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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.  
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**SCRAMBLE FOR DIAMONDS.**

**Gems Thrown Away by an Absent-Minded Dealer.**  
"Have you got any of those diamonds?" is the question of the hour in Birmingham. Some 800 precious stones have been shared out by lucky prospectors in Vittoria street, and the search still continues, says the London Express. It happened in this wise: In a fit of abstraction John Davis, member of a firm of diamond merchants, while walking down Vittoria street on a recent morning, pulled an old envelope out of his pocket and commenced to tear it up. When he reached the last section the terrible fact dawned upon him that it was the envelope in which were some 1,600 small diamonds, valued at £100, and that he had been seeing these broadcast over a public thoroughfare. The news spread with lightning-like rapidity. Shopkeepers locked up and came to the more lucrative occupation of picking up diamonds, while for a mile around an errand boy at his ordinary work was a phenomenon. Such a scrapping of the street with knives and sticks had never been seen. As it happened, most of the lost stones went down the cellar gratings of a jeweler's shop. Ingenious youths fished for them with a piece of soap attached to a stick and reeled in three prizes at a time. Others sat in the gutter sorting an anxiously guarded handful of dirt. Still the crowd grew. At one period over 1,500 lads were to be seen hard at work. From noon to seven o'clock the street was nearly blocked. When night fell candles, lamps and lanterns were brought to aid the indefatigable hunters for treasure trove, and the scene presented could only have been done justice by Hogarth. About half the diamonds have found their way back to their rightful owner. Some were sold to a shopkeeper and the rest, like the graves of a household, are scattered far and wide. Diamond pins will shortly be fashionable in Birmingham.

**PRAIRIE DOGS.**

**They Have Had Their Day on the Plains of the Far West.**  
Passengers on the "Q" system who have ridden the better part of a day through western Nebraska and eastern Colorado will remember the prairie dog. He is numerous in that section of the country. He lives in villages and the villages are as close together as the villages of certain parts of Europe, says the Des Moines News. But the prairie dog has had his day. The agricultural department says he must go. Mr. Wilson has decided that the dogs kill the grass and ruin good grazing land. "Tama Jim" has little of the love of picturesqueness in his make-up. He is eminently practical and his philanthropy is of the type which seeks to make two blades of grass grow instead of one. Therefore he proposes to relegate the prairie dog to the picture books and to the stuffed specimens of the museum along with the buffalo. Mr. Wilson's chemists have discovered a mixture that will make whole villages fight for the first bite, but which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. Under its influence the hole that knows the prairie dog will know it no more forever. The frisky, nervous, barking little beast will join the innumerable caravan of prairie dogs who have gone before. There will be more grass when the prairie dog is gone, and therefore more cattle. There will be less breaking of the legs of cowboys' ponies and the rattlesnake will live alone in the hole until the summons come to him also.

**A Vanished Dream.**

Mrs. Bramble—"Don't you remember, Will, how you used to rhapsodize over the thought of just you and I living together in a dear little cottage somewhere, far from the madding throng? You used to say that would be paradise, but you don't seem since we are married to hold the same opinion."

Mr. Bramble—"No, I gave up the idea the week you were without a girl. You see, if we lived that way you would have to do the cooking for us right along."—Chicago Times.

The French torpedo boat Audacious, which has gone to L'Orient for her trials, is the smallest ironclad in the world. She carries an armor belt over her machinery an inch or so in thickness, proof probably against anything smaller than a six-pound projectile.

**A HAPPY LIFE.**  
How happy is he born and taught,  
That scorneth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!  
Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied into the world with care,  
Or public fame, or private breath;  
Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How dearest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;  
Who hath his life from rumors freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;  
Who God doth late and early pray,  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the burdens day  
With a well-chosen book or friend;  
This man is freed from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.  
—Sir Henry Wotton.

**Jake Murphy's Revenge**

**B**LACK Jake Murphy was the bigger, but it did not take longer than five minutes to determine who was the better man. Even Mike Hudok, the big Polisher, saw it. He was viewing the fray from an upturned beer keg in front of Yankee Pete's saloon. "Jim lick 'um, heap quick," he ejaculated, and his words were prophetic. In less than ten minutes Black Jake was thoroughly and scientifically "licked," and he knew it. He would have fallen on his face again as he staggered up after the last knock-down blow, if some one had not given him an arm to lean on. Through the blood that blinded him he saw the crowd in a red haze. But his reeling sight looked for but one object, and his whole brain and soul were filled with a fierce and devilish hatred for the man who stood near with bruised face and bared arms—his conqueror. Slocum's Patch had no sympathy for Black Jake Murphy. As a rule, the Patch displayed no excessive fastidiousness as to the component parts of its select society. It had even got beyond objecting to the Polisher and Hungarian. But with Jake Murphy and his father it refused to associate on any terms more friendly than those involved in imbibing Yankee Pete's whisky at their expense. It could not be asserted that either father or son were at all discommoded by this partial ostracism. It rather seemed to suit their sullen and morose dispositions. They did not seek the attentions of Slocum Patch society, except on the rather rare occasions when together they sat down for a drinking bout at Yankee Pete's. Then all who chose could drink at their expense, and then for the few hours their money lasted none were more popular. Yankee Pete did a land office business, and could well afford the broken chairs and windows which usually ornamented his grocery next morning. Black Jake said no word as he turned from the fray a beaten man, and staggered off toward his home. It was a rough cabin of battened hemlock boards. The two men had built it themselves on a strip of company land up on the hillside above the Patch. They lived there alone, and from one year's end to another no one else crossed its threshold. Around it, in summer, the soft breeze murmured among the scraggy hemlocks and oaks. The wild violet and honeysuckle gave out their fragrance. From its door the great Wyoming Valley stretched away as in a panorama. Pittville's many spires rose not four miles away, and on a still Sunday morning the distant chimne of its bells was borne to the ear. Half a mile distant rose the massive timbers that marked the opening of the new Woodford shaft, the biggest and deepest in all that region; where 1200 feet below the sinkers had just struck the red ash vein and were finishing their contract. The old man smoking his pipe on his doorstep made no comment as his son washed the blood from his face at the little spring near the door. At last he said: "Who've yer been lickin' now?" "No one," growled his son; "curse him, he licked me." "The old man gave a grunt. "Who was it?" he asked. "Jim Carroll." "Savage yer right. I told yer to quit foolin' round his gore. Easy nuff ter see she thought more of his little finger than of yer whole carcass." "God strike me dead if I don't have his life!" It was a bitter threat that Black Jake made, and the deadly hate that filled his heart made it no idle one. It was midnight, but down in the shaft midday and midday were the same. Looking up, a faint speck of white could be seen in the day time, but no trace of light penetrated that awful depth. Three men stood there, waiting for their turn to go up. The smoky lamps stuck in their oilskin caps threw a dull and flickering light over their faces and figures, wrapped to the chin in waterproofs. They stood in water almost to the knee, and the ceaseless splash and patter of the falling drops told where it came from. Thirty feet above them, on a platform protected by heavy timbers, a powerful pump made the confined air jrob with the heavy plunk plunk of its stroke. The pump runner sat there motionless, smoking. It was old Murphy, Black Jake's father. Jake himself stood below, and one of the two with him was Jim Carroll. There was a fierce and evil look in Black Jake's eyes as they stood silently waiting for the bucket to descend. That look had never left him since the day Jim Carroll had "licked" him for being too attentive to his sweetheart. Black Jake was not the man to forgive or forget, and the bitterness of defeat was made still more bitter by disappointed love. He was a rough

the bucket. Slowly he drew the throttle open, and the gigantic engines, waking from their brief rest, once more sent the drum flying round. Coll after coil of writhing cable was wound about it. One hand on the throttle and the other on the reversing lever, Tom Allis watched the spinning drum and the white marks on it that told him when to stop. As he stood there he felt the reversing lever shake and tremble, as if some one had touched it. He had no time to think of this, for in another second the bucket was within one hundred feet of the surface. He closed the throttle and pushed the reversing lever.

A wild cry burst from his lips. As he pushed it, the bar shot back with a rattling crash, but the reversing gear never moved. The engines would not reverse. In that awful moment his presence of mind never left him. He seized the brake bar and threw all his weight upon it. The hand of steel that circled the drum gripped tight. But what could that do to stop the massive engines running at high speed? He jammed it back and rushed from the engine house. As he did so, the bucket shot up from the shaft. Two men were in it. A cry burst from them as the bucket, without pause or stop, leaped up amid the heavy timbers and sped swiftly on toward the great shaft wheels. Another wild cry, and then an awful crash as the bucket dashed against the wheels. A human form whirled in the air, struck against the timbers, and plunged out of sight down the yawning blackness of the shaft. Another form was clinging to the timbers far aloft. "Who is that?" called the engineer. "Jim Carroll," answered the man clinging to the timbers. "Who was it that fell down the shaft?" "Old Murphy." Another awful cry broke the stillness of the night. Down from the shadow of the engine house Black Jake Murphy came running. "Who?" he cried, and no words could tell the fearful agony in his voice. "Who went down the shaft?" "Your father, Jake," said the engineer. With one bound Jake was at the shaft's mouth. "Father," he cried, "father!" But the black pit gave no answer to his frantic call. With a wild cry he turned. Throwing his hands aloft he shook his clenched fist at Carroll, still clinging to the timbers, and with a fearful imprecation on his lips fell backward into the awful depth.

The investigation that followed showed that a connecting pin in the reversing gear had fallen out or been removed. It was beneath the floor on which the engineer stood, and any one could reach it unseen. It was also shown by Jim Carroll's testimony that old Murphy, the pump runner, who should not have left his post until relieved, had insisted on coming up to the surface with him.—Waverley Magazine.

**Observations.**  
Learning is a handy thing, but never yet was woman loved solely because she was erudite.  
A shallow lover ignores all save one woman. The wise one, never! He might need a friend at Court some day.  
Punctuality is one of the pillars of the temple of success.  
Good luck is cousin-German to pluck, and twin to endeavor.  
There never was a man who conquered adversity without becoming a stronger and better fellow.  
You may despise yourself, but never say so, unless you wish to have others follow suit.  
Debutantes, dollars, dinners and dancing begin the social tournament. Mamma's Mammon, The Man, and Marriage end it.  
A bad reputation is a misfortune, no reputation is calamity.  
The being who has never done a foolish thing, has never done many wise ones.—Philadelphia Record.

**Figs Can Be Grown in the North.**  
A correspondent inquires how far north the fig will mature in the open air. There seems no reason why the fruit will not mature to an indefinite distance northwardly. It is rather a question of the protection of the trees from injury in the winter, than of ripening the fruit. The wood is usually killed to the ground north of the Potomac, but the branches are easily protected by bending down and covering with earth, as is often done with raspberries, roses and other things. It is very easily done. In the vicinity of Philadelphia trees bear profusely this way, and are among the most satisfactory of fruits in an amateur's garden. They bear several crops a year and can generally be had from the trees at any time during the season.—Mechanics Monthly.

**Problems of the Ages.**  
The lecturer on occult sciences clasped her hands and leaned forward on the stand in front of her. "I have endeavored," she said, "to make this subject as plain as its inherently mysterious nature will permit. Before I take my seat, however, I will wait a moment to answer any questions you may like to ask for the purpose of clearing up whatever point may still seem obscure to you."  
"I wish you could tell me, ma'am," asked a hollow-voiced, cadaverous man, rising up in a distant corner of the hall, "why women kiss each other."—Chicago Tribune.

**Quals Raising For Farmers.**  
A Missouri farmer has gone into the business of raising quail. He says the birds are more easily handled than chickens and far more profitable.

**TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.**

**A White Chief of Cannibals.**

**W** STAMPS CHERRY, who left his home in Chicago in the summer of 1896, now is on his way to his home in America, having experienced in the heart of Africa adventures more thrilling, in many respects, than those of Livingstone or Stanley.  
For four years Mr. Cherry has been living among the Congo natives. He has been their companion, friend, leader and instructor. Unaccompanied by any men of his own color he has penetrated to parts where no other white man has ever dared to go.  
Starting in Matadi on the west coast of Africa, in August, 1896, Mr. Cherry went up the Congo River as far as Stanley Pool by caravan. In Brazzaville, in the French Congo, he was held up by the authorities for having firearms without permission. His weapons and cartridges, which practically constituted his outfit, were confiscated by the French Government officials. Bereft of motive and occupation he went into the service of the French Government.  
Leaving the service of the French Government, after having his arms restored to him, Mr. Cherry went from Bangui with natives in a canoe to the mouth of the M'bamou River, past rapids, over them, and more often than not into them, until he came to the territory of Bangassou, one of the greatest of the N'saccraw chiefs in the whole Congo basin. The day of Mr. Cherry's arrival Bangassou had been indulging in a raid upon a neighboring tribe, with the result that no fewer than 3000 men, women and children had been captured and brought to Bangassou as slaves. In addition to these slaves Bangassou's warriors brought back with them hundreds of human heads, trophies of their prowess. The heads of the slain were boiled, and the brains were eaten. Afterward the skulls were piled in heaps, stuck on tree branches and otherwise put in places where they could be seen and adored, for, Mr. Cherry says, no fetish is more in favor among the natives than the human skull. Bangassou, by the way, has 1800 wives and is a staunch ally of the French Government.  
After a period of good hunting Mr. Cherry crossed the country to the region of the Darbanda. There he lived with the natives as a native, sleeping on a mat with two blankets, and being received among them as the great white chief, "Demba Creecy," whose fame had gone before him. Dressed in monkey skins, speaking the tongue of the people with whom he lived, this young American taught them the elements of astronomy, geography and told them of the great white nations who lived without their sphere. In return they taught him the secret arts whereby they make and mold enclosively engraved spears, hatchets and other implements, to say nothing of the cloth weaving and domestic arts.  
Darbanda served as the base for the explorer's expeditions. Thence he made constant trips up the Kotto River. Three times he lost almost everything he had through canoes capsizing in the rapids.  
During these times Mr. Cherry was in almost every respect chief of the tribe with whom he stayed. Other tribes sent for him to assist them to settle weighty matters, to adjust disputes, to organize their forces against the invasion of an unfriendly tribe.  
Among these natives with whom Mr. Cherry has been living cannibalism is rampant. "After a trial engagement," he tells the Associated Press, "the captured men, women and children are cut up as quick as that, snapping his fingers, and every bit of them is eaten. Human flesh, to these people, is a delicacy. They want it, and when they get the opportunity to get it they cannot resist."  
Regarding the rivers he explored, Mr. Cherry said:  
"They drain the finest country in the world, where everything can be raised. Rice, coffee, vanilla and rubber grow in wild luxuriance. In no place in the world could you find such elephants. It's just like hunting rabbits."  
"Among the characteristics of the new tribes their funeral rites are, perhaps, the most curious. Instead of weeping or dancing after a death, the mourners proceed to turn somersaults and keep it up until their strength is exhausted."

**Brave Lucien Young.**

Nearly thirty years ago a stalwart young fellow reported at the United States Military Academy with an appointment as a cadet in his pocket. The applicant came within an ace of failing to pass his mental examination. Physically he was a young Samson. The examiners came pretty near throwing him out on general principles after they had discovered that he liked short cuts in spelling, and, believing the "E" to be useless, invariably spelled Europe, "Urope." He was accepted finally, however, proved to be as smart as a whiplash and gave his classmates work to keep up with him. Almost immediately after graduation the cadet, whose name was Lucien Young, distinguished himself by jumping from the ship's rail into the Mediterranean and rescuing a sailor who had fallen into the water from one of the yards and had been stunned by the fall. It was not long after this that Young was assigned to the new iron steamship Huron. The vessel was bound south one night in November, 1877, and when off Nag's head on the coast of North Carolina, struck the rocks, and in less than an hour the disaster was complete. There was a tremendous sea running. There appeared to be but one chance to save any of the crew. The boats were useless in that pounding, grinding sea. A volunteer was asked for to attempt to carry a life line to the shore. Young volunteered to make the attempt, though he was told by his captain that the chance of life was not one in a thousand. A seaman named Williams volunteered to accompany the young officer. The two took what is known as a balsu, attached a rope, and, making their way out upon a spar, dropped into the icy water. A wave beat them back against the spar, and Young was severely bruised by the contact. He stuck to his task, however, and with Williams succeeded in escaping death among the storm-beaten rocks and in gaining a foothold upon the sands beyond. The result of their heroism was the saving of a portion of the Huron's crew, though the vessel went to pieces so quickly that the rescue of all was impossible.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**Wrestled With a Mountain Lion.**

Three Tonto Basin cowboys proved themselves victors in a wrestling contest with the largest mountain lion ever killed in the vicinity of Globe, Arizona. The men, George Hubbard, Hardy Schell and A. C. Harer, were riding the range near Salome Creek. Schell had the only firearm in the party, a rifle, and had only one cartridge for it. The cowboys rode the lion out of some rocks and roared after it, to rope it if possible. Schell tried a 200 yard shot and knocked the lion over, apparently dead, with a bullet through its neck. The three rode up and dismounted, to find the lion had only been stunned by the shot. As they approached he came to his feet and jumped at Schell, who knocked him aside with a blow from the butt of the rifle. The enormous cat then jumped upon Hubbard, crunching the man's left arm and lacerating his body with its claws. But Hubbard, who is possessed of exceptional strength, caught the beast by the throat and a front foot. Schell at the same time seized the hind feet, while Harer ran in and cut the lion's throat with a small knife. Though the lion undoubtedly had been weakened by the bullet wound, the men considered themselves fortunate to have escaped with their lives. The lion skin measures nine feet ten inches from tip to tip.

**Johnny's Good Fight With a Wolf.**

John Word, colored boy, aged fifteen, slew a wolf which was in the act of killing a pet poodle, the property of the boy's mother.  
The Words are tenants on land below Waco, Texas, close to the river. Jane Word, the mother, was washing clothes at a spring and the poodle was asleep ten feet from the woman under a bush, when the big lobo appeared suddenly and seized the little dog. The colored woman attacked the wolf, but was driven back by the savage brute. John heard the cries of his mother and seizing a hatchet ran to the scene of the trouble. A struggle followed, during which the boy was bitten and the wolf slain, the hatchet in the hands of the boy proving too much for the fangs of the wolf.  
John Word was paid \$5 for the wolf skin by the owner of the land as an acknowledgment of the services he rendered in ridding the place of a pest. When the fight was over it was found that the poodle had been fatally bitten by the wolf.—Dallas Morning Post.