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To Peterboro, N. H., belongs the distinction of establishing the first free public library in the world. It was incorporated in December, 1799. Although other towns had accepted gifts of libraries, and there have been in Europe for three hundred years or more municipal libraries, Peterboro was the first place to vote money for the formation and support of a free town library. Its first catalogue, issued in 1834, consisted largely of religious works, but there was a fair showing of works on travel and a respectable representation of fiction both as to quality and quantity.

A big total abstinence crusade has been started in England, and its promoters talk confidently of forming an army of a million "teetotalers" who will sign a pledge to "touch not, taste not, handle not." But no Father Mathew or John B. Gough has yet come forward to lead multitudes captive under the spell of burning eloquence, and it is not altogether probable that a million names will be signed to the rolls within a reasonable time. Great crusades are possible when great leaders inspire great enthusiasms. But where is the Peter and Hermit of today? Inquires the New York Tribune.

That the improved conditions of modern existence have added materially to the longevity of mankind is a matter that is being taken seriously in commercial circles. The Actuarial Society of America is to compile a new series of tables for the life insurance companies of the United States, which, the society maintains, will show a decreased mortality among the people of this country. This is expected to have the effect of decreasing the premium rates now charged, as the whole life insurance business is based on mortality tables. It cannot be doubted that, with sobriety and moderation in all things, the average man can live to an old age. The purification of foods, the marked advance in medicine and surgery, the wonders of modern science, are all assisting to prolong the existence of the man of the twentieth century. It remains for him to educate himself to enjoy that existence with contentment and success.

LABOR WORLD.

A Russian farm laborer gets about \$10 a month.

An increase in the number of unions in the large cities is reported.

It is estimated that there are 80,000 unemployed persons in Berlin.

Spain proposes to legalize strikes, if from four to fifteen days' notice is given.

Locked-out union employees of the Safe Glass Company, Upland, Ill., have won and returned to work.

Two hundred employees of the Washburn Screenshot Company have struck at Rhineclander, Wis.

Southern trades unions report a very prosperous year. Labor is generally employed, while wages are unusually high.

The shipbuilding trade is having such booming times that a dearth of skilled mechanics is feared in the near future.

On account of the failure of crops thousands of agricultural laborers are experiencing the terrors of famine in various sections of Russia.

Almost all industries are unusually active, employing over 1,000,000 more workmen as compared with the corresponding period of last year.

Because the National Malleable Casting Co. at Indianapolis, Ind., refused to discharge colored employees, the coremakers went on strike.

The Rev. Sheldon A. Harris, a Congregational minister at Dwight, Ill., has been elected Vice-President of the Illinois State Federation of Labor.

Chicago now has a Stenographers' and Typewriters' Union, which promises to use its influence toward securing easier hours for those engaged at that work.

French labor statistics show a decrease in strikes as compared with last year. Wages have been slightly increased in many trades, while the number of unemployed has been lessened.

THE COMPASS.

A thing so fragile that one feather's weight might break its poise or turn the point inside, the mightiest vessel, with her tons of freight, O'er pathless seas from port to port will glide.

What wonder, then, if lodged within the breast, So simple, yet, unswerving faith may lie To guide the laden soul to ports of rest? And, like compass, point it to the sky? —The Junior Mussey.

PRIVATE CORY.

BY ATROL FORBES.

Perhaps it would never have happened had a comrade given him a word of encouragement. But the men were too intent on the grim work before them, so, in the hall of lead, when Private Cory dropped to the ground, it was generally understood that a bullet had knocked him over. Such, however, was not the case, as the ambulance corps following in the rear soon discovered. He had merely fainted from fright.

The doctor turned over the shivering bit of humanity to look for the wound, found none, and smiled. Cases of this kind were not unknown to him. "Poor fellow," he murmured, "let him remain with the rest."

"No, he is not hurt at all," he said to one of his assistants. "His wound will come afterwards when he recovers from that faint, and God help him then. There is no bullet wound that will give him the agony that is before him."

"Shall I throw a bucket of water over him, sir?" asked a man with a blood stained bandage round his head, but sufficient of his face left uncovered to show his intense disgust at his comrade.

"No, you must not disturb him," was the curt answer, and he turned to give his attention to the burdens which the stretchers were now quickly depositing in the improvised hospital.

"Poor lad," he mused, as he bent over his work. "I must give him a word of encouragement when he comes around."

But when, later on, Private Cory staggered to his feet, the kindly doctor was too busy to notice him. He looked wonderingly round the tent. Then the remembrance of what he had done seemed to rise up and strike him full in the face. He sank down with a choking sob. He clutched the earth with his hands, as men do when struck down in battle with a mortal wound. It was a burning hot day—the wounded were suffering terribly from the intense heat—but he shivered with cold. Outside the shells were screaming, while now and again came the subdued but harsh growl of the smaller arms. It seemed as if a thousand voices were shouting at him and reproaching him for his cowardice. Then a human voice joined in the wild orchestra.

"You bloomin' cur. Call yourself man?"

It was the stern sergeant of his company who had been brought in wounded in three places before he had given up. His face was gray with the pain he was enduring, but he must needs give vent to his disgust at such pusillanimity. A contented smile played about his bloodless lips.

"I call it gettin' money under false pretences. You're clothed and stuffed with the best of everything the country can send out, includin' a briar pipe and baccy, and then yer go and—pah!" and he broke off. "I couldn't hev believed it o' any man in the whole bloomin' company."

He stopped because the pain of his wounds became too great, and he bit hard the piece of Cavendish he had in his mouth to stifle a groan, but other men took up the cue.

No agony of the battlefield could equal what Private Cory was now enduring. He quivered as if acted upon by some powerful electric current, but he made no answer to their taunts, and continued to lie with his face turned to the ground. He tried to reconstruct the wreck of his manhood, but his brain was still in a whirl and those shrieking shells outside still seemed to be telling the world that he was a miserable coward.

A man was handing round some broth. He had been hours without food, and the savory odor caused a craving hunger to take possession of him. A panikin full was being passed from which men took a drink, their expectant comrades looking on with eager, wistful eyes. Cory raised his head, hoping his turn had come, but he was immediately greeted with a storm of curses that caused him to drop it again. Fool that he was to expect it. He might have known.

"Give Cory some of that soup. Hold up."

At that moment the doctor came up. "My lad," he said not unkindly, "you may make a soldier yet. Drink this," and he handed him the tin vessel.

"He is the broth of a boy," shouted a man, and this poor joke was greeted with laughter, even by those who knew that they had but a few hours to live.

Cory sat up. The soup seemed to put life into him, and he ceased to shiver. He was barely out of his teens but his face in its ashy grayness looked more like that of a man who had passed his prime.

"Feeling a bit better now?" began the sergeant.

"He'll run for it as soon as he is able," remarked another. "Whew, listen," he broke off as a shell exploded just outside.

"They seem to have got range of us now."

For a few seconds there was silence as the men realized their danger. The angry growl of the quick fires was every now and then punctured by the long, deep mounded baying of the Boers' Long Tom.

"They are aiming at us," shouted a man, running into the tent with his right arm hanging helpless by his side. Immediately there was a violent concussion; the air filled with smoke and a pungent smell, and the tent lit up with a tongue of flame. In an instant three or four men sprang forward and the fire was extinguished.

"The next shot will count a hit if I am not mistaken."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a huge rent suddenly opened in the canvas and a shell dropped right into the middle of the tent. The wounded ducked under their covering as if they would bury themselves beneath the ground. The doctor, with another, rushed forward; but Private Cory was before them.

"Not you, doctor," he shouted, as he seized the bomb.

"Quick, man. Into the bucket with it," said the doctor. "No, there's no water. Merciful powers!"

But Cory had dashed through the opening, and was running like a hare. They were all dumfounded for a moment. Then a cheer broke from them when they realized what he was doing—a cheer in which dying men joined.

"Throw it away! Now! Throw it!" yelled the doctor after him.

Still he ran. The music of what he knew was their applause rang in his ears. Nothing had ever sounded so sweet to him as this. He smiled. It reminded him faintly of his achievements in the football field when the crowd roared their approval. The ball he carried now was heavier, but the applause—only he knew what it meant to him, and he clutched the destructive missile like a child hugging a doll. He felt inclined to kiss it. If he lived he would be a man and a comrade again, if not—but he ran on.

Some one had wisely said that it requires often but the turn of a straw to make a coward a hero, or a hero a coward. Cory was a man again. The paralysis of panic that had seized him a few hours ago and had frozen his heart existed now only as a hideous dream. Another 10 yards—he was quite 50 from the tent. He heard them urging him to throw it. A few more yards, then with a tremendous effort he hurled it from him. Instantly there was an explosion, and Cory fell on his face.

"Poor chap. He is done for, I doubt," said the doctor, as several ran forward, followed by a number of wounded, who limped in pain.

They knelt by the poor shattered body. The sergeant, his old tormentor, regardless of his own wounds, had been among the first who rushed to his assistance.

Cory raised the only hand left him, which the sergeant clasped, murmuring something about forgiveness. A smile of exultation played about his face for a moment, then the film of death gathered over his eyes. He tried to speak, but no words came in obedience to the moving of his lips, for his soul had taken its flight to that land where brave spirits are at rest.—The World's Events.

AN ASTONISHING LAND.

In Guatemala \$1 Will Buy 80 and Railroad Have Mahogany Ties.

An American railroad man landing in Guatemala (Port Barrios) encounters various surprises, the first one of consequence being, perhaps, the answer of the ticket agent to his inquiry as to what is the railroad fare to Guatemala City, which is about 190 miles away and 50 miles beyond the terminus of the railroad. The price of the ticket to the railroad terminus—140 miles—is \$14, or 10 cents a mile. Being determined, however, to comply with all reasonable requirements, you hand out \$15 in American money, and on getting your change, receive the second surprise, as the agent hands back your \$10 United States note and \$16 in Guatemalan money besides. You now learn that one American dollar will buy 80 in Guatemala.

You find the passenger train a very good one. Everything is in excellent condition and the engine is a fine one. The train is equipped with air brakes. The track is very poor. The rails are heavy for a narrow gauge road, but the track is badly out of line. The ties are mahogany, rosewood and ebony, but even ebony lasts only about two years. The train runs at about 10 miles an hour and makes long stops. The road has nine locomotives, several years old; 25 passenger cars, 10 of which are first class; 200 box cars and 20 flats.

Locomotive engineers get \$8 a day for a run of 80 miles; conductors \$7 a day, with no overtime; brakemen \$75 a month and negro firemen the same. Agents get from \$100 to \$250 a month, most of them receiving about \$200. The operators are all natives. The chief dispatcher gets \$200, which is he remembered is equivalent to only \$50 of American money. An American cannot live here for less than \$150 a month. I find that the other two roads in this country pay about the same as this one, except that on one of them engine men get \$10 a day. Any railroad man in the United States who has even the poorest kind of a position on a good road will do well to keep it rather than try Guatemala.—Guatemala Correspondence of the Railroad Gazette.

Among the peasants of Turkey almost all the doctering is still done by women. In Constantinople there are laws against these healers, but they flourish nevertheless.

WAR A NATIONAL GAME

CENTRAL AMERICA SO REGARDS ITS CONSTANT REVOLUTIONS.

A Vivid Description of a Fierce Battle Along the Panama Canal—Men Were Really Killed During the Engagement—Disposing of the Dead and Wounded.

A few days before sailing from London, writes Sir Martin Conway, the distinguished mountain climber, to the London Times, I met a Columbian gentleman. "Is it true that there is a revolution going forward in your country?" I asked. "That is nothing," was his reply; "it is our substitute for cricket. Our young men must have their game." A month later I saw the game played. It proved to be not unexciting.

On the morning of July 24 we landed at Colon. The local newspapers were silent about the existence of military operations, but report said that Panama was besieged and was to be stormed that day. "Besieged," snorted our Yankee skipper. "I have seen these disturbances. Two small bodies of opposing troops come in sight of one another. They fire their guns in the air and then they run away in opposite directions. That is a Central American revolution. You won't have any trouble." We climbed on board the morning train, which started, as usual, from Colon. I sat beside a French engineer of the Panama canal, and was fully occupied for two or three hours of the journey in observing the works accomplished or in progress, which he explained to me. Three thousand men are still continually at work, and the great Culebra cutting has been excavated down to the level of 45 metres above the sea. At Culebra the engineer left me, and a short time afterward the train halted in the outskirts of Panama. We had heard no firing, and were skeptical about there being any fighting. Looking forward along the line, I saw a man wave his hat and the train began to advance. It entered a shallow cutting with a high bank on the right (Panama behind it) and a low one on the left. Looking to the right we saw a few armed men, and presently discovered that the whole length of that embankment was entrenched and lined with riflemen, whose heads occasionally peeped over and looked at us. Three hundred yards or so to the left, in a scrub-covered swamp, were an indeterminate number of men, the attacking force. Across the line a little way ahead was a road bridge, which proved to be the object of attack. A few hundred yards further ahead was the corrugated iron railway station, ending in a warehouse carried on a pier stretching out into the sea. We had not advanced many yards toward the bridge before a few shots were fired, the temptation of the heads peering over at the train probably being too much for the attacking force. They were at once repelled to, and before we realized what was happening the train was between two lines of some 2000 fighting men, separated by less than a quarter of a mile, and pumping lead at one another from Mauser rifles. A shell dropped near the bridge as we crossed below it. The men on our right fired over the train, but the cartridges were often exposed to the insurgents on our left, and bullets came over in a horizontal stream, the cartridges being freely hit. Down on the floor dropped the passengers with singular unanimity. "All come forward to the baggage van," shouted the guard; and forward they went along the corridor of the train, grovelling on hands and knees, the funniest sight imaginable.

In this condition the train stopped in the goods station, and every one was left to shift for himself. There were, of course, no porters or officials of any sort; there was nowhere for the passengers to go. Bullets were coming freely through the shed, and a few hours later our train was itself the main point of attack, the two opposing forces fighting between the wheels and through the windows. At present, however, the attack was only beginning to be pressed home. The passengers having local knowledge melted away in a moment, and we foreigners, a dozen men, were left like sheep without a shepherd.

I sallied forth down a bullet swept street and then round a corner. I passed carts laden with dead and wounded, bumping hideously against one another over the uneven road. The streets were practically deserted, but almost every house displayed a flag, English and American flags being commonest—any flag, indeed, except the Colombian. It looked as though some fate was about to take place. Through doors ajar and barred windows frightened faces peeped and withdrew. We passed two men firing their rifles this way and that, in a state of great excitement, either drunk or running amuck. Bullets were always whistling overhead and pling against the houses.

Neither side had any ambulance arrangements worth mention. Asked for their ambulance, the insurgents produced two spade. Accordingly Capt. Fegan lanced an ambulance party and a hundred men from the Leader next morning and a suspension of hostilities was arranged. The scene in and about the trenches was of the most horrible description. Nearly one quarter of the troops engaged on both sides were killed or wounded. The trenches were full of dead. The wounded had crawled into neighboring houses and hidden themselves under beds and in various holes and corners, where many of them had died. Nothing had been done for them. No surgical treatment whatever had been applied. The injured men displayed the utmost apa-

thy. They neither groaned nor complained.

On the third day the ambulance party again went forth. Before the morning was far advanced the insurgents after receiving a guarantee that no man's life should be taken away made an otherwise unconditional surrender. The town immediately came to life. Though the inhabitants almost to a man sympathized with the insurgents they hurried out into the streets wearing the government colors, and all was rejoicing and triumph. An amnesty was at once issued to all political offenders, and the revolution was at an end so far as Panama was concerned. The disorganized local authority was incapable of dealing with the problem of burying the dead. The wounded had been carried by the sailors to the hospitals of the canal company and the town, where, however, there was no accommodation except the floor for more than a small portion of them. The dead still lay in the roads, the streets, the trenches and bushes where they fell. Ghastly sights met the eye on all sides—frightful things no longer recognizable as men. Thousands and tens of thousands of charred crows came flying in from all directions and settled upon the field of battle. At night some attempt was made to burn the bodies with petroleum, but it was unsuccessful—indeed, only made matters worse.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Three indispensable accomplishments must be possessed by candidates for the police force in Vienna. They must understand telegraphy, be able to row a boat, and swim.

Chicago is to have a department store that will remain open day and night. There will be three shifts of clerks, working eight hours each. There are about 40,000 people working down town whose night trade is relied upon.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, has the power of ventriloquism to a remarkable degree, as its tone when produced but a few rods from the listener often has the effect of a sound originating nearly a mile distant.

A peculiar visiting card, the fashion of which would seem to be general on the continent of Europe, bears the name and address in the usual manner. On the other side are printed across each other the words "Visite," "Conge," "Felicitation," "Condolence," the idea being to turn up the corner which expresses the purpose of the call.

Country roads in Norway are barred at frequent intervals by gates, which either mark the boundaries of farms or separate the cultivated fields from the waste lands. These gates, of which there is upward of 10,000 in the whole country, constitute a considerable nuisance and delay to travelers, who have to stop their vehicles and alight to open them.

The most wretched man on earth is said to be a monarch—Norothon, King of Cambodia. He has a gorgeous palace furnished according to the most expensive ideas, but he adheres to the customs of his ancestors, and sleeps on an ancient carpet in a kind of shed that has not been cleaned since the creation. He is a miserable victim to hypochondria, and all day long he heaves long sighs of utter wretchedness. This monarch is a short, fat person with one eye.

Almost all fruits and flowers have their legend. One about the peach comes from Japan, and tells how a poor, pious old couple were searching for food by the roadside. The woman found a peach, which she would not eat, of though starving, till she could share it with her husband. He cut it exactly in half, when an infant leaped forth. It was one of the gods, who had, he said, accidentally fallen out of the peach orchard of heaven while playing. He told them to plant the stone of the peach and it brought them happiness, friends and wealth.

The little bird known as the Maryland yellow throat, which lives in low, bushy swamps during the summer, shows considerable ability as a ventriloquist, and during the nesting season makes use of the power as a protection—though apparently an unnecessary one, for the nest of this species is generally so carefully hidden from sight that it is almost impossible to find it. When a person approaches the vicinity of its nest, though probably within a few feet of the intruder, it will throw its voice back and forth so realistically that it is almost impossible to locate the bird.

College Growth.

There are more colleges this fall than there ever were before. New colleges are launched every year; 32 were founded in this country between 1890 and 1901. The facilities of the old colleges and universities are being greatly increased by the unexampled benefactions that are poured upon them. Mr. Carnegie has not yet provided every American boy and girl with the chance to get a free college education, but every intelligent youth may go to college now, whether he has money or not, if he has the pluck and the determination to carry him through. The country is prosperous in an unprecedented degree. Probably the students in universities and colleges this year will be 10 per cent greater in number than ever before, and already they had passed the 100,000 mark.—Lewiston Journal.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A true benefactor is one who makes us do the best we can.

Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelightful.

Greatness is never thrust on us but who leads an aimless life.

Fools create opportunities for wise men to take advantage of.

Time never sits heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.

That action is best that procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing, that never could have been done before, and never can be again.

Even if work were the sole aim of life, it would be folly to neglect relaxation; for no labor can be efficiently and permanently carried on without it.

Better make of every sorrow a stepping stone to higher, nobler thought and deed than to bring it against your heart to weight you down into the slough of despond.

The making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolves which we call ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with destiny; it is heaven's own incentive to make purpose great and achievement greater.

The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small, nibbling way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation and misery in the face of the beautiful earth.

A BUTTONHOLE CASE.

Brought to Decide the Precedence of the Opening.

Once upon a time, says the Boston Transcript, a case was brought before a learned judge in which the question at issue was as to whether the button was made for the buttonhole or the buttonhole for the button.

Counsel for the button held that it superfluous that the buttonhole was made for the use and behoof of the button; still for form's sake, he would give a few reasons why his contention was the correct one. It was apparent, he said, that without the buttonhole the button would be unable to perform its function, and hence it was plain that the button preceded the buttonhole, and that the latter was invented in order that the button might be of service to mankind. It should be clear to every body that had it not been for the button the buttonhole never would have been thought of. Its existence necessarily presupposed the existence of the button.

The lawyer for the other side was equally positive in the stand he had been employed to take. He averred that the buttonhole preceded the button; that, in fact, the button was merely an afterthought. He said that, as everybody knew, the buttonhole can be employed without the button, as witness Farmer Jones, who invariably uses a nail or silver of wood instead of the conventional button, whereas it was impossible to make an effective use of the button without the aid and assistance of the buttonhole. Hence it was shown beyond peradventure that the buttonhole was of greater importance than the button, and it was natural to infer that the buttonhole was first invented and that the button came later simply as an ornament, or, at best, as an improvement upon the nail, silver, or other instrumentality wherewith the buttonhole was made to perform its duty. To show the relative value of the buttonhole and the button, he said, take this simple example. When a button comes off the button can still be made serviceable, but if the buttonhole is slit open the button is of no use whatever. With this the learned counsel rested his case, although he claimed that he had not exhausted the subject.

When the court came in after recess the learned judge promptly decided the case in favor of the buttonhole—clearly a just decision, although it was whispered about the court house that the decision might have been different but for the fact that while changing his linen between adjournment and reassembling of the court his honor had dropped his collar button and hunted for it without success for half an hour, and perhaps might never have found it had he not stepped upon it. But, of course, this suggestion came from the partisans of the button and may fairly be imputed to their disappointment and chagrin.

Time Honey the Best in the World. The tree of a thousand uses, as the lime has been called, was formerly planted in England much more than it is today. The little row of pollard limes in front of the old farmhouse or the substantial thatched cottage is still a familiar sight of unspoiled south country villages, while avenues of tall and ancient limes are very pleasant features of some of the large country houses, the manor houses in particular. It is claimed that the best honey in the world is made from the limes. Kowno honey is said to be made from no other flower. It is of a greenish hue. In Lithuania there are forests of lime trees, and the honey made there is particularly fine.—London Express.

The swiftest bird known to the naturalist is either the vulture, which is said to make 150 miles an hour, or the English kestrel, which can probably equal, if not exceed, this speed.