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It is a great step forward for Russia to abolish exile without judicial inquiry, but what of the 150,000 penal prisoners in Siberia now who never had a trial of public record?

The Rev. Dr. Hillis's sentiment, "Young man, dare to be poor," will be accepted more easily now that a high authority has said that in these times of great fortunes to own a million only is respectable poverty.

China's foreign commerce is increasing, and so, it is agreeable to observe, is America's proportion of it. It looks now as though Great Britain, Japan and the United States may soon have almost a monopoly of the Chinese trade.

Nine times out of ten a man with a tired brain and an exhausted body begins his vacation in an environment entirely alien to all the usual habits of his life, observes a writer in the New York Post; takes violent exercise to which he is unused, exposes himself to the sun, passes hours in or on the water, eats ill-chosen and ill-prepared food, and stays just long enough in trying these experiments to have nature rebel vehemently, and rarely reaches the time when he is again in harmony with his surroundings before he returns to home and work, quite decided that "next year" he will try another climate, for he can plainly see that wherever his choice led him this time was not a good place for him.

Oklahoma wants Statehood for the following reasons: The Territory covers 38,715 square miles. It has 700 miles of railroad and 450 miles of under construction. Last year Oklahoma produced more than 25,000,000 bushels of wheat and more than 150,000 bales of cotton. The corn, oats and fruit crop, together with the cattle and hogs raised, were of far greater value than the combined wheat and cotton crop. The enrolment of the school children in 1890 was 101,474 in 1936 school districts, a larger number than has either of fifteen other States in the Union. The Territory maintains a university, two normal schools and an agricultural college. All have good buildings, and are amply endowed. Free education is provided for every child in the Territory, and the methods of education are most modern.

The Canny Scot.
In the differences that would sometimes arise between members of his tenantry the Duke of Argyll was often invited to arbitrate upon the matter in dispute, and he used to tell a characteristically Scottish story of one of the occasions. Two tenants having waited upon him and asked him to decide the question at issue, the duke put what he always regarded as a very necessary preliminary question: "Well, your Grace," was the reply of one of the hardheaded old disputants, "I'd like to know first what it is."—London Chronicle.

Gen. Grant Wins a Victory.
Gen. Grant, who led reinforcements, with artillery, against the insurgents in the mountains east of Santiago, reports the capture of the rebel stronghold after four hours' fighting. The rebels were scattered, and the Americans are pursuing them. Gen. Grant's column had no casualties.

Gen. MacArthur at Manila cabled today as follows: "Report capture of Alcala, near Mexico, and Cavendish, important leader of guerrillas in province, Luzon." These reports are in the nature of surmises, and indicate that the insurrectionary leaders of the insurrection are being driven to Manila to accept terms.

Train and Cremated.
A train of four and three members of the West. New York were ordered Monday to the house which they lived in by the fire, which was presumably a robbery.

Remains of four were recovered from the ruins of the house. Death in case had evidently been caused by some from some blunt instrument. A suspicion rests upon a farm hand, a Champion, who had been in the neighborhood.

At a funeral of a girl of 16 in New York City recently eight young misses, her schoolmates, dressed in white and carrying bunches of lilies of the valley acted as pall-bearers.

ALICIA'S EXPERIMENT.

Alicia Wellington was 26 years old, and she had never received an offer of marriage nor had a lover. Her two younger sisters were both happily married—Gertrude to a young man who had adored her from childhood, and Lottie to an elderly widower who had fallen in love with her at her coming-out party. Gertrude had refused three offers before marrying John Nelson; Lottie, who was born a coquette, had received homage from almost every man she knew from the time she could talk.

Alicia was serious and rather haughty. Her friends called her "Intellectual," and this same intellectualism made her unpopular with men, who were generally her inferiors in her chosen style of conversation if not in depth of thought. Until now Alicia had affected to despise the other sex. Lottie's flirtations and Gertrude's conquests had seemed frivolous to her. But she wished to be a well-rounded woman, and it suddenly occurred to her that she knew nothing of love, although it was one of the chief things of life. The fact that she was different from other girls and their inferior in one respect was brought home to her by a meditation on love and matrimony which followed the receipt of a letter announcing the engagement of the only unmarried one of her classmates. To be sure, Alicia was younger than the other girls, but she had come out the same year.

"It is all very well not to marry," she said to herself in conclusion, "but it is odd not to attract a single suitor. There must be something lacking in me. I have always known that I didn't like men, but it is strange that men don't like me. I can accomplish almost anything if I make up my mind to it. I will have a lover. I need not marry him, of course, but I will have him desperately in love with me, so that I shall have an impassioned offer; then I will refuse him."

Alicia cast about her list of male acquaintances with a view to selecting



a suitable man for her experiment. Finally she chose Reggy De Greve. Reggy was a year younger than Alicia. He was as frivolous as any girl, and decidedly effeminate in his looks and ways. He had been one of Lottie's numerous admirers, in an impassive way, but he had never gotten up courage to propose to her. He had not been sure that he wanted to do so. Now he came to the house rather because he was used to coming to see "the ladies," once in so often. Alicia's mother was fond of him, for she had known him since he was in dresses, and she regarded him as a boy. Of Alicia he stood somewhat in awe.

"Reggy will be a good one to begin with," thought the young woman. "He will be easy to influence. After I have refused him I can try some one more difficult."

Thus Miss Wellington began her career as a flirt. That evening Reggy came to the house. He found Alicia wonderfully interesting. She talked about cottillon figures, pretty girls, fudges and golf. Reginald was in demand as a cottillon leader, he was a challenger des dames, an expert chafinch-cook, and an inspiring golf player. "Gwaociss, I never thought she knew so much," he said to himself, as he left the house. But this was only because Alicia had displayed knowledge of the subjects with which Reggy was conversant, for he had always known that she was "intellectual."

It was scarcely a week before Reggy again presented himself at the Wellingtons. He asked for Miss Wellington, instead of "the ladies." He was unconscious of the neglect of Mrs. Wellington, but wary Alicia smiled when she, alone, was summoned to the drawing-room.

"O, Mr. De Greve," she said—heretofore she had called him Reggy—"I know you can help me solve something that has been worrying my poor brain."

She took a seat beside the young man and submitted her "something" that had been worrying her. It was only a charade, an intricate one, however, to which Alicia knew the answer. Reggy did not suspect that he was good at puzzles. He solved this one easily, and explained the elaborate process to Miss Wellington.

"Thank you, Mr. De Greve, you are so clever," said Alicia, exactly as she had heard Lottie say the same words to different men at least a hundred times.

That evening as Reggy went away his predominant thought was, "She thinks me clever."

In the course of time Alicia convinced Reggy that she was uncommonly pretty, agreeable, not too wise, and altogether charming—just the woman to preside over his house and help him spend his rather large patrimony. She

also convinced him that he was clever, witty and manly. Indeed, under the sun of her approval he grew wonderfully until he was quite a different Reggy.

At last the schemed-for proposal took place. Satisfied with himself, and much more than satisfied with the accomplished Alicia, Reggy asked her to be his wife. Alicia foresaw the coming offer, of course. She made ready to refuse it. She even chose her next victim, William Giles, a lawyer of skill and renown. He would be difficult to enthrall, but a foe man worthy of her steel.

But she did not think of William when Reggy proposed. She watched "the boy," as she called him in her heart, with a curious pride. "How well he does it," she thought. "Love has made a man of him. He is desperately in earnest; he is charming—he is adorable."

"Why, Reggy," she said aloud, to her own astonishment, "I believe I do love you. Yes, I will marry you, after all—yes, yes I will."

The happy Reggy did not notice the peculiar wording of Alicia's acceptance of his heart and fortune. He had won her, and his joy seemed complete. No one but his wife ever knew that he had been the subject of an experiment.

—Chicago Tribune.

A VORACIOUS CAPRA.

Goat Eined on the Horse's Tail — An Amusing Incident.

Henry Travers and Otto Koop, who lives a few doors away, have long been the closest of friends. But now they never speak as they pass by, and 'tis all owing to Travers's goat and Koop's long-tailed bay mare. The bay mare had a tail that reached the ground and the goat an appetite that was indiscriminating and only limited by his ambulatory and reaching powers. But the horse's tail instead of sweeping the floor as of yore, is now but a jagged bunch of hair, fully a foot and a half away from the ground. The facts in the case are somewhat hazy, but Mr. Koop says: "My heart is almost broken. Why, the tail of that horse was the best part of it. I wouldn't have taken \$500 for that mare, but now look at it! That confounded goat of Travers had to come in here and chew off its tail and disfigure the finest looking horse in Toledo. Why in heaven's name didn't Travers feed his old billy goat, so that he would stay at home instead of trespassing around chewing up horses' tails. It's a blamed shame, and I'm going down town to see a lawyer friend of mine and see if I can't get damages. No, the mare ain't much of a runner or trotter, but you just ought to have seen that tail! I'll kick a lung out of that goat if I get a chance." "Kick a lung out of my goat, will he?" indignantly snorted Mr. Travers when told what Koop had said. "Just let him try it. Damages? Fiddlesticks! How is he to sue me? I didn't eat the tail. Why doesn't he keep his stable door shut if he is so particular?"—Toledo News.

Not Superstitious.

Even ancient superstitions are not respected by the modern woman of fashion. She has herself photographed in her wedding dress before she is married, has her trousseau marked with her new initials instead of her maiden name, and otherwise flies in the face of traditions which, to her grandmother, were sacred because of their very antiquity, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. At the present moment the most favored gem for mounting as a charm is the opal, the stone banned for years as an omen of bad fortune to the wearer. Now you find opals in the rough, as well as polished, being mounted in almost every style for wear on neck chains or on bangles. There is only one other stone which can rival them in popularity, and that is the pale green jade.

Utah's Capital.

Salt Lake City still presents one of the most absorbingly interesting fields for the sociologist to be found on this continent. The conditions most vital to a people's life are there far beneath the surface and cannot be comprehended in a day, nor by a sojourner who looks exclusively through either Mormon or Gentile eyes. Two generations have been born into the Mormon religion, and the traditions of the church are as binding to them as those of century-old creeds to their followers. The man who you are told has "broken away" from the faith you find upon acquaintance to be half a Mormon still. The "good Mormon" who is pointed out to you will be found to be, in nine cases out of ten, half Gentile.—New Lippincott.

No Twin Microbes for Him.

A clergyman walking on the outskirts of his parish on day found one of his parishioners whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at this novel manifestation of the virtue that is next to godliness he complimented the man on his desire for neatness. With a mysterious air the workman descended from the ladder and approaching the fence said: "That's not exactly the reason why I'm doing this ere job, your worship. The last two couples as lived here had twins, so I see to my missus, I'll take and whitewash the place so's there mayn't be no infection." You see, sir, as how we've got 10 of 'em already."—Photographic Record.

HIS DECLARATION OF LOVE.

It Went Into Various Collections and Brought Him Interesting Negatives. The young man came near. "Buenavista," he said, in a premonitory cough, "may I say what I came to say this evening?"

"I—I think you may, Mr. Yipperly," came softly from her lips. "Then," he proceeded, "I may venture to hope that it will not wholly surprise you. Mayhap, dear girl, your own heart has told you already what it is."

He placed his arm along the back of her chair, and, observing that she did not appear to shrink from it, he went ahead.

"Not with the boldness of one who feels that he may presume upon a favorable answer with absolute certainty do I venture to ask the momentous question now trembling on my lips, but rather with the dread of a reply that may forever blast all my hopes and drive me forth a wanderer and a vagabond upon the face of the earth! The issue at stake is so tremendous, the consequences so lasting and far reaching, that one may well hesitate before staking one's all, if it may be so expressed, upon the cast of a die."

Slightly leaning forward she listened with parted lips and clasped hands.

"Therefore, beloved of my soul, I may have seemed as one who

"—either fears his fate too much, Or his desert is small,"

inasmuch as I have not been entirely free from the suspicion of being one, furthermore

"Who will not put it to the touch, To win or lose it all."

but while endeavoring on the one hand to avoid the imputation of unmanly cowardice and on the other the equally reprehensible and more offensive charge of overweening confidence and self-conceit, I am impelled by a feeling stronger than my own will to lay bare my heart before you, once for all, and end the suspense that is weighing upon me."

"How beautifully you express yourself!" she murmured.

"Listen, Buenavista McCorkle! Impressed with my own unworthiness as I am, deeply sensible, as I must be, of the inestimable value of the prize to which I aspire, I yet dare in my folly to rush in where an angel might fear to tread. Gentle girl, your image possesses my heart absolutely. Love like mine would melt the heart of a marble statue. For weeks I have seemed to move in a dream. I could see your face in the moon. Your eyes twinkled in the stars. The winds, as they blew softly through the trees, seemed to murmur, 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' The birds that sang beneath my window twittered 'Buenavista! Buenavista!' and their music echoed in the chambers of my soul. The clouds, as they moved majestically across the heavens—"

"O, how beautiful!"

"I took your form and seemed to beckon me, and yet mock me as with a vision of the unattainable. In my dreams, when sleep has ended my vigils, I have seen you as a Greek goddess and worshiped you afar off with despairing, deathless devotion!"

"Have the conductors on the elevated roads, as they mumbled out the names of the streets, seemed to say, 'Buenavista! Buenavista!'"

"What mean you, Miss McCorkle?"

"I have the frogs in the marshes, offering their evening orisons, breathed into the captured ear of night the smoothly flowing name of 'McCorkle! McCorkle!'"

"Why, let me ask, Miss McCorkle, have you let me make such a blooming idiot of myself if you intended to give me the clammy hand in this style? Did you think I was practicing for a high school exhibition?"

"O, no, Mr. Yipperly, I have enjoyed it greatly. I think, taking it altogether, yours is one of the most gorgeous and spectacular declarations of love I ever listened to. Why did I let you run on so long? Because, Mr. Yipperly, I am making a collection of proposals of marriage, and I thought yours would be a valuable addition. It is absolutely unique. You don't know how grateful I am for it, as a work of art."

The young man removed his arm from the back of her chair, thrust his hand into an inner pocket, and brought forth a folded manuscript.

"For fear you might not remember it in all its majesty and beauty, Miss McCorkle," he said, tossing it into her lap, "allow me to give it to you in full, in typewritten form. You will see that you missed the really eloquent, spell-binding part of it. The peroration would have made your hair curl."

"I hope, Mr. Yipperly, you will not allow this to—"

"I shan't lose an ounce of flesh or a wink of sleep over it. I hired a literary chap who was hard up to write that thing for me, Miss McCorkle. No, you can keep it. I've got another copy somewhere. I have tried that production on five or six other girls, and it's had the same effect on all of them. I'm getting an interesting collection of negatives. I guess I was pretty badly swindled. Well, I must be going."—Chicago Tribune.

Boer Relationship.

A list of a portion of the prisoners of General Cronje's army has just been issued at Cape Town, says the London Daily Mail. A perusal of it proves the close relationship existing among nearly all the Boers.

For instance, there are no fewer than 27 of the Coetzee family, mostly hailing from Potchefstroom, the De Beers number 16, the Bothas 22, the Krugers 20, the Cronjes only five, the Pretorius 21, the Van Wyks 16. Very few English names occur in the list, but the following are noticeable: Ayres, Clarke, Dunn, Porter, Berry, Green, Holmes, Hunter, four O'Kellys, Page and Wheeler.

CHINA'S GINSENG ROOT.

LARGE QUANTITIES DUG IN THE FORESTS OF CHIO.

Root of the Herb Is Regarded as Almost Sacred by the Celestials—Supposed to Add to the Length of Life and Brighten Mental Powers—Brings a Good Price.

It is not a well known fact that a large percentage of the shipments of ginseng, which go annually to China, is contributed by the forests of northern Ohio, nevertheless it is true. Large districts there were and still are comparatively well stocked with the herb; and many residents have made hundreds of dollars by gathering the roots in years gone by. The first sign of spring calls the ginseng diggers from their homes, and many of them are already afield, seeking probably the most precious plant that grows. A spade and a bag over his shoulder identifies the man who seeks ginseng from other men. He goes to rich woodlands and then singles out the butter-nut trees, under which the herb is most commonly found.

The roots of the plant, sometimes fleshy tubers the size of a forefinger, are of that shape and easily go to make up a pound of the matter desired. When dried they bring from \$3 to \$10 a pound, according to their size; the older and larger, the higher their price. Although gathering the roots is a profitable business, that of selling direct to the consumer is much the more profitable. In China it is sold by the ounce and oftentimes brings as high as \$200 an ounce; that weight in all cases bringing more than the pound upon the American market. With the celestials it is a prize, and upon perfect specimens as high as \$2500 has been lavished. With them it is supposed to possess a supernatural power to strengthen and invigorate the weakening tissues, so that the eater will live to be 100 years old. And not only is the power thus ascribed, but to the poor mentally, it imparts knowledge, and, above all, prepares the olive-eyed prince for a long and luxurious sojourn on earth.

In fact, the ginseng root is almost sacred to the Chinaman of the upper class, and to present it to one's friend is an homage difficult of appreciation by the sons of the West, who gather it in the woods. The entire growth of the herb is protected by the government in the Chinese empire. At one time the emperor detailed 10,000 Tartars to gather all that could be found in his domain. Each man was obliged to give two pounds to his majesty, and for what he succeeded in gathering afterward he was repaid by its weight in silver. This, however, was no more than one-eighth of its value and soon it was exchanged even for its weight in gold, as is often the case at the present time.

The American crop does not compare at all favorably with that of Korea. In that country, however, it is found practicable to raise it in gardens, and here it is impossible to produce good roots by so doing. It is a crime punishable by death for a Korean to sell ginseng outside of his own country without imperial permission. Thus protected, it forms one of the staple products of Korea, and is much appreciated by the Chinese owing to its superior flavor.

There is naturally a prejudice on the part of the Chinese to receive from the West anything so highly regarded by them. Up to the dawn of the nineteenth century it was exported from America in small quantities, but as early as 1830 the shipments amounted to nearly \$100,000 in one year. There seems to be an idea prevalent in this country that the Chinese powder the roots and smoke them. This is an error. It is never used as a quietus. The commoner classes eat it much as we do the common liquorice root, but those who employ it most are the grandes and even the royal households. A truly Oriental and luxurious manner of administering the powdered root obtains among the higher classes. By the highest caste the treatment is taken during a period of 40 days once in two years. The patient is taken to a beautiful garden where flowers are blooming, birds singing, water sparkling from a fountain, and usually where music is to be heard through the hours of the day. In this retreat he is told nothing of the outside world and allowed to receive no letters from friends for fear they might contain unpleasant news. Here he is fed the ginseng powder, a soft, yellow stuff, with a slightly aromatic flavor. As a natural consequence of his rest from trouble and worry, the patient comes forth in brighter spirit, and in this way it is sounded abroad that it was the ginseng treatment which made him so.

It is a singular fact that the name given the plant by the Chinese and the North American Indian is strongly similar. Both names suggest the fancied resemblance of a root to the form of the human body, the tuber being oftentimes split into two divisions resembling the limbs of a man. On account of this similarity to man's form the supernatural powers were ascribed to it, and there is much evidence to show that it was in high favor with the Indians on the same account.—Chicago Record.

Trouble Over Wells in India.

The question of wells in India is complicated by the co-existence in each community of two castes—the purer Hindus and Gonds on the one hand, the weavers on the other. No weaver may draw from the well of the Hindus lest it be defiled, nor will the Hindu drink from the hands or the well of a weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindu element to give water to their less exalted fellow-villagers.—The Cornhill

TRIPLE TREATMENT.

Physician and Patient Agreed as to Its Efficacy.

The very of the serum treatment was the outcome of a happy chance. The mystery of immunity, the well-known fact that one attacked an infectious disease, such as typhoid fever or measles, almost always escapes a person secure against subsequent exposure.

As so happens, in the pursuit of knowledge the subject sought was not found; the true cause of immunity is to be discovered; but something of practical value was lighted on, namely, a means by which this immunity can be artificially produced.

It was found that during the course of the disease the patient's blood undergoes a change, or acquires some property, by virtue of which the liability to take that disease is destroyed. This it was discovered that a bit of the blood of a person who has become immune, injected into the veins of another person who never had the disease, will render him immune also.

But it is not for the injection of this blood that a person who has just been attacked with the disease seems to have a cure. It is like a weapon the blood of a man attacked, or a bit to be injected, by robbers. If he is the person beforehand he can avoid the attack, or if it is put into his hand he is being attacked, he can avoid to drive the assailant away.

The disease, however, the remedy must be used early, for a weapon is useless a man who has already been beaten to unconsciousness.

It is manifestly impossible to use human blood for this purpose, hence, reconstructions are made repeatedly in horse and all his blood has a high degree of immunizing power, when he is bled and the red and white corpuscles are removed, for the active properties reside in the fluid of the blood, that is to say, the serum. This put up in sealed flasks, is ready for use.

The most use is the well-known tetanus antitoxin, although tetanus antitoxin and other serums are also produced.

Physicians means agreed as to the value of the serum treatment of diphtheria, which that diphtheria toxin, for example, has no curative properties whatever, others, again, equally of phatic in their content of diphtheria is a much less serious disease, the serum treatment has come into general use, and go so far as to believe that the well known, through this serum treatment, Pasteur's saying will fall, that "it is in the power of art to make a parasitic (or infectious) disease disappear from the world."—The Cornhill

GRANT AND HIS.

A petri forest in and stone formation has been discovered in Rount county, Cornia.

A Booth (Me.) fishman, Ab Ak, says he is the shortest name on record. He is said the no abbreviation abt, either.

An emu, omelette as the treat provided a London naturalist for his friend. The content of the egg, which was laid in Australia some time ago, weighed two pounds. Crocodiles' eggs are also served.

Tennyson's eggs and Ben Brown are two citizens of a Georgia settlement recently on a wager, Tennyson declared to baked "possums at a sitting. Byron is distinguished by having consumed seven boxes of matches as many minutes.

John W. giant policeman, has been engaged for the summer for the Olentangy at Columbus, Ohio. Wood is the city from the mining districts applied to the street railway company for a position, but, as he is about as tall as a car and weighs 310 lbs., it was decided not to place him in the position of running a motor. Wood is about 23 years of age and has 7 feet 6 inches tall.

To trephine a new-born infant's skull is an experience that has fallen to the lot of few surgeons. A surgeon of Ottawa, Ill., performed the operation on one of twins born to Mrs. Douglas Mackay. The result was beyond all expectation. When a piece of skull in the centre of the depressed area had been rephined out the skull at once resumed its normal shape. Since then the patient has gained in strength and all symptoms of insanity have disappeared.

A three-legged horse, born to years ago of a Boer farm, arrived New York city the other day for exhibition at Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. On the voyage of 30 days from Cape Town to London the horse showed that all of its legs were legs. It also behaved like a veted ocean-crosser on her tumultuous voyage from London. It is said that the horse can "trot, walk, gallop" as well as a four-legged horse and that it can also perform some tricks. Its third leg is perfect, growing from the centre of its chest.

A Beggarly Salary.

The young congressman ran his again over the pages of the speech expected to deliver on the morrow. He made a trifling alteration or two, passed his hand across his forehead, and gazed at the type-written pages before him. And all I get for this kind of work, he ruminated, with a tinge of bitterness in his tone, "is \$5000 a year."—Chicago Tribune.