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CORRECTING THE CLOCK.

The United States naval observatory clock was set the night before, by a star when it crossed the meridian, but, for one reason or another, it may have lost or gained the fraction of a second. The observer at the eye piece of the telescope watches the oncoming star with the very closest attention. The instant it comes into his field of vision, just as it begins crawling across the wires, he gives a squeeze to the telegraphic key. At the moment of this squeeze the fountain pen, attached to the key by the wire, gives a tiny jump and makes a slight bending in the line. As the star crosses each wire the observer presses the key, so that there are eleven indentations made as the star crosses the field and passes out of sight on its celestial way. It has not been stopped a fraction of an inch in its journey through space, but the observer has timed it in transit, and no matter how fast it may have been fleeing through the heavens, it has yet been closely watched by the man at the telescope until he could record its movements. As the star passed the sixth wire the pressure for that line, its meridian line, registered the precise fraction of a second at which the star crossed the line. Then, as the clock has been marking its own time off on the cylinder second by second, the observer compares the time the clock has been making with the indentation the instrument recorded as the star crossed the meridian. Thus he can tell to the fractional part of a second the gain or loss in the time of the clock, and it is readjusted, or "set," as we say, to the unvarying time of the star.

Not So Anxious to Go.

"Uncle Sambo," when alone in his cabin, often prayed to be delivered from all his earthly sorrows, asking God "to send the angel Gabriel down to take poor ole Sambo out'n all his troubles, right up to hev'n."
Some boys "on mischief bent" heard the old man's prayer one night, and, after waiting until he was ready for bed, knocked at the door. "Who dar?" asked Uncle Sambo, in a startled voice.
"It's the Angel Gabriel," was the answer.
"Who dar, I say?" repeated Sambo, hustling around inside the cabin.
"The Angel Gabriel, whom the Lord has sent down in his chariot to take poor Uncle Sambo up to heaven, where he'll see no more trouble."
"W-e-e, boss, you jes' tell Massa God dat Sambo ain't been heah in two weeks!" and crawling under his rude bed, he lay there fearing and trembling, while the boys kept knocking and urging him to get ready for his ascension at once. But he kept silent. He was not so anxious to go, after all.

Stopped Flowing Until the Quarrel Ceased

A man from Washington county says that six years ago a dispute arose between neighbors, Byron Hart and Dempsey Armour, over a spring that was on the line between them. They each claimed the spring and each forbade the other getting water there. The two families came to be enemies. A lawsuit was talked of by Armour and a fist fight resulted. While the trouble was hottest the spring, that had always furnished plenty of water, even to the traveling public, for it was near the public road, went dry, and so remained until Armour moved to Missouri five weeks ago, when as suddenly as it quit it began to flow again, furnishing as much water as it ever had and has continued to do so to this time. The oldest inhabitant never knew the spring to go dry before the time mentioned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

English and American Clubs.

A point which strikes American visitors to London about our English clubs is the social aspect of them and the almost complete absence of the business side. At the Manhattan or the Knickerbocker, on the other hand, the business side prevails. The majority of members do not drop in merely to read the papers, hear the latest story and play billiards or bridge, as over here. They go in most cases to meet a man about "a deal," to talk over the business of the day and discuss the business of the morrow, or to read up the finance of the papers. The result is that when an American becomes a member of an English club he hardly ever uses it because its ways do not appeal to him. He would say that there was nothing going on.—The Star.

THE BUGLE SONG.

He went away to the war that day,
To the swinging bugle song;
All stanch and true in his suit of blue,
And sturdy, brave and strong,
Mid the tramp of feet and the loud drum-
beat.

And the ringing of the cheers,
There were none to see such a one as he,
Who could not see for tears.

And back again came the marching men,
With the bugle singing still;
Yet the music's surge was a sighing dirge,
All sad and slow and shrill.

For a woman wept; and a soldier slept
In the dreamless, silent sleep;
And the bugle song had a measure wrong,
For the buglers sometimes weep.

And the bugles' lure while the years en-
dure
Will coax them to the line,
And the lilt of strains on the hills and
plains

Still echo fair and fine,
But the suits of blue, and the sabres, too,
And the worn and battered caps,
Will tell some maid what the bugle played
When it sighed the song of "Taps."
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.



IN a village episode of seemingly
no importance expand to dimen-
sions of events and receive atten-
tions quite beyond their dues, just
as any excitement is welcomed in a
quiet neighborhood, where the placid
tenor of existence is pursued to deadly
monotony.

The coming of Simon Friend to Evansville was in itself a trifling matter, but it was recognized by the whole community with an energy wholly out of proportion with the occasion. Not that Simon was undeserving of some notice, but he was not of the least value as a factor in village affairs, had no letters of introduction, and his only recommendation lay in the fact that he furnished a relief from boredom. He was persona grata with the townspeople only as his vagaries supplied them with amusement and curiosity.

Even the manner of his arrival in Evansville furnished the leading lights of the village with much speculative thought. He had drifted in during a blizzard, coming from no one knew where, and had settled down comfortably on an empty cracker box in the leading grocery store, among a half-dozen loungers who had braved the weather to meet at their favorite re-



devous. They were carelessly dressed, guileless of collars or neckties, but everyone of them owned the roof under which he slept and had opinions. They welcomed the stranger as a diversion, and greeted him with the fraternal freedom which men and masons give each other. They noticed, too, that he was a lamenter, that he was poorly dressed, but clean, and had none of the earmarks of the pestilent brother, the tramp. So they offered him tobacco and gave him room for a share of the coal stove. Not until then did he speak, and then he merely uttered a single "Howdy."

Then he laid aside his pipe and looked at the little group that were regarding him with acute curiosity. He glanced from one to the other, breaking into a low chuckle as he asked the one nearest to him, "What did you remark?"

He had refrained from answering the questions addressed to him so long that the little company denied him in their minds the ability of speech, and the man spoken to started and said:

"I didn't remark. We are waiting for you to remark. You see, we didn't catch your name when you came in, and as you're a stranger in these parts and we're all acquainted it gives us the advantage of you."

"Spoke like an oracle," said one of the company. "Yes, we would kinder like to know who you be."

"My name is Simon, friend," said the stranger in a high, falsetto voice. "I reckon that name is kind of strange to you round here?"

"Simon Friend," repeated the other, laboring under an absurd misapprehension, "that's a right good name, Mr. Friend. An' what might your business be?"

"Same as yours," replied the squeaky voice, "at least jest at present. I reckon we're all in the same business here."

"Tryin' to be smart," suggested a voice.

"Don't have to try," responded Mr. Friend, as the stranger had been ridiculously named. "I see you're all a-guessin'. I'm guessin' you're a farmer an' you're a blacksmith an' you're a doctor an' lawyer present."

"Blamed if the critter isn't right," said the one he had dubbed a farmer. "Now, then, how's your bizness; same's ours?"

"Ain't we all locatin'?"
"But we are just puttin' in spare time. What do you do when you work?"

"I don't work," responded Simon, as if he were announcing a welcome truth; "did you never hear this scrip-
ture? The lame and the lazy are all provided for."

"What lame'd ye?" asked the storekeeper, taking an active part in the conversation for the first time.

"Rheumatiz. Have it terrible in my right leg. Can't sleep nights nor work days. Terrible."

"I've got a bottle of patent medicine that's warranted to cure the rheumatiz," said the storekeeper, casting his eye over a top shelf; "you kin have it if you'll climb for it—there's a step ladder around somewhere."

But Simon shook his head. "I can't climb, if I could I wouldn't need medicine."

One of the men volunteered to get the bottle which Simon took without any show of interest. But as he dropped it into his coat pocket he took from the same receptacle a small object which resembled a bit of rough wood which he put to his lips and presently the place was filled with strains of music that charmed the listeners with their sweetness. Every man there got a scolding for being out so late that night, and when the advent of the lame stranger and his wonderful power of entertaining was offered in apology, then all the women fell on the absent Simon tooth and nail. They called him a lazy vagabond and threatened to make the town too hot to hold him. But it was not a week before they were trying to get a peep at him, and tormenting their husbands to bring him home so the children could hear him play, and commending him for keeping them away from the tavern. But Simon was so shy of women that none could get near him, by which sign they knew him for an old bachelor.

It soon became apparent that Evansville without his Dane. From being the poor, pinched object that had drifted in among them he waxed fat and metaphorically "kicked." Nothing was too good for him and his lameness and rheumatic pains made him a pathetic burden. But he entertained the whole village—at least the male part of it. He told stories that every grandfather had known in his youth as if they had happened to him, changing them just enough to make them fit in. He played all the old airs and many of the new ones on his mouth organ, which he made to imitate every known musical instrument. And as a reward he lived in clover. True, his "apartment" was not a stable, but it was warm and comfortable, and if his food did not come to him he shut himself up and sulked until the best of everything eatable was provided. A whole year he lived there like a nabob, and then two calamities happened. The first one was personal—Simon fell and broke his leg. He would not be moved from the walk where a runaway team had thrown him until the doctor, who was his friend and chum, came himself; then he had everyone sent off, and, leaning on the doctor and dragging the broken limb, he hobbled to his lodging near by. There the doctor assisted him to bed, set the broken member and undertook such care of Simon as he could give him in four hours. And just at that time the women of the village, led by the doctor's sister, went off on a still hunt.

Simon's room now became the place of resistance in the make-up of the village. The broken leg kept the entertainer in bed, but offered no obstacle to social enjoyment. Nothing was inhibited stronger than soft drinks, but conviviality obtained just the same. The doctor watched the case and took care of his patient. He told the crowd that the broken leg was knitting finely and almost any day Simon would be up and around. Then he would leave his patient for anxious visits to the express office. Something or someone interested was expected.

The second calamity was the last of poor Simon. He heard it coming and would have jumped out of the window but his chums were using his prostrate form for a checker table, and a sports game was in progress when the doctor opened and a woman stalked in. A tall, gaunt woman, with a leather consistency of feature and no front teeth.

"I've found ye," she hissed, while the most of the Evansville women were crowding into the doorway. "Oh, you good-for-nothing reptile, you sneak, you onhuman wretch to desert your lawful wife and leave seven children to starve!"

Simon sat up on one elbow. "Sally, did I ever do anything for the children?" he asked in a surprised and injured tone.

"Never, you shrinkin' varmint, 'cept to play with them while I worked.

Many's the time—" turning to the crowd, "has he held the baby while I cut wood to cook his meals?"

"Industry must prosper," interrupted Simon, "and I allus know the Lord would provide."

"Get up, you lazy vagabond!" screamed his wife; "get out of that bed and come along here."

"But your husband has a broken leg," said one of the men. "You surely wouldn't drag him away before he can walk. The doctor here can tell you that it's a very bad break."

"Oh, indeed," sneered the woman; "he's had that happen to him before now. An' he has the rheumatiz in that leg, and it pains him so he can never do a stroke of work? Well, gentlemen, take my advice an' keep your sympathy for yourselves. He's played it pretty fine on you and pulled the wool over your eyes in good chape—but there ain't the least danger from that break, not a bite—'cause you see it's his wooden leg."—Mrs. M. L. Rye, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FAIRER THAN THE ROSE.

As Dainty a Compliment as One Could Desire.

A young matron who lives in a Georgetown apartment house with her little daughter is viewing with great interest a courtship going on under her very eyes. The daughter, Naomi, is the most engaging, dignified, and dutiful little girl of eleven ever seen in that part of the city across the creek. So she has been taken by her mother to call on a great many older persons, and has made the acquaintance of numerous boys of fifteen or thereabouts. Not long ago one of these boys came to see his friend's mother very formally and sat and talked with her until the tenacity of a formal call nearly burst his jacket. Then he arose with a polite bow and asked for a portrait of the little girl. The matron demurred, of course.

"Well," said the young suitor, "if you will give me a good picture of Naomi, I will give you back a picture I have already. It isn't a good one at all. But I'll give it back to you for a better one."

The mother was greatly mystified. She concluded after awhile that the boy had photographed her little girl on the sly, and in order to find out she sent him word that she would make the exchange.

Next day there came to her door a long box with a note on the outside. "I am greatly privileged to send you Naomi's picture," read the note. "It isn't half as pretty as it ought to be."

The young matron opened the box curiously and looked at its contents a long time without saying a word. It held a single American Beauty rose.

—Washington Star.

Artificial Clay.

Artificial clay, according to German reports, is receiving increased attention abroad. This ceramic novelty, which is used for the manufacture of artificial stone, tiles, gutters, etc., is composed of sand, chalk, cement, liquid glue and petroleum. The substances are mixed in certain quantities and a claylike mass results, which can be formed at pleasure and acquires an excellent degree of hardness by being subjected to heat.

This artificial clay can be employed in a variety of structures; tiles of different forms and sizes are made of it. They have a perfectly even surface and sharp edges, are fireproof and resist the influences of the weather. They, furthermore, absorb no moisture.

The clay is also used for the manufacture of artificial stone in all colors. Tests with this clay have been made at the laboratory of the Technical Experimental station at Charlottenburg, and the results have been pronounced very favorable.

As the substances are easily mixed without the aid of machinery, the smallest builder can use the process and so obtain structural decorations at a low price.

His First Dress Suit.

He was a very youthful looking man and he wore a natty opera hat and a lengthy raglan which caused him to be the cynosure of all eyes in the Arch street trolley car. It was probably the first time he had ever worn a dress suit, and as he walked into the car his painful embarrassment was noticeable. Many smiles flitted across the passengers' features, and the young fellow noticed each one and blushed deeply.

But more trouble was in store. At Seventeenth street two red-faced servant girls boarded the car. They crowded into a seat and began to talk volubly.

"Yes," said one, "th' mistress give me a oul'd wrapper an' she—"

She paused here, as her wandering gaze rested on the conspicuous young man in the corner.

"Say, Ellen," she said loudly and with a giggle, "how would you like that for a feller?"

The young man left the car hurriedly before it had reached the street where he wished to alight.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Irish Language of Love.

The Irish language is above all others the language of lovers. You may find in French, or Spanish, or Italian, superlatives or diminutives of endearment, but you will never find anything so soft, so sweet, so subtle, so sad and sometimes so rapturously extravagant as you will find in the Irish language.

—Sydney (N. S. W.) Freeman.

It Makes New Trade.

The idea that advertising is merely a struggle for a given amount of business is a fallacy. Advertising creates new business by reminding or informing people of their needs—a real service to the people as well as a benefit to the advertiser.



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Surfman Ellis's Story.

THE Boston Herald prints a story from Surfman Seth L. Ellis, the only survivor of the Mononomy crew, describing the capsizing of the lifeboat, while trying to save men from the stranded barge Wadena. He is now able to remember the experience with distinctness. He said:

"We worked under the lee of the Wadena and hailed those on board, telling them to get ready to be taken off. The second time they passed us a line. The five men on the barge were excited and we cautioned them to keep their heads. I think Mr. Mack was the first to get safely into our boat, and the others quickly followed by dropping on a rope and then swinging off. When all five men were in the boat Captain Eldredge sang out to cut the painter. Surfman Osborn Chase cut away the rope with an axe.

"In going away from the barge we shipped a small sea. Two of the Portuguese passengers then became excited and jumped up in the boat. I caught them and forced the two into the bottom of the boat. Then a large amount of water was shipped. As it came in over the side, four men, all but Mr. Mack, jumped all over the boat, yelling with fear. This interfered with our men in rowing, and more water was shipped. As those crazed fellows rushed toward the forward part of the boat, the boat went over.

"Small and Nickerson were on the second thwart, Kendrick and Rogers on the third, and Foye and myself on the fourth. After she went over, I came up to the leeward, which, strange to say, I did on the three times the boat was overturned.

"The first time we righted her, all hands were all right, but as soon as we got her right side up, the Portuguese clambered in without any idea of what to do, and as the boat was half full of water, she rolled right over again. We all went down again. As Foye came up he shouted to the Captain: 'I struck bottom that time, Captain.' We succeeded in again righting her, but she rolled right over, and when she came up, all of the passengers and Surfman Foye were missing. The next to go were Chase, Nickerson and Small. I saw them once fifteen feet away, drifting with the tide, but they soon sank.

"Captain Eldredge told us not to waste any more strength in righting the boat, but to cling on. Rogers, Kendrick and myself climbed upon the bottom, while Captain Eldredge clung to the rudder-brace and said: 'Come, boys, help me up.' We pulled him on once, but he was immediately washed off. He was again assisted up, but he couldn't stick. It was then all I could do to look out for myself; but, soon after, looking around, I saw Kendrick and Captain Eldredge float away. They sank quickly.

"Just then Rogers grasped me about the neck, and held on like a vise. The man was crazy, and, in my opinion, never knew what he was doing. I had a hard fight to shake him off, but did so finally. He was unable to hold on any longer, and was soon washed into the sea, a raving maniac.

"I was now alone, with no expectation of getting ashore alive. The tide seemed to carry the boat into smoother water. As it did so I kicked off all that was left of my clothing that I could, thinking I would make one supreme effort and try to swim ashore. Just then Captain Elmer Mayo came along with his boat and pulled me in. I was almost gone and could not have stood it much longer."

Escaped Fire and Water.

Chief Engineer Robert Scott, of the burned steamer British Queen, who, after the destruction of the Phoenix Line pier and considerable shipping by fire, was given up for lost, appeared at the Myers House, Hoboken, his face and hands badly burned. His story is a thrilling one. He said:

"I am a Liverpool man, chief engineer on what was the British Queen. I am forty years old. I had been ill with rheumatism, and for some time my assistant had been doing my work. I was asleep in my room when the fire broke out. I awoke, choking from the smoke. Seeing flames about, I ran forward, half dressed, and gained the deck. Then I ran aft and back again amidships. The flames got at my face at this point. I thought I was the only man aboard until I ran into a Belgian stoker, who seemed to have been crazed by fear. We stood in the lee of a cattle stall, making up our minds whether to jump. All this time I was shouting for help. The heat becoming too great where we were we climbed to the roof of the structure. There I found a wire cable. Making this fast to a stanchion and calling the Belgian to follow, I threw the loose end over the side of the ship and slid down into the icy water. The Belgian did not follow me. I do not know what became of him. I struck out for a barge near by, and succeeded in pulling myself over the rail. I found my way into the cabin and there tried to warm myself.

"As luck would have it, the barge was soon blazing, and I was forced to jump again into the river. By that time I was so benumbed and so be-

wildered that I was all but losing my senses. I struck around aimlessly in the water, and then made for the rudder of the barge. There I clung for a long time shouting for help with all the strength I possessed. Finally some one answered from a steamer which was being pulled out into the stream. It was the third mate of the Heathburn. He threw me a line, I wrapped it around me and was hauled on board. I spent the night on the Heathburn. Strangely enough, my rheumatism has left me. The last time I was shipwrecked I had to swim seven miles."

In the Jaws of the Fire.

The risks that firemen take are an everlasting wonder, even though almost every paper contains stories of their bravery. But the man behind the fire-engine—apparently he has only to keep his machine going, and is as safe as the man who pulls the lever of an upright "donkey." The story of Bill Brown, as told by Mr. Cleveland Moffett, in "Careers of Daring and Danger," shows that the engineer's bravery is sometimes put to tests as severe as those which the hoseman or the ladder-man even has to endure.

What happened was this: Engine 23, pumping her prettiest, stood at the corner so near the drug house that the driver thought it wasn't safe for the horses, and led them away. That left Brown alone, against the cheek of the fire, watching his boiler and keeping his steam-gauge at seventy-five.

As the fire gained, chunks of red-hot sandstone began to smash down on the engine. Brown ran his pressure up to eighty, and watched the door anxiously where the four firemen from his squad had gone into the furnace.

Then an explosion of chemicals in the building sent a sheet of flame wide as a house curling across the street, enveloping engine and man, and setting fire to the elevated railway station overhead. Bill Brown stood by his engine with a sheet of fire above him. He heard footsteps on the pavement and voices that grew fainter, crying, "Run for your lives!" He was alone, and the skin on his hands, face and neck was blistered.

Brown knew why everyone was running. There would be another explosion. It was tolerably certain that he must die if he stayed. But his four chums were in the fire and needed the water. If he quit his engine the water would fall.

He stoked in coal and ran the gauge up another notch, easing the running parts with the oiler. He was offering his life for his friends.

In a few minutes the four firemen came out of the building. Then Bill Brown ran for his life with his comrades. A second or two later Engine 23 was crushed by the falling walls.

A Boer Trick.

A German officer who saw much of the South African fighting stated recently that it seemed as though the British would never learn how. "They are magnificently courageous," said he, "but, then, they are magnificently foolish as well. They march a regiment up a kopje as though it was on dress parade at Aldershot, and then puff, puff, and the men are shot down like dogs, and many lives are uselessly wasted. Then at the next kopje they go and do identically the same thing, with the same disastrous result to themselves.

"Let me give you an instance of their simplicity that came under my personal observation:

"Four Boers and their commander were in a farmhouse on the veldt when word was brought them that a troop of ten English horse was rapidly approaching. There was no time to escape. 'Get in the grass,' said the leader to the four Boers, for the grass about the house was very long and a man was easily concealed in it. The leader then leaned against the door smoking and in plain sight. Presently up rode the English troop and their commander ordered the man in the door to throw up his hands. This he did, but as soon as the English troop was at a halt the Boer leader whistled, and the four Boers in the grass fired and emptied four English saddles. Then another discharge and a fifth saddle was empty and a sixth Englishman was badly wounded. Thereupon the four Boers and their leader captured the survivors and carried them off prisoners.

"That identical trick has been played on the English times without number, and each time successfully."

The Sphere of the Weekly.

While the United States boasts of a larger reading public in proportion to its population than can be found in any other country, it is true, nevertheless, that the newspaper is mainly relied upon to furnish the literary entertainment of the greatest portion of the reading public. Of course, of the making of books there is no end, and they seem to pour from the presses with the force of a Niagara Falls, and magazines innumerable rush into the whirlpool of competition in such a reckless manner as must excite the admiration of the daring thus displayed, even though the bad judgment so often shown cannot win approval. Still, it surely follows that the newspaper is occupying a position which is impregnable to all the assaults that can be made upon it.

Baboo "Leave."

On the occurrence of a plague scare in one of the afflicted cities of the Punjab, the clerks of a public office took flight, leaving behind them the following application: "We poor, unfortunate Baboos, in solemn conclave assembled, pray your honor to be pleased to permit us to leave this unwholesome spot; for, pray, what can Baboo give in exchange for his soul? In anticipation of sanction we leave to-night."—Madras (India) Mail.