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Denmark utilizes the milk of 1,733,735 cows in her dairy industry. In 1898 she exported 122,418,431 pounds of butter; in 1899, 122,412,593 pounds, and in 1900, 124,623,863 pounds. The steady increase in exports is the best testimony to the inherent value of the product.

The large number of educated men who are applicants for positions as warrant machinists in the navy and the rigid examinations to which they are subjected afford an illustration both of the growing popularity of technical education and of the higher standards demanded in the naval service, observes the Baltimore Sun.

Guatemala has just put into force stringent regulations governing the cutting of timber in its mahogany and cedar forests. Lumbermen will hereafter have to pay a big price for the privilege of carrying on their business. The object of the new regulations is to prevent wanton waste in lumbering and to save the forests from total destruction.

The Australasian Commonwealth has introduced a bill in Parliament which prohibits admission into Australia of any person "unable to write a fifty-word test from English diction." It is already provided that no immigrant shall be admitted who is likely to become a burden on the public purse or who within three years has been convicted of a nonpolitical offence. The educational qualification is designed to effectively exclude Chinese and other undesirable immigrants.

Our own Congressional Record must look to its laurels and hurry up if it is not to be surpassed by the parliamentary record of the youngest State in the world. In the first five weeks of the session of the Australian parliament enough speeches were made to fill 580 closely printed pages, and as the Australians have not learned the trick of "leave to print," this means that every word in those 580 pages were spoken during the sessions. We can fancy some enemy of the speaker saying:

God of the southern winds, call up Thy gales  
And whistle in rude fury 'round his ears.

The Klondike is already feeling the evil effects of forest denudation. Since the discovery of gold there the sparsely timbered hills of the district have been stripped of all tree growth to fill the extraordinary demands for fuel in mining operations and other purposes. The hills for many miles around all of the productive creeks are now bare, and the ground being thus exposed the snow accumulated during the winter quickly melts in the early summer. This year there has been an early and prolonged drought in consequence and the prospective output of gold has been reduced from \$30,000,000, the original estimates, to \$20,000,000, because of the lack of water to wash the auriferous earth.

There is in Lower California a strange colony of which the outside world rarely hears. It is made up of outlaws, and some of the most notorious escaped criminals have taken refuge in it. They live in a strange, rugged stretch of country, with the Gulf of California on one side and a range of foothills which spread down toward the Mexican border on the other. There are no ports at this point on the coast of California, and no railroads reaching in from the other direction, so the men are completely isolated. They are practically prisoners, because they dare not venture out, but no effort has ever been made to disturb them in their chosen refuge, though they have been congregating there for years.

## TEACHERS AND TOILERS.

If we didn't have this tolling through the dreary, weary years—  
If we didn't have the heartaches, if we didn't have the tears,  
We might reap the rarest flowers that have blossomed in the dew—  
We might learn the sweetest lessons that they teach, who never knew!

It is one thing in the trouble—in the trouble and the strife,  
To be striving for the laurel that may wreath the brows of life;  
To seek in vain that laurel which is ever out of reach—  
It is one thing to be toiling, and another thing to teach.

Save, the gods unto the toilers are not ever overkind;  
For they lift them not when fallen, and they lead them not when blind.  
Walk their wise disciples with us? Do they tread the barren soil?  
It is one thing to be teaching and another thing to toil.

So, we burn the daylight for you—O teachers grave of men—  
You that slumber when the darkness sees us toil in town and glen—  
But you never learn this lesson—which seems ever out of reach—  
It is one thing to be toiling, and another thing to teach.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE PARACHUTE DROP.

Told by Mr. Lane-Stokes, Aeronaut.

THE parachute now is to the balloon and to the air ship what the lifeboat is to the ocean steamer. No well appointed balloon goes voyaging into the aerial ocean without one.

Scientific aeronauts, like Professor Myers, do not approve of them, but they have become indispensable to balloonists who do a holiday exhibition business. The public is quite as fond of the parachute "drop" as of the balloon itself. People not only like to see a man go up, but they wish to see him come down.

The parachute, like the balloon, is now too well known to require description. When folded, the parachute and its lines hang down about thirty-five feet from the "basket" of the balloon. When expanded, the "umbrella" is from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. Although light, the frame and lines must needs be made very strong. In descending the aeronaut generally sits on a species of trapeze bar, which is supported at each end by the lines from the umbrella above it.

When ready to drop from the balloon, the aeronaut, who is necessarily somewhat of an athlete, descends to the trapeze bar, then pulls a cord attached to the "knife" set in the block above, through which the supporting line is reeved. The knife-edge, when jerked smartly down on the taut line, severs it cleanly—and the descent begins. For the first hundred feet the parachute drops like a stone, then unfolds with a flit, checks the descent, and thereafter for a thousand feet or more sinks gradually earthward at a rate of hardly more than ten feet a second.

Under favorable conditions, descent by parachute is not particularly hazardous to an active young man who possesses quick sight and good judgment as to distances.

Altogether the narrator has made about 150 descents by parachute—and is still alive and well. Beyond doubt, there are certain dangers from sudden gusts of wind which may waft the parachute over rivers, canals, small ponds, tree tops or the steep roofs of buildings. I once fell into the top of a row of sugar maples in front of a farmhouse, and was somewhat scratched while tumbling through the branches to the earth.

On another occasion, some twenty miles out of Jackson, Mich., I had the ill fortune to drop on a row of beehives. I upset four of the hives at once, and the angry insects gave me clear proof of their resentment before I could clear myself from the parachute lines.

And as I was running away as fast as I could the equally angry owner of the bees pursued me with abuse and peremptory demands for recompense. In fact I found him rather worse than the bees.

On Labor Day, the following year, I made an ascent from a New England factory town, and in descending, accidentally dropped into the top of a pear tree in a farmer's garden. I not only knocked off a bushel of fine pears, but broke the top of the tree rather badly. The man deemed \$20 (all the money I had about me) too slight remuneration for the damage I had done. He not only seized my parachute, vi et armis, but prosecuted me at law. The jury, however, awarded him but \$12, without costs of court.

On another occasion I received a most unmerciful thrashing, but not, I am glad to say, at the hands of human beings. On this occasion I had made an ascent from a large Canadian town. It was some sort of a holiday there, and a great crowd of lumbermen, millmen, river drivers and farmers from the surrounding country had flocked to the town. I was to go up at 2, but before noon there arose a stiff south wind which portended rain. I therefore attempted to cancel the engagement; it was highly dangerous to make an ascent in such weather, but the crowd would not take this view of the conditions. The lumbermen and river drivers gathered around, yelling like wild men. They had become suspicious that I was trying to cheat them. They swore that they had come thirty miles to see me go up, and go up I should, or they would smash my balloon and drive me out of town.

It was taking my life in my hand, but rather than face that angry crowd I cast off, soared upward over houses and churches, and went flying toward Hudson Bay. It is true, was 1200 miles distant, but at the rate I was going when the balloon rose into that strong wind I concluded that I should get there by sundown.

I was advertised to make a descent by parachute in the neighborhood of the town, where the assembled multitude could see me come down, but that was entirely a fair weather arrangement.

I wore my exhibition suit of spangled tights under my street clothes as usual, but when I saw how the wind blew I had no notion of attempting to use the parachute. In fact, I was ascending under compulsion, and had no clear idea how I should get down. I wanted to get away from that crowd. I actually had been afraid they would kill me if I failed to go up. The howling was something frightful.

"Good-bye, you unfeeling animals!" I shouted. "Unless this balloon bursts you will not see me again very soon!" An upturned sea of swarthy faces was watching for me to descend.

However, I had soon left them all behind. Now that I was aloft, borne on the wings of the mighty air current I did not feel the wind at all. The balloon moved with it. Not a breath seemed to stir. It was only by looking down at the earth that I saw how rapidly I was traveling upward, over river, wide spruce forests and scattered clearings. I knew the story of La Mountain and his balloon, and had a horror of being carried off into the Canadian wilderness. I hoped that in the course of an hour or two the wind might fall, or the direction of the air current change.

The balloon continued to go steadily forward, however, in a northerly course until the little clearings and cabins below grew few and far between.

I must have traveled nearly 150 miles when I saw a large lake, or rather a group of three or four lakes, come into view on the horizon. Directly the black of the spruce woods had begun to fade into the pale gray of mossy bogs of tamarack and the purple hue of caribou barrens. I could not see a clearing or sign of human habitation anywhere. The crowd which I had left behind was bad enough, but the unexplored wilderness of lake and swamp ahead of me began to have an aspect even more grim and terrifying. Moreover, I desired, if possible, to save my balloon. To descend in a gale is always perilous, but there seemed no help for it. I dared not try the parachute, and so finally I pulled open the gas valve. The balloon soon began to approach the gray swamps that stretched away to the lakes ahead.

All the time I was flying as fast as a horse could run; and as I sank lower I perceived that I was likely to do some rough "travelling."

When I came within 300 or 400 feet of the ground I threw out a strong grapnel and line, which swung clear for some minutes, then began to brush the tall tree tops and catch in them.

By good luck—of which I had had little enough thus far that day—these slight hitches greatly diminished the speed of the balloon, and the grapnel soon catching stronger hold, basket, balloon and all came down with a sudden hard bounce in a thicket of low, shrub-like firs, bordering a small bay on one of the lakes—and there, holding fast, swayed up and down.

I was pitched out of the basket into mud and water, but jumped to my feet and started to run back among the thick firs to secure the anchorage when I became suddenly aware that I was not alone.

A loud squawking and squalling arose all about me. I had come down in a swamp where wild geese were on their nests. I was actually treading on them and on their great white eggs before I saw them. Every fir bush, with its widespread boughs, appeared to have a nest under it.

The outcry that all these geese set up was something deafening. They rose up, flapping their wings, hissing and squalling, and at once from all sides, from the thickets and from the pond, there came rushing, flying, skimming over the firs whole flocks of the biggest and most savage gullanders I ever set eyes on. They dashed at me, at the basket, and at the parachute, and at the blows from their long, hard wings were like blows from a flail.

Before I could make shift to defend myself with my knife or balloon hook they had hold of me by my clothing, by my legs, by my hair even, tugging, yelling and thrashing me. One pinched my cheek so that the blood flowed. Their wings pounded my head like clubs. I dodged this way and that, and laying about me with the staff of my hook, knocked down ganders right and left, but still they came.

I lost a moment in a foolish effort to get my revolver from the wicker locker in the basket, and was well nigh overborne. If once they had beaten me down they would have killed me, beyond doubt, but I now began jumping from side to side among the firs, dodging and striking with the hook.

These tactics confused the ganders, for in their mad fury they flew blindly against each other. I was constantly stumbling into more nests, but

kept in the fir brush, scudding this way and that, as the ganders charged me.

After this fashion I retreated for nearly a mile, I think, fighting all the way till I got among larger trees when the attack slackened.

Rain began falling. I was in about as bad a plight as can well be imagined! Night was at hand, night in an untraced wilderness. I saw a bear looking at me from out on a tamarack bog, and getting frightened I started to run. I had not gone far, however, when I heard the report of a gun. Thereupon shouting for help I ran in the direction of the noise, and in the course of a few minutes met an Indian coming to find me. He had seen the balloon come down, and was curious to see the man who traveled in the air. He led me out to the bank of a river where there was a bark camp and three other Indians. They received me kindly, installed me in a warm corner of their camp out of the rain, and gave me all the fried deer meat I could eat.

But when I talked with them of returning to the swamp to recover the balloon they shook their heads, and gave me to understand that it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture into a goose swamp in breeding time. The object lesson I had received led me to believe that their fears were well grounded.

The next morning the Indian who had found me led me through the forest for fifteen or twenty miles to a sawmill on a branch of the Gattineau River, where I hired a Frenchman with a shaggy little black horse and buckboard to drive me forty miles to a French settlement called Manitwak, and from this place I got back two days later to the town from which I made the ascent.

I had lost my life and had come near losing my life; yet the celebration committee which had hired me to make the ascent refused to pay me more than half the sum agreed upon, because I had not made the descent by parachute. Since that bit of experience I take care to get my pay of celebration committees in advance, and also to see to it that an "iron-clad" clause concerning the matter is inserted in the agreement.—Youth's Companion.

## HINT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

The Local Weekly His Defense Against Mail Order Houses.

The country merchant is making a great talk about the mail order houses in the big cities who are getting trade away from him, but with all his outcry he is really making no serious effort to prevent it, says the Advertising World. You can't stop people from buying where they think they can buy the cheapest, simply by the use of incentive. The only way the country merchant can hope to compete with the mail order houses is by meeting them on their own ground—by advertising.

There is absolutely no hope for the business of the country merchant until he corrects a few of his time worn views about advertising. Advertising is simply telling what you have to sell and the price. It makes no difference if your ads. are not written by an expert or illustrated by a high-priced artist, you can make them effective and result producing if you bear in mind the one point that an ad. should tell about what you have to sell and not simply about yourself.

The advertising done by the average country merchant is usually something frightful. He does not consider advertising a force by which he is to directly increase his business, but as a kind of leg-pulling proposition on the part of the local newspaper. Any old thing will do him in the way of an announcement, and the smaller the space the editor will let him down with the better the bargain he imagines he has made. Some merchants carry nothing but a stereotyped card, year in and year out, yet if they stopped to think, they find that they have dozens of things they could sell at less than regular prices and which, if made known, would attract many buyers who would otherwise send to the big cities for them. The secret of the success of the mail order firms is simply because their advertisements tell something.

Any kind of advertising is of course better than none. All advertising pays in some way or another, but the merchant who does not advertising at all, because he is not able to afford big pages, makes one large mistake. If you can't do the best advertising, do the best you can. What the best is that you can do may seem very small, but advertising is something that pays for itself and it increases right along.

## A Burning Question at Bryn Mawr.

"Of course, some of our problems in mathematics are very puzzling," said the Bryn Mawr sophomore, "but there is a far harder question which is in no way connected with our studies. There is an unwritten law in Bryn Mawr that a girl must not walk alone with a professor, and we are all very careful about observing it. There is another rule, also unwritten, that a student must not walk alone after dark. Now, if a girl is detained unavoidably in the evening, and while walking home meets a professor going her way, which rule is she to break? There have been a great many bitter discussions about that point, and nobody has ever reached a decision."

"Yes," said her friend, sympathetically, "it must be a very troublesome question. But what does a girl generally do when she is caught in such an embarrassing situation?"

"Oh, that," replied the young collegienne, "depends entirely on how well she likes the professor."—New York Times.

## GREAT ON "POINTS."

Bird Dog Whose Natural Traits Amounted to a Mania.

"Talking about bird dogs," said the man with the shifty eye, in the rear seat of the trolley car—and nobody had said a word about bird dogs or any other kind of dogs—"I had the most remarkable bird dog that ever happened. I guess, when I was living in Santa Barbara, Cal., in '95, I don't s'pose there will ever be the likes of that dog on this earth again. I raised him from a pup. He was a pointer from away back. It was just as natural for that dog to flop on to his haunches and point at a bird as it is for us humans to eat things that don't agree with us.

"He began to point before he had shed his milk teeth. I took him out for a walk one day when he was only about two months old, and it took us about four hours to get over two miles of ground, for that dog would sit down and point at a bird about every ten feet of our progress. It didn't make any sort of difference what kind of a bird it was that he pointed at. He'd point at any old kind of a bird. If a little bunch of English sparrows would settle down in the middle of the street he'd just sit down and point at them, and it was all I could do to get him to come along with me. He'd point at a robin sitting on top of a cottonwood tree, and he'd point at a Brahmin rooster clucking up a flower bed in a front yard. Any old thing that had feathers on it that dog of mine would point at. I had him out one afternoon when a bald-headed eagle began to soar around above Santa Barbara, about three miles up in the air, and I blamed if that dog didn't catch sight of the noble bird and point at it until I had to bat him with a club to induce him to come along with me.

"One day I had an aching tooth, and I decided to go to a dentist and have the miserable molar yanked out. I felt so bad that I took that pointer pup along with me for company on my way to the dentist's office, and when he got to the door he slipped into the office with me. Next thing I knew that pointer pup of mine was sitting back on his quarters, a-pointing at a picture of some ruffled grouse that the dentist had on the wall of his reception room.

"In the course of time pointing got to be a regular mania of that dog's, and I couldn't take him out for exercise very often on account of his habit of lagging behind and point at feathered things. Took him out one afternoon when he was about a year old, and a furniture van with a lot of pillows piled on top of some beds came along. One of the pillows was broken at the side and a lot of feathers escaped. That dog of mine saw the flying feathers, and blame me if he didn't sit down and point at that furniture van. Fact.

"But that wasn't the cutest thing he ever did. The cutest thing he ever did was one afternoon when I took him down to the Santa Barbara beach for a walk on the sand. I hadn't any sooner got him down to the beach than he sat down and began to point out to sea. I couldn't for the life of me make out what he was pointing at. There wasn't a bird, not even a seagull, in sight. But he kept right on squatting there at the verge of the sea and pointing out over the water, and if ever a man was puzzled, then I was. At first I calculated that he might be mistaking the crests of the waves for feathers, but no, a little reflection convinced me that he wasn't any such fool dog as to do a thing like that. Then I noticed that he was pointing directly at a white ship that lay out in the harbor. I pulled out my field glasses and took a look at the ship, and then the mystery was made clear. The ship he was pointing at was the United States man-of-war 'Petrel,' and then the man with the shifty eye executed a sudden leap and escaped from the car before his wrathful listeners could hop on him and naccerate him.—Washington Star.

When Spain Died.

Spain died of empire centuries ago. She has never crossed our path. It was only her ghost which walked at Manila and Santiago. In 1630, the Augustinian friar La Puente thus wrote of the fate of Spain: "Against the credit for redeemed souls I set the cost of armadas and the sacrifice of soldiers and friars sent to the Philippines. And this I count the chief loss, for times give silver, and forests give timber, but only Spain gives Spaniards, and she may give up so many that she may be left desolate and constrained to bring up strangers' children instead of her own."

"This is Casille," said a Spanish knight; "she makes men and wastes them." "This sublime and terrible phrase," says Lieutenant Carlos Gilman Calkins, from whom I have received both those quotations, "stuns up Spanish history."

The warlike nation of to-day is the decadent nation of to-morrow. It has ever been so, and in the nature of things it must ever be.—Popular Science Monthly.

## The Fool Politician.

Whenever I hear or read of a politician in office giving orders to "keep reporters out of here," "don't let 'em talk to me," "tell 'em I ain't got nothing to say to newspapers," etc., I can see his finish. The lunatic forgets that it is the newspapers, through their reporters, that made him. The successful politician always talks to reporters. He does not necessarily give them the information they seek, but by implication and suggestion generally puts them on the right trail. Only the pinheads of politics exclude themselves.—New York Press.



At Wilkesbarre, Penn., there is a man who owns a lottery ticket issued by a Presbyterian church in Pittsburg as "authorized by law." It is dated June 2, 1807.

On the Italian stamps are Italian towns with Austrian stamps, showing the long dominion of Austria over parts of Italy. On some of the old stamps are marked the keys of St. Peter, surmounted by the mitre of the Bishop of Rome.

The reason given for the substitution of the drum for the trumpet in the Italian army is that in these days of short service a young soldier learns to march to the drum far sooner than to the trumpet. Again, it is found that trumpeters are very subject to pulmonary affections.

An ear will be handed down, so to speak, from father to son for generation after generation, with comparatively little modification. Some authorities on criminology assert that criminals are very apt to possess a peculiar kind of ear, which is recognizable by an expert in such matters.

Every rosemaker in London always keeps some of the most expensive robes of state—those of a registrar, for instance—ready, and lends them out when officials have to use them at any great ceremony. Many a peer, when his portrait is to be added to the family picture gallery, has obtained the crimson and ermine from his tailor for a small consideration.

John Foe, of Milltown, N. J., lost his arms thirty-two years ago, but he can do most things that other men accomplish by the aid of those members. Says he: "Anybody can get along without his arms if he has to. Every time I row, fish, hunt or plow I find a better way to do it, and it continually grows easier to get along." The armless wonder is not new. Montaigne described an exhibiting one of the sixteenth century in words that would fit a modern press notice.

Among the curious insects of the Malay peninsula recently studied by Mr. Nelson Annandale, of the London Zoological Society, is one called the lantern-fly, which is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made without the aid of its wings. It was only after he had carried a specimen back to London and carefully examined it that Mr. Annandale discovered that a curious projection on the front of its head, a kind of nose with a crease in it, was the leaping organ. When bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released it sent the insect flying.

In China the mortal part of the dead is put under the control of a geomancer, a man wise in the mysterious influences of Feng Shui. Feng Shui is a superstition concerning the earth and air forces, and it operates powerfully in all Chinese matters, but in none more powerful than in the burial of the dead. That the grave should be so located as to invite the good influences and avert the evil influences of Feng Shui is the great consideration, for which the good offices of the geomancer are sought—at a round price. All graves must be protected on the north, as from that direction the malign influences usually come. Hence the grave is placed on the south slope of a hill, with protective architecture built on the hillside or, if on a level, is supplemented by a walk, half circling it on the north.

Was Uncertain.

The pecuniary difficulties in which aspirants for literary fame become involved have inspired many an anecdote.

"Here's a poem on the 'Emerald Oisle,' sorr," said a frayed-looking individual to the editor of a weekly newspaper in a large town, 'an' it's hoping you'll take it, O! an'."

"What is your address?" inquired the editor.

"That depends entirely on you, sorr."

"Depends on me," echoed the editor; "what do you mean?"

"If you take the poem, sorr, me address will still be seventy-wan King-strato," replied the sanguine poet; "but if you don't take it, it's meself that'll be left without any address to me name, if my landlady kapes her wurd, sorr!"—London Spare Moments.

## His Scale of Prices.

An Oklahoma editor, who is a deep thinker, has fixed a table of rates for publishing things "not as they seem," says the Jefferson (Texas) Jimpicut, as follows: "For calling a man a successful citizen when every one knows he is lazier than a government mule, \$2.75; referring to a deceased citizen as one who is sincerely mourned by the entire community, when we know he will only be missed by the poker circles, \$1.08; referring to some gallivanting female as an estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet, when every business man in town had rather see the devil coming, hoofs, horns and all, than to see her coming towards them, \$3.19; calling an ordinary pulpit pounder an eminent divine, 90 cents; sending a tough sinner to heaven with poetry, \$5.00."

The small German university town of Jena has no fewer than seven free reading-rooms, with newspapers and books.