

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 15¢ cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The Tribune may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
BY MAIL.—The Tribune is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Men who danced with the Queen bid fair to rival in multitude the nurses of George Washington.

Before Count Zeppelin makes a success of his aerial ship he will have to remodel it. He now confesses that he cannot make it fly.

Since Spain lost her colonies she has turned her attention to sugar beet culture, thus her home industries have been benefited by her losses abroad.

The muster roll of one of the companies of Concord Minute Men, once offered to the town of Concord for \$25, was sold in Boston the other day for 10 times that amount.

The popularity of Earl Roberts is likely to restore the gaiter to favor on masculine chins in England. It fell into disuse after cavalier days and stayed out until Louis Napoleon returned it to vogue.

Professor Lee, the well-known astronomer, seems not to put much faith in the sun, as he has calculated that in the next 3,000,000 years it will freeze to death. This is sad, if true, but there should be some interesting American to invent something, if only another sun, with which to avert the calamity.

English girls are growing so tall, thanks to athletics and an outdoor life generally, that Lady Violet Greville expresses alarm for the future of the sex if they continue to increase in stature. Even now they dominate the men in height to such an extent that they are correspondingly diminishing their matrimonial chances.

The habit of considering the Mormon church as essentially an establishment of Utah in the far west is rudely broken by news of 1000 converts reported to the conference of the southern states within the past year. This conference covers Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould (who among other interesting things wrote the "Onward, Christian Soldier!" hymn which Sullivan set to music) is credited with being the most prolific of English authors, the British Museum showing 140 titles in its catalogue under his name. Andrew Lang comes next with 130 and Dr. Furnivall, who won a boat race at 75, is third with 120.

It looked at one time as if the international marrying fad would never die out, but if reports are true it may soon go the way of the bicycle craze. It is stated that but two English dukes remain in the matrimonial market, and neither of them can be considered eligible, one being almost a lunatic and the other an invalid. International marriages have not, as a rule, been prolific of much happiness to the brides. Money and titles cannot guarantee happiness. The titles have a glamor for a certain class of rich people, but as an investment they often bring loss of money with misery than they do wealth and happiness. A contented person is rich and happy. The American girl does not make any mistake by fitting herself to become the wife of a sober, industrious and well-educated American. By marrying in her own social sphere her chances of happiness are 100 fold better than if she marries out of it abroad.

Sardinia is celebrated for the tombs which prove that prehistorically it was inhabited by great giants. Recently four new tombs have been found which contain skeletons over nine feet long.

Chicago and Toledo were incorporated in the same year—1837. The former has a population of 1,608,573 and the latter 131,822.

SERPENTS OF SALVATION.

The Ordeal of a Night in a Texas Cabin.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

It was partly noble and heroic self-abnegation which prompted Macintosh to constitute himself the saviour of Barclay; but it was also partly hope of winning the hundred which the rest of the mess put up and which would enable him to pay, by several months sooner than he would otherwise have done, for the carved ivory cross, the silver spurs, and the gold cross-sabres, and other trifles of the sort that he had bestowed upon Miss Cunningham in happier days. This is the pure metal of our finest actions ever combined in the coining with base alloy.

Macintosh had been in love with Miss Cunningham for some time, and was so still, though now he had nothing to hope. He had had reason to believe at one period of the negotiations that he found favor in her sight. Then Barclay had come upon the scene, with pull, prospects, and exceeding good looks, and from the moment that he presented himself as a rival for the notice of Miss Cunningham, Macintosh began to lose heart, realizing that, besides being far less blessed in personal appearance than the other, he had nothing to expect in the future beyond promotion and fogies, in the natural course of death and years.

He put his faith to the test however, and when it proved definitely adverse, he did not go into the world embittered and scowling at Barclay, and making a spectacle of himself generally. He even continued to put the horses of his troop at Miss Cunningham's disposal, though now she rode no more with him. Yet, for all that, he himself would have been more than human had he not experienced a certain secret satisfaction at seeing one placed there—and that by Barclay himself. This thing came to pass surprisingly soon, and in the following manner.

Barclay and his lady had a quarrel one day, and, whether it was a relapse to habits of his past life (for Barclay was a civil appointment) or whether it was merely to drown despair, certain it was that the lieutenant hired himself down to the officers' room and drank more than was good for him—considerably more. This was, of course, in the old days, as many as 25 years ago, before the service down to the last, least commissioned officer, had reformed. Then, finding perhaps that though naughty, whiskey—even sutler's whiskey—was nice, Barclay took to drink regularly and all at once; and for a period of several months, except when he was on duty, never drew a sober breath. His brother officers shook their heads in decent sorrow and said that the poor fellow was going the way of many a better man—since it is always the brightest who have gone before us, and the dullest who are left behind.

Now there is one thing which every one has probably observed regarding the man who is in his cups the best part of the time, which is, that besides being the special care of Providence, the war department looks after him tenderly, and his wife is generally his adoring slave.

Miss Cunningham was not Barclay's wife as yet, to be sure, but she would have liked to be, so it came to pretty much the same thing, and in proportion as his vice took stronger hold upon him, he took stronger hold upon her heart. Then her parents interfered, and what with their opposition and menaces, and Barclay's entreaties and promises of amendment after each new fall, the poor girl had a very bad time. Every one was sorry for her. The older officers got at Barclay and pointed to hideous examples of what his end would be, and to the graves of youths and of old men, who had done as he was doing, which dotted the face of Texas and of the territories in general. Barclay was sorry, sincerely sorry. He pledged himself to reform—and straightway sinned again.

And there, where all others had failed, Macintosh stepped in and achieved success. He had been off on a hunting leave, and had got back to the post just in time to report and dress and go over to the mess. Barclay belonged to the mess, but he was not there, and Macintosh, looking around, asked where he might be.

"Sick," said the adjutant laconically.

"Meaning—"

"Exactly so."

Macintosh opined that it was a compound shame, and worse, and some one else suggested that it would not matter so much if the absent one were only killing himself, but that he was killing Miss Cunningham as well.

"I don't know," objected Macintosh; "Barclay's a pretty decent sort himself—"

"Which," interrupted the adjutant, "is both magnanimous and true."

"And"—continued Macintosh, unheeding—"and there are fellows who could be a lot better spared. As far as I've observed this is his only fault."

The adjutant was of the opinion that he made up for a good many lesser ones with it, and that it was one, moreover, which might not be cured.

"Oh!" said Macintosh, more by way of offering opposition than from conviction, "I don't know about that."

The others asked if he had ever heard of a bona-fide case of reform where there had not been a back-slide. "Of course," they argued, "fellows have been known to go on the water-wagon, and to turn over a new leaf, and all that when there was a girl in view. Any man, nearly, will swear off

when he's in love, but when he's in love and can't swear off, he is in a very bad way." And they went on to point out at length how the subject of discussion might end up all at once in a general collapse, to which finish the air of the country was favorable, or, on the other hand, might last to a green old age, rank, and the retired list. "You can't most always tell," declared one, "but, so far as I'm concerned, I should like to see him die off early enough for Miss Cunningham to get over it and forget all about it."

"I," said Macintosh, "had rather see him cured."

"You," observed a captain, with admiration, "must have been drawing on the post Sunday school library. Come off!"

Whereat all the contrariness of Macintosh's nature was aroused. "I would," he insisted. Then an idea seemed to strike him. "And I'll bet," he added, "that I'll reform him, too."

"Angels have trod there," they assured him, "but it would be picturesque to see you rush in. And, by way of incentive, we'll bet you a hundred to ten that you won't."

Macintosh took it, and two months was set as the limit of time in which he might show the finished article. "Provided, always," he stipulated, "that the C. O. will give me another hunting-leave inside of a week."

This the commandment—the matter being presented to him—agreed to do. So Macintosh told Barclay of certain magnificent hunting grounds he had discovered on the last trip, and worked on his imagination and his sportsmanship; and they started off together, on horseback, with their bedding wrapped in rubber ponchos, and provisions on a led-horse. Macintosh did not want a private or any one else along.

Barclay, being in a state of new and keen repentance, abstained from taking a flask along, but Macintosh did not believe in foolhardy heroism of that sort, and his saddlebags held two. Their way led across an all but interminable waste of chaparral. The first day out Barclay drank water. But he stood it in silence until they halted at noon under a mesquite bush. Then Barclay gave a great groan; it was so nearly a sob that Macintosh shuddered. He asked what the trouble was, but he knew very well.

"I'd give my eternal soul—if I haven't already—for a drink," he said. "I don't believe I can stand it, old fellow; let's go back."

But Macintosh refused; he had come out to be gone eight days, and he was going to stay out. "You're two days from the post, anyway," he reasoned; "and you'd either be dead or over it before you got back."

So Barclay had no choice but to keep on. Macintosh said nothing about the flasks in the saddle-bags. He was keeping those for possibly a more urgent use.

At nightfall they came to a settlement in a gulch between two bare foothills. It was a deserted settlement, of mining origin to judge from a forsaken shaft or two, and if it had ever had a name it was forgotten now as had probably been the pony whose skeleton—the legs still hobbled—lay across the entrance of the one street, which ran along the bottom of the gulch and was lined on either side by a dozen or more shacks.

"We can't put up in one of those houses tonight," Macintosh said cheerfully. "I did when I was here a few days ago."

Barclay, who was in a very bad state by now, and whose nerves were agonizing, looked dubious, and said that he would prefer to sleep outside under a poncho, as they had done the night before. "The places are probably alive with centipedes or skunks or something," he complained.

Macintosh had a career of falsehood opening before him for the night in any case, so he entered courageously upon it now. He said that the house he had gone into had been singularly free from anything of the sort, that it had been very comfortable, and that a roof where you could get it was indubitably better than the stars. So they cooked their supper and hobbled their stock, and when the moon rose they took their bedding-rolls and went into the shack, which appeared to be in the best state of repair, and which had, in the town's life-time been its most flourishing saloon.

Macintosh lit a candle, and set it on what remained of the bar. If Barclay had been in a condition to notice anything besides his own woes, he would have seen that Macintosh's face was white and his looks anxious. But he only unwrapped the poncho with shaking hands, and began to spread it in a corner. Then he jumped back and stood looking, terror-eyed into the shadow. There was an ominous, sharp sound, that died away.

"Say, Macintosh," he quavered "there's a rattler in here." Macintosh crossed over to him and laid his hand on his shoulder. "I guess not, old fellow," he soothed; "turn in and you'll feel better in the morning."

Barclay insisted upon the snake, with angry oaths. It rattled again as he went a step nearer. "Don't you hear it?" he urged.

Macintosh shook his head pityingly, sadly. And just then something dark and long went sliding slowly over the floor. The sensation which stole up Macintosh's back to the roots of his hair was not pleasant. "Confound it,"

said Barclay, his voice breaking and high between rage and sheer scare, "get that candle and look, if you don't believe me."

Macintosh went for the candle, walking circuitously to avoid something coiled and beginning to stir, and thereby disturbing yet one more, which rattled, too.

Barclay turned around with a spring. "Perhaps you didn't hear that?" he demanded.

"Hear what?" asked Macintosh, patiently.

He brought the candle, and Barclay took it in his hand and put it almost at the raised and darting end of a rattler. "Maybe you don't see now," he triumphed.

Macintosh felt like dancing as the tenderfoot does when the cowboy shoots at the floor beneath his feet. He wondered if his and Barclay's leggings and boots were surely fang-proof. His teeth clicked together, but he only reached out and took the candle away. "Come to bed, old fellow," he insisted, once more; "you'll be all right by daylight."

The sympathy of his tone worked, Barclay to frenzy. He got into the middle of the room, fairly staggering. The candle, held high in Macintosh's hand, threw a circle of vague light, and in the circle were no less than eight snakes—some coiled some moving, some raising evil heads, some writhing away into the gloom beyond. "Do you mean to say you don't see those?" His hand swept an unsteady circle.

Macintosh stole himself, and said that he only saw the floor.

The other stared at him wildly for a moment, then gave a howl of terror that froze the blood in Macintosh's temples and made him wish that he had left Barclay to go mad in his own chosen way. Horrible thoughts began to come to him of what would happen if the fellow were to go insane here in the midst of the desert, in a forsaken settlement with only hundreds upon hundreds of rattlesnakes everywhere around.

"Get me out of this—oh, get me out of this!" pleaded Barclay, starting for the door and stopping short with a hiss of fright as a snake shot up its head and rattled. Then, in a patch of light which fell on the wall, a centipede, big and fat and long, began to crawl, slowly at first and more swiftly. His eyes fixed themselves upon it, glassy, and he stood perfectly still, his breath coming in sobs and gulps. When the crawling thing had disappeared into a crack he turned deliberately and aged and lined. "On your word of honor, Macintosh," he said, with painful quiet, "are none of those things here?"

"What things?" said Macintosh. He looked forward over the seven or eight hours of darkness yet to come, and wondered whether he or Barclay would go mad first, or if not that, then which would first be stung. But there was no way out of it now, no way but to make an eternal enemy, a fool of himself, and a fizzle of the whole attempt, not to speak of losing his bet. Besides, he was doing a good act.

So he got Barclay up on top of the bar, and he lit one candle as another burned out, and all through the night he kept alternately poking up the snakes and insisting that there were no snakes there, while he laid quieting hands on the trembling form and looked about him to see that no centipede or scorpions should come near. He could have given Dante and Milton points.

But when morning approached he led Barclay, a broken, quivering man, out into the empty street, and caught the horses and saddled them, while Barclay sat huddled on the ground. As the day began to break he turned to him. "Would you like to go back, now that it's lighter, and see for yourself that there was nothing in there?" he asked. If Barclay were to accept, it would spoil the whole thing probably, but that had to be chanced.

"No," said Barclay, and smiled wanly. "I'll take your word for it. Only just get me home."

So they mounted and turned back by the road they had come, for it had got beyond all question of Barclay's handling a gun. As the sun rose, however, his courage rose also, inch by inch. And at last he spoke in quite a normal way, so that Macintosh drew a long breath of relief. "See here, Macintosh," he said, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll never tell this on me, I'll never take a drink again."

And he kept his word, and Macintosh won the hundred, and everybody was happy all around. Barclay and Miss Cunningham were married and lived happily evermore. But Barclay ascribed his reformation to his own power of will, Miss Cunningham to her influence over him, and the others were divided between these two views. And Macintosh got no credit from anybody—as is usually the case with reformers—and it was probably just what he deserved.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Old Records Found in Wales.

One of the most interesting literary finds was the discovery in Swansea castle, about 50 years ago, of the original contract of alliance between Edward of Carnarvon, Prince of Wales, and Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair of France, dated at Paris, May 20, 1303. It was previously known that when Edward II fled from Bristol for Lundy and was driven by contrary winds to land in Swansea bay, he deposited a number of the national archives in Swansea castle for safety. When the records of the castle were seized it is probable that the document mentioned was left behind. The discovery was made by Mr. George Grant Francis of Burrows Lodge, Swansea.—Cardiff Western Mail.



On the Stairs.
The children with their dolls are out
At play upon the stair;
'Tis in the quiet afternoon,
So none disturb them there.

The clock upon the landing ticks;
The house seems very still;
And now and then the shrill wind sighs
Between the door and sill.

The children do not heed the clock,
Nor heed the wind that moans,
But quite intent upon their play,
They talk in lowered tones.
—Katharine Pyle, in Harper's Bazar.

Twirling for Larks.

Why the lark should ever have been chosen as an ingredient for a steak, kidney, and oyster pudding is a puzzle. In consequence of the bird being regarded as a tidbit, thousands of larks are killed in certain countries yearly. A lark can always be caught if you waggle something bright and glittering near it. This is how the French capture their victims. They fasten bits of looking-glass to the top of a rod, which they twist about a string. The scraps of mirror reflect the sun's rays and attract the notice of the larks, which gather round it in large numbers, only to be shot down in scores. This unlovely pastime is known as "Twirling for larks."—Casell's Little Folks.

How Hairpins Are Made.

For ages the French and English controlled the manufacture of hairpins, and it is only within the last 20 years that the goods have been produced in other countries to any extent. The machinery used is of a delicate and intricate character, as the prices at which the pins are sold necessitates the cheapest and most rapid process, which can only be procured by automatic machines.

The wire is made expressly for the purpose and put up in large coils, which are placed in a clamp, and so carried to the machine while being straightened. This machine cuts, bends, and, by a delicate and instantaneous process, sharpens the points. Running at full speed, it will turn out 120 hairpins every minute. To economize it is necessary to keep the engines going day and night.

The difficult part of the work is in the enamelling, which is done by dipping the pins in a preparation and baking in an oven. It is here that the most constant and careful attention is required, as the pins must be absolutely smooth and the enamel have a perfect polish. The slightest particle of dust causes imperfections and roughness.

Rocking Grown People to Sleep.

There are few boys or girls who know what an unpleasant thing it is to lie awake all night. Young people manage to get plenty of exercise during the day and go off into the dustman's kingdom readily enough when the pillow is reached—except, perhaps, on Christmas eve or the night of July 3. Grownups are not always so fortunate. Many of them are lax in the matter of exercise, while others have affairs which fairly run away with their peace and health. The grim monster insomnia often seizes them, sets their brains running at high tension and keeps them awake till morning. It is a terrible state for a grownup to get into and learned doctors have ransacked the earth, the seas and a large book called the pharmacopoeia to find charms that will banish the monster. They have finally hit upon a very simple device—one that is found in every home ruled by a baby. The patient is provided with a bed that is fixed upon an axle at its centre and by means of a simple mechanism the head is gently raised and lowered—rocked. It is very simple and old-fashioned—the wonder is that no one thought of it before and doctors who have tested it in hospitals say that few nervous grownups fall to drop asleep at once under its soothing motion.—Chicago Record.

Joe Trout and the Lion.

Rain was falling the night Joe Trout's train was stopped by a hot box at Dead Man's Curve, on a wild slope of the Alleghanies. Everybody said something uncheerful and then went to work. There was a brilliant gathering of men with lanterns about the afflicted axle. The engineer felt the box, pronounced it a bad case of typhoid fever, and applied remedies learned in 20 years of railroading. Pete Harlow, the flagman, wet to the skin and groaning with rheumatism, walked painfully back around the curve and put signal torpedoes on the track to keep off approaching trains. As he rose from the rail he saw a shaggy object with glowing eyes and a powerful up and down motion, coming toward him.

There was no hint of rheumatism in the way Pete returned to the train and told the boys there was "some strange animal down there." They laughed at him, but his eyes were big with truth or something else, and they finally turned out to investigate. The rear brakeman was allowed to lead, because of his record in the Spanish war, and his reputation of being afraid of nothing. When the little force had marched in column half way to the torpedoes, the brakeman gasped, turned on the instant, and went for the engine at a San Juan gallop. "There she is! Run for your lives!" he yelled as he flew past Trout. The conductor felt his skin grow

Occupation for the Blind.

Another avenue of usefulness has been opened recently to the blind, in the constantly increasing popularity of massage as treatment for disease. A movement has been begun in London to establish a training school in massage for the blind, and it is proposed to raise funds to secure rooms, later in some central situation, where patients could go for treatment by the blind masseurs and masseuses. A few who have been trained have acquired a high degree of skill.

white and his heart turn to water, as he lifted his torch. Facing him was a big African lion. It was no use to reflect that such things are not to be found in the Alleghanies. There it certainly was, growling and coming closer, its powerful shoulder blades bobbing up and down as it walked. Everybody ran except Joe.

"Yah!" he yelled in stupefied surprise. The beast stopped, turned a creditable somersault, rolled over on his back and growled in a friendly way. It seemed to regard the "yah" as a courtesy on Trout's part, and to be trying to make some acknowledgment of it. Joe noticed this.

"It's a lion, sure," he thought as his breath came back, "but he don't seem dangerous." Then he yelled: "Gimme a rope; I'll tie him up."

The engineer went to the engine and got the tank rope, and Trout, with many "yahs" and "whoa theres" and "so boys," made the lion a necktie. Then he led and coaxed him zig-zag to the engine and tied him to the cowcatcher. For five minutes he received handshakes and back-slaps and "Good-for-you-old-mans" from the crew, and then telegraphed to the train dispatcher.

"Caught a lion at Dead Man's Curve. Tied him to the cowcatcher. Will hurt him if we move. What shall we do?" The train dispatcher was mad because the train had been stopped so long, and wired back:

"Cut the rope. We're not in the show business."

Next morning the manager of a traveling menagerie learned with much regret that his pet trick lion was missing. The showmen all went to look for it and found it under a tree near Dead Man's Curve, fast asleep, with a rope around its neck.—Little Chronicle.

Madame Wu.

The present minister from China is the most popular representative of the Flowery Kingdom had in Washington.

Mme. Wu, too, although she has not had the opportunities to become as publicly known as is his Celestial excellency, soon made a place for herself in Washington diplomatic circles. She has not her husband's command of English, but she had no sooner reached Washington, in 1897, than she began to study English, so that now she is well able to carry on "polite conversation."

Mme. Wu is of ancient lineage, her pedigree, in distinction, extending farther back than that of the royal family itself. Naturally, she has remained faithful to the Oriental dress, and her costumes are the wonder and admiration of her American sisters.

On state occasions she wears a brilliant petticoat of red or blue, just short enough to show her little feet, heavily embroidered with gold. Over this is worn a tunic of black and purple, also richly wrought with bullion. On her breast is a large gold eagle, which signifies that her rank is equal to that of her husband, and she may at all functions enter and leave the room at his side instead of behind him, as would be required if she were of lesser rank. Her head-dress is a narrow band of black satin, ornamented usually with a splendid jewel—a large pearl worn directly in front. This band is decorated with flowers which fall just behind the ears and add much to its picturesque quality. Her jewels are beautiful. The custom of wearing flowers in the hair is nearly universal in China, fresh blossoms being preferred when attainable, and artificial ones at other times.

The beads around Mme Wu's neck are also a sign of official distinction, worn by men as well as by women. Curiously enough they vary with the season, those of sandal wood being distinctly summer beads, while coral, jade and other stones are reserved for winter decoration.

Except for state occasions, Mme. Wu's usual costume is a simpler reception gown of brocade and silk. Her home gowns are all made after this general pattern, and are simple in texture and trimming. Silk, cotton and grass cloth are the fabrics most used for summer, with the addition of brocades, furs and skins in winter. Woolen is very little used, and so far as underwear is concerned one may remark that with both men and women there is a great paucity of linen.

Mme. Wu has the little feet which characterize women of high caste in Southern China.

When Mr. Wu was asked: "If you had a daughter, would you bind her feet?" he replied:

"Madame, I have no daughter."

"And if you had?"

After considerable hesitation: "I hardly think I should. However," continued he, "you claim to be such a very progressive people, yet see how your women compress their waists. Why do you not set us an example? When you cease to compress your waists, we will no longer bind our feet. You claim, too, to be free, but what slaves the best of you are to fashion! Our charges in style are slight, and occur at such rare intervals as to give even our women no trouble."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Occupation for the Blind.

Another avenue of usefulness has been opened recently to the blind, in the constantly increasing popularity of massage as treatment for disease. A movement has been begun in London to establish a training school in massage for the blind, and it is proposed to raise funds to secure rooms, later in some central situation, where patients could go for treatment by the blind masseurs and masseuses. A few who have been trained have acquired a high degree of skill.