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Nicaragua's willingness to cede territory for a canal shows that that country has no difficulty in recognizing a real estate boom when it is pointed her way.

The appearance of the trolley car in Havana will cause many Spanish regrets over circumstances which prevent their claiming victories with terrible slaughter of the enemy.

Never before in the history of this country was prosperity so great or so general as it was during 1898, and this in spite of a foreign war that might naturally have been paralyzing to industry and commerce. Further than this, never, with a single exception in favor of England in one year, did any country sell so much to other countries as we sold abroad in the year just passed.

The British manufacturer of bathtubs says that not a quarter as many portable baths are made now as formerly, and another recently referred to the fact of orders for two hundred shower baths having been taken by a traveler in one journey at some past period, while he supposed that at the present time a manufacturer did not sell three shower baths in a year. From this it would seem that the shower bath is becoming obsolete in England.

The era of small ships is rapidly passing away as the enormous bulk of the world's commerce is increasing and the necessity of speed and economy is realized. Large twelve-knot steamers with triple-expansion engines are cheaper than sailing vessels, not only because of the vast increase of single cargoes, but because the steamer can make three voyages to the sailing vessel's one, the saving in interest and operating expenses more than offsetting the added expense of fuel.

Baron Iveagh, in giving \$1,250,000 to the Jenner Institute to promote original and profound research in bacteriology and other forms of biology, in order to determine the causes, nature and prevention of disease, has introduced a novelty in private munificence for the public benefit. It concerns the welfare of all mankind and touches their deepest desire, or the preservation of health and the increase of the span of life. The man who can enable his fellows to resist the causes of disease or furnish to them greater immunity from its assaults, will rank chief among human benefactors, for the preservation and prolongation of life, after all, overtops in the estimation of mankind every other earthly good.

The year 1898 marked a decided return of prosperity, says the New York Independent. The agricultural wealth of the country has increased, high prices have been obtained for our abundant wheat crop, and the indebtedness on Western farms has been much reduced. Our exports have vastly exceeded our imports, and money has been abundant. The war does not seem to have affected business very seriously in either way. It has been a year of prosperity in the pursuits of peace and of marvelous success in war. The country is now a world Power, and will be called to do its part in settling the problems of both continents. This is what is giving both concern and courage to our people.

Lady Curzon's State Elephants.
 Forty elephants of state are in the equipment of the Viceroy of India. The elephant on which Lady Curzon will ride when she accompanies her lord to meet the various native princes is made ready by being first vigorously scrubbed with soap, water and bricabrats, after which a professional elephant painter decorates his forehead with fanciful frets and scrolls. Then the animal is almost covered with scarlet cloth heavily embroidered with gold, a head cap to match, and after the howdah is adjusted the elephant of state is ready for my Lady Curzon.

Mrs. Russell Sage gave to a reporter who recently interviewed her a copy of her speech on men's clubs. It was mounted on vellum with decorated borders.

THE COMING OF LAFAYETTE.

Yon! Liberty wept in her mountain nest,
 And feeble of wing was she,
 When gallantly into the stormy west
 Her knight sailed over the sea.
 For the flower of chivalry, deathless yet,
 Had felt love's opening spell,
 And bloomed America's Lafayette
 On the banks of the blue Missouri.

There was sorrow that year on shore and
 surf,
 There were clouds in our country's
 heaven,
 There was red death-dew on the summer
 turf,
 Of seventeen seventy-seven;
 But vain were peril or death to damp
 The soul of the high-born boy,
 Who left his kins for a foreign camp
 In his brave, unselfish joy.

The night-mists hung over Winaway Bay,
 No watcher stood on the shore,
 No friendly listener hailed the way
 Of the stranger's landward oar.
 No guide—till a lonely window-light
 Showed, glimmering far and thin,
 To the champion of a people's right
 A star to beckon him in.

Make haste to Liberty's bleeding host
 His generous speed must be;
 And away, for the cause he loved the most,
 He rode from the Great Pedee.
 By the cotton-fields of the Carolines
 The black slaves watched him go;

Thro' the woods of feathery turpentine
 He felt the spice winds blow,
 By all the rivers our hill have fed
 The print of freedom was set.
 When over Potomac rang the tread
 Of the horse of Lafayette.

Give thanks for the day that found him
 fit,
 And the hour of our country's joy
 When Washington's stately soul was knit
 To the soul of the ardent boy.
 Remember the years of sore mischance
 When our arms were weak to win
 It, strong to kindle the heart of France,
 No Lafayette had been!

Love him who fled from a royal court,
 And carried a face of smiles
 When, landed astray at Georgetown's port,
 He rode nine hundred miles,
 For he rode with the cheer of a mighty
 faith
 To our ragged battle-line,
 And earned his badge in the ranks of
 death
 With the scar of Brandywine.

And patriot youth who know their debt
 To Washington still shall learn
 Of his friend, the gallant Lafayette,
 The young peer of Anvergne,
 How into the battling clouds of fate,
 With rescue in his hand,
 He rode for the life of a struggling state,
 For the weal of an infant land.
 —Theon Brown.

A DISCIPLE OF MESMER.

DO NOT know if my dear friend, Jack Conyers, will pardon me for making use of a story which I had from his lips some few weeks ago. But then I have to plead as an excuse that he ought not to be so indiscreet as to confide in a struggling journalist who is ever on the lookout for interesting "copy."

An introduction is necessary. Suffice it to say that Conyers, who is an artist, had entered my diggings on the day in question after having been absent on a sketching tour in the south of Ireland for a little more than fifteen months. He came with the announcement that he was going to be married to an Irish girl—Kathleen O'Neil by name. I became interested. My eager questioning elicited the following facts:

He had first come across Miss O'Neil in the vicinity of Lismore, it appears. Curiously enough, the cause of his original interest in her was an expression of haunting sadness which was ever on her face; nor had he known her long before he experienced an enthusiastic desire to have a hand in clearing the sadness away. But how could he learn the cause? By good fortune he was permitted to hear the story from her own lips, although she had spoken to no man before about it.

"My father," she said, "is insane." "Good heavens!" "He had never entertained that possibility. No wonder the poor girl was sorrowful. But how had it happened? "We lived until a year ago in Dublin," she answered. "My father was a merchant there. He had had a hard struggle, but at last success came. Not that his balance at the bank was sufficient of itself; but if he could sell his premises and connection he could retire, which was what he desired, for he was growing old. Fortunately, a purchaser was soon procured in an Irish baronet, Sir Patrick O'Connell by name, who wanted it for the purpose of establishing his younger sons in business. An agreement was signed. Sir Patrick could not pay cash down, his money was tied up; but he would have sufficient free in six months' time. He, however, promised to lodge with my father as security in the meantime the family diamonds, valued at £50,000—father, you must understand, had an honorable name.

The pity of what followed. It was at the place of business, on a certain afternoon, that the jewels were handed over, and father, for one night only, looked them in his eschiroire, intending next day to take them to the bank. Alas! the self-same night the premises were burnt to the ground—nothing was rescued. The sudden shock turned my father's brain. As for mother and I, after we had paid to the baronet money equivalent to the value of the diamonds (which the insurance, banking account, etc., enabled us to do), we had just sufficient left to live in simplicity. So we came down to this quiet place. We are allowed to keep father, because the form of his disease comes under the heading of melancholia. He is not dangerous, but he does not know even mother and me."

Such is a brief outline of the sad story. Well, this life, they say, is made up of curious chances. As Conyers was nearing his "diggings" afterward, who should he run up against but his old chum, Charley Manton, who is confidential agent in the employment of Gray & Helmsley, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Hallo! What are you doing down this way, Charley?" shouted Conyers. "Searching for a needle in a haystack, my boy. I want Daniel O'Neil, supposed to be residing in this quarter, formerly a merchant trading in Dublin. I say, though, what makes you look so excited?" "Conyers took his arm and led him to his "diggings," which were conveniently near. "Now, I know where to find Mr. Daniel O'Neil," he said. "But, first, what do you want him for?" "Well, that's cool. Supposing you make a start by telling me why you're so mighty interested in him?" "There are times when you can gain

"his resisting power will be absent. It is impossible to mesmerize a man against his will. Mr. O'Neil's state will be of considerable assistance to me. The activity of the ganglion cells of the brain, with which the functions of consciousness are believed to be specially associated, are almost inhibited in his case. You must know that insanity is entirely due to the disorder of the brain. However, let us make preparations."

Conyers' plan was very simple. Obtaining permission from Mrs. O'Neil, he went into the adjoining bedroom, and found there a writing desk containing drawers—four in all. He placed the jewel case in the bottom drawer, closed it, then returned to his subject. He gazed straight into his eyes for a few moments, and then commenced making passes with his hands before his face, backward and forward. O'Neil watched him with a kind of grave curiosity for a little while, and then he put his hands up to his face and rubbed his eyes. Suddenly he winced slightly and straightened himself in his chair. Ah! What was that? Gradually his eyes became intent on Conyers' until he had lost the power to draw them away. The pupils began to dilate, then the eyeballs to protrude, then the eyelids to droop. Respiration and circulation became considerably accelerated, until at length perspiration set in and complete stupor soon followed. While in this state of coma the more powerful will could do with him what it chose.

Conyers threw his head back in exultation. But he had reckoned without his host. The tense feeling of every faculty overstrained became almost unbearable. He would not be able to keep up long. He must be quick.

Accordingly he commanded O'Neil to rise, who did so. Step by step he led him to the writing desk. He had no need to speak—he had only to think, and the subject obeyed. O'Neil dropped on his knees before the writing desk. He opened the first drawer, and then the second; all four were bending over him with eager, excited faces.

And now he was opening the third drawer. His nostrils were quivering. He hastily closed it; then literally dragged open the fourth drawer and captured the jewel case. And then Conyers waked him. It took many moments and all watched with fearful anxieties. What would happen? It was pleasant to see what did happen. O'Neil snatched up the case, tore it open, laid hold of the jewels, and ran across the room to a far corner, clasping them to his breast and uttering little shrieks of joy. It was pitiful to behold! Not long, and Mrs. O'Neil and Kathleen had darted to his side and were holding his hands and murmuring soft words of comfort.

He looked into their eyes and recognized them, and great tears stood in his eyes. Then Conyers knew that he had succeeded; but barely by the skin of his teeth. A mist rose before his eyes; he tottered to a couch; he lost consciousness.

He awoke to find Kathleen bending over him with a wonderful look in her eyes. She was holding his hand, and—Well, the sequel is to happen in six months' time.

Tersely Told.
 There is a lady occupied in the instruction of the juvenile mind, who is quite willing to confess that the pupils who attend her classes do not do all the learning. Some of the small folk under her tuition occasionally astonish her with their superior knowledge of the modern developed resources of the English language. A lecture on hygiene had been included for the day, and she had taken care to show the effects of alcohol and tobacco upon the system. She impressed her teachings by means of anatomical charts, which gave especial lucidity to her remarks when she came to warning the little girls, years in advance of any practical need, of the danger of tight lacing. One of the little girls, whose home surrounding are of the sort in which ease rather than elegance of expression is sought, listened with profound attention.

"Now, Margaret," the teacher said, "you may see how well you remember what I have said about tight lacing and tell us why it is injurious." "There was no response." "I mean you, Maggie," the teacher added, and the girl jumped to her feet as she recognized the more familiar name.

"Tight lacing, ma'am, is injurious, ma'am." She hesitated and the teacher smiled encouragingly and said, "Go on." "Cos, ma'am, it's liable to twist yer slats."—Washington Star.

The World's Potato Crop.
 The potato crop of the world aggregates 4,000,000,000 bushels, the wheat crop, 2,500,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop, 2,600,000,000 bushels. The potato crop of the United States is reported to be 250,000,000 bushels. We laugh about the Irish eating potatoes. They are good feeders on this vegetable. The inhabitants of the Emerald Isle consume individually 147 pounds each per year, or four pounds daily. But Germany comes pretty close to the Irish record. She eats annually per inhabitant 1300 pounds; Holland eats 846 pounds; Norway and Sweden, 740; United States, 200. Italy stands at the foot of the list in consumption of the potato. Her people eat annually only forty-eight pounds each.—Board of Trade Journal.

Matrimony and Good Health.
 According to statistics, out of 100,000 men in Scotland between thirty and thirty-five years of age 1594 single men die, while only 865 married men drop off. This points to but one conclusion—that marriage is a "hygienic precaution."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE MOTHER.
 In the valley of the shadow she had reached a trembling hand
 To clasp one tiny blossom, the fairest in the land;
 She feared not though she journeyed where the heavy shadows lay,
 For the halo round the blossom drove the darkness all away;
 Before its dazzling splendor the shadows had no place
 And the walk within the valley left a shining on her face.
 While the radiance lit the future that her feet might safely tread,
 And an angel saw a censer filled with incense overhead.
 —Nelly Hart Woodworth, in Boston Journal.

DAIRY PIN MONEY.
A Splendid Farm Which Fills the Purses of Two Young Women.
 Neither of my ladies is an actual dairy maid. There are two of them, you see. They live at Belle Meade, in Middle Tennessee, which is the biggest, the most beautiful and the most famous stock farm in the world. Blood horses have made it famous for seventy-five years. The dairy is a new development. The young women, with their brother, are the joint heirs to the estate, which embraces nearly 6000 acres, inclosed with thirty-five miles of stone walls. Around the deer park, where 500 odd head of deer roam and browse under the forest primeval, the stone wall is supplemented with a six-foot iron paling.

The cows do not run with the deer. They have richer pastures all their own, meadows knee-deep in lush blue grass and white clover, lying either side of Richland Creek. There are 150 of them, high-grade Jerseys or full-bloods of the most famous milking strains. The number in milk ranges from ninety to 130. The milking is a pretty sight indeed. The sleek, deer-eyed, full-uddered, creamy-skinned creatures come in from the pastures and range themselves each in her appointed stall. The stalls fill three sides of a great square. An open shed covers it. Outside there runs a trough for the dry feed, which serves as an appetizer for the abundant grass. In the middle, as well as about the pastures, there are ironwork baskets, open underneath, each with its lump of pure rock salt.

Five stout and jolly black men do the milking. They are marvelously rapid, still more marvelously skillful. They use deep tin pails, and can make the milk streams play tunes upon the bottom of them—"Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie"—as the hearers incline to hear. They work in happy rivalry, as to who shall milk quickest and cleanest. As soon as two cows are stripped clean they are sent away to pasture without waiting for the rest.

The milking shed is a good way off the dairy proper, to which the milk is wheeled in deep tin cans, kept scrupulously clean. The dairy itself is a picturesque gray stone building, with ivy upon one wall and a climbing rose blossoming riotously over the door. It has a cemented floor and a separate circular chamber for the wise-looking mule which turns the big barrel churns. Only the cream is churned. The milk is set in open pans, gauze-covered, within troughs fed with fresh spring water. It stands there twelve hours, then is skimmed and the cream kept twelve hours longer before churning. It would be an insult to name butter-color in connection with the product. All the year round the pound prints, bearing the Belle Meade stamp, are as yellow as virgin gold.

The windows have wire screens; so as the door. An intruding fly is never permitted. Everywhere the most speckless, the most scrupulous cleanliness reigns. The butter is sold by contract, and fetches in yearly some \$19,000. "But I never see it," says General W. H. Jackson, the master of Belle Meade. "The dairy belongs to my daughters; they need what it brings in for pin money."—Chicago Record.

Girls Are Growing Taller.
 If girls go on increasing the average stature of women, as they have done for the last decade, where will they stop? is another question often asked of late at the various classes where a number of young girls are gathered together by their little mammas, who look strangely dwarfed and shrunken by the side of their tall young daughters. A question asked half proudly and half anxiously, for, although it gratifies their maternal pride that their girls should be like the daughters of the gods, "divinely tall," they have no wish to see them pass those celestial limits, as they are doing, and become Broodingmagian damsels, who bid fair to frighten away all their partners, says a writer in the New York Tribune. For it is an incontrovertible fact that the boys are not developing in ratio with the girls; their average height has in nowise increased of late years, while it is really startling to see how that of their sisters and their friends is assuming really Amazonian proportions.

Fad and Fashion.
 Black crepons in pronounced blistered effects are especially favored for separate skirts. Plaid back chevrons are one of the novelties of the season, the face being in solid colors or in a modest melange. For evening toilets are sold yards of ruching made of crumpled chiffon, mousseline de soie, or net, bordered with chenille dots, baby ribbon in satin or velvet, or lines of colored silk lock-stitching.

Jettied nets, tulle, chiffons and gauzes, forming entire draperies over silk or satin, or used for fancy waists, sleeves, tunics, guimpes, and slightly drooping vest fronts, are as fashionable this season as ever. Sleeves seem to be still diminishing. Some of the new models are so close as to suggest the style of ten or twelve years ago. But they have a certain fulness at the top, which is interlined with canvas of light weight to a depth of three inches.

Among fancy weaves chenille effects have developed marked popularity. The extreme weaves are in chenille dots of the same color as the ground tone of the material it is given to enrich. Chenille, however, is more commonly seen in traverse weaves on materials with black or colored grounds. In silks, chenille dots on taffeta grounds are the extreme novelty. Stripes are the general favorites, and plaids, of necessity, are given a place off in a wardrobe where variety is desired. Printed-warp silks, recently restored to favor, are gaining much of their old-time prestige for waists and costumes.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Power of Cash—A Woman's Answer
 —As Evidenced—The Latest Scheme—Had No Advice to Give—Ignorance is Bliss—Mamma's Bad Boy, Etc., Etc.

TEEN.
 Miss Jessie Bessie Evalena Brown
 Is the daintiest little maiden in the town;
 She is beautiful to see,
 Oh, she sweetly smiles on me,
 And her father has a million frigid dollars
 Sated down.

NOW.
 Miss Jessie Bessie Evalena Brown
 Is by far the plainest girl in all the town.
 They used to call her fair,
 But I don't know why, I swear—
 Her father once was wealthy, but at present
 He is down. —Chicago News.

A Woman's Answer.
 "Evelyn, would you rather be right or be popular?"
 "I would rather be good-looking and rich." —Chicago Record.

As Evidenced.
 She (approvingly)—"You won her hand, then?"
 He (rather glumly)—"Humph—I presume so. I've under her thumb."
 —Tit-Bits.

The Latest Scheme.
 "She's a wonderful advertiser."
 "What's her latest?"
 "Getting her agent to mail her a poisoned gumdrop." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Had No Advice to Give.
 Watts—"Say, do you know anything good for a cold?"
 Potts—"No. I don't even know of anything good for the grip." —Indianapolis Journal.

Ignorance is Bliss.
 Mrs. McLubberty (in the cemetery)—
 "Dhere is a misspelled word on poor O'Hooley's tombstone."
 McLubberty—"Phwt difference is ut? O'Hooley can't rade." —Judge.

Mamma's Bad Boy.
 Mamma (impatiently)—"Charlie, how many times have I told you to keep away from the sideboard?"
 "Charlie—I don't know. I can only count to 'leven.'" —Cleveland Leader.

War Phrases Illustrated.

"A Rough Rider." —Life.

A Dissenting Opinion.
 "She is so lively and volatile!" said one of her admirers.
 "I positively must dissent," said one who no longer admired, having become passe, as it were. "Anything volatile quickly dries up." —Indianapolis Journal.

An Encouraging Sign.
 Fair American—"How do you like our country?"
 Literary Foreigner—"I am delighted with it!"
 Fair American—"Then you are not going to write a book about us?" —Chicago Tribune.

As Good as His Word.
 He—"I always make it a point to profit by the mistakes of others."
 She—"I got weary of George Britton because he never seemed to know when to go home."
 He then bade her good-night. —Cleveland Leader.

A Good Thing, Indeed.
 "Even in geography the beneficent plans of nature appear," remarked Mr. Poindester.
 "Do they?" asked Mr. Perkasis.
 "Well, consider for yourself the result if the Canaries were near Cat Island." —Detroit Free Press.

One Reason Why.
 She—"Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and pa do."
 He—"No, indeed! Your ma is right."
 She—"Yes; she says she is sure you'll be easier to manage than pa is."
 —Tit-Bits.

Very Neat Indeed.
 Halbert—"Was that your wife I saw you with the other day?"
 Morion—"I don't know; didn't see you, I guess. Was she or I talking when you saw us?"
 Halbert—"The lady was talking, if I remember."
 Morion—"H'm! It couldn't have been my wife." —Boston Transcript.

The Case Explained.
 "What will happen to you if you are good, little boy?" asked the kindly old lady.
 "I'll get a stick of candy for being good."
 "And what will happen to you if you are bad?"
 "I'll get two sticks of candy for promising to try to be good." —Chicago Post.

Of the Same Opinion.
 She—"When you asked me to be your wife you deliberately deceived me."
 He—"In what way, Martha?"
 She—"You told me you were well off."
 He—"Well, I may have said it, Martha, but I didn't know how well off I was at that time." —Richmond Dispatch.