PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,

## TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

Office; Main Street above Centre, Long Distance Telephone.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The TRIBUXE is delivered by arriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate 12% cents per month, ayable every two nonths, or \$150 a year, payable in advance. He TRIBUXE may be ordered direct form the arriers or from the office. Complaints of every portion of the property of the property of the property of the property attention.

ular or tardy deriver, see the prompt attention.

MAIL—The THEBUNE is sent to out-of-subscribers for \$1.59 a year, payable in mee; pro rat a terms for shorter periods date when the subscription expires is on didress label of each paper. Prompt reals must be made at the expiration, other the subscription will be discontinued.

red at the Postofilce at Freeland Paond-Class Matter,

Make all money orders, checks. etc.,pay to the Tribune Printing Company, Limi

### GRADE CROSSINGS.

Decrease in the Number of Accidents
From This Gause.

Since 1398 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 increazed and the
number of trains is much greater.
This decrease is due largely to the
legislation, in which New York was
the pioneer, for the abolition of all
grade crossings, says the New York
Sun. The Anti-Grade Crossing law of
New York, adopted in 1897, provided
that steam surface roads thereafter
built must be constructed to avoid all
crossings at grade. New streets, avenues or highways, when carried
across the tracks of existing steam
roads, must be either above or below
grade, and the extra cost of such construction is to be paid half by the
municipally and half by the road
crossed. Where existing crossings are
changed upon the application of the
municipal authorities or of a railroad
company the expense of such change is
to be paid as follows: One-half by the
state and one-quarter by the municipal
authorities. All street surface railroads hereafter constructed in New
York across a steam railroad shall be
either above or below its grade. The
legislature is authorized to appropriate not less than \$100,000 annually to
defray the state's share of the expense
imposed by compliance with this statute. Massachusetts, in which the
population outside of the large cities
is more dense than in New York, appropriates \$500,000 a year for the elimination of grade crossings and has already expended \$2,500,000 for the same
purpose. Under a lew passed by the
Tennessee legislature in 1889, the railroads are obliged to grade road crossings to the level of the rails, and to
keep them in repair for ten feet on
cach side of the track. The Connecticut legislature adopted a similar measare and it has been strictly enforced
in that state. Nearly every western
state and some southern and Pacilic
states have followed New York's lead
in gradually doing away, where practicable, with the old

Geronimo's Souveair Coat.

Abraham Jefferson, a negro, was held to the grand Jury recently on a charge of larceny, says the Kansas City Journal. The namesake of Abraham and Jefferson is charged with having stolen from Fred Harvey, the railway restaurant man, a curiously made buckskin coat, which was formerly a possession of the bloodthirsty Apache chief, Geronimo. The coat, which was exhibited in court, is an interesting specimen of Indian handlwork, and a striking commentary on the character of old Geronimo. It is festooned with forty or fifty long tufts of hair, which are believed to have been taken from the heads of the many white women whom the old chief had killed. Geronimo must have had a particular distike for women with dark brown hair, or a penchant for that kind of decoration for his coat, for, with one exception, all the hair is of that color. The exception is a very light brown, which might at one time have been red. All the hair is long. It is attached in hit-or-miss fashion to all parts of the coat's exterior, and hangs down the back so thick as to almost conceal the highly colored painted figures which constitute the rest of its ornamentation. As a curio the coat was worth about \$500.

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. His novitiate has begun in the order of the Atonement at the monastary at Graymore, three miles distant from Garrison-on-the-Hudson. At the end of two years Brother Leo will be formally ordained a priest of the Episcopal church, and after that date Father Leo will go out 100n his chosen work as a missionary

### 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, Exceedings
Is the soul of a woman,
True and rare!
—The American Queen.

## There Are Two Sides to Everything.

By Edith Berkeley.

other bases of the control of the co

me?"
"My love, there are two sides to everything. I should like to hear Ter-

"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, spolled Doris. Then she had thought so much of Dr. Oliver, too. He was considerably older than her niece. They had seemed exactly suited to each other and no dissension had ruffled their harmony hitherto. It appeared inexplicable, until she recalled how foolish her poor, dear sister Lizzie was; how likely to fan her daughter's resentment into a flame, in sheer thoughtlessness.

"The least said the soonest mended."

peared inexplicable, until she recalled how foolish her poor, dear sister Lizzle was; how floshy to fan her daughter's resentment into a flame, in sheer thoughtlessaess.

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

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

"Doubtless; no one is altogether bad." Miss Houston replied in a tone of disparagement, making a wry face to conceal a smile. "But as you have lost all confidence in him, there is no more to be said."

"No, not a word," responded her niece, with unnecessary fervor.

When Miss Hudson looked out of her window the following morning it was fair and sunny, and Doris was flitting about among the roses in the garden below. Then, as she stood absently watching her, the gate clicked, and Terence Oliver's tall form came down the pathway. The window was wide open, and they were so near that she could not help hearing. He spoke first. "You wrote this?" holding out a note. "Yes, I simply related the truth. You cannot explain..."

"Explain! I shail not try—yet. Will you take back every word in this note?"

"Now she will fire up; now there will be a scene!" murmured the wicked old cavesdropper, excitedly. "How pretty the poor pet looks! yet somehow I would trust him. Heigh-ho! what it is to be young!"

Could she believe her cars? So far from the expected torrent of words, Doris had only turned to the rose bushes, as if she could not cart Terry's straightforward eyes, and muttered, haif audibly:

"Out could, and will," he

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 hent 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."

"He died late last night, and when Terry returned home he found my note. I am so very, very ashamed of myself," Doris owned, bravely. Then she slipped round to her anut's side to whisper, "Ah! I see there is the otherside now. I will never forget it again."

—American Queen.

SPARE THE ROD, SPOIL THE BEAST,

# SPARE THE ROD. SPOIL THE BEAST.

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 fall 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
fretful 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

suasion the kings of the jungie 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 from, 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.

Electrical Process.

Next to steam, electricity has made

ngain the heated iron must be brought into play."—Washington Star.

Electrical Process.

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 doings can be reported. What steam fails to do for us electricity does. It rings our belis, 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 electric-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 B. 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 firealarm system, discovered by Channing and Farmer, of Boston. Burglar alarms, district messenger calls, rall-road signals and hotel annuclators are also American by birth.—Collier's Weekly.

The Market in Ancient Albi.

It was nine in the morning, and the

lost all confidence in him, there is no more to be said."

"No, not a word," responded her niece, with unnecessary fervor. When Miss Hudson looked out of her window the following morning it was fair and sunny, and Doris was filting about among the roses in the garden below. Then, as she stood absently watching her, the gate clicked, and Terence Oliver's tall form came down the pathway. The window was wide open, and they were so near that she could not help hearing. He spoke first "You wrote this?" holding out a note. "Yees. I simply related the truth. You cannot explain..."

"Explain! I shail not try—yet. Will you take back every word in this note?"

"Explain! I shail not try—yet. Will be a scene?" murmured the wicked old cavesdropper, excitedly. "How interesting the coirs! The old do eavesdropper, excitedly. "How pretty the poor pet looks! yet somehow I would trust him. Heigh-ho! what it is to be young."

Could she believe her ears? So farform the Expected torrent of word. Deris had only turned to the rose bushes, as if she could not. Anc. Bufflein..."

But—Terry: I could not. Anc. Bufflein..."

But—Terry: I could not. Anc. Bufflein..."

"But—Terry: I could not. Anc. Bufflein..."

"Oh, yes, you could, and will," he



Mr. Dream-maker.

Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me tonight
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 gay, but she's
tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily
creep.
So, Mr. Dream-maker, hastën, 1 pray:
My little girl's going to sleep.
—S M. Peck, in The Christian Register.

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

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.

He brought back to school more than a hundred species, of which no less than ten had never been supposed to exist in Belgium, despite the careful explorations of Prof. Becker of Brussels, who is famous as a collector of spiders.

The little collection that he made in so remarkable a manner is a highly prized addition to the cabinet of the school.

prized addition to the cabinet of the school.

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. Every one knows that honey is a liquid with no solid sugar in it. After standing it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance, or granulates, and ultimately becomes a solid mass.

Honey has been experimentally inclosed in well-corked flasks, some of which were kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result was that the portion exposed to the light soon crystalized, while that kept in the dark remained unchanged.

Hence, we see why the bees are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are placed in their hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, it would, in all probability, prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

probability, prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

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. Julian Ralph, the traveler, met such a procession one day. The mass of ducks was several acres in extent, and went along at a pace much faster than could be expected, being kept in formation by long bamboo poles with palm leaves at the end. Suddenly several boats came up in the opposite direction—a big, "chopboat" and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before the fresh breeze directly upon the field of ducks, and there seemed to be no way of preventing a terrible slaughter. The big "chopboat," like a house blown before a gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bows. Then there was a fluttering of wings and a bobbing of heads, the immense flock broke apart, a crack opened before the "chopboat" and widened until there was a canal broad enough for the vessel to pass through. Not a single duck was run over.

"Please let me go a little further, it is such a fine morning?"
"No, dear, I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."
Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his way, wendering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—Boston Record.

—Boston Record.

Those First Little Trousers.

And the next morning nurse put on Roggie'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 Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And 'Reggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, they ran out on the veranda where papa was reading his paper.

And what do you think their papa

And Araminta laughed, "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches.

And Roggie did not like to have Arabella laugh, and Reggie did not like to have Arminta 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.

And Roggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried. "I want my dress on," he cried. "I don't want these trousers."

And Reggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried.
"I want my dress on," he cried. "I don't want these trousers."

And Roggie cried: "I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers away!"

And those little rogues, they did!

away!" .

And those little rogues, they did!
They pulled off their new little trousers, and they threw them into the brook!

brook!

And mamma came running down the meadow path to find them. And, oh, how she laughed when she saw them!

"Ha! ha!" she haughed. "Oh, you dear little things! Have you thrown your trousers away."

dear little things! Have you thrown your trousers away?'

But she cuddled them close in her arms and kissed them.

"There, don't cry!" she said.

"Mamma is glad you threw them away."

And Roggie smiles through his tears.

"Nanny is looking." he said. "See, see! Old Nanny is looking!"

And Reggie smiled through his

And Reggie smiled through the tears.

"See! Old Nanny-goat is looking!"
Yes. There on the other side of the brook old Nanny stood, with a look of surprise in her wise eyes, watching those little trousers as they floated away down the stream!—Gertrude Smith, in Little Folks.

A Brick-Hearted Elm.

In New Brunswick, N. J., is an elm tree that literally has a heart of stone, if flintlike bricks and mortar may be so classified. A long time ago the ch was one of three large trees planted around the grave of a famous Indian chief, but with the growth of the town two of the trees were cut down two give place to a street. The remaining elm at once began to die at the heart, and in a few years the trunk was honeycombed by insects. Then at a Fourth of July celebration the punk-like heart caught fire and burned out. Supported by a thin shell of a trunk, the tree threatened to fall in any high wind. Then it occurred to its owner, Mrs. Elmendorf, to have the inside filled with brick and mortar. This was done, and for years the big tree has rested on its stony support, getting its nourishment through the bark and shading the home of its benefactor.

There is but one ten thousand dollar cenback 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. The present development in electricity has been made by men who knew practically nothing of electrical appliances in boyhood. With the munitiplication of electrical toys, the work of the next generation will be taken up by men to whom many of the devices of today have been familiar since early youth. The 20th century boy of 10 years is in a fair way to know more about the possibilities of electricity than the professor of natural philosophy understood 50 years ago.

The principles on which the modern toys operate are practically the same as those used in complicated machinery. The toy electric railway is now equipped down to the slightest detail. The power may be supplied from a battery or from a generator driving

blue they did look funny—you can see how funny they looked,—these thy boys in their fully trousers!

And you should have heard little turse laugh.

"Ha! Ha!" she laughed. "Oh, you funny little black spiders! Ha! Ha!" had Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their bread and what do you think their papa did when the saw them?

Why, he threw his paper high up in the first the spide of the same the saw them? Why, he threw his paper high up in the state of the same the saw them? And Roggie did not like to have his father laugh; and they wriggled and screamed and ran away down the path to the garden where mamm awas watering her roses.

And what do you think mamma did when she saw them? Man and seed the same the

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. At last the broom brushed the door gently but hard enough to close it to the fraction of an inch. With five or six more gentle sweeps that closet door was shut and almost latched, which she at length succeeded in doing by gently pressing her arm against it.

As the telephone in her house was so near the closet that the burglar

ed in doing by gently pressing her arm against it.

As the telephone in her house was so near the closet that the burglar would be able to hear her if she called for assistance, she bethought herself of another plan. In the back yard some telephone linemen were sty the tiple making repairs on a wire that runs to another house in the block. She went out and spoke to them. They promptly tapped a wire, attached an instrument and called up one of the downtown exchanges, which, in turn, got the house owner, who, in his turn, called up police-headquarters. From there the call was sent to the police station nearest the house and two policemen were sent around and got the man.

Edge of the World.

around and got the man.

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 painstakingly educational, could alter his opinion one jot. Some one-said to him once:
"But if the earth is as you say, captain, there must be an edge to it. How is it that no one has ever tumbled over the edge?"
"Why, of course, they have," he answered, triumphantly, "That's wherethe ships go that are reported missing."—Tit-Bits.