

Freeland Tribune

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BY FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

JUDGE DOBSON'S (where I was staying) nearest postoffice was four miles away—four miles of smooth Illinois country roads—and I usually rode over on my bicycle at about three o'clock every afternoon for the mail. It was on these journeys that I conceived the idea of utilizing wind-power by means of a sail on my wheel. Almost every young cyclist has attempted something of the sort, and my first attempts were no more successful than the average. But after a few failures I improved in mechanical skill, and was not long in discovering that a bicycle is almost as sailable as a boat.



"THE 'TWISTER' WAS CLOSING IN FAST."

I had covered more than half the distance when I noticed that the clouds were gathering dark and low in the west before me, with ragged streamers hanging out like dangerous signals in every direction. Suddenly there was an agitation among these as if by the action of a violent wind. They collected and darkened, and I heard a dull, rushing sound apparently right over the roofs of the town a mile and a half ahead. In an instant a huge dark blue mass detached itself, as it seemed, with a tremendous swirl and swooped viciously toward the earth. There was a moment's interval, and then I saw a cloud of solid objects fly up, whirling higher and higher with frightful rapidity—boards and shingles and sheaves of wheat and miscellaneous small articles. Then the whirlwind, after gyrating about indecisively, lunged straight forward down the wind.

The sail dropped and blew out, and I pulled taut the sheet. The effect was instantaneous. It was as if an additional and violent impulse had been applied to the machine, for it started off with a bound at a new rate of speed. The strong wind filled the canvas like a balloon till the bamboo mast bent with the strain. Ethel said nothing and hung on like a heroine, while I had much difficulty in keeping my hold on the pedals, being unprovided with toe-clips. At last I was compelled to put my feet upon the forks and devote all my energy to the task of steering. The speed increased every moment. Once we struck a stone and seemed to bound six feet before touching the road again, but I recovered my balance after a frenzied wobble. The sail obstructed my view of the road ahead, the weight on the front forks increased the difficulty of accurate steering, and as the high speed made the least movement of the handles produce a most surprising evolution, it was no easy matter to keep a straight course.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Royal Women Under Plain Names. When the Princess of Wales was in Rome recently she passed incognito as "Mrs. Smith." Under this excellent disguise of names she and her daughter dined at a restaurant, taking their turn at being served and having a good time generally. The late Empress of Austria became "Mrs. Nicholson, of England," when she wanted to be free from people's curious attention. Her usual title for less pronounced incognito travels was Countess of Hohenems. Queen Victoria, on the rare occasions when she drops her own title, assumes the name Countess of Balmoral.

Hands of women The question of the great difficulty of obtaining good milkers was easily solved if in England, as in Scotland and Wales, women were employed, and encouragement should be given to this work by County Councils. I am often asked, Can dairying be made to pay? and without hesitation I can answer in the affirmative. The branch of dairy work to be adopted must to a great extent depend upon the position of the farm. If near town, then milk selling is most profitable, but this has its disadvantages and expenses, and probably the most paying line of work is a combination of butter and cheese making, with a home sale of surplus milk. I strongly urge cheesemaking; not the common kinds, but the smaller make of English cheeses, and also the various kinds of French and cream cheeses. There are now several schools in England where the process of this sort of cheesemaking is taught, but to learn the art in perfection I advise a short stay in Normandy at some of the splendid dairy farms that are to be found there, for nowhere else can so thoroughly be learned the important secrets of the care needed in the various temperatures required by cheese in its different stages.

IN AN OLD MEADOW. How oft the housewife crossed this meadow wide To gather healing plants, in sweet old days! Stopping along the tangled, stony side, Where flourished herbs, and weeds, and briery sprays. Within her basket, wove of broken bark, She laid faint-scented plumes of golden-rod, And slender culms of rushes, jointed dark, And mallow leaves, close growing to the sod. In dim, damp nooks, the bitter bonaset grew For her, and comfrey, with its roots of black; And tufts of fragrant pennyroyal blew Above the ribwort plantain in her track. Pale catmint spikes she found in sunny spots, And tansy leaves, like notched and heavy lace; And wool roses, with buds in golden knots, Where shafts of mullain rocked with lazy grace. Green mustard pods, and yellow roots of yarrow, She took, with hoarhound's square and rugged stems; Then softly mused, "I'll come again tomorrow, And homeward went beside the meadow hems." —New York Independent.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

He—"Can you keep a secret?" She—"Of course I can." He—"So can I." —New York Journal. He—"What are you two girls talking about?" She—"Nothing; are your ears burning?" —Yonkers Statesman. Ada—"He has more money than brains, hasn't he?" Clara—"Oh, yes! He isn't absolutely penniless." —Puck. "Curious, isn't it, how his features are always moving?" "Yes. Perhaps that accounts for his having such a vacant expression." —Ally Sloper. "See a pin and pick it up All the day you'll have good luck; Don't you do it. Let it lie— Least of lock-jaw 'germs' you die." —The Critic. When a married woman does not tell of troubles she is compelled to endure, the other women believe she is suffering in secret. —Atchison Globe. "He isn't even friendly with the girl he was engaged to, is he?" "No. When she sent the ring back she labeled the box 'Glass with care.'" —Life. The Bride (rapturously)—"Oh, Jack! isn't everything just lovely!" The Groom (detestably)—"Yes, darling—and aren't you and I just everything?" —Brooklyn Life. "Isn't San Tomas an English town?" asked Van Braam. "Of course not," said Dinwiddie. "It's a Philippine town. What made you ask if it was English?" "I noticed that the 'h' had been dropped." "So you liked my play, Miss Wilbur?" said Penrith, with a self-satisfied smirk. "Very much," replied the young woman. "The waits between the acts were so long and restful." —Harper's Bazar. Fond Mother (listening to baby's cries)—"What a sweet-toned voice she has, dear. She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy and have her voice cultivated." Brutal Father—"Send her now." —Tit-Bits. He had been studying a new bankruptcy law. "It's cheaper to fail than to pay bills," he said at last. "Not always," was the reply. "Not if you get hold of a high-priced lawyer, for instance." —Washington Star. Lady Visitor—"Would you not give the biggest half of your candy to your little sister?" Little Ralph Waldo—"I would not." Lady Visitor—"Why not?" Little Ralph Waldo—"Because two halves of the same whole are equal." —Puck. "What's the matter?" asked the Congressman of his constituent. "I got you a Government job, didn't I?" "Yes." "And the salary is satisfactory, isn't it?" "Oh, yes, the salary's all right, but hang it all, they expect me to earn it." —Chicago Post. An Absent-Minded Bridgroom. Robert Dewar, brother of Lord William Dewar, the British scientist who was the first experimenter to liquefy air, is a remarkably absent-minded man. It is said that on one occasion he left his home early one morning and repaired to the house of friend, in which there was a fine library to which he had access. That afternoon his relatives and friends searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At length he was run down in this library. By his side was a new suit of clothes. "It's a nice man you are," ironically said the spokesman. "What's the matter now?" returned Robert irritably. "Your bride and the preacher are waiting for you this two hours. Don't you know this is your wedding day, man?" "I declare," said the groom, "I'd forgotten all about it! Wait till I dress and I'll go along with you." —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The "Caddie." An adjunct of the royal game of golf, even as important in his way as the clubs, is the "caddie." This is the individual who carries the bag containing the sticks and locates, for the player whose caddie he is, the ball after it has been struck. Each player, as a rule, is accompanied by a caddie, but this is not necessary and this assistant is often dispensed with from motives of economy. Their rate of pay is generally fifteen cents for nine holes and twenty-five cents for eighteen. In ancient days and even in the old country at the present day, the caddie is himself a player and generally a professional who has spent his life caddying, clubmaking, and tournament playing.