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HAS SURPRISED PARIS.

At the gay French capital, which during the exposition is even more productive of novelties and big events in society than in an ordinary year, a sensation is being created by the magnificent entertainments provided by an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh. One week it is a magnificent entertainment on one of the Seine river boats, the next some grand excursion for the American colony in Paris, or a gorgeous feast; a week or two ago it was a dinner party at Belgium, where the Walshes sat next the king, and after that a unique trip in a sumptuous special train of five palace cars. In short, the society of the French capital has no greater lion than Tom Walsh. That the Walshes are not endeavoring simply to get into society by their lavish expenditures is evidenced by the fact that no particular class of society attends. All—high and low and between—are made to feel welcome, and in doing the honors, Tom Walsh derives his chief pleasure.

Mr. Walsh is immensely wealthy. His success can hardly be attributable to luck, but rather to his own hard work and enterprise. He has never had any sympathy with idleness, having continually recognized the dignity and deserts of honest labor. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, in 1851, where, after receiving a fair education, he worked for several years as a millwright. He came to America and settled in 1870 at Worcester, Mass., for a few years. Then he went to Colorado, and was a carpenter and building contractor at the new camp of Central City. He had always been interested in mining, and from this time on he began to study up the subject during his spare time. He was fortunate, and eventually struck it rich. Now he is owner of a mine which he refused to sell a short time since for \$35,000,000. His income is approximated at \$100,000 a month. The friends of his poorer days are not neglected now that wealth has come to Mr. Walsh and his charity and friendly loans—or gifts—are known to many of his old associates.

Mrs. Walsh's health failed three years ago, and she was advised to try a lower altitude. It was then that he concluded to go to Washington, where he purchased a most luxurious home. Ever since the public has made itself free therein. Mr. Walsh has no "functions," nor "events," nor "soirees," nor "pink teas." He hates formality of any kind. It is this democratic way of doing things that has surprised the Parisian world. They open their French eyes with astonish-



THOMAS F. WALSH.

ment and sometimes a visible shrug is manifested at the ease with which Mr. Walsh invites high and low to his ball or banquet.

Created a New Industry.

About the middle of this century it was the universal custom to face the white keys of pianos and organs with ivory, and to make the black ones of ebony. Long ago ivory became too expensive for any but the finest key-boards, callulob taking its place. Now ebony also has advanced in price, so that a substitute for it is in demand. Dogwood has been found to serve the purpose excellently, and it can be stained a fine black and oiled and polished until it quite equals ebony both in durability and appearance. The industry of cutting and marketing dogwood, once a valuable tree, for this purpose, is already giving employment to a considerable number of people.

If eggs kept in cold storage are in the vicinity of spoiled fruit, they will taste of spoiled fruit, because the shell of the egg, being porous, absorbs odors rapidly.

THE MISSING FREIGHT.

BY HAROLD NAEMANSSON.

Rodney Graham was well thought of in Crescentville. His father, Nelson Graham, had run the general store there for many years, and was rated in "Dunn's" as "G. S. M. S.," which cabalistic letters established the Graham credit on a solid foundation throughout the United States, so that whenever a salesman happened to stop at Crescentville, he always made a call at Nelson Graham's.

Crescentville, Illinois, was a flourishing city of over 2000 inhabitants, and, of course, things were just rushing. The city contained two manufacturing plants, a brewery, a First National Bank of Crescentville, an Electric Light and Power Company, and a railroad depot. Also, various stores and small industries according to its needs. The railroad was a loop of the B. R. & C. S., the main line ten miles from Crescentville.

Nelson Graham, as the proprietor of the general store, was quite an influential citizen, and it was understood that his son, Rodney, was in a position to pick the profession of his choice. The law, medicine, art, music, poetry, stenography, bookkeeping, were all within his reach; he considered them all from different points of view (very differently from most people) and then deliberately chose the profession of stoking a freight engine. The masses of Crescentville resented his choice. They were surprised and displeased. They discussed it over tea tables, drug counters and saloon bars, and decided that Rodney, though smart, was born without ambition. For this reason they voted against Nelson Graham when he ran for mayor, and defeated him, which shows how the sins of the sons are visited upon their fathers.

Rodney Graham was peculiar in many ways. He came home to Crescentville once a week, and in his conversation frequently cursed the freight engine. Instead of having a consuming affection for it—as all well regulated stokers are supposed to have—he shamefully abused and (metaphorically) despitely used it. He said the boilers were bad—the brakes were no good—the engine was crazy—and that were it not for his untiring zeal and sleepless watchfulness, fast freight Number Forty-Six of the great B. R. & C. S. R. R. would be continually jumping off the track and having to be lifted on again at great expense of life and money. He said that all stokers were excused from purgatory; but notwithstanding all the things he said he stuck to his job, and when his father solicited the votes of his fellow citizens for the honorable position of alderman, his fellow citizens elected some one else.

In addition to running the Crescentville general store, Nelson Graham was interested in the First National Bank of Crescentville. He had always deposited his receipts there, and as they had grown in volume he had invested what he could spare and was now vice-president of the bank. It was in the fall of the year that the free silver agitation burst forth in all its virulence. The Democratic party would surely win the elections, and the value of the dollar would be cut in half. The farmers all around Crescentville wanted their money before the dollar depreciated. The Crescentville bank had money loaned out to a number of neighboring manufacturers on easy terms, and this money could not be called in. Therefore the Crescentville bank was in difficulties, and the farmers came up and besieged it.

If the bank suspended, Nelson Graham would go with it. If the bank pulled through, Nelson Graham would pull through. The bank wanted \$30,000 to meet the demands upon it, but no one knew where to get the money in time.

These were the circumstances when Rodney Graham departed from Crescentville one afternoon, to stoke fast freight Number Forty-Six, which he would join at St. Louis, stoking it to Chicago and back. The station agent was on the platform at Crescentville, and saw Rodney Graham get into the cab of the train which left Crescentville for St. Louis at a quarter before six. The freight agent at Mattoon saw Rodney Graham in the cab of Number Forty-Six when it stopped for water. It left Mattoon on time—passed Kalakoka on time. But it did not reach Dalabeke. It was signalled to Dalabeke, and the operator there waited for it, because after it had gone it was his intention to get his supper. Number Forty-Six was 15 minutes late; 30 minutes late; 45 minutes late; one hour late—clearly it must have met with some accident since it left Kalakoka.

The Dalabeke agent (Dimkins), wired Chicago that fast freight Number Forty-Six had met with an accident and was delayed. Then he arranged with some one to watch the depot, went home and took a hasty mouthful, collected two or three people and a doctor, and started up the track toward Kalakoka, a distance of about five miles.

The doctor's report of the adventure is as follows:—

"After ascertaining at the depot that no train of any kind had passed, we walked along the tracks to Kalakoka, expecting to discover the wreck of fast freight Number Forty-Six at any moment. To our great surprise, however, we saw no signs of the train anywhere, on account of which Dimkins said that Tompkins (the Kalakoka agent) must have been mistaken in signalling the train to Dalabeke.

"On arriving at Kalakoka we found the station deserted. We then went to Tompkins' house and found him in bed. On rousing him, he stated that fast freight Number Forty-Six most certainly passed through Kalakoka on time, and distinctly insinuated that, if Dimkins didn't see it pass through Dalabeke, Dimkins must have been the worse for something—perhaps liquor.

"Mr. Dimkins hotly resented this imputation, and the two men were fighting before we had an opportunity to interfere. The Kalakoka policeman unfortunately happened to be near, and rushing up, began clubbing us all, under the impression, I suppose, that we were an organization of bandits about to make a raid on the village. After an extended period of general misunderstanding, altercation and personal injury, the tumult was stilled, and we all returned to the depot. Here Dimkins wired St. Louis, only to be informed that fast freight Number Forty-Six had left that city on time and that nothing unusual had transpired.

"As nothing could be made of it we started back along the tracks to Dalabeke, where we arrived without incident of any kind. Part of the railroad ran through a wood which was fenced off by posts and barbed wire. The rest of the way the railroad ran through open prairie.

"It was ridiculous to suppose that a fast freight train could have utterly disappeared between Kalakoka and Dalabeke and the only probable hypothesis seemed to be that Tompkins was mistaken in some way in supposing that the train had passed Kalakoka.

Thus ends the doctor's narrative.

The next morning it became evident that fast freight Number Forty-Six had in some way disappeared. Chicago, however, took it as a joke. The newspaper reporters went down to see Tompkins, who had seen the missing train pass Kalakoka. They plagued and exasperated him to such an extent that he resigned his position in disgust. A Chicago paper printed a funny article in regard to Tompkins, entitled, "The Freight That Didn't Materialize." The Federal Express company's representative called on the president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. and was informed that freight Number Forty-Six had not yet left St. Louis. The Federal Express company's representative expressed his satisfaction and inquired when fast freight Number Forty-Six would leave St. Louis, because she had \$50,000 in currency aboard, and the Federal Express company was anxious.

The president of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. answered that the \$50,000 was all right, and that the disquieting rumors were nonsense. Then he wired St. Louis that fast freight Number Forty-Six must be found at once. St. Louis replied that they would immediately put on a tracer, and thereafter maintained silence.

At Crescentville, Illinois, there were sensational doings. The bank had just managed to hold its own for the day by the method of taking an unprecedentedly long time over doing everything. When the hour for closing came there were certainly over 200 excited clients of the bank waiting their turn to withdraw their money, and these people camped in the street for the night, making all kinds of threats, and vowing all kinds of vengeance against everybody connected with the bank if they should not be paid promptly the next morning. The officers and employees of the bank stayed inside and did not venture out.

About 4 o'clock in the morning an extraordinary thing occurred. A posse of men rode into Crescentville, well armed and wearing masks. They rode straight to the bank, were admitted after a short parley, and did not come out again.

But at nine in the morning the bank opened its doors, and the run began anew with great desperation. Depositor after depositor was paid off until scarcely any were left, and the people stood around and talked about it. There seemed to be no end to the bank's resources, and at last a large and influential customer exclaimed:—

"The bank is all right and we are a pack of fools. I am going to deposit my cash again!"

There was a murmur of approval, and then everybody began to laugh. Right after the influential man followed a long line of people desiring to re-deposit the money they had only just withdrawn. Such a day of business the Crescentville bank never had before, and it is not at all likely ever to have again. An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Masonic hall that evening, at which it was unanimously resolved to nominate Nelson Graham as next mayor of Crescentville.

In the meantime, the B. R. & C. S. R. R. people were still hunting for fast freight Number Forty-Six. They hunted for it in the train yard in and about St. Louis. Single cars had been lost in those yards in great profusion and never found again, but when a whole train could get lost like this it was evident that there must be carelessness somewhere. During the search a reporter discovered engine Number Forty-Seven in a neglected-looking roundhouse and promptly

wired the news to Chicago where the information was considered as quite important, although in what exact relation no official could say. It was quite possible, Number Forty-Seven having been found, that Number Forty-Six might not be far off, unless it had accidentally plunged into the Mississippi, or strayed to Kansas City by means of a misplaced switch.

Dimkins of Dalabeke had accepted the explanation that the train could not have left St. Louis, and that Tompkins and others must have been mistaken. On the second night after the train was lost, Dimkins was quietly playing his usual game of checkers in the depot with a friend. Dimkins was in a terrible position where one wrong move would lose him the game, and he was intently studying the absorbing problem, when his friend said:—

"What's that?" Dimkins paused on the brink of destruction and looked up aghast. He put his hand to his ear and—there was no doubt about it—he heard the slow puffing of an engine coming toward Dalabeke. Dimkins says he shall never forget the sensation.

"It's Forty-Six's schedule," said Dimkins, deliberately, "but it ain't Forty-Six." Therefore, speaking very slowly, "therefore, it must be Forty-Six's Ghost!"

Even as he spoke, the puffing of the engine grew nearer and nearer, and slower and slower, until at last it ceased entirely.

"She's gone!" whispered Dimkins in horror-stricken tones.

Then the sound of a yell came from somewhere. Dimkins got up and crept carefully along to the window, while his friend watched intently, as though he expected the ghost of fast freight Number Forty-Six to jump suddenly through the window at any moment. Then—

"Hallo!" said Dimkins. "Come here, Tom!"

"What fur?" demanded Tom, very doubtfully.

"It's Forty-Six!" said Dimkins.

"Her light's a-burnin'!"

"Oh! her light's a-burnin'!" repeats Tom, dogged and immovable.

But out flew Dimkins, racing at top speed down the track toward the train. When he reached it there was no engineer, stoker, brakeman, nor any kind of living soul to be seen. But there was a fearful racket going on in the third box car.

"What's the matter there?" shouted Dimkins, from what he considered a safe distance.

"Break open the car and let us out!" responded a number of voices. "Get a rail and knock the—lock off!"

"It's us!" shouted another voice, which Dimkins recognized at once as the voice of Rodney Graham, stoker.

So Dimkins followed directions, got a rail, broke the box car, and found the entire train crew laying on the floor of the car, bound hand and foot.

Whether it was sheer bewilderment that caused it, or whether the subtle and pervasive odor of the box car was responsible, Dimkins says he doesn't know, but he says that altogether he felt so dazed that he hadn't the slightest recollection the next morning of the explanations that were hurled at him by the imprisoned men as to the cause of their extraordinary condition.

Fast freight Number Forty-Six puffed out of Dalabeke station en route to Chicago shortly afterwards, and was respectfully signalled, and notified, and switched, and o. k'd through by operators. The train dispatcher, thinking he must have made a mistake, altered his schedule and said nothing.

The next morning the Federal Express company received their \$50,000, and they said nothing.

But a day or two afterwards the general manager of the B. R. & C. S. R. R. fished a memorandum out of some forsaken pigeon-hole and said:—

"By the way, what has become of this freight Number Forty-Six?"

The clerk looked up the records and found that it was at St. Louis. "Where ought it to be?" demanded the general manager.

The clerk looked up more records and reported that St. Louis was where freight Number Forty-Six ought to be. So the general manager tore up his memorandum.

Critical persons may talk about the train's way bill and other railroad red tape that is supposed to keep track of trains present or missing. In regard to this we have nothing to suggest, except that if one studies the records of some politicians there will appear many a hiatus irregularly filled in. We look askance, like good Samaritans, and pass by on the other side.

Dimkins sat in the depot, playing checkers with his friend, one night, when fast freight Number Forty-Six came thundering by.

Said Dimkins—

"That's no ghost!"

Said Tom—

"Queer go, that!"

"You may say that!" responded Dimkins.

"I've heard of ghosts' walks in my time," continued Tom, "but you know, that was the first time I ever saw one."

"Ah!" murmured Dimkins, resting his finger on a checker.

"Right over behind the pond in Ell-jah Baker's wood," said Tom, "west of the tracks, old Walker keeps a shooting box, and there's a lot of rails there and a switch."

Dimkins nodded inquiringly.

"The mark of them rails is on the grass yet!" concluded Tom. "Oh, it's rank!"

"So it is!" assented Dimkins. "I seen 'em myself."—Waverley Magazine.



Nature Lessons Out of Doors.

Nature classes that meet in the open air are sources of delight to the youngsters who are fortunate enough to belong to them. In a lesson overheard recently, the small boy's proverbial curiosity was satisfied by talks upon how the insects hear, where the grasshopper's ears are situated, what makes the locust sing, how the crickets chirp, how many legs a spider has, where the butterflies come from, and what makes the katydid's song.—New York Tribune.

Unusual Field for a Woman.

Miss Caroline Van Brunt, secretary of a large copper company, is also one of the directors and incorporators of the company, and is said to know more about copper, nickel, the general mining of ores, the source of supply, production, consumption, tariff, state of trade etc., than any other woman in this country, and probably more than many men who claim to be experts on the subject. Miss Van Brunt has studied the problem of rendering copper fumes innocuous, and it was largely through her presentation of the subject to Congress that to those establishments requiring it was given an opportunity to experiment further with patent smoke consumers and odor contractors.

Business Women of Atlanta.

A large body of the women of Atlanta, Ga., attended a mass meeting recently in the rooms of the Atlanta Woman's club for the purpose of organizing a Business Woman's league, which promises to be the greatest and most important organization in that city. The promoters are a number of the leading and professional women of Atlanta, who realize that the increasing numbers of women who work make such an organization necessary.

The immediate objects of the Atlanta Business Woman's league are to secure a rest room and restaurant, a gymnasium and eventually a clubhouse where working women may have access to all the comforts of women of leisure and a chance for self-culture through lectures, music, etc. The organization will include those who, having been in business, are in sympathy with the needs and aims of those who are now self-supporting.

Loose Sleeves Again.

The tight sleeve has had but a brief existence in its last revival. All rumors hint that larger sleeves are on the way, and already there is a distinct fulness at the shoulder. The elbow sleeves flare more and more and are in many cases slashed almost to the shoulder on the outer side, over a full soft undersleeve. The loose drape cloaks with their voluminous sleeves have prepared the way for larger coat sleeves, which will be seen on the fall and winter coats.

Panne velvet is the milliner's decree to be the most popular material for autumn and winter hats; and French makers are showing wonderfully beautiful velvet flowers, as a hint of what is to be expected later. A model hat is of panne velvet in Jacqueminot color, trimmed with Renaissance lace and a mass of velvet roses, shading from darkest Jacqueminot to La France pink.

Necktie clasps are very much in evidence on the "all street costumes." The fashionable cravat which appears upon at least three out of every five of these gowns and is most frequently of black velvet or soft black satin, is much more effective when drawn through such a clasp, than when tied, and the touch of gold harmonizes with the gold buttons and braid which are tolerably sure to lurk somewhere about the gown. Flat and heavy dead gold, dull silver or gun metal rings are perhaps the most knowing of these clasps; but the jewelers, in response to the demand, are now bringing them out in jeweled designs, and in the antique gold work that is a present fad. The latter are good in style and a single cabulchon gem set deeply in the gold and agreeing with the color scheme of the gown adds to the effect, but the heavy jeweled clasps are a trifle too pronounced and rob the cravat of distinction.

The Use of Fragrant Salts.

Women of today are not as liable to faint as their grandmothers were, because they dress more sensibly and do not wear as tight dresses or as tight shoes and gloves, but it is a wise and sensible precaution to keep fragrant salts on hand. Any salt loses its strength in a short time. The simple lavender salts are the most desirable of all perfumed salts. These are easily prepared at home. While you are preparing a portion of these salts it is as easy to make several bottles or vinaigrettes as one, and the cost is small. Procure half a dozen small, clear glass bottles, with close glass stoppers if you wish. A pretty stopper costs very little purchased with the bottles by the half-dozen, and adds considerably to the value of the vinaigrette as a gift. It is desirable that a vinaigrette be small, so it may be easily carried in the pocket. Vinaigrettes are often very elaborate, decorated with silver,

gold and even precious stones, but a tiny bottle of clear glass with a pretty stopper is always in good taste and as useful as a more ornate one. To prepare the salt, procure from a trustworthy druggist half a pound of carbonate of ammonia and an ounce and a half of the best oil of lavender. Crush the two together in a mortar, or in any dish that will mix them. Set the mixture in a large bowl, which should be put in a pan of warm water, covered and set in a moderate oven for about an hour. Stir the mixture several times while it is heating. It is not necessary for the ammonia to be crushed fine. If it is in broken lumps it lasts longer. Do not get in the foolish habit of using a vinaigrette continually. Cases of obstinate deafness have been ascribed to this cause. The salts are also said to have an injurious effect on the vocal cords as well as on the auditory nerves when used continually. Even the odor of flowers, notably the odor of violets, has been known to cause a singer temporarily to lose her voice.

Becoming Styles of Coiffure.

We are abandoning the pompadour, says a Paris correspondent, and for a truly enchanting fashion—the curl in the middle of the forehead. The hair is curled right up in one twist from the center of the forehead in this new style, we tendrills playing lightly upon the temples. The hair at the sides is carried to the back of the head, leaving only the finest possible puffs on each side of the face. On the crown of the head the hair is slightly parted on one side—merely a suggestion of a parting, not a hard line. The coil at the back is worn much lower than heretofore. Colling it up, however, suits so many faces that this fashion will probably not be universally adopted.

Another style of coiffure consists in parting the hair in the center and waving it in large undulations, which lend themselves to the slightly puffed sides and upright loops on the top, and which proclaim their emanation from the empire period. A very light, fine curl on either side softens the outline of the forehead. It should be noted that extreme smoothness and a glossy look are essentials; no fuzzy or fluffy appearance is to be tolerated. A long comb should adorn the base of the structure; for the daytime it is of plain tortoiseshell, but for full dress an adornment of jewels is permitted. Small side combs set out the side puffs, which, however, should not be exaggerated. As for the undule, or waving, it is now an Atlantic billow compared with the little lake ripples it used to be.

We are promised a return of the empire curl. To many women it is eminently becoming, and as to those of us whom it does not suit, we may ignore the curl when it comes, if come it does. An especial coiffure has been designed for those no longer in the first bloom of youth. After being waved, the hair is combed back and arranged in coils at the crown of the head, not quite on the top.

A very becoming way for a girl to arrange her hair is to pull a ribbon through a small diamond buckle, and to tie it round the coil, so that it just stands up a little wee bit above the fringe. The ribbon should either be white or to match the dress.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Two Types of Girls.

There are two distinct types of girls recognized just now, the girl who is pretty and the girl who is stylish. Of course there are types of the intellectual and the studious, but when they are these they cease to be called girls, and are given the more dignified title of women, so the girls may readily be confined within the limits of the two types first mentioned. The girl who is pretty seems to have an invincible weapon in her hands. She is taught from her infancy that she is favored above all other girls, and, alas, by the law of nature's compensation, she generally grows up without an idea in her fluffy pate, beyond the best pose for that same pate, and the best becoming piece of millinery with which to adorn it.

The stylish girl is the one whose clothes seem made for her alone. She will take the commonplace hat of her pretty sister and placing it on her modish head give it a pat or two which will transform it until her neighbor will swear it is imported. Her gown may be plain and cheap, but they are worn with an indefinable air which makes them better looking than the satins and velvets which the other woman wears with an ill grace. Everything belonging to her partakes of her individuality, until even the everyday sailor or rough straw is distinguished as it hangs on the hall rack and the fuzzy brown cape which she dons in wet weather looks more perky and self-satisfied than its neighbor, the sealskin, which does not belong to the stylish girl. It is some vague power within her which enables her to select out of the thousand and one hats at the millinery opening the very bit of head gear which will make her the cynosure of all eyes.

She may be a millionaire's daughter, in which case she is invariably the belle of the season, and makes the very best match, or she may be a shop girl who sells ribbons and laces by the yard, in which case her coil of hair is the smoothest and best groomed looking in the days of smooth hair, and her curled bang the fluffiest and most ethereal looking in the days of puffed curls. She has an air which her envious fellow women would give half their lives to possess, and which attracts the admiring eyes of all the men on the street when she appears.—The Pittsburg Press.