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A ROYAL PHYSICIAN.

Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria a True Philanthropist.

Few names are graven on the rolls of royalty whose bearers have elected a lifework other than that to which their lineage has made them heirs. The most conspicuous instance of this in modern history is Dr. Karl Theodor, as he chooses to be called, other wise Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, head of the ætial line of the kingdom's royal house, who has abdicated in favor of his younger brother, in order that he may the more completely give himself up to scientific pursuits. By rigid devotion to the study of medicine, and, in particular, the science of ophthalmology, he has attained such rank in his profession that his clinics are known to scientific men all over the world. These clinics are conducted irrespective of financial considerations, and any worthy man can have the benefit of the dual doctor's skill and knowledge without cost.

It was the Franco-Prussian war that first turned the duke's mind to the profession of a physician. He took an active part in many of the battles, and became particularly interested in the hospital service, and at the close of the war he announced his intention of studying medicine. Naturally this resolve aroused much opposition in his family. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him, but he was steadfast. Willingly foregoing his political rights, he entered the clinic of a distinguished Russian professor at Mentone, whither he had gone for his health. Thereafter he assisted at various clinics in Vienna, in all of which he was noted for his indefatigable industry and patience, and whole-souled devotion to his work. Eventually he became an independent operator in eye surgery, in which branch he soon gained a high reputation.

Having given his time, the duke now set about giving his money to his profession. On Lake Tegernsee at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, he built and endowed a large hospital. In this building is maintained one of the duke's famous ophthalmic clinics, to which the afflicted gather from far and near. At Munich, Merano, in Austria, and near Mentone, he established other clinics, spending part of the year at each. But it is the hospital on the Bavarian lake that he loves the best, and there most of his time is spent.

Where Abraham Lincoln Fought.

A bill is now pending in the Illinois legislature appropriating \$5,000 for the erection of a monument to the victims of the battle of Stillman's Run, against the Black Hawk Indians, in 1832. The place is situated in Ogle county. The fight, if gauged by numbers killed, or even engaged, was insignificant, but if measured by the effect it had far-reaching influence upon the then future of Illinois.

The battle of Stillman's Run was the opening event in the Black Hawk war and was sealed with the lives of 11 white men. The whole State of Illinois was ablaze within a few days, and thousands volunteered for active service in crushing the Indians, whose presence continually terrorized the white settlers. It was here Abraham Lincoln received his first lessons in warfare. Before those volunteers disbanded the red man was driven across the Mississippi, and the country was thrown open for civilized peoples. All of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin was profoundly affected by this movement.

Buddhism Reviving.

The belief current in some parts of Christendom that Buddhism is already far advanced in a state of decadence is not borne out by the facts. According to the most reliable authority the followers of Buddha still number no less than 147,000, and while Christian missionaries have undoubtedly made very notable conversions among them, the number thus actually withdrawn from the more ancient faith has been so small as to hardly affect the total. In Japan and other parts of the far east a concerted effort has been made during the past year to revive and strengthen Buddhism by adopting some of the methods of propagandism followed by the Christian sects. These include the organization of Sunday schools and Sunday lecture courses, the free distribution of religious tracts and the sending out of corps of missionary teachers and preachers. In Japan an enormous fund is being raised by a Buddhist temple to establish orphanages and other benevolent institutions after the manner of those conducted by the Christian churches.

BAFFLED BY : : : A PUMA.

John Kenwood emigrated from England 12 years before, and he was now the sole owner of the Lone Mountain Ranch, where one evening he sat smoking with his friend, Matthew Quin.

"You have come at just the right time, old chap," said Kenwood, in answer to a remark of Quin's. "A couple of pumas have been carrying off my sheep lately, and I'll help you to bag them, if it can be done. And if you care for other sport—man-hunting, for instance—you can try your hand at Black Barton, the highwayman, who is operating in this end of the Territory. He has held up four stage coaches in as many weeks. I'm afraid he's too cunning to be caught, though there is a heavy reward offered for him, dead or alive."

"I shan't trouble Black Barton," replied Quin, "but I want those pumas badly. Hamrach & Co. have an order for them."

The puma—or California lion, as it is sometimes called—is a large, tawny, yellow beast, larger than a panther, with a reputation for strength and ferocity. But the pair that lurked in the foothills north of Lone Mountain Ranch, came to speedy grief, once Quin set to work. Within a week the female puma was taken in a cleverly constructed box-trap baited with a freshly killed lamb. A brace of kittenish cubs, found in a rocky den half-way up a precipice, shared their mother's captivity.

A warm, sunny morning, several days later, witnessed the departure of Kenwood's guest for the little settlement of Peak City, 40 miles to the southeast, which was connected by stage with the nearest point on the railway. A large four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by a pair of mules, was in charge of Rube Darrell, a strapping big fellow of the cowboy type, loud-voiced, but sound at the bottom. The forepart of the wagon was heaped with bales of wood, and the puma and her cubs, confined in a stout wooden box, occupied the rear.

A tight clasp of the hands and a few quiet words of farewell marked the parting between Kenwood and Quin. The latter climbed to the narrow seat of the vehicle beside the driver, and examined the fastenings of a leather bag that was strapped round his chest underneath his coat. It contained some hundreds of dollars, in gold and notes, that he had consented to take charge of for his friend as far as Peak City, where it was to be turned over to a branch of a New York bank.

"Keep your eyes peeled for Black Barton, old man," he said, with a smile. "He shan't get your money," vowed Quin, patting the stock of his revolver. "I'll take care of that all right."

The crack of Rube Darrell's whip cut into the conversation and sent the mules off at a trot. All went well until early in the afternoon, when a heavy rain came up. At sunset the travelers descended to the valley of the Deer river, a tributary of the Yellowstone, and were dismayed to find it a muddy, raging torrent, several feet above its normal level.

"Confound that storm," exclaimed Darrell. "But the flood will go down just about as quick as it rose, if you care to wait a couple of hours. If not, why, I reckon I can find the ford. What do you say, pardner?"

Quin hesitated. Peak City was 10 miles further on, and just across the river the road threaded a narrow, rugged gorge with steep hills on either side. He was reluctant to go through this after dark, nor did he like the idea of spending the night where he was; Kenwood's bag of money was not a light responsibility.

"What is your opinion?" he asked. "I think we can do it, pardner," was the reply.

"Then go ahead!" The mules plunged into the swirling, yellow tide. For a third of the distance they kept to the fording. Then they deviated, tried to struggle on until the wagon swung round, and the water surged over the bottom boards.

"It's no use—we'll never make the shore," cried Darrell. "Stick where you are, pardner. I must give the poor beasts a chance for their lives."

With that, drawing his knife, the plucky fellow leaped down upon the submerged pole, and with a few strokes he succeeded in cutting the mules loose from the traces.

Meanwhile Quin was chiefly concerned for the safety of his companion and of the pumas. The wagon floating lightly down the stream, suddenly struck a narrow bar of grass and gravel that lay in mid-channel, then over it went, and off slid the bales of cotton and the box of pumas.

A quick jump saved Quin and Darrell from a thorough wetting, and landed them hip deep. The two fought their way ashore, and shook their dripping clothes.

The thought of the pumas sent Quin hurriedly back to the upper end of the bar, with Darrell at his heels. The cubs were whimpering with fright and discomfort and the dam was in a ferocious mood.

The sun was below the horizon now, and darkness came on quickly. In a little hollow of the island, 20 feet or so from the stranded box, some rescued bales of cotton were placed in a semi-circle to keep off the keen night wind. Then, having eaten the few biscuits that remained from their lunch, the castaways made themselves as comfortable as possible, and in

spite of their wet clothing they presently fell asleep.

Some time later—it must have been near midnight—Quin awoke, feeling restless and uneasy. He heard a horse neigh over by the mouth of the gorge, and the next moment, as he glanced suspiciously about, he perceived, through the dim gloom, several dark objects approaching the lower point of the island from the south side of the river. It was the work of an instant to rouse and alarm his companion.

"Four of them," muttered Darrell, as he peered over the breastwork of cotton bales. "It's Black Barton and his lot. They must know about the money, and they intended to hold us up yonder in the ravine."

Quin had kept his two loaded revolvers dry, and he gave one to his companion. By this time the intruders had gained the point of the island, and were creeping forward along the water's edge.

"Hold on there," shouted Darrell. "Who are you?"

"Friends," came the prompt answer, and with that the four made a rush, firing a volley at the same instant.

A brief and thrilling fight now ensued. The three desperadoes had scattered, and as they crawled forward over the sand they fired rapidly, the shower of lead plowing in the cotton bales.

Just then a bullet tore the revolver from Quin's grasp, and his numbed stinging hand dropped to his side. An instant later Darrell clutched at his chest, rolled over limply, and lay quite still. That the poor fellow was dead Quin did not doubt. He had no more cartridges, but there was no time to reload.

"I must try to escape," he decided. "It's the only chance of saving the money, and my life as well."

As he turned and fled, bending low, he was seen. A couple of bullets whizzed by him. He gained the box by a rapid movement, unbolted the heavy wooden door and threw it open, and then dashed on to the wagon. Looking back from behind this shelter he saw the liberated puma make a flying leap that landed it on the breast of the foremost of the three desperadoes, who had sprung over the barricade in chase of the fugitive. With screams of rage and terror—a chorus to turn one's blood cold—man and beast fell together on the sand. The former's companions drew back in panic, making no effort to help him.

This was Quin's opportunity. He left the stony bed of the river, mounted to the mouth of the gorge, and quickly discovered what he sought—four horses tethered at the base of the cliff.

Three of them he was compelled to abandon, as he had no knife with which to sever the lariats. By the time he had untied the one, and swung into the saddle, his enemies were dangerously near. He rode at a gallop up the narrow defile, and at intervals, as he spurred on, he heard the clattering sounds of pursuit far in his rear. But these presently faded away, and unbroken silence reigned around him.

It was 3 o'clock in the morning when Quin roused the sleeping inhabitants of Peak City to listen to his thrilling story. He put Kenwood's money in safe hands, and was soon escorting a party of armed and mounted men back to the scene of the fight.

They found Darrell alive, but unconscious, with a bullet through his chest. The puma was dead, stabbed to the heart with a knife, and close by was the torn and mangled body of Black Barton—for he was promptly identified as that much-wanted individual. After inflicting the fatal thrust of the enraged animal, he had himself succumbed from loss of blood. Face downward on the pebbles at the edge of the island lay the ruffian who had fallen at the first volley. The two remaining highwaymen had evidently not returned to learn the fate of their leader, and they must have wasted no time in getting out of the Territory, as they were never apprehended.

It may be said in conclusion that one of Kenwood's ranchmen, who disappeared soon after the tragedy, was strongly suspected of having informed the bandits that Quin was taking the bag of money to Peak City.—New York Evening Sun.

Where Applause is Regulated.

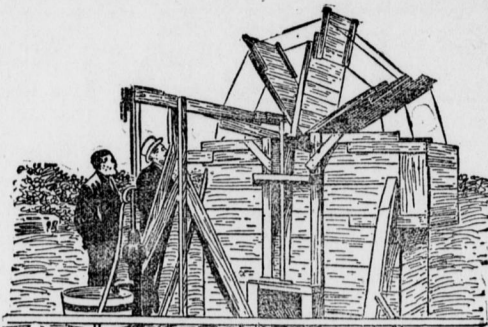
The audiences in Russian theatres are strictly forbidden to applaud. The audiences in the theatres of Japan are not permitted to applaud until they receive the cue from the stage, on the prompting of the manager.

The first-nighters in the theatres of ancient Rome were much more punctilious in the matter of applause than modern audiences are. When the Roman theatre goes were fairly well satisfied with a play they applauded by snapping with the thumb and middle finger. If they wanted the actors to understand that they were really satisfied with the performance they clapped loudly by beating the left fingers on the right hand. A more hearty token of approval was given by striking the flat palms of the hands against each other.

At the two imperial theatres in Vienna, the Opera and the Burg, applause is not allowed until the conclusion of an act, and encores are strictly prohibited.

Half Width Piano Keys.

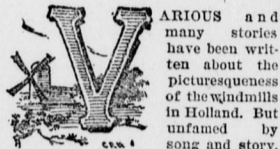
Doctors declare that frequently permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers of children in their efforts to stretch an octave or more while learning to play the piano. Some enterprising European manufacturers are endeavoring to prevent this injury by making the keys of the new pianos for children half the customary width.



Windmills of the West.

How the Farmer in the Arid Region Utilizes Wind-Power to Irrigate His Land, and to Supply His Home With Water—Western Windmills Are the Queerest, Most Interesting and Most Useful in the World.

By Waldon Fawcett.



VARIOUS and many stories have been written about the picturesqueness of the windmills in Holland. But unfamed by song and story, and almost wholly unknown to the world at large, are the strange, wind-propelled machines of our Western States.

Yet the Western windmills are infinitely quaint and more interesting



than any erected since the days of Don Quixote. They are among the greatest curiosities of the continent.

The chief use of these ingenious structures is to furnish an adequate supply of water to farms. More than one-third of the area of the States is, or was originally, arid land, and is habitable for man and beast only when subjected to the magical influence of irrigation—hence the windmills.

The windmill in the Great Plains region of the West, is as distinctive a

Cool water is allowed to play around the milk-cans, for it has been found that it will cause a greater percentage of cream to rise to the surface than would otherwise be the case—naturally a matter of considerable importance, as the butter products of this territory amount to many millions of dollars annually.

In many progressive towns and villages in the West the windmill has totally displaced the town pump, and wind-propelled machinery and large storage tanks now supply all the water required by the public.

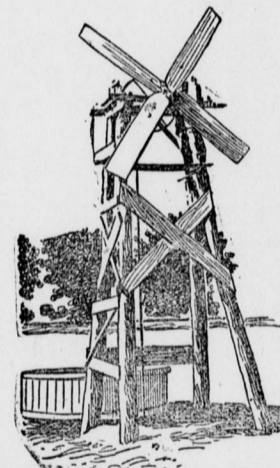
In order to insure sufficient pressure to throw the water above the house-tops the tanks are placed on high ground or on high towers.

The newest use of the windmill, however, is the most important—its use in irrigation.

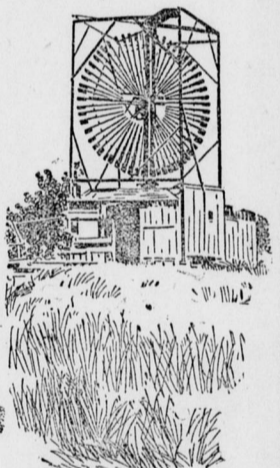
The home-made windmill is having an appreciable effect on population. There are many regions where good grazing may be found and where great herds of cattle may be fed free of cost, summer and winter alike. If the cattle-men and their families are to live here, however, they must have at least a fertile acre for their own uses—this the whirling mill now makes possible.

There are almost as many different types as there are mills. Many are home-made, though manufacturers design types to meet all possible requirements. But often the farmer and his sons prefer to build their own mills in unemployed hours.

Almost any material that comes to



A LARGE TURBINE WINDMILL.



A GIANT TURBINE.

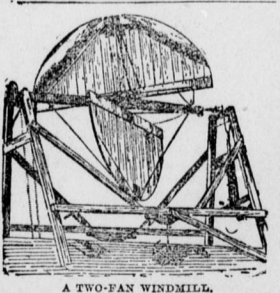
sign of progress as is the railway locomotive.

Throughout almost the entire territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific coast the supply of water is so scanty that it is impossible to store it in reservoirs, or to make elaborate waterworks.

A small amount of water is available almost everywhere—and it is due to the successful experiments of the United States Government in utilizing the ever-present force of the wind that windmills dot this region as thickly as farmhouses.

Government experts estimate that throughout at least one-fourth of the States windmills must ever be inseparably connected with the development of the country.

The windmill was popular in this Western country as a means to raise water for domestic use long before it was used to irrigate the land. Giant



A TWO-FAN WINDMILL.

windmills have enabled farmers on the plains to introduce town luxuries into their homes, hot and cold water baths, lawn sprinklers, and systems of fire protection. The windmills feed a steady stream of cold water through the milk-house to the stock trough.

One ingenious farmer, for instance, bolted the axle of an old wagon, with hub and wheel intact, to the beams on the side of a barn, and nailed fans to the spokes, thus making a mill that served its purpose admirably.

But the commonest types are those with a set turbine and many fans—they are inseparable features of every landscape out West. In any town thirty or forty may be counted; in the country twenty or thirty mills are often in view at one time.

And still the development of the windmill goes on. In some places the energy generated is transmitted long distances, from field to field and over hills.

During the windy hours of the day the surplus energy of the wind is bottled—that is to say, the windmill compresses the air into stout iron cylinders, from which it may be drawn off when desired.

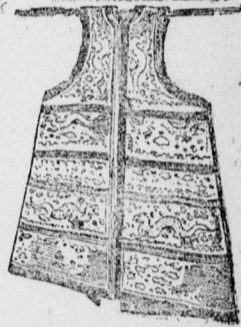
The windmill enthusiasts of the West are pointing to the fact that in many countries old and advanced in the arts the use of the windmill is unknown, water is raised by hand, grain is ground by horse power, water power or hand machinery is driven in much the same way, while the wind, with all its potential energy, is neglected.

In this matter of windmills the progressive Western States lead the world.—Pearson's Magazine.

THE EMPEROR'S ROBE.

Recently Brought to San Francisco by a Returned Soldier.

One of the royal robes of the Emperor of China is in the possession of Lieutenant Charles Kilbourn, of the Fourteenth Infantry, who is home on sick leave, says the San Francisco Examiner. The garment was brought from Peking, but its value was not



BELONGED TO KWANG SU.

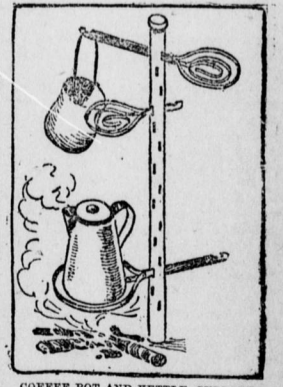
known until a few days ago, when it was examined by some Chinese scholars, who recognized prominently among the figures of the embroidery the five-toed dragon and the seal of Emperor Kwang Su. As no one but persons of royalty are permitted to adorn their garments with such figures of the dragon and only the Emperor can decorate his clothing with his seal, there is little doubt as to whom the garment belonged before the Boxers began their revolt.

The robe was given to Lieutenant Kilbourn as he was leaving Peking by one of the soldiers of his regiment. With many other articles it had been saved by the troops from a burning building that had been fired by a band of Chinese, who during the excitement of the entrance of the allied forces into the city had raided, pillaged and burned many of the houses of the rich Chinese, who had fled at the approach of the soldiers.

The robe is magnificently embroidered. It is arranged with many pleats, and the figures are so designed that with the pleats opened or closed the design is continuous and complete.

Camp-Fire Utensil Holder.

It is so easy to tip over the coffee-pot or to spill the contents of the other cooking utensils when placed on the ordinary camp-fire that the utility of the device shown herewith will immediately become apparent, and, as it also has cheapness and small bulk to recommend it, there is little doubt that it will form a part of many a camping outfit the coming season. The holder comprises a metal tube, a length of gas pipe answering the purpose nicely, and a series of brackets, with straight, narrow shanks, which can be inserted in the oblong openings cut in the tube for this purpose. The stake is driven firmly into the ground in the place selected for the fire, and after the brackets are once in place, the wood can be laid up around the stake and the fire lighted. A sufficient number of slots is provided to allow the placing of brackets so as to utilize nearly all of the heating surface presented by the blaze, and after the



COFFEE POT AND KETTLE SUPPORT.

cooking is finished the food can be moved to the upper brackets to keep warm until wanted. The patent on this utensil has been granted to Charles E. Bond.