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London pays forty-two per cent. of the income tax of England and Wales.

The region below Fourteenth street and East of Broadway, New York City, is the most densely populated in the world.

The New York Commercial Advertiser maintains that even those with defective sight can see "business is improving."

New contracts for food stuffs and fodder have enabled General Mercier to save \$850,000 on the French war estimates. The greater part of the money saved is to be used in increasing the army.

The production of pig iron is looked upon as a good indication of the state of business, and the New York Independent is pleased to notice a steady increase in the number of furnaces in blast and capacity.

When Americans boast of their ancestors coming over in the Mayflower, the Chicago Herald suggests, they should give a thought to Swami Vivekananda, the Brahmin high priest, who can trace his family records back for more than twenty centuries.

In opening a public library the other day the Lord Chancellor of England said that, although seventy-five per cent. might read fiction, it was worth while establishing the institution for twenty-five per cent. of thoughtful readers, while the moderate reading of fiction was by no means an evil.

Lieutenant Edward Brinley, who had charge of the pneumatic dynamite gun on board the Nietheroy from the time of that vessel's commission in the Brazilian Navy, has reached the conclusion that the range of dynamite guns is too small and their accuracy too poor to render them serviceable on board ship. The trials of the Vesuvius in the American Navy seems to teach the same lesson and to prove that the proper place for this class of ordnance is on shore rather than afloat.

The army surgeon at Governor's Island, in New York Harbor, has just made an elaborate report on alcoholism in the army. He declares that drinking is on the increase and he gives two posts where the disability from alcohol amounts to a trifle more than 100 cases per thousand. He makes, to the San Francisco Chronicle, the wise suggestion that the pay and allowance of those who lose time from drink be reduced. The rigid enforcement of such a rule would go far to make drunkenness too costly to indulge in regularly.

The handling of balloons has become part of the regular training of the German soldier, and a captive balloon kept always in readiness for military work is now a familiar feature of a German camp. A new arrangement of the electric light is now being tried. From the captive balloon is suspended an electric arc lamp of some 5000-candle power. As soon as night begins to fall the current carried by an insulated wire, is turned on, and the light is reflected downward. In this way a large open space is illuminated without lamp-posts, and the evolutions of a body of troops can take place without impelling by night.

Sufficient Excuse.
 An exchange remarks of John Quincy Adams, recently deceased, that he was very fond of fishing, and not especially fond of his legal profession. One day a case in which he was counsel was down for trial in a Boston court. Mr. Adams did not make his appearance, but sent a letter to the judge. That worthy gentleman read it, and then postponed the case with the announcement: "Mr. Adams is detained on important business."
 The note read as follows: "Dear Judge: For the sake of old Isaac Walton, please continue my case until Friday. The smelts are biting, and I can't leave."

A Song of Life.

He that elingeth unto life
 For the fond lips of a wife,
 Hath, I know, great joy to live;
 Earth hath nothing more to give—
 Of all gifts that heavens confer,
 Sweeter than the love of her.

He that unto life is drawn
 By the clinging of a child,
 Hath, I know, great store of grace
 And with love a dwelling place.
 For all heaven hath dreamed and smiled
 In the sweet face of a child.

So, though love be lost to thee,
 Life, though lonely, sweet may be.
 Can'st thou take, when sore oppress,
 Other's burdens to thy breast;
 Love unto the love of give?
 Thou shalt bless thyself and live!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

UNCLE GILLET'S MONEY.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinners, who lived with their uncle, a bachelor, in the old stone house at Atwater, and in pointing them out to strangers the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love of money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He educated them and allowed them a few female friends.

But as they grew up one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting and no marrying beneath his roof.

They were pretty girls—tall, slender, red-checked and blue eyed—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had ever had a thought of marriage in all her life.

It was a well understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that, marrying, a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Dr. Rush had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet, having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him.

He had always thought the three slender girls the prettiest things he had ever seen, but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply.

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl, too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and independence to the miseries of marriage."
 "By your advice, I believe," said the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not at that time, but about dusk next evening Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water, and then and there someone came behind her and said:
 "Miss Gillett."

She turned with a start. It was Dr. Rush.
 "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"Then I shall be able to walk out once sionally, now."
 "But you'll take a walk over the bridge tomorrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly. And so she did. She took a great many; and at last one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger and to kiss her lips.
 "I shan't have a penny," said Dolly. "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor. "And you must marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgiana and Milly sat at work together that evening while Uncle Gillet read.
 Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, uncle," she said, "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgiana and Millicent screamed in chorus.
 "You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly.
 "And he knows my opinions?"
 "Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that except the two or three

hundred dollars I have for clothes I'll never have a penny."
 "Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.
 "You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.
 "No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

Dolly married her Richard Rush. Georgiana and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly."

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian, who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place and left him for dead.

A farmer going home early carried him home in his wagon, and he was cared for as well as might be; but a broken leg and dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn.

She was only sure of one thing, her love for Richard, which grew greater with every trial. For the sake of this she put her pride down, and, leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on, and, as she did so the door opened and a servant came out, who stopped for a moment and re-entered, and as she closed the door a black streamlet flaunted in the air. There was crape on the door.

Faint with terror Dolly hurried on. In the hall her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner table and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement.

Dolly went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dolo of wine and jelly and a few dollars.

She went to the funeral, Georgiana, sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterward awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past, and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaid made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgiana were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."
 Millicent had covered her face with her kerchief and was crying. Georgiana had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we have been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress."—Boston Globe.

An Avalanche in Maine.

When nature does anything in the vast northern Maine wilderness, she does it on a grand scale, and now comes news of a landslide there, compared with which the famous avalanche of the Crawford notch was but child's play. One evening not long ago, during one of the heavy thunder showers, lightning struck the summit of Mt. Baker. Mr. Bandall who lives alone in his camp about five miles from the mountain, heard amid the crashes of thunder a long-drawn roaring unlike anything he had heard before. It startled him so as to drive sleep from him during the night and in the morning he started out to find whence the sound came. One glance at the Baker mountain solved the mystery. Thousands of tons of rocks, loosened probably by the lightning shock, had ploughed a trough an eighth of a mile wide from summit to base of the peak.

For several miles the enormous trees had been swept before the avalanche and buried under twenty-five feet of gravel. The news reached the lower settlements a day or two later, being borne by the thick muddy water that changed the character of Lyford Ponds, Silver lake and Pleasant river. An expedition started northward to learn the cause of this mud, and heard the whole story at Randall's camp.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Croup and Diphtheria.

While smallpox has been brought within comparative control by vaccination there are other deadly diseases over which, until within recent times, the science of medicine has been unable to exert any check. Among these are croup and diphtheria.

A number of European scientists have been devoting their time to study of these diseases, as Pasteur, Koch and others have done in the field of bacteriology, working with more specific aim in different directions. The mortality among children from diphtheria especially is so high, often keeping up a pace of twenty-five per cent, that any preventive of so frightful a plague is hailed with eagerness. While it is not true that medical science yet claims infallibility for croup or diphtheria preventives, it is known by actual results that they are effectual to a large degree; it is only the durability of the protection they afford that is in doubt and that time alone can settle.

The council will be asked to authorize the health department of Chicago to send to Berlin for supplies of the diphtheria remedy. The resolutions should include authority to send to Paris for the croup remedy.—Chicago Herald.

Pleasing, but Ineffective.

Husband—You are crowned with beauty, dear.
 Wife—That's all right, Charlie, but I've got to have a new winter bonnet just the same.—Detroit Free Press.

Taking Him Down.

A good story is told by the London World of a purse-proud old nobleman who was traveling through the rural districts of Sweden. In that country evidently the people do not have quite as much respect for titled aristocracy as in some other localities on the Continent.

One day the nobleman came rolling up to a country tavern, and as he stopped his carriage he called out in an imperious tone:

"Horses, landlord—horses at once."
 "I am very much pained to inform you that you will have to wait over an hour before fresh horses can be brought up," replied the landlord, calmly.

"How!" violently exclaimed the nobleman. "This to me! My man, I demand horses immediately."
 Then observing the fresh, sleek-looking ones being led up to another carriage, he continued:

"For whom are those horses?"
 "They are ordered for this gentleman," replied the landlord, pointing to a tall, slim individual a few paces distant.

"I say, my man," called out the nobleman, "will you let me have those horses if I pay you a liberal bonus?"

"No," answered the slim man; "I intend to use them myself."
 "Perhaps you are not aware who I am," roared the now thoroughly agitated and irate nobleman. "I am, sir, Field Marshal Baron George Sparre, the last and only one of my race."

"I am very glad to hear that," said the slim man, stepping into the carriage. "It would be a terrible thing to think that there might be more of you coming. I am inclined to think that your race will be a foot race."

The slim man was the King of Sweden.

The Cormorant at Work.

Those who watch the cormorant's diving feats are usually so interested in the fortunes of the chase, as the handsome bird dashes after the fish, that not one visitor in twenty observes that, from the mode of its entering the water to its exit, its methods of movement are absolutely different to those of the penguins. The cormorant does not plunge headlong. It launches itself on the surface, and then "ducks" like a grebe.

Its wings are not used as propellers, but trail unresistingly level with its body, and the speed at which it courses through the water is wholly due to the swimming powers of its large and ugly webbed feet. These are set on quite at the end of the body, and work incessantly like a treadle, or the floats of a stern wheel steamer. Yet the conditions of submarine motion are so favorable that the speed of the bird below the surface is three or four times greater than that gained by equal rapid movements of the feet when it has risen and is swimming on the top.

The luster of the feathers in the clear water, the cloud of brilliant bubbles which pour from the plumage, like the nebulous train of a comet, as the bird rushes through the water, and the sapphire light of the large blue eye make the cormorant's fishing one of the prettiest aquatic exercises in the world.—Spectator.

THE WOMEN ARE MAD.

The women of Russia have a grievance against the government, and it is stated that, small as it is, it may lead to serious results. Not long ago a St. Petersburg journal reported a festival, at which members of the imperial family were present. The reporter evidently understood little about women's fancies, and made the dress of the czarinas, by his description, one long out of fashion. The result was a ukase from the censor of the press—one of the most powerful men in Russia—that Russian newspapers in the future must refrain from describing, or attempting to describe, the dresses of her majesty. This naturally deprives the Russian women of an interesting subject for discussion and criticism, and they are extremely angry at the censor.—New Orleans Picayune.

GLOVES FOR RAZOR STROPS.

"Did you ever wonder what becomes of all the long party gloves that girls adore and spend small fortunes for?" asked the girl who occasionally knows a thing or two.
 "Powder rags, of course," grunted the moody girl.

"Nothing of the sort. That shows you don't keep up with the fin de siecle procession," said the first speaker. "You want to give them to your best young man for razor stropps. The idea is just perfectly lovely."

"When the blessed angel wants to sharpen his razor he fastens the top of the glove to a hook on his dresser, takes the frayed out fingers in his left hand and sharpens away. And all this time he is thinking of various inclined that happened when a dear little hand was inside that glove, and glove and hand were both sandwiched in between his two hands and was saying sweet things and she was trying to dig a hole in the floor with the toe of her satin slipper, and, oh! I think it's all just too dear, and I'm going to send all my white gloves off to Charley right away."

The moody girl looked disgusted. She said: "Well, I'm glad I don't keep up with your 'fin de siecle procession.' I don't believe that a man would use a glove for a razor strop any more than he ever uses those silly necktie cases that you girls make out of silk and ribbons and things."

The moody girl's ill nature is easily explained. She's been trying to match a piece of silk that she bought last October at a clearing-out sale.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

RELIABLE WOMEN.
 It is said that the 300 or 400 women apothecaries in the United States are more reliable than men, and of all the women employed as cashiers there is only a case or so of mysterious disappearance toward China.—New York Journal.

WEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

It has been estimated that of the \$1,500,000,000 of property held in New York \$300,000,000 is in the hands of women, but this is certainly well within the real facts, since the women of Boston pay taxes on \$120,000,000. Even so, however, this would make at the present rate of estimate over \$600,000,000 of property in New York State owned by women.—Woman's Journal.

A NEW WOMAN'S COSTUME.

A reform which was neither a dividend nor an abbreviated skirt was worn by its designer at a recent meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. It was made of a dark shade of navy blue velvet and consisted of a long-tailed coat and knickerbockers to the knees, where they were met by leggings. Mrs. Sloan, who wore the reformed dress, admitted that she wouldn't care to wear it on the street, but added that he would be quite willing to do so if accompanied by several others similarly garbed.—Philadelphia Record.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S SHAM RUBIES.

Real rubies are scarce. Most of the stones in use are shams. Even the Queen of England cherished a pair of imitations. They were, after great trouble and large expense, exhibited in the London Exposition of 1862 and proved to be merely spinels. When a customer goes to a reliable dealer, he is asked: "How much are you willing to pay?" There is one ruby in a New York shop. It spends most of its beauty in the safe. Anybody with \$8,000 can have it. Rubies are full of sentiment. It is the supposition that they give the wearer health and a happy frame of mind. Rubies are among the delights of King Solomon. Lapidaries say that he got hold of all the fine stones, and since his day the supply has steadily diminished.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

FASHION NOTES.

Dainty ties of light colors in crepe, silk, lawn, etc.
 Removable vests are made of plain, striped and changeable silk.
 Colored satins printed with Oriental designs are suitable for blouses.

Black and Vandyke trimmings of steel and steel and jet are popular.
 Jackets of livery cloth have a short, full cape opened both back and front.

Dainty capes, hats and muffs of velvet, fur, lace and ribbon, are worn en suite.
 Long Angola mousquetaire gloves are worn over evening gloves in place of using a muff.

Long Vandykes of jet are suitable for trimming sleeves from the shoulders to the elbows.
 Large collarettes of white net, top guipure lace, have over points of jet beads and spangles.

Cherry-colored cloth capes are trimmed with white Angola fleece and collarette of white cloth.
 Short black velvet jackets are trimmed with jet, a rucho and collarette of black ostrich tips.

Many full capes of tan livery cloth are simply made of fine goods, having a turn-over velvet collar.
 Evening waists show a Frenchy mixture of Nile green velvet, cream guipure lace and pink chiffon.

Fashions in dress of Colonial times make more and more progress. The styles best become pretty women.
 Girls' cloaks of light-colored ladies' cloth, are trimmed with a velvet collarette and edging of ermine tails.

Black house ties and slippers are decorated with rosettes or bows of cherry or blue chiffon or ribbon.
 Children's wide felt hats are trimmed with wings, bows and long strings to tie under the chin of satin ribbon.

Elbow-length capes of black velvet, have a jet collar and yoke and long "stole" ends in front covered with jet.
 Tiny bonnets are fashioned of steel embroidery, ditto wings and pins, with large bow and narrow ties of colored velvet.

"Wedding dresses to hire" obviate a difficulty for the matrimonially inclined. An enterprising woman has hit upon the happy idea. From a small beginning, where two dresses were her stock in trade, she is now possessed of two dozen. This unique calling has proven a profitable pursuit, and surely such originality deserves success.—New York Herald.

Just now all hands are busily engaged with flannel shirts. A haberdashery, where are kept all men's belongings, with gayest hued neckties and vividly colored underwear on display, has for its owner Louise Corlin-Ranner, a woman of some taste and apparent ability to make the most of her wares. This neat and rather attractive little store is one heterogeneous mass of coloring, not obtrusive, but is like an oasis in the desert among the shops of the east side. This is another invasion of self-supporting woman.

Only.

Only a baby's features, tiny, dimpled and fair,
 Only a mother's soft voice, saying an evening prayer.
 Only a dying infant, innocent, pure and fond,
 Cull'd from this land of nowhere, far off to the great beyond.

Only an angel's whisper, out of the vast above,
 Only a touching refrain, mystic music of love.
 Only a patch that glitters, leading into the skies,
 Only a valued memory of two little absent eyes.

—Wm. D. HALL, in Sunbeam.

HUMOROUS.

Good place to settle—The place where you owe money.

Success in business is paved by the typesetter and made smooth by the printing-press.

Polite old gentleman—Ah, whom have I the honor of addressing? Pat (very much puzzled)—Shure who else but me, sor?

South Sea Islands Housewife—The new missionary looks dreadfully sour. Her Husband—Well, he'll do for canning, anyway.

She—"Isn't it cruel to kill birds to trim a hat?" He—"Very cruel indeed?" She—"Don't buy me a hat—buy me a sealskin coat."

In Autumn's chill no song is heard
 No feathered songster's note is true,
 And there's the difference, lucky bird,
 'Twixt very many men and you.

Magistrate—And did they ever find any clue to that murder mystery? Officer—Yes sir, they've found the body of the murdered man.

Mr. Softleigh—Now, really, how long do you think you could love a man? Miss Fickel—Oh, anywhere between five feet eight and six feet.

Johnny (to his sister)—Emma, if you give me a bit of your cake I'll spoil the piano so that you won't be able to take a lesson for a fortnight.

A society belle was told that her fiancé was a foolish fellow. "I guess he is," she admitted. "It seems to me the smart men have quit marrying."

Gent—How came you to put your hand in my pocket? Pickpocket—Beg your pardon. I am so absent-minded. I had once a pair of trousers like those you are wearing.

"What a perfectly charming man Mr. Twitter is." Maud—I never heard him say a clever thing. "No, but he can move about the room without stumbling over the rug."

A kiss is like a bath,
 That you take from the river—
 You can take and take and take,
 And take 'em on forever,
 And still there's just as many
 As if you hadn't never taken any.

"Poor Dobbies! They say he got a pair of beautiful black eyes at the seashore. I feel sorry for him."
 "You needn't. He got a doudedly handsome girl with them."

Hungry Guest—I'd like to have a sprig of parsley with this sirloin.
 Waiter—Sorry, sir, but the bunch of parsley we've been usin' today, was cut up by the last man that had steak.

Husband—"Why so happy?" Wife—"Bridget, the cook, is going to remain with us after all. Mrs. Jones, to whose situation she was going, died last week. Wasn't it sweet of her?"

"Darling, he murmured fondly, 'you are the only girl I have ever loved!'" "That's all right," she responded thoughtfully; "but am I the only girl you are ever going to love?"

The young man said: "I love but thee."
 She looked up to the top
 Of a splendid overarching tree
 And cried: "Just now, it seems to me,
 I heard a chestnut drop."

Mrs. Gabb—Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family. Mrs. Gadd—Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children.

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Strawber—You look as if you had been laid up old man. Singery—I have been; I announced my engagement last week. Strawber—Why should that lay you up? Singery—I announced it to her father.

"No," said Knogood, despondently, "I haven't been discharged; but they removed me from my place as boss, they removed me from the best work and afterwards removed me to the lowest grade; and three removes, you know, are as bad as a fire."

Consolatory.

Mabel (looking in mirror)—My face is my fortune.
 Ethel—Yes, dear. Well, the man who weds you will never be accused of marrying for riches.