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A bank clerk cannot always be judged by his appearance. Possibly the most correct way to judge him is by his disappearance.

The German Emperor has increased the pay of his military commanders fivefold during their service in China—the money to come out of the Chinese treasury.

The French Senate has passed a bill allowing women to practise law. France ought to be a good country for women lawyers. The law of evidence is very elastic, and counsel may say pretty well what they like.

King Leopold of Belgium admires American writers for the reason that they are "not monotonously immoral like the French." Immorality is really the most monotonous thing in the world, as more than preachers will tell you.

Immigration is increasing at such a rate that the total figures for the current fiscal year promise to exceed 450,000, and beat all the records since 1892. The main stream of it is reported to be coming from Italy and going to the west.

Vermont has awakened to the necessity for good roads, and has decided to issue bonds to the extent of \$100,000 and invest the whole amount in highways and byways. Vermont will get her money back in the enhancement of the real estate throughout the state.

The disturbances in China have struck a severe blow to the silk industry in Europe, and, according to Consul Hughes, at Coburg, in a communication to the state department, that industry is suffering greatly in Germany, Italy, France and Switzerland. A large falling off in the yield, as compared with last year, is shown, and it is feared that deliveries may be suspended. The situation is made more serious by the fact that China silk is the essential material for cheap fabrics.

What is known as the rural free delivery system is likely to be of untold benefit to the agricultural districts of the country in the near future. Already the system has been put into active operation in many of the states and territories of the Union, but in no section of the country as yet has the system become generally operative. In other words, it is being tried on a limited scale in different localities scattered about over the country, but such has been the success of the experiment up to date that it will undoubtedly meet with universal adoption.

Count Zeppelin seems to take his airship seriously as a machine that in considerable measure has solved the aerial navigation problem. It certainly worked better at its recent performances than it has worked before. When there is not too much wind it can go up and make a circle in the air and come down gently. So much it has done. But it is clumsy, and the believers in the aeroplane think little of it. In appearance it is like a steamship in the air, for it is a long, narrow balloon, made in compartments, with propellers to drive it and rudders to steer it by. Its projector has now got to the point where he can make his trial and experiments in the air instead of on land, and that is undeniably an advantage, thinks Harper's Weekly.

In Scotland a twentieth of the area is forest land. The greater portion of the country is mountain heath and lake. The cultivated land is comparatively very limited in its area.

It is planned to establish in Boston a day nursery for blind babies who are not received in other nurseries because they require more care than the matrons can give.

IF I HAD GIFTS TO BRING.

If I were King of Fairyland
And had the right to say
How blessings should be passed around
Down here, from day to day—
If I might give to each and all
Whatever gifts I chose—
What should I give, my little boy,
To you, do you suppose?

Not heaps of gold nor mighty ships
To sail the ocean blue,
Nor wealth to make of other boys
The hired slaves of you—
But ruddy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
A laugh that had the ring
Of honest pleasure in it, and
A heart for everything!

If I were King of Fairyland,
With none to say me nay,
O, little girl, what think you I
Should bring to you to-day?
Nay, I should bring across the sea
From some knight-errand strand
No minding little "noblemen",
To ask you for your hand!

I would not raise up castle walls
Where you should be the Queen,
But I would let you play with dolls,
Still artless and serene.
And I would put within your heart
The everlasting grace
That lifts a woman out and leaves
An angel in her place.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW IT WAS DONE

By A. A. Beckwith.

IN the Far West, particularly in the Far Southwest, the newly arrived settler often finds that he has strange neighbors—not only Indians, but white desperadoes, who are more to be feared than even Utes and Apaches.

Two young friends of mine—good, steady, New England born young men—were so unfortunate as to buy land in the vicinity of an especially ugly member of this outlaw fraternity. They had been brought up to obey the law, and respect the property and rights of their neighbors.

They could be brave enough in the defense of any just cause, yet they dreaded and shrank from the use of deadly weapons against a fellow-being.

Plain, farmer-bred boys, Gilbert and Charles Small had, by steady labor and economy, saved up a capital of \$1700. With this they emigrated to Colorado and started a small stock farm, fifteen miles from Alamosa. By availing themselves of the Homestead act and the pre-emption law, they secured a tract of 320 acres of land lying upon a creek, with a range extending back over the hills which was not likely to be taken by other settlers.

At a point a short distance below, where a mining trail passed them and where they judged there would in time be a railroad, they built a frame house, which they opened as a hotel, and in which they also kept a stock of groceries.

Some eight or ten miles from them lived a man named Peter Hergit, who professedly worked a mine, but whose place was really a rendezvous for renegade cowboys and other desperate characters of the Jesse James type.

It was intimated that several daring robberies had been planned, and also that Clate Walker made it one of his stopping places.

Walker was a notorious gambler and dead shot. He was supposed to be the leader of a band of train robbers, and was said to have killed not less than ten men in various affairs.

It was said, too, that occasionally, when times became too monotonous because of the lack of excitement, he would kill a man "for fun," just to keep his hand in.

He had a pleasing habit of riding through small towns and camps, shooting promiscuously at everybody he saw, to keep up the terror of his name—a matter he appears to have been vain of.

It will seem well nigh incredible that such a man should be allowed to escape justice and to run at large. Such is the ugly fact, however, in scores of similar cases, owing, probably to the circumstances that no officer likes to attempt the arrest of these desperadoes, who generally carry two, and sometimes three, heavy revolvers, and are marvellously quick and sure of aim.

As an example of the wonderfully rapid and accurate shooting of some of those frontier men the writer remembers seeing a cowboy at Raton, New Mexico, ride his horse at full gallop past a telegraph post to which was pinned the round white cover of a paper collar box, and lodge four balls from his Colt's pistol in this small mark while passing. Afterward he entertained us by throwing into the air, one after another, a handful of peanuts, and cracking each as it fell with a single bullet.

Then he did the same thing again, tossing the nuts up rapidly, and twirling the revolver round his forefinger after every shot. Finally, throwing the nuts up more slowly, he replaced his pistol in its sheath at his hip after every shot, drawing it for each succeeding nut, and did not miss one out of six. This shows the accuracy and quickness of aim of many of these lawless fellows; and such a marksman was Clate Walker, who added to his reputation, moreover, the more murderous one of being a "killer," which, in the phrase of this section, means a desperado who will shoot a man upon the least provocation. Our two young stockmen had heard of this border monster, but their first actual acquaintance with him began the first week after putting up their sign, "Small Bros., Hotel and Grocery."

Walker chanced to pass one morning, and seeing the new sign, and by way of calling attention to himself, reined in his horse, drew his revolver, and opened fire on the sign, shooting the first letter, "S," to pieces. Then, dismounting, he kicked the door open, and walking in, demanded a "cock-tail."

Gilbert, who chanced to be inside at the time, told him civilly that there was no bar in connection with the house, for, true to their home principles, the young men had determined to keep a "temperance house"—a greater

anomaly in the West than many may at first suppose.

"A temperance house!" shouted Walker, and he vented his astonishment and disgust in a burst of oaths and revilings. "No man shall keep a hotel with nothing to drink in it in these parts!" he said. "If you don't have liquor, and good liquor, too, the next time I call, I won't leave a whole dish or a whole bone here!" And as a foretaste of what he would do he kicked over the table and smashed three or four chairs by way of leaving-taking.

With such a customer on their hands it is little wonder that our young friends felt very ill at ease. Still they were bold men, and were determined not to be bullied into keeping rum; so they went about their business as usual.

Nothing further was seen of Walker for two weeks, when one morning, while Charles was getting breakfast, Gilbert having gone out to look after the cattle. The first hint that Charles had of his visitor's presence was another volley of shots at their sign-board.

This time Clate had shot the second letter to pieces. It was apparently his way of knocking. Immediately after he kicked the door open.

Under these circumstances it is not very strange that Charles stepped out of a back door at about this time, and went behind the corral, from whence he heard Walker firing repeatedly and a great smashing inside. When at length the desperado had taken his departure it was found that he had made a complete wreck of the crockery and furniture, and in the grocery room he had emptied his revolver at the kerosene barrel, which, tapped in half a dozen places, was deluging the floor.

I shall not undertake to say what the duty of my young friends was; whether they should have resisted the outrage and defended their property at the risk of their lives or moved away from so dangerous a neighborhood. What they did was to get out of sight whenever they saw Walker coming, and let him do his worst. It chanced that after a time a second cousin of my young friends came West to see them. His name was Forney, and he was then a student at the military academy at West Point.

He dropped in upon the Small brothers quite unexpectedly one afternoon, and it is needless to say that they were very glad to see him, and that they passed a very pleasant evening. Nothing was said about Walker, for Gilbert and Charles, having an honest pride in their ranch, were loath to let Lieutenant Forney know how badly they were off in respect to neighbors. The desperado happened to come along, however, the very next morning.

Charles and Forney were sitting in the dining-room when Gilbert came rushing in, having seen the gambler coming up the road.

"Old Clate Walker's coming!" he exclaimed. "Put out at the back door!"

Charles leaped to his feet, but our young West Pointer rose more leisurely.

"Who in the dickens is old Clate Walker?" he asked.

"A regular border terror! A desperado! A killer!" exclaimed Gilbert. "He's likely to shoot any one of us at sight! Come on!"

"What! Run from your own house?" said Forney, surprised. "Why, what hold has this fellow on you?"

"No hold whatever; but he's a dead shot and a double-dyed murderer!" cried Charles. "You don't know him as we do. Come along with us and get out of his way."

"Not I!" exclaimed Forney, who perhaps felt that his military reputation was at stake. "Take your two guns and stand ready in the kitchen. I'll stop here and see Mr. Walker."

He hurriedly took his revolver from his overcoat pocket, then stepped to the window behind the desk on the counter.

With his customary oath, the gambler and dead shot kicked open the door and strode in. The young lieutenant sat on the high stool behind the desk, apparently reading the newspaper. He did not look up.

"Hello, you sneak!" shouted Walker. "Where are the tender kids that keeps this temperance hotel?"

"I think they've gone out to hide," said Forney, carelessly turning his paper. "They said there was a man-eater, a regular anthropophagus, coming, and they were going to hide somewhere."

Walker stared.

"Well, well!" he ripped out. "If you ain't the freshest kid I've struck in

ten years! Right fresh from the East, aren't you, young feller?"

"Yes," said Forney, moving the paper. "I'm from the East, and I'm pretty fresh, I suppose. I'm a young fellow, but I'm a pretty nice one."

"Don't you give me any of your lip!" thundered Walker. "Do you know who I am?"

"How should I?" said Forney. "It's none of my business. I'm only here on a visit. I don't care who you are."

The bully flushed, stung by the careless contempt in Forney's tone.

"Suppose," he muttered, taking a step toward the counter, while a murderous gleam crept into his eye, "suppose I were to tickle your Adam's apple, with my dirk; what then?"

"Then I'd shoot you dead for the scoundrelly bound you are!" exclaimed the young cadet, sudden presenting his cocked revolver full in Walker's face. "Move—sirr a hand—and I'll shoot you like a dog!"

"The first man that ever got the best of me!" gasped Walker; "and you a little whipper-snapper from the East!"

"No matter what I am," said Forney, sternly. "If you move a hand, I'll shoot you! Gilbert! Charlie!"

The two brothers, who from the kitchen had heard the above dialogue, and were several times on the point of taking to their heels out at the back door, now entered guns in hand.

"Cover him, Gilbert," said Forney. "If he stirs a hand, put a lead of buckshot through him. Now, Charles—come and take his pistols and his knife."

Having disarmed Walker, they marched him out of the door and around the house into the cattle corral in the rear of it. This corral was built of adobe bricks, the wall being from seven to eight feet high, and inclosed a space about eighty feet square.

They gave him no chance to get the start, but kept him covered with gun and pistol. They gave him a chair to sit on, however, and there he sat all day, watching the cadet and Gilbert, and they him, while Charles rode post haste to Alamosa to swear out a warrant for his arrest, and summon the sheriff and his posse to take him. The officers, hearing so dangerous a ruffian was really waiting their disposal, were not slow in responding to Charles Small's summons, and by three o'clock that afternoon the young lieutenant had the satisfaction of seeing the "border terror" taken into legal custody and marched off to jail.

But, as is too often the case in the Far West, the prisoner was lynched instead of being tried and convicted of his crimes. He was taken forcibly from jail by a masked party from one of the mining camps, the third night after being lodged there, and hanged, without any form of trial, to the nearest tree.

Lieutenant Forney had proven himself a hero, and was greatly respected for what he had done in bringing Walker to justice.—Waverley Magazine.

Must Put the Blame on Somebody.

The young man had returned from his wedding trip, and was again at his desk in the office.

It was the day after his return that the junior partner called him to his desk and said:

"Now that you're married, Mr. Quills, I trust you will be considerate in your treatment of me."

"I don't quite understand you, sir," exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

"Oh, it's a little early, I know," admitted the junior partner, "but there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I suppose you haven't been out late at night yet?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"And it's none of my business if you have. But when you do stay out some night, be considerate. Remember that I have a reputation for fairness and humane treatment of everybody in this office that I would like to retain. Don't tell your wife that you're sorry you're late, but that that slave-driver at the office piled work upon you to such an extent that you had to work right into the night; don't tell her that the tyrant you work under gave you one-and-sixpence for a minute or two, and then asked, anxiously:

"Well, if I should be late, what shall I say?"

"Oh, put us on the senior partner, as I do. He can stand it."—The Bits.

Microbes on Doorknobs.

The latest lair to which scientists have traced the merry microbe is the doorknob. The organisms thrive on these innutritious substances, it appears, and in a round of calls one may collect a variety of germs from the doors of cabs, houses and trolley cars. The danger may be obviated by antiseptic gloves, it is said, but, considering the unconcern with which women now gather up the bacteria of the streets with their sweeping draperies, one does not expect them to be inordinately nervous about the few organisms that may attach themselves to their fingers.

Colors and Children's Moods.

According to a writer in the Nursery, matrons of infant asylums say that a young infant will be cross all day if dressed in a gray frock, but contented and happy if dressed in a bright red frock. Children from two to four are much less affected by the color of their dresses. It is commonly observed in kindergartens that the younger children prefer the red playthings, while the older children prefer the blue.

ESCAPED FROM SIBERIA

REMARKABLE STORY AND THRILLING ADVENTURES OF AN EXILE.

The Sufferings of Frank Gryglaszewski, Who Was Sent to the Mines For Participating in the Rebellion of the Russian Poles.

Here is the remarkable story of the exile of Frank Gryglaszewski, who was sent to Siberia on account of his participation in the rebellion of the Russian Poles against the Imperial Government in 1865, who are five times wounded by Russian bullets, who walked seven thousand miles through Arctic Russia and Siberia in chains, who escaped his captors by a method almost miraculous, and retraced his steps for seven thousand miles along the great Siberian road.

"During the two years 1863-1864," said Mr. Grygia, as he is now known, "sixteen hundred political prisoners were executed in the prisons at Warsaw. My two brothers, who were captured, had been too prominent in the revolutionary movement to remain long unidentified. At their trial they were sentenced to die together, and I stood among the Polish prisoners and looked on while they were being shot to death. My own trial came soon after. When I was led out by the guards I was informed that I had been sentenced to a life of banishment in Lublin—one of the uttermost provinces of Siberia.

"Late in August the transport left St. Petersburg, and at the end of three months we arrived at Tobolsk, just over the Siberian boundary line. Our line of march was along the great Siberian road, of which much has been told and of which so much more can never be told. The prisoners walked in chains, and were tied to one another to prevent any one escaping. In front, to either side and behind the guards marched, with loaded muskets unslung. Their orders were to shoot any who attempted to escape.

"Following the main line of march came the 'telegas.' These were rough wooden wagons without springs. If a man fainted or dropped in the line from sickness he was loaded on one of these until the next 'etap,' or station, was reached. Here a stop was made for the night.

"Even during the journey of three months in Russia there was much disease and death in the transport on account of overcrowding in the prisoners' rooms. But it was the hospitals that we feared the most. Time after time I have seen men drag on until they dropped dead in their tracks rather than enter one of these hospitals.

"Long before we reached Tobolsk the horrors of what was to come had dawned upon us. The pittance which the Government granted us for support was small enough, and permitted our buying only the coarsest kind of meat and flour. But for many days before our arrival at that city the officers in charge had withheld the greater part of the allowance, and no one received more than three or four kopecks a day. After we had talked among ourselves I was selected to present the grievances of the transport to the Governor of Tobolsk. This I did when occasion offered. He immediately flew into the most violent rage, and rebuked the officer in charge of our party.

"I was stripped to the waist, and two soldiers were detailed to give me a hundred lashes with the knout. I was beaten accordingly until I fell in a faint from pain and loss of blood. At the conclusion of my punishment salt was rubbed into my wounds and I was thrown on a 'telega,' where I was left to recover my senses. That the example might prove even more efficient the officer ordered that I receive on my bare back twenty lashes with the knout before the transport entered every great town.

"In the 'etaps' the vigilance of the guards increased, if anything, and under no conditions were the prisoners ever allowed to leave their room. No water was allowed, except for purposes of cooking and for drinking. The penalty for the infraction of the rules was death.

"The women and the children numbered at first about two hundred. The children died first, then the women. As long as any of these unfortunates could hold up they stayed afoot; then they took to the wagons.

"We pushed on through the winter, spring and summer of 1865. The prisoners had dropped off from 2000 to 1000, and with the coming of the winter of 1865 only about eight hundred were left alive. One day the prisoner next to me procured a small knife—a mere plaything, fashioned for wearing as a watchcharm. With this he managed to sever the arteries of both wrists. As he held it in his hand for a moment while the blood began to flow, I reached for it and quickly concealed it by sticking the blade in the bark; though which bound me to the prisoner opposite the dying man.

"When the guards stopped the transport to drag the suicide away my pockets were searched. No pointed instrument was found about me and the incident was soon forgotten. But with the knife I managed to slowly saw away the thongs which bound me to my neighbors on either side. On the morning of December 5, 1865—I have always celebrated the day as my Fourth of July—having severed my bonds and awaited a favorable opportunity, I broke from the transport and ran.

"I was muffled up in the same great coat that I had worn from the hospital, and my feet and hands were heavily covered, as was my head. The guards were also encumbered, and I had run perhaps a hundred and fifty feet before three or four shots rang

out almost simultaneously, and I fell. My fall was due rather to chance than to intention on my part, for as it happened the bullet which struck me could not have knocked me down. For some time I lay in the snow motionless.

"I had learned while with the transport that it would be useless to attempt to escape by going East. Accordingly I turned back upon the road over which I had come.

"If I had been supplied with weapons of any kind I might have been comparatively safe from the attacks of the wolves. As it was I was forced to sleep at night tying myself in trees along the roadside. Living in this fashion I followed the trail for six weeks, growing weaker day by day. Finally a blinding snow storm came on. Feverish and confused, I wandered from the trail and lost my way. That night I ascended a tree with difficulty, tied myself to the trunk and went to sleep—rather, I should say, I must have waxed into insensibility.

"The fever must have seized strongly upon me, for when consciousness returned to me in the morning—if I may call it consciousness—I was fully aware that my hand was almost frozen, while I thought that I had heard the sound of rifle shots. Some one came under the tree and spoke to me, I felt myself being untied, and for six weeks I know no more.

"I was in the exile home of two Russian university students, who were serving out a term of some years for having been suspected of plotting against the Government. They had been hunting on the morning that they had found me.

"I followed the road a year, and came in the spring of 1867 once more to the city of Tobolsk. Here I obtained, through the agency of friends, a disguise, and here I was furnished with additional funds.

"I passed the Austrian line in safety, and, learning that my mother and only sister were living at Cracow, I made my way to that city.

"There is little more of noteworthy incident in the life of Mr. Grygia. For a while he lived in Cracow with his mother, but his proximity to the Russian border made his friends and family advise that he either enter the Austrian military service or leave the country. With \$500 in gold he bade a last farewell to European shores and sailed for the United States in 1870. He was then but twenty-three years old. In Minneapolis young Grygia went into business as a contractor. In 1888 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Public Buildings under the Harrison Administration. After leaving the Government service he traveled extensively throughout Central and South America in the interest of American capitalists, and in 1898 he accepted the position of special land agent to Alaska for the Interior Department.—New York Herald.

Naval Battles at Long Range.

Three of the new 45-calibre 9.2-inch coast guns are being mounted at Dover. They are sighted up to 15,000 yards. These guns fire Lyddite shell, and such shell fired experimentally have flung fragments a mile away. Against ships there seems no reason why such guns, mounted high up and well supplied with range finders, should not fire and stand some chance of hitting at a range of six or seven miles. These 45-calibre guns are not mounted afloat in our service, though the French are fond of that length for all naval guns. Without range finders it is a waste of powder to fire at any range much over 4000 yards, probably, at sea, for the range must be known to a yard almost. But even with such appliances, the naval battle of the future should begin directly the ships sight each other. It is a cheerful prospect, when one had hit may mean out of action.—London Engineer.

Reform in St. Louis.

A St. Louis reformer proposes to have the authority of the Board of Health invoked to stop a habit of whistling on the public thoroughfares which is said to be peculiar to that city.

"The whistling habit as a rule gives as much pain to others as it gives pleasure to the whistler. Still it might be as well not to attempt to check it by official intervention. It is often merely the spontaneous expression of a cheerful frame of mind, and its prevalence in St. Louis is probably due to confident anticipation of the success of the Louisiana Purchase celebration.

If this is the case the St. Louis whistler should be encouraged rather than suppressed. And in any event, if the Board of Health of that city has discharged its more important duties so completely that it can afford to take up the whistling question, it must be a remarkable and exceptional Board of Health.—New York World.

A New Use For Bagpipes.

A new use for the bagpipes has been found by a Scottish Highlander, who owns a sheep farm in a mountainous district of California, and is in the habit almost daily of playing his pipes all over the ground. The skirling has had the happy effect of scaring eagles out of the locality, in which birds of prey had formerly done considerable damage by carrying off lambs, and had even attacked grown sheep.

Latin Now an Optional Study.

At a public school in Armstrong, Mo., a pupil refused to study Latin, and was expelled. His father, a Methodist preacher, took the matter before the board, with the result that Latin is now an optional study.

The Oxygen We Breathe.

Every human being uses up, on an average, thirty ounces of oxygen a day.