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An ice-breaking steamer on Lake Baikal, in Siberia, made a trial trip of 80 miles through ice 31 inches in thickness. The trip was made in 12 hours, and is said to have been wholly satisfactory. And the boat is American built, at that.

American wooden ware is in great demand in England and Germany, and is now finding its way to Russia. It is also exported to the West Indies, South America, China, Australia, New Zealand, India and South Africa. The articles which find a most ready market abroad are clothes pins, pails, chopping bowls, folding chairs, refrigerators, ice cream freezers, wash tubs and churns.

A Georgia judge recently, in deciding a case against a man who had been missing for many years, then suddenly appeared and claimed part of an estate, made this comment: "I scarcely think the statute of relations will stop and wait for him any more than the village of Falling Waters awaited the awakening of Rip Van Winkle, or the wife of Enoch Arden awaited his return."

We are still able to supply fuel for the world. Coal statistics of the United States geological survey for 1899 show a total production in the United States of 230,838,973 long tons. The 1898 production was 196,405,953 long tons. The total value of last year's output is \$259,435,512, an increase of about 20 per cent. over that of 1898. The anthracite production was 58,837,496 long tons, and valued at \$88,123,493.

Now that the doctors have had their say about the evil effects of kissing and have told dreadful tales of the transfer of bodily diseases from lip to lip, the dentists have taken the floor with similar stories in regard to the trouble that may be caused the teeth by indiscriminate carresses of the osculatory order. According to a Philadelphia authority, it seems that the microbes which attack the mouth are the easiest transferred by kissing. Indeed, the authority in question goes farther. "I don't care how fine your teeth are naturally," he says, "if you kiss very often a person with bad ones you will need my services within a year. I have had cases where one of an engaged couple had the finest possible teeth until she met her fiance, who had less healthy ones, and my theory always proved right. Then I have seen the engagement broken and the formerly good teeth restored permanently to perfect condition." All this may be true. It sounds so and it comes from a man who believes in what he says. But, although statistics are impossible, one ventures to say that the physicians' scare did not reduce kissing to any appreciable extent and that, therefore, it will, despite the dentists, still go on in very much the same old way.

The Climate of Manila.

Manila's climate is almost identical with that of San Juan de Puerto Rico, and is comparable with that of the Gulf States during the warmer portion of the year. It seems less trying to most people, however, than July and August even in Washington and Baltimore, because the climate is equally one. Having no sudden changes to fear, men can, and habitually do, dress in the lightest of underclothing, wearing over it only thin, unlined duck coat and trousers, and inasmuch as the variations of temperature are small, people presently become accustomed to the warmth.

Leak Into an Ambush.

Capt. Frank F. Orenshaw, with 20 men of the Twenty-eighth infantry while scouting near Taal, was led into an ambush by a guide. Capt. Orenshaw was badly wounded in the head and one private was wounded. The ambushers were scattered, leaving to men dead and three wounded on the field. Capt. Flint, while scouting five miles east of Biacalato, Bulacan province, had a slight brush with the enemy. Flint and two privates were wounded.

Cigarettes are smoked a most extensively in Germany, Austria, Russia and Greece, and generally through Europe.

THE WORKING MAN.

He lays his hand upon the stubborn soil, And lo! a mighty miracle is done; It grows, responsive to his touch of toil, Fruitful and fair beneath the golden sun.

At his behest the prairie is transformed; He digs the desert and it disappears; Before his plow the wilderness is stormed, And leagues of corn lift up their splendid spears.

Amid his sheaves he stands a happy man, Nor seeks to solve the things beyond his ken; Content with the All-wise, Eternal plan Of Him who shapes the destinies of men.

The sky that bends above him shows no stars At noon; and yet he knows the Power Divine That shaped the Pleiades and fashioned Mars; In their appointed time will bid them shine.

His hearthstone is the altar, he the priest Of home's sweet sanctuary, day by day, In joy or sorrow, indignance or feast, Where vows unsolved keeps its gently sway.

No narrowing envy occupies his breast, No schemes of avarice distress his mind; By Heaven-sent peace his simple life is blest, And in his tasks he blesses all mankind.

His labor brings the harvest to the plow, And through his brave exertions millions live; He works the miracle that grows the grain And all the crops that pregnant acres give.

To him the crowded city looks for food; From him grand families flees and squator hides; His energies sustain the multitude And where his blessings fall pale want subsides.

For him the sun and stars give forth their light; For him the restless ocean ebbs and flows; For him the radiant day, the peaceful night And all things beautiful their charms disclose.

He builds the mighty ship whose progress spurs The roaring tempest on the trackless sea; His strenuous life the wheels of commerce turns And cleaves a wider space for Liberty.

Oh! wonder-working toil! God's gift to man, What blessings follow where thou art applied In strict accordance with the Master's plan, And what disasters where thou art denied.

God bless the honest toiler, everywhere, In mill and mine, in factory and field; His life's the antidote for dumb despair, His sturdy arm the Nation's surest shield.

And may God keep the toiler free and brave, From petty tyranny of clique or class; That seeks to dwarf his soul and to enslave The free-born spirit of the Working Man!

—John E. Barrett, in the Scranton Truth.

PEPPERED THE BANDIT.

An Amusing Western Experience.

"It's queer what different ideas men have as to how they'll act in cases they ever get involved in a train or stage 'stick-up,' or hold-up, as you call it back this way. Myself, I've been stuck-up at the point of one or more guns on three different occasions and on each occasion I've pointed my two mitts heavenward without any fuss of feathers whatsoever, and delivered the goods with nary a whimper. But I never figured on doing anything else. Before I ever got held up at all I always said to myself that when the time arrived for some fellow to poke a gun into my face and request me to elevate my arms, I'd do what he asked me to do without any question at all, and let him have all he could find on me without any side-stepping or mumbling. I considered that that was the only sensible thing to do, and I consider so yet. So, while its cost me a heap more than I really could afford to fork over my little valuables on the three occasions the boys of the road have nailed me, I always patted myself on the back and told myself that, while I mayn't have been very heroic or dare-devilish, I did the wise thing in getting away with a complete and unpenetrated hide.

"But I've often met chaps who were simply going to cut a dog in two in case anybody ever tried to stick them up at the end of a gun. They were going to decline to be held up, and teach the bandit or bandits a lesson. It's remarkable the bravery some of these fellows were going to exhibit whenever any hold, bad proposition with a mask tried to coerce them into handing over the stuff they had on them. In nine cases out of ten these large and ample talkers are the very first to cast up their jaws when the command rings through the car or coach, 'Hands up!' and the last to take them down when the robber has fired his little parting volley and taken to the tall cactus. But you can never tell how a man's going to act in a stick-up.

"About six years ago I was riding through southeastern Colorado on a westbound train. I was only making a six-hour journey of it, and so I took the smoker and stayed there. There were about 25 or 30 men in the smoker, all pretty comfortable looking chaps. A dyspeptic-looking little man, about 40 years old, with a Bostonese dialect, sat in the seat ahead of me, and an hour or so after I boarded the train he engaged me in conversation.

"Belong out this way?" he asked me in a characteristic New England drawl.

"Yep," said I.

"Reason I ask you that," said he, "is that I've heard there have been a lot of hold-ups on the railroads out this way lately. That right?"

"Pretty near," said I.

"Ever find yourself mixed up in one of those affairs?" he asked me.

"Couple times," I told him.

"Did you let them go through you?" he asked me, with a searching look.

"Don't you think otherwise for a holy minute, said I. 'I am my sole remaining support, and, in general, I find life a pretty good game. It's the

best I know anything about, anyhow.

"Well," said the dyspeptic-looking little chap, in his piping drawl, 'I'd just like to see the loafers get any of my money, that's all! I'd just like to catch them at it!'

"I couldn't help smiling amusedly. 'Why, what would you do?' I asked him, grinning right in his teeth. '—I couldn't have helped it to save me.

"'Never you mind, sir, what I'd do' said the little man, choppily. 'I'd take good care that they didn't get any of my goods, however! I'd fix 'em!' Yes, sires, the train robber doesn't walk in shoe leather that's ever going to relieve me of a copper cent, and don't you fail to remember that!'

"The little man, who, as I afterward ascertained, was on his way to California for his health, looked so puff-toady and fierce while he was getting off these brave remarks that I couldn't help but laugh in his face. That nettled him a trifle, but I smoothed it over and made a remark or so to him about the general matter of train hold-ups.

"My friend," said I in conclusion, "the only advice I can give you is, if any of these chaps ever come along your way and asks you to call heaven to witness with your hands pointing to the zenith, just you do it, that's all, and do it in a hurry; do it a-running; be nice and good about it, and don't get gay. Don't endeavor to be frivolous with a man that's got the edge on you with a 45 caliber lead-spitter.'

"Just let one of 'em try it with me, that's all!" exclaimed the little man fiercely, and then we changed the subject.

"Well, at about 9 o'clock that night we pulled up at a little station called Tyrone to give the engine a drink. We only halted there about four minutes, but it was long enough. The train hadn't got more than five miles out of Tyrone before we heard a lot of shots up forward—the smoker was the second car from the engine—and the train came to a halt. The wheels had scarcely ceased to revolve when the front door of the smoker was thrown open with a bang, and the command rang through the car like the crack of a whip:

"'Everybody put 'em up! Quick!'

"A tall, raw-boned man, with a straggling red mustache, stood in the door calmly waving his gun from side to side with the characteristic movement of an expert gun-fanner. He looked business all over. I decided instantly—I'd put my hands up before I'd done any deciding, however—that he wasn't any amateur, and that he was going to get all that was coming to him. I couldn't help but notice that the dyspeptic-looking little man in front of me threw up his hands with the rest, although he did a little bit of fumbling with his right hand before it went up in the air.

"'Seen' that my podner's busy keepin' tab on th' loco-driver,' said the raw-boned bandit—he didn't wear any mask, and there was a certain twinkle to his eyes as he spoke—'I'll jes' ask you gentlemen to spring what you've got on you with one hand at a time, as I pass along, and I'll do the rest.'

"He wore a hickory bag, suspended by a string around his neck, in front of him—a bag similar to those worn by carpenters or lathers for holding nails—and he just reached out his left hand and dropped wallets, watches and chains and loose rolls into the bag as he passed along. None of the victims had a chance to hold out anything on him, for he was one of the eagle-eyed species, and he seemed to see all hands in the car at once. He walked sideways down the aisle so as to make sure that he wouldn't be plunked from behind after passing along. He was a scientist in his business, all right, was that raw-boned man, and he didn't miss a trick. Every man up forward unquestionably passed over his belongings to be dropped into that roomy bag. The little man with the Bostonese accent amused me, with his hands sticking up there as rigid as poles, that I almost forgot to worry about what I was going to lose when it came my turn. He had gone as white as a sheet and he looked more ghastly as the raw-boned robber approached him. Finally it came to his turn. The robber looked him over with a half grin.

"'Sorry, my sawed-off friend,' the robber started to say, when, puff the right hand of the dyspeptic-looking little man opened with a cat-like rapidity and the robber got a fist-full of red pepper square in the eyes! He let out an howl, and the little man dropped to the floor like a flash. So did I, for that matter.

"The robber, yelled like a mad man, lowered his gun-hand and groped around with it, and half a second later he was butted in the stomach with all the force the little man from New England had in his head. That doubled the robber up, and a minute later we were all on top of him at once.

"You will try to appropriate what doesn't belong you, hey, dog-gone you!" the dyspeptic-looking little man muttered, standing over the blinded bandit, who was almost insane from pain. We bound him securely, did what we could to alleviate his pain, and put a guard over him. The robber who was holding up the engine, bearing the agonized shouts of his partner, concluded that there was nothing doing, and firing a few bluff shots, scampered off the tender into the darkness. We took the raw-boned bandit to Trinidad, where he was tried, as I afterward learned, and got 20 years. And that's one time I got fooled up a whole lot in a stick-up."

In Danger.

Mrs. Brooks—John, do you think Mr. Joblotz is going to marry our daughter?

Mr. Brooks—Yes, if he doesn't look sharp.—Puck.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Welding tubing by electricity has been tried in this country as well as in England, and it is said that the experiment will prove to be successful.

As the result of 20 years of experiments at Rothamsted, England, it is shown that in the winter months more than half of the amount of rain that falls penetrates into the soil and becomes available for the supply of springs, while in the summer only one-quarter of the rainfall is absorbed by the soil. The maximum quantity of water in the soil is at a depth of about 40 inches.

Lake Tanganyika, in Africa, offers a unique field for scientific exploration. This region, like Australia, is one of the few localities where animals still live that have become extinct elsewhere, certain whale-like mollusks of this lake appearing to have been driven from the ocean and to be identified with fossil forms of old Jurassic seas in Europe.

The type-printing zeograph is now under trial in Germany and England. Fifteen to twenty words per minute can be sent with little practice. Successful trials have been made on an iron telegraph wire from Berlin and Frankfurt. Machines have also worked successfully on metallic circuit lines from Brussels to Antwerp and between Paris and Rouen. This line consists of 100 miles of iron wire and the remainder underground. Two machines are at present on trial in the general postoffice, in London, and have been worked on the new underground cable from London to Leamington.

A new solder for aluminum has recently been patented, which the inventor claims will melt at a low temperature, and will adhere readily to the aluminum, forming a surface which will not be attacked by moisture. The solder is composed of an alloy of tin, zinc, and bismuth, the tin being largely in excess of the other constituents. With zinc chloride as a flux, the solder can be used on brass, copper, nickel, iron, and other metal. The difficulty of finding a satisfactory solder for aluminum has prevented its use in many instances in place of brass or tin, and also in electrical work where close and perfect joints are desired.

There is now in the patent office two watch movement escapements, which, when they appear, it is said, will astonish the world by their simplicity and capacity. They possess more of the best points of timekeeping than the marine chronometer. The advantage of the new escapements is that they give impulse at the line of the centre without drop or engaging friction, and also at the neutral point of the balance spring, a point which the watchmaker will appreciate. Impulse before the line of centres and neutral point distributes and accelerates the balance as the force of the hairspring is added to the impulse in the lever watch. Those who have examined the new escapement say it is an ideal one, with the soft, clean and distinctly musical beat. Springs and timers are just beginning to find out the fault of the lever. All the faults of all old systems are said to be fully overcome in the new escapements, which are the only invention of escapements for a century.

Myriads of Suns.

There is quite evident conspiracy on the part of the telescope and camera to belittle this infinitesimal speck of cosmic dust on which we live, and they are succeeding. It was bad enough to knock the earth out of his position as the centre of the universe, but now he is being relegated to a position that, astronomically, seems worthy of very little attention. Professor Wadsworth of the Allegheny observatory is now showing, on a curved plate, a photograph of the constellation Orion and adjacent region, covering 1000 square degrees, or a little patch measuring less than 33 degrees on a side, or about one-eleventh of the great circle—and what do you think? It shows 50,000 blazing suns. The professor says he has only been able to catch the light from the larger of the suns in that patch, and that these planets are yet beyond the joint power of the two cyclopes, the telescope and camera.

Packing Butter in Glass.

A new use has been found for glass. It consists in packing butter in a box made of six sheets of ordinary window glass, the edges being covered with gummed paper. The closed box is then enveloped in a layer of plaster of paris a fourth of an inch thick, and it is covered with a specially prepared paper. As the plaster is a bad conductor of heat, the temperature inside the hermetically sealed receptacle remains constant, being unaffected by external changes. The cost of packing is only about 2 cents per pound. It is used to a great extent in Australia. Butter has been sent from Melbourne to Kimberley, in Africa, and the butter was found to be in a perfectly sound condition. Cases are now made which hold as much as 200 pounds of butter.

Alaska's Mineral Value.

The United States paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska, and last year it yielded \$5,831,355 in gold and silver alone. These figures are given by the statistician of the mint. The increase over the precious metal product of 1898 was \$3,187,088. Until last year most of the gold and silver obtained in Alaska came from the quartz mines near Juneau, and most of the vast increase of last year came from the new gold fields of Cape Nome. It amounted to about \$2,400,000.

DEMOCRATS ALERT.

KEEPING BATTLES OF 1896 OUT OF THE PARTY.

Even Those Who Did Not Openly Oppose Bryan Shall Not Be Trusted—Are Attempting to Run the Regular Organization.

We warn the people to look with suspicion upon any movement on the part of those who supported the ticket in 1896 for mere regularity sake, to now set aside the heroes of that contest and secure seats in the conventions for themselves. In every neighborhood are to be found some, and in some neighborhoods many, who made no open opposition to the Democratic ticket in 1896, but who secretly cast their votes for McKinley. Many of these are now seeking to be sent as delegates to the Democratic convention for the purpose of undoing what was done in 1896, with the determination to again secretly work for the defeat of the ticket in case they fail to control the nomination in the interests of their employers, the money kings, trusts and monopolies.

One of the ear marks by which these suspects may be known is their hostility to sending instructed delegates. They will work and vote against sending an instructed delegation, whether they themselves are to be delegates or not, because a refusal to instruct delegates is capable of being construed to confer upon such delegates a discretion in the matter of nominations, and to thus leave the gate open through which the agents of the trusts may conduct trade and dicker with the delegates.—National Watchman.

WHAT MCKINLEY HAS COST US.

When the Hon. Thomas C. Platt went forth to the St. Louis convention of 1896, breathing threatenings and slaughter against McKinley, he was reported to have said, "McKinley is a cheap man." However true the statement was when made by the astute Boss of New York, he and all others in the world of politics are of the opinion that McKinley is not a cheap man. He has cost us one hundred and eighty times his weight in gold, and the shrewdest men of his political party who are not stockholders in trusts, would gladly spend a vast sum of money for his undoing at the Philadelphia convention.

But the Republicans who oppose McKinley are well nigh powerless in the councils of their party. They must sit still and see the trusts, government contractors and officeholders remonstrate with Wobbling Willy, the Whangoodle Weathercock, who has cost a million dollars a day during his first term, and who, if elected again, is sure to cost us much more than daily sums of wicked extravagance incurred by a dotard whose flatterers tell him that he is a greater man than Washington, whereas in truth, the fame of the fool who fixed the Dome of Ephesus rests upon a more substantial foundation than does that of the jackdaw strutting in peacock's feathers in the council chamber of the White House, whose name will go down into obscurity tagged with the observation that he was the costliest and most unprofitable investment ever charged against the American people.—Newark (N. J.) Ledger.

MORE PORTO RICO INFAMY.

Another of the hidden beauties of the Porto Rican bill has come to light. Whether it was hidden from everyone or only the general public cannot be said with certainty. What is certain is that it redounds to the advantage of the trusts and corporations which seek to exploit the island for their own benefit. But then this is only what was to be expected. Legislative discoveries always do redound to the advantage of the rich and strong. Perhaps this is because they can pay for their discovery.

This discovery is that the Porto Rican bill, so far from reducing the Dingley tariff rates, really increases them in certain instances. The treasury department has decided that goods sent from Europe to Porto Rico via an American port, where they are trans-shipped, must pay not only the full Dingley rates but 15 per cent additional. Goods sent direct from Europe to Porto Rico pay only the Dingley rate. This decision is given boldly without explanation or argument. Although it comes from the treasury department, it reads as though written by Attorney-General Griggs whose skill in evading the provisions of the army canteen law won him the deserved applause of brewers and capitalists. Its effect will be to enable the trusts to put the screws even more firmly on the Porto Ricans, and will be disastrous to the shipping trade of the United States to boot.—Gainesville (Fla.) Sun.

NOT MUCH RELIEF.

"The whole country breathes with a sense of relief and of content," exclaimed Secretary Long at Boston, proudly swelling his official bosom. But the Omaha Nonconformist doesn't breathe that way. It says:

"The whole country breathes with a sense of relief and of content." O, Lord! what a lie. There was never so much discontent. Is the American mother content whose son was driven to insanity or suicide by the awful horrors of our Asiatic war? Are the old abolitionists content when they

see slavery again recognized in American territory? Are the people content when they see the Declaration of Independence denied and the constitution of the United States trodden under foot? Was the legislature of Iowa content when it voted unanimously to censure the president and the congress? Are the great Republican newspapers content when they denounce the vacillation, cowardice and trimming of their own president and their own congress? If the father of lies could have heard that speech he would have retired from business and hid his head in shame forever.

ABOLISH THE TARIFF FOR TRUSTS.

One plank of the Sioux Falls platform ought to be in all platforms, and a part of the people's creed, until it is a part of an act of Congress designed to destroy the trusts. This is it: "We further demand that all tariffs, on goods controlled by a trust, shall be abolished." That the tariff, in many instances, is a breeder of trusts and the destroyer of competition is so obvious as to make argument or illustration unnecessary. To-day, in England, American steel is being sold at a cheaper rate per ton than in the home market. Foreign competition is barred. The trust fixes the price. Every farmer who builds a fence and every laborer who buys an implement, pays tribute to the steel (or steel) combine, solely because the Republican party has fostered and promoted the combination on the pretext of protecting the wage-earner.

How much longer will the farmers and laborers tolerate these policies of plunder? Do they not want all customs tariffs, on goods controlled by a trust, abolished? If they do, is it not plain that the Democratic party should receive their support? Will they remember this on election day?—Buffalo Times.

TRUSTS AND MIDDLEMEN.

Defenders of trusts say that their chief advantage is the elimination of middlemen's profits. Middlemen's profits are now being eliminated, but not for the benefit of the consumer. Jobbers used to make money out of the tin plate trade. There are no jobbers now, but consumers pay more than they did then. The jobbers' profits, with a large addition from the public, go into the pockets of the trust.—Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.

Natural and Corporate Man.

By killing trusts you are not interfering with the natural rights of the natural man. You are interfering with the privileges conferred upon a fictitious person called a corporation. Look at the difference between the natural man and the corporate man. He did not make the tallest man much taller than the shortest; He did not make the strongest man much stronger than the weaker. But when man made the corporate man he made that man a hundred, a thousand, a million times stronger than the natural.

But when God made the natural man He placed a limit to his existence, so that if he is a bad man he cannot be bad long. But when man made the corporate man he raised the limit on age and sometimes the corporation is made perpetual.

But when God made the natural man He breathed into him a soul, and warned him that in the next world he would be held accountable for deeds done in the flesh; but when man made the corporate man he did not give to that corporate man a soul, so that if the corporation could avoid punishment here it needn't worry about the hereafter, and then the man-made corporation was sent out to compete with the God-made man. The Republican party has taken the side of the man-made giant.—W. J. Bryan.

All a Lie.

Secretary Long in his recent Boston address said: "Labor was never so well rewarded." Whereupon the Omaha Nonconformist joins issue: "Labor was never so well rewarded, wasn't it? In some cases wages have been advanced 10 per cent, but in others there has been no advance. Coal miners are still on the verge of starvation and garment makers are on the ragged edge of despair. Strikes have been numerous, laborers have been confined in loathsome bull pens and tortured into insanity and death. All this time the cost of living has been constantly increasing and an advance of wages of 10 per cent has been met with a 25 per cent increase in the price of necessities. The wages of 1894-5-6 would buy more needed commodities than the wages of 1900."

The Cuban Scandals.

In its variegated history the present administration has been called upon to face scandals, the outgrowth of its political corruption, more than once, but never before has it encountered a situation of the kind to cause it as much direct concern and alarm as that created by the carpet-baggers' loot of the Cuban treasury. The panic is so acute in the white house that word has been passed all along the machine newspaper line, asking friendly editors to suppress the scandal as much as possible, not to feature it, and to minimize it editorially. The effects of the disclosures on the fortunes of the party in power and on the candidacy of Mr. McKinley are keenly feared.—Washington Times.

Right wrongs no man.