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The annual report of Connecticut's The annual report of Connecticut & Labor Commissioner shows that there are 1400 absolute distinctive manufactories in the State, which produce not less than 2346 different articles.

The belligerent English sparrow has friends in the State Senate of Illin-ois, for the bill to repeal a law giving a bounty for killing sparrows was passed by a vote of thirty-five to nine.

Progressive Japan is building a new palace. And the best indication of the island empire's progression consists in the fact that the entire framework of the royal structure is built of Ameri-

Canada still has a wild herd of buffalo. Traces of the existence of the animals were found in the woods at the west of Slave River. It was ascertained that the buffalo was being mercilessly hunted and destroyed by

mercilessly hunted and destroyed by the Indians.

A new word is needed for people who pay for rooms and food in hotels. The term "guests" is ridiculous. They are customers. They are purchasers. They are buyers. But they are not guests, for guests do not pay for hos-lighting they are against a few locals. pitality; they are asked to do to hosts the honor of accepting it at their hands.

Nearly two thousand families which have been descried by the husbands and fathers are being aided at present by the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Is there any wonder that an agitation in favor of the introduction of the whipping post for the punishment of those who abandon their families to be a charge on the charitable should have been started in that city? city?

Gut in the Mississippi Valley a mur-derer who deliberately killed his wife and three children was sentenced to twenty-one years in prison. He ex-pressed his thanks to the jury and the pressed his thanks to the jury and the judge with emphasis and warmth. Why not? His friends have already begun a crusade for his pardon. They will probably be successful. Human life is not precious in all parts of the New World at all times.

There is reason to believe that the movement of population from the country to the city is subsiding and that farming is becoming more popular. It ought to. Farming properly followed is as sure and good a business as any other. It may be a slow bycomes of acquiring a population of the country of the count process of acquiring a competence but it is the most certain and the most independent one. With industry and it is the most certain and the most ependent one. With industry and momy a comfortable living can be de by sultivating the soil, with a labor and risk than by any other test method known. Stick to the m, advises the Agricultural tomist.

Cavalry horses are not being given away nowadays. Bids were opened at Omaha the other day for 400 horses for the newly organized Fourteenth Cavalry at Fort Levenworth. The Cavalry at Fort Levenworth. The bids ranged from \$139 to \$150 a horse, a pretty stiff price, but what was the Quartermaster's Department to do? The cavalry must have good horses and good horses come high. It will be some time before the cavalry can be equipped with automobiles. The impulsive persons who have had tears to shed over the decline and fall of the horse were decidedly premature, thinks the New York Sun.

The experience of the German army in China tends to prove that both American and Australian horses are unsatisfactory in that country. They are of good bloed and breed, but suffer sadly from the long sea voyage and the unaccustomed food, as unfortunately, only green forage is usually obtainable. Mongol ponies are proving the most useful.

Two visions by men's dving even are

seen,
Both so unlike, both freighted with
despair,
The lovely shade of what they might
have been, The

they were.

-Theodosia Pickering Garrison, in the "New" Lippincott.

Barbara's Guest.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Company for dinner!" cried little
Barbara, in despair. "Oh. Lisette,
what shall we do?"
It was a sunshiny day in early July,
with the great clusters of -tiger lilies
all in blossom in the garden, the cherries beginning to turn crimson on the
trees, and the roses flinging their subtle fragrance on the air, as if they fancled themselves blooming in some Persian vale. The thermometer stood at
80 in the shade. Squire Dulcimer's
haymakers were dotting the sides of
the distant upland, end all the windows of the little cottage were wide
open, to admit whatever stray whiffs
of cool wind might be roaming athwart
the blue air. And little Barbara had
ripped her musun dress apart, and was
sitting, Turk-fashion, on the floor, considering how best she might combine
the breadths into something more
modern, when Lisette, her sister, came
flying tumultuously up stairs, like the
wild little sprite that she was.
Barbara was small and dark, with
blue-black braids of hair, solemn eyes,
a crimson dot of a mouth, and the
prettiest of round, dimpled chins, Lisettle was tall and slender—a sort of
human lily, violet-eyed and transparent-skinned, with shining yellow curls,
gathered into a net, with a sweet, birdlike voice, not unlike that of a linnet.
And these two girls, with their little
brother Benny, were all that the old
doctor had.
He had married late in life, this odd,

dector had.

He had married late in life, this odd, cecentrie disciple of Galen, and lost his vife when Benny was a baby; and ever ince the young things had grown up by themselves, like the wild roses on he edge of the woods.

"Do!" repeated Lisette. "We must go lown and set the table; that's what we must do."

must do."
"But there's nothing in the house for finner!" cried Barbara, tragically slasping her hands, as she rose out of the whirlpool of pink muslin on the floor. "Oh, dear; oh, dear! Why don't people stay at home when they aren't wanted? Who is it, Lisette, anyhow?"

Lisette. "Some traveling book agent suppose, or some shabby-genteel I suppose, or some snabby-genteel medical man, from nobody knows where, who thinks he is entitled to come here just because papa is an M. D. I only caught sight of the back of his coat, but it had a dreadfully seedy look."

bis coat, but it had a dreadfully seedy took."

"I do think papa is too bad," sighed Barbara. "I was going to have the whole day for dressmaking, so as to look decent at church next Sunday, for Mr. Dulcimer and his sister are coming back, and one doesn't want to look like a native Patagonian. I was going to give papa bread and cheese and a glass of home-made root beer. Papa don't care what he eats. Buthe's so particular about his guests. And I sent the last half dozen of eggs to the store to exchange for three spools of sewing silk and a paper of needles, and told Benny to carry the pot of chicken soup to poor old Mrs. Gumbo, who is sick and poor and all alone in the world!" "Charity begins at home," dolorously quoted Lisette. "Couldn't we catch a fowl?"
"As well try to catch a wild zebra of the wilderness," said Barbara. "One would think they were every one of 'em trained racers by the way they run."

would think they were every one of 'em trained racers by the way they run."

"A meat pie?" suggested Lisette.

"There's no meat to make it of," said Barbara, brusquely.

"There's the remains of day before yesterday's steak," said Lisette. "We might mince it up fine."

"Oh, Lisette—dear Lisette!" cried Barbara. "I'm so sorry, but I gave the steak to a tramp yesterday, between two silees of bread and butter. He looked so hungry, and he said he had had nothing but raw turnips to eat for two days. And when I was looking for white roses this morning I saw the two silees, with only one mouthful bitten out of each, flung into the bushes. And, oh, Lisette, there was a black bottle beside them. And I'm afraid he wasn't a nice, honest tramp!"

"Then that settles the meat pie business," said poor Lisette. "Couldn't we make the white pigeons into fricassee?"

"My white doves into a fricassee?" almost shrieked Barbara. "Oh, you cruel, cruel heartless, marble-souled thing. Why don't you talk of making me into a fricassee and be done with it?"

"Barbara, don't speak so loud!" said Lisette, energetically. "We'll send to Widow Millett's and borrow for dinner!"

"What?" said Barbara, fairly astouled by the magnitude and original contents.

"Barbara, don't speak so loud!" said Lisette, energetically, "We'll send to Widow Millett's and borrow for dinner!"

But she did. She forgave both criminals before the young moon, now hanging over the hills like a thread of silver, had widened into its full shield of luminious pearl.

"Send Benny," said Lisette, "Tell her we'll return it next week. Write a note, and say that papa has invited a gentleman to dinner, and that we haven't a mouthful fit to eat in the house. Mrs. Millett is an excellent cook; she always has something nice, and you will see that this will help us out of our dilemma."

"Yes!" sighed Barbara, "but there's my muslin dress. Why couldn't the

man stay away until I had modeled it over, like the plate in the fashion mag-

azine?"
"Never mind the fashion magazine,"
said Lisette, "but run and set the table
as fast as you can. And be sure that
you put on the very best cups, and remember to turn the cloth so that the
darned spot will come under the teatray!"

you put on the very best cups, and remember to turn the cloth so that the darned spot will come under the teatray!"

And down sped little Barbara, with cheeks as red as cherries, and black braids breaking loose from their pins in a confusion of shining jet; while the guest, sitting composedly out upon the porch, had had full time and opportunity to comprehend the entire situation.

"I seem to have arrived at an inopportune season," said he to himself. "I am sorry now that I accepted good old Doctor Bloom's cordially proffered hospitality. But I am rather too substantial to vanish down into a crack, and too real to float up in a puff of vapor, like the genii in the children's story books, so I must just remain here and abide until the end of it. But I'm glad they arn't going to make little Barbara's pigeons into a fricassee."

Three minutes afterwards, when tittle Barbara's pigeons into a fricassee."

"Where are you going, young man?" questioned he, in a low voice.

"To the Widow Millett's" said Benny, "with a note."

"Don't go there," said the stranger. "Go across the woods to the hall. instead—it is but a few steps further—and give 'his card to the old house-keeper there. And hard ye, Tommy—"

"Benny, sir, please," explained the lad.

"Benny, then—don't let your young ladies know ... at you haven't obeyed their orders. I'll make it all right with them, and here's a silver dollar for you."

Benny darted away, with his face all smiles, and just then up came the old volume which he carried under his arm.

"But I always lose track of time when I get among my books," said he.

volume which he carried under his arm.

"But I always sose track of time when I get among my books," said he. Barbara had just come down stairs after a hurried toilet, which had added a pink ribbon bow to her dress and a cream-colored rose to the heavy black braids of her hair, when she found. Lisette in the little dning room.

"Barbara," cried Lisette, "just look here? Is it enchantment that has been at work?"

For upon the table was spread a col-

For upon the table was spread a col-lation of cold boiled ham, sardines glistening with their fragrant oil, chicken salad, iced sponge cake, white grapes, and strawberries as large as lady apples. On the floor two or three long-necked claret bottles protruded from a pail of powdered ice, and a slender roll of French bread was cut in slices on a naykin in the centre of the board, while half a dozen pates de fole gras, in their metallic cans, stood opposite.

the board, while half a dozen pates de fole gras, in their metallic cans, stood opposite,

Benny's big eyes, watching them from behind the lilac bush that shaded the window, grew preternaturally bright as he noted their amazement, and at the same moment the doctor shuffled in, all unconscious of his carpet slippers and carelessly buttoned dressing gown, and ushered his guest into the presence of his daughters. "Here's Mr. Dulcimer, Lisette," said he. "Barbara, little girl, here's our neighbor, the young squire. Dulcimer, let me present you to my girls—Blonde and Brunette, as we sometimes call 'em, ho, ha, ha!"

And in the midst of their consternation and perplexity, Lisette and Barbara were obliged to assume the part of gracious and undisturbed young hostesses.

tion and perplexity, Lisette and Barbara were obliged to assume the part of gracious and undisturbed young hostesses.

They all enjoyed their impromptu lunch in spite of the mystery that surrounded it; and when Mr. Dulcimer returned to the hall, they all walked half-way through the woods with him.

"Do you know, Mr. Dulcimer," said Barbara, with sparkling eyes, "I fancied you a haughty aristocrat, who wouldn't notice his humble neighbors at all!"

"I hope you are disabused of the idea now," said the young squire, smiling, "Oh, entirely!" said Lisette.

"And believe me," said Mr. Dulcimer, holding Barbara's slim, brown hand in his a second or so longer thanwas absolutely necessary, "I should never have forgiven myself, if, through any law of stern necessity, I had eaten up your white doves in the shape of a fricassee."

And he disappeared into the woods, leaving Barbara and Lisette looking with amazement into one another's eyes.

"Lisette!" cried Barbara, breathlessly, It is possible that he could have heard what we said?"

And then Benny was called into the witness box and made to own up that the elegant luncheon came direct from Dulcimer hall, and things seemed worse than ever—

"We are rightly punished," said Barbara, bursting into tears, "for our inhospitality. And I never—never shall forgive either myself or Mr. Dulcimer!"

But she did. She forgave both crimina's before the young moon, now

All this is in addition to the peculiarities of hands which have met with accidents from machinery, trolley cars, or any of the numerous destructive agencies into waich the hands may chance to fall. There is a firm up town which, in addition to its regular work, makes a speciality of fitting gloves to hands which are peculiar in conformation by nature or accident.

In making a glove to order a diagram is taken of the hand, as one is taken of the foot by the shoemaker. The work has to be done with great care and the eccentric gloves are as perfectly fitted as the normal ones.

The number of gloves that can be cut from one skin depends upon the size and quality of the skin. The finest skins are those of the kid and one skin will make but one pair of gloves. It is the kid of the goat from which the skins come. Lamb skins are used sometimes, but while this skin may be soft and elastic, it is not a good wearing skin.

The mere process of making a kid glove is comparatively simple. The skins are bought with the hair on. The first process is the tanning, which leaves the skin white. It is then ready for the dye, after which it is shriveled, shaved, and then it is ready for the cutting. From the cutter the glove goes to the stitcher, who can sew a pair of gloves in from 15 to 20 minutes. Then the glove is bound, the button-holes made, the buttons sewed on, it is hemmed and pressed, and the product is ready for the market. A French glove establishment has a manufactory for all its stock gloves on the other side, and only makes gloves to order here.

Gloves are made to order frequently to match certain costumes. The dyening is a particular work, and requires a careful mixing of colors to get the required shade, but a pair of gloves can be made to order for as small a sum as \$1.50. This is not the best glove, or course.

There are few gloves made that vary greatly from the regular stock except as they fit the peculiarities of the hands take quiet shades in gloves. A pair of gloves can be made to order for as small a sum a

"A." "H." or "M." for an initial need not hesitate if she has the money, for the gloves with those letters look well on the back of the hand.

Gloves are made occasionally with stitching to match some color contrast that appears in the gown or with the contrasting colors in the embroidery of a monogram. Occasionally a woman brings in jeweled buttons to be put on her gloves, but, as a rule, she will have a pearl or metal button of some kind. To the careless observer, it seems that gloves are always of the same nondescript shades, but the glove expert knows that this is not the case. Every shipment of gloves brings shades that vary a little. Perhaps this is only a shadow of a difference, but a glove bought one month cannot be matched exactly the next. For people who like to know what the future will ring forth, it may be said that in the

GLOVEMAKERS' SECRETS,
HOW THEY COVER THE HAND THAT
IS NOT PERFECT.

My Lady's Glove Monogram—Constant
Change in Shades, Though so Slight as
to Escape Unikilied Observers—the
Magicians Constantly Use Fake Gloves.
The work of the glove cutter is not
the simple, easy work it is often supposed to be. An expert can cut only
three pairs in two hours. He cuts always to measurement, and the gloves
he makes are not always the smooth
even production usually known as a
kid glove. It is the stock gloves that
come in this way, but the man who
makes gloves to order has a variety of
hands to fit, says the New York
Times.

In the first place, the expert glovemaker, who knows all the ins and outs
of the trade, says that every man,
woman or child should have gloves
made to measure if an absolutely perfect fit is to be guaranteed. There is
as much difference in hands as there
is in faces, and no one who is particularly fastidious can buy entirely satisfactory ready-made gloves. This is
notwithstanding the fact that three
lengths of fingers can be obtained
in verry size of glove and every size is
made for both thick and thin hands.
But aside from the individuality of
the ordinary hand, there are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted. There are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted. There are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted. There are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted. There are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted. There are many
hands that have unusual peculiarities
which must be fitted to the region of the cortinary
that is twice as large as the ordinary
that is an additio

do at home.

"But to have well-fitting gloves one must take pains to put them on carefully," the glove man says in conclusion. "Put the glove on slowly for the first time, be sure that all the seams are straight, or, no matter what the glove is, it will never fit or present a really satisfactory appearance."

KEY COLLECTING.

Traveles.

Key collecting is the latest fad to attack young and enthusiastic American visitors to European shores. The object of the craze. Iuckily, is not predatory, but artistic, but it is also very insidious in its effects. Indeed, it appears that by the time the seriousness of the craze becomes manifest there remains neither courage nor disposition to combat it.

In the Puritan Miss Marie Overton Corbin explains that the first key germ to assail her was in one of the doors at an old London show-place. It was just a plain medieval iron key, and was apparently attending strictly to business; but it surely was magnetic or she looked and longed, and then and there determined to possess it.

Fortunately, the man in attendance, she alleges, was corruptible, and as his love for his queen was so profound that a coin bearing her profile seemed far more desirable than a bit of rusty iron, the matter was soon adjusted.

The moment that key was hers its iron entered her soul, and from that day the mania became so dominant that she could not enter a cathedral or any historical building without peering behind the doors to see if the old keys were in their locks.

Were any one to ask for a description of this or that abbey, memory would be sure to play her false; but let them ask for a description of this or that abbey, memory would be sure to play her false; but let them ask for a description of their sy, and they would receive an accurate account.

No doubt the distinct mental photography was born of covetousness, for in many instances the vergers would not listen to entreaties or delicately suggested bribes, and there was nothing to do but to come keyless away. The told verger at Shakespeare's church, Stratford, was so suspicious after her overtures, that he gathered up every key in sight, and then followed her closely while she made the usual rounds.

Many of Miss Corbin's specimens, however, were not "annexed," but gathered from the scrap heaps of lock-smiths; others passed into circulation through the hands of contr

in the collector's hands.

"One must have an ever-watchful eye and a sort of penetrating instinct to collect keys." she contends. "It is also well to have energetic and enterprising friends—and to exercise a wise and discriminating lack of curiosity as to their sources of supply or methods of workings."

of workings."

Pretty and Novel.

The man who wishes to send something uncommon in the way of a bonbon box to the young woman out of town, says the New York Times, selects, if she glories in a beloved canine, a dog hamper or traveling basket, exactly like the real article, with the dog himself perched on the top with a traveling rug and a shawl. Or if that is rot appropriate, he can send her a small trunk exactly like the big one in which she has taken away her pretty summer clothes, even to a genuine lock with a key. That is sure to be appropriate, for the woman traveling can never get away from her trunk.

THE GREAT NILE DAM.

tance of the Work That Has Just Been Finished at Assouan.

Importance of the Work That Has Just Been Finished at Assouan.

From the ages of the dynasties of shepherd kings and Pharoahs a "low Nile" or a "high Nile" has meant dearth or plenty in Egypt. In proportion as the river spread its fertilizing waters in flood times along its banks the crop of the season was assured. If for one or more years in succession its volume fell short famine stared the people in the face.

Imperial Rome depended largely on the granaries of Egypt for the daily bread of her populace, but in her great constructive days she failed to insure the constancy of supplies in grain and other products of Egypt's soil which is confidently anticipated by the approaching regulation of the rise and fall of the ancient river.

Just two years have passed since the foundation stones of the great Nile dam at Assouan was laid. It was bedded on a high portion of solid rock and was placed by the Duke of Connaught. Across the river, a mile broad there, the massive wall has been steadily built up of ashlar granite, welding together the rocks which form the dangerous first cataract. The length of the dam is about 6000 feet. Its strength had to be designed to hold in reserve for purposes of irrigation a great mass of water.

When the river is in flood its waters will gush through the massive stude.

great mass of water.

When the river is in flood its waters will gush through the massive sluice gates. In the autumn months the sluice gates will be closed until the reservoir thus formed is full and ready to be distributed by channels over the agricultural land on either side. When the water is most wanted in August and April for the crops of corn, sugar, cotton and rice the supply in the lower river will be increased from the reservoir, and thus a fairly even supply of water will be afforded throughout the year. A canal with numerous locks is to be constructed to give passage to the Nile steamers and other traffic.

Commercially, the value of the dam

sage to the Nile steamers and other traffic.

Commercially, the value of the dam to Egypt in the future can hardly be estimated. Its immediate effect, according to the Egyptian government's engineer, will be to bring under cultivation 600,000 additional acres of land. This is in addition to putting certain districts and levels ecoyondtheordinary risks of flood and drought. An area of 5,000,000 acres, now in fair cultivation will be converted into land of the first efficiency in crop producing qualities. Over the whole area Sir William Garatin, the secretary of state for public works, believes the value of summer crops will be increased by as much as \$30 an acre. Egypt's resources for growing corn and cotton will thus be immensely enhanced and are likely to bring her forward as a competitor in the world's markets.

From the engineering point of view the stuendows nature of the undertak-

bring her forward as a competitor in the world's markets.

From the engineering point of view the stupendous nature of the undertaking will be realized from the effect it will have of creating practically a lake 144 miles long impounding more than 1,000,000,000 tons of water. At some periods of the year, it is said 990,000 tons a minute will gush through the sluices. The dam will raise the river about 65 feet above its usual previous level. It is broad enough for a carriage road to run along its top.

Nowhere else in the Nile valley, says Sir Benjamin Baker, who has carried out the work, were to be found such advantages of site, sound rock, numerous islands and shallows in which to work. The openings of the sluices are to be lined with cast iron one and one-half inches thick, so as to effectually guard against the destruction from the constant impact of large volumes of water at high velocity. The width of the base of the dam has been made such that the pressure on the solid granite masonry will be less than that on any of the other great dams of the world.—Baitimore Sun.

on any of the other great dams of the world.—Baitimore Sun.

The Days of Big Books.

"The day of big books has gone by," remarked a New Orleans dealer the other evening, speaking of some recent fine publications. "Up to a few years ago nearly all the art prints and handsome illustrated editions of standard works were either folios or something almost as large. There's a beautiful set of Dickens, for instance, printed in 1886. The illustrations alone cost fully \$50,000 and it represented high-water mark in mechanical excellence at that period. But look at the size of the volumes! They are almost as big and heavy as standard cyclopedias! At present the tendency is just the other way, and the majority of the really fine books that are being published are small and light. The usual cover measurement is from 5x7 to 6x8 inches, and most of the standard novels are coming out in that size. One reason why big books have gone out of favor may strike you at first blush as rather foolish, but I'm assured of its importance by publishers who have made the trade a lifetime study. The big book can't be read in bed. It's too heavy to be held when one is in a reclining position, while the small compact volume can be handled as easily as a magazine. The great, massive folios of the old times made nice ornaments for the center table and came in handy for the younger children to sit on at table, but to really read them was a 50b for an athlete."

New Orleans Democrat.

"Ah, I hear your lawyer won your sult."
"Yes."
"So you got your money?"
"No."
"hat?"

"The lawyer got that, too."-Ohio State Journal.