

# 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 12 1/2 cents per 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.

The latest improvement in small arms for war is embraced in the manufacture of a gun stock from fibre to lessen the weight. The invention is from Lockport, N. Y., and the ordnance officers at Springfield, Mass., are supervising the manufacture with the view of adopting it in the United States army. If it does what is claimed for it the weight to be carried by the soldier will be materially reduced.

Though Germany has only one city of more than 1,000,000, and one more of more than 500,000, and the United States has three of each class, Germany has, in proportion to its population, rather more cities of from 50,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and decidedly more of from 100,000 to 500,000, than the United States. In the United States 8,000,000 people live in cities of over 500,000 inhabitants, against some 3,000,000 in Germany. Yet in the United States a larger percentage of the population lives in places which have under 50,000 inhabitants.

It is a singular coincidence that almost simultaneously came the inauguration of the president of the United States a change of British sovereignty and the establishment of a new state in the Australian confederation. These three great groups of English speaking people are the dominant powers on every continent but the mainland of Europe, and indirectly they are powerful there. No race speaking one tongue and having essentially the same institutions ever before spread over so large a part of the world or held so nearly all the earth in its grasp states a writer in The World's Work.

A well known English actuary says that the average term of life in Great Britain has been largely increased during the last 60 years. When Queen Victoria came to the throne male children born then were expected to reach an average age of less than 40 years, and now they are likely to reach 46 years as an average. Females 60 years ago were expected to reach an average of 42 years, and now they may expect 48 or 49 years. This adds so much to the working life of each. He founds this on reliable statistics. We have got statistics at hand in regard to the average expectation of life in this country, says the American Cultivator, but think it has increased as much, if not more, here than in England, during 60 years past, due, in part, to the lessened danger from smallpox, measles and diphtheria, all of which our physicians now are well able to control. The sanitary conditions in our large cities are also greatly improved.

A curious state of things exists in the Kansas penitentiary. It contains 47 murderers condemned to death, and under the present laws not a single one is in danger of losing his life. There has not been an execution in years, and although the law decrees that murder in the first degree is punishable by death, under the present conditions such a sentence means only life imprisonment. The trouble lies in the fact that the state criminal code does not make it obligatory on the governor to sign the death warrant, and none of the governors in the last few years has been willing to take upon himself the responsibility of sending a fellow creature to eternity. In any state but Kansas it would not be easy to understand a condition of mind which practically nullifies the laws the executive is bound by oath to enforce and alters the decisions of the various courts and juries before which the cases have been tried.

Boston has much vacant land, the value of which is \$62,000,000.

## LITTLE SAVIOR.

BY LOUISA A'HEMUTY NASH.

"You take my advice now, my boy. Drop everything just where you are, and go off to the country. It will be the saving of you."

"Are you mad, Geoff? What, drop a living, certain sure, and go off to—nothing!" was my answer to the doctor, an old schoolmate of mine.

"The living will drop you soon enough, in more sense than one. The weather bureau does not want ghosts as weather clerks!" he replied.

"I'd rather be ghost here than starve there, I won't, and that ends it!"

"You asked me to be honest with you, and I have been. And this is all I get for my pains," he closed with, as I left his office.

I knew I was all run down, but expected the summer vacation would set me up as it had done before; and honestly I was thinking of my wife and her views as well as of myself.

When I got home that evening she met me at the door, as was her wont, nicely got up for dinner.

"Isn't it perfectly delicious, Arch, for Mabel?" (One of her sisters in New York.) "They're going to settle in the country."

"It might be for Mabel; but I don't know enough of her to pronounce—"

"You do now, story boy!" she answered. "You know she's just like me. Twins always are alike."

I opened my eyes, dumfounded, for evidently I had misread my young lady, or perhaps her capacity for—I won't say what.

She went on, just taking breath long enough for all she had to say.

"I've written and told her how I envy her luck. Fancy being able to sit under cool trees when you're baking hot, and have a big fire when you're cold, and the children running about without dressing up, and—"

Here I stopped her.

"You mean to say they are to go with nodings on?"

"Nonsense, Arch! You know what I mean—dressed for the street, of course!"

"A very lucid explanation!" I edged in.

"And they can have their own milk and cream and butter and garden stuff—so good for the children!"

"It looks as though, Coonie," (I call her Coonie but her name is Lucia.) "you want to follow suit."

"Why of course I do! What do you suppose I'm telling you all this for?"

"We'll see about it. You have to have your own way always, haven't you?"

"This metamorphosis of my wife's views fairly took away all my fatigue after my day's work on the roof of a 'sky-scraper.' She did not return to them till after the children were all tucked up for the night. She then dragged one of their little rockers across the room, and sat down by me, as I lay on the couch, saying as she did so—

"The worst of you, Arch, is that you never mean what you say."

"What lie have I been guilty of now?" I asked innocently.

"About my having my own way, of course. Mabel has hers, and it's just lovely to think of it. Just imagine how free and easy not to be at the beck and call of people when you want to be at home and not to have to say you're out when you are there!"

"We'll see about it, little woman."

"That's what you said before dinner. Of course that means yes!" And she clapped her hands, just as Dickie does when he's got a new toy. "You really mean it this time!" And she got up and kissed me solemnly on the forehead, for ratification.

"What's Mabel going to live on in the country, or you will say for argument's sake?"

"Oh of course the husbands do the work, with a man to help them, and we've lots to sell."

"For example?" I asked.

"Pigs and sheep; stock and steers; and they hunt all we want to eat."

"Stock and steers; a different breed, eh?"

"That's one reason why I want to go on a ranch, Archie, to learn something," she said in an unusually humble voice.

"Oh, I see. Your education has been neglected in the city!"

I could not help looking narrowly at her, to try to get at the "truly truth" to quote Dick. She had always given me the impression that she was devoted to the city, and city life. She would not miss her concerts, or her little parties, or her "at homes" and occasional dances for anything. She plucked herself on being "chic," (that's what she calls it, I think) and she appeared to love new clothes dearly.

But I may have been mistaken. Women are hard to read anyhow.

The long and short of it was, that I sent in my resignation to the weather bureau, although I had always congratulated myself on being an official that stays in office not to be turned with the change of political wind, and have to condescend to any trick to get in again.

However, we sold up, and started west, buying half cleared land at a cheap rate, so as to have something left for preliminary expenses. We were like the young bears, with our trouble ahead, but I got strong and hearty and well able to bear their brunt.

My wife took up her new studies with fresh zest, and was tickled at all she learned.

One of them was what she was pleased to call "afortetime doctoring."

"No good to laugh, Arch," she would say, if I grumbled at her exactions. "Who's to nurse you and the

children if you're sick abed? I don't propose to be sick nurse, so don't arrange matters that I should be. Besides you know there's no doctor in these parts to be had under \$50, so you must practice doing without them by not needing them."

"While you practice on the kids," I put in.

"Of course I know what you're driving at. Amateurs can't know everything."

"But you knew you had put the flaxseed poultice on the kid, and that wasn't the place for the thermometer!"

"How could I follow the shifting of a slippery eel?"

"Never mind, little woman, you are not the only one scared by thermometer reading, when the patient was well enough to frisk into his clothes."

"Whatever you say, you know Tommie had a close scratch of pneumonia, and you ought to be thankful, sir, to the poultice he didn't quit. I wish I could prove it by a doctor."

"And the proof would be well worth the \$50," I answered in banter.

"Who nearly put blistering liquid into my eye?" giving her weather-eye (as she called it) a sly twinkle.

"And who shook the kid, instead of the bottle?" I shot back.

"Nobody, since Methusalem's wife!"

"But seriously, Archie, isn't it just perfect being your own butcher and baker and churmer and cheese-monger, and charwoman and school-ma'am? Other things one doesn't need. Don't say you need a doctor, Archie dear, or my nose will be jointed flat and that would break my heart!"

As I made no response, she went on:

"It's heavenly to be independent of all the mongers in creation. It gives you a kind of Alexander Selkirk sensation—kind of 'monarch of all we survey' feeling, that does one good. Just say for once you agree with me, Arch, or I shall be let down to agreeing with myself, as usual."

To tell the truth, which I never confided to Lucia, I had been hiring a man not to work so much, but to teach me to do things—me, who scarcely knew a spade from a hoe. And Coonie always said "We had to have plenty of garden stuff to fight off the doctor."

Neither could I make a fence, or milk a cow, or keep the hogs out of the garden, let alone turning them into bacon.

Why things came so natural to Coonie I never could make out. She got through all her housework, and taught and clothed the kids, getting herself up spick and span every evening to sit with me in the little parlor. Summer had come round again at the ranch and I had a notion there was something brewing in her little head, when she said suddenly.

"Arch, dear, now that you know stock and steers are the same, I think you may be trusted to leave them awhile."

"Coonie!" I exclaimed, adding nothing.

"Well, you know a year ago you didn't," she went on with a brazen front. And I knew better than to contradict her in her humor. "Anyhow, don't you think it's time we went out to see the world?"

Expecting next moment a proposal to return to city life, I waited to see which world she had reference to; for she had repeatedly assured me that she despised the "worldliness of great cities;" so it must be some little world straight from the hand of its Maker. "You see, Arch," she continued, "we've not come across the plains—"

"It seems to me that we have done so," I dared interpose.

"The old-fashioned way, of course. The trains were there, and we had to take them. But I want to go in a prairie schooner!"

Heavens and earth! Does she want to go back east that way?

Seeing my consternation she gave my hand a hide pat, saying:

"Arch, you stupid rump, we must take the children off camping somewhere; they'll winter so much better."

"Good heavens! they're not bees, Coonie! I suppose you are afraid of leaving to apply poisons and thermometer grain—the mixture that does not agree with your nerves. Eh?" I bantered.

"Change of air is good, that's why the cows go wandering off so far before they calve," she said, "and a prairie schooner will be the very nicest of all!"

"Only without the prairie, seeing we're mostly mountains over here!" I interposed.

To please her, the man and I fixed up a rig, and we all embarked for the nearest bit of coast, where we expected to see more people than we had the year through, although Lucia professed to hate people.

After living all her life near the great lakes, she hankered after a sight of water.

We were preparing to camp overnight, before reaching the place in the morning and I was wielding the axe for fire-making when I stupidly struck my left hand between thumb and forefinger. From a great gash the blood spurted, running down brilliantly as I made my way to where my wife was busy with the children.

"Now, 'afortetime doctor,' now's our chance," I said coolly. "I've struck bone."

"How could you be such a goose, Arch?" and she tried in vain to staunch the blood. As it continued to flow from the rather ugly looking opening, she said, "Wait till I hold it

together!" and she very ingeniously closed the lips of the wound, holding them firm with thumb and finger.

"Wait? What are we to wait for? Till the fire's made itself and boiled the bottle?"

"Wait, I say, and don't argue-borgie!" This always meant that the Scotch in her was uppermost, and she wasn't to be gainsaid.

"Don't argue-borgie!" and to the eldest boy, "Jimmie," run round to the camp ahead of us, and ask one of the young men to be so kind as to go with you and fetch the doctor from the town."

"Coon!" I dared to expostulate.

"If you bleed to death, sir, how are we to have our tea? You know the plaster won't stick, and I didn't bring my surgical needle and silk, never dreaming you'd do this."

I knew telepathically that "lock-jaw" was the word running up and down the convolutions of her brain—the thing she had never seen happily; so I let her be.

"If Providence makes you do this, just within reach of a doctor, I'm not going to fly in its face and let you bleed to death."

"It's you who are doing the 'argie-borgie' now. I'm silent as a stock."

"Well, you were doing it inside you; that's all the same!" she had the effrontery to come out with. I was feeling a little weak from loss of blood, and waiting for my supper, and allowed her to go on holding the cut; she rallying me, and setting the children to rights at intervals. She made me sit on a box, while she stood and stood and never bled, although the stooping position and strain on her muscles must have been very wearing.

The time seemed endless. The sun was sinking red behind high cliffs and as only a Pacific sun can set into the far western horizon. "Almost observed, when she dared turn her head and shoulders round, but never her 'body' to take a look."

"That doctor must have gone with the sun," I observed. "Just relax your grip for one moment, and see how it has worked," I begged.

"Not for nothing and nobody but the doctor himself! What, undo my work that I have been doing?"

I pulled her down on my knee to rest her.

"You dare, sir!" she said peremptorily, thinking it a rise to let go.

The kids began to whine and cry, first for supper, then for bed, then winding down the grade that hid the ocean from our view, we at length spied the longed for cavelade.

"Why, Geoff, Geoff is it really you, old man, wandered to the jumping off place of the world?"

After a brief explanation that he had been run down too, and had taken on his own prescription, and was now on the eve of hunting us up, he proceeded to examine my hand.

Lucia let go her hold with trembling, and he'er a drop of blood to tell the tale! A perfect cure! Or else as Geoff suggested, we were both more scared than scarified.

It had been an ordeal for her, and I led her on to the mattress in the tent, chopped the wood, made the fire, got supper and put the kids to bed; so dearly had I to pay for my yielding disposition.

I had had my doubts as to the Mabel story for some months, and the last time I queried I heard that she was back in New York.

"As you are her twin, I suppose you want to go back to the place from which you came," I remarked.

"Ungrateful wretch," she responded, "not till we're old and gray headed, and the boys must go to the college I'm getting them ready for!"

And now, with Geoff as an enlightener it came out that it was all a put up job on me between them, and that Mabel had never left her home.

I had to thank them both for the life-saving station our ranch has proved to be, and my wife as the greatest little savior on it.—Waverly Magazine.

### The Stopping Place.

There is a wealthy but very hard-headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself.

"If there's anything on earth grinds me it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd, far rather plunge into an ice-cold bath. One of these here steel-peg coats makes me want to go out and hide in the hayloft, and a standing collar puts me into a grouch for a week after I've worn it."

"But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when you're in up-hill work, skimp, hustle and save, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the bigger the show the better. Things sorter come my way in pine and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just grinned at carriages, horses, a coachman, a lot of servants a snookin' round the house, receptions, theatre parties and all that sort of thing."

"But when they rung in a genuine butler on me I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mite of good. They talked me clean off my feet and the butler came. I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff-backed, high-headed, lookin' superior like and never smilin' less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sitting in the library, I heard him tell one of the maids he was going to resign. 'What for?' she asked. 'The last lady as called took me for the barbarian'—that's me."

"For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bill for six weeks in the hospital, and his wages, too. We keep no butler."—Detroit Free Press.

### ELPHANTS IN A WRECK.

The Only Animals That Saved Themselves from a Sinking Ship.

When a number of elephants are shipped, a strong structure is erected on deck, and there they are stabled, chained by the feet. No doubt in an emergency they could easily walk away with their chains and the deck flooring, throwing the stable aside if it offered any impediment to their progress and the door happened to be shut. Elephants, fortunately, are not always putting forth their prowess, and the chains in ordinary weather and ordinary circumstances keep them sufficiently in check. About 20 years ago William Jamrach, who has made a fortune, was returning from India with a cargo of elephants, black panthers, tigers, cheetahs, leopards, hyenas, eagles, serpents, orang-outangs, and rare birds of all kinds. He valued the lot at £7000. The Agra—that was the name of the ship he was coming home on—was swinging at her anchor off Point de Galle, Ceylon. Suddenly there was heard a fearful crash that gave pause to everything. The chattering, the screaming, the growling and the roaring of the animals stopped dead. The startled men looked for just a moment straight in the face of each other. Then the exclamation, "Great heavens, she's sinking!" was followed by a clamor that just blotted out the stillness. At one and the same moment both man and beast seemed to realize the situation, and at one and the same moment they all began to exhibit symptoms of the alarm they felt. In the case of the men they were free to devise means of escape, and they immediately busied themselves accordingly. In the case of the animals they were confined and had to undergo the horror of facing a death they were powerless to avert. It is natural for an animal to die in combat with an enemy, and while the combat lasts there is hope of escape. There is no facing of death here, the animal is otherwise engaged—engaged, too, in a natural way. But with the animals cooped up on the Agra, with never an enemy to fight, it was far different, and they gave vent to cries of unbounded despair. The elephants made a noise, too, but there was not one touch of despair there. It was the business-like sound of crushing timber, and before the Agra had reached bottom a herd of elephants were swimming to Ceylon!—Cassell's Magazine.

Growth of the World's Great Cities. One of the conspicuous results of cheapened transportation and the facility with which the products of field, forest, mine, and factory can be transferred to the consumer has been the rapid increase in population of all our cities. In 1890 over 45 percent of the population of New York State (nearly six millions) was concentrated in four cities, while it is estimated that the greater city of New York contains at present not less and probably more than 50 percent of the state's population. Nor is this tendency characteristic only of American cities, though the general impression seems to be that it is more conspicuous with us. In fact, many European cities (notably those of Germany) have outstripped ours in growth. In 1870 Berlin had about 150,000 less people than New York; in 1890 it had over 73,000 more. In 1875 Hamburg exceeded Boston in population by about 6000, while in 1890 the German city was more than 121,000 ahead.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

The Eiffel Tower. One result of the spreading out of the river-banks to the Pont de la Concorde, has been to diminish the power for monopolizing the attention at the beginning which the Eiffel tower exerted in 1889. Then the eye sought this mighty spire, even as the traveler approached the city. He looked for it when he started to visit the exposition. Its soaring pinnacle kept his chin in the air when he passed through the gates. He was drawn irresistibly into the shadow of its immense legs, and the closer he came, the more its hugeness impressed him. Everything else seemed to suffer in comparison. But the Eiffel tower is less important this year. It may still prove to be the most popular single attraction, but it has lost its novelty for most of those who will see the exposition, and hence has been shorn of much of its power for doing evil to the artistic perception. It was half of the exposition of 1889. This year it is merely a side show.—Harper's Weekly.

Marvelous Chicken Legs. The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that roosts on a limb is a marvel of design. It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple. The tendon of the leg of a bird that roosts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death grip the limb around which they are placed. Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down, and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time. By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.—The Presbyterian.

A Name for It. Miss Maude Adams might name her new railroad station at Holbrook, L. I., "Little Minister," for although small, it will minister to the comfort of quite a number of people.—Boston Transcript.

### MR. BLUFF.

To purchased Shakespeare, finely bound— A forty-volume set. He searched for Dickens, Balzac's tales—

The best that he could get: And Hugo, Huxley, Darwin, too, And twenty score beside. They laid his books aside, while he read "Proud Polly, the Pirate's Bride."

Of music he had Mozart's works, Beethoven's symphonies, A gilt piano, too, with real Hand-whittled ivory keys, Herr Wagner's bust adorned the room, And fancies rare would rise. Until you heard him carol forth: "She Made Them Goo-Goo Eyes."

—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

### HUMOROUS.

Wigg—When my grandfather died all the clocks stopped. Wagg—What an untimely end.

Boggs—There goes a man who never speaks a really good word of anybody. Joggs—A misanthrope, eh? Boggs—No; he stutters.

"What's your name?" thundered the magistrate. "John," replied the man of many aliases. "What's your last name?" "I haven't quite decided."

Muggins—Subbs seems to be pretty lucky. Buggins—Lucky is no name for it. Even his neighbors' hens come and lay their eggs in his yard.

He—So you wanted to know something about my past. I hope you didn't go to extremes? She (adherent of spiritualism)—No; I went to a medium.

Mrs. Buggins—That was a rather severe whipping you gave to Willie this morning. Mr. Buggins—Huh! You ought to see the kind that mother used to make.

"That defaulting bank clerk was engaged in some other business," said Mr. Bellfield, impressively. "What other business?" asked Mr. Bloomfield. "Steal."

Goodman—Go and see him, and I think he'll give you a job; but first of all you need a shave. Uppers—You're mistaken there. "How do you mean?" "First of all I need the price of a shave."

"You seem to be very fond of coffee," said the landlady, as she passed over the sixth cup. "It looks like it," returned the boarder. "When I'm willing to swallow so much water for the sake of getting a little."

"What are you crying for, little boy?" asked the kind old lady. "Me fader's sick in bed," replied the little boy. "I'm glad to see you so sympathetic." "It ain't dat. He promised to take me to do circus today, an' den he went an' got sick. Boo-hoo-hoo!"

Husband (going to his rich uncle's funeral)—Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my pocket dear. The old gentleman promised to leave me \$50,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears. Wife—But suppose when the will is read you find he hasn't left you anything? Husband—In that case you had better put in three.

SAYS AMERICA WAS FOUND IN 492. Buddhist Priest Says Japanese Got Here 1000 Years Before Columbus.

Schuyler Sonoda, a Buddhist priest of Japan, has just returned from Mexico with what he regards as convincing proof that his people discovered America 1000 years before Columbus and carried their faith along the Pacific coast from Alaska to Mexico. Sonoda has been assisted by Senor Batres, archaeologist of the Mexican government.

Sonoda followed the chronicles of Hoier Shina, a Buddhist monk who lived in 499 A. D. returned to his native land with an account of explorations that reached to a land he called Fu Sang, now identified by Sonoda with Mexico, because of the maquey plant. Sonoda says he found innumerable evidences of Buddhist influence over the natives of Mexico. Some of these were in the Mexican zodiac with its 28 hours, oriental letterings and signs on temples, stone images and pottery and hundreds of names which are slightly corrupted from Japanese. He found the temples invariably facing south as in Thibet, the home of Buddhism, and in mosaics at Utiha he found the common cross of Thibet. He also found strong racial resemblances in features between the Mexican and California mission Indians and the Japanese. So strong were these resemblances that when a Californian mission Indian was dressed in Japanese costume and photographed, Prof. John Fyer and the chair of oriental languages, University of California, declared that the photograph was of a Japanese of the northern islands and bore no resemblance to a California Indian.

Sonoda will write a book on his researches and says he will submit proposals that will convince the scientific world that the Japanese discovered America.—New York Sun.

Frost Alarms. Marked success has attended the efforts of southern and western fruit growers to protect, by artificial heat, their crops from dangerous frost attacks during the winter season. Frost alarms have recently been devised as an additional precaution. These are simply thermometers arranged to register dangerous "drops" in temperature, the alarm being given by means of an electric bell. The device is exceedingly simple, being merely a new application of old principles. Arrangements are provided for the adjustment of the alarm, so that the alarm can be set for any temperature, and warning given whenever the temperature falls within a few degrees of actual danger.