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This century's dawn is dark for the law breakers who gull the public with their fake fights.

An endowed theatre for the production of old dramatic masterpieces is talked of in London.

The State of Oregon has issued warrants for over \$100,000 within a year past for bounties for predatory wild animals killed within its limits.

According to a New Haven paper if half the trolley roads proposed for Connecticut should be built, "pasture land would go up with a bound."

A ward of the sultan was hazed at a Philadelphia medical college, and says he is disgraced in his own eyes and in the eyes of his countrymen, because they cut off his mustache.

After careful and patient investigation, the Historical Committee of the Society of California Pioneers has learned that January 24, 1848, was the exact date of the discovery of gold in California by James W. Marshall.

The Board of Education of Chicago has approved plans for parental school buildings to be located on the fifty-acre tract of land owned by the city near Bowmanville.

The New York Sun rules that we may continue to call the frock coat a Prince Albert if we choose to do so, for the good and sufficient reason that this garment was not named after Albert Edward, but after his father, Prince Albert, who died forty years ago.

Here is a heartrending tale. A year ago a demoiselle in Paris won first prize in a much heralded beauty contest. A dressmaker, scenting advertisement, paid the lady thirty thousand francs a year to wear his costumes exclusively.

France has 14 submarine boats built or completing, and eight more projected.

THE EVOLUTION OF A "STEADY."

BEGINNING OF AN AFFAIR OF SENTIMENT.

BY H. J. O'HIGGINS.

A March wind rattled the skeleton branches of the trees in New York's Central Park, and an April sun brightened the unshaded lawns beneath them, so that the air was at once warm and cold. A couple walking down the mall remarked this phenomenon. He likened the weather to a mixed drink, and she encouraged him with a pretty show of teeth.

"Blowin' itself," he said of the wind that tugged at her Sunday skirt, tossing the feathers in her hat and blowing wisps of her disordered hair about her face.

"Come an' see the circus," he suggested, meaning the menagerie. "The monkey house—we'll be in out of the wind there."

"All right," she agreed. "They're cunnin', ain't they—the monkeys?" "Sure," he nodded. "Are yeh cold?" looking at her with more admiration than solicitude. It was plain that he spoke only as an excuse for that look.

"Cold?" she laughed. "Are you? Put on yer coat, w'y don't yeh? Aw, do."

The coat hung on his arm. He protested that he was not cold; he had only thought that she might be so.

"Aw, put it on," she urged. "Now, no man of any spirit will put on his overcoat in such a case. That would be to acknowledge either that he had not sense enough to know when he was cold, or wisdom enough to put on the coat, knowing it."

"Say," he said, "w'at's the use of me puttin' on the coat w'en I don't want it?"

"Yeh might put it on w'en I ask yeh," she pouted.

"Aw, say," he appealed to her. "Well," she defended herself, "yeh never do w'at I ask yeh."

The defense was lame, inasmuch as they had met only three times as yet, and she had never asked him to do anything for her before. However, he saw that this affair promised trouble, and "Gee!" he said, "I ain't goin' to t'ch scrap about it," thrusting an arm into a sleeve of his coat.

She turned to him, all smiles. "Yeh needn't put it on, if yeh don't want it," she said.

"Sure, I don't want it," he said. "I tol' yeh that."

She took the coat from him, and folded it over his arm. "Silly," she laughed, squeezing his hand.

He grinned at once. "All right, all right," he said. "As long's you're happy."

She took his arm with an air of ownership, and they turned down the path toward the menagerie. On ordinary days she was a factory girl and he a bricklayer, but this was a spring Sunday afternoon, and they were a pair for the poets. Several hundred other couples on the crowded walk were in the same happy condition, but planets revolving in common space could not be at further cry from one another. Each pair was the centre of its own solar system, with the other worlds circling about in outer darkness.

Therefore, these two went arm in arm with Coney Island frankness, as if they were the sole inhabitants of a new Garden of Eden. They were just on the pleasant verge of an intimacy which each, unknown to the other, very much desired. He turned greedily to her, and she to him, to hear the lightest word. They impeded the mid-stream of promenaders while he turned up the collar of her jacket. When he guided her around a corner, helped her up a step, or passed her through the crowd before him he reached a protective arm about her waist and let it remain long after these slight excuses for its presence there had passed. He wore his hat jauntily on one side of his head, and he tried to be witty beyond telling.

"We'll getta peanutty fer de monk," he said, swinging her around to a vendor of nuts and candies. "How much? Fiva cents? Sure," and paid out the coin like a man of money. He put the bag of peanuts in the coat pocket that was nearest her, and invited her to help herself—which she did. Necessarily, his hand met hers sometimes in the pocket, and held it there until the difficulties of making a passage through the crowd parted them again. He chafed her delicately because she ate so many nuts. "Here," he said, "yeh'll make yerself sick. You ain't the monkey I got them fer."

She smiled gayly, winking a happy eye at him as she broke a shell between her small white teeth. It is certain that he looked longingly at the lips that parted to show those teeth.

"Are yeh tryin' to make a monkey of me?" she asked.

This overwhelmingly witty retort, coming so unexpectedly, jolted him into a loud laugh. He choked and coughed. She giggled. They stood for a moment, helpless with laughter, and even after they had sobered sufficiently to walk together again, he replied to her inward convulsions with deep chuckles of the throat.

He was proud of her. Ordinarily, the lady in these affairs does nothing but giggle and again giggle, giggling insipid admiration of the camel who sets a heavy footed wit capering for her amusement. Here was a girl who smiled and answered back. He thought upon it deeply, chuckling over it and saying nothing. She understood that he approved of her retort and she could not help but try the point of it in memory again and giggle.

She put her hand in his pocket and he trapped it, smiling down on her with a new feeling of sympathy. She answered his look with its fellow, pleased with the compliment of his laughter.

They went down the walk so, to the tiger's cage, where a crowd had gathered to watch the small boys in the front row who were teasing the big brute with sticks and nutshells. The couple elbowed a way into the press of people and were crushed together in it. He had an excuse for putting an arm around her.

"The tiger's Tammany fer yeh," he said of the tiger. "Hello, Dick."

"He'll get out," she was afraid. "Not on yer life," he reassured her.

The tiger beat the floor of the cage with his tail, opened his pink jaws and yawned a melancholy roar. She pretended to be mightily frightened, caught at his free hand and was immediately wrapped more tightly in his protecting arm.

"Say," he chuckled, "yeh're not scared, are yeh?"

"Well, y' don't yeh leave the poor thing alone?" she said. "It might break those little bars."

He made no answer, having his arms and mind full of other things. She felt quiet, too, and they stood gazing, speechlessly contented, at nothing at all. The boys poked sticks between the bars, and the tiger roared dismally; but these two did not heed it. They were in a stupid daze of happiness, the usual condition of Central Park lovers, who will sit, so, on a bench for hours together without speaking. A policeman finally stirred on the stagnant stream of sightseers again with his "Keep movin', there; keep movin', aow," and they were elbowed out of their stupor.

"He keeps movin'," he said, resentfully.

She busied herself with a peanut, doubtful whether she had not given him too much encouragement, whether he had not been simply amusing himself with her.

They drifted down to the cage where the eagles and the buzzards were shut up together. There had been trouble among the birds, and they were sulking in all corners of the cage.

"Look as if they'd been three years married," she said.

He regarded her doubtfully. He would have liked to reply to her sarcasm, but marriage was an awful subject to discuss in such circumstances. He held his breath at thought of it, and fell back on the peanuts. She noted his silence.

When they came to the ostriches he said "Rubber neck," and they both laughed as heartily as if the ostriches had not heard that same remark from every wit who had passed that day.

"Gee," he said of the rhinoceros, "I'm glad I ain't got an upper lip like that to shave," and she was hysterical again.

He grew bolder, and when she called to the deer with a hissing noise of the lips, he said: "Yeh're scared to do that to 'em."

This sounded too flippant. She turned on him quickly. "But you ain't a deer," she said snappishly.

He was flatter crestfallen. She blew hot and cold in a breath. Why did she speak to him like that? He had been only joking.

He followed her in a sulk. She watched him from the corner of an eye, going over the evidence she had accumulated in the process of emotional vivisection which she had been practising on him. It amounted to this: That he would put on his overcoat to please her, even when he did not need it; that he looked at her with a full eye of admiration; that he avoided a cheap discussion of marriage; that she should change him from the highest of good spirits to the lowest of bad, without a word.

This promised something serious. She slipped her hand into his pocket for a nut again. He did not follow it.

"Yeh're mad," she said.

"No, I ain't," he contradicted sullenly.

"Yes, yeh are," she repeated with great cheerfulness. "An' I wouldn't be so silly if I was you."

"But yeh're not me," he retorted.

"Yes, yeh are," she said irrelevantly.

"Who is? . . . What?" he frowned.

"What I said yeh wasn't," she said slyly, biting a peanut.

"That bewildered him. 'Eh?' he queried, puzzling over it.

"Would yeh rather be one of them?" she asked, taking his arm again, and nodding at the bears.

"A bear?" he smiled. "W'at'd I want to be a bear fer?"

"I dunno," she said. "W't did yeh want to be a bear fer?"

He grinned. "I wasn't, was I?" he said, rather proud of it.

"Yep," she nodded. "Come on, now, an' yeh peanuts to th' other bear."

He went jauntily up to Bruin, and fed peanuts to it in the most daring manner. He put a hand almost within reach of its claws, and even ventured to lay a foot fearlessly on the back of the huge paw that was thrust through the bars to him. She drew back on his arm. "Don't, don't," she whispered. "he'll scratch yeh. Aw, Jim, don't."

"That's all right," he said bravely, picking out another nut.

She drew him away. "Now, yeh mustn't," she said. "Come on, an' sit down here."

He was withdrawn from his foolhardiness with reluctance. "That was all right," he said. "I wouldn't let him get me."

"Sit down," she said. "I'm tired," seating herself on a public bench.

He was all anxiety in a moment. "Here," he said, putting his arm around her shoulders, "lean back now."

She laid her head on his arm, and looked up at him with a comfortable smile. "Don't yeh want ter put on yer coat?" she asked.

"Not except yer want me ter," he said.

She reached out for his other hand at this whole-souled surrender. And they sat there, hand in hand, his arm about her neck, his free hand lovingly fingering her ear, looking unutterable tenderness at close range into each others' faces. A number of the passers-by turned to stare at them, but they did not mind it. She had tacitly accepted him as her "steady," and he knew it. The world might go hang.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Successful Experiments with the Birds by the French Army and Navy.

The French army has interested itself of late in the question of using carrier or homing pigeons on reconnaissance duty with very satisfactory results. In the experiments the pigeons assigned to the patrols are carried in baskets on the backs of the cavalrymen, as the infantryman carries his knapsack. Inside the basket are tubes made of wickerwork lined with horse hair paddings, in which the pigeons are placed. It was found that without the tubes a long trot would render the birds unfit for service, and when the tubes were made of tin the back of the bird was seriously chafed. The tube makes the bird hold his wings and feet close to his body. Of course, after long confinement in this cramped position, he gets very stiff, to avoid which a bag of light open-stuff material is carried along in the basket in which the bird is placed at night, and whenever the column halts or rests, the bag is also used when giving the animals food and drink. In this way they may be kept in good condition for at least a week.

The pigeons used in this work are taken from any available army station and placed before the ride in the portable pigeon houses or in a special wagon skillfully arranged to prevent the birds from experiencing any shocks or concussions on the road. The birds are trained to return to their own portable houses, even though the latter may have changed location since they left it.

The messengers sent by the patrols are tied to one of the tail feathers. Twelve men are detailed in the army each year to learn the methods for training carrier pigeons in all their details.

During the last fleet maneuvers on the west coast of France 114 pigeons were let loose from the Iphigénie at 7.30 a. m. and by 9 a. m. all but two had arrived at their home station in Rennes, and these two arrived later. Sixty-four pigeons were released on the cruiser Bruix and all arrived safely at their destination. The thunder of the guns did not affect the pigeons in the least, showing that they can be used in the midst of an action.

The largest horned beetle can carry 315 times his own weight. One has been known to walk away with a 2-1/4-pound weight.

A machine that washes and dries 8000 dishes an hour has been invented, and it is guaranteed that plates, cups, saucers and other dishes come out of the wash without a scratch.

The canal boat industry of middle England seems to have been relegated to the women. Nearly 30,000 of them spend their lifetime in driving the teams that haul the boats and in steering the boats themselves.

While a large oak was being sawed into lumber at L. C. Beem's mill, at Richmond, O., the other day, the circular saw struck an obstruction in the log which completely wrecked the saw and endangered the lives of the workmen. The log was chopped apart, and almost in its heart was found the steel head of an ax, which must have been broken off there at least 30 years ago, as indicated by that number of concentric rings surrounding it as a centre.

A well known scientific professor of Oxford used to stimulate his pupils to collect biological anecdotes for him; but he gave it up after the day when one bold undergraduate ventured to assert, "Sir, I know a man whose sister has a tame jellyfish, which she has taught to sit up and beg." A friend of the Inquirer, who has a reputation for liberality, asserts that jellyfishes "who have learned to sit up and beg" are not uncommon.

The amount of light that can be obtained from fire flies is not generally known. These insects have two bright spots on their thorax and also brilliant wings on the abdomen, and give light sufficient to enable one to read at a little distance. Two or three placed in the centre of a room will shed a soft light all over it. They are very common in Havana, Brazil, Guiana, Venezuela and Mexico. In those countries at night the natives affix the little creatures to their shoes, and thus obtain light to see the road and frighten away the snakes. Mexican women use them as jewels. They tie them in little gauze bags and put them in their hair or in their clothing. They keep them in wire cages and feed them on scraps of sugar cane.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

All in the Programme.—With a Movable Complexion—Dynamic Knowledge—Out of His Class—The Wrong Man Aroused—His Only Hope in Life, Etc.

Life is a jest, prolonged and great. The humorist is tough, you'll find. Wha you are buffeted by fate, It makes some laugh so never mind.—Washington Star.

With a Movable Complexion. He—"A fortune teller said I was going to marry a blonde." She—"Well, I can be a blonde any time I want to be."—Chicago Record.

Dynamic Knowledge. "What do you know about grillin' wells?" asked the foreman of the gang. "Why, I know the business from the ground up," said the roving applicant for work.—Indianapolis Sun.

Out of His Class. Schoolmarm—"Come, now, Harold, spell chickens." Harold—"Pheese, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens, but you can try me on eggs."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Wrong Man Aroused. "Why is this called an owl ear?" asked one of the related passengers. "Hoot, mon!" stonily responded the passenger known as Sandy McGregor. "How do I know?"—Chicago Tribune.

His Only Hope in Life. He—"My uncle is a strange man." She—"Why so?" He—"He says the only thing he's got to live for is the hope that he'll have a large funeral."—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Subjects Make Good Talkers. McCarthy—"Old Brown declares you are the most entertaining talker in the club. What do you usually talk about in his company?" McCommick—"Old Brown."—Harlem Life.

Not Fatal. Willie—"I think I could die listening to Miss Triller sing." Cy Nick—"Oh, you may feel like dying, but you'll pull through; I've been through it often."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Presee Enough and Quite English. Wicker—"Bearly weather, isn't it?" Sticker—"Why will you insist upon using those libelous expressions? How can the weather be bearly?" Wicker—"Well, it's raining cats and dogs."—Philadelphia Press.

In and Ex. "Do you think that genius is moved to exert itself by inspiration?" "Sometimes," answered the very serious young man. "But oftener by the expiration of the period for which rent has been paid."—Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint. Mr. Nicefellow—"What do you think is the proper age for girls to marry?" Miss Lena—"Oh, about nineteen." Mr. Nicefellow—"Indeed! And how old are you?" Miss Lena—"Oh, about nineteen."—Town Topics.

Not Just as He Meant. "I've promised to go in to supper with some else, Mr. Blaque, but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."—American Agriculturist.

The Merry Glyptodon. "What period do you belong to?" asked the professor to the prehistoric monster.

"No period," answered the beast merrily. "People who observe me use nothing but exclamation points."—Washington Star.

Pleased to Release Him. Harduppe—"Can you spare me about ten minutes of your time?" Grotrox—"Don't you know that time is money?" Harduppe—"Then let me have \$10, and you may keep the ten minutes."—Philadelphia Record.

Sweet Things. "What sweet dears they are," said Blanche to Mildred, referring to a squad of West Point cadets.

"No doubt they have all qualified at mess hall by eating a gallon of molasses," added Mildred, who had been reading the proceedings of the hazing investigation.—Detroit Free Press.

Signs and Superstitions. "I must confess I'm rather superstitious."

"Well, I'm not. I wouldn't be that way."

"You wouldn't, eh?"

"No. It's a sure sign that you're going to have bad luck when you begin to get superstitious."—Philadelphia Press.

A Mother's Methods. "You see," said the mother, "Tommy is so uncomplaining and yielding that I always give him the first choice of everything."

"As a lesson to Johnny?" asked the caller.

"No. It gives Johnny a chance to take it away from him. Then both are satisfied."—Indianapolis Press.

Interests at Stake. "I don't see what business you have criticising the way the proprietor runs this business," said one errand boy.

"You only get \$4 a week and he's got thousands at stake."

"That's the point," answered the other. "When a man's got thousands at stake he can generally put by a bank account and feel safe. But when you're working for 'four per,' you're doing it because you need the money regular."—Washington Star.

TWO LOUISIANA PEDLERS

Both Suffered from Prejudice and Both Became Very Wealthy.

The careers of two remarkable pedlers are recalled by the decision of the police jury of West Baton Rouge, La., to divert the Poydras fund from its original purpose of providing trousseau and dowers for marriageable young girls, and to apply it to the higher education of girls. These pedlers were Julien Poydras, who instituted the fund, and Leon Godchaux, who died some months ago the richest man in Louisiana and probably the largest sugar planter in the world.

Both came from France, Poydras being a French Protestant, Godchaux a French Jew. Both suffered from the prejudice that existed against pedlers. Their prejudice cost Poydras a bride and left him a bachelor, to bequeath his entire fortune to young girls and children. It brought Godchaux an insult which he never forgave and memory of which is preserved in the name of his plantation, "Souvenir."

Poydras reached Louisiana while the colony was still under Spanish control. He had the misfortune to fall in love with the daughter of a rich planter. The match was declared to be impossible because he could not comply with the French system of dowry, which required the husband to provide a marriage portion; and also because of the more serious objection presented by his calling, and so the girl married another suitor.

Poydras never forgot her. He prospered and became one of the wealthiest men in Louisiana. When Louisiana became a part of the United States Poydras was sent as first delegate from what was then the Territory of Orleans, now the state of Louisiana.

Although the wealthiest man in the state, he lived in the simplest manner. When Louis Philippe came as a refugee to Louisiana Poydras entertained him magnificently and even provided the future king of the French with money, but his own room was as bare and destitute of luxury as a frontiersman's cabin. He refused to yield even when death approached and died standing rather than take to his bed.

His will showed that his first love was still dormant in his mind, although over 80 years. His fortune was divided into two parts. One was devoted to providing dowers and trousseau for young girls, so that none of them should be prevented from marrying her sweetheart because of lack of money. The other half was devoted to the establishment of an orphan asylum in New Orleans. Children of his own being denied him by his misfortune in love, Poydras was one of the most devoted friends of the young.

Soon after Poydras passed away Godchaux arrived in New Orleans from France. As a pedlar he had many rebuffs to face. In one place he was roughly handled, and the dogs set on him. He never forgot or forgave that indignity. When he became rich he secured possession of the plantation, where it occurred and changed to "Souvenir" the name its Creole owner had bestowed upon it.—New York Sun.

Curious Incidents of a War.

The closing stage of the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877-78 was marked by the following curious incidents in the shape of an extraordinary though natural phenomenon. During the weeks that intervened between the signing of the treaty of San Stefano and the meeting of the Berlin congress, the Russian troops were encamped in front of Constantinople, which they anticipated entering in triumph immediately. One day, however, looking in the direction of the Black sea, there appeared in the sky a marvelous "fata morgana," counterfeiting fortifications. What were they? Certainly not those which the Turks had hastily raised to protect the capital. The mystery was solved by an officer who knew the place well, pronouncing the mirage to reflect the still ruined remains of the fortifications of Sebastopol; and as these were about 280 miles distant the extraordinary nature of the refraction may be imagined. The phenomenon, however, was received by the superstitious Russian soldiers as an evil portent, for Sebastopol reminded officers and men of British hostility, and it was known to all that British statesmen were now doing their utmost to over-ride the provisions to San Stefano, in order to prevent a Russian occupation of Constantinople. Neither was the presentiment of coming disappointment falsified, for as the mirage faded from the sky a dull booming noise was heard to seaward. It was the guns of the British fleet saluting the forts in the Dardanelles, and proving that the words of the famous Jingo song, "Russians shall not have Constantinople," were no empty boast.

Death Before Freedom.

Some strange scenes, says our Naples correspondent, took place in Italian prisons when the late amnesty was proclaimed. At Portoferrato one man burst into tears when he was told that he was free. He had been in the prison 22 years. In order to remain, he declared that he was guilty of two serious crimes for which he had never been tried. Nevertheless, his chains were removed, and he was sent out. Then he threatened to throw himself into the sea, saying he would never be so comfortable again as in the prison.

It took a man, when told he could go, threw himself out of a three-story window, crying: "I cannot outlive this!"—London Daily News.