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FREELAND, PA., JUNE 17, 1901.

PENSIONS FOR EMPLOYEES.

Changes Made in the System of the Illinois Central Railroad.

President Stuyvesant Fish of the Illinois Central Railroad company has issued a circular announcing a pension plan for the 40,000 employees of the company. The plan, which is to take effect July 1, is more liberal in its provisions than has heretofore been adopted by any other road. The company starts with a gift of \$250,000 and in addition will each year make an appropriation of an amount not to exceed \$100,000. The pension allowances are on the following basis:

For each year of service an allowance of 1 per cent of the average regular monthly pay received for the ten years preceding retirement. Thus, if an employee has been in the service for 40 years and has received on an average for the last ten years \$50 per month regular wages, his pension allowance will be forty per cent of \$50, or \$20 per month.

An entirely new departure in railroad pensioning is made in a provision that leave of absence, suspension, dismissal followed by reinstatement within one year or temporary lay off on account of reduction, when unattended by other employment is not to be considered as a break in the continuity of the service.

The system applies to every officer and employee of the road, from the president down to the humblest laborer, except members of the law and surgical departments. All officers and employees who have attained the age of 70 years shall be retired, and such of them as have been ten years in the service of the road shall be pensioned. Other roads require a service of 30 years before a pension is issued.

Engineers, firemen, conductors, flagmen and brakemen, trainmen, baggage men, yardmasters, switchmen, bridge foremen, section foremen and supervisors who have attained the age of 65 years may be retired and pensioned if they have served the company ten years. Other companies make the age of retirement for these employees with a pension 20 years and require 30 years' service for a pension.

Officers and employees between 61 and 70 years of age who have been ten years in the service and who have become incapacitated may be retired and pensioned. Other companies make the limit 65 to 69.

In case an employee between 61 or 70 years of age claims that he is, or should be, incapacitated for further service he shall make application for retirement, and the board of pensions shall determine whether or not he shall be retired.

No person inexperienced in railway work over 35 years of age and no experienced person over 45 years of age shall be taken into the company's service. Other companies make a straight 35 year limit.

"I Owe the Public Nothing."

J. Pierpont Morgan, the man whose word is almost law in the commercial world of two continents and whose financial genius is bringing about the combination of the greatest industries in Europe and America, has followed the example of William H. Vanderbilt in expressing his contempt of the American public. Vanderbilt said, "The public be damned." Morgan was interviewed in Paris Saturday. He didn't wish to discuss the panic of Blue Thursday on the New York Stock Exchange. The interviewer pleaded for a few words, saying:

"Don't you think that since you are being blamed for a panic that has ruined thousands of people and disturbed a whole nation some statement is due the public?"

"I owe the public nothing," Mr. Morgan retorted.

"Won't you say whether you consider yourself responsible?"

"I will say nothing."

And why should he? He and his class constitute the government of the United States and the world. That class is in possession by legalized and sanctified robbery; the public is its puppet. A producer of wealth is its leech, to be squeezed dry and sell his bones for a month's grub for his starving children.—Social Democratic Herald.

"The Doctors told me my cough was incurable. One Minute Cough Cure made me a well man." Norris Silver, North Stratford, N. H.—"Because you've not found relief from a stubborn cough, don't despair. One Minute Cough Cure has cured thousands and it will cure you. Safe and sure. Grover's City drug store."

A LETTER FROM JEFFERSON

It Shows That He Was a Good Provider For His Household.

Mrs. Sara T. Kinney has in her collection of treasures an autograph letter of Thomas Jefferson. The date is blurred, and the address is mutilated past recovery. Here is the letter:

MONTICELLO, Oct. 9, 1794. (7)

Dear Sir—In a letter of the 17th ult. I acknowledged the receipt of your favors of the 10th and 27th of August, and within a few days at most the several articles you had been so kind as to forward to me came to hand safely in good condition and to my perfect satisfaction. As the freezing of the Delaware might prevent my getting my supplies of groceries for the first quarter of the ensuing year were I to delay sending for them, I intimated in my last letter that I might probably trouble you with a new application very shortly. This I take the liberty of now doing, having noted on the back hereof the list of articles desired. When I wrote you before, I did not suspect my stock of oil to be so low. It is now entirely out, and therefore I am obliged to ask an immediate supply of three gallons till yours shall arrive. I have written to an old acquaintance, Mr. Barnes, in 3d street, from whom I used to take tea in Philadelphia, to ask the favor of you to receive some which I have desired of him and to pack them up with the other things and have ventured to say to him that you would be so good as to pay his bill, which may be between 6 and 10 or 12 dollars. I will pray you to have everything very securely packed, as without this they are sure to be pilfered by the sailors and wagoners. As soon as you can send me a note of the amount by post, I will by the return of the post inclose you a draught for it. Your kindness not only encourages me in giving you this trouble, but has forbidden me to apologize for it. I am still confined with my rheumatism, tho' much mended. I am divided between two enterprises for the next year, the going on with my house or rebuilding my mill, but whichever I undertake should you receive from Italy a workman who understands the laying and cutting of stone I would be glad of him on reasonable wages—that is to say, on wages reasonably better than those of Italy, but not such as are given in Philadelphia. Our languid circulation of money in this country would not permit that, and, furnishing him the subsistence, he would not need it. I am, with great esteem, dear sir, your friend and servant,
THOS. JEFFERSON.

Sixty pounds single refined sugar.
One hundred pounds best brown sugar.
Eighty pounds best Indian coffee (not the green).
Twenty pounds chocolate.
One hundred pounds rice.
Fifty pounds of biscuit (of the kind called crackers).
Twenty pounds raisins.
Ten pounds bitter almonds.
Three gallons olive oil.
Six bottles of mustard (they are generally small).
Three pounds black pepper.
One pound allspice.
One-quarter pound nutmegs.
One-quarter pound cloves.
One-quarter pound cinnamon.
One-quarter pound ginger.
Thirty gallons of treacle (observe that this is different from molasses and superior).
Twenty-five pounds of the tongues and sounds of the codfish pickled. This article is to be had usually at only one place in Philadelphia, I believe. Mr. Peit, my ancient maitre d'hotel, can point it out. He lives with Mr. Cassions.
Three pounds of hair powder and two or three rolls of good hard pomatum.

As Bright as He Was Bad.

He was a charming little fellow of 4, pretty in his ways, good to look at, but as naughty as could be. He sat on the bottom step kicking his fat little legs and refusing utterly to obey his father, who had told him to go up stairs several times in increasing degrees of severity. After a few minutes of this clinging of wills his exasperated parent picked him up somewhat suddenly, carried him and sat him down very firmly on a chair in his room and then went out and shut the door. Silence reigned; not a sound from him for at least half an hour. Then the door opened, and a sweet little voice called out, "Father, have you got over your tantrum yet, for I should like to come down?"—London Tit-Bits.

A VIGIL

The twilight searches every nook
And corner of the room;
The dancing flames magicians seem,
Sent, to exorcise gloom.
And yet I shiver where I lie
Enchanted by the light
And warmth; I feel a deadly fear
My every fiber smite.
No danger seems to threaten me here,
And yet I cannot sleep;
My very soul is chilled by tears
My unknown sisters weep.
I hear the prayers of mothers woe
Who to their bosoms press
Their babes, imploring God that he
Leave them not fatherless.
I hear mad voices as of friends
That hiss and shriek and rave;
See tossing billows hollow out
For many a man a grave.
O father folk, O father folk,
O mothers, and O wives,
The winds of death that blow afar
They cut my heart like knives!
Shut out the visions storm evoked
I would not though I could,
For, oh, all women's woes are mine
With sorrow's sisterhood.
I kniship claim. Death's shadow dims
The fire alone while I weep
And pray and with my sisters share
The vigil that they keep.
—Boston Globe.

OWNEY THE PEDDLER.

A Story of Irish Country Life.

A gray coat came over the road drawing a cart behind him, with a man and a woman sitting on the crossboard of it. The sun was white upon the road. Rushy pastures, speckled over with the snowballs of the bog cotton, were on each side. Above were mounds and hillocks covered with screens of pine and larch. There was moss as green as emeralds under the larches, and threads of streams dwindled through it, and brown rabbits leaped over it. Between it and the lower boughs black-birds flew with a whirl of wings and a chatter of golden tongues.

"We're up against the house of the smith," said the girl in the cart. She put into the man's hands the reins she had been holding. She cracked the coil with a sharp cutting stick. He broke into a great gallop. The kerchief flew from the girl's head. The yellow of her hair shamed the sun. The whiteness of the lily was on her cheek. The red of the rose was the color of her mouth.

The forge was by the side of the lane, near the corner where the gap between the hillocks opened out upon the bog. High mountains were beyond one end of the gap. The bog was outside the other.

"Get down, Shamus," said the girl to the man who was with her in the cart. "Tell the smith ye want a shoe to the horse. Say that the Dublin road is a hard road for a horse to cover. I'll put a word in then. Watch him an he puttin on the shoe. Bid him be quick, an then say there's no hurry upon ye."

They stopped at the smithy, that was like a witch's cavern with the murky dark that was in it. The broad wheel shaped stone was set in the ground by the door. Hard at hand was the pond for cooling the red-hot iron. The galloping horse drew up of a sudden. The smith and his son came out of the dark cavern. The smith looked at the girl. The son looked at the girl.

"More power to ye, good man!" said the smith to the driver.
"We want a shoe on the beast," said Shamus, getting down out of the cart. The girl got down after him. He let her do it without help. The smith's son said within himself that the stranger must be either the girl's brother or her husband. He felt his heartstrings tighten when he thought of a husband. He had taken two steps forward to help the girl to alight. He took them backward and remained leaning against the doorpost under the lintel.

The smith led the cart from between the shafts.
"Tis a long road to cover, that road to Dublin," said Shamus, pointing down the road. His hand trembled as he held it out.

He ground his teeth in his head.
"T'would be a long road if one was going it," said the girl. Owey Joyce, the son of the smith, fixed his eyes upon the girl.

"The color of the rose went from her lips to her cheek. She turned her head away.
The cart was walked into the forge. Owey followed. He went to the furnace bellows. He blew the furnace into fire and molten gold. The smith red-dened the iron. He hammered it into shape. He was careful and slow at his work.

"Ye'd be a good messenger to send for Death," said Shamus, beating his hand against the doorpost.
The girl sat on the bank by the road outside. There were primroses on the bank, and humming bees went about it and red ladybirds. The girl was looking at them, and the tears began to run down her cheeks. Owey Joyce wondered why the sight of the primroses and the bees and the pretty ladybirds should make the girl cry.

"The oak that takes longest to grow takes longest to fall," said the smith. "But if ye're in a hurry I'll do my best to meet ye."

"There's no hurry upon me," said Shamus, turning toward the girl sitting on the sunny bank.
"Except to get to our grandfather's funeral," said the girl.

The cart was shod and brought back to the cart and harnessed under it.
"Y'ought let me put a clamp of iron there upon the shaft," said the smith. "That's a dangerous crack in it."

"Twas broken before we set out," said the girl. "An havin lasted so far it will likely last all the way. We can't wait."

The man got up into the cart. As the girl did the same thing Owey stepped out and assisted her.
"Ye're no more nor a twelvemonth married," he said to the girl.
"Oh, no," answered the girl. "I'm not married at all."

Such a look came into the eyes of the young man that it was as if the stars were shining in them.
"Ye'll be passin this way goin home?" he said. The girl was sitting on the crossboard. She knitted her brows at the young man. He stood by the wheel of the cart. He had put his hand on her arm.

"We may go home by another road," she said. She drew herself away. There was straw littered over the floor of the cart. As the girl moved away her skirts swept with them some of the straw. Owey saw lying beneath it a heavy mallet. He looked at the girl. Their eyes met. The face of the girl went as gray as the face of a dead woman.

"God speed ye!" said the smith from the doorway of the shed. The long, sharp stick in the girl's hand slashed down upon the back of the horse. He bounded forward with a leap that nearly upset the cart. Away they went down the road and out of sight around the corner. The March wind itself might scarcely overtake them.

"Faith, the pooka isn't in it with that coil!" said the smith to his son.
"Nor the queen of fairies with that woman!" said the son.

The father put his pipe in his mouth and walked into the thatched house beside the forge. His wife was in the kitchen spinning flax.
"At last our Owey has set his eyes upon a girl to his fancy," said the smith, with a laugh.

His wife stopped spinning. She let her hands fall down by her sides.
"Troth, an I didn't believe there was a mother in the world with a colleen that would please him," she said.

About an hour after this two of the king's officers came riding down the road from the mountains. They drew rein at the forge. They called out the smith.
"Did ye happen to see a cart go by this way?" they demanded.

Owey Joyce walked out of the dark of the shed and stood by his father's side and listened.
"That I did," said the smith, "an shod a mettlesome colt under that same cart."

The wind, blowing from faraway, brought to him faint sounds.
"Whisht!" cried Owey, putting up his hand. "What's that?"
The officers and the smith turned their heads in the direction of the wind.

The sounds came nearer.
"Stand your cattle back out of harm's way, sir," said Owey Joyce. "It's a runaway horse with a tangle of harness about him."

He ran down the road and past the corner. The white line of the bog track was out before him. Coming along it was the colt his father had shod. The shafts of the cart were bumping over the ground upon each side of the beast. With every bump the colt shivered in fright. Owey Joyce stood close by a lone thorn on the roadside. He waited until the colt was trotting by. He stepped out and seized the bridle. He tied the colt to the skeough and undid the chains that held the shafts. As he did this he noticed one or two circular dints upon the wood just where it had snapped.

"Thanks be to God!" said Owey Joyce out loud. He raised a few splinters under the dints and blotted them out. He untied the colt and led him to the officers.

"Tis in a bog hole ye may go look for your man, I'm thinkin," he said.
"What may ye have wanted with him, good sirs?" asked the smith.
"He killed a neighbor in a quarrel at the fair of Caltra," answered the officer. "He got away to his sister, and she hid him for days. She got away with him this morning."

"The man let out they were bound for Dublin," said Owey, "but she denied it. They got a shoe on the colt here. Father wanted them to see to their shafts, but she said they hadn't time. She said they were going to their grandfather's funeral. The shafts are lily below on the road."

"She'd lose her soul with a lie to save her brother," said one of the officers.
"Isn't often ye'd meet with a sister like that," said Owey Joyce. He made no mention of the heavy mallet. He said nothing about the dints he had seen upon the broken shafts. He walked by the officers to the place where they lay. The officers examined them. They said it was clear they had snapped away from the cart. Owey walked after the officers as they went slowly over the bog, keeping sharp eyes to the right and the left. They came to a hollow fringed with rush and reed. Slim and black mud was within this border.

"See!" said one of the officers to the other. "Here is where the brute backed in. Look how the place is trampled! Take care and don't go too close, man, unless ye want the mud to swallow ye up!"

They rode back past the smithy. Owey Joyce followed them.
"Ye were very glib givin information," said his father to him when the men were gone. He did not like this spirit in his son.

"The young woman meant all that to be told," said Owey. "If she didn't, she'd have held her tongue."
"She'll not talk much where she is now," said the father.

The next morning Owey went to his father.
"Give me what's comin to me," he said.

"I'm tired of the life here. I'll buy an ass an cart packed with deif ware an go travel."

The father was willing to give him his portion and let him go out into the world, and forget the girl who was swamped in the morass. Owey got the blessing of his parents and went forth to see the world.

He struck across the bog and over every road that branches from the track led his little gray ass. And every cabin he first came to on each separate road he asked the folks if they had seen a yellow haired woman passing that way in company with a white faced man. If they said yes, he went that road until he could go no farther. Then he came back with a sadder countenance than he had before.

He went to and fro over Ireland seeking that which he could not find. And the sleek black hair upon his head began to whiten, and the light of youth went out of his blue eyes. At last he almost forgot what he was searching for. The dullness of age crept upon him. He and his little patient beast grew gray together.

One evening they came into a village on the shore, and the sea was spread out before them. Green islands rose out of it, and foam flashed from its breaking billows. It was the eve of the feast of Patrick, and the peddler had Patrick's crosses to sell to the mothers for their children. A little child came over the sandy street to him and said:

"There is a woman here who wants to buy a cross for me."

He drew the old gray ass over the way, and it was hilly, and he knew it was hard upon the creature. He felt heart sick of wandering.

"I'll go home to the west," he said to himself as he crossed the road. "It is good for a man to die among his own." He stopped before a doorway, where a woman was standing. She was a worn woman, not young. Faded yellow hair was lying upon her forehead.

"God save ye, good man!" she said to Owey. "Where did I see your face before?"

"I think it was in a Connought smithy," said Owey Joyce. And his weakness and age went from him in a moment, for the woman he had spent his life looking for was before him. "Ye stopped to get a shoe on a colt that didn't want it," said Owey. "An your cart was hangin on its shafts by a few splinters. An ye had a great mallet to smash through them when the right minute came, which was at the edge of a quakin morass. An ye sent the colt racing homeward with the shafts at his heels, while you stole away into safety with a man escapin the gallowes. But, my woman, only I cut out the dints left by my mallet in those same shafts before the king's officers put an eye on them it might have gone harder with ye." The woman forgot the child and its Patrick's cross. She stood silent, looking at Owey Joyce.

"Where is your brother now?" asked Owey.

The child was patting the ass, feeding it with tufts of fresh green grass which she gathered from a garden by the path. The woman led Owey away. She brought him to a grave-yard off the street. An old, wind worn chapel stood in the midst. There was a sheltered corner, with sweet violets. A mound rose out of the violets.

"My brother an his wife are lily here," said the faded woman. "An in my cabin out in the street I've reared his children for him."

"Then I think it's time that ye should rear children of your own," said the peddler. And by the time Patrick's eve next came around the faded woman was sitting by her husband's hearth in the thatched house beside her Connought smithy. And her own child was sleeping upon her bosom.—Mainly About People.

What He Spoke.
A young Philadelphian who was born and raised in the Fourth ward saved enough money to pay the expenses incidental to a European trip, and by strict economy the trip was strung out to a period of a little over six months.

As his funds had run pretty low he came home in the steerage with a lot of foreigners. The immigration agents, with their interpreters, were wide awake. The young Philadelphian is very dark, and he was mistaken for a foreigner. One of the interpreters came up to him and said, "Mocesh mouvet po Polski?" "They're trying to string me," thought the Fourth ward man. "I'll keep it up." So he shook his head. The interpreter was asking him if he could speak Polish. Then he changed to Russian, asking, "Mocesh govoret po Rousski?"

Again the supposed foreigner shook his head. "Redden sie Yiddish?" asked the interpreter. This was followed by another shake of the head. Then, in order, the interpreter asked, "Parlez vous Francais?" "Sprechen sie Deutsch?" and "Parlate Italiano?" A negative shake of the head followed each query. "For heaven's sake, what language do you speak?" exclaimed the interpreter. The supposed foreigner laughed.

"That's the stuff," he said. "Why didn't you ask me that first?" The interpreter nearly collapsed.—Philadelphia Record.

Wagner as a Pianist.
Wagner's Latin tutor tried to teach him to play the "Freischutz" overture, but declared that nothing would come of him. Wagner wrote:

"You may go to Jericho with your piano teaching! I shan't play any more." But "the man was right," continues Wagner. "In all my life I have never learned to play the piano properly. Thenceforth I played for my own amusement, nothing but overtures, with the most fearful fingering. It was impossible for me to play a passage clearly, and I conceived a great dread of all scales and runs."—Life of Richard Wagner.

STOPPED THE TRAIN.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL ON A CANADIAN RAILWAY.

The Engineer Jammed on the Brakes When He Saw a Big Salmon Hooked, and the Passengers All Piled Out to See the Fish Landed.

The train was whirling along at a good rate for a Canadian train. It was the Quebec express from St. John and Halifax, and the passengers were idly gazing at the beautiful scenery in anticipation of the breakfast that was awaiting them at the next stopping place.

For miles here the track of the Intercolonial railway runs parallel with the Matapedia river, one of the best salmon fishing streams in the Dominion and the one from whose icy waters the Princess Louise brought to gaff what is said to be the largest salmon ever killed by a woman.

The country is of a kind to stir the soul of the sportsman and make his breath come short and quick at the thought of trying his luck amid such glorious surroundings. At times the railroad runs for half a mile or so on the very brink of the rapid little river, the embankment being walled with stone to prevent its sliding into the water. Then as the river takes a turn it is lost sight of, and the train plunges into the deep forest, through which the sparkling waters are soon seen again. The next moment you are plunging along with the Matapedia under your feet.

This morning as the Quebec express burst upon a long stretch of river one of the passengers whose eyes were eagerly directed along it saw an eighth of a mile ahead the silver glitter of a splendid salmon leaping high out of water. The next moment he heard the wheeze of the steam brakes jammed on hard, and the train was brought to a sudden stop.

Alarmed at first, he sat waiting for the crash of a collision. But he saw nothing in the faces of the excited passengers to confirm his fears. Every one was standing up and peering from the car windows, yet the anxiety was only that shown by people who are waiting to see a horse race or a baseball game. Catching the attention of one excited man just as the cars were coming to a standstill, the mystified passenger asked him what was up.

"He's struck a fish," the man shouted back as he piled out with the others, leaving the mystified one to follow along about as much in the dark as before.

Once outside, the cause of the commotion was quickly made plain. Every man, woman and child in the five cars of the express train and the train hands as well had hustled out and taken up places on the brink of the Matapedia. On the other side of the stream stood a tall, dignified man in tweeds. In his hands was a fishing rod bowed almost double by the strength of the big salmon that had taken the sportsman's lure. At his side stood an Indian, gaff in hand and closely watching every movement of the hooked fish.

The silver flash that had caught the eye of the passenger a moment before had not escaped the notice of the watchful engineer away on ahead in his cab. He saw that the salmon had taken the fly, and his sporting blood was aroused. His one thought then was to see the end of the magnificent struggle he knew was to follow. So he slammed the throttle shut and clapped on the power brakes.

Most of the people in the train were Canadians, and they suspected what was to do. A glance from the window confirmed their impression, and in a few moments more the whole trainful were out by the river's side watching a thrilling battle.

It was certainly an unusual spectacle to behold a hundred or more persons standing there amid the wild scenery, silent and following breathlessly every turn of the life fight that game fish was making, seemingly for their express enjoyment. The man in the tweeds paid not the slightest apparent attention to the crowd across the river, which at this point was about 150 yards wide. He just attended to business, and he had his hands full.

The bringing to gaff of a hard fighting salmon has often been described, so it is not necessary to tell of the valiant struggles this Matapedia fish made to break the silken line or tear the feathered hook from his flesh. He worked as hard for his life as ever fish did, but steadily the skillful person in tweeds reeled him in. Inch by inch at first and then foot by foot he was brought nearer to the deadly steel in the hands of the Indian.

At last the Indian fell to his knees, and, reaching out the gaff as the angler brought the fish carefully within reach, there was a flash of gleaming scales, and the guide jumped to his feet, holding high a 40 pounder for the inspection of the spellbound knot of travelers across the river. They looked at it for a moment, and then there went up a spontaneous, ringing cheer, whereat Mr. Dignity in the tweeds unbent and, taking off his cap, bowed low in graceful recognition of the tribute to his skill as a taker of salmon.

Then the locomotive screamed "Toot, toot!" the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the sporting trainful were soon being hurried along toward the almost forgotten breakfast.—New York Sun.

Looking Ahead.
Mamma (reprovingly)—Gertie, did you tumble into bed without saying your prayers?
Gertie—Yes, mamma. You see, I expected I'd be pretty tired tonight, so I said an encore after my prayers this morning.—Puck.