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A leading pastor in an Ohio town has induced many of the women in his congregation to remove their hats in church. There seems to be no greater reason for wearing big hats a church than in the theatres.

"They are gone, God knows where! "They are gone, God knows where!"

Is the significant account given of the
reconcentrados by one of the chief
Spanish officers in Cuba. That grim
statement is the fitting epilogue of
the history of Spanish rule in the
Pearl of the Antilles.

A Boston paper prints the adver-A Boston paper prints the advertisement of a society devoted to the culture of musirooms, which ends with the significant advice: "Come and be identified with us." If one intends to indulge promiseuously in eating mushrooms, however, it probably would be just as well to carry an identification card in the pocket.

ably would be just as well to carry an identification card in the pocket.

In 1860 the mapufacture of silk in the United States amounted to \$5, 607,771 in value. This amount was doubled in the next decade, and that amount was more than trebled in 1880. The end of the next decade showed that the total had more than doubled again. It is estimated that a recent compilation made by the secretary of the American Silk association shows that in the five years following 1890 the rate of increase has even accelerated, the estimate of the silk manufacture of the United States today being nearly, if not quite, \$150,000,000 per annum.

German shipbuilders are doing fairly well outside of mercantile orders. Within three years they have delivered twenty-four war vessels for other maritime powers, including China, Brazil, Turkey, Austria, Norway and Sweden. It is true that among these two dozen vessels there is not a single battleship, and but three armored cruisers—for China—the balance being torpedo boats and destroyers. However there are now on file orders for twenty-two warships, including one armored cruiser for Russia. So Germany is doing quite well in this line—although it is not unlikely that our recent naval record will interfere somewhat with future foreign orders to history and in the shall with the course of the chief or the shall well in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the line although it is not unlikely that our recent naval record will interfere somewhat with future foreign orders to be supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk in the shall was a supplied to the silk and the same our recent naval record will interfere somewhat with future foreign orders to shipyards in the Kaiser's realm.

The supreme conflict of the nations The supreme conflict of the nations in the twentieth century is to be one of trade, observes the New York Mail and Express. A people incapable of keeping pace with the new era of commercial expansion and colonial government must sink steadily in influence. Spain has lost her colonies, and her commercial importance has dwindled vastly in consequence. France has displayed the limit of her colonial aptness in Madagascar, and France has displayed the limit of her colonial aptness in Madagascar, and it is so discouraging as to promise little of lasting value in either Central Africa or Southern China, when compared with the accomplishment of other powers. Italy's flasco in East Africa, in her Abyssinian ambition, dealt a death blow to her foreign prospects. In the similarity which existed in the intellectual influences governing the early literature of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal is found the root of deterioration which these nations experience in common se nations experience in common Present decadence runs not in a national stream merely, but in a current which is Latin, and, therefore, all-embracing in Southern Europe.

A Secondary Matter.

My Dearest Papa: Please do not think I am writing home again for more money, as such is not the case.

However, so long as I am writing, I may as well ask you to send mg \$100.

Please send it by return mail. Yours in haste, Bessie.

Please sens a series in haste, Bessie.

Herrors of the War.

The latest atrocity in the song ifthe is "The Rough Riders' Serenade." It begins, "I am lying in my tent, sweet Marle," and is on the same emotional order as "After the Bail" and Grandorder as "After the Bail" and Grandorder as "After the Plugged with Zine."—

Through path

loam,
And muzzle deep in the lazy stream,
She waits for the laggard herd to come,
With ears that droop and eyes that
dream.
Her sleek sides bulge with contentedness
And her udders drip with an overflow
That blotches with white the watercress
That sags with the current, to and frow.

The eddies whirl where her long tail flings
Its tufted end with a listless toss,
And the gurgling water swings and sings
Like whirling wings in the brookside
moss.

Like whiring wings in the books moss.

As the water clears of its muddy rile And the old boss drinks, with nostrils fared.

The dusk, slow stealing, mile on mile, Grows dark where the deep woods stand ensared.

On the east horizon's farthest rim, And out of the twilight's hazy height, Where the Dog Star loiters, white and dim, A drifting swallow pipes good-night.

A drifting swallow pipes good-night.

Then drowsily, with a soul-deep breath.
The old boss raises her head and sighs,
And, bright as a sword from its guarding
The senset gleams in her glowing eyes.
It turns the bell at her throat to gold
If Ann sthe bell at her throat to gold
If Ann the tell-tale leaves of the year grown old
Turn pale in the pools where they lie
afloat.
Out of the silence, shrill and high,
A voice of the farmyard quavers through:
"Come, bossi come, bossi come, bossi" its
cry.

And the old boss softly answers, "Moo!

Only the call of the cow—that's all; Only a wistful moo, and yet It seems that I heard my childhood call— And the dusk is here and my eyes are

wet. -R. C. R., in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE MILLER'S SECRET.



WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

"Clink, clink, clink, elink, a clinketyolink"—

Through the ragged brush of the pasture
path.
And the "old boss" stops at the brook to
drink,
With dosses ber head with a jest of wrath,
With dosses ber head with a jest of wrath,
With dosses sunk deep in the brook's black
Joan.
And muzzle deep in the lazy stream,
She waits for the laggard herd to come.
With ears that droop and eyes that
dream.
Her sleek sides bulge with contenteints
Hard better leave the old fellow to
side, and so I went back and told
the poor children the result of my
visit. They could hardly believe it,
and asked me as a favor to let them
go and see what they could do. I had
off the couple went.

When they arrived Maitre Cormille
had better leave the wint of the couple went.

When they arrived Maitre Cormille
had just gone out. The door was
double-locked, but the old fellow before starting had left his ladder outside, and suddenly it occurred to them
that they would get in a hurry to have
girl at the steam mills. You can imyou can imwish to be the result of my
visit. They could hardly believe it,
and asked me as a favor to let them
go and see what they could do. I had
off the couple went.

When they arrived Maitre Cormille
had better leave the old fellow before starting had left his ladder outside, and suddenly it occurred to them
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the couple were.

When they arrived Maitre Cormille
had the poor children the result of my
time. The course were the search of the poor children the result of my
time. The couple were the couple were t

doube-locked, but the old fellow before starting had left his ladder out side, and suddenly it occurred to them that they would get in at the window, which they did.

Strange to say, the large room was sempty; not a sack of grain to be seen, nor a speck of flour on the floor of the cobweb-covered walls. Upstairs in the old man's room everything had the same look of poverty and desolation. A wretched bed, a few rags lying about, a piece of bread on the stairs, and then in the corner a sack or two from which escaped some pieces of chalk and plaste.

This was his secret. It was this that he brought home in the evening to save the honor of the mill and to make believe that it still had work. The sails still went round, but there was along while ago the constance. The sails still went round, but there was nothing to grind.

The two poor young things came back crying and told me what they had seen. It wrung my heart to hear the whole tale in half-adozen words. We agreed on the instant to carry to the mill all the grain we could scrape together. No sooner said than done. All the wildset in half-adozen words. We agreed on the instant to carry to the mill all the grain we could scrape together. No sooner said than done. All the wildset whole to the mill and the mild when the whole tale in half-adozen words. We agreed on the instant to carry to the mill all the grain we could scrape together. No sooner said than done. All the wildset word words and the mill is dishonored? He was sobiling the total some in his hands. He had just learned that his secret hab been the decrease of the mill, and we all called out, "in fprocession with a tribe of donkeys laden with flour—real flour, "in the would not what the beautiful red wheat burst out of them; the word in the took some in his hand, and said, laughing and crying at once, "it is wheat. Good heavens it is feally wheat. How words the whole to did ays.

The charge real was the comment of the mill and one. All the village in triumph, but he would not have the took some in his han

PORTO RICO PESTS ies Which the Cattle Raisers Find

Difficulties Which the Cattle Raisers Find Almost Inaurmountable.

Two pests have to be fought by the cattle raisers of Porto Rico which would be altogether strange to a farmer of the North. One is the guava and the other is a peculiar plant called by the local people "mori vivi." The guava, where it is welcomed, is used as a worthy fruit and furnishes the universal dessert for the dinner in Cuba and this island—guava paste with cheese. But on the cattle ranch it is anathema. Wherever the guava grows, cattle eat the fruit with avidity. They scatter the seeds all about the ranch, and the energetic guava multiplies. It is of rapid growth, and almost impossible of extermination except by the closest care. Like the thistles of some Northern farms, it overwhelms nature and takes the place for its own. The other pest, which by a free translation may be called "it lives and it flies," is a sensitive plant in its action, but extremely hardy in its ability to survive attack. The centre of the little weed is surrounded by a series of very sharp and stiff pines which lie flat on the ground when the plant is not disturbed. At the first touch, however, they rise erect and bristle with points like a porcupine on a small scale.

As the cattle graze about the pasture they come to these armored weeds and attempt to eat the tempting bit in the center. Then the spines rise to stab the tender nose of the destroyer, and attempt to eat the tempting bit in the center. Then the plant multiplies unmolested until it may even overtun a pasture. It not only protects itself in this fashion, but it prevents the cattle from reaching other grasses that may be growing with it.

These two pests are worse enemies than the Spaniards to a plantation which has been left to care for itself for a time. Sometimes they claim a whole pasture so completely that it must be abandoned for a season while the interlopers are exterminated.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

easily.

It is pleasant to be appreciated. Persons work better when they know that their efforts command approval. Nothing is lost by kindly words of interest and recognition. Flattery is offensive, but appreciation of another's kindness and service is always acceptable.

Gentlengers, which belongs to winter.

offensive, but appreciation of another's kindness and service is always acceptable.

Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards and fawning assent of sycophants. It removes no just right from fear, it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value.

The Great Tin Industry.

Tin is worked in North Carolina, Virginia and Alabama; very extensive prospecting has been done in South Dakota and in California, and tin mines are said to exist in Texas and several Western States, but the total American output is so small as to cut no figure in the market. The world's supply of tin was, in 1896, over 80,000 tons, of which England produced 8000; the Straits Settlement 50,000, all of which was shipped to England, America or China; Banca, 6000; Billitong, 4000; Bolivia, 3000, while small quantities were produced in Mexico. Japan, Burmah, Russia, Portugal, Spain, Germany and Austria. The imports of tin into this country in bars, blooks, pigs or grains during the year 1897 were 50,460,123 pounds,

the year 1897 were 50,460,123 pounds,

American Shoes in Germany.

Twenty years ago American shoes were unknown in Germany. Within the past eighteen months the amount of imports has increased rapidly. The many improvements in American machinery and the careful attention paid by American mandaturers to style and finish have placed American shoes in the front rank. The demand for American shoes in Germany has not been created through the efforts of manufacturers, but through consuls and resident Americans. Many Germans are now ordering shoes from American retail houses and have them sent over by freight. "An American," says the consult at Leipzig, "can always be distinguished in a European crowd by his shoes."

Intelligent Classification.

The following entries appear in the recently issued volume of the English Reference Catalogue:

Load, copper.

Metallurgy.

Kindly light (Newman).

Library Journal



MOTHERHOOD

Oh, what so true, so pure, so good, As love and pride of motherhood? The tender watching and the care, That have no likeness anywhere?

What men most bold would fear to do
A mother's heart will earry through.
Love is too strong to think on death,
A child is more than living breath.
A mother's love is fond and wise,
Her soul is in her baby's oyes;
To her the laugh that shakes its throat
Is sweeter than the thrush's note.

Her life is in the child she bears, Nor withers with the waste of years; Though promise may in failure die, 'Tis love that makes her weep and sigh.

Her love, indeed, outlives her days,
Her ohidren treasure up her praise;
And, though no more they see her face.
Her name retains its native grace.
—New York World.

WINTER HATS IN FULL FEATHER. ange Combinations of Plumage a Fea-ture of New Millinery.

Winter hats are literally out in full feather, since feathers of every known, and of many heretofere unknown, variety have come out at the top of the list in hat trimmings. There are the usual extremes and exaggerations of fashion, with many pretty modifications, altogether charming and becoming.

Toques are larger, and nearly all of them turn up in front with a glittering buckle or a bright rosette, with cosprey feathers. The crowns are often in beefeater shape, or softvelvet or silk, embroidered all over with scrolls of narrow ribbon or worked with steel or jet on net or horsehair. Large hats with a brim, both medium and extreme in size, figure largely in the variety, with some French bonnets very odd in shape, which will hardly find favor. One is sort of scoop or poke shape, very short in the back, and suited only to the Madonna face. It is fully decorated with feathers, as is the case with all hats this season. There are many novelties in feathers, and what are called trimmed feathers. Ostrich plumes tipped with spots of chenille are one specimen, and spotted effects of all kinds are very much used. The plumage of the guinea fowl is a special feature of trimming, both dyed and in its natural color, being used sometimes as an edging for brightly colored wings. Quills of every kind and color, pheasants' plumage, and Mercury wings in all light and dark shades are employed. Large birds with four wings, real butterflies on bustard quills, and osprey breast feathers with butterflies are not the whole millinery show, however, varied as they are, for there are lovely velvet plumes in soft, rich purple reds, pretty combinations of lace and fur and tulle and fur, which is decidedly new.

Conflicting suggestions as to the kind of hat to buy and the special variety which will be most popular are as usual very freely given, but it is impossible to settle on any one shape among so many. The hat that turns back from the face is both becoming and striking in effect, but there are quite as many hats that tilt down over the eyes. The most becoming hat is the one to choose whatever the shape may be. You are told that all-black hats are not the thing, that bright colors are to be very much worn; but it will pass muster all the same. The color used must be bright and decided to be effective, and not one of the neutral ti

ered with white baby ribbon, and two with costrich feathers for a finish.
Colored felt hats, with feathers and stimming to match are very stylish. Felt hats are considered especially shart this season for wear with tailor made gowns, and it is said that white felt hats are coming into favor. As alone in felt which is very odd has a low, soft crown and a bowl-shaped trous the form turning down to meet the hair directly in the back, where velvet rosettes fill in either side. High puffs of velvet and shot taffeta trim the front, with one feather in the middle turning toward the back.—New York Sun.

Woman's Part in the Spanish War.
At every camp in the United States where troops were being mobilized women could be seen daily in their visits of ministration to the soldiers. Every hospital in the land has been the recipient of bounties, the resultor women's work. It is not too much to say that the women of the nation have furnished a large per cent. of the hospital supplies, and that, too, after becoming impatient at the Government for the rapidly multiplying patients. Days and weeks were spent in importuning the authorities for cost_ases.

for admission before the indispensable trained female nurses or saintly Sisters of Mercy and Charity were allowed in the hospitals. The inadequate corps of nurses of the regular army of twenty-five thousand men were deemed sufficient in the face of the increase to two hundred thousand, including the volunteer regiments, not one of which brought a man fitted or desiring to be detailed in the hospital service, and this with a register of thousands of names of efficient, eligible women impatient to enlist for any field.

Finally the department, because of the alarming fatalities and a threatened epidemic of typhoid and other fevers, yielded and placed in the hands of the Excentive Committee of the Daughters of the American Revolution the power to appoint trained nurses in the various army hospitals. In the mean time, fortunately for the sailors and soldiers of the nation, through the Red Cross Society and in the private and public hospitals of the cities, many of our sick and wounded were receiving the best of care and methods of treating medical and surgical patients. Women—Godb bless them! from the highest to the lowest walks of life—were everywhere busy with their labors of love and mercy. Hospital ships shared in the contributions of women and societies of women. Mrs. L. Z. Leiter's munificent gift of a hospital at Chickamanga has been the greatest boon to the army stationed on that historical ground.

And not alone were the natlen's defenders the objects of their humanity and tenderness. Their families came in for a large share on the score of their dependence upon those who had gone in the service of their country.—Mrs. John A. Logan, in Harper's Bazar.

One of the most widely known, most

One of Chicago's Clever Women.
One of the most widely known, most generally consulted and busiest women in Chicago is Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. In 1876, at Philadelphia, Dr. Stevenson was admitted to the American Medical Association, the first woman ever so honored. Since then she has steadily followed her profession with the exception of two years, which she gave up to work in the Chicago Woman's Club, of which she was President during the World's Fair.

Dr. Stevenson is a widow, and took up her work after her husband's death. She had splendid opportunity for study. During a visit to Europe she met Professor Huxley, and studied with him for two years. She now holds the chair of obstetrics in the Woman's Medical College of the Northwortern University, and is President and founder of the Chicago Maternity Hospital, organized a little over a year ago. This hospital is one of the doctor's hobbies. It has two unique features: On is that patients are not permitted to leave until the doctor feels assured they are perfectly well and strong; the other feature is the training of nursery maids. Young women, preferably between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, are thoroughly taucht to care for babies. The course is for six months, during which time instruction is given in the proper dressing and feeding of infants and small children, and the hygiene necessary to properly nurse the babies. Thus has been opened a new profession for young women, and Dr. Stevenson says that there are fifty applications for these trained children nurses to one that can be filled.

Dr. Stevenson is a tall, stately wom an, with almost white hair. She is gentle and courteous to strangers, though never effasive. She was instrumental in founding the Illinois Training School, the first of its kind in the West, and, altogether, is a woman that women delight to honor) and one "whom men would be proud to know.—New York Mail and Express.

Fashion and Fancy.
Repped silks of brilliant lustre are neeting with great success this sea-

A QUEER LITTLE HEN. There was once a little hen,
A dear little, queer little hen;
Her work was to lay
Just one egg every day,
And she did, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right then, Seated high on a branch, this queer hen, Her egg she would lay— Her one egg every day, This good little, queer little heb.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say, Lay an egg from a tree every day, And what good was the egg— Just tell that, I beg— That fell from the tree in that way?

But some people do things just as queer; I know it; I've seen it, my dear. They have a good thought, But it just comes to naught; From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the her that laid eggs in a tree.
If we do a right thing,
If a good thought we bring,
Let's not choose a wrong place, you and
me.

-New Orleans Daily Picayune.

PITH AND POINT.

PITH AND POINT.

"Were you born in a foreign country, Mr. Jones?" "No, I was born in my native land."

"What are you worrying about the "Don't Worry Club," and can't pay my dues."—Truth.

Mother—"Bless that boy of mine! He lets every poor child on the streets have a taste of his castor oil."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Benedick—"I believe I married the woman who refused you?" Batchelor—"You did." Benedick—"I envyyou, sir. Accept my congratulations."

First Tramp—"Do you believe dat all t'ings comes to him dat waits?"
Second Tramp—"Wish I did! I wouldn't do a t'ing but wait!"—Puck.

Not to Be Endured: "I had to let my French lessons go." "Why was that?" "They were simply ruining my golf accent."—Chicago Record.

When with grandpa's hard-earned zoin Our gifts get in their peerage.

that?" "They were simply that in y golf accent."—Chicago Record.
When with grandpa's hard-earned coin
Our girls get in their peerage,
They forget while crossing over in state
That grandpa crossed in steerage.
—Chicago News.

"Why don't you let your moustache grow?" asked Willie Wibble's friend. "Why don't I let it?" was the echoed response. "You mean why, don't I make it!"

make it!"

First, Traveler—"Did the guide help you up the mountain?" Second Traveler—"Oh, yes! and he made me come down handsomely, too."—Yonkers Statesman.

ser— Oi, yes: Ind he hade he come down handsomely, too."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I cm so annoyed. I do not want to invite that horrid Mrs. Prim to my reception, yet I cannot slight her."

"Give her invitation to your husband to mail."—Truth.

"Hobson seems to be the hero of the period," said the lady boarder. "I thought the Colon was all he was after," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you like those short-haired girls?" "Well, I don't know. They can't scare a fellow off by saying: "Look out! You'll muss my hair all up."—Chicago Post.

"How is your son Jack getting along, Mrs. Spriggins? Is he rising in the world?" "Rising? Well, I gness he is," said the old lady. "Why, he began last year as a chiropodist, and now he's a barber."—Harper's Bazar.

"Annexation?" answered Mr. Slowman. "Why, that is grabbing anything in reach and holding on to it."
"I don't care," said Miss Huggerton, as she pushed the hassock away; "I am in favor of it if papa is not."—Life.

Dolly—"Papa, do they get salt out of Salt Lake?" "Papa—"Yes, my

am in favor of it if papa is not."—
Life.

Dolly—"Papa, do they get salt out
of Salt Lake?" "Papa—"Yes, my
dear, large quantities." Dolly—
"And ink out of the Black Sea?"
Papa—"No; now keep quiet." Dolly—
"Yessir—Are there any women on
the Isle of Man?"—Truth.

Miss Lovey—"Ah, no, Harry, it
can never be, Jack locked that bracelet on forever and kept the key."
Mr. Hazard—"If you want to get out
of it, say so. Every fellow in the
class gave a girl one, and our keys are
all alike."—Jeweler's Weekly.

class gave a girl one, and our keys are all alike."—Jeweler's Weekly.

Krag-Jorgensen Bullets Puzzle Indians.

The Krag-Jorgensen rifles with which Uncle Sam's regulars are armed are weapons of great interest to the old hunters and sportsmen who have gathered at Walker from all sections. The soldiers pass cartridges among the curious who retain them as souvenirs. Said one of the blue-coated men who had returned from Sugar Point, having taken part in the scrap:

"The Indians ran against something in our bullets that surprised them. The steel bullet of the Krag-Jorgensen is a searching thing, and if there is an Indian concealed in the grass in line with it for three miles it will find him. When we could see, were behind pine trees from the smoke of their rifles, the others soon learned to fall back. The steel bullet will go through forty inches of pine and kill any Indian who may have thought he was safe. They can't fight the way they used to."—Minneapolis Tribune.

used to."—Minneapolis Tribune.

It Was a Most Legal Affair.

At a recent wedding in Milwaukee,
Wis., the entire ceremony appeared to
be a "legal affair." The bride, Miss
Caroline Hamilton Pier, and the bridegroom, John Henry Roemer, were
both lawyers. But this was not all;
the ceremony was performed by the
bride's mother in her capacity as Court
Commissioner, and the two bridesmaids, sisters of the bride, are also
lawyers. The bride was graduated
from the Wisconsin Law School in
1891, and since that time has been
practising with her sisters. The
mother, an elder member of the firm,
has been engaged in practice since
1893, and the father, Colonel Calvert
K. Pier, who died in 1896, was an
active member of the bar.