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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 4, 1900.

Senators by Popular Vote.

From the Wilkesbarre Record.
As was to be expected, the senate committee on privileges and elections has reported adversely on the house resolution providing for the election of United States senators by popular vote. It has never been difficult to secure the passage of such resolutions by the house, but it is doubtful if the movement has any more supporters in the senate now than in the past.

The senators, or at least a large majority of them, are well satisfied with the present system. Many of them reason, and with good cause, that if their retention in the senate depended on the direct vote of the people they might as well pack up their traps and prepare to move when their present term expires.

With plenty of money and federal patronage at their command they can continue to control legislative caucuses, but money and patronage would avail little when brought to bear directly upon the scores or hundreds of thousands of voters.

There are probably not half a dozen states in the union where the people would not vote overwhelmingly in favor of the election of senators by popular vote, if the opportunity were presented, but that fact counts for less than nothing in the United States senate.

The change will not come in many years, if it ever does. It cannot be effected without the assent of the senate and that body will not give its assent. The senators will not even permit the question to come up in the senate in such a way as to compel them to go upon the record on the question.

The people may as well make up their minds that for years to come millionaire politicians and representatives of corporations and trusts will continue to secure seats in the United States senate by the same corrupt methods and debauching of legislatures that has prevailed in the past.

Worse than has ever been known in the past will doubtless be developed in the future. The people must grin and bear it.

Immediate Action Necessary.

The main door of that portion of the borough building planned for the keeping of the fire apparatus is the subject of considerable comment. It is claimed that its height is from eighteen inches to two feet less than is necessary to make a "flying exit" from the building with a team of horses and a steamer, which, it is reasonable to suppose, will some day be part of the fire-fighting equipment of the town.

The door is built in arch form, which lessens its utility and adds nothing to its appearance. It is not likely that the contractor is in any way to blame for what is apparently an error. He is following the instructions and plans as laid down by the architect, but if the matter is taken hold of now, before the brick work extends further upward, a satisfactory agreement to alter the dimensions of the door can probably be made.

The adverse comments heard are from people who have had experience in such matters, and are worthy of the attention of council this evening. To make a change, if one is necessary, at a later day will cost much more than at present.

Murder Goes Unavenged.

In a few months a horde of office-seekers from various parts of Luzerne county will swoop down upon the "lower end," and loudly proclaim what they will do for the people of this benighted territory if we will only elect them to office. Such it has been in the past, and from that the future is to be judged. Year after year the lower end voters have responded to these appeals, casting their ballots for this man or that, yet how completely are our needs forsaken, even despised, when the victor takes his seat.

Murder in broad daylight, with a hundred clues to work upon, goes unpunished; not even a reward being offered for the apprehension of the criminals. So far as protection is given to life and property by Luzerne county, lower end people might as well reside in Philadelphia or Chicago, as the Modena case and its many predecessors clearly prove.

TARIFFS AND TRUSTS.

David A. Wells Said That the Latter Could Only Exist Through the Former.

In 1892 the late David A. Wells wrote a short and vigorous editorial on trusts, which is as applicable today as then. "What is a trust? In the popular and political sense, it means a combination of the domestic producers of certain commodities to control production and advance prices. No trust of this kind, operating on articles for which there is a possible competitive supply from other countries, could be maintained in the United States for a single month except under one or two conditions, either all the competitive producers throughout the world must be brought into the 'trust,' or, what is the same thing, the product of the whole world must be controlled; or the product of all the foreign producers must be shut out from the markets of the country.

"The first result is not attainable. It would be obviously impracticable to induce all the manufacturers of starch, for example, in all the different countries of Europe, to unite and put the control of their business in hands of trustees residing in the United States. The second is made not only possible, but effective in the highest degree, by the imposition of tariffs, or duties, on the importation of the articles in which the trusts are especially interested, so high as to completely bar them out of the American market. The duties the McKinley tariff act provides. (The Dingley tariff re-enacted or increased them.)

"It thus becomes the creator and preserver of trusts and monopolies, the like of which cannot and do not exist under the tariff system of Great Britain, as the starch trust, plate and window glass trust, nail trust, linned oil trust, lead trust, cotton bagging trust, borax trust, ax, saw and scythe trust, cracker, cake and biscuit trust, rubber boot and shoe trust, and many others, all of which, freed from foreign competition, are advancing prices to American consumers to an extent that will afford them from 50 to 100 per cent more profit than can be fairly considered as legitimate, but in which profits their employees do not participate.

"There are more than 100 trusts in the United States that could have no existence except for the high duties that have been enacted or kept on in order to maintain and protect them. How did your representative in the late congress vote?

"Did he vote for the salt trust, protected and alone made capable of existence by a duty of 44 to 85 per cent?

"Did he vote for the window glass trust, with a protection of from 120 to 135 per cent?

"Did he vote for the linned oil trust, with a protection of over 90 per cent?

"Did he vote for the white lead trust, with a protection of 75 per cent?

"Did he vote for the starch trust, with a protection of 90 per cent?

"Did he vote for the steel trust, with a protection running from 40 to 115 per cent?

"And so of all the other trusts protected by the tariff, and especially by the McKinley bill (and the Dingley bill). Look them up, and if you find that your representative voted for such an imposition of taxes as alone permits them to exist, make him explain why he did so.

THE SWORD

Snatched From the Hand of Spain and Wielded by America.

At the Jefferson Day banquet of the Democratic club, Brooklyn, a letter of regret from ex-Governor Boies of Iowa, was read, as follows:

"I am sorry it is impossible for me to attend the Jefferson banquet. "The war with Spain was a reaffirmation of the principle underlying our own form of government, that found expression in a loyal declaration by a united people that Cuba should of right be free. No nation on earth ever championed a nobler cause.

"The end came. The grip of a tyrant had been broken. Spain was at our feet, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines at our disposal. It needed but a simple demand from us to make them forever free. But here we halted. A word that would have made the name of America immortal was never spoken. "Greed took the place of charity and usurped the throne of justice. We wanted an excuse for exploiting the Philippines, and made a voluntary donation of \$20,000,000 of gold to Spain to find it. What followed? I wish to God we could blot from the annals of our race this page of American history, as it must be written and go shamefaced, as it will, through all the ages to come.

"The truth is, we have simply changed places with Spain and snatched from her pained hand the sword she could no longer wield and turned it against a race she had become powerless further to oppress.

"Look at the little island of Porto Rico, that welcomed us as deliverers from an oppressor's hand. What do we find? A people denied the most valuable privileges they enjoyed under a despotism that furnished our only excuse for war; a race of vassals without a right we are bound to respect—foreigners, in fact, who cannot enter our gates without paying tribute on the products of their toil or take unincumbered from our hands that which their needs require—yet our subjects in name, over whom the American flag is to float forever, to be ruled as our lordly will may determine.

"With unseemly haste a Republican congress and a Republican president struck from the statutes of their country a tariff tax framed for revenue, the only purpose for which taxes can rightly be laid, and built in its place a huge wall in front of every port of the nation, in the shadows of which an infamous brood of life sucking trusts have been nursed, until there is scarcely a manufactured necessity of life the market price of which to American consumers is not fixed by the greed of some giant corporation. We are at the threshold of another national campaign. The issues upon which it is to be fought will be made by the Democratic party. What shall they be? Anti-imperialism, anti-monopoly and death to trusts."

THE IDAHO HORSE QUEEN.

She Has Now Lassoed A St. Louis Contractor.

BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN.

She is a Quick Brander, a Dead Shot With Rifle or Pistol—Of Striking Appearance and Wealthy—Always Ready and Able to Protect Herself.

Miss Kitty Wilkins, the Horse Queen of Idaho, has made her most important "round-up," says a St. Louis special to the New York World, and lassoed a husband. He is William J. ("Billy") Baker, of the firm of Best & Baker, brick contractors, of St. Louis.

The "wild West" and the "effete East" are "branded" and "lariatied" all through their romance of hearts. Miss Wilkins, who rides straddle, and in leather breeches, out among her herds in Idaho valleys, and counts her horses by the thousands of heads, met Mr. Baker in St. Louis last year.

She came here with carloads of Western-bred horseflesh, and sold 3,000 in one consignment to the National Stock Yards.

Many young men of the swagger set got tangled in Miss Wilkins' train. The fair young horse woman gave



(Kitty Wilkins.)

several swagger suppers at the Lindell Hotel. Mr. Baker was among the guests.

Last fall Miss Wilkins made another trip to the city, and renewed her former acquaintance list. Among the most devoted of her admirers was Mr. Baker. The same round of late suppers, theatre parties and princely pleasure spoke eloquently of the horse queen's splendor in her far Western home.

On more than one occasion when an overconfident young man presumed upon Miss Wilkins' wild Western freedom of spirit, he was checked by the glitter of her clear gray eyes and the scorn of her curling scarlet lips, or, if needed, by the iron grip of her fist clinched tightly about the inevitable riding whip poised above her shapely head.

None of Baker's friends was taken into his confidence until after the dissolving of the partnership of Best & Baker.

Baker then announced that he would return with his bride in about four months, when they would bring a large consignment of horses. He promised several of his friends, who were Miss Wilkins' erstwhile guests in St. Louis, that they should have the pick of the lot.

Miss Wilkins, besides being a fearless rider and expert caster of the lasso, and a quick brander, is a dead shot with rifle and pistol. She is a goddess of the saddle, a superb type of womanhood, with muscles trained from outdoor life since early childhood.

She is decidedly manly in her appearance, affecting vests, collars and four-in-hands and mannish topcoats. The most striking point of her staturesque ensemble is a broad sombrero, which she wears jauntily upon a mass of hair like burnished bronze.

While in St. Louis she gave several exhibitions of her skill in the saddle and in throwing the lariat. Those who were privileged to see her as she appears upon the rolling landscape of her own broad acres went into ecstasies over the poetry of motion in her swing of the colling lasso and the grace of her mount.

In all things Miss Wilkins proved herself very much of a woman while there, but one who was always ready and able to protect herself without a chaperon. Much has been written in the East and on the Pacific coast about her wealth, which conservative estimates place at nearly \$1,000,000.

Longest Tunnel in the World.

The Simplon tunnel, beginning near the little town of Brig, in Switzerland, and ending near Isella Italy, will be 12 1/2 miles long, and will cost \$13,413,500.

Work is in progress at both ends, and the contract calls for its completion in five and a half years.

When finished the new tunnel will accomplish a saving of 43 1/2 miles in the railway journey from Paris to Milan over the Mt. Cenis or St. Gothard tunnels.

Phoenician women, who were proud of their hair, have been ordered by the priests to offer it up on the altars dedicated to Venus after the death of Adonis, obeyed, but with murmuring. Soon they were consoled by a Greek merchant, who told them that he would give them the means of hiding their bald pates under luxuriant curls. In his chariot he had hundred of wigs of all colors.

Celery is derived from smallage. Filberts, &c., are improvements of the hazelnut.

TORTURED IN THIBET.

Landor's Fearful Experience in the Centre of Asia.

Arthur Henry Savage Landor, the great Thibetian explorer now in this country, has excited general interest in his remarkable attempt to get to the sacred city of Lhasa. Mr. Landor is a grandson of the famous poet and author, Walter Savage Landor. The account of his attempt to reach Lhasa—the capital of Thibet, and the stronghold of Lamaistic Buddhism, where no white man has ever been, is deeply interesting.

A non-Buddhist is forbidden under penalty of torture and death to enter Lhasa. It is the most mysterious city in the world. Thibet is ruled by the Grand Lama, a priest of the highest orders. Some of the tales told by the explorers are thrilling in the extreme. There is much in them to excite skepticism among those who have never had first-hand acquaintance with the Thibetans nor suffered similar hardships. They have, however, been fully investigated by persons appointed for that purpose, and while these have in a great measure been obliged to depend for information on the statements of the traveler himself, the confirmatory evidence is overwhelming.

Mr. Landor's objective was Lhasa. He reached India in April, 1897, and Garbhayag toward the end of the following May. He had with him as attendants a native following of thirty men. What he desired to do was to enter Thibet by the Lippu Lek Pass, but the Jong Pen, of Taklakot, prevented him, and he was obliged to abandon the ordinary trade route of the country and attempt to go through the Lumpia Pass, which is at an altitude of 18,150 feet.

His guides, according to all accounts, were a bad lot, and with dismissals and desertions their number was presently reduced to two, Chandon Sing and Mansing. With these two and two yaks Mr. Landor crossed the Marlam La Pass, and one of the animals went down in the Mo Tsambo River with the various provisions and personal chattels which it carried. Up to this time Landor doggedly kept aloof from the inhabitants, but a hungry man doesn't wait on ceremony, and finally he was obliged to go to the village of Toxem in search of food. Here on August 20, while engaged in bartering for fresh animals and supplies he and his companions were overpowered and bound.

Bound limbs and body with ropes, he was knocked three times to the ground. The natives stamped and trampled upon him with their heavy boots. With his two guides he was dragged by the rope around his neck to a nearby camp, where a number of soldiers surrounded him. He was taken to a tribunal composed of a number of high Lamas, who ordered him to kneel. He refused, and they castigated him with knotted and leaded leather thongs. They took his note book and maps and demanded to know why he had made sketches of the holy land.

Following a night's confinement in a loathsome and vermin-infested tent, the explorer was brought forth by a number of soldiers. What happened after that Mr. Landor tells in his own graphic style as follows:

"Oh," shouted he, striking me on the shoulder with his heavy hand, the usual way of addressing people in Thibet. "Oh," repeated he again, "before the sun goes down to-day you will be flogged; they will break both your ears; they will beat your eyes and will cut off your head. He accompanied each sentence with a gesture, well illustrating his words. I roared with laughter. I could but think that this merely said to intimidate me, though the man seemed quite in earnest, and this made me laugh all the more."

Finally, after such suffering as led him to believe that they were in earnest, he was calmly informed that he was to be beheaded immediately. The natives secured him to a prism-shaped log on the ground, his legs as wide apart as they could be stretched, and a man gripping him by the hair. Then the explorer was subjected to further tortures.

"The Pomo raised his arm and placed a red-hot iron bar parallel to and about an inch or two from my eyeball," Mr. Landor says, "and all but touching my nose. Instinctively I kept my eyes tightly closed, but the heat was so intense that it seemed as if my eyes, the left one especially, were being desiccated and my nose scorched. Though the time seemed interminable, I do not think that the heated bar was before my eyes actually more than thirty seconds or so. Yet it was quite long enough, for when I lifted my aching eyelids I saw everything as in a red mist. My left eye was rightfully painful, and every few seconds it seemed as if something in front of it obscured its vision. With the right eye I could still see fairly well, except that everything, as I was said, looked red instead of its usual color."

"The executioner, now close to explorer, held the sword with his nervous hands lifting it high above his shoulder. He then brought it down to my neck, which he touched with the blade, to measure the distance as it were, for a clean, effective stroke. Then, drawing back a step, he quickly raised the sword again and struck a blow at me with all his might. The sword passed disagreeably close to my neck, but did not touch me. Apparently against his will, the executioner went through the same kind of performance on the other side of my head. This time the blade passed so near that the point cannot have been more than half an inch or so from my neck."

There had been, it appears, no real intention to execute him, and following a night of tortures on a diabolically contrived rack, he was placed on a pony's back and with the Thibetan guard, sent back to the frontier. The Rev. Harkus Wilson, by whose intervention Landor and his two servants were saved afterward investigated the story at the request of the Indian government. He reported that the main facts are true.

It is related that, while preaching from his text, "He goeth His beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping audience and said, "Brethren, it is hard to realize that wondrous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation."

THE MASTER OF VIBRATION

Work and Ways of A Most Peculiar Man.

HE EARNS A BIG INCOME

The Golden Profession of "Great I Am"—Gathering in Coin in a Rocky Mountain City—He Claims to Do Miracles and Has Many Patrons.

The "Rev." Thomas J. Shelton, the "Great I Am," the "Christian Healer" and master of "Vibration," has turned up in Denver, Colorado, and is earning money at his trade.

He had not been heard from since he left Little Rock, Ark., several years ago. Now, as confident and buoyant as ever, says the New York World, he is gathering in the coin in the Rocky Mountain city.

In 1887 Shelton appeared in Little Rock, Ark., as a Christian minister. His church was a ramshackle shed and the congregation few in numbers. He started a revival on remarkable lines, and inside of a year had a fine stone edifice and a fashionable building. Then dissension arose. It was said he drank.

"I do," he acknowledged calmly. "I am a dipsomaniac. I can't help it."

Instead of losing his pulpit, the elders placed a jug in the vestry of the church, where he could take a drink before and after services. One day he appeared in the pulpit incoherent. That split up the church, but many stuck to him. Then once he acknowledged in a sermon that he loved another man's wife. Such was his individuality that he was forgiven. After that he started his "vibration" scheme and began to publish The Christian.

Shelton's theory, as he claims, is: "That from his ego, or inner self, for the small sum of \$1, he will send out a vibration for you that will enable you to do anything—make a hit in Wall street, cure any disease, cure a dog of the mange, bring back false lovers, make hens lay, or do anything else imaginable. Incidentally, he makes about \$50,000 a year out of his trades.

As he expresses it: "God is a universal principle. I am the person of that principle. Each individual is the person of the individual principle, and his power consists in the recognition of his personality. As long as you believe God is a person outside of yourself you are dependent on this other person. When you recognize that you are the person of this individual you become independent. The 'I Am' is the personal name of the Deity. The God, the universal principle, is not named Jesus or Josh, but the 'I Am' that I Am."

"I believe that individually I am associated with all the power that there is in the world. If the 'I Am' should suddenly cease to use me as a means to work through, it would make no difference to me. I have plenty of money to live on, and I have just invested \$10,000 in a mine. If it were not that I have this work of the 'I Am' to carry on, I would be just a plain, bald-headed gold-bug Republican."

"I am the most practical of men. There is nothing of the crank about me. I believe the almighty dollar is the shadow of Almighty God. When I brought my paper, the Christian, to Denver, and asked for bids from printers for getting it out, I took the lowest bidder.

"It is not to women alone, but to men as well. I have many men



(Thomas J. Shelton.)

friends, one of whom is seventy-five years old, and I call him 'sweetheart.' There are men who address me in the same terms of endearment. You know, it is pleasant to all of us to have loving and affectionate words employed in our intercourse with each other. It is simply in this way that I use these terms.

"How do I give people treatments? Well, I go into the silence. If I am to treat for poverty, I send vibration of success. I have patients in Wall street who pay me from \$25 to \$50 a month. Once I built a house worth \$5,000 when I didn't have five cents to begin with. I saw the whole thing as in a picture, and knew that was the thing to do—and it was."

Shelton claims to have vibrated for E. Burd Grubb, of New Jersey, ex-Minister to Spain, who lost his fortune so successfully that the fortune came back.

He says he receives about 2,000 letters a month, each containing \$1. In his answers he always addresses the inquirer as "sweetheart," and some of the answers to young women are lurid.

"Carrie, my darling," he wrote to one young woman. "I believe I have more sweethearts than any other man on earth. 'I began my awakening by loving a woman I should not, and now I love all women—black white, red, yellow and mixed."

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