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Crimes Confessed During Sleep.
Criminologists say that the greatest terror that afflicts the criminal is sleep. An untold number of crimes have been confessed by their perpetrators during sleep.

Many years ago a common lodging house was the scene of a sleeping criminal's confession. The room was occupied by himself and one other, a young sailor. While the sailor was lying awake he suddenly heard a curious and ghastly laugh issue from his room companion's lips. The laugh was followed by a long and rambling description of a murder he had committed, horrible in its details. The sailor crept downstairs and informed the landlord of what had occurred. The latter at once summoned a policeman, who recognized the sleeper as the man "wanted" for the crime in question. At the trial which followed he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

In Prussia the husband of a certain attractive young woman had vanished in a mysterious manner from his home and all attempts to trace his whereabouts failed completely. Meantime a neighbor called Schmidt, who had been devoted to the young wife before her marriage, reappeared on the scene and paid her assiduous attentions. So successfully did he press his suit that within a year of his rival's disappearance the woman consented to marry him, and they were united at the parish church.

On the second night following the wedding the newly made bride lay awake, unable to slumber. Presently there came a gurgling cry from the sleeping form beside her, and a moment later the man leaped from his bed and in a loud voice proclaimed that he had killed the missing husband and had buried the body in a neighboring wood.

The wife drank in the confession, and in the morning carried the story to the police bureau. The place named by the sleeper was searched and, sure enough, the body of the vanished man discovered there.

SET EXAMPLE FOR THE MEN.

How a Philippine Woman Crossed a River in Panyan.

Just beyond San Pedro we came to the Sibolom River, the bed of which is a mile wide, covered with big and little bowlders, and here and there a swift running stream. The main river is probably two hundred yards wide and is easily forded, except after a heavy rain, when it rises rapidly and becomes a raging torrent. It usually subsides in a few hours after the rain has ceased to fall. When the river is up many people gather on either bank to await an opportunity to cross. Our treasurer was once sitting on the banks with a lot of natives waiting for the river to subside, and had been there, wet, hungry and tired, for hours praying to get across. The river was boiling and foaming and no one dared make an attempt to cross. Presently an old woman came along, took a look at the river, gave a contemptuous glance on the many who were gathered and then walked up the bank about a hundred yards, where she stripped off her clothing. She made a careful bundle of all her belongings, raised them above her head and entered the stream. The water was over her head, but she made no attempt to swim. She would sink beneath the water until her toes touched a bowlder and would then give a jump. The current would give her a lift and send her diagonally down the stream a few yards. She kept repeating the operation until at last she had reached the other bank, far below where she had started. She waded out with her bundle perfectly dry, donned her clothes and vanished through the thicket.—From a Panyan Letter in the Mobilis Register.

To Divert Immigrants to the South.

It is the general European idea that Germany will, as a matter of government policy, endeavor to divert the stream of migration from North America to certain portions of South America and in some quarters it is thought that Venezuela and Colombia, with their immense territories, scanty population and undeveloped resources, would afford Germany a better opportunity than any other part of the world for colonization with a view to the future extension of the German empire. It is pointed out that a large influx of population might in the course of time gain the balance of power in these two Republics, exhausted as they are by internal strife,

THE ADOPTION OF ROSY.

By Rose Willis Johnson.

"Glum" Halleck sat in his usual attitude on the crumbling stone wall which separated his land from the parsonage. His shotgun rested carelessly between his knees. He was not a hunter—he never hunted; but when he sunned himself on the wall it was not prudent for a rabbit to rise on its haunches and look at him. He never fired at birds. They seemed to know this, and hopped fearlessly above him among the branches.

Today they were holding carnival there; the sunshine lay warm on the wall, the scent of clover made the air sweet. There was the road, a winding dusty ribbon; beside it the pink-capped sea of clover, and beyond, a flash of blue where the Ohio turned from the town.

Why did he love the gap, the dusty country road, the crumbling wall with its patches of ivy? Perhaps because these things limited his desires. Through the gap, years ago, a pretty young bride had walked with him. Soon she had died and he had been "Glum" Halleck ever since. He was a hardworking man, as the village admitted; but he had his days of indifference, when he sat at the gap, made whistles, shot at marks, and sullenly refused to recognize chance passers-by.

Today his solitude was broken. The rattling of a detached bit of masonry caused him to turn and behold a small girl laboriously clambering to a seat beside him, dragging after her a large, meek cat. She was bareheaded, barefooted, clad in sober brown. Settling herself demurely, she drew up the dangling pussy, and slouched over in comical imitation of Halleck's stooped posture.

"Hello!" he said, "Who are you?" Not a word answered the intruder. She hugged her cat and stared into space. Looking more closely, he saw undried tears on the brown cheeks, an occasional tremor of the set mouth. He spoke more gently: "What do you want, sissy?"

Still she did not reply. Halleck shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well!" he growled. "Cat got your tongue? You better me—better run home!" But she did not run home. She sat there; they sat there together, and ignored each other. By and by Halleck got down crossly, and went toward the house. Then the child got down and followed him, half dragging, half carrying the cat.

"Look here!" he demanded, fiercely. "What do you want?" Terror loosed her tongue. "Nothing!" she gasped, striding at him helplessly. "Don't whip me! I'm—Rosy."

He began to understand. It was Artwell's Rosy, the village problem. They had buried Artwell, and were now discussing the disposal of his orphan baby. The minister had held out a finger to her after the funeral. "I'm afraid I can't keep her for good," he said. "You know what up-hill work it is for me. But she is so little and helpless, surely some of you can save her from the poorhouse—some of you childless ones! Think it over and see what you can do. In the meantime I'll give her her bowl of porridge."

But Rosy did not take kindly to the porridge or to the parsonage. There were children there who stared at her and teased her cat. From the gate she could see Halleck on the wall, and in her childish way she had gone to sit beside him.

"So you are Rosy!" he said. "What are you aiming to do with yourself, any way? What business had you to be born, without a dollar ahead to grow up on? The parson don't want you, and the big ones don't want you, and I don't want you! What are you aiming to do with yourself?" Rosy looked down. The sparkle in her eyes suggested intelligence, despite the slow-moving tongue.

"The old lady has supper about ready," he added. "Did you want to visit me?" Without a moment's hesitation, the plump, brown fingers clasped his. So solemnly she entered the kitchen.

There the religion of cleanliness made itself felt. Rosy sat down contentedly in the chair that Halleck had used as a small boy, the pride of his mother's heart. It had never been removed from its favored corner.

Now as his mother turned from the stove, her tired face paled. "Why," she faltered. "Why, who is this, Davy?" He tried to frown. "It's that bit of a youngster—the Artwell kid. She has—sort of adopted me."

A moment Mrs. Halleck hesitated; then she stooped to the taciturn baby. "Poor thing!" she said, impulsively. "Poor little thing!"

and the frogs began to croak in the marshes, Halleck raised his head. "Here, you!" he said, surlily. "Get your cat and start!" Rosy got up, dismayed. The bits of broken crockery tumbled from her lap, and in the darkening brown eyes silent tears glistened.

"O, Davy," Mrs. Halleck remonstrated, "don't frighten her! It is getting dark now. Come, mother will go a piece with you. Get your kitty, Rosy."

She obeyed silently, pulling the cat from under the stove by the tail. The cat offered no resistance, but pressed its big head close to her cheek and purred affectionately. Halleck watched the three—his mother, the dangling cat, the brown baby—disappear behind the dogwood thicket; and the old ache of bereavement ate fiercely at his heart. "If Min had lived—" he thought, and hid his face in his hands.

Mrs. Halleck and Artwell's Rosy went lingeringly through the soft twilight. It was so pleasant in the outdoor world! Mrs. Halleck liked to hear the frog chorus, watch the fireflies, feel the cool air upon her face.

"Let me carry pussy," she suggested. "He won't scratch, will he? He looks so gentle—such a nice kitty! What do you call him?"

"No, he won't scratch. He's my cat—father gave him to me, so he did. He's Puff. You can hold him a while. Don't you wish he was your cat?"

"Certainly. He is a nice cat—a pretty cat." As he was transferred Puff showed no concern further than to cease his purring.

"I guess you are lonely without your father, and miss him very much. So you love Puff, and pet him a good deal. He is a fine cat. Are they going to keep you at Br. Willett's?" Rosy shook her head. "I love you," she said, succinctly. "I love him, I'm glad to stay."

"But I can't take you, dear! My boy won't let you stay. You mustn't come back any more. He won't like it if you do."

She was certain the child understood, and apprehensive of no further trouble, kissed her kindly at the parsonage gate. But the next morning, rising late—it was Sunday—she saw, on opening the door, Rosy and her cat sitting on the wall. The self-invited guest trudged into the kitchen.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" Halleck withdrew his head from the towel and stared. "You little imp, what did you come back for? Get out, now. One—two—three—quick! One—two—"

But the little chair in the corner was occupied, the cat under the stove, and the man's brassy arm dropped helplessly. "I'll be—blessed!" he reiterated, and resumed his toilet.

The child ate her breakfast as she had done her supper, in Halleck's high chair from the painted plate. And Puff had his saucer of milk under the stove.

Then Rosy elaborated her playhouse in the corner, while Mrs. Halleck went about her work in perplexed silence. When she had finished, she put on her bonnet and clean apron.

"Come!" she called, holding out her hand. "Come, you must go back over there. I can't possibly let you stay, dear. Get your kitty and come. You mustn't run away any more. I dare say Mrs. Willett is very uneasy about you."

Mrs. Willett was not uneasy; she had not missed the child. She had seven children of her own, and manifold duties to perform. Taking the truant in charge, she chid her.

"You mustn't run off, Rosy!" she said. "You might get lost; something dreadful might happen to you." Then turning to Mrs. Halleck, she added, "Mr. Willett will have to turn her over to the town. I don't think any one here wants her. He should have done so in the first place—but there! You know Mr. Willett! I should think—" and the minister's wife looked wistful—"you might find her company!"

"I told you not to come back," Mrs. Halleck said, when they were alone. "Didn't I, Rosy?" The perplexity of the small face changed to sorrow.

"You are a troublesome baby. And if you don't mind what I said, they will send you off to the poorhouse." Without warning, down went Rosy on the grass, and the walls of broken-hearted childhood rent the air.

Mrs. Halleck stood above her, perplexed. "Rosy!" she said, presently; "Rosy!" "Yes, ma'am," sobbed the stricken child.

"What do you want of us?" "I want to love you," came the answer. Mrs. Halleck sat down on the grass, took the child in her lap and rocked silently to and fro. Just then her son passed, unnoticed. Something in the sight checked his irritated steps; something in the droop of the thin arms, the faded cheek against the round, tinted tear-stained one. A world of helpless loneliness expressed itself in the posture.

"Why, she's old!" he thought. "And she's coddling the child; she wants to keep it!" He walked on to the clump of lilacs near the door. His brows were knit, his hands shut tightly. Then the power within, the spirit of darkness which prompts the cruel word, the brutal deed, turned him short about and brought him back to the woman and the child, still on the grass in a close embrace.

Yes, she was old, and she wanted the child, but it did not matter. He took the little one fiercely by the shoulder in a grasp that swung her clear of the protecting arms; and shaking her, he set her down.

"Now you clear out!" he commanded. "If I ever catch you this side the gap, I'll—"

The threat left all possibilities open. The little seeker of love fled from before his face.

At a little distance Puff stood on the defensive, with tail erect and waving. Halleck flung a clod which narrowly missed its mark; then he turned to his mother. She stood in a dejected attitude, the slow tears running down her cheeks.

"There!" he said, gruffly. "I reckon that will settle Willett's little game. If he aims to foist his beautiful plan of benevolence on to my shoulders I guess he'll change his mind! I shall report this pauper at headquarters in the morning, and see if the community has to be pestered any longer. And—Willett needn't apply to me when the church needs money!"

Mrs. Halleck did not answer. Long submission had made revolt impossible. She went silently to the kitchen, and set out the food prepared the day before. Then she and her son ate together—still in silence.

It was always thus, but today a new element entered in. Each was subdued by a discovery. The woman had learned that her Davy was coarse and brutal, and the man had learned that his mother was old and in need of love!

Furtively he studied her face and figure line by line. The cheeks had faded, the brown eyes had lost their laughter, the worn hands their dimples.

His glance rested on the little chair in the corner. He remembered a day when she had brought in a manikin molded of butter and set it on the table, pretending to be indifferent, but delighting in his delight. Then, laughing, she had picked out the clove eyes and given them to him, because she knew his fondness for cloves.

"You shall have the top of his head, too!" she had cried, buttering a slice of bread. And then the two had laughed, so foolishly and happily, just because they were all the world to each other!

Now Halleck drew his shirt-sleeve roughly across his face. "It's mortal hot!" he grumbled. "There's storm in the air. I don't believe I'd go to Sunday-school, mother if I were you. You might get caught. You ain't as spry as you was the day—you first put them little buff linen breeches on me, and we went to meetin', and raced the storm, and beat."

She looked up amazed. "I—remember the breeches," she faltered. "I sat up the night before to make them for you. You looked so sweet! You were always a pretty child, Davy. Folks don't dress little boys that way now, but I think they used to look natural and wholesome-like."

"You made the stuff yourself," he said. "I watched you. You've worked pretty hard in your day, I guess. You don't feel any too limber these times, either. If Min had lived—"

A curious pallor crept over the man's face. He shut his lips together. "I'll look after her," he said. "Stay here with mother, Mis' Willett."

He went headlong down the path, looking right and left as he ran. For the first time since his wife's death, he found himself praying: "My God, help me find the baby!"

At the parsonage the children were scouring the premises unsuccessfully, their father's absence adding to the general dismay. Back Halleck hurried, still praying: "Help me, my God, help me!"

Turning his face to the wind, he started for the cemetery. Perhaps the little outcast had remembered her father's burial. Breathlessly he followed his heart's leading, until he stumbled over an object at his wife's grave—stumbled and fell to his knees.

The object got up, holding desperately to a frightened cat that clawed and struggled.

"Don't whip me!" the object pleaded. "I'm Rosy!" "I won't," said Halleck, taking her and the cat in his arms and soothing them as the storm burst. "Don't be afraid, either of you. I'll be good, Minnie—I'll be like you! Don't cry, Rosy! Put your arms tight around father's neck—that way. Be still, kitty! There—close, it will be over soon. Father will take care of you."

In the clearing shower they came dripping into the immaculate kitchen. "Hello!" called Halleck, cheerily, depositing his burden on the table. "Here she is, all right, and the cat's done swearing. Not hurt a bit. Haven't you got some of my old duds to put on her, mother? Tell Mr. Willett he needn't bother any more; I've decided to keep the youngster. She's yours, mother; coddle her all you want to. And," he laughed, as he shut the door, "I guess the cat can stay, too!"—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Horses, mules and donkeys go loaded to market in Turkey, but the road is strewn with grain leaking from the old sacks, and thousands of turkeys, which may be bought at 12 cents apiece, feed on the dropping grain.

In Dublin bay the little fishes are saving a hard life, owing to numerous sharks. One, a "bottle-nose" gentleman, has been caught and it measured five and one-half feet long. Another, measuring eight feet, proved too strong for the line, which had to be cut.

The chafing dish is among the most ancient adjuncts to the culinary department of all nations. It was in great demand at the grand feasts given by the wealthy citizens in ancient Rome. Some of these dishes have recently been found among the ruins of Pompeii. They are of exquisite workmanship.

A Holyoke (Mass.) man rides a strange hobby. Though 73 years old and wealthy, he devotes all his spare time to the making of stone coffins. During the past 25 years he has made and disposed of over 100 of these, claiming that they keep the body in an excellent state of preservation long after burial.

The two oldest secret trade processes now in existence are considered to be the manufacture of Chinese red, or vermilion and that method of inlaying the hardest steel with gold and silver, which seems to have been practised at Damascus ages ago, and is known only to the Syrian smiths and their pupils even to this day.

The Rue Trousseau, Paris, which has been paved with a new glass process invented by M. Garchey, has just been opened to the public. Contrary to the expectation of many it forns an excellent foothold, and promises to be without dust and not to absorb waste. By the process the inventor has been enabled to utilize all kinds of glass debris.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal, unetched by Layard at Ninevah. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.

America in England.

The Americanizing of one part of Lancashire, namely, Trafford Park Estate, Manchester, is now proceeding apace. About 1000 houses, mostly of the cottage type, have been erected there and are being rapidly tenanted by artisans who are employed or expect to be employed at one or other of the works which are being opened in Trafford Park. The laying out of this miniature town, which has sprung into being in a phenomenally short time, is being vigorously pushed forward. Streets are being planned on the American system, and instead of being named after the English fashion are being numbered consecutively as in the states. They are lighted by electricity, as are also the dwellings comprising this new Manchester colony. Shops retailing all kinds of goods are springing into existence here and there. Among the industrial concerns in Trafford Park are lard refineries, dynamo works, brick and tile works, electric light and power supply stations, timber yards, warehouses for cotton, etc.—Westminster Gazette.

A Sure Means.

Wigg—what is the first step to be come a successful bookkeeper?
Wagg—to be a successful book borrower.—Philadelphia Record.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Never quit certainty for hope. Losers are always in the wrong. The book of Maybes is very broad. Who robs a scholar robs the public. He who has but one coat cannot lend it.

A good companion makes good company. Better go about than fall into the ditch. Many go out for wool and come home shorn.

For a flying enemy make a silver bridge. The disease a man dreads, that he dies of. He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

Plow, or not plow, you must pay your rent. When a friend asketh, there is no tomorrow. The submitting to one wrong brings on another. Fools make fashions and wise men follow them. Beware of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled.

A blow from a frying pan, though it does not hurt, it sullies.—Spanish

CAPACITY OF CHURCH PEWS.

Complaint of Damage to Garments and High Hats from Overcrowding. "I regret that in most churches there is an evident disposition to stand still in the matter of seating the congregation," said a churchgoer. "The church usher of today may be able to seat more people than years ago, but he has no regard for the comfort of the stranger within the gates. Maybe he is not altogether to blame. Maybe it is the fault, in part, of the church governors or vestry."

"I am frequently squeezed into a pew built for five people, but which by crowding is packed with seven. At this season of the year men and women wear wraps to church which must be removed when the attendants enter the pew. There is no arrangement for their wraps. The occupants of the pew must sit on their removed garments or hold them on their laps. Men who wear silk hats, as most men do who go to church, have no place to put their hats except under the seat."

"If the service is one which requires frequent kneeling and rising, the hat, after church, looks as if it belonged to a Broadway caddy. I have had two crushed and dented within the last month."

"I am free to confess that I do not know what remedy to suggest. That matter, I think, is up to the deacons, elders or vestrymen."

"I see that Dr. Rainsford of St. George's is quoted as complaining that there is a falling off in church attendance. May it not be in part due to the lack of comfort in seating people?"

The theatrical managers of the country have done better in this respect than the churches. Because salvation is free is no reason why a man or woman should be expected to wrinkle wraps by making cushions of them, or why a man should have his hat kicked in by the man in the pew behind.

"I should like also to say something about the woman who wears the biggest hat in her collection to church. But that will come later. We should be grateful for the service which requires such women to get on their knees frequently. For in that way one can occasionally get a glimpse of the chancel."—New York Sun.

The Gospel of Health.

"To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess. Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth which we squander. Every recovery, whether from headache or pneumonia, is accomplished by a strenuous effort of vitality, and is, therefore, a waste of your capital of life."

"The best plan to avoid illness is to live regularly, simply, with a frugality that stupid persons alone will deem painful or eccentric. Sleep eight hours in every 24. Ventilate the rooms you work and sleep in. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation means. Even when my voice was the only thing I had in the world I slept with my window wide open, summer and winter, and never caught cold in that way."

"Examine seriously your list of social obligations, have the good sense that there is neither pleasure nor profit in most of what you regard as essential in that line, and simplify your social life—simplify it all you can."

"Complicated living brings worry, and worry is the main enemy of health and happiness—the one fiendish microbe that does more to destroy the health and happiness of mankind than any other."

"Make your home a pleasant place, cheerful, but well within your means."—Mainly About People.

Sir Henry Irving's Fad.

Sir Henry Irving has one peculiarity that only those who are brought into the closest relations with him recognize. This is in regard to the number of spectacles and glasses of various sorts that he always has on hand, both at the theatre and at home. At the theatre he has quite two dozen pairs of one kind and another. He is constantly losing and buying new pairs of glasses, and he pleads guilty to having 60 pairs at the theatre or at home.