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Germany may regard Samoan waters as a desirable location for trouble owing to the fact that Admiral Dewey cannot be in two places at the same time.

Our government has decided to pay the Cuban soldiers enough to take them to their homes and give them a start in life. The sum mentioned is \$100 per man. Stable conditions will then be in sight, and the labor demand will quickly absorb those willing to return to work. Some practical difficulty will be found in guarding against fraud in the matter of giving only to actual soldiers, but it is not insuperable.

The practical isolation of Spain from the rest of the world is indicated for one thing by the fact that while there are yet a hundred roads of one kind or another over the Pyrenees between France and Spain only three of the roads are passable for carriages. But even more insuperable than the range of the Pyrenees is that way of pride and prejudice which the haughty Castilian interposes between himself and the progressive ideas of the outer world.

A socialistic measure is proposed for a county in Kansas. It is intended to submit to a vote of the people at the next election the question, "Shall the county own its telephone system?" If the proposition goes through the county is to build a system and supply every farmhouse with a telephone. The expense of building and operating the plant is to be borne by direct taxation, and the county is to be given authority to spread out the original cost of construction over ten years, one-tenth to be paid each year. Another telephone bill of novel scope is proposed in Indiana. An advocate for school reform has framed a measure which contemplates abolishing all the schoolhouses in the various counties and teaching the children in their own homes by telephone. The state is to furnish the telephones, which are less expensive than the maintenance of the schoolhouses.

For the calendar year the record disclosed by figures is a remarkable one. The total exports amounted to \$1,254,925,163, which represents an increase of over \$155,000,000 as compared with those for 1897 and of over \$259,000,000 as compared with those for 1896. The imports were valued at \$633,664,634, which represented a decrease of over \$108,900,000 as compared with those for 1897, and of over \$47,900,000 as compared with those for 1896. The value of the exports for the year was not far from double that of the imports. The excess for the year amounted to \$621,260,535, which was greater by \$264,146,671 than that for the preceding year, while as compared with 1895 it showed a still greater gain. What the figures mean in perspective may be gathered from the statement that the exports were the largest in the history of the country, while we have to go back for a period of thirteen years to find a total of imports so low as that recorded for 1898. Not the least noteworthy feature disclosed by the figures is the large excess of imports over exports of gold, which amounted to \$141,841,298, whereas in 1897 the imports and exports of this metal almost balanced, the exports showing a trifling excess. Taken altogether, the exhibit is the most striking in the statistical annals of the country's foreign trade.

Increase in Woolens.
The United States census of 1897 showed the existence of twenty-four woolen factories and 1,682 fulling mills. The majority of these were located in New England, and practically the balance in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Each New England state, with the exception of Vermont, at that time had mills employed in the manufacture of army and navy cloths, cloths for the negroes of the south, and blankets. The production of broadcloth was confined to half a dozen mills.

As a child Adam made no mistakes, but he made up for it during his honeymoon.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.
The rooms are hushed, the lights are low,
I sit and listen to the wind
That comes from out the distant hill.
It comes and croons in an audacious
Of alien regions vast and lone,
Of pleasures lost in a land unknown;
Thou steals away, and all is still.
'Tis good to listen to the wind
When rooms are hushed and lights are low.
When those we love have come and gone,
This weary to be left behind
To miss sweet eyes where late they shone,
To look for what we may not find,
Long-cherished forms that haunt the mind,
Soft voices that were once too kind;
To live and miss them one by one
Is weary work. Who'd stay behind
When those we love have come and gone?
—New York Times.

POSTMISTRESS AT DOWNINGVILLE.

By HAYDEN CARRUTH.

WHEN you come to think of it, Downingville was a village of magnificent distances, with almost a half-mile from the tannery to the sawmill, and with only scattering houses between. The schoolhouse and the two churches had each failed to establish a centre.

Even the postoffice stood alone, at least a hundred yards from the nearest house, with a corner of Squire Pomeroy's wood-lot coming up almost to its back door, as if refusing to recognize such a straggling place as a town at all.

Mr. Blodgett was the postmaster, but he ran the village grist-mill—which was far from everything else, of course—and seldom visited the office for a stay of any great length. So it happened that practically the entire work of the office fell upon his assistant. She was Mabel Loomis, who lived with her mother a quarter of a mile up the road on the uncertain edge of the village.

The work of the office, although not perhaps hard in one sense, was certainly wearing and exacting, and the hours were long—from six in the morning to seven in the evening, usually. Vacations and "days off" were few, and the salary was meagre enough; but Mabel never complained, and she did the work to the best of her ability.

It was a beautiful September morning; she had just finished putting up the six twenty-four mail, and the boy who carried it to the station had departed. Only two or three persons had as yet been in, so Mabel was surprised to see Mrs. Allison appear at the general delivery.

"Why, good morning, Mabel!" she said. "You weren't looking for me so early, were you, now. Well, I'm going to take the train for Proctor's—going up to see Libbie—and I thought I'd drop in. Didn't know but I might have a postal or something from her, telling me to wait till next week."

"No, there isn't anything for you," returned Mabel. "Well, I don't know, you know. You can't tell. But I suppose this doesn't seem early for you."

"No, I've been up an hour and a half."

"You don't tell me! Well, I think you have to get up too early, that's what I think. Seems as if Blodgett might stir out and open the place himself, specially as you have to stay so late at night."

"He comes in at noon, you know, and stays quite a while. Then, the work isn't hard."

"Well, it may not be hard, but I should say that its wearing, if I'm a judge. Sorting over letters and finding out money-orders and tearing the registered letters and selling the stamps, and jumping up to this window for this body and that body and the other body that want their letters, and forty other things—I declare 'twould just pester the life out of me in no time at all."

"Oh, I don't mind it," returned Mabel, cheerfully.

"Well, I must be getting along," continued Mrs. Allison. "Are you going on the excursion next week?"

"I'm afraid I can't get away," answered the girl.

Mrs. Allison was rummaging in her hand-bag, and her attention seemed distracted.

"Seems as if Blodgett ought to pay you more," she said. "Blodgett is no poor man, and his mill pays him right along. What I'd like, is to see you appointed postmaster yourself. You're twenty-one now."

"Oh, thank you," answered Mabel, with a rather sad smile, as Mrs. Allison went out. Then she sat down in her chair by the desk, but the smile was all gone.

"I'm afraid there aren't many excursions for me this summer," she mused, somewhat ruefully. "I presume Mr. Blodgett would stay here that day if I asked him, but I know I couldn't afford to go. Besides, I haven't any dress to wear that's suitable. I wish I could earn more."

But there was no time for gloomy thoughts, for the boy was back with a mail-bag, and people were beginning to drop in more and more frequently. She plunged earnestly into the work before her, which, as work will always do—drove away the gloomy thoughts.

But she was not to be allowed to forget the excursion, as several of her girl friends who came to the office asked her if she was going. She answered them as she had answered Mrs. Allison, and it made her a little angry to feel that her face flushed each time; for although none of them said what her first caller had said, she felt sure that they all thought it. She was ashamed of the feeling, but she could not help being disturbed.

Other reasons made her feel her lack of money much more than this excursion. Mabel's father had died five years before, leaving his family in poor circumstances. Her mother's

money—I'll trust you, even if you don't want to trust me."
"I can't do it."
"Here, take a ten for yourself and give me the letter."
"No."
"Take a fifty, then. Keep it—do what you please with it. I'll lose thousands of dollars if I miss that contract."

Mabel only shook her head.
"Take the whole two hundred dollars! You can use it. Nobody will ever know. I'll never come back to bother you. Give me the letter!" and he pushed the money in so that it almost fell to the floor.

Mabel pushed it back, saying, "It will do you no good to make me any such offers. You cannot have the letter till you are properly identified."
"I will have it," he fairly shouted, snatching back the money and hurrying around to the side toward the door through which access was had to the interior, and which had been left ajar by the boy who had taken the mail-sack. But Mabel was too quick for him, and pushed it shut in his face.

The spring lock clicked, and she caught her breath with a feeling of relief; but he threw himself against the door heavily, shattering the catch and sending the door back on its hinges with a crash, and the edge just struck her forehead, and everything began to turn black before her eyes; but there stood the safe door open. She sprang toward it, knowing as she did so that she just missed the man's grasp.

The heavy door went shut with a dull bump. With one hand she turned the handle which threw the bolts, and with the other spun round the combination knob. Then the darkness became complete, and she remembered no more.

The next thing she heard was a confused murmur of voices. Then she opened her eyes and saw that she was still in the postoffice, lying on the distributing table. Doctor Roberts, the village physician, was bending over her, and assuring her mother, who stood pale and frightened, that the patient was not in danger. Mr. Blodgett and two or three neighbors were also there. The voices came from a crowd of people in the outer room.

"There," said the doctor, "you're going to be all right now. You can go home in my carriage. I'll go along."
"Did—did he get the letter?" asked Mabel, feebly.

"No," answered Mr. Blodgett. "Never mind about the letter," said the doctor. "We'll just take you home now."

They carried her outside to the easy carriage which was waiting. As she drove away she heard half the population of the village, gathered at the office in full force, set up a cry of "Three cheers for Mabel!" and they were given with a will.

The next afternoon she was able to sit up at home. Mr. Blodgett came and congratulated her on what she had done. He told her that after she had become unconscious the man had escaped by running across the field to the near-by woods, and that it now appeared he had good reason for running away, since he was the accomplice of some burglars at Riverside who had sent him a large sum of money, stolen the night before, in the letter, fearing immediate arrest themselves. This had been established by Riverside officers who had arrested all the men, including the one who had come to the office, that morning, and by a postoffice inspector who had taken possession of the letter.



APORTICULTURE

Seedling Fruits.

A good many varieties of fruits have been grown so long from cuttings that they have become seedless. We have now apples and pears that are almost seedless, specimens frequently being found that are altogether so, and seedless grapes and oranges are not at all uncommon. The banana has no seeds, or at best only rudimentary ones, and the pineapple is a seedless fruit. All this must have taken long years of selection, whether it was done intelligently or by chance, and all seedless fruits are valued because they are usually of superior sorts.

Orchard Manuring.

So much mischief can be done by applying manures of the wrong kind in orchards that I doubt if we do not lose more by manuring than by neglecting to manure. Fruit trees do not require at any time barnyard manures, or their equivalent. What they require is a supply of inorganic food, and this is better for apple trees than to supply them with coal ashes in which there is a liberal admixture of woodashes; the wood ashes furnish the fertilizer. If you can get a supply of old mortar you have just the thing you need. A mixture of lime and salt, when so mixed as to leave no free salt, is excellent for all fruit trees. All such manures should be applied as a top-dressing. A peach or plum orchard needs nothing better than swamp mud or earth from the woods, with a slight addition of phosphate and potash.

Methods of Tree Planting.

A bulletin just issued by the Nebraska station tells of some joint experiments by Professor Fred. W. Card, of that station, and Professor H. C. Irish, of the St. Louis Botanical Gardens, to test the relative merits of top pruning and no top pruning, root pruning and no root pruning; fall planting and spring planting; deep holes and shallow holes, etc., in tree planting.

It will be noticed that the close root pruning at times of setting, so successfully practiced by the noted Galveston horticulturist, H. M. Stringfellow, on the Texas coast, was a failure in Nebraska.

These experiments both at Lincoln and St. Louis, show that planters are right in believing that fall planted trees may make some root growth in the autumn, succeeding planting, and in the spring before the leaves start. Professor Card draws the following conclusions from all these tests, for the conditions prevailing in Eastern Nebraska:

1. Two-year limbed trees are eminently satisfactory and desirable for ordinary planting, but with good care even one-year old trees may give good results and gain on older trees planted at the same time.
2. Whether it will pay to dig large, deep holes and fill them up with surface soil, in which to plant the tree, is a question worthy of consideration, but, so far as these experiments are concerned, is as yet unanswered.
3. The more healthy roots left on a tree at planting time the better is likely to be the growth. Making a fresh, clean cut at the ends of the roots when planting appears to afford no advantage, provided the root is sound when cut in the nursery. Trees planted with no root pruning now average decidedly larger than those which had the roots shortened.
4. Cutting back the tops severely at planting time is a mistake. Trees left entirely unpruned, or with the branches shortened about one-half, are thus far much in advance of those pruned to a cane or grown as a whip in the nursery.
5. Fall planted trees may make a small amount of growth before winter and in early spring before leaf growth begins.

The true reward of a workman is not his wages, but the consciousness of having done a good job.

Woman's Hand.

Collier's Weekly: It is certainly not true that small hands are bred by choice descent, for in one family the hands of both women and men are found different in size and in every other quality. The individual woman of the people stretches and hardens her hand and batters her nails on her own account, so that months of care would not retrieve it; but doubtless her baby hand was much the same as a rich woman's in her own babyhood. English women and Americans, and their blonde hands, are admired deliriously for this one beauty by the darker races. But at any rate to English eyes there is loveliness also in the fine hand that has clear brown color in place of white—a rare beauty, for the blonde woman has usually the finer form of hand; but somewhat dark must have been the "tender inward of the hand" that played on the virginals of Shakespeare.

Pumelo, Shaddock or Grape Fruit.

The pumelo of Florida is now recognized as not only a delicious breakfast fruit, but also as a tonic and alterative, counteracting malaria, imperceptible action of the liver, and as a general bracer and appetizer to the human system. In China the fruit is made ornamental in its service, the rind cut in intricate and curious designs, the top lifting as a cover, as do citron melons in this country for ceremonious occasions. The pulp is separated, the white, tough membrane peeled off and then put back in the skin, to be removed to individual plate when the fruit is passed. It is ever present as a favorite delicacy of Chinese feasts. In this country the shaddock is served in various ways, either as fruit, sherbet, etc., according to the fancy of the hostess. As a fruit course for breakfast it is cut in half and eaten with sugar—the less of the latter used the more beneficial.

Beauty in Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Fish Commissioner McGuire, of Oregon, declares in his 1899 report that up to the present time salmon to the value of about \$75,000,000 have been taken out of the Columbia river.

Taken Cold.

We can wake up from sleep and find that soreness and stiffness have taken hold of us. We can use St. Jacobs Oil and go to sleep and wake up and find ourselves completely cured.

One-fifth of the inhabitants in Spain are nobles.

COMFORTABLE TEDDY.

And the Two Private Secretaries Who Maintain Dignity for Him. (New York Times.)

"I happened to be in Albany on Friday, when Governor Roosevelt left there for this city," said one of the gossipers in the Waldorf-Astoria. "I had never happened to meet him, but as I strolled down the station platform while waiting for the belated 2:35 train, on which we both came to New York, I recognized him from the photographs and caricatures I had seen. I was prepared to see a pretty free-and-easy, democratic sort of chap, but what I did see rather shocked my sensibilities and ideas of what a Governor of the Empire State should be. Up where the baggage for the incoming train was piled was the Governor of New York, half reclining on the top-most trunk of the bunch and absorbed in reading one of the current numbers of a popular magazine. He apparently didn't know or care whether there was anybody else in Albany, and had completely shaken off the cares of state. He was the most completely comfortable person I saw in your capital city. Strolling on the platform, and seemingly with all the dignity of the office that Governor Roosevelt had shaken off, were his two private secretaries, Mr. Youngs and Colonel Treadwell. And they maintained all the dignity that was necessary, for they were really an impressive pair."

Silver Spoons Free.

Ladies can secure a set of 12 Teaspoons, guaranteed by maker to be extra coin silver plate, by selling 12 Gem Scissors Sharpeners at 25 cents each. The Sharpener is a necessity in every family; any lady can use it; satisfaction guaranteed. I trust you, and send the Sharpener by express; when sold, deduct expressage from amount received, sending me the balance; I will then send the nice spoons prepaid. W. C. Griswold, Box 412 Centrebrook, Conn.

Warmth and Strength.

The cold of winter certainly aggravates rheumatism, and at all seasons St. Jacobs Oil is its master cure. It imparts warmth and strength to the muscles, and cures.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fall, druggists refund money.

Bangor manufacturers are sending canoes of birch and canvas to Palestine, Japan and China.

INDULGENT MOTHERS

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect. The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health.

MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhœa. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received. It is a great medicine for young girls."



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