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The Chicago Tribune has compiled a table showing the character of the weapons used by women in several hundred cases of assault and battery which were brought to the attention of the magistrates during the past year.

A hypnotic institution in Chicago calling itself a school of psychology claims to cure merely by suggestion, and even claims to have effected a cure of a young man who had been for two years a victim of what was supposed to be an incurable aversion to work.

A Chicago woman has been driven mad by the noises of the streets, especially the cable-car gongs. The wonder is that the number of cases of stark insanity from street noises is so small relatively to the number of cases of nervous frenzy and nervous exhaustion which they produce.

A prize of 1000 francs has been offered by a French society for the invention of a glove. Manufacturers of kid gloves, however, are not likely to compete for the award, as the glove required is one which will safeguard electrical workmen from accident, not adorn the hand of the American woman.

The labor bureau of France shows that more than one-third of the industrial products of that country is the work of women. The American women have no large industrial product to show, as only about 17 per cent. are employed in handicrafts of this sort, but happily their career has broadened into the most diverse paths of life, so that an exhibition of woman's work in this country means much more than excellence in art industries.

Affairs in Persia are in a deplorable condition and small revolts are breaking out in many cities that have been impoverished by robbery, which is legalized under the name of taxation. For several months the organization of a strong revolutionary force has been going on, although there has been tranquillity on the surface. The central committee of the revolutionists look to Russia for relief, and the Russian consul in Ispahan has been begged to intercede for them with his government.

The most remarkable feature of the western states, through the corn belt, in winter, has been the interminable stretch of unused stalks, standing in the snow, and liable in the spring to be in the way of the plow. These stalks do not easily rot, and therefore remain in the way of future efforts of the agriculturist. They are more than a dead waste, they are a hindrance. Millions of tons of this material have been burned, or otherwise lost to human welfare. The great agricultural discovery of the closing years of the century is the fact that all this material can be utilized, every ounce of it. The shredding machines slit it into fine fodder, which the farmers report is not only well relished by cattle, but is as good as clover hay for horses and costly mixed feeds for cattle. It is not only fed from the fields, but is preserved in silos, and fed the whole year around. It is as good a food for sheep as for cattle, and lowers the cost of fattening these animals nearly one half. Shredded corn costs not above \$2.75 per ton when stored. So the farmer has a new feed at half the cost of hay, and almost unlimited in its supply. It is made of one of the wastes of the farm, at the same time converting a nuisance into a blessing. American agriculture has a grand opening before it as the old century passes into the new, reflects the New York Independent.

Trouble On Rebel Creek.

BY JAMES NOEL JOHNSON.
Author of "A Romulus in Kentucky," "One Little Girl in Blue," Etc.
(Copyrighted 1900: Daily Story Pub. Co.)
I was riding up Rebel Creek, in Bell county, Kentucky, last August, when, suddenly, there came to my ear commingled voices—one passionately denunciatory; one of wailing and pleading.

Turning a sharp angle in the road, I beheld a log cabin a short distance ahead, hugged by a rail fence.

Before the door I saw an undersized man, hopping up and down in front of an over-sized woman. There seemed an intimate relation between the time of the leaps of the man and the falling of a hickory in the good right hand of the woman.

"This will teach you, you deceptions dog, how ter put up another job on a pore, innocent, motherless gal; won't it, eh? (Whack, whack). Won't it, eh? I think sorter it will!"

The poor fellow, now with a wail of agony, broke from the woman, and ran toward the fence. She followed like a maddened bovine, and, just as he reached the rails, her foot caught him with a force that sent him sprawling five feet on the outside. He arose instantly with an agonized groan, and a whirl of dust down the road quickly swallowed him.

The Amazon gazed a second in the direction he had gone with crooked brows, then from her stern lips broke such a laugh of cold malignancy that my blood was chilled.

I started to ride on, but she shouted: "Hold up, thar, stranger!"

I obeyed—I feared not.
"Mister," she said, fanning her hot face with a calico sunbonnet; "that was my ole man, who, as you see, has just now picked up an' left me all alone in the world."

"I want you to hear the cause of our little rupture, for I don't want no lynx tales to go out that I treated him so mean he had to leave me. No, sir. I'm a true, good woman—who longs to be a kind, lovin' an' gentle companion. I was forced into what I done. I'm gentle as dew in er morning glory's throat, when treated right, but people must not play no scaly tricks on me." Here she lifted her apron to swelling eyes.

"That thing come in here from Tennessee about a month ago. He sot his deceptions eye on my little home here, my two milk cows, and three acre crop of terbacker. He come to see me every day or two, an' I soon seed that his love for my baked sweet taters, butter an' sweet milk was a growin' violent in him. When I'd cut all my terbacker, an' got it hung in the barn, he proposed to me. I feared his love didn't reach across the 'tater dish and rich, sweet butter, an' so I tole him 'No.'"

"Then, Sal Patton—a gal what's bin a hatin' me all her life, jist cause my pore ole dad killed her'n for informin' on him—this Sal Patton, I say, took to goin' with him, an' she appeared to lean to him like er sick kitten to a hot jam rock. Woman like, when I seed my enemy so dead stuck on him, he appeared a heap purtier to me, an' my heart begin to whisper things that my brain wouldn't listen to.

"One day a stranger stopped at my house to rest an' git some water, an' this thing happened to go by, leanin' on Sal Patton's arm. The stranger looked out, an' his eyes sorter bulged when he seed the thing, an' he turned to me an' sed: 'Ain't that Hon. James P. Saddler, son of Judge Joe Saddler, a wealthy citizen of Carter county, Tennessee?' I tole him the thing



"I crept down through the thick brush, just as easy."

called himself Saddler, but I didn't know about him bein' a son of er wealthy judge.

"Well," smiled the stranger, 'he is jist who I thought. He allers was an odd chicken. He is the pride of Tennessee, an' the pick of all the gals, but he waived 'em all aside. He sed the gals wuz only arter him for his wealth an' position, an' that he never intended to marry no one that knowed of his high station. He would go far, far away, somewhere an' marry some poor gal who could love him for himself alone. Don't you say nothin' about what I say, though, good woman. Let him have his way an' marry that gal if she is worthy of him—an' she's a fine lookin' gal—ef that's any sign of worthiness—no, say nuthin' about what I've sed, for it wouldn't be treatin' him right, an' it would make him angry at me for meddlin' in his worthy scheme."

"I pledged him my honor I'd say nothin', an' he went off. But he dropped a seed that found rich lodgment in my simple, innocent heart. The next day, the thing come back, an' staid for supper. He wouldn't hardly taste none of my fine baked swet 'ta-

ters, and grainy butter. He'd sot an' roll his eyes about, here an' thar, an' would sigh like he was in deep misery. He'd hardly look at me when he knowed I'd see him, but from the tall of my eye, as I swept about the room, I cud see his eye was jist fairly eatin' me.

"Finally, jist as dusk was beginnin' to creep up the holler, an' the chickens begun to chat under the roostin' tree, he cum up softly to whar I was leanin' over the banister, an' sighed mighty heavy three times hand runnin'. Then he cleared up his throat er time er two an' sed: 'Gal, I love ye! Oh, ye cudn't have no idee how my pore heart's a-hurtin'. Once more I come back to see ef ye won't take pity an' reconsider your death sentence! Ef ye won't have me, I propose to Sal Patton on the ideo of termorry. I like



"Won't it, eh?"

the gal mighty, but, oh, my love, my burnin', heatin' all-devourin' love is fer you, my sweet—all fer you."

"Wal, I turned terward him, an' he read my honest, innocent eyes. Sal Patton shouldn't have the dear little man. His hunt fer a gal to love him for himself alone, an' not for his name and wealth should be rewarded.

"Wal, we spliced the very next day. Comin' home from Parson Smoat's whar the knot was tied, we met Sal Patton. I sent a proud smile at her, an' she bust out in er giggle, an' jist kept it up till we rode out 'o hearin'. I couldn't understand it then, but I do now, stranger.

"That night he tole me the story the stranger had. I tole him I was almost sorry he was great an' wealthy. I feared I would be away out of place as a grand lady. He said, 'No, my little pet, you would adorn the palace of er emperor!'"

"The next day he proposed that we go back to his wealthy home in Tennessee. I consented, of course, an' he commenced contractin' the sale of all my stuff for ready money. He went to town and contracted my terbacker at a good figger."

Here the poor woman brought the apron to her eyes again, and held it there for more than a minute.

"Yesterday arternoon, I started out to hunt one of the cows that had laid out fer a night or so. I wandered over the hillsides, down to the road, but I couldn't find her. About a mile above here, when, lookin' through a hole in the brush, I caught sight of my husband an' a stranger laughin' an' talkin' under a tree jist across the road from whar I stood. I don't know why, but strange suspicions come up in me when I seed 'em thar. I crept down through the thick brush, jist as easy till I got whar I cud see 'em plain, an' hear every word they spoke. The stranger was the man who had stopped at my house that day an' give my man sich a fine pedegree. They was comparin' notes an' makin' other plans.

"I will have all her stuff converted into ready money in ten days, sed my men—that thing—then I'll make an' excuse to git off with it, an' jine you where you say."

"The gal I've got haltered," said the other, 'is er high-toned sort of gal. She's got lots of stuff. A monied man don't catch her. Big family is what she's arter. Make me a grandson of Robert E. Lee and the favorite nephew of Stonewall Jackson when you stop to boast me up. That will clinch her. That will spill \$2,000 in my pockets—the best pile since I got you married to that Georgia widdener as the son in disguise of Lord Lansdowne."

"Well, sir, stranger, that kind o' talk went on till it was plain as A, B, C, Ab's the bizness they follored, I never hearn of no sich er perfesson before. They worked together in foolin' orphan gals an' widders with cash. One would go ahead an' spark a gal, the other would foller on in a few weeks an' make the first out to be sich a mighty man in wealth or station as would make the woman fear he mout die suddin, afore she cud git haltered to him! It was all I cud do to keep from killin' 'em both. I had a pistol, an' I jist had to worry, in prayer, that the Lord would make the cup of murder pass. Hit passed, an' I sed nothin' 'till this mornin', and you hearn enough then.

"All I want is that you will not go off an' tell that I'm a cruel-hearted woman. An' I know you can't think I done much wrong arter all I've tole ye. Wasn't it enough to rile me, stranger? Wal, I arter be thankful any how. My property ain't sold, thank God, an' I've learned sumthin'. No more wealth an' greatness in disguise for me! Ole Widdener Jim Stacy will do. He's got a good farm, lots of stock, an' a big, lovin', honest heart, ef he does wear No. 13's on his kidney feet."

Some men are always wanting people to tell them how good-looking they are, but a woman will stand up in front of a mirror and see for herself.

PRINTING A SECRET PAPER.

How Clever Russian Revolutionists Baffled the Spies.

To set up and print a four-page paper in Russia where Government spies are as thick as flies without being discovered was a task which a party of revolutionists successfully accomplished in 1884.

The person selected for the position of editor was Mlle. Sladkova, a physician. She rented a suite of rooms in the most open manner and apparently entered upon the practice of her profession.

All the materials were smuggled into the house under the eyes of the house porter, who apparently was given every opportunity to see what was going on. Mlle. Sladkova's assistant was a young student selected for the purpose who applied for lodgings in response to an advertisement written by her and submitted to the porter for approval.

The difficulty experienced in bringing into the house a heavy cylinder weighing over 100 pounds and the iron chase without detection can be imagined. The printing proper was always done in the evenings or at night. All the windows were heavily curtained, so that the impression conveyed to the outside observer was that sleep reigned within the lodgings.

Among the furniture there was a table with a marble top. This served as the base of the printing press. On other occasions, however, a more perfectly even surface was secured in the form of a large, thick looking-glass, which usually hung on the wall.

In this case the table mentioned above was put on pieces of india-rubber and the looking-glass placed on the table. On its even surface the four pages of print was then placed. A pair of small iron rails, a trifle lower than the type, were put close to the form and had upturned hooks at each end.

After the ink had been put on the type, by means of a "gelatine hand-cylinder," and a wet sheet of paper put on it, the heavy metallic cylinder, coated with india-rubber, was placed on the rails at one end of the form. A vigorous push would enable it to jump on the type, traverse the whole of it, and jump off; but it would not fall on the floor because of the hooks.

The printing office worked very successfully, and the police were for a long time at a loss in trying to discover it. The student and Mlle. Sladkova became the objects of close espionage, which was so stringent that to bring in or out the necessary amount of printed or unprinted papers became impossible, and it was decided by the revolutionists to abandon the printing office.

On the day on which the break up was effected spies were posted on the stairs of the lodging, others were in the courtyard, at the gates, and in the street, yet the person who conducted the connection between the printing office and the outside world went into Mlle. Sladkova's rooms, secured and put under his garments those implements which were of particular value and could be taken away, successfully slipped past the spies, and, though closely followed, escaped. Mlle. Sladkova also got away.—Fourth Estate.

Arabic Typewriters.

One of the most interesting of recent inventions is an Arabic typewriter, which has just been patented. Inasmuch as Arabic writing has no fewer than 638 distinct characters, the difficulties to be overcome are obvious. There are, however, in Arabic only twenty-nine letters, each letter having many different forms. One letter, for example, has sixty-four forms, the purpose of this variety in forms being that each letter shall join with the adjacent letters, whatever their shape.

This condition of affairs, obviously, is hard on the typesetter, and for a long time past Arabic scholars have desired to contrive compromise characters, so to speak, which would join well enough, and which would at the same time be satisfactory to the readers of the written language. This has at length been accomplished, and, as one of the results of the chirographic reform, an Arabic typewriter will soon be placed on the market. Thus Arab merchants in this country and all over the world will be able to conduct their correspondence much more easily than hitherto. The Arabic language is in use to-day in Egypt, Persia and Arabia.

Such an achievement gives hope that there may yet arrive a Chinese typewriter, notwithstanding the fact that in that language 24,000 distinct characters are in accepted use among the educated.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man is a miser; a woman is a mystery.

The richer a man's food the poorer his appetite.

The ice man's bill is the blow that cracks the joke.

Fathered bipeds of similar plumage congregate gregariously.

What a woman says goes—when she talks into a telephone receiver.

No man is capable of ruling others who is unable to rule himself.

The woman who never sheds a tear on account of a man doesn't love him.

Unfortunately the chronic bore never leaves a hole in his victims' memory.

The only objection the average man had to hard money is that it is hard to get.—Philadelphia Record.

Parish Clerk Sues the Church.

The parish clerk of Sulgrave, England, has again successfully sued the church wardens for the payment of his salary of £3 a year. He said that he had on several occasions provided the communion wine out of his paltry salary.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—No coat yet devised suits the small boy more perfectly than the box model with coachman's capes. The smart May Manton de-



BOY'S COAT.

sign here illustrated combines elegance with simplicity, and is adapted to cloth, velvet and corduroy, all of which materials are in vogue. As shown, however, it is made of beaver broadcloth in hunter's green, and is finished with tailor stitching and lined throughout with silk of the same shade. Wise mothers include the silk lining even if economy must be practiced in other ways, as nothing else allows the coat to be slipped on and off with ease.

Both fronts and back are loose fitting in box style, and hang stylishly from the shoulders. The underarm seams are provided with underlaps and left open for a few inches at the lower edge to allow greater freedom, and the stitching of the back folds the overlap in place to the seam. The left front laps over the right in double-breasted style, and is held by handsome smoked pearl buttons and



SHORT FIVE-GORED SKIRT.

buttonholes, a second row of buttons being placed on the left front. Pockets are inserted and finished with laps, and should be deep enough to make the little wearer happy. Two capes fall over the shoulders, either one of which may be omitted, and the neck is finished with a turn-over collar. The sleeves are two-seamed in regular coat style, and include turn-over cuffs that are slashed at the upper side.

To cut this coat for a boy of four years of age five yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

A Popular Short Skirt.

The popularity of the short skirt for walking, shopping and all the out-door occupations increases with each week. As some one has wisely said, it makes the first step in real dress reform. To be without it means to be out of style, and to endure discomfort without end. The May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is cut in five gores, and is essentially practicable as well as smart. As shown, it is of double-faced golf cloth with an applied sharp facing of the same, tailored or stitched in evenly spaced rows, and falls to the instep, but it can be made shorter if desired, and of any sufficiently heavy cloth or cheviot. Fashion leaves the exact length a matter of discretion, all variations from the skirt that just clears the ground to the one that falls to the ankles only being worn. While other styles are used, this special model has advantages of its own and can be used for remodeling with peculiar success.

The skirt given is cut with a narrow front gore, wider side gores and narrow backs, and can be trusted to hang with perfect evenness. The upper portion fits snugly, there being a short hip dart in each side gore, and is laid in a deep inverted pleat at the back. The lower portion flares gracefully and allows ample freedom for the feet. The front gore is especially designed with reference to the popular long-waisted effect, and can be cut round or with the dip, as preferred. If desired the applied band or facing can be omitted and the edge finished with a narrower faced hem.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size four yards of material forty-four inches wide, three and a half yards fifty inches, or three and a

quarter yards fifty-six inches wide, will be required when facing is used; without facing, three and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, three and an eighth yards fifty inches wide, or two and seven-eighths yards fifty-six inches wide, will suffice.

A Black Velvet Evening Gown.

An evening gown of black velvet, unrelieved by any trimming whatever, made princess fashion. The rich tones of the velvet bring out with all possible effect the red gold hair and cream complexion of the wearer. The shoulder straps are emerald and diamond chains, and the décolletage is bordered with soft folds of creamy white chiffon.

Overdoing the Gold Fad.

The present gold craze carries with it a warning, for, while there is no doubt that a dash of gold, on certain shades especially, adds general attractiveness to the costume, the great danger is that it will be overdone. There are so many objections to mock fluffery that ere long the fashionable world is going to turn against the gold fad with a vengeance.

White is Very Popular.

White has not been so popular in years as now. It takes the lead in evening gowns, and best jeweled net and brilliant passementerie are used for its decoration. Green spangles on white are among the newest decorative devices.

The Latest Street Glove.

The latest street glove is of heavy skin, fastened with one large pearl stud. Sometimes gold studs are used.

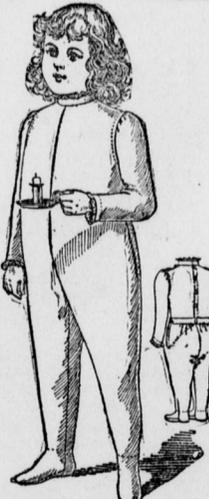
Child's Night Garb.

Comfortable, roomy drawers that still fit sufficiently well to avoid clumsiness, make the best sleeping garments for little folk, both girls and boys. The attractive little design shown fulfills all requirements and can be made from heavier or lighter material as circumstances demand. In Scotch or outing flannel it is

adapted to cold weather wear; in muslin to warmer nights. It can be made with feet, as in the drawing, or cut off at the ankles as shown in the outline.

The fronts are cut in one piece from the shoulders to the feet, but the back includes a waist and drawers portion, which are buttoned together. The waist portion closes at the centre with buttons and buttonholes, and extends below the waist line, being included in the under-arm seams and forming a triangular underlap at each side, as indicated in the small drawing. This arrangement prevents the waist rolling up and provides a strong underlay, without additional labor, and means both comfort and warmth. The drawers portion is seamed at the centre and opened at the sides, where it is finished with underlaps and is buttoned into place. The sleeves are two-seamed and in coat style, the gathers at the arm's-eyes being stitched flat onto the under side.

To cut these night drawers for a child of six years of age three and a



THE BEST SLEEPING GARMENT.

half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, or two and a half yards thirty-six inches wide, will be required.