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It is gratifying to observe a remarkable expansion in the legions of golf players. Golf clubs have multiplied East and West and North and South, and every new golf club is a wellspring of pleasure and gain to the community.

Of a man running for coroner in Colorado a local paper said he was "as pure of heart as any angel that ever spread his spotless wing in the golden realms on high." The man was so pleased that he held four inquests before election.

An Indianapolis newspaper tells us that "Robinson Crusoe" is the favorite book with the boys of that city. This announcement is not in the nature of a surprise. The same thing might be said of the boys of any other city where the English language prevails and English literature is known.

Broad-minded statesmen do not agree with the general belief that the British Empire would be weakened by capitulation to the African republics, or even by a cession of territory. On the contrary, it is pointed out that the empire has continued to expand in spite of reverses such as were suffered in the American revolution and in the South African affairs during late years. Russia lost 500,000 men in the Crimea, yet it has developed in every way since 1853. British prestige has suffered before now, and probably must suffer again. But this, it is contended, does not mean imperial disintegration.

The motor car has now been so thoroughly tested under different conditions of work that the public is able to judge for itself of the comparative value of the different forms of competing motors which are in the field for recognition. The requirements of a practical automobile are so numerous and differ so widely, according to the service to which it is to be put, that it is at present impossible to pick out any particular type of motor and say that it is best for every type of work. Not only does the service differ, but there is now, and will be yet more markedly in the future, a wide difference in the requirements of the user. The present indications are that certain types of motors will become identified with particular forms of service.

Their Names Misleading.

It is quite generally known throughout Orange County, New York, that the Goshen Independent Republican is a Democratic paper, while the Goshen Democrat is of the Republican faith. That this fact is not known by everyone is evident by the following from the Independent Republican: There came into the office of the Independent Republican not long since a gentleman who desired to have his name enrolled upon its list of subscribers. But as the new subscriber took his departure he was moved to remark: "One of the things I have no use for is a Democratic paper." Evidently he had been deceived by the name of the paper. The joke seemed good enough to tell to Brother Will Mead of the Democrat, who checked and said: "That's nothing; we had orders lately for \$2.50 worth of work from a man who said he'd never give a Republican newspaper a cent's worth of work if he could help it."

With the threatened exhaustion of ivory in Africa, a supply is opening up in Siberia. Tons of fine ivory are found of the mammoth Elephas primigenius. Hundreds of frozen carcasses are found crowded and jammed in certain spots.

Mourn a Racing Hawk.

All last summer and during the early fall the attention of passengers on the Black Diamond express was called to a hawk which every day flew along by the train rushing through Lehigh valley on its approach to Mauch Chunk. The train crew said the bird was racing, and bets were always pending on which would reach a certain point first. The hawk never won, but renewed the contest daily, and, as though acknowledging defeat, would mount into the air and swirl round for the backward flight. One day, a few weeks ago, it flew on with the train, as usual, when suddenly it was seen to halt and quiver, then fall. It was found soon afterward shot through the head by some wanton huntsman. All the train hands mourn this bird as though it were a personal loss.

Europe is beginning to realize that the British Empire has a distinct and very positive meaning apart from Great Britain.

The Government educates for their callings only two classes—farmers, to feed and clothe the people and enrich the nation, and soldiers and sailors to defend its life.

The fertility of our soil, our rainfall, the salubrity of our climate and even the health of our people depend in large measure upon trees, and yet we do almost nothing to protect our forests.

According to a ruling of the First Assistant Postmaster-General postmistresses who get married must resign their offices. The ruling does not apply to postmasters. A protest from the gentler sex is in order against "that brute of a man."

The Mormon husband is assumed by his doctrine to have the right to designate those of his wives who shall have the privilege of accompanying him to a future world and those who shall be left behind. It is small wonder that the Mormon wives seem so obedient and approving.

The development of iron, coal, copper, gold and other mineral properties in which the South is immensely rich has only fairly begun. Many millions were invested in such enterprises last year and there will probably be an even greater amount this year, observes the Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

It has been estimated that last year enough candy was purchased and consumed in the United States to give every man, woman and child in this country four pounds apiece. A well-known New York confectioner, in talking about this estimate, says that in the last six months of last year \$20,000,000 worth of candy was manufactured and disposed of in New York City alone. He estimates that the total output for the year in the United States is worth \$75,000,000. He is convinced that the American people have a sweet tooth and the money to satisfy it.

The farmer was the first producer, and he is likely to be the last. Before there were towns and cities, before there were factories, the farmer was earning his own living by the sweat of his brow, and depended on nothing whatever but the labor of his hands. If all the cities of the world, all the ships of the sea, all the arteries of commerce, all the channels of trade, all the manufactures and industries were to perish from the earth, the farmer would be able to maintain himself, and would gradually produce, as he has already produced, the wealth necessary to recreate them. By means of the products of his toil, the cities and towns would be rebuilt, the channels of trade would be restored, and after a time things would be as they had been.

The cranky customer is met with frequently enough in the dry goods store, but it is seldom that even the worst example becomes absolutely abusive. Otherwise, perhaps, we should of heard before of such a snit as that which was decided in Philadelphia the other day, in which a saleswoman in a large department store in that city sued a customer—a wealthy woman—because the latter had abused the girl behind the counter, says the Dry Goods Economist. The saleswoman sued her trader for \$10,000 damages for defamation of character, and received a verdict for \$12,500, being the amount claimed, plus interest and expenses. The salesgirl had never seen the customer before, so that the anger of the latter evidently arose merely from a bad humor which she has now found to be a costly luxury.

Inspired by the large dividends paid by cotton-mill corporations in the Carolinas, the people of Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi are showing much interest in the organization of cotton-mill companies in those States. In Louisiana one new mill will begin operations soon with 2500 spindles, while two other companies of a like capacity hope to spin yarn by next September. As many as twenty-five companies are reported to be in process of organization in Texas. In Mississippi there are about five new mills under contract, with ten others about organized, and seven others in course of organization. These will represent an average of \$100,000 capital each, though one has \$200,000, and one \$125,000, and another \$110,000. One idle mill in Mississippi will start soon with 12,000 spindles, and nearly all of the others have enlarged.

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a malady to be cured. To leap to heights that were made to climb; To bloom and blossom for us to wear; And then we wonder and ask the reason why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We force our roses, before their season; We crave the gain, but despise the getting; We want wealth—not as reward, but dower; And the strength that is wasted in useless frothing; Would we build a forest or build a tower.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE FAMILY PISTOLS.

BY EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON



Burghs, of the Pale. Now the Burkes and the Kilbrodys did, for at least six hundred years, regard duelling as an admirable custom.

Barry's parents emigrated to Canada soon after Mr. Parnell began his anti-rent agitation, which deprived the major of every penny of revenue except his half pay as a retired officer of the British army. They settled down in Cahogie because it was a little place, with nothing that the Burkes called society to put them to expense, and yet with a reasonably good school for Barry, their only child.

Among the family relics were a pair of long, old, saw-handled, flint-lock duelling pistols, which reposed in a polished mahogany box in the major's untidy little den. Often he discoursed of them affectionately to Barry as the "good old family pistols." The major spoke with a delicious brogue. "Faith, the world has althured, Barry," he would sadly say. "It's a hundred to one you'll never have a chance to show the spirit of the Burkes and the Kilbrodys. Your father's son would, of course, scorn to defend his word except with the weapons of a gentleman—but you'll never have a chance, me boy. Sure, your grandchild will have to remember me as the last of their ancestors that went out with his nan."

Had Mr. Charles Davidge, the young master of the one-roomed Cahogie grammar school, ever heard the major discoursing in this way, he would probably have been more polite with Barry in the matter of the pearl-handled penknife. When Mr. Davidge missed it, the boys were all in their places on one side of the schoolroom, and the girls in theirs on the other. The time was late in the forenoon.

Mr. Davidge was about to call up the class in Virgil, when he missed his pearl-handled knife. He felt in his waistcoat side pockets, he slapped his coat pockets, he searched his trousers pockets, he lifted the sloping cover of his desk and looked inside, he turned over his books, papers, and pencils and pens all in vain. Then he began to recall his proceedings during the forenoon.

Had the knife not been in his hand while he was tracing out on the map for the Greek class the march of Xenophon's army to the sea? Yes, he was sure it had been. What, then, had become of it?

Had it been pocketed by one of the Greeks? The boys of Cahogie school were not all above suspicion.

Barry Burke was the head boy in Greek, but Mr. Davidge did not suspect Barry for a moment, nor, indeed, any pupil in particular. But the sharp-bladed knife was gone. The master at once began to inquire for it; but he did not wish his pupils to suspect his suspicions.

"Burke, have you seen anything of my pearl-handled knife this morning?" Mr. Davidge spoke gently and cheerfully.

"No, sir," said Barry, after a few moments of reflection.

"Did any of you Greeks see it in my hand while I was at the blackboard just now?"

"I did," said three voices at once. "Humph! It's very strange! Did any of you notice what I did with it?" No one answered. Perhaps Barry was the only person in the room who had not already surmised that Mr. Davidge suspected some pupil.

At this Mr. Davidge became nettled. "You seem to be fencing with me, Burke," said he, sharply. "Why, you almost force me to suspect you." "Of what, sir?" "My knife is gone."

Up to that moment Barry had not conceived that the master suspected some pupil. The schoolmaster's remark struck him with the effect of a slap in the face. It was clearly an innuendo. He stared hard, while the pupils drew a long, audible breath, then dashed his hand down on the desk so forcibly that his ink-bottle jumped from its hole, and rose to his feet.

"You will give me satisfaction for this insult, if you have any pretensions to be a gentleman!" said he, furiously. "You shall hear from me shortly."

Then he stalked out of the amazed school, with his head very high, while Mr. Davidge said, "Stop, Burke!" and all the pupils chuckled at the absurdity of the young Irishman.

Barry's father invariably left the house for the day on Monday morning, after breakfast. His mother was almost as eager to escape the odors of washing-day. Both were absent when Barry sat looking at the old pistols.

Because the priming-pans of the old pistols were rusty, Barry went to the kitchen to clean them. There he could find hot water, a fire and coal-oil.

Barry washed the pan of one pistol, laid it down and took up the other. When this had been rubbed a little, he put it down and retook the first. Its pan was not likely to dry soon, and so Barry determined to burn a little powder under the flint.

He went back to the mahogany box, and brought away its little silver powder-flask. Then he knelt beside the stove, put a few grains of powder on the priming-pan, and snuffed the flint.

The pistol, loaded years before by the major in some idle moment, had thrown its charge against a leg of the stove. Its butt flew out of Barry's hand, hit him in the stomach, and knocked the breath out of him. He fell against the stove just as it was tottering on the leg that had been shattered by the heavy bullet. Down came the stove; and the whole boiler-ful of scalding water poured over Barry's neck.

Barry lay a second, dazed with the blow of the pistol butt and his astonishment at the crash. The scalding water did not instantly pierce through his clothing. When it did he rose and ran shrieking from the house.

The suffering, which extended from his shoulders down his back and rapidly ran along his legs, was so intense, and increased so dreadfully as the boiling water penetrated his skin, that he could not continue the notions of taking off his clothing. He had indeed torn off his coat, and tried to get rid of his waistcoat; but by this time he could only scream and run in agony.

He knew not where he was going, nor was he conscious of anything except his pain, when he ran steaming into the arms of Mr. Davidge. The water was still so hot to the schoolmaster's touch that he needed no more information of the boy's plight. Next instant Mr. Davidge had cut Barry's waistcoat straight down the back, and was operating on his shirt.

"Don't move, Burke. My poor, dear boy, don't move," he kept saying. "I must cut your shirt away. There's no time to peel it off. Your skin would come with it. That's right. Oh, you brave boy, to stand still when so tortured!"

Barry thought he must faint, but he was still conscious that the eyes of the school were on him, and that those of the little schoolmaster were wet with tears.

"Here, Jackson! Here, Scobie!" cried Mr. Davidge. "Are your penknives sharp? Quick, then! Cut down the arms of his shirt. Be careful. Oh, my poor, dear boy! Now then, very carefully, lift away the pieces of cloth. Dear Lord, how terribly he is scalded!"

As the cool wind blew on Barry's red skin he fainted dead away. Then the schoolmaster laid him down, face to the grass, and lifted all the rest of his clothing from the boiled back.

When the flour came Mr. Davidge had Barry lying on his face on the bed. The schoolmaster covered the scalded back thickly with flour.

"There, that will keep the air away from the burns," said he, just as Barry came back to his senses. "Where am I?" "You are fearfully scalded, my dear boy," said Mr. Davidge. "I beg of you to lie quite still—don't move at all."

"Oh, I remember! Oh! My! My! My, how it hurts!" "Don't cry, darlin', don't cry," said Mrs. Shaughnessy, weeping. "Cry as much as you please, Barry. It will help to relieve your nerves," said Mr. Davidge.

But now Barry's senses had fully returned, and he set his teeth with determination to utter no sound of agony.

"You stopped me, Mr. Davidge," he said. "Yes. And I carried you in."

"Then," said Barry, coolly, "you've found your pearl-handled penknife. I saw it in your hand."

"Good heaven, Burke, so you did! I have it!" cried the schoolmaster, taking it out of its customary place in his waistcoat pocket. Into that receptacle he had unconsciously dropped it after using it to cut Barry's clothing off, but in what pocket he had unconsciously found it is a mystery even unto this day.

"I beg your pardon from the bottom of my soul," said the little schoolmaster, in a tumult of grief and shame. "I must have misplaced it."

"I accept your apology," said Barry, very gravely. "A gentleman can do no more than apologize handsomely. Go—oh, how it hurts!"

"Thank God, here's the doctor!" said Mr. Davidge.

But the doctor had nothing new to advise.

"You have probably saved his life, Davidge," said he. Six weeks passed before Barry was again at school. He brought a better code of ethics back with him, for, thanks to his suffering and his gratitude for the constant ministrations of the little schoolmaster, he had opened his heart to Mr. Davidge, and they had discussed the question of duelling thoroughly. It is not necessary to specify the whole argument with which the master ousted the "old family" notions. Enough to quote a few sentences from Mr. Davidge.

"Barry, the bravest course is to endure and not to wish to revenge insult. Religion teaches that very plainly, but I want you to see that it's a case where religion agrees, as usual, with sound common sense and decent pride. Remember these two lines:

No decent, sensible and well-bred man Will ever insult me, no other can."

"The man who insults another is a ruffian, then?" said Barry, quizzically.

"Precisely."

"Well, then there can be no duel even by my father's code," smiled Barry. "for it says that a gentleman should never challenge a ruffian."

"Faith, I'd like to know what my grandfather would say to the point?" said the major, who had overheard. — Youth's Companion.

Some Piscicultural Facts. No Government enterprise has made more rapid progress than fish culture. In 1869 the Commissioners estimated the shad crop of the Hudson River to be worth \$7000. What is more toothsome than a shad? In 1895, twenty-six years later, the shad taken from the "American Rhine" weighed 4,000,000 pounds, and at ten cents each for backs and twenty cents for roes, the catch was worth \$185,000. If you want to see a sight in the shad season go to Undercliff and spend the day. Take a boat and row through the squares miles of shad poles on the western side of the river. Shad average 30,000 eggs apiece, but a single fish has been known to produce as high as 156,000. A codfish produces as many as 9,000,000 eggs at one time. The muscalonge averages about 109,000, though they sometimes go as high as 300,000. Little fish are distributed by the National and State fish commissions in America by hundreds of millions. How are they counted? They are not counted. The eggs from which they are hatched are measured by the quart, all loss is dead eggs being deducted, and by actual count it has been determined how many there are to one quart of any species. — New York Press.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Great Lion Hunter's Peril. BIG game hunting is a fascinating sport," said B. B. Clapp, of San Francisco, to a New York Tribune reporter, "and the hunting of lions particularly so, although the manner of following the sport, as well as the nature, habits and fierceness of the beasts, differs with differing climates.

"With possibly the exception of Solue, probably the greatest lion hunter generally alive to-day is a young chap named Greenwood, and, although an experience he had a year or two back came near to finishing him, he is still as enthusiastic a sportsman as ever. At that time Greenwood was hunting desert lions in Somalia—or Somaliland, as it is sometimes called—just opposite the Gulf of Aden, in Northern Africa.

"These lions are utterly stalked, for when the spoor on the desert is once struck the hunter follows steadily on the spoor itself, while a half mile on either flank are his beaters, whose duty it is, if possible, to turn the beast back toward the hunter should he make a break in their direction. Greenwood started on a lion's spoor at 8 o'clock one morning, and after a steady chase, about 2 o'clock they caught sight of his kingship crossing a distant hillock. These particular lions are apparently very intelligent, and seem to realize that the man following their spoor is the danger with which they have to deal, and they hardly ever give any attention to the men on the flanks. Out on the desert it grows terribly hot, and the gritty sand gradually works in between the lion's toes and makes him lame, and, as daytime is usually his sleeping time, these things combine to make him up into a great state of rage. As Greenwood came steadily on, the lion allowed him to get nearer and nearer, before taking to his heels, and finally he crept up under a bush and refused to budge. This is always the signal that he will show fight. Together with the beaters Greenwood closed in, and within long range dismounted, for a horse under such circumstances is restless, and presently the lion charged. The first shot struck, but glanced on the hard head bones; the second missed, and then Greenwood went down under that fearful weight. Although the lion took three bites on his arm from shoulder to wrist, Greenwood retained his presence of mind, and, rolling over on his stomach, held the butt of his rifle tightly over his head. True to his instinct, the brute in a moment attacked his head, and chewed the rifle butt to splinters, at the same time clawing his back. At this juncture the beaters arrived and killed the lion. Then they stripped Greenwood and rubbed sand into each wound and managed to get him back home. The sand was used to keep the wound open until proper medical attendance could be secured, and it must have been the best thing to have done, for when I saw Greenwood last he was completely recovered; and beyond the fact that one of his arms was slightly withered, seemed none the worse for the experience."

Tattooed by Patagonian Savages. The physicians of the Polyclinic Hospital are about to undertake the removal of tattoo marks from Thomas Ladbourn, who arrived in Philadelphia on the British ship Centurion from Chile about a month ago. Ladbourn is beyond dispute the most heavily tattooed man in America. His face, body, and limbs are covered with weird devices.

In the early part of this year Ladbourn shipped as a sailor on the British steamer Kurdistan, then on a voyage to the west coast of South America to load a cargo of nitrate for Philadelphia.

Captain Linteales did not take a pilot at Montevideo, as is generally the case when steamers go through the Straits of Magellan. He intended to find his own way among the maze of islands which lie off the southern part of the wild Patagonian coast, and in doing so found that the voyage was a perilous one. He did not dare to sail at night for fear of grounding in those unsurveyed waters. Fortunately at sunset every night he dropped anchor. The crew of the Kurdistan had ample time to go ashore. Every morning they would take their guns and make excursions into the country beyond the beach.

Ladbourn, who was an expert marksman, always accompanied his mates, and they frequently returned from his companions. He was lost in a wilderness of sand hills and stunted trees. While wandering helplessly about he was captured by Patagonian cannibals. What befell him while in their hands he told to Captain Goodchild, of the Centurion, when he succeeded in reaching Valparaiso. The natives did not desire Ladbourn's death, but contented themselves with tattooing him with every conceivable design under the sun. He escaped from their hands and reached the coast of Chile in a trading-bark.

Captain Goodchild of the Centurion was short of men, and shipped Ladbourn for the Philadelphia voyage. When the steamer reached here he was turned adrift. The police of the Second District had their attention called to the man about two weeks ago, principally from the fact that his appearance struck terror to

the children of the down-town streets. The surgeon and the ward physician examined him in the roll-room of the station-house, and were astonished at his appearance. Nine colors were used to make the pictures which Ladbourn bears on his body. On his breast he has a figure closely resembling the signs of the zodiac, while his back bears an almost identical representation of the winged lion, typical of Assyrian sculpture.

The latter is regarded as the most surprising feature of the case. How the natives of the lonely South American peninsula could conceive an allegorical figure thought to belong to only Babylon and Nineveh gives it a mysterious aspect. Nevertheless there is no doubt entertained about the truth of Ladbourn's story. The Kurdistan has since returned to Philadelphia, and her Captain reported that he had lost a man on the Patagonian coast who was not tattooed. He is familiar with the adventures of Ladbourn, having heard them while in Chile. — Philadelphia Times.

Heroic Acts of Hospital Nurses. "Hospitalers teem with tales of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty," says an Indianapolis physician, "but nothing is ever heard of them on the outside simply because they are considered in the regular line of duty, and little is thought of them among the nurses. Here are two out of many cases which occurred in my 1899 practice:

"Only about a year ago a nurse sacrificed her life to save several typhoid fever patients, and did it knowingly. It was after the Indiana troops returned from the South, and some twenty-six cases of typhoid fever among the soldiers were taken to the hospital, making at that time forty-six cases in the building. The soldier cases were the worst, and required constant attention. The nurses worked night and day. This girl scarcely left her ward. The superintendent ordered her off duty, but she came back and said her place was on the ward, and there she stayed. She had one interesting case, among the others, which every one else had given up. As soon as convalescence had been established this nurse was taken down with the fever. I saw her the next day, and she told me then she would die; that she had given all of her strength and vitality and had nothing to fall back on. We did everything in our power, but she died in three weeks.

"Not long ago a patient, a surgical case, was brought in one evening and put in a ward. Next morning he developed a violent attack of delirium tremens, and while the night nurse was preparing to put him under restraint the man slipped from his bed, seized a heavy window stick and ran down stairs. The nurse heard the noise and saw the man as he turned the stairway, brandishing his club. She, instead of calling for assistance, ran down stairs after him. She could hear him charging across the grounds. It was pitchy dark, but she caught the man before he got off the grounds, with much difficulty persuaded him to return with her, and finally lodged him in the strong room before sending for the house physician. She said afterward that she feared if she waited to call help the man would get clear away from her, and might injure some one."

A Doctor's Heroic Death. In a recent interview Sara Bernhardt, the actress, related the following incident which occurred during her late visit to Portugal: "As an 'thinking,' she said, 'of the death of Dr. Pestana. You know he died of the plague. Queen Amelia was present till his last breath. It was she who told me of his last moments. The unfortunate man was wonderful. From hour to hour he pointed out the phases and the symptoms of the disease which was carrying him off. 'I have yet twenty minutes to live,' he said. 'Notice such and such symptoms. This is what I feel.' The horrible suffering which he experienced did not in the least disturb his composure. 'Still ten minutes,' he said. 'It seems that this symptom has not been properly described. Notice; notice carefully,' he said to the five-minute physician who attended him. Five minutes before the end he felt that death was coming. Without moving a muscle of his face (I) he turned to the Queen, who was sobbing.

"Adieu, madame," he said. 'I am very grateful to your Majesty for coming to my bedside. Adieu, adieu, my boy! The tetanic spasms are about to seize me. Adieu. You have observed everything?' he said again to the physician. 'Describe exactly the convulsions which you are about to witness.' 'Five minutes later this hero was dead. He was thirty-five years old. Portugal will mourn him for a long time.'

A Puma Story From Paraguay. The puma or mountain lion of the Andes is naturally an affectionate and harmless animal, and is often domesticated, and some of the ranchmen in Patagonia and Chile often tame them and train them for watchdogs. An extraordinary story is told of the tyrant Francisca, who ruled in Paraguay for many years and was notorious all over South America for his cruelty and craft. It is said that a tree in the forest where she would either starve or be devoured by wild beasts. After she had been out about ten days he sent a scout to see what was left of her, and, much to his astonishment, it was found that she had been fed and protected by two pumas, male and female, and had suffered in no way except from exposure and fright. The pumas brought her raw meat from the animals they had killed and slept by her side each night like watchdogs.