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A list of English public school graduates serving in South Africa has been made. Eton leads with 1000 besides 496 serving in the Volunteers; then follow Wellington, 500; Harrow, 400; Marlborough, 340; Cheltenham, 300; Charterhouse, 280; Winchester and Haileybury, 250 each, and Rugby 160. Sixty schools have about 2500 "old boys" at the front, besides over 3300 in the Volunteer service.

The most remarkable revelation yet made in the new census is furnished by the sad report of Omaha, Neb., which is able to show a population of only 102,555 in 1900, after having claimed at the census of 1890 a population of 140,452. It is explained that the census of 1890 was padded, but if such padding could escape undetected, how can we be sure that it has not been repeated or that there have not been other errors?

The figures showing the extent of the foreign commerce of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 last are something stupendous. The imports were valued at \$819,714,670 and the exports at \$1,394,479,214—making a total of \$2,214,193,884. The most pregnant fact brought into prominence by an examination of the details of this vast trade is the great increase in the importation of the crude materials of manufacture and in the exportation of manufactured articles.

Vice Chancellor Grey decided a case involving a mortgage for \$1000, the transfer of which to George H. Becker of Philadelphia by Miss Hanna McFadden of Atlantic City was alleged to have been made as a gift just before the death of Miss McFadden. The vice chancellor in his opinion says: "Gifts made just before death are not favored in law for the reason that this is a mode of transfer by mere delivery, and proof thereof has to be made when death has closed the lips of the claimed donor."

Centrollor Tracewell of the treasury has rendered a decision in which he holds that the Hawaiian Islands, under the act of May 23, 1900, constitute an integral part of the United States, and, therefore, officers of the navy therein are serving within the realm or dominion of the United States and consequently are not "beyond seas" within the meaning of Section 13 of the Navy Personal act. It follows that such officers are not entitled to the same pay and allowances as officers of the army similarly situated, and therefore must be paid at the regular rates for officers of their grade, without the increase given by the act of May 26, 1900, to army officers.

Comparing some letters of a century ago with others of this day, either commercial or social, one cannot fail to be impressed with the change that has been made in the direction of brevity. And with this change has come a hardness, an unfeelingness, a want of proper respect in the writer. Good letter writers are few and far between. Men have no time to fill pages with interesting matter, but, adopting the commercial spirit of the age, make 10 lines say what it took 100 to say in the days of our grandfathers. What is called polite correspondence has been given over to women, whose duties enable them to dwell on incidents and gossip that interest. Men will not take time to write such matters, but all willingly pause to read them.

An infantryman with fixed bayonet has at least an equal chance against a cavalry soldier with lance or sword.

## A BLACK SHEEP.

BY HARRY ROCKWOOD.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth  
 To have a thankless child!"

quoted Mrs. Deacon Washburn, in weak, tremulous tones.

Harry, "her eldest born," stood before her, tall, dark, with blazing eyes and firmly-compressed lips.

He raised one strong, brown hand with an impatient gesture.

"So you are ready to take sides with father against me?" he exclaimed, his voice full of suppressed passion.

Mrs. Washburn sighed.

"Oh, dear! What can I say to you?" she cried, appealingly.

"You can say that you believe I am a scape-grace, if this is what you have in your mind. Of course there is no blame anywhere except with me, Joe and Charlie are saints, because they haven't spirit enough to draw lines for themselves, nor resolution to follow them in the face of opposition. I merely requested father to let me study for a profession, and he fired up on it, and said that his trade had brought half a dozen children up from infancy, feeding and clothing them, and that his trade was good enough for his boys. Bah! As though I had no right to look above a carriage-maker's shop because I was born in one."

Harry spoke with intense bitterness. Wheeling abruptly, he would have left the house at once. But a slender form stood in the doorway, and two deep blue eyes met his in a glance which was full of mingled sympathy and apprehension.

"What is the matter, Harry?" questioned the girl, a ring of anxiety in her sweet tones.

"Another flare-up" was the sententious response. Then, in a lower tone: "I'm going away, Pet. I've borne this life as long as I can."

Petronilla Wayne—the orphan child of a distant kinsman of Mrs. Washburn—reached both hands upward, and placed them upon Harry's shoulders, which were almost as high as she could reach.

"Please don't go!" she said, pleadingly.

A rift of white crossed her cheeks. But her words did not cause the young man to waver in his purpose.

"Do not remonstrate, Pet. I've thought it all over, and made up my mind what is best. I haven't been a dutiful son at home—I have brought disgrace upon my father's name. He said, too, that I was the black sheep of his flock—because of those boyish pranks of mine, I suppose. I hate to go, though, with you blaming me."

His manly voice showed signs of breaking, and he turned away his face to hide the signs of emotion which he could not keep back.

"I do not blame you, Harry. Perhaps it is best for you to go, only—it will be very lonely for me. That is all."

The girl spoke quite bravely. Harry dared not trust himself to speak again. Bending quietly, he kissed the quivering, upturned lips of Petronilla, leaving one of his own tear-drops upon her cheek. Then he pushed almost rudely past her, and strode out into the gray, misty morning.

Pet watched him out of sight. Then she saw Deacon Washburn, tall and grim, coming up the path.

"Harry has gone, Uncle Joseph," she said, as the man ascended the steps.

"Well, he'll have a chance to try fightin' his battle alone—that's all I've got to say," was the hasty response. Then he added, pulling viciously at his grizzled beard:

"He'll come back in a week, like enough, and own that he's 'rnt a zesson!"

But Harry did not "come back in a week," nor in a month. A year passed with no tidings from the black sheep.

Then there was a steamboat disaster on one of the great rivers, and among the list of the killed Deacon Washburn read the name of his son. There was deep sorrow at the cottage after that, and gloom settled upon the hearts of its inmates.

Six years passed.

Deacon Washburn's younger sons, Joe and Charlie, married, and settled down to a humdrum existence within half a mile of their father's roof-tree.

But Petronilla Wayne remained with her benefactors. Mrs. Washburn had become too feeble and tremulous to attend to the household duties, and the brunt of them descended upon Pet's strong, young shoulders. So, she went on with the simple routine of housework, a trifle wan and saddened by the news of Harry's death.

One day a new misfortune came to them. The deacon's carriage-shop, with all it contained, was burned, and while attempting to extinguish the flames, the deacon himself was severely injured. There was a chance for his life, the doctor said, but his physical labors could never be resumed.

Misfortunes never come singly. Before Mr. Washburn was able to leave the house, a former resident of the town put in an appearance, declaring that the Washburn cottage, and the valuable cultivated ground belonging to the estate, were held by a spurious title; in other words, that Deacon Washburn did not own them at all.

This was a startling discovery to the unfortunate man. The claimant of the estate brought proofs which only a long and expensive suit could set aside.

"Sorry to turn you from your home, which you have paid for fairly enough," said Mr. Hoskins, blandly. "But it isn't my fault that the person who gave you the title to this property had no right to do so. Indeed, you were in fault for not learning the irresponsibility of the party when you made the purchase. I shall not force you to move away until you have sufficiently recovered to do so. I am a kind man at heart, you see, Mr. Washburn."

Then "kind-hearted" Hoskins smirked and bowed, and left the cottage.

The deacon was half-crazed by the situation. He could not afford to carry on an expensive legal suit, with the probability of being defeated in the end.

Charlie and Joe were in no situation to assist him; and Mrs. Washburn was more weak and tremulous than ever before.

There seemed to be no alternative. They must give up their home and go—whither?

A week dragged away.

Then a letter came to Deacon Washburn, written in a scrawly business hand. It was a pithy affair, and as follows:

"I read in a newspaper that one Albert Hoskins disputed the legality of Joseph Washburn's title to the home and land which the latter was supposed to own. Knowing Mr. Hoskins to be an unscrupulous villain, I will come to Centreville, and legally oppose his claims, in your behalf.

Respectfully, etc.  
 "Lansing, Attorney-at-Law."

A sort of joy choked the voice of Petronilla as she read the singular letter about to Mr. Washburn.

"But who is this Lansing? Another fraud, it is likely," exclaimed the old man, not daring to believe a turn in his fortunes to be possible.

"Perhaps not, Uncle Joe; we mustn't give up in that way, for I do not believe God has forgotten us," exclaimed Pet, stroking the silver-gray locks of her benefactor.

"That's so, child. At any rate, this Lansing can't do any worse by us than Hoskins will, and we might as well accept his aid, if he has any to offer."

So it was settled.

Within a week a civil suit in the courts began, which Deacon Washburn was not able to attend.

But he learned that Lansing, the lawyer who had volunteered aid, was a brilliant young man, and that Albert Hoskins dared not push his claims after the attorney had presented the other side of the case.

The claimant seemed to stand greatly in fear of his opponent, and a rumor was circulated that Hoskins was guilty of numerous crooked transactions, of which the young lawyer threatened to convict him.

So, after a single day's trial, the case was decided, and Deacon Washburn's title to his hard-earned possessions pronounced genuine.

Early in the evening after the trial a knock sounded upon the door of the Washburn cottage.

Pet answered the summons, flinging the door open wide.

A tall, dark-bearded stranger crossed the threshold, and a pair of handsome eyes looked down upon Petronilla.

She uttered a little gasp, her cheeks flushing slightly, and then becoming as white as death.

"It is—Harry!" she managed to articulate.

"Yes, Pet. So you had not quite forgotten the face of the black sheep?" returned his deep, musical tones.

"Forgotten you!" terminating her exclamation with a little scream of joy.

Then adding, in a bewildered sort of way:

"But I supposed you were dead, and we had been mourning for you all these years. Is it really, truly, our Harry?"

The young man laughed softly.

"No, I did not perish in the great disaster upon the Hudson, though it was by almost a miracle that I escaped. The report of my death was contradicted afterward, and had I not supposed that you read it I should have written to you. I saw an account of father's misfortunes in a newspaper, and thought it about time for the 'black sheep' to return and redeem his reputation. So I wrote to father, signing as Lansing. And I trust that I shall receive a welcome this time. I have been very homesick for a long, long time, for I wanted to see mother, father, the boys and you, little Pet."

That was all he said to her then.

With a joyous light shining from her eyes she led him into the cozy sitting-room.

Very gently they broke the news to Mr. and Mrs. Washburn.

It was hard for them to realize that this handsome, bearded stranger could be their Harry, who had left them six or seven years ago.

And when they fully comprehended the glorious truth, and that it was their brave, talented Harry, who had come to them in their need and saved their home from the spoiler, they evinced their joy in a way that left no doubt of a perfect reconciliation in the heart of the young man.

Harry's visit to the old home-nook was a protracted one. And when he went back to the city it was with a promise to return at frequent intervals.

His success in his chosen profession was a brilliant one, and many were the generous presents which he sent home to his parents, who had grown to idolize him.

He found more than two worshippers at the old Washburn cottage.

Upon his next visit to said to shy petite Petronilla:

"Why did you not marry some one, as well as Charlie and Joe?"

"Because I couldn't bear to think of being happy with you gone," she answered.

Very gently he clasped her in his arms, and asked, with his brown beard close to her face:

"Can you think of being happy, now that I have returned? Remember, I am the one 'black sheep' of the flock!"

He received her answer then. But it was not until their wedding day that the world knew how well she loved Deacon Washburn's "black sheep."—Saturday Night.

### TRAMPING IN FINE RAIMENT.

Leaning on His Gold-Headed Cane? He Told of His Hard-Up Condition.

A tramp, attired in silk tie and Prince Albert coat, sat East Twenty-seventh street agog with conjecture the other day. Spotless linen, a clean shaven face, and a gilt tongue added to the make-up of the beggar. Many thought him to be an stray from the ranks of the Cook County Marching club of Chicago, which cut such a dash here during the Bryan notification meeting.

Early in the morning he appeared at the kitchen door of the home of Fred O. Ball, Ash and Twenty-seventh streets. He trembled as he spoke of the hardship that ill-luck had forced upon him. He leaned on a gold-headed cane as he told Mr. Ball of his hunger.

"This is my first visit to any man's back door, my friend," he said in a tone of pathos. "This is the first time I ever begged in my life, and I'll give you this my last nickel, for a bite of breakfast." He held out a nickel to the man whom he sought to be his good Samaritan, but Mr. Ball refused it.

Mr. Ball led him into the kitchen, and soon the handsome beggar was making away with a bowl of oatmeal and offering profuse thanks between spoonfuls. He had the tone of a polished man, and when he had finished a good meal he arose to go. Turning to Mr. Ball, he said: "My young friend, you will yet hear from this act of kindness. I am a music teacher by profession and have taught in some of the best conservatories in the country. Misfortune overtook me and I confess that right now I am holding the short end. But I'll pull out yet and will remember you."

Tears trickled down the fellow's face as he left his benefactor and wended his way toward the railroad yards.—Indianapolis Press.

### QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

If all the mountains in the world were leveled, the average height of land would rise nearly 250 feet.

The old Chinese idea of fortifying was to include as great an area as possible within a more or less imposing wall. Thus Nanking has 27 miles of city wall.

A submarine boat, to be propelled by cable traction, has been designed by a French inventor, for crossing the English channel. It will accommodate about 250 passengers, and will make the journey in about an hour.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.

In a large rookery of flying foxes on the island of Tongatatu near Nukunono, the bats, about 8000 in number, occupy the tops of 14 large trees in the midst of the village. The rookery is carefully protected by the chief of the village, who permitted the naturalist to take away only three specimens. It was understood that they had been guarded by the people from time immemorial.

There are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice or bark are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West Indian islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather and is used for washing clothes. The bark of a tree which grows in Peru, and of another which grows in the Malay islands, yields a fine soap. The common soapwort, which is indigenous to England, is so full of saponine that simply rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy lather.

An object of great interest to continental Europe is a walking mountain in Gard, France, which is moving toward the river of the same name, at the rate of 15 feet a day. In its advance it has destroyed the machinery and pits of the Grande Combe colliery, and has also destroyed nearly a mile of the Alais railway. New channels are being prepared for the Gard and Gardon rivers, which are sure to be choked up when the landslide comes. Six hundred persons have been obliged to leave their homes at Grande Combe. The lower strata of the mountain, which rises sheer from the valley, are grit and green marl, and both have given way owing to the infiltration of rain.



**Dolly's Danger.**  
 Oh, what do you think has happened?  
 Doll Daisy almost died.  
 It frightened me so dreadfully,  
 Of course I cried and cried.

I rocked her to sleep this morning,  
 And laid her in a chair;  
 Pearl, the pussy, didn't know  
 That I had put her there.

And so, when she got sleepy,  
 What should she do but curl  
 Her great gray body in a ring  
 Round my little girl.

**About a Popular Foreigner.**  
 The dooryard flower gardens are dotted with poppies of all kinds, from the little single red fellows to ones that look almost like the big white-headed double chrysanthemums. Although the poppy is quite a favorite in this country, none of the family is native to the soil. All of our poppies came from the old world. In England, Scotland and Italy the graceful scarlet poppy blossoms in the wheatfields and grows wild in waste places. Among the ruins of ancient Rome this brilliant flower blooms luxuriantly. It is very hardy, and though an annual, scatters its seed so well that they come up from year to year in gardens where they have once been planted.

**A Dog's Loyalty.**  
 One of my brothers, when a young man, owned a handsome Newfoundland answering to the name of "Skukkum," the same being Chintook Indian for "good," and amply deserved. When my brother married, Skukkum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice, and extended a courteous but distinctly condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that, perhaps, after all, three might be company in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four; and, when the first baby came, his courtesy gave way.

He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot, and be introduced to the new member of the family, but if it was brought into the room would instantly either leave it or march off to the farthest corner, and lie down, with an air of offended dignity.

And yet the moment the baby was placed in his perambulator and started out through the garden gate for a constitutional down the street, Skukkum would promptly range up alongside of the carriage and escort it through the entire trip, keeping a most vigilant eye upon any stranger, canine or human, who ventured to approach his charge without a cordial greeting from the nurse-maid. The minute, however, that the gate was safely reached again, he considered his duty done, and relapsed at once into his former attitude of jealous contempt. He evidently felt that, no matter how much he might disapprove of the baby personally, and even feel free to express this feeling within the privacy of the family circle, yet the youngster was, nevertheless, de jure, a member of the family, and entitled not merely to defence, but to respectful attention before the eye of the outside world. As the baby grew older, he soon came to like him for his own sake; and they were the best of friends.—Contemporary Review.

**The Dahmings and the Durmings.**  
 Margaret, Joe, Kenneth and Patty live in the country. They haven't many playthings, but lots and lots of plays. "Making believe" is great fun for them, and they "make believe" so much and so hard, they really do believe in most of their plays.

One of their finest plays is the Dahmin and Durmin play. This can be played all day, or only part of the time, but Kenneth and Patty and Joe are Dahmins all the time. They say the boys are Dahmins and the girl a Durmin.

Margaret says mamma is queen of the Durmings, but Patty says, "No, she's Jack Bean's wife, and Jack Bean is king of the Dahmins." Mamma is very proud of this honor, for she knows well what a fine man Jack Bean is. He is the boys' hero, and Kenneth says he owns a gold boat and a gold engine, and is the strongest man in the world.

It is ben-sen that makes him so strong. Ben-sen is somewhat wonderful. You can take an iron rope as big around as the water-tower and it isn't as strong as a thread of ben-sen. Jack Bean eats a grain of ben-sen every morning, and that's what makes him so strong, Kenneth says. All the boys say he is the best man in the world "cept papa."

Sometimes papa says there is no such man as Jack Bean, and oh, how the children punish him! They climb all over him, take off his glasses, rumple his hair, and say he can never, never be a Dahmin any more. Papa is glad enough to give in before such determined foes, and promises to believe in Jack Bean as long as he lives.

Patty and Kenneth have what they call "Dahmin dinner" and that means to save your cake and fruit from dessert, and all the licorice and candy balls you can get with the pennies you earn going errands and carrying coal for grandmamma's fire. Then you take these good things (brown sugar sandwiches are fine for Dahmin dinners) and set a nice little table and eat your dinner, and talk with a big voice like a workman.

**Fishing an Art in China.**  
 Nowhere in the world is the art of fishing so highly developed as in China. Rivers, creeks, stagnant pools, the great oceans and the little tank, lakes and garden ponds, all furnish their quota to the sustenance of man. Even rice grounds are turned into fish ponds in winter. The inhabitants of the water are killed with the spear, caught with the hook, scraped up by the dredge and captured by nets. They are even dived for by birds trained for the purpose. Eels are fed in tubs and jars until customers carry them off.

Dahmin men are brave. One day mamma told Kenneth, who is seven, to go on an errand. He was having a beautiful time on Jack Bean's gold boat (made of dining-room chairs), and he didn't want to go. But Patty, who is five, said, "Go on, Ken, and don't cry. Dahmin men don't cry."

The Dahmins have more fun than the Durmings because there are more of them; but when Margaret invites two other girls to be Durmings, and they have a Durmin war, then it is exciting. They make their cannon out of drain-pipe, and build forts out of boxes in summer and snow in winter, and have as big a war as Spain and America!

But alas! mamma is no longer Jack Bean's wife and queen of the Dahmins. Two little boys were naughty and had to be punished. As they sat in chairs on each side of the dining-room till they could promise to be good, Patty exclaimed, with the ears running down his cheeks: "Mamma can't be the queen, for she has de-graced the Dahmins!"

But mamma loves the Dahmins and Durmings, and spends many a happy hour watching their happy play, and when she kisses the little boys at night she hopes they may grow up as good men as their heroes—real and make believe.—Youth's Companion.

**An Emperor's Adventure.**  
 The first Emperor Napoleon passed his youth as a student in the military school at Brienne. Like most lads, he was fond of fruit, and a certain respectable, hard-working widow, a fruit seller, took a deal of money from him; but sometimes he had no cash, and then the poor woman trusted him with as much fruit as he wanted, and as soon as he had money again he paid her.

But it so happened that at the time of his leaving the school his pockets were empty, and he was a dollar in debt to the woman.

As she smilingly brought him the last plate of juicy peaches, he said to her: "I am going away, good mother, and I have not money enough to pay you; but I will not forget your kindness if you will trust me now."

"Don't let that disturb you, young sir! God keep you in health, and make a happy man of you! Take these peaches and welcome!"

We all know how in a short time the student of Brienne became a general and conquered Italy, how he went to Egypt, and returned to France through a sea full of hostile ships, and was made first consul, how he restored order and peace in France, and became its most famous emperor.

There came a time when the emperor returned to Brienne. He was not unmoved at the thoughts of his boyhood which the place called up, and often wandered about unattended.

While walking in the street one day, he suddenly remembering the friendly old fruit woman—made enquiries about her dwelling, which was in a very low part of the town. He went directly to it, accompanied only by one attendant.

A narrow door led them into a small, poor, but very clean room, which served as a shop, where an old woman with two children knelt by the stove, preparing their scanty evening meal.

"Can I buy any fruit here?" asked the emperor, looking round at the empty baskets.

"O, yes, sir," said the woman; "the melons are ripe." And she fetched one.

While the two strange gentlemen ate their melon, and the woman laid one or two faggots on the fire, one of the strangers said to her:

"Have you heard that the emperor is expected here today? You know him, don't you? He used to be at the college."

"Of course I know him! Many a plate and basket of fruit did he buy of me while he was a student here, in the old days!"

"But did he always pay you properly for what he had?" asked her visitor, curiously.

"Why, to be sure he did, sir," she answered, going on with her cooking.

"But, my good woman, you do not keep quite to the truth," said the other gentleman, laughing, "or else you have a bad memory; for, in the first place, I am the emperor, and in the second, I did not pay for those peaches, besides which, I am to this day one or two dollars in your debt, which now I am come to pay."

In the meantime the second gentleman counted out and laid on the table \$240, capital and interest.

The emperor gave orders that the miserable house was to be pulled down and another to be built for the poor, hardworking woman in its place.

"In this house," he said, "will I lodge whenever I come to Brienne, and it shall be called by my name."

He extended his kindness to the children, for he provided well for the girl, and the boy he placed in the same military school at which he himself had been educated.

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