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FREELAND, PA., MARCH 3, 1898.

Not the Same Jefferson.

A rather amusing story is told at the expense of a young woman who was a visitor at the capitol in Washington the other day. She was with a party of friends, and they were being piloted through the big building on the hill by one of the official guides. They were strolling through Statuary hall, and this is the conversation which is alleged to have taken place between the young lady, who is just out of her teens, and the guide: "Here," said the guide, "is perhaps the most perfect statue of Jefferson in the world." "Are you certain that is Jefferson?" inquired the young lady. "Yes; that's Jefferson," was the reply. "My, how he has changed since I saw him," exclaimed the visitor. "Since you saw him?" ejaculated the astonished guide. "Why, yes; I saw him last winter in Rip Van Winkle, and he didn't look a bit like this." The guide felt embarrassed, and the silence which prevailed for a moment was gently broken by the girl, who in a low voice inquired: "When did he die?" The guide and the balance of the party had moved on, and the young lady's last question was not answered.

A justice of the peace in Indiana had a very exalted opinion of the responsibility which rested upon him to command respect for the law at all times. There was a neighbor of this justice named Jim Waller, whose farm ran right up to the line of Ohio, a fence marking the exact division. One day, when the justice was passing down the road, he observed Waller and his Ohio neighbor engaged in an argument. The justice approached them, arriving on the scene just as they clinched. Springing upon the fence so as to be out of harm's way, he waved his cane in the air and shouted: "Gentlemen, in the name of the state of Indiana, I command peace!" Just at that moment the fence gave way and the justice was precipitated to the ground. He fell on the Ohio side and as he was struggling to get up he shouted to Waller: "Give it to him hot, Jim; I'm out of my jurisdiction!"

Indiana children are becoming very precocious, if Benson Eggers, of North Salem, is a fair example, says an exchange. He is only 17 years old, yet he has already been married three times, been divorced once, has another divorce suit pending against him, and is in a fair way to be prosecuted for bigamy. In 1895 Eggers was married to a woman named Brown, who lived with him six months and then got a divorce on grounds of cruelty. Two months later he was married to a 15-year-old girl who, after living with him two weeks, also left him because of cruelty. A short time ago she began proceedings for divorce, but in the meantime Eggers had married Ethel May Harris, aged 16, representing to her that his second wife was dead.

It is unquestionably the tendency of the times in this particular decade of the Victorian era to strengthen, in every possible way, the position of women, and one may look long and vainly nowadays for that tame acquiescence in destiny which was such a marked characteristic of the gentler sex when the century was younger. The fact is that women no longer look to marriage as the sole end and aim of existence, but are bestirring themselves with a will to map out careers which shall afford an outlet for their energies, and at the same time secure them a niche in the busy world, where they may earn a living for themselves, and perhaps help those dear to them.

Every one of the United States battle ships and cruisers is short-handed. Yet the enlisted force of the navy has been recruited to its full legal strength, and the navy department cannot add another man without the authority of congress. Secretary Long has asked for authority to enlist 2,000 men to meet existing emergencies. In the army conditions are similar. New fortifications have been built, and there are not men to man them. It is said to be certain that two artillery regiments will be added to the army by congress this winter.

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INTELLIGENT GEESSE.

How a Knowledge-Loving Gander Attended a School Institute.
It must have been in the '40's that my great uncle, Charles N., was graduated from college and began to teach school. Communication was not so rapid then as now, and the exchange of ideas was accomplished with more difficulty. The country was not overrun with teachers' manuals and guides, and there were few educational works. It was only by gathering together and exchanging ideas that teachers were able to progress. To facilitate this several would in the summer time travel from place to place, holding what were called "institutes," to which all who taught in the neighboring country would flock to receive or disseminate new ideas, and to discuss methods of study.

My uncle and a friend of his had started on a tour of this kind, and on Saturday arrived at a town where they were to hold an "institute" the following Monday. Sunday afternoon they took a stroll in the outskirts of the town, on the banks of a stream, and were engaged in deep conversation when my uncle's friend espied a flock of geese approaching in a solemn procession. Moved by a sudden impulse, he took off his hat, made a low bow and, addressing the geese, said: "Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. N., who will hold an institute in this town to-morrow. I cordially invite you to be present." The geese appeared to listen attentively to the young man's words, and when he had finished they waddled gravely away.

The incident passed quickly from their minds, the next afternoon arrived and the friends repaired to the church where they were to expound their educational views to those who were assembled for instruction and profit. The day was beautiful and sunny, and everything beamed propitiously on my uncle as he arose from his seat behind the pulpit to address the dignified gathering.

Hardly had he opened his mouth to speak when something in the wide-opened door attracted his attention. There stood the old gander, the leader of the flock they had seen the day before, and behind him were all the



DRIVING OUT THE INVADERS.

geese! Having completed his survey, to my uncle's horror and chagrin, he waddled slowly up the middle aisle, followed by the rest.

Was ever a young man in a more painfully embarrassing situation? At this moment he received a tug on his coat tails and plainly heard the partially suppressed amusement of his friend and the whispered exclamation: "They've come!"

My uncle grew redder and hotter as the geese approached in front and the tugs on his coat tails continued behind. He could only stutter and stammer, each moment becoming more painfully aware of the awkwardness of his position.

At last, with the timely assistance of the congregation, the unwelcome intruders were expelled amid quackings, confusion and uproar.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the fount of my uncle's eloquence was choked for the time being, and consequently his exposition on the education of the young was not as edifying as it might have been under ordinary circumstances.

This did not end the matter, however. My uncle's friend for many years after, at every dinner when he was called upon for a speech, managed to recount this incident. If my uncle was there it only added to the general enjoyment.

Firing of this in the course of years, Uncle Charles once arose, after his friend had related the story, and said: "There was one point to which sufficient attention had not been called, namely, why had the geese understood so perfectly all that his friend had said?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

This Hen Was Thoughtful.
A lady who lived for some time when she was first married on a Mississippi cotton plantation says that among their poultry was a hen who developed a fondness for a more civilized way of living. She preferred the house to the henyard, and never lost an opportunity of mounting the steps and entering. She was always "shooed" out, but this did not cause her ardor to decrease. Finally she conceived the idea of making an offering to the inmates of the house in return for accommodations, so nearly every day she would enter and lay an egg in the sheet trunk, which stood open at that time of day in the hall. The family were so amused at this performance that they allowed her to go in and out without molestation.

A Novel Way.
Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens in the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired, why: "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"—Judge.

Association of Ideas.

"John," said a loving wife, "I wish you would sing two or three lines of a song for me."
"What on earth do you want me to do that for?"
"There is something I want you to bring home, and I've forgotten what it is, but I think I'll remember it if you sing."
The good-natured husband complied, and the charming wife said: "I remember now. It's a file I want."
—Odds and Ends.

His Destiny.
Doting Mother—I do not know what we are going to make of little Rodney. He declared to-day that when he grows up he is going to be a robber and despoil people of their hard-earned gold.
Shrewd Father—H'm! I'll take the little rascal downtown in the morning and apprentice him to Skinner, the real estate dealer.—N. Y. World.

Opened His Eyes.
Wife—As it were three a. m. when you crawled home, John, I suppose you'd like an eye-opener before going to work?
Husband—To tell you the truth, I would.
Wife—I thought so; here's the bill for a hat I bought yesterday—only \$33.49.
—Up-to-Date.

How She Protects Birds.
Helen—Why, Angelica, dear! you surprise me. Just look at those feathers in your hat! I thought you belonged to the bird protective association?
Angelica—I do; I am a charter member. I wouldn't wear a whole bird on my hat—not for the world, poor little things! These are only wings.—Judge.

By Inference.
"Women must find it a hardship sometimes not to be able to swear."
"O, I don't know. They have their own ways. When they want to be particularly nasty about another woman they say 'she means well,' and it really comes to the same thing."—Pick-Me-Up.

Shows Her Strength.
"There are 54 muscles used in carrying on an ordinary conversation," she said, looking up from the book she was reading.
"And yet woman is supposed to be a weak creature," he said, thoughtfully. And then he dodged.—Chicago Post.

Willing to Adapt Himself.
"I never do anything by halves," remarked the man who was hurrying along the street.
"That's all right, mister," replied Meandering Mike, who had just overtaken him; "a quarter or 75 cent 'll do."—Washington Star.

Disconcerting.
Mrs. Manycooks (severely)—Didn't I hear a man talking loudly with you in the kitchen just now, Mary?
Mary (complacently)—Oh, hope so, mam, for thin Oi can call yez as a witness in a case av breach av promise suit, mam.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Taking No Chances.
Visitor—I don't see how you can allow your son to flirt so outrageously with that pretty servant girl.
Hostess—Sh—h! Her father is in the Klondike, and next summer she may be richer than any of us.—N. Y. Journal.

Rather Dangerous.
"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."
Thus says the Good Book, but I wonder, forsooth, just how it would work if I started to pay my dentist his bill in that Scriptural way.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

GOOD CHANCE FOR A TOUCH.



Mrs. Newmarried—I'd like to catch my husband drinking.
Jack Borrower—So would I.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How They Escaped.
Together the lovers cast their lot, And were joined in holy wedlock; But it was a failure, so they got A divorce to break the deadlock.
—Chicago Daily News.

An Easy Test.
Timmins—I have never been able to make up my mind whether I am a genius or not.
Simmons—it is easily tested. Just act like a hog when you are in society, and if you are a genius people will admire you for it.—Indianapolis Journal.

Getting Along Nicely.
"How is your wife getting on?"
"She's improving slowly. She is not well enough to attend to her household duties yet, but yesterday she was out shopping."—Tit-Bits.

A Pitfall.
"What makes all the men shun Miss Backbay? She's not bad looking."
"No, but she is so terribly well informed."—Chicago Record.

The Main Question.
She—This gas bill is simply extortion!
The Collector—Yes'm. When shall I call?—Towns Topics.

A Natural Inference.
He—My wife tries to make the best of everything.
She—Oh, did she marry you to reform you?—Yonkers Statesman.

BUSY MALLEE HENS.

They Build Nests Fully as Large as a City Lot.
The mallee hen of Australia lays its eggs in a huge nest. The nest is really an artificial mound of gigantic proportions for the size of its maker and the purpose it is to serve. This artificial mound is a cooperative incubator. It is built by many pairs of birds, male and female working alike to construct it. These same pairs or flocks of birds annually repair and enlarge the queer-looking cone, which rises up like a turret dome from the level prairie. Sometimes these tunnels attain a height of fully 15 feet in the perpendicular.



A MALLEE HEN MOUND.

ular, with a radius of equal measurement. Many of these nests have measured as much as 50 yards, or 150 feet, around their base. That would give the largest one measured a diameter of about 50 feet. These mound-nests are entered through a sort of funnel cavity at the top of the cone.

The hens of all the building and repairing pairs lay in this immense nest. The eggs are deposited about six feet below the surface. While each hen lays her egg in the family mound, no hen drops her egg closer than 20 inches to that of her neighbor. These eggs are deposited in a cavity made for it where it is placed in a vertical position, carefully covered and the surface as carefully smoothed over by the hen before she quits the nest. Contrary to the usual practice of the bird and fowl species, these mallee hens lay at night instead of in the day. Several days elapse also between the dropping of two eggs by the same hen.

The eggs of the mallee hen are out of all proportion to her size. They are as large as those of a goose, and of large hens are very much larger. The eggs thus laid and covered in this great sand oven in the hot districts are never again disturbed by the hens. The eggs are hatched by the heat the sun bakes into the soil where they lay. It has never been known how the young chicks are excavated from their egg graves, for the eggs are deposited fully six feet below the surface, and the hardening rains do not aid their exit very much.

The hen is so very shy and vigilant that no one is able to study her maternal and domestic habits with satisfaction. As she lays her egg at night and transacts most of her affairs in the night watch so that no naturalist or curious individual can ferret her out, possibly she steals to her expected brood under cover of night also and gives them the parental unearthing which they must surely need after the pipping of the eggshell.

Bush naturalists have been curious to know how this peculiar fowl builds that nest. The birds have been seen working at it and the mounds have been inspected, but the piling of the dirt is not from the immediate vicinity, for that is undisturbed. Small sprigs and the like enter into the plastic masonry, which stands storms and heavy rains, when they do fall, without serious injury.

These huge cones stand for years, to be annually nested in by the same flock which originally constructed the family incubator. When detected the hens emit a pitiful little cackle and flutter away like a wounded innocent. The young of a covey either root under the sand or hide behind some mound or object of a friendly color.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Lizard Saved by Its Wit.
A remarkable story of a contest between a snake and a lizard comes from Greenup, Ky. The contest took place in a cluster of saplings and lasted for nearly half a day. The lizard would run up a sapling clear to the top and patiently wait while the snake wound its way about half way up the sapling. Then he would jump from the top of the tree to the ground and the snake would also fling itself from the tree, both striking the ground about the same time, but before the snake could get himself straightened out the lizard, which did not have to uncoil, would scale up another sapling. Then the snake would repeat its efforts to procure a dinner. The snake, not being a ready climber, was at a great disadvantage in the contest, and after many efforts apparently gave it up as a fruitless job.

Wanted to Learn English.
The police in Calcutta caught a native coming out of a shop early in the morning and arrested him on suspicion. The man had on the previous evening concealed himself inside the shop and had employed the time until morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links, a red tie, carefully put on, black socks, a pair of patent leathers, watch and chain, handkerchief, pocketknife, straw hat and cane. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being arraigned before a magistrate he gave the queerest excuse imaginable. He said that he wanted to learn English, and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress like an Englishman.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

The Ceylon yellow silk spider has a body that weighs nine ounces. It is noted that the women of the royal families of Europe are, on the average, much stronger, mentally and physically, than the men.
Old sailors say that not one man in 10,000 would have had presence of mind enough to beat against the wind in such a case with no compass aboard.
A recently opened guano cave in Georgia was found to be inhabited by great swarms of white flies, having yellow legs and pale pink eyes.
If the armies of Europe should march at an eight-mile gait, five abreast, 15 inches apart, it would require 9 1/2 days for them to pass a given point.
The safest course if caught in a thunderstorm is to allow one's self to become thoroughly soaked. The chances of safety from lightning are ten to one in favor of the wet person.
There is to be a new electric light-house placed on Fire Island that will have the estimated power of 45,000,000 candles, making it the most powerful artificial light in the world.
The first book printed in the limits of the United States was the "Bay Psalms book," which was issued in Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. Specimens of this publication are extremely rare and command very high prices.
The first bank within the limits of the United States was chartered in Philadelphia in 1781. It was incorporated by congress under the title "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America."
If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are to-day, but as we were 50, 100 years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.
Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent less than a wooden one, and will carry 115 tons of cargo for every 100 tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.

THOSE WHO WRITE.
James Lane Allen, the American novelist, will soon visit England.
It is said that the author of "A Son of Israel," just issued, is Mrs. Willard, wife of the actor. The book is a novel of Russian life, high and low.
F. Marion Crawford is prospering as a lecturer. His present engagements will take him across the country to the Pacific coast and keep him in the United States until the spring.
Jerome K. Jerome, who has relinquished the editorship of both the Idler and To-Day, has a short humorous novel ready for publication early in the year. Literature says that all Mr. Jerome's books have been translated into Norwegian, and in Germany, France, Russia and Scandinavia he is one of the very few English writers at all well known.
Having successfully carried his new volume of poems through the press, Edmund Clarence Stedman proposes to devote some labor to another anthology similar in scope to that in which he traversed the poetry of the Victorian era, but dealing with American verse. Like its predecessor, the new collection will serve as a companion to the editor's critical writings on the subject.

FASHIONS FROM PARIS.
The Russian blouse an outdoor garment is very much worn, but not in fur, as the fashion will be too evanescent for that.
Black and white is a perfect rage and is very expensive, as white chiffon and satin bodices soil most easily, especially as they are worn under jackets and cloaks.
The skirts are worn so very long, both before and behind, that they are now carried over the arm, displaying to great advantage magnificent silk petticoats.
White gloves are still very fashionable, but they are not so universal as last season. With gray costumes gray gloves are worn and with green gowns tan gloves are seen.
With black dresses brocade petticoats laden with lace are the latest mode. The streets of Paris are so much cleaner than ours that all this silken luxuriance is possible.
The hair in Paris is now worn quite smoothly brushed up at the back, like the ugly fashion of 25 years ago. It is not quite so bare, as the storm collars, too, are enormously high, and are frequently finished with a plaited bow in front.

FUNNYGRAPHS.
"Say, gov'nor, can't you use a good, live man in your business?" "No, I can't. I'm an undertaker."—Truth.
"She says that since she married she has been through everything." "Yes, her husband says the same thing."—Life.

"Cholly! Adleplate—'Aw, doctah, I have wecently been afflicted with fearful headaches.' Doctor—'I see some of those aching voids we read about.'—Chicago News.

Teacher (in geography class)—"Johnnie, how is the earth divided?" Johnnie (who reads the foreign news)—"Don't know; I haven't read the papers this morning."—Chicago News.

"Mr. Showman," said an inquiring individual at the menagerie, "can the leopard change his spots?" "Yes, sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beasts; "when he is tired of one spot he goes to another."—Tit-Bits.

Equal to the Occasion.—Peddler—"I have a most valuable work to sell, madam; it tells you how to do anything." Lady (snootily)—"Does it tell you how to get rid of a pestering peddler?" Peddler (promptly)—"Oh, yes, madam—buy something of him."—Tit-Bits.

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