

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 15¢ 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.

It is an open question at times which will be smashed, the record or the automobile.

Santos-Dumont has won the prize, but it will be a long time before his frightful balloon is ready to take freight and passengers.

Great Britain with her colonies owns nearly one-half of the total tonnage belonging to the marine of forty nations, or 14,000,000 tons out of a total of 29,000,000.

The Gathmann gun did not realize expectations, but no doubt some other invention will realize the hopes of civilization for a more expeditious means of killing people.

No sooner was the automobile exhibition closed in New York City than boxes for the Horse Show were sold to the amount of \$30,000, or \$5000 more than last year. Hoofs hold their own against wheels.

The Postoffice Department no longer regards free rural delivery as experimental. The farmers have most enthusiastically welcomed the service, and Congress for several years has made very liberal appropriations to extend it.

W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, says: "The excuse for the introduction of the school garden into the United States lies in the right of country children to get the benefit of the educational advantages embodied in their environment." That is, things are teachers as well as books. Book knowledge at best is second-hand information.

Referring to the difficulty of civilizing Sioux Indians, Miss Annie B. Scoville, writes: "The Government tried to civilize these Indians by issuing wagons, and they used them to feed the ponies from; stoves, and they knocked off the tops and used them over the camp-fires; cows, and the Indian saw in them what he had in the buffalo-meat—and ate them up."

A fact indicative of the great progress higher education in America has made within the last generation is that of 7969 persons named in "Who's Who" who furnished personal data, 5486 were graduates of colleges or of like institutions and 808 received only common school education. We shall soon present a unique spectacle in history—a democratic nation led by men of learning.

The finding of great coal beds in Alaska and of extensive deposits of asphalt in Michigan is better than the discovery of new gold mines. Coal in Alaska is a measurable offset to the wintriness of the climate. Cheap fuel is the one thing needed to hasten the development of the mineral wealth of the Territory. The asphalt supply in Michigan, if it shall prove to be extensive, will hardly be a less welcome contribution to the need of the country. The asphalt supply of the world that is readily accessible for commercial purposes has fallen largely into the hands of a few owners. If we can get it as near at hand as Michigan in Trinidad and Venezuela, and perhaps we can expect to have our streets paved at a more moderate cost, observes the Philadelphia Record.

"It is a very unique but most valuable pamphlet, and is worth fifty times the selling price. Every Afro-American of race pride, and every patriotic American should buy one," and retain it in their homes as an ornament, as the cause which it is sold for is a good one.

Stations on the Russian Railway in Manchuria are placed 18 miles apart without reference to the location of towns.

THE TIME THAT'S LOST IN WISHING.

I hear folks keep a-wishin' from the early morn till late,
A-wishin' they was wealthy an' a-wishin' they was great;
If stout, they'd be more slender; an' if slim, they'd be more fat—
A disconcerted army, wishin' this an' wishin' that.
An' I've done a heap o' thinkin' on the subject, first an' last,
Why people squint an' fidget in the places where they're cast;
Yes, an' wish for fields t' conquer when they simple duties shirk,
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might be better spent in work.

There's wishin' in the country for position an' renown,
For wealth an' place an' power there is wishin' in the town;
While the city folks, inclinin' more t' laurel wreaths o' fame
Than more prosaic objects, keep on wishin' just the same
The malady's infectious an' it deals as hard a blow
T' women gowned in satin as t' those in calico;
It steals as many hours from the banker as the clerk,
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might be better spent in work.

Folks may spend an hour thinkin' an' some good from it may come,
An' hour's nap at noontime may improve your feelin's soney;
An hour spent in singin' may see sorrow's banner furled,
But an hour spent in wishin' is a dead-end t' the world!
An' so I'd have the wishin'-hours gathered up an' spent
For chunks o' perseverance, or, in other words, content;
Since behind these idle hours lots o' little troubles lurk,
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might be better spent in work.

—Roy Farrell Green, in Paek.



AUNT CELESTE'S OLD FASHIONED STORY.

AUNT CELESTE is a quaint-looking, pretty little old woman, with white hair smoothed down over her ears, and strangely fashioned old gowns of antique pattern. A slim, blue-eyed, low-voiced, loving little spinster with the queer manners of an elder day and the appearance of one of those old-fashioned bisque court ladies that our mothers stood on the what-not till the rising generation made dolls of them and put them out of fashion by the strong hand. Even so is poor Aunt Celeste, with her antique courtliness, her gently radiant soul, and her relics of lace and flowered silk, passing gracefully and swiftly and perhaps sadly into the dim corners of the old home, where already her grand-nieces and grand-nephews are sitting in the light.

When little Marie and her brother Tom came up from Boston last week Aunt Celeste made a great ado about them. She was always fond of children, never admitting that she had a favorite, but winning them all with the pretty old stories of her girlhood and fairy tales so unbelievable that the little ones laughed until they cried over her preposterous giants and ogres. Perhaps it was because she fancied in little Marie the reincarnation of her own childhood, perhaps because of the girl's singular gentleness and grave deportment; perhaps it was because the poor old soul yearned at last to tell something of her own heartaches, but for some reason that doesn't matter Aunt Celeste gave little Marie the only glimpse that ever found the gray, old, simple secret of her story.

"They were searching her faded treasures for scraps of ribbon and lace to



THE OLD WOMAN PICKED IT UP TENDERLY.

adorn a doll when the child came across an old daguerrotype of a curly haired soldier.

"Who is the handsome soldier, auntie?"

"The old woman picked it up tenderly, wiping its surface with her little lace handkerchief, and smiling wistfully.

"And if I tell you, Marie, you mustn't laugh."

"I promise, cross my heart, auntie."

"It was ever so long ago, Marie, that I saw him first. We were at school then, your grandma and I, down at the old convent in Egremont. Our best friend among the pupils was Miss Hurlingham. Poor Edith, she married a soldier and died only a few years ago at Calcutta or somewhere her husband was stationed. She was an English girl, and her father was an earl or a baron, I forget which, but at any rate he was a minister at Washington.

"It must have been just after the Crimean War that we heard Edith's brother Cecil, Cecil Hurlingham, was coming to visit her. He was only a captain then, but a viscount, and you may be sure the convent girls were silly enough to make a great ado about his visit. A little entertainment was planned and there was to be a lawn fete after it and though it was a most unusual thing, the good nuns finally agreed to let us have a dance in the parlors. As there were to be no gentlemen present but Captain Hurlingham and his father, of course most of the girls had to be content to choose other girls for their partners, and then

came the momentous question as to which of us the young soldier would select for his dancing mate. Ah, little one, we were all very giddy and silly in those old days.

"I remember quite well what a gallant young fellow he looked that evening when he came across the lawn between the old lord and Edith. He wore the uniform of an English officer, such a merry, boyish gentleman that I'm afraid everyone of us fell in love with him."

"You, too, auntie?"

"Ah, well, honey, I thought him the finest, handsomest, tenderest gallant possible, and perhaps my heart fluttered harder than anyone's when the time came for choosing partners. Indeed, he was a modest, winsome gentleman, Marie," continued the old lady, absently gazing at the little picture, "and made a name for himself afterwards in the wars of his country."

"But the dance, auntie?" asked the child. "Who was his partner in the dance?"

"He chose me, dearie, he chose me." The little old woman was folding the picture away now into an old lavender scarf. "This was the scarf I wore that evening, Marie." He voice was low and tremulous with the new-old memories of girlhood. She fumbled deeper into her old leather trunk and pulled out a time-stained prayer book, within the pages of which withered flowers and scraps of writing and a few ringlets of hair made voiceless records of her youth.

"This is his hair, honey," she said, holding out a yellow curl tied with a ribbon of faded blue, "and this is his writing on this card."

In the nervous, thin hand was a bit of paper inscribed, "A heart taken for my Celeste from Cecil." It was in boyish scrawl, and little Marie read it over and over before she asked:

"Is this the token, this card?"

"No, no, dearie. The token was a ring, a gorgeous ring with a diamond and some rare pearls in the setting."

"May I see the ring, auntie?"

"Bless you, little sweetheart," smiled the old lady, putting away her treasures with reverent, trembling hands. "I wish you might see it, but I sent it back to him. You know I was only a schoolgirl, a child then, and the good nuns made me send it back. And so I sent it back; I sent it back, Marie, but I kept the little card. It was a good and gracious soldier."

"And is that all you know about him, auntie?"

"That's all,"—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Panic About Legs.

Another sensational scientist has sent out a wild alarm that means sleepless nights for the nervous. This reckless distributor of terror is Professor Yung, of the University of Guelph, Switzerland, who announces that in a million years, or even less, we human beings will have no legs.

He has discovered that men are developing a marked disinclination to "personal locomotion"—or, to put it in plainer English, to walking. For the reason that trams, motor cars and trains take them about with greater comfort and rapidity.

A man engaged in the manufacture of trauers has called upon us and exhibited symptoms of grief and alarm at the thought that soon there may be no leg for him to clothe, and a maker of boots panic stricken, has asked for the latest news about feet. In the meantime he has curtailed his personal expenses and thought out a plan to convert his business into a limited liability company and unload the risk of a legless era upon the lay public.

In a day not so very far distant, Professor Yung opines, man will be nothing but brains and arms. There will be neither trousers nor boots to him, nothing to which to attach them. He will resemble the monkey even more than he does now, if possible, and he will swing himself from house to office on rings specially suspended for the purpose, his fast disappearing legs waving uselessly in the breeze neither serviceable nor ornamental.—London Express.

Roman Remains in London.

As a result of the extensive excavations which have recently been made in London Wall, says a London special in the Paris Messenger, several Roman coins were brought to light. They consist of two specimens of Antoninus Pius (second brass) who died in A. D. 161; one Trajan (also a second brass), who flourished about the same time; Postumus (first brass), who was assassinated about the year A. D. 268, and a Vespasian (second brass), the date of which would be between the years A. D. 70 and 79.

It is an interesting fact that a large number of the coins of Postumus were evidently restruck, as they still retain on their surfaces some traces of the effigies of preceding rulers, a circumstance which is believed by numismatists to show that he hastily re-stamped with his own portrait a part of the current coin of the empire.

Mere Opinion.

We can forgive a man for a good many other shortcomings if we know he is a slave to the bathing habit. It is hard to imagine anything any more contemptible than the man who howls when he is beaten at his own game.

A woman will dress for three hours to appear for twenty minutes at a reception, and never notice the waste of time.

They say a bad boy may develop into a useful man, but most of us are willing to have good boys and hope for the best.

Anyone can be the foolish half of a genius.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR.



Winter in the Sierras.

The pines are black on Sierra's slope,
And white are the drifted snows;
The flowers are gone, the buckthorn bare,
And chilly the north wind blows,
The pine-boughs creak,
And the pine-trees speak
A language the north wind knows.

There's never a track leads in or out
Of the cave of the big brown bear;
The squirrels have hid in their deepest holes,
And fastened the doors with care.
The red fox prowls,
And the lean wolf howls
As he hunts far down from the lair.

The eagle hangs on the wing all day,
On the chance of a single kill;
The little gray hawk hunts far and wide
Before he can get his fill.
The snow-wreaths sift,
And the deep snows drift
To the canyons deep and still.
—Mary Austin, in St. Nicholas.

Volunteers on the Ice.

During the severe frost of 1890 a number of Lincolnshire Volunteers conceived the happy thought of carrying out their drills on the ice, says an English magazine. Three companies of them accordingly put on each man his skates and met at Stamp End Lock on the Witham River, December 29. Here they performed the movements of their drill as firmly and precisely as on land. Then, rites in hand, they skated in fours to Boston, keeping time and step with remarkable skill. Other musters took place, all successfully carried through. The men could do the march past in line and in column and at the double excellently, the only thing that troubled them being the "marking" of time.

Habits.

Ned was watching grandpa put on his shoes. "Why did you turn 'em over to shake 'em before you put 'em on?" he asked.

"Did I?" said grandpa.

"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see anything come out. I have to shake the sand out of my shoes 'most every morning."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice that I shook my shoes, Ned; but I got in the habit of shaking my shoes every time before putting them on when I was in India."

"Why did you do it there?"

"To shake out scorpions or centipedes or other vermin that might be hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here, for we don't have such things."

"I know, but I formed the habit; and now I do it without thinking."

"Habit is a queer thing; isn't it?" said Ned.

"It's a very strong thing," said grandpa; "remember that, my boy. A habit is a chain that grows stronger every day, and it seems as if a bad habit grows stronger faster than a good one. If you want to have good habits when you are old, form them while you are young, and let them be growing strong all the while you live."—Mayflower.

An Intelligent Poet.

"Have animals reason?" was one of the questions raised by Lord Avebury in an interesting address given at the London Institution, and certainly it seems hard to deny to the intelligent poodle Dan, with whom Lord Avebury experimented, some glimmering of the faculty which is said to separate men from brutes. Dan was able after a time to distinguish between the number of cards inscribed with such suggestive words as "Food," "Tea," "Water," and when he required anything, to bring the right card. Lord Avebury thought it was hardly possible to study closely communities of ants without allowing that they were possessed of reasoning powers in some degree and even of moral feeling. On the other hand, the processional caterpillar appears to be an insect of a very low order of intelligence. Processional caterpillars when out for an expedition weave a thread, by which they find their way back, and a small party was lured by an ingenious scientist up a flower pot, and round the top. He then cleared away the ascending thread, and for eight days did these caterpillars walk round and round the top of the flower pot, following the circular thread which remained, until they dropped off from fatigue and exhaustion.—London Chronicle.

A Mean Advantage.

A story is told of a boy named Jack, who was quite naughty in school and was frequently punished. One day the teacher decided to ask the principal to whip Jack. So she gave Jack a note to the principal, written thus: "Dear Mr. Smith: Please give a thorough whipping to the bearer." It happened that a German boy, who had recently entered the school and knew very little English, was passing through the hall just as Jack was reluctantly approaching the principal's office.

"Hello, Fritz," said Jack, suddenly, as a bright idea occurred to him. "Say, Fritz, take this in there, please," pointing towards the office door.

"Yes," answered Fritz, who was glad to be of use to some one else.

So into the office went Fritz with an innocent air. What was his astonishment to find himself collared by the principal, and to see a stout rod brandished over his head.

"Ach, no, no!" cried he, but, alas! he could not explain in English and the principal understood no German. So poor Fritz was soundly thrashed, and not until the next day did the principal learn his mistake.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.



How the Ninth's Heroes Fell.

MONG the recent arrivals on the Empress of China from the Orient was Lieutenant F. P. Allison, of the United States Navy, who was on his way home from Manila.

Speaking of the massacre of the members of the Ninth Infantry in Samar, he said the natives had grown to like the negro troops, and when the Ninth arrived, it was thought the same friendly feeling would be shown to them, and the guard was not as strictly kept as it otherwise would have been.

The night before the massacre the village president went to Captain Connel and before the padre declared that it would take 100 more bombs (native laborers) to do certain pioneer work, and he had not sufficient.

Captain Connel said: "Do the best you can. Get any native who will work, but clear away the underbrush." "Just after daybreak," continued the Lieutenant, "natives with bolos to cut underbrush began coming into camp. Then the massacre began. The last underbrush man killed the sentry; the church bell rang; the soldiers were at breakfast below the floor that held their arms. The insurgents divided, half going upstairs and shooting down and the other half going into the mess room and murdering the unarmed soldiers.

"Not one of the survivors turned his back upon the scene until all was lost, their officers fallen, their comrades slaughtered and a terrible vengeance executed upon the enemy. Then they saved themselves and their wounded mates.

"Captain Connel apparently was awakened in his quarters by the attackers pouring in. He jumped from the window, but his guards had all been slaughtered. He was struck down by many bolos almost as soon as he reached the ground. The assassins hacked his body into bits, severing the head, upon which they piled paper and wood, setting them on fire to render the face unrecognizable. The body, however, was identified by Lieutenant Drouillard's detachment, which came down from Basy.

"The bodies of Lieutenant Bumpus and the doctor were found upon a bridge leading up to the quarters over a little stream. The Lieutenant had a bolo cut horizontally across the forehead, almost severing the top of the head, and a deep gash down each side of the face. The doctor's body was not so badly mutilated.

"Separated from their weapons, most of the rank and file fought like heroes with table knives, stones, clubs and such rude weapons as chance threw in their way. It was a bitter fate that befell those who closed with the Americans before they received their death wounds. Some of the native dead were buried by their own crew before they fled, but Colonel Derussy ordered 100 more to be thrown into a trench.

"A rifle in the hands of the first sergeant of the company did terrible execution. The sergeant, who is now in the Tocoblan Hospital, killed the faithless president, who led the attack. With six men he fought his way to the headquarters building to try to rescue some of the men. Despite the mad rushes of the savages that surrounded them, they were able to secure the post colors. Then they cut their way back to the beach, where another little knot of comrades were defending the barotots and their wounded companions."

An Hour's Struggle For Life.

IN 1818 Lord William Pitt Lennox sailed for Canada in the frigate Iphigenia. Just before 8 o'clock one evening, under a freshening breeze, there came the cry, "Man overboard!" "Clear away the cutter!" cried Lieutenant—. He then threw over a life-buoy, ordered the first lieutenant to take care of the ship, and in another instant went overboard himself after the drowning man.

The frigate was going rapidly and the wind was high. In a few moments the heads of the struggling men were out of sight. The cutter dropped astern, shipped a sea, and disappeared in the darkness. For not a fly was night coming on, but a dismal cloud, which had been all day approaching, obscured what twilight was left. The glass was falling, and it was evident from all signs that a dirty night was coming on.

The two men had not appeared. Every man on board was straining his gaze to windward. An hour passed, an hour that seemed like an age, when suddenly there came a voice from under the lee, "Stand fast! Heave us a rope!"

There was the cutter with the half-drowned sailor, the lieutenant, the crew, life-buoy and all. They were soon on deck, and there the lieutenant told his story.

"The sea broke over us, and do what we would we couldn't reach the life-buoy. Since we was too much disabled to swim, for he had struck his head in falling, and besides that, the ship had gone clear over him. He never attempted to touch me, and when he got too weak even to struggle, he blessed me, and said, 'Try to save yourself.'"

"I let him go, struck out for the buoy, reached it, and with the other hand grasped for Simcoe, for now he was literally sinking.

"I caught his hair and pushed the buoy against his breast. He clutched it, and with my help got his head high enough for breathing. I strained my eyes for the boat, but I could not see it. Suddenly there was a sound of oars in oarlocks. I cried out with all my might.

"'Where, sir, where?' I heard one of the sailors call from to windward. 'Dead to—,' but I was immersed before I got out the word 'leeward.'

"'Where, sir, where?' came the voice.

"'Leeward!' I roared. "They backed down on us, and we were dragged in. It seemed as if we had been centuries away from the ship."

Hitched Schoolhouse to a Tree.

A special from Harrison, Neb., says an extraordinary incident of the White River floods developed there when Miss Lizzie Cottman saved thirteen children from drowning. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the daring woman also saved Schoolhouse 19 for the Sioux County taxpayers.

The building, a small wooden affair, occupied a small glade 100 yards from the banks of the White River. The stream had reached the proportions of a torrent because of the melting snow and rain. Gradually the water backed into the ravine and when Miss Cottman arrived the school children were making merry in the building, which was nearly surrounded by a thin sheet of water.

An hour later Miss Cottman was frightened by hearing the water passing under the house with a roaring sound, which gradually increased. The land was twenty feet away, and the water there was deep. The girl at first concluded to wait for some passing farmer. None came, and in an hour she felt the building shaking. The supports were giving away.

Then she sprang into the water after making the children promise to wait inside. The little ones pressed their faces against the window and screamed as they saw their teacher battling with the flood.

Miss Cottman found the water nearly over her head but she got through to dry land. Then she grabbed a horse which one of the children had ridden to school. From a stable she took a rope and leading the horse back plunged again into the torrent. The rope she fastened around the horse's neck and the other end she made fast to the doorjamb of the building.

By this time the building was floating and ready to drift off into the flood. It required desperate work to swim the horse back to the shore and Miss Cottman was forced to hold its head above water to keep it from drowning. The animal dragged the building close to shore and it was tied to a tree and the children sent home.

Drift Two Days on a Capsized Boat.

W. J. Harper, a pioneer resident of Cockburn Island, now residing at Thessalon, had a terrible experience last week.

He was crossing from Thessalon to Little Coburn in his sailboat, when a small gale caught the boat. He succeeded in getting upon the bottom of the boat, and for two days and two nights drifted helplessly, the water at times washing over him, and once he fell asleep and fell overboard, losing his hat. After more than fifty hours the boat touched Grant's Island, and Mr. Harper crawled ashore. He lived on wintergreen berries, strawberry leaves, birch buds, etc., for several days, when a party of Indians coming from John's Island camped on Grant's Island, and found Mr. Harper almost exhausted. They carefully nursed him, poulticed his feet, which were blue and numb, and after twenty-four hours brought him to Thessalon on the 7th, just one week from the day of his departure. Meantime the people of Thessalon, fearing some disaster, had sent out two tugs and bands of men to scour the islands in the vicinity.

Mr. Harper carried the mail between Cockburn and Thessalon for some years, a most perilous undertaking, and on two former occasions nearly lost his life. He has come through this terrible experience very well, and will soon be around as usual.—Toronto Globe.

Rode a Moose Into a Lake.

A party of prominent railroad officials, of St. Paul, Minn., while hunting in the woods surrounding Cass Lake, a country abounding with deer, suddenly came upon a splendid specimen of the moose, near the fringe of the wood. The moose emerged from a tamarack swamp, and as soon as he caught sight of the hunters, four in number, he charged them. They dropped their guns and ran pell-mell for shelter.

The only refuge was the braches above them, and up into a tree each climbed. H. Parkhurst, of the Minneapolis office of the Great Northern, did not hide himself and the moose charged the tree, butting it furiously. In fright Parkhurst dropped onto the back of the moose, clinging tightly. The moose at once started off. Parkhurst's clothes were torn and his flesh bruised by the wild ride to the lake. He attempted to dismount, but was unable to do so. The moose dashed over the frozen edge of the pond and plunged into the water, which was icy cold. Parkhurst floated off the animal's back and with difficulty swam to the shore, where his friends took him in charge.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Water sufficient to cover one acre one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.