to cross-examine the ex-professor. 'Now, recollect to us, I said, 'exactly what Mrs. Callahan told you in regard to her husband.'" "She assured me positively," replied the landlord, "that he had no intention whatever of molesting me." "But she didn't say it in those exact language," "Well, sir," said the witness, beginning to get flustered, "she gave me to understand—" "Oh! never mind that," interrupted the judge, "give us her own words." "Very well, sir," replied the witness, "she said, 'When Mike comes home he won't do a thing to you!'" When the judge got through laughing he let the prisoner off with a reprimand.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

For the week ending Nov. 3, the trust record showed organizations aggregating \$62,000,000.