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It is reported that relic hunters are buying up native spears and bolts at such a rate in the island of Mindanao that the entire section will soon be exhausted. Is this another proof that trade makes for peace?

The authorities at Harvard are talking of cutting off the veterinary school from the university. They show commendable foresight. In a few years a veterinary school will seem a less essential appendage to a university than a school for teaching the art of repairing automobile tires. Harvard cannot afford to bother with the few race horses that will represent all the use the twentieth century will have for the equine tribe, thinks the New York Journal.

A Dawson correspondent of the Toronto Globe notes that for ten consecutive days in January last the average minimum temperature in that far-off corner of British North America was sixty degrees below zero. The very atmosphere seemed solidified by the intense cold, and liquids, exposed in bottles to the outer air froze hard as though they were water. When it is considered that in the Alaska gold mining districts there are from 40,000 to 50,000 persons from more southerly climes who annually endure this fearful cold without murmuring or serious discomfort, the mastery of man over the elements is brought clearly in evidence.

It is altogether probable that the number of tramps in the country has been overestimated. The tramp is a perambulating person whose business it is to go about, and who for that reason gets himself frequently counted, and thus appears to be more numerous than he actually is. There is no doubt, however, that in all parts of the country there are more tramps than there should be. In Massachusetts, where the subject of vagrancy has been a matter of State investigation, there were 207,081 cases in 1899. The tax laid upon private charity, of course, cannot be ascertained but the draft upon the public purse was \$33,086. In towns where tramps were made to work in payment for help afforded them the burden of support was very light. There is nothing so abhorrent to the soul of a confirmed vagrant as labor. He seems to loathe the bread he is made to earn.

**Ancient Records in China.**  
In the Temple of Confucius at Peking are a number of stone tablets covered with inscriptions, which were discovered by the Chinese in the eighth century before Christ, and which, undoubtedly, belong to a much earlier period, which have been carefully preserved since the time when they were found. It is believed that the destruction of the magnificent library of the Han-Lin College, or national academy, which stood just north of the British legation in Peking, and which was destroyed by fire by the Boxers during the recent siege, has been a loss to the world comparable only to the burning of the Alexandrian library.

**A Sympathy Plea.**  
A veteran lawyer tells this story of a young man who was on trial for murder in the first degree. He was charged with killing his father and mother, and the proof was conclusive against him. The jury returned with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was called before the court to be sentenced, and as is the custom, the judge asked:

"If you have any reason why sentence should not be passed upon you, you may give it now."  
"I haven't any, judge," said the prisoner, "excepting that I think you ought to have pity on a poor orphan."

There is a blacksmith in Gardiner, Me., who has not lost a day's work from sickness since he began his apprenticeship, nearly a third of a century ago.

## THE BLEST.

Who are the blest?  
They who have kept their sympathies awake,  
And scattered joy for more than custom's sake—  
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed,  
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease,  
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace.

## THE CLOCK AND A HERO.

By Charles Donald Mackay.

Tom Dean was ticket agent and telegraph operator for the Union Pacific at Wellsville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "Hotel and Lunch Room." About a hundred yards down the track from this popular resort at "train time," stood a low, one-roomed building, the station—Tom's St. Helena.

To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well nigh intolerable; but Tom had hopes and made the best of it. He had removed his belongings from the hotel to Mrs. Jordan's cosy little cottage, where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the village in every way." Nevertheless, the uneventful days would drag, and the nights—well, after the 8.50 "accommodation" pulled out until 11.10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed in the middle of the Great Sahara—at least, so Tom said many times.

One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays, Tom with much pleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the coming train. He was not over fond of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers, and good reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

Taking a last look at the lights, he entered the station and slammed the door after him, as if to bar out the loneliness of the dripping outside world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before, the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and flickered.

"Well, of all the forsaken—"  
The door opened suddenly, and two men stepped into the room, followed by a third.

"Hands up—quick!" the foremost cried.  
In less than two minutes Tom was bound, gagged, and lying helpless behind the partition in the baggage end of the room.

"He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked the man who had spoken before.  
"Down to the sidin'," came the answer. "Set the white light."

The door closed quickly after them. Out of Tom's bewilderment and confusion came the question, what did it mean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the men had gone.

"Set the white light." That meant the express would not stop.

"Down to the sidin'." The blind sidin', an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in the gravel bank.

The terrible truth flashed across his mind. He turned cold—great beads of moisture stood on his forehead; "26," with its living freight, was to be switched on to the sidin' at full speed!

As the horror of it rushed upon him, Tom strained at the cords that bound him hand and foot with a strength he never dreamed he possessed. It was useless—the work had been done well. He looked quickly at the clock—10.41—in 29 minutes more the train would be due. As he turned the knots of the gag pressed into the back of his head. Bearing heavily upon them, unmindful of the pain, he moved his head, forcing his chin downward. They gave—they moved! Again he tried, and again until at last the handkerchief slipped to his neck.

"Help! Help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking howl of the wind and he realized that the effort was strength wasted and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 26 minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! 25—  
The sharp click, click, click from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "26" 20 minutes late."

"Thank God, a delay!"  
Forty-four minutes now—a gain of 20. The train, due at 11.10, would not arrive until 11.30. Townsend relieved him at 12. "Too late! Too late!" rushed through his mind as he glared at the clock. Then the light of hope fairly blazed in his eyes.

The summer before, when he had long, weary night watches, twice he overslept because his alarm had failed him, so, to insure his "call," he had run a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an ingenious connection, when the hands marked 11.45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch, and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who succeeded him, fell heir to his room and "the devil's own," as Tom called the bell. The clock was an imitation of the old-fashioned, bifacial, caseless timepiece, with weights and chains, and a long, heavy pendulum.

"Twenty minutes late," he muttered.

The hour hand was less than two inches from the connection, but how slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew them up toward his chin, shot out his legs and came to a sitting position; then, by a series of short jumps and bumps, he reached the wall, braced his back against it, and with great difficulty worked himself to his feet. The pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the window, heavily barred, the torn shade partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter—just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade, caught the stick between his teeth and sank quickly to the floor. He had succeeded—the stick was torn loose from its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up and along the wall he worked, until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sidewise, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor.

The bodily pain was nothing to him, but he groined in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up—the clock had stopped!

The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain his feet, harder now because of his growing weakness. Nearer and nearer he crept to the motionless rod—a nod of his head would start it—

"My God," he suddenly cried, "why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" and seizing the heavy brass disk at the end of the pendulum in his teeth, he raised his head and detached it.

The rod, freed of its heavy weight, swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move; and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast; he sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eyes were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11.45? Closer and closer it crept—now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes more before Bill would arrive. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound—the noise of the storm was all that he could hear.

Click, click, click came from the instrument—a message from Maysville. "26" had just passed. Maysville was 12 minutes up the road—it must now be 11.18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the worst.

The door burst open.

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's voice.

"Stop '26'—hold-up at Dyke's siding—get men—" But Bill was gone.

The red light flashed up the track, and "26" with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to make Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and said:

"It was the devil's own."

**Persian Lamentation.**  
The Persian's imagination is one of his strongest characteristics, and it has found full play in his religion. When he split with his Turkish brother over who should be successor to Mohammed, he did it with the fanatical enthusiasm with which he does everything—except tell the truth. The offspring of Fatima were henceforth the sacred embodiments to him, and when the Turks and Arabs with almost equal fervor disposed of the imams by various methods of murder held to be polite in those days, the schism was complete. The gulf between Shiite and Sunnite was fixed for all time. It has never narrowed. To this day, in periods of stress between the sects, the Persian accounts it a greater virtue to have killed one Sunni than a whole company of Christians, and his conduct at all times, whether in war or business, shows at what value he holds the Christian.

The cultivation of this religious tension, century after century, has wrought upon the Persian temperament like a corrosive acid. To the original formulae he has tacked on horrors and deprivation, hunger and laceration, enough to make an ordinary savage turn pale. I have seen gentlemen of Indian tribes, shaken by spiritual grief, cry like infants over the stonement service at the burning of the White Dog, and listened to some touching ululations at ceremonies in the uplands of Mexico. Even the colored camp-meeting has its fearful side; but the Persians' doings in memory of what happened to the imams make these seem like children's troubles.—Harper's Weekly.

**A Monument to Dead Horses.**  
As Morioka, Rikubei, is the centre of the horse-breeding country, the people there are going to erect a monument called the "horse-sole monument"—of course the promoters are convinced, like the pious Buddhists they are, that the soul of this animal is immortal—in memory of the horses which were killed in the 1894-1895 war. Mr. Ogiwara, expert of the war office, is making a design for the monument.—Tokyo (Japan) Times.



## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

**Original Bloomer Advocate.**  
Mrs. Mary E. Lewis, the last of the original "bloomer" advocates, who never abandoned the costume until her death, has just died in Indiana. Mrs. Lewis was one of the staff of "The Lily," the first woman suffrage organ in this country, of which Mrs. Bloomer was editor.

**Dresses on Nothing a Year.**  
There is said to be an American woman in Paris who dresses superbly on nothing a year, because she has a fine figure and is a good advertiser for the fashionable dressmaker, who clothes her. Her creations are so enhanced by the wearer's charms, that she is besieged by inquiries for the name of her couturier, who thus has secured a greatly increased clientele in the fashionable circle.

**English Women's Ornaments.**  
Gau metal links, set at intervals with threaded crystals, have taken the place of "barbaric" muff chains, which are laid aside during the prescribed period of English mourning. Jet combs in the hair are taking the place of tortoise shell. Black silk bows for the hair, worn high in front, are the only ornaments suitable for the coiffure.

Satin and tulle are being used instead of velvet neckbands, velvet not being a strictly mourning fabric. A narrow band is worn tightly clasping the throat, and upon it in front are fixed pendant ornaments of pearls or diamonds.

Pearls are accounted mourning gems. Silver will be used later, but gold will not be employed for many moons.

## Gown of Gray Cloth.

A very striking frock is of a fine gray cloth with a rough surface. The skirt is cut severely tight to the knees, after which a shaped flounce shows insertions of black chantilly lace edged with chenille. Two of these insertions run up each side of the skirt. A tucked gray chiffon blouse, piped with the chenille, is worn under a bolero entirely composed of appliqued lace, with a trelwork of chenille and mousseline de soie—a most effective combination and an extremely becoming one. The sleeves of this bolero come just below the elbow, and under these are seen the gray chiffon and black lace ones belonging to the blouse. A wide, pointed, swathed band of black panne completes this very fascinating costume. Another pretty blouse to be worn with this gown is made entirely of ceru lace over white chiffon and shows long, tight sleeves reaching right over the hands. Tiny, fancy Parisian buttons decorate the front of this blouse, holding together some little straps of turquoise velvet, the blouse pouching well over the waistband in front, as fashion decrees our bodices shall still do.

## New Wash Fabrics.

The display of early wash goods is exceedingly interesting in the matters of coloring, design, and in fabric or weave. The tendency at present is toward sheer rather than thick materials, but very thin organdie is decidedly less popular than it was a year ago. Batiste also has lost somewhat of its favor. Swiss in numberless varieties, dimity, and thin mercerized muslins have superseded all other weaves in the lighter-weight summer goods, while gingham, in linen, cotton, and Madras, cotton covert cloth, and plain and fancy linens are the favorites in heavier materials.

The new Swiss and dimity designs all show a striving after the realistic in the choice of floral decoration, very large designs being chosen, and colored as nearly as possible like the original blossom. On the other hand, embroidered figures on Swiss are often of the same color and shade as the material itself.

The special characteristics of the wash goods now showing are the introduction of the satin stripe or dot, the general adoption of a colored ground with white pattern over it, and the universal employment of mercerized effects. The latter treatment is applied to cotton, linen, silk, and silk and linen weaves of every variety, and to thick and thin materials. Mercerized cottons, somewhat sheer, are being combined with Valenciennes lace, while the cotton cloths of a firmer variety are embroidered or combined with the machine embroideries.—Harper's Bazar.

## The High Chignon.

There are divided opinions upon the new method, which is, of course, only a revival of dressing the hair low in the nape of the neck. Women whose faces have lost the fresh bloom of earliest youth are ill-advised to adopt it without a very earnest consideration of their profile in the looking-glass, when, should they be critical, they will probably decide that the chignon is trying and not nearly so "smart" as the coiffure built high. There is a droop about the effect that is quite dowdy unless a special concentration is made upon the tresses on the brow and the crown of the head, tending to raise them, and provide the height and dignity that most countenances re-

quire. But undoubtedly the fresh of face and soft and round of countenance need not hesitate, and should their hair be short, what prettier, newer method is there of dressing it than en queue? For the long-haired there are coils; for the short all that is needful is that the hair be turned under and secured either with a ribbon band or with a jewelled comb.

Many women will always cling to the high coiffure, and just now it is so becoming with the hair slightly puffed and less waved, arranged from the centre with a twist, forming a curl falling carelessly on the forehead. The hair looped up to the crown of the head, having two or three twists interlaced with tulle, finishing in a fanlike bow toward one side, is very attractive and becoming to most faces. A wreath of small roses arranged around the crown and interlaced with coils of the hair is another effective evening coiffure.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

## If You Wish to Look Young.

The face is, without doubt, an index to the heart, therefore if you wish to look always young and charming, be as happy as you can. Dress as well as your means will allow, dress becomingly and dress modestly; give every attention to your underclothing. Always wear nice petticoats, so that when you raise your skirts your appearance may be dainty. Wear good-fitting corsets; they should be removed as often as necessary. Never wear soiled corsets and it seldom, if ever, pays to clean them; better purchase another pair, or, better still, have three pairs constantly on hand, to be worn on alternate days, and all of them will be found to wear better, to keep clean longer, and to be more healthful. Never lace a corset too tightly, as this will push the flesh where it should not be and cause the wearer's hands, face or nose to become red and swollen. For a slight woman, corsets of medium length in front with short hips and low in the back should be worn; for a plump woman a corset nearly the same length all the way round is preferable. Let the corset, whether worn by a stout woman or a slight one, nearly meet at the waist, but open wider at the top and bottom edge; this will keep the figure in trim. A stout woman should clasp her corsets from the top downward, whereas a slender woman should fasten her corset from the lower edge upwards.

Wear your hair neatly and becomingly dressed; if you have very little hair you should, in justice to your self, wear artificial. If the front hair is very thin an artificial fringe may be necessary, but select one that is not heavy or it will not look natural; if the back hair needs to be added to, select a switch that matches your own in color and in texture, and do not have it too heavy or too long.

It is the duty of every woman to make herself as attractive as possible, and every one should look her best at all times, not alone from a motive of self-respect, but because her friends like to think of her as pretty or dainty. As one advances in years, to have pretty and fashionable clothes it is not necessary to dress like a young girl; the one great thing in dress is to have it well made and well hung and becoming.—American Queen.

**FASHION NOTES**  
Embroidered Swisses are marvels of beauty.  
Arabian lace collars are gems for linen suits.  
Fresh roses last well in the hair: a whole evening.  
Velour crystal is appearing in many pieces of new neckwear.  
Tucked skirts, made straight, are nearly certain to be clumsy.  
With a violet silk waist, a set of amethyst buttons is a treasure.  
A stunning cloth dress has a blouse and flounce of panne applique.  
White and yellow, with a touch of black, is almost sure to be lovely.  
Materials are in every case cut away from under lace insertions.  
In the spring a woman's thoughts lightly turn to thoughts of such colors as gray and violet.  
One new blouse coat boasts little rear appendages that look like a swallow's tail in flight.  
Some boleros disappear up into nothing at the front, while others refuse to cover Beauty's back.  
Flounces are either plain, circular affairs, or they are tucked or plaited to a part of their depth.  
Triple collars, the outer one on applique, give a fetching finish to the blouse for the linen suit.  
Plain goods, wash or otherwise, rejoice in borders, which come in handy for edging platings, as well as panels.  
All-over tucking makes a pretty dress. Cut in narrow gores it is most effective if set together with insertion.  
A floral hat may take the shape of the frame underneath, or it may look like a lot of blossoms caught up by a whirlwind.  
Under, or lingerie, sleeves come ready to wear. They look curious enough, being sufficiently long to reach the elbow.  
Those metal tags, which started out mildly enough, have grown to four inches or more in diameter, and in this size are used to finish off the ends of broad ribbon.



## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

**Apple Pudding.**  
An easily made pudding that has served an old housekeeper on many emergency occasions is prepared by making a mixture of one cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, a half cupful of butter and three eggs, and adding to it three chopped apples and three-quarters of a cupful of chopped raisins. This should be baked in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve with hard sauce.

## Asparagus Soup.

Boil the stalks of two bunches of asparagus until they are tender, saving the tips for a salad. Drain and rub them through a sieve. To the water in which the asparagus was boiled add one quart of milk and the asparagus. Cook two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of flour for three minutes, without browning. Add the soup slowly and rub until smooth. Have ready in the soup tureen one-half cupful of cream and the beaten yolk of one egg, and pour the boiling soup over them, stirring until thoroughly mixed.

## A Dessert for Children.

Stewed dates, served with or without cream, make a delicious dessert and are always hailed with delight by the children. Wash a pound of new dates thoroughly and remove the stones. Put them into a stewpan, cover them with two cupfuls of cold water and let them boil 10 minutes. Add to them the juice of one lemon and half a cupful of sugar and boil five minutes longer. Strain the fruit from the syrup and boil the latter alone for 10 minutes. Put the dates into a pudding dish and turn the syrup over them. One-half cupful of finely chopped almonds, English walnuts or pecan nuts may be added to the syrup.

## Cuban Coffee.

No hard and fast rules can be given for preparing the delightful drink known as Cuban coffee, but the following proportions will probably prove satisfactory for a teacupful of pulverized coffee in a flannel bag, suspend over a porcelain dish and pour a little cold water over it at intervals until the mass is saturated. The first drippings are poured again over the bag and more water added until the dripped liquid is thick and black. Use in all about two cupfuls of water, allowing the process of pouring the drippings over the bag to be repeated at intervals all day. To serve, fill a cup nearly full with scalded milk and add a teaspoonful of the black coffee extract.

## How to Cook Vegetables.

Vegetables such as onions, cabbage, cauliflower and turnips may be made more delicate and wholesome by allowing their odors to escape with the steam while they are boiling. There will also be less odor observable about the house if this is done than if the flavors are allowed to concentrate in tightly closed vessels. While doubtless a certain amount of nutriment are lost by this means, the vegetables by being rendered more palatable become more digestible.

The same is true of boiled meats, and the lid of the kettle should be left partly off while they are cooking; otherwise there will be a strong, unpalatable flavor. All green vegetables should be boiled in an uncovered vessel. Some housekeepers claim that a dish of steaming vinegar on the range will prevent cooking odors from permeating the house.

## Household Hints.

Mirrors, if at all well framed and well placed, are usually a good addition.  
Pots and pans that have been burned should be set to boil with cold water and a lump of soda.  
Flannels and other all-wool textures should be both washed and rinsed in waters of even temperature.

After washing fine lace pull it into shape and dry it on a sheet of glass; it will be ready for use without ironing.  
When the smoke bells are suspended over the gas burners to shield the ceiling, it is better to have them come as low as possible, but not closer than 12 or 15 inches to the flame.

Do not put pans and kettles partly filled with water on the stove to soak, as it only makes them more difficult to clean. Fill them with cold water and soak away from the heat.  
Moulds in which blanc-manges are to be put should be wet to insure their easy turning out; on the other hand, in those to be used for jelly no water should go, as it will crack the jelly.

Parsley can be kept for winter use in soups and sauces by plunging fresh bunches of it into slightly salted boiling water and boiling for three minutes. At the end of that time it should be removed and dried quickly near the fire.  
A room is dusted only when the dust is taken out of the room, and that is done only when it has been carried out of the room. This is done by using a soft cloth to dust with and by wiping the surface of each article slowly and with care not to throw the particles of dust up in the air, whence they will settle again instantly somewhere else.