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Andrew Carnegie, it seems, still has \$200,000,000 between him and that honorable death in poverty which he craves.

Man is the architect of his own fortune, but it is a singular thing that he generally blames his misfortunes on some other fellow.

It used to be said, "Call no man happy until he is dead." Another way of putting it might be "Call no man rich until his will has been probated."

Mark Twain once pointed out that going to bed is the most fatal of human habits, inasmuch as fully ninety-five per cent. of all deaths take place in bed.

The Detroit News thinks the Tennessee woman who killed her son because he smoked cigarettes would have saved much trouble by letting the habit take its course.

Dr. Shradly, the famous New York chemist, does not believe in condensing food into tablets so that a busy man may take a portion of beefsteak as he would a pill. "We have teeth," he says, "a palate, jaw muscles and other pieces of machinery that are ignored, if not insulted, when you pop a tablet into a man's mouth and say, 'There, you've had your dinner.'"

A prospecting Idahoan thinks he has discovered inexhaustible deposits of asphalt of the highest quality on the lands of the Choctaw Indians, a find of more than tribal interest if the extent and quality are as represented. The Choctaw, in the common experience of his kind, stands to be frozen out of most of its advantages, and perhaps out of his territory, his road of exile not even smoothed with a surface layer of his own asphalt.

An attempt will soon be made by Californian merchants to put fresh asparagus on the market in London and other places in Great Britain. The California navel oranges are growing in favor in England and are being much appreciated. It is expected that California asparagus will compete with French asparagus, which is sent to England in large quantities. Great Britain is now importing considerable quantities of prunes from California.

The largest manufacturers of crucible steel in Great Britain contemplate moving their plants from Sheffield to the United States. A site providing excellent water and rail facilities has been optioned near Wheeling, W. Va., and it is proposed to erect thereon a modern plant, costing upward of \$3,000,000, which from the first will employ about 3500 men. Constantly increasing cost of coal in England is a prominent factor acting as an impetus to the move.

Official sanction has been given to an opinion always held by women that tears are a legitimate argument. A ruling made recently by the Judge of the Appellate Court in Tennessee refused to set aside a conviction on the ground that the jury had been improperly influenced by the tears of the prosecuting attorney. On the contrary, the court went so far as to declare that "if counsel has tears at command it may be seriously questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises."

There are 244,527 school houses, dormitories and other buildings in the United States devoted to education, and they are valued at \$24,689,255. There are 415,660 teachers—131,793 men and 283,867 women. In 1899 the people of the United States spent \$197,281,603 to educate their children, which is \$2.67 per capita of population and \$3.00 per capita of children of the school age.

# HARRY'S CABINET.

BY MARJORIE BURNS.

"What in the world does all this mean? Are you a summer Santa Claus, Harry?"

Mae Thorndyke's dark eyes added their laughing inquiry to this question as she glanced from the thick packages, thin packages, and packages of every size, shape and color that strewed the grass at her feet to the handsome boy, who had just tumbled them from his bulging pockets.

Mae was the prettiest teacher that ever quenched it in a country school-house, and she was idling away one of the last sweet afternoons of summer vacation in the apple orchard when Harry Freare, her fellow-boarder at the brown farm house on top of the breezy hill sought her with his bulging pockets.

"My exchanges," he explained, surveying the packages at Mae's feet with an air of proud possession. "You know my offer of exchange came out in Golden Days a little while ago—'Petrified wood from the Indian Territory for miscellaneous curiosities.' A star-fish, a sea-urchin, a piece of the Atlantic cable," he continued, keeping up a running commentary as he unwrapped each package. "And here's fun!" he exclaimed, as he finished reading a letter. "A Boston boy wants me to get him a tomahawk from some of the neighboring tribes of Indians, and to tell him about some of the buffalo hunts I've had. The idea of buffaloes and Indians in Southeastern Kansas! I haven't done with that boy yet," he concluded, mysteriously, as he went away to arrange his curiosities in the empty cabinet, which was a late birthday present, and the motive of his sudden craze for curiosities.

Left alone, Mae took up the zephyr that was dancing into pink foam under her swift fingers, and tried to fix her attention on the volume of Rossetti; but tears came thronging to her eyes, and at last she gave up all attempts at self-control, and bowing her golden head on her folded arms, sobbed unrestrainedly.

A single word is sometimes the key that unlocks a whole world of recollections, and "Boston" had been that word for Mae.

The past came surging back upon her—the golden past of two years ago, when she was one of the happiest girls in Boston, with a brother in whom she, at least, could see no fault, and a lover whom all the world agreed in calling as manly and honorable a fellow as ever lived.

Then the crash came. John Thorndyke had speculated with his employer's money, lost it, and on the eve of exposure had cut the dark knot of impending fate and his own thread of life at one stroke.

It was only one more item in the lengthening list of crime and suicide, but it changed the face of the world for Mae.

She slipped away, severing all connection with her old life; and for two years had been teaching a little prairie-school, near which an old nurse of hers lived, at whose home she boarded.

"Dear old Phil, with his heart of gold, I am so glad he was traveling in Egypt when I went away, for I know he wouldn't have given me up if wild horses had been tearing me away from him; but I love him too much to stain his name with my brother's disgrace, and he shall never know where I am hiding," she said to herself, with loving resolution, as the storm of sobs abated.

"Is that boy gettin' crazy, I wonder?" said Mrs. Dean, taking an appetizing peach-tart out of the oven one Saturday morning, and looking from the open window at Harry Freare, who lay on the grass-pot reading a letter, and bubbling over with suppressed merriment. "He never seemed overly fond of writin' till about a month ago, and now he's always scribblin' and chucklin' away to himself, and mumblin' a string o' stuff about injuns and buffaloes, and yaller-haired gals. Do you think his brain can be a little mite teched?" she inquired, anxiously, of Mae, who was whisking a dozen eggs into the airiest yellow froth.

"Perhaps he has been writing a story, and has just received a letter of acceptance from the publisher," laughed Mae, as a wild, exultant yell rang out, and Harry rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of mysterious delight.

"See here, now, sir, you've just got to tell us all about this! Air you crazy, or hev you got a fit, or hev you been writin' a story?" demanded Mrs. Dean, swooping upon Harry, and tugging him into the kitchen.

"It's the greatest fun I ever had, and I'd have told you and Miss Mae all about it, only I was afraid you'd want me to stop. You remember the Boston boy who wanted me to get him a tomahawk?" queried the mirthful culprit at the bar of justice, as he faced Mae. "Well," he continued, as she nodded, "I've been writing him the greatest string of stuff you ever heard about the Indians and buffaloes, and of course I had to have a pretty girl in my yarn, so I took you, and wrote him a lot of stuff about your riding over the prairie, with your hair flying loose, and jumpin' six-foot fences, and said that the Indians called you Sunshine-of-the-Plain. Well, the Boston fellow takes it all in; but the funniest of all the thing that I was rarin' so over, out on the grass, is that a boarder of his mother's takes it in, too. Jim—that's the Boston fellow—has been telling

him about my letters, and gave him the one to read where I wrote all about you. Well, the upshot of it was the boarder made up his mind to go West in a hurry, and Jim thinks he's fallen in love with you, and is coming on to propose. Maybe that's his way of saying 'hello' to you. He's a determined knock sounded on the half-opened door.

So the exclamations, reproofs and laughter that Harry's story had called forth were hushed, and the stranger bade to enter.

He appeared to be a fine-looking man, so far as his features were discernible through the cataract of red whiskers that overflowed his face, while a pair of enormous green spectacles concealed his eyes.

He wore a huge Panama hat, lined with green, and carried a small wooden box and a geological hammer.

"If you lend me—aha! vat you call him—a tin-clip, if you please, good lady get me some water from your well," he said, bowing elaborately to Mrs. Dean.

"Water? No, indeed—you shall have milk!" said Mrs. Dean, her hospitable soul in arms, as she waved the stranger to a chair.

And she brought him a brimming goblet of milk and a fragrant slice of gingerbread.

"You was so goot and your home was so lofely, all covered up mit roses! It must be so shevet in the mornings to hear the leetle birds sing!" he murmured, gratefully, sipping his milk and staring sentimentally at the late-climbing roses that thrust their pink faces in at the window.

"Law, what a nice man!" said Mrs. Dean, in an appreciative aside. "Now, my Joshua don't know a rose from a cabbage, and don't care a mite more for a bird than he does for a June-bug."

The stranger was evidently encouraged by this admiration, and held out a card, bearing the name, "Herr von Schneitzberg."

"If I could lodge at your lofely home!" he pleaded. "I have—vat you call him?—references, and I would be out all the day, looking for fosseels in your coal-mines."

"Oh, let him come!" begged Harry. "As he's a geologist, he could help me label my specimens."

"What do you think about it, Mae?" He might have the north room," suggested Mrs. Dean, who had taken a great fancy to Herr von Schneitzberg, and, besides—transplanted Yankee matron that she was—she was always ready to turn an honest penny.

So the bargain was sealed, with the stipulation that Mrs. Dean should be allowed to call her boarder Mr. Smith. "For if I called you that name every time I spoke to you I shouldn't have any time left to do the work," she said.

Toward sunset Mae was sitting on the front porch making some preparation for the next week's lessons, for it was September, and her school had begun again, when Herr von Schneitzberg came out and took a seat near her.

"This is as it should be—lofe, poetry and lofeliness," he said, beaming sunnily through his green glasses from the little book of poetical extracts which Mae held to the sweet face bending above it.

"No; love and I have nothing to do with each other. I am merely preparing a parsing lesson for my scholars," returned Mae, coldly, as she moved her chair a trifle farther from this sentimental Teuton.

"But you surely had lofed? Vas he teard, or a schamp?" he demanded, fixing his goggles upon her face, with quiet insistence.

"Philip Earle a scamp? Never!" said Mae, rising abruptly, with indignant crimson flushing her cheeks.

"Stop! I only wanted to know whether you loved him still," said a mellow voice, from which the foreign accent and guttural tone had strangely disappeared.

Mae turned, flushing and paling—fear, hope, delight, each struggling for mastery in her wide, dark eyes.

In a second the green goggles fell to the ground, the red wig and whiskers following suit, and the transformation of Herr von Schneitzberg into Philip Earle was complete.

"Oh, you cruel little thing!" he said, folding Mae in his strong arms. "When I came home from Egypt, alarmed at hearing nothing from you after that terrible report in the newspapers, and found that you had disappeared as completely as the bride up rumor after rumor, only to find them delusive, until at last your young friend's letters to Jimmie Brown gave me the correct clew. I assumed a disguise, fearing that you might have learned to love some one else, and thinking if that was the case I could go quietly away without disclosing my identity; but your pretty burst of indignation a moment ago showed me that my Mae was still my own."

"But I forgot," said Mae, struggling away from his encircling arm; "I cannot marry you and disgrace you."

"Don't talk of disgrace and yourself in the same breath, Mae! I tell you that you shall marry me! So you might as well accept the situation with the best grace possible."

Somehow Mae's resolution melted away just then, and she accepted the situation with so good a grace that when Mrs. Dean came to the door her golden head was resting on Philip's shoulder, and the two were

cooing lovers' sweet nothings to each other—surely the happiest pair under the pink sunset that night.

"Well, if I ever heard of the like, Mae! I wouldn't have believed it of you and Mr. Smith, if I didn't see it with my own eyes!" gasped Mrs. Dean, sinking to the step and fanning herself with a highly-scandalized air.

Mae laughed, and explained the situation.

"Well, I thought if Philip Earle had the spunk of a man, he'd find you out, by hook or by crook," beamed Mrs. Dean, much relieved. "But I can't help feelin' sort o' sorry that that sweet Mr. Smith has gone," she mourned, with a rueful glance at the discarded goggles and red hair, the sole remnants of the courteous Teuton who had completely won her soft heart.

But she was partly consoled for the non-existence of "that sweet Mr. Smith" by the present of a red-plush parlor-set that she had long coveted, and Harry Freare and Jimmie Brown, also rejoiced in many new possessions dear to boyish hearts.

No need to ask if Mae was happy, as she and Philip steamed across the prairie lit by the cloth-of-gold of acres of wild sunflowers. The dark gulf of disgrace and loneliness was annulled, and past, present and future seemed all one rose-lit unity.—Saturday Night.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The greatest elevation ever attained by balloons was 37,000 feet, about seven miles. The ascent was made by James Glaisher, F. R. S., and a Mr. Coxwell, at Wolverhampton, England, September 5, 1862.

Nearly all the snakes in Samoa are harmless. It is customary for the native girls, when about to attend dances, to adorn their necks and arms by winding live reptiles around them.

Beds are comparatively scarce in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

The ashes of Dante, inclosed in an iron urn, are about to be transported, with great ceremony, to the library palace of Florence. The urn was long ago stolen from a church in Ravenna, and secreted in the outer wall of a chapel. It seems that a sculptor named Pazzi has for years possessed this extraordinary treasure, and has recently handed it over to Florence, where Dante was born, and whence he was exiled.

One of the most extraordinary civic customs that still survive is that of "weighing-in" the corporation of High Wycombe, England. After the election of the mayor is concluded, that functionary, the aldermen and the councillors proceed to the borough office of weights and measures, where they are weighed and their correct weights duly entered in a book. The policemen on duty are also included, and last year provided the heaviest man in the person of the senior sergeant, who scaled 18 stone, the light weight of the corporation being the town clerk, whose avoirdupois was barely nine stone.

A notable instance of liberality in high quarters is that of the English Earl of Dysart, who, being himself a musical enthusiast, and a good landlord, recently made a visit to all the tenants of his estate, and arranged to present a piano to every family where he found any of the children showed an aptitude for music. Another singular case of thoughtfulness for the poor comes from Paris. There are few Paris windows where plants growing in pots are not seen. A rich philanthropist has had the queer idea of opening a free hospital for sick plants in the Faubourg St. Antoine. There are big greenhouses, with plenty of gardeners who look after the plants that are brought in till they recover, and then return them to their owners.

## A Gong-Whacking Competition.

A strange ceremony, indicative of the hold which the old superstitions still have on the Japanese people and of the queer manner in which their different religions mix, took place recently in the town of Wakamatsu on the thirty-third anniversary of the battles of Aizu, where the star of the last of the shoguns was forever quenched in blood. The ceremony was in commemoration of the Japanese who fell on the wrong side of those fatal fields and was attended by a crowd of Shinto priests, near whom sat another crowd of Buddhist bonzes, in the full glory of purple silken cloaks. A big post in the center bore an inscription inviting the souls of the departed to the feast, and at a signal given both sections burst simultaneously into prayer and chantings to which they kept time with their gongs and bells. As Japanese music is a terror, and as each sect tried to outdo the other in creating noise, the scene was not one of pastoral calm and the spirits did not, so far as any unprejudiced observer could judge, come back.—Correspondence Chicago Record.

## A MUD ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Do you think that there is as much chance now to make a good living out of literature?" asked the youth.

"More chance than before," answered the man with glasses; "especially if you know how to set type and correct proofs."—Washington Star.



**The Wind Blew Them Away.**  
There was an old woman who lived in a tub;  
Each morning she gave all her children  
A scrub;  
She scrubbed them and rubbed them so  
hard ev'ry day  
They all got so thin the wind blew them  
away!  
—Chicago Record.

**The Escape of the Turtles.**  
L. T. Eckert of Dunstable township was given an exhibition of the manner in which land turtles will flee from approaching danger, says the Lock Haven Democrat. Mr. Eckert has three turtles on his farm—one bearing the inscription "W. C. D., 1875," which letters and figures were cut on by a neighbor, W. C. Danley; another having the initials "W. S." on, which came from Mr. Eckert does not know where; and a third with his own initials, "L. T. E." and a cross mark.

One day flames broke out in Mr. Eckert's clearing and swept over the entire field. After the flames burned awhile Mr. Eckert thought of his pets and went out to see what had become of them. He was worried, fearing that they had been burned to death.

After a long search he went a short distance from the track covered by the flames and found a freshly dug hole. In it he found one of the turtles down a considerable depth digging deeper, with more vigor than is usually seen in those slow-going tortoises.

Mr. Eckert after walking around finally found the other two down along a small stream, both in the water, with only their heads sticking out. When Mr. Eckert appeared on the scene they pushed their heads a little farther out, as much as to say, "We're all right, go about your business." The turtles evidently know when to get out of danger's way.

## The Potato Penny.

A curious old custom is described in St. Nicholas by Margaretta L. Hinchman. The schools of our country one hundred years ago, she says, would hardly be recognized as schools by the children of today. The school-houses were small and one-roomed, frequently hexagonal, that is, six-sided like a bee's honey-cell. At first there were no desks, rude benches being used instead, while great logs took the place of chairs. But the holidays came round as regularly then as they do now, and commencement day was no doubt looked forward to with as much delight and eagerness. There were no "exercises," with dreadfully long speeches, but all was feasting and merry-making.

A great picnic was given at the schoolhouses. On this grand occasion the children, dressed in their "best bibs and tuckers," came early with their parents and families, and the ministers and authorities of the community were always present. The school-teacher presided over the feast, and paid for the food with pennies that had been brought to him during the whole year.

It was the custom for each pupil to bring a penny, or some small sum, which enabled the teacher to furnish the treat. If he lived in a generous neighborhood, this gave him quite a little sum above the costs of the feast. This custom gave rise to the name "potation" or "drinking-penny."

They had all the good things to eat and drink that one could think of. They had buns, jam-tarts, gooseberries, and cakes made in all shapes—dogs made of cake, birds made of cake, and gingerbread men, of course. Then, they had figs and dates, brought to the colonies in trading-vessels, and ale and cider of their own making.

This old custom the colonists brought from England. There is a record of it in the statutes of Hartlebury, Worcestershire, "the seventh year of our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth."

"The said schoolmaster shall and may have, use, and take the profits of all such potations as are commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as shall be freely given them."

Over and besides their wages, until their salary and stipend shall be augmented."

In some of the countries of England this is still continued.

## Toys at the Paris Exposition.

Throughout the summer every Thursday was children's day at the Paris Exposition, and then it was frequently transformed into a land of little people. Schools and kindergartens were closed for the day, which allowed the children to explore this vast realm of wonders and delights.

The French exhibit displayed many marvels, and, really, clockwork wonders can go no further. The German exhibit was not as large as the French, but was no less interesting. Among the French toys was seen an acrobat balancing himself on a chair by one hand while he lifted a second chair in the other. Clockwork birds sang in cages and bathed themselves as naturally as possible.

A large case of dolls was arranged to represent a public garden with dolls riding on elephants and sitting in little carriages drawn by different animals, dolls climbing trees, and mamma dolls having tea. A little girl doll, who had fallen down on the hard gravel and hurt herself, had wonderful tears running down her face. Close at hand was a gallant

soldier offering a seat to the trim turesmaid.

There were squadrons of battle-ships and torpedo boats, and locomotives of every kind. There were, too, regiments of India rubber soldiers, which cannot be killed in battle. The model shops were a delight to the little ones, particularly one representing a hairdresser's, with plenty of brushes and bottles filled with perfumed waters and oils.

Close at hand was a collection of old French toys which amused the children two centuries ago. There were rough wooden dolls in tattered garments, which had been copied after the period to which they belonged. There was a great deal of small furniture, beautifully made and finished, and in really good condition.

The German toys were from Sonneberg and Nuremberg, and their characteristics were entirely different from the French. This exhibit pictured a quaint old German town at Christmas time, and the children were plump, rollicking little mortals, who had a solid faith in the power of storks, angels and Santa Claus. In Sonneberg Santa Claus is driving a reindeer sled, full of toys, through the town, while in Nuremberg the old saint has a pack on his back and is waiting at the door of a house wherein two children are lying in bed asleep. Another charming arrangement was a model bridge over a stream full of magnetic ducks and fish, and in it a lot of little doll boys were bathing and fishing and having the most delightful time possible. For the little girls there were all sorts of jolly housekeeping games, even to a whole model kitchen of pots and pans and jars and dishes without end. It is easy now to understand why the most of the world's playthings are all labelled either "From Paris" or "Made in Germany."—New York Tribune.

**The Proud Cow.**  
There was once a cow who was very proud. She had some reason to be proud, perhaps, although she had no right; for none of us have any right, although we may have reason. This cow was the proudest cow among the herd. She was of a lovely light brown color and of a slighter and better shape than the other cows. Also her disposition was more amiable than that of the rest, that is, it was until she grew proud. She gave twice as much milk as any one of the herd and the butter which the dairy-maid got from it was celebrated for miles around.

The mistress of that cow was very much pleased to exhibit her to any visitors. She was continually bringing her friends out to the barnyard to admire "My beautiful little Alderney." The cow did not exactly know what the name meant, but she knew it must be complimentary, for each set of visitors strove to outdo the last in praising her.

So this cow began to grow very haughty and she put on many airs among her companions. Whether she was in the cow-yard or in the field, she selected the pleasantest spot for herself, the softest bedding and the choicest of the food. Sooner than create a dispute, the other cows gave way good naturedly and allowed her to have her own way. She would allow no one to precede her. Coming out of the cow-yard in the morning to pasture, or going back at night, she always insisted upon being the first one to enter or leave the gate, and the other cows were obliged to walk humbly behind.

One night, by some accident, the other cows happened to arrive at home first, and when the proud cow got to the cow-house door, all the others had entered, and she was left to come in last. Much affronted at this humiliation, the cow stood at the door lowering and showing her anger in every way possible. She resisted every effort of the dairy-maid, who knew well what was the matter, to drive her into the yard.

"This is the third time she has acted so," grumbled Rose, the dairy-maid. "I have had to turn out every one of the cows so that she could enter first. Nothing else will suit her."

Now it happened that this night the cow's mistress came down to show off her favorite, as usual, to a party of friends. Much astonished at the cow's actions, she stood watching. The cow ran back and forth around the house, kicked, tossed her head and made all the noise of which she was capable.

"What is the matter?" the lady asked. "Why, it is dangerous to have such a creature."

"Indeed it is, ma'am," cried Rose, flushed and indignant. Then she told of the cow's bad temper. "All ever since she has become so troublesome, ma'am," added Rose, "we have not had half the milk she used to give. She may be a pretty enough creature to look at, but if looks aren't all, it's a plaster cow you'd better get, that will stand there, and make less trouble, ma'am."

And the mistress quite agreed with her.

"Since her usefulness is over," she said, "we cannot afford to keep her any longer for the sake of her beauty. Tomorrow morning I will ask the butcher what she will be worth as beef."

So the cow and her pride were ended together.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**A Lively Aged Blacksmith.**  
In the village of Kerschdorf, near Heidelberg, Germany, there is a lively ninety-one-year-old blacksmith and church warden, who recently climbed to the top of the church steeple and tied a new rope to the bell after the younger men in the village had refused to risk their necks in the performance of that task.