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A Chicago banker who accepted deposits after his bank had become insolvent has been fined more than \$4000 and sentenced to work it out at the rate of \$1.50 a day. As this will require him to work about eight years and a half, he will have ample time to reflect on the sinfulness of fraudulently using other people's money.

Eight young women were recently admitted to the bar in New York City. The logical sequence of women at the bar is women on the bench. The woman is doubtless now living whose portrait will grace the newspapers of some not far-off year as that of "the first woman judge in New York." And the logical sequence of women at the bar and on the bench will be women in the jury-room.

Parliamentary rule less and less seems adapted to the Latins, say the New York Commercial Advertiser. They simply do not know how to handle that instrument of government. It is not so much that they are ready for it as that it does not suit their temperament. The success of it and its growth among the Teutonic races has inspired the Latins to adopt it in part, but less and less is it successful with them. Italy and Belgium add occasional illustration to the constant demonstration of France.

There is more wealth in the United States than in any other country in the world. This fact would be discreditable rather than honorable if the men of wealth in the United States, or a great proportion of them, did not use their money for noble purposes. In no nation is so much given to charitable and educational institutions. This record for the past six years will astonish most of our readers. Here it is:

In 1893.....	\$29,000,000
In 1894.....	32,500,000
In 1895.....	32,800,000
In 1896.....	27,000,000
In 1897.....	45,000,000
In 1898.....	38,000,000

Total.....\$205,800,000
This year the spirit of giving has been strong in our men and women who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and by the end of the year we shall probably see that something like \$50,000,000 has been devoted to charity and education by liberal-minded, big-hearted Americans.

Ever Ready For Duty.

It is told that a telegraph operator at Springfield, Mass., was kept at his post of duty for many hours receiving special news. After losing two nights' sleep, he was relieved from duty to get some rest. He went to his room at the hotel, and soon was fast asleep. When the time came for him to return to his instrument, he could not be awakened. Loud pounding on the door did not result in arousing him. An operator then, with his knife handle, tapped "Springfield" on the door, in imitation of the clicking of the instrument. At once the sleeping operator sprang from his bed, and was soon ready to continue his work.

Breaks Up the Show.

An actor tells of a tragic experience he had recently while playing to an audience in a little town in southern Texas. In one of the scenes of the play, in which he acts the villain, he hides himself in a barrel, that he may listen to a conversation between the hero and heroine, whose future well-being he is trying to destroy. In the town hall there was little if any "property" material. A barrel would do to conceal himself in, so a "hired hand" was sent out to find one. He succeeded. He slipped in the barrel with ease. The man and the woman appeared, and while they were in the midst of an animated conversation there came a howl from the barrel that fairly shook the rafters. This was followed by the eavesdropper crawling out with his hands to his face, and he in turn was followed by a swarm of wasps. The wasps got among the stage people and those in the audience, which created so much confusion that the show was broken up.

Notwithstanding the fact that there is nothing new under the sun, the United States Patent Office granted nearly 25,000 patents last year to people who had hit upon a new idea.

THE QUESTIONER.

A fair-faced woman found a whitened skull
Amid a ruined garden's tangled bed.
She placed it on a rose-twined pedestal
And thus to it she said:
"Grim relic of some far-forgotten time,
Whose flesh hath blossomed in such fair decay,
I pray thee tell, in what sweet summer clime
Dost thou reside to-day?"

"And, having lived, unfold life's mystery,
And, having loved, reveal the how, and why,
And, being dead, unveil eternity,
And all it means to die."
There came no whisper from the lips of death.
The hollow eyes stared at her vacantly,
Perhaps it had forgotten love, and breath,
Perhaps—
—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Life.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.

JACK, I really don't think I can bear that wardrobe where it is, with the long glass just opposite my bed. I know I shall have nightmares. Do you think it could be moved?"

I hesitated and murmured something about the trouble of having the furniture moved in a hotel, etc., while handing my wife the English letter I had brought upstairs for her. She had been lying down after our journey, and now sat up on the bed to utter the above remarks about the wardrobe. She was very pretty, that little wife of mine, with her curly, tousled head, and the face that sleep had flushed to a soft rosy-pink—very pretty, and so ludicrously, ludicrously young to look at.

Her letter did not occupy her long. She looked at me again. "Jack, darling, you will have that wardrobe moved, won't you? If I were to wake in the night and see my own face in it, I should be horribly frightened. Do have it moved, Jack, dear!" She knew perfectly well, little witch, that if she spoke to me like that, and looked at me pleadingly out of her pretty eyes, she would get exactly what she wanted—and, of course, she did this time. The wardrobe, which had been placed precisely opposite one of the two beds that jutted out from the wall between the door and window, was now moved to the corner near the window itself, so that, although from the beds we could still catch a glimpse of the glass, we could see nothing reflected in it.

We were staying in a big, pleasant hotel, the locality of which matters little. We found many pleasant folk among our fellow-guests, and we had really a delightful evening, spent chiefly in sitting upon the terrace which overlooked the very lovely garden of the hotel. The delicious scents of the many flowering shrubs filled the air with exquisite fragrance; the fresh breeze blowing softly round us seemed to come straight from the great range of mountains along the horizon, giant shapes, dim and misty, outlined against the pale green of the evening sky, where the stars were rising out one by one.

It must have been very late before we reluctantly dragged ourselves in doors, and went up to our room. Just before putting out the light, I opened the venetians outside our window to breathe the heavenly air once more. It was a still, starry night. The garden below me was quite dark, and the dim mountain shapes could no longer be seen. The nightingales in the bushes sang and sang as if they could never sing enough, and to the music of their song, with a deep undecurrent of the bull-frogs' emphatic voices, I fell asleep.

I slept the sleep of the just, as I usually do, and, I should think, must have been asleep for some time, when, suddenly, a flash of light before my eyes woke me. My first impression was that it must be lightning; my next, that my wife had turned on the electric light over our heads. But, as I woke up fully, I realized that the room was dark; from the bed next to mine I could hear quiet breathing, showing, beyond a doubt, that my wife was asleep.

But—but—I sat up in bed and stared; for the long glass in the cupboard, which had been moved that afternoon, was entirely lighted up. As I have said, this cupboard now stood nearer to the window than it had done before, and, though it was not opposite my bed, the light upon the glass had evidently flashed into my eyes and awoke me. But where in the name of fortune had the light come from? I rubbed my eyes, I leant a little out of bed, as I tried to persuade myself that some light from outside must be reflected in the glass, though I knew perfectly well that this was impossible, for not only were the venetians closed, but the curtains inside the room were also drawn.

Then I tried to think that the light came through the keyhole of a room opening into ours; but this was a still more fallacious argument, for the door in question was on the farther side of my wife's bed, and nothing could by any means have been reflected from it into that glass.

"Well," I thought, "I am the victim of a most extraordinary optical delusion!" For, whilst I sat up in bed and started at it, that glass remained steadily lighted up!

"I shall get up and see if it is something outside the window," I muttered; and, creeping very softly out of bed, I drew back the curtains and gently opened the venetians. Everything in the garden was absolutely still, and pitch dark. Not a sign was to be seen in any direction of a light of any sort or kind, and even the stars were blotted out by great black clouds. I turned back toward the room. It, too, was entirely dark—with the exception of "the glass,

which was still brilliantly lighted from top to bottom.

But, all at once, I noticed an extraordinary circumstance. The glass did not reflect the stove and chair which were the only objects now in front of it, neither did I see myself mirrored in it. On the contrary, I saw in it only a bed and in the bed lay a form—a woman's form. I could see quite plainly how her black hair was tossed about on the pillow in curly disorder.

"It seems queer," I said to myself, with, I must confess, a very weird and uneasy sensation; "denuded queer!" I should like to have done something—turned on the light, rung a bell, or, in fact, done anything but what I did do, stand there rooted to the spot, with fascinated eyes fixed on that glass.

Where the dickens did that bed come from? And who was the woman in it? It was not my wife, that I could swear, for her hair was fair and fluffy, and that woman's was black as night. Then, as I watched my hair literally stood on end with horror. I believe I was shaking with fright, for I saw that figure sit bolt upright in bed, a look of such wild terror in her face as I shall never forget—never to my dying day. Her eyes fixed on something I could not see, grew strained and staring, in a perfect agony of fear and horror. I saw her open her mouth as though to say something—to cry out—I thought it was. I saw the flush of sleep fade from her cheeks, leaving an ashy whiteness in its place. Then she threw out her hands with a passionately pleading gesture toward something that was coming to her—a very agony of appeal in her every movement.

And at that moment there came into the blaze of light a tall man's figure. He seemed to come from the end of the bed, as though he had entered the room by a door immediately opposite to it. (In a flash of recollection I remembered a third door in our room, opening directly opposite my wife's bed.) I could not see the man's face; he was dressed in some sort of a dressing gown, and in his uplifted hand he held a knife. He paid not the slightest heed to the agonized gestures of the woman. He simply advanced to the head of the bed with great strides. The woman crouched back against the pillows, her poor little hands pitifully beating against his shoulder, but he seemed utterly regardless of her terror or of her appeals. He pressed her back—farther, farther back against the pillows, and I saw her white, upturned face gleam in the flashing light. I could see the fearful, deadly terror in her dark eyes as suddenly he raised the great knife in one hand, holding the other over her mouth—to stop her screaming, I suppose.

But he did not, as I expected, plunge the knife deep into her heart. No, he lifted the pillow, like another Othello, and pressed it down, down upon her, till I felt as if I myself was being suffocated. Then he lifted it up again, and laid her down, and as he did so and turned away, laying the knife beside her on the bed, I saw his face—a dark, evil, devil's face. It seemed to glower at me out of the brilliantly lighted glass just for a second, and then I saw his every feature—the black, evil eyes, the hard mouth, the low forehead, over which a straight lock of hair fell. I saw how he lifted his hand to push the hair out of his eyes—and then, all at once, the light faded out of the glass and I could see no more.

The room was in darkness, and, sick with horror, shivering with a horrible dread, I crept into bed again. I did not sleep another wink. I could only lie and puzzle over the gruesome thing I had seen, and speculate over and over again as to its cause and object. But I arrived at no solution, and never in my life have I been so thankful as I was that morning to see the gray dawn steal through the venetians and to hear the birds calling to each other in the garden below.

My wife remarked on my appearance, which was certainly not altogether festive. Avoiding as best I could my wife's anxious questions, I dressed hurriedly, being above all things anxious that she should never know of the horror I had seen in that hateful glass. I went downstairs as soon as I could, and sought out the owner of the hotel.

He was not a master of my language, but, fortunately, I am familiar with his, and I asked him quietly, but with a good deal of lordly severity, to explain my extraordinary experience of the previous night.

I think he meant at first to deny all knowledge of the phenomenon; but he had turned visibly pale at my allusion to it, and obviously knew all that was to be told. And, with a little more browbeating, I got it out of him. He apologized most humbly and profoundly for having put us into that room; but, as he explained, the hotel was so full that it was unavoidable. He then went on to tell me that, some time before, an Italian lady and gentleman, husband and wife, had occupied the room we had slept in, and

the next one to it, whose door was opposite to my wife's bed. On the morning after their arrival the husband had roused the whole hotel, declaring wildly that his wife had been murdered—which had, indeed, proved to be the case. There lay the lady, stone dead, a knife beside her on the bed—one of the hotel knives, my host explained in an injured voice—and her husband nearly mad with grief and horror. But the strange thing was that, though the knife lay there, no sign was visible of its having been used. The poor lady had evidently been suffocated. The husband, who had slept in the room next to his wife's said that the door between their rooms had been open all night, but he swore he had heard no sound. How the murderer had come, where he had vanished to, and above all, why he had murdered the poor, innocent lady, remained profound mysteries.

"Do you mean that the murderer is still at large?" I asked the hotel-keeper.

He nodded. "Well, I could identify him anywhere," I said, sharply.

The man looked at me keenly. "You saw, sir—you saw?" he stammered.

"I saw the whole thing, from beginning to end, in that infernal glass," I replied; "the whole ghastly performance. Has no one ever seen it before?"

"Mine host crossed himself rapidly. "It has been seen before," he answered; "but no one has ever seen it all. The lighted glass—yes—and a lady, the lady in the bed—and a man who enters. But, then—no one has ever dared to stay to face all the horror through. No one ever saw the man's face. They have all fainted or run away—or what not. I saw his face, sir?" he ended, incredulously.

"As plainly as I see yours," I said. "If ever I see it in real life I will let you know."

We moved our room that night, on some plea I gave my wife—I forget now what it was—and a few days later we left the place, and I must confess, honestly, I was not sorry to go.

But fate works strangely sometimes. Six months later, my wife was convalescent after a severe illness, and the doctors insisted on my taking her to this very place again. I suggested many other localities. But, no; there she must go, and nowhere else. So, back we went, and found it very charming, even in winter; steeped in sunshine, fresh and sweet, with clear, dry air and deep blue sky.

We had been there a week, and my wife and I were sitting at our small table in the great dining-room waiting for lunch, when the door behind us opened and someone came in.

"Oh, what a hateful-looking man!" my wife exclaimed, and I saw her shudder. I glanced around, and, by Jove! I shuddered myself, for, walking down that dining-room, with a brazen, jaunty air, was the very man whom I had seen in the glass murdering the poor lady. Without a word, I bolted out of the room and breathlessly rushed to the bureau, where the master of the house looked at me as if I were a lunatic.

"The man is here!" I said, as soon as I could speak.

"What man?" he asked bewildered.

"The man who murdered the lady in that room where the glass is. Come quickly; I will show him to you."

I think he still thought me mad, but he reluctantly followed me to the dining-room door, and I pointed cautiously down the long room to a table at the other end, where the gentleman in question was placidly beginning his soup.

"There," I said; "there he is, sitting at the table!"

"But, no, sir, no!" gasped my companion; "you are mistaken. It is impossible; that is the lady's husband. He comes here every year to lay flowers on her grave."

"Oh, does he?" I answered, savagely; "then the more devil he! That is the man who murdered her. I swear it!"

And he was the man.

Other little bits of evidence cropped up, and in the end the miserable creature confessed to the deed. It was some story of fiendish and impossible jealousy, and of awful, ungodly temper; but the details have escaped my memory.

One curious fact remains, or, perhaps, two facts. One is that from the day the villain confessed his deed the ghastly tragedy in the glass was never again enacted. The other is that, from that day to this, I have never either cared or dared to sleep in a room where a long glass faced my bed.—The Sketch.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

An Adorning and Adorable Bow.

Have a pattern for the most adorning and adorable bow you ever saw. If you like the idea after my description I will send it to you. I have just made myself one to wear over some of my untripped skirts, and I feel so dressed up when I put it on that I don't care if I never have another ruffle. In the first place, there is a narrow belt of moire ribbon to go around the waist. Then about three inches from the front on each side is a piece of the moire ribbon (which should be at least six inches wide) which reaches down to the knees. They are there tied in front in a large, full bow. The ends are trimmed with plissed chiffon ruffles and come quite down to the bottom of the skirt. Go to work and make yourself one.—Edith Lawrence, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Great-Grandniece of Washington.

Miss Mary Washington-Bond is not only the descendant of George Washington, but she is as well one of the most beautiful girls in New York society. At the Charity Ball last winter she was considered the most beautiful woman present.

Miss Washington-Bond is the great-grandniece of George Washington, and the great-granddaughter of General Samuel Washington, the brother of President Washington.

Miss Bond has some rare relics which once belonged to her illustrious great-granduncle, and has also many old portraits of the Washington family.

This fair descendant of the "greatest American" is tall and slender and blonde, and in every way is worthy of her ancestors. Her miniature is in the famous collection of "Beautiful American Women of Society" belonging to Peter Marie, of New York.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Care of the Complexion.

If you begin in good time you may prevent freckles by using the following lotion two or three times a day instead of washing the face. Get one ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and add to it, drop by drop, a quart of elderflower or rosewater, stirring all the time. The addition of fifteen drops tincture of myrrh and a few drops of glycerin is an improvement. Another good wash to be used in the same manner is made of equal parts of fresh lemon juice, rose water, and rectified spirits. Mix thoroughly and leave until the next day, then strain through muslin, when it will be ready for use.

Once the little brown spots have made their appearance the following is excellent for driving them away: Powdered borax, two drachms; chlorate of potash, one drachm; rectified spirits, three drachms; glycerin, one-half ounce; rose water, six ounces. Apply with a soft sponge several times a day.

For winter freckles, or those which are inclined to remain all the year round, a more powerful remedy is needed, and the following will be found delightfully effective:

Take of the above lotion 100 parts. Add to that sixty parts of glycerin, ten parts of hydro-chloric acid and eight parts of hydro-hydrate of ammonia. Your druggist can easily mix it for you in these proportions. Apply night and morning with a small paint brush.—Chicago Record.

Women Artists.

Those who have watched with sympathy the fight women have made to secure bread-winning careers, says the Saturday Review, or the right of entrance to intellectual occupations, and the success that has crowned these efforts in various directions, have been unwilling, however free from illusions as to the upshot, to pronounce judgment before the experiment in this line had been fairly tried. The experiment has been tried, girls in vast numbers have studied art under the same conditions as men—the statistics of art-studentship at the end of this century, if ever worked out, will form a curious and incredible chapter of social history—and practically nothing had come of it. In other fields there is a different story to tell.

Women have made good their footing in all the subordinate ranks of the teaching and medical professions, and in these professions the work of subordinate ranks is valuable and necessary. They have also proved themselves capable in clerkships, and even the direction of business. Again, where there is an executive department in the arts, now as always they reach first-class rank—namely, in acting, singing, dancing, and the performance of music. Modern literature as well as ancient counts women of freedom have opened the learned branches of letters to the sex with satisfactory results. But the arts of music and design have not from the beginning of time till now a single woman of the first rank, or even of very high rank, to name.

A Professional Anxiety Bearer.

How to be happy though the hostess of a large dinner party is what a young woman, at the rate of from \$3 to \$5 an evening, is showing a number of wealthy women. This young woman, in looking around for a means of bread-winning, decided to become a professional bearer of dinner party anxieties. What she does is to manage dinners or wedding breakfasts or large luncheons, and though she neither cooks nor waits on table, she fulfills a most important mission.

She stands before the hostess in all worry. A half hour before the meal is served she appears in the dining room and sees to it that the butler has got the table set. Then she dons

ARCTIC BASEBALL.

The Point Barrow Whalers Played the Game in Odd Costumes.

The nine months that the American whalers, who were recently ice-bound at Point Barrow in the Arctic, were compelled to lie in idleness, while not enlightened by social gayeties, were far from monotonous. With lumber brought up from San Francisco there had been built on shore a commodious one-room house, whose most conspicuous articles of furniture were a big stove, that roared day and night, a billiard-table and a number of benches and chairs. This was the club-room of the sixty or seventy officers of the fleet, and here they congregated to play billiards and whist, or sit about through the long Arctic evenings, while the wind howled outside, smoking and spinning yarns of many seas, or of boyhood days at New Bedford, New London and Martha's Vineyard. There were veterans who had whaled on every ocean, and had been in nearly every port on the globe; men who recollected well the raid of the cruiser Shenandoah, when she burned the fleet on the coast of Siberia thirty years before, and who had been in the Point Barrow disaster, when nearly a score of ships were crushed in the ice-floe. The sailors and firemen of the fleet did not have the privilege of this house, but contented themselves with games and amusements of their own. They had an orchestra that played long and vociferously, and there was an amateur dramatic troupe that gave entertainments during the winter.

But it was on the great national game of baseball that officers and men most depended to break the tedium of their long imprisonment and furnish the necessary out-door exercise.

All the whalers were dressed in the Esquimaux fur costume, only the face being exposed, and on their hands wore heavy fur mittens. These clumsy mittens, together with the fact that one was apt to fall on the ice unless he gave a large part of his attention to keeping his feet underneath him, made good catching practically impossible. "Muffs" were the rule, and the man who caught and held the ball received an ovation, not only from the whalers, but from the hundreds of Esquimaux who were always crowded about the rope. With the ball frozen as hard as a rock, no one was apt to repeat an experiment of catching with bare hands. One of the centre-fielders was a corpulent Orkney-Islander, whose favorite method of stopping a hot grounder was to lie down in front of it. The Esquimaux considered him the star-player of the fleet. Sliding was the only thing done to perfection; the ice offering excellent facilities for distinction in that line; and there was always a wild cheer when a runner, getting too much headway, knocked the baseman off his feet, and both came down together. The scores were ridiculously large, seldom less than fifty on a side, and sometimes twice that. On the smooth ice a good hit meant a home-run.—Harper's Round Table.

Gossip.

A woman ninety-seven years old, in the North of England, has just died of excessive tea drinking.

The French Parliament has adopted a resolution authorizing only qualified women to practice at the bar.

Olive Schreiner has never told her age. There is no mention of the year of her birth in any of her biographies.

The Empress of Germany is a champion knitter, and uses large wooden needles for the work she does.

Queen Victoria's hobby is gardening, and she is passionately fond of dogs and ponies, her especial favorite being her old black pony Jessie.

Madame Dreyfus, wife of the world-famed prisoner, is a handsome woman not yet thirty years old. She is the daughter of a rich Hebrew.

An odd thing is in the possession of the Queen of Siam. It was given to her by her husband, who had it made in the form of a lotus flower studded with diamonds that form her name.

Mrs. Helen Loring Grenfell has again been unanimously elected superintendent of public instruction in Colorado. She has appointed as her deputy Mrs. Celia Osgood Patterson.

Princess Mathilde, the last Bonaparte of her generation, lately celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday. During the second empire her house was the meeting place of many of the most brilliant artists and writers of France.

Francis Nightingale is wealthy in her own right. She owns a house in London, but spends most of time in Buckinghamshire, at Claydon House, the country seat of her sister, Lady Verney. Despite her poor health, she still keeps up a large correspondence.

A colored woman lawyer, Miss Lattie A. Lytle, of Topeka, Kan., is a member of the faculty of Central Tennessee College, Nashville. She is an instructor in the law department, teaching especially the law of domestic relations, real property, evidence, crimes and criminal procedure.

Mrs. Annie Basant is said to have renounced England altogether and to have adopted Eastern customs of living as well as thinking. She is starting a school and college at Benares for Hindu boys, helping to make it the Eton and Oxford of the East. The school will have a European headmaster.

Fashion's Fads and Fancies.

Gray is as popular as ever.

Linings this fall will be of the most vivid hues.

The newest foulard gowns are the purple ones.

White shirt waists of thin materials with insertions of lace are replacing the ungainly white piques.

Crepons in new designs are still in favor. A new weave in crepon has a black silk thread, a twist-thread in green or blue, and the effect is very pretty.

The fastidious girl has numerous sets of shirt-studs and sleeve-links to wear with her innumerable shirt waists—gold for white, silver for blue and enamel in colors to match the rest.

Veils with borders of chantilly in both black and white are always becoming and fashionable. Blue veils are to be worn with sailor hats. Brown veils are said to enhance the complexion.

An abundance of jet, fligree, spangles, cut steel, rhinestones and glittering beads will decorate the winter gowns and wraps alike. Fur and velvet will be the height of elegance and extravagance. Good velvet is said to wear better and look richer than cotton velvet.

One of the very prettiest, daintiest and most becoming materials for wear this season is gingham. Fine checks, broken plaids, narrow stripes and old-fashioned designs make a woman look five years younger, cool and comfortable, comfortable and stylish.

The Persian effects in silk are in higher colors this season than ever before. The coming rage for velvet this fall and winter will find good use for the Persian fad. Velvet coats trimmed with jet nail-heads and lined with a brilliant Persian silk will be gorgeous affairs.

Not less than 1,000,000 persons attended the seventy-three branch Chautauqua assemblies every summer.

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All the whalers were dressed in the Esquimaux fur costume, only the face being exposed, and on their hands wore heavy fur mittens. These clumsy mittens, together with the fact that one was apt to fall on the ice unless he gave a large part of his attention to keeping his feet underneath him, made good catching practically impossible. "Muffs" were the rule, and the man who caught and held the ball received an ovation, not only from the whalers, but from the hundreds of Esquimaux who were always crowded about the rope. With the ball frozen as hard as a rock, no one was apt to repeat an experiment of catching with bare hands. One of the centre-fielders was a corpulent Orkney-Islander, whose favorite method of stopping a hot grounder was to lie down in front of it. The Esquimaux considered him the star-player of the fleet. Sliding was the only thing done to perfection; the ice offering excellent facilities for distinction in that line; and there was always a wild cheer when a runner, getting too much headway, knocked the baseman off his feet, and both came down together. The scores were ridiculously large, seldom less than fifty on a side, and sometimes twice that. On the smooth ice a good hit meant a home-run.—Harper's Round Table.

Earlier Scouts Were Originally Hunters.

The earlier scouts, like Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, were originally trappers and hunters, born and reared in Missouri, Tennessee and Kentucky, who had a fondness for adventure. They had pushed their way across the border of civilization of those days and had gone upon the plains of Kansas, Nebraska and Texas for big game and excitement. The Mexican war in 1848 and the movement of troops through Texas and along the Rio Grande brought scouting into the army service. When the era of ox-teams and trains of excited gold-seekers headed toward California began in 1849, there was a great demand for scouts at very profitable wages. Hundreds of young men with a smattering of plains life, an expertness in firearms and a little knowledge of Indians' ways, became professional scouts. No emigrant train would leave St. Joseph, Mo., or Leavenworth, Kan., on its journey of four or five months to the Pacific Ocean, without an accompanying scout or guide for at least a part of the way. As the chain of army garrisons was extended out upon the plains the War Department employed more and more scouts for the troops, and scouting became a sort of science of the plains in which there was competition in expertness. During the Apache and Sioux wars in 1877, 1878 and 1879 the Government had about 1200 scouts on its army payrolls. Then the Indians, who had adopted white man's ways, became scouts, and the pursuit of the white man waned fast.—Chicago Record.

The Popularity of Novels.

It is a curious fact that the books which have had the most influence in England have nearly always been works of fiction, and it seems probable that this will always continue to be so. The only way in which the public pulse can be efficiently felt is by means of an examination of the free library returns from the various most important centres in the country. From an inquiry of this sort we learn that fiction still holds the first place in the affections of readers. The novel is still a most powerful influence for evil or for good. At least sixty-five per cent. of the books which are taken from libraries in the ordinary course of events are novels.—London Mail.

Where False Hair is Secured.

People who wear false hair will be interested in the announcement of a strange discovery made at Antwerp, Belgium. In that city a bale of human hair, weighing 172 pounds, was stolen from a railroad station. It was afterward learned that the hair had been clipped from the heads of lunatics and convicts in public asylums and prisons.