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**ELECTRIC STORMS.**

**Men's Hair Stands on End and Stones Craze Him Under Their Feet.**

"Perhaps the most peculiar of the mountain phenomena are the so-called electric storms. There is no precipitation, no lightning, no thunder, and usually no wind. Nothing to be heard and nothing to be seen except the gathering clouds. But much may be felt. Everything is charged with the electric fluid; the earth, the air, the very stones and trees, and even human beings are full of it. A mining engineer, visiting a tunnel located on a mountain side at an elevation of 13,200 feet, describes his sensations during one of these storms. All alone he was climbing up the trail to the tunnel, where he wished to examine a vein of ore. Great black clouds began to gather on the horizon, and were soon rolling about the mountain side below him. A calm prevailed, then an unnatural stillness seemed to be in the air. Steadily the clouds rolled up the mountain side like a flood of black water. The stones, as he stepped on them, began to crackle and snap, like dry wood in a fire. Realizing these unusual conditions, he hurried to the sheltering tunnel above him. His hair felt as if a swarm of flies had settled in it. When he tried to brush them away with his hand, he found each hair standing almost straight. The stroking of his hair increased the peculiar sensations he experienced, and, tingling from head to foot, the now thoroughly frightened man ran into the tunnel. No sooner had he passed the entrance than the peculiar sensations ceased. After resting awhile, he went to the opening and discovered himself entirely surrounded by clouds so black and dense that he could scarcely see five feet away, although the hour was not far from noon. Stepping outside to investigate, he received a shock that sent him reeling back into the tunnel, where he remained for over an hour before the storm passed. Such electrical storms seem to be formed in strata. If a human being should make such connection as to draw the charge from one of the layers, he would instantly be incinerated. This accident, however, has never been known to occur. Electrical storms prevail throughout the mountain region, but the severest storms of this nature are met only at the great altitudes. With all the severity of electrical storms, and thunder showers, it is a fact that human beings are seldom struck by lightning in the mountains. Death from that cause is much more frequent on the plains bordering the ranges than in the mountains themselves.—Ainslee's Magazine.

**Big Mining Contract.**

The largest contract ever let by a mining company in the state of Colorado for the delivery of ore to reduction works or smelters was made last week when Dudley M. Gray of Cripple Creek closed a contract with the Independence mine management for the delivery of 200 tons of ore per day from that mine continuously for a period of five years. The work of breaking ore at the mine for transfer under the terms of the contract agreement with the reduction firm has been begun. Outside of the immense magnitude of the contract in the matter of the ore tonnage which it involves for the whole period stated, it also represents the greatest amount of value in ore production for any like period of time which has ever been made from any exclusively gold-producing claim containing the same amount of productive territory within its prescribed limits.

**All Should Swim.**

The remarkable number of deaths by drowning proves that too many persons venture into waters without knowing how to swim. About 80 per cent of those drowned so far this summer did not have that knowledge. This is all the more wonderful when knowledge of swimming may so easily be had. A person of average physique should be able to swim several hundred feet after a dozen lessons. Even weaklings may be taught to swim 25 feet or more without exhausting themselves. There are dangerous places on the ocean beach, where the sea pull or undertow will sometimes overpower the strongest swimmer. Even on the beaches of the great lakes there is at times a strong and dangerous undertow, but a knowledge of swimming is within the reach of all.

**There were 197 wolves killed in France last year and the bounties equaled 13,075 francs, or \$523.**

**..A PAIR OF PLOTTERS..**

"For the best of all the miracles the summertime can work us, is the canvas-tented, sawdust-scented, much-frequented circus!"

"A circus! Comin' to town!" Old Martha Stebbins, pressing out her youngest grandchild's Sunday gown, paused with iron suspended. "For the land's sake, Billie! Do tell! Are you sure?"

Billie was thrilled by the interest which his news had awakened. Therefore, he looked as imperturbable as possible. He hoisted himself up on the table, and sat there picking sandbars off his sleeves, and swinging his bare legs.

"Gimme a cookie, an' I'll tell you all about it."

There was no compromising with Billie. He was a young man of his word. Of this his grandmother was aware. She looked at him hard a moment. Then she set the iron down, and went into the pantry. She came back with two cookies.

"There!" she said; "now go on!"

"After I'd been to mill I went up town. There was two men puttin' pictures on the blank wall near the livery stable. They'd got 'em up already by the lumber yard. Another fellow was goin' into the shops, and gettin' signs put in the windows. And, I say, grandma, you just want to see them pictures. They're—they're jimmings-see."

Grandma frowned on, but less energetically than before the return of Billie. "Go on an' tell me about them pictures," she urged. "I used to like awful well to go to circuses when I was young. Seems like I went to every one that come to our town. One ain't been near this place since I come here to live with your ma. That was when Emly Louise was born—fifteen years ago."

Billie went on to tell her of the glories of the posters. He gallantly gave ladies the preference in his description. He first told her about the bare-armed female, standing in the Roman chariot, driving the plunging steeds; about the little girl, standing on a white Shetland pony; about the radiant dame in the abbreviated skirt, who made flying leaps through paper hoops; about the muscular sisters who swung from trapezes. Then the men came in for their share of admiring remarks. He was half-way from the ringmaster to the clown, and grandma was listening with breathless delight, when a step was heard in the hall. Grandma guiltily picked up her cold iron and pattered across the kitchen to the stove for a hot one.

"Mother! You got that iron'n' most done!"

The voice suited the face, a hard, intolerant face, with dull eyes and converging lines around the mouth. "Mostly, Belinda!" cried back the old lady with nervous cheerfulness. "Ain't no morn'n' half a dozen more pieces, Billie here's got back from mill."

She moistened the tips of her fingers with her tongue, and spat away on the iron to test its temperature.

"I can see that," tartly. "Billie, your father git off with that steek? That's good. Now, I don't want you settin' round like this when there's his chores to be done well's your own. You hear?"

"Yes'm."

There was a brief silence when she had gone. Martha Stebbins seemed to see through a mist the garments she was ironing. Suddenly the kitchen seemed smaller and hotter than it had five minutes ago. All at once, too, the lovely ladies, and dashing men, and wonderful animals of the circus seemed more distant, inapproachable.

"Are you thinkin' you'll be let go, Billie?"

"Dunno." He lifted his foot and looked pensively at the stonebruiser on the toe. "Will if I can. I'll see if I can't get a job carryin' water for the elephant. Lot's of boys got in that way."

"The elephant!" She looked across at him with brightening eyes. "Have they got real elephant along? I ain't seen elephant I don't know when."

Something wistful in her tone struck Billie. He was not a particularly bright boy, but he was affectionate in a dumb and clumsy way. He had never known the joy of self-expression, but he and grandma had had some secrets of their own. These secrets, involving as they frequently did her confidence and her silence, were necessary to his humanity and protection. Now he wished—he hardly knew what he wished.

"Say, grandma, I kinder think you'd like to go to the circus yourself!"

"Me!" she shrilled. "O, dear, no! Whatever put such an idea in your head Me—I'm that old! And besides—gracious, if I ain't gone and scorched that shirt! I hope your ma won't notice it, but I got that flustered—to think of such a thing!"

Billie looked puzzled. "Well, somehow," he persisted, stubbornly. "I do think so, grandma. And," he added boldly, "I don't see why you shouldn't, either, if you got a mind to—there!"

"Why, Billie!" she cried, weakly, but there was a yielding tremor in her voice. She put down the iron, glanced furtively at the door as she did so. She went over to the table, and stood next the audacious young fellow. "Your ma would never hear to such a thing. Besides, we ain't got the money."

"O, we couldn't get a cent from her!" involuntarily he lowered his voice, as was his habit when a fish-trip was projected, and the question of secretly securing provender therefor, confidentially discussed. I can

work enough to pay for myself sure. You've got that 15 cents Mis' Murray give you for makin' her check-row sunbunnet. I can sell Tom Cass my pigeon-house. He'll let me have a dime for it. The only trouble is the gettin' there. It's a good four-mile to town. Ma wouldn't hear to us takin' the horse out after sundown, and you never could—"

"I could—O, I could, Billie!" she broke in excitedly. Her wrinkled old face was radiant—her knotty old hands were trembling. "'Twouldn't be enny harder than bein' on my feet from 5 in the mornin' till after supper like I am. I could walk every step of it, but—'" the enthusiasm began to fade out of her face. She drew a long sigh—a sigh of bitter renunciation. "Belinda—"

"Gramma!" He leaned forward, whispering as he did when he was asking her to leave the back buttry window open when he was to be out after hours. "Ma don't need to know—a single-thing about it!"

He unlimbered himself from the table. "I'll manage it!" he avowed confidently.

The week that followed was one of the most intense, the most absorbing anticipation Martha Stebbins had known in many a year. She went about the drudgery of her daily tasks on winged feet. She laughed at the jokes of the hired man. She brushed and cleaned Billie's best clothes until they did not look within a year of their age. She put a new band on his hat.



She fixed over her own ancient black bonnet during the temporary absence of her daughter. She smiled to herself when she was alone. Once, indeed, they even heard her singing.

"That don't sound like a hymn tune, mother!" remarked Mrs. Malone, suspiciously.

"It's 'The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon,'" said the old lady softly.

O, the myriad fluttering moments and apprehensive instants which led up to that night! The temerity of undertaking a flight so unwonted, the danger of discovery, of recapture—these but enhanced the ecstasy of it all!

They made their escape while the youngest scion of the house of Malone was being put to bed upstairs. Down through the dusk, between the rows of straggling gooseberry bushes that caught at her gown, out into the path around the wheat field skirting the corn, grandma skurried like a little gray rabbit. And there, on the high road was Billie waiting for her—Billie, kindly, encouraging, swelling with the importance of the adventure. How he did strive to restrain her impetuosity. How he did explain that they had lots of time, that the seats were already secured, that she would be tired out before she got there. But neither speech nor movement was to be regarded in the exhilaration of that delicious experience. How sweet the green things smelled with the dew on them!

Ah, never would the memory of that night fade—that "witching, wonderful night!" The entrance into the lively town, the sight of the domed canvas tent, the hurrying crowds of pleasure-seekers, the lighted shops, the smell of the sawdust, the glimpse of tired faces, the torches, the music—best of all, O, incomparably best of all—the circus it self! Never did so stately a ringmaster stride into the arena. Never did

**"Squeezing" in China**

How the Chinese Line Their Pockets at the Expense of Foreigners.

A curious instance of the exploits of the Chinese secret societies is furnished by a European who is familiar with the country. China, he says, is honeycombed with secret societies. It is practically the exception for a Chinaman not to belong to one of these associations, not all of which, however, are intended to serve such mischievous ends as those aimed at by the Boxers. Many of the societies are comparatively harmless, and much resemble the guilds of medieval Europe. Almost every trade and calling has its secret society. The occult power wielded by these bodies is experienced by residents in China in connection with their domestic servants. The hospitalgated arts and butlers are adepts in the art of lining their pockets at their masters' expense, their favorite practice being to overcharge their employers in conjunction with the tradesmen. The trou-

so witty a clown break his bones on collapsable barrels, and set the benches in a roar! No such agile acrobats ever balanced ladders and dangled from trapezes. No such lovely ladies ever poised and prouetted on bareback horses. No such stately Amazon ever lashed her steeds to victory. And all the rest merged for Billie into one exquisite glow that was almost pain—pain and rapture—when he beheld:

Upon a milk-white pony,  
 Fit for a fairy queen,  
 The loveliest little damsel  
 His eyes had ever seen!

It was over. They had enjoyed it all. They had seen the animals—every one. They had eaten popcorn, and drank lemonade, and munched peanuts. And now they were plodding back to the farm along the road that stretched ahead like a ribbon of amber velvet. Neither spoke. Their hearts were too full—hers with memories, his with imaginings. They were as Daudet represents Parisians after the Salon: "Satiated, but not weary, still thrilled by that air charged with artistic electricity." They made no mention of the morrow. Not even reproach then could wrest this experience from them. "Are you tired, grandma? Rest on me—lean hard."

"O, I ain't tired, Billie! I couldn't be tired tonight. I've had a beautiful time!"

The night was magical. The sleeping world was sweet. The hour was the full-blown rose of—  
 The peace of out-lived bliss!

—Chicago Tribune.

**A TRAGEDY RECALLED.**

Twenty-One Years Ago the Prince Imperial Was Slain by Zulus.

It is 21 years ago that General Buller, then a colonel commanding a detachment of the Frontier Light Horse, saw one day, as he was strolling leisurely near his camp in Zululand, four men galloping wildly toward him. The foremost horseman was Lieutenant Carey, the three others his escort. They brought the news that prince imperial of France had been killed by the Zulus. Buller sent the cavalry brigade at daylight the next morning to recover the body. When they came to the place where Carey and his men had been surprised by the natives they found the horribly mutilated body of a dead trooper, and a few yards further on the body of the prince. He had the marks of many spear thrusts in his body, but was not mutilated in any way. Round his neck was a thin gold chain, and slung upon it was a miniature of his mother, ex-Empress Eugenie, and a tiny gold reliquary containing a fragment of the true cross. The relic was given by Pope Leo XIII to Charlemagne on the day when he crowned the great Frankish lord emperor of the west. Since then dynasty after dynasty of French monarchs had worn that scrap of gold and wood as a talisman. And as a talisman the Zulus regarded it, and they stayed their savage hands above the poor slain lad.—Utica Globe.

**Furniture for Boys' Room.**

Of course, John's room does not want a tea-table, but he does want a desk and a lounge as badly as his sister. Not a lounge with an elegant, dainty cover, ruffled pillows, etc., but a leather couch or a rattan divan, with cushions which have plenty of feathers, but no ruffles. This couch would, I fancy, have many a tale to tell in after years were it permitted to relate the number of air castles built, surrounded by its cosy pillows, of what is to be done "when I am a man," for a boy has just as many dreams as a girl; they differ from each other in quality rather than quantity. The desk, too, should be there—and there is no reason why it should not, for the very thing he wants can be bought for \$5 or \$10—for then there will be a place for him to wrestle with the "composition fiend," and a place to keep his school notes and party invitations.

**Grouse Reported Plentiful.**

The game department of Ontario reports that the grouse will be very plentiful in western Ontario this year. In the neighborhood of Sarnia they will be particularly plentiful. The season has been particularly favorable to the breeding of game birds, none of the young having been drowned out by rains.

**NEWS FOR WOMEN**

**Danish Women in the Pilot Service.**  
 There are several women in Denmark who are employed in the pilot service as State officials. It is their business to meet incoming steamers far out at sea and steer them into their respective harbors. In Scandinavian countries women engage in fishing on equal terms with the men, and are frequently expert sailors.

**Two Twists of Taffeta.**

A novel method of fastening an "open jacket" across the breast is to tether it with two twists of black taffeta silk with machine-stitched edges, each fastened on the left side with a small "chou" or bow of the same silk. It does not seem to matter whether the jacket is of camel's-hair cloth, serge or only of pique or linen duck. It brings the "fronts" together over the soft blouse front of pale pink silk or mauve batiste, and the fluffiness stands out between the taffeta twists. Black taffeta is used.

**Wide Ends to Our Long Sashes.**

Have you noticed how long and also how wide are the ends of the sash ribbons when worn at the back? The ends reach almost to the hem of the skirt. When made of ribbon, of course, the width is the same at the top, middle or at the end. But where the sash is made of silk or liberty satin or other shining material, it often happens that the ends are decidedly wider and more important than above. This is a milliner's achievement, to make the sash look the same length, for at the foot of the skirt, being further away, it would otherwise look narrower than above.

**French Fancies.**

French people have one or two ideas that Americans would do well to follow. They do not make over their clothes so often, follow every little change in the fashion, nor do they make so much difference in materials they wear in winter or summer. If a gown is becoming, well made, and satisfactory (and you may be sure that it is, or a Frenchwoman would not accept it from her dressmaker), she will wear that gown for winter and summer both, and again another year if it is not literally worn out. The idea is a good one for Americans to adopt. They should be sure, of course, that their gowns look right—that is to say, that they are sufficiently up to date, and then, especially in the case of the silk gown, they can wear that gown without any regard to whether it is hot or cold weather.—Harper's Bazar.

**For Stout Women.**

Another effect given by trimming that is decidedly novel is the way the stole pieces are put down in front of the gown. They are on the flap of the fichu that starts from the shoulder or that goes around the shoulder and crosses at the bust, and then falls unbroken to the hem of the skirt. This is attractive, and adds height, and makes an old gown look like new, but it is too old a fashion for any young girl to attempt. It is an exceedingly becoming and smart one for any one who is at all inclined to be stout.

A gown for evening, made on these lines, that is most attractive, is of black crepe de Chine trimmed with yellow guipure lace. The lines of lace on the under skirt and those on the waist are the same; that is, they start high and come down to a point. The waist looks very broad over the shoulders, and quite small at the waistline. The gown itself is made with a train, and is exceedingly graceful in design.—Harper's Bazar.

**Long Sleeves of Shirred Chiffon.**

The girl with thin arms will rejoice in the gown which has long sleeves of shirred chiffon. They are stylish, pretty in every detail and immensely becoming to a slender arm, while, alas, they must be abjured by the woman of bonapoint, as they make her arms look altogether too muscular. Crepon of fine weave can be shirred almost as well as chiffon or sheer silken tissues. A slender young girl has the upper part of her skirt shirred tight down to the lining. This is really a deep yoke over the hips, and the fullness is all below the yoke. This looks very stylish with the long sleeves of shirred chiffon or crepon. This model is recommended for an evening dress for early September or October. We have enjoyed wearing our elbow-sleeved bodice in the hot, hot summer months, but the cooler evenings are at hand. A long-sleeved gown is especially useful at a hotel at summer resort. If your sleeves are long you can step out of the corridor or off the porch and enjoy the evening air, even if it be rather fresh, or salt. With elbow sleeves you would probably require a wrap which would hide the effective bodice.

**Two Chinese Women Doctors.**

Of the four University of Michigan graduates now at the city of Kiu Kiang, China, where rioting is reported to have broken out and where several missionaries have already been killed, two are native Chinese girls. They are Mary Stone and Ida Kahn, whose medical diplomas bear the date of June 25, 1900. Both girls were adopted while children by an American missionary, Miss Gertrude Howe, and sent to Ann Arbor to school. Miss Stone, or Melyll Shie, her Chinese name, has the distinction of being the first native girl in the entire valley of the Yangtze Kiang to grow up to womanhood without having her feet crushed into fashionable shape. Rumor that her feet were not to be bound raised a storm of opposition, almost a riot. Miss Kahn was saved by Miss Howe from being drowned

as a "useless child with an evil future," so the fortune teller told it.

When Miss Stone was eighteen years old and Miss Kahn nineteen they entered the University of Michigan medical department as students. Both soon became known as hard students, with an endurance and a quickness of perception that was surprising. They took an active part in class organization, social and religious life, frequently appearing before their friends clothed in the loose, flowing black and white silken robes of their native land and writing and talking of conditions there with a wisdom far beyond their years. Miss Stone was secretary of her class during her last year in college. At graduation both girls wore their native costumes at the request of their classmates. Since returning to China the two girls have labored incessantly for their countrymen. In one year, it is said, over 6000 patients were treated by them. They have the confidence of the Chinese to an unusual extent. Their friends here greatly fear that their lives have already paid the penalty of their zeal.



Putti, it is rumored, will visit America unprofessionally this winter.

More than one-third of all manufactured goods are in France made by women.

Miss Grace C. Strachan is the first woman elected associate superintendent of the Brooklyn Department of Education.

Mrs. Davis, John Brown's only sister, the youngest of the family of sixteen children, is now sixty-eight years of age and lives in St. John, Mich.

Miss Helen Gould is a collector of crystals and possesses one unusually large and free from blemishes, which is kept in a darkened room lighted from overhead.

Mrs. H. L. Greenwald, president of the National Science Club, of Washington, is considered one of the best meteorologists in the country and is a volunteer observer of the United States Observatory at York, Penn.

Princess Victoria of Wales, who is thirty-two years old, is one of the few royal old maids in existence. She has had opportunities of marriage, but her devotion to her parents and tendency to follow artistic fads have kept her single at an age when most princesses have long been wives.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrill, of Washington, is among the most enlightened colored women of the United States. She is a graduate of Oberlin and is a trustee of the public schools of Washington. She has studied abroad in Paris, Berlin and Lausanne and was once offered a position in Oberlin College.

The burial of Mrs. Gladstone in Westminster Abbey recalls the fact that this national distinction has been granted to only two others of her sex—Lady Palmerston in 1839 and Lady Augusta Stanley in 1876. Both these women, like Mrs. Gladstone, were ideal helpmates of their husbands.

A stock company has been formed by California women to develop Western oil fields. The officers of the company are all women, save the consulting engineer. None of the officials are salaried, the management deciding to devote its time gratuitously to advancing the interests of the company, applying all funds received from sales of stock directly to development.

Mrs. Pak, a Korean woman, was graduated recently from a medical school in Baltimore. She is the first woman of her nation to receive a full medical education. Although in the latter part of her course her studies were interrupted by caring for her husband, sick with consumption, she graduated with honors. Her husband has since died, and she will return home to engage in missionary work.



Laces are going to be used on everything this fall, from chiffon to fur.

Tucks, shirtings, fine pleatings and folds are the fancy of the moment in neckwear, and are remarkably cheap.

The foreign arbiter of fashion indicates the double-breasted, tightly-fitting waistcoat as a coming favorite. It will be trimmed liberally with handsome buttons.

A novelty is the panne metallique. A special process gives a metallic sheen to the panne and it is highly effective. Changeable, striped and broche panne is also shown.

A novelty to be introduced the coming season is phosphorized silk, so called because the surface has a phosphorescent effect, intended to suggest the glimmer on the sea.

Delicate organadies that are crushed but not soiled may be freshened by sprinkling with water in which a little gum arabic has been dissolved and ironing carefully. They will look as well as new if properly done.

The Persian dressmakers are endeavoring to force the Directoire coat upon the world of fashion. It is cut to the waistline in front and has short coat tails in the back. It is tightly fitting and closed by large buttons.

A revival of the old-time postilion back is predicted, with vest fronts of every description. There will be triple waistcoat effects, triple jackets, long stole ends and many other fanciful ideas for those who wish to adopt them.