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Many doctors assert that nobody should ever run. Perhaps the messenger boy has got the right principle of long life after all.

What happens is important, but more important than any single event is the opinion held by the majority of the people. The event passes, but what the majority think and desire will shape the course of events in the future.

The water power of Sweden ought to bring her millions of dollars in revenue. Capital for development appears to be the main drawback. There are innumerable waterfalls that might be utilized for works of every description. A few of them have been applied to the service of factories and other works by foreigners with great profit. It is only a question of time when all of them will be utilized.

An inventor in Canada is at work upon a machine for the utilization of sawdust. The machine is an arrangement of revolving cylinders into which the sawdust is placed and subjected to strong heat. With an unperfected machine there have been obtained from 1000 pounds of sawdust 160 pounds of char, 180 pounds acids, 162 pounds tar, 248 pounds water. The gases were not measured, but a test showed them to be superior to coal gas for lighting and heating, except that there was a pungent odor not difficult to get rid of. The products sought were the tar, acids and char, but it is believed that the gases have a commercial value. Our redwood sawdust is probably very valuable for acids.

It is a pretty idea that which a Londoner has submitted to the parks committee of that city. He would have butterflies introduced into London parks. He would have in each of the larger parks small plantations of nettles on which the eggs or the young grubs of the butterflies should be placed and so protected that the birds cannot get at the caterpillars. With practically no expense, the city folk would be able to enjoy the graceful, fluttering insect as well as those that live in the country. He recommends three species that are hardy and very prolific and especially well adapted for such a purpose, the caterpillars being of the hairy kind unpalatable to most birds, the "red admiral," the "peacock," and the "tortoise shell."

Congress, by ratifying the cession act of the Tennessee Legislature, which fixed the Virginia-Tennessee boundary line in the middle of Main street in the town of Bristol, has created a situation some features of which are decidedly curious. Exactly in the centre of that street there runs a car track, one rail of which is now in Virginia and one in Tennessee, so the question as to which of the two States a passenger in that company's cars is traveling through depends on which side of the car he happens to find a seat. If he stands up he can be in both States at the same time. And if he moves from one side to the other he will have to set his watch backward or forward a whole hour if he wants it to show the legal time of day, for the State boundary is the dividing line between two standard time zones. Other difficulties and confusions are sure to manifest themselves to the citizens of Bristol, and they are likely to find their position even more inconvenient than interesting.

The Department of Mails and Telegraphs of the French Government, after a thorough test, has decided to order 100 automobiles for collecting and distributing the mails, the system to be extended throughout the entire country with all practical speed.

In the United States navy 52 per cent of the petty officers and 42 per cent of the seamen are foreign born.

JACK'S COAT.

BY LAURA J. BITTENHOUSE.

Jack Turner looked gloomily out of the window, his handsome face disfigured by a scowl.

"It's always so. Just as sure as I have a chance for a good time, some obstacle arises to prevent it. Howard has a pass for me, and my trip south wouldn't cost me a cent, if only I had something decent to wear."

Mrs. Turner dropped her work and sighed.

"It does seem hard, Jack, but I really don't see how to help it. If we should buy you a summer suit now you'd have to wear your old suit again next winter, you know," she said plaintively.

"Oh, I know that well enough, mother, so it isn't worth while talking about it. It seems to me I've heard of nothing but poverty all my life. We're so poor, Job's turkey wouldn't associate with us," he said, savagely, then stalked from the room with the air of a martyr.

His sister Doris went on darning steadily for awhile.

"I'm ever so sorry for poor Jack," she said at last, a suspicion of tears in her voice. "I wish I could help him some way, but I'm afraid I can't manufacture a suit of clothes for him. I really do believe I could make him a coat and vest, though, if only I had the material. You know I am an expert maker of pockets and buttonholes, and you often say my pressing is equal to a tailor's."

Mrs. Turner's face brightened.

"Yes, you are splendid at that kind of thing, Doris. I think it is a gift; or perhaps it is only a delicate touch, a true eye, and unlimited patience. Whatever the quality may be, I know I do not possess it. Jack would never wear a coat made by his mother," and she laughed softly at the idea.

"Suppose he had a coat and vest, mother, has he any trousseau fit to wear south?" asked Doris.

"Yes; those dark gray ones could be sponged and pressed till they'd look as good as new."

Doris put down her darning, ran upstairs and returned in a moment with the full skirt of a black gown on her arm. Her face was radiant.

"Jack can go, mother. I can get a coat and vest out of this gown, with careful cutting. The material is lovely, silk and wool, even finer than is ordinarily used for gentlemen. My big brother will be quite a swell in it," she said, merrily.

"Why, Doris, you surely don't intend to use that good gown in that way? It is the only decent one you have for cool days," remonstrated Mrs. Turner.

"Indeed I do, mother. I can wear my old brilliantine by freshening it up with a new facing and ribbons, and dear old Jack shall have his outing."

"But Jack will not allow you to sacrifice your best dress for him, Doris."

"Jack will know nothing about it. I can easily find out his measures, and I know where I can get good patterns. If he asks questions, I'll evade them so skillfully he'll think we've had a sudden streak of good luck," the girl said, gayly.

"But it doesn't seem fair, Doris. If Jack would give up smoking, he could soon save money enough to buy his clothes himself," Mrs. Turner protested.

"Now, mother dear, don't you fret about your daughter. I'll have such jolly times, and chatter and beam and smile upon people so broadly that they'll forget to notice my shabby attire. Of course, Jack ought to be ashamed of himself for wasting money on such an expensive and filthy habit; but I hope yet to some day coax him to stop it." And full of her generous purpose, Doris tripped up stairs to begin her loving work.

Soon afterward, Mrs. Turner went into the kitchen to see about dinner, utterly unconscious that her guest, Howard Halliday, was lying upon the couch in the parlor, where he had gone an hour before with a severe headache. He certainly had not intended listening; but it had happened so quickly he had not had time to make his presence known. He was not very penitent. He felt there could be no harm in reading another page in a sweet, unselfish life.

He had begun his acquaintance with Doris by being amused at her quaint, old-fashioned sincerity; and he had not been in the house six hours as Jack's guest, before the young lady gave him a surprise that made him very nearly angry.

It was just after tea, and they had adjourned to the broad porch to enjoy the lovely sunset. He had pulled out his cigar case, and with an air of easy assurance turned to Doris.

"You have no objection to my smoking?"

"Indeed I have. I hate tobacco smoke, and even if I did not I should object on principle."

For once in his life Howard's grace of manner forsook him, and he thrust his cigar back into its case as awkwardly as a schoolboy, his face crimson.

Doris sat demurely swaying back and forth in her light rocker, one pretty, rounded arm upraised, toying with a spray of honeysuckle. Apparently unconscious that she had said or done anything out of the ordinary, she smiled in a friendly manner into the gentleman's clouded face.

"You are the first young lady I ever

met who objected to the odor of a fine cigar," he said, half rebukingly.

"I am the only one who has been courageous enough to tell you so; or, perhaps it would please you better to say I am the only one selfish enough to deprive you of such pleasure. But I'll warrant many a lady has been forced to tell you a polite lie rather than make herself disagreeable by telling the truth," she said good naturedly.

"So you do not tell untruths for the sake of being pleasant, it seems," Mr. Halliday said, interrogatively, a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"Not when a principle is involved. I claim that the use of tobacco in any form is unwholesome, unclean, selfish and extravagant, so of course I cannot sanction smoking, even though the cigars may be of the finest."

"Oh, I see you are one of the advanced thinkers, or 'reform' women, who are slashing right and left at the small vices of the sterner sex. You wish men to be little less than angels, lacking physical force and manly independence," he replied hotly.

"I belong to the class who believe men should be as free from vices as women, good, pure and true; of the finest physical development, and brave enough to resist temptation, no matter in what guise it may come," she said quietly.

A rather heated argument followed, in which Mr. Halliday felt himself decidedly worsted. To cover his defeat he gladly accepted Jack's invitation to call on his "best girl."

That tilt of words was by no means the last, nor was it the last in which Mr. Halliday left the battlefield ingloriously. It must be confessed his self-approbation was often hurt, and that in thinking over their discussions afterward Howard frequently assured himself that he barely escaped disliking his friend's sister. That women should hold "opinions" at all seemed unwomanly to him; and to be defeated by one was almost unpardonable.

Yet, aside from this unpleasant feature, little Doris seemed one of the most unselfish and lovable girls he had ever met. He felt sure his stately mother would approve of her, and the thought sent a queer little spasm of pleasure through his hitherto invulnerable heart. It was just like her to sacrifice her best dress to give Jack an outing. He had not much faith in the result, though, and he laughed to himself as he thought of stylish Jack in a badly fitting, badly made coat. His first impulse was to tell Jack in time to prevent the worse than useless sacrifice; but that would be betraying a secret not intended for his ears, so he could only be silent and await developments.

For the next three or four days Doris was scarcely visible, except at meal-time. Jack stormed because she did not give more time to their guest. It was "just like a girl's vanity," he said, "to care more for stitching away on an old machine, making finery, than to care for the comfort and happiness of two forlorn men." And Howard, watching the sensitive face flushing under the unjust accusations, thought her the sweetest and loveliest of women.

At last, one afternoon, as Jack and Howard were lounging on the porch, Doris came tripping demurely up the street, carrying a neat package. Her eyes shone with a light that fairly dazzled Mr. Halliday, and in a moment he comprehended her plan. He arose as she came up, and offered her a chair, but she shook her head playfully, and passed on into the sitting room. Presently she called Jack.

He got up lazily and went in. Howard longed to follow, but dared not. He expected every moment to hear Jack's voice in angry derision. Instead that young man soon appeared with a beaming face, his fine figure adorned with a well fitted and beautifully made coat.

"I tell you, Howard, there's nothing like having the right kind of women folks. Mine have trigged me out in these handsome new duds, and I'm happier than the winning captain of a football team. I can go home now with you. I only refused before because I hadn't anything fit to wear in your warm climate, and I was too poor to buy anything. Uncle Walter only allows me income enough to barely squeeze through college, and Doris' teaching scarcely furnishes mother and herself with the necessities."

Jack paused, and Howard, feeling like a hypocrite, cudgelled his brain for something to say.

"Doris and mother are wonderful women, anyhow. Doris has a knack of making the commonest things look dainty and artistic, and mother—why mother can easily evolve something out of nothing. I'm sure now they must have pinched themselves awfully to buy these nice things, unless Doris has sold one of her pretty water colors, as she does sometimes. It must be that, for Doris declares she hasn't taken a dollar from the family treasury. It's just like her, bless her generous heart! Anyhow, I'll not worry her asking questions, for I know she's as happy over it as I am. Have a cigar?" extending a finely favored one to Mr. Halliday.

That gentleman declined, almost rudely.

"I've concluded not to smoke any more. Your sister is right. The use of tobacco makes a man blind and selfish."

He was half angry with Jack for accepting so unquestioningly the sacri-

fice Doris had made, and he kept thinking how soon Jack might have saved money enough to buy his own clothes, had he been half as self-denying as his sister. Jack looked at him in astonishment.

"Will wonders never cease. To think of your giving up smoking is a stunner! Next thing you'll sign the total abstinence pledge, and fit yourself for a church deacon. Doris will be delighted," he said, between puffs.

"Don't tell her; I want to tell her myself. And, Jack, if you were half the man you ought to be, you'd stop smoking yourself and save your money to buy the things you need. I swear I'd be ashamed to let a little, delicate girl help clothe me," Howard said indignantly.

Jack's sunburned face took on a bright red.

"You're confoundedly polite in your way of putting things," he said, giving his cigar a petulant fling that landed it in the rosebed, "and you've grown virtuous very suddenly, it seems to me."

Then there was a long silence, broken by Jack.

"Thank you, Howard. You're right. I've been a selfish beast to let mother and Doris spoil me so. And if you, who can so well afford it, can quit smoking, I will, too."

"If you come down to facts, I guess it is as Doris says; we can none of us afford it, not even if our pocketbooks are overflowing. We cannot afford to risk the many evil physical results likely to follow, and to be repeated in future generations, to say nothing of poisoning the air for others who detest the odor," Howard said, gravely.

"You talk as if Doris were dictating," said Jack, lightly.

"As she is, in a measure. I'm such an egotistical prig that I have lacked the courage and grace to acknowledge how much her arguments have affected me. I think I shall be brave enough to tell her before I go," Mr. Halliday continued, frankly.

Jack was silent. Brotherly intuition had suddenly opened his eyes.

"And if you think there is the least hope for me, I've something else to tell her before I meet my mother. I know I'm not half good enough for her, but I intend to grow better, and"—Howard stopped abruptly, nervousness making his voice husky.

Jack grasped his hand and squeezed it till it ached.

"No, you're not good enough for her, old fellow, no man is; but if she loves you as well as I do, she'll take you."

That evening Doris and Mr. Halliday sat on the porch in the starlight, having reached a perfect understanding.

"I think I commenced loving you because you were so frank and outspoken, so unlike the conventional society girls I had grown so tired of; but the thing that showed me my heart as nothing else could have done was Jack's coat."

"Jack's coat!" Doris exclaimed, in astonishment. "Whoever heard of anything so absurd?"

Then she turned upon him quickly.

"Howard—you didn't—you don't know—"

"Yes, I do, too. I heard you talking it over with your mother, you dear, generous little girl!"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she asked, trying to disengage her hand.

"Not a bit. It was the last little link to fetter my heart to yours forever," holding the struggling hands firmly upon his breast.

"You won't tell Jack? Please do not. It would spoil his whole trip south to know he was wearing his sister's dress."

"I promise not to tell till the day he starts home. He'll be a better man for knowing it then. Your unselfish act will make it easier for him to resist small vices and extravagances in college next year. Besides, my own character has been improved, and my life made one of perfect happiness by reading your beautiful soul through the medium of Jack's coat."—Waverley Magazine.

An American on English Trade.

Mr. Chalmers Roberts, who is in England for The World's Work, writes of English trade conditions as seen by an American and tells the story of the conservatism and desire for the well known and tried article on the other side of the Atlantic.

An American commercial traveler had built up quite a trade in a certain kind of fountain pens, a sort of middle class article more or less out of date in the United States. For this very reason it was once impossible to fill an order for 500 pens from one of his oldest and best customers. Rather than lose the custom he arranged that a much better and more modern pen should be shipped in place of the kind ordered. Judge of his surprise when the dealer refused to accept them. "They are much better, sir, in every way, and it is only by a great reduction in the price that you get them at the cost of the old ones." "That may all be true," said Mr. Bull, "but they are not the kind I ordered nor what my customers ask for. I sell what they want, and am not in the educating business." The pens had to be sent back to America.

A Country of Strangers.

Switzerland, as the following statistics will show, is essentially a country cultivating one industry—visitors, writes a Lausanne correspondent. In Zurich there are no fewer than 70,652 foreigners, and at Basle their number amounts to \$4,139. In the cantons of Vaud and Tessin more than 30,000 strangers are living in each canton. Geneva also is well up to the fore with 53,885 aliens within her borders. Switzerland, with a population of about 3,500,000, has no fewer than 230,000 foreigners in her midst.

HARRISON'S SAD ORDEAL

EX-PRESIDENT FOUND FATHER'S BODY IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

Went There to Try to Find the Body of an Humble German Which Had Been Stolen—Persisted in His Search, and Was Greatly Shocked at His Discovery.

The death of former President Benjamin Harrison has recalled to a few residents of this city, writes a Cincinnati correspondent of the New York Sun, a tragic incident in his career which happened here not long after the death of John Scott Harrison, his father, in May, 1878. The man who was later to be president had accepted the nomination for governor a short time previously and although he ran 2000 ahead of his ticket the Republicans were defeated. It was before he had been elected to the United States senate, although that possibility was already contemplated.

General Harrison had returned to his native town of North Bend, 16 miles from here, to visit his family and renew his old friendships in the place of his birth. He had gone there from Indianapolis, because it was already rumored that he might be called to Washington to serve his term as senator. During his visit to the little Ohio town he was made much of by the persons who had known him in his youth and although his father had just died he received many visits from the country people; one of those who came to see him was an old German woman, whose husband had been buried recently.

"She came to see General Harrison," said a man who was a part of the incident he was relating to a group of friends the night after General Harrison's death, "because she knew he was influential, a friend of her husband's, and would help her in the trouble that had come with her widowhood. Her husband's body had been buried in the little churchyard of the village and a few days afterward there were unmistakable evidences that his grave had been tampered with. Investigation showed that the body had been stolen. There was immediate suspicion that it had been sold to one of the medical colleges in this city, and the woman wanted her husband's friend to help her to recover the body."

"She told her story to General Harrison, who promised to do what he could to help her, as he was coming to Cincinnati the next day on his way back to Indianapolis. He agreed with the idea that the body had been brought here and sold for the purposes of one of the clinics, and the first thing he did on reaching Cincinnati was to consult with the chief of police.

"The general and he agreed as to the best means of conducting the search. The chief got a warrant and sent a constable with him and his friends to all of the medical colleges here. The first institution they went there they found no signs of the body. General Harrison knew that he would be able to identify it and he spared no effort in making the search thorough. Every body in the dissecting room was shown to the party, and when General Harrison told us that he had failed to find any that looked like the old German we moved on to the three other colleges with dissecting rooms. In none of these was there any sign of the body for which we were searching, although General Harrison looked at every cadaver from those which had just been brought in to those picked in the cellars down stairs.

"We had about given up hope and only the general's suggestion that we return to the Ohio State college once more led the party back there again. We felt certain that there was no place we had not seen, but when General Harrison thought that it might pay to look through the rooms again we all went back willingly.

"The dissecting room in the State college was on the top floor, and the cellar, in which the bodies were kept, was directly under this. The subjects were lifted from the cellar to the top floor by a pulley rope, which passed through the different floors by means of trap doors cut on every landing; in these were cut holes for the ropes. We had walked up the staircase without noticing this rope, especially until we reached the dissecting room, and then understood from its appearance for what purpose it was used. The constable in the party put his hand on it just as we were leaving the room and felt that it was taut; he suggested to General Harrison that the trap door be opened and that whatever was on it be hoisted to the room in which we were standing, in order to see what it was.

"The janitor of the building, with one of the instructors, was showing us through. He demurred at this suggestion; but when General Harrison indicated to him plainly that he wished the rope pulled up the two men complied. We stepped back from the trap door, which was opened; the janitor leaned forward and pulled down the rope, which brought up the object attached to the other side.

"Suddenly there shot into view through the aperture from the floor below the naked body of an old man. A rope was tied around the neck and this was a hook attached to the rope that served to lift the bodies upward. General Harrison had been through all sorts of experiences that evening with the bodies of so many kinds that we had seen. He had never flinched or hesitated to examine closely enough to see if he had found the missing husband of his old friend. He was not an emotional man, but changed color at the sight of the body that came into view. Its head had already been shaved for the dissecting table. He spoke a few hurried words to the constable that none of us heard. The of-

ficial remained in the room, while we left it at General Harrison's request. These two remained alone with the college officials in the dissecting room up stairs while we waited them down stairs, confident that the missing body had been found.

"It was not until the constable came to dismiss us that we learned the truth. The body which so suddenly came into view was that of General Harrison's father, John Scott Harrison, the grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence; the son of a president of the United States, and a distinguished lawyer, soldier and statesman; but he was the prey of body snatchers, just as the humble German in the same cemetery at North Bend had been.

"Naturally, we did not see the general again that night. He sent for a friend, and with him went to the newspaper offices in the city, explaining the matter fully, and requesting that the least possible notice be given to it. As far as I can remember now, the incident was scarcely alluded to, and at all events its details never became public. The body was returned quietly to the grave at North Bend, which had been robbed by ghouls from Cincinnati who had supplied the medical colleges during the entire winter.

"The authorities in the college where General Harrison found his father's body supposed that the cadaver on the dissecting table, when they learned the business of our investigating party, was that for which we were seeking. It was then lowered into the cellar on the rope, and when we went down there to look it had been lifted to the floor above. In that way it had been concealed until the sudden demand that the taut rope be drawn up was made on the janitor and instructor within.

"A party of us went out on the following day after we had heard of the incident to visit the cemetery of North Bend, and found John Scott Harrison's grave empty. The fresh earth had been removed, the upper part of the coffin lid cut away and the body taken. I never heard whether the body for which the search was originally started was ever found, but I know that the chief of police, who learned of the incident, saw to it that the dead in that little cemetery were protected in the future.

"General Harrison confessed shortly after the incident that he had never in his life gone through an experience like that which followed his first discovery that it was his father's body hanging by the neck to a rope only a few days after he had been buried with all the honor that the region could show."

THE SPEAKING PORTRAIT.

A New Scheme to Aid Detectives in Identifying Criminals.

Every one knows that, thanks to the great Parisian criminal expert, M. Bertillon, a criminal who falls into the clutches of the law more than once stands absolutely no chance of hiding his identity if his measurements have been taken by the anthropometrical system. But as every criminal also knows when he is at large this system is practically useless to his pursuers; the detective cannot measure the length of a man's middle finger in a crowd or take an impression of his thumb. Yet once again the genius of M. Bertillon has triumphed over the identification difficulty, and he has come forward with a system which approaches very near perfection.

"Le Portrait Parle," as M. Bertillon calls his method, consists in form of a card that may be carried in the pocket, on which are noted down, those characteristics that have the most fixity in the individual and the most variability in different people. "The anthropometrical system," said M. Bertillon, when discussing the subject with me, "necessitates the detention of the criminal, whose measurements are taken with the aid of compasses, but the verbal portrait which aims at the criminal at liberty may be applied unknown to him and from a distance.

"This description, based on a knowledge of human anatomy any one can master with a little preliminary study, and it is of so much precision that it applies solely to the person it represents, to the exclusion of all others. It is composed, for each individual, of from 10 to 15 distinctive signs, which should always be borne in mind by an officer in search of a law breaker. The verbal description has the advantage over a photograph in that it can be turned up in any place at any hour and transmitted by telegraph or telephone."

Examining a verbal portrait, we find that it is divided into three chapters. The first deals with the color of the eye, hair and face, the second with the characteristics of the forehead, nose, right ear and build of body, the third with an analysis of the profile and face.

It does not necessarily follow that because the chapters are arranged in this order the detective will apply them in the same order to his criminal. When looking for his man he carries in his mind only the most characteristic features—the fixed features, such as the eyes, nose, forehead or ear. These the criminal cannot alter at will, but he may dye the color of his hair or the complexion of his face; he may hide his mouth under false hair or disguise his build of body by padding his clothes or in other ways. Therefore the officer carries in his mind a kind of caricature of the person to be recognized, concerning himself at first with only the most exaggerated features and taking no heed of those which would be described as average. Every one knows how easy it is to recognize some well known personage from a caricature, which is far superior to the best photographs for this purpose.—Pearson's Magazine.