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The bacillus of gout doubtless re-
gards the germ of grip as a very com-
mon person.

Some of the scientists convey the
impression that all one really needs to
hold an off-hand conversation with
Mars is a good, active imagination.

Lord Rosebery wants the "nation
of shopkeepers" to send its young
men abroad to learn how to keep shop.
Talk about sending coals to New-
castle!

Maximite is the name of a new ex-
plosive, which throws projectiles
through seven inches of Harveyized
steel plate. It is now up to the plate
makers again.

Among the latest cures are gly-
cero-phosphate of sodium for old age,
decomposed light for consumption and
electricity for various other ailments.
And still not one ray of hope for the
victim of the soft corn.

The titled aristocracy of the Old
World are singularly indifferent to the
opportunities presented to them of
marrying some of the American ser-
vant girls who are acquiring fortunes
by inheritance from the estates of rich
European relatives.

Sam Lewis, late of London, may
have been a heartless Shylock while he
lived, but his will is certainly a benevo-
lent document, with its bequests of
\$4,750,000 to charities and hospitals,
nearly half of it to "provide dwellings
for the poor of all creeds."

The Galveston News remarks that
we have been so kind to criminals
that the kindness amounts in many
cases to downright cruelty. By over-
generous treatment in the court
houses scores of men have been led
to take their chances of acquittal and
glory.

In 1816 the first savings bank was
established in the United States. In
1820 there were 10 banks of this
class, with 8635 depositors. In 1899
there were 942 savings banks, with
5,678,000 depositors and deposits to
the amount of \$2,230,000,000.

A night operator in a signal box of a
southern railroad slept at his post and
thus failed to transmit a regular signal
which would have sent an express
train crashing full speed into a siding.
This young man is a chump if he does
not claim a case of supernatural hyp-
notization, while the company are puz-
zling over what to do to him.

The Italian army has made an effort
to recover its military prestige in
China. The other day the commanding
officer reported a brilliant victory over
the rebels. On investigation it was
found that he had fallen in with a
body of Chinese soldiers, who ran
away at once. They were pursued with
great dash and gallantry and cut to
pieces. Hence the laurels.

Winston Churchill, the English war
correspondent, says that after careful
study of many nations he has concluded
that the distinguishing character-
istic of English speaking people as
compared with other white races is
that they wash and wash at regular
intervals. "England and America," he
says, "are divided by an ocean of salt
water, but they are united by a bath
tub of soap and fresh water."

Portugal a Dog in the Manger.

In the 500 years in which he has
claimed the shore line of East Africa
from south of Lorenzo Marques to north
of Mozambique, and many hundreds of
miles inland, the Portuguese has been
in the dog in the manger among nations.
In all that time he has done nothing to
help the land or the people which he
pretends to protect, and he keeps those
who would improve both from gaining
any hold or influence over either. His
strip of land is still unsettled and un-
safe, its wealth undeveloped, its people
oppressed.—*Solvent's Magazine.*

THE STORY OF A LOVE STORY.

By Henry Irving Dodge.

"Hello, Mr. Writer-man."
"Hello, editor."
"What have you got for us today?"
"My opinion in the case."
"What case?"

"Don't you remember? The other
day you said you had received a story
that was so bad that it was good, and
that you were half inclined to print
it as a sample of the stuff you receive
daily and are actually expected to pub-
lish. You asked me what I thought of
the scheme—"

The writer-man paused.
"Well?" interrogatively.
"Well, I've embodied my opinion in a
story. Here it is."

The red-faced man with the yellow
mustache and blue eyes put a tanned
hand into an inner pocket, drew out a
manuscript and handed it to the elegantly
groomed Harvard man at the desk.

"Read it," he said.
Mansfield settled himself comfort-
ably and read

"The Story of a Love Story."

Once upon a time there was a bril-
liant editor of a famous magazine;
there was also a writer-man whom the
editor liked and whose stories he
hated to reject; but the safety of the
magazine demanded it. It happened
one day that the editor was sore per-
plexed about a matter, and he called
the writer-man in to help him out.

"Briggs," said he, "I have a story
that is so bad that it is good. It is a
splendid specimen of the 'rot' that is
sent us. I want to use it as a sample
of the sort of thing we get—of the
drivel we are expected to publish—
it's a love story."

"Has it no uplifting cynicism to re-
deem it?" asked Briggs satirically.
"No, it's sheer flubdub, balderdash,
fool for fools."

"Who wrote it? Some foolish old
woman, I suppose."

The editor knitted his brows.
"No," he replied; "a young woman
wrote it—a school teacher."

"Young, beautiful and a school
teacher," repeated Briggs. "Let me see
the story. Ah, it has two good traits—
it's beautifully typewritten and it
smells of roses." After a few minutes
he handed the story back with a weary
smile. He pondered a moment, then
his face brightened.

"How do you know she's young?" he
asked. The editor unlocked a private
drawer.

"She wrote me a short letter giving
a sketch of her life, and telling me
how she came to write the story. I
knew the letter were longer—I'd pub-
lish it instead of the other. It's in-
tensely interesting. It seems she has
suffered the same as the rest of us.
She also sent her photograph; here it
is. Imagine that face associated with
such rot. It seems a sacrilege."
"Horrible," commented Briggs solem-
nly.

"She lives in B—ville, Texas," con-
tinued the editor.

"How shall you arrange with her?"
asked Briggs. "You must, of course,
give your reason for publishing the
story. I shouldn't feel greatly flattered
if you were to use any of my stuff for
such a scheme as that. It's brutal."

"I know it is. But there is such
fierce competition between us editors
that we must employ eccentric
methods when we fail of original."

"You must even descend to the
breaking of a girl's heart," said Briggs.
Hamilton flushed. "I am not going
to publish her name, and I'll pay her
as much as I would Howells or Kip-
pling."

Briggs smiled. "My dear boy, you
might as well try to console a mother
for the loss of her child by telling her
that no one would know it was her's
that died. It's not the world she cares
for—it's her pet, and she'll mourn over
it all the more on account of its friend-
lessness. You don't know women, but
you should know authors. An author's
story may be deformed, ugly, even
idiotic, but you can no more reason
him into seeing its unloveliness than
you can convince a mother of the ugliness
of her child."

"Don't lecture," exclaimed Hamil-
ton; "give me an answer—yes, or no.
Shall I publish it as a terrible exam-
ple?"

"Yes," said Briggs.
Hamilton laughed. "Well, if you're
not the most inconsistent fellow I ever
saw. I thought you were trying some
of your eccentric logic on me. Come
to lunch."

Six months later Hamilton steamed
into St. Louis en route to California;
he was to stop over for two days. The
first afternoon of his stay in that city
brought him a brief note, which bore
the official mark of a hospital, was
signed by one of the doctors, and
marked "private." It ran:

"Dear Mr. Hamilton:
"We have here a most curious case
of melancholy—of slow heart-break.
The case is that of a young woman.
A most interesting feature of the affair
is that the patient was thrown into the
greatest excitement by the reading of
your name in the 'hotel arrivals' in
this morning's paper. Perhaps you
will be interested to see her, although
I've no doubt her trouble is a mere
hallucination."
"Yours truly,
"Sprague, M. D."

Two hours later the young doctor
received Hamilton's card. The men
shook hands, and then, without any
preliminaries, Hamilton said:
"Dr. Sprague, I want to see the
young woman who showed such alarm
at the mention of my name."

"Nothing easier, sir," replied the
doctor, taking his visitor's measure
with a glance. "I'll show you it was,
as I said, a mere hallucination. I sus-
pect she will have forgotten you by
this time." Then, leading the way to
a remote corner of the room, he drew
aside a curtain and said quietly:
"Miss Marguerite."

"Come in," said the girl in a low,
musical voice and marked southern
accent.

A mellow "half light" filled the
apartment.

"I've a visitor."

The splendid Harvard man stood at
the doctor's side and slightly to the
rear. From his eyes there shone a
great compassion.

"This is Mr. Hamilton." A cry of
alarm came from the pillows.
Hamilton approached the bed.

"Won't you tell me why my name
alarms you so?" he asked tenderly.
She looked at him for what seemed
an interminable period, then she said,
half to herself:

"How could a man with a face like
that do such a thing?"

At this the doctor would have with-
drawn, but Hamilton, with a motion of
the hand, detained him.

"Do what?" Hamilton asked.

"I heard you say, doctor," the girl
went on, "it was a hallucination; but
here—read this!" She fumbled under
her pillow, drew out a sealed envelope
and handed it to Hamilton. "I didn't
intend that should be opened until my
death, but I think you, of all men,
should see it."

Hamilton broke the seal and read.
The doctor watching him saw a look
of the keenest pain come to him.

The contents of the envelope had
fallen from Hamilton's hand. They
were simply a letter and a clipping.
The doctor picked them up and handed
them to the girl, but she gave him
back the letter and said quietly, "Read
it."

It ran:
Dear Miss Wentworth:
"Your story, 'His One Love,' has
been favorably considered by us. We
want you to let us publish it any-
mously, or under a nom de plume. It
suits our purpose so well that I shall
pay you 'Kipling prices' for it. In-
closed please find check for \$100. I
trust you will find this fair compensa-
tion.

Yours, Truly,
"John Ray Hamilton, Editor."

The doctor folded the letter, and as
the girl took it she said:

"When I received that my dream of
happiness was realized. I did not
mind their publishing it anonymously.
It has my idol. I did not care for
myself, but I had labored—oh! so long—
over that story. But, like most women,
I couldn't keep it to myself. I had
told all my friends that my story had
been accepted by the leading New
York magazine. I showed them all
this letter, and I was fairly lionized
by the simple village folks. I was pointed
out as the young literary woman of the
state, and some even said I would be
a great novelist. Well, finally the maga-
zine came."

Hamilton groaned.
"Everybody in the village had order-
ed, and Bill Morrison, the stage
driver, handed them around; but he
didn't make any comment. He seemed
in a hurry to get away as soon as he
gave me mine, and when I called after
him and asked if he had read my story
and weren't going to congratulate me
on it, he seemed not to hear me, but
turned so quickly away that I was
alarmed. He had read my story,
though, and this is what he had at
the top of it!"

Hamilton raised his hand in a depre-
cating manner.
The doctor took the slip. It read
as follows:

"For a long time we have been on
the lookout for the most worthless
story possible, in order to give our
readers an idea of the kind of rubbish
we receive, and have selected this as
the one."

The doctor stood with the slip in his
hand. The girl watched his face as he
read, then said:

"A whole world, no doubt, laughed
at the brilliant editor's sarcasm. All
but a lone, little village in the back-
woods of Texas. There were a dozen
men there who would gladly have
gone to New York and shot that editor,
but I begged them not to do so. I was
dreadfully ashamed. I could hardly
look my own mother in the face. And
after all the hopes they had built on
me, too. They loved me so, and pitied
me so! But when their compassion be-
came greater than I could bear I crept
away alone—alone with my broken
heart—to die here. I hadn't done any-
thing to deserve it, either. I had just
worked at my story, dreaming of
fame; and when it was ready I copied
it so neatly, and didn't roll it or fold
it, but put it between two pieces of
pasteboard, and then posted it myself.
And I waited so long, and then the
editor's letter came. And oh! the joy
of it. And then—and then—oh! the
tragedy, the cruelty of it all."

She broke into a violent fit of sob-
bing. At this Hamilton groaned and
turned away.

"I have only one thing to say," said
the girl softly. "I thank God for giv-
ing me the chance to tell you that I
forgive you."

A sound like the faint echo of a
zephyr escaped her; then a great still-
ness followed. The doctor moved
nearer to the bed. He bent down and

looked at the girl; then he touched
Hamilton gently on the shoulder.

"Come," he said.
"No," said Hamilton, "not till I tell
her how I feel, what I will try to do,
what—"

"Your words will have to go to
heaven to reach her," replied the doc-
tor.

The story ended abruptly.

Mansfield turned the page.

"Where's the rest of it?" he asked
of the writer-man with the red face
and yellow mustache.

"There isn't any 'rest,'" answered
the writer-man.

"But it hasn't any ending to it."
"It has a very logical ending."

"But you didn't give that brute,
Hamilton, a chance to do anything for
the girl—to make amends."

"There wouldn't be any moral to it
if I did," replied Webb.

"And I'm afraid the readers would
be dissatisfied with the way it ends,"
continued Mansfield.

After a pause the writer-man said:
"What are you going to do with it?"

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for
it, but I shan't publish it the way it
ends—or rather, doesn't end."

"What good is it to you, then?"

The editor put his hand affectionately
on the writer-man's arm:

"My dear boy, you have saved me
from doing a mean thing, a low down
mean thing. I couldn't find it in my
heart now to use the Jencks girl's
story in the way I intended. Just
think, it might have broken her heart.
Thank heavens, man, you have saved
her and me."

He pressed a button.

"Ask the cashier to make a check
for Mr. Webb for \$100," he said to the
boy who appeared in response to the
summons. When the check was
brought in Webb folded it carefully
and put it in his pocket.

"Come to lunch with me," he said.
The brilliant editor rose and put on
his hat. At that moment the boy ap-
peared with a card. The editor read
it:

"Serena Jencks, Galveston."

He handed the card to the writer-
man, then turned to the boy.
"Show the lady in. Stay where you
are, Webb." Then he added: "A good
chance to see the girl."

Webb chuckled.

A tall slender girl appeared. She
had large brown eyes and red lips.
Her hands were not small, but were
well gloved, and she dressed in good
style—not New York style. She held
out her hand freely to the editor, and
he shook it heartily and then present-
ed Webb.

"I am just off the steamer," ex-
claimed Miss Jencks in an effusive way,
"and the first thing I did was to call
to learn the fate of my story."

There was a freshness and innocence
about the young woman that amused
the editor. After a few minutes' gen-
eral conversation, she said:

"Now tell me all about my story—
are you going to print it?"

The editor blushed, reflected a min-
ute, then said:

"It is an amusing story, but, to be
candid, it is hardly up to our stand-
ard."

"In other words," she interrupted,
"it isn't good enough."

"Well, if you like to put it that way
—yes."

Miss Jencks leaned both of her
dainty elbows on the table, and looked
the editor straight in the eyes for a
moment.

"Well, then, is it bad enough?"

The editor and writer-man exchanged
quick and significant glances. Here
was an opportunity the Harvard man
had not looked for.

"I don't know. Perhaps if I were
to put our friend, Webb here, to re-
vise it, he might make it bad enough."

She laughed.

"Well, then, what will you pay me
if I let you publish it as an awful exam-
ple?"

"One hundred dollars."

"It's yours."

"But even though we publish the
story with a pen name, will not some
of your friends recognize it and so
cause you mortification?"

Miss Jencks chuckled sweetly. "You
don't suppose I was fool enough to let
any of my friends know I wrote a love
story, do you?"

The writer-man and the editor look-
ed at each other calmly.—New York
Independent.

A Real Prairie Schooner.

A real prairie schooner was that
described by F. W. Myer of Bonney,
Brazoria county, as he sat in the ro-
tunda of the Capitol hotel, Houston,
Tex. In speaking of it he said: "You
couldn't call it an automobile, but a
windmobile, because it is propelled
over the prairies by the wind. A trial
trip was made a couple of days ago,
and it proved a decided success. It was
made up of two pair of wheels, the
larger pair being in front and the
smaller in the rear. A board platform
made the floor upon which the occu-
pants stood or sat. A 16-foot sail was
planted in the front part of the plat-
form and through skillful manipula-
tion the vehicle was enabled to travel
in any direction except straight
against the wind. The prairie road
over which it traveled was not an
exceptionally smooth one, but fur-
nished a surface that enabled it to
move with celerity. It carried six men
on the trip. The result was so satis-
factory that others will be built. The
speed at times was 10 or 15 miles an
hour."—Dallas News.

Or Pretends To.

Little Willie (who has an inquiring
mind)—Pa, what is a sage?

Mr. Heiny Peck—A sage, my son, is
a man who always agrees with his
wife.—Judge.

FOODS OF THE FILIPINO.

THE GRASSHOPPER THE MOST COMMON ARTICLE OF DIET.

Catching the Insects Proves a Profitable
Business in the Philippines—Selling for
Two Dollars a Bushel—Moths a Dainty
Dish—The Horrible Bat is Often Eaten.

Some interesting information may
be given concerning the way in which
the Filipino makes up a good dinner
at low cost, writes George D. Rice.
Probably the most common article of
food that would not be desired by
Americans or others than the Filipinos
is the grasshopper. In these islands
the grasshoppers not only grow in
great numbers, but the size of the in-
sect is large.

The mode of catching the grasshop-
pers in the Philippines is interesting.
There are always two or three bell-
boys stationed in the towers of the
big church of each city, town or barrio
of the Philippine group, these boys be-
ing there for the purpose of sound-
ing the various bells. There are cer-
tain strokes for funerals, others for
births, and at present there are sig-
nals for the approach of an army.

These boys in the tower keep a sharp
lookout for indications of the ap-
proach of grasshopper swarms. Dur-
ing the hopper season they are par-
ticularly active, and announce the ap-
proach of the swarms as soon as seen,
for the grasshoppers often merely pass
over a town, but usually long enough
to permit the natives to catch many of
them. As soon as the bellboys see
that there are some scattering grass-
hoppers in the air, as an advance
guard to the main body, they sound
the hopper signals on the bells and
hundreds of expert grasshopper catch-
ers with their nets turn out.

There are several methods used by
the natives for catching grasshoppers.
The most effective is the net. This is
a large butterfly net, arranged with
netting placed over a hoop, and to the
latter is fixed a long handle. The na-
tive takes this handle and with the
mouth of the net toward the grasshop-
pers he rushes forth, bagging consid-
erable numbers at each run. The grass-
hoppers always go in swarms, except
the advance guard and the stragglers,
and if anything occurs to disturb their
flight they get confused and tumble
into bags readily or fall into the open
mouths of nets. They fly so closely
that they cannot well escape, as when
they turn slightly out of their course
they come into contact with other
grasshoppers next to them.

Grasshopper catching is a profitable
business in the Philippines. Grasshop-
pers sell at \$2 per sack, gold, in the
larger cities of the islands, where the
people do not have a chance to get the
insects in the fields. The sacks of the
islands hold about a bushel. The
grasshopper is a regular article in the
markets for the entire year, as after
drying out the hopper can be kept in-
definitely. It is in the operation of
drying that the grasshopper is made
edible. I never saw a native eat a
green grasshopper, but I have seen
them eat the dried ones by the pocket-
ful on the street or in company at
entertainments, and by the dishful at
the table at their homes. Your corre-
spondent has tried the prepared grass-
hopper, and has experienced no seri-
ous result. The hopper is first so
thoroughly dried out in the heat of
the sun or in the bake oven that there
is nothing left that is really objection-
able, and a nice, crispy article of food
results. This tastes sweet of itself,
and something like ginger snaps. The
natives usually sweeten the grasshop-
pers more by using a sprinkling of
brown sugar. Then the confectioners
make up grasshopper with sugar,
chocolate trimmings and colored can-
dies in such a way that a nice tasting
piece of confectionery is obtained.

The housewife of the Philippines
takes considerable delight in placing
before you a nice grasshopper pie or
cake. The grasshopper pie is the most
wonderful dish, as the big hoppers are
prepared in such a way that they do
not lose their form or any of their
parts. Care is taken to keep the grass-
hoppers intact, and they are artistical-
ly arranged on the top crust of the
pie, while on the interior are some
of the broken hoppers mixed with
special foods. The grasshopper cake
has the grasshoppers sprinkled through-
out, and resembles plum or raisin cake.

In some sections of the islands the
natives grind the crispy hoppers into
a fine powder, and this powder is used
for making articles of food, and in
some places it is reduced to liquid
form and taken as an article of drink.

Another article of food which is re-
lished by the natives is procured by col-
lecting large quantities of moths from
the rocks of the mountainous regions.
In several spots in the mountains in
Panay and other islands of the south-
ern portion of the Philippine group I
saw moths existing so thickly in the
rocky tissues that they could be
scrapped off into buckets by the quart.

The moths seemed to mass in the crev-
ices and there hang. One could get a
barrel of the moths in a very short
while. The natives have not failed
to investigate the worth of the moth
as an article of food, and they use the
insect in large quantities.

The horrible bat of the islands,
which here grows in many cases to the
size of the American chicken hawk,
is also eaten in some sections of the
Philippines. The best classes of na-
tives, however, do not care to eat the
bats. The mode of catching the bats
is peculiar. The cities, towns and
barrios of all of the islands of the
Philippine group are quite overrun
with bats, which fly through the
streets at night in large numbers.
They fly slowly and seem incapable of
dodging insects in their path. There-

fore, the native takes a long pole, puts
a sort of combination hooked arrange-
ment at the top and takes position
in a street, and with the pole held
erect waits for bats to come along and
bump into the hooked portion. As the
native sees a bat coming he plans to
have the hook in its path, and as he
moves the pole, so as to bring the
hook into contact with the head of the
bat, the latter usually strikes it with
a bang and drops to the earth stunned,
when the native proceeds to promptly
put the bat to death. After standing
in his position for an hour or more,
the native has a little pile of bats at
his feet. These he takes to the market
the next day and receives about two
cents each for them. The bats are
eaten only in small part. The wings,
head, and, in fact, all but a small por-
tion of each side is thrown to waste.—
Scientific American.

ECCENTRIC CHRISTENING GIFTS.

How a Bachelor Relative Paid a Smart
Young Father Back.

The conventional piece of plate with
which the baby at its baptism is usual-
ly dowered was a few months back
bestowed upon the infant son of a
Liverpoolian in the shape of a quart
tankard embellished with an in-
scription to the effect that, as doubt-
less the recipient would in due course
inherit the bibulous propensity of his
sire, the accompanying gift would un-
doubtedly, unlike most christening
presents, prove useful. The aforesaid
sire, however, took the matter in ill
part, and there is now a coolness be-
tween the parties.

The present high price of coals is
asserting itself in many curious ways.
Only last month, on the occasion of a
christening in a South London sub-
urb, the child was presented by his
sponsor with a ton of heat coal as
the most costly gift it was in its
donor's power to bestow.

It was geniality that prompted the
action of a certain gourmet who, on
the occasion of his godchild's baptism,
presented him with a thin volume, elegantly
bound in morocco, containing a
number of his favorite recipes, which
he had caused to be printed for this
special purpose, with the remark that
one could not begin too young to study
and practice the niceties of the culi-
nary art. As, however, this strange
gift was accompanied by a very hand-
some check, the parents smiled
graciously approval upon the eccentric
bon vivant.

When you are seeking a sponsor
for your child don't select one with a
hobby. Such is the opinion, formed
from sad experience, of a Devonshire
father, who a few years back rashly
asked his cousin, an enthusiastic natu-
ralist just returned from the East, to
act in that capacity. In due course
his relative arrived, and with him, as
a gift for his godchild, a large box
containing a carefully selected sam-
ple—of venomous reptiles! At once a
general stampede took place, the
father alone screwing up sufficient
courage to remain and reproach his
cousin, who, after a somewhat stormy
scene, left the house with his present.

At a conjuring entertainment given
for the benefit of his family and
friends a certain Mr. Z— was im-
mensely jocular and witty at the ex-
pense of an elderly bachelor relation