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FREELAND, PA., MAY 7, 1900.

The War Ended Again.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"I have held the opinion for some time that the thing is entirely over," is General E. S. Otis' latest declaration concerning the war in Luzon. Only General Otis knows just when he began to hold that as an opinion, but all the world knows that he has announced it as a fact about once a fortnight for the last year. When Malolos was abandoned by the Filipinos and occupied by the Americans about twelve months ago General Otis notified the war department that "the backbone of the insurrection is broken," and sent several brigade commanders home by the next steamer. A few days later he called for more troops. His reports of the end of the war and demands for reinforcements have alternated with rhythmic regularity ever since.

In confirmation of General Otis' opinion that the war is entirely over comes the report of a peaceful little affair at a church in which all but ten of a company of thirty American soldiers were killed by besieging Filipinos. It would be interesting to know just what General Otis means by "all over." He says he cannot see where it is possible for the guerrillas to "accomplish anything serious," from which it is to be inferred that he does not regard as serious the killing of American soldiers in batches of twenty.

It is well that General Otis is coming home. He has had two years in which to demonstrate his remarkable and comprehensive incapacity for the work of pacifying the Philippines, and it is time to try a new man and an improved line of policy in Manila. Notwithstanding his opinion that "the whole thing is over," he says conditions are unfavorable for the establishment of civil government. He has found frequently that native officials appointed by the Americans have acted secretly with the insurgents, and some of them actually were insurgents.

This singular old man contradicts himself in almost every sentence he utters, and makes such a jumble of his story that it is impossible to learn from him what the condition of affairs in Luzon really is. For example, he says Aguinaldo was unwilling to pursue the course planned by the Junta at Hong Kong, "because it would be dishonorable," and in the next breath he says Aguinaldo is a mediocre man, "with a knack of outwardly appearing honest and honorable."

Columns might be filled with similar examples of General Otis' inability to think straight or to talk even plausibly, but it is not worth while. It is enough that his reign in Manila is "entirely over."

The deep interest which Republican politicians are taking in the nomination of a legislative candidate by the Democrats of the Fourth district should be taken as a warning by the party that one or the other faction of the Republican side wants to gain some advantage from the Democrats' convention. The man who offers himself for the nomination with nothing more to recommend him than the whispered announcement that he is "for Quay" or "against Quay" is not the kind of man wanted. The Fourth district is a laboring district, and by right a Democratic district, and the Democratic nominee should be a man whose principals are Democratic as fully as W. J. Bryan's and whose sympathies and self-interests are with the masses. Some other kind of a man, such as a Quayite or anti-Quayite, may be nominated, but the nomination will fall to arouse any enthusiasm among the working element of the district, and without the support of the laboring people a Democratic candidate cannot win in the Fourth.

Hazleton is taking steps to increase its representation in political conventions by having several of its wards divided into two election districts. This recalls the fact that Freeland's ward-gerrymander, by which four-sevenths of the voters have secured four-fifths of the representation in council and school board, and which also makes the majority party in town an insignificant minority in these bodies, has not yet been corrected.

Council will meet this evening. The protection of property on the Hill from fire is the most pressing question that can come before it, and it is about time that the jobbing clique which controls that body should size up to their duty. Valuable time has been frittered away since the citizens voted their consent to protect the Hill. Why?

The judge elected in Luzerne next fall should be his own master.

ENGLISH AS SHE RHYMES.

A farmer's boy, starting to plough,
Once harnessed an ox with a cough;
But the farmer came out,
With a furious shout,
And told him he didn't know how.

In a manner exceedingly rough
He proceeded to bluster and blough;
He scolded and scowled,
And declared he'd have none of such stough.

At length, with a growl and a cough,
He dragged the poor boy to the trough,
And ducking him in
Till wet to his chin,
Discharged him and ordered him ough.

And now my short story is through—
And I will not assert that it's rough—
But it's chiefly designed
To impress on your mind
What wonders our spelling can dough.

And I hope you will grant that although
It may not be the smoothest in fough,
It has answered it's end
If it only shall fend
To prove what I meant it to though.

—St. Nicholas.

FATAL EVIDENCE.

The smoking compartment of the palace car speeding northward was filled by our own party. Influenced by the result of the trial for weeks engaging public attention our conversation had for its subject the evidence and value of circumstantial evidence. It was not long before it became an irregular debate in which as many diverse opinions were expressed as there were participants—all of our number save one, and he the only lawyer of our party, a man of sedate manner and conservative habit of mind.

An appeal was made to him to settle the disputed points, and after some hesitation he said:
"Your discussion has interested me. Permit me to say without offense that your subject has been discussed as I would have expected laymen would. That is to say, your logic has been influenced by your emotions, sentiments and sympathies aroused by this particular case. Your appeal to me is merely a question, asking whether or not I believe in circumstantial evidence and you expect my answer to be a condemnation or confirmation of the verdict in this case. That sort of an answer I decline to make for the reason that I am not sufficiently acquainted with the evidence in that case to pass a judgment even to the extent of satisfying my own mind. Let me make answer in another way by reciting to you an experience of my own when I was a young member of the profession.

I began the practice of my profession in a Western county—a rural county, since there was within its borders no large town or city. It adjoined a county, however, within which there was a large city, the influence of which, for good or evil, was felt in our county. Having struggled for a few years I was appointed assistant district attorney and entered on my duties with great enthusiasm for my work and a high respect for tradition and the authorities. In a year's time through the serious and prolonged illness of my chief, the responsibility for the administration of the office devolved on my shoulders.

This was the situation when the office called on me to consider the case of Henry Crossman, murdered on the highway, about ten miles from the town of our office, midway between the railway depot and the next station next above our town. He had been stabbed to death in a most brutal manner after, as was evident, a short fight for his life. A farmer, passing to the station with produce, found the body just after daylight. A short distance from the body was found a dirk knife of unusual make and in his pocket a letter threatening his life. His money, watch, chain, jewelry and valuable papers were found undisturbed, putting robbery as a motive out of the question.

"The dirk knife was quickly recognized as belonging to the next door neighbor of Crossman, Albert Stetson; the threatening letter was signed by Albert Stetson. You will not be surprised, therefore, to know that suspicion fell on Albert Stetson. I began an investigation at once and sufficient motive for the deed was found at the outset. Henry Crossman was a real estate dealer and speculator, with his office in the nearby large city, dealing principally in properties in our county. He lived in a village three-quarters of a mile from the railroad station next beyond the town of my office and residence. He was a man with few or no friends, widely feared and generally distrusted as a sharp, cunning, tricky man, hard at a bargain, taking advantage of technicalities, fertile in preparing sharp traps for the unwary, treading closely on the line dividing honesty and dishonesty, overbearing in his manner, indifferent to the good or bad opinion of men and sometimes given to drinking, and when in his cups, most disagreeable.

"Albert Stetson lived next door to him and was an unmarried man not of unblemished character. He lived with his mother and furnished her support and that of a sister by conducting an express business between the large city and the smaller towns on the railroad line for fifteen miles out. He was rough in manner and speech and much given to drink. He was impulsive, quick to anger, and under its excitement quick to revenge and prone to deeds of violence. Constantly in trouble over his blows and fights, he had earned the reputation of being a turbulent fellow, whom it was well to avoid, especially when he had been drinking. On the other side, he was regarded as an honest man, upright in his dealings, courageous, with a rough sort of manliness that prevented him from harboring malice.

"Now, as the motive, Stetson and Crossman had quarreled over the former's chickens, which the latter claimed had been permitted to roam at large and enter his garden to its injury and detriment, and threatened that if it were not stopped he would kill them. One morning Stetson found on the rear porch of the house ten dead hens, with a slip of paper, on

which was written, 'the compliments of Henry Crossman.' Stetson flew into a passion, but a glance at the chicken yard suddenly allayed the storm. He went into the yard and counted his hens. Going into the house, he wrote a brief note thanking Crossman for his present and expressing fear that in his generosity he had robbed himself. Crossman read the note, gasped, went to his own chicken yard, counted his own hens and found ten missing. He had killed his own hens and presented them to Stetson.

"The episode put Stetson in great good humor and he told the job to all who would listen and ended by feeling very kindly to the one who had given him so much amusement. Crossman said little, and when jibed about the matter merely said the game was not yet over. Some days later he asked Stetson to lend him \$50 for ten days, offering his note for the amount. Stetson did so unhesitatingly, receiving the note of hand, which he placed in his pocket. The ten days went by and Crossman made no offer to pay the note. After several days the two, Crossman and Stetson, met one morning at the railroad station, and in the presence of five bystanders, Stetson demanded the payment of the note. Crossman denied that it was due. Stetson declared it was. Crossman referred him to the note. Stetson took it from his pocket and read that the note had been made payable 'ten days after death.'

"Crossman laughed and the bystanders laughed, but Stetson was stunned. The train drew up at the station and Crossman, bound for the city, boarded it with the remark that he was square as to those chickens.' Stetson shot after him the assertion that the note would fall due ten days from date. As the train rolled away Stetson let loose his temper, declaring he would have the heart's blood of Crossman. He displayed a dirk knife—the one found near the dead body of Crossman—his possession of which was well known, and calling upon bystanders to observe it, declared that with it he would make the heart's blood of Crossman flow from his body. The bystanders gave little heed to his words then, for they were accustomed to his extravagant utterances when angry, but one Andrew Mincher, a morose, reserved man, who was known to be a bitter enemy of Crossman, through having been cheated in some transaction, sympathized with Stetson, denouncing the man's trick and thereby fanning Stetson's anger to a greater heat.

"After this Stetson went to his office, which was in the general store, where also was the post office. Here he wrote a letter to Crossman, which he read aloud to several there, demanding instant payment of the note, declaring if it were not paid he would take Crossman's heart's blood on sight. He sealed and deposited the letter in the post office in the presence of witnesses. An hour later he took the train for the city and the same train bore Andrew Mincher, who kept ally Stetson's anger by denunciations of Crossman's trick.

"The station agent, fearing should Stetson and Crossman meet in the city, the former under the impulse of his anger would do injury to Crossman with his knife, tried to borrow it from Stetson, but unsuccessfully. That evening at 6 o'clock Stetson stepped from the train and crossed to his office. It was not long before a general store that he had been drinking heavily, but he was quiet in demeanor and seemed to be composed in spirit. After sitting at his desk in the transaction of business he found there for half an hour, or until 6:35 P. M., he left and went to the bar of the hotel, where he had several drinks, remaining there twenty minutes when he went out, taking the road to his home, three-quarters of a mile distant.

"At 7 o'clock Crossman arrived by train at the station, and, as was his invariable habit, went to the post office to get his mail. Those who knew that Stetson's letter was in his box watched him as he opened and read it. He sneered as he perused it, folded it up deliberately and placed it in his wallet and, turning to those standing near by, said:

"Stetson is a fool. He has put himself absolutely in my power. I can land him in jail for a month, or I can kill him, and has put it down in black and white over his own signature."

"He went out, taking the same road that Stetson had a few minutes before.

"The next morning, as I have described, with the knife of Stetson beside him and the threatening letter of Stetson in his pocket, he was found dead, stabbed by the knife, covered with blood.

"Now," continued the old lawyer, "I presume no one who has listened to me doubts for a moment that Stetson killed Crossman. No one saw him do it, but the motive was clear and unmistakable, and the intention to do so had been declared in words before witnesses and in the letter to Crossman, and the instrument by which he was to do the deed displayed, and that instrument, the one by which the deed was done. There was one more point of weight. When Stetson stepped from the train he asked the station agent if Crossman had yet returned from the city, and being informed that he had not, he had said, 'Then I'm not too late for the thieving rascal.' The case was complete, direct, unmistakable, and yet wholly circumstantial—as strong as could be presented.

"It was the first murder case I had ever been engaged in, and I felt the responsibility of it deeply; all the more that my chief was so ill as to be incapacitated, and I could not even testify as to a single fact. Therefore, I went about the preparation of the case with great care and caution. Of course, I had had Stetson arrested. He was found at his home, not having left it on the day the body was found, asserting that he had been taken ill during the night. He stoutly asserted his innocence, declaring that he had not seen the man after he had boarded the train the previous morning, and that he had lost his dirk knife the previous day, missing it in the city shortly after noon; and he further asserted that when he had left the hotel bar he had gone directly home. Despite his protestations, he was confined without ball and in due time was indicted.

"When I had prepared my case and had convinced myself there was neither law nor break in the chain, I sought an eminent jurist in a remote part of the state, to whom I had an approach, and submitted my facts to him, asking him to criticize and advise me. With patience and careful scrutiny he went over the case, pronounced it without a flaw, emphatically assuring me that there was not the least doubt of Stetson's guilt, and congratulated me in saying that I was fortunate in having for my first murder case one in which the facts and proof were so clear.

"The trial came. I proved my charge. The defense was weak, in the nature of things—practically no defense at all. On the stand Stetson admitted the threats and the letter, but denied the crime, and again asserted that he had lost his knife on the day he had displayed it. There was a witness to prove that he had so declared at 6 o'clock before the murder and had been seen searching his clothes for it. His mother swore positively that he had arrived home before the arrival of the 7 o'clock train and had gone directly to bed, being under the influence of liquor, as she admitted. She testified that she had the habit of observing the whistle of the train as a check upon her clock, and she knew that train was not in when her son had arrived home. The deduction being, of course, that as he had not gone out again and as that train brought Crossman they could have met. To strengthen this was the testimony that the train had been at least five minutes late. This, with the further fact that it was shown that there were no stains of blood on Stetson's clothes, as might naturally be expected, after such an encounter, constituted all the defense. Stetson was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and in time was duly executed, at each successive step to his death solemnly asserting his innocence of the crime, such being his last words on the scaffold.

"I presume," said the lawyer, looking about our group hanging our interest earnestly on his tale, "I presume that though you have denounced circumstantial evidence as having too great an element of uncertainty to be wholly convincing where the point of taking a man's life is concerned, you, none of you, have any doubt on my statement that the verdict in this case was a righteous one, and that the hanging of Stetson was justified."

"That is so, and one of us remarked that he thought the evidence was rather direct than circumstantial. 'No,' replied the lawyer, 'it was wholly circumstantial.'"

"But," persisted the one who had spoken, "not like that in the case we were discussing."

"Perhaps," replied the lawyer, "but I decline to discuss or speak of that case for the reasons I have given you. My point is on this case of circumstantial evidence, a jury of twelve men sworn to do their duty could have brought in no other verdict than it did."

All of us agreed that this was so. "Well, gentlemen, Albert Stetson was an innocent man. He had not caused the death of Henry Crossman." A gasp ran over the group as all of us caught our breath.

"On the night, six months after the execution of Stetson, when I was about retiring for the night, a physician with whom I was well acquainted hurriedly drove up to my door and asked me to accompany him to the bedside of a dying man, who for a day had been praying and begging to be allowed to see me. I entered the carriage with the doctor, who told me that the case had been under his charge for six months and had completely baffled him, as he could find no real disease, and that he had become convinced that the man was due to a mental trouble that he could not cure.

"The man was Andrew Mincher. He was very weak when I reached him, but when I sat beside him the excitement of my coming gave him the strength to confess in the presence of the physician and myself that he, and not Albert Stetson, had murdered Henry Crossman. His story was early. He had borne an implacable hatred of Crossman and in secret nursed all sorts of ideas of vengeance against the man who had wronged him. When the chicken-note episode came between Crossman and Stetson he saw the opportunity to bring the instrument of his revenge and sought to fan the flames to a pitch when Stetson would inflict injury on Crossman. But when traveling to the city with Stetson he found that his anger was burning out, after the first fierce outburst he conceived the idea of killing Crossman himself, knowing that all the previous circumstances would direct suspicion wholly and inevitably to Stetson. To that end also he had taken the dirk knife from Stetson's pocket, carried as it was loosely in the side pocket of his sack, without its owner's knowledge. Arriving home he had laid in wait for Crossman and was in waiting when Stetson passed on his way home. When Crossman came he murdered him deliberately, throwing Stetson's knife beside the body.

"I embraced these facts in an affidavit, to which we took oath, with the physician as a subscribing witness. Mincher died the next day."

"Then," finally, said one of us, "you do not believe in circumstantial evidence?"

"I am too much of a lawyer," was the reply, "not to admit that logically due weight must be given to it. But after my experience I would not send any one to his death on such evidence alone. Place him where rectification could not be made in error had been made. The law is wrong on this matter. The law has been wrong in previous years. There was a time when the penalty of robbery was death. To inflict it now would be considered barbarous. Gentlemen, the time is not far distant when to inflict the penalty of death for murder proven by circumstantial evidence alone will be thought just as barbarous. It will be imprisonment for life, when if subsequent revelation, as in the case I have recited, is made, life will not be beyond recall. There is a widespread and unjust prejudice against such evidence, and it is due to the want, to the lay mind, of the element of absolute certainty."—Brooklyn Eagle.

JINGLES.

Haymaking in Maine.
Ephrum Wade sat down in the shade
And took off his haymaker hat which he laid
On a tussock of grass; and he pulled
Out the plug
That jealously gagged the old iron-stone jug.
And cocking his jug on his elbow, he rigged
A sort of a "horse-up," you know, and he swigged
A pint of hard cider or so at a crack
And set down the jug with a satisfied smack.

"Aha!" said he, "that grows the hair on ye bub;
My rule durin' hayin's more cider, less grub.
I take it, sah, wholly to stiddy my nerves,
And up in the stow hole I pitch 'em some curves
On a drink of straight cider, in harnesser shape
Than a feller could do on the juice of the grape.

Some new folderinos come 'long every day,
All sorts of new jiggers to help git yer hay.
Improvements on cutter bars, hoss forks and rakes,
And tadders and spreaders and all of them fakes.
But all of their patents ain't fixed it so yit.

That hayin' is done without git-up-and-git.
If ye want the right stuff, sah, to take up the slack,
The stuff to put buckram right inter yer back,
The stuff that will limber and lie up yer 'fins,
Jest trot out some cider and drink it by pints.
It ain't got no patents—it helps you make hay
As it helped out our dads in their old-fashioned way.
Molasses and ginger and water won't do,
'Twill irrigate some, but it won't see ye through.

And ice water'll chill ye, and skim milk is durn
Mean stuff any place, sah, except in a churn.
I'm temperate man as a general rule,
The man who gits bit by the adder's a fool—
But when it comes hayin', and folks have to strain,
I tell you, old cider's a stand-by in Maine."

Then Ephrum Wade reclined in the shade,
And patiently gazed on the hay while it "made."
—Leviston (Me.) Journal.

Mattie's Wants and Wishes.
I wants a piece of calico,
To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece,
A yard'll do, I guess.
I wish you'd find my needle,
And find my fumble, too,
I has such heaps of sewing,
I don't know what to do.
My Hepsy tore her apron
A tum'lin' down the stair,
And Caesar's lost his pantaloons
And needs another pair.

I wants my Maude a bonnet—
She shan't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket—
His other one's too small.
I wants to go to granddams,
You promised me I might;
I know she'd like to see me,
I want to go to-night.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter scotch.
I want some newer mittens,
I wish you'd knit me some
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
It leaks so in the fun'.

I works 'em out last summer
A-pulling George's sled,
I wish you wouldn't laugh so,
It hurts me in my head.
I wish I had a cookie,
I'm hungry's I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
I'll better bring me free.

I wish I had a piggy bank,
I won't you buy me one to keep?
O dear, I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.
—Farm, Field and Fireside.

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