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## INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

**A Weekly Review of the Happenings Throughout the World of Labor in This and Other Countries.**

Postoffice clerks in Chicago have formed a union and joined the American Federation of Labor.

C. Pardee & Co. have refused to reinstate the coal miners at Latimer, Penn., who went on strike.

The packers of the glass works at Salem, N. J., have had an increase of \$1 per week in their wages.

Wages of puddlers of the Altoona Iron Company, at Altoona, Penn., have been reduced from \$3.50 to \$3 per ton.

King Leopold of Belgium has approved the law granting pensions to destitute workmen over sixty-five years old.

The advances in English coal miners' weekly wages thus far this year have been twice as great as those in the year 1899.

Z. G. Simmons, a wealthy manufacturer in Kenosha, Penn., proposes to fit up a clubhouse and night school for his employes.

The city of Berne, Switzerland, is making the Socialistic experiment of building from nearly free—workshops for tailors and shoemakers.

The Longham Shovel Works, employing 300 hands, at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, has closed indefinitely, and it is said the trust has bought the plant.

Paper money is at a premium at Nome. Miners find it more convenient than gold, and pay as much as two per cent in excess of its value for it.

The National Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers has adopted a universal wage scale, fixing wages at fifty cents an hour, with eight hours as a day's work, to go into effect next May.

Among the encouragements offered to silk weavers during the first century of the existence of this industry in Lyons was exemption from military service and taxation. So rapid was its development that in 1650 the weavers numbered 18,000, or 60,000 with affiliated pursuits.

Minnesota's binding-twine plant, established in the State penitentiary, is as much of a success as the like institution in Kansas. By this means the problem of convict labor has been solved in these two States to the satisfaction of about every one concerned.

The cutters of the great glove houses of Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable gloves in London and New York. So difficult is this art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.

### Germany's New Lease.

The news that Germany has obtained from Turkey the lease of a small island in the Red sea, known as Uroan, which is not marked on most English maps, but which is north of Kamaran, where we have a cable station, will evoke no surprise. As far back as 1896 Count von Lutwitz argued that Germany should acquire coaling stations, and the demand has been pressed to late with remarkable insistence by the immensely powerful German navy league.

It goes without saying that the new island will be a valuable possession. Germans do not acquire territory with their eyes shut, and they are certain to have made careful surveys and to have obtained a fine harbor. The chief interest, however, for England is as to the location of the other coaling stations which Germany undoubtedly intends to buy or annex. Positions are wanted both to the east and west of the Red sea, and where are they to be found?

In the Mediterranean it would not be surprising to learn that the Kaiser had arranged with Spain for the purchase of Ceuta, the fortress, quite useless to the Spaniards, which confronts Gibraltar on the southern shore of the famous straits. There have been negotiations as to this place, and Spain would be not disinclined to do Germany a kindness in return for the sympathy shown in 1898.

The system and care with which Germany is laying the foundation of her sea power merit attention in England. Already in Africa she has sites for coaling stations in Togoland, the Kamerun, Southwest Africa and German East Africa. In the West Indies the fear that she might obtain from Holland Curacao already causes anxiety in the United States. But Germany will go slowly and surely. She is not in a hurry; her preparations are quiet and systematically made; it is no part of her object to cause general alarm, which might be fatal to her designs.—London Daily Mail.

It may be information to a good many that Indian "redies" are now being turned out in regular factories, one of which is located in a county in Wisconsin. The relic-makers have a secret process by which an ancient appearance is imparted to bones, pots, arrow-heads, etc.

## JUDGE NOT.

Now do we know what hearts have vilest sin?  
How do we know?  
Many, like sepulchres, are foul within.  
Many outward garb is spotless as the snow.  
And many may be pure, we think not so.  
And near to God the souls of such have been.  
What mercy secret penitence may win—  
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?  
How can we tell?  
We think our brother walked guiltily.  
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!  
Perhaps had we been driven through the hell  
Of his untold temptations, we might be  
Less upright in our daily walk than he—  
How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?  
Dare we condemn?  
Their strength is small, their trials not a few.  
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.  
And if to us more clearly than to them  
Is given knowledge of the great and true,  
More do they need our help and pity too—  
Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day—  
God help us all!  
We cannot walk alone the perfect way.  
Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.  
We are but human, and our power is small!  
Not one of us may boast, and not a day  
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say—  
God bless us all!

## The Ring's Victory.

BY Q. K. UNDERWOOD,  
Author "Black John," Etc.  
(Copyright 1900. Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was only a speckled shot, but the cream-colored pony thought it was a bear or something even more dreadful. He was a city-trained pony and was without fear of steam engines, electric cars and other urban nerve wreckers, but he had never had any experience with the bogies of plantation life. So when the speckled shot darted across the path with a terrifying "hough! hough!" the cream-colored pony shied, and threw the girl who was riding him, then tore off down the narrow road through the cotton field at top speed.

Being a robust young person with a good deal of pluck and a sense of humor, however, she laughed almost as soon as the first terrors started down the sides of her nose, and satisfying herself that no bones were broken she shook the dust from her riding habit, and gave her hat a touch with her gloved fingers to make it sit straight on her brown locks.

The big white mansion where she lived was a mile and a half away. The sun was behind a bank of black clouds in the west, and the rich purple of the cotton blooms, which were a pearly white in the morning, and a delicate pink at noon, bore evidence that the day was dying all too fast for the quiet of a maid with a weary hour of walking ahead of her.

"I went down the new-cut road,  
She went down the lane,  
And she promised to meet me,  
Good-bye, 'Liza Jane."

The sound of this classic, sung in a melodious, though untrained voice, and accompanied by the rhythmic beat of a horse's hoofs on the sunbaked road, caused the girl to draw to one side and look back. It was the voice of a white man and welcome, for the girl did not relish the long walk home through the lonely plantation.

The man on the gray horse eyed the girl curiously and respectfully. He was sunburned and stalwart, and sat in his saddle as one at home. He would have passed without speaking as is the custom in the home of King Cotton, but for the evidence of the girl's apparel that she should be on horseback.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he said, raising his hat. "Can I do anything to assist you?"

"You are Mr. Bradley, are you not?" said the girl.

"Yes'm."

"I am Jane Apperson."

The young man said he would be pleased to be of service to Miss Apperson.

"My pony threw me and ran away," said the girl.

"Do you think you could ride my horse?" said Bradley, who had dismounted.

"I couldn't think of depriving you. Maybe the pony has stopped. Would you mind riding ahead and looking for him?"

"Certainly not," and Bradley galloped away on the gray horse.

Old Mr. Apperson was the richest person in that section of the state, and probably the most unpopular. Why a man of his temperament and prejudices ever essayed to make his home on an Arkansas plantation was a local mystery. His political faith was a grievous offense to his neighbors and his cold, hard insistence that all men should live within their incomes and abjure light pleasures was regarded with deep disapproval by the hospitable, sport-loving planters. He lived aloof and his only child, the brown-eyed, brown-haired Jane, knew none of her neighbors. Occasionally the Appersons would be visited by severe-looking women and men of clerical aspect from the East, but these never fraternized with the community.

Ben Bradley wasn't a bad fellow. Some dare-devil feats of his youth had given him a reputation for recklessness that he had not quite lived down, but it was now that he could be truthfully said of him was that he kept fighting cocks and evinced a more intelligent interest in a dog or a horse or a gun than he did in improved farm machinery, or experiments in the line of introducing white labor in the South.

Ben Bradley came back to her with the cream-colored pony. "I'm afraid there's nothing for it but for

you to ride my horse," he said. "Do you think you can manage him?"  
"He looks rather wild," said the girl, with a doubtful glance at the high-headed, spirited gray gelding. "I am not much of a horsewoman."  
"He's not the easiest brute in the world to handle," admitted Bradley, deprecatingly. "I might lead him, though," he added.

The sky which had become overcast was suddenly rent by a zig-zag streak of fire, and a crash of thunder shook the earth. Big drops of rain pattered on the road and the horse frightened by the thunder tried to break away from Bradley.

"It's going to be a hard storm," said the planter, soothing the horse, "and you must get home at once. There is only one way. You must ride behind me."

"But Mr. Bradley—"  
"Pardon me, Miss Apperson. It is the only way."

Jane Apperson felt that she was doing something desperately unconventional, but, obeying Bradley, she mounted a convenient stump and then sprang on the gray's crupper.

"Hold tight," said Bradley, with grave courtesy. "Now we're off." The gray bounded forward and by the time the rain began to fall in earnest was galloping swiftly. It was a new sensation for Miss Apperson, this feeling a powerful, running horse beneath her and holding fast to a man—one of those reckless roysters her father disapproved of so sternly. She was a good deal troubled about what her father would say, still the situation had its charm.

There was a commotion when they reached the house. The cream-colored pony had come home without a rider and servants were being sent out to find Jane. Slipping to the ground before Bradley could assist her, the girl ran to her father and hurriedly told him of her adventure.

The old man eyed Bradley coldly and said: "My daughter tells me you were of service to her. At any time I can reciprocate you may command me."

"Don't mention it," said the young planter. "It was a pleasure to me."

"Won't you come in and wait until the rain is over?"

"No, thanks; the rain won't hurt me."

Ben Bradley called several times at



"What was your mother's maiden name?"

the Apperson place and was received with the frosty politeness that was Mr. Apperson's nearest approach to friendliness, but he never managed to see Miss Apperson alone. She always spoke cordially to him but there was a reserve in her manner. Bradley felt that she regarded him as a wicked person.

"The little Puritan!" said he, after one of these visits. "She thinks I have horns and hoofs. I'll keep away from her."

But he didn't. He took to hunting the roads about the Apperson place for the mere chance of seeing her as she rode, attended by a pale young man who acted as secretary to her father. Sometimes he managed to find an excuse to ride a short distance at her side. The presence of the pale young man was a bar to confidential discourse, but when a man and a maid are so minded they can come to a fairly good understanding without plain speech, and Bradley began to hope that "the little Puritan" did not think so badly of him after all.

"What's the use, though," he thought, "I don't want to marry her father's daughter, and her father wouldn't let her marry me. But she's a bonny little Puritan."

And the next time he rode at her side he so managed that the gray gelding and the cream-colored pony crowded the pale young man's horse out of the road and then they set off at a pace that the pale young man's steed could not keep.

"Don't pull up," said Bradley, as Miss Apperson started to check the pony. "I must say it. Give me two minutes. I love you, and if you will marry me I will join the church and try to be good."

"Aren't you good now?" said the "little Puritan," with a demure smile.

"You know I ain't. Please give me a chance."

"What would father say?"

"May I ask him?"

"Yes. Now we must wait for Mr. Hawkins."

Before they parted Bradley found an opportunity to slip a curiously carved old ring from his little finger and give it to Miss Apperson.

He found Mr. Apperson next morning looking colder than ever and very thoughtful. The old man opened the conversation. "You gave my daughter a ring yesterday," he said.

"Yes, sir, and I asked her to marry me. Now I have come to ask—"

"Is this the ring?"

Bradley's heart was cold as the old man held up the ring he had given Jane Apperson.

"Yes. How did you get it?"

"From whom did you get it?"

"From my mother. But I did not come here to be catechized, sir. It is my ring and I hoped that your daughter would wear it as my first love token."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Jane Beauchamp. Why?"

"Of Kentucky?"

"Yes; but why?"

"Mr. Bradley, I gave your mother that ring before she was married. When we parted, because her parents would not suffer her to wed a Yankee abolitionist, I asked her to keep it till she died."

"She told me never to part with it except to the woman I gave my first love to," said Bradley musingly.

"Mr. Bradley," said the old man, "it was my hope that my daughter should wed a man more in sympathy with my views than you are, but the ring is your advocate. Be good to her."

Then Jane Apperson came into the room and Ben Bradley kissed her, and the pale-faced secretary, who wasn't a bad fellow at all, peeped in and told Mr. Apperson that he would like to consult with him about the account of one of the tenants.

## FLOWERS IN ENGLAND.

The Average Englishwoman Is Not Artistic.

This is without doubt the month of flowers in England and this year they seem more abundant than ever. The observer knows this by the flowers he sees for sale in the shops and streets. Those who are fortunate enough to possess gardens of their own and always have a profusion of flowers will scarcely notice the more than usually gorgeous display in the florists' and the baskets of the flower girls. But, notwithstanding the fact that flowers are now almost universally in vogue for decoration and that of late years people have made great strides in the direction of the more skillful arrangement and blending of colors, they have yet a great deal to learn.

The average Englishwoman is not artistic and she is apt to rely too much upon the efforts of her florist to achieve anything at all striking or perfectly satisfactory in the way of decoration. The florist is, as a rule, a painstaking person, possessed of a few good decorative schemes, but originality seldom, if ever. Wherever you go in London you see the same "arrangements" and can almost tell at a glance to which of the various establishments in Bond street or Regent street the hostess has handed over the floral dressing of her dinner table or ballroom. In Japan, where the arranging of flowers is undertaken in the most serious manner and considered an indispensable branch of art, they could teach westerners many things in the direction of greater simplicity and observation of nature's methods. Flower arrangement is taught there just as cookery is in England and some wonderful and beautiful books are published on the subjects, illustrated by a famous Japanese artist, setting forth the different methods, the appropriate kind of vase for each arrangement being specified. This book is published in England and is a revelation of the possibilities of flowers as a decorative medium.—Chicago News.

## Islands on the Gulf.

The Galveston disaster ought to serve as a warning that the sand islands fringing our gulf coast, from Florida to the Rio Grande, are not safe in their present condition for human habitation, and in great and constant danger from the violent hurricanes which arise, from time to time, in the West Indies. Some better protection must be assured before these islands can be settled without great risk of life. What that protection should be it will be for the engineers to say, whether breakwaters, raising the grade of the islands, or whether some other better means of protection can be found. There have been so many disasters, too great a loss of life and property, to continue the risk, as we have done for years.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Municipal Savings Banks.

For some time the corporation of Glasgow has taken comparatively small sums of money on deposit, and the experiment has worked well. Emboldened by this success the progressive element of the city council proposed that banking should be added to the municipal undertakings.

## Wine Dealers' Barrels Returned.

It is generally stipulated in France when wine is sold that the purchaser shall return the barrel at his own expense, and the cry, "send back my barrels," is going out from every wine dealer's house. It is calculated that one barrel will serve seven years if properly cared for.

## Poets' Moments of Superiority.

All poets have signalized their consciousness of rare moments when they were superior to themselves—when a light, a freedom, a power came to them, which lifted them to performances far better than they could reach at other times.—Inspiration.

## Paradise for Poor Fishermen.

Ireland is the paradise for fishermen who are not millionaires. Tickets for fishing cost less than half what they do in England. Hotel expenses are cheaper.

## PERPETUAL MOTION MYTH.

As Many People Trying to Solve the Problem as Ever.

"The perpetual motion myth is fully as attractive as it ever was," said a veteran model maker and all-round mechanic of this city, "and I really believe there are just as many people trying to solve the problem now as formerly. It is a great mistake to characterize all such folks as cranks and fools. Anybody with a fair working knowledge of mathematics can easily demonstrate that perpetual motion is a physical impossibility, but to a man who has had no special mathematical training the thing seems entirely feasible, and it is very difficult to make him understand why it cannot be accomplished. During the last twenty years I have made models and sections of models for at least fifty or sixty different people, all of whom believed firmly they were on the track of the great secret. Some were cranks, of course, but many of them were men of superior intelligence who were simply deficient in the mathematical faculty—and that, let me assure you, is a deficiency which is extremely common, and no indication whatever of general mental weakness. One of my customers, to illustrate the point, was a lawyer of acknowledged ability. He is dead now, and if I mentioned his name you would be astonished. He was a scholar and a thinker, but he had no taste for mathematics, and after he had figured out the perpetual motion problem to his own satisfaction, it was impossible to make him see the flaw in his line of reasoning. He had proceeded on a familiar principle known as the 'counterpoised wheel,' and until I assured him of the contrary he supposed that he was the first person who had ever thought of it. The device seems plausible enough on its surface, but, as a matter of fact, each revolution of the wheel calls for a trifle more power than it is capable of generating. I tried to reason the thing out, but the lawyer couldn't grasp it, and he attributed the failure of the model to some mere mechanical defect in its construction. I am satisfied he entertained his delusion up to the time of his death, and I could name a dozen other cases of practically the same character. As a rule, the perpetual motion inventor believes he has struck something entirely new. He doesn't know that the four or five mechanical forms upon which all such devices are based have been threshed over thousands and thousands of times. I used to waste a good deal of breath explaining and expostulating, but I've ceased to do it. If I don't make the model, somebody else will."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Was in the Bucket.

Among the trusted and efficient attaches in the office of the street railway headquarters is one Millikin. He also has a partnership interest in a North side grocery. After keeping tabs on cars and their operators each day, Mr. Millikin waits on customers at the grocery store. Saturday night is usually a busy one, and, of course, everything is done in a hurry. This probably accounts for a slight oversight of Mr. Millikin in filling an order for a little fat girl, who came into the store as the kind-hearted Millikin was about to close the doors.

"Mister Millikin, my mamma sent after a quarters' worth of mul-las-six," said the child.

"All right, little girl, let's have your bucket," said the genial clerk.

With this the little lady handed over a good-sized tin bucket. Mr. Millikin disappeared among some barrels, and after considerable grinding he reappeared.

"There's a big measure, little girl. Do you think you can carry it?"

"Yes, sir," said the maiden, as she started toward the door.

"Little girl, where's the money?" said Millikin, as he followed up his customer.

"In the bucket, Mr. Millikin," naively replied the child.—Columbus Dispatch.

## Insects and Prehistoric Forests.

It is not unlikely that some of the curious alterations in the distribution of forest trees which geologists have recognized may have been due to the development in former ages of the gypsy moth or other like destructive species of insect. Thus in the early Miocene Tertiary Europe was tenanted by a host of species closely akin to those that now form our admirable American broad-leaved forests. The magnolias, the gums and the tulip trees were then as well developed in Europe as they are in this country. Suddenly all these species disappeared from the Old World. There is no reason to believe that the change was due to an alteration in climate. There are many evidences indeed that such was not the case. It is a very reasonable conjecture that that alteration was brought about by the invasion of an insect enemy which may have been the ancestor of the gypsy moth.—Professor N. S. Shaler, in The Forester.

## Marked With Bleeding Hearts.

In one of the cages at Lincoln Park, Chicago, are two pigeons or doves most peculiarly marked. They belong to the variety known as the "bleeding heart." Their backs and wings are of a bluish slate color, while their breasts are white, save for a spot of vivid crimson in the centre. This spot is precisely like the stain which would be produced by a wound. It is about an inch in length, and the color fades out at the edges softly in little streaks. One can scarcely believe the little creatures are not victims of some cruel thrust.

## Uses of the Beard.

We can't see much sense in a single man who buys his own neckties wearing a long beard.—Detroit Journal.

## MILITARY NOTES.

What the Latest Figures Show About the South African War.—Death Rate Compared With Other Wars.

A different complexion is put on the casualties from South Africa by the return which is issued this week from the war office, says the London Chronicle. The country is thoroughly aware that over 40,000 of its brave soldiers have been killed or wounded during the course of the war, but what has not been so completely realized is that 20,000 out of that total have since returned to duty. This only leaves 11,737 who have been permanently incapacitated by their wounds. We may take it that even some of that number will recover and return to duty in the course of time, so that a loss of 10,000 lives in round numbers is the price this country has to pay for the subjugation of two Boer republics. Even that is a heavy toll, but it can hardly be regarded as excessive for a war that has lasted a year, and has added deadly disease to the perils of the battlefield. Out of the army of 200,000 men who left our shores, only one in twenty will fail to return in his full health and strength. Many a battle has caused the death of more than that percentage of the opposing forces. So, on the whole, the lesson of the war appears to be that, contrary to M. Bloch's anticipations, modern arms of precision have not made warfare any more deadly.

Now that the war is drawing to a close, we can reckon up its cost in blood. Ten thousand men have purchased the Boer republics for Britain with their lives, not to speak of four times that number who have been wounded, many of them crippled for life. It is a terrible record, but it is consoling—if there can be consolation in such a deplorable event—to know that the mortality has been less than was expected when the full strength of the army in South Africa was known. The chances of war are that five men in a hundred will be killed in battle or die of disease, but the deaths in South Africa have been only four per cent. This is nearly 2 per cent. lower than the mortality in our Napoleonic wars, and it compares favorably with the death rate in some of the principal wars of the century.

France, in the Crimea, lost over 10 per cent. of its forces by death, and just over 5 per cent. in the campaign of 1859. In that campaign Italy lost 5.5 per cent. and Austria 7 per cent., while in 1866 Bavaria and Austria both lost over 5 per cent. Prussia has been fortunate in her wars; in 1864 and 1866 her losses were only slightly over 3 per cent. In 1870, however, the German army lost 8.90 per cent. of its officers and 4.50 per cent. of its men.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

THE grasping hand can not grasp God's hand.

Prayer is a private key to the King's chamber.

A picture-perfection prohibits progress.

A warm-hearted church never has a cold hand.

There is no danger of conforming to the world when you have Christ within.

The perpetual protest of Christianity is the only thing that saves this world from ruin.

God is as much glorified when He stoops to man as when men bend before Him in worship.

Salt in the sermon may smart, but it will heal.

Success is not in what you have but in what you are.

It is little use lending a hand unless you give a heart.

No coin is current with God without love's stamp on it.

It takes more than high price to make a thing highly precious.

If you lose the habit of giving you lose the happiness of living.

We may need many of life's hardships to cultivate homeickness.

It is easier far to sow sin-seeds than to uproot them.

## Where to Locate?

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