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Bishop Potter of New York City deplores the decline of home cooking, and expresses sorrow for the coming of what he calls the "tinned" era.

What a country is China for the newspapers of the future! For the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Celestial Empire there are at present 50 newspapers, or only one for every 8,000,000.

Both the London Express and the London Mail dwell upon the decadence of British trade owing to American and German competition. They are endeavoring to get self-satisfied John Bull to realize the seriousness of the situation.

In the future, it is not unlikely that riders of motor machines on in-door tracks will be arrayed in foot ball suits. The motor team of the future will have head-pieces, thickly padded suits, with particularly heavy padding at the knees and elbows. Even nose-pieces will be worn. In the falls men cut their heads so that stitches have to be taken; they skin their shoulders and elbows, throw their fingers out of joint and injure themselves in a dozen different ways. The padded suits will prevent all this.

The Colorado Museum association has bought a collection of stuffed birds and animals, which will be the nucleus of a great Rocky Mountain museum, the site of which will be the City Park of Denver. A museum thoroughly representative of the Rocky Mountain region would be of the highest interest and value. In particular, such a museum should seek to amass the most complete memorials of Indian life which, to the men of a few hundred years hence, will be matter of deep wonder and curiosity.

The postoffice department has decided upon six special stamps for the benefit of the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. The one-cent stamp, of green color, will have a picture of a lake steamer to represent the great transportation industry of the inland seas in which Buffalo is so much interested. The two-cent stamp, printed in red, will have a railway train; the four-cent stamp, in red brown, an automobile; the five-cent stamp, in blue, a picture of the new bridge at Niagara Falls; the eight-cent stamp, in lilac, a picture of the lock at Sault Ste. Marie, and the ten-cent stamp, of light brown, an ocean steamer.

Another communistic experiment has come to grief in the dissolution of the Christian Commonwealth Colony, which was founded three years ago in Muscogee county, Georgia, by 40 men, women and children from Ohio. They were an exceptionally intelligent and worthy body of people. Plain cottages were built, and a common dining hall, which was also used for religious services, was established. The first year was a prosperous one. Fine crops were raised and good prices secured for the products. A sawmill was built, a gristmill and a broom factory were profitably operated, and a dairy not only furnished the community with all the milk and butter needed, but afforded a surplus for the market. Then new members came and trouble began. Many shirked their work; gossip and scandal became rife; debts were incurred which there was no money to meet, and now it is announced that the colony has gone to pieces.

The first savings bank in the United States was established in 1816. In 1820 there were 10 savings banks in all, with 8,035 depositors. In 1890 there were 942 savings banks, with 5,089,000 depositors, and with total deposits of \$2,230,000,000.

More than 100 tons of mistletoe were received at British ports during holiday week.

AT LAST.
When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit;
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abundant grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.
—John G. Whittier.

For Love of Madelaine.

BY JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY.

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Although I had been a frequent caller at the home of Madelaine Zimmer, as I had a right to be, I had never met Charles Newkirk there. Indeed, there were many other young men of my acquaintance whom I had never met at her home, for that matter, but the fact that Newkirk and I never happened to be callers in the luxurious house of the Zimmers at the same time is worthy of mention. This was the Newkirk who was in love with Madelaine.

His tenderness for her was hardly within my knowledge, as he had never told me of it, but it was so firmly a matter of belief with me that it interfered with my ease of mind. I knew he called to see her; that was sufficient to make out a plain case of rivalry against him. After that whenever I encountered him at the club or at receptions the very sight of him quickened my sense of envy. His handsome features, his rakish mustache, his correct clothes and his graceful carriage had the distressing effect of putting me in despair of winning Madelaine so long as he was in the field. For that reason I was glad I had never met him when I was paying my devotions to her, as I felt I would suffer, by comparison, in her eyes.

If he was handsome and dashing, he was devoid of some of the essentials for a good husband. I knew this. Madelaine, I was sure, did not know it. Therefore, as one who loved her with every fiber of his heart that was sensible to passion, I felt a double purpose in my wooing—to save her from him and to win her for myself.

I wanted to tell her what sort of a fellow at heart Newkirk was. Being his rival, however, I dared not. I knew from the discoveries LeBruyere made in dissecting the souls of women that it would have a contrary effect. Newkirk never spoke of her to me. I never spoke of her to him. She never mentioned him to me. Still he kept calling to see her. So did I. Still he and I never met there. When he called I stayed away. When I called he did not come. It might have appeared to Madelaine we were dodging



The very sight of him quickened my sense of envy.
each other. I was glad we were, for I feared my impetuous disposition would have spoiled my chances.
Fortunately I was able to preserve an unruined demeanor, but I was watchful and determined. Newkirk had affairs of business that called him often to New York. I heard also in the club gossip that he had an affair of the heart there, too. From that moment I was resolved to put a literal construction on the maxim: "All is fair in love and war."

Soon after this Newkirk went East, to remain a month, he said. In happy coincidence the Zimmers left the very next day to pass the summer session at Charlevoix. The day following I called for Charlevoix to pass my vacation. She welcomed me there with evidences of delight. It was a period of supreme happiness to be near and to know that Newkirk would not interfere for a whole month.

Then was my time, if ever, I realized, to win her. As a wise general would do preparatory to assaulting a

citadel, I made a plan. It was simple enough. It was to tell her that Newkirk was dead. That would leave the field clear. In her moment of bereavement I would naturally be the one man to whom she would turn for consolation. The rest would be easy.

I broke the sad news to her one day while we were strolling along the cliffs. She didn't take it much to heart, and I feared for my success. Women are so much more confiding in times of grief. It was too late to change the plan then. I did the best I could. I held her hand, I pressed it to my lips, I muttered things so tender that they escaped my articulation. When I thought there was nothing proper left for me to do but jump over the cliff and hope they would never find my body, she turned to me with an expression of tenderness in her great brown eyes that filled my soul with joy.

"And you love me, Madelaine?" I sighed.
"I have loved you with all my heart for a long, long time, John," she whispered.
There we plighted our troth. The



She gave a scream and threw herself birds sang sweeter than ever they sang before. The sun shone brighter; the lake and the sky were bluer and the air was perfumed as we slowly paced along. We forgot the dinner hour and didn't care, for we were happy.

It was late in the afternoon when we returned to the hotel. We were sitting in the cooling shade of the great veranda. Another boatload of visitors hauled up from the wharf were being discharged from the hacks and we were studying them as they passed into the hotel.
My eye fell on one of them and it made my love-laden heart stop beating. Madelaine saw my sudden emotion.

"What is the matter, John, dear?" she exclaimed in affright.
I could not find words at that moment, but she followed my fixed stare with her terrified glances until she, too, saw the cause of my attack of momentary paralysis.

She gave a scream and threw herself, fainting, in my arms.
There, among the new arrivals, stood Charles Newkirk, back from the grave in which I had so recently placed him.
"What does this mean, Newkirk?" I demanded as savagely as I could when I recovered a part of my senses. Whatever answer he made was lost to me, for at that moment Madelaine's mother came shrieking to her daughter's aid. A score of other women rushed in upon me. I surrendered my fainting loved one to their more skillful attentions, and extricating myself from the hysterical concourse, I went to meet Newkirk face to face. Madelaine was mine at last and I had nothing to fear from him. As her protector I felt it to be my plain duty to punish him for his impertinent intrusion.

He was gone from the veranda. I went into the hotel rotunda looking for him, but he was not there. I went to the clerk's desk.
"Where did that insolent fellow go?" I demanded.
"Whom do you mean?" asked the apprehensive clerk.
"Why that fellow Newkirk."
"They have gone to their room."
"They? Who are they? Newkirk is the only one I want."
"I mean Mr. and Mrs. Newkirk. They just arrived—on their wedding trip, I believe."
I looked at the hotel register and there was Newkirk's familiar handwriting tracing the words:
"Charles Newkirk and wife."
"Shall I send up your card?" asked the clerk.
"No; I guess I have made a mistake," I said softly.

Then I hurried back to see if Madelaine had recovered. She was sitting beside her mother looking pale. I sat on the other side of her. She leaned over to me with a faded expression in her erstwhile lustrous eyes.
"Was it his ghost, John?" she asked in a hoarse whisper.
"No, dear, that was his wife you saw with him," I said calmly.
"But you told me he was dead," she said, with a tone of deep injury in her voice.
"Well, aren't you more surprised to hear that he is married?"
"Why, no. He told me he was going East to marry some other girl when I jilted him the week before last."

Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Canterbury recently entered his eightieth year, having been born on St. Andrew's day, 1821, at Santa Margu, in the Ionian islands. It is generally stated that he was born in Sierra Leone, of which his father, Major Octavius Temple was governor.

The history of mankind is an immense volume of errors.



Grandma.
When grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I have done a naughty thing
She's sure, somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn, and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too?

But ah! What am I thinking of,
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life!
But sweet, and kind, and good?
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to run away.

—Sunshine.

The Dog Rescued.
Laddie is a Scotch collie, and belongs to our nearest neighbor. He is a very bright fellow, and we should have been friends but for Laddie's ungoddamnable antipathy for cats. We have a big yellow tiger cat, which through an accident has become crippled. He spends most of his days lying in the sunshine near the door, and the longest journey that he ever undertakes is a hobble to and from a nearby deserted barn, says a contributor to Our Animal Friends.

There was scarcely a day of the beautiful summer when Laddie did not fall into disgrace by worrying Jim. It was a never-ending amusement to him to corner the plucky old cat. After we had used every means in our power to convert the handsome rogue, we were obliged to forbid him the yard. He seemed to realize he was in disgrace, and followed us about the streets in the most abject humility.

At last the winter came, and with it one of the worst blizzards we had ever known—and Jim was missing. For four days we called and dug and hunted. It must be that Laddie had killed him. As if to confirm our suspicions, Laddie became even more desirous than usual to attract our attention. At last, at the close of the fifth day, we heard a whining and scratching at the front door. We opened it, and there stood Laddie with our Jim in his mouth—Jim, very angry and frightened, and half frozen.

The next morning we found that the dog must have seen Jim go under a woodshed, some distance away, where he was literally snowed in. After trying in vain to get our attention, he had dug Jim out through a drift six feet high, and brought him to us in triumph, an unwilling and unthankful peace offering. Of course we forgave Laddie for his former misbehavior, and we never had any more trouble with him for worrying Jim. Laddie is one of our most welcome guests, but it seems to be a matter of sorrow to his canine heart that Jim still treats him with suspicion, and, at best, with a forced politeness.

Made a Fortune in Soapsuds.

There are hundreds of cloth-weaving factories in the county of Yorkshire, England, and many tons of soap are used yearly for scouring the wool before it is spun. Soap, of course, makes soapsuds and runs away into the drains, unless there is a reason for saving it. The Yorkshire weavers had no such reason, and thought that it had done all that was possible for soap to do when it had washed their wool. But soap is made of fat and alkali, and is good for something after it has been dissolved. One day a French chemist heard about the great quantities of suds which the Yorkshire men allowed to run out to sea and came over into that part of the world to investigate. After studying the matter thoroughly he went to the factories and contracted for all the soapsuds he could get—all there were, you may be sure, for the weavers thought him crazy and hastened to sign the papers ere he should change his mood. The suds were conducted to vats by a system of pipes in each mill, and when the tanks were nearly filled the chemist would come around, turn a certain amount of acid into each tank and wait. Presently the fat which had been used in the soap would begin to separate and rise to the surface, and when it was all floating on top the Frenchman drew the water away from beneath and carted the product to a factory of his own. Here it was melted, and with very little trouble made over into lubricating oil for the very machinery that had been the cause of wasting it in the first place. It was so excellent a quality of oil that machinists came to prefer it to all others, and the French chemist soon had an enviable fortune as his reward for robbing the hungry sea of tons of valuable products that should never have been allowed to run into it.

A Man's Suggestion.
In order to make the cook book more attractive for women it should be entitled "The Inner Life."—Achtson Globe.

Save the Crumbs of Time.
Even half an hour a day, systematically and faithfully devoted to study, will do wonders in a few years.—Success.

CUPID'S DEFENSE.
They call me a poacher, an outlaw,
I hunt out of season, they say,
But I note, just the same,
Though I caution my game,
That it seldom gets out of my way.

They say I am cruel to maidens
For planting my shafts in their hearts,
That so? Well, it's strange
That they will get in range,
So many fair breasts, of my darts.

They cry that my arrows are cruel,
Productive of exquisite pain,
Then it's queer what a lot
Of poor hearts, one time shot,
Hover 'round me again and again!
—Paul West, in Life.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
Sillius—"They say he is quite a literary light." Cynicus—"Yes; he seems rather light."

"The hand that rocks the cradle" is
The theme the poet sings,
Ising the hand that makes the "frocks"
For baby-food and things.
—Philadelphia Press.

He—"Why do you suppose all the joke writers rail at matrimony?" She—"I suppose because it's a luxury they can't afford."

"I want you to dog his footsteps," said the detective chief. "Then you will have to give me a pointer," remarked Sleuthpup.

Muggins—"I hear you have a burglar alarm in your house." Bugbins—"I did have one, but some rascally burglar broke in and stole it."

Blobbs—"Some men are always in hot water." Slobbs—"Yes; I know a fellow who can't even take a bath without putting his foot in it."

The disappointed burglar said,
As he strode out with cautious tread:
"Rooms in this flat are mighty small,
And so, by hooky, is the land."
—Chicago Record.

Friend—"So that poor consumptive's dead. However, he seemed to be grateful for your efforts to save him." Doctor—"Yes; he declined with thanks."

Hoax—"The fellow who sold me that mule said he was gentle, and the animal not only kicks but bites." Joux—"Well, it's a poor mule that won't work both ways."
Nell—"Mrs. Gushington gave a tea yesterday, and I assisted her to receive." Belle—"What did you think of it?" Nell—"Well, I've come to the conclusion that it is better to give than to receive."

"The firing line in battle causes many hearts to sink." "Yes; and there is a firing line at home that causes many hearts to sink." "What is it?" "A line scrawled on the back of a salary envelope: 'Your services are no longer needed.'"

Boggs—"Bjones is the most unsophisticated fellow I ever knew." Boggs—"What's he been up to now?" Boggs—"He tried to identify himself in a bank the other day by showing his name engraved on the handle of his umbrella."—Philadelphia Record.

"Who wrote this play, anyhow?" asked the red-haired man. "Shakespeare," replied his friend. "Well, he makes me tired," said the red-haired man; "I never sat through such a chestnutty play. Why, there are lines in it that I remember when I was a boy."

Observations.
The woman of forty who has illusions, and of fifty, hopes, is to be pitied.
Ambition hardens women's faces, and men's souls.
Women admire each other in exact ratio to their inability to become rivals.
Sudden enthusiasms have sudden endings.
Servility is an absolutely useless quality. It neither deceives nor pleases, and earns only ridicule or contempt.

An excellent way to keep a secret is never to give it away.
A woman who holds another up to ridicule is not to be trusted with a man's honor.
To give expensive presents and owe extensive debts is very fashionable.
A boy's best friend is his mother, a girl's her father, if both be up to date.
In all the world no vocation is so hard as to amuse a lot of people who laugh only to stifle a yawn.
Love is wise, but he never could learn to tell time.—Philadelphia Record.

How Dunning Should Be Done.
The politeness of the London tradesman is a constant delight to philosophers and those who love gentleness. Here is an example which will be hard to beat: "Madam," writes a very celebrated firm to a debtor, "we beg leave most respectfully to invite your kind consideration to our account rendered, £—, and we would presume to hope it will prove agreeable, and in accord with your views and desire, to honor us with a check. Thanking you for all past valued commands, likewise those in anticipation, with your appreciable response we are, Madam, your obedient servants, ————"
—London Globe.

Auburn Hair Follies.
On the day after the November election, when the daughters of Governor-elect A. E. White, of West Virginia, sent their father a telegram congratulating him on his "red-headed way of winning," they probably were not aware that since West Virginia had become a State six of its nine Governors had auburn locks. Such, however, is said to be the case. MacCorkle, who was the last Democratic Governor, and Mr. White, whose inauguration takes place on March 4, rank as the two most pronounced auburn haired executives.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Lemon Jelly.
Put a pint of cold water into a saucepan with the thinly pared rind of a lemon. Let it boil up and then simmer for ten minutes. Squeeze the juice of two large juicy lemons into a basin, taking care that the pips do not go in, and pour the hot water on to the juice. Add half an ounce of sheet gelatin, and sweeten to taste with loaf sugar. Stir gently until the gelatin and the sugar have melted and strain the liquid through muslin into a china mold which has been rinsed with cold water. When adding the sugar it should be remembered that jelly will taste sweeter when it is hot than it will when it is cold.

Chicken Pie.
Separate the chickens into joints; put them into a stewpan with just enough boiling salted water to cover, and let simmer until tender. When done, take out the chickens carefully, strain the broth and add to it one-half pint of sweet cream. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, blend in one heaping tablespoonful of flour, add the broth slowly and stir until smooth and of the consistency of thick cream. Line a baking dish with a good crust, lay in the chickens, pour in a sufficient quantity of the thickened broth to cover, sprinkle with one-third of a cupful of chopped celery, add a layer of oysters and cover loosely with a top crust having an opening in the centre to allow the steam to escape. Bake about an hour in a moderate oven. Just before serving add one-half cupful of oysters to the remainder of the broth, let it come to a boil and serve in a boat.

Clear Soup.
Take three pints of well-flavored stock, remove all the fat and wash the surface with a cloth dipped in boiling water and wrung out. Put the stock into a stewpan with half a pound of lean beef, shredded finely, an onion, carrot, small turnip and the whites and crushed shells of two eggs. Whisk over the fire till just on the point of boiling, remove the scum, and let the soup boil, the meat, etc., forming a crust on the top. Set aside on the stove till the crust cracks, showing the soup below; then pour all the contents through a clean, thick cloth that has been well rinsed in boiling water, if necessary, pouring the soup a second time carefully through it. Return the clear soup to a clean stewpan, with seasoning of salt and pepper; add a tiny lump of sugar when it boils up. Some prettily cut vegetables which have been separately boiled and rinsed or any other garnish should be put into the tureen and the soup poured over them.

A Luncheon Dish.
Fresh, crisp rolls may be prepared daintily for luncheon by cutting them in two lengthwise, taking out the soft interior and filling them with mixtures of various kinds. Hard-boiled eggs, chopped and seasoned with just enough French dressing to soften them, are good for the purpose. Another suggestion calls for chopped apples and nuts, with a little mayonnaise.

For sweet fillings ripe, soft peaches, cut up fine and sprinkled with a little powdered sugar, and, if they are to be eaten at once, a spoonful of whipped cream is used similarly. A combination of jam with soft cream cheese is liked by many persons.
In all things of this kind care should be taken to have them soft and moist without being "mussy." The rolls, too, should be small enough to be eaten without awkwardness.

This idea can be utilized to vary children's school luncheons, chopped meats and other nutritious and appetizing fillings being used for the rolls. Although it is nothing more than a sandwich, a little changed from its ordinary form, its novelty will prove attractive.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.
A cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.
Never add nuts to any cake you desire to keep for any length of time. They will mould and ruin it.
A tablespoonful of borax to a pail of the water in which flannels are washed will keep them soft and white.
Decaying matter will vitiate the atmosphere of the cellar, and if allowed to remain will spread through the whole house and cause sickness in the family.
Steel knives that are not in general use may be kept from rusting if they are dipped in a strong solution of soda (one part water to four parts soda). Then wipe dry, roll in flannel, and keep in a dry place.
When the housekeeper finds that at the moment of beginning some chafing dish concoction the desirable parsley has not been provided, a good substitute is finely chopped watercress or celery top, or even chopped lettuce leaves.
The difference between black and white pepper is that for the black pepper the dried berry is ground, husk and all. White pepper is the same berry ground after the husk or rind has been removed. Mace, one of the ordinary spices, is the dried covering of the nutmeg.