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That Havana lottery will evacuate with the Spaniards. Uncle Sam will protect the Cubans against them selves.

Adventurers have thus far spent \$30,000,000 in going to and from the Klondike, and have brought back \$6,000,000. But, then, think of the fun !

A Philadelphia paper in its story of the jubilee crowd said it was "nip and tuck between the pickpockets and the police." It would be interesting to learn which finally got the most.

Mr. Joe Leiter is said to have take to literature. If he can bulge the poetry market in the same way that he did the wheat market he will be segarded as a benefactor by a very sumerous constituency.

Dewey is said to be coming home. It will be such a home-coming as no American ever had. For his own comfort we advise that he be put un-der strong guard in Fort Warren, where his family and friends might visit him with passes signed by himself.

In the conflict which resulted in the resignation of the Brisson ministry in France, the grave underlying question was the supremacy of civil or military law in that republic. As long as militarism prevails in France it can be a republic but in name. The promotion of the rights of the people, the establishment of personal free-dom, and all of the elements which enter into republican government are at war with the idea of military supremacy. As long as the man in ep-aulets is the hero of the populace, and his will supplants that of the statesman, true republican government is

The curious relations of personal vanity with the worst forms of criminality are plainly shown in the case of Vacher, the notorious "Jack the Ripof Paris, who has been con demned to the guillotine. Although evidently a mental pervert, with the <text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> usual accompanying mania for homi-cide, he was willing to give the full

THE NEVER WAS A BOY When I come home the other night With an ugly lookin' eye That I had got into a fight Poor ma commenced to cry, Poor ma commoneed to cry, But when I told pa how it was He chapped his hands for joy And told me I'd done bully, 'cause Once he had been a boy.

"Boys will be boys," I heard him say; "They won't be otherwise, And the one that learns to fight his way Is the one that wins the prize; When I was when a co fight his way My greatest earthly joy..." Fut ma, she kapt on eryin', 'cause She never was a boy.

She hever was a boy. Ny golly, but l'd hate to be A ciel with flufty hair. And aiways prim as A, B, C, With clothes too clean to weat! When ma was small i spose she was Red cheeked and sweet and coy-Bat, ok, the fun that missed her 'cause She nover was an X. -Cleveland Leader,

FARMER TUCKER'S GIRLS. By Helen Whitney Clark. 

D UMPH! Marry-

in blue velvet, is my ambition, and Till accomplish it, too! With servants in livery, and a superb dining-room, handsomely furnished.--a marble-top sideboard filled with silver-piate and painted china, ent-glass decanters and goblets, and pickle-stands.--if l could have all that, I wouldn't care a snap for such nonsense as romance and love." The entrance of Tom, the hired hand, bringing a fresh back-log for the fire, interrupted them. He stirred down the embers till they glowed like a bed of melted rubies, threw on a huge, spice-scented log, fringed with scarlet lichens and gray mosa, and turned to leave the room, a handsome, manly-looking fellow, in spite of his homely suit of butternut jeans. "'Tom!" Miss Geneva snapped out the word

"Tom!" Miss Geneva snapped out the word as if disdaining herself for speaking at all, and determined to cut it as short

at all, and detrainterval as possible. "Bring a bucket and take these ashes up!" she commanded, haughtly, "And stamp the snow off your feet before you come into the sitting-room room."

peeped from the dimity-curtained

peeped from the dimity-curtained window. "Where can they be going?" cried Neva, devoured with curiosity. "Girls! Genery! Yer pa wants you an' Honory in the best room," called Annt Betay, mysteriously, from the lower hall. "Quick, too!" "H's someone to see us." cried Geneva; and springing to the looking-glass she quickly smoothed her rather neglected tresses. "My how touzled my hair is!" cried Nora, peeping over her sister's shoulder at the shining coils of red-gold hair wound around her head, and curling in little tendrils over a brow low and smooth. "But I haven't time to fix it now. Hurry up, Neval Maybe it's our fairy godmotter in a pumpkin coach, like Cinderella's, with six field mice for footme." "Stuff!" cried her sister, crabbedly; "don't be agoose, Nora." Farmer Tucker, with corduroy over-alls tucked into the legs of his cow-taking with a tall, elegantly-dressed gentleman. Miss Geneva paused a moment to bestow a withering glance on Tom, who stood by the door in the hall. "What are you loitering here for?" "Me demaded, tartly. "Eavestrop-ing. I suppose! Go abont your work, or I shall inform of you immediately." Tom made no reply, but his face lighted up as he caught a look from Nora's blue eyes, and a low-breathed "Never mind, Tom," from her red inpa.

Nora's blue eyes, and a low-breathed
"Nora's blue eyes, and a low-breathed
"Here they be," cried Farmer
Tacker, with a glow on his honest face, as the girls entered the room.
"These is my gals, Judge Alderberry!"
Alderberry?
The sisters stared. Could this elegant gentleman in the finest of broad-cloth, with diamond studs sparkling on his bosom, be any relation to Tom?
They were soon enlightened.
"Gals, this is Tom's father," explained the old farmer; "an' he's jest found out whar his son is. Got mad and driv him off because he wouldn't marry a -a--"
"An ow he's sorry, an' was no because he wouldn't marry whoever he pleases." repeated the judge; and if he prefers to live in the State, and the finest house money can build; for Tom's my only child, and all' thave is his."
"But you must stay to dinner with us, Judge Alderberry," insisted Miss Genera, hospitably, as soon as she recovered her scattered senses; "you And she hartscheid to congratulate the cousting like an October peach, slippid away to the vacant sitting-room to quiet the sudden beating

But Nora, blushing like an October peach, slipped away to the vacant sit-ting-room to quiet the sudden beating of her heart. Tom going away! Tom, with his handsome coal-black eyes. "Nora," whispered a tender voice, "Nora, darling, will you love me and be my little wife?" And there was Tom with her hands

And there was Tom, with her hands his, and her head drawn close upon s breast.

"Sarves Nevy jest right," solido-quized Aunt Betsy, as she dished a jar of ruby-hued quinces into the old-fashioned china preserve dish. "Sarves her jest right. Mobbe sho'll larn a lesson arter this. But I d'n know; pears like some folks is as hard to larn sense as one o' them antymires that pesters so in the summer-time, a-gitten inter the vittles an' things." And it is presumable Miss Genera never did "larn sense," as she is still on the uumarried list.-Saturday Night.

# WOMAN'S WORLD. KARARINA CONTRACTOR AND CONTRACTOR AND CONTRACTOR

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS. Oh mothers, seweary, discouraged, Worn out with the cares of the day. You often grow cross and impatient, Complain of the noise and inpatient, For the day brings so many verations, So many things going amiss; But, mothers, whatever may ver you, Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often, Perhaps, from the pathway of right, The dear little band find new mischief To try you from morn till night, But think of the desolate mothers Who'd give all the world for your bliss And, as thanks for your infinite blessings Send the children to bed with a kisst

Send the children to bed with a kissi For some day their noise will not vex you. The silence will hart you far more; You will long for the sweet children's volces. For a sweet children face at the door: And to press a child's face to your bosom, You'd give all the world for just this; For the comfort 'twill bring in sorrow, Send the children to bad with a kissi -New York World.

## THE WINTER FURS. Some Suggestions For Those Who Desir to Be Warmly Clad.

THE WINTER FURS. Some Suggestions For Those Who Destre to Be Warmly Clad. If faiblin took note of common sense she would porceive that long basques, which slope off to the ford are not in accordance with reason. The necessary pleats of the ski which cannot be entirely abolished, although in the new models they are reduced to a flat miniuum, are quite sensible or not, fashion has quite made up her mind that in the oncom-ing season there shall be depth at the new fur mantles are inde in this sensible or not, fashion has quite made up her mind that in the oncom-ing season there shall be depth at the new fur mantles are inde in this sensible or not, fashion has quite made up her mind that in the oncom-ing season there shall be depth at the new fur mantles are inde in this some cases, and sligh as the waist-line in front and descend to al-most three-quarter length behind in some cases, and always to a good depth. A becoming form of the new coats is one fastening by a buttory or the hips. If you are buying new furs by al-mans have two kinds mixed. Seat stin and sable, of course, mak in pales, or just a throatlet, of shale perfect mixture; even a collar and hapels, or just a throatlet, of shale in which that distant course of sale in the able, to course, fashior has quite an unch tha withou the addite inter with sealskin, with real sable or with that distant course of sale indige—the solitess of the more cosstif thre with sealskin, with real sable or with that distant course of sale in course, the sile work is kilf and a sale, of course, make indige—the solitess of the more cosstif thre with sealskin, with real sable or with the distant course of she in color, has much the same smartness of effet. Sable becomes ever more and more costly, a full-length cape of it, the heas, being so like in color, the sealskin, shown at a large fur house, and the same the protise to did the desced to an interview under the pretext of pre-senskin, shown at a large fur house, th

costume with lace yoke or vest.-Ladies' Home Journal. Miss Dix Won. In her early attempts to right the wrongs of the insane, Dorothea Dix met only discouragement and coldness,' or indifference, which is worse; but she did not cease to labor, and if she ever lost heart no one but herself knew it. She asked for an interview with the chairman of the most impor-tant house committee in the North Carolina Legislature. He declined the interview under the protext of pres-sure of business. "Very well," wrote Miss Dix, "1 must see you. You will call on me or I shall call on you." The chairman then went to see Miss Dix. He entered the profiered chair. "I have called," he said. "I am in haste. Will you make your business known as quickly as possible?" The lady began to speak. Cla-quently she pleaded the cause of the insane. She spoke from a full heart and a well-stored mind. Her listener became interested; he forgot that he was in a hurry, sat down, piled his appers on the floor and heard with a rapt attention. The interview lasted three hours, and the chairman was won over to the cause, and he was ever after a strong ally of Miss Dix in her noble work. Thirty-three lunatic asylums in this country ow their be-ginning to Miss Dix. — Youth's Com-panion. The New Muft.

in the popular shawl shape, and edged round with a full founce of fine sealskin, shown at a large fur house, was priced at \$10,000. Sealskin is perhaps not quite so dear as it was two years ago, but appears to have permanently gone up far beyond the scale that prevailed ten years ago. Of course, fine furs are a possession for life, and are therefore worth buy-ing; but, on the other hand, they need to be endowed with an annuity, for it, costs more to bring them periodically up to date in style than it does to buy a very handsome new coat of any other material. A novel feature in the new furs is the application to them of big fancy buttons. It is not in very good taste. The brilliant coloring of the button has a gaudy look against the aboler richness of fur, novertheless, there it is.—Phila-delphia Times.

delphia Times.
delphia Times.
A 'Goman Cyclist's Wonderful Ride.
Everybody must have heard more or less of Mrs. Darwin Mellrath, who so lately landed in New York from a trip around the world on a bicycle, which was begun at Chicago three years and a half ago. Mrs. Mellrath is an exceedingly goodlooking woman, who seems rather slight in physique for such a wire and a strip as she has just completed, on which she covered on her wheel nearly 30,000 miles, including leven countries besides the United States. Slight as she appears now, she weight as she appears now, she weight as she appears now, she weight a world by ner this was accompanied in her circuit of the world by her husband, and in many of the districts of China, India, Burmah and Japan through which they passed, they were the only white excel theore, the yourg Pittsburg man who was murdered by the Kurds of Armenia.
Notable pluck and fortitude words of the districts. and the state of the series of

black slik. Cloak clasps of silver, gilt or steel set with jewels, especially opals and turquoise. Girls' poke felt hats edged with fur and trimmed with wide strings, bow and noft quills. A New "Liberty" Fabric The production of a new "Liberty" abric is as notable au event in the

The production of a new "Liberty" fabric is as notable au ceret in the world of women as the appearance of a new star above the horizon is to as-tronomers, and I am quite sure that the new "Orion" satin will be hailed with enthusiasm wherever it is seen. Economist,

In the first place, "Orion" satin, son and exquisite on the surface, draps with marvellous grace. TAdies will also appreciate the delightfully crisp and elastic toxture of the new fabrio, which not only insures that perfectly graceful draping which woman value so highly, but also prevents that un-sightly creasing which is so ruinous to the effectiveness of any dress, and the same time, in the "Orion" satin there is no suggestion at all of the air of limpness and meagreness which is sometimes noticeable in a delicato ma-terial like satin. The materials of which the new satin is composed are of the purest and best, and the fabric is not only new but unique. The diverse compared and the fabric is not only new but unique. The diverse makes it equally suitable for young them are some perfectly ray, having shades of pink, from the ten-derquisite greens, from a peculiarly delicate yellowish shade to a rich low of splendid lustre and depth protices the site and delicate old ivory, the ione white and delicate old ivory, the ione white and delicate old ivory, the ione white and delicate old ivory, the ione at one beautiful and more adations, heliotropes in dainty variety, and a rich, soft black. Alto-gether a more beautiful and more adaptable fabric I never saw.-Lady's pictorial. BRITISH LOVE US NOW. NCIDENTS THAT SHOW THEIR RE GARD FOR THE UNITED STATES

Could Run an Elevator. An energetic business man whose dainty establishment is in the Colonial Arcade recently made an arrangement with a photographer to take some pict-ures of his store front. When the artist arrived with his camera it was found that in order to get the best emarkable Emblematic Cars That Graced the Last Lord Mayor's Proces-sion in London—The American Flag Wildly Applauded in Canada.

A cable dispatch relates that in the last Lord Mayor's procession there was a car emblematical of the Eng-tannia and Columbia scated side by side under a canopy. The British flag was borne by an American sailor, while the American flag was borne by a British sailor. There was also an illustration ' of Admiral Tatmall's "blood is thicker than water" and of Admiral Kimberloy's repetition of the same fluing to Captain's Kane after the disaster at Apia. This is a significant incident, and more significant still is it that it is only one of a long series that show the love of Englishmen for the United States. Whatever may have been the reason for the change, writes D. S. Bichardson, in the Times-Herald-and I know Americans who say that it is merely because England finds itself without any other ally and wishes to us on wintense, and the average Briton bolieves that if England goes to war with France or anyone, elses his nation can count on the sympathy if found a contempt and almost a hatred of Americans everywhere. They be-lieved that the United States. Heurned travelers from Great Britain and Canada bear withes to this. I remember when I was in Canada three or four years ago I found a contempt and almost a hatred of Americans everywhere. They be-lieved that the United States wanted to annex Canada, and perhaps on this account the Canadian's way of show-ing loyalty to the mother country was to evince hatred for America. Two years ago an American flag was torn down at Toronto and trampled under-foot by Canadians. The average Canadians believed that the time would be a ware between English, and there are those whole lieve that if Canadian diplomats—of which there are none-had had the management of the affair ther age. They neether much as the consent as much in evidence as the union jack. They are pasted in win-dows crossed together much as the coust as much and the Cuinten stress who believe that if Canadian diplomats. The average consel some months ago before wo knew as wuch about the Cabans. This is not on

A few moments later, to the photo-grapher's relief, the merchant came up the stairs. "He looked like a man who had met with a sudden shock, His collar had broken lgose and his coat was trying to climb over his head, he held the remains of a mashed hat as he looked ruefully at several bat-tered fingers. "Hullo," he said, and even his voice appeared to have been forced up several notes. "Hullo," said the photographer. "I left the elevator down there," said the merchant. "I see you did," said the photo-grapher.

grapher. "If you lean over and listen," said the merchant, "you can hear it chuckthe me the merchant, "you can hear it chuck-ling." Hestraightened out his fingers with tender solicitude. "I had an old axiom forcibly im-pressed upon me," said the merchant, "Yeas" said the photographer. "What is it?"

"What is it?" "Every man to his own calling," said the merchant. "Let somebody else run the elevators of this glorions nation. Hullo, 'here comes that blamed boy now."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Dealer.

A Rainbow Set in Silver. A Rainbow Set in Silver. One of the strangest atmospheric effects I ever seen happened on our third day in the channel. The moun-tain-walled river had widened and we were again coming to narrows, when over our pathway in front of us a great rainbow sprang from the snowy sum-mits of a low mountain in the south to that of another mountain almost oppo-site on the north of the channel, mak-ing a great rainbow span over the dark that of another mountain almost oppo-site on the north of the channel, mak-ing a great rainbow span over the dark water. It was asplendid many-colored arch of the gods founded on pedestals of froated silver. As we approached the rainbow faded, the sky was blue overhead, but a great wall of fleecy white clouds had dropped down upon or rather risen up from the water. When I first saw it I thought it was a field of icebergs. It was as white as snow and it extended upward to what seemed a height of soveral hundred feot, stretching across the channel from mountain to mountain. Above this wall the sky was clear and the only other clouds to be seen were those hovering over the mountain peaks. We sailed out of the light into this cloud wall, out of the dry air into a mist so thick that we could almost wash our hands in it. A half hour hare we were again under a clear sky. At times the masts of the steamer were in the clouds and the deck clear and dry. Again the clouds would form a roof over the channel and again the lower walls of the hills would be hidden and we could look over the clouds at the green and snow above. --Frank G. Carpenter, in Atlanta Con-stituto. stituti

It is striking. Is the reason to be found in the fact that Americans are less emotional than are Englishmen?

There are hundreds of millionaires shape of vast domains containing gold should be tastefully and carefully and silver of inclusion which have never been developed.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

A Cleveland Merchant Learned That He Could Run an Elevator.

ures of his store front. When the artist artived with his camera it was found that in order to get the best point of view the elevator would have to be utilized. The photographer would get aboard, the car would be run half way to the second floor and then the picture would be made. It happened, however, that at the pre-cise moment when he was wanted the elevator boy was gone. "Here," cried the merchant, "I guess I can run it myself. Anyway, I'll try." He jumped aboard the car, gave a vigorous tug on the starting rope, and to the photographer's dismay shot up-ward at a great rate. The car flew through the second floor opening and was soon lost fö sight. Presently the axious photographer heard it coming back. Whishi it donyted toward the ground floor. But it didn't stop. It went right on into the cellar. The photographer caught a hurried glimpso of a pale yet determined face and then it was gone. The car stopped at the bottom with what he vaudeville artist calls a boomp. calls a boomp. A few moments later, to the photo-