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Very little confectionery is imported into the United States, although we export about \$1,000,000 worth annually.

Since the Civil War the South has spent \$100,000,000 on schools for colored pupils. Throughout the South there is quite as much opportunity for the respectable black man as the white.

Edwin Markham, author of the poem "The Man With the Hoe," says he knows a woman in San Francisco who owns three lap dogs that cost her \$10,000 a year, each of them having three paid attendants.

Dr. John H. Pryor, of Buffalo, said that in 1898 the death rate from consumption in New York State had increased by 339, and had increased at such a rate during the past year that he estimated over one thousand deaths from consumption—probably the highest death rate ever known.

The health officers of Denver, Col., started out to have all the weeds in the public streets and vacant lots cut down, but unexpectedly encountered strong opposition from owners of bee hives, who protested that the weeds blossomed nearly all summer and their bees made much honey from them.

An Alabama man is suing a telegraph company for \$10,000, because a message that he sent to a young lady was delayed, thus causing her to become another man's wife. It will be interesting for the "other fellow" when they come to prove that he would have been left at the starting post if the messenger boy had hurried.

American goods, and especially American manufactures, are making rapid gains in popularity in Russia. This fact is shown not only by the increased total of our exports to that country, but by the warnings which the consular representatives of other nations in Russia are sending to their home governments respecting the popularity of American goods and the success of American merchants in their business methods.

One of the most interesting facts brought out in the annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. William T. Harris, is that the work of the common schools is cozing more and more into the hands of women. In 1870 only forty-one per cent. of the school teachers in this country were women; now the women teachers number sixty-eight per cent. of the entire number. In the North Atlantic States the proportion of women teachers is even larger, reaching more than eighty per cent. of the whole number of teachers in those States.

In one important field the United States and the Continent are altogether beating England. She was the pioneer of railways worked by steam, she is last—and a long way last—in the adaptation of electricity as a motive power for any purpose. Electric lighting has come into use in England slowly, but is as yet by no means well developed in many parts of the country, and the best of the machinery by means of which light is generated is of American make. It is the same with electric railway plant and appliances, and the use of these in England is yet in its infancy.

"Prince Alberts" in Congress. The preponderance of "Prince Alberts" in the present congress is a matter of general comment. "One would almost think a Prince Albert was the uniform of your house of representatives, don't you know?" remarked a young lady of decidedly English accent, as she looked down on the slow moving, black-clad figures on the floor. Even the gentleman from Arkansas, Mr. Terry, who has worn bluish gray ever since his entrance into the house, in 1891, started his confederates the other day by appearing in a black broadcloth Prince Albert suit of the most elegant cut and finish.

Half a million clerks are employed in London.

## THREE KNAVES AND A TRUMP.

My professional reputation was at stake. I had, three months before the date of which I write, permitted a notorious desperado to escape from my charge, and I was distinctly out of favor with the department. I had a peculiar superstition about the adult criminal whose ruse had outwitted me. He was tall, alert and graceful, with a face that reminded me strongly of the pictures I had seen of Edgar A. Poe. He had an insinuating manner and the most musical voice I ever heard. His profession was safe-breaking. He had once apprehended the man, and, curiously enough, it was the result of my first assignment to detective work. He had, as a result, served a term of seven years in the penitentiary.

It chanced that during his residence there I met him several times and on each occasion he had regarded me with a look that was none the less sinister because it was half jocular. I knew he was thinking that he would be revenged, and I was sure that only the most conclusive of revenges would satisfy him. In other words, this man was determined to have my life. I always faced him with a look as dark as that which he gave me, for the intention in my soul was no less relentless than his own. We were doomed, as I felt in my apprehensive soul, to stand opposed in some hideous tragedy.

When, three years after his release, he again incurred the displeasure of the law, I traveled 6,000 miles in my search for him, and discovered him at length in Indian territory. How he outwitted me on our way back to Chicago is a story I have no inclination to tell.

It was, therefore, with mixed feelings that I learned from the chief of our agency of the nature of my commission. He told me that information had been brought him of an attempt to be made that night upon the safe of the McPherson Investment company. The plot had been overheard by an eccentric reporter for one of the daily papers, whose business had taken him into some sorry resort. From the description which the young man gave of the three conspirators the chief had no difficulty in establishing their identity.

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## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

There are really three modes of dressing for the average American woman. First, the wrapper in the early morning, the shirtwaist by noon and the pretty teagown for the afternoon; second, the shirtwaist in the morning, the teagown or dressy wrapper—the early name for the same garment—in the evening; third, the shirtwaist, the street gown, the dinner gown and the negligee or chamber robe.

Higher Heels Will Be Fashionable. Trade reports from Lynn, Mass., are to the effect that the style of ladies' shoes is to undergo a radical change; that, in place of the sensible low heel which that footgear has for a number of years past carried, we are to have reintroduced the style of the high heels, and that from this time forward no woman can be considered in style who does not stand upon a heel from an inch and a quarter to an inch and three-quarters in height.

Up-to-Date Bon Fasteners. One of the really useful fashion novelties just out is the bon fastener. It fills a long-felt want and is an attractive ornament as well. It is a jeweled snake twisted to form an S. When properly adjusted it holds the bon together most effectively. The snakes vary greatly. Some are of gold studded with imitation gems. Others are of gun metal, with the jewels used just for the snake's eyes. The fastener catches the bon in such a way that the snake's head is raised as if ready to strike.

Fashions in Perfumes. Perfumes are being used more generally than fashion has permitted in several years. There is an attractive suggestion of refinement and daintiness about the faint odor of flowers that can never wholly lose its power. Only the best perfumes should be used, however, as the cheaper kinds are entirely without the delicacy that is the charm.

Some fastidious women have nightcaps made of white wash lace with a circular sachet pad fastened in the crown. The caps are coquettish and pretty, the lace mesh allows free access of air and the sachet imparts a faint but distinct fragrance to the hair.

Make Sleep Aid Beauty. Some rules will assist my lady in bringing sweet repose, with its attendant advantages and they are factors in the creation and preservation of beauty. Before retiring take off every garment worn during the day and supply a simple cotton robe in which your limbs are free and untrammelled. Let your last ablution be a warm bath, with friction enough to bring the blood to the surface.

Unbind your hair and let it float over your pillow to get well aired. Lie on your right side when sleeping as much as possible so as to let your heart do its work unrestricted. Have your sleeping room thoroughly aired the last thing at night, and arrange your windows so that you can have a current of fresh air without sleeping in a draught.

If you are awake for some time in the early hours preceding the morning do not worry. If you feel dependent remember that all the forces of life are at their lowest ebb at that hour which is darkest before the day.

Women's Wages in England. In England a shop assistant makes from five to ten cents an hour. In the laundry, from half a dollar to seventy-five cents a day. As a waitress, one dollar to five a week. During the haddock-curing season, six cents an hour. As a pillow-lace worker, from three to six cents an hour. As a hop-picker, from twenty-five to fifty cents a day.

In the best type of factory, from two dollars and a half to three dollars a week. As a hospital nurse, from sixty to two hundred dollars a year. As a domestic servant, from forty to three hundred dollars a year. As a typewriter, from two dollars and a half to ten dollars a week. As a governess, from sixty to two hundred dollars a year. As a postoffice clerk, from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a year.

As a shorthand writer, from five to fifteen dollars a week. In this list only domestic servants, governesses and hospital nurses are provided with board and lodging.—Harper's Bazar.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

A blackbird will stand at the side of a hanging wasp's nest and deliberately tear it in pieces in order to get at the larvae, apparently undisturbed by the swarm of angry insects.

The German exploring vessel Mowe stopped on its last cruise at two small isolated islands, Matty and Durour, the inhabitants of which strikingly resemble the Japanese, though the islands are only a short distance from New Guinea.

In a recent paper by Francis Galton on "Finger-prints of Young Children," he demonstrated that clear prints of all ten fingers of a baby would suffice for after-identification by an expert, but by an expert only. Although new ridges may appear in infantile life, the type of each pattern persists all through life, and is never doubtful to a practised eye.

The Arctic Ocean, says Nansen, is a kind of lagoon separated from the Atlantic by a submarine ridge, stretching from Spitzbergen to Greenland. To this ridge is due a curious condition. The Arctic is covered with a layer of slightly salt water from the Siberian rivers and Bering Strait, and under this is the normally salt Gulf Stream water. If the two layers were mixed, the average temperature would fall, but this average would not be as cold as the surface layer. This accounts for the enormous formation of polar ice.

There is a wonderful spider in the Transvaal, which has apparently been discovered for the first time by Mr. Distant. It lives, we are told, in large communities, and builds itself a nest like a bird's. The nest is of irregular form, and in the interior are several artistically constructed galleries, which serve as homes for all the spiders of that particular family. One of these nests may be seen in the London Zoological Garden. It is very large, and is deftly covered with dry leaves. The spider in constructing a nest takes the utmost pains to make it of such a color that it will escape the eyes of its enemies, and in the laudable task the ingenious little creature almost always succeeds.

Astronomy in the nineteenth century has not only successfully cultivated, but has greatly enlarged, every field of investigation which it inherited from the preceding century. The instruments and the methods of research have been greatly improved and to them have been added celestial photography and spectroscopy, which are destined to prove no less potent and efficacious than the telescope. Photography has shown itself to be a valuable adjunct to the telescope, and the application of the spectroscope has not only rectified the ideas of preceding centuries as to the constitution of the universe, but has created an absolutely new branch of science—that is to say, the chemistry of celestial bodies.

Cats Can Swim. "Can cats swim?" was asked of an old fisherman. "Why, certainly," was the reply, "and that reminds me of a cat I once tried to drown that swam ashore. Surely there must have been hundreds of thousands of people who have drowned cats in the same way, but nevertheless this was an experience of my own. We had a cat that we wanted to get rid of, and as I cannot swim I put a couple of bricks in the bottom of an old grain sack, and put in the cat, and tied the bag up carefully and securely and walked down to the end of a wharf and stood there and swung the bag with the cat and the bricks in it round like a sling until I could give it a good momentum and then let it go, and slung it out to fall and sink in the water, I should say twenty feet away."

"I supposed, of course, that that was the last of the cat; but the next morning the first thing I saw when I went out of the house was the cat sitting on the veranda. "I suppose the bag had a weak spot in it somewhere, the bricks were heavy and sharp-cornered and swinging the bag round that way started it more, and the cat was desperate; and with the bag that way it scratched and tore its way out and got to the wharf and clawed its way up and came ashore."

"Can a cat swim? Why, sure!"—New York Sun.

Superstitions About Toads. It is related of the American Indians that they believe that a council of the gods was held for producing light at night. The whip-poor-will made the moon out of a large frog, and the coldness of the moon is attributed to the frog's natural coldness. Another tradition related of savage tribes is that the toad quarreled with the woodpecker and caused the deluge. It is said that they disputed over honey which the toad was induced to climb a tree in order to obtain. Then the woodpecker knocked the toad out of the tree, and in revenge the toad drank up all the water on the earth, leaving the birds dry and thirsty. In a subsequent quarrel the toad incautiously danced about until it burst, and the water covered the earth in a flood.

In Maryland the bite of the toad is considered poisonous, if not deadly. An old superstition is that handling toads will cause warts to grow on the hands.

## THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A farmer was trying to plough. With a jackass hitched up to a cough, When they kicked up a terrible cough, Said the farmer: "It's hard, I allow I could do near as well with a cough; I will rest 'neath the shade of this bough; "Such driving for me is too rough; I've had of it nearly enough; I'll give this old jackass a cough. And quit, for I'm quite in a bough, And ploughing is almost tough."

"With farming I'm glad to be through— My wife, she's tired of it, tough; We're wet with rain and the dough, And ploughing has made me quite blough. "I'll sell out and pocket the dough, To the city I'll glad enough go, I'll through down the shovel and bough; In Wall street my money I'll blough. "My wife has contracted a cough, 'Tis time for us both to beough!"—New York Sun.

PITH AND POINT. "How do you tell a good novel from a poor one, Bob?" "Well, very often I go by the person who recommends it."

"How did you and George get along at the seashore?" asked her best friend. "Swimmingly," was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

"Is your dog full-blooded?" "Guess he is. He's been sampling th' blood of most of th' neighbors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mande—"Did Jack kiss you when you accepted him?" Clara—"Certainly. I wouldn't consider any but sealed proposals."—Chicago News.

She loved John Smith beyond a doubt, But when, at last she thought Of the wedding-cards she gave her hand To Mr. Wellington Watt. —Detroit Journal.

"As we get older we think less of ourselves."—"That's because we've had time to get thoroughly acquainted with ourselves."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Goodheart—"And you can't find any work? That seems terrible! What's your trade?" Saymold Storey (attacking the pie)—"I'm a strawberry picker, ma'am."

Little Horace—"Papa, what are silent watches of the night?" Papa—"The ones people forget to wind when they go to bed, I guess."—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Is she really a society girl?" "Well, she makes and receives a great many calls." "Really?" "Yes; she's a telephone operator."—Philadelphia Record.

## THE HOLDERS OF THE V. C.

Holders of the Victoria Cross in the British army, who have been a slowly dwindling band for some years, promise to receive new companions as a result of the Boer war. Seven years ago they numbered 196, and just before the outbreak of hostilities in the Transvaal there were only 155. The Indian mutiny still accounts for the largest number of names on that roll of honor, no fewer than forty-two recalling that year of heroic struggle. The Crimean war, which started the roll, now ranks second with South Africa, each claiming twenty-five names. Afghanistan contributes eleven names, and Egypt and Soudan together make up the same number. For the rest of the names one must follow the union-jack to all parts of the globe.

Right Kind of Sportman. It was Jonathan Swift who said that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together. Let me say of the sportsman, if it has not been said before, that he who by his spring shooting has an opportunity to kill two birds, if he would wait until fall will have a chance to kill seven. At the Pleasant Valley hatchery the Monogone pheasant is breeding with gratifying success. This ring-necked fellow is one of the finest of game birds, and every chance and encouragement to multiply should be given him.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.



CROUCHING ON THE FLOOR.

The foremost of them was my foe, Payson Weatherby—for, though he had many aliases, this I believe to have been his true name. The second was a mulatto, Washington Brown, a man of much intelligence and reckless courage, who took his destiny by the throat and made an outlaw of himself rather than court favor of a world which would, at best, have shown him only contempt. The third rascal was an old-time culprit, George Burke, a thick-necked, low-browed fellow, who was born to crime.

"How many men do you want?" asked the chief of me. "Two." "But would it not be wise to outnumber your adversaries? They are desperate men."

I thought of Payson Weatherby's silent challenge, and formed a resolve to meet him without odds. We expected to be beforehand with our men, and with Grayson, the reporter who had given us the information, were at the spot a quarter of an hour before the time Weatherby had appointed. But to our chagrin we found the rear window of the place without a square of glass. My evil luck still held. The safe-blowers were within. With me were James Bigelow, a young fellow, fresh to a detective's life, and Nelson Green, a grizzled veteran, cautious as a cat, and a man noted for his lightning-swift motions. They and the reporter followed me through the window. A few steps more revealed to me the fact that the door of the outer vault had already been forced.

I motioned the reporter to stand back and my men and I entered the vault, which was an iron room 16x16 feet in size, and occupied by a heavy table and two chairs. Opposite the door was the safe proper, and before this three men knelt, all desperately occupied.

I had noticed while I stood in the dark alley without that there was a rising storm, and now a sudden excessive gust of wind blew shut the door and the vault with a report as loud as that of an explosion. One of the men—it was Weatherby—cried out in terror and leaped away from certain little box-like contrivances which lay beside him on the floor. He thought the concussion would explode the dynamite. Then he saw us, standing together, our revolvers aimed, and, recognizing me, gave a little cluck with his tongue and smiled cynically as he threw up his hands in token of the fact that he recognized the situation. His confederates glanced up, saw us,

Not Worth While. He—No: I never read books that are talked about. She—But why not? He—It takes so much effort to explain if I don't like them.—Puck.