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The population of France, it is rapidly than it was 10 years ago e is not a dying nation.

The United States is rich enough to have anything it desires, a college of heraldry included. But coats of arms will have to figure in American civilization as mere matters of decoration for some time to come.

A railroad automobile has been put into operation on one of the French railways. It is a combination of engine and passenger car. Its total length is 88 1-2 feet. The engine is located in the middle and has 125 horse power, and the vehicle will carry 80

Paris leads the world in dressmak It is estimated that there are 75 000 persons employed in the dress making establishments of the city, and if one includes the workers who design and make the materials used by sons are engaged in the struggle to

Italy is now sending more emigrants to the United States than any other country; Austro-Hungary next and Russia third. The percentage of the total number of immigrants from these three countries, in the order named it 27.9, 23.2 and 17.4. Germany sent 31.7 percent in 1882, but now it sends only 4.4 percent. England sent 10.4 percent in 1882; now it sends only 2.5

The general land office has been making a new examination of the pet-rified forests of Arizona. The silicified logs lie in great abundance within an area of eight square miles in Apache county. In some places they lie more thickly than they could have stood while living as trees, and it is thought that they must have been carried there by a swift current of water in the me-

The growth of United States trade with China is set forth at length in a bulletin just issued by the treasury department. From various ports of the empire statements have been ob-tained showing decided gains in the receipts of cotton piece goods and other material from America. The total value of American merchandise of all classes entering China is now about \$24,000,000 annually, while the United States imports from the Flowery Kingdom about \$28,000,000 worth.

Of the population of the United States 47.1 percent live in incorporated municipalities, of which there are 10,-602 in the country. Of these, however, 6819 have a population of less than 1000 and are really rural communities. The states differ greatly in their policy with regard to permitting small towns to incorporate. Massachusetts, for ex-ample, has but 23 incorporated towns, while Delaware, with only one-fif-teenth of the population of Massachusetts, has 35. Illinois heads the list with 930 incorporated municipalities.

California has 116.

We Need the Metric System. We Need the Metric system.

Consul Hill reports from Amsterdam that the necessity for United States manufacturers to adopt the mertle system in foreign trade becomes daily more imperative. A firm in Holland received this week a cable offer from New York for 2,000 barrels of potatoes. As this was a new business, the question at once grose how many pounds As this was a new business, the question at once arose how many pounds were there in a barrel of potatoes—American pounds, too, as the Dutch pound differs from ours. A whole day was lost before the answer could be wired. Had the answer been wired in kilograms, every business man in the commercial world from Vladivostock to Mauritius would have understood it instantly.

Minnesota is called the "Bread and Butter State," and rightly, too, for last year her mills turned out 26,639,-500 barrels of flour and churned over 60,000,000 pounds of butter.

THE APOLOGY OF ROBERTS

By Philip Verril Mighels.

HE rain descending on top of the snow had made Roberts theoroughly wet. Standing inside the mouth of his tunnel, he lighted a candle, and then gazed out on the dreary scene presented by the gray hills.

"It's an elegant Christmas," he grumbled, "and nothing for a Christmas," he grumbled, "and legant for he green, certainly, save a single scrub-brush of mountaint-tea, "If suppose I've got to go," he added; "the kid don't ask for much, and I reckon he's lonely, poor little man."

He started into the mine. On either side upright timbers supported the roof of the tunnel. Close to these, one after another, the miner held his candle, sweeping it slowly down the length of each. Every one was bent inward, a few were splitting, and ominous cracks sounded along the line, as the posts shouldered up the weight of the saturated hill above. Roberts understood the situation, Had the day not been so far advanced he would have gone to work at once to reinforce the mine against the impending calamity. As it was, he cursed his luck the mine against the impending cal-amity. As it was, he cursed his luck and walked rapidly in, to secure an axe with which to cut a tree for his small boy's Christmas. Having se-cured the implement, he leaned upon in contemplation of the end of th timel, with its meage vein of quartz.
"If it wasn't for that color of gold,"
he mused, "I'd let you go to the devil."
The crack of the timbers further out
made him start. He shouldered the
axe, and returned toward the day-

A chorus of cracking and crunching unds greeted his approach; he felt a chill go down his spine. A moment later a loud splitting behind him re-verberated down the tunnel, followed

later a loud splitting behind him reverberated down the tunnel, followed by a thundering sound and a rush of air. His light went out.

Crashing of timbers, gritting of rocks, and a groaning of wood made a terrifying din. The miner ran for his life. The tunniling posts, the down-pouring earth, and the splinters of splitting wood pursued him.

The tunnel's mouth—a warping square—was now in sight. Axe in hand the racing man tore along the thundering hall of the fast-filling tomb. Another leap, and he would clear the place! The sill of the door tripped and threw him on the rock-floor. He scrambled away on hands and knees. A single hunk of rock crushed at the heel of his foot.

Hurt and limping, he arose, stepped further along, and faced about. A twisted scar in the hill marked the place where he had labored so long. Even in the rain a cloud of dust was slowly floating away. The axe was buried.

"Didn't git me!" said the man, in a peculiar spirit of triumph. "But sure cough, you've gone to the devil!" He

"Didn't git me!" said the man, in a peculiar spirit of triumph. "But sure enough, you've gone to the devili" He found himself surprised that the furrow above the cave was so narrow and shallow. It seemed utterly inadequate to the work he had expended in delving, "No Christmastree now for the kid," he remarked. "I guess this mountain-tea will have to do the business."

business."

He hacked off the stem of the brush

with his knife, and swinging it on his back, limped away.

The brush, with its candles, its bits of ribbon which the man had cherished, and its odd array of "presents," pleased the seven-year-old child in Roberts' cabin immensely. The little chen was more than commonly lonechap was more than commonly lone-some, having been inordinately fond of the mother, who had made him her constant companion. Since her death it had been her personal trinkets that it had been her personal trinkets that gave him the greatest pleasure. This was the reason why the present on the tree which delighted him most was a gourd which his mother had employed in darning stockings. "Can I take it with me to aunty's?" he inquired wistfully, holding it tight in his hand.

in his hands

in his hands.

"Why of course you can, if you want; but you know you ain't coming home for a week, and I wouldn't like for you to lose it, little man."

On Christmas morning Roberts carried the boy as far as the caved-in mine, and started him off on his visit to the camp over the hill.

"Don't forget to come back to Dad on New Year's Eve," he instructed. "Start by four in the evening, sure. You better not come if it happens to snow—savvy?" And he kissed the little fellow good-by.

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CHAPTER II.

Late on the last day of the year aminer walked across the dump of Roberts' mine to tanother tunnel, which had been locked up and deserted for more than a year. He produced a key which turned the rusted lock, after which he lighted a candle and went slowly in recalling a score of incidentation of the end of the dirft. Here he threw down his roll of blankets and stool haselvie for some time, in mediation. At length he look up a pick from a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at Tsroke after stroke he rained on the firm as a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at Tsroke after stroke he rained on the firm as a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at His cond.

The stumbled toward the Line. "He done in," he done in, a media and throw of kinds and stool haselvis and stool haselvis of the search which he lighted a candle and throw its reveal and the stroke after stroke he rained on the firm as a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at Tsroke after stroke he rained on the firm as a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at Tsroke after stroke he rained on the form as a stack of tools, left as if but the day before, and began to strike at Tsroke after stroke he rained on the form as a stroke at the stroke according to the card and throw its received by the white the stroke and stroke the stroke he rained on the form as a stroke after stroke he he lose he was been as a stroke and stroke as a stro

uttered a note of surprise, and throwing his weight on the handle of the tool, pried as with a lever.
Suddenly a chunk of porphyry bulged forth, the pick burst out, and a gleaming cascade of gold came pouring from the orifice.

"Yow!" cried the miner in unrestrainable delight, and, falling on his knees, he gathered up the glinting metal in both his roughened hands. "Oh, no!" he roared, 'wasn't it worth coming back to claim the poor old tunnel? Wasn't it worth a new location? Aln't we fixed?" And clutching up his pick again, he slashed and tore at the pocket of precious metal in a frenzy.

a frenzy.

"Oh, say!" he went on, stopping again to gather up the golden store, "won't we roll 'en now? Hey! who's there!"

He stood up and peered outward He stood up and peered outward, vainly, in the blackness of the mine. A patter of feet broke the stillness. Drawing a pistol and feeling his way, the miner gave pursuit. The sounds diminished and were gone. He went on out and looked from the tunnel's

the darkness of night had descended. Clouds were massed up hugely; a keen blast was blowing. Here and there a flake of snow shot downward to the earth.

a keen blast was blowing. Here and there a flake of snow shot downward to the earth.

"Heh, heh, heh—wow-ow-ow," sounded weirdly from the brush.

"Coyote," said the miner. Satisfied as to the nature of his visitor, he replaced his pistol in his belt and returned to his treasure.

Creeping away from the spot where the coyote-howl had been sounded, a supple figure arose and glided down the slope.

Roberts, in his cabin, was cooking his dinner when this figure knocked at his door.

"Come in," he called.

With a grin, the man outside entered and closed the door. The light revealed an Indian face and head, on an Indian body; yet the fellow's skin was nearly as fair as that of the white man.

"Englie Slight" said the miner "The

man.

"Hullo, Slink," said the miner. "The kid won't come to-night, I reckon. I told him to wait if the snow came on —" Then he grumbled. "That's nothing to you, though," and added sullenly: "what do you want?" "Nuthin'," said the Indian, eyeing the food huncelly.

the food hungrily.
"You lie, half-breed," said the other.

"You lle, half-breed," said the otner,
"Take a bite if you want."

The creature jerked a sizzling chop
from the skillet, tossed it about to
cool, and soon was gulping it down.
Then he licked his fingers, with a look
of greed in his gaps.

of greed in his eyes.

"Well," said Roberts, knowing his man, "what have you got to say?"

"Heap gold," said the Indian abrupt-

"Sturgis mine. Heap gold."
"Injun, you're a liar. You're up to loing some dirt to Sturgis again, I'll et. There ain't been a man in that

tunnel for over a year—not since Sturgis left the diggin's, cuss him!"
"Sturgis, he's heap there," replied the half-breed. "Slink, he's heap see

un gold."
"Did you, sure? He's back then
he? I reckon he came to locate the claim over. To-morrow's New Year and that's his game. I knowed he hadn't done his assessment work—any man could have jumped that claim to morrow. You said he has struc-gold?"

gold?"
"Heap gold; Slink, he sees 'um heap," repeated the creature, eyeing Roberts narrowly.
"Gold! In that old tunnel, and mine had to cave! I've got as good a right as him to jump her to-night and locate the whole works. He ain't done assessment work by two hundred dollars!"

lars!"
"Plenty gold," remarked the savage

insiduously.

"Gold, gold, gold! Well hang me I'll jump that claim to-night! He ain't got no rights; he ain't stayed here and worked like me; and he done me up before. I'll jump her, sure. Here Injun, take the meat. Now you

With the ment in his fingers the In

feet to drive out the cold that crept insensibly up.

"Yellow-sand Ravine," he muttered at length; "it must have been on the Pinto trail." Hunting till he found a narrow suggestion of a path through the brush, he traveled for a time westward, up the hill.

"Hullo!" he cried again. "Hey, there, hullo!" as smothered moan was borne on the wind.

"Across the gulch," he breathed, and descended to the bottom of the wrinkle in the mountain, and up on the further acclivity. Forward and back he plodded, calling repeatedly, At length, nearly ready to give the search over, he stood in the storm to listen. Suddenly, less than three feet away, a hump of snow stirred slightly.

A FORTUNE IN APPLES.

slightly. Sturgis stooped toward it instantly. pushed off the blanket of ice, and lifted up a stiffening little form, cold and

"By gracious" said he, "but this is too bad. The tunnel's the nearest place to go, and maybe I can light a fire."

Divesting himself of his coat, he wrapped it about the child, held him close, and strode away in the path of the storm. Floundering here, slipping there, blocked under foot, confused by the flight of snow, he wandered for an hour, up hill and down. By sheer good forume he found himself at last by the side of the aump of his claim.

claim. His hands were numb and as stiff as wood; he felt that hardly a spot of warmth was left in his body. As he labored up the side of the dump to the top, he was confronted by a hunching figure—a man, who, like himself, had just achieved the scaling

of the pile.

Instantly the man stopped and drew Instantly the man stopped and drew a pistol. It was Roberts. "Cuss the cold!" he growled. His hands were so stiff he could not cock the revolver. He threw it down in the snow. "Sturgis!" he growled, advancing; "git away from here. Your claim is jumped. You haven't done assessment. The mine belong to me—savvy?—unless you're better than me at a fight!" Sturgis staggered a trifle backward, and placed his burden quickly in the snow.

"You is it. Roberts?" he chattered. "Stand away!" He tried to draw his pistol, but failed.

pistol, but failed.
Crouching, the men circled about, their great numb fists awkwardly swinging, like frozen clods. Rushing heavily in, Roberts dealt the younger man a blow in the face, and they clinched like bears, to struggle on the rocky dump, scuffling the snow with their frozen boots.
They broke away and circled again, Sturgis silent, Roberts savagely growling:

Blame you, I'll learn you now Mary would have made a good mother to my kid, if it hadn't been for you.

She liked me first."
"You lie," answered Sturgis.

"You lie," answered Sturgis, Roberts's hands were not so stiff as those of his foe; he pawed in the snow a second for the burled revolver. Sturgis leaped to strike with his leaden fist, Weakened and chilled, however, his muscles all but refused to act. Roberts met him, grasped at his throat, and pulled out the pistol dangling from the other's belt. "Look out for that!" breathed Sturies as they surged about, and lurching is as they surged about, and lurching

Thook out for that? breathed Stur-gis, as they surged about, and lurching Roberts backward, he made him avoid trampling on the child. This action gave Roberts an opening. Down came the butt of the pistol, and without a sound the miner sank in the

bown came the butt of the pistol, and without a sound the miner sank in the snow.

"I told you—I'd do you—up, if ever—you came to—Alder Creek," panted Roberts, "and there—you are."

Pocketing the pistol, he moved toward the tunnel, and stumbled over a small heap in the snow.

"Huh," said he. "Blankets, hey? I reckon I can use them myself." He raised the bundle. It stirred; the coat fell away from the white little face, while a tiny hand dropped limply down, clutching a smooth round gourd "Lord! It's my little kid!" cried Roberts. "Hey, little boy—it's Dad. God, you're cold!" he added, crooning-ly, "terrible cold," and he held the child wildly and fondly to his breast. "Sturgis!" he cried abruptly, "he fetched you!—fetched my boy—and where was I? He done it, sure—my Lord, but you're cold."

He stumbled toward the raine. "He done it," he went on moaning. "I'll go and apologize—I will. I'll go and fetch him in. I didn't know—I coulduit have knowed."

Hastening forth, after placing the child on the warmer foor of the tunnel, he shambled forward. Out on the dump the figure of Sturgis was weakly attempting to rise. Crouching near, stealthily advancing, a knife held ready for a deadly stab, was Slink, the half-breed, nearing the wounded miner for a stroke.

"Hey!" reared Roberts.

A FORTUNE IN APPLES.

Man Sells His Crop For Forty-six Thou, sand Dollars Cash.

Man Sells His Crop For Forty-six Thou.

sand Dollars Cash.

State Senator W. P. Sullivan, of
Christian County, was in Kansas Cliy
yesterday and told of a farmer down
there who sold his apple crop the other
day for \$46,000 in cash. The farmer's
name is Hazleton, and he has 1100
acres of apples.

"He did not have to gather the fruit.
The buyer was glad enough to buy it
on the trees," said the Senator.

"Then land down your way is held
at a high value?"

"Not very. There is some to be
bought for \$1.25 an acre. But it is too
easy to get. What American people
want is land where twelve men are
fighting for each available farm, and
which will cost them a lot of money
to prove up. They do not like to go
into a quiet country and at their leisure pick out a place that in a few
years will yield \$100 per acre."

"Some do as well as that?"

"I know several orchards which
have sold this year at that rate."

"Then they average by failures?"

"Never have a failure in the
Ozarks, said Senator Sullivan with
asperity. When a southern Missourlan has to own up to being from the
Ozarks he always gets mad. It is his
version of the travelers who, to kill
time, were telling what were their
native States. All confessed engerly

version of the travelers who, to kill time, were telling what were their native States. All confessed eagerly but one man, who, when pressed, said: "Now laugh, durn ye; I come from Arkansaw." Ozark people are in the same plight.

plight, there is against us is our protested Senator Sullivan. "All there is against us is our name," protested Senator Sullivan. "We have some Bald Knobbers and razorbacks down there, but we know how to raise apples and peaches and goats. We have the best region in the whole of the United States for these things. It makes us tired when we hear of forty bushels of thirty-cent corn to the acre. We go in for \$100-an-acre apples. In 1881 and hast year we had a partial failure in some farm products, but they do not include our apples. Why don't emigrants turn out when they get this far and settle in Missouri? Confiscate all the dime novels and yellowbacks and we will live down that ugly name we have."

—Kansas City Journal. "All

Some Facts About Sait.

The production of sait for domestic use and use in the arts is now somewhere near 10,000,000 tons annually, and the consumption always runs close to the production. Furthermore, a perfectly natural demand would call for a far greater output. Sait is a universal necessity for all living things, and the human consumption is cheeked by poverty and taxes. Thus the population of India pays a sait tax amounting to eight millions sterling and the consumption averages only and the consumption averages only ten pounds per inhabitant. Nor does the deprivation relate to a matter of taste merely. On the contrary, it is seriously reckoned as a prime cause for the debilitated condition of the people. Salt means so much than savor that we are told that ing the Paraguayan war of 1864-70 it was observed that the men who had been without salt for three months,

when wounded, however slightly, died, as their wounds would not heal."

Among European nations the consumption ranges from nineteen poun per head in the case of Spain au Portugal to sixty-two pounds per hea in the United Kingdom. Making a in the United Kingdom. Making allowance for the quantity used in the arts, the British consumption is still as high as forty pounds per head. At that rate India would require 4.500,000 more tons annually, and China would take in a few millions extra also. The consumption of salt in the United States is forty-eight pounds per capita, or second to the United Kingdom, Canada being third.



Fulfillment.

There was a man who worked all day
And sat up late at night,
And toiled and planned and schemed
away
To gain the dizzy height;
He longed to have the right to stand
High o'er the crowd and hear men say,
As, looking up, they how grand!

At least, when he was bent, when care
And toil had marred his visage, when
The mold of time was on his hair.
He stood high up o'er other men
And, listening, heard the passerseby,
Say lightly: "What a queer old guy,
Say lightly: "What a queer old guy,

Doesn't Work.
"Cheerfulness is riches."

"Oh, no; if you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder."—Detroit Free

"What is the key to success?"
"The ability to make people pay."
"Pay for what they get?"
"No; pay for what you tell themy
they are getting."—Chicago Post.

Getting On.

The Good Mun—"So, Willie, you're going to school, are you? That's nice, And what have you learned so far?"
Willie—"To whistle without puckering my mouth."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Family.

She—"She comes of a grand old family, I believe?"

He—"Yes, very! An ancestor of hers was beheaded in the Tower during the reign of the fourth Edward."

She—"How perfectly lovely."—Tit-Bits.

No Surface Accomplishment.

Dorothy—"How would you define a gentleman?"

Katharine—"Well, my idea of a gentleman is a man who looks and acts like a gentleman even when he isn't dressed like a gentleman."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Resenting an Imputation.

Resenting an Imputation.

Dicky—'I ain't got no use fur a kid
wor's too good to fill his pockets wit'
apples when a barrel of 'en falls off
a wagon an' busts in de street."

Billy (with indignation)—'I wuzn't
too good. De copper wuz a-watchin'
me!"—Chicago Tribune.

Differences Promptly Disclosed.

"All people," remarked the earnest clitizen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend; "but they don't stay equal any, longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Washington Star.

"Mike," said Piodding Pete, "did you know some people says your brain works all de time?" works all de time?"
"I don't believe it," answered Mean-dering Mike. "I'd rather do wit'out sense altogedder dan have such a fool-ish brain."—Washington Star.

The Right Conditions.

Briggs—"They say that if files were left alone—that is, if all those that are born were allowed to live—there would be nothing else but files."

Griggs—"That is, supposing the earth were nothing in the solar system but a big railroad restaurant."—

Life

Concealment. "You say you are a detective?"

"Yes."
"But ought you not to conceal the fact to some degree?"
"I do."
"How?"
"By not detecting anything."—Washlington Star.

The Motive.
"Do you write because of inspiration?" asked the idealistic young wom-

"Not usually," answered the coldlooking man with ink on his fingers, "As a rule I write because of the expiration of the time for which the rent has been paid."

Significant Philosophy.
"I am afraid Bliggins has met with

"I am attaut Duggs."
"What makes you think so?"
"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."

Two Girls.

"If ten men should ask you to marry them, what would that be?"

"What would it be?"

"A tender."

"And if one should ask you, what would that be?"

"I don't know; what?"

"A wonder."—Life.

"Why do poets wear long hair?" asked the young woman who is anxious to learn.
"My dear," answered the young

woman who believes there is no sething as modern literature, "if the didn't wear long hair how would know they are poets?"

In the Future.
"Do yez keep an assistant to the

"She has."
"And have yez a kitchen maid to clean up after the assistant's helper?

"We have."
"Well, I'll give yez a week's trial."

-Brooklyn Life.

cook?"
"Yes."
"And do be the assistant have a helper?"
"She has."