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Santos-Dumont distributed his flying machine prize money among the poor of Paris. This is the first time on rec-ord that a flying machine has devel-oped any practical advantages.

There are in the United States 3000 lighthouses on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf of Mexico and the lakes, exclusive of beacons, whistling buoys, and fog signals operated either by steam

Greater guns will not make war impossible. War was to be made impossible when spears and arrows gave way to firearms; but there has been more or less killing right along just the same.

Speaking of tunnels, the one which is to be put through the Sierra Nevada Mountains will be the largest one in the United States. It will be 27,000 feet long, and is estimated to cost from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

Women's clubs in Minnesota have undertaken the work of beautifying their home cities, by influencing conversion of waste places into public parks and transforming unsightly and unsanitary localities into healthful pleasure grounds.

A painter recently exhibited a piture in Worcester, Mass., and won a \$300 prize. Then he sent it to Pittsburg, where it won a \$1500 prize, after which it was sold for \$600. rolling stone that gathered moss of the greenback variety.

Two warrant officers have recently been promoted to the rank of ensign and the way is open to more promo tions of the same sort. This is as it should be. The possibility of advance ment for merit will attract young men to the Navy who otherwise would not enlist, says the Pittsburg Gazette

The United States are undoubtedly approaching a time when the free de livery of mail will be extended to all parts of the country, as has been done in Great Britain, France, Germany Austria and other parts of Europe whose greater density of population suggested the system before it was tried in America.

While the movement against ragtime is commendable, it does not go far enough. The suppression of bad music should be followed by the substitution of good music. In this age, with the standard of general intelligence higher than ever before, the works of Bee thoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart should be as well known as the novels of Dickens, Scott and Thackery.

Islands in the Indian Ocea

If you should want an island—that is, an uninhabited island—for the purpose of occupying it alone, Robinson Crusoe like, or to use it for romantic fiction or any other purpose, to the exclusion of all others in the world. exclusion of all others in the world, you need have no trouble in finding one if you see fit to make a journey to the Indian Ocean. In the waters between Madagascar and India you can find more than 15,000 of them, where there is not a human being and where you can, if you will, be monarch of all you survey. An English traveler has recently been among the small islands that dot the western end of the Indian Geean to make an inventory of them and reports that he counted 16,100 and found only about 500 of them inhabited. Now, there is a good chance for any one who may a good chance for any one who may want an island. These particular is lands are not large, as islands go, but very many of them are sufficient for very many of them are sufficient for the purpose of a Robinson Crusoe or any other novel hero, or for even a small colony of shipwrecked mariners or other persons who might be cast on one of them or seek for the purpose of making a home pretty much out of the busy world.

The church that flourishes itself is often far from flourishing.

ROMANCE

THE SONG OF THE LOVER.
To live for her, to toil for her,
To make her queen, and oh
To sin for her, to die for her,
If Fate will have it so.

THE SONG OF THE WIFE To live for him, to trust in him,
To be his all, but oh
God pity me, I weary him
Because I love him so.
E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Rer

A REPORTER'S HEROISM A REPORTER'S HEROISM.

Pinned Under a Locomotive and Dy-ing the Dictated His Story of the Wreck.

Ey Mai. George F. Williams. Ever since the time when Froissart, that genial historian of the Middle Ages, depicted, in his inimitable and charming style, the deeds performed by steel clad knights in search of adventure on the roadside or in the melee of battle, heroism has been the absorbing and dramatic theme of post and singer. Today, when repeating rifles and rapid-firing field or naval guns are the weapons of war on land or sea, heroism displayed on the scene of conflict is always a theme for praise by writers of prose or poetry. In all the wars of ancient or modern history heroic acts have illumined the pages of each epoch or century and pages of each epoch or century as the most precious gifts to human

ity.

But it is not alone on battle fields

But it is not alone on battle fields or in the hostile encounters that heroism is displayed. Heroism belongs to every age and generation. It is this quality that gives a nation or a people distinctive character or force. As it was during all of the centuries of the Christian era, so it was in the nineteenth century just closed.

Few men or women who read newspapers would look for heroism among the men whose efforts placed before them the news of the day from all parts of the world. I do not intend to allude to or describe the work of war correspondents who participate in head-long charges or desperate encounters in search of material for glowing and rapid description of striking scenes, but to the work of every day life. day life

In the summer of 1892, the Chicago In the summer of 1892, the Chicago & Alton railroad modernized two or three hundred miles of its track, when the officials of the company organized an excursion train for the purpose of showing how far they had progressed. Every prominent citizen of Chicago was invited to take the trip and most of them accepted. These gentlemen, the railroad officers and a reporter from each of the Chicago morning papers, formed the excursion party.

party.

The reporter representing the Chi cago Inter-Ocean was Eugene White head, who made himself famous by inventing what is now known as base

head, who made himself famous by inventing what is now known as base-ball nomenclature. He was the first writer who wrote of "daisy cutters," "sky-scraping fly-balls." "grounders" and similar phrases now so common in descriptions of the national game. As the "C. & A" excursion was really a junketing expedition, Mr. White-head's managing editor assigned him to it as a special mark of favor.

Eugene Whitehead was one of those men who are ever seeking a new sensation, and it struck him that a ride in the cab of a locomotive during a trip over an improved railroad would be something out of the common runin mewspaper experience. Inviting Roy L. Quackenbush, a reporter for another Chicago newspaper, to join him, they entered the cab, and, for nearly an hour, remained there, swallowing dust, cinders and smoke, until Quackenbush grew weary, and at the first stopping place retired for the more pleasant atmosphere of the passenger cars.

The train had been running at a

speed of from 50 to 60 miles an hour, and the excursion party forgot all about Whitehead's dusty ride on the locomotive amid the hilarity and feast-

about Whitehead's dusty ride on the locomotive amid the hilarity and feasting among themselves.

The train went on at its headlong pace until it reached a culvert, which, being imperfect, gave way under the weight of the engine. As the masonry crumbled the locomotive turned over and fell into the creek. The engineer and fireman were instantly killed, but Whitehead was alive and entirely conscious, despite the fact that he lay pinned under the huge mass of metal, and could not be extricated.

Every possible effort was made by the excursion party to relieve Whitehead's sufferings, but all failed. Mr. Quackenbush then endeavored to cheer his friend and comrade by telling him that a wrecking outfit had been telegraphed for, and that when it arrived he would be extricated.

"That's all right, old man," said Whitehead. "The wrecking train will not get here in time to save me; even if it dees. I am going to die. Sav.

Whitehead. "The wrecking train will not get here in time to save me; even if it does, I am going to die. Say, Roy, will you do me a favor?"

"I'll do anything, 'Gene, for you, What is it?" exclaimed Quackenbush, with many tears running down his

cheeks.
"Well, Roy," replied the crushed and
dying reporter, "it's this way. I want
you to take down my dictated story
of this accident and send it over the
wire to the Inter-Ocean. Will you do
it?"

"Of course I will, 'Gene," said Quackenbush. "But why worry yourself about your duty to the Inter-Ocean. I'll send your story myself." "You don't seem to understand me, Roy," and Whitehead's voice grew

faint--his face wet with the agony he was enduring. "What I want is he was enduring. "What I want is that you write out my story as I dic-tate it, and send the report to the Inter-Ocean; and I want you and all the other newspaper boys to let me have a 'scoop.' I want all of them to agree that my story shall be the only one published in Chicago. I shall never see it in print, but it's a fancy of mine to scoop in just one more bit of news before I die."

'All right, old fellow," said Quack enbush, taking out his note-book and pencil. "It shall be as you wish. I know that the boys will agree."
"Thank you and them. Now are you

ready"

In less than 20 minutes the heroic reporter slowly, but clearly, described the accident which had brought death to him. He depicted the headlong speed of the train, the sudden subsidence of the culvert and his own sensations during the few seconds between apparent safety and the terrible sensation of finding himself pinned under the locomotive. Mr. Whitehead was particular in recording the names of the dead engineer ing the names of the dead engineer and fireman, adding his own name as being fatally injured. He also alluded to the fact that not one of the passen-ger coaches had left the track and that none of the occupants had suf-fered more than a severe shaking up. He ended his report by saying that the disaster was unavoidable and predicted success for the new and r

the disaster was unavoidable and predicted success for the new and modern system.

Poor Eugene Whitehead was dead
before the story went over the wire.
To it, under their respective signatures, was appended the attestation
of the other reporters that the dispatch had been dictated by Mr. Whitehead, and that in compliance with his
dying request the Inter-Ocean would
be the only newspaper to receive an
account of the accident.

On the return of the surviving reporters to the Windy City, one and all
received from their managing editors
warm and hearty commendation for
their deference to a dying comrade.
This is probably the only instance
where a news "scoop" was voluntarily
accorded by living men to a dying
one. The heroism and devotion to
duty of Eugene Whitehead met its
full reward.—The Journalist.

TACK PROVED A HODDO.

TACK PROVED A HOODOO

Tiny Clue Which Led to the Capture of Bank Burglar.

"One of the most remarkable captures in the history of my experience," said a well known detective, "happened some years ago, and I need not mention the place nor the circumstance in connection with the case. It was in a case where \$30,000 had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from a bank. The money was in a package, and was near the paying teller's window. The bank was open and doing business, for the money disappeared before it was time for the bank to close. In the rush of business bank to close. In the rush of business the teller had left his post at the win-

appeared before it was time for the bank to close. In the rush of business the teller had left his post at the window for a minute, and it was write ne was gone that the roll of money disappeared. He was dumbfounded when he discovered that a wad of money amounting to \$30,000 had disappeared from the amount he had on the counter behind the screen. Diligent search was made. The money was gone. There had been no one in the wicker enclosure but the teller. He was fearfully distressed. He did not know what to make of it ell. The bank officials were badly puzzled.

"An examination of the outside of the wooden framework revealed a very small triangular scar on the woodwork, as if some person had attempted to climb up to a position where the money could be reached. The money was several feet from the window. The scar was freshly made, and it looked very much like the imprint of a peculiarly shaped tack in the heel of a shoe. Probably 20 days later a member of the detective force happened to be passing through a prominent hotel. A stranger was sitting in the lobby, and he was striking the heel of his shoe with a pencil with trass on the end of it which he had in his hand, and it made a sort of clinking sound. The detective's attention was arrested. He made inquiries of the clerk with reference to the man. The clerk knew nothing about him except that he had been at the hotel for some time.

"The detective concluded that he would take a chance. He arrested the man. His trunk, valles and room were scarched. No money could be found. The prisoner all the true was citize.

would take a chance. He arrested the man. His trunk, valies and room were searched. No money could be found. The prisoner all the time was giving out excited protestations. Finally the officers thought they would make a close examination of the mattress. It was a happy thought, for they found the money, and the \$30,000 was there, and the paying teller was the happiest men in the world.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Diameter of the Planet Merce

The planet Mercury has been measured with the large telescope of the United States Naval observatory at Washington by Dr. See, and its diameter determined as 5.90.11, corrected the control of the contr with the top large closed by means eter determined as 5.90.11, corresponding to 4278 kilometers (2658 miles). Dr. See calls attention to the fact that he has never seen any marked spots on the planet's disc, not even when the sky was absolutely pure and the image of the planet perfectly defined, nor has he seen any diminution of brightness at the edges of the disc, such as would be produced by an absorbing atmosphere. These results agree, in general, with those obtained at the Lick observatory and disagree, in respect of the markings, at least, with those of Sckiaparelli and Mr. Percival Lowell.

MAKING AN ENVELOPL.

TEN MILLIONS TURNED OUT IN THIS

How the Trade Pronounces the Word Preliminary Processes of Manufactu

Envelopes That Are Veritable Worl
of Art—A Very Pleasant Employment

The word is spelled in two ways-The word is spelled in two ways—envelope and envelop. The Envelope Trust spells it with the final e, in which case it should be pronounced as if French—ahn-vlope. The French spelling is, however, enveloppe. The word without the final e is pronou en-vellup. Dean Swift made the folowing rhyme-

lowing rhyme—

"Lend these to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight."

The trade does not say ahn-v-lope,
but en-vellup. The United States Envelope Company, with a capital of \$5.
000,000, is the largest manufacturer
of envelopes in the world, comprising
as it does no less than nine big concerns in New England and one in
Milwaukee. In the United States we
haove, all told, 30 large firms engaged
in this manufacture, 20 of which do
not belong to the trust.

Over 10,000,000 envelopes are made
in this country every working day, or

Over 10,000,000 envelopes are made in this country every working day, or more than 3,000,000,000 a year. The pin product amounts to 30,000,000 a day, or nearly 10,000,000,000 annually. The American output of lead pencils is 5000 gross or 720,000 a day, making the annual production of 225,000 Buttons we make by the million gross and great quantities of steel pens. In the latter product England is far ahead of us. It is said we do not make the right kind of steel for pens. The biggest little thing is the match, of which we make and use annually over 125,000,000,000. It is estimated that the consumption is five matches that the consumption is five matenes a day for every man, woman and child of the population, which makes 400,-000,000 a day. A single machine turns out 660,000 matches an hour, or 5,280,000 each working day of eight hours

The oldest envelope manufacturing firm in the United States is in William street, which boasts many ancient nouses in other lines. If you wish to see the old, the solid, the safe and the sound in our commercial life go to William street, between, say, Liberty and Beekman. Samuel Raynor was the original envelope manufacturer in New York, and the firm in William street is his successor. When he began business our fathers were folding their letters with the writing inside and concealing the contents by inside and concealing the contents by means of wafers and sealing wax. That was about 50 years ago. For a long time envelopes were made be hand and the cost was considerable The establishment of to-day turns out with 80 machines 1,200,000 every eight hours, and the present cost of enve lopes is so small that we hardly take

into serious consideration.
I confess to a feeling of disappointment since going through this factory ment since going through this factory with Mr. Johnson. I thought an envelope machine could eat rolls of paper and turn out millions of the fulsheu product, packed in box's ready for the customer. Match machines are fed on blocks of wood and ale completed product is set before you packed in boxes containing from 65 fee on blocks of wood and the completed product is set before you packed in boxes containing from 65 to 500 each. However, the envelope machine is ingenious enough. The blanks are first cut with steel dies, which are forced through from 400 to 700 sheets of paper at a single impression. They are then placed in the front of the machine, which plcks them up one by one, gums the flaps, folds them, dries them and delivers them in blocks of 25 to the operator. The latter is invariably a woman. All she has to do is to keep up the supply b blanks and band the envelopes as bit blanks and band the envelopes as hey are turned out. The smaller the invelope the faster the machine, the capacity ranging from 12,600 to 45,000

capacity ranging from 12,000 to 25,0 a day of eight hours.

Some of the envelopes made he are veritable works of art. Splane examples of lithographing are seen immense sheets of paper, some wig gorgeous pictures so intricate that t man with the die must be a Philad phia lawyer to unravel the puzzle. T number of sheets to be cut into bian at one impression must be of perferregister, else the envelope will ruined in the folding. The old pl was to drive steel pins through t 400 or more sheets, seeing that in ea a mark made by the lithographer w punctured. So varied is the dema for envelopes that no factory cokeep in stock a sufficient number dies and machines for making o styles, therefore the ancient ha work is carried on in a secluded coner.

A young man in a wire cage has

A young man in a wire cage has a mallet and some queer shaped steel chisels, with which he cuts out these odd shapes and sizes, all of which are gummed and folded by hand. It is slow and tedious yet a necessary branch of the business. Gum arabic, dissolved in hot water or steamed. branch of the business. Gum arabic, dissolved in hot water or steamed, is used for pasting the flaps. Some of the envelopes are 10 by 15 inches, with the top flap closed by means of cord. Then there are little fellows,

small leather wallet in his coat pocket. It is said that Thomas Rule, the dean of salesmen, does not even carry a wallet. Twenty-two years in the business, he has built up a trade that relentlessly pursues him whereever he goes. His face is a big part of the fortune of his house. Every time he shows it to a customer the company buys a new machine capacity 45,000 a day.—Victor Smith, in the New York Press. a day.—V. York Press.

MEXICO'S ORACLE.

MEXICO'S ORACLE.

Rules Over a Tribe That is Centuries Behind the Times.

As is well known to all who have looked into the matter carefully, for instance, such men as Lumholtz, Starr and Soville—there are in remote parts of Mexico today to be found portions of tribes of Indians who are practically as much given to idolatry, superstition and witch-craft as were their forbears in the vanished years when the gleaming banner of Castile and Aragon glanced smid the peaks and valleys or idexico, announcing the advent of a stronger race and more victorious faith.

The other day, while making a little trip over the Interoceanic, that runs through so many picturesque Indian towns, I happened to meet in one of these villages a very gent Indian, who told me the gent mann, who that me the following. Whether it is true or not I do
not know—'I tell the tale as 'twas
told to me.' He said that on the
northern slope of Popocatapetl, near
the foot, there is a large cave almost
unknown to the outside world. In
this cave lives an old white-haired
Indian who is the oracle of a small Indian who is the oracle of a small tribe of Indians in that vicinity, whose language is unlike that of any of the

the church or by the modern government of the republic. The Indians have preserved all their old customs and traditions until this day, and are practically as they were 400 years ago. One of the very curious institutions among them is that of the oracle, or seer, who dwells in the abovementioned cave all alone. He is always the oldest and wisest man of the tribe. He is looked upon with the same superstitious reverence as were the oracles of Dodona and Delphi in the boyhood of the world. In that cave are preserved rare gems of curiously carved emeralds, such as the great "Malinche" sent home to Spain; idols of gold and silver and copper and stone, pearl necklaces

as the great "Mallinche" sent home to Spain; idols of gold and silver and copper and stone, pearl necklaces from the far-off Gulf of California, and strange robes of feather work, of which but very few examples are known today outside the pages of Sabagun, Prescott or Clavigero.

There are also ranged in fitting order the ancient gods of this strange people, of whom this old man is the high priest. Once a month a commission of the oldest men of the tribe visits the cave and takes with it in the name of the people, offerings of fruit and flowers and eatables and incense in honor of the gods and their oracle.

Upon all affairs of importance to the tribe this old man is consulted, and his judgments are those of the Modes and the Persians.

I asked whether it would be possible to visit him or not and was told no one, not even members of the same tribe, outside the beforementioned "commission" had ever seen the inside of that strange and mysterious cave. My informant told me that at a certain point all persons are stopped by a guard and told that they can proceed no further upon pain of death. And this is not a tale of 400 years ago, but of today.

The tribe and the cave are at the north side of Popocatapetl and every saturday in Atlixco members of

In the old days, before the cable nd electric cars, and when horse cars ran on Broadway, truckmen practicalruled the street, and did not pay the lightest heed to remarks from the drivers requesting them more or les (rather more) emphatically to get out the way, until they decided they were ready to do so. When the cable and finally the electric cars came in the truckmen became a little more careful, for a few encounters with the uld be knocked into kindling wood in few minutes. ew minutes. Nowadays they ge of the way fairly expeditiously if grudgingly, but such an exchange of amenities as was heard yesterday between truckman and motorman is a

It was on Duane street, and a heavy truck was keeping back a car. The motorman clanged his bell loudly, and the driver of the truck turned around

"If you will wait until we reach the

next corner I shan get out of your way."
"Thank you very much," answered motorman. "You are most oblig-

"Gosh!" said the policeman on the crossing.—New York Mail and Express.

Paid for One Goat, \$1050.

raid for One Goat, \$1030.

A three-year-old Angora buck goat,
Pasha-Columbia, was sold at the Kansas City stock yards recently for
\$1050, the highest price ever paid for
one of his kind.—Kansas City Journal.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He is great enough that is his own master.—Bishop Hall.

It is not he that searches for praise hat finds it.—Rivarel.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery.—Hannah

Flattery is a base coin which gains currency only from our Rochefoucauld.

When listeners refrain from evil hearing, talkers will refrain from evil speaking.—Hare.

Persistent people begin their suc-ess where others end in failure.—

Edward Eggleston. Edward Eggleston.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults you are displeased at finding perfections.—Lavater.

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence, and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.—

Gilles

If we have no failings ourselves we

should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Roche foucauld. It is not the place, nor the coltion, but the mind alone, that make any one happy or miserable L'Estrange.

Our sweetest experiences of affect

Our sweetest experiences of affection are meant to point as to that realm which is the real and endless home of the heart.—H. W. Beecher.

The world is governed more by appearances than by realities, so that it is fully as necessary to seem to know something as to know it.—Daniel Webster.

WHAT ANIMALS DO IN A STORM

They Dislike the Wet Weather and Seek a Place of Safety.

Both tame and wild animals, four-footed or with wings, have a deep-seated aversion to wet weather. Even

Both tame and wild animals, four-footed or with wings, have a deep-seated aversion to wet weather. Even water fowl will seek a dry hiding place when it rains.

Did you ever watch the actions of cattle before a big storm? If so, you must have seen them grow more and more uneasy as the clouds gathered. You also saw them run up and down the field, as if seeking to escape some impending danger. Finally when the storm breaks, they draw close to gether and, with lowered heads, present a picture of despair.

Domestic animals, when it rains, will always keep indoors, or, failing that, they seek shelter by the barn, or under trees, or beneath the hedges and thickets; in short, in any convenient place where they may not be entirely exposed to the downpour. It is the same with fowls; they disalike the rain, which soakes their feathers. They seek sheltered places, and creep under wagons, or behind boxes and boards, Chickens do not mind getting their feet wet, for they will scratch the ground soon after a shower, in search of worms and beetles.

Wild birds do their best to keep out of the rain. Some of them build a roof over their nests; others choose a home under the eaves, or under a projecting cliff, where they may be safe from the discomfort that the rain brings.

But most of them are without shelter provided in advance by their own forethought. These take refugin any place that they happen to find at hand. If you watch them before the storm you will see them looking for such a place. If the storm comes suddenly, the small and help-less ones seem bewildered, flying from tree to tree, and from limb to limb, quite unable to make up their minds exactly where to hide themless ones seem bewildered, flying from tree to tree, and from limb to limb, quite unable to make up their minds exactly where to hide themmelves.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"It was settled some time ago that he was to marry my daughter," said the father of a girl of the period, "but it yet remained for the young man to get my consent. It was merely a formality, however, as I had cut no figure whatever during the campaign, my girl arranging matters to suit herself without consulting me or my wishes.

wishes.
"Now, I remembered with what treploation I had approached my wife's father when I asked him for her hand, and I made up my mind that when the young man showed up to ask me for my daughter's hand I would have revenge, not only for what I had to pass through when I urged my suit, but for being shoved to the background during the present proceedings.

my suit, but for being shoved to the background during the present proceedings.

"Well, he called at my office yesterday, and I told my office boy to adamit him and leave us alone and see that we were not disturbed.

"Just dropped in," said he, easily declining to take a seat, 'to tell you that I am going to marry your daughter the middle of next month. It will be an informal affair, so you may consider yourself invited without further notice. Good day.

"Before I could eatch my breath he was gone, and when I complained to my daughter about his treatment of me, all the comfort I got was that I could consider myself fortunate in getting an invitation, as it was to be a very exclusive affair."

As an additional proof that nothing is now wasted, a scientific journal calls attention to the fact that in France successful experiments have been made with the dust from blast furnaces for fertilizing purposes. The ground sof tilized responded satisfactorily. T dust contained ingredients that late the earth's productive pow

Grade crossings in Europe are un-