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The assertion is made that not one-tenth of one per cent. of the fiction that has been written in this country in the last decade will live for 100 years.

Two Chicago youths under arrest for murder were led to their present situation by reading dime novels. The boy who can be persuaded to look to a carefully chosen newspaper for reading not connected with his studies is on pretty safe ground.

Ingenuity is by no means confined to one of the world. Many a minister understands the art of turning an honest penny in behalf of a good cause. A vicar of Cornwall, England, for example, perceiving that the need of his church is a new organ, spends his spare time in making walking-sticks, which he himself offers for sale in the market-place, thus steadily increasing the organ fund.

It is not only in women's clothes that styles change, but in house decorations, for instance, the styles are ever varying and with the styles the taste in a truly surprising manner. There is one odd thing to notice and that is that the period in which, one concedes, women's dress reached the high-water mark of ugliness, also saw the reign of dark and gloomy wall decorations, neither ugly enough nor beautiful enough to be artistic.

Vital statistics in England show that the birth rate declined materially in the twenty-two years between 1876 and 1898. The causes assigned are deferred marriages, the decreased number of marriages and diminished fertility of marriage. The same is true in nearly all the countries of Europe. This means that while the population is increasing, the rate of increase is diminishing. France increases more slowly than any other.

This country has had an epidemic of sending poisoned candy through the mails, but in Italy they have invented new death-dealing devices. Bishop Riccardi, of Nardo, received a package marked "dried fruits," and when it was opened eight deadly vipers sprang out of it. The assassin who shoots his victim down in the highway is a civilized being in comparison with the person who would plan so cowardly an attempt at murder.

The Last Stand.
The castle of San Felipe, in the harbor of Callao, Peru, is famous because the Spanish flag waved from its battlements for the last time on the continent of America. It was the ultimate refuge of Spanish authority on this continent, and the Governor of Peru with a garrison was beleaguered there for eleven months by the armies of the patriots during the war for independence. They did not surrender until they had eaten all their old boots and shoes, made soup of the rats and mice and other animals that infested the place and three-fourths of them had died of starvation and exhaustion.—Chicago Record.

Thirty Years Old; Four Sets of Twins.
Mrs. Amos Cripe, wife of a well-to-do farmer, near Middlebury, Ind., is obeying the Biblical injunction to increase and multiply. Though but little beyond thirty she is the mother of nine children. Eight of the nine are twins, the last pair having been born a few weeks ago. Physicians say this fecundity beats the record.

Escorted from the Grave.
Fancy being evicted from your last resting place if your relatives neglected to pay the rent! Yet this is what happens every day in that island we have been hearing so much of lately, Porto Rico. In the Campo Santo, the consecrated field, which lies on the cliff edge near San Juan, it is impossible to buy a grave right out, except at a price which puts it out of the question for poor people. The graves are leased for a term of years, and if at the end of that time the lease is not renewed the remains are dug up and the ground relet.

And the Band Played.
Waiter—Kin Ah bring yo' an 'ade, sah?
Jollyboy—What kind of 'ades have yo'?
Waiter—Lemonade, orangeade an' limeade, sah?
Jollyboy—Bring me a serenade.

THE BOYS WHO WILL NOT RETURN.
From 'round the curve of the one-half world,
Far over the Western main,
With tattered banners of battle furled,
Our boys have come home again;
From out of the wars to the dear old shores
Of the land that they love so well;
And our hearts are full of a gratitude
And gladness we cannot tell;
But our joy is stilled and our eyes grow dim,
As we think of the hearts that yearn
For the boys who were left on the battle-field—
The boys who will not return.
Beneath the clouds and the sun and stars
They sleep unwept by the future wars,
That gleam in a foreign sky,
They sleep unwept by the future wars,
While the tides of time roll by—
A sleep so deep that the dew which weep
On the turf that covers them o'er,
And the winds which over their dwelling sweep
Can never awake them more;
Their race is run and their fight is done,
And the hearts that in sorrow burn
Will long in vain, through their grief and pain,
For the boys who will not return.

HIS FIRST PATIENT.

Romance of a Telephone Call
Rung by Spirit Hands.

BY HELEN A. COUSINS.

WAS a young man of twenty-seven, and had just hung out my sign in a little manufacturing village of about 2000 inhabitants. There were at this time three other physicians in the town, and during my four weeks' stay I had been favored with but few patients. I boarded with an elderly lady, whose grandson cared for the garden and stable. My boarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality, so I one day set my watch, and the clock in my little office, ten minutes fast, in order to be prompt at meals when at home. On the evening of that day, just before the clock struck ten, my telephone bell rang. I had only the day previous had the instrument put in, and hastened to answer my first call. "Come immediately to Millville, 20 High street. Take the 10 o'clock train."

"It is too late for me to catch that train, but I will drive over with my team if that will do. What is the case?" I asked.
"No reply." "Hello!" I called again, but all was still. Then I rang up the central office.
"Please connect again with the parties who called for Dr. Wildes," I said.
"No one has called for Dr. Wildes," answered the voice of the operator in the central office.
"You must be mistaken, for I have just been talking with some one through the telephone who wants me," was my reply.
"The wires must be crossed somewhere. I will see if I can find out where the trouble is, sir," came in a sleepy voice from the central.

I put on my hat and started toward the stable, meeting Jimmy with lantern in hand.
"I was just coming after you, doctor," he said. "Your horse seems to be dreadfully lame, and I can't find out what ails her foot."
I sent the boy to livery stable near by to procure a team for me, and was bathing and bandaging my own horse when I heard the whistle of the 10 o'clock train. Then, remembering that my watch had been too fast, I muttered a very unorthodox expression as I thought of the sixteen-mile drive I must take in the cold March night.

I had hastened in doors and put on a heavy ulster, when I heard the boy drive up to my door with the team. Again I went to the telephone, and ringing up "central" I inquired if he had ascertained who had called for Dr. Wildes.
"I cannot find that any one has called for you this evening," came the reply over the wire.
Suspecting that somebody might be trying to play a joke on me, I stepped to the door and had the team returned to the livery stable.
I seated myself in an easy chair by the fire and after reading a short time I fell asleep. I awoke just as my clock was striking twelve, and as the last stroke ceased my telephone again rang.

I hastened to reply, and received the call, "Come to Millville on the midnight train to 20 High street."
"Who wants me?" I asked, as I knew not a soul in Millville.
I received no reply, although I rang several times, and, putting on my overcoat and cap, I seized my medicine case and hurried to the railroad station, a few rods away, where the night train stopped on being signaled. Before 1 o'clock I had reached Millville and found the place to which I had been summoned.
It was an old-fashioned house, which had been modernized by the addition of bay windows in front, from one of which shone a faint light. I hastened up the steps, but before my hand could touch the door it was opened from the inside, and I passed in. A very old lady, with pale face and snowy hair, silently pointed to the next room. I entered and found I was in a good-sized apartment that seemed to be half parlor and half library. A leather-covered lounge was drawn up before an open fire, and upon it lay a man of perhaps sixty years. An ugly gash was in the right side of his head, which, with the partially dried blood

plied: "She is unconscious; it is probably a stroke of paralysis." In a few minutes we entered the room, where a slight, girlish figure, clad all in black, was kneeling by the side of a bed, whereon lay an old lady. She was dead, and but one glance was needed to show me that she was the mysterious one who had opened the door for me at the Millville house.
"Here is the doctor, Miss Marguerite," said the man.
The young girl rose and with a stifled sob held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth, is gone," she cried.
A few days later my sister and I called to see Miss Lawton, who had decided to close her grandmother's house and go away.
"The only relative I have now is my mother's half-brother in California. He has telegraphed for me to come to him. Poor papa and I were so happy there until his sudden death last spring." Then she added, "I will show you his picture," and taking a photograph from a case on the table she handed me the exact likeness of the man whom I had found upon the lounge with the ugly gash on his head. I did not question her at that time, although my curiosity was difficult to control, as I saw that she was deeply agitated, and I felt that she must be kept as calm as possible.
Destiny, fate or what compelled me to follow Marguerite to California? I was not wholly impelled by the desire to obtain a solution of my mystery of which I felt that somehow I held the key, having been to a locksmith and had a key made from the drawing on the newspaper margin. In the latter part of January I placed my practice in the hands of one of my medical friends who was not quite ready to settle down, and started out for a six weeks' vacation.
Marguerite and my sister had kept up a correspondence, so I had no difficulty in finding the object of my search; and in less than five weeks was on my way east with my bride.

Before leaving California I had learned the particulars of Mrs. Lawton's sudden death. Marguerite's grandmother, who had been a leader in society until her husband's death, was the possessor of some valuable diamonds, which a few years previous she had placed in her son's hands for safe-keeping until Marguerite should be of an age to wear them. He very seldom mentioned the jewels to his daughter, and it was supposed that he carried them around his person. One day in early March he was returning from a drive, when he saw a man skulking around the street corner who looked strangely familiar to him. He finally said to Marguerite: "It has just occurred to me that the stranger is Davidson, who used to be employed by your grandmother. She wrote me some little time ago that she had discharged him because she found him one day trying to unlock her desk where her private papers were kept."
The following day Mr. Lawton was brought home unconscious, with a cruel wound in his head. Robbery was evidently the motive of the assault, for the diamonds were gone, also the money and watch of the victim. The poor man did not regain consciousness, but died in a few hours. Comparison of the dates showed that this occurred at the very time I had been called to Millville.

Inquiry proved also that the grand-mother had been in her own home, ill in bed with an attack of rheumatism, on that night.
Before going back to my practice I went with Marguerite to her old home. On arriving there I told her of my mysterious visit and of the key which had been held out to me. I produced the one I had had made and asked if she had seen one like it, but she never had.
When we entered the dining room it was a bright, sunny day. I looked around the room, and as my glance rested on the massive oak sideboard that was built into one corner of the room I saw along the top were carved grapeleaves and bunches of grapes. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words: "The second bunch of grapes." Mounting a chair, I managed to reach it. After a few attempts I found I could move it a little, and finally I succeeded in pushing to one side the entire cluster, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square. Producing my mysterious key, I at once unlocked the door and found that the aperture contained a small iron box, in which we found the missing diamonds.
We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the last eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor. But that is another story.—Chicago Record.

Superstitious Man Ten Cents Ahead.
The other day Mr. Horace Parkes, a young farmer, residing in the Red House neighborhood, called on Mr. John Donelson, the leading carriage manufacturer of Richmond, Ky., for the purpose of settling his semi-annual account. Mr. Donelson examined his books and stated to Mr. Parkes that his bill was \$13. After some hesitancy Mr. Parkes remarked: "This number seems to have started with me, and continues to occur in all I have to do or that may affect me so as ever to refresh my mind with its connection with my existence. I was born on the thirteenth day of the month, was the thirteenth child, my father died when I was thirteen years of age, and now my bill is \$13." Mr. Donelson, in considerable excitement, said: "I won't collect the bill. Give me \$12.90 and your bill is squared."

The Neighborly Instinct.
Among the women a newcomer is never considered neighborly until she has sent the hired girl to borrow at least two nutmegs and three cups of sugar.—New York Press.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Braid on the New Tailor Gowns.
The new tailor gowns and pseudo-tailor gowns are trimmed with flat braid put on with conspicuous stitching. Innumerable embroidered dresses are imported, those most in vogue having deep floral borders in colors contrasting with the fabric; for example, roses and foliage on a delicate, pale sage-green. These decorated fabrics are expensive to buy, but they require no trimming. The vogue of braid is being abused. The large, intricate and conspicuous patterns with which many a dress is covered are far from the best taste, but no signs of a reaction are apparent.

Home Made Perfumes.
Southern women are fond of making the perfumes for their own use, and as they prepare them these are as delicious as the best imported. Their method is to have an airtight box with panes of glass that just fit into it. A layer of mutton suet or beef tallow is placed on a pane of glass and covered thickly with the fresh rose leaves or other blossoms, gathered as soon as the morning dew is dried off. Another layer of tallow is laid over the flowers and covered by another pane of glass. This is repeated until the box is full, when it is shut and placed in a dark, cool room.
In about thirty-six hours the tallow will have absorbed all the odor, and it is then put into a jar of alcohol sufficient to cover thoroughly. The alcohol in its turn absorbs the odor, and is strained off the tallow and carefully stoppered.

A Russian Woman Editor.
An accomplished young Russian, Anna Evremoff, is now in this country. She was at first an editor in her own country, but committing the fatal mistake of having original opinions, her paper was suppressed and she betook herself to the University of Heidelberg, and was the first woman ever granted a diploma in law at Leipzig. The story of her degree is that she was refused for the sufficient reason that she was a woman. One day the King of Saxony visited the university, and noticing this one woman among the many men, accosted her, and finding that she was a Russian, asked her if she was happy in his country, on which she told her story with the effect that the King ordered that she immediately have her examination; she was able to prove her right to a diploma and received it.—The Argonaut.

New Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Small monograms, embroidered in colored linen thread, ornament the corners of the new handkerchiefs. The hem-stitched border is quite narrow and sometimes it is of pink, blue, lilac or red to match the monogram. Colored handkerchiefs with white corners, upon which a colored flower, initial or butterfly or other small design is embroidered in color, are odd and fanciful. A white kerchief with a spray of maidenhair delicately embroidered in one corner is very dainty and effective. As the majority of women never adopt startling novelties in pocket handkerchiefs any more than they do in their dresses, these fanciful scraps of lawn and hemstitching will probably be given over to the school girl. The plain white kerchiefs are as daintily simple as usual, edged with lace, hemstitched, and embroidered with small patterns or with a dainty convent-worked monogram.

Care of the Hands.
The flesh at the root of the nail should be loosened and pushed back with an ivory blade or dull-pointed steel. It is easily done, after soaking the fingers in tepid water for about twenty minutes. This will disclose the half-moon—which, in most cases, is nearly or quite covered—which adds greatly to the beauty of the hand. A manicure has a tiny pair of scissors, which are made for the purpose, with which he cuts away all the superfluous flesh at the roots of the nails, after rubbing them back. When the nails are in good condition, a few minutes' care and attention daily will keep them so. Every time the hands are washed the flesh should be pushed back with the towel, and a very few minutes' rubbing with chambric skin, with powdered pumice stone moistened with sweet oil, will polish the nails. The finest polish is said to be hand polish, which the manicure gives to a pair of hands by an hour's polishing.

Water can be easily softened with a few drops of ammonia or—what is better—a small piece of lumpborax, warm water, into which enough borax has dissolved to make the water feel slippery when pressed between the finger and thumb, is very good for washing the hands. Many people who do not work wash the hands but seldom. The day's accumulation of dirt is allowed to remain on the hands all night. Upon rising, the hands are washed in cold water. The possessor wonders why, when she does no work, her hands are not white.—Woman's Life.

The Woman Who Felled.
The name of the woman who have gone into the chicken business hopefully, and given it up disconsolately, is legion; but, in despite of repeated failures, the idea still tempts its victim, and the "little place with a vegetable garden and chickens" is as seductive as ever.
"We took a small house in the country a few years ago," said one of these aspirants relating her experiences, "thinking we could at least reduce our living expenses, if not actually coin money, by starting a vegetable garden and poultry yard. Our first experiment was with ducks. We hatched out a number of fine broods under

hens, and, as we were on the water, we naturally thought the conditions were perfect. One day a heavy storm came up, our ducks got wet, and every one died, for it seems that young ducks must not get wet on any account.
"That was our first blow; others followed all too quickly. The chickens did well at first, and then had a series of ailments and refused to lay. I bought a cow, and found I had been cheated, as it went dry in a few months. In the garden the cauliflower grew rampant, and refused to head; the peas turned out badly; the spinach dwindled, and the only bright spot in that garden was the onion patch. My opinion of this vegetable has undergone a great change. I shall always regard it with gratitude, I dare say, on the theory that failures are only premiums paid to success. I should have done better if I had persevered, but it was too wearing. Never shall I forget my joy when I came back to town to a flat, and when next I try to earn money it will not be by raising vegetables or poultry."
—New York Tribune.

Gossip.
Boer women are forming rifle clubs.
A successful ranch owner in Kansas is a woman.
Women are not permitted to be photographed in China.
A training school for women nurses has been opened in Havana, Cuba.
The women's club movement has developed great strength in the West.
The Legislative Council of Western Australia has passed a bill enfranchising women.
A conservatory and rose garden in Elmira, N. Y., is owned and managed by a woman.

Kansas City, Mo., has established an institute particularly for substitute teachers, in order that they may be kept up to the modern methods of teaching.
The Twentieth Century Club of Portland, Oregon, devotes itself to the study of the history and present social and commercial status of foreign countries.
Mrs. Julia Barrett, of Sacramento, Cal., has prepared a system of stenography in the Chinese language, which is found to be of great commercial value.

The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—while unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son.
A woman's club in Iceland, known as the Thorvaldsen Society, looks after the poor, keeps up a sewing-school, visits the hospital, and carries on various philanthropic enterprises.
Following the counsel of the court physicians, the Empress of Germany, who is in feeble health, is taking lessons daily in the palace riding school, which has been built for her especially.
The costliest string of pearls in England is said to belong to the Duchess of Marlborough. It was a wedding gift from her mother, and was originally among the crown jewels of France.

Justice Bookstaver, of the Supreme Court in New York City, has handed down a decision refusing the application of the "Colonial Dames of America" to restrain "the Colonial Dames of the State of New York" and the "National Society of the Colonial Dames of America" from using their several names.
Gleanings From the Shops.
New ideas in prettily carved gilt bangles.
Much blue stationery, showing groups of fleur-de-lis designs.
Fall styles in hats and stickpins fashioned from pearl, crystal and strass.
Point d'esprit nets with various sized meshes showing either white or black dots.
An abundance of bodice garnitures composed of pearls in oval and oblong forms.
Net robes and alovers patterned tastefully with large paillettes in cuirass designs.
Newly opened lines of stick pins and brooches representing golf and college emblems.
New assortments of barrettes for the hair fashioned from tortoise shell or gilt in plain or jewel-studded effects.
New collections of white taffeta cordings that alternate with either exquisitely fine black or white silk lace.
Velvet stock collars showing appliques of steel beads, from which a pretty fringe depends over a chiffon front.
Bodice garnitures composed of jet with pendant fringes, in which variously shaded jewels are tastefully interspersed.
Beautiful grenadines for the winter evening wear; on which antique designs are wrought with tinsel or silver tracers.
Children's dresses elaborately trimmed with the finest nasorok embroidery and entredeux threaded with colored ribbon.
Fall veillings in staple colorings and a world of new mesh arrangements showing a profusion of velvet spots variously spaced.
A vast variety of Luxeuil and other laces in open bold patterns woven in widths sufficiently wide for capes and long outer mantles.
Plenty of new designs and combinations in imperial ties for women's and men's wear, with cashmere borderings a conspicuous point.
Large picture hats ornamented with some tissue material, long ostrich plumes, jet ornaments of various designs and tulle strings.
Many trimmings on the passementerie order, showing fringes of various-sized beads or the old-time bugles in combination with beads.

A SONG OF A DREAM.
Blossoms in the windy woods—
Voices in the solitudes;
Thrushes singing silver-sweet
Where the lights and shadows meet
Star of night and rose of dawn—
Whither has the bright dream gone?
It was woven of roses white—
Lilies of the dew and light;
Sunflowers fair and manifold,
Giving gardens all their gold.
Star of night and rose of dawn—
Whither has the bright dream gone?
Song and sunlight, gloom and gleam—
Heart-beats e'er through the dream;
Faiths and hopes, and doubts and fears—
Lips that kissed away my tears.
Spirit of the dark and dawn—
Whither has the bright dream gone?
Take each high star's golden beam—
Give me back the dream—the dream
With its balms and bloom replete,
And the face that made it sweet!
Star of night and rose of dawn—
Whither has the bright dream gone?
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

PITH AND POINT.
Mr. Snapp—"Life is full of contradictions." Mrs. Snapp—"No, it isn't."
—Judy.
Visitor (in penitentiary)—"What brought you to this place, my friend?"
Convict—"Th' sheriff."—Ohio State Journal.
"Dear me!" exclaimed the fond father, anxiously; "whatever can be the matter with the baby? It isn't crying."
She—"I wonder if it is hard to write dialect stories?" He—"I should think it might be. I know it's hard to read them."—Somerville Journal.
He kissed the maid upon the cheek.
And when the deed was done,
The good book's teaching she obeyed,
And turned the other one.
—Chicago Daily News.

Caller (to little Bobby)—"Bobby, what makes your eyes so bright?"
Bobby (after a little thought)—"I 'spects it's 'cause I ain't had 'em very long."
Andy Smart—"Say, papa, are the things that Congressmen say appropriate?"
Old Smart—"Appropriate is about all they do say."—Syracuse Post.
"I don't think she looks very high to marry a clerk." "Oh, but he was irresistible. She found him at the bargain counter."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Employer (irascibly)—"Confound that boy! He's never here when he's wanted!"
Clerk—"I think it must be hereditary with him, sir. His father is a policeman."
"How affectionate your little boy must be to write you a nine-page letter." "Yes; it is all about a white billly goat he wants to bring home."—Detroit Free Press.
He—"I'm thinking of proposing to you." She—"I hope you will postpone it awhile." He—"Why?" She—"I don't know you well enough yet to refuse you."—Town Topics.

"Why is a base ball pitcher no longer any good when he has a glass arm?" "I suppose because the other fellows can then see through his curves."—Philadelphia North American.
"This," remarked the professor, carefully removing the postage stamp from the envelope of a letter he had concluded not to send, "is what might be called 'getting off a good one.'"—Chicago Tribune.
Lawyer—"What is your age, ma'am?" "Fair Witness—"I am—er—that is—er—." Lawyer (sarcastically)—"Kindly remember, madam, that every moment you gain now will not be to your advantage."—Philadelphia Record.

Woman's Quick Tact.
The following story illustrates a woman's quick tact in an emergency. It is about a college president who is a great gardener and wears a glass eye. One day this college president was being summer and he on his vacation—rushed in from the garden all soiled and splattered and without his glass eye. His wife was seated with a caller of importance. She perceived the special unfitness of her husband's condition and frigidly said to him: "John, go at once to the library and tell your master Mrs. — wishes to see him." He went and soon reappeared clothed, eyed and in his right mind.
This college president, it is plain, is himself a man of presence of mind. There are plenty of men who, confronted by such a remark of genius as this, would have stared and faltered out: "But, my dear —, and spoiled it all."—Boston Success.

He'd Been Helping Jerry.
In a small village in Kent lived a farmer who had two sons—the elder, Jerry, an industrious and hard-working boy; the younger, Willie, just as idle. His father, wishing to encourage the idle one, said to him:
"Willie, my boy, work hard all day and I will give you a shilling when I come home."
Evening came. Willie met his father at the gate, saying: "Father, I have just about worked to-day. I have been helping Jerry all day."
"That's a good boy, there's your shilling." By the by, what has Jerry been doing?
"Oh! He's been fishing, father," came the unexpected reply.—London Spare Moments.