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**Michigan holds title to over half a million acres, most of it primary school and tax homestead land.**

A decidedly progressive step has been taken by London waiters in abolishing tips. The custom is considered degrading to the waiters.

Once more the old Wall street story—secret speculation, failure, disgrace. The moral is the same old moral and will meet the same old quick forgetting.

It is proposed to raise Commodore Perry's flagship Niagara from the bottom of Lake Erie and preserve the vessel as a monument of the early prowess and glory of the American navy.

Statisticians are eagerly looking to the British birth returns for that increased ratio of male births which followed the war between France and Germany and that between America and Spain. So far the ratio remains normal in Great Britain, while it has slightly increased in the colonies.

The extemporaneous prayer in conventions and public meetings is a relic of the past. The up-to-date minister now prepares his supplication in advance, furnishes it to the papers, and the "release" of a prayer at any great public function takes its place with the "release" of whatever addresses may be made by more or less distinguished citizens.

The Houston Post says that a strange feature of the Galveston calamity was the absolute disappearance of the natural scavenger of the country—the buzzard—just when he was most needed. Not one was to be seen anywhere, though it would be natural to suppose that the bodies of so many dead animals and human beings would attract thousands of buzzards from distant parts.

The proposal to crown Bunker Hill with electric lights, so that it shall be as conspicuous by night as by day, starts discussion. Ideal sentiment argues that the moral motive as well as the granite grandeur of the obelisk should dispense with such garish illumination. Common sense replies that electric lights are a beautiful adornment, and that there is no desecration in jeweling the patriotic stone with artificial fire.

During the first year's operation of the Chicago juvenile court 2298 children were brought before Judge Tut-till, and of these 110 were paroled to the probation officers. Only fifteen per cent. of these have been returned to the court for a second hearing. Hundreds of children who have been guilty of some little offense for the first time have been reprimanded, but not punished, and have been started on the road to reform.

When a merchant, a manufacturer, an agent, a professional man or other person who depends on the patronage of the people shall have prepared to do business, it will still be necessary to the fullest success to have the people know the fact, says the Philadelphia Record. According to the experience of the most successful men whose dealings have been with the general public, the best and surest way to effect this is by newspaper advertising.

A civil engineer in Hoboken has built a two-horse bedroom on wheels, with a tarpaulin extension for a kitchen, and proposes to drive to Mexico by easy stages. On the wagon is painted the motto: "As we journey through life let us linger on the way."

A resolution was adopted recently by the Indiana Federation of Labor, asking that a law be passed prohibiting the employment by street railway companies of conductors and motormen who are addicted to the use of intoxicants.

## THE DOUBLE DEALING OF MRS. SMITH.

When my dear husband died two years ago, leaving me with little money and an invalid daughter, it was as if a warm, protecting wall between me and the north wind had been suddenly removed.

Fortunately, our house, with its pretty garden at the back, and decent neighbors was left us; and there was a steady demand for our front and back parlors, and the little room off, that answered for a library, or dressing room. Lodgers came and went, and very cheerfully added their sovereigns to the fine growing sum which I kept—where do you think?—in an empty tea-caddy.

Well, in the very biggest rush of visitors they came. The young man came first—a good looking boy of 24 or so—who was willing to pay any reasonable price for a comfortable, quiet room all to himself, where he could sleep in the day—he being employed on a big morning paper during the week, and until a late hour on Saturday upon a Sunday paper.

The next morning he came, bag and baggage; and I must say the little storeroom was not bad, with its clean matting and fresh curtains at the one window that looked on the garden.

Mr. Ivry—that was his name—said it was all very nice, and he drew a long breath as if quite weary; and I noticed his eyes looked tired and a little sad. I always feel sorry for young people with sad eyes.

I told him I truly hoped he would be suited, and showed him a cupboard at the end of the hall where he could keep his housekeeping supplies. There were two divisions, with a key to each, and I gave him the right-hand one. Then, thinking of his sad eyes—and maybe also of the tea-caddy—I offered to furnish cream and butter very reasonably.

Well, Mr. Ivry had been under my roof for two weeks, and giving me no more trouble than a mouse—and not near so much, for I am mortally afraid of a mouse—when she came. She came in the evening, when, luckily, I had just finished setting Mr. Ivry's little room in order.

She wanted a room, and the privilege of preparing her own breakfasts and suppers, and she would be always at her work at a big milliner's during the day.

Now every cranny of my house was full, unless—and here the wild plan which led to such constant watchfulness and frightful anxiety jumped into my mind.

I told her I feared the only room I had would be too small and too plain to suit, but if she would like to look at it—and I led the way to Mr. Ivry's room.

There was still a faint odor of coffee, and a pair of very manly looking boots peeped from under the bureau. I caught them up and held them behind me while we talked.

"I will take the room," she said, with a little sigh of resignation over my flinty price, "and I will come tomorrow evening at about seven."

"And at what time will you be going away in the morning?" I asked, as casually as possible.

"Oh, dreadfully early! I must breakfast at six, and be at my place at seven sharp. Will you kindly let your maid call me at half past five, for sometimes I am so sleepy."

I assured her that I would gladly wake her myself, being always an early riser. And if she would like home-made bread and things of that sort, with fresh cream and butter, I thought I could make it convenient to supply them—at a reasonable price. She came, and four whole days passed before the awful possibilities of Sunday dawned upon me. I felt that I had already a sufficiently harrowing time—remodelling the room, so to speak, in the morning for Mr. Ivry, and clearing it up in the evening for Miss Hardy. More than once I had what my dear husband would have called a close shave. Miss Hardy fell asleep again one morning, after being awakened and had hardly dashed down the front steps, without her breakfast—except for a glass of milk, which I almost poured down her throat—before Mr. Ivry came up them; and I made him wait in the lower hall while, with some excuse, I hustled Miss Hardy's numerous belongings into my clothes press.

And one afternoon, Mr. Ivry lingered so long over his refreshments—probably reading or writing, for I heard the rustle of paper, and the occasional movement of his coffee cup—that I nearly fainted with fear as I whisked his possessions away and brought out and arranged the Hardy properties in their accustomed order. Then Mr. Ivry left his side of the hall cupboard ajar on the third evening, showing plainly a piece of cheese and the remnants of sandwiches, for she asked me next morning if there were other lodgers on our floor, and I was obliged to vaguely prevaricate. What with a falsehood and hard work and wearying watchfulness, my nerves were already becoming shaky.

And now Sunday was coming! How to keep Miss Hardy out of her room from half-past six to half-past five, or longer, was the question. I thought of several things. I had a dear married niece living out in the suburbs in a pretty little house. I telephoned her, asking her as a special favor to take my guest for Saturday night and Sunday. She answered "With pleasure." But when I proposed the delightful outing to Miss Hardy that young lady thanked me most sweetly, and de-

clined. The only holiday she yearned for she said, to lie in bed one long, delicious morning.

Then I set about contriving how to keep Mr. Ivry away. It isn't pleasant to tell a downright fib, so I couldn't invent some dreadful happening that would make the room uninhabitable for a day or two. I couldn't ask him to change rooms, for there were none to change to. And it was already Sunday morning.

A friend was coming—and was she not a friend—to stay until Monday morning, and I must give her a corner, hoping he would not be greatly inconvenienced. Mr. Ivry looked surprised, but answered very kindly, Oh, yes, he would make some arrangement for his luncheon, a nice cut of broiled chicken. I felt so relieved and grateful, and I am sure she realized how sorry I was to trouble him.

But there were more Sundays—perhaps a whole summer of them—to follow, and hardly was his first one over, and Miss Hardy off to her work, before the next one began to loom up.

I tried to send Mr. Ivry out to my niece for Sunday, telling him of the quiet, the refreshing lake breeze, and the benefit of even a brief respite from the heat and uproar of the city. And, almost to Miss Hardy's words, he replied that the only respite he needed was a few hours of solid sleep, and he could sleep at home, and he pleasantly thanked me.

Then I resolved to cast myself on Miss Hardy's compassion. I told her that a friend of mine was coming to spend Sunday with me—a person very much in need of rest—and I had no quiet corner—nothing, in fact, but my bedroom, and the kitchen—and would she mind giving up her room just for the day—and as early in the morning as possible—as a special favor to me? Miss Hardy promptly answered "Yes."

I felt myself grow red with shame, thinking of my deception, but I confess I was greatly relieved, with no conflicting Sunday to consider for 12 days to come.

However, I had a sufficiency of scares during that time. One morning Miss Hardy, running back for a handkerchief, and finding me wildly removing her effects as if engaged in a fire drill, and only able to stammer something about "sweeping day"; and one evening catching me just outside her door with the last amount of Mr. Ivry's things (fortunately the evening was dark and rainy, and the hall lamp not lighted and Mr. Ivry finding a thimble and a hat pin which I had clumsily overlooked, politely handed them to me, without even a thought of suspicion.

The time fled swiftly, and soon another unframed Sunday confronted me. It was Mr. Ivry's turn to be diverted from the room.

Now I would take a bold stand, and say to him that, owing to our cramped quarters, my daughter's illness, and the fact that we were to have a guest every Sunday—and weren't we?—he would be conferring a great favor if he would find some other room for just that day, and I would gladly make a suitable reduction in his rent, and be so much obliged.

I made the suggestion to him with fear and trembling—for there was the chance that he might take leave altogether—and my voice faltered, and the tears came into my eyes, in spite of my effort to be calm and business-like. The dear boy! He had nothing for me but instant compassion and ready compliance. He said he could manage somehow, he was sure; and his room, which had begun to seem like home to him, would seem all the pleasanter for these brief absences.

The next Saturday afternoon, at a quarter to six, Mr. Ivry went away with a handbag and umbrella and a smiling good-bye, and I flew to my work of reconstruction with a light heart. No more threatening dreadful Sundays, and only the little minor risks of week-days to look out for! No wonder I hummed as I placed Miss Hardy's lamp and books and work-basket and fans, and slippers and dressing case, and calendars, in their usual places.

I was sitting in my own little room one evening when the blow fell. Latches had already admitted the first-floor people, and so, when I heard the hall door open and close, and a quick step came bounding up the stairs, I knew the end had come.

Evidently Mr. Ivry has hastily returned for some important forgotten thing, and thinking that my guest was not to arrive until the next day, had returned to unlock the door. I heard Miss Hardy utter an exclamation, and bound to the door, which she must have opened quite violently, for it banged against the table and made the plates rattle.

The hall was dimly lighted—for I cannot afford a dazzling outlay of gas. "What do you mean?" cried Miss Hardy's voice in startled intensity. "I beg your pardon, but I left"—began Mr. Ivry.

"You are mistaken! This is my—"

"Excuse me, it is my room—"

"If you don't go away this minute I'll call Mrs. Smith!"

"Will you listen a moment? I left some papers here—"

"Mrs. Smith!"

"In the side pocket of my mackintosh—"

"Mrs. Smith!"

"That hangs—or did hang an hour ago—in the corner of the—"

I got to my feet, but weakly sank into my chair again. By this time they must have taken a look at each other, and there came a little cry from Miss Hardy.

"Philip—Mr. Ivry!"

Then there was such a confusion of exclamations that I could distinguish nothing for a few moments. Finally came a few sentences in Miss Hardy's clear, but slightly trembling voice:

"I am here because I am at work. Papa died a year ago. He lost all his money, and he couldn't get over it. I am as poor as you are now."

"Thank Heaven!" said Mr. Ivry very fervently.

"At the last papa was very sorry for—for everything. He told me to see you. But you had gone—I did not know where, and I—"

"Oh, this is splendid!"—began Mr. Ivry.

"Don't you mind now, mamma,"

whispered my daughter. "They're so happy they'll forgive you everything."

And so they did.—Waverly Magazine.

## THE SCENT OF THE ONION.

By Any Other Name It Would Be as Far from Sweet.

It is interesting to make inquiry into the cause of this unfortunate quality of the onion. It is simply due to the presence in some quality of another mineral matter in the bulb—sulphur. It is this sulphur that gives the onion its germ-killing property and makes the bulb so very useful a medicinal agent at all times, but especially in the spring, which used to be—and still is in many places—the season for taking bromine and tincture in old-fashioned houses before sulphur tablets came into vogue.

Now, sulphur, when united in hydrogen, one of the gases of water, forms sulphurated hydrogen and then becomes a foul-smelling, well high a fetid, compound. The onion, being so juicy, has a very large percentage of water in its tissues, and this, combining with the sulphur, forms the strongly scented and offensive substance called sulphuretted allyle, which is formed in all the alliums. This sulphuretted allyle mingles more especially with the volatile or aromatic oil of the onion; it is identified with the maledorant principle found in asafetida, which is almost the symbol of all smells that are nasty. The horse radish, so much liked with roast beef for its keen and biting property, and the ordinary mustard of our tables both owe their strongly stimulative properties to this same sulphuretted allyle, which gives them heat and acridity, but not an offensive smell, owing to the different arrangements of the atoms in their volatile oils.

This brings us to a most curious fact in nature, that most strangely, yet most certainly constructs all vegetable volatile oils in exactly the same way—composes them all, whether they are the aromatic essences of cloves, oranges, lemons, cinnamon, thyme, rose, verbena, turpentine or onion, of exactly the same proportions, which are 81% of carbon to 11% of hydrogen, and obtains all the vast seeming diversities that our nostrils detect in their scent simply by a different arrangement of the atoms in each vegetable oil. Oxygen alters some of the hydro-carbons; sulphur others.—Chambers's Journal.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Adoption is so general in Japan that it is no uncommon thing to find half a dozen children in a family who are no relation to each other or to the father or mother.

Singular coincidences always are interesting, and here is one from England: At Cross Keys, near Abercrom, Monmouthshire, Elizabeth Jones, landlady of a local hostelry, died suddenly at her daughter's wedding breakfast. The wedding had previously been postponed for a month owing to the similar sudden death of the bride's brother just before the time fixed for the marriage ceremony.

There has taken place according to Spanish reports at the Circus of Seville a wrestling match between a man and a bull. The man is a champion Spanish athlete named Romulus, and the bull was a powerful beast rising five years old. Amid the delirious plaudits of an immense crowd Romulus succeeded in bringing his four-footed antagonist to the earth.

Morocco has the smallest navy in the world. It consists of just one vessel—the Hassani. Until recently the peculiar feature of this warship was that it had no guns; but the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, has now purchased at Cadiz four of the lightest pieces of ordnance left to Spain by the United States at the close of the war, and has had them mounted. He is thoroughly satisfied that in the event of a war with any of the Powers the "reorganized" navy would be able to sweep the seas.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the centre of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 500 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crest of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.

## A MAN'S WIFE'S LETTERS.

What His Rights Are as Decided by German Law.

The question as to whether a husband is entitled to open his wife's letters is a very interesting one to people of both sexes, both before and after marriage. It is not a question of opening letters in general, as no doubt the circumstances of the case regulate this point in every family and in every country in a manner suitable and acceptable to both sides. There are, however, cases in which it may be very important for a husband to know the contents of a suspected letter. Chivalry would, with most men of a sensitive and honorable nature, induce them to avoid directly breaking the seal of such missives themselves, but they would demand that the letter should be opened in their presence, and forthwith shown to them. Women, it is safer to suppose, if of a suspicious and jealous bent of mind, would be restrained by no scruples, but would act according to the suggestions of passion. The framers of the new Code of Civil Law, that holds good for the whole German empire, perhaps thought they had better not probe into the probabilities of feminine action in the matter of letter-opening; or that the women of the Fatherland were better trained than to presume to claim the right of peering into the written secrets of their lords and masters. Anyhow, the rights of women on this point are not mentioned, while it is very distinctly laid down how far a husband is or is not entitled to open his wife's letters.

The Code confines, in cases of difference of opinion, the husband's rights to decide on matters affecting the mutual conjugal living together, such as the prescribing of the hour when dinner shall be served and the direction of other matters connected with household arrangement, the number of servants to be kept and so forth. He may also define how far he and his wife are to mutually support one another in cases where the assistance is required. A letter addressed to a man's wife, however, does not affect their mutual conjugal life, and therefore he is not entitled to open it contrary to his wife's wish. With regard to his wife's letters to third persons, the possibility is admitted that the letter may contain matter affecting his conjugal existence with his wife, and he is entitled to claim obedience from his wife if he asks to be informed of the contents of the letter. But the law does not allow the husband to force his wife to obey him in this particular. He may forbid his wife to write a certainmissive or to despatch it if written, but he cannot prevent her doing so if she is bent thereon. And he has no right to open the letter in order to find out its contents.

If, however, he suspect his wife of infidelity or other penal offence, and should he presume that the contents of a certain letter would afford him the required proof of his spouse's guilt, he may apply to have the correspondence in question seized by a magistrate, public prosecutor, or a police man, and have the letters opened, by one or other of these functionaries, in his presence; but he may not demand from a post-man or a postoffice that the letters in question should be handed to him personally instead of being delivered to his wife. Most Germans, however, think that in practical life the jargon of the law would in the above cases stand a poor chance of being attended to. If there were real reason to induce a man to forcibly open his wife's letters the interpreters of the law would, beyond doubt, deal leniently with him, or would openly admit that he had acted justifiably in safeguarding his own interests.—London Telegraph.

Women Farmhands in the West. Among the new fields in which women are competing with men is that of farm labor. It is said that in Kansas out of the 17,000 farmers in the state, 5000 are women. In Oklahoma an almost similar condition prevails. Some of the women work in the field, while others act as overseers. Many of these are Germans. In many parts of Europe, and particularly in France and Germany, women have long been accustomed to work in the fields and on the farms, and when they come to this country this aptitude for field work serves them in good stead. The German women are much preferred by the farmers to the lazy shiftless farm hands which form their ordinary floating labor supply. They say the women are much more reliable, and the work they do is better done. Kansas, with its immense wheat fields, draws thousands of harvest hands every year. But even these have been unable to meet the prevalent dearth of labor. The situation was recently so serious that the farmers were in a state of semi-panic over the prospect of losing a part of their crop. A meeting of young women was called to discuss the situation, and resulted in the formation of a club composed entirely of young women, who will go out into the fields and help the farmers to get in their wheat crop. They will receive for their labor regular men's wages. The idea seems to have been contrived too often to need discussion.—Chicago Record.

Cultivating a Hobby. A well known physician advises his friends and patients to cultivate a hobby, for recreation and mental health. Collecting anything, from walking sticks to old postage stamps, is suggested for those who have no fondness for special studies, such as geology or astronomy. He believes that the entire system is benefited by the complete change of thought from business to a "hobby."

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

THOUGH the fire is extinguished in death, the gold will remain.

The best heart purifier is to be filled with thoughts of God.

The lights of the world need focusing in the lens of Christ's love.

It is praiseworthy to aspire to the stars, but you must also plan to drop on the earth.

Education may furnish you a headlight, but only the grace of God can help you make a star.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but one may mend it.

A lie in its own clothes is always impotent.

Easy preaching comes from hard preparation.

It is impossible to put off sin till you put on Christ.

God's laws of giving are as fixed as His laws of giving.

A sincere man is nine-tenths right and 99 per cent. pure.

There are no dead saints.

Love only can lighten labor's load.

A long prayer may rise from little piety.

Tapering off a bad habit is but spinning out a rope to hold you till the next stage of the temptation.

Too many preachers are thinking more of salary than of service.

He who groans most in prayer frequently loans the Lord least in charity.

The spirit of the meeting is not greatly helped by the people who say, "I will be with you in spirit."

The Christian who knows God, will praise Him every day of his life, whether he feels like it or not.

The raven who failed to return to the ark is a picture of many Christians who, being saved, never look back to say so.

Our indebtedness to God is due to man.

The better days will come only as you do your best today.

The more intensive your faith the more extensive your influence.

The church without a prayermeeting is a body without a heart.

If you give no place to the devil you will not go to the devil's place.

While we are close to Christ we never find any weight in his yoke.

Growth of Golf.

Six years ago there were only five clubs in the United States Golf Association. Now there are twenty-five associate and 225 allied clubs on the roll. There are now in existence about twenty state or other branch leagues subordinate to the United States Golf Association, and that in many instances a golf club is content to remain only a member of its local organization is shown by the record in Newman's Official Golf Guide for 1900, which gives a list of nearly 900 regularly organized clubs. New York heads the list, with 153. The same authority estimates that there are at least 200,000 golfers in the United States.

The Siberian Railway.

The British commercial agent in Russia, Mr. Cooke, has just issued a very optimistic report on the great trans-Siberian railway. Siberia, he points out, is no longer a mere Russian penal settlement, but a young country with a great future before it. The railway has already diffused hundreds of thousands of settlers over the vast domain and is opening gold deposits which it has not hitherto been possible to work at a profit. Siberia already ranks among the leading gold-producing countries and other important industries are expected now to develop rapidly. In many respects the history of Siberia is curiously like that of Australia.

A petroleum motor costs about 7 cents per horse-power hour.

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