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The failure of the Sunday Golf Bill in the Massachusetts House will be regarded on the limb as a legislative foible.

The kidnaper has been busy all over the country since Millionaire Cudaby paid that big ransom for his son. The law of cause and effect is never suspended.

Maine has gone to work to provide herself with a State flag. The flag is to be buff, with a green pine tree in the centre and a star—the Pole star—in blue in the upper left-hand corner.

The new naval gun has a bore of only five inches, but it develops a muzzle velocity of nearly 3000 feet a second. There ought to be laws to keep people from standing in front of such things.

A Massachusetts man who was thrown from his carriage by reason of his horse having been frightened by two motor-cyclists was recently awarded \$1400 damages for the wear and tear on his nervous system.

An automobile that makes ninety-eight miles an hour ought to be speedy enough to satisfy the youth of the beginning of the century. Run on any other than a perfect road it would probably end in a total wreck within an hour.

An Ohio lawyer thinks that a much better use can be made of the murderer than to kill him. His plan is to confine the murderer in prison for life, make them work, and contribute their production to the support of those who had been dependent on their patrimony—the widows, children or parents.

According to the State Department Americans going abroad ought to take passports with them, as the authorities on the Continent of Europe are becoming more strict than they used to be. It is a simple and inexpensive precaution, and globe-trotters ought to accept the warning as a word to the wise.

Jesse M. Roper, in command of the Petrel in Manila harbor, went to his death fearlessly, nobly, in the effort to save the lives of some humble shipmates. He had not the aid of the excitement of adventure. He had not the hope of fame or reward. His was an exhibition of the highest, the most inspiring form of physical and moral courage. He belongs to the ranks of those heroes that can be held up as examples without any necessity for qualifications, omissions or apologies.

One thing that materially helps to stiffen the iron market is the prospective heavy railway construction to be undertaken this year. The Railway Age gives a list of projects under contract for 5900 miles of new construction. There are prospective enterprises which would increase the total to 8200 miles. The greater part of the new rails will be laid down in the Southern States. The development of the interior resources of the South is at present the chief objective effort of speculative enterprise.

Sad Indeed.
A pathetic story from real life is related by an esteemed friend, who recently visited a distant city and looked up the home of two former schoolmates who he had not seen for thirty-five years; they were brothers, and he found the older one at home with the gray-haired, widowed mother. The first glance into this home, the inmates of which he remembered with joy and gladness, convinced him that the demon of strong drink had wrought havoc within its walls. They talked over bygone days, which seemed to cause the sad-hearted mother to consider them the happiest of her life; her son was under the influence of liquor, and this being apparent caused the poor mother to be uneasy in the presence of the visitor; just as he was leaving the younger son came in, reeling drunk. Victims of the traffic we license, that is all. Thousands upon thousands of just such homes are all over our land, and our licensed liquor business is producing them in increased numbers every year.—The Index.

AN INCIDENT.

BY GEORGE WESTON TOWNSEND.

It was a dingy, uninviting place, but the centre of interest twice each day. This railroad station consisted of a narrow platform and small house, where the station agent, telegraph operator and baggage master, all in one, had his offices. Dust and sand lay all around. The long road twisted its way into town and contrasted unfavorably with the straight, smooth, shining rails that led up and down from the platform, as true as an arrow, until they met in a tiny point, one where the sun rose every morning, and the other just where it dropped beyond the horizon in a ball of fire each night.

Once in a while the telegraph instrument, half hidden behind the desk and a strong wire screen, clicked hesitatingly, and then ran on in a chattering sort of way that was friendly, even if one did not understand what it meant.

Seated on the settee near the open door were two persons. One was a youth of perhaps 18 summers, tall for his age, and his face, neck and arms tanned to Indian hue. He was as strong as an ox in build. His head was crowned with a shock of sandy red hair, and his clothes were old and ragged. His face wore a placid expression except when he spoke; then his eyes brightened, and they grew as keen as a squirrel's. He sat watching the ticker behind the wire screen, chewing a straw, while his companion, a girl of 16, looked from the open window up the track, expectantly.

Soon there came to their ears the familiar sound that creeps along the rails, growing louder and louder until it beats a rhythm. It was the signal of the approaching train, and both arose and went out on the platform. The girl was well formed, but poorly clad; her face told a tale of hardships and suffering, yet the features were good.

The engine passed with steam escaping and brakes grinding, and at last stopped short just beyond the roadway, puffing as though exhausted with its long run. It was a good sized train, composed of freight and passenger coaches. Toward the latter the youth and girl made their way.

"Do yer see him?" asked the girl, and the hand that held her brother's trembled.

"No, I don't an' I won't believe in him till I do, either," he replied. There were but few that alighted from the train. One was a stranger, it was easy to discern by his eastern appearance. Three or four were citizens returning from a trip to the next town 40 miles up the line. There was another, and on one at first seemed to notice him. He was not exactly a stranger, if appearances counted for anything. His manner was peculiar. His whole make-up was shifty. His eyes were restless and his gait was halting. He glanced from left to right, shifting his gaze quickly from one to another, as though trying to fathom just how far he might walk down that platform without being stopped. It was plain to see that he was anxious to get away from the crowd.

The girl saw him first, and broke from her companion with a glad cry. She went straight up to the stranger, and placed her hand gently on his arm.

"Is this dad?" she said. He started like a frightened animal. His grizzled face turned pale for a moment, then he found his voice.

"Reckon 'tis. Is this sis?" The voice was not unkindly, and for answer the girl slipped her hand into his, and turned to find her brother. He was standing just behind, silent and steady, watching the pair.

"Dork," she exclaimed, "this is dad. Why don't yer shake?" Dork, or Dorsie, shoved a big brown paw toward his father. It went out frankly, but his keen eye was searching the other through and through. The elder man's eyes took on that peculiar look again, and his hand was offered hesitatingly. This seemed to nettie Dork, for he blurted out—

"Why don't yer grip it? What yer 'fraid of?"

The new comer's face flushed scarlet, but he made no reply to the question. The girl led the way to the rear of the station, where a pony was attached to a dilapidated wagon. The drive home was uninteresting. It was pretty straight until you came to the river, then it wound around, and made for the town in zigzag fashion; beyond the town were the foot hills of the towering range which seemed so near, yet were miles and miles away. They stopped before a rude shack. Not many of the houses in the vicinity were what one would call comfortable, but this was perhaps the least so of any. The girl sprang lightly to the ground. Dorsie was already unhitching the mare. Just as the elder man was about to alight there came a patter of hoofs, and around the bend in the road came a horseman. He would have gone by without stopping had not the girl, who was truly happy in the return of her father, called out as she pointed to the wagon—

"Bill, that's dad. He's jes' come. Come in an' I'll interduce yer."

Bill pulled up short and half bowed in token of the invitation; then he jerked himself up in the saddle, and a look came over his countenance that wasn't pleasant to witness.

"Oh, it's you, is it? So you've come back? Well, keep with them children, that's all an' yer safe." And away he rode as if Satan was after him.

The girl looked surprised and curious. Dorsie said nothing, but hustled

the mare into the stable quicker than was necessary.

At supper the new comer was as ill at ease as ever. He played nervously with his food. The girl carried on a conversation concerning incidents long since passed. Dorsie ate in silence, but when she reached a certain point in her talk, both her listeners showed some interest.

"Ma sed jes' fore she died," and here her voice trembled, "thet of yer shud ever come aroun', ter give yer her part of her money. She was fair, she was. It's quite er pile fer us—morn' \$80. She sed, she did, thet Dorsie was ter hav' \$20, an' me, bein' a girl an' alone, ter hav' \$50, an' fer yer to hav' what was left. We've allers kept it tight in under ther chimney shelf, jest waitin' fer yer comin', fer ma sed you'd be back some day, sure. We used \$2 onct. Was hard pushed, warn't we, Dorsie?"

Dorsie nodded, but his keen eyes were watching his father. The father spoke, and it seemed an effort to speak steadily.

"I've gut nuff fer me, Youse can keep it in ther ther chimney. I don't want it."

The girl was silent. Perhaps she cared less for the money, although it was needed, than for one little word, some little show of interest from this man whom they welcomed home as father, in her and her departed mother. Surely he would ask some questions about her last illness—how they managed to live, and the privations they had gone through with. Disappointment was plainly written on her face as she arose from the table, crossed the room and from a shelf took down a faded photograph. She mechanically brushed it with her apron and placed it before the man.

"She had ther there taken nigh on ter three years ago. It's purty good, only she looked allers more pleasant. She was cheerfull and good, too."

Dorsie gave a furtive glance at his sister and saw that her eyes were swimming with tears. He never could talk or bear to hear her talk of their mother. The father shuffled his feet on the uneven floor, carelessly glanced at the photograph, and saying he would take a look about, slouched out at the open door.

When Dorsie returned some time afterward, he found his sister at the table, her head on her arms, crying as if her heart would break. Dorsie felt badly enough, but when it came to expressing himself, he simply could not do it, so he started for the door. Then he hesitated, turned and looked at the forlorn figure and went silently over to her, placing a big brown hand on her shoulder. He stood there until her sobs subsided, then he spoke.

"It's tough, sis. He's a poor un, an' I hope he won't stay here. I can't breathe when he's in ther same room with us."

He stopped and looked around the cabin undecidedly. He wanted to say more to comfort her, but he'd said considerable for him. He waited.

She lifted her wet face to his.

"Oh, Dork, of he'd only sed jes' one leetle word 'bout ma—jes' a leetle somethin' kind—it would seem easier. But he's so hard, and he looks so awful." And she hid her face again and sobbed aloud.

She must have dropped into a weary sleep, for an hour after she still sat with her arms on the table, her head, with its tangle of brown hair, resting upon them. The shadows were deepening, and just as the moon was rising above the sandy stretch that lay in front of the doorway, a man stealthily crept through the open door, crossed the creaking floor, and approached the mantel shelf. A muttered oath, followed by a half stifled cry of exultation, then something was knocked from the shelf and fell to the floor with a crash.

The girl jumped up quickly, just as the moonlight flooded the dingy room. She was half afraid, then as she saw who the intruder was, and that he was looking at the photograph of her departed mother, she forgot her sorrow. Her father was forgiven. He left the house soon after, and she stood at the doorway, watching him go down the road with a happy smile. Why should she know that he was heading for the nearest tavern. He had been warned to keep away from this town, but he had something now in his ragged shirt that he knew well would guard him against any serious detention, beside giving to him the amusement he craved.

When Dorsie came home he found the girl troubled.

"Dork, thet ther money behind ther shelf has gone. Jes' mist it as I was a goin' ter count out dad's part. He's been here, an' I was asleep, an' when I woke up he was a 'stanin' by ma's fletur, lookin' at it, an' I guess he fletur purty bad, too."

"Dorsie's face grew dark.

"Which way'd he go, sis?"

"Down ther road ter town."

Dorsie ripped out an oath, and went through the doorway like an unbridled colt. He knew just where to go, and when he burst into the crowd at Mealey's place, where the toughest element for miles around congregated every night, he saw his father sitting at one side of the card table, steadily dealing the pack; the uneasy and shifting manner was gone. Evidently this was his element. He was perfectly at home.

Dorsie pushed his way into the crowd, elbowing the boys right and left until he reached the centre, and when the gambler glanced up from

th game it was to look into a well aimed revolver and see behind its steady barrel the flashing eyes full of hatred.

"Toss up thet ther cash, ther whul eighty, and be quick, too!"

It was a tight box for the gambler, for anyone could see that Dorsie meant business. All his life this man had gambled, and it was no new thing for him to be in a place where he must lose everything just because some one had the upper hand. So it was with a smooth tone and with an expression of injured innocence that he met the conditions.

"Why, Dork, what's ther matter? I've gut no money 'cept what's mine, and I 'low you'll let me hav' thet. What's up, anyhow?"

The calm voice, the injured air, had its effect, and ere Dorsie could wink there was a flash of light straight at his breast, the whole room swam around, the lights grew dim, and the great confusion in the room seemed to subside as he felt himself sinking away, just as though he was going to sleep.

In those days a man had to act quickly. By being always ready to act on the slightest impulse, and so, when the shot had been fired there was instant confusion, and the gambler went out of a back window and was astride a fast horse and a good distance up the road before "the crowd" were half aware of it. Still, as quick as he was, the boys never allowed the grass to grow under their feet on an occasion like this. It was a good three miles to the station, and it was almost train time. Both pursued and pursuers knew this, and it was the train or nothing for the feeling man. It would be useless to make any stand, or try to evade his followers in this open country, but if he could catch the train as it rolled out of the station, he was safe.

As though to spur them to greater exertions, they could hear the locomotive's shrill whistle as it neared the town. It was dark, with the moon hidden behind the clouds so it would be a comparatively easy matter for a man to throw himself from his horse and upon the outward moving train, and get away without a bullet in him, if—well, of course there was always an "if" to be considered in such cases.

There was no shouting, no unnecessary noise, nothing but the quick hoof beats and the breathing of the horses as the boys rushed along in pursuit, but every man had his eyes on that dark object flying in advance, and every man knew what would happen even if the fugitive reached the train ere they did.

The train was just gathering headway as the runaway turned the sharp turn at the station and his horse's hoofs plowed into the sand and dust. He sidled deftly and easily from his plunging mare that the pursuers could with difficulty make him out against the train's dark background. In a moment more he would reach the middle coach. He dared not wait for the last one, as the train's speed was increasing uncomfortably now. He reached out his arm, his ragged and torn shirt sleeve showing dimly against the coach. Perhaps he stumbled—no one ever can tell what occurs at such times—but simultaneously there were two distinct and sharp reports, and the gambler had played his last card.

The train never stopped. It wasn't worth while. The boys gathered around the huddled up heap in the centre of the track as the signal lights on the rear car were disappearing in the distance. One stooped in a business-like way and fumbled among the torn shreds of clothing and recovered what remained of the stolen fund. Then the boys held a little conference.

Sis was bending over the cot whereon lay Dorsie stretched at full length. The boys had just pulled up at the door. Here they gathered about the doctor.

"Oh, he'll pull through, but it's a mighty close shave."

Then the leader went up to sis. His rough features looked less hard than usual and his keen eyes glistened.

"Sis," he said, "Here's yer money. He's gone ter parts unknown, an' won't be back right away, either, so don't yer worry. We'll settle with the doc."

He dropped into her brown palm a wad of bills that must have counted out pretty rich. The boys never did things by halves.—Waverley Magazine.

Fought Himself in His Sleep.

Lee Moser was an amazed young man when he awoke from slumber one morning recently. He was momentarily not altogether certain of his own identity. His head felt big. Blood covered his face. One of his teeth was gone. What did it mean? Then it dawned upon his mind that he had been giving a fellow a severe thrashing in his dreams during the night. Everything corresponded exactly except his recollection of his opponent, who, he had dreamed, was some one else beside himself. But in reality he had been fighting himself. His better self must have fallen into conflict with his worse self. It was a sort of Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll case. He had a vivid recollection of striking his opponent (himself) some very severe blows about the head and face. And he remembered, too, that he had knocked a tooth out, but he thought it was the other fellow's tooth. He is thinking seriously now of placing a bodyguard around his bed at night, hereafter, as he does not wish to do himself any more bodily harm.—Uniontown (Penn.) Genius.

Among the figures returned for cities from the Italian census taken recently, are Rome, 502,000; Florence, 190,000; Venice, 151,000; and Bologna, 152,000.

BUILDING A FARMHOUSE

SOME SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE WHO WOULD PLAN A HOME.

Importance of a Well-Chosen Site—General Principles to be Observed—Make Your Own Plan and Then Submit It to an Architect or Experienced Builder.

A bulletin presenting suggestions to builders of farmhouses and which was prepared by Mr. George W. Hill, chief of the division of publications, has just been issued by the department of agriculture.

"There is no more important undertaking on the farm," Mr. Hill says, "than the building of the house which is to be at once the owner's residence, his office and in every sense of the word his home. But notwithstanding this fact there is no undertaking which sometimes as a result of entirely unavoidable circumstances, more often from other causes, receives so little forethought, so little careful consideration and so little skillful planning and workmanship."

"Too often the farmer finds himself compelled to provide a residence for himself and his family on short notice and on a short bank account. The result is an inconvenient, poorly constructed, and frequently, in the end, an uneconomical house. Many facts and ideas which the farmer has stored away in his mind for such an emergency are crowded out or lost sight of in the press of time. Frequently the nearest village carpenter has to be intrusted with many important details, and the result is far from satisfactory."

"It is with the hope of being of service to all who have to build a farmhouse that this bulletin is written, but particularly it is aimed to help those who have neither the time nor the funds to build as they would like to, and who must, therefore, begin in a very modest way. To that end some very simple facts stated—facts that everybody knows, but which many are apt to forget at the very time when remembrance would prove useful."

It is said that by carefully designing a house so as to facilitate its subsequent enlargement money may be saved and its convenience increased. Additions costing \$400 might have been so provided for in the original scheme as to have permitted their erection for \$350, and so on. Poorly lighted and inconvenient rooms and passages, inaccessible chimneys, steep or dark stairways, etc., are likely to prove obstacles in building additions to houses where the original plans did not take into consideration the probability of such additions.

After reciting the necessity for perfecting title to the land, the bulletin treats of the matter of the site for the house. "The first, and by all odds the most important, consideration is that of healthfulness," says Mr. Hill. "Build on low, ill-drained ground and ill-health will follow as inevitably as night follows day. A dry, well-drained soil is absolutely essential, but the question of air drainage should not be lost sight of. A hollow, however porous and well-drained the soil, will prove a cold, frosty spot in winter, a hot and sultry one in summer. A site too closely shut in by timber will lose what it may gain in shade by the absence of free circulation of air, by the cutting off of every breeze during the sultry days of summer, and, in winter, the absence of sunlight is again a drawback. All things considered, a gentle hillside slope offers the greatest advantages, and, if a hillside where the highest land is to the north and west, little more could be desired. In many portions of the country a strip of timber of greater or less extent to the north and west is an essential, not only to the comfort of the house, but to the comfort of those who are obliged to do chores about it in the severer weather, as well as the stock which must be quartered near it. Again, a few fine shade trees are a great addition to both the comfort and beauty of the farm home, and while trees may be planted and will grow up, other things being equal, the advantage of building near a few fine trees should not be lost sight of. After the consideration of healthfulness, there is, perhaps none more important than that of water. A good well cannot be secured everywhere, and there is no greater inconvenience than to have the well located far from the house. In fact, the nearer it is the better."

"Having conceived the general idea of the house to be built, the next step is to lay it out on paper, and a far better idea of the size and proportion of the rooms will be gained if the drawing is made to a scale. This is not a difficult feat. Let one-quarter inch on the two-foot rule equal one foot. Allow for whatever thickness of studding may be decided on and add one inch for lath and plaster on each side of the partitions, one inch each for lath and plaster, for sheathing, and for siding on outside walls, and a plan sufficiently accurate for practical purposes will be obtained. Get the advice and counsel of the wife, explaining to her whatever on the plans she may not understand. By consulting her convenience in various ways you may save this busy woman many thousands of useless steps every week of her life. Remember that corners cost money and let in cold. The nearer a house approaches to a square or rectangle the cheaper will be its construction and the more solid and substantial will it prove when completed. Bay windows are an expensive luxury and are no longer in style. Keep in mind when planning the house the construction of the roof. A simple roof is cheaper and less liable to leak. Valleys are apt to cause trouble."

"When your plan is completed to your own satisfaction submit it to an architect or experienced builder. Get him to point out any possible improvements, and adopt them if you can see that they are improvements. Especially invite him to point out defects. Let him make your working drawings and prepare your bill of materials. Unless you have had wide experience he will save you all and more than his fee will amount to. Sometimes it will pay to let the contractor for the whole or a part of the house; but in case that is done insist upon your being your own superintendent, with power to reject any material or workmanship that does not come up to your idea of the quality contracted for, and have these conditions specified in the contract."

A large number of plans and drawings are given in the bulletin and considerable space is devoted to a discussion of materials to be employed.

FRENCH-BASQUE WEDDING.

Matrimonial Ceremonies Among Peasants in Southern France.

The daughter of a metayer named Jean Marie lived with her father, a widower, her brother, Pelho, her sister, and little brother in the village of Sare, near St. Jean de Luz. They all alike worked upon the land. A young neighbor, Juan Coche, very recently proposed to her, but Pelho objected on the ground that he was not a fine enough fellow to take his fair share in the farm work of the family. The girl threatened to go into service, and thereupon the match was allowed to come off in due course. The fiance found the money for an extensive trousseau, which was made up at the girl's home, taking six hired women and a sewing machine seven days to finish. As they were to live in the girl's father's house, no furniture was required. Bridesmaids were as always chosen from the girls living in the next dwelling house in the direction of the church. Two days before the wedding two live sheep, well washed and adorned with ribbons, was sent by the bridegroom's father to the girl's house, to be killed for the feast. Next day in the afternoon there was a lot of gun firing on the part of Pelho, and during its continuance a procession of girls arrived, each bearing on her head a decorated basket containing gifts of bread, chickens and wine from neighbors. They went into the girl's house, were fed and danced all the evening. The bride's father contributed 60 pounds of beef, and the brother a skin of Spanish wine (which surely never paid duty), as their respective offerings in aid of the wedding feast.

Next day, at 9 a. m., in pouring rain, the wedding procession marched under umbrellas to the maire, where the civic marriage took place, when a paper was handed to the bridegroom authorizing the religious marriage, which was celebrated afterward. None of the girls would sign the register, nor the husband, probably out of mock modesty. This, by the way, shows how faulty educational statistics, derived from the personal registers, are apt to be. The fee of the cure was 6 francs 50 centimes and a bottle of Rancio wine. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the cafe nearest the church until midnight, when the dinner took place at Jean Marie's, lasting until 5 o'clock, at which no one except the bride, who had once been in service, used a knife and fork. The cook and waiting maids were cousins and aunts of the bride, and got the middle piece of the splendid cake, which, like all the food, did honor to Basque cooking. The old man became merrier than did the young ones, singing and smoking. Then dancing began to the strains of a hired flute-player.—Gentlemen's Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In medieval times not only were living prisoners ransomed by their friends, but a ransom was demanded even for the bodies of those in action.

A Pennsylvania school boy, because of bad conduct, was sentenced by the educational board to banishment from the town, the board reserving the right to have him arrested should he return.

The town of Eatonville, Fla., has 1200 inhabitants, with not a single white among them. It has a full quota of officials, a bank and other business establishments requisite in a town of its size.

The first currency issued by the whites within the limits of the United States was wampum, which was adopted by the Massachusetts colonists in 1607 in their intercourse with the Indians.

The most durable paper is made by a guild near Nanking, China, which supplies the government of that Empire the leaves of its official documents. Some of these are over a 1000 years old.

Crowded though the ocean may be becoming the iron four-masted sailing ship Afghanistan managed to make a seven months' voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool without being spoken by another vessel. Not a word was heard of her from her departure till she sailed up the Mersey, a few days ago.

A goose on the farm of Mr. Watkins Olficht Maen, South Wales, reached the extraordinary age of 41 years last spring. Up to 10 years ago this goose laid regularly, and has hatched and brought up hundreds of goslings. For some time now she has not mixed with or taken any notice of the other geese and the solitary journey of the poor old thing toward the end of its long and useful life is pathetic to behold, although she is treated with every kindness by her kind-hearted owner.