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Some people claim that John Sherman died disappointed. Still, he left an estate valued at \$3,000,000.

An Atlanta man has been fined \$5 for digging in his garden on Sunday. Served him right. He should have been playing golf.

In the Boston high schools the girls outnumber the boys by 1000 or so, but in the primary and grammar schools the boys outnumber the girls by nearly 2500.

Even John D. Rockefeller has his financial troubles. Instead of Standard oil paying \$50,000,000 in dividends this year it pays a paltry \$48,000,000 only.

Eighteen states and one territory now have valued policy laws—that is, laws requiring fire insurance companies to pay the face of the policy, no matter what may be the actual value of the property burned.

Although the Berlin experts admit that American coal is superior in quality to that imported from any other country, still the German colliery owners hope to get the government chemists to report that it is full of disease germs and subject to exclusion like American pork.

Once more the introduction of American methods will revolutionize British traffic. As a result of the visit of a prominent railway official to the United States the directors of his road have decided to substitute for the present lever system of signalling the pneumatic method employed on American roads. The installation of the latter system is now proceeding.

Speaking of Indian summer, a down-caster is quoted by the Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle as saying: "The Indian summer comes in November, usually the first week. It got its name from coming so late in the autumn that the shiftless red man could accomplish his tardy hunting and crop gathering in season to be ready for the first snows when they fell—playing the limit, I might say." This will answer for time and reason until a better guess is given.

The government of New Zealand last year paid out about \$50,000 for freezing the butter intended for export. As the process cost three-eighths of a cent a pound, they must have exported over 13,000,000 pounds. Next year they propose that the farmer or shipper shall pay one-half of this cost, that they may use the money to promote agricultural exports in some other way. They think that the farmers now understand so well the need of freezing butter that they will not be unwilling to pay at least half the cost of the process, and their exports of dairy products are expected to increase.

Taking the recent developments in the Castellane case as a text, the Philadelphia Times presents a severe class arraignment, concluding: "It is American women who had opportunity for culture and for the most generous philanthropy that so beautifully adorns American womanhood, who have brought reproach and shame upon the better women of this country. They make marriage a mere matter of commerce, and grasp the empty baubles of foreign titles, thinking themselves thereby honored, when they sacrifice the last vestige of self-respect, the respect of the country and of the world, and all the sanctity of home life where woman is grandest in her offices and achievements."

OUR FERRYMAN.

On, on to the ferry; the boatman is waiting;
Still drips the rude wave from his oar;
Whilst he watches as if in his silence debating
The distance to yonder bright shore.

See again how he listens for passengers coming
To hail for that haven of rest
Where the voice of the angels is heard
Through the gloaming
While the day-star sinks deep in the west.

Then on to the strand, where its rays are still gleaming
If a passenger safe thou wouldst be,
For the tideway is broad and the waves
Are streaming
In haste to their home in the sea.

Then hasten thy footsteps and learn from such teaching
That sloth cannot rest with the brave;
For energy rules while the bigot is preaching,
And victory glides with the wave.

Tread the pathway apace while the banner is floating;
Note the finger-post while it is day,
With the voice of the signalman's watchword denoting
'Tis time to be up and away.

With the rapids all past and yon harbor-light beaming,
We know that all dangers are o'er;
Then take to thy rest and may sweet be thy dreaming
In peace for all time evermore.

THE GARMENT OF IRON

A Tradition of the Coyoteros That Worked Disaster and Death.

By Gwendolen Overton.

HERE was no skeleton in the armor when Hartpole found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumble-weed, a rattlesnake, and a tarantula. The tarantula scuttled off, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumble-weed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter tent and put upon a pack-mule. After which, the column moved on. It should not have halted after all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were bands of Indians every day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite bush beside their trail was rare.

Certainly Hartpole had never heard of such a thing. And so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains, but his lore on the subject was not profound.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent East for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who have worn them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian Institute, at the risk of having a Government commission sent out at once to seize his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply—for the railroad was only to Kansas in those days—he set about cleaning the armor himself, and with his own hands joining it together.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and the other books, that he forgot to have Gila-bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then, when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had provided for his own and to every one's satisfaction that it must once have protected the body of one of Coronado's men, and must date back from the middle of the sixteenth century, or thereabout, he hung it up in his one-room adobe quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing now and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and gray linen, who was going about the country, traveled miles out of his way to look upon it; and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Hartpole was beginning to be very proud, when one day he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, lithe fellow, part Coyotero Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine-man with the tribes, but not much as anything else.

Hartpole was sitting under his ramada on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose covers curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and looking up he saw the medicine-man peering in the opening. He said, "Hullo, Clego," and added: "What do you want, eh?"

Clego was so-called because he was blind in one eye. He came in under the ramada, and stood so close to him that Hartpole moved a little. The Coyotero's cast-off uniform and red head-band were not clean.

Clego spoke excellent Spanish, and as Hartpole did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the lieutenant possessed. The lieutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Clego was, and straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Hartpole very much. After the manner of his kind he said no word, but presently he went nearer and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close and looked inside. Then he turned to Hartpole. "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained at some length. "Is it very old?"

Hartpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a little history.

Clego nodded his head. "I know," he said. But that was so manifestly absurd that Hartpole did not pay any attention to it. "It is very fine," said

Clego. "For how much will you sell it to me?" Naturally, Hartpole only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. "No," he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. "No, de veras, I wish to buy it from you."

"Well, I don't wish to sell," answered the lieutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea.

"I have five hundred dollars," said the Indian.

"If you had a thousand you could not have it."

"I have a thousand."

Hartpole laughed again, a little impatiently. "You do not believe me—look here." Clego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. "There are five hundred dollars here. In three days I can bring you five hundred more."

Hartpole guessed how he had come by it, and his temper rose. "That is stolen money," he cried, angrily; "put it up. You can't have the armor, Ukashee."

"You let me have it," begged Clego; "I wish it very much. I will do many things for you."

Hartpole swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. "No," he said, "you can't have it. Go to the devil—get out."

Even though Clego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that he probably had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the direction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient unto themselves. But it never occurred to Hartpole what this half-blind Indian's reason might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Clego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had once married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had worn a suit of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whosoever should find and wear that garment against would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men, and rule not only over his own people, but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the North. And the very founder of that family to which Clego belonged was reputed to have been the white chief in the coat of iron.

So the Coyoteros believed these things, and so did the medicine-man. So when the news of the armor suit had reached him he had levied heavy fees for his incantations for some months, and, adding these to the gold he had exchanged for Mexican dollars, collected from many raids, he took himself down to the camp of the soldiers to obtain fairly and by purchase that which was his very own. But fairness and the offers of purchase had failed.

Clego looked the White-Eye officer from his scalp to his toes and up again and then with no sound save just one grunt went out from the quarters and from the post.

Hartpole told of 't at the mess that night, and forgot all about it after that. But Clego did not—as Hartpole ought to have foreseen.

One night an Indian, his body naked as it was born, a poisoned knife in his hand, stole across the sandy parade ground when the moon was under the clouds of a coming storm, and slipped as silently as none but a savage can, under the ramada of Hartpole's quarters, and thence through the open door. The Indian had missed nothing when he had been in that one small room a month before. He knew where everything in it was, from the shroto in a blue frame on the wall to the cot in the corner, across from the fireplace. He hid himself behind the piece of calico that curtained off the nook where Hartpole's clothes hung, and waited until the moon showed for a moment through a break in the clouds, and he could see the figure on the cot beneath the mosquito net. When the room was dark again he slid out, and the blade of the knife in his hand went straight through the heart of the man asleep. Then he took the rattling armor from its nails and wrapped it in the calico curtain, and fled through the night, as silently and swiftly as only an Apache can.

Now it happened that Hartpole had gone to another post a good many miles to the east that very day, and

he had left his striker to sleep in his quarters and keep guard over his things. So it was into the luckless soldier's heart that the knife was driven, and the next day a telegram apprised Hartpole that his striker was murdered and his suit of mail was gone.

The day after that all the department knew that the Coyoteros were on the war path, and, having cut the reservation, were killing right and left. They were led by a medicine-man called "Clego," and the scouts reported that he was dressed in a garment of white iron which no White-Eye's bullet could pierce. They also reported that the Chiricahuas and the Pah-Utes and the Sierra Blancas were joining him. It promised to be an interesting time for the Territories.

Hartpole began to have a dim idea of why the medicine-man had wanted his Spanish mail now. He was ordered out, of course. Most of the department was. Trouble of the sort that this promised to be had to be checked at once, if at all. It was serious already, but there was one thing in favor of the troops, which was that the hostiles showed no desire to get away. Their fanatical faith in the medicine-man led them to seek battle rather than to shun it. And twice, having done so, they beat off the troops, because there were, as usual, too few. But the third time they were caught in a pocket of the Mogallons, and there were no less than six troops against them. Hartpole's was of the number.

The Indians fought from dawn of the first day until twilight of the second, in the open at first, then from behind shelter, then at last they retreated to a shallow cave high up on a hillside, and there was no getting them out. A mountain howitzer might have done it, but there was none with the command. All day the troops fired volleys into so much of the mouth of the cave as showed between the pine trunks and the walls of rock. They knew that the slaughter within must have been pretty severe, but there were no signs of surrender, nevertheless. The hostiles might hold out until the last one was dead; they certainly would until their medicine-man should fall. The medicine-man could be seen from time to time, a gleaming figure, moving clumsily among the trees and underbrush. And for all that it went so slowly and was so bright, no bullet seemed ever to hit it. Even the white men began to consider it with awe.

At sunset of the second day, when the sounds from the cave had all but ceased and the Indians within it were without ammunition and at bay, the glistering form came clambering deliberately to the top of a high rock, whooping and yelling, calling the remnant of its followers on. It stood so for a moment, the red sun rays striking through the pine branches on the dented steel, a weird sight in the depths of the mountain fastnesses of the New World; so odd and strange that the soldiers hesitated with their fingers on the triggers of their carbines.

But Hartpole, kneeling alone behind a boulder, remembered only that that glowing armor was his, and that he wanted it. The visor was up and he could see the glitter of the one good eye. He had won a sharpshooter's medal in his time, and he put his skill to use now. There was a puff of smoke from above his boulder, and the shining figure threw up its arms and staggered. Then it fell forward, down from the pinnacle of rock, clattering and crashing among the logs and stones.

They found, when they dragged him out, that Hartpole's bullet had gone straight through the good eye, and that Clego was clego in very truth now—and quite dead.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Armored Automobiles.

Two new armored trains for employment over country where there are no rails or permanent ways have just been placed upon the establishment at Aldershot. Each consists of a locomotive or traction engine and four trucks, all of which are painted the now familiar, but ever unlovely, khaki. The locomotives, which are of exceedingly powerful construction, are completely cased with steel, the vital parts being especially protected. An ingenious arrangement of prisms and mirrors, somewhat after the manner of the camera obscura, enables the driver inside the cab of the engine to see without being seen, or in any way exposing himself. The trucks are built with high sloping steel sides, which are pierced and slotted at intervals to enable the occupants to fire through them. They are also provided with slides at either end to permit of guns and wagons being run into the trucks. The steel sides of the carriages are so constructed that when necessary they may fall inward and lie flat on the platform of the truck, which can then be used for ordinary transport purposes.—London News.

Good News From Liberia.

Commercial progress is reported from Liberia. If this is not of great importance to the world it is sufficient unexpected to be striking. Persons who were not so sanguine as to expect that settlement to solve the problem of American slavery, at least expected it to grow and flourish and surpass the English and other white colonies in the dark continent. All sorts of excuses have been made for its sluggish development, but the fact remained the same that it did not prosper. Now there are reports of commercial enlargement and real signs of prosperity.—New York Journal of Commerce.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

He Held Her—Then They Laughed—Somewhat Large—Paw Answers Ostend—Limited—Hardest Task of the Day—His Solemnity Accounted For, Etc
With flirting and foolishness now she was done,
For she meant to be wed to this chap,
"My race for a husband," she sighed, "is near won—
I believe I am on my last lap."
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Then They Laughed.
"How restless the water is, foaming away behind us."
"Something like the baby; it's always a wake."
—Brooklyn Life.

Somewhat Large.
First Fly—"That's what they call the fly wheel."
Second Fly—"Strikes me they should have named it after the elephant."
—Puck.

Paw Answers Ostend.
"Paw," said Ostend, reading the war news, "what are disappearing carriages?"
"Those drawn by horses," responded paw, without looking up.—Chicago News.

Limited.
"Great Scott, and the bank has gone up, for \$500,000! For how much are the directors responsible?"
"Only for the failure."
—Denver News.

Hardest Task of the Day.
Harduppe—"I always do my hardest work before breakfast."
Borrowell—"What's that?"
Harduppe—"Getting it."
—Philadelphia Record.

His Solemnity Accounted For.
Dyer—"Is that solemn-looking young man across the way an undertaker?"
Gyer—"Yes; that is, he is a grocery clerk who has undertaken to support a wife on a salary of \$6 a week."

Must Be Jealous.
Penelope—"While he was talking to me I imagined I was floating in the air."
Patrice—"Yes, gas has that tendency, you know."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Unfortunately, It is the Case.
He—"I would be willing to exchange the responsibility of riches for the bonds of love at any time."
She—"Unfortunately, one cannot cut coupons from the bonds of love."
—Brooklyn Life.

Amended.
Friend—"You don't believe in the rule, 'Never prophesy unless you know?'"
Fortune Teller—"Oh, no! Our rule is, 'Never prophesy unless you're paid for it.'"
—Puck.

Her Explanation.
"Mrs. Fotheringay Jibbs came to my reception without an invitation."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; she explained to me that she felt sure my omission of her was an oversight."
—Indianapolis Journal.

The Information She Desired.
"Ah! beautiful lady," exclaimed the clairvoyant, "you have come to find your future husband, is it not so?"
"Not much," replied the beautiful lady; "I have come to find out where my present husband is when he's absent."
—Philadelphia Press.

The Prototype of Highwaymen.
"Jack Sheppard is considered the prototype of road agents, isn't he?"
"Oh, I don't know. What's the matter with Atlas?"
"Atlas?"
"Yes. All the world's a stage, you know, and Atlas held it up."

The Student Wants to Know.
Professor (lecturing)—"Oxygen, gentlemen, is essential to all animal existence; there could be no life without it. Strange to say, it was not discovered until a century ago, when—"
Student—"What did they do before it was discovered, professor?"

The Evidence Was Lacking.
"If I were a queen," she announced, "I tell you I would write some laws that would—"
"But a queen doesn't write the laws of a nation," he interrupted.
"How do you know?" she demanded.
"Because there is no reference to millinery in any of the codes," he answered.

Got What They Wanted.
Their Caller—"I don't see why Count Pareschi and his American wife should quarrel."
Miss Davis—"Their interests clash, do they not?"
Their Caller—"Not to any marked degree. She wanted a foreign alliance, and he a foreign allowance, that's all."
—Harlem Life.

Became a Question of Economy.
"That youngster of yours seems to be having his own way lately. You're not as strict with him as you were."
"No; it was a question of economy with me."
"Economy?"
"Yes; every month I used to have to buy myself a new pair of slippers and the boy a new pair of trousers."
—Philadelphia Press.

His Method.
"Aha!" exclaimed the editor of the Daily Shouter, "at last I have discovered the secret of journalistic success: Publish so many reports that it will be physically impossible to contradict more than half of them, and then point triumphantly to the uncontradicted other half."
And then he set to work vigorously on Extra Number Twenty-six.—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

An exploring party from Harvard University, who spent the last summer in Labrador, says that they made discoveries warranting the belief that more gold can be mined in Labrador than at the Klondike or at Cape Nome.

According to the Sioux Indian weather prophets it's going to be a hard winter. These predictions are based on the fact that the buffalo grass showed a heavy crop of seeds, which, the redskins declare, is a sure sign of severe winter and deep snow.

A pipe line, 142 miles long, has been built to carry Caspian petroleum to the Black Sea. The railroad was inadequate to handle the oil, and it was found more economical to lay the pipe line than to improve the road. At present, however, it must be carried by rail for 400 miles.

An Oklahoma man has invented an apparatus for supplying an endless roll of paper to a typewriter. It consists of a light frame placed on or above the machine, carrying a number of rolls on which the paper is wound. It is possible to run two sheets with manifold paper between them. The paper is wound on a third roll, in front of which is a pair of jaws by which the paper can be torn off at any point desired.

The United States Consul at Madgeburg, Germany, describes an electrical farm operated in Germany in which the power for generating the electric current was derived from a stream whose waters were dammed up to secure the necessary fall to turn a large turbine wheel. Nearly all the farm machinery, including pumps, harvesters, feed cutters, thrashing machines, churns and plows, were operated by the electricity thus generated, which was conducted to all parts of the farm on overhead wires.

There has recently been opened on one of the lower slopes of Mount Lebanon, Syria, near the road from Beirut to Damascus, a newly built hospital for the insane. Its founder is Mr. Theophilus Waldmeier, a veteran missionary in Abyssinia and Syria. A considerable area of land and gardens for the growth of wheat, olives and other fruit surrounds the buildings. It is the first organized lunatic asylum in Syria, where the need for such institutions is said to be great. It will probably be dependent upon support from Europe for a good many years.

Benefits of Dear Coal.
An observing engineer, traveling through some of the Swiss manufacturing centers noticed that, generally, Swiss steam engines were of a higher economical type than those in England, while Swiss electrical generators and motors were distinctly inferior to those of English standard practice. By a process of deduction from local circumstances he was able to attribute these two circumstances to the high cost of fuel in Switzerland on the one hand, and the great plenty and consequent cheapness of natural water-powers in the country on the other.

The highest results in any branch of industry require an artificial stimulus. At no time within recent memory has the trade in economical appliances for the production of steam energy been as active as it is now. Economization in manufacturing processes simply means the suppression of waste and in that view the existing exorbitant cost of fuel is not without its compensations. It must also be remembered that the present high price of coal is most likely transitory, but that the economical improvements to which it may give rise must be permanent, for, however slow advance in manufacturing practice may be, there is no stepping back.—London Express.

Respected His Memory.
She entered the office of the tombstone company, and the clerks immediately became sad of countenance. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the chief mourner.
"Yes; my husband, John T. Abernathy, has died, and I would like to secure some suitably engraved headstone—something with an appropriate inscription, if you please."
"Certainly, madame, right this way. Now, here is a very pretty thing in the stone line. Right over this cross we would carve: 'Here lies John T. Abernathy, and—'
"Ah, sir," interrupted the widow, "you must think me cruel. I would not say 'Here lies.' That was one of his faults in life, and I will not follow him with the accusation now that he is gone."
—Denver Times.

Began Anew at Sixty-six and Succeeded.
An American came to this country at sixty-six with a wife and four children and \$14 in his pocket, having lost a fortune in another country by speculation. This man was "game." He started in doing odd jobs of surveying down in the hot country, raised vegetables on a small tract of land he hired, gradually acquired some upland country where everybody said coffee could not be grown, and made a success of his plantation. He added more land as time went on, and now takes in \$30,000 a year gold from his place. He is eighty-six now, and says that, were he again to lose his property, he has the grit to begin life over again.—Mexican Herald.

Fifty Thousand Postcards Destroyed.
It is said in Holland that a firm of picture postcard makers in The Hague was so confident that Queen Wilhelmina would marry Duke Adolf of Mecklenburg-Schwerin that they printed his picture on 50,000 cards, in readiness for the announcement. When the event proved that his brother, Duke Henry, was the happy man, the cards had to be destroyed.