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The Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kan., holds the newspapers largely responsible for the pessimism of the age.

The United States is carrying off the great bulk of the trade, not only in South Africa, but in the foreign markets of the world.

American hats are catching on in London and we may be able to get even for some of the awful English garments that have made a bit on this side of the water.

It is said that Mark Twain is writing a book, the manuscript of which is to be placed in a vault and published 100 years hence. Some of Mark's jokes ought to be new again by that time.

The natives of Lake Ossal, East Africa, rose up and slew 200 tax collectors who were attempting to collect the salt tax. This incident illustrates one advantage of barbarism over civilization.

The mosquito is accused of spreading malaria germs. There is some satisfaction in reflecting that the mosquito may have experienced a chill or two while carrying the germ about with him.

A Spanish paper says that two descendants of Columbus, Manuel and Maria Colombo, brother and sister, are at present inmates of the Asylum for the Homeless, in the city of Cadiz. It is said that documents in their possession incontestably prove their descent.

A wealthy Englishman has left a legacy of a quarter of a million dollars to each of his two daughters, burdened with the condition that they do not marry Americans. He ought to be ashamed of himself after all the heiresses the United States has furnished England.

According to the argument of an able railway lawyer a man is legally entitled to a car seat into which he has dropped a bag, bundle, coat, cane or umbrella. This may be so, but when a "knight of the road" fills up half a dozen seats with his sample cases and grips, it looks rather rough on the seatless passenger.

There has been talk for some time of erecting a "Pantheon" at Decin for the great dead of Germany. As Paris has its Pantheon and London its Westminster Abbey, so it is proposed to build a temple in the Prussian capital to serve as the burial place of any Goethe, Humboldts, Bismarcks, Ven Moltkes or other such worthies as shall adorn the German fatherland in the ages to come. The projectors suggest the sum of \$5,000,000 will be needed for a beginning.

The different countries of Europe hold different ideas as to the age when responsibility begins and a person can be regarded as knowing the meaning of his actions. In England the law looks upon everyone over the age of seven as a responsible being, and every child beyond that age can be prosecuted as a criminal. The same age is accepted in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium the age is eight; in Italy and Spain it is nine; Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark and Holland decline to prosecute a child under ten, and this is the rule in some of the Swiss cantons.

Among the black hunters of kangaroos in Western Australia are 27 women. It is a professional business and there are about 125 persons who make it their regular business to hunt and capture the animals.

A Missouri weather prophet who reads the future in the leaves of trees says this will be one of the mildest winters ever known on the continent.

THE SUM OF IT.

A sky that bends above you
With bright stars shining true;
A tender heart to love you
And who's as rich as you?
—F. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

DISCIPLES OF IKE.

BY H. W. MATHEWS.

For the second time within five minutes she raised the hinged cover of her basket and looked to see if there was room for even one more trout, and for the second time she let the cover fall back to its place. Holding her rod out over the stream she grasped the branch of an overhanging tree and swung herself around into a little open space where the sunlight managed to sift through the thick foliage. Before her lay a pool, deep and silent, formed by several large rocks which nearly blocked the stream. On every side were close-growing trees, and the woods to right and left were softly carpeted with moss and fern.

She stood irresolute, letting her eyes drift from her basket to the tempting pool, where, under the deep rock shadows she imagined many a wily trout, waiting for that very worm or fly which she might care to offer; and, as she gazed, she saw an insect drop for a moment toward the surface. There was a rush, a glint of golden scales, and then a splash, as the trout caught his prey and retired to his hole. As the ripples died away, she saw him for a moment before he disappeared. She straightened herself and cut a long and pliant twig from a willow close by. For the better preparation of this improved addition to her basket she seated herself on a broad, flat rock, which was within the shadow of a group of hemlocks, and from which she could see the brook as it leaped and tumbled onward and downward. Apparently there was no way of following it, none, at least, but by constant crossing and recrossing, and sometimes talking to the water itself.

Not that she minded that—it had been the only way up above, where the trees grew, even thicker and the banks were steep beds of moss. As she sat there thoughtfully gazing at the pool, her sharp blade bared the white and shining wood, she heard the noise of breaking branches down-stream. Silence followed, then the crackling again. She showed no signs of fear, but raised her head to catch further sound. The branches parted above her, so that for a moment the sun fell upon her head and shoulders, illuminating the soft felt hat of gray, half-tipped one side, though whether from choice or the brush of a bough one could hardly say. She did not resume her work again, but gazed toward a bend below, all eagerness and attention, prepared for whatever might appear. The waiting was not long. The first thing she saw was the tip of a rod appearing above the bend. She breathed easier. An angler need not be feared. The head and shoulders of a man followed. At first she could not see his face, for he was intent on finding a means of progress, and his wet leggings showed that he had found some difficulty already.

As he slowly advanced she gained some idea of what he might be like, and then, as he reached the lower end of the pool above which she sat, he raised his head and gazed forward, caught his breath, and stopped short, as he saw her sitting there radiant among the dark boughs. Recovered from her first surprise, she allowed herself to inspect him for a moment. And then a smile hovered about her lips. It seemed so absurd, and she looked again to make sure. For she found that his clothes, barring the one everlasting difference, were almost the counterpart of her own. The same soft gray hat, a shirt of finest texture, white like her waist; a bit of a blue tie at the throat; his sleeves rolled above the elbows, as were her own. Gray were his knickerbockers, and brown the leggings, high above his knees, protection from rock, brush, and stream. All this she took in at a glance, and then her eyes fell to her short gray skirt, and again that faint smile brightened her face, and she knew that he must know why she smiled. She looked up. He had doffed his hat and stood where the light made gold of his hair.

"I beg pardon," he said, without hesitation, "I fear that I have spoiled your sport below. I did not know that this was a private brook."

"It is posted, but not by us. I had permission from Mr. Butler last year, but I have spoiled your sport above; my basket is already full."

"As mine. I never had such luck as in the last 10 minutes. They have been coming down-stream, but never too fast to stop for a tempting worm."

"You use worms, then?"

"Yes; why not? One can't cast in a little shaded brook like this. I find I can get ten fish on a worm to two on a fly. It may not be true sport, but I like it; and the fish, if not large are all the more plentiful."

"I have a large one here in the pool—a two-pounder. I feel sure. Would you land him for me, if I succeed?"

"Yes, of course; let me bait your hook."

"I think you had best stay as you are. He will dart down-stream, and it will be better to have you in the way especially if my rod breaks."

She placed her knife and willow twig on the rock by her side, and began to play a wriggling worm on her

hook. She did it very carefully, perhaps from habit, perhaps because she knew that he was closely watching her.

Stepping out on the edge where she could see every part of the pool except beneath the rocks, she dropped the worm gently into the water near where the trout had disappeared. She waited, but there was no response. A second try; a second refusal to accept the bribe. The third time she let the worm come drifting down with the current, keeping it ever in the shadow. She saw him for a moment; then came the rush, a great splash as she hooked him, and then away down-stream he dashed, bending her rod and almost pulling it from her grasp. But the man below caught the flying line and with more dexterity than sportsmen would have had him show, pulled the defeated trout toward land, and put an end to his worldly cares. A minute later he had slipped him on the willow twig and held it up for her approval.

"Thank you so much. I should not have had him but for you. I think I can rest content now."

She sat down again and picked up her knife and closed it, putting it back in the pocket of her skirt. In doing so she glanced at her watch.

"Oh! I can manage nicely. It is part of the sport, and I am prepared for any thing."

She grasped her pole and took a step or two forward, on the opposite side of the pool from him.

"May I not know your name, or hope to ever see you again?" There was a genuine ring in his clear voice.

"I think you had best not know my name—for the rest I can not say. Accidents will happen, you know. Perhaps we may meet. I trust you will have good luck. Good-morning."

She hesitated, then started forward more briskly than was perhaps necessary. She rather expected that he would say something more, but he let her go on in silence. She did not turn, but went straight on. Once she slipped on the mossy rocks and nearly fell; but he was still silent, and she went on and was lost to view as she turned the bend below.

He stood on the flat rock, his arms crossed, gazing after her, listening to the breaking of the branches. And so noon came and went. Absolute quiet returned to the woods, except as the brook bubbled and sang. The trout returned to their favorite holes and forgot the troubles of the morning, but there above them, like a sentinel, stood a young man, looking forward into the unfathomable depths of the future.

A mile below, at noon, a carriage had driven slowly across an old bridge several times. In it there was a lady and a small boy. Sometimes the boy begged the coachman to drive farther away, but finally they were rewarded by seeing a well known gray-and-white figure. Soon she joined them, going around through the woods to get to the road. Her brother stood up and greeted her with cheers as he saw the well-filled basket and the two-pounder held aloft. His ecstasy knew no bounds, and out he jumped to run to meet her. Holding her disengaged hand, he shouted out to his mother.

"I guess Helen's caught the biggest fish there was to catch!"

Her only answer was—
"I think I have."

And she stooped and kissed him lightly on either cheek.—New York Home Journal.

A Lesson in Human Nature.

Here is a conundrum that the agent of one of the big up-town apartment houses is wrestling with just now: "Why is it that the \$500 a year people always insist on inspecting apartments that will rent anywhere from \$1500 to \$2500 a year?" He had been overrun with people of that sort and was worn out with showing apartments to those he was sure could not afford to hire them. "Permits were tried on two other buildings that the owner of this one had, and he lost at least two tenants, as he found out afterward, because they were not admitted to the apartments when they went there to inspect them without the necessary permit. So he stopped the permit business on this house. Now I am overrun with people who have no more intention of renting the apartments than I have of buying the Equitable Life Building. We can't always tell the length of a man's pocketbook by the clothes he wears, for some of the richest of them dress rather shabbily. I don't kick at the men, because I can't tell about them. But the dress and style of a woman will tell whether her husband can afford to pay \$2000 or \$500 for rent, and I know that I have shown these apartments to 47 women by actual count this very day who are of the latter class. I should think it would make them all dissatisfied for life with what they have got to accept for a home in the end, after inspection of these elaborately finished apartments that they know as well as I do are utterly beyond the reach of their pocketbooks. But women are queer creatures, anyway, and the man hasn't been born yet who can fathom their vagaries."—New York Sun.

The British government is the owner of over 25,000 camels. Several thousands are used in India to carry stores and equipments when the regiments are changing quarters.

THE JEWELER'S OUTING.

Upon the deck he sat alone,
The sky was sapphire blue;
His cheeks took on a pearly pink,
His eyes a topaz blue.

The hearty way in which he'd dined
He vainly was regretting;
"Alas!" he sighed, "I rather think
My works must need resetting."

Out o'er the rail he leaned, beneath
The hot sun's ruby flame;
The emerald sea beneath him heaved,
And he—he did the same.

—Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

HUMOROUS.

Nell—He sent his proposal in a box of candy, Belle—How perfectly sweet.

Mrs. Buggins—The new cook seems very civil. Mr. Buggins—Yes; she must have passed a civil service examination.

Sillius—I was awfully downhearted before I got engaged. I married for sympathy. Cynicus—Well, you've got mine.

Hoax—He's making rapid strides in his profession. Joax—What is his profession? Hoax—He takes part in six-days walking matches.

Poet—Sir, my thoughts are couched in words that burn. Editor—Quite right. In fact, I watched some of them burn only this morning.

Tommy—Pop, what is a confidence man? Tommy's Pop—A confidence man, my son, is one in whom wise people place no confidence.

Mrs. Muggins (out shopping)—I'm buying some neckties for my husband. Mrs. Buggins—Gracious! Will he wear them? Mrs. Muggins—No; but I will.

"Billing and coining may be all right in courtship," says the Chronic Bachelor, "but I have noticed that after a girl gets married she seems to forget all about the coining."

"You are the thirteenth tramp that has asked me for something to eat today," said the woman, viciously. "Don't let that worry you, madam," replied the tramp; "I'm not superstitious."

"When I left," said the organist, "Miss Screech and Mr. Bawler were squabbling about which had the finest voice. Are they through?" "No," answered the sexton, "they're still comparing notes."

"Here is an article," remarked the star boarder looking up from his paper, "about a miser who had hidden away three pints of gold." "I thought gold usually came in quarts," snickered the fellow who had just paid his board bill, and thus felt himself to be a privileged character.

SOME QUEER PRISONS.

All the Comforts of Home and Club Are Provided.

That portion of the new prison on the Port Royal boulevard, Paris, reserved for political offenders will be a delightful abode. Oak tables surmounted by mirrors, supplied with electric lights, ornamented with green shades, are more suggestive of the boudoir than the prison; nevertheless, they will be found there. The conversation room, exclusively reserved for the prisoners and well supplied with books, newspapers and easy chairs, will certainly tend to make the Sante prison more popular than the clubs, especially as, in addition to a splendid bath room, the prison boasts of a garden planted with beautiful shrubs, which will be illuminated during the summer months by electricity, and perhaps the French government will provide a military band as well.

The prisoners on the occasion of the riots last year in Italy did not have an altogether bad time, on the whole. They occupied the same large chamber, and, when not discussing various questions of the day, or reading or writing letters, each took turns at composing a novel, the length of each separate contribution being one paragraph.

The Finnish prison for debtors at Helsingfors was a cheap and pleasant boarding house until the last day of 1896, when it was closed, it having been when the ratepayers who did not habitually use it that it was an expensive luxury. Most of the inmates who were committed for three years preferred to stay there rent free, and devote their funds to having a good time rather than pay their debts and go free. Recherche dinners were brought in—if the debtor could pay for them—with wines, spirits and tobacco; and, if they wished to return a friendly hospitality, their friends outside the jail could come in for the purpose of enjoying the same. Of course, in this ideal prison, the inmates could go out of its precincts when they wished, but by a cruel legal enactment they had to be accompanied by a warden, who had, however, to don plain clothes on these occasions, so that the prisoner's social standing should not be imperiled by being seen in the company of an odious jailer.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Influence of Hunger on the Mind.

A French scientist, M. Lassignard, has been investigating the influence of hunger on the mind, and finds that when it is prolonged the mental condition resulting approximates that produced by alcoholic intoxication. In the early stages there is merely an increased mental activity and stimulated imagination, but if the deprivation of food continues too long sleeplessness, frigid visions and murderous impulses appear. Many of the symptoms of disease are identical with those of hunger.



Good Work of a Woman's Club.

The Lucy Stone club of Worcester, Mass., has bought a piece of property and a house which is to be converted into a home for aged colored people and a temporary home for young girls. In connection with it a day nursery will be established, and competent nurses put in under an experienced matron. The club members are receiving the earnest support of a number of citizens.

A Brainy Englishwoman.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of "England's grand old man," is at present writing a life of her distinguished father. Miss Gladstone has inherited her father's literary ability. She is considered one of the brainiest Englishwomen of the present day, and was for some time president of the famous Newnham college for women, which has turned out so many brilliant women. Miss Gladstone possesses many accomplishments. She was a devoted daughter and a constant companion of both father and mother throughout their lives.

Large Earning of a Great Singer.

Adelaide Patti, who recently attained her fifty-seventh birthday, has for many years held the record for the largest sum earned in a year by a woman. Her highest total for 12 months is \$350,000. Her present London concert terms are said to be \$2000 a night, but the highest sum received by her for a single night was \$11,000 at Buenos Ayres. Mme. Patti has written some "confessions" which divulge the fact that her favorite poet is Longfellow; her favorite novelist Dickens; her favorite pastime entertaining her friends, to whom she is loyal itself. The chairs in Mme. Patti's boudoir at Craig-Vos castle are draped with colored ribbons, taken from innumerable bouquets which have been thrown to her. All are highly prized.

Winter Jackets.

While long coats and three-quarter coats are the smartest for the new winter gowns, there are any number of short jackets that are exceedingly attractive. They are made in both Eton and bolero style, but the fronts have little or nothing to do with the original design of such coats. All the fronts are long enough to come below the waist-line; some are made double-breasted and perfectly flat in effect, while others have pointed revers that are opened to show an inside waistcoat of some different material, a lace yoke, and a large lace bow. Then there is a severe little jacket that is fastened at the throat and has long points that hang down over the skirt, and that is trimmed all around with a narrow ball fringe of gold or silver. Another jacket on the same lines is trimmed with narrow lines of velvet and rows of tiny flat buttons in gold or silver put on so that they overlap one another. These jackets will look too cold when really cold weather sets in, but will make the costumes intended for early autumn exceedingly gay and effective in appearance.—Harper's Bazar.

Honors for Women Artists.

Only two women received the honorable distinction of securing gold medals in the art section of the Paris exhibition. One of these is an American, Miss Cecilia Beaux, and the other an Englishwoman, Lady Alma Tadema. Thus are the honors evenly divided between the mother country and her big daughter. Miss Beaux is a particularly favorite artist in London. Her brilliant and decidedly unfeminine execution and her masterly treatment of most of her subjects has gained her an enviable reputation among connoisseurs. She first made a success in London with her wonderful studies of children. She would go into one of the parks and see a tiny child toddling beside its nurse; with a few strokes of her pencil she was able to catch an effect that gave one the idea in her subsequently finished work of an instantaneous picture. She seldom troubled to do more than finish the child's portrait. The nurse's figure and the general surroundings were only suggested but there was so much movement and ingenuity displayed in the composition that the thing seemed instinct with life.

Lady Alma Tadema, to a certain degree, follows in the footsteps of her distinguished husband; her dainty little studies of classic Roman interiors, as well as her general treatment of her own peculiar genre of subject and surroundings, make her work excessively charming, though perhaps not as interesting in its originality as that of the American artist.

New Occupation of a Bright Woman.

There is a clever little Frenchwoman living in New York City who has found a new way of making a living and a very comfortable one it is. Many of the residents on the upper west side of the metropolis have children who have been brought up from their earliest days to speak French in the nursery. They have the ordinary chatter of the ordinary French governess, and this young woman undertakes to extend their vocabulary by a series of nature lessons such as they would hardly be able to get from one not specially prepared to carry their kindergarten training to a higher point. This young woman has organized a series of neighborhood classes, and takes the members, never numbering more than a half dozen, out to the parks or on trolley rides not far from town. Conversation while she has the children in charge is carried on entirely in French and in that tongue this young woman introduces her charges to the birds, the trees, the flowers, the animals, as well as all the common things of life, the names of which her charges might not otherwise have in their vocabulary. Such a task would be a rather hard one for the ordinary Frenchwoman to undertake, but this one, after an ordinary education in a Parisian school, devoted two years to the study of botany, geology, and natural history in one of the scientific schools in the French capital, and has a quantity of testimonials asserting that she is competent to teach these branches to advanced pupils. That indeed was to have been her life work until a change in the plans of her parents compelled her to come to the United States. Such a situation as she wished for could not be found, and it was an inspiration that induced her to take up this novel mode of teaching, at which she is meeting with success.

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The Beauty of Taot.

Charms of a good talker are often underrated by those who wish to attract, and therefore they spend too much time before the mirror and too little with their books. To talk well it is absolutely necessary that one should have something to talk about and this can only be obtained by cultivating one's mind.

Accustom yourself to talk of what you see and what you read. Don't think it too much trouble to talk to members of your own family circle, for many a one has become taciturn and unpleasing from thinking it not worth while to be entertaining to the home party.

Cultivate the habit of story telling; you cannot lack auditors as long as there are children among your acquaintance, and trying to tell a story in the way that will interest them will be excellent training.

When conversing there are certain rules which should be carefully observed. Speak deliberately and distinctly and not too loudly; rapid and noisy speech is wearying. Find out whether the person you are entertaining prefers to talk or to listen, and govern yourself accordingly.

As far as possible avoid all mention of unpleasant topics, and try to find out what is interesting to your companion. Some sympathetic folk seem to have a genius for saying the right thing, and it is certainly a faculty which can be cultivated.

Never talk of yourself and your private affairs, except to intimate friends; it is bad form and it generally bores people. Avoid, also, all unkind and censorious remarks about others, even though they may be witty, and never, if you can help it, make personal remarks, unless they are something in the nature of a delicate compliment. If others say the wrong thing, try to cover their error.



The gold trimming craze is seen everywhere.

Reddish brown is an especially favored shade.

Wonderful diversity is found in the new combinations of fabrics.

Panne is a favorite material for elaborate and costly teagowns and negligees.

Many house waists have a square neck in front, filled in with tucked organdy or chiffon.

New hats for the most part set well over the face, with very heavy massed trimming all in front.

Skirts are still pretty much the same in shape, with flat, smooth backs of inverted plaits, gathers or shirtings.

Fine hemstitching and drawn work add much to the daintiness of the more expensive lingerie for trousseaus.

Separate waists of fancy description only of a tint to match the skirt, constitute the latest wrinkle in silk waists.

Direct front fastenings are quite rare on jackets and waists. Double-breasted affairs or those buttoned a little to one side are seen the most.

Empire styles—First Empire, of course—hold full sway and are distinguished by staturesque, straight, falling folds and very slightly defined, short waistline.

Velvet for entire suits is much in evidence. Silk velvet for high toilettes and velveteen and hunting velvet (ribbed) for street and utility wear are offered.

One of the most decided novelties in costumes, a Parisian importation, consists of a dark velvet jacket and a skirt of white ermine or delicate pastel shade broadcloth.

The picturesque enters largely into the latest modes for small boys and girls; with them the long-waisted effects are just as necessary for style as for the grown-ups.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. The "Pingot" heralded as the latest sleeve shape, is nothing or less than the summer lingerie, only of cloth for jackets and heavier gowns.