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American bridge-builders are spanring the Atbara and moving triumphantly to arch the Uganda. America does not care who makes the ballads in Africa if she can build the

Only one-quarter of Scotland's land is under cultivation. Seven-tenths is mountain, heath and lake and the balance is forests. The finest game preserves in the world are said to be

A fireman in Pennsylvania in the act of being married broke away at the sound of an alarm and ran to a fire. The blaze on Hymen's altar, however, was fierce enough to bring him back in a hurry.

The Government in Simla has prepared estimates for the new ordnance necessary to bring the Indian army up to the modern standard. The proportion of guns to men at present is considerably less than three per thousand; in the case of the field army this must be raised to more than four, which will mean the expenditure of

The "Children's Court," which is suggested as a branch of the Charities Department of New York City, in the new city charter, is a novelty adopted from South Australia, where it has proved a great success. Under the South Australian law children under eighteen are brought before a separate "departmental court" run by the "State Children's Department," and in the past twelve months 275 cases were tried before this court, with the result that only six of the young offenders were deemed fit subjects for jail sendences.

The Philadelphia Record observes: "Another competitor for the honor of defending the America's cup may turn up at the trial races-a ninety-foot sloop yacht of Boston origin and de sign. Boston capital and yachting ability have already figured conspicuously in earlier races for the 'blue ribbon of the sea,' and the public have not yet forgotten the stirring and splendid performances of the Puritan, the Mayflower and the Volunteer. Should the new boat be constructed the trial races next July would be worth crossing the continent to see."

Queen Amelie of Portugal, who re cently distinguished herself by saving the life of a drowning fisherman at Cascaes, has a good record for heroic deeds. Five years ago she rescued two drowning children at a Portuguese seaside resort at the risk of losing her own life, and some time ago she saved her husband from being thrown over a high embankment by his horse, which, slipping on some hot ashes, took fright and bolted. Queen Amelie's superior horsemanship and her athletic skill stopped both horse and rider from plunging over the embankment to certain death.

The World's Great Good Men

The World's Great Good seen.

The world has had on the whole a generous crop of great men. Two dasses include them all. There have seen those who followed the bent of heir genius, seeking their own good and dory through the development of their years of the seeking the seeking their world as well as or themselves; because mankind insertis whatever any man is or has.

ear

THEIR WEDDING DAY.

BY A. M. CAMERON

Such a bare little place! cold and dark and comfortless as a room well nigh innocent of furniture must be, yet sweet and clean and orderly, and above all—home to old sick Molly and Timothy, her husband.

"Bring her over at once, then, and the sconer the better; perhaps this will make the journey easier," said the doctor, as he laid a shilling on the table and breathed a sigh of relief.

He had come ready prepared to meet the hundred and one difficulties and objections usually put forward in such a case, but the convincing arguments had been all unneedd, for Molly had risen to the occasion bravely and had consented to become an in-patient at the big hospital across the park that very day. So, his task successfully accomplished, the doctor turned to leave the room.

"Might it be tonight?" It was Timbthy who spoke. "I'll bring her for lertain tonight, but we'd like to have just this one day together first."

"No, bring her at once as I told you; khy, the sconer she is in the sooner the will be out again, you know; what objections can you have?"

Timothy's re-entrance awakened her and sleep will be out again, you know; what objections can you have?"

Timothy hesitated, but a glance at Molly's thin face and a certain eager, wistfulness upon it gave him courage.

"It's only this, sir, and it may seem

wistfulness upon it gave him couarge.
"It's only this, sir, and it may seem
a poor sort of reason to you, but this
is our wedding day, we've never spent

apart yet-and-"
The old voice faltered, and the sen-

tence was never finished for the young man himself interrupted it— "Reason! why it's the very best of reason, if you had only said so at once! Bring her tonight then by all means

with his wife, Timothy seated himself beside her and patted her hand

ouragingly.
Hospitals are such fine places,

"Very fine, dear," and she looked at him with the smile whose sunshi had made life bright to him for

long.
"Such splendid food and nursing,
Moll; and the rooms! why, I'm only
afraid you'll be looking down on this
poor little place when you come back
to it after a bit so well and strong;
for it's wonderful how well folks do
get in those hospitals, Moll, quite wonderful."
"Yes Timethy, so they do you see

"Yes. Timothy, so they do very of ten.

Her lips trembled, but only for a me

Her lips trembled, but only for a moment. Then, with a brave attempt at cheerfulness, she continued—
"But Tim, my man, it's getting on, and we're wasting preclous time, shant we begin?"

And drawing nearer still, Timothy began. It was an old, old custom with them now. Year after year in the same simple fashion, though never before in such a room or with so little to help the keeping. Formerly the little anniversary festival had been as a sort of happy duet between them, each in turn reviving some sweet old memory or cherished recollection.

Today, however, Timothy had it all this own way for Molly said little only lay back and smilled contentedly or shook her head gently as the case demanded, while she listened one more to the old familiar story that time only seemed to make more dear.

And Timothy told of the happy

to the old familiar story that time only seemed to make more dear.

And Timothy told of the happy courting days, happy though wise folks had shaken their heads and had augured ill of this foolish marriage; of a certain April morning when a dull old London church had seemed so still and solemn, anod yet so strangely bright; of the friends—and he named them one by one—who had collected at her home near by to wish them well; and at last of that real home-poming, the settling down in the poor little attic rooms which his love and thought had made so sweet and snug and cossy.

thought had made so sweet and snug and cosey. "And the violets," she put in quicking, "don't forget the violets, Tim." potatoes. fried potatoes—and I don't "Ay, the violets, I pinned them on myself, didn't !? The sweetest breast-knot I could find for the sweetest lass in all the world to me."

He paused again and she watched him keenly, anxiously.

"Yes, Moll." he resumed presently, "don't let us shirk it, old girl; then—" but his voice sounded strange, and she

couldn't help to cook them, do you remember, Molt? Do you remember?" and throwing back his head, Timothy burst suddenly into a laugh so strange and wild that it well-nigh tore poor Molly's heart in two. Then, as suddenly ceasing, he burled his face in his hands and sobbed as though his heart must break, while the quiet tears ran down her old cheeks too, and what could she say to comfort him?

For nine and thirty years that little anniversary feast had been celebrated so worthly, every item of that happy first meal together repeated, and now!

"Oh, my Moll," my Moll," he sobbed,

first meal together repeated, and now:
"Oh, my Moll, my Moll," he sobbed,
"you must go without it today. I've
no money left, not even a penny; poor
girl, my poor, old girl."
She dared not trust herself to speak,

only stroked the gray head softly

Suddenly he raised it, and looking not at her but at the doctor's shilling, he pointed eagerly to it.

and for gold, dig much but she shook her head sadly.
"It was for the cab, Tim. There is

Timothy's re-entrance awakened her and she smilled a welcome. He came forward eagerly, his old face flushed and glad, his little body both half double over the covered tray his shaking arms were carrying so proudly: a tray from which there issued forth the all-pevading smell, appetizing or sickening as the case may be, of—fried fish!

"Shut your eyes tight, old girl, just for a few moments," he cried out; and still beaming from ear to ear, Tim brought forward a little round table, placed it near Molly's chair, and softly and quickly proceeded to lay it. Fish potatoes! bread! butter! tea! mik: Why, what more could king or queen desire? And all from the marvellous possibilities of one bright shilling; Then, diving into the mysterious dep'hs of a back pecket, Timothy produced therefrom a little bunch of violets, crushed indeed and faded, but sweet still, and bending softly over Moll he gently fastened them on her breast. Then seating himself opposite to her he told her eagerly she might "look."
Her unaffected surprise was rich re-

to her he told her eagerly she might "look."
Her unaffected surprise was rich reward Indeed.
"It's your cab, dear heart," he cried.
"Your cab! you couldn't use it and a riding horse too, could you? and here's your horse all saddled and ready, It's quite right and square, Moll," he added, quickly, as he caught sight of an expression of doubt on her honest face. "Didn't the doctor say it was to make the journey easier and won't it, old girl, won't it? Ah, I thought that would settle it."
Whatever she may have felt, Molly had not the heart to object any further, and so the wedding feast proceeded.

ceeded.

Timothy picked out the daintiest and most tempting morsels he could find, and for his sake she did her best bravely, but it was hard work. Everything tasted so strangely today; even that blessed cup of tea seemed to have lost the magic of its strengthening and reviving powers and at length. lost the magic of its strengthening and reviving powers; and at length, all further effort impossible, she waved off the last proffered morsel and lying back wearily, shook her head.

"Eat it yourself, you don't cheat fair, my man; and, ah, Tim," she added sadly, "you've forgotten something after all, for that day you drank our health in a glass of beer."

Timothy expected this, and was not to be taken unawares.

Timothy expected this, and was not to be taken unawares.

"Beer!" he answered unblushingly, "ah, yes, to be sure, so I did; and I was just thinking as I came along how tastes change. Why, there's a something almost unpleasant to me in the very idea now! So today if you please, my lass, I'll just drink your health in tea."

Molly said nothing. Only for a few minutes the room seemed dim and misty, and life was very sweet. And so once more that wedding feast was kept.

A little later, just as the short sprinr day was drawing to a close, the rew pedestrians hurriedly wending their homeward way across that quiet bit of the park, paused for a moment to gaze at a somewhat unusual sight. It was that of a little old man, weak and totering himself, but pushing bravely and steadily on with eyes firmly fixed on the still far distant gates, and carrying on his back, her thin arms clasped about his neck, her hands firmly grasped in his, an old sick woman, Molly, his wife.

Hearts are kind, and more than one riendly offer of help had been made to Timothy, but though grateful for the offers he had seemed almost impatient at the delay, and declining all assistance had plodded quietly o's again.

He could hardly have told how often he had stopped to rest since first that strange journey had been begun; certainly each time that the shelter of a friendly seat had been gained, often of necessity when there had been no such help at hand. Somehow he had faried in the shelf of some the stranger of the some content of the stranger of the some content of the part hand.

help at hand. Somehow he had fan-cied himself so much stronger than had proved to be the case, for it sure-ly could not be that Molly was heavier than he had imagined, and she so weak

and ill!

At first her cough had been terribly had and it had torn and hurt him so to hear it; but of late it had seemed to get better and at last it had ceased altogether, and very gratefully Timothy had thanked God for that. A few moments ago they had stopped to rest

again for the last time and he had questioned her tenderly as to how she did. Her face looked paler he thought, but she seemed easy and happy, and she had smiled so sweetly at him as she answered rather drowsily. "Quite comfortable, Timothy, only very sleepy; good night, my man," and he had kissed her lips tenderly and revergitly as he always did and then ently as he always did, and then cheered and comforted had once more

there were the park gates al An: there were the park gates ai-most reached at last; and indeed it was time, for his old arms ached ter-ribly and his old knees threatened to fail him altogether. He spoke encour-agingly to her from time to time, but she had evidently fallen asleep for sne did not answer him. It was better so,

did not answer him. It was better so, he thought, for now she could not guess how tired he was, and it would have hurt and vexed her sorely had she known it; his good old loving Moll!

Only a few more weary steps and the gates were really gained. Passing through them on they went, these two strange travelers, and the little band of urchins in their wake noticed that just before the great door of the hospital came in sight the old man panted more and more and his poor little stock of strength seemed almost exhausted.

more and more and his poor little stock of strength seemed almost exhausted.
Yes, the labor of love was all but over now; one more effort and the goal was reached. Worn and weary, and spent with fatigue, but still clasping tight that precious burden, Timothy stumbled up the last steep steps, and as friendly arms drew him into the safe shelter of that fire-lit hall, and kindly faces looked pityingly into his, the place seemed suddenly to become confused and misty, the voices to recede further and further away, till at last, wrapped in a meriful unconsciousness, he remembered no more.
Faithful unto death; his task was done; that kiss in the park had indeed sealed their last good-by, and his loving oid arms had held her to the end. For, as they gently unclasped her arms from about his neck, they saw that Molly was dead.

They would so willingly have kept him on, at least a day or two, till he should have recovered somewhat from the shock of that first sad awakening, but the old man was firm. The little attic room was his for a week or two longer and then—why, then there was the "House," he said; the dreaded law of separation had lost all power to hurt him now; he would just take one more look at her and then go home.
They went with him to where she lay, the matron and a doctor; not the friendly young doctor of the morning, but another whose face looked unsatisfied and tired. Something had gone amiss with his life-springs of late, and since then he had ceased to believe in the possibility of good, either human or divine, and now he eyed Timothy with a half curious, half pitying gaze.
The latter shed no tears, had shed none indeed since first they broke the news to him; the comfort of them might conce later, perhaps, and there was time enough.

He stood by her now, perfectly composed and calm, scanning earnestly

might come later, perhaps, and there was time enough.

He stood by her now, perfectly composed and calm, scanning earnestly each still feature and though to learn it the better by heart. Then it laid his honest, old, work-worn hand on hers and kept it there for a moment.

"The ring," whispered the doctor to the matron, "It may buy him a drop of comfort at least. Let him have it."

She hesitated; then touching Timothy gently on the arm she pointed to it.

it. "You will like to have it, perhaps?"

"You will like to have to see a sked softly.

He gianced down at it, such a poor little line of gold, worn thin in long and loying service for him, and shook his head.

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered grafefully. "You're very kind, but I'd

"Thank you, ma'am," he answered gratefully. "You're very kind, but I'd rather not. Come good or ill, my old woman would never part with that, and I won't take it from her now." He hesitated for a moment, then gaining courage as he looked into the matron's sympathetic face, he continued.—

Very tenderly sne gave it to him, such a poor, rusty thing, and he received it reverently as we do something that is sacred and very precious; then with a grateful "Thank you, ma'am," he turned to leave the room. He glanced towards the doctor as though to bid him good-by too, but he had moved off from them and seemed busy over something at the further end of the ward. So Timothy went away.

away.

He had almost reached the great outer hall when he heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind him and his own name spoken, and turning round he saw the doctor.

The latter looked at him silently for a moment, and there was an expression on his face that had been wanting there of late.

"Will you shake hands with me?" said the doctor.—Waverly Magazine.

Royalty in the Scales.

The Cri de Paris has put all the sovereigns and rulers of Europe into the scales and weighed them—not politically, but physically. The heaviest ruler in Europe is Carlos of Portugal, who weighs 202 pounds. The second in heaviness is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who weighs 202 pounds. The second in heaviness is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with 192; the third is Oscar of Sweden whose weight is 176. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany weighs nearly 176 bounds; Kaiser Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary, 154 pounds; Leopold of Belgium, 143. The Russian Czar is very light; has lost 14 pounds during the last two years. The "little" Queen of Holland weighs 171 pounds, and the of Hollanw weighs 171 pounds, and the still smaller King of Spain only 99 pounds. President Loubet weighs 180 pounds.

INDIAN CHILDHOOD.

HOW LITTLE REDSKINS ON THE RESERVATIONS ARE TRAINED.

able Urchins Who Play in a Big Gutters Have a Luxurious Time—' is No Dandling and No Coddling.

Gatters Have a Luxurious Time—There is no Dandling and No Coddling.

Compared with the lives led by the full-blooded Indian children of the Northwestern reservations, the miserable urchins who play in a city's gutters die in a paradise of joys. The gutter snipe is almost certain to have some marbles or a top in his clothes; he can earn a few pennies for himself upon occasion; he is quick-witted and brimming with nervous energy; of mirth-provoking expedients, he is as full as an egg is of meat, and at repartee he has no equal.

Indian children, on the other hand, are born grave and solemn and stolid. The art of self-repression practised for centuries by their ancestors has become a second nature to them—sinherited—with the result of transforming what should be their golden age into mere existence, joyless and apathetic.

forming what should be their golden age into mere existence, joyless and apathetic.

In babyhood their training compels them to endure without whimpering discomforts and hardships which would destroy children of the white race. Strapped tightly to the back of a squaw or left to themselves so tied in a blanket that use of their limbs is denied them, they are mere silent bundles, voiceless, without will or power. There is no dandling, no coddling, no one to teach them to smile, no effort to develop the softer side of their natures. The squaw is toa busy hewing wood or carrying water or preparing food for her buck and brood, or in making beaded wares to sell to the trader for that.

And when they are old enough to be trusted upon their legs alone and unfettered they are left to themselves, with less care than a litter of pigs receives from the sow mother—until such time as the squaw perceives that she may lighten her own labors by compelling the papoose to share in them.

There is no running "to meet papa,"

There is no running "to meet papa," no clinging to his legs as he walks, no riding "cock-horse" on his feet. Until they have shown character in some unexpected way or performed some unexpected deed the buck father will bestow upon them less attention than he gives to his pony, or his herd of ponies, if he is rich.

Gene, the 8-year-old son of Standing Elk, on the Chevenne reservation at Lame Deer, Montana, crawled out of his blankets one dark night, and guided by the beating of tomtoms and the ki-yi-ing that usually accompanies such an affair, made his way alone to the Rosebud, where White Bull's bucks were having a "ghost dance." He did not dare to mingle with the dancers, so he hid in the bunch grass near by and watched the bucks as they stamped and chanted round the fre.

Gene had unsuspected powers of mimicry. The dancing made a strong impression on him. Next morning when Standing Elk darted out of his wickiup to chastise the noisy youngster, he was astonished at what he saw and heard. There was Gene stamplag about with the grace and vigor of a practiced dancer, to no other accompaniment than his own ki-yi-ing. He twisted and contorted and stamped like an old-timer, and he had the steps down so pat that his genius for that sort of thing was borne in on Standing Elk in a flash.

Calling to his squaw, Standing Elk bade her find bells and headdress and fallals of the conventional sort for the boy, and when the youngster was thus togged out his father bade him dance before the chiefs of the tribe. Gene acquitted himself so well that he won the most envised boy on the reservation. Little Indian maidens would walk miles just to have him say "How" to them.

Sometimes this recognition is won for the Indian boy by skill in the chase, or in breaking ponies, or in doing what Eastern children would call "stunts" on horseback, But until it is won the Indian boy by skill in the chase, or in breaking ponies, or in doing what Eastern children would call "stunts" on horseback, But until it is went to the mindian boy is a no

or punishment.

Indian females, except in rare in Indian females, except in fair stances, are doomed from earliest childhood to a life of drudgery, almost of slavery. The cares of the tribe are packed upon their shoulders—excepting only such troubles as call for the shedding of blood. All of the physical

shedding of blood. All of the physical labor falls to their lot.

In the adjoining reservation it is the Crow woman who till the fields where farming is done. There is no farming worth speaking of on the Cheyenne reservation, although the ground to teach farming to those Indians who care to learn. It is also the squaw who hews and carries in the winter's supply of frewood, who performs all the labor of moving camp, who gives the buck everything she can, and who fets little in re-

turn, except it be a strip of calico turn, except it be a strip of called now and again at remote periods, or a blanket. She expects and she receives almost nothing in the way o. Kindness, but she is content—or pretends to be. There is no appeal from the will of her lord and master; there is no woman's rights orator to stir her to revolt; no new woman to show her how she might "go it alone." If she sells beaded ornaments to the post trader or to transient visitors, the buck pockets the cash, and when he spends it he does so without regard for her needs, wishes or whims. And it is this sort of an existence that the Indian female looks forward to from the time when she begins to think.—Chicago Tribune.

COLORADO'S WISE FISH.

COLORADO'S WISE FISH.

A Trout Which Seems to Lead His Companions Whither They Should Go.

There is one fish owned by the state of Colorado which will, in all probability, never dangle at the end of a line to make sport for some angler. Instead it will subsist peacefully on ground liver and be petted and cared for at Brighton fish hatchery, of which E. L. Hagar is superintendent. For this fish is the guiding spirit among all the small fry and leads them not only in the paths of righteousness, but into the pools where Mr. Hagar desires that they should stay.

The fish at the hatcheries are kept in several small pools in order that they may be separated according to their kind and cared for properly. Occasionally it was desired to clean these pools or make some alteration to them. This used to cause a great deal of trouble for the superintendent. It was almost impossible to get all the fish out of the pools without killing many of them. They were so small that they could easily slip through the meshes of an ordinary net and many of them were crushed in the net. Unless the pool was cleaned eavy so often the fish would die.

During Mr. Hagar's superintend-eacy he has made an especial pot of one of the largest trout in the hatcheries. Whenever he fed this fish this trout was always among the first to come to him and finally grew so daring that it would snap at pieces of the liver which he held in his hand. Whenever he appeared on the walks surrounding the pool this trout would always come to him and

of the liver which he held in his hand. Whenever he appeared on the walks surrounding the pool this trout would always come to him and as he walked around the pool it would follow him. The other fish in the pool learned that the big trout always got most of the good things to eat and consequently there finally grew a good sized procession whenever the big trout assumed the role of leader. of leader. Finally Mr. Hagar had an inspira-

Finally Mr. Hagar had an inspira-tion. One day when he wanted to clean the pool which was the big trout's home he opened the inlet lead-ing into another pool and got his pro-cession started by holding out a handful of ground liver toward the big trout, which thereupon was willing to follow him anywhere. In this way Mr. Hagar conducted all the fish into an. Agair conducted an ten has much the other pool without the slightest difficulty and without losing any of them. Since then whenever he has wished to clean any of the peols he has first secured the big trout and then, with it for a leader, he has had no difficulty in getting the rest of the funny vopulation out of the way. funny population out of the way.— Denver Republican.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

On the big steamer Oceanic there is no seat at table marked No. 13, nor any cabin bearing that number. This is a concession to superstition.

In a notice recently posted in a church at West Kensington (London), prospective pew purchasers were in-formed that certain pews were "spe-cially desirable," because "the contri-bution plate is not passed to them."

Near Worms, Germany, a few days Near Worns, Germany, a few days ago a number of prehistoric tombs were laid bare containing skeletons of what must have been an exceed-ingly tall race of people, all buried in a stopping posture. The relics are assigned to a period 4000 years ago.

Rats in the mines of Colorado have bushy tails, like squirrels. They are petted by the miners, and sit on their haunches beside the workmen while the latter eat their meals, waiting for scraps to be thrown to them. Min-ers always share their meals with them and never try to harm them. While an old Paris hawker named

While all old Paris nawker named Mme. Jean Jacques was trying the other day to dislodge a mouse which had sought refuge in the chimney she disturbed some bricks and discov-ered a hiding place containing bills to the value of \$8000, which had belonged to a former tenant of miserly habits.

A curious old method of letting church and town lands which prevails at Corby, near Kettering, England, was put in force recently. The parishioners having assembled in the vestry, with the rector in the chair, a candle was lit with a pin stuck in the wax. Bidding then proceeded until