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The immigration authorities are devising means to prevent immigrants from entering the United States in the guise of sailors. At present foreign sailors who desert or are discharged can enter the country simply by going ashore.

At last Norway has been granted a "clean flag," as it has been called. That is the insignia on her flag which indicated her union with Sweden has been voted off. The constitution allows Norway to have a separate flag but the Swedish flag was forced on her in 1814. Since then the Norwegians have been constantly fighting to get their own flag, and much bitterness has been displayed between the two nations on this and other scores.

There's little to wonder at in the statement that women were such a success at census-taking in Cuba the other day, where they were for the first time officially employed in a governmental capacity. It was because of the other women. One chief difficulty of men census-takers has always been to get the respective members of the feminine population to give their correct age. Women census-takers would not only be pretty sure to make a victim give her right age, but if it came to the point she could always guess at it more accurately than a man. It takes a woman to catch a woman, and it is just as well that the Government should recognize it.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal says: While Alabama is furnishing Japan with iron goods of various manufacture and while the cotton States are furnishing that country with raw and manufactured cotton, Maury County, Tenn., is furnishing phosphate from her inexhaustible stores. All this is merely a straw to show which way the wind blows. It shows that in spite of the roundabout and expensive way of reaching there, the trade of the South with the East is increasing and that it is not confined to cotton and iron products alone, but extending to all Southern products. When the Nicaragua Canal is dug and the useless waste of time and coal in steaming 11,700 miles around the Horn is done away with, the South will be the nearest manufacturing point in any nation in the world to Japan and the nearest of any nation in the world to China with the exception of Japan.

Where Rats Are in Demand.
One of the local mining companies is buying rats in a small way, which are being put in a mine recently unwatered. Rats are very valuable scavengers underground. Much refuse is left from the meals eaten by the miners, which would in time become offensive if it were not devoured by the ravenous rodents. There is never any scarcity of the rats in the old mines, as they multiply rapidly and keep the workings clean, but rising water drives them from a deserted property, and they do not return very readily after a redemption. In this particular case it was deemed best to increase the colony by buying and placing a number of rats in the workings. They are purchased from the clerks in a local store.—Marquette (Mich.) Mining Journal.

Waited Long For Their Letters.
In 1760 there were but eight mails a year from Philadelphia to the Potomac River, and even then the post-ride need not start till he had received enough letters to pay the expenses of the trip. It was not until postal affairs were placed in the capable and trustworthy hands of Benjamin Franklin that there were any regular or trustworthy mails.

The Altitudes of Alaska.
A bulletin is soon to be issued by the Geological Survey on the "Altitudes of Alaska." Among the mountains whose heights are given are Mount McKinley, the highest, 20,461 feet; St. Elias, 18,024 feet; Cook mountain, 13,750 feet; Crillon mountain, 15,900 feet; Fairweather mountain, 15,292 feet; Tillman mountain, 13,300 feet; Vancouver mountain, 15,666 feet; Wrangell mountain, 17,500 feet. Mount McKinley is known by the name of McKinley was formerly known as Mount Alen.

A new directory of Toronto places the population of that city at 250,000. Atlanta is to have a \$1,000,000 cotton mill.

THE FAR DESIGN.

Life is a woven woof,
White wing and cloven hoof,
Weakness and mastery,
Glory and grieving,
Look you, O Head of Gold,
See the bright thread of gold
Running below, above,
Out and in? That is love
Tinging the weaving!

Death is the paling night,
Dim eye and falling light,
Hues blent and meaningless,
Grief and past sweetness,
Trust, hope and hold the thread,
Endless and gold the thread!
Follow. The dark shall glow,
And the glad pattern show
In its completeness.
—Post Wheeler.

THE GHOST OF THE VAN VLEETS.



ANCIENT and weather-beaten, the house of the Van Vleets stands on a hill. It was a roomy mansion in the days gone by, and notwithstanding a hint of dilapidation here and there, it still holds its own in point of respectability with the more modern houses growing up around it, but little by little land and money has slipped from the Van Vleet's grasp until there remain but a trifling sum and the homestead, with its old-fashioned garden.

Miss Katherine Van Vleet lives in her ancestral home with her one servant and a huge English mastiff, but now and then her solitude is enlivened by a visitor; at the time of our story there were two—a greentiaise of the same name and a young man who was a distant cousin of Miss Van Vleet.

Kitty was a bright, sweet-natured girl of eighteen, who had been lured from her home by an entrancing advertisement headed "Learn and take positions," so she was earnestly studying stenography, and Aunt Katherine's furnished a safe and convenient home for the little country girl.

Forman Van Vleet, a musician of promise, was living quietly and resting his voice according to medical advice, and he found no place quite so free and comfortable as his cousin's home, where one could unite rural quiet with the possibility of an easy and speedy journey to the metropolis.

It would naturally be supposed that the two young folks thus thrown together would have enjoyed each other's company; but Forman regarded Kitty with a friendly indifference, and she, poor child, was too intent on her studies to notice how he treated her. To be frank, Kitty was apt to be a little shabby. All her garments were made by her own untrained fingers, and Forman missed the style that he saw in the professional ladies with whom he came in contact.

One evening early in May Kitty and her friend, Helen Parkes, sat by the open fire watching the flames. Forman was there, engrossed in his newspaper. Miss Van Vleet had long since retired.

"It's such an old house," said Helen. "It would seem as if it must have a ghost. I mean to ask Miss Van Vleet."

"You will if you don't care anything for her friendship," warned Kitty. "I just hated it once and she was very angry. She said she was alone here too much to make it either safe or pleasant to have such a story get about." And then they fell to telling weird tales until the suppressed yawn from Forman reminded them of his presence.

A tall figure gliding up the stairway, with face and drapery of white; great cavernous eyesockets and an indescribable nose, long, pinched and pointed, giving the face a look of grotesque horror. It passed, the light died away with it and he stood there before the darkened house, shaking from head to foot in abject fear.

"Kitty's ghost," he whispered, hoarsely, and then, as if anxious only to put space between the thing and himself, he turned and fled till he came upon the friend he had left a few minutes before. The meeting gave him a sense of his ridiculous position and also a way of relief from his difficulty.

"Harris!" he exclaimed, grasping that gentleman's hand with effusive cordiality, and speaking quickly and nervously, "you're just the fellow I want. I've lost my key—don't like to disturb the house—would it be convenient to have me spend the night with you?"

"Certainly; come right along; but, good gracious! Van Vleet," he said, as the street light shone on Forman's face, "you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Only tired out from running and the concert," he replied. "A night's sleep will fix me all up." And so it did. It is remarkable how brave one can be in the broad daylight and away from the object of our fears. The next morning he could not understand his cowardly flight of the previous night, though, like Kitty, he was perfectly sure he had seen something with which he did not care to come in contact again. He longed to have the matter investigated, but he dared not mention it to Miss Van Vleet, and so there was no one to turn to but Kitty, and he determined to tell her at the first opportunity, never stopping to consider that it was unkind to awaken her fears.

Not until Saturday afternoon did the longed-for chance occur; then he saw her take chair and mending basket out into the garden to make the best of the lingering warm days. As he approached Kitty he noticed for the first time in his life that she was pretty. Her toilet, too, was now all that could be wished.

"Kitty," he said bluntly, "I saw the ghost the other night."

"Oh," she said with the slightest hint of triumph in the sweet voice, "you've seen in yourself, have you? Then, of course, there must be a ghost."

"There is," he answered solemnly, "and I don't wonder you were frightened. I never knew what real fear was until that moment," and then he sat down on the grass at her feet and told her the whole story.

about it that I am sure she knows something about the ghost," she added. One evening as Kitty was returning home she met one of Forman's friends, who jokingly asked her what had become of him in these days. "He says it's bad for his voice to go out much in the night air, but I guess there are other reasons, eh?"

The remembrance of the secret between them brought a hot flush to Kitty's face. "He came here for his health, you know," she answered evasively. "And finds both health and happiness," was the playful reply.

There was no mistaking the woman's meaning, and poor Kitty's mind was in a tumult. She was sure that Forman's attentions to her were prompted by mere kindness, and she was not sure but she wished they meant more, and she blamed herself for being so blind to what people would think. She would stop it that very evening by going out herself.

After dinner, when the curtains in the sitting room were closely drawn and Forman sat there in the cheerful glow of the fire, waiting for Kitty to come in, he caught the sound of a light step in the hall and the rattle of the chain and bolt that fastened the front door. Hurrying from the room he faced Kitty, who stood in hat and wrap, with her hand upon the knob. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going over to Helen's," she answered, half apologetic and half defiant. "And leave me," he said, rebukingly, "when I have remained at home to keep you company?"

"Really, Forman, you must not do that any more," she said quickly. "You have been very kind to me and I am grateful for it, but I will try not to be such a goose and you must go out more. Your friends are asking about you, and people will talk, you know."

She talked on, too embarrassed to stop, but when she paused from sheer lack of words he stooped toward her and said gently: "No one but you, dear, shall have the right to say whether I shall spend my evenings with you or not. I am sure you will stay home with me tonight."

Miss Katherine heard them talking in the hall and then enter the sitting room together. They were still there two hours later. Miss Van Vleet believed in the golden rule and, although she would not admit ever having had any experience that would have acquainted her with the proper course of conduct to be pursued by a third party under the circumstances, she had, nevertheless, sufficient tact to withdraw to her room.

It is a trifle unusual, but every one seemed pleased with the match, and Miss Katherine insisted that, as the little romance had begun under her roof, it was fitting that she should have the privilege of managing the simple wedding.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FACIAL MASSAGE AND ITS BENEFITS.
For Those Who Cannot Reach a Professional Masseuse.

To be beautiful is woman's great ambition. If she is possibly good looking, she does everything in her power to pass from mediocrity to the actuality of genuine loveliness, which can be achieved as any other accomplishment if she but perseveres in the way that leads thereto—never swerving in her determination and following absolutely those rules which experience has found to be the best.

To go to the beauty doctor is not always convenient, though much the more certain way. Therefore, any simple methods that can be followed at home are those which appeal to the average woman most. Face steaming, which is one of the best aids to beauty, can be indulged in as often as is desirable, and without all the scientific paraphernalia which frightens the seeker: after beauty when she goes to the parlors of the masseuse. Given a tea kettle, a Turkish towel, a big piece of stiff paper or cardboard, two dabs of cotton, some cold cream or lanoline, the latter preferable, as it is an excellent skin food, and alcohol, and any woman can give her face as thorough a beautifying as she craves.

To begin with, wash the face thoroughly in soap and lukewarm water, being sure that the soap is pure. The unscented variety is always the best. After this take little dabs of lanoline and manipulate the face and neck thoroughly, being particular about the lines on the forehead and those annoying crow's feet that creep about the corners of the eyes, as much from mirth as from the advance of years. With the tips of the fingers gently, but with a firm pressure, traverse the forehead from the center, using a rotary motion for the crow's feet and the cheek, the corners of the month being smoothed outward. Hold the chin high, so that the tendency of flabbiness, which comes in a woman's throat, will meet an habitual stumping block. Nothing so quickly denotes age as a woman's throat, therefore, massage must be given it with as much regularity as the bathing of the face.

After the lanoline has been carefully worked in, yet while the skin is still greasy, tie up the head in a plain towel, so as to prevent the hair from being steamed out of curl in the latter process. Have the kettle boiling, so that the steam comes out in a veritable cloud from the spout. Set it on the table. Then, with the stiff piece of paper or cardboard, cut in the shape of a Shaker bonnet, cover the head completely, placing the face as near the spout of the kettle as can be borne. In this position the pieces of cotton are necessary to protect the eyes from the stinging of the steam. Cover kettle, Shaker bonnet and all with a Turkish towel and remain five minutes, or until perspiration of the most generous sort has been induced.

Then, when the face and neck are in this moist condition, begin the manipulation again, finally closing the pores by sponging the face with a little diluted alcohol. The process is simple, wholesome and effective. Cleanliness, which is the greatest of beauty aids, is not perfectly obtained by this method, and the woman who has tried it will be surprised beyond all reason by discovering that she never before had a really clean face.

One word of caution is necessary. Too frequent steaming sometimes results in flabbiness, the consequent laxity being the reverse of beautiful; therefore, once in ten days is as often as the average skin can stand. Massage, however, both at night and morning will never hurt, but will beautify instead any surface under such manipulation.

Picture-Hanging as a Business.
"I hang pictures for a living, and enjoy my work," said a little blond woman in New York who only a few years ago was a society butterfly. "I never considered a job for less than \$10, and often received ten times ten. You see, so few persons really understand the proper hanging of pictures. Of course, where they have lots of money and can employ a distinguished artist or first-class decorator they have no need for me. But it is the people of moderate means to whom I am useful. As a rule such persons hang pictures according to their size, putting them in spaces where they will fit and make as much show as possible."

"It seems impossible to make them understand that each room or part of a room should be invested with an idea that can be attained by artistic arrangement of pictures on the wall. Engravings should be hung with engravings, etchings with etchings, photographs with photographs, and paintings with paintings. They cannot be distributed simply as regards size, colors or framing. Not long ago I was called on to rehang pictures in a house, and found a fine collection of water colors just simply killed by being hung with a beautiful collection of Japanese prints. One can readily see how different the hangings in a room decorated with Japanese prints must be from one decorated with water colors. The job took one and a half days for myself and the colored boy who works as my assistant, and I received \$95 for it. As to training, I had none. I received as good an education as the average daughter of well-to-do parents, and when reverses came I fell into the only niche which seemed open to me."

A Convenience For Invalids.
Almost every one has seen the daintily embroidered covers for tumbler

used in an invalid's room, with sprays of forget-me-nots or tiny roses wrought on the white linen, and a ring covered with silk crocheted in single-stitch, pink or blue to match the flowers, to lift them from the glass. But somebody has invented a variation upon this design, which greatly increases its usefulness when the cover is placed over a tumbler containing medicine which is to be given at stated times.

Women who spend part or all of their summer leisure in making fancy articles to be sold at fairs for charity, or in exchanges to put extra pennies into their own purses, will find this little novelty very saleable.

Cut from any of the art linens a circle half an inch larger than a circle of pasteboard which is large enough to cover the top of a tumbler without fear of falling in; then draw a circle on the linen exactly the size of the pasteboard. With white silk work a row of button-hole stitching, the straight edge just on the marked line, the inner one irregular, so that its outline will be waving. Within this stitching work the figures, from one to twelve, seen on the face of a clock, and between these figures straight lines of unequal length to represent the half and quarter hours, the half-hour, midway between the figures, being the longest, the quarter-hours, placed between the figures and the half-hours, a little less than half its length. A small brass hand is fastened in the centre of the circle with a brass or gilt button.

When the whole is finished, the linen is laid on the pasteboard, the edge projecting beyond the edge of embroidery is basted securely on a second circle of the same size also has a covering of the linen basted on in the same way, and the two are sewed together with "over-and-over" stitch. Or the second circle of linen may be basted on, without the pasteboard lining, and hemmed down, but it is more difficult to do this neatly, unless the seamstress is unusually skillful.

By the use of this pretty little cover not only are the contents of the tumbler kept free from dust and all impurities, but the nurse or patient can mark the hour when the last dose of medicine was taken, or set the hand to fix the time for the next.—Harper's Bazar.

The Reign of Panne.
Panne improves on acquaintance. Its soft, silky quality makes it admirably adapted for drapery and for the innumerable and narrow pleats and tucks demanded by fashion this season. In color and design it is exquisite, and whether pale daintiness or rich and striking effects are desired the lovely new fabric seems finer and fairer than ordinary velvet or the richest and rarest of broadened silks. A smart frock of a new material that resembles camel-hair cloth is in pale biscuit color; the skirt has pleats down each side, each one edged with guipure lace; bands of sable stripe the white panne front of the pretty bodice.

A frock of pale pastel-green cloth has graduated strappings of green velvet and three little box-pleats at the back. The little bolero is also strapped and shows an open waistcoat, and a soft vest of white panne, painted in soft shades and embroidered with gold.

A Self-Satisfied Queenlet.
Queen Wilhelmina, who takes great pride in her own personal appearance, is at last satisfied with a medalion of herself. The lucky artist is Hans Jansen. So pleased is the young ruler with the work that she has ordered the likeness put on all the coins and postage stamps. This necessitates the destruction of all the dies at the mint and all the plates at the postage stamp factory.

This is the third time that the Queen has done this. She has never been satisfied heretofore with the likenesses of herself that adorn the currency. "They make me look fifty years old," she said to the trembling postage stamp factory superintendent. "Perhaps I may look like that when I am a grandmother, but the thing is a lie on me now."

What Retailers Are Showing.
Lace and lawn tucked alovers in entirely new arrangements.
Satin-striped mousselines in soft tints and delicate designs.
An immense variety of absolutely new weaves in black silk crepons.
Lace, openwork, lisle thread hose in striking shades and combinations.
New ideas in silk warp novelty gingham in cords, stripes and plaids.
Infants' fine silk and wool mittens and booties in white and light colors.
Many new muslins in which all the choicest foulard patterns are represented.
Manufacturers' lengths of jaquerd swisses, striped and polka-dotted dimities.
Beautiful designs in embroidered demi-founcings and extra wide margin goods.
Pink, blue, rose and violet chambrays in plain colors and neat novelty patterns.
Pretty styles in children's aprons and dresses trimmed with embroidery or lace.
Handsome French tapestries with plain dark grounds interwoven with tinsel threads.
Immense assortments of cambrie, nainsook and swiss edgings and bands in open patterns.
Choice lines of gingham that show French loop, pincheek, bar, cord and cluster stripe designs.
Excellent values in this season's sample lots of shirt waists, including percales, lawns and madras ideas.
Very high-class shirt waists made entirely of alternating stripes of white or colored washable ribbon and lace inserting.

GETTING BACK AT THE EDITOR.

The Terrible Revenge of Roxine Raditor, the Poetess.

"Ah, say yes!" pleaded the young editor of the Tombstone Magazine, as he knelt at the feet of the beautiful heiress, Bromo Monocytan. "Do not so cruelly kill the hopes that I have cherished that you would one day be mine!"

The exquisite girl moved slightly away so that she could get a good view of his attitude. She looked coldly, pityingly, almost mockingly, at him. Then she spoke in calm, measured tones: "I regret," she said, "that, after a careful examination, I find that you do not fulfill all the requisites for acceptance. In short, you won't do."

A cold chill seemed to strike and clutch his heart in an icy grip. Her words sounded strangely familiar. "I wish, however," she went on, "to thank you for so kindly submitting yourself, and at the same time to remind you that the refusal does not necessarily imply a lack of merit."

"Be merciful, Bromo!" he moaned. He recognized in what she said the regular rejection form of the Tombstone. "In judging the acceptability of a husband," she continued, many questions of individual plan and policy must be considered. It frequently happens that a man unskilled to the tastes and inclinations of one girl may come within the scope of some other. A more careful study of my peculiarities would have informed you more thoroughly of the general character of offers desired. I wish, however, to thank you for the privilege of considering you, and will promise you a prompt decision on the value of all future offers."

"Enough! Enough! Bromo!" he gasped, grovelling on the rug. "What is your non de plume?" She glared mercilessly into his eyes, then drew herself to within an inch of her full height. "Roxine Raditor, the poetess, whose verses you have been steadily refusing for the last year and a half!" she hissed in his ear as she swept from the room.—Kato Masterson, in Life.

Why We Sit on Tables.
About ten million women are exasperated every day by men sitting on tables. So far as I am aware, women do not pay for the furniture, and it is none of their business how it is used. The habit of men sitting on tables has led to the invention of the cushioned billiard table and will no doubt ultimately result in other clever notions. At one time it was supposed that men chose to sit on tables because they could get exercise without exertion by swinging their own legs and by kicking the legs of the table. The scientific fact is that tables are more magnetic than chairs. If three men walk into a room where there is no woman two of them will make for the table naturally. The third one will try two or three chairs and finally give it up in despair and join the others. The source of this magnetism is the friction that women create by polishing tables so frequently. Of course, women say that they only polish tables because men sit on them and spoil them, but this is illogical and feminine. No really clever men sit on chairs. They use their chairs for keeping their papers and things on, also their feet.

Chairs are notoriously immoral. You will notice that a well-bred man, when he finds himself losing his temper, invariably gets up from his chair and makes a direct line for the nearest table. This enables him to keep his temper and to argue reasonably.—The Criterion.

Professors of Coal Supply.
It is difficult to imagine what might have happened if the American Flying Squadron had visited the coast of Spain. Imagine a fleet arriving off the enemy's coast with its coal bunkers practically empty and unable to coal at sea. The advantage would lie with the enemy, putting out from home ports with bunkers well filled. The programme would be, of course, first to capture a base where colliers could lie and warships have their bunkers replenished. But the capture of such a base might result in the loss of a ship and, even though it did not, the campaign of attack would be hampered by the necessity of maintaining a defense of the colliers, especially against torpedo boat attack. This point is made doubly important since the submarine torpedo boat has proved a success. In contrast to this, imagine that each collier is fitted to coal at sea and under headway as well.—Engineering Magazine.

Mentally Deficient Children.
That, on an average, fifteen per cent of all school children are partially deaf was the statement made by E. R. Johnstone, the vice-principal of the Training School for Feeble-Minded Children, in his recent speech before the New Jersey Association for the Study of Children and Youth. He also said that there is not a public school in the country which has not at least one mentally deficient child, and he spoke of the great need of suitable teachers, those who realize the responsibility of their positions. "Such teachers," said Mr. Johnstone, "are born and not made."

Rather Cold-Blooded.
Of the tactics of infantry there is no end, but there are some simple rules for the individual foot soldier to remember when lost in the chaos of battle. If you cannot bayonet your enemy, shoot him; if he goes away, aim at the base of his spine. But do not let your attention be distracted from business by the consideration that other people are making a mark of you. It is your duty to kill the highest possible number of those opposed to you, not to save your own skin.—From "How Soldiers Fight,"