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It is to be said with respect to the American robbers in Paris that they select only French victims, which evens things up a little.

A town like New York City, Chicago or Philadelphia gains enough inhabitants in ten years to people whole cities of the rank of Buffalo or Cincinnati.

Scientific interest in the summer spots on the face of the sun to a certain extent paralleled feminine commotion over a discovery of the season's freckles.

The question of success comes up with the death of every very rich man. President Patton, of Princeton, has said that no man who is raising a family properly can be accounted a failure.

Homely women have one consolation. It is only the beautiful, or at least the pretty and interesting, who are mentioned in the newspapers in connection with murders, suicides or scandals.

Of the millions that Mr. Fayerweather left to hospitals and educational institutions it is stated that about \$500,000 has been expended for lawyers' fees and costs of court, and yet the litigation is not at an end. This looks very much like another case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

According to the Boston Watchman, two out of three men who found a pocketbook containing \$50 and the owner's name and address would restore the money to the loser. It is really refreshing to learn that so much confidence in the average excellence of human nature still remains in Boston.

The "overworked" monkeys of hand-organ grinders are now exciting the pity of peculiarly kind-hearted people in Boston, and they are writing pitiful appeals to the newspapers for the relief of "the poor little creatures, evidently fagged out and always grasping the chain with the little left hand to lessen the jerk upon the neck collar."

A club in Boston has become thoroughly aroused on the subject of reclaiming the landscapes of Massachusetts from desecration by miscellaneous and obnoxious advertisements, and has offered a prize for the best set of a dozen photographs illustrating most effectively the disfigurement of landscapes of the State. One City Council in Ohio has passed an order authorizing and demanding the removal of all obnoxious signs from the telegraph poles and fences and other conspicuous places of the city.

The Island of Guam, 3500 miles from Honolulu and 1000 miles from Manila, is to be developed eventually into a thoroughly protected naval base for American war vessels in the Pacific Ocean. A preliminary survey is to be undertaken at once by a mixed commission of army and naval officers. Guam is to be made a veritable Gibraltar of American interests in the Pacific, the vast commerce of which the ambitious commonwealths of the Pacific coast expect some day to control. As the first far distant fortified post owned by the United States, the little island will be invested hereafter with vastly enhanced historical interest.

A melancholy illustration of the effects of liquor was given in one of the city courts not long since. A lawyer of brilliant parts, formerly Assistant District Attorney in the United States Court, and occupying several other positions, appeared drunk before the Recorder, and attempted to defend a prisoner. The Recorder said to him: "You are not now in a condition to defend the prisoner, who is accused of a serious offense. I adjourn the case until tomorrow, and if you appear before this court in such a condition again I will take other measures in dealing with you." For the same cause a distinguished judge was recently compelled to leave the bench.

## THE IDLE DOUBTER.

"What are we toiling for?" he sighed; "Why do we strive on, day by day? When the trouble's ended and one has died—  
What shall it profit him, anyway? Will he then awaken again to know That men are praising him here below?"  
"When do you toil and how?" she said; "What are the things that you have won?"  
"How many steps have you gone ahead, Where are the honors that you have won?"  
"Ah, he will lie dead and be dumb for aye Who twiddles his thumbs and doubts today."  
—S. E. Kiser.

## AFTER THE STORM.

"If we can't agree, ma'am, it's high time we parted company," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington.

"My sentiments exactly," said Miss Patty Chickson, "and the sooner the better, according to my way of thinking."

Mr. Buffington was a portly individual, with a Roman nose, iron-gray hair, and a stout, short figure.

Miss Chickson was tall and spare, with little spiral curls and the remains of a complexion, and with blue eyes, that had been passing bright 20 years ago.

"There is an end to all human endurance," observed the gentleman, sternly.

"Sir," said Miss Chickson, "I have put up with your eccentricities until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue!"

"A month's notice!" said Mr. Buffington, savagely flourishing his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief.

"You are quite at liberty to go at the end of 24 hours, for all I care!" retorted Miss Chickson, with dignity.

"Madam, I take you at your word," said the gentleman.

Mr. Barnabas Buffington had lodged with Miss Patty Chickson for 30 years. He was rich and eccentric; she was poor and proud. As young people, there had been certain love passages between them—or rather the buds of love passages, which had never blossomed into full perfection—and when Mr. Buffington came home from China and found his old pastor's orphan daughter trying to gain a scanty livelihood by letting apartments, he engaged her entire second floor at once, and paid his way like a rajah.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" said Mr. Barnabas Buffington. "But how thin and old-maidish she has grown! I really can't imagine how I could ever have fancied her a divinity. What fools young men are, to be sure!"

"Poor, dear Mr. Buffington! how stout and vulgar he has become!" said Miss Chickson. "And only to think how slender he was once! How the dreams of one's youthful days do alter!"

Mr. Barnabas Buffington was not perfect enough to be canonized, and Miss Chickson had her petty peculiarities. The consequence was that little collisions were inevitable.

And one day there came a longer beausuring of wordy words than usual, and Mr. Buffington and Miss Chickson formally parted.

"Ten years is quite long enough to tolerate this state of things," said the old bachelor.

"I'm only surprised that I haven't turned him away long ago," said the old maid.

So when Mr. Buffington had gone away, in a cab piled high with baggage, Miss Chickson rang the bell for her maid.

"Barbara," said she.

"Yes, ma'am?" said Barbara.

"Mr. Buffington is gone at last."

"So I perceive, ma'am," said Barbara. "And won't he come back again, ma'am?"

"Never!" said Miss Chickson, with spirit.

"Oh!" said Barbara, rather surprised.

"It will be necessary for us to reduce expenses," remarked the mistress. "Of course I cannot any longer afford to keep so large a house as this. Mr. Buffington, whatever were his faults, cannot at least be accused of parsimony."

"Certainly not, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Of all liberal, free-handed, kind-spoken gents—"

"Barbara, you will oblige me by hiding your tongue!" said Miss Chickson.

"Certainly, ma'am," said Barbara.

"Get me a cup of tea," said Miss Chickson, "and when I have drunk it I will go out to look for a cheaper house, in a less aristocratic neighborhood."

Barbara brought up the tea, in a quaint little Wedgewood teapot, on a Japanese tray.

Miss Chickson drank it in silence, looking sadly at the fire.

Tea was, so to speak, Miss Chickson's inspiration. When she was low-spirited or in doubt or puzzled, or in any way thrown off her mental balance, she drank tea, and straightway became herself again.

Meanwhile, Mr. Barnabas Buffington, in the solitary splendors of a west end hotel, was scarcely less ill at ease.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," said Mr. Buffington to himself, one morning a month later. "It isn't home-like. There's no cat here. Patty Chickson always kept a cat. There's something very domestic and cozy looking about a cat. I'll go out and look down the advertising columns of the daily paper and see what inducements they have to offer in the way of quiet, respectable homes for elderly gentlemen."

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Surprises, like misfortunes, rarely come alone.

Cheap battery is always dear; the best sort of battery is honest imitation.

He is young enough that has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

Human nature has a much greater genius for sameness than for originality.

The worst romance is not so corrupting as false philosophy, or false political essays.

Evil thoughts swarm only in unoccupied minds. Be busy about noble things, if you would be saved from the ignoble.

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes and but one tongue, to the end that we should hear and see more than we speak.

Affection is the confession of inferiority. It is an unnecessary proclamation that the individual is not living the life he pretends to live.

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

Do not be ashamed of being big-hearted and ambitious to improve yourself in body and mind. Remember that one of the best ways of self-improvement is being of service to others who need help.

Board and Lodgings at Moderate Prices.

"I like the look of that place," said Mr. Buffington. "They keep a cat there—a gray cat. It's not splendid, but it looks comfortable. I'll try it."

He rang the bell; a neat little maid-servant in a white apron and frilled cap responded to the summons.

"Please, sir, misses ain't at home, but I knows all about the rooms," said the little damsel. "I can show 'em, and I can tell you the terms."

Barnabas Buffington liked the look of the rooms. There was a bright coal fire burning in the grate.

"Misses wanted the rooms to be well aired," said the girl, courtesying at every other word.

"Your mistress, my girl, is a woman of sense," said Mr. Buffington. "This settles the matter. I'll take the apartments for a month certain, with the privilege of renewal if I find myself suited."

He took off his hat, unwound the comforter from about his neck and sat down before the cheery shine of the grate.

"Go and tear down the bill at once," said he. "And leave the door open so that the cat can come in. I am partial to cats!"

"But, sir," hesitated the white-aproned lassie, "if my missis—"

"Never mind your mistress," said Mr. Buffington, cavalierly. "She wants a boarder, and she's got one! What more would she have?"

And, so speaking, he hailed a cab in the street and bade the driver go for his trunks and hat boxes without delay.

Miss Chickson and Barbara had been out selecting some new pebble-platters and pudding basins and little Betsy was eagerly watching for them at the area door when they came in.

"Please, missis," said Betsy, "the room is let. And he's sitting up stairs now, with the cat in his lap."

"Who is?" demanded Miss Chickson.

"The new boarder, ma'am."

"What is his name?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't know," said Betsy.

Miss Chickson walked into her little parlor and sat down, fanning herself with her bonnet.

"Betsy," said she, "go upstairs, present my compliments to this stranger, and tell him that I shall be glad of an interview at once. He may be a burglar, for what I know!"

"Yes'm," said Betsy.

And away she tripped, returning presently.

"He's coming, ma'am," said she.

And in stalked—Mr. Barnabas Buffington!

"Good gracious me!" said Miss Chickson.

"It's Patty Chickson, isn't it?" said Mr. Buffington, staring with all his eyes. "I might have known that it was the same cat. However, ma'am, relapsing into a belligerent attitude, 'I won't intrude, I'll leave the premises at once.'"

"Don't," said Miss Chickson, faintly.

"Eh?" said Mr. Buffington.

"I—I hope you don't bear malice," said Miss Chickson. "I'm afraid I was a little impatient."

"Don't mention it!" said Mr. Buffington. "It was all my fault."

"I was unreasonable," said Miss Chickson.

"I was a brute," said Mr. Buffington. "I have reproached myself bitterly," faltered the lady.

"I haven't had a moment of peace since," said Mr. Barnabas Buffington, sincerely.

"Shall we forget and forgive?" whispered Miss Chickson.

"I know a better plan than that," said Mr. Buffington. "Let's begin the world on a new basis."

"I don't understand you," said Miss Chickson.

"I like you and your ways," said Mr. Buffington. "I didn't know how much until we separated. Let us settle down together for life, Patty Chickson. Let's be married."

"At our age?" said Miss Chickson.

"We shall never be any younger," said Mr. Buffington.

"If you really think people wouldn't laugh!" hesitated the spinster.

"What do we care whether they do or not?" said the bachelor, recklessly. And the result of this conference was that Mr. and Mrs. Barnabas Buffington are now sitting, one on either side of the hearth, with the gray cat in the middle, as harmonious a trio as one will often find.

And the bill is taken down permanently.—Chicago Times-Herald.

# THE PRIDE OF CHINA

## NANKING, THE SEAT OF ANCIENT DYNASTY.....

One of the most interesting cities in China is Nanking, the ancient capital of the empire before the time of the present Manchu dynasty. While Peking is the pride of Manchu, Nanking is the chief center of attraction for the Chinese. The Chinamen form 95 per cent of the teeming millions of the empire, and are held down by only 25,000,000 Manchus. Nanking, for the Chinaman, is the great Past. It embodies the glorious traditions of Chinese supremacy over the Tartars. It is also the Future. Around it hovers Chinese hope for independence from Manchu oppression. It is the literary and commercial capital of the empire. Nanking is the Yangtse-Kiang Valley, and the Yangtse-Kiang Valley is China. Nanking under different names has been sacked and burned over and over again, only to rise, like the Phoenix, from its ashes, more active and more beautiful.

The first Emperor of the Ming ("Bright") dynasty, a Buddhist priest, and the son of a Chinese laboring man, Choo Yuen Chang, chose Nanking for the seat of his imperial court (1368-99 A. D.). He gave Nanking the honorific name of Ying-Keen. His second successor deserted Nanking for Peking. The Manchu rulers have farther lowered the city to the official name of Kiang-Ming, but the popular fancy still calls the city of Nanking or the southern capital. A few years ago Nanking wrenched the imperial crown once more from Peking and held it for twelve years. Hung Sen Tseuen, a convert to Protestantism, echoing the popular cry for reform and seizing on the universal longing for the return of a Chinese dynasty, proclaimed himself as sent by heaven to drive out the Tartars and restore in his own person the succession of China. Of the nineteen provinces of China thirteen recognized the sway of Nanking. But the Imperialists, led by Chinese Gordon, captured Nanking in July, 1864. The king perished in the flames with his household; his followers were scattered all over the country, and the magnificent palaces of the city were reduced to ashes; what ruins have escaped the flames stand still unrepai-

red, for the most part, as a warning against rebellion.

Nanking has a population of 400,000 inhabitants. It is a treaty port in virtue of a treaty made with France in 1858, in which England participated under the "most favored nation" clause, but the slow-going Chinese have not had time to open it until the present. The chief products of Nanking are satin, crepe, nankeen cloth, paper, pottery, and artificial flowers. It has also been one of the best arsenals of China, superintended by Europeans, where cannons and warships of the latest types are made. On the hills near Nanking coal, plumbago, iron ore and marble are found. The city is surrounded by a wall ninety-six li (thirty-two miles) in circumference. The section of the Nanking city wall on the inside is larger than the great wall of China. It is about fifty to 100 feet high, and about the same in thickness (the gateways being 200 to 300 feet thick), and about 100 feet high. It is built of large bricks and is kept in good repair. A second wall existed, encircling the north, east and south sides of the city proper, forming the inner city, nominally inhabited by the Manchu garrison only. The Chinese cities are supposed to be four square, but the walls show deliberate curves and irregularities exacted by the superstitious laws of Tung-Shui. The gates are never opposite one another, a preventive from evil winds and spirits making a dash through the city and carrying everything in their destructive currents. It is hard to decide the mooted question whether Nanking is not the filthiest city in the empire, for every other city in China is jealous of its pre-eminence in offensiveness to the senses. The officials entrusted with public sanitation look upon their office as a lucrative and exclusive monopoly. They defend their forbidden ground inch by inch against the intrusion of citizens upon their prerogatives, and will not allow any encroachment of private initiative on the premises of their office.

## Noble Career Ended.....

Miss Charlotte Mulligan of Buffalo, whose death is recorded, was in many respects a remarkable woman. She read character with almost unerring certainty, and had a wonderful capacity for governing and controlling the wayward and unruly. It may truly be said of her that her life work was caring for and helping the tramp and the outcast, for her educational work among the tramps and homeless wretches of Buffalo began when she was 14, and had a Sunday school class of street boys. From year to year her work grew, until she had had now for many years an army of men who either feared or loved her, with whom she had dealt after her own system of reform. She planned out a kind of home (but it was her kind of home always), in Buffalo, where she received every desperate or homeless man that chose to apply. She satisfied herself as to his character and intentions, and then did all she could to reform and help him in finding work and breaking off bad habits. A certain limit of time was allowed him, and all possible assistance was offered. To the unfortunate that time was extended, but not for the lazy and vicious. For many years she had a Sunday home a little out of the city, where she sent the probationers, with injunctions to bathe, and with permission to amuse themselves the rest of the day; the bathing was absolutely required, the occupations for the rest of the day were optional.

Miss Charlotte Mulligan was a Brave Woman.

She was absolutely fearless, honest, and kind, and her home was known far and wide; the unfortunates flocked to her, the tramp listened to her instructions, and for at least so long as he was under her influence, obeyed her. The men she had helped were proud to speak of themselves as "Miss Mulligan's men;" they formed among themselves a "guard of honor," who were

her lieutenants, and the Guards of Honor building was put up with money given for the purpose. Here she had classes, where mental, moral and industrial education went unceasingly on. She organized an orchestra, of which she was the conductor, and she gave frequent concerts. It has been said that Charlotte Mulligan had helped 100,000 men. This may perhaps be somewhat of an exaggeration, but she undoubtedly had a strong personal influence over what amounted in number to an army of men. And she was not only engrossed but perfectly happy in her self-elected task.

In speaking of Miss Mulligan as being engrossed in this reformatory work it is not meant that she was wholly so; she had a healthy mind, interested in many things, and like all very busy people, with time to spend on them. For twenty years she was the musical editor of the Buffalo Courier, and a member of the Scribblers' Club, an organization of newspaper women. In 1884, as president of the Buffalo seminary alumnae, Miss Mulligan proposed putting up a building for its use, and the chapter house that grew out of the idea was one of the first club houses built by women. Afterward, the chapter house proving too small for the steadily growing association, it was handed over to the women teachers' association and a larger building erected. To assist in this work Miss Mulligan founded the Twentieth Century Club, which absorbed the graduates' association, and is now one of the strongest clubs of Buffalo. Of this Miss Mulligan had twice been elected president. While these are the best-known facts of Miss Mulligan's useful life, other innumerable benevolences and kindnesses enriched and beautified it. She had been out of health for ten years, and very ill of late, yet her death came, as a shock to many.

## Sells Oil from a Push Cart.

A comparatively new slouter of the streets of Washington is the man who sells coal oil from a push cart. He has six ten-gallon cans of the oil arranged in sockets in the bottom of his cart. It seems peculiar at first thought that a man could make a living in such a gas-lighted town as Washington by the sale of kerosene; but there are parlor lamps to be filled, and coal oil answers for a deal of scrubbing and cleaning. The oil sellers have a peculiar cry, which is not to be understood unless it is taken in connection with a view of the cryer and his push cart full of cans. It sounds like "ka-lie," with a very strong accentation on the last syllable, and it is repeated so rapidly that it sounds like the rattle of musketry.—Washington Star.

## Suit in Another State.

Service on a person of a notice of suit against him in another state, made only five days before he is required to appear, and when it would take four days of constant traveling to reach the court, giving him but one day, and that Sunday, to prepare for the trip, without any allowance for accidental delays, is held by the Supreme court of the United States in *Roller vs. Holly*, U. S. Adv. Sheets, 410, insufficient to constitute reasonable notice or due process of law, though the suit is for the foreclosure of a lien upon land within the jurisdiction of the court.

## Titled Youngster Was in Love.

When Queen Victoria was a girl of 17 a young man, heir to a title, fell desperately in love with her, believing that the princess of his choice would eventually cast aside her royal connections, become his wife and descend to his own level. When her uncle,