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The future story of Princeton seems assured by the discovery of the important fact that a fifth member of the Poe family has just entered the university and has announced himself a candidate for the "varsity eleven."

"The United States of Central America"—the name of the new federated republics—have adopted our constitution in the main. It is a compliment to the sagacity of our forefathers—for parties may come and parties may go, but the constitution prevails forever.

Considering that more than thirty per cent. of French exports go to Great Britain, it seems scarcely probable that the thrifty and sensible merchants and tradesmen of France will favor a war with Great Britain if it can possibly be avoided. And after the politicians have had their say, it is the quiet, practical men of business who control the Republic.

Charles Weiss, of Somerville, Mass., petitions the Boston Board of Aldermen for a license to slaughter horses for the domestic and foreign meat trade. "The business to be carried on, and the product to be sold or used for food, packed in barrels for export." If the Board grants the license the State Health Commissioners will be called upon to act, as the final decision rests with them. There is no law against the practice, but this is the first time it has come up for a legislative consideration. A large export trade in horse meat is carried on outside of Massachusetts, the product going mainly to Germany, though its use is extending in all Continental countries.

Great progress has been made, and the prison system of to-day is radically different from that of a generation ago. But the cause of prison reform has moved slowly, because the people know so little about it, and give so little attention to it. It was much easier to interest people in the reforms which Howard pressed upon the public attention than it is to interest them in modern reforms. Howard demanded great changes in the physical condition of prisoners. But modern prison reform has to do with something very different. There are no crucifixes now. The next forward step is toward improving the prisoner himself. This is an infinitely higher aim than that of Howard's day.

The forests of Oregon are furnishing the timber which is being used in the construction of the railroad now being built by the Russians across the Chinese territory of Manchuria. The lumber is shipped across the Pacific to Vladivostok, where it is transported by rail to a tributary of the Amur River, and by water routes to the line of the road. While there is abundant timber in Eastern Siberia, yet it will not be available until the railway has been extended a considerable distance further, and even then it is believed that the water freights on the Pacific would be less than the cost of land transportation. At any rate, the development of China and Siberia seems to afford a new and important market for the lumbermen of the Northwest.

South American Pickpockets. Practice makes perfect even in wrong-doing and in the use of what seem to be very awkward means. A writer in the Boston Transcript says: The Gauchos, or dwellers, on the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired, through long practice, such skill in using their toes instead of fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman, who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres, was warned to be on his guard against the light fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch upon his companions, but, nevertheless, one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float, a wily Gaucho drew near and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuable from his pocket.

If, sitting with his little, worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered
Through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven
and me,
I could be reconciled, and happy too,
And look with glad eyes toward the Jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of
birds
Reminds me of music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer and saw but his vacant
seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is
done
And all its cares and heart-aches laid
away,
I could look westward to the hidden
sun
And with a heart full of sweet yearning
say,
"To-night I'm nearer my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

IF I
If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better
lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since Benie was in wisser, safer hands.

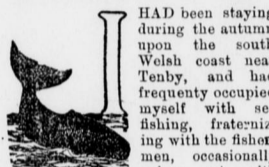
If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my
knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's
way,
And that He'd lead me to him o'er death's
silent sea.

But, oh, to know the feet once pure and
white
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured
in,
The hands that should have battled for
the right
Have been wrong crimson in the clasp of
sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-
night
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

A FIGHT WITH A CONGER EEL.

By C. REYNOLDS.

THE GRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF A LONG AND TERRIBLE FIGHT BETWEEN A SKILLFUL FISHERMAN AND A GIANT FISH SEVEN FEET IN LENGTH.



HAD been staying during the autumn upon the south Welsh coast near Tenby, and had frequently occupied myself with sea fishing, fraternizing with the fishermen, occasionally going out with them in their smacks for a whole night, and making myself acquainted with all their operations.

I heard wonderful yarns of sharks, whales, porpoises, dog-fish, and other denizens of the deep which they had met with in the course of their business, but was particularly struck with their report of the great congers which were to be found in the Bristol Channel. The two accounts of their size, strength, and ferocity excited my interest so much that I became very anxious to meet and try conclusions with one of these monsters.

With this object in view I applied myself more particularly to conger fishing, and gathered all the information I could on the subject. For some weeks I had varying success; I caught a variety of fish and a few congers of good size, up to twenty pound in weight, but the giants I was hoping for did not visit me. Those of lesser size and other kinds of fish being so much more numerous, the baits fell to their share before the rare monsters came nigh, and I saw that I must devise some fresh method of baiting, or I might go fishing indefinitely without accomplishing my purpose.

What I wanted was a bait not very tempting to the majority of fish, but which a big, omnivorous conger would not refuse, and also too large for the smaller eel to swallow entire. This might lie long unmeddled with by the common crowd of the deeps, and thus give an opportunity for one of the great eels to come within range of its attractions. I might have to wait long, but I did not mind that, and could occupy myself meanwhile by ordinary fishing.

Having talked the subject over with my fishing friends, various suggestions were made for feasible baits, when one more promising than the rest was unexpectedly presented to me. One of the fishermen called at my lodgings, and, upon my appearing, he pulled two dead sucking pigs from under his arm, wrapped in paper.

"That's the bait as'll do it, sir, I believe," said he. "They'll only a week old, and was overlaid by the sow last night. My neighbor as owns her chucked 'em away, but as soon as I spotted 'em, I says to myself: 'That's the bait as the gentleman wants; it'll do the job if anything will, I'll gut 'em and stuff 'em w' herrin'; they'll want that.'"

ger's teeth to operate upon. The bait was threaded lengthways with the points of the hooks at the mouth, like a night line for fresh-water eels. A heavy plummet was needed to prevent dragging, and we fished ledger fashion.

Having set this principal line, and a bite from that great mouthful of serried teeth would be indeed terrible. Blows appear to have little effect, and he flounders half over the gunwale. I pull frantically and get him back, just as a clumsy blow from an oar strikes my tight line close at his head, and, to my utter horror, the chain snaps from the hooks.

Diabolus! he is loose, and we shall miss him yet. Sim drops the gaff, and, seizing a big oilskin overall, pitches it over the twisting brute and flings himself on the top of it. This is only a momentary expedient, for he cannot keep him under, but it may give me a chance with the gaff, and I stand back ready and look out for the head.

Sim keeps up the battle grandly, rolling and grappling like a man in convulsions, and shouts for his fish-knife, with which he stabs through the oilskin furiously. Out comes the grizzly head, bloody and torn, up the side of the boat, and I get a fair stroke and drive the gaff-hook deep into the planking; I drag it down against the bottom of the boat and hold on as for my life. The filthy coils wind round my hips like a boa constrictor's, and I can hardly keep my feet, and am covered with blood and slime.

Now is Sim's chance, and he stabs into the monster's gills up to the hilt, time after time. The blood flows copiously, and this quickly tells upon the twisting mass; his convulsions become weaker, and in another minute the giant conger lies dying at the bottom of the boat. It has been a desperate struggle, but the fight is won and we have time to breathe.

From the time we got "the King of the Congers," as Sim dubs him, on board, not more than five or six minutes have elapsed, though it may appear longer in the telling, and it has been the most exciting five minutes I have ever experienced. We were in high glee, you may be sure, and I never tired of gazing on my gigantic capture. I had never seen anything like him before. The expression of the head impressed me as truly diabolical; a brutish, cold, cruel ferocity is stamped strongly upon it, as with congers generally, but far more pronounced in one of such an amazing size. We stretched him out full length, and he reaches almost from stem to stern of the boat.

"Over seven feet, if he's an inch! I've never seed a bigger and but one or two as big, and on the water over thirty year, man and boy," says Sim, who was English, and had been bred upon the Devon shore. "I reckon we'd better go ashore and clean ourself, mister!" added he, with a triumphant grin. "And, Jim, there's a nice job o' swabbin' for thee, lad!" referring to the state of the boat, besmeared with blood and slime; as, indeed, were the crew also.

and presently the ghastly, hideous head of a huge conger appeared above the surface. Now was the critical time! How I blessed my stars for good tackle!

Sim stood ready with the gaff, while I hauled in, for get him aboard we must. His struggles became increasingly violent as he neared the boat, plunging, writhing, and diving like a mad thing.

He was now close in, within striking distance, lashing the water into foam and splashing it over the boat like a shower bath. He must be gaffed and dragged aboard without the loss of a moment's time or the line will part, but this is no easy feat, for he is not an exhausted fish even yet. Sim makes several abortive strokes getting no sure hold. I am in a fever of excitement and apprehension, when a lucky blow at the mouth strikes the big meat-hook through his lower jaw, and gaff and line together we haul him into the boat with a loud "Hurrah!"

But we have not done yet; he is full of life, longer than anyone in the boat, and thicker than my thigh—a veritable sea-serpent, and writhes himself clear of the gaff almost immediately—only the line holds him! The boat is not big enough for such a floundering monster, and he will be in the sea again if we do not cripple him speedily.

I kept hold of the line despairingly. Sim strikes again and again with the gaff and wounds him, but can get no hold on his tough, slimy skin as the monster dashes about the boat. The boy bangs him with an oar and is knocked over by a blow from his python-like head. He fights savagely, striking like a snake, and his huge jaws grind upon the chain and snap together like a steel trap; I am amazed to see such ferocity, and a bite from that great mouthful of serried teeth would be indeed terrible.

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FEWER ONE-CENT STAMPS

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE OF MODERN COMMERCIAL LIFE.

The One-Cent Stamp Rapidly Going Out of Date for the Mailing of Catalogues, Circulars and Samples—The Reasons For the Discontinuance of Their Use.

One of the curious circumstances of modern commercial life is the passing of the one-cent stamp. It is rapidly going out of date for the mailing of catalogues, circulars, samples and other matter sent through the post-office in large quantities by business houses, and many concerns have ceased to use it altogether. A few days ago a reporter dropped in at the private office of one of the leading retail establishments of this city, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and observed a bushel basket of freshly addressed envelopes in one corner. A busy clerk was decorating each with a two-cent stamp.

"Those envelopes contain small printed folders," said one of the partners in the house, "announcing some winter novelties. There is not a scratch of a pen on any of them and they could be sent just as easily for a penny apiece. As there are 5000 in the lot, it would mean a saving of just \$50 in to-day's postage bill."

"Why the mischief don't you do it, then?" asked the visitor.

"Because we have learned," said the merchant, "that it doesn't pay. It is one of the economies that don't economize. Nowadays the average busy man rarely opens an unsealed envelope bearing a one-cent stamp. He knows without looking further that it contains advertising matter and throws it into the waste basket at once. Even if he opens it he does so with a mind already prejudiced, because the stamps proclaim that the inclosure is printed."

"But why should that prejudice him?" interrupted the reporter.

"Because it destroys the individuality of the communication. Every man likes to feel that he is addressed personally, and if he knows in advance that he isn't a bad effect is made. It is the difference between talking to him in his private office and talking to him as one of a crowd from a platform. This may seem like spitting hairs, but advertising has become such an art at present that absolutely nothing must be overlooked. We put a two-cent stamp on the envelope, which insures it at least being opened. Then we must depend on the attractiveness of the folder to interest the recipient."

"We have reduced the matter to a very exact business basis," continued the merchant. "Take, for instance, this particular bunch of mail. The folders are gotten up quite handsomely and cost us \$125 for the 5000, or 2 1/2 cents apiece. I calculate that four-fifths of them would be thrown away if they went out with one-cent stamps. That would be a clear loss of \$100 for the inclosures, \$40 for postage and, say, \$15 for envelopes, addressing and so on, making a total of \$155. The increased cost of the two-cent stamps is \$50, but we are certain that they will land one of the folders in the hands of each person on the list. The net saving is \$105. There is no sentiment or imagination about the transaction. It is a clear, cold matter of arithmetic. We formerly used the one-cent stamp wherever we could, but experience and close observation have taught us that it was bad policy."

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Washing Dishes.
Washing dishes—dishes—dishes; Washing them against your wishes; Washed in the morning nice and clean—At dinner time and lunch between—Three times a day—seven days a week—Until the record's hard to keep.

Everlastingly a-plashing—Washing dishes—dishes washing; Then trying them to put away. To wash again another day; Till days and weeks and years go past, Still washing dishes to the last.

How to Wash the Face.
With regard to the merits of hot or cold water for the complexion, a skin specialist, as reported in the Household, says that washing the face may logically, for good results, follow in the line adopted in the Russian and Turkish bath.

In other words, that the way to wash the face, so as to keep the skin soft and yet fresh, is first to use hot water with a fine soap, and then cold water immediately after, as a douche. The water and soap cleanse the pores, as the cold water can not remove the insensible accumulations of grease and perspiration that catch and fix particles of dust and convert them into "blackheads," and hasten the scaling off of dead scarf skin.

For all these causes the hot water is to be applied liberally with fine soap; the face sunk into the basin, and held there, under water, as long as possible, until, in fact, it has had literally a bath and not a wash.

Then, while yet the skin is soft and moist, splash cold water plentifully over it from a basin standing ready hard by. This serves as an immediate and bracing tonic, counteracting the relaxing effect of the hot water upon the epidermis with brisk swiftness.

The face should be afterward hard-rubbed with a fine towel until a healthy glow is created.

Using Old Carpets.
Old ingrain and Brussels carpets are now reworked into durable rugs. These rugs are pretty if harmonious colors are used. The effect of a general hit-and-miss pattern is especially good if the colors are well divided. Formerly the carpets were cut in strips for this purpose by the owner, but now those who make these rugs prefer to have the carpets sent as they are. It is not necessary to clean them, but the rug manufacturers charge considerable extra when they find it necessary to clean the carpeting before weaving it into rugs. It is an economy, therefore, to send the carpets clean. They are returned considerably reduced in size, but in the form of an attractive-looking rug, with a soft, thick, fluffy surface that wears well. All-wool ingrain carpets make especially pretty rugs. This work of rejuvenating old carpets came, like many other good things, out of the West, and at one time it was difficult to find any firm in New York State which wove such rugs. To-day it is easy to find such an establishment in any of the larger cities of the State. The work represents a genuine economy, as the cost of making a rug is not in excess of the value of a completed rug, as it often is when rag carpet rugs are woven. It is quite a common thing for weavers to charge more for making a rag carpet than a new ingrain carpet would cost. When the labor of cutting and sewing is taken into account the rag carpet may be an expensive article. The weaver cuts and weaves these carpet rugs we have described and can make them at a smaller price than the rag-carpet weaver charges for his closer, slower work. It does not pay to re-weave a carpet worn threadbare. There is nothing left in a tapestry Brussels worn to the hump, and we believe no rug-weaver undertakes to make over a tapestry carpet. It does not pay to weave over a faded cotton and wool ingrain, but a pure wool ingrain makes a very desirable rug.—New York Tribune.

Recipes.
Marrow Toast—Procure two marrow-bones and tie a piece of cloth over the top, which must be protected by a cap of dough, to be removed when the bones are cooked. Boil briskly for three-quarters of an hour; then scoop out the marrow, mix it with a little butter, and spread thickly upon portions of buttered toast. Sprinkle with a dust of cayenne pepper and salt and serve hot.

Dewey Pudding—Beat the yolks of four eggs well, add one pint of milk, then one and a half cups of flour which has been sifted twice, with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter teaspoonful of salt; add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in an earthen pudding dish half an hour in a rather hot oven. Will be very light and quite like a soufflé if skillfully managed.

Omelet With Peas—Beat four eggs very slightly, allow a tablespoonful of milk to each egg. Use a smooth saucapan and cook the omelet in hot butter that has not been allowed to brown. As soon as the omelet sets, pour over it canned peas that have been cooked almost dry, then fold over, and serve immediately. Cold meats could be warmed and substituted for the peas.

Baked Calf's Head.—Clean thoroughly and cut in two. This divides the chop from the skull. Take out the tongue and brains. Boil both halves, skimming well. Lift out the best half before too well done. Spread butter over, dredge on flour and dust a little pepper; set on trivet in baking pan, add a little of the liquor from the kettle, and baste as any meat. Serve with gravy. Boil the tongue in salted water with a bit of pepper. It may be served as beef's tongue. The brains can be put on ice for a separate dish.

Possibly the German Emperor proposes to add to his literary laurels by bringing out a few guide book.

Hard Luck For This Scientist.
A scientific gentleman told a little tale worth repeating at a British Association meeting the other day. He is engaged in collecting material for a book on magnetism, and heard of a paper on the subject in a German periodical. Not knowing the Teutonic tongue, he sent the article to a translation bureau. In due time the translation was handed to him, and when he scanned the lines he became very wroth indeed, for the article was simply a German rendering of one from the gentleman's own pen, which appeared in an English paper a year ago. Insult was added to injury when the scientist had to pay for translation exactly as much as if he received from the proprietors of the journal in which the article originally figured.—Invention.

Reflections of a Bachelor.
Love has a language to describe everything but itself.
Every woman likes to be thought a riddle, but not one that can't be guessed.
Lots of married men growl at their wives in bass and make love to them in falsetto.
A man is dangerously near falling in love with a woman when he likes to hear her laugh.
Every girl has an idea that when she is telling a man she loves him, her face will appear transfigured.
Probably the greatest compliment a man can pay to a woman is not to have her fall in love with him.
There is a certain look of quiet enjoyment which never comes over a woman's face except at a funeral.
A woman's face may look like an open book, but you may be pretty sure the pages are stitched in all wrong.
You can generally tell how engaged people will treat each other after they get married by the way they don't treat each other while they are engaged.—New York Press.

Kirghiz Music.
One of the Kirghiz came into my tent, and, squatting down, began to play the kamunas, a three-stringed instrument played with the fingers. The music was monotonous, and of a melancholy cadence, but it harmonized well with the moods they inspired. In a word, it was typically Asiatic. I sat and listened to it with pleasure, giving my imagination captive to the music, the soft moaning of the night wind, the gentle crackle of the fire. How many and many a night did I not spend thus during the long years that followed, listening to the dreamy sounds of that primitive Kirghiz instrument!

How many a dark, solitary winter afternoon did I not while away in this foolish fashion! In course of time I grew accustomed to the kamunas, and derived as much pleasure from it as the Kirghiz did themselves. In fact, I grew fond of it. Its soothing music carried my mind away into the fairy realms of day dreams; my thoughts flew far away to my home amid the dark pine woods of Sweden.—"Through Asia," by Sven Hedin.

Romance of the South Pacific.
As strange as anything written in fiction is the story of the life and death of the captive Queen of the Muna Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean. For three years Margaret Young, daughter of an English sailor, who was cast away on one of the islands, had been Queen of the islands against her will, and during all that time had not been allowed to look upon the face of a man. She had been educated in Samoa, where she had lost her heart to a chieftain. Her tragic death was caused by suffocation when her savage subjects tried to cure her of a cold by surrounding her with fire.—Chicago Journal.

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