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With \$200,000,000 to the good, Andrew Carnegie can practice his gospel of wealth still more successfully than ever.

A woman writing in the Educational Review rebukes the disposition of college women to go to teaching for a living without special fitness for the work. School-work being commonly that nearest at hand, it is most in favor, though according to the president of a Western college for women, the record of college women demonstrates in general their ability for managerial office. Says this president: "College women have more executive ability than college men. The girls pay their bills and keep their college finances in much better shape than the boys. I would have girls stay out of teaching, and go into work that requires executive ability."

It is somewhat surprising to read in the report of the Treasurer of the United States that the coin of the realm that is most extensively counterfeited nowadays is not the silver and nickel pieces, but the copper one-cent pieces. During the year there were detected and destroyed at the office of the treasury \$11,196 in counterfeit silver coins, notes and certificates, 3277 five-cent pieces and 121,652 one-cent pieces, and the number of spurious minor coins in circulation is rapidly on the increase. Counterfeit gold coins are rare, only thirteen having been presented at the treasury during the year. It looks as if the counterfeiters were putting themselves to a good deal of trouble at a very small profit.

The submarine boat has won its way to grudging recognition by the British Admiralty, and a formal official trial of a newly invented craft of this class is to be held shortly under the direction of a board of British naval officers. Experience has already shown that the Zede boat in France and the Holland in America are capable of overcoming the chief difficulties encountered in submarine navigation—running on an even keel; maintaining a fair rate of speed over a considerable radius of action; and provision for certain and deadly offensive powers. The elaborate tests to be undertaken by the British naval authorities should contribute materially to the stock of expert information in regard to this new factor in maritime warfare.

## Seriousness of a German Official.

Not long ago an American resident in Hamburg had a funny experience of the seriousness of German officialdom. Her pug puppy barked friskily one evening from his place in the front garden at a semi-intoxicated custom house officer who leaned against the railings. The next morning a ponderous document was presented to the owner, which ordered in pompous terms that "the dangerous dog" should be kept in the house, under a penalty of \$25, until the official veterinarian should pronounce upon his condition. For ten days poor pugzy was kept in the house before the State veterinarian found it convenient to call, and he was then gravely freed from his nuisance, as the inspector found him "not suffering from hydrophobia nor in danger of biting."

## Money in Cocoanuts.

This cocoanut industry is well worth the consideration of enterprising Americans, for it has resulted in the making of tremendous fortunes. A cocoanut tree yields fruit within five years after planting, and then bears uninterruptedly for over a century. Those engaged in shipping the coconuts to Europe pay \$1 per year for the fruit from a single tree. The trees, once started, need no further consideration. Ten thousand trees cover a comparatively small space, as there are no branches. The trees invariably grow best in what is for all other purposes the poorest soil.—Leslie's Weekly.

The mortality statistics for the District of Columbia during the past 12 months show a startling record of tuberculosis of the lungs. The mortality from all causes was 5,953, and of these 713 were victims of consumption—an average mortality from this one disease of 13.69 for each week in the year.

## AN UNTOLD LOVE.

Oh, the birds sang it,  
And the leaves sighed it,  
The brooks rang it,  
And the rain cried it,  
The sun glANCED it,  
And the flowers breathed it,  
The loughs danced it,  
And the birds swooned it,  
The stars beamed it,  
And the winds blew it,  
My heart dreamed it,  
But—she never knew it!  
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Saturday Evening Post.

## CLARA'S CONVERSION.

"It's your own fault, Clara," said Walter May.  
"Of course it is," cried out Clara, passionately, stamping her foot on the carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hothed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of ticks and bonds.

"Clara," he had said to his young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overshadowing their lives, "would you like a country life?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Clara, involuntarily recoiling.  
"Because," said Walter, somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the old farm, and I think they would like to have as me and live with them."  
"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara, "and mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further. But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them, and all the pretty, new furniture, Eastlake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hothouse plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the housekeeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach and now they were ruined. She had sent a tear-bespinkled letter to her mother, who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year, and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding. And Clara who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter, sadly.

"And that—?"  
"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.  
"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"  
"You will have to," he said doggedly, "or else starve!"

So Mrs. May jacked up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazel-crope Farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor dear Walter." As for her farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with cows and pigs and harrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her fears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazelcrope Farm! Mr. Noah May's! Here's the 'ouse, ma'am."

A long, low, gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms and the scarlet autumn leaves raining down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been her preconceived ideas, when she had found herself clasped in arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said Mrs. May caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of pine logs, and tea was brought in and the two old people cooed and petted her as if she had been a three-year-old child, just recovering from the measles.

while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What's that, my dear?" said the old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—oh, such a dreadful bill! I hadn't any idea it could possibly amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages! Oh, please, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May smiling, "but you are wiser now, and you will not be afraid of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that the situations did not grow, like blackberries, on every bush; he had met with more than one cruel rebel, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover, he fully expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife, for he knew Clara's inveterate prejudices in regard to country life.

But to his infinite amazement and relief, Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you got a new situation?"

"I'm glad of it," said Clara, brightly, "for we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says G.A.L. 29."

he is getting old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am ready to keep house and take all the care of mamma's hands. And, oh, it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing?" cried Walter May, ecstatically, "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I've always longed for. Good-by to city walls and hearts of stone; good-by to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, you shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections. "I was sure there would be a but."

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations."  
Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," she said. "And, oh, so much happier!"

"So am I!" said Walter—Waverly Magazine.

## English Lightships.

Roughly speaking, lightships are only used where it is impossible or inexpedient—on account of the shifting nature of the shoals—to build permanent lighthouses, and the first one to be placed in position was the well-known Norse, in the year 1732. At the present time there are 69 round the British coasts. The English lights are painted red, and those on the Irish coast black, with the name in huge white letters on both sides. At the mast head there is a large wooden globe or cage called the day mark. The lantern encircling the mast is about 10 feet high, and contains a number of argand lamps and reflectors, 21 inches in diameter, arranged in groups on a frame, which a beautifully regulated clockwork apparatus causes to revolve, and the result is those brilliant flashes of light which practically spell the name of the light vessel to passing ships, for every light has some distinguishing characteristic, either in the period or color of the flash.

Even when the lightship is rolling or pitching in a heavy sea the light remains horizontal, as the lamps and reflectors are hung on gimbals, so as to give them free play in all directions.

Foggy weather entails additional work for all hands, as a powerful foghorn, driven either by steam or compressed air, is kept working while the fog lasts. By means of high and low blasts from the trumpet the sailor is informed what lightship he is passing, each fog signal, as well as each light having its own distinguishing characteristic.—Notes and Queries.

## Three Crosses Remain.

There are only three remaining of the thirteen original crosses built by King Edward I. to mark the resting-place of Queen Eleanor's funeral procession. One is near Northampton, one at Waltham Cross, the third at Charing Cross.

## CATCHING A BANK THIEF

A DETECTIVE RELATES A REMARKABLE AND INTERESTING CASE.

It is Often Easy to Get Away, but Almost Always Hard to Stay Away—This Was Proven by an Affair That Occurred Soon After the Close of the War.

The recent embezzlement by the note teller of the First National Bank of New York, and the case with which he was captured, is a well-known ex-detective in a recent issue of the Washington Post, "recalls one of the most remarkable and interesting cases I have ever had anything to do with. It was the robbery of the Townsend Savings Bank of New Haven, Conn., which occurred in 1866, I think. At any rate, it was shortly after the end of the civil war, in which great conflict the principal in the affair had distinguished himself and won many high-prized laurels. His name was Jerry Townsend, a son of the cashier, and a nephew of the president of the Townsend Savings Bank of New Haven.

"Jerry, soon after his return from the war, was given a minor position in the bank, and being a clever, well-educated fellow he rapidly advanced until he was made paying teller.

"Well, things ran along all right for some time until one fine morning the cashier discovered that about \$100,000 in cash and bonds had been taken from the safe the preceding night. The safe had not been blown open. It was simply unlocked by someone having the lock combination. Now, according to the bank's rules, only the president, the cashier and the assistant cashier had this combination, hence suspicion was not directed towards any other person at first. Jerry was hardly mentioned in connection with the robbery, until his father, the cashier, remembered that some days prior the former had suggested the expediency of his having the combination, so that in case of the absence of all the other officers at the same time he could have access to the safe if necessary. And the old gentleman, regarding the proposition reasonable, gave his son the combination; yet strange to say, he had neglected to inform the president that he had done so.

"Now, Jerry had sent word to the bank the day before the robbery was discovered that he was so ill that he was afraid he would not be able to attend to his duties for a day or two; so he was not expected at the bank the day of the discovery; but as soon as his father had admitted that his son also could open the safe, a messenger was sent to the latter's home. I hardly need say that he was not there.

"Hitherto the bank officers had conducted the examination in their own way, and as secretly as possible, yet when the paying teller could not be found by them, and the story of the big steal was getting out, they saw that other steps must at once be taken in the case, and so it came about that I was called to take a hand in the game. I was on duty in New York City at the time I received orders to run up to New Haven. On my arrival at the bank, I found everything in a state of great confusion, and hundreds of excited depositors were clamoring at the bank doors for their money. In the case of many of them it was the hard earned savings of years of toil.

"After getting all the information possible at the bank, I struck out after the thief. I soon found that there was a girl in the case, and that Jerry had spent part of the evening of the robbery at her home. From there he probably went to the bank and got away with the swag before midnight, for about that time he called at a restaurant near the railroad station, and leaving a large valise with the bartender, he went away and did not return until just before the 2 o'clock train left for New York. He was seen to board that train, yet then and there the trail of the robbery was lost. Indeed the man vanished as completely and suddenly as if the earth right there had opened and swallowed him. Not in New York or anywhere else could any trace of the absconder be found. A big reward was offered, and detectives in all parts of the country attracted by it, were in the hunt, and scoured every nook and corner in which they suspected he might be hidden. The search was kept up for weeks, but all our efforts were fruitless.

"After several months had passed, I began to lose interest in the Townsend case, for having other important professional matters to look after, I seldom gave it much thought. Of course, the strange, mysterious disappearance of the culprit still excited wonder and speculation.

"One day, six or seven months after the robbery, as I was walking leisurely up Broadway, New York, just below Wall street, I was approached by a man who requested me to dispose of some United States bonds, and was a stranger in the city. My mind being pretty well occupied with another matter at the time, I give this incident but little thought. We were near Wall street, and I pointed to the house of a well-known firm in that street, and assured the man that it would be all right there, I walked on. But I had gone scarcely a block when the recollection of the Townsend bank robbery flashed like lightning through my mind. Might not this man have some of the Townsend bonds? I turned and fairly flew back to the broker's office to which I had just directed him, and reached it barely in time to meet the stranger coming out. Showing him my authority, and taking the chances, I arrested him, and took him back into the office. He had sold one bond there, which upon examination I found to be one of the Townsend bank bonds. And searching the man, two or three more

of these bonds came to light. But what was of vastly more importance, he had on his person a letter from Jerry Townsend, dated Havana, Cuba, to his sweetheart in Connecticut. This letter was to be delivered by the bearer to the lady in person, and it contained instructions to meet the writer at a certain hotel in Liverpool, England, at a certain future time.

"That my prisoner was thoroughly scared, I need scarcely assert. He pleaded utter ignorance of the robbery, and declared that he had made the acquaintance of the man who had given him the letter and the bonds some months before in Havana, where the latter had posed as a captain of the United States army. Of course he went under a fictitious name there. The prisoner was held and the matter kept from the newspapers until I and some others, including an uncle of Jerry, had crossed over to Liverpool. We found the hotel and the robber, who started out to resist, but finally surrendered. All but some \$11,000, I think, was recovered, and the prisoner was brought back, tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison for seven years."

## A DEDUCTION PROCESS

Which Revealed a Whole Lot About a Young Man.

"Do you see that man with the dark moustache," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Yes; do you know him?"  
"I never saw him before. He is married. He ought to live in a flat, but doesn't. His wife is afraid of the hired girl and he is left-handed."

"Mr. Holmes, you are an everlasting marvel. How can you tell all that about a man you don't know, and whom you never saw before?"  
"Look at the second knuckle on his left hand. You see it is badly skinned. Also there's a black mark on his left cuff. Now, let us see what we must make of this. When a left-handed man pokes up the furnace fire how does he do it? By putting his left hand forward, of course. Thus it happened that it was his left hand which escaped against the furnace door. The blackened cuff shows that it was a furnace door. Having this foundation to work upon, the rest is easy. If he lived in a flat he would have no furnace to look after, and if his wife would not be afraid of the hired girl, they would make the latter do the poking up. It is all very simple, if one's perceptive faculties are properly trained. He can't really afford to live in a house, because if he could he would have a man to look after the furnace. Therefore, he ought to live in a flat."

"But, hold on. How do you know the man is married? He can't be over 30 years of age. Why may it not be possible that he lives at home with his widowed mother?"  
"My dear sir," said Sherlock Holmes, Jr., "I am surprised at your lack of perspicacity. If he lived at home with his widowed mother, he would permit her to attend to the furnace herself."  
—Chicago-Times Herald.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A curious accident occurred recently in a feather bed factory in New York City. The feathers got whirling so rapidly that the friction set them on fire.

The remains of an ancient gallery were recently found six feet below the surface at Tottenham marshes during the excavations for the new reservoir of the East London water company. It is supposed to have belonged to the Danes, who were defeated in Lea valley by King Alfred in 894 A. D.

Among the queer electric beds in Cleveland, Ohio, was one by two men on the west side. The loser agreed to roll a penny nearly a mile on the sidewalk with a toothpick. Every time the penny rolled up the walk the roller was to get up the drinks for the crowd. The wager was paid, and it cost the loser \$50 for drinks.

In digging a trench between two of the timber sheds at the lower end of the Charlestown navy yard at Boston, workmen have unearthed a dozen skeletons. The bones lay less than three feet below the surface of the ground, and are believed to be those of soldiers who were killed at Bunker Hill and hastily interred. The graves were unmarked.

As an example of faithful service and of that contented and staid characteristic that is found in many out of the way places in Europe, the case of an organist in a little village of Sweden, who had been choir-master in the same church for 72 years without missing a service, is typical. He and his ancestors had held the position of organist for 200 years without intermission.

Dr. Eiselberg in the Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift tells of a case where the right forefinger of a young man had been cut off four months before the operation described. Eiselberg applied in its place the second toe. None of the toe was lost and sensibility had developed; mobility was not yet appeared, but is confidently expected in time, as occurred in Nicoladoni's toe-finger operation two years ago.

The number of hours of bright sunshine experienced at Greenwich, England, during the year ending April 30, 1900, was recently computed from the record of the Campbell-Stokes instrument. In this space of time the sun was above the horizon 4454 hours, and the record shows that during 1636 hours there was bright sunshine. This would give a mean proportion of sunshine for the year of .367, constant sunshine being represented by one.

## THE TRAMP PRINTER.

New Conditions Are Putting an End to His Class.

In the morning he used to sit humped over the primer case throwing in a handful. When the editor came to work, it was customary for the others in the shop to show the editor some obsequies; the foreman to walk to the editorial desk with the proof of an "ad."; the job printer to hammer busily with a planer on the form of a "Rooms to Rent" card, which was ever being made ready for the press; two lean compositors to shake their cases as though they had been working for hours; the cub to change legs on the job press and chatter the throw-off with more business than a bird pup. But the tourist—the typographical tourist—at the primer case paid no homage to rank; made no unmanly, obsequious demonstrations before potentates and powers. He kept on rattling the type in their boxes as though nothing had happened. After a whispered dialogue between the foreman and the editor explaining the stranger's presence, it was the editorial privilege to approach the throne.

If it was winter the editor might saunter out to the stove and back up to it with palms outstretched. Then he was permitted by the tourist to ask: "Where you from?"

After receiving a reply the editor was expected to ask:

"Well, how's work there?"  
To this the answer required by an unwritten yet inviolable law of the craft was:

"Rotten."  
Thereafter the editor might resume his work or inquire about old friends, or take up the regular order, or proceed to unfinished business, for the tramp printer had been duly and formally installed and the opening services were closed. To the layman all this pomp and circumstance in welcoming the tourist may seem empty and idle.

Yet the arrival of the tramp printer at the country office twenty years ago meant to the craftsmen there what the return of Lentulus with victorious legion meant to Capua; what the delegation from the grand lodge ready to give out the new password and exemplify the work means to the brethren; what the visit of an ordaining bishop to convey the apostolic succession means to churchmen, and what the coming of a new star means to an astronomer.

For the tramp printer brought the light into dark places. If there was a new ink-reducer in vogue the tramp knew it, and could make it. He showed the foreman how to set the disc of the jobber, and print in colors. The tramp could make a paste that would never sour, and tabling glue that would stick and neither crack nor melt in all eternity. He could whittle out a line of wood letter, or make slugs. He could tie a string to an end of the folder table and cut two folios from a quarto as fast the "devil" could fold. He could make rollers that would print a line of script, or bring out the dapple in the flanks of the iron gray stallion for the livery stable job.

He could cut out reprint with his rule for the copy book when the old man was away, and he could go to the nonpareil case and set up a piece of poetry for the first column from memory. He was a guide, philosopher and friend to the editor. And in the back room he revived the world, the flesh and the devil.

Peter B. Lee, "Old Slugs" Biggsby—whither have they gone? Those old style faces with the hair lines all over them, with their condensed Gothic noses, with their wrong font eyes, with their mouths blacksmithed full of fine cut to justify with their double pica cheeks! Poor old typographical errors; they were cast before the days of the point system, and they have been thrown into the hell box of oblivion.

Yet they did their work well. They fulfilled their mission in the world. The tramp printer's labor-saving devices perfected and carried to their ultimate conclusions, have become great inventions of this printing craft. Archimedes said if he had a proper lever he would move the world. The lazy tramp printer who first rolled a cylinder over a form of types had found the Archimedes lever.

The lever has moved the world further in a century than it moved before in a thousand years. Its unknown inventor was as surely inspired, was as surely working a divine purpose toward man as he who chiseled the law upon the stone at Sinai. For that printer's lever has twisted away the sceptres of kings and has put royal power into the hands of people. That lever has pried the world from ignorant selfishness to the intelligent human brotherhood.

The tramp printer, whose humble habitation has become a mechanical sanctuary in a score of years, is a lowly instrument with which to do miracles. But so was poor, blind Bartimeus. Miracles are not done with prizes.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

## A Curious English Custom.

A weird spectacle was witnessed in Warwickshire a few days ago, says the Westminster Gazette. Before sunrise a group of persons from all quarters gathered around the ancient mound on Knightlow Hill, near Dunchurch, and deposited wroth silver in the hollow of a cross. The money is payable to the Duke of Buccleuch for the privilege of using certain roads. The sum contributed by liable parishes vary from a penny to over two shillings. The penalty for non-payment is twenty shillings or forfeiture of a white bull with a red nose and ears.

## The Pyramid of Cheops.

There are 4,000,000 tons of stone in the Pyramid of Cheops. It could be built for \$20,000,000.