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The last analysis of the end of the century: An automobile hearse and cremation with liquefied air.

In looking forward to the destined blessings of the next and happier generation, note should be made of the fact that their food will be better cooked.

Here is a new gun that shoots fifteen miles. The poetical fancy of the "shot heard round the world" may be turned into actuality some day. At least we are working in that direction.

While America was in the early days celebrated mainly for its agricultural products, it is now well known for its mineral, and is, moreover, gaining a world-wide reputation for its manufactured products.

The destruction of the Como Exposition has created a strong feeling among most of the scientists of Europe that hereafter important documents and apparatus relating to the history of science or to one man should not be placed under one roof.

Deeply rooted in human nature there seems to be an innate love of rivalry in the matter of physical endurance. To this liking for muscular competition is doubtless due much of the constantly increasing strength and stature of mankind. In the requirements of modern sport, however, there is such a thing as carrying muscular exertion to a point that is absolutely injurious.

Japan is planting her institutions all over Korea, possibly with the view of demanding that country as her share in the general Asiatic partition. If she ever gets it Korea may become a power under proper tuition which the European suzerains of China will have to reckon with. Combined with Japan the Hermit Kingdom would increase the number of the Mikado's subjects to nearly 70,000,000, a numerical strength nearly equal to that of the United States.

The boycott is apparently coming to be regarded as a universal panacea, warranted to right all wrongs, industrial, social, religious, national and now international. Yet it is only an old idea under a new name. A hundred years before Captain Boycott was heard of our Revolutionary forefathers and foremothers—particularly our foremothers—boycotted English tea, and would neither buy nor sell nor use an ounce of it. And later on Jefferson applied the boycotting idea on an international scale by declaring an embargo against all British ships and goods. There is nothing new under the sun.

**Sweet Tones from Wood.**  
In Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia there is a remarkably resonant wood called *hormiguilla*. The Quechua and Aymara Indians make a most excellent musical instrument out of this wood. It is on the principle of the well-known xylophone, only that underneath each piece they construct a sounding-box out of the same wood, varying in size to the note to be augmented and sustaining evidences of the old prehistoric civilizations. A party of Peruvians lately traveled through Mexico with one of these large instruments and created quite a sensation among the music-loving Mexicans.

**Fuzigoo.**  
From the Chicago Tribune: "I can't quite make out that English neighbor of mine," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "He was at church the other Sunday, and joined lustily in singing when the preacher gave out 'America,' but I noticed that the words he sang were 'God Save the Queen.' I don't know whether he did it to give the effect of an Anglo-American alliance or whether it was just a piece of his English bulldog-headedness."

**A Plagiarism.**  
Dusty Dora (his eyes fixed on a party of golfers)—"Weary, if you and I only had some swell clothes and a bundle of sticks apiece they wouldn't call us tramps any longer. Weary Waggles—Yes, I've often thought them golfers were a-plagiarizing our profess-

## WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,  
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me.  
No wind on 'drive my bark astray,  
Nor clouds the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall rest where it has won,  
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder height;  
So flow the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky,  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.—John Burroughs.

am determined to stay here." "This is no place for a young man of your education," she expostulated.  
"That's what I thought once, mother, but everything seems different now. I can be just as useful here. It's better to be a good farmer than a poor lawyer." "You needn't be a poor lawyer. Besides I'd rather be than that a farmer. I hate the name of farmer. None of my relations were ever that. There isn't any excuse for such low tastes." He was nettled.  
"Let us take some cases we know of," he said quietly. "There's Walters, the sharpest young lawyer in Buxton, and the best pleader; he was in jail 24 hours for voting twice at an election. There was Barr, who started poor and died rich; he lost his seat in Parliament and was disqualified for open bribery, and there was things in his private life far worse. No profession is going to make a man's life honorable. I'd rather be a man like my father, mother, than be Barr or Walters."

He had the impulse to burst into contemptuous laughter, but something checked him. He leaned forward, instead, and placed his hand on hers. "Mother, I disappoint you, but don't drive me away. This is the dearest place on earth to me. I can understand Horace now! 'Happy is the man who, far from business, like the ancient with his own oxen.' I can understand that now." Mrs. McPherson picked up the teapot and set it down with forceful emphasis. "Then I suppose the truth is it's that girl that's keeping you here," she burst out.

"What do you mean?" he asked hotly. "I mean," she said, without quailing before his angry eyes, "that I suppose it's that Crawford girl your hanging after. The dear knows what else keeps you here. You don't seem able to tell. I think you must be pretty soft. To see her eyes following me round like a tame cat would be enough for me if I was a young man. It makes me sick. I should think she'd be the laughing stock of the neighborhood." Her son looked at her in blank amazement. "Oh, she knows which side her bread is buttered on. You'd be a pretty good catch for her, wouldn't you? I'll tell you something, too," she went on, hoarsely. "If you take up with such trash as that, don't come here again. As long as my head is above the sod this house is mine, and if you go against me, keep out of it. God knows I've slaved to give you chances to make yourself somebody! Yes, you've been dearer to me than the apple of my eye, but unless you make up your mind to go back, I will never own you for a son again."

She turned her back upon him and marched away with her usual soldier-like tread, and he heard the key turn in the lock as she closed her bedroom door. He flung out of the house in a passion of opposition. O the shoddy pride, the vulgarity of it all! Some words of Tolstol returned to him, printed without flaw on his memory: "Everything which I used to think bad and low—the rusticity of the peasant, the plainness of lodging, food, clothing, manners—all this has become good and great in my eyes." He leaned against the railing of the little wooden bridge and listened to the hurry of water underneath. There was a watery, intermittent moonlight, and every now and then a snowflake, damp and adhesive, touched his cheek. He looked up, and saw Lyddy standing in the road, her startled face peering at him from its framing of black shawl. With an exclamation of joy he went quickly to meet her.—New England Homestead.

**Wooling a School Teacher.**  
"Yes," said a young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school mistress, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."  
"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."  
"Of course I did, but"—  
"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"  
"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum. But, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there were an ache in it?"  
"I meant to say that my life will be lonesome without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or in the north pole, I would fly to you."  
"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"  
"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the bank, and I want you to be my wife. There!"  
"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"  
Curtain.—Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.

**Worse Meat Than Goat.**  
The big packeries are now slaughtering thousands of Texas goats and selling the flesh for mutton. The deception is reprehensible, but the meat is all right. A juicy Texas angora is about as toothsome to a white man as a rat is to a Chinaman or a baked dog to an Indian. The angora is all right. What we object to is the gutta percha beefsteak and the papier mache sausage.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

### A Beautiful Gem.

Turquoise is one of the prettiest gems worn. The exquisite shade of blue whitens the wearer's hand by contrast, and its presence is distinguished at a greater distance than almost any other stone.

### Novel Came Umbrella.

The convertible came-umbrella is a novelty. By unscrewing the tip and touching a spring the cover is removed and the stick becomes a stylish cane, while the cover can be carried in a dress suit case. By reversing the process a sun shade or water shedder is ready for use.  
Dresden handles for umbrellas and parasols are on the wane, while silver, bejeweled gun metals and elaborately carved woods are appearing in every conceivable design. The cotton umbrella is now a thing of the past.

### The Modern Woman's Wardrobe.

Woman's wardrobe includes a greater number of costumes to-day than ever before. She must have a bicycle suit, with numerous pique shirtwaists to wear with it; a yachting suit of flannel; a golf suit, including a cloak; one bathing suit, if not three or four; a coaching costume, a tailor made dress, summer silks, organdies galore, silk and cotton shirtwaists, extra skirts and evening gowns. There are other costumes she may demand—her riding habit, a rainy day suit and her steamer coat. All of which goes to show how times have changed.  
The accessories that are all "pretty things to wear" include a wonderful collection of stocks—belts, ties, sashes, "fronts" and vests.

Then, there are her hats to go with different gowns, her parasols, sunshades and umbrellas; her gloves for street, driving, riding and evening; her shoes, slippers and boots; her jackets, wraps and cloaks; her veils and handkerchiefs, and then the myriad of costly trifles from the jeweler's, including shell hairpins, jeweled hatpins, Cyranos chains, studded vinaigrettes, lucky charms, gold buckles, fads of ivory and pearl, shirt studs and cuff links, skirt pins, chatelaines, cardcases, monogrammed purses, stockings and brooches for her hair.  
After which the most money to be paid out for any one thing will be for jewels.

"It is no wonder," said a mother, "that papas grow gray and young men fly from matrimony like clouds before a sea breeze!"

### Sunbaths For the Hair.

Proper and constant care of the hair is the most essential duty of the woman who would be well groomed. The attention which is given by up-to-date women now to their tresses is one which requires time and patience, but no woman begrudges the time, money or labor expended on the proper care of her hair, be it dark or light.

The woman with light hair should always when possible dry her hair in the bright sunshine. All last winter, from a back window, a slight was presented in a certain neighborhood about twice a month which was a source of great amusement to the residents. A girl with a beautiful head of golden brown hair, after washing it, used to sit in the window, if in winter, close to the glass and let the sun stream in on her loosened tresses. After the weather got warmer she used to cover the windowsill with pillows, and, resting her head on them, let her hair hang under the sun in the sunlight, with the soft spring air acting as a fan for drying it.

A teaspoonful of household ammonia added to each basin of water used in washing assists materially in keeping it light. Dark hair should be dried in the shade or it will fade in streaks; but if the dark haired girl wishes to lighten her tresses without a bleach, she can partly accomplish her purpose by adding a little borax to the water, and after drying the hair in the shade, give it a sun bath as often as practicable.

For a dry sun bath, if such a contradiction may be used, the hair should be spread and shaken out constantly, so that the sun's rays may reach all the roots alike.—New York Herald.

### Women as Inventors.

In a most interesting and instructive lecture delivered before a woman's club in New York City upon "Women as Inventors," Mrs. Ida C. Bowles has given the result of twelve years of deep research, covering the history of invention from the Egyptian goddess Isis product to the modern Yankee product of to-day. She included silk weaving, invented by the wife of the fourth Chinese Emperor; bronze work, by a Japanese woman; the weaving of cashmere shawls, by a woman of the Indian harem, and the lost secret of Venetian point lace, rediscovered by an Italian woman. Harriet Hosmer is mentioned as having invented the way to make marble from limestone, which the Italian Government had long been seeking. Mary Kees is spoken of as the first woman in this country to take out a patent (1808), and this was for weaving straw with silk or thread.  
During the next twenty-five years only fifteen patents were granted, owing to limited means of education. Among these inventions were a globe for teaching geography, a baby-jumper, a fountain pen, a deep-sea telescope and the first cook stove. In the next twenty-five years, when more privileges were accorded women, the number of patents ran up to thirty-five. During the next twenty-five years, from 1859 to 1884, the patents numbered 1503.  
Taking their husbands' places in wartime on the farms and in the workshops, women invented many im-

proved agricultural implements, and new kinds of machinery. Nursing in hospitals, they invented camp beds, bandages, canteens, etc. At the present time colleges, slay and manual training are developing woman's powers, and patents resulting from her ideas numbered 3905 in the twelve years between 1884 and 1895.

### Gossip.

Uphoistering is a trade women are learning.

A Jersey City woman makes her living by painting signs.

In the Postoffice Department in Washington 162 women are employed.

A domestic servants' benevolent institution has been established in London.

Though rubies and pearls may be more costly, woman, as a rule, is true to diamonds.

The Queen of Saxony possesses four sapphires equal in size and beauty to the one that glows in the crown of England.

There is a saying to the effect that in Kansas there is no interest, no profession, no trade and no deal without a woman in it.

The Immigrant Girls' Home, in New York City, is constantly broadening its field. Finnish girls are now coming to the home.

Caroline Brown, who has just died at Lisburn, England, was born on the field of Waterloo while the battle was raging, on November 18, 1815.

Mrs. John Rittenhouse, recently killed with her whipstock a gray wolf which attacked the buggy occupied by herself and daughter, Mrs. Lyons, on Wyoming Hill, five miles from Muscatine, Iowa.

Miss Frankie V. Mudd has been appointed by Governor Stephens, of Missouri, as inspector of oils for the city of St. Charles. This is the first time that a woman has ever filled that place in Missouri.

Miss L. M. Coote, the daughter of the Secretary of the British Vigilance Association, has just accomplished the dangerous feat of climbing the Wetterhorn—one of the most difficult mountains of the Alps.

Miss Sybil Carter is doing for the Indian women of the United States what Lady Aberdeen did for those of Ireland and Queen Margherita for those of Italy, in teaching them the art of lacemaking as a means of support.

The first woman regularly appointed to the Interior Department in Washington was a Miss Jane Nesbit, whose salary was \$50 a month. Before that date, which was '65, women had been given work which they took to their homes.

Mrs. Shiver, who lives in Southern Georgia, ought to have a place in the world's history. She has had no fewer than 310 descendants, 235 of whom are still living. This great-great-grandmother is ninety years of age, but still brisk and energetic.

Miss Martha Laura Mason, of Chicago, has been appointed by the new Librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam, as head of the department in which the thousands of musical compositions that come to the library, either as a gift, by purchase, or copyright, are classified and catalogued. She is said to be the first woman to hold such a position in the National Library.

**Fashion Notes.**  
Ribbons are used in a great variety of styles.

The shirtwaist of silk is still much in vogue.

Heavy chenille fringes finish the ends of elaborate black neck ruffles.

Bronze shoes with square toes are the latest in dressy street footwear.

Velvet is one of the handsomest things to combine with organdies and lawns.

Narrow ties of white gros grain ribbon two or three inches wide have pointed ends with lace insertion and edging.

Large gauze butterflies in striking black and white effects are used on many of the smart new hats as their sole trimming.

The present sheath shape of skirts is singularly adapted to plaids, which are again much in evidence on the counters of our best retail stores.

The idea of panels has just been started, and already they are becoming exceedingly fashionable, and a successful future is predicted for them.

The jaunty little silk lined broadcloth jackets are attractive, and are particularly adapted for wear with the separate skirt that continues to be preferred by many.

A velvet turban of the gay automobile pink is toned by a discreet use of black chenille and jet and paradise plumes, and is distinctly handsome without being loud.

Velvet belts and plain stocks of black velvet have large steel buckles in front. No one has yet learned why a woman wishes to give herself the appearance of being in a harness.

Neckwear must be immaculate and concisely arranged, though more latitude is allowed as to the material to be used. Lace and taffeta scarfs are no longer considered impossible.

Black flowers are worn a great deal by elderly ladies. They are made of either velvet or gauze, or both. Iris, tulips, marguerites and roses all show to good effect in this way. Colored flowers are mixed with the black oftentimes.

Among the most serviceable of the new golf hats are those made of stitched cloth to match the golf skirt. They are modified Alpines in shape and are trimmed at the side with a stretched bow of ribbon through which two miniature golf sticks in gilt are thrust.

## PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little.—Bacon.

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.—Emerson.

There is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains or labor.—Addison.

To communicate oneself is Nature; to receive a communication as it is given is culture.—Goethe.

Whatever touches life with upward tendency is education.—Dr. Arnold Tompkins, Illinois State University.

Be content with doing with calmness the little which depends upon yourself, and let all else be to you as if it were not.—Fenelon.

Friendship which makes the least noise is very often most useful, for which I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—Buddell.

The woman who takes into her heart her own children may be a very ordinary woman, but the woman who takes into her heart the children of others, she is one of God's mothers.—George McDonnell.

Consciously and unconsciously each intelligent being makes a choice at every turn, either fulfilling or outraging the higher law of his nature, either entering into or refusing fellowship with God.—John Watson, D. D.

The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer, thou refusest to be crowned; but, if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest and without contending there can be no conquest.—Thomas a Kempis.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? If a man constantly aspires is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—H. D. Thoreau.

**SEEING HIS NAME IN PRINT.**  
But His Little Ruse Didn't Result in a Eulogy, as Expected.

"Some people are so crazy to see their names in print," said an amateur cynic the other day, "that they would be willing to die if they could only read their death notices."

"Did you ever actually know of a case of that kind?" asked an old reporter to the group.

"I can't say I ever did," replied the amateur cynic.

"Well, I have," said the reporter. "The star actor in the little affair was a lumberman, and a pretty well known lumberman, too. He doesn't live hereabouts now, and I suppose it would be safe to tell the story. This lumberman conceived the idea that he was a very valuable and popular citizen in the community where he lived. The hallucination was unshared by any of his fellow beings, but it had such a firm hold on his mind that on one occasion, when he was in New York, he decided to wire home that he had been found dead, merely to get a chance to peruse the eulogies he felt certain would appear in the local papers. He intended, of course, to telegraph later on that it was all a mistake."

"Well, he sent the first message, signing some fictitious name, and awaited developments. In a couple of days the local papers came to hand, and when he read them he nearly had a fit. They had at once adopted the theory that he died from the result of a big spree, and printed a spicy resume of his past career to support the hypothesis. They also intimated that the community could struggle along very nicely without him. After he had digested these pleasing tributes he concluded not to send the other telegram, but to return in person and pay his respects to the editors. I forgot now which licked, but the affair was the talk of the section for months, and eventually cured the lumberman of any hungering for newspaper notoriety. By the way, this yarn is letter true. The incident occurred in Texas."

**Portuguese vs. Spaniards.**  
It is the custom of many Americans to think and speak of the Portuguese as if they were the same as Spanish. The two peoples come of the same stock, it is true, but their resemblance is only superficial. The Portuguese lacks the dignity of bearing of the Spaniard; he is of a more sunny disposition, more "good natured," we should say. He is more industrious and more willing to put his pride in his pocket. Even the Portuguese are a cleanly, thrifty, law-abiding people. Though Portugal and Spain are neighbors, they are the reverse of friends. The Spaniards affect to despise the Portuguese, and the Portuguese do not dissemble their hatred of the Spaniards, a hatred born of remembrances of the misrule Portugal suffered when dominated by Spain.—Boston Transcript.

**An Automobile Catamaran.**  
An arrangement is said to have been perfected by means of which automobiles may be made to ride on the water. The floating portion of the apparatus consists of a catamaran, somewhat resembling a life-raft, and on which the vehicle is placed. The motor operand then consists in throwing off a chain from a sprocket wheel that transmits the power to the wheels of the horseless carriage, and attaching it to another sprocket wheel that causes the propelling shaft between the two cylinders to revolve at any desired speed.