FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12½ cents per month, payable every two months, or $1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for $1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The curious suggestion has been made in Rouen that the trolley wires in the streets shall be subject to use by the fire department. The idea is that pumps capable of being electrically driven shall be installed in a number of suitable positions, to be switched on to the trolley wires as occasion requires.

Sir Harry Johnston, after exploiting Uganda, announces that the okapi is probably the last remarkable unknown animal that will be discovered, although he found the skins of several beasts new to science in the Congo forest. He says there is no special pygmy language. The pygmies speak the tongue of the forest native, though they employ gasps instead of consonants.

Senor Carlos Escribana, a Peruvian gentleman, has written a history which is only 100 words in length, and was awarded a gold medal offered by the Society of the Founders of Independence, Lima, for the best history of Peru comprised within that number of words. The society might have found more suitable subjects for freak experiments in literature than the chronicles of its own country.

The United States consul-general at Vienna reports to the state department that over 25,000 horses a year are now slaughtered and sold for food in nearly 200 meat markets in the Austrian capital. The cost at retail of horse meat is about one-fourth per pound that of beef, and hence its rapidly increasing consumption by the poorer people. It is an old maxim that the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." After a prejudice rooted in centuries of habit has worn away, the horse may be finally adjudged equally good for internal and external application.

The Jacksonville Times-Union grows eloquent about oranges, and says: "The oranges are moving, and the good times must come again. Let others take their gold from the gloomy depths of the earth; Florida gathers hers under God's own heaven, and finds it colored by the royal sun himself, flavored by the dew and blessed by the stars. Watch the stands at the fair, and see if oranges were ever fairer or sweeter; lift your faces as the freight cars pass and then wonder whether ambrosia ever gave such promise of the gladness of heaven as those long trains leave on the perfume-laden air."

English art critics are wrought up just now over the question of a finger. It grows out of the statue erected in Manchester to Gladstone, in which he is represented in the attitude of delivering a speech in 1893, clutching a roll of papers in his left hand. In 1842 Gladstone lost the misfortune to lose the forefinger of his left hand in a shooting accident; but the sculptor restored the finger in the statue. The question which seems now to be creating an unnecessary and unprofitable stir in art circles thus resolves itself: "Is it true art to be unfaithful to the facts of the case and to represent as clutching the roll of papers a finger which did not exist?"

THE HOLY CITY.

Mrs. Maybrick Was the First to Sing the Famous Work.

Stephen Adams, the composer, and Michael Maybrick, the baritone singer, are one and the same person. An interesting fact concerning the first singing of "The Holy City" is not generally known, viz., that Mrs. Florence Maybrick was the one who first sang the words which have added so materially in making "Stephen Adams" famous. It was aboard his yacht that Michael Maybrick composed "The Holy City," and it was there that Florence Maybrick first gave voice to its melodious strains.

THE HEART OF A GIRL.

By Frances Wilson.

They had not talked five minutes before Sanford's pulse was beating tumultuously. At the end of ten, he felt like a man who had been offered the Kohinoor in the rough and refused it! For vague, uncomfortable recollections of other days were revived when he met Marcia Wentworth again for the first time in years.

She was superb in her maturity and made him see a vision. He was conscious of a confusion of things Egyptian in the background of his mind—Cleopatra, lotus blooms and the Sphinx—for in some subtle way she suggested the richness and splendor of more poetic days.

"Fifteen years!" she murmured dreamily, looking at him with sweetly mocking eyes. "And I, who was 17, am 32." She puckered her smooth forehead into a knot and made a quaint grimace which filled Sanford with a mad desire to kiss her then and there.

"Fifteen years," he retorted tragically, "and I, who was 35, am——"

"Forgive me," she laughed with a deprecating gesture, "and don't say it. Take the other point of view. Fifteen years ago" (consolingly) "you were twice my age. Today you are nowhere near that," and with a glance half mischievous, half consoling, she turned to greet an acquaintance who was making his way toward them.

Relegated to the background for the moment, Sanford occupied himself in trying to decide just how much of that old flirtation she probably remembered. She was but a slip of a girl in those days, and though the details had escaped him he was still uncomfortably conscious of the adoration that used to shine out at him from her unconscious young eyes. He had a vague suspicion that his conduct had not been above reproach. He might have forgiven himself that—for he had been bored! What he could not forgive was his crass stupidity in failing to discover in little Marcia Wentworth the chrysalis of this splendid creature, all softness and fire.

It was late in the afternoon and the Trevor grounds, always famous for their beauty, were at their best. It was a scene worthy of a poet. Indeed, Mrs. Trevor's garden parties were poetry made real.

"Watteau, with a touch of Omar," remarked Miss Wentworth as they were left to themselves once more. "I feel as if we were illustrating the Rubaiyat."

"Is that a delicate way of intimating that you wish me to bring you something to drink?" teased Sanford. "And what shall it be?"

"You have missed your cue," she responded with smiling reproach. "But then——" and the gentle mockery shone in her eyes once more—"a man never does remember!"

She gave a sigh, paused for a moment and then continued:

"You have evidently forgotten that we last saw each other where we meet today—at a garden party at Mrs. Trevor's. That talent for forgetting"—shaking her head at him smilingly—"how much you men owe to it!"

He had forgotten—and he sparred for time now as he racked his brain for some detail of that far-away afternoon—some trifle which he might rescue from the debris of the past and make into a pretty speech. The gods were merciful. Suddenly a slim girlish figure in white rose before him and a pair of dark, intense eyes gazed into his. Still he hesitated for a moment before he spoke in order to be quite sure, for the walls of his memory were richly frescoed with girlish figures—and he hated to make blunders! Then he spoke triumphantly, but with just the rich touch of melancholy meaning in his voice.

"So you think that I've forgotten? Listen, then! Your gown was soft and thin and white, and you wore a big hat covered with yellow roses."

He looked straight at her, but her eyes did not fall as in the old days. Instead, she returned the gaze unflinchingly, and curiosity, amusement and disbelief were mingled in her glance.

"Bravo!" she cried softly; but she was unconvinced. He saw that, and was nettled by it. Fortunately, he could not read her thoughts, for she was wailing to her inner self, "Ah, me! That I should have to acknowledge to myself that he's just an ordinary flirt after all! How crude I must have been at 17. And yet——"

Her thoughts went swiftly back to that day in her girlhood, when she had met him last. The scene was the same as today—great stretches of velvety turf, stately trees and groups of people laughing and chatting together! On that afternoon, she remembered the western sky was a blaze of rose color. How the gay scene had mocked her misery, as Sanford, who was devoting himself to the beautiful Miss Carroll, forgetful of her existence, never once approached her, though he knew that it would be their last meeting, as her family was leaving for Europe on the following day.

Today she noted with amused appreciation the western sky was a bank of pale gold, and the color seemed more appropriate to the vanished ideals and lost illusions of 32. Seventeen—and rose color! Thirty-two—and pale gold!

"You were thinking——?" prompted Sanford inquiringly breaking in upon her reverie.

"I am thinking," she answered, bringing her eyes back to him deliberately—"I am thinking that I will tell you a story. But perhaps," with a touch of malice, "you do not like stories?"

"On the contrary, I dote upon them. Do begin."

Miss Wentworth settled herself more comfortably in her chair. Then, looking at her companion in a speculative manner, she began.

"It's a sort of a fairy tale, and it's about a girl. She was neither very beautiful nor very interesting, but I think I may say truthfully that she was a nice sort of a girl, with a warm heart, boundless enthusiasm and an implicit belief in her fellow-creatures. I shall have to confess, though, that she was one of the kind who blush furiously at the slightest provocation—you know the type—and that she was earnest and serious—horribly so—and a hero-worshipper to her finger tips!"

Sanford nodded his head understandingly.

"She was a trifle too much upon the 'Sweet Alice' style," Miss Wentworth resumed candidly, "and yet with all her absurdities, I myself was rather fond of her. Of course you have guessed before this that there came a man!" Her voice dropped into a tragic whisper. Then she burst into a merry laugh, in which her companion joined somewhat consciously.

"Methinks the air grows icy! I feel the approach of the villain of the story!" he announced.

"Not at all!" protested Miss Wentworth in an injured tone. "He was simply a nice, agreeable man of the world—such as one meets often enough to make life a pleasure. He was many years her senior, and the girl mistook him for a god."

She looked at her companion with innocent eyes, but the wicked little gleam that lay back in them did not escape him.

"Did the man do anything to give rise to such a—er—delusion?"

There was an unmistakable challenge in the inquiry.

"No questions allowed," came the baffling answer. "You must let me tell my story in my own way. To proceed."

"A girl of this stamp is likely to idealize a good deal, and you would have been—yes, you would have been highly edified could you have heard some of this one's rhapsodies. 'A head so noble,' she would say exultingly to herself, 'was never seen before,' and 'Were ever eyes so splendidly commending?' Silly, wasn't it? But it was the outcome of her conviction that a god among men had deigned to hold out his hand to her. And when he opened his lips!"

Miss Wentworth paused with a rapt, listening look upon her face which convulsed her hearer, who laughed rather foolishly.

"Of course the man read the secret of the girl's heart, and her native worship amused and flattered him. So he devoted a good many of his spare moments to deepening the impression he had made and the girl used to listen breathlessly.

Their eyes met, Miss Wentworth's brimming with mirth, while Sanford felt that he was guilty of a grin. Then she shook her head at him and continued with severity:

"As I was about to remark, the girl listened to the pearls of wisdom which dropped from the man's lips and believed in them as she did in holy things, and her foolish heart was thrilled by the joy of the love which she thought was hers. Certainly the man, in a high-handed, negligent sort of a way did manage to give her some such impression. How she pitied less fortunate girls, and how full of plans she was to make herself worthy of him!'

A reminiscent smile hovered about Miss Wentworth's lips, and she looked off across the lawn as if she had forgotten her companion.

"Girls are not usually so—so impressionable," he hazarded in a defensive manner.

"This one was," she responded succinctly.

"Experienced people like you and me," she went on, continuing her story once more, "can see that there was trouble brewing for the girl. She never expected it, and it came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I won't go into details. He had wearied of his plaything. Then, there was a lady with fair hair and the eyes of a saint—and what was a girl's heart that it should stand in the way of a man's fancy?"

"Miss Wentworth's small head rested against the tips of her fingers, and her great eyes looked calmly into Sanford's as she asked this question with the impartial air of one who seeks abstract truth.

He shook his head.

"The girl was heartbroken—horrified; for in the innocence of her heart she thought that she had made a terrible, immodest mistake, and that he never had made love to her—really! Her face used to burn at the thought, and she would have given her head for a chance to convince him that she, too, had only been amusing herself. She was wounded in her pride and in her heart alike—and the nights were dreadful!" She finished incoherently.

"I see the moral looming up in the distance," murmured her hearer plaintively. "It casts a long shadow and the tip of it points to me!"

"But it's only a fairy tale, you know," she said with a shrug, and then continued:

"The girl's family went abroad, and she was dragged from London to Paris and from Paris to Rome; but her stubborn fancy clung to the man and refused to let go. She looked upon the sunlit sea at Cannes, and thought of him! and stared at the midnight sun—and thought of him! There was never a moment when she would not have jumped at a chance to return to that pokey, little western city, U. S. A., just because he was there. What did she care about the glories of the world?"

"She used to awaken in the morning wondering how she would get through the day and longing for night. For, though she was wretched, she was young and strong, and so she slept and sometimes—dreamed!"

The last words were spoken softly—caressingly—and sent a thrill along Sanford's nerves.

"Did you—that is, did she really care so much?" he stammered.

"I am compelled to admit that she paid the penalty—as women do, you know," came the answer in a cool, sweet voice.

"We have not reached the end," he urged in a low tone. "Who can tell—perhaps a heavier penalty will be exacted of him."

His voice was eager and there was the old, well-remembered tenderness in it. It stirred Marcia's senses like a strain of forgotten music. But she only smiled back at him and cooed.

"Clever! You score! But to return to the story.

"The days came and went like an endless procession of gray phantoms, until one day a letter arrived mentioning with other home news, the probable marriage of the man and the fair lady. Then there was a terrific outburst.

"I remember but one detail—the figure of the girl lying prone upon the floor and shaking with sobs. That was really the last of the girl. I think we may say that she died that night, and to the woman who rose in her place the world has never been quite so fair a place. The blue of the sky is less blue, the sunlight is less joyous and the night wind isn't so full of mystery and tenderness as when it blew across the face of the girl!"

The last words were scarcely audible and Miss Wentworth's face was almost sad. Then she gave an impatient shrug as if to rid herself of unpleasant memories.

"Well, there came a morning when she opened her eyes, yawned, thanked heaven that she was alive, and thought rapturously of a love of a gown which was to come home that day. Then she wondered anxiously if she had gone off much in looks (she felt as if there was no bloom left!), and she knew by these tokens that her first love affair was over—and her girlhood decently laid away in its grave!"

"That's about all—it really isn't much of a story. One may lose an arm and still be fairly happy. And yet—one prefers the arm?"

There was something delicately quizzical in the inflection of her words and something delicately regretful as well.

"You see, I miss the girl," she finished as she rose and they moved off across the grass together.

"Does it occur to you"—Sanford's voice was grave and pleading—"that possibly he misses more than the girl?"

The gentle raillery in his companion's face as she glanced up at him was more eloquent than words.

"That man, I take it," he continued huskily, "has lost his chance—forever?" There was no mistaking his earnestness now nor the touch of hauteur in Miss Wentworth's manner as she replied carelessly:

"You've been inattentive! The girl died, you know."

That night she wrote the following note to somebody else:

"Dear Jack:—Love is not eternal. So, I think, if you don't mind, I'll follow your advice and marry you. I'm sitting here in sackcloth and ashes, abasing myself before your superior wisdom. I sat and talked to the Other Man today and things fell out precisely as you predicted. A little door away off in some remote corner of my heart banged shut, never to be opened again. And if it were, there'd be nothing behind it but a little heap of ashes! He's growing bald, Jack. If you love me, never do that. Come up Saturday and let me 'splain why it has taken me so long to find out that though there's a difference, 32 can love as well as 17. Forever your MARCIA."

And then she sealed the letter and pressed her lips softly to the superscription a half a dozen times—by way of showing the wisdom of 32!—The Home Magazine.

Two Great New Bridges for Venice.

It is proposed to erect two great bridges in Venice. One to connect the island of San Michele, which is the sole cemetery of Venice, with the city on the north, and one to connect the island of the Guidecca with the city on the south. The former is an easy affair, as the water, though a quarter of a mile broad, is shallow. The other is a serious and difficult matter, as the Guidecca canal is really an arm of the sea, and the distance at its narrowest part is over an eighth of a mile. The Guidecca canal is also the highway for all the ships of any size, as it is by it alone they can reach the docks, which are at the railroad station. But the Guidecca island is becoming of importance as the manufacturing quarter of the city. One of the largest flour mills in Europe is there. It belongs to Signor Stucchi, and he has promised to subscribe toward the expense of the bridge 400,000 francs. Other manufacturers on the island will probably also offer liberal donations should the work be determined upon, of which there is little doubt.

What's in a Country Club's Name?

"Why do you call this a coutnry club?" asked the man from abroad.

"Well you see," his entertainer explained, "it's about all the the people who belong to it care to have."—Chicago Record-Herald.

MART FOR BRAINY MEN.

NEW YORK A MECCA OF HOPE FOR THE UNFORTUNATE.

But Their Bright Days Have Completely Disappeared, Temporarily at Least, and They're Waiting and Watching for Other Smiles from Home and Fortune.

Human nature is franker and honester in a low-price hotel in New York than any place else in the metropolis. Even the pretences and subterfuges illuminate temperamental differences.

The well-conducted cheap hotel is the refuge of those who have fallen, not those who rise from the gutter. Those who make their homes in lodging houses are oftener than not men of considerable education, who have known better days. They are human derelicts drifting about the Saragossa sea of misfortune.

In one hotel in this city there are about 1500 persons cared for every night in the year. The rooms are scrupulously clean, the beds comfortable and the rates are no higher than are charged in second-rate lodging-houses. But the guests are of a decidedly higher order. An air of refinement pervades the place. In that respect the hotel is in every way the equal of the more pretentious hostelries. It is those qualities that make it the temporary home of men who have not altogether given up hope or expectation of better days. As a rule, they are not communicative, but once in a while one of them will become reminiscent after you have gained his confidence.

If you speak of Africa, Asia, South America or any other part of the earth you are almost certain to find in the group of listeners at least one who has been exactly in the place mentioned, and it's ten chances to one that if you ask him how he came to be here you will get the stereotyped answer that he made a failure where he was and came to New York to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

In a group of five men in the reading room one night last week one of them commented on the Boer war and some of his listeners applauded his criticisms on the conduct of the British side of the contest. One man remained silent. He carries scars made by three Boer bullets at Spion Kop, and naturally concluded his views would not strike a popular chord. The hardships of war were discussed until a man had opportunity to tell of his experiences while acting as a timekeeper while the work on the Panama canal was in progress.

Another man told of horrid tortures endured for 16 days in an open boat, after the ship in which he had been a passenger had been burned at sea.

A fourth had been in business in one of the South American republics. The usual revolution came according to the standing schedule arranged for those affairs down there. The American was accused of sympathizing with the revolutionists. His property was confiscated and he was cast into prison.

After a delay of several months he was released upon demands made by the United States government. But he never recovered any of his property. He returned to this country and is now one of the vast army of "has beens" to whom New York is the Mecca of hope.

The fifth man was one of the six survivors of an exploring expedition whose fate, if not its achievements, has become historical. It is still a mooted question whether the members of the expedition were forced to resort to cannibalism. The narrator was silent on that point, but his hearers inferred that the charges that have been made were not altogether groundless.

A short distance from this group sat another man with a history, but those around him knew nothing about it. He lounges around the hotel day after day and week after week, hardly ever going out of doors. He is a large, fine-looking man, always well groomed and always reserved. He talks with none of the other guests, and has made no confidants.

It is said by a few of those who presume to know what they are talking about that he was, not many years ago, one of the best-known and most dangerous bank robbers in this country—the brains of a most notorious gang whose members, excepting himself, are dead or in prison. The story is that his inactivity is purchased by a syndicate of banks who prefer to pay him a substantial yearly income for life to keep him from collecting a much larger one himself.

It is said he goes to a certain bank every Monday, receives his "salary" and returns to the hotel. He is content to accept his annuity and rest in peace, after a most strenuous life.

Another of the guests of this hotel, which is no different from other hotels of cheaper grade, except that it is very large, is a man whose whole make-up bears the unmistakable stamp of education and refinement. He seems out of place, and is. He has been at the hotel several years now, but he could count up his acquaintances on the fingers of one hand. In appearance he is tall, straight and exceedingly dignified. He is very careful of his personal appearance, and if his clothes were a fit you would say he was well groomed. He appears to feel his position keenly, keeping well to himself and having no friends.

Not so long ago he was a professor in one of the leading colleges, and his text books are in use in institutions of learning throughout America. More than one familiar book of poetry and romance bears his name on the title page.

To use a current phrase, these men, all of them, are "down and out." The decadence of most of them can be traced to drink, but some, the professor, for instance, have been overwhelmed for no apparent reason, and they find it hard even now to realize that they no longer are a part of the prosperous side of the human family.

Most of them bear their misfortunes with considerable cheerfulness, and some are really happy in their misery. That is somewhat paradoxical, for they are Americans, and that means that they feel quite sure they will be "on top" again before long and are waiting with patience and resignation for that time when they will once more be in the upper strata of society. They are used to ups and downs.

More than one of these lodgers at the cheap hotel has made and lost several fortunes. Others are members of wealthy families that have cast them off for reasons that were, to them, sufficient to justify such a course. There are many college graduates.

Once in a while one of them really does get up in the world, but the vast majority pass out of mind and memory, never to be heard from again. They are not missed, for their places are filled almost before they have disappeared.—New York News.

POVERTY OF THE TROPICS.

Everything in the Hot Countries Is Harmful to Man.

That the tropics are really poor in natural resources instead of being rich is the argument of Dr. Semeleder, of Cordoba, Mexico. His arguments are especially interesting just now, when so much attention is being attracted to the hot regions of the world as places for exploitation. The doctor, in a letter to the Medical Record, says:

"All men dream of the marvelous riches of the tropics, of the birds with rainbow plumage, of the extravagant flowers, of the elegant tree-ferns, of the banana and palms, with waving leaves, and of the cocoa-palm, which furnishes man with everything necessary for life. Indeed we pity him who has never seen a tropical landscape, as we pity him who has never seen the sea. Then we think of the enormous treasures the English, Spanish and Dutch have harvested from their tropical colonies, and, naturally, we think that the tropics are the richest regions of the world. All this may be true, yet, nevertheless, in another sense, instead of being rich, the tropics are fatally poor. Unable to secure the neccessaries of life, the people of tropical countries are like the man in whose hand everything turns to gold, yet who perishes of hunger and thirst.

"Of all the breadstuffs necessary for men the tropics furnish only corn and rice, and these only to a limited extent. They have no wheat, rye, or potatoes. The banana may be, as Humboldt says, 133 times more productive than wheat, and 44 times more so than potatoes, yet it cannot replace either as food. Nor can white men live for any length of time on rice and corn alone, nor on bananas and palm-nuts. Native tropical foods can only hold body and soul together, as they furnish but little vigor, energy, and power. No machine can do good work with poor fuel. A man who has neither bread nor meat cannot get life and strength and push from tea, coffee, sugar, vanilla, and all the precious spices. Tropical products are merely commercial luxuries and if the inhabitants of cold climes did not buy them the people of the tropics would lack the necessaries and comforts of life and would yet choke with their own riches.

"If we wish to know the effects of the poor diet of the tropics combined with the effects of the heat, we have only to look at the inhabitants of these countries. As a general rule they are thin, poorly built, and unfit for intellectual or physical labor. Occasional exceptions will only confirm the rule.

"Even the foods which are produced are insufficient in amount, so that the least interference with the annual crops results in famines, as is the case in India today. Indeed, India has always been the land of fabulous riches of a few and of famines of the millions. Until recently in the cold countries there were none of fabulous wealth and but few famines.

"Everything in hot countries is harmful to man; the ground, the water, and the air, swarming with miasma and vermin, and with torment and danger. Life is as much a torment as a pleasure, for whatever makes life worth living is lacking. They depend for indispensable necessaries upon the temperate zones, to which they furnish only the luxuries."

Convict's Advice to a Young Offender.

Thomas Brady, wanted on three charges in Louisville, Ky., going by the name of Flannery, where he broke jail and escaped to Detroit, Mich., since which time he has broken into no less than 12 houses, was given four years Before sentencing him, Judge Murphy asked him to give some advice to a boy who was in a felon's seat for the first time. Brady said:

"All I can tell him is that since I was 19 I have had no pleasure or peace or comfort. I can tell him that the game is not worth it. I can tell him that it's always worry and fear and caution, and that it isn't worth the price. That is all I can tell him, and I advise the boy to keep out of a life such as mine has been for the last five years." The judge told him he took one year off his sentence because he came of a good family and had a good wife.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Japan sent 63 ships through the Suez canal last year, or more than Spain (24) or Denmark (27), and nearly as many as Italy (32).