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GRADE CROSSINGS.

Decrease in the Number of Accidents From This Cause.

Since 1898 the number of railroad accidents at crossings at grade has fallen off 25 per cent, though the volume of railroad travel in the United States has largely increased...

This speech, uttered with feverish spirit, as Doris Drummond dragged off her gloves and threw them on the table in a hall, was as a bombshell in the quiet room.

"Broken your engagement!" ejaculated Miss Hudson, dropping her knitting. "Nonsense! There must be some mistake."

"But this morning I saw them again. They were talking most earnestly; he was bending down to her, and I'm sure she was crying. This kind of thing cannot go on. I have lost all confidence in him. I cannot believe in him again..."

"My love, there are two sides to everything. I should like to hear Terry's side."

"Why, he has not got one"—very blankly. "I saw myself."

Miss Hudson picked up her knitting. She had always been plain and angular. No romance had ever touched her life save through her sister's only child—sweet, spoiled Doris.

"The least said the soonest mended," she wisely reflected, stroking her darling's sunny little head. "There is the other side; that I maintain."

Perhaps Doris dimly realized this, for ere they retired to rest she remarked that, with all his faults, Terry was good to every one.

Preparing for Missionary Work. Brother Leo is the name by which William Gallinger, eldest son of the senator from New Hampshire, is known to the religious world of the Episcopal church.

THE SOUL OF A WOMAN.

"The sea hath its pearls,"—But none more fair Was drawn from its breast, Or half so rare As that I have found.

This pearl, in its beauty Exceedingly fair, Is the soul of a woman, True and rare!—The American Queen.

There Are Two Sides to Everything.

By Edith Berkeley.

"GOING to be a thoroughly wet afternoon," muttered Miss Hudson, subsiding into her favorite chair near the window, with the Times and her knitting, and contemplating the rain-soaked garden.

"Gracious, child! what brings you here such a day?" "You may well wonder, aunt; but after what has happened I could not stay in town, and mother thought you would have me for a few weeks. My trunks are coming later. I have been compelled to break off my engagement to Terry, and have written this morning to tell him we must never meet again!"

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answered gently. "You will believe me against all the world; you will believe me through good and evil, as I will you. I know you better than you do yourself, you see."

She moved uneasily, and hid her face in her hands; then suddenly raised it, smiling through her tears, like one of her aunt's roses washed in dew. "You do, Terry, and I will; indeed, I will!" she cried, earnestly.

The listener did not wait to hear more, but fastened on her cap with trembling fingers and dim eyes, and hurried downstairs to order every good thing that she could devise for breakfast before going out to summon her visitors.

"I have been telling Doris of the death of my old friend, Hugh Legarde," Terry said, gravely, as they walked to the door. "Poor fellow! he was hurt in an accident two days ago, and I have been with him day and night since. The family are in terrible trouble; he was the only son."

SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE BEAST, But the Rod Must Be Iron, With a Red-Hot Tip.

"When all other methods of controlling wild beasts fail the keeper has only to employ an iron rod, which has been made red hot at one end," said an old circus man to a Star reporter recently. "Lions and tigers," he continued, "will cringe before the heated poker, and no matter how restless and fractious they may have been the sight of the glowing iron immediately brings them to their best of animal senses. It has an almost hypnotic influence over the beasts. I have seldom heard of an animal being burned in this manner, however, so there is nothing cruel in the treatment. It would not do for the keeper to burn the charges under his care, for the scars would mar the animal or exhibition purposes. The hot iron is a terror, just the same, and under its persuasion the kings of the jungle are docile and ready to do what is wanted of them."

"In circus menageries the animals often become almost unmanageable. This is true of the younger specimens, who do not like the idea of being so closely housed, so much hauled about and so often cut off from the light of the outside world. When it becomes necessary to give their cages a thorough and sanitary cleaning one attendant holds the beast in a corner by means of the red-hot iron, while another thoroughly cleanses the remaining portion of the cage—the work being accomplished by brooms and mops from the outside. In changing the wilder animals from the cages employed on the road to the larger and more commodious quarters at the winter station, what we call a strong box is used. The wagon is hauled alongside the large cage and the steel strong box, open at both ends, is constituted a passageway. The animals hesitate to make a journey through such a suspicious-looking object, however, and again the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

Next to steam, electricity has made the most wonderful progress. At the end of the eighteenth century practically nothing was known of this subtle fluid. A hundred years later, marvelous things can be reported. What steam fails to do for us electricity does. It rings our bells, propels our cars, raises our elevators, transmits our messages, reproduces our voices, plays our pianos, lights our streets and homes, cauterizes our wounds and performs a thousand other functions.

All these marvels owe their origin to the discovery of the electro-magnet, an indispensable adjunct to all electric contrivances, by Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton, N. J. Samuel F. B. Morse, utilizing Henry's invention, discovered the telegraph and the system of signaling which bears his name. Joseph E. Stearns, of Boston, discovered the duplex system of telegraphing and Edison the quadruplex. Royal C. House, another American, invented the printing telegraph, now used in every broker's office in the shape of the famous "ticker." Still another invention of American origin is the fire-alarm system, discovered by Channing and Farnier, of Boston. Burglar alarms, district messenger calls, railroad signals and hotel annunciators are also American by birth.—Collier's Weekly.

The Market in Ancient Albi.

It was nine in the morning, and the market was at its height—and such a market!—one of those Southern marts, where every bright color is displayed at once, where every heap of gray-blue cabbages and every pile of rich red berries and golden apricots is sheltered by an umbrella of a different hue—green, red, blue, purple—where every woman wears a bright kerchief or a knot of gay ribbon. And such a clatter of tongues, and such animation! How interesting the coifs! The old women in little, close-fitting caps, with wide double ruffles round the face, framing it in an aureole of white; the young women with their hair bound in gay plaid kerchiefs, covered by large straw hats of curious fashion, with low crowns bound by wide bands of velvet ribbon.—From "Albi," by E. C. Pelicciotti, in Scribner's.

Big Incubator. What an English paper says is the greatest incubator in the world is at Batary, near Sydney, Australia. It accommodates 11,440 duck eggs or 14,080 hens' eggs.



Mr. Dream-maker. Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me to-night the loveliest dream in your shop: My dear little lassie is weary of light, Her lids are beginning to drop, She's good when she's zay, but she's tired of play, And the tear-drops will naughtily creep.

A Novel Spider Collection. A Belgian teacher of natural history gives an account of an experiment made by him to test the abilities of children as collectors. The result was simply astounding. The teacher asked a boy to collect all the different kinds of spiders that he might see during his vacation rambles.

The lad, who, evidently, did not share the absurd fear which most persons have of these harmless and useful creatures, accepted the task with alacrity, and for weeks he scoured the country round about his home for spiders, going about three miles in every direction.

Why Bees Work in Darkness. Bees go out all day gathering honey and work all night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone there all the time. Why do they prefer to work in the dark? is often asked.

How Chinese Ducks Swim to Market. Chinese farmers do not take their ducks to market in crates, but drive them into the waters of the grand canal and compel them to furnish their own motive power. Usually the duck "crop" of a whole district is brought together and started to market in charge of men in boats, and the sight of several thousand birds swimming in a compact mass along China's great water road is a novel one indeed.

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A Dog's Senses. A young girl was crossing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home.

There is but one ten thousand dollar zeeback in circulation.

TOYS AS EDUCATORS.

The American Boy of Today Has a Distinct Advantage. In his training for life the American boy of today has one distinct advantage which his father lacked. The mechanical toys of the time cannot come into a boy's possession without giving him a certain acquisition of mechanical ideas which may be of value to him in his future career.

Those First Little Trousers. And the next morning nurse put on Reggie's new little trousers and Reggie's new little trousers; and, oh, but they did look funny—you can see how funny they looked,—these tiny boys in their tiny trousers! "And you should have heard little nurse laugh. 'Ha! ha!' she laughed. 'Oh, you funny little black spiders! Ha! Ha!'"

And what do you think their papa did when he saw them? Why, he threw his paper high up in the air and he laughed. "Ha! ha! what little men are these? Come here and I'll put you both in my pocket!" "And he caught Reggie up in his arms and pretended he was going to put him in his pocket."

And Araminta laughed. "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches. "And Reggie did not like to have Arabella laugh, and Reggie did not like to have Araminta laugh. And so they ran down the path as fast as they could go. On and on and on they ran till they came on the little brook in the little meadow."

How the Burglar Was Caught. A rather curious method of burglar catching was resorted to by an ingenious maid servant recently in New York. As the Electrical Review tells the story, while in pursuit of her household duties the maid noticed a man's foot inside the clothes closet. She did not scream, neither did she jump at the door, nor shut it with a bang; instead she took a broom and began to sweep that corner of the room near the closet. Her approach was gradual, and the sweeping was done so naturally that it would not have aroused the most suspicious burglar.

Edge of the World. An old sea captain who had navigated his ship many times round the world persisted in maintaining that our globe is not a globe at all, but a flat surface. No arguments, derisive or painstaking educational, could alter his opinion one jot.

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