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The new Hessian special taxes on bachelors and bicycles looks like wanton discrimination against two of the principal amusements of young women.

The United States can furnish excellent counsel on the disarmament question and also excellent battleships if Europe insists on more war material.

French Canadian papers and men are still lamenting the exodus of members of their race from the Province of Quebec, and they say that unless checked it means death to French-Canadian influence in the Dominion.

The automobile, with its big pneumatic tires, is a road builder, and not a road destroyer, like the heavy, narrow steel tired vehicle. The more automobiles there are the better will it be for our roads. From every point of view they should be encouraged.

The story of the heroism of Mme Dreyfus is one of the brightest pages in the history of the century, and the age may well rejoice in the belief that hers is not an exceptional case, but that the world is rich in having millions of wives as faithful, as devoted and as heroic as she.

A Baltimorean who has been a close student of household economies has recently made a comparison of the weight of paper with the weight of food supplies purchased. In one day's purchase it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about ten per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.90, he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14 3/4 cents. He claimed that this was altogether out of proportion.

The growth of the Christian Endeavor societies, whose eighteenth international convention has been held in Detroit, is without precedent in the history of church work. In 1882 the few societies then in existence had 481 members, and in 1883 the number enrolled had advanced to 257. Then the membership increased from 8905 in 1884 to 11,900 in 1885, to 50,900 in 1886, to 140,000 in 1887, to 193,500 in 1888, to 500,000 in 1889, to 923,000 in 1890, until now it has 55,813 societies and a total membership of more than 2,500,000. These figures prove conclusively that this movement has been directed by masters of organization and leadership, that its purposes have appealed to the popular heart with irresistible force, and that it is destined to a still greater growth and larger usefulness.

Original measures have been taken in Charleston, S. C., to protect firemen from the danger of contact with live electric-wires. By the terms of an ordinance on the subject each company having the right to string electric wires must connect its station with the fire-alarm system, and on the occasion of each fire-alarm must send an emergency wagon and one or more competent men, with necessary apparatus and tools, to the locality of the fire, where they must act under the direction of the officers of the fire department. In addition, a special signal has been arranged, in obedience to which the electric companies must turn off the electric-current in the district of the fire. Heavy penalties are provided for neglect to comply with the ordinance, and they are cumulative for each day of neglect.

Latest in Life Belts.

M. Janet, a Frenchman of Bauvais, finds that four toy India rubber balloons attached to a yard of whipcord make a swimming belt or life buoy. The balloons should only be half full. This life belt can easily be carried in the pocket and inflated at need.

Kept Busy Digging Cellars.

"I ain't only got but one objection to beln' moved about, house an' all, by these 'ere cyclones," remarked the veteran farmer. "What is that?" asked the eastern tourist. "Why, I've got t' dig a new cellar under my house about ever' two months."—Ohio State Journal.

THE LADDIE WHO WAS ALWAYS GOING TO DO!

There lived long ago, in a town I once knew, A laddie who always was "going to do"— Some act of great valor, some deed of renown. Some glorious feat that would win him Fame's crown. His hopes, they were many, his doubts were but few. This brave little lad who was "going to do." But alas! While he dreamed, while he fashioned with care, The wonderful castles he built in the air, His tasks were neglected, his lessons unlearned, Life's homelier duties and pleasures were spurned. From childhood to youth and to manhood he grew, Still boasting of all he was "going to do." The wealth he had hoped would be his to command, Was granted to others, who worked while he planned. The honors for which in his fancy he schemed, Were showered on others, who dared while he dreamed. So many bright chances had passed him, that few Were left for the lad who was "going to do." At last he awoke from his visions so bold, To find himself friendless and cheerless and old! No mighty achievement had blazoned his name, He never had mounted the ladder of Fame. Not one of the wonderful dreams had come true. That were dreamed by the lad who was "going to do." —Ida Goldsmith Morris.

THE BOY THAT DARED.

By Warren McVeigh.

VERY streeturchin knows that up on New York's great East Side, at the foot of Eighty-sixth street, is a vacant sand lot. The lot is triangular in shape, and one end of it juts, noselike, out into the East River. This little nose of the sand lot is called "The Beach" on the upper East Side, and every afternoon in the summer time there gather here hundreds of boys, who, clothed only in short trunks, spend hour after hour in the water, drying themselves after the swim in the hot sun, or in front of an improvised fire.

It was here that The Boy That Dared was to be found on a certain very hot afternoon not so long ago. James Jackson was his name, but January was what they all called him; why, nobody—not even January—knew. If January were to be pitied, he certainly did not know of it. His life was comparatively comfortable. In the summer he loafed and slept in the open air. In the winter he did about the same thing, only he slept in stables and hall doors. Two nightmares he had, the police and the Children's Society. Brass buttons were the emblem of both nightmares, and January hated brass buttons.

January was the leader of a "gang." That is the proud eminence to which every little wharf-rat aspires. To be a leader of a gang one has to swim better, fight better and excel one's fellows in all other branches of athletics and art, and January so excelled. And above all things, January never "took a dare." Lots of boys will tell you they never took one, but there are mighty few who can say so truthfully. January was the one boy who never had backed out of any task set for him by his comrades, and so they looked up to him and thought him the finest leader a gang had ever had. A gang, it should be said, is not the horrible thing the world makes it out to be. It is simply a little clan of boys who stand by each other when there's a snowball battle going on, and who treat each other when there are any pennies in the exchequer.

It was a hot afternoon, then, and January and his friends were dressing themselves—or undressing themselves, rather for a swim. There were about twenty boys in the party, and a great overgrown mongrel cur to watch the clothes while the boys were in swimming.

Pedro was very warm himself, and would have liked nothing better than a dip in the water, but a heavy fog lay down over the river and the beach, and Pedro knew that if he but left the clothes for one instant somebody might creep up in the fog and steal them. So at the word of command from January, he threw himself down on the hot sand and put one great paw on top of the little pile of old trousers and shirts that did duty as clothing for his two-legged friends.

All undressed, the boys were about to make a dash for the water, when off in the fog they heard the tooting of a steamboat. A few seconds later the strains of a brass band came over the water. The boys stopped and listened. They could plainly hear the churning of the steamboat's paddle-wheels, and the strains of the band, and the laughter of those on board. Pedro, who didn't like music, howled.

"What's dat?" asked a very young member of the party. "Picnic," said one of his elders, and then, whooping and howling, they ran down the beach. Suddenly a piercing shriek came through the fog. The boys stopped short again and looked at each other. Again the shriek came over the water to them.

By this time the excursion boat was very near to them. The shrieks of a woman plainly told all they wanted to know.

"It's a kid," cried January. "You dassn't," exclaimed a boy near him, and January and all the rest of the crowd looked at him.

"Don't do it, January," said half a dozen of his friends, but the leader of the gang was on his mettle now.

"I dassn't, eh?" he chuckled, and then with one leap he was in deep water and going with the side-stroke like a young seal in the direction of the excursion boat. All this had taken but a second, and the next moment the half-hearted crowd on the beach saw Pedro dart by them and go head-first into the water after his friend and master, for the dog had scented the danger.

January swam with all his strength, and pretty soon he made out on the top of the water a little bundle of clothes bobbing around. The boy knew then that the child had, by some miracle, taken kindly to the water and escaped so far with its little lungs empty. Two or three strokes brought him to its side, and he grabbed it with one hand and turned over on his back and began to float. He placed the little one on his breast, and looking into its pretty blue eyes began to pet it with the few homely words his untutored soul suggested to him. A moment later something cold touched the side of his face, and turning his head he saw his dog.

"Hello, Pedro," he chuckled; "look at the kid. Ain't it pretty?"

Pedro snorted and then swam around, ready to render any assistance that might be needed. Then the boy heard the dipping of oars, and he knew that the steamer had lowered a small boat, so he held on to the baby firmly, and called out to the men in the boat with all his might. A few minutes later the small boat came alongside of him, and he and the child were hauled into it.

January reached the deck of the steamer, and a woman threw herself upon him and began to cry. Another woman, evidently the child's mother, had the little baby in her arms, hugging it to her heart to warm it a little. Men flocked about January, and one of them handed him a dollar bill. "Panks," said January, and he thrust the dollar bill underneath his trunks.

"My brave lad—" began another man. January scented a speech. "What you giving us?" he snorted, and then he went over and patted the baby's wet cheek. The little one looked up at him and smiled from ear to ear.

"So long," cried January, and before any one could stop him, he quickly mounted the railing and plunged into the river. When he came to the surface again he was quite a distance from the steamer, and Pedro was there waiting for him. "Come on, old Pedro," cried January, and so they swam back to the beach.

"Well," said January, as he produced the dollar bill and showed it to the admiring gang. "I dassn't, didn't I?"

Through the fog came three shrill whistles from the steamer. It was saluting January, and the leader of the gang and all the rest of the gang gave three cheers in answer. Then January and his friends finished their swim, and that night they spent January's riches at the outdoor circus. —Saturday Evening Post.

Examples of Old-Fashioned Dentistry.

Dentistry, like other useful arts, has progressed with the times. There was a time when aching teeth were believed to be inhabited by devils in drunche vile, and all sorts of charms were used to drive out the troublesome demons. Even to this day those who suffer the tortures of toothache wonder if the old theory is not correct. A certain Thomas Lupton in 1627 gave the following directions for tooth extracting:

"To draw out a tooth, fill an earthen pot with emets or ants and their eggs, and set the same pot in hot embers so long until all be burned into ashes; and when any doth ake, which you would draw forth without pain, then take of the same powder, and touch the tooth therewith, and it will fall out."

It is told that Dr. Tushmake, of Boston, invented an instrument for pulling teeth that lost him all his fingers. It was "a combination of the lever, pulley, wheel and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. A child of three years could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty-three tons," says John Phoenix. That was in the days when men were cumbersome metal plates supporting false teeth in their mouths. General George Washington was noted for a gold toothplate of this sort, which was rather large and puffed out his lips and cheeks noticeably. —Chicago Record.

Photographs Lightning Flashes.

"Scientists," says the Philadelphia Record, "are much interested in a fad which W. N. Jennings, of Philadelphia, has been indulging in for the last eighteen years, and which, they say, has proven of much value to them. No thunderstorm of any moment passes over the city, no matter whether it is day or night, that does not find Mr. Jennings, arrayed in a specially constructed rubber suit, on top of his house, photographing the lightning flashes. When the enthusiastic photographer first started this amusement with his highly sensitized plates he spoiled hundreds of them before he could obtain any satisfactory results. Finally, after two years of futile effort, he discovered the right plan, and now his success is wonderful. This work is considered so important that Kelvin, the world-renowned scientist, has placed himself in communication with Mr. Jennings in order to secure the earliest news of any discovery which the Philadelphia scientist may make."

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe.

Simplicity of Tagal Women.

The natives of the Philippine Islands—that is the pure bred natives or aborigines—are called Tagals. They are of the Malay race and are about as wild and unsophisticated as any of the savage peoples of the world. They are not an ill-favored race, and some of the women are very pretty.



TAGAL PEASANT GIRL.

The illustration is made from a photograph of a native Tagal peasant girl. Her family evidently has had the benefit of contact with civilization, as her dress indicates. Some of the Tagal women dress elaborately, but in the country places, it is said, they are wholly unconscious of the feeling of modesty as applied to dress so common with the women of Europe.

Fight Between Camels.

Two camels were brought into the grounds at the back of the palace and made to face each other. They were male animals, whose vicious tendencies had made it necessary for them to be kept from the rest of the cattle and who had been carefully fed in the chieftain's fighting stock as being especially powerful animals.

At a signal from the prince the creatures were let loose and shambled toward each other. At first they merely feinted and skirmished about in clumsy fashion, their long, awkward legs an irresistibly ludicrous sight. Presently they began to foam at the mouth, their faces became contorted with fury, and a sort of fencing match took place.

Their heads darted from side to side, and they strove to seize each other with their teeth. They groaned and roared furiously, and the spectators were soon worked up to a high pitch of excitement. At length one camel seized his enemy by the leg, while the other, a large, long-haired animal, retaliated by laying hold of his opponent's ear. Blood flowed freely, and opinion was divided as to which camel would be the victor.

At last the long-haired camel, whose grip on his adversary's ear was not very firm, suddenly let go, but the other continued to hold on to his antagonist's leg and even to drag him about, roaring with pain.

The prince eventually gave the order to separate the combatants, but it required the efforts of nearly a dozen men with ropes, chains and cudgels to put an end to the affray. Even then the wound on the leg of the vanquished camel was so serious that it believed the poor creature was crippled for months. —London Globe.

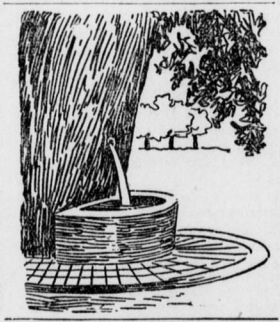
Goethe's Mignon Found.

The Goethe Society, of Vienna, has just discovered the real story that lies back of Goethe's beautiful creation of "Mignon," which has passed into so many songs and even into an opera. This story runs that in 1764 an Italian equilibrist, named Caratta, went to Goettingen with his troupe. In his company was a child, evidently of good family, who took her part with marked reluctance. The report soon spread that the child had been kidnapped by Caratta, but he fled, and escaped all inquiry.

The fate of the eleven-year-old Petronella, as she was called, caused a great sensation in Goettingen. Young poets of the town wrote on the theme, and Daniel Schiebler, one of the university students, collected these poems into a volume. Soon after Schiebler went to Leipzig, where he was thrown much with Goethe, and told him the sad tale of little Petronella. A decade later this Petronella became one of the most charming of poetic creations. —Goethe's "Mignon."

A Strange Spring.

Perhaps the most extraordinary spring in the world is that which gushes up from the trunk of an oak tree at Ouchy, Switzerland. The tree is an old one and of immense size, and it is a mystery just how the water ever forced its way up through the trunk from a hole through which the little stream of clear, cool water, bubbles out as from a faucet. The



villagers regard this tree as endowed with miraculous properties and many visitors come to Ouchy to see the strange sight.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Checked tweed in brown and beige made this stylish skirt, which may form part of a cycling or golf suit, or be used for general outing or rainy day wear. The skirt comprises four gores and displays the sheath effect at the top with a pretty flare from the knees to the lower edge.

The front gore is of narrow width at the top and joins to wide circular side gores shaped with underlaps, over which the front gore closes with double buttons and loops, as shown, or with buttons and buttonholes, if so breasted and open-fronted coats, and certainly look more stylish than ordinary bone buttons.

Lisle Thread Gloves. Thread gloves, having for years been the joy of the simple and sensible, have recently been taken up with a rush by the fashionable and rather freakish element. This is chiefly because with their capital suede lisle gloves the manufacturers have achieved a cotton hand covering that fits exactly and smartly. Thread gloves in a variety of soft tones are very preferable to silk, and women with pretty, plump hands and arms wear elbow sleeved muslins in the afternoon with flesh, pink or lilac suede lisle gloves reaching to the crook of the arm and end of the sleeve. One potent argument in favor of these hand coverings is that not only are they cool, perfect protectors against sunburn, but they wash just like lisle thread stockings.

Foulards as Popular as Ever. The craze for foulards has by no means abated. In fact, as the season advances so are more patterns spring upon the market. They are all of the very softest, satiny order, very different from the hard combination of silk and surah of yore. The most popular colors are a mixture of blues and white, but pink and black, and even mauves, have been in great demand.

A Rage in Jewelry. The butterfly is becoming the rage for everything, just as the bow-tie was a while ago. When enamelled in natural colors it makes a pretty pin for stocks and the hair. As brooches set with precious gems they are bewilderingly lovely, and add to the fineness and daintiness of lace.

A Novelty in Combs. Pompadour combs, in real or even imitation shell, are considered the best taste by many. If set with semi-precious stones or genuine jewels they are prettier in dark hair than the plain shell. Sashes of Chiffon and Silk. Wide sashes of crepe de Chine, chiffon, hemstitched taffeta and soft preferred. The centre back gore is gathered closely at the top, the fullness being invisible under the deeply laid plaits that meet closely in back. This arrangement gives necessary saddle room when mounted and a becoming flare when off the wheel. A deep underfacing of the material held in place with rows of stitching about an inch apart finishes the lower edge of skirt. A smooth interlining of haircloth is recommended to insure both safety and style. To make this skirt will require three and one-fourth yards of material forty-four inches wide or two and one-

four gored bicycle skirt.

Liberty silks in evening shades or in bright Roman stripes are tellers of dress. They fasten with a rosette and a second rosette catches the ends together a few inches below the waist.

On the Wearing of Vels. White vels are becoming only to brunettes, to women with very large eyes or a brilliant complexion. Black vels with big dots should be worn by women with large features. A plain mesh is the most genteel in appearance.

Child's Frock. White dimity is here daintily associated with fine tucking and lace insertion which is sold all ready for yoking. The fashionable square yoke forms the upper portion from which depends the full front and back, that hangs in graceful folds from gathers at the top. A deep frill of valenciennes lace edging outlines the yoke, standing out stylishly at the shoulders over the moderately full sleeves. The

Correct Thing to Wear. Shepherds' plaid woolen materials in black and white, petunia and white and gendarme blue and white are the very height of fashion just now for making up into skirts, and the correct thing is to wear a short jacket or coat made of sain-face amazone cloth to match the color of the check material of which the skirt is made. The fancy shape revers and collar are faced with the shepherds' plaid. White crystal buttons are used to decorate double-

It ain't no fun a-hoing corn— The sun it's b'illin' hot, And pa he keeps a feeler just A-goin' at a trot. You bet I'm glad to see the sun A-shinin' through the bougls, 'Cos then it's time for me to be A-bringin' home the cows.

Sometimes I finish out my row, But mostly, Uncle Bill, He says, "Just drop your hoe, my son, I guess you've got your fill; I'll take your row on out from here, You whistle for old To-wo! And go and have a little fun A-brinin' home the cows."

And when the cows is 'cross the creek I strip and swim across And drive 'em in the swimmin' hole And then I ketch old Boss Right by her tail and hang on tight— Gosh how the old girl plows! Right through the water—lots of fun A-bringin' home the cows.

Then when I get up to the barn Pa he picks up a stick And says, "Young man, I've told you 'nough To keep out of the creek!" And then I say, "Why, pa, they went 'Cross the creek to browse, And I jest had to swim across A-bringin' home the cows."

It ain't no fun in winter time— You git ketchin' in the dark And hear the big owls hootin' and Then the big foxes bark; The snow's a-fallin' and the wind's A-howlin' through the bougls— It's lots of fun in summer, though— A-bringin' home the cows! —Harry Douglas Robins, in Paek.

A-BRINGIN' HOME THE COWS.

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PITH AND POINT.

"She doesn't seem to know her own mind." "That's because she can't locate it."

"Golgithy boasts that he never changed his mind." "He can't; no one will swap with him."

"What does the forecast bulletin say?" "Threatening weather." "Threatening what—sunstrokes or chilblains?"—Chicago Record.

"The first writing was done on stone," remarked the wise man, at dinner. "Great gracious! Think of the postage!" involuntarily exclaimed the rising poet.

"My daughter," said the father, "has always been accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth." "Yes," replied the count, bristling up. "Zat sees what I am."

Depositor (breathlessly)—"Is the cashier in?" Bank Examiner—"No, he's out. Are you a depositor?" "Yes." "Well, you're out, too."—New York Weekly.

Her Father—"No, young man, my daughter can never be yours." Her Adorer—"My dear sir, I don't want her to be my daughter—I want her to be my wife."—Tit-Bits.

Doctor (to the refugee)—"Your eye is hopelessly smashed. I shall have to insert a glass eye." "No glass eye for me. It would be broken to-morrow."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mae—"Both George and Harry are very attentive to Bess. I wonder which of the two she will accept." Ethel—"If I knew which would propose first I could tell you."

"I'd like to look over some of your collars," said the young man in the haberdasher's. "Oh! then you want to see some of the low styles," replied the dealer.—Yonkers Statesman.

"When I rejected Dick he didn't seem a bit put out. I can't understand it." "Well, I can. Dick is used to it. He used to write poetry, and get a dozen rejections every week."

"Excuse me, but it seems to me that I must have met you before. Are you not a brother or a near relative of Major Gibbs?" "No; I am Major Gibbs myself." "Ah, indeed! That explains the remarkable resemblance."

"Mr. Spoonamore, will you please tell me what you came to see for?" "I will, Miss McCurdy. I came to ask you to marry me." "Well, I certainly won't. Let us now enjoy the evening. Do you play chess, Mr. Spoonamore?"—Roxbury Gazette.

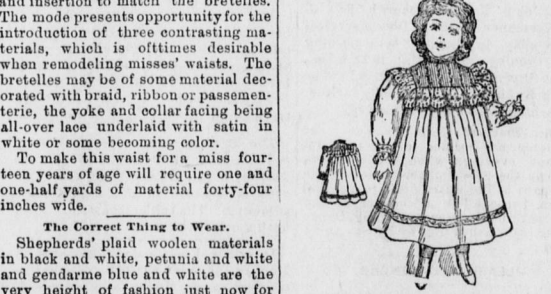
Chinese Telegraphy. In an interesting article published in the Electrical World and Engineer, Professor Francis B. Crocker tells of the curious methods of the Chinese in sending telegraphic messages and of the serious opposition of the natives in many parts of the Empire to the modern convenience.

So opposed to innovations are the natives in some districts that they cut the wires and chopped down the poles. As they have discovered, however, that the poles can be used for fuel and the copper wire is valuable, their active antagonism may not be wholly due to fanaticism.

But the most curious part of the Chinaman's connection with telegraphy is his method of sending messages. As the Chinese language has no alphabet, but in its written form is composed of an infinite number of symbols, each of which represent a word, it can be seen that an extensive code is necessary. This difficulty was encompassed by means of numbers, as Professor Crocker explains.

Shooting at a Balloon.

At Meudon, near Paris, a captive balloon was recently allowed to rise to a height of 150 metres and then shot at with a Lebel rifle. Most of the shots passed through the lower half of the balloon, and some pierced the upper half. The effect on the balloon was hardly perceptible, as six hours elapsed before, in a very gentle descent, it reached the earth. It is evident that the light gas did not escape through the holes made in the lower part of the balloon, and to make holes effectively in the upper half would require a gun of greater calibre and firing perhaps shrapnel. It would not, however, be an easy matter to hit with shot from a large gun, a balloon traveling at a considerable distance from the ground.—London Times.



CHILD'S FROCK.

sleeves are gathered on the upper and lower edges and completed at the wrists with bands of insertion and frills of narrow lace edging. A narrow frill to match finishes the neck. It is a very popular style.