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Speaking about centralization of power, the janitors of New York City have formed an association.

The tongueless man and the man without a stomach are news features, but the heartless man and the man without brains are too common for notice.

Mr. T. B. Grierson recently read in London a paper in which he expressed a conviction that "unless steps are taken immediately to prevent it, England's steel trade will become an industry of the past."

The supreme court of Massachusetts decided the other day that the use of voting machines at elections is not illegal and there is a good prospect of their early adoption by the cities and towns of the state.

It is not customary to wear mourning for a very considerable time, but a regiment of British soldiers have worn it for over a century. They are the old 47th, the Loyal North Lancashire regiment, and their mourning is worn in memory of General Wolfe, killed at Quebec. This is an honor that no other man has attained.

During the year 1899 no less than 24,621 human beings were killed by the bites of venomous snakes in India. The number was larger than in several preceding years because, it is thought, of the floods, which drove the snakes to the high lands, where the homesteads are situated. Wild beasts during the same year destroyed 2966 human lives, tigers being responsible for 899 of the victims, wolves for 338, leopards for 327, while the remaining 1402 were killed by bears, elephants, hyenas, jackals, crocodiles and other animals. The destruction of cattle amounted to 89,238 killed by wild beasts and 9449 by snakes. These statistics are from the government report of India.

There is a social crime that is growing rapidly in this country and which calls for the interference of severe enactments. Reference is made to family desertions, which is now receiving some attention by social investigators and judges of municipal courts, as well as state legislators. Obligations of marriage do not deter men from deserting wives and children dependent upon them for support, and this is done without legal separation or seeming cause other than an unwillingness to care for the family they have sworn to protect. This great evil, growing greater every year, should be taken up by our legislature and a remedy applied to adequately punish the deserters of families.

So lax is the enforcement of some of our own municipal laws and ordinances that it is of some interest to observe the Englishman in London making similar complaint as to the smoke nuisance. It is pointed out that though the sanitary authorities have ample power to prevent the smoke nuisance, no action has yet been taken. The smoke nuisance is held responsible for much of the gloomy and foggy conditions so common in London, and it is asserted that the nuisance is "rapidly becoming a menace to health as well as to the appearance of the metropolis." The evil has become so great and the public authorities have been so lax in dealing with it that now a private society has taken upon itself to attempt to abate the nuisance.

Fifteen bushels of flax from Argentina, South America, were sown as an experiment in North Dakota last year, and the result was so satisfactory that 6,000 bushels will be sown this year on about 12,000 acres of land. This flax is larger, plumper and is said to contain several per cent more oil than the native flax. The seed used in Argentina came originally from Russia.

TWO TOILERS.

I.
"With weary brain and aching heart
I greet another day;
A hasty bite, and I must start
Upon my weary way;
The sun may shine above my head and
soft, sweet winds may blow,
But what are fair, blue skies to me?
With tired feet I go
To labor where no sunshine falls,
Shut in by cheerless, dingy walls,
Estranged from all but woe.

"The day is done, but what have I
That it has brought to me?
The sinking sun may gild the sky—
Why should I stay to see?
I that am doomed to merely rise and toil
all day and then,
Lie down to troubled sleep awhile and
toil away again!"
Day after day the same old round
Until some day the welcome ground
Shall hide my face from men?"

II.
"The snubnails play across my way,
The wind blows soft and sweet;
The sky is smiling down to-day,
And I, with dancing feet,
Speed onward to the duties that still
claim my faithful care
And to the pleasures that arise from
faithful service there—
And in my heart I'll bear along
A little of the West Wind's song
For those I love to share.
"My tasks are done—a golden glow
Spreads out across the sky,
And still the sweet wind whispers low,
Still sings the song that
Have, with a haunting gladness hummed
through all the blissful day,
And all the world seems happy as I hurry
on my way
To smiling lips and loving arms—
My path is through a land of charms
Where pleasing fancies play."
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Kris With the Plain Handle.

By Frederic Coleman.

Upon my return to Manila in the spring of 1900 from a four months' sojourn in the Southern Philippines I was reminded by my friend Feldman that I had promised, before starting for the south, to purchase for him a fine kris, a weapon much in evidence among the savage tribes of the islands of Mindanao and Jolo.

I accordingly asked my friend to drop into my quarters and select a weapon to his liking from my store of 200 or more kris. Feldman lost no time in calling on me, and after some hesitation, owing to his inability to decide between a beautiful "snake-kris" from the Lake Lanao country, which had a fine ivory handle, and a Jolo weapon, the handle of which was covered with leaf-gold, hammered from Spanish coins, he selected the former, as Lake Lanao kris are extremely rare. Before Feldman left the room, however, he spied a peculiar kris with a plain wooden handle wrapped with strong black thread, which was lying on my writing desk. The blade of this weapon was inlaid with silver, and the curves at its base began in wide sweeps at the hilt, and ceased altogether at the centre of the blade, leaving the point straight for at least a foot and a half.

"I say, old man," said my friend, picking up the kris with the plain handle, "I didn't see this one. It isn't very elaborate as to finish, but it certainly has a sinister look of business about it. If you have no objections, I think I will take it in preference to the 'snake.' Do you know, I wouldn't wonder if that knife had a history. Where did it come from?"

Feldman was right in his surmise. The kris with the plain handle had a history, and that a pretty exciting one. The odd thing about it was that no one knew that history better than myself, for I saw the keen, cruel knife sitting its lust for blood one day, and could give direct testimony to the effect that it had taken the lives of at least five human beings, besides wounding and maiming as many more.

It was early January in Parang-Parang, a town on the south coast of Mindanao, and the day of an event of the greatest interest to the inhabitants. The company of American soldiers which had been detailed to garrison Parang-Parang had arrived in the morning, and the vertical rays of the fierce tropical sun at noon were beating down as if bent on showing the newcomers how hot they could make a day along the seventh parallel of latitude. The people of the town were enjoying their siestas after the excitement caused by the coming of the first Americans they had ever seen—with the exception of Major Brett, Governor of Cotta-Bato, and myself, who had visited Parang-Parang a few weeks before. The landing of the troops had been effected in the most satisfactory manner, and the soldiers were quartered temporarily in the cement church of the town, as the old Spanish barracks were in a most unsanitary condition.

Parang-Parang bears rather a bad reputation. As a post of the soldiers of Spain it caused the Dons nearly as much trouble as all the rest of the great, unruled, unexplored island of Mindanao put together. Nearly 300 Spanish soldiers were killed in and about Parang-Parang during the scant eight years that Spain maintained a garrison there.

One day I was standing in the main street of Parang-Parang, unmindful of the heat, engaged in an earnest endeavor to induce a big, ugly Moro to place a price on his kris, the blade of which was of uncommon pattern, although the knife bore a plain handle and the sheath was devoid of ornament. As was frequently the case among the Moros, the owner of the kris did not care to part with it, and would not consider any offer, no matter how extravagant. In reply to my question as to why so fine a blade should be fitted to so plain a handle he answered, in a surly tone, that he kept his weapon for use and not for sale. The remark was one I had heard frequently before, in reply to similar questions, but I had good cause to remember it later in the day.

When the cool of the evening began to replace the heat of the day the entire population of Parang-Parang turned out to see the "Americano." The Datto Utamama Baqui, the chief among the Moros, who lived in the vicinity of the town, was standing in the main street, not far from the church where the Americans were quartered, surrounded by a large group of his retainers and followers.

Suddenly a commotion was noticeable a few hundred yards up the street,

Attracted by the sound of cries we at once centred our interest on the stalwart figure of a man who came running toward the little group, in the centre of which stood the Datto and myself. As the approaching figure drew near I noticed with surprise that it was the fierce-looking, surly Moro whose plain-handled kris I had endeavored to purchase from him earlier in the day. The weapon, unsheathed, was in his right hand as he ran rapidly toward us, and we could see blood upon his sleeve and upper garments. When the Datto heard the clamor and saw the man running toward him with the naked weapon he supposed that the participant, or possibly the survivor, of some Moro altercation was coming to him, either in search of justice at Baqui's hands or else protection from his enemies.

If such was the supposition that the Datto placed upon the case he was soon proved woefully in error. The Moro had been engaged in altercation, true enough, but, as we subsequently learned, he had little thought of seeking for justice or protection. The events which had transpired a few moments before were of such a nature that the Moro knew his part in them deserved little else than death. Moreover, he knew that it was his fate that his life should be forfeited should his township be able to take it before he escaped from their midst. For the Moro had the blood of two women of his family on the kris with the plain handle, and by the Moro law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth his life was already declared forfeited to the members of the family of the dead women.

The commencement of the trouble and its cause will ever remain unknown—as is often the case in an "amok." The Moro became enraged with his wife for some reason known only to herself, and in the heat of his anger adopted a course not uncommon in Moro-land. He attacked his spouse with his keen kris, and, driving her before him to the end of the street, finally overtook and killed her. They were alone in the house at the time, and as the building was somewhat isolated several miles elapsed before those who heard her screams arrived on the scene. By that time her cries had ceased and her troubles were over. That her struggles must have been frantic in the extreme was proved by the condition of the dwelling.

Leaving her mangled form, the Moro ran towards the stairway at the rear of the house, and met another woman of his family as she was ascending the stairs, attracted by the screams of her neighbor. By that time the vegeful blood-lust which filled the maddened Moro's mind had gained complete control of him.

Swinging his kris over his head he cut his second victim from the shoulder-blade to the waist, leaving her in her death-agonies where he had struck her down. By this time half-a-dozen people were at the foot of the stairway, but the murderer jumped down the steps and ran by them so swiftly that they had no opportunity of learning the extent of his crime before he had passed around the corner of the house and was at some distance from it. In an instant, however, two or three of his townsmen discovered the mangled form at the top of the stairway, and started off on the trail of the fugitive, crying, "El Moro, el Moro!"—words whose significance were that someone had "run amok"—and calling upon anyone who had the opportunity to assist in capturing or killing him. As the Moro, now become a renegade, passed the last house on his way towards the centre of the town several figures were hurled at his retreating figure, though none of them found their mark.

It might seem peculiar that the renegade should make for the centre of the town; but that was his shortest route to the shore of the bay, where he could obtain a boat and soon place himself in the hands of a rival Datto on the opposite shore a few miles distant.

As Datto Baqui stepped from out the crowd about him, and walked toward the approaching Moro, he put up his hand as if to stop him, at the same time inquiring the cause of the disturbance. In answer, however, the maddened man swung his kris at full arm's length around his head, and, without doubt, had the weapon landed where the Moro intended, it would have severed the old chief's head from his body. But Utamama Baqui was a Moro himself, and won his way to power in Moro-land as much by the strength of his good right arm as by

his powers of diplomacy. Although sixty years of age, he was still agile, and the scars of combat, which covered him from head to foot, were evidence of his years of experience. He had learned that to evade a blow was far better policy than to meet it. He saw the deadly gleam of his assailant's eye and the evil intent it bore before the kris was fairly on its way! By a clever duck of his head he escaped what seemed for a moment to be certain death. The weapon fell, but its razor-edge missed the Datto, cut well into the neck of the servant following closely behind him, and added a third to the list of its victims. Another stroke of the cruel kris ended the life of one of the Datto's henchmen who stood in the path of the murderous Moro's escape. So suddenly was the whole affair concluded that scarcely another weapon was drawn before the list of deaths to be credited to the kris with the plain handle had been swelled to four.

In cutting his way through the crowd, most of whom had made a wild break-away from the affair, no fewer than five of his fellow-townsmen were wounded by the renegade. Incredible as it may seem, the fleeing Moro gained the farther edge of the crowd and obtained a good start, unscathed, before the Datto's warriors had gathered their scattered wits and given chase. A shot was fired at the retreating figure; but the Moros are no marksmen, and he stood in no danger from their guns.

It seemed for the moment as though the man might make good his escape. Indeed, such might have been the outcome had not the desire to take human life been so strong within him. As he was running down the road he met an aged and infirm Moro who happened to be passing, and although the old man was too weak to prove a fit antagonist for a mere child, the murderer ceased his flight long enough to bury the kris with the plain handle from the crown to chin, straight through the head of the old patriarch of the village.

The blow that robbed the old man of his life, however, proved the indirect means of the assassin's death. Before the maddened Moro had time again to raise the dripping blade the campfires and cries of the avengers had struck deep into his head, neck, side and back, and the spark of life left his mangled body before he could emit a single groan.

When I arrived at the depot a moment later the kris with the wooden handle was lying unnoticed in the long grass a few yards from the corpse of its former owner. I picked it up, and subsequently obtained the permission of Datto Baqui to keep it as a souvenir of the lurid event.

All this went on in the very midst of the town, and almost within a stone's throw of the American troops as they were lounging about their quarters. When the Moros scattered in every direction, crying "El Moro, el Moro!" at the top of their lungs, Captain Gillenwater, the commander, drew his compass quickly and quietly into line, not aware of the nature of the excitement, but resolved to be prepared to meet whatever developments might ensue. The whole affair was over, however, in far less time than it has taken to tell it, and the Americans breathed a sigh of relief when they learned that the Moro who "ran amok" would run no more.

That is the story of the kris with the wooden handle which now forms the gem of my friend Feldman's collection.—The World Wide Magazine.

A FUNSTON STORY.

The Gallant Kansan's Exciting Experiences With a Cowboy.

This is the season for the Funston story. Some of the anecdotes told in reference to the captor of Aguinaldo are more or less apocryphal, but until the gallant general comes back from the Philippines to deny them they will probably pass unchallenged, which has been the case with a yarn that originated somewhere in the West.

After Funston's brief but exciting experience in journalism he became a conductor on the Santa Fe line, and in this capacity found himself in almost daily association with various tough things in the cowboy line. One day a cattle puncher who had fumbled more whiskey than was good for his nerves boarded Funston's train at a way station, and immediately began to make trouble. Refusing to pay his fare and shooting holes in the ceiling of the car proved to be among his specialties. He was a deal bigger than Funston, but the latter did not hesitate to emphasize his authority by kicking the fellow's pistol from his hand and throwing him off the train. The cowboy grabbed a chunk of ballast and smashed a car window; then he fled down the track, with Funston in hot pursuit, and flinging gravel after the fugitive as he ran. Finally the cowboy got away and his pursuer, tired and breathless, returned to his train. The chase had occupied something over half an hour and Funston's train was just so much behindhand at the end of the run. The divisional superintendent made an inquiry and Funston explained.

"You did right to fire him," said the superintendent, "but what did you chase him for?"

"Because I was mad," replied the conductor. "You would be mad, too, if anybody flung a rock through your window."

"Probably," said the superintendent, "but I wouldn't do it again if I were you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Berlin Has Two Many Ladies.
According to the census recently taken in Germany, there are 982,346 females in the German capital, and 901,805 males, the former thus exceeding the male population by 80,541.

THE TROOPS IN CHINA

WHAT THEY EAT AND HOW THEY ARE LOOKED AFTER.

The Camp Arrangements of the Different Nations Are All Distasteful—Our Troops Paid Small Attention to Dress—Russians Had the Best Cooking.

The report of Captain Thomas Franklin, of our commissary corps, already referred to in these dispatches, gives a very interesting account of the way the various troops were fed and cared for during the campaign of the allies in China. The Japanese has rice bread, dried fish and tea, which they supplemented by the use of the sheep and cattle the country produced. They also had American canned meats, but these were not used freely, and seemed to be more in the nature of a special or emergency article of their diet. The British white troops had a ration similar to ours in quality and quantity, but not so varied or flexible. They used tea instead of coffee. The British Indian troops had about three-quarters of a pound of flour, about one pound of rice, one gill of vegetable oil, salt, and once a week a pound of fresh meat, bone and all. The Sikhs ate only meat and goat, but the Mohammedans ate everything except pork. The Russians had little besides a black bread and soup. They were given quarter-pound cans of some sort of meat preparation at intervals, much in the same way as the Japanese used American meats. They had the finest cooking arrangement, though, of any. On a springless wagon was mounted an iron furnace under a semi-spherical boiler, water-jacketed. The boiler was fitted with a tight cover and the whole was very strongly and compactly built. Into this they put all the materials for a soup or stew that they possessed—and nothing came amiss—screwed down the cover, lighted the fire, and away went the perambulating soup tureen with its company. When they made camp all they had to do was to "stack arms," and then march past the soup machine, the cook opening a faucet, and each man receiving his ration of hot, well-cooked thick soup; the assistant cook in the meantime was chopping up a loaf of black bread with an axe, and each man got a liberal chunk.

The camp arrangements of the different nations varied as much as their nations. The Americans appear to have kept the cleanest and best policed camps. All garbage was promptly removed and buried in pits at a distance, and other offal limed or covered with dry earth daily. The British kept fairly clean camps, but in a spasmodic way. They would let them get dirty and then turn a thousand coolies loose and do a week's cleaning in two hours. The Japanese kept their immediate quarters clean, but were not at all particular concerning their surroundings. The Russians and French paid little attention to camp sanitation, and but for the cool weather in September would probably have had a hard time. On the other hand, the Germans kept their camps very clean and guarded the health of their men by the most stringent rules, but withal had the biggest sick report of any.

The American transportation arrangement seems to have surprised the foreigners. We used light wagons, loaded with from 3500 to 4000 pounds, so as to defy the muddy roads. One man cared for four mules, and each mule hauled from 700 to 1000 pounds of stores. The other armies depended on carts which carried loads of only 500 pounds per animal, and each animal required one man to care for it. The way our mules followed the bell-nure excited general interest; a herd of fifty mules would be turned loose and kept under control by two or three men, and when in harness they could be driven without any change of speed over a crowded road or through the labyrinthine streets of Chinese cities.

The Japanese had many little stallions with shaggy manes and bulging eyes, serving as pack-horses with panniers, each led by a soldier. Besides these they had a multitude of small one-horse carts, consisting of a light platform, with neither sides nor ends, mounted on two small wheels. The Russians also had carts larger than the Japanese, with flaring sides and ends and drawn by Manchurian ponies of great strength. The British had a number of active, vicious little pack mules, led tandem, three in a bunch, a coolie leading the head mule. The burdens were held in place by an ingenious apparatus with loops and hooks, but the load did not stay on if the mule trotted or acted foolish. The same army had also at first a number of carts with wooden axles and solid wooden wheels, which proved too cumbersome and were cast aside all along the road. Afterwards some very good carts, steel built, arrived from India and proved serviceable. The French, Italians and Austrians had no transportation except the opium mules of the country. The Germans were similarly lacking until late in the season, when a large number of military baggage wagons reached them. These wagons were not nearly the equal of ours in shape, capacity or strength, and required two teamsters to our one.

All the foreigners appear to have paid more attention to the appearance of their uniforms than our troops did, but to have been less sensibly dressed. In hats and shoes our men were better off than any, and their blue flannel shirts were greatly admired. The Japanese marched with very light equipments, but seemed to have all they wanted. The British troops were also lightly loaded. But both these nations took along a small army of

coolies to attend upon their men. The Russians carried little. Their rough blankets were rolled and the ends tied together, and stuck into their soup cans and a wooden water bottle and a canvas haversack completed their outfit. The French and Italians carried very heavy packs. The Germans were heavily laden and seemed to have a pelt and a pouch for everything from a pair of boots to a mess-schaum pipe. All the armies except the American revelled in color and gold lace in their winter uniforms, and had to spend much labor in keeping themselves presentable.—Boston Transcript.

Repairing Watches an Easy Task.

"Repairing watches is an easy task now compared to what it was when I learned the trade," volunteered a watchmaker to a reporter. "As far as American-made watches are concerned, there is practically no necessity in making anything any more, for all parts are sold by the factories and can be replaced instantly without any labor, excepting, of course, that required in taking the watch apart, replacing the injured or broken part and putting it together again. This is an advantage in favor of the American watch, and is what is slowly, but surely, driving the Swiss watch out of our market. The Swiss watch manufacturers will not sell parts by the quantity to the trade. The result is that when new parts are needed to repair a Swiss watch it has to be made outright, and the watchmaker necessarily has to charge considerable for the work. I got a bunch of wheels a few days ago, about 150 in all, in the regular trade way, for thirty cents. Any one of those wheels, if I had to make them by hand, would take at least a day."—Washington Star.

Hawk and Buzzard Fight.

The Observer saw a fierce aerial battle recently between a buzzard and a hawk. The hawk had a nest in a giant sycamore along the Olentangy and the buzzard in flying over the tree had evidently gone too close to the nest of the hawk. The female bird left her home and gave battle to the sailing buzzard. The hawk would soar up above the buzzard and then come down with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning. Every time she landed a few feathers would fly and the buzzard would croak out a protest. Finally the "skeleton cleaner" evidently learned a little wisdom, and dodged the hawk as she made her downward plunge. Then the hawk tried the side attacks, and for a time the buzzard was powerless. Then he got on the curves again, but as far as the Observer could see the combat kept up. The buzzard's mate paid no attention to the trouble his companion was in and calmly sailed along about a quarter of a mile from where the fight between the welter and the heavy-weight was waging.—Columbus Dispatch.

Why the Chinaman is Different.

He shakes his own hand instead of yours.
He keeps out of step when walking with you.
He puts his hat on in salutation.
He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.
He rides with his heels in his stirrups instead of his toes.
His compass points south.
His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.
Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.
He laughs on receiving bad news, (this is to deceive evil spirits).
His left hand is the place of honor.
He thinks it polite to ask your age and income.
He says west-north instead of northwest, and sixth-four instead of fourth-sixths.
His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.—Tit Bits.

A Mechanical Answer.

The wall to do patron of the place had been attentive to the cashier for some time, and now, business being slack for a few moments, he deemed the time propitious to speak.

"If you will be mine," he urged as he leaned over the desk, "every comfort that you may desire will be yours. True, I am no longer young, but I have money, and I can provide for you as few young men could, and surely the material side of the marriage question is worthy of some consideration."

She said nothing, but gently touched the cash register, and the words "No Sale" sprang into view. With a sigh he left.—Chicago Post.

Everybody Happy.

A gentleman who had been intrusted behind a newspaper in a crowded car happened to look out of the tail of his eye and see a lady standing whom he knew.

He rose and was about to offer the lady his seat when a colored man, who thought he was vacating his seat, slipped into it.

"Look here," said the riser, "I was going to give that seat to this lady."

The colored man instantly arose with a profound bow.

"Suttinly, sah," he said, "I'm something of a lady's man myself, sah."

And the lady was bowed into her seat amid smiles all around.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Slow Recruiting of the English Clergy.

The steady and increasing diminution in the number of candidates for holy orders in the Church of England is a painful symptom. At the last advent ordinations only 465 deacons and priests were ordained as against 519 at the previous advent. The seriousness of this condition of affairs rises out of the fact that the population of England is still increasing at the rate, it is said, of 300,000 per annum.—Church Eclectic.