

# Freeland Tribune

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It is estimated that the profits of the Government in the destruction of paper money since 1866 have not been less than a million a year.

It costs \$2 to take a bath at Cape Nome, but little complaint comes from there on that account. Comparatively few of the people up there have found it out as yet.

Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake has been elected President of a woman's suffrage association which will admit men to membership. Why this consideration for the hereditary enemy?

The English Government, acting on the experience gained in the war in South Africa, promises to do certain things for the Volunteers. Mr. Wyndham announced them as follows the other day: (1) They were sending officers to Switzerland to examine the Swiss rifle ranges; (2) that they intended to help Lord Wemyss's scheme for a Volunteer Reserve by granting free ammunition; (3) that they would encourage every Volunteer regiment to form a company of mounted infantry, but mounted on bicycles and not on horses, for which purpose there would be a capitation grant; (4) that there would be a graduated series of capitation grants for shooting; (5) that the Volunteers would have transport on the same scale as the Militia; (6) that the Volunteer batteries would be rearmed with modern artillery. It is clear that the public attitude toward the Volunteers is to be changed, and that they have shown how useful and necessary they are.

It is not much if any over twenty-five years since five cents was the lowest price for a Chicago paper, because no smaller coin was in circulation. And now it is reported that bargain counter prices have created a demand there for half cents. These are supplied by private manufacture, but the Director of the Mint is disposed to think that the demand for these coins is so general that the Government ought to strike them. Twelve-and-a-half cent pieces are common enough, but in the East, at whose use of cents the West sneered very lately, there is not much objection to paying thirteen cents, or if that seems unlucky, to giving a quarter for two.

An ingenious scheme in the interest of charity is being put in practice with much success in several cities. There is hardly a home anywhere in which there is not more or less superannuated furniture, discarded utensils, outgrown clothing, etc., which is of no use under the sun to the family. The methods advocated is to gather in all such "trash" that is worth while, take it to a central point, sell it off at auction, and devote the proceeds to some charitable purpose. In some places a local auctioneer volunteers his services in selling the goods, free of charge. The plan enables poor people to buy useful articles at reasonable cost and realizes a nice sum for any specified object besides.

The number of prisoners in England and Wales in 1870, according to the London Chronicle, was 29,050; and the number of scholars was 1,693,059. In 1899 the scholars had increased to 5,601,249; and the prisoners had decreased to 17,687. The number of prisoners regularly decreased in this period as the number of scholars increased. In 1870 one in fifteen was in school, and one in 853 in prison; in 1899 one in six was in school, and one in 1775 in prison. Of the prisoners in 1898, 20.3 per cent. could not read or write; 77.2 per cent. could read and write imperfectly, and only 2.6 could read and write well. A very few were unclassified. And yet some tell us that education does not affect crime.

Earl Beauchamp is to resign at the end of the current year from the governorship of New South Wales.

**WE FORGET.**  
So many tender words and true  
We meant to say, dear love, to you;  
So many things we meant to do,  
But we forgot.  
The busy days were full of care;  
The long night fell all unaware;  
You passed beyond love's pleading prayer,  
While we forgot.  
Now evermore through heart and brain  
There breathes an undertone of pain.  
Though what has been should be again,  
We would forget.

We feel, we know, that there must be  
Beyond the veil of mystery  
Some place where love can clearly see  
And not forget.  
—Ada Foster Murray, in Harper's Magazine.

## A Runaway Match

JOHN ASLEY, Jr., was a tall young man about twenty-two, and as he gazed wistfully at his father the old man almost quailed before him.

Old John Asley was of the "old school," whatever that may mean. And young John Asley was of the "new school," very new, in fact, went in heavily for athletics, ran up a big bill at college for "Dad" to pay, and then skipped over to the continent, and there, being up to date, fell in love with a very pretty girl, and, of course, wanted to marry her.

Now, old John Asley not only had no sympathy with his son's matrimonial schemes, but he rather regarded the young man and all his likes and ambitions as altogether unheeded of, and, therefore, dangerous and to be frowned on.

It was natural that he should plan for John to enter his office and learn the ways of business. The old man felt sure it was rank heresy and reckless foolishness to let the boy marry till he had grounded himself in business and its methods. Now the boy wanted to marry Miss Bennett at once and learn the rudiments of business afterward.

This did not suit the old man. He admitted that he would not be so adverse to the marriage if the young lady had any money. They discussed the matter some time.

Old John Asley knew that his son had his own stubborn and unresisting temperament and he changed his tactics. He suggested that John have his aunt's girl to a dinner party. John's aunt presided at the few entertainments the old man gave. This was arranged and the invitation dispatched to "Miss Grace Bennett, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York."

This was the address she had given John and told him it was a friend's house where she should spend the winter. Her acceptance came by return post.

The evening of the dinner arrived and the splendid house was decorated and ablaze. John's eyes sparkled when he led Miss Bennett up to introduce her to his father.

"Father, this is Miss Bennett," he said.

horror when he saw it was Miss Bennett.  
"Do you know this young lady?" asked the policeman.  
"Yes," said John; "she is Miss Grace Bennett and lives at —. Is she hurt?"  
"That we can't tell for sure till the ambulance and the surgeon come. But we don't think so. They always faint. She is a long time coming to, though."

The rubber-tired ambulance came silently up and the surgeon was beside the girl before the vehicle stopped. He made a superficial examination with professional dexterity, and said: "This is not the ordinary faint from terror. She must be taken to her home at once, or the hospital."

Tenderly she was lifted in and John gave the address. He rode on before to let her aunt know of the mishap. Running up the steps he asked for Mrs. Bennett, the girl's aunt.

When the surgeon said an operation was necessary John's hopes fell. Soon after seven another nurse and some suggestive-looking boxes and cases arrived. Then John tramped the long drawing-room waiting for the doctors to come down and tell him if she lived or not.

The sickly-sweet smell of ether came floating down stairs as the door of the chamber was opened, and he heard a sing-song voice that he knew uttering meaningless words.

Then the door shut, and as one of the nurses came down he layd her. Before he had a chance to ask she told him the young lady was coming out of the ether nicely, and the doctors had found a tiny piece of bone pressing on the brain. But they felt sure she would be all right with care.

All that long afternoon he stayed at the house and hoped he might be of some service. Finally he fell asleep, worn out with all the anxiety and misery. He was awakened by a touch on his shoulder and found his father standing over him. Here was more mystery.

"How's Grace?" he asked.  
"Alice is better and will be all right soon. The girl up stairs is Alice Cooper. She was Miss Bennett in Europe to protect herself against a lot of fortune-hunters. I knew her when she came to the dinner party, and have seen her frequently since her father moved away from our town. But I thought I would let you find out for yourself. I haven't any further objections, and after the wedding we will talk business."

John demanded entrance to the sick room at once. There was really no proposal, only, "Oh, John," and "Oh, Alice."—Hartford Times.

**National Differences in Locomotive Power.**  
American locomotive engineers deem it advisable to design their engines with a large margin of power. If an express engine is designed to take a 200-ton load at fifty miles an hour, and if that load should happen to be increased to 300 tons, the locomotive is still expected to be able to take it and keep time, and usually does so. Such, at any rate, is the experience of such an impartial and level-headed observer as W. M. A. Worth. If an American express be late at one point of its journey, the engine is expected to make up the lost time, even if the load be larger than usual. And, again, this is generally done.

# FEAR THE PEOPLE.

**ADMINISTRATION FORCES ARE ON THE RUN.**  
The President is Anxious to Get Congress of His Hands—The Reign of Gold and Militarism Shows Signs of Collapse.

"Early adjournment" is now the slogan of the Administration Republicans. President McKinley has advised certain members of congress that he thinks June 1 a good time for adjournment. In other words, the president would feel more at ease if his own congress were not continually emphasizing the blunders which he so readily makes without any assistance at all. Mark Hanna is credited with having given the administration the luminous idea that congress would only continue to pile valuable campaign material up for the Democrats and that it could not be gotten out of the way too soon. It is estimated that the appropriation bills can be rushed through by June 1, and there really isn't very much else in sight.

As to the insular possessions the program is imperialism with the administration as sole director. It is thought that with the Puerto Rican bill once out of the way the bill continuing military rule in the Philippines can easily be put through by the Republican majority.

The Hawaiian bill has already been voted on in house and senate and now goes to conference. It contains plenty of loopholes for the perpetuation of contract labor slavery, and that is the one thing which the sugar planters want. The bill provides that civil prosecution shall supersede criminal action in case a laborer breaks his contract. But it has been amply proved that the civil courts imprison the laborer until he is ready to return to servitude, so that is satisfactory to those who find such labor a great source of profit.

**Smothering Legislation.**  
The Republicans have a general program of smothering in committee everything which might embarrass them. On this theory the Cour d'Alene investigation is being drawn out, in the hope that if the military affairs committee reports at all it will be too late for any extended discussion or definite action.

The army and navy appropriation bills are pretty well under way. They ask altogether an appropriation of about \$200,000,000 for the fiscal year. The administration is piling up the expenses of militarism until they come very close to the expenditures of the great continental powers. There has been some desultory talk of a reduction of war taxes. The Republican leaders in congress plead want of time in which to handle such a measure, but the real reason is that they do not know where to begin lopping off the taxes. If they make a reduction which appeals to the popular mind they will offend very important special interests and vice versa. So on the whole it is likely that the people will be permitted to pay war taxes until they register their opinion of that and several other pieces of administration policy at the polls next November.

**Gen. Otis Returns.**  
It is now definitely stated that Gen. Otis is to return from the Philippines at an early date. Of course he is not "ordered" home. He has merely been notified that he had better return at his earliest convenience. He will probably be glad to drop the whole task and let the new commission potter around and theorize during the rainy season. It is suggested at Washington that the new commission is going to the Philippines to investigate and explain what the former commission, of which Admiral Dewey was a member, managed to accomplish. Nobody expects that any commission will do anything of value, but it will furnish McKinley with an excuse for making campaign promises about the rainbow-tinted future of American imperialism in the Philippines. The administration is possessed with a comfortable delusion that the voters of the country only need to have its Philippine policy "explained" and all will yet be well. As a matter of fact, there are indications that Washington is about the only place in the country where the administration policy is not thoroughly understood and condemned. And the lack of understanding here is confined to the administration and its followers in congress.

The sick list in the Philippines is growing so rapidly that the sick soldiers are to be huddled like cattle on board transports and sent home. The hospital room is needed in Manila, and it is now discovered that the two expensive hospital ships, Missouri and Relief, are practically unseaworthy, so the sick soldiers must take the long journey in actual discomfort if not absolute privation.

**Admiral Dewey's Candidacy.**  
Admiral Dewey's announcement of his determination to be a candidate for president crystallized the vague fear that had been noted in administration circles for some time. McKinley has made so many blunders that his opposition in his own party is growing formidable. Dewey's announcement spread such consternation in the administration ranks that the Republicans hastened to discredit and belittle even his Manila exploit. They were so afraid and anxious that they could not confine their criticism to the admiral's lack of political knowledge and his evident ignorance of the gravity of pending political issues. The Democrats met his announcement by reiterating their intention to nominate Bryan. Dewey could not possibly be the Dem-

ocratic candidate, and the Democrats could afford to give him full credit for his great victory. His action did not interfere with their plans. It is true that Dewey says, "I am a Democrat of the Cleveland type." That and his report on the Philippine commission are sufficient. In so far as he has any political convictions he stands for imperialism and militarism. It is said that when he has made up his mind on a few other important issues he will give out a statement of his beliefs.

Outside of the uneasiness caused in administration circles by his announcement the general feeling in Washington was one of commiseration that so gallant a gentleman should, in his ignorance of matters political, have made so ill-advised an announcement. It can bring him no honor, and rather detracts from the great naval reputation to which he is so justly entitled.

**The House and Puerto Rico.**  
The house Republicans now have the opportunity of re-establishing themselves in the respect of their constituents and the entire country by declining to pass the Foraker Puerto Rican tariff and government bill. The administration leaders will try to force a vote on Wednesday (April 18) and allow only a few hours for debate. Many members are absent on both sides, but the Democrats will probably manage to get back more of their absentees than the Republicans. The outcome is very problematical, but the Republican leaders believe that nothing is to be gained by delay.

All the Republicans who voted against the original tariff bill still hold to the same opinion, and there is sharp protest from others that the government bill creates an oligarchy of which the administration is the supreme head. The Puerto Ricans can be taxed without representation, valuable franchises can be given to administration favorites the island can be managed by "carpetbaggers," and neither its inhabitants nor the people of this country have any voice in the matter. If the house Republicans pass this obnoxious measure they certainly will have to reckon with an outraged public sentiment next fall.

**MILITARISM AND TRUSTS.**  
"Added to those declarations will be an attack upon imperialism and the trusts, both of which owe their existence to the fostering care of the Republican party, and how nearly akin are these creatures of torism: imperialism, which would conquer and tyrannize over foreign peoples, and the trust, which represents the imperial power in control of industry. There is the railroad magnate and the monopolistic captain of industry, who rule with sovereign power and sneer at democratic methods and business as contemptuously as a czar. I for one believe that time will demonstrate that the imperialistic policy of this administration is deliberately demanded by the monopolistic forces which control the Republican policy. I believe these men well understand that military force is the sole instrumentality through which they can continue their domination of our government, hence they welcome any foreign policy which will involve a large standing army, and what their purpose is in dealing with protesting labor receives its perfect illustration in the military government which has prevailed for many months in Shoshone county, Idaho, where, for an offense against property committed by a few men, hundreds of citizens have been imprisoned, held at the point of the bayonet, deprived of their civil rights and subjected to civil wrongs which even the czar of Russia would hardly practice with impunity, and at this very moment the rights of miners to labor in the Coeur d'Alene is and for months has been regulated by an officer of the United States army, who seems to be as distinctly under the command of the mine owners as if he were their private employe."—George Fred Williams, at Rhode Island Democratic convention.

**WHERE AIR YOU, M'KINLEY?**  
We've been huntin' you, McKinley, but we don't know where you air; When we clap our fingers on you, why, we find you're never there. When we hunted through the tariff, in the place you'd ought to be, Why, you wasn't round there nowhere, least as far as we could see. In this Puerto Rico thimblebug we thought we'd find you sure; When we got there you'd been trekking, like the smooth and wily Boer; So we asked the gold supporters if they thought we'd find you there, And they said they guessed so, some place, but they didn't just know where. Alger said he hadn't seen you, and he shed a bitter tear When he said you'd gone an' left him like a sinking ship last year. When we visited Mark Hanna, who was busy countin' pelf, Why, he said he couldn't tell us, fer he didn't know hisself. So we've just kep' on a huntin' till we're nearly petered out, And, although we thought we had you, now we find we're still in doubt. If these lines should ever reach you, and you'd write us where you be, You'd confer a good-sized favor on your friends, the G. O. P.

**Republicans Not Consulted.**  
The administration organs are bitterly denouncing the platform adopted by the Democracy of Nebraska. It should be borne in mind, however, that the Democrats who drew the platform never once considered the matter of pleasing the Republican organs.—Omaha World-Herald.

# OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

**LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.**  
A Trying Moment—His Great Appreciation—Her Years and Her Desire—His Apt Quotation—Circulation Impeded—The Fish Story, Etc., Etc.

Her father has a million and is twice as big as I  
Last night I held her little hand—  
Her father has a million and I've promised her to take a stand  
And make him yield, or die  
Her father has a million and is twice as big as I  
I promised her that I would go  
And tell him all to-day—  
I wish I weighed a ton, for, oh,  
I promised her that I would go  
And make him yield, or die, and so  
A ton is what I'd like to weigh—  
I promised her that I would go  
And tell him all to-day!  
—Chicago News.

**His Great Appreciation.**  
Persistent Bride—"Will you love me just as much when I am dead?"  
Bridegroom (absently)—"More, my darling."—Tit-Bits.

**Her Years and Her Desire.**  
She (dreamily)—"I am twenty-three years old day after to-morrow."  
He (astonished)—"And you would tell your age for a box of candy?"

**His Apt Quotation.**  
"Now," said the callow dude, "you may put some brillianine on my mustache."  
"Ah, sir!" quoth the intelligent barber, "first you must catch your hair."  
—Philadelphia Press.

**Circulation Impeded.**  
"Dorothy, how do you know you are in love with that man?"  
"Oh, whenever I see him my heart beats faster and my nose turns cold."  
—Detroit Free Press.

**The Fish Story.**  
Bill—"Did you notice his eyes sparkle when he was telling that fish story?"  
Jill—"Yes, but you know he said himself that he couldn't believe his own eyes."  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**Poor Little Chap!**  
Auntie—"Joey, I've washed your face four times to-day. I guess you wish your mother would come home."  
Joey—"No; she's worse. She washes it 'm' morning till night."  
—Indianapolis Journal.

**What He Does With It.**  
Politics—"The question is, What shall we do with our new possessions?"  
Younghub—"I'll tell you what I do with mine; I walk the floor nights with it."  
—Harper's Bazar.

**Could Search Him.**  
Oom Chimpanzee—"Where in thunder is my umbrella? I had it a minute ago."  
Ostrich (thickly)—"Dunno—you can search me."  
—Judge.

**A Long Reach.**  
"That British commander in South Africa would m' a grand boxer."  
"How's that?"  
"Why, the paper says that he swung his left forward about two miles and struck a savage blow."  
—The Harvard Lampoon.

**Unsatisfied.**  
Fretful Child—"I want to look at the moon!"  
Weary Father—"Well, why don't you. It is right up there in the sky. Look at it as much as you please."  
Fretful Child—"Aw, I want to look at the other side of the moon now!"  
—Harper's Bazar.

# HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

**How to Clean Marble.**  
The best way to clean marble is to mix two parts of powdered whiting with one of powdered bluing and half a pint of soapuds, and heat it to the boiling point; while still hot apply with a soft cloth to the discolored marble and allow it to remain there until quite dry, then wash off with hot water in which a little salt of lemon has been dissolved. Dry with a piece of soft flannel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**The Use of Hot-Water Bags.**  
A hint in the use of hot-water bags is gained from a trained nurse. Very little water is used, not more than a coffee-cupful in a three-pint bag, but it is very hot. Before the stopper is screwed in, the air is pressed out of the bag by a quick smoothing of the hand toward the opening; in this way the weight is considerably lessened. This particular nurse in attending a pneumonia patient kept in use during the severity of the attack six of the bags, three of them upon the patient at one time. During periods of the critical two or three days, the bags were changed every fifteen minutes, but so light were they that their weight did not in the least inconvenience the sufferer.

**The Practical Picture Hanger.**  
The practical housekeeper of to-day who has a number of fine pictures to hang saves time and trouble and secures better results by calling in the practical picture hanger. This man has come to be a necessary adjunct of all well-regulated art establishments. His ability to sound a wall or drive a nail with precision is but a minor feature of his calling. The day has passed when pictures are hung by rule and method, just so many feet from the floor, and each equi-distant from its neighbor. Picture hanging nowadays is an art that requires judicious treatment in order not to spoil the effect of work artistically conceived. As to the hanging of pictures in general, it is considered best nowadays, says an authority in picture hanging, to hang black and white independently, and so with colored pictures. Paintings, of course, require the most careful consideration in the hanging, and even the professional makes mistakes at times. The pictures must be hung according to the lighting of the room. In some rooms the window arrangements are such that it is next to impossible to hang a painting so as to get an effective lighting by day, and in others the artificial lighting arrangements are such that at night the painting ceases to be a picture and becomes a blur. To obviate these difficulties a trained and artistic eye is a necessity. In general, declares this same man, the old rules about hanging certain kinds of pictures in designated places have been fruit and game pieces, without which no well-regulated dining room was formerly complete, has been relegated to comparative obscurity. In its place has come the print suggestive of merriment and good cheer.

**Recipes.**  
**Molasses Cake.**—One cup of molasses, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup butter or lard, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-third cup of buttermilk or hot water, two eggs and one teaspoonful of ginger. Flour enough to make stiff batter; bake in moderate oven.

**Buttered Spaghetti.**—Boil one-half pound spaghetti twenty minutes in salted water, then dip in cold water to separate it. Place it at once in the oven, in a hot dish, and pour evenly over it two tablespoonfuls of hot butter, in which has been delicately browned a tablespoonful of fine bread crumbs.

**Creamed "Kroust."**—Boil one quart of "kroust" in two quarts of water for one hour; then put it in a colander to drain. In a saucepan cream two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, then add one pint of milk or water, and lastly the drained "kroust." Stir constantly until it commences to boil; then serve.

**Fried Cabbage.**—Chop cold boiled cabbage and drain very dry, stirring in a little melted butter, pepper and salt with three or four tablespoonfuls of cream. Heat all in a buttered frying pan, stirring until smoking hot, and then let mixture stand just long enough to brown slightly on the under side. This dish is improved by the addition of a couple of beaten eggs.

**Scalloped Veal.**—Veal is nice scalloped with macaroni or spaghetti. To make the white sauce, melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and cook one tablespoonful of flour in it for three minutes without browning. Add one teacup of milk, and cook until thickened. A bay leaf may be cooked with the milk and removed when it is done. This gives a pleasant flavor to some dishes.

**Lemon Jelly for Pies.**—Beat the yolks of two eggs and one-half cupful of sugar to a cream, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon and a cupful of water and set on the stove to boil. Thicken with one tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened in a little water. Use only one crust, and when the pies are baked cover with a frosting made of the beaten whites of the eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Bake in a quick oven until a light brown.

**Virginia Peanut Soup.**—Roast and shell sufficient peanuts to measure three cups. Pound them to a paste, adding a level teaspoon of salt. Place this paste in a saucepan and add, very gradually, two quarts of boiling water. Season with a dusting each of black and red pepper and simmer until it thickens. Just before serving add a pint of oysters and a saltspoon of celery seed and cook until the oysters ruffle. Crisp crackers should accompany the soup.

