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Mothers with marriageable daughters can always supply a match for a young man with money to burn.

San Francisco thinks it can do better than New York City in erecting a monument to Dewey for his victory at Manila.

at Manila.

There are a great many things that "they do better in France." They are much better at helping a young spend-thrift to keep his money.

The Virginia Judge who has decided that at times the woman may be the

The Virginia Judge who has decided that at times the woman may be the head of the house is evidently an honest man who does not fear home rule.

The sulcide to Chicago of a professional tea-taster during an attack of insanity brought on by his employment is no argument against the moderace and reasonable use of tea.

A boy died under chloroform in a New York hospital, and the physicians are exonerated. He died of a weak heart. Physicians should know wheth-er a patient's heart is weak or strong before administering chloroform.

Under the present ratio of represen Under the present ratio of representation there should be one Congressman to every 173,901 of population.

Nevada, therefore, with its 42,354, is actually entitled to about one-fourth of a Congressman instead of the whole Congressman and two Senators which it now has

Statistics of convictions for less ma-jeste, published in the North German Gazette, show that during the years from 1882 to 1889 2959 persons convicted of this offense. The num ber of convictions has decreased in recent years. From 1894 to 1896 only 594 were convicted, and from 1897 to

Neodesha, Kan., has a population of about fifteen hundred, which includes more thin people than any place twice its size in America. Many of the men weigh less than one hundred pounds, though in good health. Physicians say that the petroleum and natural gas wells there are responsible for making the people look like whitened refugees from a famine district in India.

In one of his letters Thomas H. Hur-

In one of his letters Thomas H. Hurley, the great English scientist, made
the following confession: To attempt
to live by any scientific pursuit is a
farce. Nothing but what is absolutely
practical will go down in England.
A man of science may earn great distinction, but not bread. He will get
invitations to all sorts of dinners and
conversaciones, but not enough income conversaziones, but not enough income to pay his cab-fare. A man of science in these times is like an Esau who sells his birthright for a mess of pot-

mia at Nuremberg, if it does not eclipse the gayety of nations, may cast eclipse the gayety of nations, may cast a slight and passing cloud over it. She possessed some human virtues, perished of a human malady, and deserves a human tear for her departure. She was really a well behaved female, who took her captivity with gentleness and composure, and if any of her family are to be "dmitted to the dignity of a humble relationship with nity of a humble relationship with mankind her claims should not be dis-regarded.

The remnant of the once great Penobscot tribe of Indians now living on an island near Oldtown, Me., have their own form of government. At their recent election they chose a prohibitionist chief named Mitchell Attean, by a vote of 25 to 23

some Swiss vineyards nearly the harvest was left last month to

TWILIGHT.

The sun is low, the tide is high,
The sky as red as woman's lips,
Shows red in the river's reflected glow
Save the silver line where the oarsm
dips;

subtle hour, that no spell can twixt tomorrow and yesterday.

-Louise Ijams Lånder.

*** REVOLT OF MOSES. By Hope Daring.

Not the Moses of sacred history—just plain Moses Smith, farmer, aged 60; tall, with stooping shoulders; face furrowed with wrinkles, that is, the part visible above his grizzled beard; eyes gray and sleepy, ye with a kindly light in their faded depths. Sarah Ann, his wife, was also tall but straight, carrying herhead stiffly erect. Her blue eyes were very wide open; her brown hair, in which were only a few silver threads, was always smooth, and her thin red lips had a fashion of closing that Moses well understood.

destrood.

For 30 years they had dwelt together. In all these years Mrs. Smith had commanded Moses and Moses had obeyed. There had been but few occasions on which he had advanced opinions of his own. But this fair morning, when the sun was, in countless dewdrops, multiplying his own beightness, and the south wind woosd the rosebuds into perfect bloom, 'ightness, and the south wind wooed to rosebuds into perfect bloom, loses Smith determined to have for nice, at least, his own way.

Two weeks before he had heard his life say to a neighbor,—
"Anybody can wind Moses round neir finger."

Now Moses knew his weakness; was ware, that his wife heavy it for did

Now Moses knew his weakness; was aware that his wife knew it, for did not she tell him of it every day? But to discuss it with another! That was different. He had pondered the matter for 14 days, and his mind was fully made up to this day assert himself, but he ate his breakfast of toast, fried potatoes, ham, coffee and molasses cookies in his usual silent way. As they rose from the table Mrs. Smith said,—
"I want you to churn right away,
"I want you to churn right away,
"I want you to churn right away,

they rose from the table Mrs. Smith said,—
"I want you to churn right away, Moses, 'fore it gets so hot."
"All right. I'll be back from the barn soon," and he slouched off at his usual leisurely gait.
Mrs. Smith entered the pantry, raised a trap door that led to the cellar, and descending, saw that the jar of cream was ready for the churn. Then she went about her usual morning work. In a short time she heard her husband's voice at the kitchen door.
"Is that air cream ready?"
"Of course it is. But you hain't got the water."
"Yes, I have. I jest drawed three buckets."

"Yes, I have. I jest drawed three buckets."
"Now, Moses Smith, I hain't heard you carry it into the woodhouse."
"I guess you didn't. I'm going to churn out under the apple tree."
There was an ominous silence.
Mrs. Smith persisted in using an old fashioned dash churn. In warm weather this churn was placed in a tub of cold water, drawn with a windlass from the stone-lined well by the kitchen door. A few steps from the will stood a gnarled old apple tree, whose spreading branches made a canopy of breezy shade. Moses had many times hinted a desire to do the churning here instead of in the woodhouse, but his wife always forbade.
"You bring that tub of water into the woodhouse. The churn is out there, all ready, and you see to it you don't spatter the cream when you empty it."
She went up-stairs, opened the windows of he sleeping room and nut the

empty it."
She went up-stairs, opened the wir dows of her sleeping room and put th bed to air. She also tidied her careful ykept sitting-room. When she wen again to the kitchen, she stood for a

oor. Under the apple tree stood her hus

Under the apple tree stood her husband, his straw hat laid aside, while both hands grasped the churn dasher, slowly propelling it up and down.
"Moses Smith!" Sarah Ann pushed open the screen and advanced to his side. "What do you mean by bringing that cream out here? Didn't you hear what I said?"
"Yes. As to what I meant by bringing in the cream out here, I meant to churn it that's all."
"Well, you won't do it here. You earry that churn straight into the woodhouse. I don't see what does make you act so like a fool, Moses Smith."

Smith."

"I hain't actin' like a fool, Sary Ann, I can churn jest as well out here. It's a real pleasure to listen to the mother robin over yender and to see the Sunshine peepin' through the leaves."

"Humph! Poetry and work don't go well together. Why don't you do as I tell you?"

Mr. Smith dropped both hands from the churn dasher, drew himself up as straight as was possible after stoop-ing so many years, and said distinct-ly.—

ly,—
"Cause I don't want to,"
"I don't care what you want," Mrs.
Smith returned angrily, "I tell you
not to churn another stroke here. I
guess I—"

not to churn another stroke here. I guess I—"
"Sary Ann." Moses leaned one arm reflectively against the tree; "I don't care a mite whether I churn or not, but if I do it will be right here and nowhere else."
For a moment she was speechless

"I'd like to know what you mean," she gasped. "The idea of talking

"Id like to know what you mean, she gasped. "The idea of talking like—"
"Never mind. The question 'pears to be, shall I churn or not? I tell you plain, if I do, it will be right here."
What did it mean? And he had twice interrupted her! Mrs. Smith was not vanquished, but she was so consumed to the best thing she could think of.
"Do as you like," she said shortly, walking away and slamming the door behind her.
Moses took her at her word. An hour later she found that, after finishing the churning, he had carried the churn and contents to the place where she usually worked the butter. She was still undecided what to think of her husband's daring. However, for it was not until they were seated at the dinner table that Moses again asserted himself.
"Why don't you take it, then?" pushing the plate toward him. The plate held two crusts.
Moses shook his head.
"That's too dry. You know my teeth air poor. You can feed that to the chickens, and I'll take some of the new you baked today."
Moses thereupon rose and walked to the pantry. Here on a table lay half a dozen loaves, fresh from the oven. He took up a brown crusted one and a knife.
"Moses Smith! Air you crazy? Don't you hear me? I say, you needn't cut that loaf of bread. This bread's good enough."

It was too late. Already the sharp the

It was too late. Already the sharp nife had severed two slices from the ar.
"What do you mean?" the wor rieked. "What do you mean, M

snrieked. "What do you mean, Moses Smith?"
"Now see here, Sary Ann, I'll tell you what I mean. I mean to have some new bread, that's all," and back to the table he strode, bread in hand.
Mrs. Smith did not return to the table. Her husband saw little of her the remainder of the day. She retired early, and when Moses came up to bed she was asleep, apparently.

The next morning Mrs. Smith had regained the use of her tongue and ignoring Moses' declaration of independence, scolded heartily about everything else. Moses bore it in silence, retreating to the barn as soon as possible.

retreating to the barn as soon as possible.

It was Saturday. On the afternoon of that day the Smiths usually drove to Ovid, three miles distant, with farm produce. This particular afternoon Mrs. Smith arrayed herself in her best cashmere and Sunday bonnet.

"I'm going to the missionary meeting at Sister Swin's," she announced, as Moses lifted the jar of butter into the back of the buggy. "Here is a basket of cottage cheese. You can drive round on Maple street and sell it out. Be sure you go to the back doors, and they'll give you five cents for two balls. There's just 60 balls—a dollar and a half's worth. I want the money to make out 10 dollars I'm going to lend Widow Green. She'll pay me 50 cents for the use of it three months. Now don't step on my dress," as he clumsly took his place at her side."

"Fifty cents for three months." Moses slapped the fat horse with the lines. "That'il be two dollars for a year. Two dollars for ten dollars. Let me see—why, Sary Ann, that's 20 per cent."

"What If it is?"

There was a brief pause, then Moses began again.
"But, Sary Ann, Widder Green is awful poor. Why don't you lend her the money for nothin'? It's to finish payin' for her sewin' machine, and there's only you and me, and we've got two thousand dollars ahead, 'sides the farm."

the farm."

"If you can't talk sense, do keep still. Lend it for nothin', indeed! Be sure you understand 'bout the cheese."

"See here, Sary Ann, I shan't peddle out your cheese for any such purpose. You can do it, or I'll take it to the store. But I don't do such work, while you git to missioner, meetin', to get

You can do it, or I'll take it to the store. But I don't do such work, while you air to missionary meetin', to get the money fur you to grind down the poor with, that's all."

Moses deposited his wife at Mrs. Swin's gate and drove off, making no reply to the command she hurriedly whispered as she saw her hostess at the door. Surely he would not fail her this time. He would do the errand, for Moses disliked waste. She was sure that it would be all right, notwithstanding his queer freaks of yesterday. So she dismissed the subject from her mind, and three hours later found him waiting for her in the appointed place. She clambered to her seat and they started home in silence. "Have a good meetin'?" he ventured at last.

"Yes, we did."

at last.

"Yes, we did," was her testy reply.

They were within half a mile of home when Moses dropped a handful of change in her lap.

"Money for your cheese," he said contents.

Money for your cheese," he said quietly. She counted it twice. "There's only 75 cents. Where's the rest?"

"That's all there is," he declared doggedly, "I told you I shouldn't peddle it out. Golden took 45 balls, three for five cents, at the store. I give old Mrs. Blake five balls, and that Morley girl, who is tryin' so hard to support her little brothers, the rest. They both belong to our church, you know."

No reply. When they reached the house, as Mrs. Smith stepped upon the ground she looked into her husband's ace.

"Once for all, I ask you what go you mean, Moses Smith?"

"Well, now, Sary Ann, I don't mind tellin' you I never promised to obey you, but I've done it fur 30 year. I'm through now, that's all."

Without a word she walked into the house. When Moses entered an hour later he found his favorite cream biscuits and fresh gingerbread for supper. Mrs. Smith talked, told her husband about the missionary meeting, and ended by asking him if he would step over to Mrs. Green's for her.

"Tell her I will have that ten dollars for the first of the week; and tell her I shan't be in any hurry for it, and to never mind any interest."

Moses made no reply, but hastened on his errand.—Waverly Magazine.

CAUSES MANY WRECKS.

Quartz Sand of Lake Superior Makes Con passes Treacherous.

Quartz Sand of Lake Superior Makes Companies Treacherous.

How a ship's compass could lead her master astray has been one of the mysteries of Lake Superior for years, but it is probably explained now by one of the vesselmen in the only way that seems consistent. One of his own boats suffered a week ago at a time when he knew his compasses were right. His ship was heading for Duluth, and for safety was two points south of her course, which should have taken her to the entry at Superior, seven miles south from the harbor entrance at Duluth. Without warning the vessel grated on a beach and stopped. An investigation showed her to be on a sandbank at the mouth of the Knife river, 20 miles east from Duluth. She was heading directly up the river, almost due north, but the compass still held two points south of the course for Duluth. The boat had, by the charts, turned almost arightangle. Within 125 feet of either side rook reefs ran out into the lake, on which she would have cut herself to pieces. To the southerly side, where a trifling less deviation would have taken the vessel, lay an island of rock that would have driven her bow back to her engines and hunched her up into a ball. As it was, a tug pulled her off, and a survey showed not a dollar off damage. Indeed, nothing is publicly known of the fortunate accident till this writing. Many such a casualty has occurred from time to time, and the river on which this boat brought up has been the scene of two or three groundings every season for years. Some of them have resulted luckily, others have been total losses. The only explanation for these groundings and deviations is that a great bed of magnetic iron sand lies in the bed of the stream, covered by the washings of quartz sand from the rocks of the lake.

The same explanation probably accounts for the late disasters at other points on the north shore. Indeed, in

of quartz sand from the rocks of the lake.

The same explanation probably accounts for the late disasters at other points on the north shore. Indeed, in a gathering of vessel captains in an agent's office in Duluth this week they discussed the remarkable aberrations of compasses this fall, which every man had noticed far more than before in any year. During the week one of the captains of one of the great fleets, a man noted as the most careful and the best man in the line, who has not lost his company a cent in repair for years, found himself on the north shore and three points off his course, though the compass was identical with its indication of every trip of the season. He got off witnout much loss, but the fact was none the less remarkable. How did he get there, and what made the deviation?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Evolution of the Corset.

The Evolution of the Corset.

A lamentable spectacle was presented by the barbarous corsets on view at the Paris exhibition composed of iron and pieces of canvas, shapeless and without grace, which imprisoned the delicate forms of queens of fashion of bygone periods. The corset had its origin in Italy and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. Mary Stuart and Dlane de Poictiers did not however, follow the fashion. But it was admitted by all the ladies of the French court that it was indispensable to the beauty of the female figure and was therefore adopted by them.

The corset in those days was in its infancy, and it assumed more of the rough character of a_kknight's culrass. The frame was entirely of iron, and the velvet which decorated the exterior hid a frightful and cumbersome machine. In contradistinction to these is the modern corset made of light, pretty materials embroidered, beriboned and decked with lace like a bride's bouquet.

Chinese Legend of the Pleiades.

Chinese Legend of the Pleiades.

In China, according to a native legend, long before the Caucasians were born there were seven sisters who lived on the banks of the Yellow river. In order that they might attain the greatest glory in the world to come, they vowed that they would never marry. But the parents, having very different ideas, betrothed the eldest to a highly desirable young man of their acquaintance. Obedience is one of the greatest virtues of the Chinese, so the girl was compelled to give her consent. She told her sister that they would never see her again, and promptly jumped into the Yellow river. After a short consultation they concluded to follow her. That nlight, for the first time seven bright new stars were seen in the sky. And that is why only the Chinamen really know how the Pleiades first came to be added to the number 25 stars.



What Are Little Folks Made Of.

"What are little folks made of?

Sugar and spice

And everything nice,

That's what little folks are made of."

Of all the queer things
That Mother Goose sings,
That is the queerest
As well as the dearest.

But I'd just like to add
Of each lass and lad
That love is the spice
That makes them so nice.
—Little Men and Wo

Some Interesting Dolls

Some Interesting Dolls.

The Queen of Roumania was sponsor for a peculiarly interesting exhibit that was lately held in London for the benefit of certain charities and hospitals. She placed on exhibition her famous collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of various countries. The Queen of Holland herself dressed some Dutch dolls; and, indeed, dollies of every nation dressed as fine ladies and as pheasants, were represented. In order that some distinctive American dolls might be in the queen's family, the New York Tribune offered prizes for five typically American in costume. Four "lady" dolls and one "gentleman" doll took the prize. The latter prize appropriately went to a boy, a New Jersey lad, whose doll represented "Uncle Sam" in gorgeous attire. Of the others, one in rich brocade and fine cap represented Martha Washington, one was a negro mammy in white apron and brilliant turban, a third was Priscilla, the Puritan maiden in simple frock and hooded cloak, the fourth was Pocahontas in beaded dress and moccasins. Altogether the American children can have no cause to be ashamed of their exhibit.

The Rivers of China are her glory, and there are few countries in the world so well watered and none other with such splendid natural water transportation facilities. The three great rivers of the empire are the Yangtze-Kiang (child of the ocean), the Hong Ho (Yellow river) and the Chu Kiang (Pearl river or Canton viver). Of these the Yangtze is much the largest, flowing through extensive and fertile plains and finally emptying into the eastern sea, after traversing a distance of over 2000 miles. Its discharge is estimated at 1,000,000 cubic feet per second. The banks of the Yangtze are crowded with towns and villages, the most famous of which are Nankin and the new treaty port of Hankow. The Hoang Ho, or Yellow river, is noted especially for its frequent and violentifloods. Its current is very rapid and its course sinuous. The Pearl, or Canton river, wille not nearly so large as the others, is a stream of great importance, says the Kansas City Star, and innumerable vessels trade upon its waters. At some points it spreads into large lakes; in others is passes between narrow gorges, which if dammed, would afford large storage capacity for irrigation. The Chinese, however, have not practically worked out irrigation in its different phases as completely as would be expected of such an agricultural people.

Irrigation, nevertheless, is practiced to a considerable extent through the use of the waters of the Grand canal and by wells. The Grand or Imperial canal is a work of great magnitude. It was constructed in the seventh century and enlarged in the thirteenth century. It traverses the great plain and flows with but slight current for a distance of 700 miles. While built for purposes of communication, its waters are used largely for irrigation, and thousands of drains and creeks have been made to connect with it along its route.

The modes of irrigation are ancient and crude. One of the most picturesque is by means of the water wheel, which is used where the land to be watered is well above the channel of the river

an old New England homestead.

A Little Girl's Power Over Animals.

When Keeper McCurren's elephant breaks its chains and the coyote jumps over the bars of its cage, as they have done aforetime, instead of pursuing with prods and wire lassoes and having a fight to bring the animals under control, the keeper should send for Dorothy Putnan, five years old, daughter of C. F. Putnam of Chicago, and the wild beasts in her presence will become tractable.

Little Dorothy, all unconscious of

It herself, has a wonderful power over all sorts of animals and birds, wild and domestic. Unruly horses when she approaches cease their balking and submit to the bit. Dorg which it is necessary to chain because of their savageness allow her to pull their tails, tweak their ears and then turn about and lick her hand in grattude. Whenever she goes out into the barn-hout and lick her hand in grattude. Whenever she goes out into the barn-yard on the farm of her father at their summer home in Vermont, the troiting of the father at their summer home in Vermont, the troiting of the property of the troiting of the troiting

"Is your wife a good cook?" asked somebody of the young man who had recently married.

"Well," replied the proud young husband, thoughtfully, "she can boil water without burning it."—Somerville (Mnss.) Journal.

There are now on the reservations in New York state 4850 Indians, and a missionary says at least five-eighths of them adhere to the old pagan religion, rites and sweerstitions.