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 form 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.

LABOR WORLD.

Engineers and firemen on the Illinois Central demand an increase in wages.

The Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad will inaugurate a pension system.

Georgia mill owners say they will fight any bill introduced in the State Legislature seeking to prohibit child labor.

Union labor cards held by the retail stores of Nashville, Tenn., have been taken up because of the employment of non-union clerks.

The Prussian Minister of Public Works has forbidden collections among employes for purchasing presents for their superior officers.

Over 7000 bartenders in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut have organized under the banner of the Federation of Labor.

Troy has twenty-seven factories where collars, cuffs and shirts are made. They employ 15,000 persons, four-fifths being women.

Out of the 4166 employes in the transportation and telegraph service of the Austrian State railroads, only 102 have been trained in technical schools.

The subordinate locals of the Iron Moulders' Union of North America have voted down a proposition to increase the number of apprentices.

Organized workingmen of Grand Rapids, Mich., are planning the erection of a trade and labor temple modeled on the lines followed by the Y. M. C. A.

New York has 1881 labor organizations, with a total membership of 261,523 men and 14,618 women. Of this total of 276,141 trades unionists 174,022 are in the city of New York.

In spite of the offer of $54 a month, with rations, quarters and medical attendance, few electricians are enlisting in the United States Army for Philippine service, according to recruiting officers.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Jockey Dale has been suspended indefinitely at New Orleans.

The Eastern Baseball League has lost forty-one players since last fall.

New competition rules have been enacted by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

Senator Slater's bill to prohibit the use of live birds as targets passed the New York Senate.

Yale has beaten Harvard in an intercollegiate championship basketball game by a score of 34 to 21.

Western golfers are strongly opposed in an effort to have the amateur golf championship held in their district.

Nash Turner will ride for W. C. Whitney in England, and will probably have the mount of Nasturtium in the Derby.

Manager Donovan, of St. Louis, is willing to take a chance with Third Baseman Buelow, who had "dicky legs" last season.

L. A. Goodwin, L. de B. Handley and "Don" Reeder, amateur swimmers, have been disqualified by the Atlantic Association of the A. A. U.

Comiskey's new bleachers at Chicago will have a seating capacity of 18,000 people when completed. The stands will completely encircle the field.

With each succeeding season the young people of the United States are showing a decided inclination to indulge more generally in the healthful exercise of swimming.

Both Arthur Gardiner and Eddie C. Bald have determined to return to cycle racing. Bald is shaping up at Hot Springs, Ark., and Gardiner is recovering from a spell of illness.

English "gentlemen riders" must secure an annual license from the stewards of the Jockey Club and pay a yearly subscription of $25 to the Bentinck Benevolent Fund before they are permitted to ride in races against professional jockeys.

Whittled His Leg.

Cal Barnes, living seven miles east of Arcola, Ill., wears an artificial leg and foot which he whittled out of wood with his pocket knife, using no other tool in its manufacture. The limb is a model of neatness and fits so nicely that few who do not know him well would suspect that he was not walking on his natural legs, so easily does he move about.

Barnes lost his foot while in the Klondike gold fields two years ago. He and his brother, Dr. Omer Barnes of Arcola, were far out from their camp when Cal met with an accident which mashed his right foot so badly that his brother decided it should be amputated at once. Being miles away from camp and friends they amputated the foot without even administering an opiate.

JAMIE HAS TOLD ME HE LOVES ME

BY CHARLES M'ILVAINE.

Whirr, whirr, spindle an' wheel,
Naebody knows the rustlin' I feel
Stirrin' an' whirrin' me down to the heel;
For Jamie has told me he loves me.

Flax, thread, treadle an' a',
Rinnin' an' bouncin' an' tearin' awa,
Is naethin' to what's in my noddle at a'
For Jamie has told me he loves me.

Snap, break, a' things in a mix,
Tangle an' knots in a deil o' a fix—
Like to my heart wi' its bletherin' tricks—
Since Jamie has told me he loves me.

Whirr, whirr, spindle and wheel,
A' is now rinnin' as smooth as an eel,
For I know I love Jamie clear down to my heel,
An' Jamie has told me he loves me.
—The Delineator.

MRS. HUGGINS had a few reasons for keeping Tommy at school. In the first place, he was too young to go to work, she wanted to keep him off the streets and, incidentally, she wanted him to learn something. Tommy's teacher had many reasons for wishing Mrs. Huggins would keep him at home. From the pedagogical point of view, Tommy was a scourge. Then he didn't learn anything, or, if he did, he contrived to keep the fact religiously concealed from those concerned.

The only time he ever showed any serious interest in the school exercises was when the fire drill was introduced, and when he found that the children were to march out of the building to the beat of a drum he sneaked shamefacedly up to the principal and, holding his tattered cap in his dirty hands behind him, said:

"Mister Morgan, sir, kin I please beat the drum?"

The astonished principal fairly glowered at Tommy's audacity.

"What!" he snapped, "you beat the drum? Why, sir, you've been on the truant list four times this month. No, indeed, you'll have to improve your conduct very much before you can

YOUNG HUGGINS KEPT HIS WORD TOO.

have a chance at that drum. That's to be a reward of merit in the school. The best boy in each room will be the drummer."

Tommy slunk away, an object of renewed curiosity to half a dozen of his watching comrades.

"What'r yeou rubberin' at?" he growled at Clarence, the model pupil. "I'm goin' t'lick you th' first time yeou beat the drum."

The next day the fire drill became part of the regular exercises. The best boy in each room was intrusted with a new drum and a pair of sticks. The principal took them all in the basement and gave them a lesson in beating a march-time and a quick-step. Tommy saw with suppressed wrath that Clarence was the chosen one, and as the good boy went past his desk to accept the proud appointment he saw a dirty fist with a protruding knuckle shaken threateningly at him.

"I'm goin' t'lick yeou after school," murmured Tommy.

The fire drill proved a great delight to everybody except Tommy and Clarence. The former was devoured with a consuming desire to wallop the drummer, and the latter was hardly able to keep time, so great was his dread of the puissant Tommy and the promised "lickin'."

Young Huggins kept his word, too. He whipped Clarence that evening until the good boy agreed to give up his job as drummer. When Charlie Jones, the second-best boy, took the drum, Tommy issued another ultimatum, with the result that Charlie tearfully yielded the honor, after first sustaining a somewhat vigorous pummeling. No doubt Tommy would have continued this line of action until the drum had descended by inevitable gradations to himself, but his teacher found out all about it and Mrs. Huggins was duly notified that if her son persisted in his muscular pursuit of class honors he would be expelled. Now, if Tommy had any good quality, which is more or less doubtful, it was a fondness for the poor old widow who called him "her baby," so he promptly promised to quit "lickin'" his classmates, and she rewarded his penitence with the gift of a new drum.

This appropriate gift somewhat placated Tommy's disappointed venom, but it proved a new source of annoyance at school. The boy insisted on carrying it thither every morning for the purpose, as he said, "Of showin' dem kids how t' beat a drum fur true." He would come to the school half an hour too early and march around the building, beating all kinds of weird and stirring music from his drum. When the school-bell rang, he'd leave the instrument with the fat old woman who kept the grocery next door, but at recess, at noon, and in the evening he would reappear ready to challenge everybody to a drum-beating contest. As his skill waxed greater his rivals fell away and in due time Tommy came to be recognized as "th' champeen."

Meanwhile the fire drills became less frequent as the children became quick and proficient in the maneuvers calculated to maintain order and safety in case of a fire. For a while weekly drills became the rule, then fortnightly, then monthly, until, as the warm days came on and the fires in the furnace were allowed to go out, the fire drills were forgotten and dust began to accumulate on the class drums.

One warm May day a sudden puff of hot smoke swept in through the north windows of the building and threw the school into sudden panic. A rush of crackling flames, the shouts of people in the street, an explosion and the stifling smell of gasoline completed the disorder. The forgotten school fire bell did not ring, the teachers shrieked, the children began to cry and rush for the doors.

Tommy's room was on the top floor. His teacher, with forty scared youngsters pellmell at her heels, was rushing down the steps when she and they heard the first tap of a drum. In the whole building it was the only one that sounded.

"Rap Tap Rap-tap-a-tap."

Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, loud, precise and vigorous until every frightened child in the swarming hallways heard it and instinctively fell into the marching order of the almost forgotten fire drill. It recalled the scattered senses of the teachers, and its gay tattoo of rollicking strokes seemed to mock at the fire, which was now roaring into the north windows and filling the halls with smoke.

The principal and teachers and the awe-stricken children who first gained the street and saw the fire department attack the burning grocery store could hear the wonderful volleys for minutes after they were safe. The drummer seemed in haste to escape, and the exposed wing of the schoolhouse was all ablaze when he, the last of all, marched out to the music of his own making.

It was Tommy. They all cheered him as he arrived on the sidewalk, and the women were for kissing him, but he seemed in no mood to quit drumming. On the contrary, his stubborn, but ambitious mind seemed bent on a further display of his ability in this line. He acted as though it was his last chance to appear to advantage, and he was "rubbing it in" on the whole gallery of his rivals, his teachers and the principal. So he struck a few fancy measures, and, perhaps with a furtive anticipation of an enforced vacation, made them as merry as a drum can yield.

Nobody ever could convince Tommy that he was a hero. But when school reopened he was permanently "class drummer," and nowadays even the stern principal is lenient with the lawless boy.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Wanted His Share.

"The Treasury Department runs across many funny things in the course of a day's business," said an official of that department. "The mails are full of curious epistles, but as a rule most of them receive polite attention, and answers are returned. Just before the close of the year that ended with December 31 Secretary Gage gave an interview showing the splendid condition of the country in a financial way, and the full purse of Uncle Sam. In his statement he showed that four years ago or a little more the per capita of circulation throughout the country was only $23.14, but that although the population had increased the volume of money has more than kept pace, so that the per capita at the first of the year was $28.73. A man named Schmidt, in New York, saw the statement, and the day after New Year's wrote a letter to the Treasurer, saying that if the per capita was so much, he certainly did not have his portion of it. He enclosed a draft on the Treasurer for the amount that he considered he was entitled to. The draft was presented to Treasurer Roberts, with great solemnity, but he declined to honor it, and directed that no answer be sent to Mr. Schmidt, whose letter was well written and the handwriting good."—Washington Star.

Soldiers' Homes.

The National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Washington, has branches at Dayton, Ohio; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Me.; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind., and Danville, Ill. Then there are State homes in California, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Disability that prevents the applicant from earning his living is a common requirement for admission. A veteran receiving a greater pension that $16 a month is ineligible, under ordinary conditions, for the National Home; elsewhere the practice varies.

Last of "Jack the Ripper."

A Bolton correspondent telegraphs: James Billington, the hangman, whose death took place a few days ago, declared that he never hanged anybody with greater satisfaction than he did Dr. Neill Cream, whom he believed to his dying day to have been "Jack the Ripper." Dr. Cream did all he could to delay the execution, and Billington, becoming impatient, suddenly pulled the fatal bolt. As he did so he distinctly heard Cream say, "I am Jack——" and believed in another second he would have confessed he was "Jack the Ripper." Certainly, as Billington put it, we never heard of the "Ripper" afterward.—London Chronicle.

DYING VISION AND CRY

TALES OF TELEPATHY FROM A CANADIAN LUMBER CAMP.

In the One Joseph Gingras is Said to Have Beheld His Father's Death—The Other is Said to Have Been Heard by His Sweetheart, 300 Miles Away.

Believers in what is occult or the telepathic will perhaps find no difficulty in accounting for the following occurrences in a Gatineau (Canada) lumbering shanty. Ordinary mortals of conservative ideas find it not easy to explain them. The facts are vouched for by a clergyman.

A party of lumbermen were engaged in piling logs on Christmas Eve. They made the piles unusually high. The teamsters expostulated with the log rollers for doing so because of the danger to the lumbermen, if their cant-hooks should slip while they were rolling the heavy logs to such an elevation.

Joseph Gingras, a young French-Canadian, had just made some jesting reply when his foot slipped, and the forty-inch thirteen-foot log slid down upon his shoulders and rolled over him to the ground. His companions carried him to the shanty where he was immediately put to bed, and made as comfortable as possible.

As night came on he fell into a kind of stupor. From this he awekened in a high fever, talking about his father.

"I knew you would come, I was sure of it, father mine. You had better hurry, step along, come quick, my father," he kept calling.

After a time he went on "Keep away from that rollway, don't rest there, get away from the logs." And then in greatest excitement, "There! just what I told you! Oh, he's killed, he's killed! I know it. Mon Dieu, il est mort!"

With that a quantity of blood gushed from his mouth and he fell back in the rigor of fast approaching death. There was just one last sobbing cry, heard above the litany of his comrades as they knelt around him in the old habitant fashion, "Marie, oh Marie!" and he had gone.

Perhaps it was natural on Christmas Day that some of the men should make their way to the pile of logs, the scene of the accident of the preceding day. But they were quite unprepared for what they found there.

During the night several of the logs had bulged out of their places in the heap and rolled down to the roadway. And underneath them, crushed into the snow and of course stone dead, was an elderly man and nearby a little valise he had apparently set down while resting on the pile.

The body was carried to the shanty and laid in the next bunk to that occupied by Joseph Gingras's body. In trying to learn the man's identity the lumbermen discovered in one of his pockets this letter written by Joseph Gingras:

"My Dear Papa:—All goes well so far and we are now settled for the winter near Catfish Lake. You must know the place, just near the Tomassine portage road, three or four miles north of the lake. But yet I do not know why I stay unless it be to forget all about Marie and her devilties. For the work I like not, and Israel is not here after all. No matter; the good God will not let him escape for what he has done to me with his lying tongue.

"And me? My father, you must do just this one thing for me. Come to me here. Come for the Noel sure. Maybe you will see me never more if you come not now. I did wrong to leave you, to persuade you not to come with me as before. Sure, sure, come for the Noel. Your affectionate one,

"JOSEPH."

So it was father and son, killed within a few hours of each other, at the same spot, who were lying in neighboring berths in the same shanty in the stillness of death at the Noel or Christmastide.

Just two days later the clerk of the shanty and one of the teamsters were in the office awaiting their turn to report to the local manager or their employers' firm at River Desert, when they heard a voluble showily clothed woman asking for the address to the shanty where Joseph Gingras was employed.

Her sleigh was outside and she was distracted until she could reach that place. Monsieur would believe her, for truly, yes, truly, she had been told in a vision of the night and in her own soul she felt that she was wanted.

Two days before had she heard her Joseph call to her and go to him she would, to leave him never more, no matter what people said anymore. And the old man Gingras he had himself sent a boy to her house on Christmas Day to tell her to make haste and go to River Desert, if she wished to meet Joseph once more.

And the lumbermen were compelled to tell her that the bodies of father and son were even then on the sled at the door.

It was 11 o'clock on Christmas Eve, when Marie was putting on her wraps in the hallway of her home to go to midnight mass that she distinctly heard her lover call her name in agonized tones, she fancied from the head of the stairs. At which hour the man she had parted from in anger because of evil reports of his sayings respecting her, was dying 300 miles away with her name upon his lips.—New York Sun.

Cooking by Natural Heat.

The Maoris of New Zealand cook their potatoes and other vegetables in volcanic heat. There are a few volcanoes in New Zealand, and some of the Maoris live up in the mountains near them. They make the volcanoes do several useful things for them, but the queerest is the cooking.

LIVING TORPEDO BOATS.

Strange Fish Charged With Electricity in Cuban Waters.

Nature and artifice approach each other. In fact, invention is the chief means of their mutual approach, inasmuch as invention is merely the practical application of nature's laws. At the same time it seems surprising to find that nature has devised a submarine torpedo boat ages before man ever thought of building such a contrivance. Cuban waters swarm with these submarine terrors of nature's manufacture.

Torpedo rays they are called. They constitute one of the puzzles of science. Ages before Benjamin Franklin first drew sparks from the clouds they had solved the principle of electrical storage. In fact, they are living storage batteries. They are an ancient type of fishes, contemporary with the sharks. The torpedo ray is the first cousin to the common skate, which it greatly resembles, though much larger. Each of its big fleshy wings contains an electric battery, which is as truly such as any arrangement of Leyden jars in a scientific laboratory. The batteries consist of a large number of hexagonal cells, each of which is capable of storing a certain amount of electrical energy.

Scientists have given a great deal of study to this extraordinary animal, and they assert that its batteries are nothing more or less than modified muscles. The back of each electric organ is positive, while the ventral part—that is, the side toward the belly of the fish—is negative. It has been ascertained that a current can be conveyed through water for a considerable distance. It exercises all the known powers of electricity, rendering needles magnetic, decomposing chemical compounds and emitting sparks.

It is not known just how much electricity is stored by a full-sized torpedo ray, but the amount must be considerable, judging from its effects on human beings who have been struck. Natives in Central America are said to make a practice of driving wild horses into water where fishes of this kind are, in order that the latter may stun the frightened quadrupeds and make them easy to capture. Only two other kinds of animal possess electric organs—a species of catfish and the well-known "electric eel." Both eel and catfish have their storage batteries located in their tails.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WISE WORDS.

Results are the best rewards.

The easy path leads nowhere.

Education is greater than instruction.

Calmness is the mark of true courage.

Truth is not made false because we doubt her.

A conspiracy of silence is usually one of sin.

Daily drudgery may be the door to divine delights.

Dark days make a good background for bright lives.

Only those whom the cap fits will criticise its cut.

Vice is never so vicious as when arrayed as virtue.

Sorrow is the silken cord that makes the circuit of sympathy.

Some people miss to-day's manna in looking for to-morrow's.

It is not our burdens but our sore backs that make life hard.

Bigotry kills truth and seeks to frighten folk with her effigy.

The old man may have a greater future before him than the youth.

When the heart is full of faith the hands will be filled with good works.

Some people forgive by forgetting, but the true way is to forget by forgiving.—Ram's Horn.

Letter Writing Ceasing.

The autograph letter is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Shorthand and the typewriter have killed it. No business man nowadays writes a letter with his own hand; he supplies the matter and his signature, and his typist does the rest. It is an age of short cuts, and even literary men find it more profitable to dictate than to write their copy. One of the most successful of modern newspaper proprietors confessed the other day that he had not written a letter for seven years, although his private correspondence amounted to more than fifty letters daily.

Cabinet ministers alone seem to cling to the old tradition. Lord Salisbury abhors a typewritten letter, and Mr. Arthur Balfour writes a large part of his correspondence himself. Even Mr. Chamberlain, who is essentially up to date, seems to regard the typewriter as altogether inferior to the telegraph as a vehicle for conveying his opinions.—London Tatler.

Human Bones and Human Character.

A well known scientist asserts that the bony structure of man gives firmness of character. The great causes in developing large bones are the proportion of lime in food and water. Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, famous for tall men and fine horses, are underlaid with lime rock, and the water supply is largely impregnated with lime. So the grains grown in these States contain large proportions of lime, the food of the bones.

Strength of bone structure is said to be allied to honesty and reliability of mind. The prominent bones in Lincoln's face and body are cited to prove the bone-honesty theory. The physiognomists say that large men, whose bones bear a full proportion to the other parts of their bodies, will be found to be decided, firm, honest and enduring.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

In the manufacture of oilcloth no means has yet been devised for utilizing the waste trimmings. Since the printing machine for the oilcloth must be absolutely to gauge, at least one and a half inches are lost on each side of the material. These trimmings are particularly valuable because they contain a considerable amount of linseed oil, and a method reasonably cheap and economical is wanted to extract this oil from the trimmings.

The properties of the metal titanium are many and various. It gives hardness and toughness to steel and a fine lustre to silver, while, added to carbon used for arc lamps, it increases the brilliancy of the light. Titanium is also added to the fertilizers used on tobacco plantations, and it is said to improve the flavor of the leaf. The oxide increases the brilliancy of incandescent gas mantles; its strong affinity for nitrogen promises a cheap means of preparing ammonia direct from the atmosphere, while with carbon it yields a product hard enough to scratch diamonds.

According to the report of the Cape of Good Hope Department of Agriculture, arrangements are being made to grow large quantities of sugar beets in South Africa. The report says: "As to South Africa, there are immense tracts of land in this colony suitable for the cultivation of sugar beets, and we do not hesitate to assure those who go the right way about it that there is success before them and a good market for all the sugar they can produce." Another matter that is booming agricultural conditions in South Africa is the growing and producing of prunes, apricots and paper-shell almonds. Formerly all these commodities were imported, but they are now being grown at home. Large jam factories and fruit-drying establishments are springing up.

One of the most unique quarries in the world exists near the town of Kemmerer, Wyo., at an elevation of 8200 feet above sea level. This quarry is worked by hand, no blasting being permitted owing to the fragile nature of its output. The latter consists solely of fossils, mostly those of a few varieties of fish. In operation the shale is split into slabs, broken with sledge hammers and thrown over the bank by hand. When the slabs containing the specimens are cut and taken out they are very moist and have to be dried out to about one-third of their original weight. After the drying has proceeded far enough to permit of the easy manipulation of the material, the fossils are carefully cleaned by means of special tools devised for the purpose. Many of these fish fossils are exceedingly beautiful, every bone being plainly shown in the outline. They rank as the finest specimens of fossil fishes yet discovered.

A prominent gem expert thus sums up the progress that has been made in the precious stone industries of the United States, particularly as it refers to the development of native deposits. Greatest prominence is given to the continued mining of fine blue sapphires in Montana and the development of deposits of fancy colored sapphires and beryl at different localities in the same State. The increased output of turquoise from the mines of New Mexico and particularly of turquoise in its natural rock, known in the trade as "turquoise matrix," are other prominent features of the local industry. Some emeralds in the gangues are mined in Western North Carolina and sold under the name of "emerald matrix." Purple-pink garnets are mined in North Carolina, and new deposits of colored tourmaline have been located in California. Queensland and New South Wales still furnish the supply of rough opals and South Africa the supply of uncut diamonds.

Hunting With Trained Wolves.

Bert Decker, a young sportsman of Tuscola, Ill., has succeeded in taming two wolves, and they are very valuable as hunters. He captured them when young, raised as "kittens," and now, though as large as shepherd dogs, they are quite tame and playful. Decker says the wolves can outrun dogs on the hunt, and are very long-winded. Their favorite way of catching a rabbit is to run alongside of him, put their nose underneath Mr. Cottontail and throw him ten or twelve feet in the air, catching him in their mouths as he falls. The wolves always return to their master when called. Decker's success has caused other sportsmen to undertake the training of wolves to supplant dogs in hunting, and it is probable that wolves will find a place in future kennels.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Eads' Prophecy Being Fulfilled.

It is related of James B. Eads, the engineer of the St. Louis bridge and other great works, that some years ago he made this prediction concerning the city of St. Louis: "One of these days this will be the passing point of two enormous channels of trade. The one will be an iron way over the great West, the other a waterway down the Mississippi, across the Isthmus and up the Pacific. The one will represent speed, the other economy, and the conflict between the two will have all the bitterness of a fratricidal war."—Springfield Republican.