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NATURAL REMEDIES.

- Feeling bad? Just sing! Soon be glad (Sure thing!) Feeling mad? Here's a cure; Smile, my lad, (Quick! Sure!) Worrying? Breathe deep, (Just the thing— Safe! Cheap!) Cash all gone? Don't groan; Work, my son, (Best known!) Deep in love? Here's a cure; Wed the dove, (Great! Sure!) —James Rowie, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"He boasts that he is a man of iron." "Then he's no judge of metals. He can't tell iron from brass."—Chicago Post. "Destiny," said the pensive boarder, "is like a chicken—it isn't everybody who can carve it to his entire satisfaction."—Puck. Keeper—"This roof fellow used to be a famous musician." Visitor—"Ah! and now he's a wandering minstrel."—Philadelphia Bulletin. "Does that young man next door to you play his trombone by ear or by note?" "Neither. By brute force."—Chicago Times-Herald. Here's advice for the singer To paste in his hat; Always strive to B natural And never B flat. —Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Bonney—"Six motherless children, you say? And can't you find work?" Tramp—"Oh, they're not old enough for that yet, ma'am."—Brooklyn Life. Sissy Summergirl dazily—"I'd like a good novel." Harold D'Byzonds (the erstwhile "clubman") absentmindedly—"Third floor—second counter to the right."—Brooklyn Life. "I guess it's time to go," he said, And started. "You've guessed it," she replied, and so They parted. —Detroit Free Press. "I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that pocket of yours?" "Precisely; it is a lock of my husband's hair." "But your husband is still alive." "Yes; but his hair is all gone."—Tit-Bits. Ida—"I want to have some pictures taken. Can you recommend a photographer?" Ada—"Flash! I've heard that he has a way of making the best people look absolutely handsome."—Philadelphia Bulletin. Wife (who has been struck by a bicycle)—"Never mind, dear. Don't make a scene of it." Husband—"What? Do you think I'll let him go without saying what I think?" Wife—"But I'm not really hurt." Husband—"That doesn't matter. A little more and he might have run into me."—Tit-Bits. The Seaman—"Have you ever been on a battleship when she clears for action?" The Landsman—"No." The Seaman—"Well, it is the most thrilling and impressive moment you can conceive." The Landsman—"Oh, I don't know. Have you ever seen a golf club champion get ready to drive?"—Life. Thought a Spirit Grabbed Him. "I had a strange experience a few nights ago," said the man who wants to know about things. "It was while I was getting on a Sixth avenue trolley car. A damp snow was falling, and the car platform was saturated with moisture. Just as my foot touched the platform I felt a sensation in my ankle as if some one had grabbed my leg and was holding on good and hard. I yelled and turned around like a flash, but the only one near me was an old lady. She didn't seem to be a person who would do a thing of that kind. On the contrary, she looked at me as much as to say: 'What's the matter? Are you crazy? I took my seat, neck, but puzzled. "When I left the car the same thing happened, and it set me to thinking. I almost began to believe in spirits. Finally I figured it out in this way: I didn't have on any rubbers, the car platform was wet and there were lots of electricity running around loose. In other words, when my foot hit the platform I got an electric shock. Am I right?"—New York Mail and Express. Centenarians in Europe. A German statistician announces that according to a census taken recently there are about 62,000 centenarians in Europe.



CONVICT NUMBER 1307.

By Laura Ellen Beale.

JACK POWELL sat with his back to the wall of the cell, occasionally glancing with unseeing eyes at the few objects in the narrow space. As his gaze fell upon the grating which served for a window, with its few inches of the sky of liberty mocking him through the bars, he sprang up and took a quick step toward it, just as the sweet strains of music drifted in from a hand passing near the prison walls. Then a bell rang somewhere in the distance. Oh, those sounds from the great free world without! How terrible they seemed to the grief-stricken man! He slumped violently and dropped back on to the cot. "No, no! I must not ruin it all now. Oh, God, help me to live through the next two years!" he exclaimed, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud in the agony of despair. Though he yearned for freedom with a longing that was almost frenzy, still the notion of escape did not often tempt him; but to-day a man had escaped, and the breast of every prisoner had been filled with envy and longing. The year already spent behind those walls seemed an eternity. Could he live through two more years of such misery? he asked himself. Yes, he could and he would, for he had work to perform when the time of his sentence should have expired. He must go back to Oklahoma and prove his innocence; must live down the disgrace among the very people who had believed him guilty, where no one thought him innocent. Ah, yes! there was one who had believed in him, who had stood by him through it all, and the fires of renewed courage kindled in his eyes as he thought of Nellie, his promised wife. How brave she had been—how staunch and true! Even when the trial was ended, and he had not succeeded in making the judge and jury believe his story, she had not wavered in her loyalty, but again assured him of her love, begging him to shorten his term as much as possible by good behavior, then to come home—he would find her true, and together they would prove somehow, that he had been wrongfully accused. In the year of his imprisonment Jack had been a model prisoner. At times, in the depths of his despair, he had felt that he could not stand the maddening routine another moment, that he must attempt escape or he would surely die; but the thought of Nellie, his sweetheart, and her confidence, had strengthened him to successfully combat these hopeless feelings. Attempt at flight, even if successful, meant only the destruction of his fondest hopes and those of the brave girl who had risked so much because of her love for him. To-night, sitting dejectedly in his cell, Jack cursed the folly which had caused his trouble. Many times he had decided to "quit drinking," but was never staunch in his resolution. Now he meant it, for if he had not been on a "spree" he would never have been arrested for theft. He thought of the farm, the stock, and the neat little house which she had planned, and which was soon to have been their home. He groaned involuntarily. When he had begun to "drink," his less prosperous neighbors had smiled in grim satisfaction, and when the trouble had come, the general verdict had been, "It serves him right." When he insisted that he had bought the horse and saddle, but that he did not know the man who sold them to him, they winked knowingly. The property had been stolen from the Catonsville postoffice, and was found in Jack's possession. He was "here in consequence. "Well," he declared mentally, "it does serve me right, but I'll prove my innocence to those people if it takes me years to do it!" A little before noon the next day his attention was attracted to a line of new arrivals, walking handcuffed together in pairs, in charge of armed guards. As they passed close to where Jack stood, the look of hopeless misery on the face of one of the men made his heart throb with pity. Perhaps he too was innocent! Just then a man looked up and Jack gave a sudden start. The face seemed very familiar. Surely he had seen that man before. The line passed on into a building, but somehow he could not get the face of the man who wore the number "1307" out of his mind, and many times during the day he asked himself, "Who is he, and where have I seen him?" When he returned to his cell that night, and the guard told him he was to have "company" for awhile, Jack would have been almost surprised had the man been other than "1307." In the closer range of the narrow cell, he was more strongly than ever filled with a perplexing sense that he had somewhere seen this sullen, default face, but where he could not remember. In the days and weeks that followed, during which time Joe Stretcher remained gloomy and remorse, repulsing all overtures, Jack vainly racked his memory for some clue by which to establish his identity. Gradually, however, the new comer began to "thaw out" a little, and the two prisoners became sociable, even friendly. Jack soon learned that Joe's home was in Indiana, and as he said he had never

to that terrible space, Jack held firmly to his clothing. He felt sick when he thought of the consequence if the hook should slip or the improvised rope break. He breathed more freely when he saw Joe, after only a slight hesitation, start carefully to ascend the rope. He soon reached the cornice, and in another moment was on the roof. Adjusting the hook somewhat, he leaned over the edge of it and signaled to Jack, and, he, too, made the ascent in safety. Crouching low for a few seconds they waited breathlessly, but heard no sound. Thus far they had been unobserved. Taking the hook and rope, they crept cautiously along in the shadow of the cornice to the corner of the building, from which they lowered themselves to the roof of another, and from this they swung out and down upon the wall, and then to the ground and—freedom. Jack, who descended first, waited for Joe, and for a moment the two stood in silence. Neither spoke. Jack felt fairly bursting with emotion. To be outside of those walls—free—was more than he could realize. It seemed too good to be true. But suddenly the booming peal of a bell and the sharp clatter of feet aroused them, and they started to run. Then came a yell, loud and terrible, changing quickly from rage to exultation. A shot rang out—then several others, followed by the spiteful hum of many bullets. Jack ran as he never ran before. Joe was slightly in advance, and Jack saw him hesitate and stumble, then with his hands tossed high above his head, he staggered and sank down. In a flash Jack was kneeling beside him. Joe turned toward him muttering: "Are you mad? Go! For God's sake, Jack, save yourself! Don't waste your own life!" "No! I will not go. Are you badly hurt, Joe?" asked Jack, as his comrade dropped back into his outstretched arms. They were almost immediately surrounded by the guards, but Jack lifted the wounded man upon his knee, holding him close against him with one arm, while with his free hand he tore open the neck of Joe's shirt, upon which a crimson stain now appeared. As Joe sank back limply, Jack shook him, crying: "Don't give way, old fellow! Here, Joe, don't die!" But the head on his shoulder only sank the closer. Suddenly he opened his eyes, and seeing the guards, said between gasps of pain and weakness: "Jack, I'm done for. Don't think too hard of me because I didn't tell you. I couldn't help it—I knew you wouldn't come. Forgive me if you can, I knew all the time—since that night—that I was—the man who sold you that horse. You are witnesses," he said fatteringly to the guards. "Tell them—governor—he is innocent. I stole the horse and saddle and sold them to him for twenty dollars—at Pawnee crossing in Oklahoma. I never knew of the arrest, Jack, but when I came here I thought you were the fellow—didn't know for sure till that night—you told me about—Nellie. Forgive—I'm done for this time." Then, arousing himself with almost superhuman effort, he again stammered to the guards: "See, I'm dying—you are—witnesses. Jack didn't steal them—I did—Catonsville, Oklahoma. Met Jack two days after—coming from Kaw Reservation. Didn't know him—didn't care—just wanted to get rid of—stolen stuff. He was drunk. Forgive me, Jack—if you —" He stopped speaking, his head sank, and the body stiffened in Jack's arms. —Waverley Magazine. THE CHURCH "AD." TAKES. Ohio Minister Puts It in Display Type and Says It Makes Converts. A decided innovation in church circles has been introduced by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Whitaker, of Ashtabula, Ohio, pastor of the Park Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He is using large display newspaper advertising to announce his church services, and testifies to the fact that two ten-inch advertisements resulted in doubling his average Sunday evening attendance and were instrumental in making converts to religion. His advertisements are set double measure, "top of column next to reading matter." They are written in an attractive manner, and are set in heavy, black-faced type. Here is a sample of one of them: "Wanted—A few more saints, a few more men, a few more Methodists, a few more sinners, to become saints. Meeting to-night at the First M. E. Church. Subject: 'Fools and Their Companions.'" The dodger cannot take the place of a newspaper display advertisement, the Rev. Whitaker says, and he is not satisfied with the "Church Notice" department. Dr. Whitaker pays full rates for his advertising. Mimicking the Queen. Few people are perhaps aware how thoroughly Queen Victoria enjoyed a joke. A Gentleman-in-Waiting, whom we will call Mr. B—, distinguished for his imitative powers and dramatic talent, was a frequent visitor at both Windsor and Osborne. One day the Queen, looking with a certain austerity straight into his face, demanded "Now, Mr. B—, I am perfectly well aware that when my back is turned you imitate me; I wish to see how you do it this minute!" Poor Mr. B— fell straight into the royal trap, crimsoned, faltered and utterly lost his countenance. "Ah!" exclaimed the Queen, "I see I was right. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" and she added, laughing as heartily as a schoolgirl, "but, mind you, don't do it again."—London Chronicle.

HIS COUNTRY NEWSPAPER. Reminiscences Suggested to an Old Boy by the News of Unionville. "It is a fashion, I know, among city folk to ridicule the country paper," says a reformed traveling man, "but I have been a regular subscriber to the Unionville Banner for over thirty years. There's one evening in the week that I look forward to with zest. That's Monday night, when I light my old pipe, put on my slippers and lie back in the battered rocker for a musing and a dreaming over my copy of the Banner. "Yes, there it is. Hasn't changed a fant of type, I guess, in forty years. Same old, queer job type. Same old Washington press still grinds it out. I'll bet, as it did when I was a freckled boy and used to hang around the front door of the tumbled rookery where snow-haired Editor Moore used to be picking up the type or methodically scratching down the fact that 'Miss May Smith is visiting friends in our neighboring burg,' or 'John Loftus is preparing to build a new barn. Most of the lumber is already on the ground.' "I turn to the front page first, of course, and here, in my 'Local News,' I ascertain that 'Miss Ella Stuart has quite a class of music pupils here in town and also conducts a class in Patonsburg. Miss Stuart has a good quality of musical talent.' Why, dear me, dear me; don't it beat all how things do move! Why, I used to go to the high school in Unionville with Ella Stuart's mother. And many a time I hung my May baskets with her and then hung over the old white paling gate and held her hand until an omnibus raising of an upper window indicated that a parent of Ella's mother desired the daughter's presence within. "And, let's see! Why, here's something: 'Walter Thomas has been to the city this week, laying in a new stock of goods. Peter Figel is helping out in The Emporium during Walter's absence.' Well, it is surprising how some boys'll come up in the world in spite of poverty and distress. Know who that Walter Thomas is? Well, sir, he's the grandson of old Pap Thomas, as we used to call him, who used to live away down there by the railroad in that little hut of a place, and had a cabbage patch all around the house. Desolate a looking place as you ever saw. "Pap was sort of half-witted and had a son who I should say was fully three-quarters witted. A peaceable, law-abiding well-digger he came to be. Married a real bright girl, really considerably above the average, and here their son's become the leading merchant in Unionville! This Peter Figel is a relation—son, maybe—of an old foreigner who settled down in Unionville and earned a living at cobbling. Said to be of noble birth he was, and mysterious generally. "I shouldn't know the faces that would greet me on Main street, I suppose now. Most of 'em come up since I was a boy. I wonder who really has made the truest success, the boys who stayed at home or those who were going to conquer the great world outside. There were my schoolmates who married and settled down in Unionville, and their sons and daughters are to-day's young men and women. I was going to do such big things when I struck the city that I couldn't exactly make up my mind to take time to come back and court Susie Williams. I kept putting it off and putting it off until I should get a little better and a little better position until, first thing I knew, Phil Kerns up and married her and I was left. So, that's how it is, and bless me if I don't wonder sometimes as I muse over the old Banner if the boys who stayed at home have made such a miserable failure of it after all. "So, I read along to ponder over the memories that those quaint items in the 'Local News' call forth. Well, you may poke fun at the country weeklies as you will, but I fail to see why the fact that a resident of Unionville has lately bought the place of another resident of Unionville, and intends to move into it, may not be as well worth chronicling in the local paper of Unionville as the fact that the dog of a famous actress died on the steamer is worth two-column pictures and a half-column description in city dailies. Blamed! I can see much difference in merit between a poodle dog editorial in a city daily and a big cabbage just laid on the desk of ye editor of a country weekly."—Boston correspondence of the New York Sun. A New Scheme. A new scheme to get people to buy a paper has been on trial by the Referee, a London sporting journal. It advertised that on certain days a number of persons in its employ would patrol certain thoroughfares and count the copies seen in the hands or pockets of people who pass them. On reaching a certain unadvertised number the counter would present the person with an envelope containing a check for two guineas. Such a scheme would not appeal to American readers, as they would not consent to make walking advertisements of themselves, even though they might capture a \$10 bill for doing so. Duration of the Victorian Era. The Victorian Era has taken its place in history. It dawned at twenty minutes past two on the morning of June 20, 1837, and closed at half-past six on the evening of January 22, 1901, says St. James' Gazette. It lasted 22,223 days, 557,386 full hours, 33,443, 170 minutes and 2,005,590,200 seconds. All but 546 1/2 hours of it were in the nineteenth century. The art of dentistry was introduced into New York City by John Greenwood in 1788. He is said to have made the first artificial teeth ever manufactured in this country.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT. The root of all discontent is self-love.—J. F. Clarke. We are as often duped by diffidence as by confidence.—Chesterfield. Diffidence is to the affections what grace is to beauty.—Degerando. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Chesterfield. The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another.—George Elliot. The feeling of distrust is always the last which a great mind acquires.—Racine. If thou art a master, he sometimes blind, if a servant, sometimes deaf.—Fulfer. Each hour comes with some little fragor of God's will fastened upon its back.—Faber. To be traduced by ignorant tongues is the tough brake that virtue must go through.—Shakespeare. Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in the consciousness that we deserve them.—Aristotle. It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—W. Matthews. Depend on no man, on no friend but him who can depend on himself. He only who acts conscientiously towards himself, will act so towards others.—Lavater. AN ELECTRIC DIET. Interesting Possibilities for Improving the Human Race. The notion of fattening pigs by electricity is at all events novel, and if the inventor of the process be not disappointed the idea will yet be applied to other animals and even to human beings. To Dr. W. J. Herdman of the medical faculty of the University of Michigan the world owes this discovery, which is to the effect that the galvanic current promotes the growth of tissue—that is to say, the increase of flesh. It had previously been ascertained that plants develop more rapidly under the electric stimulus, and there was no obvious reason why animals should not be equally responsive to it. Hence the idea of Dr. Herdman, which promises well, though its application cannot as yet be said to have passed beyond the experimental stage. The doctor, for the sake of convenience, began his experiments with guinea pigs, half a dozen of which he put in each of two cages, taking care that they should all be of exactly the same age, so as to make the conditions of the trial as free from flaw as possible. Around one of the cages he strung several wires, through which a current of electricity was kept passing night and day, while nothing of the kind was done with the other cage. Meanwhile for a stated period, the animals in both cages were fed with a precisely equal quantity of provender of the same kind, so that there should be no advantage in this respect on either side. As a result it was found that the guinea pigs that lived in an electric environment gained in weight during a measured time 10 percent more than those in the non-electric cage. Dr. Herdman is confident that ordinary pigs, if subjected to similar treatment, would exhibit like results. He proposes to build suitably wired pens, and to furnish the growing swine with regular supplies of electricity, much in the same way as was done with the guinea pigs. Nobody can say what may be the final influence of this new discovery upon the packing trade, or whether the "electric bacon" of the future may not command a special price in the market. The imagination extends the application of Dr. Herdman's discovery to almost any lengths. Why may not the day come when every cow in her stall shall have her private wire? And if electricity is good for pigs, it may serve to fatten babies, or even grown persons who are desirous of increasing their avoirdupois, and thus most interesting possibilities for the improvement of the human physique are opened up.—Saturday Evening Post. The Lost Cabin Mine. It would be a waste of time to argue in almost any gathering of miners of the west that the Lost Cabin mine exists merely in the imagination of gold-hungry men. It is popularly supposed that the Lost Cabin mine is somewhere among the Big Horn mountains in southern Montana or northern Wyoming. In the late fifties three men, Allen E. Hurlburt, Adam Cox and Jefferson Jones discovered it and found it so rich that they could scarcely believe their senses. They built a cabin of logs, fortifying it with stockades, in which they passed the winter months. When the spring sun unlocked the waters of the creek, they hurried back to their sluice boxes and worked harder than ever. One day Hurlburt left the sluices to go to the cabin. He had barely lost sight of his companions when he heard the report of rifles. Indians had surprised his companions and killed them. Hurlburt lay concealed in the brush for a day and night. Half-dead and almost insane he managed to get across the prairie and down the North Platte river to what is now Fort Laramie. Soon after telling his story he died. Miners have since been searching for the log cabin on the creek. In 1866 an expedition of over 200 men was organized at Fort Laramie solely to spend two months in searching for the Lost Cabin mine. Many Londoners insist that their appetite has improved since electricity was applied to some of the underground railways. It is believed to generate ozone.