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LABOR WORLD.
Cincinnati school-teachers are to organize a union.
A fight against the Garment Makers' Union has been started in Chicago by locking out 500 workers.
Engineers at the electric power plant in Terre Haute, Ind., quit work out of sympathy with the striking street car men.
The new scale adopted by miners in convention at Pittsburg embraces an increase of ten cents a ton in the price of mining.
Six hundred striking woodworkers have returned to duty in the American Car and Foundry Company's plant at Jeffersonville, Ind.
The first break among independent glassmakers is the Marion Glass Company, Marion, Ind., which has signed the union wage scale.
Doylestown (Penn.) mechanics demand an increase of twenty-five cents per day in wages, fifty-nine hours to constitute a week's work.
A petition from the trolley employees to the West Jersey & Seashore Railroad Company, which operates the road, for an increase of wages from sixteen and two-thirds cents to twenty cents an hour, has been refused.
The Housewives and Bridgemen's Union, of New York City, which has a membership of 3000, has reported that it is prepared to enforce its new demands, which go into effect on May 1. The demands are \$4 a day for eight hours, \$1 an hour for overtime, and the Saturday half-holiday.
It was definitely decided by the United Mine Workers, in session at Indianapolis, Ind., to demand a ten per cent. increase and an absolute ruin of the mines, and to fix the differential at ten per cent. between pick and machine mining. In addition to this a uniform scale for all outside day labor will be demanded. Two years ago an increase of 22 21-100 cents was secured by the mine workers.

SPORTING BRIEVITIES.
Jockey Spencer will ride for J. R. Keene in England next season.
Horace Fogel has been engaged to manage the New York Baseball Club next season.
It seems that Louisville wants an American team now, and has a good chance of getting it.
Philadelphia racquet players have defeated New York players in two matches at Philadelphia.
Radical changes in the management of the United States Golf Association are demanded by members.
New York City will have a trotting meeting next summer at the Brighton Beach track on August 11.
Harvard graduates are to be called upon to assist in raising a fund of \$20,000 to defray the expense of a college golf course at Waltham, Mass.
A new world's record for trotting on the ice has been made by Royal Victor, of Carthage, N. Y., covering the mile in 2:16. The former record was 2:18 1/2.
The California Jockey Club, of which Thomas Williams is the President, is seriously considering the advisability of adopting the English Jockey Club's scale of weights.
Perry Hale, the noted Yale full back in 1904, who coaches Exeter Academy last year, has just been engaged to coach the football eleven of Ohio State University at Columbus.
Harry Hess, who made an excellent record as a pitcher for Bucknell College, has been added to the ranks of the Philadelphia Nationals. He is rated as another Mathewson.
Sir Thomas Lipton is to be invited to the Olympian games, which will be held in Chicago in 1904. A special invitation will be sent to him, not only because he stands so high in the world of sport, but also because yachting events, in which he has been so prominent, will be made a feature of the contests.

Sewing Machines as Loot.
Above all things Tommy Atkins' heart loves a sewing machine. Although he must know that he can never succeed in getting it home to England, yet if he finds one in a Boer farm he will tow it along with him, overburdened as he already is, upon the march. For miles he will martyr his existence with some obsolete and cumbersome machine until such time as sheer physical exhaustion or an irate company officer prohibits further painful possession of the prize. Wherein the exact fascination lies is a mystery, but grizzled reservist and callow recruit alike cannot resist this household help.
The largest order of merit in the world is the French Legion of Honor, which now has reached half a million members.

MADELINE.

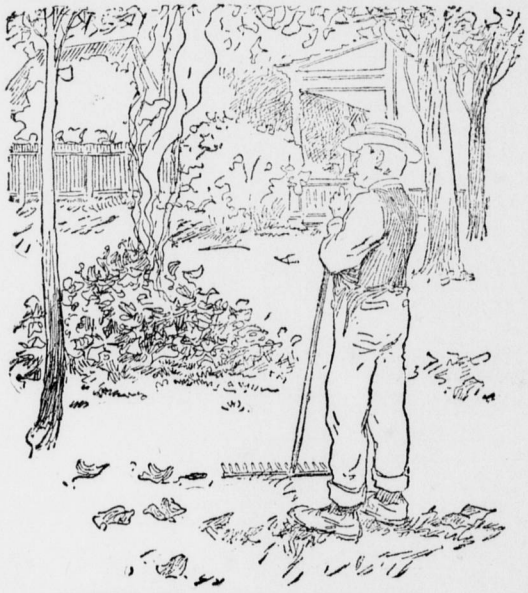
Visions, visions of the night,
Wherefore are ye given?
Tempting is your fleeting light
As a glimpse of heaven;
Tempting, you, but too brief smile,
Angels of my vision;
Linger, linger, then awhile,
Make my heart elysian.
Spirits, in your silent flight,
Tell what are ye teaching?
Priesthood of the stary night
Say what are ye preaching?
Why this music? Who are these
Looming now before me,
Born upon the wandering breeze,
Whispering softly o'er me?

Know ye little Madeline,
My sweet, my brown-eyed daughter?
Sings she now the songs divine,
O'er the living waters?
Where the bright birds stoop to lave
In the crystal river—
In the iris-created wave
Flowing on and ever?
Visions, visions of the night,
I would hear her story—
Bring her in your silent flight,
Bring her back in glory;
Bring her with her songs divine,
Though the angels sought her—
Little, laughing Madeline,
My sweet, my brown-eyed daughter.
—Robert Mackay, in the Home Magazine.



SUNDAY morning, while Mrs. Wilkins was at church with Tommy, Mr. Wilkins, in defiance of the social ethics of Lake Hill, put on his overalls, and, rake in hand, attacked the carpet of dead leaves that covered his lawn. He knew that his wife would make a scene if she caught him, and he knew that his Sabbath-breaking would furnish another argument against suburban life, and he anticipated considerable geying from his male neighbors, and yet, in spite of all these misgivings, he raked the leaves into rustling piles and watched with dogged satisfaction the columns of blue smoke that rose among the oaks from his unholly fires.
Wilkins had employed seven different "hired men" since spring. None had stayed more than a month, and none had carried away either the esteem or good will of Mrs. Wilkins. Most of them were worthless, some dishonest, some lazy and some lacked that regard for the proprieties which the woman of the house insisted upon. So it came to pass that Wilkins had a hard time getting, to say nothing of keeping, a serviceable hired man, and when the leaves began to fall his lawns, gardens, vines and orchard were in sad case, his chicken-house needed repairs, his coal cellar was empty, his winter kindling was unchopped, and his loyalty to suburban life was tottering. Therefore he had defied all precedent and on Sunday morning attacked the work with his own hands.

"No. Just stay here on the place, and do whatever you see necessary," explained Wilkins, fully understanding the man's dislike to going into town.
"All right, sir. My name is James Green."
Wilkins showed the tall, gaunt fellow over the place and pointed out the room over the carriage house where he was to sleep. Tommy, who was ten years old, trotted after them, deeply interested in the stranger.
Of course Mrs. Wilkins didn't approve of her husband's choice. She "felt sure that there was something wrong" about Green and as days went by he proved himself a splendid gardener and a most useful person in divers unexpected ways, she was grievously disappointed. What enraged her most was Green's incertitude. Every effort of the cook and house girl, prompted and encouraged by Mrs. Wilkins, failed to elicit a hint about himself. At meals he was as silent as the tomb. During the day he kept busy at the back of the two-acre lot, at night he sat in the barn doorway, telling stories to Tommy and smoking his pipe.
Between him and the boy there sprang up an extraordinary companionship. The man, silent with all others, began to tell his little comrade the rarest and most extraordinary stories of shipwreck, of battle, of wild beasts, birds and adventures of all kinds. He knew the habits of birds and insects, of reptiles and fishes, and these he explained to Tommy with infinite



WATCHED THE COLUMNS OF BLUE SMOKE.

While he was bending over a rustled mound of leaves he heard a voice:
"Mister, P'll clean up that lawn for a meal."
It was a low, strong voice, musical of tone and so opportune that Wilkins let his rake fall and looked about. The stranger was a tall, lean young man, dusty from a long walk, but trim and clean as to clothes and person.
"I'll just go you," said Wilkins, opening the gate. The big fellow walked in, dropped his coat on the ground, and fell to work without a word. After getting back into his Sunday garments the man of the house watched his rescuer. The latter had laid aside his round, felt hat, disclosing a bullet head, closely shaved. The worker's clothes, new, cheap and coarse, ill fit the wearer, and as Wilkins watched him swiftly and silently clearing away the dead grass, weeds and leaves, his heart misgave him, and he murmured to himself:
"An ex-convict, P'll bet."
Mrs. Wilkins soon came home with Tommy and eyed the stranger askance. When she had noticed him eating heartily but decorously, and had observed that he knew the purposes of knife, fork and spoon, she darkly hinted to her husband that there was "something mysterious" about the newcomer. When Wilkins felt sure that his wife hadn't guessed the probable truth he resolved to offer the man a job, and as the latter passed out the walk toward the road, he stopped him with:
"My friend, I like the way you work, and I like your looks, and if you'll stay I'll give you \$4 a week and your board, just to keep up the place, tend the chickens and the furnace."
"Thank you, sir, I'll try it," was the answer. "You don't keep a horse, and I won't have to go to town?"

care until the boy came to dog his footsteps and sit beside him at all hours.
The carved wooden toys, plaited whips of horse hair and leather and deftly fashioned bows and arrows that Green made for Tommy were the wonder and envy of the boys of the neighborhood, but they convinced Wilkins that his hired man had spent much time in some penitentiary. Meanwhile, as day by day she failed to penetrate the atmosphere of mystery which surrounded him, Mrs. Wilkins grew more suspicious. When she found out that he didn't want to go to the village during the day, she contrived errands that would take him there. At last he quietly but positively refused to do her bidding, explaining that Mr. Wilkins had absolved him from any duty but such as he could find on the place.
He had been two months on the place before he spoke more than a dozen words to his employer. He had worked well, asked no favors, made no mistakes. Under his assiduous efforts the Wilkins place had taken on new signs of prosperity and beauty. Then he came to Wilkins one evening and said that he'd like to spend one day in Chicago. He wanted to buy some clothes, he said, and would like to have his pay. There was \$12 due him, and Wilkins had only a \$20 bill.
"All right, Green," said the big-hearted suburbanite, "here's a twenty. You can bring me back the change; and, let's see, here's my commutation ticket. It'll save you paying railroad fares."
Mrs. Wilkins overheard this talk, and when Green was out of hearing proclaimed her husband a fool, a wasteful, glib, stupid fool.
"That man Green will never come back," she snapped. "See him!" point-

ing across the lawn. "He's not even going toward the depot. He's a tramp, maybe a murderer, and he's gone off with your money, and your ticket. Wilkins, you're a simpleton."
Wilkins was a little doubtful when he noticed the course taken by his "model hired man." The next evening added to his misgiving, for at sundown Green had not returned. Mrs. Wilkins began to gloat when the 8 o'clock train had passed, and there was no sign of the missing gardener. Then the doorbell rang, and the girl announced "a lady to see Mr. Wilkins." He found a youngish woman, with much jewelry and very pink cheeks, sniveling at him as he entered the parlor.
"Mister Wilkins," she began, "a lady fren' o' mine who lives out here tells me they's a man workin' for youse, an' if I ain't much mistaken he's my husband. He's a tall, sandy feller, don't talk much, and—he's done time at Joliet, and—"
Mrs. Wilkins entered here.
"What do you want with him?" asked the lady of the house.
The visitor was beginning to explain when Wilkins heard footsteps falling faintly on the walk outside. He slipped quietly out of the room and into the yard. Green was coming up the back steps into the kitchen, when Wilkins stopped him with: "Well, I see you're back all right."
"Yes, sir," said the gardener, pulling out the railway ticket and \$8. "There's your change and the ticket."
Wilkins noticed that the latter wasn't punched.
"I walked," explained the man. "I don't like trains."
Wilkins led him across the lawn and told him that there was a woman in the parlor claiming to be his wife.
"A blonde, vulgar-looking woman?" said Green.
"Yes. She's in there now, talking to my wife."
"Well, sir, if you'll just let on that you didn't see this evening, I'll be grateful. I'm tired now, and I don't want to see that woman, at least not to-night. Please say that I'm not here, and won't be back until to-morrow."
So Green slunk off to bed, and the blonde woman was sent away, promising to call again. In the morning Wilkins found Green's bed unrumpled. On the coverlet was a new leather whip, with a card inscribed "For Tommy, Good-bye." The Wilkinses never saw or heard of him again, and Mrs. Wilkins never knew that he had come home that night with the change and the ticket.
"I always knew he was a scamp," she said, proudly. "I knew he'd run away and he did."
"Well, I don't blame him," smiled Wilkins, lighting his pipe and musing at the memory of the blonde woman with the brummagem jewelry. "I'd run away myself, under the same circumstances."—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Tramps on the Cars.
The box car is often entered by springing the door off its iron way at the side opposite the seal. A party going one way will do this for a party going the opposite direction, and then, when all are in, springing the door back again. Since everything externally is in the best of order, long trips may be made in this manner without disturbance or interruption.
Now and then the prisoner is exposed to danger of starvation. A case of this kind has been related to me, where only the accidental visit of a train hand saved a man from death. The brakeman inspected the intruder's papers, and finding that they showed him to be in good standing in his union, took him out, fed him up, and then replaced him to finish his journey in peace. The hero of the incident is a printer, who has been leading a settled life now for thirteen or fourteen years. But he says he still feels a longing to be off again whenever spring comes.
A railway accident, whether by water or fire, is a very serious affair to passengers of this sort. You have doubtless read more than once, as I have, of tramps drowned like rats, or burned or crushed to death while stealing rides in this fashion. Riding the trucks is done in various ways. A locomotive engineer of my acquaintance has shown me the precise spot from which he has taken out two men at one time. It was on the rear track of the tender. They were resting, face downward, on the truck beam, with just eleven inches of vertical space for their bodies, by actual measurement.—The Independent.

Breastworks of Snow as a Defense.
Recent experiments made in Norway have proved that snow is a substance which offers a surprising resistance to penetration by a rifle bullet. Its resistance has been found to be far greater than wood, though not, of course, so great as earth. It was shown that a wall of snow, four feet thick, is absolutely proof against the Norwegian army rifle, which is an arm of great penetrative force. Volleys were fired at the snow breastworks, first at a distance of half a mile, and then gradually at decreasing distances, until the range was only fifty yards, and the white walls were not once penetrated. This suggests a new means of field defense in winter campaigning, snow being much more easily handled than earth or sand bags. Troops intrenching themselves in snow banks would be a novel and picturesque sight. It is disputed whether or not Andrew Jackson made use of cotton bales in his defenses at the battle of New Orleans, though he got the credit for having done so. Whether he did or not, he will have to give place in the matter of novel breastworks to the general who shall first use field fortifications of snow.



The Hidden Smile.
When Good Luck comes, once in a while, We hold our hands up high and smile, And fancy, in our childish way, And in our self-important style, That she has come to stay.
When Ill Luck comes we go about With aching hearts and full of doubt, Forgetting as we fret and fuss That Good Luck, somewhere peeping out, Still has a smile for us.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Pursuit of It.
Smith—"Hello! Fine day! Are you out walking for your health?"
Smythe—"Yes; I am going to the doctor's."
—Indianapolis News.

With Years.
Tommy—"Pop, if I grow six feet in twenty years, what will I grow in seventy years?"
Tommy's Father—"You may grow wise enough not to ask such fool questions."
—Philadelphia Record.

Collar Button History.
Yeats—"What is the life of a collar button?"
Crimsonbeak—"I don't know. But I see there is a new book just published called 'Lives of the Hunted,' perhaps that would throw some light on the subject."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Against All Precedent.
Percy Vere—"I still think there is hope for me; although she said 'No,' she was very sympathetic."
Jack Newitt—"My dear boy, that's the end of you. No woman ever marries the man whom she rejects sympathetically."
—Philadelphia Press.



Careless Man.
Mrs. Figgitt—"My husband is a very reckless man about the house."
Mrs. Droopin—"Too bad!"
Mrs. Figgitt—"Yes; why, he even stepped on my Turkish rug yesterday. Just to think, I've had it seven years and it has never before been stepped on."
—Boston Journal.

The Delayed Verdict.
Friend—"I was surprised that it took the jury ten hours to reach a verdict. The evidence seemed to me quite clear."
Ex-Juryman—"We agreed on the verdict at once, but some one commenced a discussion as to the literary merit of the Judge's charge."
—Town and Country.

A Patriotic Boast.
"There is one thing to be said in favor of our style of government," said the South American dictator.
"What is that?"
"It promotes veracity. When some one starts a rumor that a high official is going to relinquish office, you can pretty near depend on its coming true."
—Washington Star.

Bribed in Advance.
Briggs—"So you are going to have your fortune told by the new astrologer down town. Let me give you a pointer. If you want him to predict that you will one day be rich, just give him a handsome tip."
Griggs—"That's all right. I'll give him my note for a thousand or so, payable when I become a millionaire."
—Boston Transcript.

A Friendly Tip.
"Young man," said her father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."
"Why—er—really," stammered the young man, "I had hoped to marry her some."
"Exactly, and I'd like to have you marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it."
—Philadelphia Press.

Could Infer.
The irritable master of the house, waking from a troubled nap and hearing no noise down stairs, called out to his daughter:
"Melissa, I wonder if that snobbish young squirt of a Caddleigh, who comes here five or six evenings in the week knows what I think of him?"
"Yes, sir," answered the cheerful voice of a young man in the hall below. "I think he does."
—Chicago Tribune.

How It Happened.
"Yes," said the member of Congress, "I had been in Washington but a short time when I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
"How did you manage it?"
"Published my biography in the Congressional directory without trying to conceal any facts or trying to assume a statesmanlike pose. It was an accident, but it was effective."
—Washington Star.

All Tastes Satisfied.
The stranger had gone out in a rain coat and had come back shivering in a snowstorm.
"Why is it," he asked disgustedly, "that you have so many different kinds of weather?"
The Chicagoan looked at him in surprise.
"We aim to please," he replied, "and we have such a cosmopolitan population to suit."
—Chicago Post.

UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST SECRET.

The Paper on Which Our Money Notes Are Printed Guarded From Pulp to Press.
If there is any secret which Uncle Sam jealously guards it is the process of manufacturing the fibre paper upon which his money notes are printed. He pays a Massachusetts firm forty-three cents a pound for it, and this firm does its work under the surveillance of a Government agent. The paper is manufactured of the finest rags, cleaned, boiled and mashed into pulp. As it is rolled into thin sheets silk threads are introduced into it by a secret process. These are the distinguishing marks making imitation of the paper well-nigh impossible. The sheets of paper, already counted twice, and placed in uniform packages at the paper mill, are stored in a Treasury vault and issued to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving as wanted. Before leaving the Treasury they are counted three times more, and the receiving official at the bureau must receipt for them. Then the bundles are unwrapped and the sheets are counted twenty-eight times by a corps of women. This is to insure that each printer gets the recorded number—no more, no less. If one sheet of this precious paper be lost the entire force of men and women having access to the room where the misplacement has occurred are kept in, like so many school children, to find it. Each sheet is issued from the vault for the printing of a definite amount of money upon it. If the lost sheet were intended to ultimately represent \$4000 worth of notes, the group of employees to whom the responsibility of its misplacement has been traced must make good that amount if they cannot locate it within a reasonable time. The most expensive loss which has thus occurred was of a blank sheet issued for the printing of \$80 upon its face.—John Elfreth Watkins, Jr., in the Ladies' Home Journal.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Where passions prevail, purposes perish.—Wellspring.
In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.
There is no ghost so difficult to lay as the ghost of an injury.—Alexander Smith.
A true and genuine impudence is ever the effect of ignorance, without the least sense of it.—Steele.
The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—Colton.
The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.—Potter.
Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—Mrs. Thrale.
No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.—A. T. Stewart.
At the bottom of a good deal of bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they can not face public opinion.—E. H. Chapin.
Life is a building. It rises slowly, day by day, through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.
True peace and rest lie not in outward things. There liveth no man on earth who may always have rest and peace without troubles and crosses. Wherefore yield thyself willingly to them and seek only that true peace of the heart which none can take away from thee, that thou mayest overcome all assaults.—Theologia Germanica.

Greyhound the Fastest Four-Footer.
A correspondent says that as the result of experiments he has made under careful timing he finds that the greyhound is the fastest of all four-footed animals. When going full gallop it can cover twenty yards a second, or about a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds—a speed that comes pretty near that of the carrier pigeon. There are few thoroughbred horses that can exceed nineteen yards a second. Greyhounds have been known to better that by four yards. Foxhounds have a record of four miles in six and a half minutes, or nearly eighteen yards a second. This speed is to some extent an inherited gift, as wolves can run at the rate of a mile in three minutes. Nansen says that Siberian dogs can travel forty-five miles on ice in five hours.—St. James' Gazette.

A Survival in the Coronation Service.
It is so long since we elected our nominal rulers that many of us forget that a King was ever on the footing of a Roman Consul or an American President. Yet a survival of that practice is still to be heard in the coronation service. "Sirs," said the Archbishop of Canterbury, after Queen Victoria had entered the abbey and shown herself in the prescribed ritual to her people on all sides, "I here present to you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm. Wherefore all you who come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" In this rite, now purely formal, we see the remaining shadow of the old Teutonic custom of choosing the most capable or popular man in the nation to be its ruler.—London Spectator.

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