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Chicago is to send her hotel waiters to afternoon schools.

The Central Presbyterian church of New York City has inaugurated special early services for Saturdays for the benefit of servants. It is a good idea which other churches should imitate.

Venice can never have a trolley car, but she is about to take up a substitute through the abandonment of the picturesque gondolas which have come down from the times of the Doges and the adoption of electric launches.

Mr. Ball, the amateur English golf champion, has been ordered to South Africa. This is a move in the right direction. A regiment armed with golf bags stuffed with the weird clubs proper to the game would strike terror where a galling would fail to make an impression.

A Hungarian philologist, Dr. Anton Velcs, thinks he has discovered the original language of man. He has found that the great groups of languages, Indo-Germanic, Semitic, Hindu, and Altaic, are all based on between 200 and 300 ancient Chinese roots, some of which have disappeared from the Chinese language and are now only found in Japanese.

In the London hospital for consumption the basis of treatment is rest in the open air, graduated exercise, and good feeding. No window in the open-air wards is ever closed, and during the cold weather the consumptive patients are kept warm with extra clothing and artificial heat. It is encouraging to note that practically all the early cases and 70 per cent. of all cases improve considerably under the open-air system.

There exists at present in Germany, distributed in 605 places, 861 schools and institutes wherein manual training is carried on in 1514 workshops. Of this number, 836 schools and institutes conduct the training on a pedagogical basis. Prussia has 570 manual training schools, spread over 435 places and distributed among 596 workshops. Industrial centres take the lead as follows: Prussia, Upper Silesia, the Silesian Province and the Kingdom of Saxony.

Someone has said that when a man becomes a criminal, the earth seems to be made of glass, or similar to a plain on which snow has just fallen, and which reveals every footprint of the fugitive seeking to escape. The contemplation of these similes must be a fearful thing to the wrongdoer, and it cannot be denied that the almost certainty of detection and retribution is a strong preventive of crime. The universal fallacy that a man can flee from crime and escape its consequences is being rapidly dissipated. The great resort for defaulting bank cashiers and other dime novel heroes used to be Canada, and when once a man had crossed the frontier he was supposed to be safe. But very little time elapsed before the United States arranged an extradition treaty with our northern neighbor, and the same agreement has been entered into by nearly all of the civilized countries of the world. A man must be indeed shrewd and resourceful these days to escape the long arm of the law. Modern methods of pursuit and detection have materially improved and it really seems, in one sense, that the world is growing smaller.

Blew Up a Mountain with Dynamite.

The blowing up of a mountain by dynamite was witnessed by several hundred guests of the Pike's Peak Powder company. A dam was constructed across Beaver creek, near Cameron, Col., and a novel plan of reducing Vesuvius Butte to building was hit upon. A tunnel, 160 feet long was run into the bluff and 30,000 pounds of dynamite were planted at the terminus. The shock of the explosion shook the hills of the great gold camp. It was a novel sight.

The Intransigent states that 211 French army officers are fighting in the Boer army or are on the way to the Transvaal.

WHEN CLOUDS HANG LOW.

When clouds hang deep,
Dense, thick and fog-like o'er the sun,
We do not weep,
But say that when the day is done,
The clouds will vanish and the sad earth
borrow
fresh splendor from the sunshine of to-morrow.

When clouds hang deep,
Dense, thick and fog-like o'er thy soul,
Thou shalt not weep,
But say that soon the sullen clouds will
roll,
Forth and away, and thy sad heart its sorrow
forget in the bright sunshine of to-morrow.

—Bismarck Tribune.

POLLY'S HIGHWAYMAN

DERRINGER was the first object to catch my eye when I glanced casually into the pawnbroker's window. The little, old-fashioned pistol lay on a square of black velvet between half a dozen watches and a tray of forfeited rings. Its handle, delicately inlaid with silver, its stubby barrel, exquisitely engraved, and the absurdly low price marked on the ticket beside it combined to make the pistol a temptation beyond my resistance. I stepped under and made it mine, thinking, as I put down my money, of it hanging by a blue ribbon beneath the semitars picked up by Polly heaven knows where and how, that made warlike one corner of her room.

When I gave Polly the derringer she was delighted. When I spoke of the blue ribbon she sniffed.

"Well, hardly. I shall carry it," she said. "That is, on dark nights when I go out alone."

"But it won't shoot," I objected. "The nipples' broken." "It will scare, and that's just as good. I shall carry it."

And carry it she did, again and again. Once when I laughed at her she shrugged her shoulders indifferently and returned: "You can laugh now, but just wait. Something will happen some time, and I'll be glad I had it."

Polly slipped the derringer into a pocket of her long coat, took up her purse and the letters she intended mailing, and marched down into the darkness of the street. She had not gone over half a block toward the drug store, whither she was bound for stamps, when a dark figure emerged from an alley she was passing and fell in directly behind her. Polly quickened her pace, and her right hand slipped down into the pocket of her coat and found comfort in grasping the pistol's butt. The man slouched up behind her.

"Please, lady, could you help a fellow out a bit?" he asked gruffly. Polly shrank from him in alarm. "I haven't anything," she said, hurriedly, and started to move rapidly away.

He sprang about in front of her. "Give me your pocketbook," he demanded, making an attempt to snatch it. But Polly was on her guard, and thrust the hand that held the purse behind her back. He seized her by the left shoulder and attempted to put a hand over her mouth. She slipped out the derringer and thrust it directly into his face.

"Take off your hands or I'll shoot," she ordered. The man hesitated, then stepped back. Polly covered him with the pistol.

"I just think I'll keep you here and call for a policeman. Don't you try to run. If you do I'll shoot."

The man stood silent and unmoving. Polly looked him over indignantly. "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself, you great big man, to try to hold up a woman?" she demanded. "You wanted money, of course. Well, why didn't you take it from a man, then—some one of your own size?"

Polly could see that one foot was scraping uneasily on the sidewalk and that he was looking down. "I had to have money," he said, doggedly. "I couldn't take it from a man—I ain't strong enough."

"Oh, come, now. You look big and strong."

a week, a haggard face with sunken eyes and cheeks and a chin that had begun to droop. It was the face of a broken and starved man, and the look of recklessness upon it became it illy. The coat was buttoned and a pin held the collar closely about the neck.

"You say there is a wife and children?" Polly asked slowly.

He nodded. "But, see here," he demanded, roughly, "what are you asking me these questions for? It ain't none of your business."

"Oh, yes, but it is," Polly returned, confidently. "You see, I want to know. You say they hadn't anything—they were hungry?"

Again the head nodded. "And she's sick," he added, briefly.

"You were trying to steal for them?"

"I couldn't let 'em starve," he returned, apologetically, yet defiantly. "Of course not. You did just right. The man that'll steal for his wife and babies, if they're hungry, is enough better than the man that won't." She nodded her head at him approvingly.

He stared at her in wonderment, and his loosely-hung under jaw dropped down. "You think so—really?" he asked slowly.

"Why, of course."

"And—and if you had a wife and some kids you'd steal for 'em?" He was much in earnest.

"If I had a wife and some kids I'd steal for them," Polly returned, promptly. "That is, if they were hungry. Of course I would."

The man scraped one foot upon the pavement nervously. "Then you think I ain't so bad?"

"Bad?" Polly spoke enthusiastically. "Why, you're good! You're fine!"

He stared at her with the look of one who cannot understand. "Well, you're a queer 'un," he said.

But Polly did not even hear her words. "Do you know, I think I owe you something," she declared. "I ought to have had something for you to take, and I ought to have let you take it. I didn't have anything and you didn't get anything, so I'm in your debt. Now, you come and walk up the street with me to the place where I live. I want to pay up."

The man's face showed even greater wonderment than before.

"You mean you want to—give me something?"

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Gallantry in the Philippines.

IN October Major Howard, of the United States forces now in the Philippines, took the Oceania down to Arayat, in Luzon, and from there started to slowly struggle up stream against the swift current, with two great cases of supplies. It should be remembered that this boat was unarmored. She had one Nordenfeldt five-barrel rapid-fire gun on her, which constantly jammed, and which the insurgents had learned was ineffective when they had fired upon her several times in the lower courses of the river. There were two as intrepid white men in charge of her as ever fired a gun—Sergeant Harris in command and Engineer O'Neil, who had been one of Young's scouts. The rest of the crew, five in number, were Filipinos. With Major Howard was his civilian clerk, Chamberlain, and two civilian blacksmiths, who were going up to report to the cavalry regiment. The cases were furnished with a guard of twenty armed soldiers, but, unfortunately enough, they were all beneath the heavy bowed mats which cover this class of boat—invisible, and useless in the event of an attack.

The boat whistled as she rounded the great bend at the mouth of the Rio Chico, which stretches off toward Tarlac, as a warning to the Oeste, less than a quarter of a mile above. Major Howard sat in a chair at the bow of the boat; Chamberlain sat near him, but toward the right, and slightly screened by the awning from the high river bank on the left, only seventy-five yards away, and was talking to one of the blacksmiths.

There was a blinding volley from the nodding grass on shore. Four men in the boat fell—Major Howard, shot through the great artery near the heart; Chamberlain, through the shoulder and arm; the blacksmith, through the back and abdomen, and the pilot, in the forearm. Every man in sight at the time had been hit.

Major Howard staggered to his feet, ghastly white and gasping. He moved toward Chamberlain, who lay paralyzed by shock on the deck, but who screamed in excitement, "Oh, Major, you are shot!" The Major's only answer, as he fell to lie silent forever, was "For God's sake, keep her going, whatever you do!"

The Filipino pilot dove into the hold. Sergeant Harris rushed for the quick-firing gun, grabbing another Filipino on the way and placing him at the wheel. He fired one volley from the gun; then it jammed. He took off the feed cases, pulled the empty cartridges with a hand-ejector, reloaded it by hand and fired two volleys through the canvas awning above him, as that was the only way he could elevate sufficiently to reach the ambushed enemy. The second steersman was shot through the back, and a third one was forced to the wheel by the sergeant; then the wheel itself was shattered by a bullet; but still the launch forged ahead, and the brave sergeant fired two parting volleys at three hundred yards.

O'Neil, as soon as he got his frightened Filipino firemen and assistants in the engine room straightened out, bolted on deck, grabbed a rifle, and standing exposed on the stern of the boat, fired shot after shot where the grass was lit up with the flashes of guns.

The gallantry of these two men was of such a remarkable nature as to place them well within the category of heroes.

As they rounded the bend of the river, and came in sight of the Oeste, the latter opened up with her revolving cannon in the general direction of the firing. Lieutenant Simmons had been afraid to fire earlier for fear he might strike the Oceania.

The guard on the cases clambered out, one by one, through a hole, like rats in a trap, before the firing entirely ceased, and answered the fire from the bank.

The enemy had made a clever move, strictly within the limits of civilized warfare; they had attempted to capture an armed launch and their antagonists' subsistence supplies, which they would have holed up the Rio Chico to a point near Tarlac. They failed, but they killed one of the best quartermasters in the army.

Nightly Deed of a Boy Hero.

As knightly a deed as minstrels have sung was that of Willie Cochrane, four years old, who gave his life a few days ago to save his baby sister. His doughty deed of chivalry was done in a crowded Brooklyn street, and the hospital and police reports tell the tale.

Willie went to market with his mother, Mrs. Alfred Cochrane, as evening was falling. His little sister Cora, two years old, had clamored to "go, too," and Willie held her hand as they crossed Myrtle avenue from their house, at No. 263.

While Mrs. Cochrane went into a store the children stood on the sidewalk.

"Look! There's auntie!" crowed the baby sister, and trotted across the street to meet Mrs. Cochrane's sister, who was approaching the house. Willie glanced up the street and stood for a heart-beat's time in horror. A trolley car, rushing down the steep grade, was almost upon little Cora.

Willie's body was hurled high in the air and fell at one side of the track. The car rushed ahead for a block before the brakes could work.

Mrs. Cochrane, running wild-eyed from the store, saw her eldest baby bleeding in the street. One of his legs was terribly crushed and his face was bleeding, disfigured by many cuts. The mother—she is only twenty-one years old—fainted at the sight. Willie was in the Brooklyn Hospital when she recovered.

Then they told her she was wanted at the hospital. The boy's leg must be taken off, they told her, and her presence was necessary. Nerving herself for a new ordeal she hastened to the place. A nurse met her at the door.

"Your brave little darling will suffer no more," she told the stricken mother. "He is dead."

The shock was too much, and Mrs. Cochrane was carried unconscious to another bed in the ward where her son lay.

"You will be proud, for all your sorrow, to be the mother of that boy," said the house surgeon, to rouse her. But this was her hour of lamentation, when heroic thoughts do not comfort.

Raced Two Miles to Save a Woman.

George Denble, trackman on the Hudson River Railroad, whose home is in Poughkeepsie, saved a woman's life recently in a heroic manner. He was at work on the tracks at Low Point when he saw a neatly dressed middle-aged woman start to cross the river on the ice. The steamer Tremper had just passed south, plowing through the chopped ice in the channel. The woman walked directly toward the channel, as if she meant to try and cross it on the cakes of ice.

Denble watched her until he saw her walk into the channel and sink, clinging to the ice floes. He ran down the track to where a train stood on the old Troy switch. He uncoupled the engine and started down the track to where he could get a row-boat. This he got about a mile south of where he saw the woman struggling in the ice choked channel.

He induced a man who was walking the track to accompany him out to the channel. Together they shoved the boat over the ice until the channel was reached. Looking up the river, they saw the woman apparently clinging to the ice and being swept along with the current.

The men hastened to her assistance and managed to lift her into the boat, in which they soon brought her to safe ice. The woman was nearly overcome with cold and fright. Her hands were cut and bleeding from contact with the ice. Denble and his companion, whose name he did not learn, took the woman to Low Point, where she was put to bed in a hotel and cared for. She said her name was Anna Bedford, and that her home was in Ulster County.

Averted a Kaffir War.

At this moment, says the London Chronicle, the following anecdote of the famous Sir Harry Smith, after whose wife the town of Ladysmith is named, may not be without interest.

The Kaffirs had shown a tendency to rebel, and Sir Harry summoned the chiefs to a conference, and arranged a speech about the greatness of England. At a proper place he was to touch the spring of a galvanic battery carefully connected with some kegs of gunpowder placed under a wagon which was to be blown to pieces. Sir Harry commenced his speech. The crisis arrived. The connection was made; but, unfortunately, the wagon was only tilted on end. Notwithstanding the failure of the carefully rehearsed drama, the interview did not come to an end without a real theatrical performance. One of the chiefs ventured to express a doubt of the intentions of the British. This was too much for Sir Harry. Carried away by a fit of rage, he drew his sword, and, presenting it at the naked breast of the savage, he swore he would run him through if he did not there and then take an oath of obedience to the Government. The assembled chiefs were cowed by the unwonted outbreak. One after another they subscribed the required submission, and Sir Harry's wrath—Mr. Nixon, the traveler, who tells the story, says—averted a Kaffir war.

Told by an Engineer.

"To run over a man—perhaps that's the only thing of all that shakes me," said an engineer. "To see him on the track within ten or twenty feet of you; to know that you can't stop to save him; to feel the wheels of the engine go over his body, crumpling out his life—a man doesn't want to experience that more than once in a lifetime."

"It's worse with a child. There was an old mate of mine in the West, when I was riding in the Union Pacific—never mind his name, he's dead now. As good an engineer as ever stood in a box, cool as the devil, nerve like steel, had been through three wrecks, a hold-up and a fire. Well, one day Jim was a little behind his schedule, and made like anything for the next stop. There was a crossing right in front of him. He saw that everything was clear, as he thought, and went right ahead, when all at once, out of a clump of trees, there ran a little golden-haired fairy right in front of the engine. It was all over in one instant, and when the train stopped Jim dropped like a log. It was two months before he crept back again to work. But he could never come to that crossing but he saw the little girl with her hair fluttering in the wind, running out from the trees. And one day he just got off his engine," turned it over to the second man and walked away, never to be seen again until his body was found in the river."

Russian soldiers are supplied with handkerchiefs at the expense of the Government.



Household Talk.

INCREASING VOGUE OF LAMPS.

The manufacture of lamps has increased to a wonderful degree. The great bugbears about lamps are the chimneys and wicks; on these and on the kerosene odor depend the objections. All of these may be readily overcome. A perfect chimney for any lamp should be as large in diameter as the brackets of the burner will permit; it should be as high as convenient, and not too narrow toward the top. The cost of maintaining a lamp in daily use is not more than one-eighth that of any other illuminant. It is also the only true artificial light for the eyesight. Soft and untriting, steady and mellow, it is most grateful to the eyes.

As to the best colors in globes, yellow or white gives the best results. Green is not so desirable, and although much affected by students and others who burn the midnight oil, it is easy to be seen that the area of illumination is contracted, while in the daytime no lamp can show to advantage when hooded in the dark shroud of the green glass. There are about eighty-five styles of burners on the market, and the great trouble is with the wicks. This is a crucial test of patience to the housewife or the maid who has the care of the lamps. Re-wicking, which is necessary so often; the care of the wicks, rubbing the wick each morning; the charred portion, which insists in falling on the burner with the intelligence of original sin; the gummy substance which forms on the tubing around the wick—all these are exasperating trials. All these may easily be overcome by a few simple rules, so that almost any lamp will give satisfaction.

First, be careful to see that the wick space, or tube, is perfectly straight and even, so that the wick will not bind anywhere. Next see that the draught support is perfect and adequate to support a large flame. Also, do not neglect to have the reservoir at least two-thirds full of oil. Lamps are many times blamed for giving a poor light when the whole fault lies with the maid who did not feed the lamp enough food to support its life. Last and well nigh most important of all, see that you have the proper wick. It should not fit the space too tightly, should not be woven too compactly, and should be made of a material as nearly non-combustible as is practical.

Lastly, the housewife who really understands the care of her lamps will give the reservoir a thorough cleaning once a month, and if the wick has become clogged with the waste matter it has drawn up, she will replace it with a new one. Properly handled, nothing will give so much real pleasure and such a sense of harmony as the lamp, while, for decorative purposes, nothing can compare with it.

When it is required to prepare dessert on a busy day, apples stuffed with almonds are simple and satisfactory. Pare and core them, fill with chopped almonds, and sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake until tender, dipping the juice over them frequently to form a glaze, and when perfectly cold serve in whipped cream.

Hints For the Housewife.

The colder eggs are the quicker they will froth.

Dried orange peel, allowed to smolder, will kill a bad odor.

Flowerpot stains may be removed from window-sills with fine wood-ashes.

Jars kept for the use of creams should be thoroughly cleaned when emptied.

Empied in acroni has a yellowish hue, does not break white cooking, and swells to twice its bulk.

To keep the kitchen pipes free from grease, mineral oil should frequently be poured down the sink.

Mustard water is useful for cleansing the hands after touching onions or any other malodorous substance.

All cake tins should be lined with evenly buttered paper before baking. All good cakes should have a sheet of paper placed on the top.

If a wooden pail begins to leak, fill it with water and then stand it in a tub of water. This will swell the wood and it will leak no more.

THE TABLES TURNED.

(A Twentieth Century Drama.)
The woman she sat in her dusty den,
Her papers all scattered about,
While she toilsomely sought, with pipe and pen,
To straighten her business out,
When a sudden cry
Of agony
From her husband smote her ear—
"Help! Help! Be quick!
Oh, it makes me sick!
I shall die if you don't come here!"

The woman she strode across the floor,
An anxious frown on her brow,
And she tenderly said, as she opened the door,
"What troubles my Poppet now?"
For perched on a chair
High up in air
That frantic man she found,
And he gave a shriek
At every squeak
Of the mouse that played around.

"Just look!" he sobbed, with his coat held high,
As he peered on the tip of his toe;
"What a savage jerk of his tail! Oh, my!
It will run up my clothes, I know!
How his eyeballs glare!
And its mouth—see, there,
Oh, it's going to jump! Be quick!
Thus the man wailed on
"Till the mouse was gone,
Scared off by the woman's stick.

The woman she smiled at his pretty fears
In a fond, superior way
While he strove to check the bursting tears,
As he breathlessly watched the fray.
Then the man to the floor
She slipped once more,
And lovingly kissed and caressed.
Her strong arm she wound
His frail form around,
And he wept out his fright on her breast.
—Harlem Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

She—"I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself." He—"But you weren't married to a woman."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Casey—"See here! that dollar you lent me yesterday was a counterfeit." Cassidy—"Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?"—Judge.

Now the plumber rules the roost,
The leaman's reign is o'er;
But it's fun to see the plumber at
The haughty leaman's door.
—Chicago News.

Knicker—"Wonder why Cholly's so popular with the girls? He can't even express himself." Docker—"No; but his father can pay the freight!"—Pack.

"She pays her butler \$5000 a year." "Yes; there are so few butlers who are really competent and yet look less important than her husband."—Detroit Journal.

"I'd lay my life down for you," protested the poetical lover. "Yes," argued the practical maiden, "but would you lay down the carpets?"—Philadelphia Record.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an eloquent Q. C., "remember that my client is hard of hearing, and that, therefore, the voice of conscience appeals to him in vain!"—Tid-Bits.

Harry—"I've got an awful big appetite, grandmamma; can't you lend me your spectacles?" Grandmamma—"What for?" Harry—"To make this piece of pie bigger."—Judge.

Teacher—"Yes, Johnnie, we get milk from an animal called the cow." Johnnie (a pupil from the country)—"But, teacher, if you don't know how to milk you get kicks."—Harlem Life.

Bacon—"Some people carry a joke too far." Egbert—"Yes, Penman carried one to fourteen different newspaper offices, I understand, and didn't sell it even then."—Yonkers Statesman.

An astonishing incident occurred during a recent fire in a piano warehouse. A fireman who had no previous knowledge of music picked up the hose and played on a piano.—Philadelphia Record.

Customer (in a rage)—"When I buttoned your coat for the first time it split down the back!" Clothing Dealer—"Indeed? It must be, then, that the buttons were sewed on too strongly."—Filegenna Blaetter.

"Now, William, isn't this coffee as good as your mother used to make?" "It is better than that she made at home, Ellen—much better. But it isn't as good as that she used to make for church socials."—Indianapolis Journal.

Professor—"There's one more question—and the last!" Student (greatly pleased)—"Yes, sir!" Professor—"It is this. How could you have the assumption, with your ignorance of the subject, to attempt to pass this examination?"—Der Fioh.

"Freddie," said his mother, severely, "didn't I tell you that you shouldn't ride your bicycle to-day, because you were naughty?" "This isn't my bicycle," said Freddie; "it's Tommy Jones's. We've exchanged just for to-day."—Harper's Bazar.

Her Nice, Gentle War.
She was a pretty girl, pretty enough to attract the attention of two young men who were walking up West End avenue. And she was expostulating with a small fox-terrier which was tugging at his strap.
"It's nice to see a girl talking in that confidential way to a pet, don't you think?" said one of the young men.
"Decidedly, I do," was the rejoinder.
By this time the pretty girl was almost abreast of the two and her sweet and earnest tones were distinctly audible.
"Now, Teddy," she was saying, "if you don't behave, I'll break your head for you."
The young men passed on in silence.—New York Mail and Express.

Lunatic Postoffices.
In the lunatic asylums of Belgium there are securely locked boxes in which every inmate may deposit letters of complaint. Three times a week these letters are collected by outside officials, who investigate every case, and if a person asserts that he is not insane a prompt examination ensues by medical experts.