FREELAND TRIBUNE. PUBLISHED EVERY

THOS. A. BUCKLEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year
Six Months
Four Months
Two Months

abscribers are requested to observe the date owing the name on the labels of their ers. By referring to this they can tell at acce how they stand on the books in this so. For instance: Grover Cleveland 23June95 us that Grover is paid up to Jane 25, 1366, p the figures in advance of the present data.

25

Report promptly to this office when your paper is not received. All arrearages must be pair when paper is discontinued, or collection will be made in the manner provided by law.

Commissioner Coombs thinks that the Salvation Army may be the agents for distribution of meat grown in Queensland all over England, as it i used largely in army depots.

Nicholas II. is gaining great popnlarity in Russia for his democratic ways, the New York Press facetiously observes. He has been known to drink a cup of coffee after it had been examined by only three expert chemists.

If any one believes that the interest

in the horse is to give place before the inroads of electricity, let him attend some great "horse convention," sug-gests the Farm, Field and Fireside, and note the attention paid the spler did specimens of endurance and intelligence there on exhibition.

There are 50,000 more women than men in the State of New York. The universal law governing such matters makes the female population of a long settled country or district higher than that of one newly settled or partly developed, and so in the New England States the number of women is in excess of the number of men, while in the Western and Pacific States this is reversed.

The large majority of contemporary authors of international fame are small men physically. Kipling, Barrie, Jerome, Howells, Stockton, Stedman, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Boyesen, Salius, are none of them above medium height, and several of them are actually diminutive. Marion Crawford and Conan Doyle are tall, athletic looking men, but they are the exceptions that prove the rule.

What is practically the American dollar is in a fair way to be the unit of currency for the world, maintains the New York Independent. It rules this whole continent, and the Mexican dollar is the most popular coin in the East, and the Japanese yen is very nearly the same thing. Now the Bombay mint is beginning to issue what has been called the British dollar, which will have the support of banks and of British and Indian merchants from Bombay to Singapore and Japan

The Atlanta Constitution remarks: When we read that the late Count de Lesseps was ten years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that he saw both Napoleon and Wellington after that event, the great Corsican seems to be brought within sight of the men of our own times. The fact is, many persons now living might have seen him. Dozens of peo-ple in Atlanta were half-grown at the time of the battle of Waterloo, and one lady now living here remembers seeing Napoleon when she was a little child.

About fourteen per cent. of the en-tire number of medical graduates this with me this evening. There hall be no more talk of marriage. It is include an unceremonious call. You drop out of the profession within a few years, avers the Chicago Herald. Some few never practice; others are tempted by better inducements into other fields of work; some are driven to suicide on account of failure; oth-ers succumb to contagious diseases; still more lose their health on account of exposure to inclement weather and accident, or on account of mental anxiety. Among these we must in-clude those who become insane or who contract the alcohol, morphine or cocaine habit. Worse than all else, a few are driven into quackery. Any one may make a mistake in the choice of life work, and it is no dis credit to abandon practice. There are plenty of honorable employments for unsuccessful physicians; there are schools to toach, merchandise to sell, drugs to dispense, news to gather; at any rate there is coal to shovel and wood to saw. It doubtless seems a pity to sacrifice the investment of three or four years' hard work in the study of medicine, but it is cheapt than to sacrifice honor and prostitute medical science to quackery. accident, or on account of mental

HOW SHALL I LOVE YOUR How shall I love you? I dream all day. Dear ! of a tenderer, sweeter way Songs that I sing to you—words that I say; Prayers that are volceless on lips that would pray— These cannot tell of the love of my life; How shall I low How shall I

How shall I love you? Love is the bread Of life to a woman—the white and the red Of all the world's roses; the Hight that shed

On all the world's pathways, till light shall be dead ! The star in the storm and the strength in

the strife ; shall I love you-my sweetheart, my How wife?

wher here a burden your heart must bear? all kneel lowly and lift it, dear ! here a thorn in the crown that you wear it hide in my heart till a rose blossom there ! there ! For grief or for glory—for death or for life So shall I love you—my sweetheart my with

o shall I love you-my sweetheart, my wife -F. L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal. JACK'S SURRENDER.



dins's with me this evening. There shall be no more talk of marriage. It is simply an unceremonious call. You will see the twins, and can judge for yourself, my son, since you have so alight a regard for my experience. You understand that you are free to away your evening, my son?" do exactly as you like. In fact, you need come to me for no information dreas, my son." does an the subject. Go and dreas, my son."

or advice on the subject. Go and dress, my son." Marry a baccalaurente! Heavens! when I heard my mother's wish I felt a shiver run down my back. Look here, mamma, you may as well be honest and say outright that you are planning my death, and by what means! Why not throw me overboard and done with it?

there that they formed the first conspiracy against the security of my bachelorhood?. Here we are at Mme. Desjardins! "My dear friend, let me present my

"My dear friend, let me present my son." "Little Jack!" I am annoyed by this exclamation. I feel that my appearance in the draw-room is maderidiculous. This good lady in green satin knew me as a boy, in the golden days of black marks and whip-pings. It is very delightful, I am sure, and I ought to be charmed; but thirty nuknown faces stare curiously at this "much changed." Great Scott! I should hope so, in filteen years! Con-found her reminiscences of childhood! She might as well talk of my first kilts or inquire if I have brought my hoop. Fortunately Mme. Desjardins mother which restore my breath, and mother turns to introduce me to the young ladies. The Misses Designing are twing of

The Misses Desjardins are twins, a Diode and a brunette. They are of the same stature, and dress alike even to ribbons; but here the resemblance

Provide the properties of a control of control of the properties of the propertis of the properime of the properties of the properties of the p

me to do so. But my opinions are unchanged, I confess; baccalaureates

sister Martha possesses only the cold majesty of a statue; a religious awe steals over me when gazing on your pure face. Rose, I am only happy near work ear you !

hear you! Thus my thoughts wandered for eight long days. Was it my thoughts alone? What was there to prevent the straying of my heart as well? I have seen her again! I see her now every week. I have a standing invitation to Mme. Desjardin's Wed-nesday evenings, and she, with her daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions.

daughters, comes regularly to mother's Friday receptions. My mind is filled with a collection of portraits representing Miss Rose in various guises. Miss Rose in an ex-quisitely fitting calling suit of deli-cate gray. Miss Rose in a white house dress, adorned with a dainty Russian apron. But in these various aspects she is always the same little Rose, whose sweet graces have gone to my very hert.

whose sweet graces have gone to my very heart. One morning I rushed into my mother's room.

very heart. One morning I rushed into my mother's room. "Mamma, I love Miss Rose. I must mary her. Put on your calling dress as quickly as you can. Take a car-riage, fly to Mme. Desjardin's, and tell her that, if she refuses to let me mary her daughter. I shall drown my-self-that---"Well, well, John, not so fast, I beg," replied, mamna, quietly. "It is not customary to make an offer of marriage at 9 o'elock in the morning. Besides, my dear," she added, as she placed her coffee eup upon the dress-ing table, "you must remember our compact. You are not to ask advice, information or assistance from me. Marry whom you like. Arrange mat-ters as best you can. It is your own affair." Decidedly, mamma is still vexed with me. Very well; I will do with-out her advice and assistance. This evening, yes, this very evening. I shall ay my heart, my name, my for-tune and my lifo at the feet of my dear Rose." The day passed in an agony of hope and fear. And to think that I, prac-tical man that I am, kissed at least a hundred times a flower stolen from my idol! And I gazed at that flower like a school girl dreaming over a faded marguerite as she thinks of the yows of her cousin. The to is a concert and ball at Mme. Designtins". In the bay window--she wears the

There is a concert and ball at Mme. Desjardins's. In the bay window—she wears the blue tulle dress—I have heaven in my soul. Oh, how beautiful the May nights are when one can throw open the windows of the ballroom! When happy couples, a black coat and a light dress, stray out upon the bal-cony to gaze up at the stars. When the air is filled with the intoxicating odor of the dawy foliare.

odor of the dewy foliage. Does Rose encourage me to confi-dences? She seems vaguely melan-choly, and the smile has fled from her line. Our talk is expired and in the

dences? She seems vaguely melan-choly, and the smile has fled from her lips. Our talk is serious, and is in-terrupted by those long pauses when the heart seem full to bursting. Strange! It seems as if a new being were gradually being evolved from the young girl I have known. Rose seems like a woman to me now; yes, like a woman who still retains the sweet naivete of a child. The glimpse I catch of this un-known person throws an irresistible charm over my already stricken heart. What an infinitude of perspectives is unveiled to my view; child, woman, trust me! Do not hide from melong-er the mysterious treasures of tender-ness half hidden by the sweet purty! We are alone. The stars watch over us. I cannot help but adore the. I bend towards her. Suddenly, be-hind us, there is a movement of chairs and a rastling of dresses. Whispers interrupt me. "The Mariani is going to sinc."

interrupt me. "The Mariani is going to sing," nurmur the voices. Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to

Oh, what is the famous cantatrice to me! I are vexed at the interruption. But soon the light chords of the pre-Inde reach us, like the awaking of birds in the fields at break of day; then a voice is heard above the rustling of fans, a magnificent voice which calms me, moves me, penetrates to my very soul, and I feel a great wave of har-mony bass over me. mony pass over me. She sings :

no sings: Maiden, harkon to my prayer Liston to me, I implore: My heart will samely break. And for all thy dear sake ! Maiden, I love thee As I have never, never loved before!

Heavens! 1 lose my head-I seiz the trembling hand resting upon the window sill. Rose starts. Sing on, blessed voice! sing on, and whisper to my beloved all that fills my heart. my beloved all that And yet I dare not speak :

And yee'r dar hot sjean.
Fain wold I serve thee,
My lady love, my queen.
Lot where beford thee prostrate Tm kneel-ing.
Ah, trust me, and I will fuithfully prove,
Be but my own; my wile! my love!
A round of neurone followy.

a but my own; my wife! my love! A round of applause follows. end towards my darling, who smile

woman. You have so often described her to me, so often and so cruelly, perhaps, that I might almost ask my-self at this moment if you are mock-ing me. But I feel that for the time being, at least, you are sincere. Yoo love me, you say, because I am simple and gay, as girls of my age should be; because I do not scorn home life, and because I do not scorn home life, and because I do not scorn home life, and because I do not scorn home iffe, and because I make a fairly good hostess. But you wouldn't love me any more, I'm afraid—you would find me ridi-culous, you would leave me in disap-pointment, if you knew'— ''Knew what, Rose, for heaven's sake?''

Allow what, Kose, for heaven's sake?" "I am surprised that you do not know what all our friends know--your mother as well as any one. I have--I am--I am a Bachelor of Arts! And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself."

And you have sworn never to marry a Bachelor of Arts. You told me so yourself." "You a baccalaureate, Rose! Is it possible? I thought it was your sister!" "No, it is not my sister. Unfor-tunately it is I," she sobbed. "Dear Rose, my dearly beloved, why can't I throw myself on my knees be-fore you here in the bow window and make honorable amends for my stu-pidity? Ah, fool that I have been, and how blind! Here I have caused this angel of simplicity to blush for her learning! I have wounded and humiliated her! But how could I have dreamed that fate had reserved such a rare treasure for me? Such a mind, united with sweet womanly grace and a true heart. Rose, speak to me in Latin; speak to me in Greek, but tell me that you love me, even if it is in the language of Homer! Oh, Rose! I will study my forgotten de-clensions to please you, and we will discuss philosophy together by our freside! Have I obtained my par-don? Will you believe me, my dear-est?"

"It's a good idea to make light of your troubles." "If do," replied Happigo; "when-ever a creditor sends me a letter J burn it."--Washington Star. hreside! have robanic, m, pa-don? Will you believe me, my dear-est?" She places her trembling little hand in mine, while the Mariani repeats once more with her divino voice the impassioned love song: Malden, I love the As I have never, never loved before! Decai is my wifa now. We discuss girl." Dewberry—"Well, last night I heard her giving him a piece of hers."

As I have never, never loved before: Rose is my wife now. We discuss all sorts of subjects as we admire our baby, who dances gayly on the knees of his future preceptress. As for me, I am the happiest of men; my wife is so bewitching when, to be some the new itching when,

men; my wife is so bewitching when, to tease me, she says in Latin, what we are always thinking, "I love thee?" If you come to see us in the coun-try you shall taste the preserves of my fair bacealaureate, and you must give me your opinion of them, you gentlemen who swear so strongly never to marry a Bachelor of Arts.-From the French, in Romance.

""For two reasons. He intends to try football, and if he's not a success at it he's going to join the woman's rights party."—Judge. An Obsolete Emery Wheel.

An Obsolete Emery Wheel. Naxos, one of the largest and most famous of the Cyclades Islands of Greece, has from time immemorial produced emery on a large scale, but times are changing and unless resort is had to scientific engineering, the glory of the place will have field. Two villages have had the monopoly of emery mining, and have sent out daily about 600 workmon who, in the most archaic fashion, have set to work. The rock has been exclusively broken up by fire, the method being to clear a space, pile brushwood on it, light a fire, and when the fire is dying out, throw water on the glowing rock to split it. Under such conditions only ply of brushwood is played out also. Experts who have been consulted by the Surface strata could be utilized, but these are played out, and the sup-ply of brushwood is played out also. Experts who have been consulted by the Greeian Government have recom-mended the resort to systematic quarry borings, the use of powerful explosives, wire ropeways and other familiar appliances. In the mean-time the Naxos industry is practically tha a standstill, and other deposits elsewhere have things all their own way, because they are properly handled. It is said that in the United GETING EVEN. Jones-''I told you that I would get even with Smith. and I huve.'' Brown-''How did you do it?'' Jones-''I made my wite put or her new two-huadred-and-fify-dollar sealskin seque and go and call on his wife.''-Pack. A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE. Irate Woman-"Git out of here, you dirty Injun! Is it dinner you have the face to beg for? I'll sic one of the dogs or you!" Chiet Much-'Irand-of-water (placidly) -"S'pose sic fat dog on big Injun; him heap glad."-Judge. bisowhere nive things in their own way, because they are properly handled. It is said that in the United States the development of large corun-drum beds in North Carolna is doing much to modify the state of the in-dustry.—Atlanta Journal. "Is your wife lecturing on the des-tiny of woman?" was the sympathetic inquiry.

A Prize Snake Story.

A Prize Snake Story. A most hideous spectacle was re-vealed in a well on a farm near Mon-ongaheia on Thursday. The well had supplied the neighborhood with water for a generation. The owner and his son pumped the well out. One of the men with a lighted lamp was lowered to make an inspection. Half way down he shouted to those above to be hoisted, and urged them to hanl away for his life. He was aimost paralyzed with fright, saying that the well was alive with snakes from top to bottom. A light was lowered, and snakes in un-counted numbers and of every con-ceivable size and variety could be seen hanging from the sides and coiled in the bottom. Lizzards and toals were also there in large numbers. The people who have been using the water have the horrors. The owner of the well will try to get rid of the snakes by blasting the rocks around the well.—Colambus (Ohio) Journal. <u>Glass Houses</u>, AN AUTIORITY. "Football, sir, is brutal. It is based dargely upon the exercise of brate force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such..." "Ob, say-hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?" "No; but I hold elinies in three hospitals in a college town !"-Chicago Record. GOOD TO THROW AT FIRE CAT. Book canvassers should take cour-age from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding." A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a grow!.

"it's no use to me, I never read." "But there's your family," said the canvasser. "Haven't any family-nothing but

A round of applanse follows. I bend towards my daring, who smiles, but seems ready to cry. "Rose, Rose, do you understand? Rose, will you trust me that I may prove my faithfulness to the? Will you be 'my own; my wife; my love?" "Rose, I love you. I adore you for your simplicity, for your sweet nai-vete, for your adorable ignorated of the life and ways of this world. In secluded life in the bosom of the family, happy in the sweet home life that is the scorn of pedants and blue stockinge. You are low my Rose—say that you can love me!" She grows pale, then red, and the paler still, and replies very softly, but calling and sadly: "No, Mr. Jack, I am not your ideal a cat." "Well, you may want something to throw at the cat." The book was purchased. It was the voice of the old man the upper hall. that is just what I shall do, and Mary!" "Yes, pa." "He will be that one." Fiften seconds later the front door opened and closed again softly and Mary was alone in the hall.—New York World. Farm, Field and Firesate. Wild ducks, cranes, swallows and several other kinds of birds assemble in flocks as the time of migration ap-proaches, and seem to discuss the de-parture and the route.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. On very cold nights it is sometimes lifficult to keep the house plants from freezing. A few of the tenderer kinds may be removed from the colder window to the middle of the room,

Busier Than the Bee-Abasem Literal-The Point of Vie Nothing to It, Etc., Etc. How doth the little busy ad Improve each shining minute And gather dollars, dimes and For the merchant who is in it.

THE POINT OF VIEW

window to the middle of the room, and the others covered with news-papers. Pinning newspapers against the window sash will prevent much of the heat of the room from escaping. When there are many plants, a useful plan is to place a couple of lamps, or a small oil stove between the flowers and the window, and light them just before retring. The coldest time will occur in the early morping when the lowses fires are the lowers, and the lamps will then be at work.—American Agriculturist. THE POINT OF VIEW. Carson—"To what school of writers does Scrawls belong?" Vokes—"He poses as a realist; but his creditors say he is a romancer."--Trath.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

EEPING HOUSE PLANTS FROM FREEZING.

TO PREVENT DETASTICK BURNING. An ingenious woman has discovered a method to prevent the drumsticks of turkeys from burning to a crisp. When the bird is well started in the oven, she mixes a dough with flour and covers the turkey with it, blanket fashion. This cover remains until the bird is nearly done, when it is care-tully lifted out, the outside of the turkey thoroughly basted with butter and dripping and allowed to become slightly brown. If the blanket re-mains on until the roast is cooked, the necessary to remove it somewhat carlier. According to this unidenti-fied authority, the caterer for a small family, who must buy a very small nost of beef, will find this a most ad-mirable plan in cooking the meats. As a rule, a small roast is likely to be verdone. By this means the cook can, with a little experience, gauge the process with the utmost nicety. In the broiling of steaks, also, the same plan may be adopted.—New York OBARE GRUPDEE CARES

HOW TO BAKE GRIDDLE CAKES.

York Observer. HOW TO BAKE GRIDDLE CAKES. Now that the season of griddle cakes is at hand, some directions as to the method of making them may be in or-der. No one likes to contemplate the odors that always seemed inevitable, and that heralded to the family in their befrooms the fact that pancakes were to form part of the breakfast. This smell of burning fat need be no part of the preparation of what is en-tirely a National dish. The one thing to be remembered is not to grease one's griddle at all. If one must use an old griddle, that has become in-crusted with the layers of many years of burned fat, this may be impossi-ble. In such a case buy a new one if possible. If it is not possible, try this way: Soak the griddle in strong lye and see if that will not remove every vestige of the old prease. If it does mith a griddle that had been used for sity parts. thes mount to do so with a griddle that had been used for sity eass-- then securi it with a cloth dipped in grease enough to make plenty of salt cling to it. Scour with the solt and do not wash. Use it with no trouble, and no grease. In buying a new griddle, that it in the same man-ner with the grease and salt and never in the the day conserver have a short-ening in them, add one tablespontal of butter for this manner of baking. In making buckwheat cakes, without find, take enough for the morning's meal and add to that the caseponting of maked that a soapstone griddle butter. It is not to be recom-mended that a soapstone griddle butter of methed butter. It is not to be recom-mended that a soapstone griddle butter of making buckwheat cakes, without fin making buckwheat cakes, without for methed butter. It is not to be recom-mended that a soapstone griddle butter bus on the soapstone griddle butter. It is not to be recom-mended that a soapstone griddle butter. Supremended that a soapstone griddle butter. Supremended that a soapstone griddle butter. Supremended that a soapstone griddle butter. Supreme

BREAKFAST BREADS.

The following recipes were found in the collection, probably made from various sources, of a young German

various sources, of a young German cook. Oatmeal Gems—One pint cooked oatmeal, one pint sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melled butter, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in a quick, hot oven. Corn Bread—Three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup of

Corn Bread-Three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, one cup of molasses, two cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Scald two cups of the meal and mix the other with the flour and baking pow-der. Steam three hours. Corn Muffins-One pint of corn meal, one pint of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of lard, one tablespoon ful of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of sweet milk, one scant teaspoonful salt. Mix the flour, corn meal and lard together like pie crust, and bake in muffin pans.

pans. English Muffins—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, and one and one fourth pints of sweet milk. Make your batter a little stiffer than for critidle aches. Here, a griddle bot

griddle cakes. Have a griddle hot and greased and lay a greased muffin

on it and fill them half full, turn

pan

TO PREVENT DRUMSTICK BURNING.

Penelope (freezingly) - "You do not

love me." Ten Broke (convincingly)--"I wor-ship the very ground that you in-herit."-Life.

ADDS NOTHING TO IT. "The telephone is like a woman; "tells everything it hears." "Yes, that's so. And it's unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."-Life.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE Friend-"Does Arthur smoke?" Sweet Girl--"No; he never smoked in his life, and he has promised that if marry him he will never learn. Is n'the noble?"-Pack.

LITERAL.

GOT IT. Hopgood-"Yes; Jobson had no eace of mind until he married that

TRUTHFUL.

"Waiter, is this cheese imported?" "Yes, sir; part of it." "What do you mean?"

Switzerland, but just the substance was made here."

TWO STRINGS. "Why is Charley letting his hair

A MATTER OF INDIFFERENCE

"Do you take any interest in the problem of whether or not Mars is in-

habited?" asked the young man. "Oh, dear, no," replied the young woman. "Even if it were the people wouldn't belong to our set."—Judge.

GETTING EVEN.

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE

RESIGNATION.

"Isn't that a pretty heavy subject?

"Yes. But it could be worse. Sh might be at home making biscuit."-Washington Star.

AN AUTHORITY.

GOOD TO THROW AT FHE CAT

HE DIDN'T WAIT.

"Mary !"

from

would

'Well, sir, the holes came