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It is estimated that the farms of Kansas will this year yield over \$160 for every man, woman, and child in that state.

The decision in nearly half the cases appealed to the supreme court of Colorado are reversed—the majority of them on technicalities. This is largely due to the fact that the judges of the county courts are not necessarily lawyers.

The scarcity of coal in New Zealand has had the effect of raising the price, and the mines at present working are unable to cope with the demand. The premier proposes to take steps to terminate the leases of coal-bearing lands which are not worked.

The automobile is now recommended to the public for its "absolute cleanliness." There is no doubt that the automobile has many advantages over the horse vehicle, but the one that will finally recommend it to the public will be a reduction in price.

America is rapidly displacing Great Britain as the coal exporting country of the world. American miners are actually "carrying coals to Newcastle" by selling cargoes of coal in the United Kingdom itself. Other European countries, too, that have heretofore drawn coal supplies from the United Kingdom are now drawing largely on the United States.

The leading American student of human flight, Professor Langley of the Smithsonian institution, has made a new sort of flying contrivance, according to the Washington Post. He has put on the top of his machine a propeller such as carries the flying top into the air. With this he will rise and then turn on the rear screw by which he will travel.

According to the census office returns the population of Manhattan and Bronx boroughs of New York City foots up 2,650,000. Of this number 200,507 live in the district east of the Bronx river, which was annexed in 1898. The census return of New York for 1890 was 1,515,301, showing an increase in 10 years of over 25 per cent. Few cities in the land have expanded so enormously or promise such growth in the future.

Donald L. Cameron, the Rutherford (N. J.) druggist who died recently, set an example in providing that there should be no needless expense incurred at his burial. His will, which has been admitted to probate, and which disposed of an estate of \$25,000, provided that the cost of his funeral should not exceed \$50. "Rather leave to the living" he wrote, "that which unnecessarily goes to the dead." The custom of having an imposing funeral with vast number of relatives, friends, and even mere acquaintances, driving in coaches behind the hearse to a distant cemetery, is to be deprecated. It prevails among people most of whom are in straitened circumstances, and upon whom the expense bears very heavy. Physicians say that frequently "one funeral makes many" in consequence of these visits of large numbers to cemeteries in inclement weather. The custom originates in a commendable sentiment, but, as Hamlet remarks, "It is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance."

In 1897 the people of Nebraska paid off \$19,000,000 of mortgages; in 1898, \$29,000,000; in 1899, \$78,000,000—\$146,000,000 in three years.

Sisal is obtained from the leaves of a plant belonging to the cactus family, which thrives chiefly along the gulf coast of Yucatan.

ULTIMA VERITAS.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—
When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail;
I know that right is right:
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;
I know that right is right:
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

"The Old Apple Tree"

I was disappointed in my friend. We had arranged to spend the day on the river. I had not met him for years, not since our Balliol days, until I saw him again after seven years at the varsity sports in the early spring. He was the same as ever—staunch and genuine and generous. It was he who had suggested and settled the details of our trip on the river. It was to be on June 15, and we were to have had a long, healthy, exhilarating day, with plenty of hard exercise and a long chat about old times.

The day came and I was in a river rig at the boathouse agreed upon half an hour earlier than we had mutually fixed. But Fry did not come. I know of nothing more irritating than to have to hang about for another fellow to turn up when one is alone like that. At last I got a note by his servant.

His excuse for not coming seemed to me a flimsy one. His wife's father had fixed a sudden meeting of family trustees, and afterward he had to see his sister on business of consequence relating to a trust. However, whether it was an excuse or whether it was a reason, he was not coming with me for our projected river trip—that was clear. It was annoying, but I trust I am too philosophic to feel anything deeply that cannot be helped. I countermanded the pair-skiif and had out a single canoe.

In five minutes I was "on the bosom of old Father Thames." The hackneyed words, as I thought of them, were in themselves a comfort, and as I paddled on I thought how a gay heart wants no friend. Solitude has charms deeper than society can afford. Out of my memory teemed troops of friends, and they were with me as I willed; they came at my call and vanished as I wished when thought of another suggested.

I was veritably festive in my loneliness. Everything was new to me, and



yet familiar; the lazy cattle, knee-deep in the water, the trim villas festooned with roses and clematis, the laughing weirs, the fleets of graceful swans, the barges, and the pleasure boats, the pools where the water lilies grew. How lovely it all was, and how sweet, (since fate had willed it so) to enjoy it undisturbed and solitary.

"If this be loneliness," I thought, turning my canoe into a backwater of the main river, along which I had already paddled with the stream for several miles (I had passed through two locks), "I have been often lonelier among hosts of friends!" And I fear there was some conceit in the delight I enjoyed; east this upon my own resources I was proud of my buoyancy of spirit. I found myself ever and anon peeping the passing banks and woods with creatures of my own imagination, making of the whole landscape a background for the creation of an as yet unwritten romance. I wrote fairly tales. I am a professed writer of romances, and I determined that the beings born of my river dream should awake and live in words on the shelves of libraries.

I was now in a lovely backwater more beautiful than the Thames itself. The bankside flowers were more abundant and nearer to me—indeed, they hedged me about. The pale blue eyes of innumerable forget-me-nots smiled upon me, wild roses and brambles bloomed amid their thorns, the leaves of the osiers whispered everywhere, the weeping willows hung their arching boughs right across the narrow creek, which it now pleased me to explore.

The water was clearer, too. Paddling slowly along between the lawns, I looked into the depths of the water, with all its wealth and wonder of plant growth, the waving forest of submarine weed, where I could see shoals of minnows. Now and then a school of perch, startled by my paddle, darted into the shadow of the weed, and a huge jack, sulking in a deep green pool, made me long for a rod and line.

While thus engrossed, bending my head over the side of the canoe, in which I continued to drift along slowly, I failed to notice how narrow the creek had become, until suddenly I found myself close to a lady lying on a lawn—so close that I was almost touching her.

For a while I sat staring at her in bewilderment. Then I stammered, "Where am I?"

"You are in my father's garden," she said.

"And I—?"
"You are a trespasser."

That the rulers must obey;
That the rivers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace—

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That course is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.
—Washington Gladden.

HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Riotous Cowboy Compares with the Lonely Sheep Herder.

Captain J. H. McClintock writes as follows in *Ainslee's Magazine*: "In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study. The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a wild west show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling, he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow-puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness. The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Mazatzal mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the campfire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district, filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half-dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead, in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wrangler's bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and solaced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song. As a rule, the cowboy in an American. In the plateau region he may either hail from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single-barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double-clinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

"The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans of Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from Northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'baa' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate. It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings, and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb, and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation."

Breaking the News.
A workman having been injured seriously in the course of his employment, one of the mates was told to go and break the news to the injured man's wife.

"Break the news as gently as possible, Tom," said the "gaffer."
"I will," said Tom, and he went to his unfortunate mate's house, where he found the latter's wife at her household duties.

"I see the war's goin' on as bad as ever, Mrs. Tomson," observed Tom casually.

"Yes, more's the pity," returned Mrs. Tomson.

"Lots of pore fellers a-lostin' of a leg," said Tom.

"Aye, poor chaps," sighed Mrs. Tomson.

"You feels for 'em, don't you?" queried Tom.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Tomson.

"You orter," said Tom. "'cos your ole man 'as jest 'nd both of 'is cut off by the engine!'"—Pearson's Weekly.

Baby Got Itself Adopted.
From an orphan asylum in St. Louis, Mo., comes an interesting story. A millionaire of that city with his wife visited the institution, and while in the nursery stopped to admire a pretty boy just waking from a nap. The baby smiled at the millionaire's wife, and stretching his chubby arms toward her, said: "Take baby." She took him in her arms, and the child laughed gleefully, as he commanded: "Pretty mother, kiss baby." The rich man and his wife looked at each other, and the same thought flashed into both minds, as their home was childless. When they left the building the golden haired boy was taken to the carriage, and the orphan asylum had a vacancy.

Young German Poet

Gerhardt Hauptmann
Winning World-
Wide Fame...

Gerhardt Hauptmann is among the greatest of dramatic poets of the time. He has been made known and much discussed in this country by the production of his plays, notably "Hannele," "The Weavers" and "The Sunken Bell." He has been accepted by some people as the successor of Goethe, in Germany. But even if that is too much, there can be no question of his remarkable power. He has written some fifty plays and published a little volume of sketches. The first

on November 15, 1862. His father was the proprietor of the chief hotel, and had a family of four children, one daughter and three sons. He first displayed talent as a sculptor, and he went to Breslau to study, but he did not learn or develop, and so he left the Kuntschule. He had completed his first drama in the meantime, "Ingeborg," founded on the Swedish poet Tegner's "Frithjofsaga." It was an attempt to glorify Germanic mythology, but Hauptmann did not follow up



GERHARDT HAUPTMANN.

piece which made him famous in Germany was "Before Sunrise," but the works mentioned are the only ones which have made him familiar to us in this country. He has been accused of having founded himself on Ibsen, but that charge is quite easily disproved by his work, which has, especially in "Hannele" and "The Sunken Bell," a brilliant quality of poetic imagination, mystic and symbolical. Sometimes he goes too far beyond the general intelligence to win universal appreciation, but his poetry takes a high flight and carries itself with great dramatic power.

Hauptmann was born in a small Silesian watering place, Obersalzbrunn.

His intention to any completion. He went to Jena in 1882, and later started from Hamburg on a tour to Spain and the Mediterranean. He was taken ill with fever, when he returned, and was nursed back to health by Marie Thienemann, whom he married in 1885. After another excursion through Europe gradually he became one of the principal figures in the literary set of Germany, and his powers began to develop until he won his first widespread acknowledgment, which has been increasing steadily, until his name is known now all over the world. He has a still greater future, for he is not yet at the full development of his powers.

Young College President

Prof. John Henry McCracken not only is the youngest college president in the world, but also is one of the most learned scientists in the United States.

He is at the head of Westminister University, Fulton, Mo., where already he is winning laurels



PROF. McCracken.

Justice Dooley of Chicago has decided that "the rat is an animal," and has fined James Poulis for burning one.

MONKS LIVE WELL.

Inmates of Chinese Monasteries Are Treated as Demigods.

Of monasteries and lamaseries in Peking the number is endless. The lamas and bonzes who dwell therein can be counted by the thousands. They are mostly Tibetans and Mongolians, supposed to be studying Buddhism under the direction of an authenticated lineal descendant of Buddha himself. Indeed, in one particular monastery three lineal descendants are to be seen for a consideration. They are regarded as semigods and treated as such. Of the three so favored, fed and flattered one is a youngster of some 12 years, a bright, lively Mongolian

boy, fully alive to his own importance, high dignity and destiny, yet not averse to the filling of his baggy little pockets with the dollars of such "foreign devils" as afford him the opportunity of so doing. The lamas and bonzes are a greasy, grimy, dirt-crusting lot. The denser the dirt the greater the reputation for sanctity and close spiritual affinity with Buddha. Their whole time seems to be passed in eating, extracting dollars from strangers and sleeping.—Fall Mall Gazette.

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives—but it has suspicions.