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When you are thinking of making a short cut to success remember that there are very few guide-posts off the beaten track.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the Czar's drastic policy in Finland may send us a very industrious and desirable class of immigrants.

The wealth of the United States is estimated at one hundred billions of dollars, and yet there are hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who to-day are hungry and cold and ragged and hopeless.

The St. Louis Republic says: "If Admiral Lord Berosford is correct in his assertion that the British navy is as rottenly directed as the British army, then indeed does England need all the alliances she can lay her hands on."

One often hears of queer trades, but perhaps the queerest is one which is controlled in this country by one man. This is the manufacture of shuttle eyes. These are made of porcelain and require to be very carefully made. The solitary manufacturer has acquired his trade wholly by the care with which his product is turned out and the perfect uniformity of his goods, as a result of which every shuttle eye fits the hole into which its predecessor was inserted.

The division of statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture has undertaken the publication for wide distribution of lists of free employment offices and other institutions to which farmers may apply when in need of farm laborers. The co-operation of many charity organization societies, settlements, colleges, etc., has been secured, and it is hoped thus to facilitate communications between the farmers who want help and those who are in need of work for the summer months or for the entire year.

The Swiss have no standing army, but the whole population, from twenty to fifty, is enrolled in three classes of the militia—the first and youngest for thorough training as recruits; the next for ordinary military service and the last for use in an extremity. The service is short, but the drill is thorough, and rifle practice is encouraged in all citizens by Government subvention of private clubs. There is a permanent general staff and officers are taught in military schools and appointed and promoted by severe tests. The State provides arms and equipment in all services, which are ample for any emergency, and of the most modern type.

The State of California, now perhaps the closest of the larger States of the country, has seven Representatives in the Fifty-sixth Congress, but, notwithstanding the evenness of the division between the two parties, six of these Congressmen are Republicans and only one is a Democrat. In the Presidential election of 1896 the contest between the two parties was so close that the electors were divided, McKinley receiving eight votes and Bryan one. In the Presidential election of 1892 the Republican plurality was less than 150 votes, and so close was the State that Cleveland received eight of the electors and Harrison one. California divided its electors in 1880 also, when the Democratic plurality was only 100 votes.

Father Needs Attention.
A very small girl sat at a table in the middle of the hotel dining room with her father and mother, relates the Washington Post. Father was obviously a business man, and he ate as if he had spent all his life in a suburban town, where people always eat on the jump and dash off to catch the train with the pastry course in their hands. The child watched with growing disfavor the way he made things fly. At length she turned to her mother. "Mother," she said in her shrill, high, carrying voice, "can't you do something to father to make him stop eating so fast? You spanked me for it." And father's dinner suddenly choked him.

THE DAY OF BATTLE.

Far I hear the bugle blow
To call me where I would not go,
And the guns began the song,
"Soldier, fly or stay for long."

Comrade, if to turn and fly
Made a soldier never die,
Fly I would, for who would not?
"Be sure no pleasure to be shot."

But since the man that runs away
Lives to die another day,
And coward's funerals, when they come,
Are not wept so well at home,

Therefore, though the best is laid,
Stand and do the best, my lad,
Stand and fight and see your slain,
And take the bullet in your brain.
—From "A Shropshire Lad," A. K. Housman.

Helen Dacy's Lunatic.

HARMING Helen Dacy went to Elgin—not because she was insane, but because she had a beautiful town, but its street car service is not good, and Helen walked through the village up to the pleasant park with which the State has surrounded the asylum for the insane. It is a walk of considerable length from the gate of the grounds to the building, and Helen was to encounter a melancholy sight. As she went along the serpentine path, a procession came toward her. There must have been a hundred men in it and they moved slowly and most of them walked with bowed heads. Their feet appeared to press the earth heavily. At first Helen thought it must be a funeral procession, but a moment later she perceived that it was something more distressing. It was the walk of those who had survived their own death. In other words, it was a body of insane patients, exercising the bodies that held their perished minds. Helen shrank aside and stood fascinated while they passed her. Some of them looked at her curiously, or with lack luster gaze, or wistfully. A sudden appreciation of her own youth and health and sanity came over her, and made her all the more pitiful toward these unfortunates.

The procession had passed, and she was about resuming her way to the hospital when one of the men quitted the ranks and walked hurriedly toward her. None of the rest noticed his desertion, and his steps on the sward made no sound. He came with a rapid, gliding step toward Helen, showing his teeth in a broad smile. Helen decided that however impertinent his intentions might be, at least he was in good humor. This was consoling, but it did not keep her hands from turning cold with nervous dread. As he approached he lifted his hat with courtly air. It was evident that the poor wretch had once been a gentleman, but even the most gentlemanly of lunatics was not a companion to choose, and Helen moved behind a low lilac bush. She felt that she was white and that her eyes were wide-stretched, but she tried not to show her alarm. Confidence, she had always heard, was needed in dealing with the insane. The man moved more cautiously and fixed an undeviating gaze upon Helen.

"Madam," said the man, in a particularly quiet voice, "it is a pleasant morning."

Something in the words suggested a scene in Hamlet to Helen, and she bethought herself of an experiment. She would soon determine whether or not the man had a gleam of reason.

"Is it," she asked, turning her eyes to the sky. "What, indeed, I thought it was raining!"

The man had a look in his face akin to pity. "Perhaps you are right," he replied gently. "It may be raining. It is not always possible for me to tell except when I see people carrying their umbrellas."

"Sensory nerves are quite obtuse," thought Helen. "I have heard that it is common with degenerates." The man moved a little nearer, and Helen ventured to go still further around the lilac bush. He stopped still, and they faced each other over the low shrubbery. What an agreeable looking creature he was, with his soft brown eyes, his long, delicate face, and his high brow. He looked as if he might have been intended for a poet. Probably he had been, but had gone one step further. Helen had not read Lombroso for nothing.

"Do you ever write poetry?" she asked with genuine curiosity.

The man blushed. Helen had not dreamed a lunatic would blush.

"When I find a fitting subject," he confessed.

"Ah! And what should you consider a fitting subject?" she asked.

"Why—you!" The words came out explosively. They did not seem to be meant for a compliment. The man spoke pathetically. It seemed as if there were tears in his eyes. Helen answered as if he were a child.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Use For Brocade Skirts.
Old brocade skirts, that are now passe, may be made things of beauty by outlining the edges of the figures of the brocade with tiny sequins of cut steel or gold.

Olive Oil For the Hair.
To the well-groomed woman the care of her hair is a subject of paramount importance, and every new recipe to prevent it from falling out, to keep it in the necessary condition of wave, fluffiness and generally well cared for appearance is hailed with joy and immediately tested.

Some well-meaning persons have sworn by kerosene, and many easily persuaded women have tried it, only to find themselves a nuisance to the family while the "cure" was in process, and in the end obliged to abandon its use from the very disagreeable after-effects of the treatment.

All authorities on the subject of hair docting agree that the natural oil of the hair, judiciously augmented by an artificially applied oil, will be of material benefit in producing luxuriant, glossy tresses and prevent the long ends from splitting and the hair from falling out, for the reason that the roots are properly nourished.

Another reason why some good oil should be carefully applied to the roots of the hair is the necessity of keeping the scalp loose from the head, and by this means permitting the natural oil of the hair to nourish it as nature intended it should.

It has been found that the best, purest olive oil, purchased at some reliable grocery or in small quantities from the drug store, has all the medicinal qualities of kerosene without any of its disagreeable after-effects.

Only use very little at a time, dipping the fingers into a saucer containing not more than half a teaspoonful of the very best oil. Then massage the scalp thoroughly (not letting the oil touch the long ends of the hair), until it is worked in so completely that the scalp feels almost dry.

This treatment applied once a week, with a shampoo, the principal ingredient of which is the white of an egg, and then washed with hot water and white castile soap, and afterward carefully and thoroughly rinsed with hot water once every two weeks, it is said, will prevent the hair from falling out, will keep it fluffy and yet glossy, and those who have tried it say it is one of the best of the many recipes recommended.

The Popularity of Lace.
This is a season of lace without doubt, and lace, it must be confessed, is but another term for extravagance, beautiful though it is. No costume is complete without its touch of lace, and the most exquisite gowns of the season are those made entirely of the filmy fragile texture.

One comfort about it, however, is that any sort of lace may be worn, and almost every woman rejoices in the possession of one or two pieces of handsome lace.

One clever girl has converted an hair-loom—a queerly shaped, cobbyhorn bit of exquisite handwork, which formerly served her grandmother as a cap—into a unique decoration for the front of a lilac silk waist.

Another girl has two point lace collars, such as were worn in the sixties. A skillful arrangement of these, fastened separately in V-shape with pretty stick pins, gives her one evening waist of pink silk a really rich appearance.

Square lace collars, the old-fashioned kind, are coming in again, and lace scarf, ties and boleros are in profusion. The long coats of Renaissance lace are the acme of extravagant elegance. No matter how expensive an opera wrap or fur cape may be, they serve a purpose, and one's conscience is soothed with that comforting thought, but these lace coats are absolutely useless; they cannot well be kept on over gowns, for, of course, the whole of the beautiful frock must be shown. It is only on the stage that lace coats keep the wearer warm.

Designs in lace for applique trimming increase in beauty and effect. Silver and gold threads run through the designs now, and crystal or colored spangles are frequently introduced.

The rose pattern is very popular. One exquisite set consists of large flowers for the skirt and small for the waist. The groundwork of the rose is white, with a delicate pink woven in the edges of the petal, and a heart of gold. These were to adorn a gown of rose pink tulle velvet.

Butterflies of black lace are very effective on a gown of white mousseline de soie, in a diagonal pattern from shoulder to waist and wandering about the skirt with apparent simplicity of design.

On a black chiffon frock these butterflies are spangled in green, blue and gold.

Trouble Among the Co-Eds.
Reports from Ann Arbor tell of rifts in the coeducational lute in the University of Michigan. The man students and the girl students do not cherish one another as cordially as fellow-students should, but for several years have tended more and more to flock apart. The girls don't go much to the games on the athletic field, and when they do go are apt to go in squads by themselves, unattended by men. So as to the concerts of the Choral Union: the girl students go on their own hook, and the man students make different arrangements. This estrangement began, according to information given in the New York Evening Post, in the neglect of girl stu-

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Since the new Tower Bridge, London, has been built, the old Thames subway has fallen into disuse. It has been suggested that it be used for growing mushrooms. It would be an ideal spot for their growth.

One eminent medical authority declares that influenza undermines the nervous system to a greater extent than almost any other disease, leaving all kinds of nervous maladies, even insanity, as its dregs. He estimates that a severe epidemic of influenza reduces the nerve energy of the country by nearly twenty per cent.

A French naturalist, Domingos Freire, finds that on cultivation in suitable media several well-known pathogenic bacteria can be developed from the anthers and stigmas of several species of flowers. Moreover, he found that several species of microbes, termed osmogones, reproduce the odors of the flowers in which they occur.

A new species of mountain railroad has been devised in Germany. It consists of an electrically worked rope railway, the railway being in sections, the cars being suspended on rollers. As it is not considered safe to allow a greater distance than 4000 feet between the supports, intermediate stations are necessary, the passengers changing from the first to the second section and so on until the journey is completed. About seven minutes are occupied in traversing each of the 4000-foot sections.

An electrolytic method of sharpening files has recently been devised, in which the cutting edges of the files are restored by dissolving of electrolytically a thin and even film of steel. A number of experiments with various electrolytes and current densities have been made, and the results were carefully recorded photographically and otherwise. Among the electrolytes used were cyanide of potassium, ferric chloride, ferric sulphate and solutions of sulphuric acid of different strengths. The best results were obtained with a solution of ferric chloride and using high current densities.

It is curious that when China is just on the eve of introducing Western methods of engineering she should threaten to demolish the greatest engineering work she possesses; that is to say, the Great Wall, erected 200 years B. C. for the purpose of keeping back the Tartars. It is stated that an American engineer is en route to China in behalf of a Chicago syndicate which is expected to take a share in the contract to be given out by the Chinese Government for the demolition of the wall. The Engineer states that one French, two British, and three German firms are also bidding for the work, payment for which is to be in the way of rich concessions.

She Bought Him Out.
"It's one pair for three cents or two for five, you know," said the shoe-string faker, "and the profits are so small that but for an occasional bit of luck I'd be hard put for three meals a day. Just now, however, I'm not worrying over the next three weeks. The other day a motherly-looking old lady bought two pairs of strings from me, and then asked about my sales and profits. When I gave her straight good she said:

"Young man, are you ever tempted to crime?"

"Yes'm, I am," says I.

"But you always resist the temptation?"

"I always have, but I can't promise for the future. I'm getting tired of this shoe-string business."

"Do you think you might turn burglar?"

"I do, ma'am. That's what I shall go into if I make a change."

"How soon might you become a burglar?" she asked after looking me over.

"I may begin to-night," says I.

"Look here," says she in a whisper, "I'm mortally afraid of burglars, I'm going to California with my daughter in about two weeks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will not turn burglar for a fortnight I'll give you \$5."

"It's a very small sum, ma'am, but being it's your 'I'll strike hands on it and keep my word."

"And she puts with a five," laughed the faker, "and handed it over, and if you hear of any burglaries within the next few days, you can be sure I didn't have a hand in the business. I'll wait till the old lady gets on the other side of the United States."—Washington Post.

A Delayed Wedding Fee.
It is easy to sympathize with a certain Yorkshire clergyman who, after pronouncing a couple man and wife, was asked by the groom what the charge was.

The parson, according to Spare Moments, told him that there was no fixed charges in such matters, but that he might give what he thought proper.

"Parson," said the young man, "I have five greyhound pups at home. I ask a sovereign apiece for them, but I'll let you have one for half a sov."

The clergyman protested that he could not accept a fee of such a character. It would be quite impossible.

The bride and groom went home, and the marriage must have turned out very happily, for before a month was over the parson received a crate containing a fine greyhound pup, accompanied by a note from John, saying that Marie had proved such a treasure that he was glad to give the dog for nothing.

The North Carolina penitentiary was self-supporting last year, and returned to the State \$50,000 borrowed during the year.

HER REJOICING.

She said, "I had such a time with Jack
For three long years and over!
Though no one knew it, the boy had been
My daily persistent lover."

"He followed me here, he tracked me there;
Though I did not, at all, dislike him,
He bore me to death,—you know what
men are;
But that thought never seemed to strike
him."

"I refused him a dozen times, poor boy!
And now he writes, (did you ever!)
To say he's engaged, and the happiest
man,
And she is 'so awfully clever!'"

Said the innocent listener, "You, no doubt,
Are rejoiced, I am sure the release is—
'Rejoiced?' I would like to tear that girl
in a thousand million pieces!"
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Pack.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Lay up something for a rainy day,
but do not be so foolish as to invest
all your money in umbrellas.—El-
liott's Magazine.

"Did you say the man was shot in
the woods, doctor?" "No, I didn't; I
said he was shot in the lumbar re-
gion."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Little Man—"You have stolen
my thunder!" The Great Man—"Yes;
but it was very distant thunder
until after I took it."—Pack.

"There's no place like home," she warbled,
As a singer she wasn't a bird;
The audience agreed with her, it seems,
And went home without a word.
—Chicago Record.

Restaurant Patron (musingly, as he
rises to go)—"Change is written on
all things." Waiter (looking at palm
of hand)—"I don't see it."—Boston
Courier.

"What is a hand-writing expert,
Cousin Jule?" "Oh, he's a man who
can read other people's writing when
he can't read his own."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Daughter—"Would you object to
my marrying without your consent?"
Rich Father (significantly)—"Not at
all. I'd save money by it."—Phila-
delphia Record.

Hogan—"Do you believe in dreams,
Mike?" Dugan—"Faith an' I do!
Lasht night I dreamt I was awake, an'
in the mornin' me dream kem thrue."
—Princeton Tiger.

"Dorothy," said the mistress of the
establishment, happening in just as
the gardener went out, "who is that
man?" "Only a hoe bean, ma'am,"
replied the kitchen maid, blushing
rosily.

"Yes," said the returned volunteer,
"we were often forced to skirt our
native town during a drenching rain."
"Sort of a rainy day skirt," giggled
the girl who shops without an um-
brella.—Chicago News.

"Remember," said the master,
"that when I was a boy I wouldn't
even pass a pin without picking it
up." "It's the first time I knew you
went barefooted," shouted a boy with
the dunce's cap on in the corner.—
Stray Stories.

Inquiring Child—"Father, there's
a lot in this book about Othello. Who
was Othello?" Father—"Othello!
Why, bless me, my boy, do you mean
to tell me you go to Sunday-school
and don't know a simple thing like
that? I'm ashamed of you!"—Tit-
Bits.

"Who is your favorite author?" in-
quired the young woman who is col-
lecting autographs. "I don't know
what his name is," replied Agnaldo;
"but the man who wrote 'He who
fights and runs away may live to fight
another day' certainly knew his busi-
ness."—Washington Star.

Old Lady Could Not Be Fooled.
Miss Elizabeth Alden Curtis, the
talented niece of United States Attor-
ney-General Griggs, and one of the
latest verifiers of the Rubaiyat, has
a penchant for scientific pursuits, and
takes great pleasure in mountain-
climbing, forest-searching and geolo-
gizing.

Last summer while rusticiating at
Lake George she went walking with a
party of friends, chiefly college men
and women, and came across some of
the beautiful minerals which abound
in that district. They picked out a
number of specimens which they car-
ried back to the hotel. Here they
exhibited their treasure-trove to the
other guests, more especially a piece
of rose quartz in which were many
flakes of plumbeo. Miss Curtis, after
explaining, left the veranda, giving
the quartz to a benevolent-looking,
spectacled old lady. She had scarcely
departed when the latter, who had
been scratching the specimen with her
scissors, broke out:

"The girl is either fooling us or
else she is crazy. Plumbeo, indeed!
It is nothing but an old stone with
some black pencil lead in it."—Phila-
delphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Judge in Tears.
The unusual spectacle of a judge in
tears was witnessed at Cardiff, Wales,
when Mr. Justice Bucknill pro-
nounced the capital sentence for the
first time in his judicial career. The
sentence was on a woman, and the
Judge, whose voice was very shaky
from the first words of the sentence,
entirely broke down at the end and
burst into tears. The scene, especially
after the pathetic appeal of the
prisoner for mercy for the sake of her
children, was almost without parallel
in the annals of trials. Even the
leading counsel were obliged to use
little subterfuges to hide their emo-
tion.—Tit-Bits.

The Worst Crime.
In sentencing a prisoner to be
hanged for the murder of a soldier,
Lork Eskygve dilated upon the crime
as follows: "And not only did you
murder him, whereby he was bereaved
of his life, but you did thrust, or push,
or pierce, or project, or propel the
lethal weapon through the bellyband
of his regimental breeches, which
were his majesty's!"—Argonaut.