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Sir Arthur Sullivan left an estate of about \$750,000. His music was well

The Chicago News thinks the recovery of the Arkansas woman who had 205 fits in five hours completely exemplifies the survival of the fittest.

"Among all colors," says a scientific writer, "the most poignantly emotion-al tone undoubtedly belongs to red." He must have been experimenting on

a bull.

A comic opera being sung in a Polish town was converted into a tragedy by the murder of a chorus singer in full view of the audlence. A great many comic operas might be improved in the

the murder of a chorus stinger in full view of the audience. A great many comic operas might be improved in the same way.

Draught horses listed as only fairly good bring \$200 apiece easily out in Washington and Oregon just now, and dealers report the supply stendily decreasing and prices rising. —As yet the automobile hasn't got in its deadly work on the Pacific Coast, it appears.

The salaries paid to the Prince of Wales out of the British Treasury add up 680,000 a year, and he has a private income besides, Nevertheless Andrew Carnegie, the laired of Skilbo Castle, could buy him out several times over and still have enough left to give away a librarygor two when he felt like it.

There are 23,778 young men in the medical colleges of the United States, Doubless there are enough. Kochs with new lymphs and Scheneks with new sex theories and other embryo panaecas among them to make things interesting for twentieth-century invalids. Opportunities for distinction in the medical profession were never so nunerous and so glittering as now, and the bills never so bill, Darwich could be successified in museums. Lighter bloned animals of the species may last longer as accesseries of spect or pleasure, but it foresees the ultimate doom of the generation so far as efticance on the profession were never so nunerous fields of tutility will be left to the horse where compition embry last longer as accesseries of spect or pleasure, but it foresees the ultimate doom of the generation so far as efticance on the profession were never so nunerous fields of utility will be left to the horse where compition cannot follow him, and they will agree better with his constitution than the wear and tear of slippery city pavents.

Not long ago, says the Sydney Bulletin, two Australian fudges, one in member of the Supreme Bench, the efter of a court of inferior jurisdiction, settled an difference of opiolon as to a continue of the species of the suprementa

to a question of honor by an appeal arms, or rather lists. The preliar aries were arranged in a few minu at a fashionable club, and then judges, accompanied by their secon retired to a well-known private being hall, where they pounded cach or vigorously for fifteen minutes. "I minor judge," it was recorded, "eve ually established his claims to preference when he were the first time of the mean probability for the first time. lence—probably for the first time Australian history—by a knock blow under the Supreme Court ja

This Comma Raised a Row.

By a misplaced comma a paper in Greeley County raised a dickens of a row. It said:

Two young men from Leota went with their girls to Tribune to attend the teachers' institute, and as soon as they left, the girls got drunk.

The comma belonged after the girls.

A hay-load in the city square,
The sweets of a whole summer fair,
In one rude wagon piled;
The fragrant breath of warm, still rai
The scent of strawberries in green lane
Faint petals blown from roses wild.

And straightway all the bustling place Is filled with some enchanted grace, And tinkling with the notes Of field-larks, and of silver streams, Of south winds, murmuring their dreams Through airy aisles of oats.

Through any asses of oars.
My lady in the gilded shop
Lets all the tawdry trinkets drop,
And through the magic sees
A dooryard sweet with mit and phlox,
And pink with ruffled hollyhocks,
That nod of belted been

The sooty laborer with a thrill, Plucks shamrocks on an Irish hill, A gamin cheers and chaffs; All busy footsteps pause a bit, Somewhere is toil by clear skies lit, A sunburnt world that laughs.

And long and long the sweetness s And cheers and cools the heated we Like the happy news from home Till the nole moon and misty stars. Look down as if, by meadow bars, Their rays touched clover bloom.

But little recks the countryman, Bound homeward on his empty van, But itse.

Bound homeward on his empty.

Along the closing marts,

Along the closing marts,

that store he brought with him to-day,

Or what, within a load of hay,

Could touch so camp hearts.

—Youth's Companion.



IGNORINA SABINA, the daughter of the Mayor of Mountain was a content of the manyor of Mountain was a content of the manyor of th

Glocomo defended himself but indifferently.

"Let it be so," he said, after a quarter of an hour's teasing. "I admit,
since you desire it, Signorina Sabina,
that I adore all the pretty girls in Mourat, but I love none of them."

"What, none?" said Sabina, with a
lip that trembled. "None in all the
place? You are frank, Signor Glocomo! Confess, now, that at least
one—"

"Not one, I repeat."

"Oh, you deny it for fear I might
ask her name!"

"Oh, you deny it for fear I might ask her name!"
"You are mistaken, signorina; I care for no woman living."
Giocomo spoke coldly. Sabina laughed hysterically to keep herself from tears.

laughed hysterically to keep herself from tears.

She knew herself to be beautiful, yet this man was blind to her charms. She saw herself in imagination as she was at that moment. From her full brow rose a coronet of fine dark hair; her long eyelashes gave a languishing shadow to the pupils below; her mouth was like a living rose, and her bead, adorned with long tresses, rose

For a time they were silent, both occupied with their own thoughts. Presently she broke a branch from a tree, and, striking the hedge with it, startled the little birds, who, thus rudely aroused from their repose, took flight with a whirring of wings. The noise woke Giocomo from his apathy.

"Since you have interrogated me so well, Signorina Sabina," he said, "now listen to me. Is it because you are in love yourself that you are so ready to suspect others?"

She made her voice adorably caressing, and sent toward him a meaning

But Glocomo did not ask, as she expected, a fuller explanation of this "perhaps."

"Signor Glocomo," said she, finally, with a pout, "have you no curiosity? Have you no desire to know more? Yes, I love some one, and that some one is a young man, amiable—even more so that you. And from this love will come happiness—greater happiness than you are able to understand, not knowing what it is to be loved. O, poor Glocomo!" and she laughed mockingly.

Though Glocomo did not understand the girl's manner, he did not for a moment suspect the truth.

"Women are incomprehensible," he thought, "when they are in love." Aloud he said: "I ought to be obliged to you for bearing with my society. Andrea would have been more welcome. It is he whom you love?"

"Yes," she replied with energy.

As they had come to the path which led to the house of Marietta they parted, exchanging cold good-nights. And now Sabina's lashes fell, and her eyes showed no more pride, but were filled with tears.

"She loves Andrea!" muttered Glocomo.

He smiled faintly, going along the

"She loves Andrea! muttered of some.

He smiled faintly, going along the coad with impatient steps and discaught manner. Upon his right hand he setting sun appeared, rolling like a globe of fire toward the west, projecting across the country great purple shadows; the mountains received a soft flood of light which tinged their summits with rose-color and disclosed the tops of the fir trees, their trunks being already lost in the gloom.

It appeared to Glocomo that this mo-

see tops of the fir trees, their trunks being already lost in the gloom.

It appeared to Glocomo that this moment of divine light brought to him but sadness and night—that the world was only a tomb. He who had always been satisfied felt that he wanted something—that a void had been made about him and within him, but he knew not in what way.

He recalled Sabina's pale face, in which her eyes burned with the fever of love. She thought then of Andreahappy Andrea. As he crossed the threshold of the castle an overpowering influence caused him to say to himself:

"Let me love likewise!"

From this day he avoided Sabina.

"Let me love likewise!"
From this day he avoided Sabina.
Meanwhile, the elder Baplet was desirous of the betterment of hisnephew.
He was seventy, and at one time or another, as may be admitted without controversy, he would be obliged to take his departure for another world. He desired, then, to see Glocomo established in life, and it would be an easy thing, he thought, to entrap an excellent youth into matrimonial happiness.

piness.

Negotiations were secretly conducted with a worthy farmer of the vicinity, who was his relative, and who had a daughter of eighten, Glovanna Cassarde. The two old comrades spent long hours in consultation and decided upon the amount of the dowry. Finally, one Sunday in August, Baplet was able to present his project to Glocomo.

Glocomo immediately consented to it. After that last encounter with Sabina he had lost his customary calmness and repose. He instinctively craved some diversion. He promptly sought Glovanna. She was a blonde, of gentle disposition, but somewhat too quiet to suit Glocomo, who inwardly contrasted her with the impulsive Sabina. He had frequently thought of her, but he considered her bound to Andrea. He had no doubt that she loved his vivacious friend. It did not seem possible that it could be otherwise.

On the fifteenth of October Glocomo.

was to marry Giovanna. In the early part of the mouth Sabina had gone to a neighboring village to see one of her aunts, or rather to seek for forgetful-

ness. She had spoken an untruth to Glocomo, and he and believed her, the silly fellow! He loved Glovanna, who by this time loved him certainly—after a manner—and—expected—to be happy with him. At every instant she saw them together, and the thought of their happiness tormented her as sile returned from Birazue and followed with hend bent a narrow path which led from the mountain to the river. Her dog, Valoroso, was with her, and as if he comprehended that she was in trouble, pressed against her dress and regarded her with soft and melancholy eyes.

Raising her head Sabina perceived in the lane at some distance two figures which she recognized as those of Glocomo and Glovanna. Her brow darkened, With an angry exclamation she darted behind a rock that rose beside the roadway.

The betrothed pair separated, and Glocomo came toward Sabina without perceiving her, being buried in his own reflections. She heard him approach, and imagined that Glovanna was with him. A wild tempest of Jealows surged up in her soul. She laid her hand on Valoroso's head, fiercely whispering:

"Revenge me, my good dog! Bite

surged up in her soul. She laid her hand on Valoroso's head, fiercely whispering:

"Revenge me, my good dog! Bite them! Tear them savagely!"

She made an expressive gesture, and Valoroso, with a hoarse growl, leaped upon Glocomo.

Before the young man had recognized his enemy the brute had his two enormous paws upon his shoulders and his sharp teeth at his throat. Glocomo uttered a loud cry.

A penitence more swift than thought came to Sabina. She threw herself upon the dog and dragged him away, uttering a shriek so terrible that Valoroso cowered as if expecting a blow.

The scene had become almost tragic. Sabina succumbed to grief and emotion. She fell fainting to the earth. Glocomo hastened to bring water from the river and bathe her face, his own full of tenderness and pity. How beautiful she was! What an expression of suffering softened her colorless lips! He felt that he adored her. He trembled at sight of her trouble.

"Sabina—dear Sabina," he softly said, "it is 1! Have you forgotten mer"

She replied by an imperious gesture.

"Sabina—dear Sabina," he softly said, "it is I! Have you forgotten me?"

She replied by an imperious gesture. "Leave me!" she said.

"Why should I leave you?"

"Do you not know? It was I who set the dog on you!"

Giocomo remained for a moment overcome with astonishment.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded.
"I love you," she cried. "I would rather see you dead than married to another!"

"You love me? Even I, even I, Sabina? Well, then, I love you! It is not possible to doubt now—I adore you! It was most unfortunate, as you see, that to the last moment I misunderstood you. For a long time I have loved you without knowing it."

Sabina leaned toward Glocomo, whose handsome face was marked by tears, but irradiated with happiness.
"And you will forgive me?"

"O, my adored one!" murmured Giocomo.

A month later Giocomo Baplet con-

omo.

A month later Giocomo Baplet con-lucted to the altar a young lady ra-diant with happiness, but her name was not Giovanna.—New York Weekly.

Could Not Trust Their Comrade.

There has always been a good deal of question as to how much honor there really is among theves, and the guild seem to be doubtful also, for two of its members in a Hungarian town preferred to kill a companion in a particularly disgusting way a few nights ago rather than to trust bim. Incidentally, a villager showed rather striking presence of mind. The three thieves were in the act of entering a small shop by a rear window. The first plunged in feet first, stuck fast, and was promptly pounced upon by the owner, who deftly slipped a rope about his legs and made him a prisoner. Then he went out to call for aid. The two other thieves, having hidden, now reappeared, and finding that they could not release their comrade, dared not take the chance of his "informing" upon them, and, drawing their knives, cut his head from his shoulders and carried it away with them.

A Table Delicacy.

carried it away with them.

A Table Delicacy.

That thing more powerful in its odor than Limburger cheese has been found, and in Russia, its native country, it is called "tresca." The confection is a delightful preparation of codfish which was caught the previous summer, and therefore has had a whole year in which to decompose. It is considered a delicacy in Northern Russia. Those foreigners who have seen it say that its odor is beyond words to describe. What it tastes like not one of them has had the hardihood to learn by personal experience. Visiting the fish market of Archangel on a hot day, it can easily be smelt that the odor bears that of the famous and ancient city of Cologne.

Saving Up For a Rainy Day.

Saving Up For a Rainy Day.

The Royal Dockyards are just now suffering from a violent fit of economy, and much friction between ships and the yards is the result. Under the new custom, when tarpaulins, gun covers, etc., are sent in for repair, the dockyard people only paint such patches as they may put in, the rest is left just anyhow. Of course, the ship has to repaint the lot. The way the economy is effected is that when the necessary painting is done on ship-board the commander has probably to provide the paint. Something like \$10 a year must be saved by this economy.—London Engineer.



Remedy For Creaky Shoes.

If you wish to cure your shoes of tendency to creak which, once show lasts as long ordinarily as the sht themselves, put them into a shall dish in which you have placed a sm amount of sweet oil, or even mell lard. Allow the soles of the shoes remain in the oil during the night. You only will the objectionable noise cerbut the shoes will also be made pragainst the wet.

Tact in the Sick Room.

but the shoes will also be made proof against the wet.

Tact in the Sick Room.

Sympathy must not be overworked, nor fail to lend itself to that denial which is often a real kindness. The temptation to humor a sick friend or relative in every whim is often irresistible. But true tact, however, may generally find a way by which the patient seems to have every indulgence he desires, yet in truth have nothing but that which the one in charge desires to give him. While the will of the watcher must always be dominant, it should never be so obstrusively; the patient should be ruled so gently that he does not know he is being ruled. At times, of course, the patient will ask for something in such a way that he cannot be led from the subject or be made to think that after all he does not want that particular thing. Then a direct "no" must be given him; and a quiet, persistent refusal to meet unreasonable and harmful demands will not weaken, but rather make stronger the ties between the invalid and the watcher. Strength and sweetness combined will work wonders in holding such a situation.—

Nursery Temperature.

During the first coal days especial.

wonders in holding such a situation.—
Mary R. Baldwin, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Nursery Temperature.

During the first cool days, especially when clouds and rain give added gloom, the temperature of the nursery must have extra atteation. The fires that are started "to take off the morning chill," are often allowed to increase the temperature, until the nursery threatens to become a sort of hotbed—a daugerous state of affairs at any time, and especially at this changeable season.

When the temperature is too high, it causes general relaxation, and excites the nervous system of the little ones; and it is said to favor the development of convulsive and nervous diseases. It also renders a child more liable to catch cold. But with duergulation of the temperature from the time the early fires are first started in the nursery, many winter troubles may be avoided.

During the first few chilly weeks it should be kept comfortably and equably warm. It should not be allowed to go below sixty-live degrees, and if there is a very young baby it is better to keep it at about seventy degrees from the first starting of the fire, in the early fall.

Excessive heat and closely ventilated rooms are as bad as draughts to a child's health. Open fireplaces insure a certain amount of ventilation, but are injurious if they are allowed to produce cold draughts. A large screen should be placed by the nursery door to intercept cold currents of air from chilly balls.

All fireplaces should be fenced in with an iron or wire grating, and eare

should be provided that the chilly halls.

All fireplaces should be fenced in with an iron or wire grating, and care should be taken to avoid exposing an infant to the heat and glare of a bright fire.—Philadelphia Record.



Waffles-One quart of milk.

Waffles-One quart of milk, quart of flour, three heaping teaspfuls of balking powder, six hear tablespoonfuls of butter, one saltspful of salt, one egg. Melt the buin, the milk, put the salt and bal powder into the flour, mix all well gether and last of all add the whilch should be well beaten. Eak waffle irons.

which should be well beaten. Dake in waffle irons.

Pink Delight—Into the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, bent two talkespoontiels of sugar and one enp of fulce off of canned strawberries or strawberry preserves. It juice is very sweet the sugar may be omitted. Set on Ice until thoroughly chilled. Serve in glasses, placing a spoonful of strawberry preserves in each. This simple dessent will delight the eye as well as the palate.

serves in each. This simple dessert will delight the eye as well as the palate.

Compote of Quinces—For a compote of quinces peel, quarter and core six that are ripe and sound and boil them in water enough to keep them from burning until they are tender. Remove the pleces of fruit and make a syrup of one-half cupful of water and one-half cupful of sugar. Then add the fruit and boil for five minutes. Remove the quinces to a glass dish and boil the syrup until it is thek. When it is cool pour it over the quinces. Remove the quinces to a glass dish and boil the syrup until it is thek. When it is cool pour it over the quinces. Remove the the plant was and wipe the goose, put it into a kettle of boiling water and boil for one hour, then remove from the kettle, lay it in a dripping pan and fill with a dressing prepared as follows: Put four large onloss into boiling water, simmer five minutes, add ter sage leaves and let them remain two minutes longer; then take boil out. chop them very fine, add one quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, and one-half tablespoonful of butter, one egg beaten light and pepper and salt to taste. Mix thoroughly, Bake from one to one and one-half hours, accord lag to the size of the goose.

TRADE PROPOSITION FAKES.

TRADE PROPOSITION FAKES.

An Editor Grows Sarcastle Over Some Offers Received.

This morning we received an advertising proposition from a Washington patent attorney, offering us five dollars for every client secured by the advertisement, but in case no clients were forthcoming we were to receive nothing out of it excepting the fun of mailing out paper free to the advertiser during the career of the contract. Hardly a day passes with us any more that we do not receive a proposition equally generous, and every other newspaper in the county is blessed the same way. Is it any wonder the publishers of this land are amassing such colossal fortunes? Is it any wonder that the average editor has to go armed to keep the envious poorer classes from anarchistic attacks upon him? Is it any wonder that, after running a newspaper a few months, a man begins to indulge in diamonds and stub-tailed horses and June watermelons and Alfred Austin's poems, and other forms of almost reckless luxury? During the past week we have been effered lightning rods, corn salve, due bill on tuition at Keeley Institute, cure for the stuttering habit, worm tablets, the paper, Chinese dictionary, life of Charles Ross, condition powders, instrumental music entitled "After the Ball," life of Jesse James, "What to Do in Case of an Earthquake," bound in calf and written by one, Sundayschool jokes with a diagram of each, and numerous other sundries as pay for carrying advertising. It is such things as this that make the life of a publisher one glad panorama of sunshine and etherial fun. It shows how tickled everybody seems to be to give the publisher a chance and help him along, and how trustful and confident they all are of his perfect ability to run his business without the use of money,—Harry Daniels, in Newspaper Talk.

They Always Have a Smile.

They Always Have a Smile.

When the gentleman at the desk had attended to the cases of various applicants he turned to a pleasant-faced, well-dressed man who was patiently awaiting his attention.

"Well," he said, with a smile, "what can I do for you to-day?"

"Nothing," was the quiet response.

"Ah, that's pleasant; everybody seems to want some sort of a favor, come in and sit down; you are a relief."

The pleasant-faced man bowed and

Come in and sit down; you are a relief."

The pleasant-faced man bowed and accepted the invitation. "On the other hand," he said, when he was comfortably settled, "I want to give you something."

"That's nicer than ever," smiled the host. "T've heard that it was better to give than to receive, but I've never had much chance to try both."

'The visitor took a book out of his pocket.

"I want to give you," he said, bowling again, "an opportunity to put your name down for the finest work ever sent out by a publishing firm in—" But he never finished the sentence.—

Tid-Bits.

Went Around the Spot.

Went Around the Spet.

Before Bismarck reconstructed the map of Europe, and made a united Germany, a dozen little principalities used to annoy travelers by stopping them at their frontiers until they had satisfied the custom house demands. A Yankee once had his carriage stopped at the frontier of a petty prince's country. The Herr Ober, controleur at the custom house, came forward, and, much to his indignation, was received in a nonechalant way. The Yankee was ungentlemanly enough not to get out of his carriage or even to take off his hat. The Herr Ober sharply demanded the key of the tourist's trunks, which his subordinate began handling roughly.

"Here, hands off," shouted the Yankee. "I didn't come from the United States of America to be controlled by you. Put those trunks back. I'll not go through you at all. I'll turn back, I'm in no hurry and don't care for losing a day. You're no country. You're only a spot. I'll go around you." And he did.—London King.

Not Her Father's Friend

Not Her Father's Friend.

A doting Chicago father, whose first name is Arthur, has a little daughter four years old. The family recently moved to a new locality in the city only a few doors away from a street car barn where several mules are least.

moved to a doors away from a street car barn where several mules are kept.

The next morning, after arriving at the new home, the little girl heard one of the street car mules braying. It was the first time she had ever heard a mule bray, and she listened for a long time before she said:

"Mamma, is that one of papa's friends calling him?"

"No," said her mother. "I hear no one calling your father."

"Yes, there is," said the small girl.
"Listen, now. Don't you hear him calling, 'Ar-thur, Ar-thur, Ar-thur, Ar-thur, and the mother. "I hear him calling now. But that isn't one of your father's friends. He has more sense than most of your father's friends."—Chicago Tribune.

An Investment Not an Expense.

A large and successful advertiser says that when he first went into business he regarded newspaper advertising as an expense which was important, but not essential to success; but a little experience taught him to view regular and systematic advertising in the most widely circulated newspapers as an investment or as a necessary part of the capital put into his establishment. "Like any other safe investment," he says, "the newspaper "ad" brings in profits, and without it an enterprise falls short of its possibilities."—Philadelphia Record.