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PRODUCE A RACE OF GIANTS.

Two Million Dollars to Be Spent in Scheme to Regenerate the French.

An attempt to breed a race of human giants, one of the most remarkable scientific experiments undertaken in modern times, is to be begin at Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy. It seems that Count de Saint Ouen—a descendant of William the Conqueror—who endowed the undertaking to the extent of \$2,000,000 confidently expected at the time of his death that the fortune which he bequeathed would untimately be the means of regenerating the French people, but though scientists admit that it may be possible to breed a race of giants they regard the scheme on the whole as anything but a wise one. The Count's scheme is practically one of selective propagation. His money is left to encourage giants and giantesses to marry. One per cent will be given away each year. One couple selected every twelvemonth will receive the comfortable sum of \$20,000 as a nesting with the scale of the confortable sum of \$20,000 as a nesting and to support the little giants and giantesses whom the stock may happen to drop down the chimney. The Count de Saint Ouen was not the first to conceive such an idea. Frederick William, the first king of Prussla, and father of Frederick the Great, attempted it nearly 200 years ago. He collected 2,400 giants, whom he enlisted in a regiment known as the "Potsdam Guard." Many giants were kidnaped for this regiment. Frederick conceive such an idea. Frederick of its regiment known as the "Potsdam Guard." Many giants were kidnaped for this regiment. Frederick conceive such an idea was under seven feet in height. The scheme for cultivating giants, however, was abandoned before any important results were observed. Yet it is said that abnormally tall men in the vicinity of Potsdam to-day claim direct descent from Frederick's famous giant regiment. It is, of course, recognized that great stature can be inherited. The best evidence that such a characteristic can be developed by propagation may be found in the wrestlers of Japan. They are much taller and very much heavier than the Japanese as a race, laving for cen

Influence of Rainfall.

Mr. Clayton of the Blue Hill observatory, has a suggestive paper in the Popular Science Monthly on the influence of rainfall on commercial and political affairs. Every severe financial panic in the United States has been closely, associated with a protracted season of deficient rainfall. The outbreak of the boxer war in China was at least partially due to the impoverishment of the people by drought. A severe winter precipitated the French revolution. The Russians saying that January and February are two invincible generals was exemplified by the disastrous Moscow campaign of 1812. In the year 54 B. C. Caesar's legions in Gaul were defeated on account of their scattered stations, and the stations were placed wide apart because a scanty harvest had made this disposition a necessity. These are only a few of many examples that might be cited.

Old-Time Coaching

Old-Time Coaching.

On December 21, 1843, the "Prince of Wales," the last of the coaches running between London and Bristol, was taken off the road. The decay of coaching had set in about four years earlier, and one by one the coaches had given place to the railway, after enjoying palmy days lasting about 20 years. It was on the Bristol road that the first mail coach was driven, the institution being due to the enterprise of Mr. Palmer, M. P., for Bath. The coach started from London on August 8, 1784, at 8 a. m., and reached Bristol at 11 o'clock in the night, the coaches previously driven taking from Monday to Wednesday to reach Bath. Other routes were opened in the following year, and the regulation pace of six miles an hour gradually increased to ten when the railway entered into competition, carried the first mail in 1838, and killed coaching.

Blame Monte Carlo Officials.

It is now more than intirated that all the recent stories of heavy gambling at Monte Carlo by Schwab, the steel magnate, were set afloat for advertising purposes by officials of the famous resort. They have been known to play such tricks in the past, and as Monte Carlo is going out of favor owing to the rapacity of hotelkeepers it is easy to imagine that Mr. Schwab's visit was used for the purpose indi-

USES,

Ah, from the niggard tree of time How quickly fall the hours! It needs no touch of wind or rime To loose such facile flowers.

Drift of the dead year's harvesting, They clog to-morrow's way, Yet serve to shelter growths of spring Beneath their warm decay.

Or, blent by pious hands with rare Sweet savors of content, Surprise the soul's December air With June's forgotten scent. dith Wharton, in Scribner's Magazi -Edith



"About the meanest thing I ever did," said Bass McPheeters, who had served as a volunteer through the Cuban campaign, "was to steal brandy off the dead dagos. Every man Jack of them had a flask. I guess it was the worst brandy ever distilled, but it tasted mighty good to me, and, as I say, I stole it and drank it and felt like a ghoul all the time."

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"Ah, you're thin-skinned," growled Heathcote, a Harvard man who had come to be a Texas ranger because he was plucked at West Point; "if you want to feel real downright thirty cents you ought to try peacemaking between a woman and a wife-beating husband. I did. You remember it, don't you, Harris? The time I came back from Langtry in an ambulance? I made peace between them all right, but what they did to me 'between them' was a plenty. Robbing dead dagos is a Sabbath pastime compared them' was a plenty. Robbing dead dagos is a Sabbath pastime compared them' was a plenty. Robbing dead dagos is a Sabbath pastime compared to peacemaking and twice as remunerative."

"Neither one of you knows what he's talking about," drawled Lieutenant Collins, who was doing his second year on the frontier with his regiment, and held the record as the only officer in it who was not pulling wires for deached service. "One of you is a thief and the other a fool, but I can tell you an experience that made me look like a thief and feel like a fool for a long time.

"You remember, Heathcote, while I

"You remember, Heathcote, while I "You remember, Heathcote, while I was at the academy I was forever running back to Cincinnati to spend a day, a week or a month, or whatever time I could get on sick leave, bogus telegrams or other subterfuges. Well, they were all bogus, but I had a reason, or thought I had, for going there so often. Woman? Yes, of course it was a woman? That is, she was the making of a an. That is, she was the making of a fine and beautiful woman. She was a mere girl then, just come eighteen, and as gentle and generous a soul as ever lived. I might as well admit that I had my heart set and my hopes built on her and—lost. I didn't find out that on her and—lost. I didn't hid out that part, the loss part, though, till my last visit to Cincinnati, and as that's what I started out to tell about, I'l just be-

gin there.
"Well, I don't think Edith-that was "Well. I don't think Edith—that was her name—I don't think she ever knew how I felt toward her; you see I was never forehanded with women, or she wouldn't have invited me to her theatre party. I don't know exactly how her mother sprung it, but anyhow we hadn't beer in Edith's house five minutes before everybody knew that she was engaged to Herbert Humphreys, a spruce little dandy with light-colored eyes and clothes that would have made Freddie Gebhard look like a costermonger. I didn't like him first, last nor any time, but of course I was a prejudiced party.

party.
"Well, I was assigned, that's what you call it, I guess; I was assigned to Fannie Ziegler—you know the Zieglers, Heathcote? Brewers, you know, and we went off to the theatre in a lot of the control of the cont carriages, the girls all talking about the coming wedding and what lovely doings would be pulled off, and what a lovely ring that was Edith had, and -you can just guess how I enjoyed t theatre party. I don't remember what the play was or who was in my carriage besides Fannie or anything about it except that one of the party was a girl cousin of Edith's who had come from New Orleans to be leading lady, or bridesmaid, or whatever it is

wedding. "Well, sir, she was a stunner! I think if I hadn't been so faded on



since then, but it was too late. I'm always too late on the wooling business, but wait. That comes in the story, too. We were at the theatre, weren't we? Well, I noticed this squirt Humphrys. Edith's didn't exceed gothers and I went hack to West Point. Poor we? Well, I noticed this squirt Humphrys. All yet had a way with him that distanced us all, and I began to wonder what Edith and adoll us men so weary. Maybe the girls didn't notice it, or maybe they didn't let on, for they all saw that Goriane was all and I began to wonder what Edith thought of the sudden litration that made all us men so weary. Maybe the girls didn't notice it, or maybe they didn't let on, for they all saw that Goriane was all and all the properties of the sudden litration that made all us men so weary. Maybe the girls didn't notice it, or maybe they didn't let on, for they all saw that Goriane was all and I began to wonder what Edith thought of the sudden litration that made all us men so weary. Maybe the girls didn't notice it, or maybe they didn't let on, for they all saw that Goriane was a call and I began to wonder what Edith theat was a winner from Winnerville.

"The last thing I remember at the theat was a distinct properties of the put out her big with hand at all uses the put out her big with hand that all my and its setting was an oblong opal, immed with diamonds, but the peuclarity of it, and I think its chief beauty, was the green glory of the two words and it i'd say yes myself to a ring like that. Then she laughed in that limpid, that. Then she laughed in that limpid, was a case of comme with velvet eyes have, and said: "I day a yes myself to a ring like that." Then she laughed in that limpid, while singer to see how it looked." Reliable was a guestiant she as a guestiant she was a distinct special was a case of long of the put of the word limps. The put of the didn't say yes myself to a ring like that. Then she laughed in that limpid, while singer to see how it looked. The latter was with us. News with the pound in the put o

said: I'd say yes myself to a ring like that.' Then she laughed in that limpld, coddling way a certain class of women have, and Humphreys—he was a forward imp—slipped the ring on her plump, white finger 'to see how it looked.' Edith's mother was with us, chaperoning the party, but nobody except me seemed to have any evid thoughts, and I even suspected myself. "We got back to the house without anything more thrilling than small talk, and after a nice little supper at which, I thought, Humphreys and the crecle kept up a pretty steady exchange of rather tropical compliments, we all went into the music room for a song. I think there were eight besides in Clucinnati, and all old friends except Humphreys and the New Orleans cousin. She fitted in all right, at least with the men, but Humphreys—I just couldn't help figuring him out as an interloper, a missit, a what you might call 'cheap skate.'

"Now for the ugly part of it. Somebody asked Edith to sing a ballad and of course we all insisted. She sat down to the plano, fingered the keys a moment, took off the beautiful marquise ring, laid it on the top of the instrument, and began to play and sing. I think she played four or five things before we would let her stop. She was an exquisite planiste and one of those



amiable girls who loved to give pleasure without being coaxed. She didn't aminobe girls who loved to give pleasure without being coard. She didn't require any notes, and as she played wwe wandered about the big room or sat still to enjoy the effect. I noticed that some of the girls couldn't resist picking my the ring. They were all on-

www wandered about the big room osat still to enjoy the effect. I noticed that some of the girls couldn't resist picking up the ring. They were all envious of it, and if I'm not mistaken Humphreys stood for quite a while near the piano. At any rate it was during the music that I got my only chance to whisper to Corinne Forgeron. That's what makes me think Humphreys must have been by the piano. "When Edith got through playing and looked for her ring it was gone! She laughed at first and called on us to 'quit joking,' but when we had lighted all the lights and crawled all lover the floor and lifted everything movable, poor Edith began to pout, and, well, you can imagine how we felt. No servant had entered the room. The top of the piano was closed, it was an upright one, and we moved the instrument four times in the vain search. The men looked sheepishly at one another. The girls looked mystified and scared. Only Humphreys kept up his front. Nobody wanted to go first, and everybody knew it was time to go. I, for one, was convinced that there was a thief in the company, and naturally I suspected it was Edith's fiance, whom I hated cordially. Finally, in a burst of long suppressed anger, I suggested that the men should refire to the parlor and search one another. That made the girls angry, and Edith began to cry. At last we all retired, feeling like, a lot of whipped curs, all but Humphreys. He had the impudence it care. cry. At last we all retired, feeling like a lot of whipped curs, all but Humphreys. He had the impudence to keep reassuring us, said that no doubt the ring would 'turn up,' and so forth, till I felt like choking him. Then he said something to poor Edith about her 'carelessness,' and, upon my word, if Fannie Ziegler wasn't hanging to my arm I'd have smashed him one then and there. At last we all retired, feeling like drop them about."

But we all went home then, and, to Edith I'd have gone after that cousin.
Her name was Corinne Forgeron, a blonde creole with purple eyes and a form! Oh, say! I've seen her only once

"There is one woman in Michigan who will never spend any more money in Paris," said a traveling man who had been a guest in the house of which the woman is mistress, says the Bangor News. "She and her good husband are entitled to the best earth can produce. They have labored together and had a variety of experiences in their forty years of married life. "Less than a year ago they thought they had reached the long desired but usually receding time which men and

isually receding time which men and women hope to reach when they can sit down and take their case. So they went journeying beyond the sea. "When they got to Paris the good

wife began lamenting. The splendor of the shops along the boulevards burst of the shops along the contevarus out-upon her vision like an unexpected dream of beauty. Why had they not visited Paris long ago? "Now her crochet was furniture, and you know that Frencth furniture sim-ply makes a woman stand stiff. This

ply makes a woman stand stiff. This good woman talked about the furniture she saw until her fine old husband told

she saw until her fine old husband told her to go and order what she wanted and they would have it to enjoy in the evening of their lives.

"When they got home they told their neighbors, and the town paper printed pieces about the Parisian purchase and the whole village was standing thote awaiting the coming importation. Only ten years before they had refurnished their home out of the factories at Grand Rapids. All this had to be sacrificed. Some of it was sold and some of it was parcelled out as gifts. Finally the French outfit reached its destination.

of it was parcelled out as gifts. Finally the French outfit reached its destination.

"I was in town while it was being set up. As an old friend I was invited to see the imported goods and eat dinner.

"One of the articles was a handsome dresser. My friends were not content with having me look at the article, but I must inspect it. So far as my friends are concerned, I shall always regret that I consented, but the inspection also caused me to think better of my mechanical friends in this country, for I made the discovery by a trade mark on the bottom of one of the drawers that the furniture had been turned out in Grand Rapids, shipped to France and there sold as Parisian handicraft.

"As an American I laughed from my cuff buttons up to my shoulder. But as Michigan is a pretty big State, and lots of people go abroad and buy on the other side, I have no hesitation in telling the story. I quite agree with my host, who said: 'Between the cuteness of those chaps in Grand Rapids, and the glibness of a Paris dealer, the middleman is sure to go up against it."

A well known manufacturer of musi-cal instruments in Court A well known hands and Germany—Max cal instruments in Germany—Max Freyer—has introduced a process for making violins from clay. These fidmaking violins from clay. These fid-dles are of the ordinary pattern, but are cast in molds, so that each instruare cast in moits, so that each instru-ment is an exact counterpart of its fellow. It is said, but it is somewhat hard to believe, that the porcelain body acts as a better resonator than one of word, and that the tone of the instru-ment is therefore singularly pure and full. The same inventor is also making mandolins of china clay, and it seems that they are much appreciated in mandolins of china clay, and it seems that they are much appreciated in southern countries where this instrument in regarded more seriously than its in Britain. The obvious disadvantage of a musical instrument being made of china clay is the brittleness of that material, as well as its weight, but both these drawbacks seem to have been forgotten. For some time we have heard rumors of most excellent violins being made of aluminum, and this metal, from its extreme lightness and other qualities, would seem to be admirably adapted to such a purpose.—Chambers's Journal.

"They Do Drop Them About."
A curious old faddist is to be met that with in the streets of Birmingham, who goes about murmuring, "They do drop them about." "They"—ladies, and the drop them about." "They"—ladies, and "them"—halipins, of which the old gentleman has a fine collection. Between Five Ways and Broad Street Corner, a distance of about a mile, as he informed a friend, he had picked up no fewer than a dozen. As the friend left formed a friend, he had picked up no fewer than a dozen. As the friend left him he stooped down and picked up another, repeating the while, "They do drop them about." He has a col-lection of about 355° 2f all sorts and sizes.—Liverpool Pos.

from the dukedom.

The dukedom is one of the proudest in Great Britain; its estate among the richest. The present duke succeeded to the title on the death of the fifth duke in 1879, and his right was not questioned until Mrs. Druce appeared on the scene. Mrs. Druce is the widow of a legitimate son of Thomas Charles Druce, a merchant on Baker street, London. The elder Druce is supposed to have died in 1864, leaving a will bequeathing his property to Herbert Druce, an illegitimate son: Mrs. Druce brought a suit to have Thomas C. Druce's estate awarded to her son as the legitimate heir, but she has just been defeated in the Probate Court.

In support of her suit Mrs. Druce.

been defeated in the Probate Court.

In support of her suit Mrs. Druce set up the remarkable claim that Thomas C. Druce was really the fifth Duke of Portland, who did not die until 1879. She asserted that the alleged burial of Druce in 1864 was a fraudulent affair, and that the coffin was loaded with lead pipe instead of a corpse. Her explanation of this double life was as follows:

"The marriage on October 30, 1851, at New Windsor, Berkshire, between my late husband's father and mother, in which the names were recorded as

in which the names were recorded as Thomas Charles Druce and Annie May was in reality between the Marquis of Titchfield, afterward the fifth Duke of Portland, and the illegitimate daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley.

Fortland, and the filegitimate daughter of the fifth Earl of Berkeley.

"The marquis and his brother, Lord George Bentinck, were both in love with the same woman, but while the younger's suit received the approbation of her father the latter not only discouraged the desire of the eldest son, but treated him with insuit and referred in very gross terms to a skin disease from which he suffered. The climax to the quarrel between the two brothers was reached September 21, 1848, when Lord George was found dead near Welbeck Abbey—It was stated from a spasm of the heart. Whether this was the true cause of his death will never be known, but it is certain that from that time my husband's father suffered the keenest remorse and abject fear.

"He took various courses for his protection was a supervised with the sufficiency and select fear.

husband's father suffered the keenest remorse and abject fear.

"He took various courses for his protection, and, adopting the name of Thomas Charles Druce, transferred to himself as Druce an immense property from himself as Duke of Port-land. You know the manner in which he undermined Welbeck Abbey with subterranean apariments. He did precisely the same thing with the Baker street bazaar, his desire in each case being that he might always have ready a place of refuge.
"Realizing the risk of exposure to which he was subjecting himself by his double existence, he determined to end his life as Druce and caused a coffin to be buried with his supposed remains. Even after this his fears were not quieted. At last he determined to assume madness, that, should he ever be accused of crime, he might have the plea of insanity to fall back upon. Taking the name of Harmer and conducting himself in the most extravagant manner, he caused himself to be placed upder the care of Dr. Forbes Winslow and succeeded entirely in convincing that gentleman of his madness. But after about a year of incarceration he was permitted to leave."

leave."

There were many peculiar circumstances to lend plausibility to this remarkable tale. It is well known that the fifth Duke of Portland was an exceedingly eccentric character, and that he did honeycomb the grounds about Welbeck Abbey with great chambers and long passages. The building in Londen occupied by the bazaar of the elder Druce was also undermined with a labyrinth of tunnels, whose purpose was not apparent on casual observation.

He had a mession in the server was not a measure of the labyring the server of the labyring the lab

was not apparent on casual observation,
He had a mansion in London, surrounded by a high wall, which shut out prying eyes, and it was supposed he went to his town house, but Mrs. Druce offered another theory. She declared that when the Duke disappeared from the splendid abby he made his way into the Baker street bazaar through one of its hidden tunnels and became transformed for the time being into the tradesman, Thomas Charles Druce. After attending to business for a time the merchant would disappear by way of his labyrinth, be gone for several weeks, and then return to resume the conduct of his affairs, as though he had been absent only a few hours.

Mrs. Druce made desperate efforts to have the coffin of the elder Druce uncarthed for examination, staking her case on the belief that it would be found to contain a quantity of lead pipe instead of the remains of a human body. One would suppose the man who had linherited the Druce fortune would have acceded to such a proposition for the purpose of disposing of the controversy then and there, but be fought it at every step, and succeeded.

controversy then and there, but the gought it at every step, and succeeded an who is one, isn't.—New York Press.

to accept the Duke's eccentricities as a matter of course.

The Duke had a passion for architecture, and much of his vast income was spent on the estate and its buildings. It is estimated that he spent from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 on his subterranean works alone.

There is a subterranean picture gallery that is larger than any other private gallery in England. Among the other underground halls were a large ridling room, a dining room, a ball

other underground halls were a large riding room, a dining room, a ball room, a chapel and baths like those of the Romans.

There is a maze of private tunnels, through which there

through which three persons can walk abreast. They are comfortably heated and are lighted like the main tunnel. All this is a remarkable monument All this is a remarkable monument to human eccentricity, but none of the late Duke's friends apparently sus-pected that remorse was gnawing at his vitals or that he had constructed the wonderful and splendid labyrinth

as a refuge. It was the famous Bess of Hardwick It was the famous Bess of Hardwick who bought the site and remains of the old Premonstratensian Abbey of Welbeck for her son, Sir Charles Cavendish. Welbeck Abbey, which had no abbot for centuries, is in Robin Hood's land. It stands near the centre of what was Sherwood Forest, where Robin and his merry men were wont to despoil the rich to help the poor. Welbeck Park, which contains a part of Sherwood Forest, is one of the finest woodlands in the Kingdom. The chief of the oaks is the Greendale. The chef of the oaks is the Greendale. The fortland might win his bet that a carriage and four might drive through it. That was in 1724.

The fifth Duke of Portland was William John Cavendish Scott Bentinck, He was born in 1800, succeeded to the title in 1851 and died in 1879. He was buried at Kensal Green. His successor, the present Duke, was his third cousin. He was born in 1857, and in 1890 married Winifred, daughter of Thomas Dalles-Yorke of Louth, one of the handsomest women in England.

The Bentinck family took to horse racing 160 years ago, and the present Duke has revived the stables, which were neglected by his eccentric predecessor. There are twenty-five farms in the Duke's domain, and sixty houses are needed to shelter his people.—Philadelphia Record. who bought the site and remains

Keeping Time by His Belt.

Keeping Time by His Belt.

"I've heard of many strange timepleces," said a buyer for a New York fee company, "but I ran across something entirely new in that line last week. I went to a lake back of Newburg to estimate the iee crop. Among the men working there was a heavy set fellow, who was dressed in blanket clothes. He kept his trousers in place with a narrow belt, and several times in the course of the morning I noticed him tighten it a hole at a time.

"What time is it?" I asked him, for my watch was not running.
"He glanced at his belt and answered promptly, '11.30." "Seeing that he had no watch I asked him how he knew, and he explained his system of telling time by his belt. After breakfast, which was eaten at 6 o'clock, the belt was set at the last hole. Every hour during the morning he was forced to take it in a hole. He knew it was thirty minutes after 11 because he had taken in five holes and the belt was just beginning to slacken. After dinner he would let it out again to the last hole, and it would mark off the hours during the afternoom. He said it was as trustworthy as the best watch he had ever owned, and several tests proved that he was right."—New York Tribune.

For Signaling in Fog. An experiment in marine fog signal.