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An automobile has been designed to tow canal boats. There is no telling where the application of the horseless carriage will end.

If the reforms suggested by the New York Baseball Club are carried out, then the National League's season of 1900 should be a red letter one in its history. One of these reforms is the abolition of the syndicate ownership of clubs. These syndicates should be abolished. Then the baseball rowdies should be suppressed, and competent men should be engaged to officiate as umpires. With these reforms established the national game will again resume its sway over the popular affections.

The Railroad Gazette gives warning of a step backward in transportation. "A great deal of money has been wasted by carrying freight and passengers at an unnecessarily high speed." So they are to go slow. It may be true that "no single reform can be adopted in connection with railroad operations that will yield so large an increase in net earnings as the adjustment of the time of the freight trains with reference to the economical performance of motive power, but, if the pace now prevailing is diminished, it will be something new in the history of progress. There have been signs lately of diminished speed in Atlantic steamers, but we predict, all the same, that before another decade is over, they will be traveling nearer thirty knots than twenty.

### A Lesson For the British Volunteers.

The first thing the war teaches us is that we ought to trust more than we do to the individual capacity of the Volunteers, and not try so hard to turn them into ordinary soldiers. The Boers march as they please, dress within limits, as they please, as did also the Colonial men in the first American war, and form as they please, though they obey in this latter respect some traditional rules. They are expected to support each other rather than willingly from discipline, and to rely on their rifles and their steadiness under fire rather than any coherence derived from drill. They do not as yet stand up to bayonet charges well; but how often is the bayonet charge possible when the rifles are well handled? It takes the very best men to get through that hail of fire, and the very best men cannot always do it, no troops that the world knows of consenting to charge home when more than a third of their number are on the ground. The strength of the Boer Volunteers is not in their drill, but in their individual ability when Regulars are charging on them to await their charge and keep on their desolating fire. They wait till the assailing force is actually in touch. That was the strength of the New England Militia against us, and of Hofer's men against the French; and we are not sure that we are not forgetting both how great that strength was, and how best to develop it. We are, we suspect, cultivating the company too much, among Volunteers we mean, and the individual not enough. Yet it is as individuals acting together that the Boers are giving us such trouble.—The London Spectator.

### Easiest Gold Mining Known.

Probably there is but one place in the world where gold may be picked up from a sandy beach. Yet on Cape Nome, on Norton Sound, Bering Sea, Alaska, men, women and children are enriching themselves after precisely this fashion. Only a few weeks ago a discouraged miner who had been lured to the Cape Nome district by what he had come to consider false hopes espied gold under his feet as he sat in his tent on the beach. Within an hour he had laid the foundations of a fortune. Now for a dozen miles or more along the beach there may be seen a throng of independent diggers. Never before has such easy mining been heard of. A small, square bit of beach will yield from \$10 to \$15 an hour. The entire yield of the beach district is said to be about \$30,000 a day.

Existence through the winter will be rather difficult, as fuel is even scarcer than food. Many of the "beachcombers" intend to meet the trying features of the climate by setting up large tents on the beach, where they will live, cook and sleep and at the same time do their mining under cover.

### GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.  
'Twas not given for you alone— Pass it on.  
Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in Heaven the dead appears— Pass it on.

### HER SUBSCRIPTION.



If you please, mem, Mrs. Dean Pinkney, in the parlor, and wants to speak with you." Nelly Waters threw up both her hands in dismay. "Mrs. Dean Pinkney? Oh, I know, it's that odious subscription paper again, for the sufferers from the Chessington fire. What shall I do?" "Be frank with her at once," said Laura Lisle, who was spending the morning with her friend, "and tell her you can't afford it." "Oh, I couldn't do that! Everybody else gives something—the paper is going around among the ladies of our church, and I should be mortified to death to have Mrs. Ross Richardson or Marian Huntington call me mean and stingy." "I don't believe in cutting your coat according to your neighbor's cloth," said Laura Lisle. "Nor I, either—but what is a body to do? Oh, I must give something!" And so Nelly went downstairs into the neatly furnished little parlor, where sat Mrs. Dean Pinkney, a prodigious old lady with a mole upon the side of her nose, a visible beard on her upper lip, and such an amount of jewelry hung about her that she looked like a captive in black velvet and gilded chains. "You'll excuse my calling on you at such a very early hour, Miss Waters," said Mrs. Dean Pinkney, surveying her victim through a gold eye-glass. "Oh, not at all," said Nelly, feebly. "But, went on the old lady, 'I thought you would esteem it a privilege to contribute your mite toward the needs of suffering humanity.'" "Of course," said Nelly, uneasily twisting the turquoise ring upon her finger, around and around. "Here is the paper," said Mrs. Dean Pinkney. "The other ladies of the church have contributed liberally, as you will see. I hope that your heart and hand will be open also." And Mrs. Dean Pinkney folded her braided arms and looked heavenward. Nelly Waters glanced nervously over the paper. Mrs. Sylvester had put down twenty-five dollars, Mrs. Wriothlesy twenty, Helen Canoble ten; the other names became blurred before her eyes in the excitement and anxiety of the moment. She had supposed that a dollar or two would have been the extent of the contribution expected from her; but, with all these antecedents before her eyes, how could she venture to inscribe her name for such a pitiful sum? And so, with shaking pencil, she wrote down "Ellen Waters, \$5.00," and gave back the paper, feeling ineffectually small in the eyes of Mrs. Dean Pinkney. "Much obliged, I'm sure," said that lady with a scarcely discernible ring of contempt in her smooth accents. "Would it be convenient to you to pay the subscription now? Because, with a sort of grim chuckle, 'I am quite a business woman, and I am making a ready-money transaction of it.'" Nelly Waters blushed scarlet. When she had written down her subscription she had intended to meet it some future time—this sudden demand took her entirely unawares. Mortified and bitterly embarrassed, she was about to mutter forth some excuse, when she suddenly remembered that her father had that morning given her five dollars to pay Bridget, the laundress, and that the bill still lay in her pocket. "Certainly—of course," she assented, with a little catch in her breath, as, drawing forth the money, she saw it absorbed in Mrs. Dean Pinkney's great, gold-clasped portemonnaie. So the great lady waddled out and, clanking into her Clarence, told the coachman to drive to the house of her next victim, and Nelly Waters returned upstairs feeling very like a squeezed orange. "How much did you give?" asked Laura Lisle. "Five dollars," Nelly answered. "Exactly five times more than I could afford; but everybody else put down at least double that, and I was ashamed to appear stingy or poverty-stricken." "Charity begins at home," said Laura, gravely. And when Bridget Reilly came, Nelly was forced to put her off with excuses instead of cash. "I'm so sorry, Bridget—but you shall certainly have the money next week." Bridget's honest face clouded over. "But, Miss Nelly, the master would me I could have it to-day, sure. And the rent is due and the board for me sister's ailing baby in the country, and—"

The consciousness of having done wrong did not sweeten Nelly's temper. "There, there, Bridget, don't be insolent," said she, biting her lip. "I have told you once that you could not have the money until next week. If you will come then I will try to accommodate you." So Bridget went away, with slow steps and a heavy heart. "Poor thing!" said Laura Lisle. "She looked as if she wanted the money. I am sorry for her." "So am I," said Nelly, striving to speak lightly. "But what could I do?" "I can't let you have the rent to-night, Mr. Nolan," said Bridget, sad-

ly, when the little hump-backed man of whom she rented her one room made his appearance, as usual, at her door. Michael Nolan did not carry out the general idea of the "stern and gripping landlord," being a mild, easy-going old man, whose heart was open to every piteous appeal. "Not let me have it?" But, Bridget, woman, I must have it!" cried he. "I can't make out the money for Jimmy's California passage without it—and the wife and children that are coming down to San Francisco to meet him, will be an expense another week. You promised me, Bridget, and I depended on your word."

"I know that, sir," said Bridget, meekly, "and if everyone, gentle or simple, kept their word, there'd be less trouble in this world of ours. Miss Waters disappointed me, sir—and I'm sorry as you can be." "Not quite, I guess," said Michael Nolan, slowly. "Because my Jimmy's a wild lad, and has got into bad company, and another week among those lads won't do him any good. I was in hopes I could have got him off by the steamer that sails to-morrow, but if I can't I can't, and so there's an end of it." And he turned away with a heavy sigh. "Let me see the list," said old Mr. Gilsey, taking it from his wife's hand and scrutinizing it with eager, spectacled eyes. "Ah! ah! yes, 'Ellen Waters, five dollars.' And after Waters only this morning telling me he was 'straining every nerve to meet his necessary expenses,' and actually having the face to ask me for another five-thousand-dollar loan to tide over this tight place in his business affairs. I wonder if he calls this a necessary expense?" "My dear, my dear," argued his wife, "you forget that this is in charity." "Charity! Stuff and nonsense!" barked out the old gentleman, using Laura Lisle's very words: "charity begins at home. Well, at any rate, my eyes are opened. Waters may go elsewhere for his money, and I shall at once call in what I have been fool enough to lend him." Mr. Gilsey was as good—or rather as bad—as his word and two or three days afterward poor Josiah Waters came home from his store with bowed head and melancholy face. "Papa," cried Nellie, "what's the matter? Are you ill?" "Heartick, child," the merchant answered. "Nelly, you must make up your mind to a great charge in life. I have failed!" "Failed, papa?" "George Gilsey, upon whom I depended for financial aid and tolerance, has suddenly turned against me. With his aid I might possibly have weathered the storm; without it my poor little ship has gone to ruin. I had told him how hard I was pressed; but it seems he caught sight of some charity subscription, in which your name was put down for a larger amount than he judged wise and judicious, and—"

"Oh, papa!" sobbed out Nelly, "it was Mrs. Dean Pinkney's subscription. But I have ruined you." "Don't fret, my dear," said the old man, kindly. "You'll be wiser some of these days. And it's no use crying for spilt milk." Poor Nelly! She was punished quite sufficiently for her sin. It was well that she did not read the paragraph in the daily paper, wherein was chronicled the sad death of Michael Nolan's ne'er-do-well son, who was killed in a drunken brawl on the evening of the very day on which he was to have sailed for California. And Ellen Waters paid the laundress, and the laundress paid her landlord the five dollars, which went into Mrs. Dean Pinkney's purse for so-called charity. And that was the history of Nelly Waters' subscription.

### THE LIFE INSURANCE CURE.

A Dying Bachelor Who Became Interested in a Plan for a Novel Funeral. "I don't know that life insurance is a cure for disease," said the retired life insurance solicitor, "but I know of an instance which makes it look that way. In the town where I first began business was a bachelor of about fifty years, who was quite alone in the world, and had some years before taken out a five thousand dollar policy on himself for the benefit of a maiden sister, who had died a year before the events of this story. He kept his policy going, however, because it was a good way to save money, and one day he was taken down with some kind of fever. He grew worse day after day, until one day the doctor told him that he would in all likelihood be dead within the next twenty-four hours. "This suggested his life insurance money, all he had to leave, and he immediately began to talk with the doctor on the subject of a proper disposal of it. He concluded after some thought that the best thing to do with it was to blow it in on a tremendous big funeral for himself, including a banquet for all the people he knew. This was an entirely new idea for a funeral, and when the doctor left him that night, to the care of his nurse, his mind was entirely occupied with his funeral. He talked to the nurse about it and when the nurse made him stop he lay and thought about it. In fact, he became so much interested in the details of his funeral that he quite forgot about having to die to make it possible. "In the morning when the doctor came he found his patient in a wild perspiration and his pulse beating in much better fashion than it had been doing for some days. He also found the general condition of the patient much improved. He was greatly astonished, and at once began to ask questions. The patient told him with eager interest of a lot of new things he had thought of for the funeral and some that bothered him a great deal and said he had been thinking of it all night. Then the doctor laughed and told him he guessed the funeral would have to be postponed for he wasn't going to die, just then anyhow. Nor did he, and he isn't dead yet, but he is married and has his policy paid up for his wife's benefit."—New York Sun.

A Salesgirl and Two Customers. Of course, customers are themselves very trying at times, but the clerk who is scrupulously polite always has the best of such encounters. That reminds me, by the way, of an odd little incident. A few days ago one of our girls, who comes from a distinguished and once wealthy family, was waiting on an ill-tempered woman, who treated her with such brutal rudeness that I was strongly tempted to personally interfere. However, the clerk remained perfectly calm and courteous, and betrayed not the faintest sign of annoyance. "Just then a lady who is recognized as one of the society leaders of New Orleans approached the counter and gave the shopper a very frosty nod. At the same moment she caught sight of the salesgirl, and instantly dropped her air of reserve, rushed up and seized her cordially by both hands. "My dear child!" she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you. Can't you and your mamma come to my little musical to-morrow night?" With that she sat down and launched into general talk. The first woman's face was a study. She would evidently have given a front tooth for an equally gracious recognition, and she glared at the girl with an expression between wrath and awe. It was very funny. I was bewitched myself tired.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Vendetta of To-day.

It is through lack of information that the vendetta is referred to to-day as an institution of the past. Vendettas—blood feuds—exist to-day not only in Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, but in Kentucky and other of the Southern and Western States, and also at times in England, Ireland and France, Italy and the East. It has happened lately that an Albanian whose relative had been killed by a Turkish Vizzer shot the Vizzer's son—which is at least a partial exemplification of the vendetta. In Arabia the system is to-day in full operation, a fact which is so well understood that offenses sufficient to start a train of killings are rarely committed, and a considerable degree of order is thereby preserved. As it is generally understood the vendetta originated in the following practice: An assassin was never allowed to escape. The responsibility of punishment was assumed by the nearest blood relations of his victim. There must be blood for blood, a death for a death.

The population of Jerusalem is 45,000. Of these 28,000 are Hebrews.

# NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.



"LA BELLE ELDORADO."

On the front and back of waist, and bands of lace insertion outline the ruffles on the over-skirt.



HOME GOWN, STREET GOWN, DINNER GOWN.

That for evening dress the most fashionable materials will be velvet in combination with transparent stuffs.

NOVEL NECK ARRANGEMENT.

The newest thing to wear is a set of bags hanging from your belt, made of the same material as your tailor made suit," writes Edith Lawrence in the Ladies' Home Journal. "For instance, Gladys describes a set of three to me which she had just made of the cheviot, a sort of mixed stuff, such as her gown was made of. One was for her pocketbook, one for her card case and one for her pocket handkerchief. They were different sizes and were lined with silk. They were suspended by narrow bands of cloth, which were stitched on both sides and stiffened." Patching Small Gloves. When a glove is too small and splits, it is worse than useless to sew up the rent; it must be patched. The patch must be of the same color. Turn the part inside out, having trimmed the hole round so that the edges are even, and cut the patch of kid to the right size. Then, with fine needle and cotton, sew in the patch, taking care only to take up the inside of the kid and to keep the seam flat. If this be done neatly, the glove will be nearly as good as new. Card Cases For Women. The newest card cases are of fine leather, with a jewel set in the clasp like the parent fastener on gloves, except that they clasp through a buttonhole in order to show on the outside. Genuine stones only are used by the best dressed women. Often the birth stone is chosen, although the diamond, pink pearl and sapphire are shown mostly in the best jewelry stores. Words of the Prophet. The prophet says: That sleeves are not so tight by any means as they are going to be. That the box plait means skirts fuller and gradually more full. That by spring draperies will be in sight. That the vogue of the bolero will continue.

### THE GIRL AT HOME.

Oh! the big round moon 's-a-dillin' all the near with 'er light. And amongst the ferns and bushes dodge the fireflies big and bright. And the boys rolled in their blankets sleep as silent as the dead of night. And the night-wind rustles softly in the palm leaves overhead. I can hear the guard 'a-walkin', and off near with 'er light. There's a native woman singin' and a-thumpin' a guitar; And the music sets me dreamin' and my thoughts are bound to roam To the girl that sings supraner in our meetin' house at home. Round me bends the feathered grasses with the dew 'a-shinin' wet. And the palm tree 'gainst the sky-line makes a ragged silhouette. And that old guitar 'a-plunkin' isn't just a concert banjo. And the sing 's in Filipino, so I do not understand; But there's magic in it, surely, for it takes me far away 'er light. Till the smell of tropic flowers turns to that of new mown hay. And I'm 'a-singin', carried somehow over my head, in the moon's glow. To the girl that sings supraner in our meetin' house at home. I'm 'a-singin' dressed for Sunday, in 'er old familiar pew. And I hear the parson dronin' like he never would get through; I can see the sunshine streamin' through the window's colored stain. And I smell oregano and camphor; yes, and peppermint, plain as plain. I can hear that Hannah coughin', I can hear old folks snore. And the hymn book pages rustle in the people thump 'em o'er; And I hear the sweet notes rising upward toward the heaven's glory dome; As that girl, she sings supraner in our meetin' house at home. But the old guitar stops playin' and the singin' 's ended, too. And my Sunday clothes are turnin' khaki brown and army blue; And the church in old New England is once more a forest black. Full of Malay heathens hopin' they may shoot me in the back. But I thank that native woman for the comfort of her song. And I hope the mail-boat's hustlin' that 's 'a-comin' from Hong Kong. For I know it brings a letter, o'er the South Pacific's foam. From the girl that sings supraner in our meetin' house at home. —Joe Lincoln, in Puck.

### PITH AND POINT.

An honest expert is one who forms no opinion before receiving his retainer.—Puck. Landlady—"How do you like your eggs?" New Barber—"Fresh, please."—Chicago News. "The automobile is in its infancy." "Well, I hope when it grows up it will make less noise."—Puck. "Mrs. Canter doesn't seem to be rising rapidly in society." "No; she hasn't learned yet how important it is to snub the right people."—Puck. Mrs. McPhidget—"Who wrote the song, 'There's Only One Girl in the World for Me?'" Mr. McPhidget—"Adam, I guess."—Harper's Bazar. Mabel—"Would you marry a man who had been refused?" Dolly—"If he were rich and the refusing had been by the insurance companies."—Life. "Our wedding trip is all too short." She said, with muffled sigh. "Well, maybe so," he groaned, "but it's not half so short as I."—Life. Magazine Editor—"So you think it is a great improvement to use these tail-pieces?" Friend—"Yes. They do away with the quatrains you used to print."—Life. "How many fellows have called on your sister this week?" "Five." "That doesn't include me, does it?" "O, no, sister says you don't count."—New York Journal. He—"Marie, can you tear yourself away from your loving father's roof, and go with me?" She—"Mercy—yes; this isn't his roof; we're just renters."—Detroit Free Press. "Papa," said the missionary worker's little daughter, "I am playing that my dolls are heathen." "That is nice, dear." "And—papa, I want ten cents to pay my salary."—Puck. "Goodness! Where did the Joneses get that big silver loving cup that is in their parlor window?" "Why, it was given to them by the neighbors that used their lawn mower and telephone all summer."—Indianapolis Journal. Naval Men as Orators. In an address at Fall River, Captain Sigbee of the Texas told this story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators: "It is difficult for me," said Captain Sigbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said: "'Brown, did you go to the tea?' " 'I did.' " "'How did you feel there?' " 'I felt like a sperm whale doing crocheting work.'" (Laughter and applause.)—Boston Globe. Knew His Brush. Carlo was a dog, and had been taught to carry parcels home from the shops of his master. Sometimes, if they were going further, the article that had been purchased would be pointed out to the dog, and he would be sent back for it later on. One day a brush was bought in this way and when Carlo was sent back for it the man had forgotten to cut the string that tied it to a whole bundle of other brushes and pack it up. Carlo recognized the brush and, without waiting to have it given him, seized it in his mouth and made off—of course carrying the other brushes with him. The shopkeeper gave chase, shouting "Stop thief!" but Carlo only scampered off the faster, and carried the brushes triumphantly to his master.