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The test of true love is not manifest in the ability of a man and a woman to get along well together. It is manifest in the preference to get along poorly together rather than to get along better separately.

Sturgeon fishing, which is carried on more largely in the Delaware River and Bay than elsewhere in the United States, is in danger of extinction, according to a recent report of the United States Fish Commission. There has been a decline in production from 1948 kegs in 1897 to an estimate of about 700 kegs in 1899, while the price per keg was advanced in fifteen years from \$9 to \$105. The larger profits of the industry for years have come from what might be called the by-product, the roe, which is the basis of caviare, the Russian delicacy. The Delaware fishermen obtain better prices in foreign markets than at home, and much of the caviare brought into this country from Europe has crossed the Atlantic once before in pine casks.

There are opportunities on every hand every day if they were taken advantage of; but the great difficulty with most men is that they don't see them until they are past and gone. Opportunities can be made, and every keen, farsighted man will admit this to be true. Instead of waiting and whining for something to turn up, go out into this great world determined to be somebody and do something; you will find golden chances on every side waiting to be utilized. The world owes a man a living. If he will not work, failure and ruin will be his portion, but if he hustles while he waits, determined that he will get to the top of the ladder, and not be satisfied until he does get there, his fortune is assured. Such a man never sighs for opportunities, but when one comes his way he grasps it and makes the very most and best of it. Luck is no factor.

EYE TROUBLES.

Employments That Should Be Avoided by People with Weak Eyes.
The changes which come to the eye as a result of age are beyond the power of the individual to remedy. It is true that the time for the wearing of glasses may be hastened by abuse of the eyes, but with all possible care that one may take, the eye that hitherto has been normal, will need shortly before, or it may be shortly after, the age of forty-five the aid of glasses. So universal is this that an oculist, in his examination of the refraction of the eye of his patient, can determine accurately the number of his years. The responsibility of much eye trouble, however, can be brought directly home to the individual. It is due to the reckless expenditure of the eyesight. The service of the eyes is demanded in any and every light. The eyes are most tried by reading fine print or doing the fine stitches of sewing or embroidery. If the print is on glossy paper whose smooth surface reflects the light the effect is bad upon the eyes. If the embroidery is to be done on satin or upon canvas, with its bewildering maze of meshes, the strain is soon shown in the redness and the weariness of the eyes. Women's eyes suffer greatly from the tax of veils. It only shows the great adaptability which the eyes share with every other part of the body that the veils, with their intricate meshes and numerous dots of embroidery and chenille, do not occasion more trouble with the eyes than they do. The first thing to do in selecting a veil, if one has mercy on the eyes, is to test its effect upon the sight, to see that the weave is not confounding and that the dots do not come awkwardly across the eyes.—Harper's Bazar.

Expensive Toy Road.
Some children of Macon, Ga., are to have an expensive but highly instructive toy in the shape of a complete miniature trolley line about a mile long. Each car will accommodate eight passengers, and is complete in all details, including electric lights. The railway is to be located in a private park.

WON BY STRATEGY.

BY MADELYN ELLMS RAWLINGS.

The Craiglin Mining Company owns mines throughout the northwest, with headquarters at Butte, Montana. It is a prodigious concern, with millions of incorporated wealth. I represented one of the running gears in this gigantic mechanism; entering service as a messenger and working up to assistant bookkeeper.

A band of organized bandits had been terrorizing the northwest for years. They made their headquarters in a mountain retreat called Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn mountains in Wyoming. It is a fertile valley or basin, formed by the main range of the Big Horn and huge cliffs. The valley is inaccessible except by a small pass made by the Powder river. A small company could hold the pass against an army, as it is so narrow in places one can reach the sides with outstretched arms. In the mountains are deep caves and canyons, making the place an ideal rendezvous for those under the ban of the law.

One of the band which infested this natural fortress was the "Curry Gang," as they were called. They defied all law and authority, and committed crimes almost weekly in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

All efforts at capture were futile. To enter the dread Hole-in-the-Wall meant never to return, and the only hope of the officers lay in capturing their prizes before they could reach their stronghold or confederates.

The Craiglin Mining Company had felt the ruthless plundering of the outlaws, losing considerable in several holdups and post-office robberies. Their greatest loss had been incurred through the waylaying of one of the paymasters of the company. They first beat him into insensibility, then robbed him of all treasure, including his own belongings.

The company's mining interests were so divergent that it had been their habit to express large sums of money in distant points, where it was received and taken to the mines. But the outlawry had been so excessive during this year that it had become a perplexing question how best to transmit money.

When the officers were in session debating the question, the news of the Wilcox, Wyoming, holdup, in which \$30,000 was secured, was passed in to them. The work of paying off at the mines was suspended until a safe plan of delivery could be decided on. The miners became fractious, and demanded immediate payment. The policy of the company was most just and liberal, and considering that the men were demanding only their dues, they set forth formulating a plan proof against highwaymen.

By what process of reasoning they hit upon a plan involving me, is known to themselves alone. Howbeit, I was informed that the company, deeming me to be unknown to the bandits, desired that I should conceal the sum of the rebellious miners' pay roll about me and proceed to the scene of contention. Word had been sent in to the office that suspicious characters were in the vicinity. Owing to the intense excitement prevailing in all localities, the officers apprehended danger to their paymaster. No plan of procedure was marked out for me. I was simply asked if I would undertake the hazardous trip and urged to take every precaution for my personal safety.

Realizing the exceeding danger of the undertaking, sufficient allurements were held out to make me very desirous of its accomplishment. I saw before me gain, advancement, glory. The position of secretary to the president was vacant. This, together with a substantial remuneration, was to be mine if I proved myself diplomatic enough to circumvent the robbers. A good price was set upon each desperado, the Union Pacific offering \$1000 each, dead or alive. The express company offered a like reward, and the municipal authorities had posted rewards sufficient to send an army of men scouting in every direction. Aside from monetary considerations, one cannot attain greater glory in the West than by outwitting the lawless.

I asked for the night to consider the proposition, and fully realized the folly of it when the blood once more coursed through my veins at its normal temperature. Two to one—no show for me. One bandit would have it all his own way, for my only knowledge of firearms consisted in the experience gained in target practice and trap shooting. I was always too chicken-hearted to kill things, and never enjoyed tramping through the wilds of nature in pursuit of harmless life.

I told my home folk, consisting of mother and sister, of my offer and my intention to accept it. They spent the evening trying to dissuade me, dwelling at length upon the dangers to be encountered. I could withstand them upon these points, but when they struck the emotional and begged me to consider them, I was somewhat staggered. Sentiment will win a man over quicker than any amount of hard facts. But to fall to accept the commission would mark me for ridicule in this land where the blood is ever fiery and caution appeals to none. Surely my ever-ready brain would serve me now! Yes, I would go, must go. Failure meant loss, humiliation, success meant everything.

My mind made up, I retired to formulate my campaign against the possible foe.

I spent the night in wakeful con-

templation of highway tactics, and conceiving schemes which at first appeared extremely strategic, only to be cast away on second sober thought. Toward dawn I began to despair of hitting upon any means of baffling the band should I chance to meet them.

Suddenly I jumped from my bed electrified. Good! A brilliant thought! I would go and win out in the face of all odds! Ah, how thankful I was now for the school instruction I had pooh-poohed at and shirked! The despised chemistry had proven a friend, and with faith in the idea it had revealed to me I withstood all imploring and prepared for the journey—confident, jubilant.

I got out of town as soon as possible, for fear the company might change their mind. I rigged up as near like a miner as I could and took passage out of Butte on a local freight.

I soon saw that I could not play the part of a miner; everybody spotted me at once; so I abandoned the detective role, and upon arrival at the town, where a branch extends to the mines, procured a rig and boldly drove over. I was in hopes that if any attempt had been planned for the capture of the money the schemers would look to the usual route of the paymaster, the branch line. These hopes, however, did not sustain my courage, which began to ooze from me with every revolution of the wheels. Talk about a coward dying many deaths—the immortal poet speaks the truth. I saw more bandits in that ride than Hole-in-the-Wall produced. Every indistinct object represented a desperado; every crackling twig a pistol shot.

I scourged myself for my terrors, but to no avail. With knees shaking, teeth chattering, I proceeded on my way, devoutly hoping that my Heaven-sent inspiration wouldn't fail me. I laid my terror to reaction from a state of intense mental excitement to inactive solitude. However that is, no man is a hero until proven one, nor a coward, either, and with this comforting thought I turned my attention to making speed.

When within a few miles of the mine, I crossed over a hill, and saw before me a long decline with a narrow valley. The road curved around a few foot hills and then stretched boldly to the mine. Just as I turned the first hill and curved to the second I was completely hidden from the road in both directions. I heard a sharp voice cry "Halt!" and drew rein as if by magic in the face of three shining revolvers. No need for a second cry. The horse as well as myself was rigid as the everlasting hills that environed us. There stood three of the toughest, ugliest looking ruffians of their caste.

For a second my heart beat a tune in chrom dashed time. The next, the blood trickled back in its natural channels and rushed madly on its course. To be waylaid like this! Trapped like a rat, at the mercy of these devils! Never had life seemed more precious. I'd sell it dearly, and clutching the revolver I carried in one hand, I made a move to aim it. Suddenly bethinking myself of the foolhardiness of this play, I said in as calm a voice as I could command,—

"Well, what do you fellows want?"
"Want?" said the one with crooked eyes and a vicious leer, "we want the mine swag. Oh, you're up against the real thing, young tenderfoot! We know you've got it, so cough up and be in a hurry about it."
My plans were instantly formed.

"I have got the money," I said. "No use to deny it. You have me fou. If you fellows will come on one side of the rig and let me out the other, I'll hand over my arms and the money and go to yonder boulder. You can drive on and be well out of the way by the time I get to the mine. I warn you to hurry, for I'll give the alarm as soon as I can."

They were completely deceived. "Wants to save his hide," they said, and moved with alacrity to one side. A knowing wink passed the knowledge to each that they would humor me until they had their booty, and then—well, thank Heaven, I never knew what was to follow that "then."
I gave one my hand revolver, the next, that from my boot, and to further infuse confidence gave the third one from my hip pocket. They laughed at each delivery, considering this hold-up the greatest picnic of their lives.

"Now for the spondulicks," said he of the evil eye. "Trot out the coin—quick! We ain't got time to visit with you."
I leaned over at this command as though reaching for the packet. Each of the desperadoes was placing the contraband revolver in his hip pocket as he grasped his own in a defensive manner.

I slipped my hand into my breast, and grasping a small bulb, poured a fiery stream from an attached siphon across the face of each leering devil. It struck them square in the eyes, and with screams of agony each bandit dropped his weapon, covered his face with his hands, and with curses and imprecations staggered blindly in their misery.

Quick as a flash I cleared the rig and seized some irons I had concealed. Hastily clasping them upon each wretched sufferer I twined around them a rope I snatched from my pocket. Their pain was gradually subsiding, and while in no fear of bodily harm, I thought they might escape by running, or might hem me in and attack

even though manacled, so I tied the rope to a tree and gave another gentle squeeze to the bulb. A tiny spray—just a mere mist—sent the bandits into renewed contortions and freshened their powers of vituperation. I had carefully planned this hour. I now drew forth some stout straps with halter fixtures, and clamping one end to a ring I attached to the rig, I made their capture complete by fastening the other end to the irons. When each robber was assigned to his allotted place I had quite a body guard, and as I now carried the whip end of the expedition, I sprang to my seat and drove to the village.

"Poor devils," I thought, as we trudged up the hill, "a man's a sorry looking animal when cowed and driven."

But I soon suppressed my sympathy when I thought of the fate of their many hapless victims. Men stricken down with the flush of ambition on their faces and the hope of success still in their eyes—children rendered homeless or forlornly desolate—women—ah, when I thought of the women I could lay the whip to their backs and scourge them with each onward step.

When we were near the mines, the men catching sight of us, streamed down the hillside, chattering like magpies. When the situation was explained they went mad.

"A rope! A rope! Lynch them! We'll string them to a tree!"

In vain I shrieked commands. The crowd swelled and the mob excitement increased. Finally, during a skirmish over the delegate to be sent for ropes, I gained attention.

"Men," I shouted, rising on the seat and drawing my revolver, "I'll fire on the first one that takes a step! Listen to what I have to say. These men are my prisoners. I alone captured them. I am going to take them to justice and secure the rewards. Don't hinder me, boys—I will not be fooled with. Help me," I continued, "and I'll do right by you. What say you—will you do it?" With the mention of the reward the situation was changed. I knew it would. The miners had a rugged sense of justice and honor on money lines, and would be the last to cheat me out of my deserts.

"Indeed we will! Three cheers for the lad! All together! Hurray! hurrah! hurrah!" Thus we swept on, the miners growing more calm as we neared the village.

I picked out a few of the most trustworthy men, and we debated the best way of landing the bandits at Butte, for I was determined to have all the glory due, and carry my prizes home. We feared that the rest of the gang might be lurking among the hills, and would succor their comrades in spite of our numbers. It was finally decided that we should take them to the nearest station on the main line, so after rest and refreshment we detailed a large guard and set out.

We boarded the train safely and secretly, every precaution being taken to avoid publicity. The officials were communicated with, and gave orders that no stops should be made until Butte was reached.

Arriving at Butte, where the news had preceded us, the town turned out en masse in my honor. No dignity of state was ever tendered so much homage. Had I not conferred a lasting benefit upon the West? Such an example as these wretches would make a salutary warning to all of their ilk!

There was no stopping that crowd. The mob spirit was at fever heat when we arrived, and no appeal to reason, or show of force, could mitigate the sentence the self-appointed justices had meted out for the fiends. The cries grew hoarser, the clamoring louder.

"Up with them! String them up!" Amid the maddening cries, the groans, I forced my way through the crowd and made off for home and happiness.—Waverly Magazine.

Wouldn't Be Nursed by Them.
Sometimes the hospital nurses in small towns are embarrassed in a way their sisters in the big cities never experience. Not far from New York there is a hospital with a staff of nurses made up almost entirely of the young girls who have lived in the town all their lives. Most of them belong to well-known families there, and when they selected the profession of nursing remained in their own homes rather than undertake the work among strangers. This scheme had some advantages, but serious drawbacks as well, and several nurses from other places and without social connections in the town are to be engaged for the good of the institution. It was found that all of the young men in the town who were taken ill would under no conditions consent to be taken to this hospital. Very few of the older ones would go for that matter, and the number of private patients had diminished unprofitably before it was understood what would be the cause of this aversion to the hospital. Most of the nurses knew perfectly well why the men had ceased to come, but they so well satisfied themselves with this situation that they made no complaint. They were all acquainted with the young men in the town and had known some of them from childhood. They understood thoroughly why the young men objected to be nursed by persons with whom they had played golf or danced cotillions. This fact gradually made itself plain to the authorities of the hospital and they took care to see that some nurses from other cities were added to the hospital force.—New York Sun.

The deaf mute should never be lonely. When there's no one around he can talk with his fingers.

Phil Armour's Big Job

The Czar of Russia Assigns Him a Task

P. D. Armour of Chicago, "the old man of the markets," has a contract from the Russian czar to ship 7,000 cattle to that country from San Francisco. It is easy enough to secure the cattle, but the question of transportation is an enormous task. There are not boats enough on the Pacific coast to carry the cattle. Those who know Mr. Armour, however, are confident that he will solve the problem; if not, it will be the first time that the greatest trader in the world ever received an order that was too big for him.

The last great coup of P. D. Armour was made in connection with the Letter wheat corner in 1897. This corner was months in maturing. It sent the price of grain up in India. The value of a loaf of bread almost doubled in Calcutta, in London and in New York. Joseph Leiter was a foe worthy even of P. D. Armour. It is now a matter of common history how Armour wriggled out of a

"squeeze" that would have meant financial death to 999 men out of 1,000. He executed a great coup in transporting millions of bushels of wheat from Duluth to Chicago by boat in the winter season, when navigation was supposed to be closed. It was an expensive affair for Mr. Armour, but in the end it smashed Mr. Leiter, just as Mr. Armour had figured it would. Mr. Armour could have settled his losses with Leiter for about one-half what it cost him to bring that wheat to Chicago, and it is safe to say that he is about the only man in the trade who would not have seized the opportunity to get off as cheaply as possible. But Mr. Armour is not that kind of a man.

At enormous expense he had sufficient wheat shipped to Chicago and formally delivered it to Leiter. It swamped the latter, the corner in wheat was broken and Armour more than recouped himself in the clean-up.



P. D. ARMOUR.

The Execution of Cordua

The press of Europe is severe in its condemnation of Gen. Lord Roberts for having permitted the execution of Hans Cordua, the Boer officer, who was convicted on the charge of having conspired to kidnap Lord Roberts and other British officers in the interests of the Boer cause.

There is no denial of the fact that Cordua and other Boers in Pretoria entered into the conspiracy, under the belief that if Lord Roberts could be prevented from directing affairs the British plan of campaign would be greatly weakened. But in his defense Cordua advanced the statement that the conspiracy was not of his initiative. It was according to him concocted by British secret service men and it was not until great pressure was brought to bear upon him that he countenanced it and became a party to it. In the light of this

in England five mornings; have seen nothing eaten for breakfast by friend or foe or myself but coffee and sandwich and boiled eggs. You go into what they call the commercial-room, call for boiled eggs and bread and butter and coffee. They will bring it in, the bread cut in thin slices spread with butter, with the coffee and eggs, a spoon for the coffee and a spoon for the eggs; no knife or fork. Was invited out to dinner Sunday by J. H. Simpson, the Belgian hare fancier of England. One meal like that in a day would suffice, so I have decided English people go to extremes sometimes."—Kansas City Journal.

BY CAT'S EYES.

Chinese Tell the Hour by the Line in the Feline Visual Organ.

It must be conceded that in some qualities of primitive, but practical resourcefulness the Chinese are ahead of most civilized nations. All travelers agree that if in a district where clocks and watches are unknown you ask a Chinaman the time of day he will, if well disposed, at once proceed to ambuscade and capture the household cat, and after pushing up the lids and looking for a moment into its eyes he will tell the time with astonishing accuracy. The explanation is a simple physiological one. The pupils of the cat's eyes constantly contract until midday, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair drawn perpendicularly across the eye; after twelve they begin again to dilate. It is to be hoped that if the practice is ever introduced into this country watches and clocks will continue to be made, as there will probably be many who will not care to run after a cat whenever they want to know the hour, or who may fear some danger to their own eyes from too close an examination of hers. The Chinese have by no means a monopoly of the cat as a perambulating time-piece. The negroes of Jamaica are very well acquainted with the method of telling the time by looking at the effect of the sun on pussy's eyes, and those who twenty years ago were quite illiterate and could not tell the time by a watch used to resort to this method for discovering the time of day. I have myself repeatedly, watch in hand, asked a negro to tell the time in this way, and it was very rare indeed for him to be five minutes out by the clock.

Voter Is a Veteran.

James M. Sherwin of Grafton, Vt., has voted at every election in his town—local, state and national—since 1832. If he lives until November he will cast his eighteenth presidential vote.



HANS CORDUA.

It would seem as though Lord Roberts might have had magnanimity enough to have spared the life of Cordua. His permission for the execution of the Boer officer is not in keeping with the general opinion formed of him.

Beside, the execution of Cordua we believe to have been a blunder. It will incite the Boers to more desperate resistance and prolong the agony of the South African tragedy.

No Good Meals in England.

"We are making our headquarters at the temperance Albion hotel. I have yet to find a hotel or restaurant where you find meals ready," complains a Macon, Mo., man now sojourning in England in a letter to his home paper. "You must go in and call for what you want and wait for it to be cooked. You do not even have a bill of fare to look over. Have now been