

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1852.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents a month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The Tribune may be ordered direct from 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.

FREELAND, PA., MAY 15, 1901.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Easy Chemical Experiments—Boston Boys Demand Their Rights.
Boy Lost.

Walter Wilcox of 4244 Langley avenue, Chicago, is a youthful experimenter in a chemical laboratory that he has arranged. He is a patient worker, and, although not over 15 years of age, he has shown that he is an original investigator. Some of the results he has achieved may be of interest to other young experimenters. The apparatus he uses consists of several glasses, three Mason jars and two spoons. He starts out with the rules, "Don't use large quantities of material" and "Don't get your face over the chemicals." Here are some of his experiments:

How to Make Chlorine Gas.—Put some manganese dioxide and chlorohydric acid in the jar. Heat it, and a green gas will form.

Put a paper saturated with kerosene into the jar, and it takes fire, or black clouds will form, the chlorine seizing the hydrogen and liberating the carbon, kerosene consisting of those two things.

How to Make Oxygen Gas.—Put some manganese dioxide and chlorate of potash into the jar and heat it. The gas that forms will be invisible.

Introduce a piece of brimstone with a spark on it into the oxygen. It will take fire and burn, forming sulphur dioxide and invisible gas.

Introduce a wet cloth into sulphur dioxide. The cloth will be bleached after awhile.

Introduce a piece of charcoal with a spark on it into the oxygen. It will burn, forming carbon dioxide and invisible gas.

Introduce a lighted candle into the carbon dioxide. The candle will go out.

Four carbon dioxide on limewater. A milk white carbonate of lime will be formed. Limewater is made by dissolving quicklime in water and letting it settle one day.

How to Make Hydrogen Gas.—Put some sulphuric acid and zinc or magnesium into hydrochloric acid. Hydrogen will form.

Four a jar of chlorine into a jar of hydrogen, then pour some water in. Chlorohydric acid will form.—Chicago Record.

Boston Boys Demand Their Rights.

The spirit of liberty that prevailed in Boston at the time of the Revolution was not confined to the men who could carry muskets. Even the children were ready to stand up for their rights as Americans. An incident that took place in the winter before the battle of Lexington was fought shows this. The boys of Boston had been much troubled by the British soldiers who were then on garrison duty in the town. These soldiers took great delight in destroying the coasting places which the boys had prepared. At last the boys held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon General Gage, then in command, and to make a protest.

The committee was admitted to General Gage's headquarters, and in reply to the general's question as to what they wanted the leader replied:

"Sir, we are here to demand our rights."

"What's this?" exclaimed the general, surprised. "Do your fathers teach you rebellion and send you here to display it?"

"No one teaches us rebellion, sir," promptly spoke up the leader. "But your soldiers trample down our snow slides and destroy our snow forts. When we complain, they laugh at us, call us young rebels and tell us to help ourselves if we can. Sir, we will stand it no longer."

General Gage's surprise changed to admiration. "You are brave boys," he said. "Go, and if my soldiers trouble you again they shall be punished."

Henceforth the boys of Boston enjoyed their sport without molestation.

"Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and terrible attack of croup. I quickly secured a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure, giving her three doses. The croup was mastered and our little darling speedily recovered." So writes A. L. Spafford, Chester, Mich. Grover's City Drug Store.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

SOME ODD CONTESTS.

RACES IN WHICH ALL SORTS OF ANIMALS ARE PARTICIPANTS.

The Surprises That the "Luck Stakes," Run at Mhow, in India, Have in Store—The Hurry Scoury Races at the Montreal Regattas.

So much ingenuity has been expended in devising novel and humorous races that it grows more difficult every year to discover a new form of competition.

An amusing if not very elevating race was witnessed recently in the department of Loti, in the south of France. The good ladies of a certain village were invited to compete in a 400 meter race, each wife trundling her spouse in a wheelbarrow. The spectacle was highly exciting and diverting, for the competitors who realized that they had no chance of winning relieved their disappointment by tipping their respective husbands out of the barrows and leaving them to rub themselves and bemoan their misplaced confidence.

There are few prettier and more surprising races than the ladies' race, or Luck Stakes, at Mhow, India. The fair competitors race to a line of baskets resting on the ground, and each one, as she reaches her basket, opens the lid to see what prize awaits her. From the three winning baskets spring up tiny recruit boys, who present pretty prizes to the fortunate winners, while from the remaining baskets there emerges a veritable menagerie. From one a dove soars to the sky; from another a scared cat bolts, and others release geese, partridges, hens, dogs and hares, which scurry away among the crowd amid a babel of sound.

The hurry scurry race, which is a feature of every Montreal regatta, is in the highest degree exciting. The competing canoes are anchored some distance from the starting point, and at the crack of the pistol the competitors dive into the water, swim to their canoes and paddle away for the turning buoy as if for dear life.

Again the pistol cracks, and each man throws his paddle overboard and springs in after it, regaining his seat as quickly as he can. When the pistol fires again, each man must not only tumble overboard, but before re-embarking he must upset his canoe and right it again, a process which a clever canoeist will complete within four seconds.

Another feature is to swamp the canoe, fill it to the gunwale and then empty it, a minute only being allowed for the complete process. The man who, after a dozen or so upsets, reaches the goal first has amply earned his prize.

One of the most amusing of races is very popular in certain departments in the south of France. The race is between boys, each mounted on a more or less intractable pig. With its well known propensity, a pig will go in any direction but the one desired, and the efforts of the riders to head the steeds for the goal, the collisions, the grunts and squeals, form a combination which is excruciatingly funny.

Almost equally amusing are the Noah's ark races which are so popular in military circles in India. In one very exciting race at Bombay a goat passed the tape first and was followed at a long interval by an elephant, while, to the amazement of the onlookers, a horse only just managed to come in third.

In certain parts of the country barrel races are in great favor, a number of men trundling beer barrels along the streets. There is usually a special competition for ladies, who are no whit inferior to their male rivals in the skillful manipulation of the barrels.

At Nogent-sur-Marne not long ago there was a grand international wooden leg carnival, in which each competitor must have lost one leg. It was here that M. Roulin won the "one legged championship of the world" by covering a distance of 220 yards in the excellent time of 30 seconds.

A most amusing race was held some time ago near Bordeaux. Each competitor had a dozen bladders attached to his neck by strings of different lengths. There was a high wind, and the course was full of obstacles. The flying bladders buffeted the runners in the face and all over the body, they wound themselves like so many serpents round their legs and arms, and generally made things so unpleasant that before half a mile had been covered every competitor had been brought to earth more than once.—London Tit-Bits.

A Giant Cactus Grove.

Among the numerous varieties of Arizona cactus none is so remarkable as the sahuaro, or giant cactus, which is peculiar to the southwest and grows to the proportions of a great tree, attaining in some instances a height of 60 feet. A forest of these prickly monsters is so unlike anything occurring at any other point of the globe as to be almost indescribable. Rising like great futed columns, the largest end pointing to the sky, with not a bud or branch of any description, the effect is grotesque, but, on a desert, gratifying.

Arriving in Phoenix from any direction, one leaves a mighty desert and is immediately enveloped in a wealth of verdure and flowers. He meets everywhere the flora peculiar to the tropics. In private grounds and public parks the stately palm and the spreading canopy of the umbrella tree greet the eye, while the drooping frondlike foliage of the pepper tree lends its softness to the scene. Alongside these flourish the olive and the almond, the acalyptus and the oleander, all unconscious that they are performing something wonderful—transforming a recent desert into a garden of Eden.—Los Angeles Herald.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

Robert E. Lee and His Favorite Horse—General Wheeler's Mistake—Armour Didn't Forget.

If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveler, representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection and his inviolable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed.

But I am no artist and can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since to Georgia, the Carolinas and back to Virginia. He carried me through the Seven Days' battle around Richmond, the second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last day at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg and back to the Rappahannock. From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange till its close around Petersburg the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and across the James river. He was in almost daily requisition in the winter of 1864-5 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatcher's Run, south of the Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865 he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox Court House. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond. But I think his favorite is the American saddle from St. Louis. Of all his companions in toll—Richmond, Brown Roan, Ajax and quiet Lucy Long—he is the only one that retained his vigor. The first two expired under their onerous burdens, and the last two failed.—Robert E. Lee, Jr., in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

General Wheeler's Mistake.

At Washington one day not long ago it was raining hard, and the street cars were crowded with passengers more or less bedraggled. Among them was General Joe Wheeler. Next to



HE MADE A HURRIED EXPLANATION.

him was a woman wearing a mackintosh who rose to get out at Fourteenth and E streets. General Wheeler noticed an umbrella leaning against the car seat. He grabbed the umbrella and ran after the woman, caught her at the door and said, "Pardon me, madam, but you left your umbrella." The woman looked puzzled, but took the umbrella. General Wheeler resumed his seat. Then a woman on the other side of him gave a little scream and said, "Why, you nasty old man, you gave that woman my umbrella!" Then she appealed to the conductor. General Wheeler apologized, but the woman said, "Now, you just get right off the car and get it for me, or I'll notify the police!" Meekly the veteran tumbled off into the rain and ran after the woman with the mackintosh. He made a hurried explanation, got the umbrella and rushed back to the waiting car. As he handed it back to its owner he said: "I trust you will pardon me, madam. I assure you it was all a mistake." The woman glared at him. "I don't know about that," she sniffed. "I don't believe you are any better than you ought to be."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Mr. Armour Didn't Forget.

A venerable looking man strolled in to the late P. D. Armour's office a few years ago and asked for the head of the firm. He introduced himself as the teacher of the school in northern New York which young Phil had in 1845 attended. The venerable old gentleman was inclined to be obsequious.

Armour did not warm up. Instead of that he asked the old man whether he remembered that he had expelled a boy once for taking an innocent ride with a good looking girl schoolmate, humiliating the boy so much that he had trip runaway to California when the trip overland had to be made in a wagon.

The old pedagogue tried to explain. Armour said he did not want any explanation, but he was enough of an Indian to profess friendship for a man who had treated him as meanly as that when a boy.

A Match Starts the Meal

If You use a

WICKLESS BLUE FLAME Oil Stove

No Fuss
No Mess

If your dealer does not keep them, write to the nearest agency of

ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

THE BURGLAR'S BIBLE.

He Said That He Would Get It Back Again, and He Did.

Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin when a young man was attorney for two men charged with stealing.

There had been taken from the men a well worn Bible and a small drawer. On the fly leaf of the Bible was the inscription, "To My Darling Boy, From Mother."

The trial was held the next day, and the future senator made a brilliant speech to the jury. He exhibited the Bible and pointed to the inscription, and without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

After the trial the young men gave the lawyer \$50.

"Boys," said Mr. Spooner as they were about to separate, "I am curious to know why you carry that Bible and the empty drawer." Then the senator listened with astonishment to the history of his clients.

"We are professional safe blowers and have been for five years. This Bible has a double cover and opens like this" (here the self confessed criminal pressed a hidden spring in the thick cover and disclosed a hollow in which there lay two steel files and a small saw), "and this old drawer has a secret bottom, where we keep our tools."

The future senator confiscated the Bible and the drawer.

One of the thieves shouted angrily, "We'll get those things back yet, you mark my words!"

Several years passed, and then the incident was brought back to Mr. Spooner's recollection in the following manner: One evening he and his family attended an entertainment, and no one was left at the house. When they returned at a late hour, they found that the house had been entered by burglars and ransacked, but that nothing apparently was missing. The next day's mail brought a letter which read:

Dear Sir—Please excuse the way we came in last night, but the door was locked. We never did think you treated us square by swiping our outfit, and so we came back after it and found you were not at home. We always keep our word. Yours truly, JACK AND JIM.

—Saturday Evening Post.

THE BARGAIN CRAZE.

Men, It is Alleged, Are as Much In-terested as the Women.

"This perennial joke about the love of women for bargains wears me," said a bright business woman the other day. "With most presumptuous superiority men charge our sex with an extravagant zeal for bargains, but I see enough of business men to assure me that they are just as eager as women are to get an article at a few cents less than the usual price."

"Mr. A— is generally extravagant in his personal expenditures, but he is keen after bargains. The other day he came into our office wearing an air of great satisfaction, and his jubilation had no other foundation than the discovery of a street stand where 'seconds' in lead pencils were sold at 2 cents each.

"If you know a good pencil when you see it," he explained, "you can run-ge in the pile and pick out 5 and 10 cent pencils at 2 cents each or three for 5."

"And that reminds me of another bargain. You know the 10 cent cigars I smoke? Well, there is a little shop down near the ferry where you can get them four for a quarter. I just heard of the place and ran down there at luncheon and filled my pockets. Great bargain."

"And would you believe it, that man, whose transactions run into the millions, went on telling my employer of bargains in clothes, stationery, etc., and Mr. B— stopped in the midst of his estimates on a big contract to note addresses and to tell Mr. A— of bargains he had discovered in neckwear and shoes and household supplies.

"Yet women are said to monopolize the bargain hunting disease."—New York Press.

When Mr. Gladstone was some friend, he was once discussing with some friends at Hawarden castle the greatest day in the world's history. Each member of the group was asked to say on which day he, in the past or the future, would prefer to live, it being supposed that he should have his present knowledge and afterward return to his present existence. Mr. Gladstone chose a day in Greece when Athens was at its highest

A TRIANGULAR GAME.

The Reports of the Three Spotters Disgusted the Railroad Official.

"Under the old, loose system that prevailed on most of the southern and western roads," said a veteran passenger conductor of this city, "the 'spotter' was virtually a necessity, but the trouble about him was that he never could be relied upon with absolute certainty to tell the truth. He knew his popularity and prestige with his employers depended on the number of 'cases' he worked up, and if he couldn't catch a conductor 'knocking down' he was only too apt to manufacture a little circumstantial evidence and report the poor fellow anyhow.

"Of course I am speaking of the average spotter, and no doubt there were plenty of exceptions to the rule, but that was the great defect of the system and, incidentally, it reminds me of a curious little story.

"Back in the eighties," continued the veteran, "a tip was one day given to a well known and very popular conductor on a certain line leading out of New Orleans that a spotter of considerable note in the north had been put on his train, with instructions to investigate him thoroughly.

"This conductor was a big, jovial fellow, fond of good clothes, good sport and good living, and, while there was no evidence of anything wrong, he had fallen under suspicion on general principles. The company officials were persuaded he was living far beyond his means and inferred that he must be helping himself to the cash, but all prior efforts to get a line on him had failed ignominiously, and for that reason the expert sleuth had been imported from the north and told to go to the bottom of the case, if it took six months.

"When the conductor himself heard that a spy had been put on his trail, he was highly indignant and also considerably alarmed. He reasoned that the fellow would be especially anxious to sustain his reputation as a thief catcher and was in all probability fully prepared to 'fake up' a case in the event that he discovered no evidence. To protect himself against such a maneuver he quietly telegraphed to a big detective agency in Chicago and engaged a first class operative to spot the spotter.

"Both men went on duty at about the same time, the spotter taking the role of a commercial traveler who had frequent business up and down the road. He watched the conductor, the Chicago detective watched him, and the conductor sized them both up and chuckled in his sleeve.

"Now comes the funny part of the yarn. The double watch had been in progress only a few days when a treacherous brakeman went to the general superintendent and told him the whole story. The superintendent was a pretty wise person himself, so he said nothing, but simply engaged an entirely new man and set him watching the two spies.

"The triangular game went on for several weeks; then the conductor was summoned to headquarters. He carried his detective's report with him and was staggered when the superintendent showed him two others.

"The original spotter's report exonerated the conductor, the Chicago man's report agreed exactly with the spotter's, and the last spy asserted flatly that the two other men had 'stood in' together, so as to please all hands and save trouble. That disgusted one road with spotters, and the superintendent swore he would never employ another. The conductor, by the way, retained his job."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dread of Drudgery.

Many people fail to get on in the world because they will not do the things that are disagreeable to them. They gladly pick the flowers in their vacation, but will not touch the weeds or thorns. They like to do the things that are easy and agreeable, but shirk from the disagreeable or laborious. They go round the hills of difficulty instead of over them; they leave the enemy half conquered, and he is always coming up to attack them unexpectedly from the rear.

The best way to overcome this dread of drudgery is to determine resolutely to do the disagreeable things first. Take hold of them with vigor, as you would grasp a nettle if you would

avoid the sting, and after awhile you will find what seemed so difficult in conception is really easy in execution. The most disagreeable tasks in life, when viewed in their proper proportions, reveal a poetic and attractive side hitherto undreamed of. Turn on the sunlight of good cheer, the determination to see the bright as well as the dark side, and you will find something pleasant in the most dreaded task.—Exchange.

Cost of a London Fog.

A London fog is an expensive visitation. A day of it, counting the day at eight hours, is estimated to cost anything from £50,000 to £100,000 in hard cash. No small proportion of this goes to the gas and electric light companies, which have to supply about a third more power than usual. But there are also the railways. Fog signaling is expensive. At Clapham Junction alone £50 has been spent by a single railway company during a day's fog in extra pay to the plate layers. When the red light cannot be seen at a distance of a hundred yards, the plate layers become fog signallers, and for this they are paid a shilling a day in addition to their regular wages and fourpence per hour overtime, providing the overtime does not run into a second shilling.—London Chronicle.

The Paris Fountains.

The fountains of Paris are among the most interesting features of the city, and the authorities are careful to increase their attractiveness whenever an opportunity arises. An experiment has been tried by which the waters will alone be employed, but the waters will assume the appearance of cascades of diamonds and topazes. The effect will be attained by means of electric lights and colored glasses placed around the basins in such a way that the beauty of the fountains will not be diminished when seen by daylight.

Thiers' Fulfilled Prophecy.

In January, 1871, M. Thiers made the following remarkable prophecy: "Whenever England is in conflict with a foreign power Europe will see her colonies rally and co-operate with her. Without the slightest expense to her they will equip their soldiers, their only ambition being to show their close union with her and to demonstrate that their strength and energy are at her disposal, just as her resources are at theirs. I predict this in spite of your smile of incredulity and although perhaps none of us will live to witness it."—United Australia.

The End of Fox Hunting.

It would be useless to deny that the golden age of fox hunting is over. Hounds, horses and huntsmen were probably never better than they are now. But the face of the country is changing. The golden age lasted to the fifties. Now railways have turned some of the fairest districts of England into the likeness of a gridiron. Wire is everywhere being more generally used for fencing purposes. Foxes must give way before the increased culture of pheasants for shooting.—Edinburgh Review.

You are much more liable to disease when your liver and bowels do not act properly. DeWitt's Little Early Risers remove the cause of disease. Grover's City Drug Store.

Ice cold soda at Kelpner's.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and \$1. Large size contains 24 times small size. Book about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co. Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.