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It is alleged that a New York woman who attended the recent horse show in the metropolis wore a costume made of the skins of unborn lambs. We guess old Nero might learn a few things if he could come back and get into New York's swiftest set for a little while.

Herr von Kardoff, of the German Reichstag, seems to be a Teutonic economist who knows a thing or two. He is quoted as saying that the depression of German industries in iron and steel is due to the gigantic growth of American metal works. Herr von Kardoff has sounded the keynote of the situation.

There is a good deal of talk about the wily Turk which really does the "behezen" gentleman too much credit. The aptitude he shows in dodging his creditors is not such a rare quality. There are others who are not one-tenth as much talked about who play the role of protracted debtor with as much success as the Turk, even though they do not live on the shores of the Bosphorus.

A new source of supply for gutta percha has just been discovered in Zanzibar, East Africa. It comes from a fruit that looks like a peach, but is as large as the average cantaloupe. It is wholly unfit for food, but through experiments it was found that the milky juice, when thrown into boiling water, would harden into a substance so nearly like gutta percha as to be almost impossible to tell the difference. Nature seldom puts all her eggs in the same basket.

It is significant that such subjects as the conditions under which coal is subject to spontaneous combustion when in process of shipment are now attracting a great deal of attention in the United States. The scientists who deal with such matters find that the increasing exports of mineral fuel to Europe make their remarks more interesting than formerly, and, as a consequence, American scientific journals are printing numerous articles which may assist practical men in their efforts to guard against the dangers which attend the transportation of coal by rail or steam vessels.

Care of the King's Beard.
King Leopold of Belgium is more particular about his toilet than probably any reigning monarch. It is stated that when he retires at night he has his luxurious beard carefully encased in a sort of silk bag to keep it from getting snarled or crumpled.

The doctor has ordered him never to eat rich food, and the nobleman whose principal duty in life is to see that His Majesty does not overeat has anything but an easy time of it. One day recently, at a big dinner, a tempting dish of grouse was set before the king, whereupon the nobleman gently but firmly seized the royal dish and placed it beyond the reach of his royal master.

"Oh, please let me have a little of the breast," pleaded the king, quite like a spoiled child begging his mother for cake.

"No, Your Majesty," was the reply. "You would only be ill to-morrow."
The king heaved a sigh and turned his attention to some plain roast beef. Even kings, you see, can't always have what they want.

Complexions in Great Britain.
In 100 Britons you will find only forty-three light complexioned against fifty-one dark. The other six are redd-haired.

Feeding the Elephants.
Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal time arrives they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.—Chicago Chronicle.

WOMAN.
She said "What is there that I would not do for your dear sake? What change of mind or heart?"
"Would I not share in any, every part of love but say 'I do' he desires of thee?"
"Even as the white moon rules the restless sea."
And draws its tides to answer her sweet will.
So does your slightest wish arouse and thrill,
And make obedience an ecstasy."

Oh, foolish heart of woman! Even so
They make of man a master, not a mate,
And lesser love by loving—soon or late
A monarch wears of his worship, Lo,
"This only is sweet love, when two can be
Both proud and humble in simplicity."
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in the
New Lippincott.

BECAUSE.

"You are too provoking for anything, Jennie Norton. The very idea of your giving up Mrs. Preston's reception for an old tiresome prayer meeting. Why, you can go to a meeting every week, but it isn't very often one has the streak of good luck to be invited to a brilliant reception."

"I don't blame you, Alice, for being surprised at the turn of affairs. It seems that Miss Rice had to go away suddenly and was unable to engage a substitute to play at the Friday prayer meeting. Mr. Allen asked me as a last resort, and after a great deal of teasing I consented to give up the reception for a plague old prayer meeting. Now, Alice, dear, if you tease me any more, about it I'll give in the very last minute and disappoint the Rev. Sydney Allen. And you'll admit that would be rather hard on a new minister."

"I suppose all the girls will think I've turned goody goody when they hear of it, but it's no such thing. I never felt so rebellious and wicked in all my life as I did yesterday, when I promised to play on Friday evening."

"I don't think I would have given in if grandpa hadn't come in and said to Mr. Allen, 'Of course Jennie will gladly accommodate you.' I knew then it would be useless to refuse, so I said yes in my snappiest tone. What can't be cured must be endured. I do hope that you will have a lovely time at Mrs. Preston's, and when you are enjoying yourself do not forget poor little me listening to hallooings and loud amens."

It was Friday night, and the vestry of the Methodist church on Shrivley avenue was pretty well filled with worshippers. They were just singing "How Firm a Foundation" when a finely built young man entered the room and took a seat in the rear. His magnificent baritone joined in the hymn. Somehow it must have reached the ear of the player, for she glanced up quickly. As if by magic eye met eye. A clashing discord made Jennie Norton realize that she must attend strictly to business, so with heightened color and somewhat unsteady fingers the hymn was finished.

At the close of the meeting Jennie Norton chatted with several, but kept out of the way of Mr. Gordon. She spent fully five minutes talking pleasantly with the pastor. Gerald could hardly keep his patience under control as he noticed the look of honest admiration in the eyes of Mr. Allen.

Old Deacon Norton was much amused at the actions of the young people. He well knew that his granddaughter Jennie was simply using her coquetry on the young minister to arouse Gerald Gordon's jealousy.

Two years ago young Gordon had proposed to Jennie, but just for the fun of it, as she afterward told her most intimate friends, she gave him "no" for an answer.

"Love is blind," or else the young man would certainly have seen the love in Jennie's sparkling eyes. Men in love will always have the sad lesson to learn that, as a rule, a woman's "no" means "yes." Swallowing his disappointment as best he could, Mr. Gordon went abroad, and for two years Jennie had heard from him only through his sister Alice.

Poor Jennie often regretted her foolishness, but was too stubborn to let Gerald know. On the day of the reception the Gordon family were surprised at the arrival of Gerald. At the dinner table Alice was telling the family how poor Jennie was obliged to give up the reception. The result was that Gerald found his way to the prayer meeting that night.

No wonder the young man could hardly restrain himself when he noticed how Jennie avoided him and yet lavished her smiles and honeyed words on others.

"Gerald, my boy, where have you been keeping yourself all this time? I am glad to see you in Boston again. It has been very lonesome at the house since you went to Europe. Jennie hasn't seemed like the same girl, and I almost think that you managed to take the sunshine with you. I am sure I don't know what's keeping the naughty puss tonight. She is usually only too anxious to get away from the meeting, but this evening she is bold enough to flirt even with the new parson. Young man, you'd better put in an oar, or some one else will win the prize. I'm going. Tell Jennie that I asked you to see her home. Remember, Gerald, 'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

With this particular advice Jennie's grandfather left the encouraged suitor.

With a determined look on his handsome face Gerald Gordon strode up to the pair and delivered to the cow trembling girl Deacon Norton's message. Miss Norton welcomed him home and accepted his escort. She then introduced the somewhat embarrassed minister. He, seeing how

things stood, said a few words of welcome to Gerald and, thanking Jennie for her assistance, quietly left them.

On the walk home Jennie asked her companion about his trip. Not a word of love is spoken between them. Gerald realizes that the golden moments are speeding away, but somehow he does not have the courage to tell of his love. To again hear "No" would be terrible, but Deacon Norton's words still rang in his ears, "Faint heart never won—"

"Jennie, two years ago today I asked you to be my wife. You refused, and I went away to try and forget you. Distance only made me realize how dearly I loved you. My darling, I loved you then, I love you now. Again I ask you, will you be my wife?"

With white, anxious face the young man bent to get his answer. Was he dreaming? Surely his ears did not deceive him, for he most certainly heard a faint, but a "yes," nevertheless.

Straining the young girl to himself, Gerald showered kisses upon the yielding lips of the lovely girl, who nestled so lovingly on his breast.

After a few minutes of lovemaking the man puts his hand under Jennie's chin and, looking straight into her eyes, asked this question: "Jennie, my dear one, two years ago why did you say no? Answer me honestly; did you love me then?"

"Gerald, I loved you then with all my heart, but I said 'no' well, 'because'—"

And with that woman's reason Gerald Gordon had to be satisfied.—Boston Post.

WHAT IS LLOYD'S?

The Place Where You Can Be Insured Against Twins.

"Most of the members of Lloyd's carry on business as brokers or underwriters on their own responsibility. As a corporation, Lloyd's assumes no financial liability for the failure of any of its members or subscribers. But it admits to membership only men of reputation and means, who must deposit a pecuniary guarantee in order to become an underwriting and non-underwriting member, an annual subscriber, or an associate. An underwriting member must deposit with the committee of Lloyd's £5000 or £6000, on which he receives interest and which may be returned to him three years after he ceases to be an underwriting member. He pays an entrance fee of £4000 and an annual subscription of 20 guineas. An annual subscriber pays no entrance fee, but an annual subscription of seven guineas; an associate member pays five guineas.

There were in 1771 only 79 subscribers to Lloyd's. There are now nearly 1000. The subscribers in the 'olden time,' as now, did not confine 'themselves' to marine insurance. They were willing to take a risk on almost anything. There is still preserved 'Lloyd's' a policy on the life of Napoleon Bonaparte for one month at a premium of three guineas percent. Bank deposits are insured in Lloyd's; also race horses, and the lives of threatened monarchs. An odd case was the covering of a risk on a glass bed packed 20 cases for a certain sultan. Lloyd's insured the Prince of Wales jubilee stamps, guaranteeing that the issue would be successful. The voice of a prima donna has been insured. A tradesman in a London street who has an impression that a monument may fall on his shop, has taken out a policy at the nominal premium of two shillings and six pence percent. Gate money for cricket and football matches; animals of all sorts ashore and afloat are subjects for insurance; policies against twins is a favorite form of insurance. A well-known underwriter is said to be always ready to lay a thousand to one against twins. Lloyd's issues insurance against burglary. Elephants are insured regularly. The life of the great Jumbo, who came to New York on a Monarch line steamship, was insured in Lloyd's for the voyage to New York. He was not insured when the life was knocked out of him by a locomotive on an American railroad whose tracks he was crossing. A celebrated singer recently took out an insurance in Lloyd's on the life of Queen Victoria. She paid a big premium on account of the age of the Queen. The reason the singer did this was not because she cared anything more than most folks for the Queen, but because her contract to sing would have been abrogated by the Queen's death, which would have plunged England into mourning and prevented the singer's appearance in opera."—S. A. Wood, in *Ainslee's*.

Surgery in Old Pompeii.
A recent discovery in the excavations going on at Pompeii shows in a very striking way the truth of the old adage that there is nothing new under the sun. The find consisted of a number of surgical instruments.

Among them was a collection for use in a special branch of surgery, which, with the exception of fine workmanship and finish, are almost exact duplicates of those now used by surgeons.

There is an instrument considered indispensable today by the gynecologist, from the invention of which Marion Sims the famous American surgeon, made a great deal of reputation, and money some years ago, but this same speculum was in use in Pompeii in 79 A. D.

Most of the others, supposed to be the result of modern knowledge and ingenuity, were found in this ancient surgeon's instrument case, and it is quite evident that so far as instruments are concerned, this branch of surgery has made little advance during the last 2000 years.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A geological commission is at present endeavoring to prove that a valuable and workable coal seam extends beneath the sea at a point on the northeast coast of England.

The use of superheated steam in stationary power plants has proved highly economical, and of late the experiment of putting superheaters on locomotives has been tried in Germany. At least two such engines are now in service on the state railways and a third has been exhibited at the Paris exposition.

The typhoon of the Orient is an own sister of the West India cyclone. It is generally in low latitudes, late in the summer or early in the autumn, at the western edge of the Pacific, not far from the Philippines. It begins its career by moving westward, but in time returns to the coast of China and Japan.

M. Pierre Baudin, minister of public works, is preparing a list of all the paved roads which are now impracticable for the bicycle or automobile, within a radius of 40 miles around Paris. According to the indications thus furnished, which are to be checked up on the spot, he is to commence a series of improvements in the roads, beginning with those which seem to be the most urgent or offering more interest for touring or circulation.

A cap nut lock for propellers has been invented by Captain Lewis Davis of Liverpool, and is intended to prevent the loss of blades at sea. The centre of the cap nut and the centre of the fixed stud or bolt are bored, and a left-handed flat-head bolt is inserted. Through the head of this bolt and on the cap-nut are a number of holes, so arranged that locking pins can be inserted. A flat cap piece is also screwed into a recess made on the head of the bolt, and again through the centre of this is screwed a small-headed screw. The worming of each bolt or nut is contrary to that preceding, so as to check any loosening tendency. A rubber washer is placed under the flat cap to prevent the entry of water.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Andrew Noble mentioned that in experiments with high power explosives used in guns a chronoscope had been employed which registered the velocity of the projectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore. It was possible with this apparatus to register time to the millionth of a second. In the older experiments, where the velocity did not exceed 1500 or 1600 feet per second, the projectile recorded its time by knocking down a series of steel triggers projecting into the bore. But with velocities of 2500 feet and more per second, the trigger, instead of dropping, frequently plowed a groove in the projectile, and another device was necessary.

Mr. James Judge, an engineer of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, has invented a gun which, whatever its practical value may be, is certainly a new and ingenious application of centrifugal motion. The contrivance consists of a disk, so connected to an electric motor that it can be revolved at an exceedingly high rate of speed. Bullets are introduced into the interior of the disk at the centre; and travel along specially arranged curved chambers to the circumference, and from here are thrown with great velocity through the barrel of the gun. The disk is claimed to rotate at the rate of 12,000 revolutions in a minute, and will eject bullets from the muzzle of the gun with an initial velocity of 2000 feet per second. The bullets are spherical and measure 3-16 of an inch in diameter.

Parcel Post Oddities.

Referring to some of the contradictory rules of the British postoffice, J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., writing in *Pearson's*, says: "No living creature, 'except bees,' may be sent by post (although in France crabs and in Germany human beings, may be so forwarded). The prohibition of living creatures is no doubt due to the experience of the officials charged to open parcels forwarded by entomologists, rat catchers and other scientists, though one is puzzled to account for the toleration of bees. Perhaps some postmaster-general was an ardent apiculturist; but anybody who has ridden in the Australian bush would certainly back a swarm of bees, irritated by several hours' jolting in a freight train, to clear a sorting office in record time. Arms may not be sent to 'prohibited districts' in Ireland in a parcel, and 'the expression 'arms' includes any cannon.'"

It may seem to follow that a cannon may be sent by parcel post to any other part of the United Kingdom. Eggs may be sent by parcel post, but no compensation will be given for injury to them, though payment will be made if the parcel be lost. This is why, when all the eggs in a box have been smashed into fragments, and the liquid contents have oozed out, the box containing the empty shells is invariably delivered with scrupulous care to the addressee.

One.

"Now that you are married," said her intimate friend, "do you intend to hyphenate your name and call yourself Mrs. Plumb-Duff?"

"No," replied the lovely bride, with a shy glance at her fond and proud young husband. "This is not a consolidation. It's an absorption."—Chicago Tribune.

LITTLE INSECT PESTS

ARE THE ENEMY OF COMMON HOUSE PLANTS

The arch enemy of the window garden is the insect pest. They spoil a plant's good looks and lower its vitality until it either dies outright or ceases to bloom or make active growth. Probably not one woman in twenty takes her plants through a winter without having them attacked sooner or later by insects. Once on the spot and unmolested, they increase like the hordes of Egypt, eating the leaves and sucking the sap until they quite ruin the little garden.

The reason insects are worse on house plants than in the garden is because the first are grown under highly artificial conditions. Living rooms are unhealthfully hot; the potted plants are cramped in root and subject to water gorging or thirst starvation if the watering pot is in careless hands. Moreover the atmosphere is surcharged with dust and coal smoke. And as insects always attack first weak and dirty foliage there is a special attraction to them in every struggling house plant.

The common house insects are aphids, or green plant louse, the scale and the red spider. The aphid is the most common. The usual recommended kerosene emulsion will kill them readily enough, but the trouble is that at the first sprinkle they drop off and fall to the earth. Here they hide, ready as soon as the flurry is over to climb up to the stems and go sucking the plant's juices again. To avoid this lift the plant from the shelf with great care, so as not to jar or dislodge them. Wrap a cloth around the top of the pot and close to the plant's stems, so the earth in the pot can neither tumble out nor the insects tumble in. Then quickly invert the plant's top into a pan of water, and if the water is quite warm so much the better. Lift the plant out and shake vigorously. Dip again in the water, then again shake, and so continue until every tiny louse

has been dislodged. Rinse the top well in clean water and return to the window. If a thorough job has been done there will be no more trouble, but the plant should be examined again in a couple of days and, if need be, the treatment repeated.

Scale insects stick to the bark or leaves as though they were glued there. Dislodge them with a wooden toothpick, keeping a close lookout for them and finish by washing the plant well in soapy water. This must be repeated every few days until no more scale can be found. They are not over-common, but a peculiarly stubborn pest. Red spider is almost as common as aphid, but so tiny that few know that this is what the matter with their plants. When without any apparent reason leaves turn a sickly color or show little yellow specks all over them, or begin to curl at the edges, we may suspect little Mr. Red Spider, no bigger than a grain of red pepper and camping with his wife and babies, his parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins on the under side of the plant's leaves. Too hot and too dusty air is the cause of the red spider. There is one sure and simple remedy for him and his. It is water. Have it warm and plenty of it, and see that the under side of the leaves get as much wetting as the upper, and this foe is soon vanquished. A plant can be dipped in water as hot as the hand can be borne in it and it will not hurt in the least, if not kept longer at a time beneath the water than two or three seconds. That degree of heat kills the red spider quickly. Dip half a dozen times in the hot water in quick succession and the work is done.

Wash all plant leaves often. A clean plant is not inviting to insects. Kill the first foe that makes his appearance and you have solved the secret of keeping house plants free from insect pests of all kinds.

ANTI-PROFANITY CONFERENCE

An anti-profanity conference was recently held in Albany, N. Y., under the auspices of the Holy Name Society, a Roman Catholic organization. The Holy Name societies of Brooklyn recently assembled in that city, and marched through the streets in a great procession. The thousands of men in line represented no less than sixty so-

cieties of the Holy Name, attached to as many churches. At the conclusion of the exercises a cablegram was read from Leo XIII, bestowing the Papal blessing on the members. The streets were crowded along the line of march, and the influence of the demonstration reached far beyond the considerable membership of the societies which participated in it.

THE PISTOL HABIT.

One the Courts Should Do Their Best to Discourage.

The courts are not severe enough it would seem from the unremitting accounts of crime and accident, in punishing the pistol carriers. The law against the bearing of concealed weapons is susceptible of much more effective application than is usually given to it. The habit of carrying "guns" still clings to the inhabitants of cities, and the death record is swelled annually as a result. A tragedy in New York the other day illustrated the evil forcibly. A man was kneeling on the sidewalk in front of his place of employment, marking a packing case, when another man chanced to pass just as the worker turned his head and expectorated on the sidewalk. The pedestrian was angered at a supposed insult, and after the exchange of a few words, drew a pistol and fired a fatal shot into the kneeling man. Within a minute two lives were ruined for a trifle. The man with the pistol never had the slightest legitimate need for the weapon. Doubtless never in his life had he been in such danger as to warrant its use or even display, particularly while proceeding through the streets of a city in broad daylight. It is with the pistol carriers engaged in otherwise proper pursuits just in large measure as it is with the burglars, observes the Washington Star. They are potential man-slayers, and as such are amenable to severe punishment when detected. If the courts were to insist upon proper verdicts in the homicide cases which so often the jurists will leniently term manslaughter or justifiable killing, and were to impose the maximum penalties whenever pistol bearers are convicted of the offense, this "habit," a relic of the frontier days and the wild times of war, would be discouraged.

ately after being turned in among the stalks. Several animals may thus be lost, yet when the herd is turned into another field of stalks close by no evil results may show themselves.

Walks with a Broken Back.

A case that is attracting attention in the surgical world is that of Michael Kepler of Raveno, Pa., who is suffering from a broken back. Five years ago he fell and sustained the injury. The local doctors did not give him much relief, and after two years he went to Blossberg. Since then he has undergone fourteen operations. He was discharged from several hospitals as incurable and was told to prepare for the end. Kepler never became discouraged, and about a year ago he commenced to gain strength and for several months he has been able to walk. His health is excellent, but the pain in his back is intense. The bone is decaying, and a large amount has been cut away. He is one of the most jovial, good natured young men in the town. He has gone to Kane for another operation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sending Magazines to Army.

Those who wish to send magazines and other reading matter to the soldiers in the Philippines can avoid transportation charges by forwarding the books to any commissary department of the army. These books must be in good condition and the literature of a wholesome character. The books and magazines must be packed in substantial boxes, but not addressed to any individual. They should be addressed to hospitals, commands or barracks.

Gems Improved by Gaslight.

The appearance of all fine gems is improved by gaslight. A perfect emerald, despite its color, which in anything else would turn to a dull bluish hue, is only intensified in brilliancy of color by artificial light. The blue sapphire, though darkened, remains true to its color, as by daylight. The alexandrite is the only gem that changes, turning from a dark olivine to a brilliant blood red by candle or gas light.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN

The condition of women in Egypt has greatly changed since the old days when Cleopatra reigned supreme upon the Nile and had the whole world at her feet. Miss Carrie Buchanan, a missionary of seven years' experience, testifies that woman's lot is, perhaps, the most deplorable feature of the country. "They are rated below

brutes," she says. "A man might speak of his domestic animals, but to mention his wife's name in public is a breach of etiquette in its worst form. If it does happen that by a slip of the tongue the wife's name is spoken the husband spits on the ground immediately afterward, to show his contempt and cleanse his mouth.