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Good for Spain! The old kingdom is taking a step ahead of all the other Powers. She announces that beginning with January 1, 1901, the hours will be counted from one to twenty-four, instead of in two divisions of twelve hours. It is the simple and sensible plan and ought to be adopted by all sensible nations.

Recent inquiries among circulating libraries in England show that Dickens continues in as great demand as ever. Thackeray's fame, it is said, is extending more broadly among the literary classes, but Dickens retains the heart of the general public. The writers of the day come and go, but year in and year out Dickens is the stand-by.

Samuel J. Tilden, who was always a keen observer, once made a prediction that early in the twentieth century the corn product of this country would run up to 3,000,000,000 bushels a year. At that time the crop averaged less than one-third that much. This famous prophecy seems likely of fulfillment in the next few years. The new outlet for American corn abroad is going to advance that cereal immeasurably. Corn will be king.

Olive Schreiner says that the children of the Boers carry away all the intellectual honors in South Africa. They fill the schools and bear off the prizes. They are the lawgivers, the magistrates, the successful barristers, the able doctors, and she attributes it to the fact that those Dutch Africans come of an exceptionally able stock, which for several generations lay fallow, drawing strength from the soil, and not exposed to the devitalizing influence of cities.

Three hundred plans were submitted in an architects' competition in New York City for model tenement houses, and the first prize plan is to be practically used at once. The new buildings will be fire-proof throughout and will occupy seventy per cent. of the ground space, leaving thirty per cent. for light and air. In each room a window will open into the outer air, and each apartment will be connected with private hall and baths, play-grounds, clothes-drying chambers and storage rooms. It is calculated that a rental of \$1 a week per room will give satisfactory profit.

Recent statistics show that the machinery in the mills and factories of Great Britain is capable of doing the work of 700,000,000 men—more than all the adult population of the world. The machinery in the United States does the work of a billion hands. The single State of Massachusetts has machinery enough to do the work of 50,000,000 men. On an average 500,000 men, with the aid of machinery, now do the work which required 16,000,000 men under the old system of universal hand work. The increased output has been absorbed by the vastly increased consumption of all kinds of manufactured products consequent on the great reduction in cost.

When you come to think of it the shirt waist—that supposedly newest of new things—is not essentially novel, states the Dry Goods Economist. Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, won fame as much by discarding the coat as by his military achievements. In the 60's, when swallow-tail coats and high stocks still formed part of the universal garb of a gentleman, no man in civic life dreamed of following the example set, but the famous red shirt, modified into a garment closely resembling the flannel shirt waist of to-day, was taken up by the women with avidity. Indeed, the "Garibaldi" became the rage, and thousands learned the name from the garment who knew nothing of the man.

WHEN THE CIRCUIT RIDER CAME

In the backwoods of Ohio, in the days of long ago,
When religion was religion, not a dressy fashion show,
When the spirit of the Master fell as flames of living fire,
And the people did the singing, not a trained artistic choir,
There was scarcely seen a ripple in life's gently flowing tide,
No events to draw the people from their daily toil aside,
Naught to set the pious spirit of the pioneers aflame.
Save upon the rare occasions when the circuit rider came.

He was usually mounted on the sorriest of nags,
All his outfit for the journey packed in leather saddle bags,
And he'd travel with the Bible or the hymn book in his hand
Reading sacred word or singing of the happy Promised Land,
How the tolling wives would glory in the dinners they would spread,
And how many a hapless chicken or a turkey lost its head
By the gleaming chopper wielded by the hand of sturdy dame,
For it wasn't very often that the circuit rider came.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Among some remarkable lunar photographs made by Messrs. Loewy and Puiseux, of the University of Paris, is a stereoscopic image of the whole hemisphere of the moon, the direction of light giving relief and showing very strikingly the details of craters and mountainous regions. The picture was obtained by taking a plate of the moon at ten days and another at twenty days, enlarging these sixty times, and carefully placing side by side.

The atmosphere is divided into sharply marked layers, generally two, sometimes three, between the ground and 10,000 feet elevation, the upper layer potentially warmer than the lower. Two borders of these layers are marked by sudden changes in temperature and moisture (absolute as well as relative), and in wind direction; they also indicate the places of maximum wind velocity, and are generally recognized by cloud formation.

The Austro-Italian system of cannon firing for preventing hail was recently put to a severe test, with results that exceeded expectations. Threatening clouds collected in the neighborhood of Rogeno, in the province of Como, three times in succession on one afternoon, and each time they were bombarded by fourteen special cannon. The clouds were scattered, only a little sleet falling. In the vicinity of Alessandria great damage was done by hail, which in some places piled up to a depth of twenty inches.

In low-pressure areas the air of the upper layer is cold and very dry, while over high-pressure areas it is always warm and generally moist. In one of the cyclones recently observed there were three different systems of wind circulation. The surface cyclone had a height of but 2600 feet, over which was a cyclone with a warm centre 6500 feet high, accompanied by clouds and rain, and above this another moving about an area of low pressure with a cold centre. When the wind in the middle cyclone was north that in the upper was south.

It has been seriously asserted by many people that we are naturally lighter after a meal, and they have even gone the length of explaining this by the amount of gas that is developed from the food. Average observations, however, show that we lose three pounds six ounces between night and morning; that we gain one pound twelve ounces by breakfast; that we again lose about fourteen ounces before lunch; that lunch puts on an average of one pound; that we again lose during the afternoon an average of ten ounces, but that an ordinary dinner to healthy persons adds two pounds two ounces to their weight.

La Nature reports the following curious origin of an epidemic of tuberculosis at Karkov, a city in Russia; an unusual number of cases of consumption were noticed among the municipal officers and clerks. Some accidental suggestion finally led to a bacteriological examination of the library where the city records were kept. It was found that the departmental archives were literally covered with tubercle bacilli. Further investigation traced them to a consumptive employe, whose work led him to consult the archives very frequently, and who had the common habit of wetting his fingers with saliva to facilitate the turning of the pages, on each one of which he thus deposited a colony of bacilli.

Oklahoma a Modern Eden.
There is no need to go to Europe for cheap living while Oklahoma exists, says Helen Churchill Candee in the Atlantic. Distance from the large markets makes it the ideal place for housekeepers with a slender purse. All home-grown foods of a perishable nature can be had for refreshingly low prices. Some of these I quote that I may make heads of Eastern families groan with envy. Watermelons, notwithstanding that several hundred freight cars of this juicy fruit roll northward to Kansas City, can be bought at any time from July to cold weather for five cents each, and these of a size and sweetness unsurpassed. Muskmelons, delicious as nectar, are five cents a dozen, although these, too, are sent away liberally in carloads. Spring chickens are twenty-five cents a pair; sweetbreads, ten and fifteen cents; beef and lamb fifteen cents a pound. Grapes—alas, this luscious crop is nearly given away—one cent a pound for the best. The reason for this humble price attached to so fine a fruit is that the crop matures and is in its prime shape during the heat of August, and shipment is impossible except in refrigerator cars which are too expensive. And so the whole population revels in delicious juice.

A Long Distance Gift.
"I say, Dusty, where are you going with those clubs? Have you forsaken the fraternity and taken to be a footpad?"
"No, Weary, those are merely golf sticks."
"Worse, worse, Dusty. I never expected that you would desert us for the blooming aristocrats."
"Never would I do such, Weary. You see I met a chap down the road whom I watched trying to hit a little ball. Never touched it. And when I offered to advise him to give me these, nervously, one at a time from a distance of fifty feet."—Boston Courier.

Exports from United States.
Exports from the United States during the past fiscal year increased to every section of the globe. Next to European exports, the largest increase was in exports to other parts of North America.

No Word for Patriotism.
There is no word in the Chinese language that conveys an intimation of what we term public opinion; nor is there a synonym for patriotism.

A TALE OF MISTRESS MARGARET

"The young forget their fancies, the old forget their cares,
When pretty Mistress Margret comes smiling down the stairs."

Nobody who once looked upon Mistress Margret—pretty Mistress Margret almost everybody called her—could help loving her. I, Thomas Dawtry, a plain and simple squire of the realm, loved her better than all the world. But pretty Mistress Margret was not for me, or so, at least, her father had informed me. As for me, I had long since decided to abide by this decision only so long as circumstances compelled me. Whenever fate offered me the shadow of an opportunity I meant to steal Mistress Margret and run away with her. Mistress Margret, as I had every reason—save spoken words—to believe, would be by no means unwilling.

The opportunity came when my sweet lady's father was called away to fight for his king and country, King Charles and Bonnie England. I, who longed to fight for king and country also, dared the laughter and the jeers of my comrades to stay behind a little and steal my lovely lady, if it so pleased fate. And no sooner had her father ridden away, at the head of his men, then I made for the hall and sought out old Simeon, the gardener.



Sir Reginald had never forbidden my visits—he was too wise a man to tempt fate in such a manner; he had merely taken care that I had no chance of solitary speech with my dear lady. I knew now that the Lady Eleanor Blawett, who filled, as best she might, the place of the dead lady of the manor to her daughter, Mistress Margret, favored not my suit, so I sought not to have speech with her or with my lady. Old Simeon I had been friends with ever since, as a child. I had played in the gardens with sweet Mistress Margret. I knew he was my friend and would help me. I knew also that he might speak with his lady when I might not be unwatched and unguarded. To old Simeon I told my story, and trusted him for his aid.

And there was the chink of gold between us when we parted, albeit my lack of gold was the reason why Sir Reginald had said me nay, upon my asking for his daughter's hand. And for gold—next to his love for pretty Mistress Margret—old Simeon would do more than most of us would do for the sake of life.

That evening I happened to be walking in the lane just as old Simeon also came out to take the air. And a note passed between us. Old Simeon also instructed me as to where I could find certain implements and tools—a ladder and a stout staff among them—which I might need later on, perchance. And I gave to Simeon the package of a certain drug, which my friend, the chirurgeon, had given me. Mistress Margret was to see that this drug was dropped into the flagon of ale sent up for the Lady Eleanor's supper. Then, later, she was to lean out of her casement and signal to me, waiting outside in the lane. And later still Parson Dabney, who loved us both and sympathized with us rather than with Sir Reginald, was to make pretty Mistress Margret my wife.

And so it all happened, without let or hindrance, save when my body servant's horse was mired in the slough back of the lane. He should have waited in the lane proper, but he thought he heard voices and sounds of horses' hoofs coming, and, knowing that he must not be found there, he leaped his own steed over the hedge and into the slough. We had to wait

some minutes for him, when we would have hurried onward. But this was after I had placed the ladder underneath my lady's window, mounted it, pried off the guarding bars with the stout staff which old Simeon had furnished me, and received my darling in my arms. My heart beat so in going down the ladder that I feared she would hear it and think me timid. Yet had I courage to claim a kiss as we neared the bottom, insisting that she pay it me before I set her down; and I do not think she noticed the rapid beating of my heart after that, even had she noticed it before. Her own heart beat rapidly then, as the bright color coming and going in the face which looked so fair and sweet in the moonlight testified clearly.

At the foot of the ladder I set her down, and hand in hand we raced across the greensward, over the foot-bridge old Simeon had managed to leave open and unguarded for us, and out into the lane. There, lifting her down form in my arms, I swung her up before me, and away we galloped, after the short interval of waiting for my servant, of which I have spoken. Half an hour later we stood before Parson Dabney in the gray old vicarage, and a few moments afterward I had the right to call pretty Mistress Margret my wife. Then, a hurried kiss, a tear or two on Mistress Margret's part, and we were on our way back to the hall, where Mistress Margret was to live on, the same as ever in all things save that slender gold band on her finger, until my return from the wars. And then—ah! sad for a man to leave his wife on the wedding eve—my body servant had summoned my valets and they waited for me outside in the lane. I could not kiss my darling once more, ah me! but so tenderly and lovingly, see her safely up the ladder, withdraw it from beneath her window, wave her a last tender farewell—and now, heshrew me! but mine own eyes were wet—and take my departure. But before I crossed the foot-bridge once more I threw the stout staff that had served our turn so well far from me into the thick of the hedge, and I once more clinked gold with old Simeon in order that he might be properly forgetful of all that had happened that night. Then the soft darkness of the lane, with the moon well under a kindly cloud, a sharp command to the waiting valets, a tearing gallop until morning, and we were well up with Sir Reginald and his men, and nothing but wars and fighting before us for many long months.

But my heart was brave and light—some within me, even though I had left my dear wife of an hour behind me. For it is easier, perhaps, to leave one's wife than one's sweetheart, especially when the sweetheart's father favored a richer man, and I knew, also, that I was a brave and skillful fighter, and I hoped that before Sir Reginald or I saw pretty Mistress Margret again his heart would have warmed toward me on this account. For Sir Reginald loves a brave man and a good fighter always. And in the end it all turned out even as I had hoped.

On the Writing of Comedy.
Bouccault, quite at the beginning of his career (and he wrote plays almost as a body), used to get £300 for a five-act comedy. He stated the fact on oath in a court of justice, and the sum was considered so immense that the counsel who was examining him exclaimed:
"Do you mean to tell me, sir, that if I were to write a comedy for the Haymarket theater the manager would give me £300 for it?"
"I think it most improbable," replied Bouccault.—From "Personal Recollections," by Sutherland Edwards.

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ACT OF A JAPANESE HERO

WONDERFUL DEED OF COURAGE AND SELF-SACRIFICE.
Gave His Life to Open a Way for the Allies Into Tien-Tsin—Awful Scenes at the Capture of the City—Terrible Effects of Lyddite.

The most realistic description of the horrors attending the battle of Tien-Tsin, and the only account so far published of the heroism of the Japanese soldier who blew up the wall of the city and blew himself up at the same time, comes in a letter from Corporal John E. White, of the Ninth United States Infantry, written from Tien-Tsin on July 20, when he was acting sergeant-major of the Third Battalion, says the Atlanta Journal.

After the awful experience of the battle in which Colonel Liscum and Captain Austin Davis were killed, this regiment moved on Pekin with General Chaffee and participated in the brilliant forced march through extreme heat and the subsequent storming of the gate and the reduction of the city.

His letter was written to his brother, Mr. Lewis White, of Atlanta, Ga. The letter follows:
"Tien-Tsin, China, July 20, 1900.
"Mr. Lewis White, Atlanta, Ga.:
"Dear Brother—I wrote you about the 18th of May from Conception, P. I. Since then a great many things have transpired that have been very interesting and exciting to me. My regiment received an order about June 20 to proceed to China. We went to Manila and from there to Nagasaki, Japan, and reached China July 10.
"Tien-Tsin is a large city, a million and a half population. It is divided into several parts, according to the creed of the inhabitants.
"The foreign population have a concession and live apart from the Chinamen. There are some magnificent buildings in this part of the city.
"The main part of Tien-Tsin has a huge wall around it, thirty feet thick and fifty feet high. This wall is built in the form of a square, and is about two miles long on each side. Quite a wall, isn't it?
"The Chinese bombarded the foreign part of the city from these walls, and most of the fine buildings are in ruins.
"The big battle occurred on the 13th, and it did look silly to run infantry up against those walls, but it was done and at a frightful cost.
"The British used their forty-five-pound Lyddite gun with terrible effect. In fact, I don't think we could have run them out of there without that gun.
"The Japs were next to us, and they fight like demons and can outdrill any troops I ever saw. There is not two inches difference in the height of any of them. They lost heavily and stood it bravely. One of them volunteered to blow up a part of the wall with gun cotton, and blow himself up with the wall (it could not be done otherwise), and he was allowed to try it, so that the troops could get into the city. How he ever got to the wall nobody knows, but a few minutes after he left an awful explosion occurred, a big part of the wall was down, and the brave little Jap went with it. How is that for heroism?
"The Russians also lost heavily, and they are a class of men who have my deepest sympathy. Some of them could speak German, and as we had a good many Germans in our regiment, we learned a great deal about them.
"Their salary amounts to about thirty-five cents in our money per month, and it was disgusting as well as pitiful to see soldiers of a great nation like Russia walking around picking up little scraps of hardback that we had thrown away. We fed quite a lot of them, and a more grateful set of men you never saw. I don't mean by this that they had no rations. Oh, no! But you should see their bread. It is cooked in large round loaves, looks like burnt gingerbread and cannot be broken in your hand. And just think of it—we were the first to tell them of the Spanish-American war and the Filipino insurrection, as they were just from Siberia, where no newspapers or anything to read is allowed!
"We went into the walled city on the 14th, and the sights there were sickening. Without any exaggeration, there must have been anywhere from ten to fifteen thousand dead Chinamen all over the city. Most of the place is in ruins from the bombarding and is on fire, and thousands of bodies are burned.
"The Chinamen never touched their dead and wounded, and no matter where you look it is nothing but dead bodies in all stages of decomposition, and a common occurrence to see a dog chewing on one. It was awful! Horrible! We had to stay in there two days, and I had charge of a fatigue detail who were forcing the Chinamen at the point of the bayonet to bury their dead. I had two severe vomiting spells before I got through with that job.
"I helped to pick up eleven of our own men the day before who had lain on the field all night. Our regiment got into a tight place, had to lie there all day and wait for night to escape, as the instant you raised your gun you would get the stock shot off or the gun shot out of your hands before you could raise yourself up to fire! This may sound like an Arabian Nights' story, but it is an honest one, and will be sworn to by most any American soldier here, and there are plenty of guns to show for it that have bullets in the stock. It was right between two men that got shot 'in the rifle,' and the splinters from one of them struck me.
"The Chinamen are certainly dead shots, and there were fully 100,000 of them making targets of us, but we were too well entrenched for them. Our

ACT OF A JAPANESE HERO

loss in the regiment was ninety-eight men and eight officers killed and wounded.
"You could tell a Lyddite victim as soon as you saw him, and there were thousands of them. They were black in the face and splashes of green were on their bodies, with long strips of skin torn off and bleeding at the mouth, nose and ears.
"The women and children did not escape. Mothers with babies in their arms and children of all ages were scattered all around. The stench from the bodies in the burning buildings was simply unendurable.
"There was a mint here, containing million of dollars' worth of silver bullion, and all troops were allowed to take all they wanted of it except the Americans. It finally caught fire and that stopped it. I stood guard there in charge of a squad one night, and it was quite a job to protect it, as there are several fortunes there yet, and the bullion is plainly visible among the bricks of the fallen walls.
"All troops except us were allowed to loot, and there was plenty of it. Magnificent furs and robes that would easily bring from \$150 to \$300 in the United States were plentiful.
"The grandest sight was when their magazine was exploded by one of our shells. There was a cloud of smoke fully a mile thick that was blown two miles high in about a second. The explosion was terrific. It broke all the window panes in the new city (foreign) and killed over seven hundred Chinamen. There are seven arsenals here valued at over \$200,000, and the enemy left them behind. I haven't time to write more, as I am acting sergeant-major of the Third Battalion.

"When this reaches you write me, wherever I am, as you can find out where I am by the papers.
"JOHN E. WHITE,
"Corporal Company L, Ninth Infantry."

Quite Different.
"An increase of salary!" exclaimed the pompous manager of a small omnibus company to a clerk who had just made that request. "I am afraid, sir, that you are extravagant!" He toyed with his heavy watch chain and looked severely at the young man, who returned his stare boldly. It was the set phrase on such occasions, and the applicant had heard it all before. He meant to have that rise or go somewhere else.

"Excuse me, sir," he replied respectfully, "I haven't any chance to be extravagant on what I earn."
"Young man," continued the pompous gentleman, "I have risen from the ranks. Now? By being careful. When I was young I made money by saving bus fares."
"Ah, that was in the old days," said the young man, with a knowing wink. "But with the bell punches and the present system of inspection, you would find you couldn't save sixpence without being collared, however careful you were." The manager nearly fainted, and the young man had to seek other employment.

Golf in Mexico.
Golf has found a lodgment in Mexico City. It has been many years in finding its way from the United States to the republic in the south, as there has been a feeling that it was more of a fad than a serious and engaging occupation. Besides, it has in its practice a little more freedom than has been considered consistent with social ideas in the semi-tropical city.
Persons courageous enough to tell of the witcheries of the sport and to follow their convictions have been found, however, and after much trouble links have been laid out at San Pedro. Americans and Englishmen resident in the city are the principal movers in a club that has been formed, and they intend to put up a club house at San Pedro and make it rival the clubs in America.
Mexicans did not take kindly to the idea at once, but some of them have ventured to play, and the game promises to take hold among them as it has in the United States. There are now nine-hole links that are pronounced to be very sporty.

Hemp Industry of the Philippines.
The entire hemp industry of the Philippines is still worked by primitive methods and with simple contrivances. The native, though unambitious himself, is jealous of the Chinaman, and is averse to the Celestial getting control of the plantations or contracts, while scorning up-to-date methods himself. The "Cheno," however, has made inroads in this industry, as well as in others in the Philippines. Had he not, the development would not have been as rapid as it has. The native is thoroughly capable and understands the treatment of the plant and its harvesting and could be induced to work with regularity would be as good a laborer as the Chinaman, but the Celestial usually controls the baling and local marketing of the hemp.—Edwin Wildman, in Harper's Weekly.

Harvesting by Moonlight.
The London Mark Lane Express remarks that the rather unusual sight of harvesting by moonlight has been witnessed every night during the last week in South Lincolnshire. Labor is so scarce in the district that the men cannot be spared to secure their own allotment crops, and some have consequently gathered them by the light of the moon. Many men have been seen working in the fields until nearly midnight. On some farms, too, harvesting has also been carried on at night; many of the crops are dead ripe, and there is not much liability of the wheat shaking out when gathered with a dew upon it. This scarcity of labor is mainly due to the draft of the military reserve force.