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Facts collected by insurance companies show that the danger from inheritance, in the case of cancer, is not so great as is commonly supposed.

Marconi has achieved another decided success in transmitting wireless messages from a distance of 350 miles at sea. Mile by mile the new system is creeping up on the old.

When a prominent man eats nowadays he finds it necessary to indicate whether the operation has any political significance or whether it is only for the purpose of satisfying hunger.

Twelve billion letters, it is said, are annually distributed through the post-offices of the world. Two-thirds of the total are addressed in English. Twelve hundred thousand are in German and one million in French.

The curious nonchalance with which the world regards great calamities in Asia affords further evidence, if any were needed, of the extreme improbability of any real fusion between the white and yellow peoples.

The chief importance of the South African war just at present is the influence it is having on British public opinion. One conservative paper has even gone so far as to predict that when the conflict is over there will be a large increment of democratic influence in the Government, owing to the present mismanagement of affairs.

Sir Thomas Lipton is reported as saying that he would prefer to see yachting contests confined to seaworthy vessels, suitable for cruising and for all sorts of rough experiences in mid-ocean, to the exclusion of mere racing machines, only useful for cup contests. That is sound sense. The America was no mere racing machine.

In naval experiments in Europe a half-dozen sailors were sealed up for a dozen hours in a submarine boat. Every one of them was a hearty tar, a jolly sea dog when he was allowed to emerge from his temporary sarcophagus under water. So the sunken battery scored a triumph. But enlistments in navies will fall off if it is bruited abroad generally that sailors may expect to be sent below the waves to roam about far beneath the reach of sunlight. Our Yankee mariners do not relish fighting out of sight. They believe in battles in the open air above the surges of old ocean.

Afghanistan lies between the Russian Empire on the north, British India on the east and south, and Persia on the west. For the last 150 years Russia has been intriguing to get possession of the country and Great Britain has been opposing it. Great Britain does not want the care of a country so difficult to govern, but if Russia were once established there, and her railroad system extended to Kabul, the British Empire in India would be in the gravest danger in the event of a war with Russia. Owing to the arrangement and trend of the mountain range of Central Asia, the road to India from the north lies through Afghanistan, and Kabul, the capital, is but 300 miles from the Indus. The hill tribes of Northern India are in a constant state of unrest, and such an army as Russia could pour at short notice over her railroad system would shake British rule in India to its foundation.

**She Had Osculated.**  
"Did you ever kiss a man?" asked the Chicago girl. The Boston girl blushed. "Really, that is so vulgar, you know," she said. "Maybe it is, but did you?" persisted the Chicago girl. "I should hate to think it was a kiss," replied the Boston girl, "but since I have become engaged I have tried osculation."—Chicago Post.

Foresters tell us that the best timber is that which grows from dark soil intermixed with gravel.

## IF ISN'T THE START ALONE?

It isn't the start alone that counts, it is the start alone; it's the place you hold at the end by which the worth of your work is known. The dancing horse and the prancing horse may be proud ere the race is run, but they never receive a cheer if they lag at the rear when the race is done. A foal may start for a lofty goal and hurry ahead and still be a fool if he quits with the end he sought beyond him over the hill.

If the cable that stretches through the sea from the distant, foreign shore fall short by a hundred little feet and cables were made no more, its mangled lengths would fail to serve; no answering instrument. Would respond to the call from the far-off land, where eager heads are bent? It's the end that counts—the end at just your start, may be fine, oh, friend, but the world will finally judge you by the place you hold at the end.

The bride whose face is aglow with pride as she passes along the aisle, Beholding the grand display of wealth and the fine display of style, May weep in the years that wait, while she that in poor, coarse raiment is wed. May still have the love that's dear to her heart when the hair gleams white on her head. And the wonder who stands at the head of his class may falter or stumble or fall. And end as the servant of him at the foot! The start that you make isn't all.

The fields may be green in the spring, where the grain is damp with the dew of dawn, Eat what if the hills be parched and bare when the harvest time comes on.

The path you take may be smooth at the start, and level and straight and wide. But far away it may wind about where robbers in ambush hide! Oh, look to the end—the faraway end—ere the dust of the start is blown. For it isn't the start alone that counts—it's the end that counts.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Double Deserter.

A War Romance That Began in Sweden and Ended on a Federal Scaffold.

BY MAJ. GEORGE F. WILLIAMS.

In all wars the crime of desertion is the most detested among soldiers, and offenders seldom escape the penalty of death called for by military law, when an army is on duty in the field, and in the presence of an enemy. There were more executions for this offense in the Federal Army in the Civil War than one not familiar with its inside history would credit. Most of these deserters were men who, belonging to the criminal classes, took to "bounty jumping" as a change from burglary and pocket picking. But there were a few instances where deserters were impelled to leave their colors by motives which lent an air of romance to the fate they risked.

When General Sheridan began his famous operations in the Shenandoah Valley, during the month of August, 1864, he was reinforced by two divisions of cavalry, led by Generals Wilson and Merritt, a part of the Nineteenth Corps, under General Amory, and all of the Sixth Corps, commanded by General Wright. Having crushed Early's forces in the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek (the latter being the scene of "Little Phil's" famous ride), the Sixth Corps returned to the lines of the Army of the Potomac, which was still pressing the siege of Petersburg, Va., thus holding Lee in leash.

While the Sixth Corps was in the Shenandoah Valley, three men of foreign birth deserted from a Pennsylvania regiment and entered the Confederate lines. Announcing a willingness to enlist under the Southern flag these misguided men only stipulated that they be sent to some other point in the field of hostilities. Their request being considered a reasonable one, they were transferred to General Gordon's division, then fighting in the Confederate trenches that defended the city of Petersburg.

In October, 1864, the United States Government offered pardon and immunity to all Confederate soldiers who would surrender and take the oath of allegiance. Copies of the announcement to that effect were scattered throughout General Lee's lines by means of kites, trigger attachments releasing the bundles of papers in midair.

Among the first to embrace this offer were the three Sixth Corps men, who thus hoped to escape military service and hardship. Unfortunately for them the Sixth Corps had meanwhile arrived in General Meade's lines, and their own regiment happened to be on guard over the "deserters' corral" when they came through the lines. Being at once detected, all three were placed in strict confinement, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be hanged, a soldier's death by bullet being denied them, because of their enlistment in the Confederate service.

Three days before the one fixed for their execution I was surprised by the receipt of a note from the officer commanding the Sixth Corps provost guard, requesting me to call at his quarters. On my arrival I learned that one of the condemned men wished to see me in private.

Shackled hand and foot, the prisoner was led, stumbling into a tent that was surrounded by sentinels, and permission was given me to enter. The man who was to suffer a shameful death was a fine specimen of manhood and it was difficult to conceive how he could have been induced to take such awful risks.

"I have a favor to ask of you, sir," he began in a low, modulated voice. "I know there is no hope for me; but

if you will grant my request it will enable me to die more calmly." "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"To write a letter to the woman I love and send her the money belonging to me and on deposit in a New York savings bank."

"Certainly. I will carry out your instructions faithfully."

"Thank you. Now let me tell you my story. I am a native of Sweden. My name is Oscar — and my family live on a farm a few miles from Stockholm. Two years ago I fell in love with a young and pretty girl (here is her picture), the daughter of a farmer richer than my own people. Her father opposed my suit, because I was comparatively poor, and Christina and I were very unhappy. In an evil moment I read a letter written by a young neighbor of ours who had gone to America. He said he had joined the Union army on a bounty of over \$1000 paid him on enlisting. "A thousand dollars is a great deal of money in Sweden, and I decided to emigrate and become an American soldier. To my surprise bounties had risen, and I got \$1200, all of which is now in the bank. I had no thought of ever deserting, being willing to take my chances; so left a sealed letter in the bank to be opened only in the event of my being killed in battle. It contains my will and bequests all the money to my sweetheart."

"These two men who are to die on the same scaffold with me, entered the service fully resolved to desert at the first opportunity. One night while we were on picket guard together at Cedar Mountain, a week or two before the battle, they revealed to me their purpose of slipping through the lines into Early's camp, and asked me to go with them. As an inducement they explained that after joining the Confederates it would be easy to get transferred elsewhere and then we could desert, and get free of all military duty."

"To this day I do not know why I consented to take the step that has proved so fatal to all of us. But I did, and here I am in heavy irons doomed to an awful and disgraceful death. Now, however, that you have promised to grant my request, I am more resigned to my fate."

"Have you told this story to anyone else?" was my natural inquiry. "No, what would be the use? It is no excuse for the military crime I have committed. As long as my girl remains ignorant regarding the precise nature of my death, it will be happier for her, and in time she may, with my money, get a better husband."

I took down in my notebook all the necessary details, again promising to carry out his instructions, and the interview ended, "Oscar" being taken back to the guard tent. As he had asked earnestly that I would place myself in front of the scaffold, I obeyed. It was a bright, sunny November morning, when the division to which these hapless men belonged was paraded to witness the execution. Obtaining the necessary permission from General Wright, I stood beside the provost marshal and saw the men die. "Oscar" — that was not his name as may well be supposed — stood in the center. As the noose was placed around his neck he recognized my presence, and, just before the cap was drawn over his eyes, he gave me a look of thanks which I shall never forget. The next instant the drop fell.

In due time I wrote to the young woman, announcing her lover's death "in front of Petersburg," and the bank transferred "Oscar's" deposit to her. Three years after I received a letter from Sweden, saying that the girl had never married, but died of grief. It was the saddest tragedy that came to my notice during the entire war.—The Journalist.

## Is the Short Story Doomed?

In "The Editor's Study," in Harper's, Mr. Alden gives some interesting opinions as to the magazine of the future. He predicts the passing of both the serial and the conventional short story: "The aim of this kind of magazine becomes ever more and more distinct from that of the book," he says, "and the time will come when the serial publication in it of fiction or of history will be an exceptional thing. We are confident that even the conventional short story—that elaborate structure formerly deemed necessary—will disappear from its contents, its place being taken by the vivid, suggestive sketch, with an even stronger appeal to the normal emotional sensibility. What used to be known as the 'article' has already been transformed, to use George Eliot's pregnant phrase, from a diagram into a picture. The essay, as we are using it in these pages, is not the formal and extended treatment of a subject, but an expression of some phase of thought concerning an interesting theme that, limited as it may seem, has through its suggestiveness an indefinite expansion."

"The briefer the contributions to the magazine the greater its variety. But brevity should not be sought at the sacrifice of literary art. The brief sketch or essay or story should not be a fragment. Brevity is comparative; twenty pages may be short, and a single page tediously long. The artistic requirement is the economy; there must be no waste."

**Got Her Admires Mixed.**  
"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson. "I return herewith your kind note in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

## CURIOUS FACTS

A Belgian gentleman, enamored of gypsy life and custom, proposed to his bride that they should spend their honeymoon in a caravan, traveling through the magnificent woods of Ardennes. The lady having consented, a special caravan was constructed for the purpose, and the queer honeymoon proved an exceedingly enjoyable and novel experience.

Marie Joanna Kersha, who died on the island of Croix, in France, at the age of seventy-two, had the distinction of being the only woman sea captain in the world. She went to sea with her father when she was twelve years old, and after his death she captained three more vessels and obtained several medals and money rewards for heroism on the water.

Under the joint resolution of Congress approved February 23, 1892, "No person shall keep, within the District of Columbia, any fowl, parrot or bird which, by crowing, cackling, talking, singing or in any other manner, shall disturb the comfort and quiet of any neighborhood." The law was cited the other day in a suit brought by a resident against a neighbor whose parrot annoyed him.

A Berlin newspaper publishes some curious details respecting the letter bags of the principal European sovereigns. The Pope holds the first place, as he receives every day from 22,000 to 23,000 letters and newspapers. King Edward VII. comes next, with 8000 newspapers and 1000 letters. The Czar and the German Emperor receive each from 600 to 700 letters, appeals, etc.; the King of Italy, 500, and Queen Wilhelmina, from 100 to 150. The Pope, says the same authority, employs no fewer than thirty-five secretaries.

The skull of Mozart, which, since the death of Professor Hirtl, who kept it in his house, has been transferred from one place to another, has now found its final home in the Museum at Salzburg. The relic, says the London Standard's Vienna correspondent, was handed over with all the solemnity befitting the occasion. An attempt was made some time ago to substitute another skull as that of Mozart's, for the one preserved by Professor Hirtl, but the fraud was discovered; upon which, in some mysterious way, the spurious skull disappeared and the genuine one was restored to its place. Every care will be taken at the Salzburg Museum of what is the only known portion that is left of the great composer's remains.

The possessions of some of the Indian Maharajahs are food for fun as well as wonderment sometimes. There is one of the richest rajahs who has a passion for acquiring things in bulk, and during his visit to England he astonished some of the tradespeople by ordering whole showcases of jewels or silver, sometimes a whole trayful of tooth brushes or a windowful of various scented soaps. In art also his purchases were equally expensive, and on one occasion he was so charmed with a picture that he ordered it to be copied three times, so that he might have one hanging on each wall of his favorite room. But perhaps the most extraordinary order which was ever given or undertaken was that for two dressing bags, one the exact duplicate of the other, and each of such enormous size that the two together were a camel's load. They were made of the ordinary brown leather, but inside they were most luxuriously mounted, and they cost \$5000 apiece.

## Turkish Justice.

A feature of the local press for months past is a daily list of judicial functionaries dismissed or placed on trial for official irregularities. It would appear that the present Minister of Justice appreciates the advantages of an honest administration, and is bent upon eliminating undesirable elements from the branch of public service placed under his authority. Turkish judges are perhaps the most corrupt body in the world, and the administration of justice has come to be regarded as a mere question of money, the suitor who pays the greatest bribe being sure to win the case. It is stated that in the course of the hearing of a case in one of the Stamboul courts the president, addressing the defendant's lawyer, asked him what the time was. The latter, looking at his watch, said it was a quarter to 4, whereupon the president consulted his own timepiece and declared it was only twenty-five minutes past 3. A discussion ensued as to whose watch was right, and it was eventually decided that the advocate's watch was in advance by fifteen minutes, which meant, in other words, that the accused would only be acquitted if the judge were paid £15.—Constantinople Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

## Shylock Still Flourishing.

Nearly a year has elapsed since the money-lenders' act came into operation—or, to speak by the card, was intended to come into operation. That it has failed, and failed egregiously, to fulfill the purposes for which it was passed can no longer be doubted. In practice the act neither prevents deception on the part of the usurer nor rescues his victim from oppression. And where shylock has been himself unable to slip through the meshes of the net that was drawn around him the authorities charged with the administration of the act have kindly cut a hole for his escape.—London Truth.

## OSTRICH FARMING.

The Latest Reports as to the Welfare of the Industry in Cape Colony.

Counsel-General Stowe writes from Cape Town that for the past fifteen years ostrich farming has been a highly successful industry. In the past ten years ending in 1890, before the beginning of the war, the number of birds increased from 115,000 to 261,000. Twenty-five years ago the statistics of Cape Colony said that there were only ten tame ostriches in the colony.

The birds each yield about a pound and a half of feathers every year, the average value being about \$12 a pound. The finest feathers, of course, are the wing feathers of the male bird, which are long and white and bring from \$50 to \$70 a pound. The wing feathers of the female ostrich are much lower in value because they are smaller when it came wholly from wild birds, and the best quality of feathers frequently brought as much as \$135 a pound. As each male bird yields only about twelve or fifteen of these feathers and as there is always a steady demand for them, the price is not likely to fall much until the ostrich farming industry becomes larger than it is now.

Twenty years ago almost all the feathers that came into the markets were from the wild birds, most of them from North Africa. Now, however, a New York dealer in feathers says not more than one per cent. of the feathers are from wild birds. The business in South Africa, which is the source of nearly all the supply, is now centered in the hands of men of considerable capital, who raise the birds in the sandy, dry bush land northeast of Cape Town. In the early days of the industry many small farmers engaged in the business, but they were largely forced out of it in the years of experimentation when the industry was subject to many vicissitudes and they have not come into it since.

Formerly wild ostriches were killed to get their feathers, which were obtained by plucking them from the dead animals. Now the crop is gathered about once in every eight months by cutting the feathers from the bird.—Sun.

## Butterflies Seen on Mid-Ocean.

Of the few visitors that board a ship in mid-ocean, Mr. Bullen says that none are more difficult to account for than butterflies.

I have seen the common white butterfly fluttering about a ship in the North Atlantic when she was certainly over five hundred miles from the nearest land. And in various parts of the world butterflies and moths will suddenly appear as if out of space, although the nearest land be several hundred miles distant. I have heard the theory advanced that their chrysalids must have been on board the ship, and they had just been hatched out when seen. It may be so, although I think unlikely; but yet it is hard to imagine that so fragile a creature, associated only in them and with sunny gardens or scented hillsides, could brave successfully the stern rigor of a flight extending over several hundreds of miles of sea. All that is certain about the matter is that they do visit the ships at such distances from land, and disappear as if disembarked at the unsuitability of their environment.—The Argonaut.

## A Century of Specialists.

The young man who would attain success in this century must be prepared for it by special training and such practical education as has never before been demanded in the history of the world. The tendency in every line of endeavor is toward centralization, toward great combinations of interests, and the men who would climb up to the head of affairs, or to responsible positions, must be specialists. There will be little hope in this century for the jack-of-all-trades. A young man must know how to do some one thing effectually or he will not rise. On the other hand, the prizes were never before so great, nor the opportunities so promising, for the men who have been trained to do one thing well. Those who know a little of everything, but have not been trained to do one thing effectually, will be relegated to mediocre positions.—O. S. Marden, in Success.

## A Horseshoeing "Parlor."

It has come to be the fashion to call any place of business a "parlor." For many months we have been surfeited with parlors of all descriptions, and it remained for the blacksmiths to lay on the last straw. The proprietor of a Fifty-third street shop took the lead in this direction. He painted on the commonplace sign by which he had hitherto advertised his trade to the public, and substituted the inscription: "Horseshoeing Parlors." The letters are large and gilt, on a black background; and are bound to attract attention to the novel "parlors," which, notwithstanding the high-sounding appellation, are the same old regulation blacksmith shops they always were.—New York Times.

## The Cat and the Tati.

Once upon a time a cat who prided herself on her wit and wisdom was prowling about the barn in search of food, and saw a tall protruding pole. "There is the conclusion of a rat," she said. Then she crept stealthily toward it until within striking distance, when she made a jump and reached it with her claws. Alas! it was not the appendage of a rat, but the tail of a snake, who immediately turned and gave her a mortal bite. Morni—it is dangerous to jump at conclusions.—New York Herald.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



The Persian Rug.

Few people realize that a square foot of the average Persian rug is worth about \$10, and it takes a single weaver twenty-three days to complete this portion. This allows the weaver about forty-four cents per day for her wool and her labor, but three-fourths of this amount goes to pay for the wool, and only eleven cents per day is left for the weaver. The wages of the producer of the inferior rugs are a little better. A square foot is sold for about sixty cents, and the time required for weaving it is but two days, thus allowing the weaver thirty cents per day for her wool and labor. She uses inferior wool, wanting but little of it, and pays only a nominal sum for a cheap dye. The framework of her loom costs comparatively little, as the rug it produces is from twenty to thirty times the size of the superior rug. Thus it appears that in the long run the inferior weaver is better paid than the one who fatigues her brain with her efforts to produce a rug of the best quality.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## From Her Daintiness's Diary.

My Liddy Dainty, who has a genius for detail, and especially for the details not seen by all the world, says that she considers muslin or linen covers for bureau drawers among the necessities of life. She has them made to fit the inside of the drawer. They are of blue, white or pink, according to the room for which they are intended, and are lined with lavender or orange powder and worked with a monogram or a spray of flowers. These covers serve the triple purpose of making the drawer look neat, keeping out dust and perfuming whatever is laid underneath them.

Liddy Dainty is fond of fine lace and envies every one who possesses any old lace. She says nothing is too good for old lace of fine quality, and no care too great to keep it in perfect condition. It should be kept in a drawer lined with white satin, she declares, and every now and then exposed to the air and the sunlight. If this last precaution is not taken one's ancestral treasures may fall a prey to the disease which attacks old thread lace, leaving it covered with brown spots that are almost impossible to remove.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## How to Prepare Boned Meats.

Boning poultry is a very difficult matter, and requires experience to do it well. It is best learned by watching another who is accustomed to the work, and even then it is better to pay for having it done rather than run the risk of spoiling the bird. Sometimes it is necessary to cut the skin up the back and sometimes it can be managed without. When a turkey or fowl has been boned, the place of the bone is generally filled with minced ham and tongue forcemeat, or minced veal and sausage meat, then drawn as much as possible into its original shape. It is the carver who reaps the benefit when a bird is boned, and for cold eating the mixture of meats is very tasty, while it also becomes economical in the cutting.

To bone meat, however, is by no means so difficult, the only essentials being a sharp knife and some knowledge of anatomy. The favorite pieces chosen for boning are the ribs of beef, loin of mutton, shoulder ditto, and fillet of veal. Where bones are numerous, as in the neck, it is better to cook the meat first, when it is easy to slip them out. Boned meat is certainly more economical for a family, as it can be cut without wasting any part, and the bones are made better use of in the stockpot, but, on the other hand, something of the sweetness of the meat is sacrificed, for, as in fruit, the best flavor clings to the bone or stone.—New York Sun.



## HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

**Orange Honey**—Mix together the juice of three oranges and the grated rind of one, a small cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly, until about as thick as honey. Serve cold. This is excellent with fritters, all kinds of warm bread and griddle-cakes.

**Kisses**—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff, dry froth, add four heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of chopped nuts and a few drops of vanilla flavoring. Sift the sugar through a fine sieve before using. Mix quickly, and drop by the teaspoonful on oiled paper and bake to a delicate brown in a moderate oven.

**Sarasate's Watches.**  
Sarasate has had between forty and fifty watches given to him by different persons, many of them being in the shape of a violin.