# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE; MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12½ cents per month, payable every two months, or $1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct form the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for $1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

*Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.*


**Another Paris journalist has been wounded in a duel. It is noticeable that no Paris journalist ever gets hurt badly enough to make him quit writing. Perhaps there is something in the code of honor which forbids the wounding of an editor in such a way as may interfere with his holding a pen.**

Unquestionably cheap fuel is a large factor in American supremacy, thinks the Pittsburg Dispatch. But the man behind the machine is the most important factor in the whole equation. The educated, self-respecting, well paid workingman is responsible more than anything else for putting American products ahead in the markets. He not only puts out his wares cheaply, but weaving in his intelligence he makes them adapted to their uses—the best.

The Medical Press and Circular, of London, declares that the tendency to obesity depends largely on racial and individual predisposition, but occupation and personal habits are also potent factors in determining this proneness to the deposition of fat in excessive quantity. The multiplication of cheap modes of transport unquestionably favors the tendency to obesity, so that with the rapid development of underground and above-ground electric traction in London and other large cities the next generation must be prepared for an evolution in this direction.

The practice of raising heavy buildings by means of jackscrews has been in vogue in this country for many years, but has never been imitated by Europeans until recently, and only then when an Austrian who had resided in this country several years prompted a resort to it. No one will retort that Americans are equally slow to adopt foreign practices that have had their usefulness demonstrated. Perhaps this difference in methods may explain why the United States is making such astonishing industrial progress. It certainly makes clear one fact, and that is that if Europeans traveled as much in this country as Americans do in theirs, and at the same time observed as closely here as our people do when abroad, there would be less talk of "Yankee ingenuity" and a larger exhibition of the quality in other lands.

## A RUSH FOR FREE HOMES.

**Homesteaders Making Ready for the Opening in Oklahoma.**

By virtue of an act of congress passed last June, a tract of land sixty miles square in Oklahoma Territory is to be opened for settlement some time this year. Just when President McKinley will issue the proclamation entitling the public to race for homesteads in what is known as "Beautiful Land" cannot be definitely announced at present. But officials believe that all preliminary work will be completed by the middle of next August. This will be the last great struggle for free homes in America. Descriptions of the wealth and fertility of Oklahoma have excited much interest in the farms in that part of the country, and already intending settlers are camping on the border line waiting for the President to proclaim the grounds open. Many young lawyers, physicians and enterprising business men may be found who are making preparations to go to that part of Oklahoma Territory to seek their fortunes. There are reports of new railway developments in the territory, and the establishment of new banks, new building associations and insurance companies is advertised; in fact, everything points to a boom in that region as soon as the "farm rush" begins.

One of the probable reforms under the new regime in England will be the serving of luncheon at the palace to ladies attending drawing rooms. Hitherto a sandwich eaten in a carriage, under the eyes of a curious crowd, has been the only refreshment obtainable at the most desirable, but most tedious, of functions.

# MICHAUD'S EXPLOIT.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Trapper, boatman, interpreter, trader and freight-captain by turns, Felix Michaud had, when I knew him, spent 40 years in the Upper Missouri and Platte countries. Short, stocky, of great breadth of shoulder and uncommon strength, he was of iron endurance at 60. He was a man of singularly placid and even temper, yet of most adventurous spirit, cool, determined, alert, seeming never to be taken by surprise.

He was my captain in a wagon-march from the Northern Pacific road to the Black Hills when every mile of our route from old Fort Fetterman was beset by hostile Sioux. Three times they attacked, only to find Michaud ready to receive them. The close order of our march and the unremitting vigilance exacted by our leader undoubtedly saved the band of 35 adventures.

When Felix Michaud went to Fort Bridger from the Missouri country in 1840 or thereabouts, he was a young man, untried among the trapper companies. Some weeks after his arrival, and in the time of revels at summer rendezvous, he had the misfortune, unwittingly, to provoke one of Bridger's fire-eaters, a hot-headed trapper who could not brook to be crossed without fighting. Felix was immediately challenged to fight, the challenger naming his own weapons—rifles at 60 paces.

The peaceful Canadian, however, not only refused to fight, but attempted to explain that he had meant no offense. This breach of frontier etiquette could not, of course, be overlooked, so Michaud was branded "squaw" and promptly cut by most of his new associates.

Some days later the offended trapper, somewhat in liquor, attacked Michaud with a pistol, declaring he would blow the "squaw Kanuck's brains out" if he did not immediately get a gun and fight, whereupon Felix promptly disarmed his opponent, seized the astonished trapper by the belt, bore him outside the fort's defences, and flung him, neck and heels, into "Black Fork swimming-hole." This matter raised such a laugh against the trapper that he did not renew his attack. In fact, when sober, he laughed as much about the affair as any one.

Nevertheless, such was the mountain code that Michaud's reputation was not fully established. "Kanuck," as he came to be called, was tolerated merely as a good man at taking beaver, and handy about the camps.

Two years later he was trapping with a small band near, or within, territory now included in the National park. Among these little-frequented mountains he and his companions gathered so great a harvest of peltries that when spring came their small outfit of ponies was found inadequate to pack all to the fort. Months of hot weather must elapse before the expedition could return, and no cache would preserve the furs from spoiling so long. It thus became necessary to leave a man behind—one who could be trusted to care for the furs, and also to hold the ground against invasion from a rival company.

The choice of a man was determined by lot, but Michaud was left out of the drawing. Some thought he would rejoice at this, but the young Canadian was much hurt at his comrades' lack of confidence in him. When the unlucky member, "Haze" Fenton, expressed a conviction that he should never see Fort Bridger again and made some final requests of a friend, Michaud promptly volunteered to stay with him. The trappers were surprised, but offered no objection to his remaining.

Thus Felix and the big, raw-boned Yankee, Haze, were left in a mountain wilderness to guard some thousands of dollars' worth of furs. As their winter dugout was getting damp for the peltries, they fell to work with their axes, and built upon the bank of a small lake a pine-log shack with a rough wareroom overhead for storage.

Weeks passed into months. The trappers fished, hunted, picked berries, or lounged about in enforced idleness. Notwithstanding there were hostile tribes at no great distance, they saw no man, red or white, for four months, and were looking forward to the return of their friends, when Haze came in one evening from a ramble about the lake, wearing a sober face.

"Kanuck," he said, setting down his rifle, "we've got comp'ny on this lake, and a mighty poor sort. Lope Vasquez and his gang, six of 'em, are camped down here a way."

Michaud said nothing, but his face must have shown the concern he felt at this piece of unwelcome news.

Lope Vasquez, a cousin of Bridger's Spanish-Mexican partner, had been employed by the trader, William Sublette, but had been whipped out of two camps for stealing. Subsequently he had gathered, from the unprincipled sort, a band of free trappers, who were more than suspected of being free-booters as well.

Haze watched the effect of his news. "Guess you'll be climin' out of these mountings right sudden, Kanuck," he said.

"Mebbe so, mebbe not," replied Michaud, in his terse and often non-committal fashion.

They ate a supper of jerked venison and berries in silence. Then Felix got some dry deerskins and tied them up along the crosspieces overhead.

"That's a good idea," admitted Haze, "but 'twon't do any good. They know about the beaver. Some fellow got drunk at the fort, and let it out among their friends or spies. They saw me as I came by their camp, but I didn't let on to see them. They've got us under close watch, and we've got to cave or fight—which?

"Me—I t'ink fight," said Michaud, coolly.

"Three to one is big odds," said Haze, dubiously, "and they'll just simply watch for a chance to shoot us, like the sneaks they are, when we stir outside."

"All the same," replied Michaud, in his slow, imperturbable way, "me, I weel not run till eet ees necessaire."

"You talk brave enough," said Fenton, doggedly and doubtfully. "Guess I'll stay around here as long as you will. We'll be served like two rats in a trap, that's all, but I'll stay just the same."

The trapper's apprehensions were, indeed, well founded, as Michaud was soon to discover. The attack came sooner than they expected, and like a lightning stroke.

Fenton lay sleeping upon his blankets, while Michaud sat upon some skins with his back against a wall and rifle across his knees. The Canadian had removed a couple of boulders which filled a hollow under the logs at his side, thus making a way of escape, if escape should become necessary. Primarily, however, he wanted to listen, with his ear close to the ground, for any sounds of stealthy approach.

But the attack did not come in that manner. Michaud was aroused toward morning by a sudden rush of feet outside, and instantly there was a crash at the door. Its puncheon slabs—they had been pegged to crosspieces—burst into the room, followed by a crowd of dark figures tumbling in at the opening.

Instantly Felix ducked into the hole he had made under the logs, and was outside in a twinkling. So Haze was the only "rat" found in the trap. Michaud waited only long enough to hear a short scuffle, and to know that Fenton had been secured and was beyond his present assistance; then he sped away among the bush and rocks. No one pursued, however, or came out to look after him. If the outlaws knew of his presence—and he felt sure that Haze would not enlighten them—they did not consider his escape as dangerous to their enterprise. Michaud did not believe they would kill Fenton if they could in any way use him.

The Canadian posted himself upon a height where he could overlook the shack, and waited for daylight. There was no stir among the men until about sunrise, when the whole party marched out, Haze Fenton among them, each man bearing a pack of beaver upon his shoulders. Michaud at once made an accurate guess at their plans. He waited until they were well out of sight and hearing, and then descended to the deserted cabin.

The marauders had taken nothing but the more valuable bales of beaver and otter peltries, in packs of some 60 pounds each. Michaud furnished himself with a blanket, as much meat as he could easily carry, and leisurely set out upon their trail.

He had little difficulty in overtaking them, loaded as they were. He was very wary in his approach, watching them from cover and at a distance. As the country was exceedingly rough, he had not much trouble in keeping out of sight. Once he got the general direction of their course, he had no need to trail them.

They traveled to the northeast, and Michaud knew they had come without ponies. They were packing their booty to the big lake of the Yellowstone, where they had canoes hidden, or if not, could hew them out of logs. Once on the great watercourse, they could easily drop down to the Missouri and sell their plunder for enough to give each of them some six or eight hundred dollars.

All day Michaud followed, at one time getting close enough to see that Haze Fenton, with hands tied behind him, was packed like a burro, his sturdy shoulders bent under the weight that was strapped upon them. Michaud hoped for no greater success than to set the unwilling toiler free. To that end he was ready to incur any personal risk which did not involve obvious foolhardiness. That night he watched Vasquez's camp as an owl watches the burrows of whistling rabbits.

But the men slept in a row, with their feet to their camp-fire. Haze lay in their midst, and a man, gun in hand, stood guard. Evidently they were running no unnecessary risks. In the morning so near was Michaud that he could hear the men's voices as they cooked a breakfast of young "fool hens" which they had knocked over the evening before. He could see the grinning face of their black Mexican leader, who appeared to be in high good humor.

Again the Canadian followed through a day's slow march. Another night passed, and the vigilance in the camp proved unremitting.

On the following forenoon the route lay across a long stretch of rough, exceedingly tumbled bench lands which, from the description Michaud gave me, I think must have been ancient lava beds.

In crossing these arduous stretches, the outlaws followed on old elk or buffalo trail, and toward noon their line had become stretched out over a considerable distance along the path. A high wind was blowing nearly in their faces. Here Michaud saw his opportunity for a bold stroke.

With the stealth of an Indian and the daring of Boone, he went swiftly forward, keeping under cover of rocks and crawling rapidly over exposed hummocks, until he had overtaken the rear straggler. Keeping softly behind until the man descended a little pitch, Michaud sprang upon his burdened shoulders, and the fellow went down with a smothered yell.

He was quickly convinced of the uselessness of a struggle, and a gentle prick from Michaud's knife brought his hands across his back, where they were tied with the strings of his own pack. Michaud then tied the man's legs, smashed his gun upon a rock, and sped on.

He caught the next man carrying his load upon his head, and gave him a stunning blow in the back of the neck. To tie him and break his gun was the work of a moment.

Then seeing a fellow, who was but a short distance in advance, go up on a little ridge and drop his pack to rest, Michaud covered him with his rifle and advanced rapidly along the trail. The man did not happen to turn around immediately, and when he did so was looking into the muzzle of the Canadian's gun at less than a dozen steps. His own rifle—like those of his fellows—was slung under his arm. He sprang to his feet, stared wildly at Michaud for an instant, and then put up his hands in token of surrender. He was made to lie upon his face while Felix, with a knife in his teeth, made him fast as he had done the others.

Michaud now carried two cocked rifles, one in either hand, as he hurried forward on the trail. He hoped to overtake Haze Fenton next.

The ground was very rough in front, and he could see nothing of the men in advance. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he came face to face with Lope Vasquez, at the bottom of a rock-worn waterway. The Mexican had dropped his pack and turned about, apparently to look after his fellows, or to give some direction to the next behind. In a twinkling the outlaw's gun was at his face, and his bullet whistled through Michaud's skin cap, cutting, as he afterward discovered, the skin upon his left ear.

Michaud returned shot for shot, dropping one rifle and raising the other with mechanical swiftness, and the freebooter fell in his tracks. Before Felix could recover from astonishment at his own success and the narrowness of his escape, he heard a joyful shout close at hand, and saw Haze Fenton stumbling toward him.

Haze was almost ready to drop with fatigue and the weight of his load. He had been with Vasquez, and as the latter turned back, had seated himself to rest when he heard the shots. Instantly upon seeing the Mexican fall, he had divined the situation. His exultation must be imagined as the faithful comrade freed him from fetters and burden.

An extra rifle was quickly reloaded, and the trappers hurried on together to overtake the other two of Lope's men. They were found at the foot of some rocks awaiting their fellows. The stiff gale that was blowing had carried all suspicious sounds away from them. They were surprised to see the big Yankee coming, unloaded, but his hands were behind him, and apparently one of their mates was at his heels with a rifle in either hand; so they were caught off their guard.

Haze enjoyed their discomfiture immensely. Their guns were broken, and they were made to carry their packs back to their fellows. Then the band of five were set free, given what provisions they had, told to care for their wounded leader, and take themselves out of the country as best they might.

The trappers guarded their furs for a day or two, and then, certain that the miscreants had taken themselves off for good, they cached the bales and returned to their shack.

The peltries were recovered two or three weeks later, after the coming of the band from Bridger's.

As for Felix Michaud, he could not be induced to take pay for the service he had rendered, but when he was chosen captain of the company he accepted joyfully.—Youth's Companion.

**Workmen's Comfort and Efficiency.**

The introduction of steam power into the manufacturing world drove the little blacksmith's shop, shoe shop, the country dairy, and weaver's loom from the village into the city and opened many new problems. In those early days the small workman found it best to consider carefully the physical, moral, and mental welfare of his apprentice and his assistant. If it paid the small employer to do this, it will pay the great employer many fold more to have the same thoughtfulness for the hundreds of thousands in his employ. The difficulty will be to determine what is needed for this adjustment, and how to accomplish the arrangement even with the needs recognized. It would seem, however, that all will agree that among the essentials to economic production and a proper adjustment of relations are opportunity for thorough training of the workman and his co-operation in saving and in perfect manufacture.

Attention to personal comfort is another of the essentials in the recognition of the needs of employes. By this is meant thoughtfulness for comfort in work—proper arrangements for lunches and food—opportunities for rest, for baths, and for all those things which add strength and encourage contentment. It is not sufficient, however, to think simply of the physical wants. To accomplish one of the great aims of all such plans—that of securing intelligent operatives—it is necessary to afford mental training and mental growth.—The Engineering

## THE TEN MASTER MINDS.

THESE MEN HAVE BEEN PROMINENT IN THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

**It Is By Its Scientific Achievements That the Nineteenth Century Is Most Distinguished—The Most Valuable Discoveries—The Great Work of a Delicate Boy.**

If the nineteenth century has been marked by progress in any single direction it is emphatically that of science. Standing now at its very close a glance at the personalities who did most toward the shaping of this tendency and the molding of men's minds is timely. There have been great men in other departments of human endeavor—great writers, great statesmen, artists and musicians—but it is by its scientific achievements that the century will be marked out from all preceding centuries. No less a man than Alfred Russell Wallace has pointed out that the scientific achievements of the last hundred years have been greater in extent and number than those of all previous centuries combined. And it has been not only in theoretical, but practical, science as well that most has been accomplished. In the lifting of the burden of labor by machinery, the speedy transit of men and goods and the alleviation of human suffering this has been the century of centuries.

This has been the age of steam. One of the pathfinders in this direction was James Watt (1736-1891.) The delicate boy who could not play the rough games of his fellows was to startle the world by his discovery that water, so long considered one of the elementary substances, was really made up of two gases—oxygen and hydrogen. But he did not stop here. He invented the condenser of the steam engine, and the closed cylinder, which has made the locomotive possible, opening the way to all the progress which the railway has brought with it. In 1769 he constructed the first steam engine that would work satisfactorily. It was he who suggested the metric system, which has been adopted all over Europe.

Next to steam it is electricity that has done most for the advancement of the race during this century, and foremost among the original minds that solved the preliminary problems making advancement possible was Michael Faraday (1791-1867). He may well be called the first electrician, for his discovery of the principles of voltaic and magnetic induction laid the basis of the science of applied electricity. Before his time scientists knew that there was a force which they agreed to call electricity, but what could be done with it remained to be proved by Faraday's experiments. That electricity was possessed of a chemical quality had not even been suspected until his experiments in what has since been known as electrolysis.

John Ericsson (1803-1889) was a competitor of Stephenson in the trial of locomotives in 1829, but his work was to be connected more with the development of locomotion by water than on land. By the time he was 10 years old his inventive genius had commenced to work, but it was only after his coming to the United States in 1839 that his most famous work was done. He had previously invented the hot air engine which has been so well utilized in our modern gas machines, but he will live longest in the memory of men as the inventor of the screw propeller for ships. The first vessel to which he applied this original device was the Princeton in 1843. His place in history will be always connected also with his conception of the Monitor which played so great a part in the naval engagement in Hampton Roads. Th type of vessel modeled after this first example is called a monitor even now. In the later years of his life Ericsson devoted his inventive genius to the perfecting of torpedoes and torpedo boats.

Natural science has progressed marvellously in these hundred years and it is to the mind of George Cuvier (1769-1832) that much of it is due. What Linnaeus had done in the previous century toward the classification of animals was now put upon a scientific basis. Cuvier established the history of the animal kingdom in the light of comparative anatomy, and laid the foundations of the study of prehistoric animal life by his wonderful restorations of extinct species from single fragments. It is a commonplace now to speak of the age of the mammoth or the plesiosaurus. Cuvier was the first to grasp the fact that our age is only the latest in a long series of geologic ages.

The natural successor of Cuvier, profiting by his researches and at the same time bringing to bear a new theory by which he explained the relationship between the different species in the animal kingdom was Charles Darwin (1809-1882). It seems strange to us that it is less than 50 years since the publication of the "Origin of Species," in which the principle of evolution was laid down explicitly for the first time, for it has been so generally accepted that it is as familiar almost as our A, B, Cs. Others had dimly perceived something of the universal law, but Darwin made it clear, and furnished the key to the many problems of zoology which had been considered unsolvable before his time. His work crowned that of Cuvier.

Medical science has progressed along the pathway of bacteriology chiefly during the century and among the leaders in this work has been Louis Pasteur 1822-1895). As a young man he succeeded in solving more than one difficult problem in chemistry, interesting the world of science by his discoveries in the field of bacterial life. He devised a method of filtration of water which has stood the best tests, based as it is upon solid scientific principles. His work best known to the public, however, is his discovery of the virus by which rabies is prevented.

If medical science has made some steps forward surgical science has advanced by leaps and strides. Much of this has been made possible by the discovery of anaesthetics and antiseptics, but chiefly by the latter. No one has done such pioneer work in this direction as Sir Joseph Lister, born in 1827. As early as 1863 he had suggested the valuable method of guarding against danger from the use of chloroform in operations by noting the breathing of the patient. His study of micro-organisms led him to present some startling conclusions in 1867 when he suggested that wound fever was caused by little germs in the air, and that if operations were performed under proper conditions there need be no fever. Carbolic acid was first used for this purpose, and later other drugs were found useful. The surgeons of Germany accepted the new idea immediately, but it was only after years of demonstration that the conservative British practitioners were convinced of a fact now accepted by every student in the world who knows anything at all about the subject.

The man who did most to alleviate the woes of a certain class of workers was Elias Howe (1819-1867), the inventor of the sewing machine. It may seem that he has only substituted mechanical slavery for manual, but the possibility of cheap clothing arose with his invention, and if the machine has been abused it is not the fault of this most useful invention. It is only 48 years since the first machine factory was opened in Bridgeport, but what a change it has made in the industrial and commercial world.

A discovery which has done much for science as well as art during the century is that of photography, due to Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre (1787-1851. It is true that it was an accident by which he found the combination of chemicals which would fix sun-pictures permanently on a plate, but he had been working to find this agent for many years, perfecting the camera obscura, and laboring with might and main toward this end. The accident only hastened a discovery upon which Daguerre was bent, and which has proved invaluable with all of the improvements which have followed upon his primary labors.

In geography the century's advance has been extraordinary. The greatest of the leaders in this work was David Livingstone (1813-1873), who began as a medical missionary to Africa and ended by adding wide areas of the "dark continent" to the map of the world. In 1849 he found the Ngami, the great inland lake or central sea of South Africa; in 1856 he had traversed South Africa from ocean to ocean, and by 1859 had discovered Nyassa lake. For 30 long years he had been under constant pressure, fighting his way through the wilds of Africa, not with mighty guns and hosts of carriers, but by the might of enthusiasm and the gentleness which wins when all other means fail.

It has been a marvelous century, with many marvelous men in it, but these ten may serve as representatives of its scientific achievements.—Washington Star.

**Trigonometry in X-Ray Work.**

"Few people know," said Dr. J. C. Egelston while performing an operation at the city hospital, "that it takes trigonometry to locate a bullet in the body. But in every X-ray operation in which the bullet or foreign substance is deeply imbedded a mathematical computation is necessary to show just how deep the bullet is. The X-rays make the flesh transparent, leaving only the bones and foreign substance visible, so that you see just where the bullet is and yet you don't know where it is. You know its latitude and longitude, so to speak, but those measurements are surface measurements and you don't know how deep the object is beneath the surface. The point on the surface of the body beneath which the bullet is can be readily located, but how far beneath that point is the bullet?

"This is the question that trigonometry has to answer and by knowing the answer a great deal of unnecessary cutting may be saved, and what might otherwise be a difficult and dangerous operation may be rendered comparatively safe and easy. If the bullet enters one side of the body, for instance, and lodges within an inch or two of the skin on the other side, the other side of the body would be the one from which to operate."—Kansas City Journal.

**Some Spanish Titles For Sale.**

An agent in Paris is sending out a circular marked "confidential" to rich but untitled people in Europe offering to sell them titles of Spanish nobility. Some circulars have been received in this country, but have met with few or no responses. When an American wants to buy a title these days he is mighty particular as to the quality and buys it in the open market after a careful examination of the goods. Not so a European, who will take any old title which he can buy and be thankful. The enterprising Paris broker offers the title of baron, viscount or count at prices ranging from $500 to $1000, and declares that the letters patent conferring the title chosen will be attested legally by the Spanish government.

**One Well-Paid Bank Clerk.**

"I tell you, bank clerks are not sufficiently remunerated," exclaimed the broker, quite forcibly.

"Oh, I don't know," said the bank president, with a sad smile; "our last receiving teller got about $20,000 a year for six years."—Brooklyn Life.