

OUR FLAG OVER THE CITY

Tien-tsin In Ashes and Walls Strewn With Dead.

VICTORY SNATCHED FROM DEFEAT

British Naval Guns and Lydette Shells Finally Demoralize Chinese Troops, Who Steal Away In Night, Leaving City In Pandemonium.

New York, July 23.—Frederick Palmer, The World's war correspondent in China, cables from Tien-tsin:

"The American flag floats over part of this Chinese city of 1,000,000 people, nearly three times the population of Manila.

"The foreign allies are exhausted by exposure and hard fighting. No advance on Peking is possible without rest, recuperation and re-enforcements.

"General Dorward, British commander of the left wing of the allies, including American troops, was incapable of directing the forces. But Tien-tsin was taken and the battle won by the British Lydette shells.

"Repeated assaults by American, British and Japanese troops failed, but the Chinese finally fled from the havoc wrought by shells at night.

"The Ninth regiment was cut to pieces because the commanding general (Japanese) had no plan of attack.

"Imperial Chinese troops (uniformed) fought with the Boxers at Tien-tsin.

"The great city caught fire from the shells and was nearly destroyed. American troops showed absolutely perfect discipline. There was no looting."

Nich's Death Confirmed.

The Sun publishes the following dispatch, dated Tien-tsin, July 16, 7 p. m., via Chefu, July 20, and Shanghai, July 22:

"The officers commanding the allied forces here are arranging a form of government for the city.

"Men who are familiar with the Chinese say that most of the troops who defended the native city were soldiers in the employ of the salt commissioner, local militia and mercenaries. General Fukushima, the Japanese commander, says he recognized among the uniforms worn by the defenders those of the army of west defense and the army of central defense.

"Major Waller, with 20 fusiliers, and Captain Gwynne, with ten marines, have captured a fort west of the north city. They also captured four 4 inch rifled guns, two 9 pounders, several small guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

"The report that General Nich, the Chinese commander, had been killed is confirmed. He met his death on the morning that the allies for the second time captured the west arsenal."

Discredited Conger Message.

St. Paul, July 23.—W. N. Lovatt, who has spent 40 years in the customs service in China and is now in this city, declared his absolute disbelief in the authenticity of the telegram received at Washington signed by Minister Conger. He believes the last authentic information from any of the legations was the message of the German legation counter-signed by Sir Robert Hart and dated June 18. Mr. Lovatt says that Sir Robert Hart was a favorite with the Chinese, and the fact that no later message has come from him means that every foreigner in Peking has been killed, for if any one could get a message out of Peking it would be Sir Robert Hart. Mr. Lovatt also discredits the story that the legation found refuge behind the palace walls. He says there was no connection between the legation walls and the palace walls, so the legation could not have made the transfer unless they found or made an underground passage. Of the general situation Mr. Lovatt says all will depend on the attitude of Li Hung Chang, who has heretofore been friendly and will probably continue so.

Korea In Danger.

Yokohama, July 23.—A dispatch from Seoul, Korea, says that the government is becoming uneasy. It is reported that these in large numbers are crossing the Yalu river, and the government has ordered troops there to prevent their entry into the country. An engagement has already occurred. It is stated that some of the foreign envoys advise the government to appeal to Japan for aid, but the Russian minister objects to this being done.

Russian Call to Arms.

St. Petersburg, July 23.—An imperial ukase orders the minister of war to proclaim a state of war in the military districts of Siberia, Turkestan and Semiretchensk and to summon all the reservists in those districts to join the colors.

Trolley Hits Funeral Party.

New York, July 23.—As a carriage containing the widow of Solomon Strasser of 314 West One Hundred and Seventeenth street and four mourners was returning from the burial of Mr. Strasser in the Lutheran cemetery near Maspeth, L. I., yesterday afternoon it was shattered by a collision with an electric car on the Maspeth and Newtown line. All those in the coach were injured. The driver was also hurt. Mrs. Strasser was in a serious condition last night due to the shock.

Two Killed by a Train.

Tiffin, O., July 23.—The west bound train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad struck a wagon at a crossing four miles west of this city, killing the teamster, Andrew Kuhn, and horses. Three young men riding on the locomotive pilot were struck by flying fragments. William Wilson was instantly killed. Charles Matz had a leg and an arm broken and will die, and Roy Focannon was injured. All four belong to Tiffin.

Country Postoffice Burglarized.

Utica, N. Y., July 23.—Two burglars entered the postoffice at Newport, Herkimer county, blew open the safe with dynamite and got but a few dollars for their pains, overlooking \$300 in cash and stamps. They escaped on a hand-car to Herkimer, 13 miles away. People attracted by the explosion were commanded to return to their homes or they would be shot.

Drowned at Midland Beach.

New York, July 23.—Two men were drowned at Midland Beach, S. I., while bathing. Until their bodies floated in with the tide the authorities were in doubt whether the report that two lives had been lost was correct. One of the victims was L. G. Decker and the other a man named Morgan, both of New York.

HER LIFE VOCATION.

She Will Sing Gospel Songs for Religious Work.

Miss Ruth Cordis Long, niece of Secretary of the Navy John D. Long, has chosen as her vocation in life gospel singing. Her work in this line, in connection with recent revival services at a Worcester, Mass., church, confirmed her inclination toward this calling, which has dated back two years. She visited Washington last winter and by invitation sang several selections before President and Mrs. McKinley. Personally Miss Long is a young woman of much charm. Her enthusiasm in her work proceeds



(Miss Ruth C. Long).

from earnest and sincere conviction that her voice can be made a powerful influence for good in connection with evangelical and temperance work. Her voice is a rich, deep contralto. At the age of seventeen she was brought out as a concert singer in Portland, Me., by Annie Louise Cary. Her singing then showed great promise, and her friends urged her to make the operatic stage her aim. Her family discouraged this, however, and Miss Long took up concert singing, in which she has been very successful.

Women in Persia.

Life is sad in Persia, especially the woman's life. The law of Islam allows each man to have four wives, and as many concubines and slave girls as his hand can hold. His wife, also, he may divorce at will. Our word, "toosh" is the Turkish word by which a Moslem divorces his wife. It doesn't count if he says it only once or twice, but if said the third time the woman must go. Down along the Caspian the men often marry their wives in the Spring, so as to have the benefit of their labor in the rice fields, and divorce them in the Fall, so as to escape supporting them during the Winter. At Meshed, where the pilgrims come, is a large population of temporary wives who are married to the pilgrims, far from home and families, for as long a time as the pilgrims remain at the shrine—a day, or a month. The Mohammedan priests draw up the contracts for these temporary alliances. Lord Curzon, who has been there, says Meshed, though the holiest city in Persia, is the wickedest in Asia. There are no words for wife and home in Persian. There are no homes and few wives. It is curious to hear a handsome woman say: "I have told my husband if he marries another wife I shall poison him, and I intend to do it." Or to ask a woman about her home life and get the answer: "Love my husband! Oh, yes, I love him. I love him as much as a sieve holds water."

Home Made Candies.

Chocolate Caramels.—One teaspoonful of milk, one of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one-half teaspoonful grated chocolate. Mix the ingredients and put on the fire in a lined saucpan; stir constantly to prevent burning; boil till quite thick; turn on to buttered plates; when it begins to stiffen mark into squares with a knife.

Cocoanut Candy.—One pound loaf sugar, one cupful water, one-fourth pound grated cocoanut. Put the sugar and water in a saucpan (till the sugar is dissolved, and set it on a clear fire to boil for five minutes or more; as the scum rises carefully, skim it away till the sugar looks white and thick, then stir in the cocoanut; set it on the fire and stir constantly with a wooden spoon till it rises well in the saucpan, then at once spread it out on sheets of writing paper, which should be slightly warmed.

Almond Toffee.—One-half pound butter, one pound brown sugar, one and one-half ounces almonds, a little grated lemon rind. Put the butter into a saucpan over a clear fire, and when melted add the sugar; boil for fifteen minutes, add a little grated lemon rind and the almonds blanch and halved; boil and stir till a little of the mixture dropped in cold water hardens immediately; pour on to buttered dishes and stand aside to cool.

An Inside Neck Band.

A piece of inch-wide white satin ribbon sewed inside the neck band of a bodice protects the throat from the defacing mark that is a common result from the wear of the prevailing high dress collars. It is not intended that the ribbon shall show on the outside.

Both Wished the Same.

"I wish now," shrieked the angry young wife—"I wish you had married that Edith Macmahon instead of me! That's what I wish!"
"I would have married her, only she wouldn't have me, and you would!"

MRS. CLEVELAND AT HOME.

The Ex-President's Wife Leads a Quiet Country Life.

Back from the road that leads out of Princeton, N. J., to the Pennsylvania turnpike, on the grounds surrounding the big white house where ex-President Cleveland lives, a graceful, trimly clad woman can be seen any fair day moving about among a great flock of chickens with all the rapt attention of someone who is deeply concerned in a task. It is Mrs. Cleveland, who possesses the finest lot of poultry in the country thereabouts.

The daily life of Mrs. Cleveland is one that few women would care to lead after having had a taste of the life as mistress of the White House, but she seems very contented and very happy. The care and solicitude of the children, the little social duties made necessary by her husband's position, and the chickens, fill her life completely. It is a big house she lives in, but the life in it is very simple, and the running of it is left very largely to an old housekeeper who has been in her family for years. Her main ambition is to see their girls made happy. Their education, under her supervision, is one of the most idyllic one can imagine. There is a governess and a teacher of languages, and the education of the girls is a matter of every moment of their waking life. No arduous class or lesson hours, but the simple, natural intercourse of refinement of speech and intelligent conversation, added to the best of all education for a young girl's mind, the continued exposition of fine example.

During the winter days the big east room of the south side of the house, which is filled with dainty, pretty objects of art and household adornment, is the scene of hours of instruction that to the forming minds of the girls is naught but pleasure. There are readings and music, new illustrations to criticize, besides the general summing up of the wonder of new things that unfold day by day. In all these hours the mother is there helping and aiding in the work her heart is so set upon. When the time for the children's afternoon drive comes she takes herself to the chicken yard, where the flock is inspected and care given where needed, for Mrs. Cleveland is very proud and very careful of her chickens, and could give many a farmer points on their culture. —N. Y. Telegram.

MRS. POTTER'S ECONOMY.

Ships Her Week Washing to New York to Escape Newport Rates.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, who has several times demonstrated her ability to play politics, is one of the type of American women that make them so admired by the men of the world's countries. But this is not to be a record of any politics she plays, but, rather, to show how the feminine instinct cannot be subserved, no matter how high a position in the world a woman may attain. Mrs. Palmer looks over her various domiciles with all the care and attention to detail that the wife of a laborer would bestow on a Harlem flat, and perhaps more.

While at Newport last summer she was looking over her expenses for the week and was surprised at the item for laundry work. She sent for the laundryman and asked him if he could not make the price a little more reasonable. He could not. He did not have much of a season, and he had to make the most of it, and that was the price every one else paid, and she would have to pay it also if she wanted the work done. Inquiry of other washmen disclosed the same conditions. Then she tried to find a woman who could do the class of work she wanted, and found that the expense would be as great as the laundrymen would be.

Mrs. Palmer thought the matter over and evolved a plan. She sat down and wrote to Senator Platt, asking him would he be good enough to send her a frank that would allow her to send express matter from Newport to New York. The Senator replied with the requested frank. Then the haughty Mrs. Palmer had the week's wash packed up and expressed to New York city, where it was done for about half the expense she had been put in in Newport for the same work. In speaking of the matter afterward she was heard to remark: "Dear me! I wonder how the poor people keep clean." —N. Y. Telegram.

Church Sleepers.

Here is a story which was told by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson at the Twentieth Century Club, in Boston recently. A country clergyman called on Henry Ward Beecher and asked his advice about what to do with persons who go to sleep in church, something which had become quite prevalent in his congregation. Mr. Beecher listened very attentively, admitted that it was serious, and then said: "When I first came to Plymouth church I thought about this problem, and I will tell you about the course I decided upon. The sexton was given strict orders that if he saw any person asleep in the congregation, he should at once go straight into the pulpit and wake up the minister."

Royalty in Domestic Life.

When the Prince of Wales alludes to his mother he always uses the words, "My mother, the Queen." The Duke of York is invariably referred to as "My son, the Duke of York." On the continent such simplicity is tabooed; the utterances of the mighty are controlled by strict and formal etiquette. —Chicago Times-Herald.

FULLY EQUIPPED.

Widow Thought a Husband Would be Superfluous.

"Don't you know whether it's new or not. I heard it down in Bermuda," said the man who recently returned from that winter resort.

"There is a rich widow living just outside of Pontiac," according to this story, "and after several elderly gentlemen had vainly endeavored to lure her into matrimony again report had gained circulation that she was a frogular man later. Finally a wealthy widower from the East, carrying with him the evidences of good living and the heartiness that seeks congenial companionship, visited the city and was soon a caller upon the intractable widow. After he thought sufficient advancement had been made to justify a proposal he proceeded to feel his way.

"Beautiful home you have here."

"Yes, I enjoy it."

"Fine outlook, fine trees, fine yard, very fine all around. But there is one thing lacking."

"Yes?"

"It is an Adamless Eden, don't you know. You are so good in everything else that I should think you would be glad to share these blessings with a husband."

"Are you proposing, sir?"

"In an argumentative way. If you can be convinced that you should have a husband, I should like to be the man."

"Husband! I have a gardener that smokes and drinks! I have a parrot that swears like a pirate, and I have a cat that stays out all night. What in creation do I want with a husband?"

Lord Chamberlain.



The Gifts of Wealth.

The strong man cried aloud in his anguish.

"Our wealth is gone," he sobbed, "and with it all that wealth bestowed upon us."

"Not our dyspepsia, Alfred!" protested his wife, reproaching his despair. "No vicissitude of fortune can rob us of that!"

And then, at last, he told her the worst; how that their impoverishment was likely to necessitate their removal from Boston to some community, doubtless, where a disordered digestion was not particularly a plumb. Confronting their calamity thus they wept together, and for a time were utterly wretched. —Detroit Journal.

Clearly His Due.

Pale with astonishment and mortification he rose and confronted the young woman.

"Your answer then, Glycerine McCurdy, is 'no,' is it?"

"It is, Mr. Wellon," she rejoined, with something like scorn.

"It is not what I had a right to expect from you, heartless coquette."

"Oh, it isn't?" she said mockingly.

"It ought to have been something else, ought it?"

"Yes," he said, buttoning his coat and putting on his gloves. "To a man of my age you should have said 'No sir.' I wish you good evening, Miss McCurdy." —Chicago Tribune.

A Typographical Error.

"You say in your paper this morning," cried the irate Mr. Heeler, "that 'in politics Heeler is a lobster.' I want a correction."

"My dear sir," replied the editor, "it was corrected in the proof, but the typo overlooked it. I wrote 'lobster' very distinctly." —Philadelphia Press.

Brutes.

The Book Agent—I would like to show you this beautiful work. It tells about the habits of savage animals.

The Severe Lady at the Door—I don't need it. I have been married four times. —Indianapolis Press.

Choice of Evils.

"Bertha, think I hear a burglar downstairs."

"Well, let him alone. If cook gets awake she'll call in seven policemen and we won't have a bite in the house for breakfast." —Chicago Record.

The Diplomat.

Mrs. Nuwed—My husband has talked me out of having a new spring bonnet.

Mrs. Gabby—How did he do it?

Mrs. Nuwed—He says my hair is so pretty he hates to see it hidden by a hat. —Baltimore American.

Blissful Ignorance.

Mother (sternly)—He kissed you twice to my knowledge, and I don't know how often after that.

Daughter—Neither do I, ma. I never was much good at mental arithmetic. —Philadelphia Press.

The Differance.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a sot?
Prof. Broadhead—A sot, my son, is a poor man who gets drunk; a rich man who drinks to excess is the possessor of a convivial disposition. —Puck.

PICKLES.

Such a discussion as developed on the piazza at the home of the Ellisons, that summer afternoon, would have been of serious import had it not been for the personality of the disputants. But a wrangle involving only a half dozen pretty young women, gowned in the light, breezy fluffiness appertaining to a perfect June day, becomes prettier in proportion to its earnestness.

It came about through Emily Hastings's proposal for a picnic on the Desplaines River.

"Not one of these formal, cut-and-dried, lemon-pie affairs," she explained, "but just a rollicking, jolly party of us young folks, who want to have a good time in the woods."

"And the young men?" queried some one, doubtfully. "This isn't leap year, you know?"

"Leave that to me," returned Emily, reassuringly. "If I can't make Herbert Winslow take up the idea and carry it out as his own, then I'm not up to enough snuff to make a baby sneeze."

When the little bey had gone into individual pieces the picnic was assured. Herbert Winslow took up the scheme like an original enthusiast. A railroad trip to Riverside and a picnic wagon to take the party down the river were fixed upon. The luncheon scheme was excellent. A list of the young ladies was made up and a corresponding number of escorts was considered. The day was set.

But that night Herbert Winslow wrote an informal invitation asking for the company of the demure Blanche Fielding.

If Emily Hastings was keenly disappointed she did not show it. Her interest in the picnic did not flag. Out of her inventive genius she even improved on the original plans.

"This is to be a novel picnic," she said; "nothing else will do. Now, as the designer of it I'm going to be the chef. I'm going to write out a list of just what each girl is to bring in a covered basket. These lists must be kept secret, and not till we get to the woods, ready to spread the table, is any one but myself to know what we're to have for dinner."

Everybody was pledged to the compact of secrecy, and when the bill of fare had been made out and distributed, preparations began for the outing.

Saturday, July 1, was an ideal day. Gathered in the Union Station in the early morning, only Emily Hastings and her escort were missing. Five minutes before train time Edwin Austin, breathless, came up to the anxious group with the news that Miss Hastings was ill and could not go.

It was a gay party in spite of the disappointing fact that Mr. Austin was a bit overplus, community property.

Basket opening at 1 o'clock was to be a feature of the outing. Under a spreading elm a grassy spot was cleared.

"Who has the linen?" called Eva Best, who, in the absence of Emily Hastings, took the lead.

"Here," and Anna Hunt opened the hamper in which a pile of snowy nappery lay banked. Nothing else was there. With the opening of the one, others turned to their baskets unsuspectingly. It was a surprise, in fact. One basket only had knives, forks, spoons, pepper, salt and the et ceteras of the ordinary table. Another had only dishes.

On down the list the baskets were opened upon only table paraphernalia—on until Blanche Fielding's hamper yielded the first edible things in the party—pickles, mustard, Worcester-shire sauce, and one full quart of vinegar.

"But there are lots of pickles," said Blanche, "breaking the long, breathless silence that fell on the party. Somebody burst into a shriek of laughter, the keynote of the spirit in which all day long the members of the party fasted, save as their teeth were put on guard by pickles.

"Never speak of it to Miss Hastings, mind," was Blanche Fielding's parting injunction as, tired and hungry, they separated at the Union Station that night. "And, really, we have had a lovely time."

Not every one assented to this, but it was noticeable that Herbert Winslow did so emphatically. Less than a week after this emphasis had a new meaning for the members of the group who marked it. It was brought about from the result of a tete-a-tete in the Fieldings' front parlor, during which Herbert Winslow had turned nervously back and forth on the piano stool.

"Do you know," he said huskily, "I've been thinking a good deal of that picnic of late. I've been wondering ever since why—as we could be so happy for one day on a pickle and mustard diet—why we couldn't be happy always in a home that had a better and more varied bill of fare?"

She was thrusting the golden point of a scarfpin into the broadened surface of a settee, regardless of the damage that she was doing.

"Blanche!" he said, appealingly. She looked up and let him read the answer in her eyes. —Chicago Tribune.

Vicarious Revenge.

"Ma, I do wish I had a little sister."

"So you would have some one to play with, Freddy?"

"No'm; soze ev'y time you washed my face I c'd wash her'n." —Chicago Record.

Utilizing His Misfortune.

First Tramp: "Say, you did get a bad eye in that scrap?"

Second Tramp: "Yes; but de odder feller got two. Why, he's working it on de public as an explosion!" —Puck.

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