

Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY.
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,
FREELAND, PA.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Four Months50
Two Months25
The date which the subscription is paid to
is on the address label of each paper, the
change of which to a subsequent date be-
comes a receipt for remittance. Keep the
figures in advance of the present date. Re-
port promptly to this office, whenever paper
is not received. Arrears must be paid
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Irish fear of conscription to obtain
recruits for the war in South Africa
has resulted in an extraordinary exodus
of young men from the south of
Ireland, most of them coming to
America.

A poet recently gave up his seat on
the New York Stock Exchange in or-
der to devote himself to his chosen
occupation. It is not often that a
man's circumstances permit him to
give up business because it interferes
with literature.

The historic red coat of the British
soldier, except for dress parade pur-
poses must go. So must the sword of
the British infantry officer. Such ap-
pears to be the verdict of the ablest
military critics who have watched the
contest in South Africa at the seat of
war.

It is stated that more postoffices and
towns have been named after Benja-
min Franklin than any other man, not
excepting Washington himself, though
the unique honor has been paid the
sitter of naming the capital of the na-
tion after him. It is difficult to tell,
however, whether this complimentary
nomenclature is due to interest in the
moral maxims of Poor Richard, or to
admiration for his sturdy character.
Yet Franklin is a type in a number of
respects well worthy of reproduction
in the body social and commercial.

An interesting relic of old-time
church customs is attracting attention
at Portland, Me. In the old First
Parish church there a number of the
pews are still owned as private prop-
erty by church members, according
to the old custom. On these pews
the municipal government levies taxes
just the same as on other private prop-
erty, though church property is not
taxable. Some of the pewowners
have not paid their taxes, and now
the pews have been sold at auction
for the delinquent taxes. The church
ought them and they thus become
free, like the rest of the church.

Even the Klondike goldseekers on
the ground, or a good many of them,
are ready to break camp as soon as
spring opens and depart for Cape
Nome, whither Fortune, a fitting god-
dess, changing her base constantly
with the caprice belonging to her sex,
now beckons them. Between 50,000
and 100,000 people are expected to
pour in upon that sterile and desolate
coast during the coming summer,
which so far north is a short one, with
a poor prospect of fortune for all or
many of them. If the argonauts
bring away from the Cape as much
money as it costs them to get there
they will be better off than the army
which has invaded the Klondike.

That is a curious little story that
the New York Herald's special cable
from Paris tells—how an unknown
rider, a street huckster, was called
upon to fill an absent jockey's place,
copped into the saddle and rode like
mad to victory. It reads like a Drury
Lane melodrama, but it's true all the
same, for the mount led the chance
jockey to fortune, and the final cur-
tain has been rung down on the story
of his life—his death and the pomp
of funeral services in Notre Dame. He
had become the millionaire proprietor
of a great business in Paris and a mu-
nicipal councillor—Xavier Rue. Now
after this let no one cry down the
impossibility of the penny novelette
or the extravagances of a Drury Lane
melodrama.

Jalous Husband's Deed.
P. G. Frum, a wealthy farmer at Gil-
man, near Elkins, W. Va., went to the
house of a neighbor, where his wife,
who had separated from him, was stay-
ing, and shot her three times and then
shot himself. The woman will recover
but Frum will die from the bullet
wound in his head. He is unconscious.
Mrs. Frum had left her husband be-
cause of family complications, and
jealousy prompted his act. He is 45
years of age and was prominent in the
community.

The Prince of Wales will be reinstal-
ed as Grand Master of the English Free
Masons on April 25, the anniversary of
his twenty-sixth year of grand master-
ship.

A QUAKER'S PRAYER.

Oh, that my eyes might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess my ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might always tell
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast!
With, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

The New Doctor.

HAT is the new
doctor's name?"
inquired one of
a group of girls of
the druggist's
boy.
"Hopkins,"
was the reply.
"Is he mar-
ried?" asked an-
other.
"I believe not."
"That settles it," said the third
girl, Helen Clark. "The advent of a
handsome young doctor in a little
town like this is an event not to be
overlooked. Henceforth I am an
invalid."

"Kate, let you and me become
nurses," suggested Nettie Sanborn.
"Helen, I'll dare you to go home,
make believe sick, tie up your head
and send for the doctor. It will be
rare fun," ventured Kate Upton.
"There isn't a soul at the house, so
the coast is clear. I'll do it, if you'll
go with me."

"Agreed," responded both girls;
"we had no intention of being left
out."
They were too intent on their fun
to notice the roguish twinkle in the
boy's eyes, and he did not consider it
necessary to inform them that the
gentleman under consideration was
sitting in the druggist's private office,
heating every word.

The doctor was wondering whether
he ought to be angry or enter into the
spirit of the joke.
"I'll go," he decided as the mes-
senger summoned him to Judge Clark's
residence.

Helen was on the sofa among a pile
of pillows and made a charming in-
valid in spite of the wet bandage on
her forehead. Her two friends were
full of sympathy.
"Such a fearful headache, doctor; I
am almost wild; can't you do some-
thing for it?" and the blue eyes turned
to him pleadingly.
"Very well done," was the young
man's mental comment.

He gravely felt her pulse, took her
temperature and looked at her tongue.
"Your pulse is regular; your tem-
perature is normal," he observed,
slowly.
"Helen, dear, didn't you say you
had palpitation of the heart this morn-
ing, just dreadfully?" inquired Kate.
This was too much for Nettie; and
with a smothered laugh she turned to the
window.

Helen did not answer, but sank back
on the pillows, closing her eyes.
The doctor leaned forward and
placed his ear over her heart. The
blood rushed to her face; she felt like
a culprit and was tempted to confess
and beg his pardon. But that would
never do. He would despise her too
such a bold trick.

The physician looked thoughtful for
a moment.
"What will he say? Oh, I wish he
would go," sighed Helen to herself.
"I understand your case, Miss
Clark," he explained; "it is nothing
serious—you will outgrow these at-
tacks. I will leave a remedy which
will relieve your headache in a few
hours."

He opened his case and began pre-
paring some powders in a very pro-
fessional way, but slyly watching the
girls all the time.
"There," as he finished the last
powder, "take these every half hour;
they are harmless. You are suffering
from an acute attack of what the
French call 'mechanete,'" and he
bowed himself out.

"Mechanete," quick, girls, get the
French dictionary and see what this
terrible malady is that I may outgrow!
Do you suppose he is stupid enough
to think I am very ill?"
"I believe he saw through it. I
never felt so mean in all my life," de-
clared Nettie, as she ran her forefinger
into the "Mech" column. "Here it
is. Oh, girls," and her face was scar-
let; "just read that!"
"Give it to me," cried Helen.
"Mechanete," roguish trick, naughti-
ness," she read.

"He will probably tell this," said
Nettie, "and before night this escapade
will be all over the town."
"I'll never speak to him again," ex-
claimed Helen. "Mechanete, indeed!
He's as mean as he can be."
"I don't blame him one bit," pro-
tested Kate. "It shows his spirit."
The following day Helen met the
doctor on the street.
"I trust Miss Clark has recovered,"
he inquired, smilingly.
"Perfectly, sir," was the haughty
reply.

The winter, with its gayeties, passed,
and everywhere Helen ignored him.
Once he tried to defend himself, but
she would not listen.
"If you were a gentleman you would
not refer to the humiliating circum-
stances," was her reply, "and I will
never forgive you."
"Helen, I think you treat Dr. Hop-
kins shamefully," said Nettie. "I
used to think he was in love with you;
his eyes followed you about and had
such a pained look when you snubbed
him."

"Nonsense! If he wants to make
an idiot of himself I am not to blame."
"He won't bore you any more, my
sweet friend," assured Kate, "for he
is to take Madge Stone to the lawn
party to-night. Aren't you ashamed
to leave him to the mercy of that
freckled little thing, after he saved
your life with his sugar powders?"
and Kate laughed merrily.

All the town was at the lawn party;
it was an annual affair given for the
benefit of the public library and so-
ciety attended in its best. Helen was
not her usual merry self. She sat in
a leafy corner of the arbor away from
the crowd. Why did it annoy her
that Dr. Hopkins should be attentive
to Madge? Why was she unhappy?
She would not allow herself to think
of him. Had she not said again and
again that she hated him?

"Miss Helen," said a voice, which
she knew well and whose tones sent
the color to her cheeks, "you look
lonely."
"I am not. I prefer solitude, some-
times, at present, for instance."
He sat down beside her.
"Pardon me if I intrude; but I in-
sist on knowing why you treat me so
rudely. Why was she unhappy, and
and—" his voice was low and ten-
der, "and I have even dared hope to
be more to you than a chance."
"Excuse me, doctor. I fear I shall
take cold in this corner," and she fled
into the house.

That night the people were roused
by cries of fire and shrill tones of
alarm; the fire service was inefficient,
and the citizens lent a helping hand.
No one was braver or more helpful
than the young doctor; he feared no
risk and headed no caution.
In his attempt to save a child from
the flames he was struck by the fall-
ing timber, and they carried his un-
conscious form to Judge Clark's home
near by.
"Is it fate or Providence?" thought
Helen, as she offered to watch beside
him while her father summoned Dr.
Goodspeed.
"What if he dies?" she moaned.
The doctor opened his eyes slowly.
What made him so weak? Why this
pain in his arm? He could not move it.
Where was he? Was that Helen
Clark? He could hear the noise of
the firemen outside, and it dawned
upon him that he must be hurt. Helen
was approaching the couch. He closed
his eyes, hardly daring to trust his
vision.
She knelt beside him. The blood
surged through his body and strength
returned to every muscle as he felt
her lips touch his and her hand upon
his brow. The closed eyes opened
and met hers.
"Oh, you are not dead; I was so
afraid you would never open your
eyes and would never know—" and
she hid her face in his hands.
He tried to rise, but sank back with
pain.
"Don't move," she cried. "You
are hurt. Dr. Goodspeed will soon be
here."
He stretched out his injured arm
and drew her to him.
"Helen, is it possible you love
me?"
The touch of her lips upon his was
the answer, but it meant more than
words.
"And you have been so cruel to me
all these days. I thought you almost
hated me."
"Forgive me; I loved you all the
time, but was too proud to own it."
The task of forgiving was beauti-
ful.
"Well, well, young man," said the
doctor, as he bustled into the room;
"this is a pretty state of affairs, a
broken arm, half a dozen bruises and
eyebrows singed off; a handsome fig-
ure you'll cut among the girls now.
We'll punish you by a few weeks of
invalidism."
"I might enjoy the punishment if I
had a good nurse."
The old man did not lose the glance
he cast on Helen.
"Probably you would; I suspect
you've some heart trouble with all
the rest, you young rascal," and he
laughed knowingly.—Chicago News.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

THE HERO OF SAMOA.
A FEW people who may have
chanced to read the brief of-
ficial announcement of Com-
mander Carlin's death on
board the City of Peking between Ma-
nila and Yokohama, December 30,
1899, remembered that he was but a
little decade ago the chief figure and
hero of the American navy—the sub-
ject for eulogy from people and press.
Carlin played a gallant part in the
terrible time of the great Samoan wind
storm. On the morning of March 16,
1899, ships of the English, German
and American navies were in the port
of Apia. The storm came swiftly, and
found them unprepared to meet it in
the shallow waters of the bay. Every
energy was bent toward getting to the
open sea. The Englishman succeed-
ed, and Englishmen and Americans
will remember always with a thrill
how the doomed American sailors
cheered the English vessel as she
stood out to sea and safety while they
themselves remained to face and fight
death. That death came quickly to
many, and in all 145 German and
American officers and men found their
end that day.

Carlin was executive officer of the
Vandalia, and practically in command
even before the death of Captain Scoon-
maker. The latter was an old man,
and so fleshy that he was unable to
handle himself with ease. He was
killed and washed overboard in the
early part of the storm, but not before
his executive officer had made a gal-
lant attempt to save him. The men
had been ordered into the rigging as
the only place of safety, and Carlin
was about to follow when he saw the
Captain lying on the forward part of
the deck, with his arms clasped about
a stanchion. Making his way to him
between the huge waves that were
pounding over the deck, Carlin clasped
his arm around the commanding of-
ficer's waist and told him that he in-
tended to help him into the rigging.

"Don't try to help me, Jim," said
Scoonmaker; "I'm as good as dead
now. You save yourself."
While he lay on the deck by the
Captain's side, Carlin felt one of the
ropes that held a gun in place slip,
and to an old sailor this meant that
in a few minutes the gun would be
loose and pounding around the deck.
He resolved to secure a rope and tackle
hanging near by in the rigging, and
with it help Scoonmaker up the lad-
der. Twice as he made the rush, be-
tween waves, for the rope, he was
forced to clasp a brass railing to pre-
vent being washed overboard. On
the return trip he was again compelled
to hold to the rail for his life while
two waves of unusual height and vi-
olence rushed down upon the deck,
and when he arose and looked for the
Captain both man and gun were gone.
Then he looked out for himself. Back
to the rigging he went, but every
place on the yard arm was occupied
by the men, and in that time there
was no rank. Death stood at their
face and levelled rank. Carlin was
too brave to order men to give up a
place of safety to him, but they in-
sisted on pulling him up to them.

The ship seemed doomed. Men
were being washed overboard at every
wave, and to make death more certain
the Vandalia was drifting down upon
a coral reef. Then the Trenton, an-
chored near by, began to drag her
anchor and bear down upon the fated
ship. It seemed certain that the
Trenton would cut the Vandalia in
two before either struck the coral
reef. Officers and men bade one an-
other farewell and stood there waiting
for death, but when it seemed most
certain a stronger gale than usual
struck the human sails in the rigging
of the Vandalia and shoved her so
far ahead that the Trenton's prow
struck her stern, and slowly warped
around alongside. Instantly Lieu-
tenant Carlin saw his opportunity and
the men, and ordered them to run
along the yard arms and jump upon
the deck of the Trenton. Every man
reached the Trenton, and that ship
steamed away to safety—having by
that time got her engines into work-
ing order. For his part Carlin was
recommenced to Congress.—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

Not Easily Frightened.
It takes more to win the badge of
bravery in some countries than in
others. The Ethiopian who is deemed
worthy to wear in battle the lion's
skin that King Menelik of Abyssinia
gives to the bravest of his men must
be one who can go three days without
food, fighting the while, or journeying
over the deserts and mountains; one,
moreover, who cares nothing for pain
or death. In an article on "Menelik
and his people," in the Windsor Mag-
azine, Mr. Cleveland Moffat refers to
a custom that prevails among these
men after a battle or after warlike
maneuvers.
It is their habit on such occasions
to squat on the ground in a long line
and fire their rifles into the air, bar-
rels up, butts between the knees.
There are no blank cartridges, but
balls that wound or kill whomsoever
they strike in the descent.
A cannon-shot gives the signal, and
forthwith the firing starts far down
the line, rolling nearer and nearer till
it swells into a roar of musketry about
the emperor himself, then dies away
at the farther side; and the bullets
come down on soldiers or citizens as
may be, for this firing is as likely as
not to take place in a crowded city.

"Would it not be wiser, your majesty,"
asked a French traveler, agast
at this reckless procedure, "to use
blank cartridges?"

HER EVERLASTING MINUTE.

When he went courting her she'd say:
"In just a minute!"
And then she'd stay
Upstairs and grimace
And fuss and primp,
And let
Him fret
While half an hour passed,
And come, at last,
All radiant and gay,
And smile
As if she'd kept him waiting while
Ten seconds only passed away.

Since she is his she cries:
"In just a minute!"
And then she comes, with many sighs,
Waits while she tries
To hook her waist or pin it,
And so
The moments go
The ear they thought to catch, too, comes
and goes,
And still she fooms with frills and fur-
brows,
If earth's best treasure were laid out
Where she, by being there on time, could
win it,
Still she would stand before her glass and
shoo and primp,
"In just a minute!"

On that great day
When earth shall pass away,
When the graves all open, and we shall
stand
To be judged—both the wicked and the
good—
The exalted and the low—
When Gabriel, faithful to his trust,
Shall take up his trumpet and blow
They will hear, up in the sky,
Some one who is missing cry:
"Just a minute!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Biggs—"The Joslyns' home life is
one grand song." Higgs—"So
jappy?" Biggs—"Don't know. There
are triplets to be lull'd to sleep."
He stood within the foremost rank
And moved with those of highest station,
Then lost his balance at the bank
And fell in public estimation.
—Chicago Record.

Sandy Pikes—"What did yer feel
like when de farmer pulled yer out of
de well?" Billy Coalgate—"I felt
like I wuz brought upon a farm."
—Chicago News.

"They say he is a very careful, con-
scientious husband." "He is. When-
ever he is going to his home to dinner
he always lets his wife know before-
hand."
—Puck.

"Doesn't it hurt your conscience to
wear those pretty birdwings on your
hat?" "It does a little, because they
are not genuine wings—they are only
sleever imitations."
Boer Child—"Father, if I were car-
rying the Bible in one hand and a gun
in the other and an enemy approached,
which should I drop first?" Boer
Father—"The enemy, my son!"
—Puck.

"These shirts," remarked the sales-
man, as he exhibited some startling
patterns, "speak for themselves."
"They do, eh?" returned the custom-
er. "Well, why don't you put them
on to the fact that people are not all
dead."
Mrs. Wiggins, remarked the min-
ister, "we wish you would let your
daughter join the choir." "Oh, I
couldn't think of it!" was the reply.
"Minnie has such a sweet disposition
and I don't want to spoil her."
—Ohio State Journal.

Lady of the House—"Go on away
from here. We have no old clothes,
no cold victuals, no—" Hopeless
Harry—"I didn't want nothin' to eat
nor wear. I just called to see if you
had an old automobile to give away."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Does your hus-
band like music?" Mrs. Pepproy—
"Yes; he's quite fond of it." Mrs.
Nextdoor—"I suppose he has heard
my daughter playing?" Mrs. Pepproy—"Yes, and he just raves over
her playing."
—Philadelphia Press.

"What was the highest price ever
paid you for a story?" asked the in-
terviewer. "One million dollars," re-
plied the fashionable novelist. "It
was a spoken story—I love you." I
told it to the lady who is now my
wife."
—Philadelphia North-American.

Teacher—"How many of my scholars
can remember the longest sentence
they ever read?" Billy—"Please,
mum, I can." Teacher—"What! Is
there only one? Well, William, you
can tell the rest of the scholars the
longest sentence you ever read."
Billy—"Imprisonment for life."
—Bits.

The hackmen about town are all
laughing heartily over an escapade
that one of their number sprung upon
the community. A call came from one
of the leading hotels for a closed car-
riage. The driver in question re-
sponded to the call, and was told that
he was to drive an invalid through the
east and west parks, and to lose no
time in doing so. While getting his
instructions a nurse came to the car-
riage with three pillows and deposited
them inside, returning to the hotel
for the invalid. The driver, bent
upon giving his patrons a satisfactory
drive, started out with the three pil-
lows as passengers. For nearly three
hours the faithful hackman followed
his instructions and drove over the al-
lotted route. It is easy to imagine
the scene that followed when he re-
turned to the hotel and discovered
what he had unconsciously done.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Persian Dinner.
Here is a description of a Persian
dinner: The feast is preceded by
pipes, while tea and sweets are handed
about. Then the servants of the house
appear, bringing in a long leather
sheet, which they spread in the middle
of the floor, the guests squat round
this tailor fashion. When all are
seated a flat loaf of bread is placed
before everyone, and the music be-
gins. The various dishes are brought
in on trays and arranged around the
leather sheet at intervals. The covers
are then removed, the host says "Bis-
millah" (in the name of God), and
without another word they all fall in.
—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

SOUTH AMERICAN GIANTS.

A Hardy Race That is Gradually Becom-
ing Extinct.
Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of the Bel-
gian Antarctic Expedition, writes in
the Century of "The Giant Indians of
Tierra del Fuego," his text being il-
lustrated with pictures drawn from
photographs by himself.

The Fuegians have been reported,
from time to time, since the country
was first sighted and named by Magel-
lan in 1520, but to-day they still re-
main almost unknown. In connection
with the voyage of the Belgica we had
unusual opportunities for studying
their wild life and their weather-
beaten land. They are not, as is gen-
erally supposed, one homogeneous
tribe, but three distinct races, with
different languages, different appear-
ances, different habits and names.
The Onas have thus far evaded all ef-
forts at civilization, have refused mis-
sionaries, and have, to the present
time, with good reason, mistrusted
white men. They have, in conse-
quence, remained absolutely unknown.

The Onas, as a tribe, have never
been united in a common interest, nor
have they ever been led by any one
great chief. They have always been
divided into small clans under a leader
with limited powers, and these chiefs
have waged constant warfare among
themselves. To the present they have
had their worst enemies among their
own people, but now that sheep-farm-
ers and gold-diggers want their coun-
try, they are uniting to fight their
common enemy.

Physically the Onas are giants.
They are not, however, seven or eight
feet in height, as the early explorers
reported their neighbors and nearest
relatives, the Patagonians, to be.
Their average height is close to six
feet; a few attain six feet and six
inches, and a few are under six feet.
The women are not so tall, but they
are more corpulent. There is perhaps
no race in the world with a more per-
fect physical development than the
Ona men. This unique development
is partly due to the topography of their
country and to the distribution of
game, which makes long marches
constantly necessary. The Ona men
are certainly the greatest cross-coun-
try runners on the American contin-
ent.

The mental equipment of the Ona
is by no means equal to his splendid
physical development. He under-
stands very well the few arts of the
chase which he finds necessary to
maintain a food supply. His game in
the past has been easily gotten; his
needs have been few, which fact ac-
counts for the lack of inventive skill
portrayed in the instruments of the
chase. The home life, the house, the
clothing—everything portrays this
lack of progressive skill. Instead of
the children being well dressed and
well cared for, as is the rule among
savage races, they are mostly naked,
poorly fed, badly trained, and alto-
gether neglected, not because of a lack
of paternal love, but because of the
mental lethargy of the people. It is
the same as to shelter and garments.
They have abundant material to make
good tents and warm, storm-proof
houses; but they simply bunch up a
few branches, and throw to the wind-
ward a few skins, and then shiver,
complaining of their miserable exist-
ence.

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Irritated beyond endurance by the
youth's gibes and jests, and hoping to
put an end to everything at once, I
threw my weight and strength into
one blow. I was a powerful man,
and felled him senseless. Taking his
rifle, I strode back to the tent and
entered. My eyes must have been
blinded. I gazed from one to the
other, wondering whether to fire the
one shot and then start "clubbing"
till I was out down.

Hanza, the best of the dervishes,
held up his hand, saying: "Istanaa"
(Wait).
I hurriedly related what had oc-
curred and told what I intended to do.
Hanza then came to me, saying:
"La, la, la (No, no, no), you are not
to be put in a shayba. Our orders
are to deliver you alive and well."
Then turning to the others, he con-
tinued: "Hand this man over to me.
I shall deliver him alive and well."
Some demur was made when, lower-
ing the rifle, I placed the butt on the
ground, rested my chin on the muzzle,
and addressing myself to all, said that
unless I was left in Hanza's charge, I
should press the trigger, on which my
great toe was then resting.

Hanza again urged his point and
said: "If you do not agree, and I de-
clare myself innocent of all blame and
responsibility. I have heard of him;
he will do as he says."
The effect of the words was magical.
"Take him away—keep him; do what
you wish to him," they cried. "Never
let him come near us again—never!
Never let him look upon us with his
eyes!"

Chicago Girl's Romance.
To be married on shipboard and to
go on a wedding journey through a
lonely African forest were the roman-
tic experiences of Miss Anna Thome
McLaughlin, of Chicago, the bride of
Dr. Wilmer Sanford Lehman, of Africa.
For the last year Dr. Lehman has
been engaged in medical work at Lolo-
dorf, West Africa, and as it was im-
possible for him to return to America
for his bride she journeyed out alone
to meet him.
When the steamship Niger, on which
she was a passenger, reached Great
Balazo Dr. Lehman came out in a
small boat. Captain Davis, of the
Niger, steamed out beyond the three-
mile limit to avoid the exacting Ger-
man marriage laws, and the wedding
ceremony was performed.
Dr. and Mrs. Lehman went ashore
and began their nuptial journey to
Lolodorf, followed by thirty native
carriers bearing their luggage. Dr.
Lehman walked the entire distance
and Mrs. Lehman went for the most
part afoot, more than fifty miles, be-
ing carried in a hammock when weary.
They are now living in a native house
of bark with a thatched roof.

Miss McLaughlin is a graduate of
Ann Arbor, where she met Dr. Lehman,
of the class of '98. The doctor has
made a number of notable African ex-
plorations, having at one time pen-
etrated the country of Jwarfs.

A man, "apparently educated and
refined," has been fined \$50 for mu-
ltiplying publications on file in the
Chicago public library. He pleaded
to be released, saying that he needed
the clippings in compiling statistics.

HER EVERLASTING MINUTE.

When he went courting her she'd say:
"In just a minute!"
And then she'd stay
Upstairs and grimace
And fuss and primp,
And let
Him fret
While half an hour passed,
And come, at last,
All radiant and gay,
And smile
As if she'd kept him waiting while
Ten seconds only passed away.

Since she is his she cries:
"In just a minute!"
And then she comes, with many sighs,
Waits while she tries
To hook her waist or pin it,
And so
The moments go
The ear they thought to catch, too, comes
and goes,
And still she fooms with frills and fur-
brows,
If earth's best treasure were laid out
Where she, by being there on time, could
win it,
Still she would stand before her glass and
shoo and primp,
"In just a minute!"

On that great day
When earth shall pass away,
When the graves all open, and we shall
stand
To be judged—both the wicked and the
good—
The exalted and the low—
When Gabriel, faithful to his trust,
Shall take up his trumpet and blow
They will hear, up in the sky,
Some one who is missing cry:
"Just a minute!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Biggs—"The Joslyns' home life is
one grand song." Higgs—"So
jappy?" Biggs—"Don't know. There
are triplets to be lull'd to sleep."
He stood within the foremost rank
And moved with those of highest station,
Then lost his balance at the bank
And fell in public estimation.
—Chicago Record.

Sandy Pikes—"What did yer feel
like when de farmer pulled yer out of
de well?" Billy Coalgate—"I felt
like I wuz brought upon a farm."
—Chicago News.

"They say he is a very careful, con-
scientious husband." "He is. When-
ever he is going to his home to dinner
he always lets his wife know before-
hand."
—Puck.

"Doesn't it hurt your conscience to
wear those pretty birdwings on your
hat?" "It does a little, because they
are not genuine wings—they are only
sleever imitations."
Boer Child—"Father, if I were car-
rying the Bible in one hand and a gun
in the other and an enemy approached,
which should I drop first?" Boer
Father—"The enemy, my son!"
—Puck.

"These shirts," remarked the sales-
man, as he exhibited some startling
patterns, "speak for themselves."
"They do, eh?" returned the custom-
er. "Well, why don't you put them
on to the fact that people are not all
dead."
Mrs. Wiggins, remarked the min-
ister, "we wish you would let your
daughter join the choir." "Oh, I
couldn't think of it!" was the reply.
"Minnie has such a sweet disposition
and I don't want to spoil her."
—Ohio State Journal.

Lady of the House—"Go on away
from here. We have no old clothes,
no cold victuals, no—" Hopeless
Harry—"I didn't want nothin' to eat
nor wear. I just called to see if you
had an old automobile to give away."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Does your hus-
band like music?" Mrs. Pepproy—
"Yes; he's quite fond of it." Mrs.
Nextdoor—"I suppose he has heard
my daughter playing?" Mrs. Pepproy—"Yes, and he just raves over
her playing."
—Philadelphia Press.

"What was the highest price ever
paid you for a story?" asked the in-
terviewer. "One million dollars," re-
plied the fashionable novelist. "It
was a spoken story—I love you." I
told it to the lady who is now my
wife."
—Philadelphia North-American.

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