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Europeans are learning that Americans are visiting them for something besides pleasure.

An Iowa man ate a bowl of yeast to win a bet, and is reported to be all puffed up over his success.

At present France is far and away ahead of the rest of the world in the manufacture and use of electric vehicles.

A California community recently lynched at oneeance five men accused of horse stealing. This reads like the good old dime-novel days.

In most Northern States the rush is from country to town. In the Southern States the country population has increased sixty-five per cent.; cities, thirty-five per cent., in ten years.

A wireless telegraph station is to be established on the Nantucket lightship and another on the nearest point of land. In this way it is expected that vessels bound for New York City may be reported at least twelve hours earlier than they can be reported now from Sandy Hook light.

All over the country, in every State and Territory, the terrors of the law should be made more formidable to the kidnapers. The stealers of children and those who go no further than to threaten parents with the loss of son or daughter should expect no mercy. Their punishment should be swift and exemplary.

It is well, when somebody chatters about the successful business men who never went to college, to ask the chatterer what those men are now doing with their own sons. Do they send the boys into the shop or factory or counting house at the age of ten or twelve, or do they keep them in school, and later in college, till they are well grown up?

Here's another weapon that will likely serve to deter other nations from going to war. It is a revolver resembling in shape a small carbine. It was invented by a Swiss army officer, and will soon be issued to the troops of that country. The weapon has a bore of 7.95 mm., and fires forty-eight shots in twenty-eight seconds, which are warranted to kill at 2000 yards.

New England people say that the rage for antique furniture which has been rampant during the past ten years seems now to be dying out and people are beginning to be willing to look at furniture of modern convenient styles. But the supply of genuine old furniture possible to be obtained by purchase from descendants of the early settlers must have been pretty well exhausted.

Now Professor Pickering has discovered, or thinks he has, that there is snow on the moon. That writer of entertaining fiction, Mr. H. G. Wells, long ago assured us of this, and no one who has read his story of the Falling Angel will doubt him to be a gentleman of veracity. Our romancists invariably beat our slower scientists. Jules Verne knew all about submarine boat-building long before the Holland's first plans. As to snow on the moon, there is no reason why there should not be some; it is far easier to believe than green cheese.

A curious incident of the recent floods in Calcutta was the stopping of a tram in Dalhousie square, the very heart of the city, by a large fish, which was swimming in the street and got caught in the wheel.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life, and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can.—Henry Van Dyke.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Where are all the birds that sang a hundred years ago?  
The dowers that all in beauty sprang a hundred years ago?  
The lips that smiled, the eyes that wild in flashes shone soft eyes upon,  
Where, where, oh, where are lips and eyes,  
The maidens' smiles, the lovers' sighs,  
That lived so long ago?

Who peopled all the city streets a hundred years ago?  
Who filled the church with faces meek a hundred years ago?  
The sneering tale of sister frail,  
The plot that worked a brother's hurt,  
Where, where, oh, where are plots and snares,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That lived so long ago?

Where are the graves where dead men slept a hundred years ago?  
And who, when they were living, wept, a hundred years ago?  
By other men that know not them  
Their lands are tilled, their graves are  
filled.  
Yet nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago.

## Died For Another's Crime

Tale of a Man Who Disbelieves Circumstantial Evidence.

THEY were talking in the hotel office and the conversation turned into a discussion of the value of circumstantial evidence. The sporting man couldn't see how on the evidence given against a dentist in a famous case then on trial, any sane person could have voted for his acquittal of the murder, and said strong things about what he would have done to the juryman who differed with him had he been in the jury room at the recent trial. Most of the others were inclined to agree with him.

"Gentlemen," said the drummer from the South, who had been shifting uneasily in his chair during these remarks without having had a chance to break into the discussion, "I should have agreed with you about six months ago, in fact, before my last trip South; but now, should I ever have the power, never would I condemn any human being to death on circumstantial evidence alone."

There seemed to be a story coming and the other men waited.  
"On my last trip," said the drummer, "I passed through the western part of Kentucky and there I heard this story, which forever has destroyed my faith in uncorroborated circumstantial evidence. It was down in Barren County. I was struck by the appearance of a fine old mansion. They told me down there that it had belonged to a wealthy and aristocratic family named Hamilton, now extinct, and then I heard of the crime which for years put the Hamiltons under a cloud of disgrace.  
"Somewhere about 1825, when the family held their heads as high as any folk in Western Kentucky, John Hamilton, the young head of the house, took to Louisiana a drove of mules for the Southern market. In New Orleans he was stricken with yellow fever and lay for weeks at the point of death. At the hospital in which he was confined was a certain Dr. Sanderson. The doctor took a fancy to young Hamilton and pulled him through the fever.  
"Hamilton on his part seemed to take an equal liking to Sanderson. They were thrown much together and a warm friendship sprang up between them. Sanderson had money and when the time came for Hamilton to leave the hospital, the Kentuckian invited his friend to return with him and try a venture in the slave market in Kentucky. Sanderson was only too willing. He resigned his post in the hospital and the two men started out together on horseback through the then almost untraveled wilderness between Louisiana and the Blue Grass State.  
"They arrived safely at the Hamilton homestead and Sanderson was hospitably entertained for two weeks. He had brought with him \$10,000 for investment in slave dealing, and he was anxious to go on further to a part of Kentucky where it could be readily invested. The \$10,000 was in bonds of the Louisiana State Bank. One summer morning the doctor took his departure for the slave market at Glasgow, and young Hamilton rode with him for a mile or two to get him on his way and wish him good luck.  
"Hamilton returned in an hour or two and went about his work. Several days passed and nothing was heard of the doctor. Then one morning, the horse on which he had ridden away from the Hamilton homestead was found riderless in the road a few miles outside of Glasgow. The saddle was stained with blood. In the grass by the roadside not far away there was picked up a brass barreled flint-lock pistol. It was recognized as belonging to Hamilton. The lock was broken and a fragment of it was missing.  
"Further search revealed in a shallow hole only about 300 feet from where the pistol was found a decaying body which was readily identified as Dr. Sanderson's. The \$10,000 worth of bonds which he had carried away with him were missing.  
"Now all this was discovered before Hamilton was informed that his friend was dead. As soon as the body was found, he was placed under arrest accused of the murder. One of the first things he did was to produce from the lining of his hat the \$10,000 worth of Louisiana State bonds which Dr. Sanderson had brought to Kentucky. He did so, protesting that the doctor had given them to him in exchange for cash and that he was innocent of the murder, but nobody believed him.  
"Then a pair of blood-stained over-

alls that had been worn by Hamilton were found in a corn crib and the evidence seemed complete. The young man was placed on trial at the next term of court. Till then he had had the best of reputation, and his friends had been legion. He hadn't many friends left when he went on trial. One of the ablest lawyers of the Kentucky bar of that day defended him, but it was a hopeless case.  
"Hamilton took the stand on his own behalf and he was an excellent witness, according to the stories they've handed down in Kentucky. He swore that he had accompanied Dr. Sanderson a mile or two on his way, had given him the pistol because the doctor had none and also had persuaded Sanderson to exchange his bonds for United States currency because he thought the doctor might have difficulty in cashing the bonds. He had bidden Sanderson God-speed at last, had bid him good left him riding away toward Glasgow.  
"A negro was ready to testify that he had stained the overalls with blood himself, having stolen them from his master, to wear to a party. But he was a slave and his testimony was inadmissible. Few of those who heard it regarded Hamilton's story as anything but a cleverly concocted tale to account for circumstances so clearly against him. The jury certainly did not believe it, and as I thought before hearing of the outcome I would have done as those jurymen did.  
"In spite of the many efforts to save him Hamilton was adjudged guilty. He was condemned to death and executed, protesting his innocence even on the scaffold. Only one person believed in the probability of the man's story being true. He was the Judge.  
"I believe John Hamilton was innocent of the murder of Dr. Sanderson; they say he told Hamilton's friends, after the execution. 'But the very winds of heaven blew against me in that trial.'  
"And now comes the most astonishing part of the story. Many years after Hamilton's execution, there died in Western Kentucky an old half-witted man named King. On his deathbed his mind seemed to grow clear and he sent for witnesses and told them what he said was the true story of the murder of Dr. Sanderson.  
"One day while wandering as a lad in the woods near the road to Glasgow, he saw a stranger riding past alone. A minute later the Sheriff of Barren County, the man who afterwards found Hamilton's broken pistol on the road, who was instrumental in finding Sanderson's body and who was Hamilton's bitterest prosecutor in the proceedings that followed, appeared from the opposite direction. The Sheriff rode past the stranger, turned and rode up to him, wrenched the pistol from his saddle and dealt him a blow that knocked him from his horse.  
"The dying man who told this story that the Sheriff knelt beside the body and searched it. Then, seeing the lad watching him from a little distance, he called him and made him help carry the body to the sand hole where it was afterwards found. They covered it with leaves and then the Sheriff, after threatening the lad with instant death, should he ever tell what he had seen, remounted and rode away. Such was his fear of the murderer, the old man said, that he had kept the secret, though keeping it had driven him half crazy.  
"One Gaspar D. Craddock had been Sheriff of Barren County when the crime was committed. He lived for years afterward in a distant part of the State, but a short time before the old man's tale was told he had disappeared. Investigation showed that not long after Hamilton's execution, Craddock had deposited nearly \$10,000 in United States currency in a bank in that part of Kentucky to which he moved, and from his subsequent life no one who knew him doubted for a moment that he was really the murderer of Dr. Sanderson.  
"In his new home the ex-Sheriff gave himself up to a life of crime and violence. The citizens who had lived near him finally warned him to leave the community if he valued his life, and a few days later he disappeared. He was recognized long afterward in Cuba, and the desperate ruse by which he got away from Kentucky was then revealed. They say it was characteristic of the man.  
"One night soon after he had been warned to leave Kentucky, Craddock was called from his home by a stranger. The next day, in a bog pen a few yards from the house, was found a body clad in the remains of Craddock's clothes, but so gnawed and mutilated by the hogs that it was unrecognizable. Every mark by which Craddock might have been recognized was obliterated, but from the clothes the body was supposed undoubtedly to be Craddock's, though I believe his neighbors wondered how he could have fallen into the bog pen.  
"It was realized when news came that Craddock was alive in Cuba that he had either murdered his caller and after exchanging clothes had thrown his body into the bog, knowing that the result would be, or that he had dismembered and thrown into the bog some newly buried body for the purpose of concealing his flight.  
"There, gentlemen," concluded the drummer from the South. "This is no fairy tale. It is well known in Western Kentucky and when I heard it from the lips of men whose fathers well knew Hamilton and the circumstances attending his trial, I resolved never again to believe uncorroborated circumstantial evidence."—New York Sun.

The death of an ostrich in the New York Zoo of consumption disposes of the theory that an ostrich can consume anything with safety.

## THE KING OF ITALY'S DISCOVERIES

Why Victor Emmanuel Is Unpopular With His Civil Servants.

There is an element of the unexpected about King Victor Emmanuel which is beginning to render him unpopular (a bore) to certain classes of his subjects. I suppose all the world over civil service clerks are more assiduous than any others in their efforts to render their positions sinecures, but in Italy they reach the acme of perfection in this respect. The other morning Signor Prinetti, Minister of Foreign Affairs, went, as usual, to the Quirinal for the royal signature to various documents, which the King signed without comment until he arrived at one for the augmentation of the staff of the Foreign Office. "This," he said to the surprise of the Minister, "you may leave; I desire to look into it" and there the matter ended for the moment.  
The next morning His Majesty went out alone and on foot, arriving at the Foreign Office about 9 o'clock, and began a tour of discovery, we may call it, in search of some one to speak to. Last in a small room toward the rear he came upon a lone man busily engaged in rolling a cigarette. "Ah," said the King, "you are already at your work; pray what are the regular morning hours in this office?" "From 8 to 12," stammered the unhappy man, wishing his bad luck had not led him so early out of bed. "And what hour, may I ask, can I hope to see your catalogues?" "About 11," the embarrassed clerk replied, too confused not to tell the truth. "Oh! well, go on with your smoke, and tell your chief of my visit when he comes," which of course was done, causing dismay to reign supreme in the breasts of the 500 odd clerks thus caught napping. Meanwhile the Minister was called and dryly told that instead of increasing the staff of the office it might be just as well to see that those already there did their duty. —Rome Correspondence of the Pall Mall Gazette.

Gratitude is the music of the heart. Suspicion is the poison of true friendship. Watch lest prosperity destroy generosity. Blame-all and praise-all are two blockheads. To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner. It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves. Frugality is a fair fortune, and habits of industry a good estate. The feeling of distrust is always the last which a great mind acquires. A learned blockhead is a greater blockhead than an ignorant one. The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs. Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume. The certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others. One man who does things is worth a hundred who talk about the things they are going to do. Debt is a skeleton the bones of which rattle as often in a palace as in a hovel, indeed, oftener, since credit is not given to the very poor.

New Fruit From Japan. A new fruit was placed on exhibition in the pomological display in the Horticultural Building. It is the loquat, a distinct species of fruit that grows in Japan. The loquat is unknown here, but the samples shown have an appearance that promises much in the way of popularity. Some patriotic soul in the lower reaches of California has gone into the work of developing the loquat, and these specimens are probably the first ever seen in this part of the world. They look like a May apple and they taste like a nectarine. The loquat grows on trees of the appearance of a peach tree. It is yellow and juicy and has a smooth skin. There are two enormous seeds as big as small chestnuts. In the natural state the loquat is all seeds, with a thin layer of wrinkled and drawn skin. They come into bloom in November and are ripe and ready for market in February and March. The fact that they are ripe so early is the real excuse for their cultivation, as peaches and apples are much better. There are several varieties, this one being the advance. They grow in enormous clusters, thick as grapes, and the tree is borne to the ground by the weight of them.—Buffalo Express.

The Old Lady and Her Frog. There is the well-known medical story of the old lady who imagined that she had a frog in her stomach. Her doctor, after vainly trying to persuade her that it was only imagination, considered a little deception justifiable to prevent this idea becoming fixed in her mind. Having administered an emetic, he managed to adroitly introduce a frog into the basin, as if it had just arrived from the old lady's stomach. The patient's joy was great, as there was proof positive that she had been right all along as to the cause of her illness. Her joy was soon overclouded, as the idea struck her that, although there was the old frog, there might be little frogs left behind. The doctor, however, was equal to this sudden emergency, for on a rapid examination of the frog he immediately assured the patient that her fears were groundless, as her late guest was a gentleman frog.—Notes and Queries.

When a soda water fountain blows up it becomes a fizical wreck.

## EVIL OF EATING ALONE

TALK AND COMPANIONSHIP ARE ESSENTIAL TO PROPER DIGESTION.

Premature Dyspepsia is One of the Most Trying Features of Unmarried Life—Physically and Intellectually We Improve With Companionship.

At a time like the present, when the marrying age of the average man of the middle classes is being more and more postponed, the physical ills of bachelorhood come increasingly under the notice of the medical man. It is not good for man or woman to live alone. Indeed, it has been well said that for solitude to be successful a man must be either angel or devil. This refers, perhaps, mainly to the moral aspects of isolation, and with these we have now no concern.  
There are certain physical ills, however, which are not the least among the disadvantages of loneliness. Of these there is many a clerk in London, many a young barrister, rising, perhaps, but not yet far enough risen, many a business man or journalist who will say that one of the most trying features of his unmarried life is to have to eat alone. And a premature dyspepsia is the only thing that ever takes him to his medical man. There are some few happily disposed individuals who can dine alone and not eat too fast, nor too much nor too little. With the majority it is different. The average man puts his novel or his paper before him and thinks that he will lengthen out with the due deliberation with reading a little with, and more between, the courses. He will just employ his mind enough to help, and too little to interfere with digestion. In fact, he will provide that gentle mental accompaniment which with happier people conversation gives to a meal.  
This is your solitary's excellent idea. In reality he becomes engrossed in what he is reading till suddenly finding his chop cold he demolishes it in a few mouthfuls; or else he finds that he is hungry and paying no attention to the book, which he flings aside, he rushes through his food as fast as possible, to plunge into his armchair and literature afterward. In either case the lonely man must digest at a disadvantage. For due and easy nutrition food should be slowly taken and the mind should not be intensely exercised during the process. Every one knows that violent bodily exercise is bad just after a meal, and mental exertion is equally so.  
Wise people do not even argue during or just after dinner, and observation of after-dinner speeches will convince any one that most speakers neither endure themselves nor excite in their hearers any severe intellectual effort.  
In fact, the experience of countless generations, from the red Indian of the woods to the white-shirted diners of a modern party, has perpetuated the lesson that a man should not eat alone, nor think much at this time, but should talk and be talked to while he feeds. Most people do not think much when they talk, and talking is a natural accompaniment of eating and drinking.  
What does it fare with the many solitary women of to-day? No better, we know, than with the men, but differently. Alone or not a man may generally be trusted at any rate to take food enough. (We suppose, of course, that he can get it.) With a woman it is different. She is more emotional, more imaginative, and less inclined to realize the gross necessities of existence. Therefore, the woman doomed to dine alone as often as she does not dine at all. She gets dyspepsia because her digestion is not sufficient practice, a man gets it because his functions practice it too often in the wrong way.  
Worst of all, perhaps, is the case of the solitary cook. In the myriads of small flats in London there are thousands of women "doing" for their solitary masters or mistresses. These women, whose main occupation is to prepare food for others, find it impossible to enjoy, or even to take, food themselves. As confectioners are said to give their apprentices a free run of the stock of the shop for the first few days, knowing that it will effectually cure appetite afterward, so the women who are always occupied with buying and preparing food grow unable to use it for themselves. These people suffer from dyspepsia, which is cured if somebody else manages their kitchen for a week, allowing them to take meals without preparing them.  
It needs no moralist to declare the evils of solitariness. Man and woman is a gregarious animal. Physically and intellectually we improve with companionship. Certainly it is not good to eat and to drink alone. It is a sad fact of our big cities that they hold hundreds of men and women who in the day are too busy and at night too lonely to feed with profit, much less with any pleasure.—The Lancet.

Not a New Fabric. Possibly your idea of chaille, one of our fashionable spring fabrics, is that it is a very new idea. On the contrary, it dates back seventy-five years, and from the very beginning its fine quality and beautiful designs gave it wide vogue. Silk and worsted both are used in its composition.—Philadelphia Record.

Ancient Needles. Needles when first invented were such clumsy affairs the beautiful and fine work the women of olden times used to do with them seems little short of a miracle. Ivory, bone or metal, in the latter case with a loop instead of a head, were first used in their composition.

## MAKING A MAN.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can, Hurry him, worry him, make him a man. Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants, Feed him on brain-foods and make him advance.  
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk, Into a grammar school; cram him with talk.  
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts, Keep on a-jamming them in till it cracks. Once boys grow up at a rational rate, Now we develop a man while you wait. Rush him through college, compel him to grab  
Of every know subject, a dip and a dab.  
Get him in business and after the cash, All by the time he can grow a moustache. Let him forget he was ever a boy, Make good his god and his jingle his joy. Keep him a-hustling and clear out of breath,  
Until he wins—nervous prostration and death.  
—Nixon Waterman, in C. E. World.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
The Maid—"Do you think kissing is bad for one, doctor?" The Doctor—"Well, I should say it was better for two."—Yonkers Statesman.  
Belle—"Do you think the world is growing better?" Flora—"I thought so, my dear, until I married George to reform him."—The Smart Set.  
Her Mother—"How are his table manners?" Ethel—"His table manners are all right, but his telephone manners are simply awful."—Judge.  
Daughter—"But he is so full of absurd ideas." Mother—"Never mind that, dear. Your father was just the same before I married him."—Tit-Bits.  
He ordered a saddle of mutton, The waiter brought it, of course; Said he, after trying to carve it, "This saddle, no doubt, of a horse."  
—Chicago News.  
The Prime Minister—"Then Your Majesty likes comic opera?" The Czar—"Very much! A comic opera is about the only thing in which I don't look for a plot."—Puck.  
"I can easily see the reason why a badly told story seldom gets much countenance." "And what is the reason?" "They're a sort of poor relation."—Philadelphia Times.  
The wedding ring that the heiress gets Oit serves a special plan.  
'Tis just a circle that squares the debts Of some poor nobleman.  
—Philadelphia Record.  
Mrs. Fijit—"Why doesn't Mr. Smithers come to our house any more?" Mr. Fijit—"I can't imagine; I'm sure I always tried to entertain him for the smart things our baby does, too."—Ohio State Journal.  
Philanthropist—"What's the matter, little boy? What are you crying about?" Little Boy—"The fellers on the street have formed a trust and I ain't in it. A feller can't play baseball or shinnny all by himself, can he?"—Boston Transcript.  
"What kind of a cover is this on your umbrella?" said the inquisitive friend. "Well," answered the unblushing person, "judging by the way it came into my possession and the way it will probably depart, I should call it a changeable silk."—Chicago News.  
Customer—"And is this chair really an antique piece of furniture?" Dealer—"Antique, madam! There's no doubt about that. Why, it was so worm-eaten when I bought it that I had to have a new back and a new seat and three new legs made for it."—Tit-Bits.  
"I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa. "Why?" asked the proud mamma. "I listened to him for an hour to-day while he told me about what his baby had said, or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about curs he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

Boxers as Bill Stickers. The Boxers are still causing considerable anxiety in some parts of China. Pictorial Boxer placards are being sold at many of the markets. One is a sheet fourteen by twenty-four inches in size, portraying in red, yellow and green the conquests of the Boxers over the foreigners. It is entitled "The Rampage of the Five Foreign (Powers) in China." The central figure is a foreign house of impossible architecture, which is being set on fire by flames from the finger-tips of young girls labeled "Bright Red Lanterns." On the other side of the doomed structure is a snake or dragon called "Fire God." Below is the "Golden Bell," under which the Boxers are crawling to secure invisibility, and at the bottom five unfortunate foreigners are being done to death with pike and sword. This sort of thing has often a most unfortunate effect upon the average uneducated Chinaman.—Westminster Gazette.

Skyscrapers in Ancient Times. The idea prevails that "skyscrapers" are of modern American origin, but Professor Lanciani declares that in ancient Rome, as early as the time of Augustus, buildings ten or twelve stories high were common. Later they are believed to have been much higher, rivaling our most modern apartment buildings in size and height. It is well known that at Constantinople the Emperor Constantine found his view of the water cut off by the skyscrapers erected between his palace and the water front, though he had placed his palace on high ground.—Baltimore Sun.  
Sacred Lily's Alias. Deception has even reached the disciples of Flora. There has lately been introduced into the market a bulb called "The sacred lily of the Nile." The name is insufficiently catching to fascinate lovers of flowers, and a friend of mine added the new flower to his conservatory. Time passed, and up came the plant, but when the "sacred lily of the Nile" appeared, he found only an old but still agreeable friend in the homely narcissus.—East Anglian Times.