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Colonel Richard Van Horn says that the name Oklahoma was first applied to the territory in a public document in the bill which he introduced in congress in 1869 for the consolidation of the Indian tribes and the organization of a government for the Indian Territory. The name was suggested by Colonel Elias S. Boudinot, the noted Cherokee, who said, if Colonel Van Horn's memory is not at fault, that it was a Creek word, and meant Red Man's Land, or the country of the red man.

A recent Italian writer appeals to his countrymen to take up agriculture, and instances beet-growing, poultry-keeping, and silk-rearing as branches in especial need of trained woman labor. He desires the women of the upper classes to interest themselves in agricultural affairs quite as much as the lower. Certainly as modern farming becomes more scientific and intensive, there would seem to be a field opening for women everywhere which would repay thorough training and earnestness. Harper's Bazar. The country girl who crowds to the cities may in the future stay at home and earn a better living instead. "There is no stupid work; there are only stupid workers," says the French proverb; and the woman farmer who, after trying both, asserted lately that "there are an independence and a scope about this out-door life beside which an office position seems very tame," shows the spirit with which the modern American woman enters upon farming possibilities.

That the state of affairs in Russia is in some new way or unprecedented degree alarming to the government of that country is made more than evident by the fact that the banishment of Tolstol has at last been ordered. The rather contemptuous leniency by which the novelist has profited so long was based on a belief that his preaching and example could have no practical effect and that therefore it was not worth while to punish in any way a man of great literary repute, with many admirers in other lands. Had he been less famous, of course he would have been sent to Siberia years ago. Even now the government, despotic as it is, has not dared to do that, and by withholding the punishment that would have been inflicted upon another foe of the same sort, it has increased rather than decreased such dangers as Tolstol's doctrines created. Wherever he goes, he will be able to talk and write, and this subject now will naturally be the evils of which he has at last been the victim. Hitherto he could not reasonably denounce to the utmost official methods which did not prevent him from doing about as he pleased, but in involuntary exile appreciation of the wrongs and sufferings of his people ceases to be theoretical. So the banishment, whatever its excuse, was a most serious mistake, and it hints at the existence of something much like a panic among the advisers of the czar.

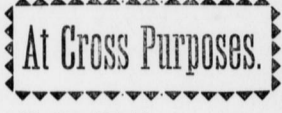
Not a Question of Method.

The great question, after all, in temperance is not whether all people are working in the same way, but whether they are working in some way for this urgent cause. People will never wholly agree upon methods in temperance any more than they will in church polity. It is useless to try to round up all temperance sympathizers in the fold of one society, or under the leadership of one reformer or one newspaper. This is not to say that all methods are equally good, for some are better than others, and some may do well for one set of circumstances, but not for others. The best methods must be sought, with charity for those who differ from us. And yet the great, insistent moral question is, not "Are you working in my way for temperance?" but "Are you conscientiously and prayerfully and definitely working in some way to reform the drunkard, to abolish the saloon, to educate the children, to oppose the exportation of American rum to American colonies, in a word, to make the world a cleaner, quieter, happier place to live in?" That, we submit, is the question for the individual American Christian to day.

SACRIFICE.

The road of Progress is a road of pain. That's stained by blood of martyrs. Though the height Beyond is crowned with glory infinite, Around us are the corpses of the slain. The heroes sacrificed to Greed and Gain, The men who dared for the oppressed to fight, Who stood for justice, liberty, and right, God-led rebels against Custom's reign, And yet the armies led by Mammoth's might Above the hosts of Truth are swept away.

Above the shadows of the human night The dawn of ages now is growing gray, The earth sweeps on into the sweeter light. The glory of the long-expected day.—J. A. Edgerton in 'The Ram's Horn.'



"Good-by, Mabel."
 "Good-by, sir."
 And the voice was cold and hard, and the face stern and immovable. Haughtily the young beauty turned aside when she said it, never noticing the outstretched hand and imploring eyes that pleaded so powerfully in their silence.

Ronald Norton stood a moment, then opened the door and went out, carrying with him a wounded heart, and leaving behind one too proud to acknowledge its pain.

But Mabel Leigh found out her mistake. She did not extract the same sweetness from life that she had since knowing Ronald Norton. Its hours dragged wearily along, uncheered by the hope of his presence to lighten them. And, worse than all, it was for no real cause that they were separated.

A word—a "trifle light as air"—had floated between them at a time when they both took it up and were too proud to own repentance.

Ronald had never said the words that would have bound them together, but in a 100 different ways love had spoken. They knew each held the other's happiness, and were content. Ronald felt that the time had come when he must tell Mabel of his hopes and desires, and secure the prize his heart coveted. For Mabel was a prize. Her beauty and accomplishments won many a lover to her side, and Norton was greatly envied.

No one would have envied him now as, with a heavy heart, he paced back and forth in his room, through the livelong night, thinking only of the happiness which had been within his grasp and then suddenly fallen him.

"He knew Mabel to be slow to anger, but strong in her wrath when aroused, and he, on this night of all nights, had unwittingly offended her by the strong side he had taken in a discussion.

Love of argument had always been a trait of Ronald's character, and he defended solely for this reason. Mabel supposed he was uttering his own sentiments, and her eyes flashed and her heart beat angrily as she listened.

Could this be the man who was more than a friend to her? Could she honor a man who cherished such sentiments as she heard him speak?

Shaded from the light, she leaned her head against the cushions of her chair, and thought while the gentlemen continued their discussion.

It ended by her sudden rising, and laughing command to dismiss the subject.

The gentlemen apologized and obeyed, and after a short time of general conversation, one by one took their leave.

Ronald lingered among the last, eager to secure a few moments to himself. Nervously he walked around the drawing-room, looking at the pictures he had seen a 100 times before, picking up and laying down the elegant volumes, and feeling about as cool and collected as most men would under the circumstances.

How brilliant Mabel looked, leaning against the door, as she chatted with young Syles! How she could endure such a poplery was more than Ronald could tell, and here she was laughing and talking with him as if Ronald was a 1000 miles away.

It certainly wasn't polite to stand with her back to him, and it must have been for half an hour. Here Ronald pulled out his watch. No, it was only eight minutes! What in the world was Syles staying so late for? It was very absurd in Mabel to make herself so fascinating to everybody.

Poor Ronald, in his excitement, stood glaring at them in utter disregard of courtesy. Well was it for him that Mabel did not see him?

At last Syles bowed himself out. The expectant moment had come. Mabel turned, but her brilliancy had vanished. Instead of the smile with which she was wont to meet Ronald, her face was cold. Instead of sinking on a chair for their usual parting chat, she stood still and looked at her watch.

"I had no idea it was so late," she remarked.

Ronald stood transfixed. The change in her was so sudden, so marked, he could not understand it.

But what could he say? To speak of love at such a moment was impossible. But he could not go silently.

"Mabel—Miss Leigh," he began, desperately.

"Well, sir?" was the cool answer from the cool belle.

"May I—that is, will you allow me to speak of myself?"

"No, sir?" came clear and short.

"Not now," said Norton, hurriedly, "tomorrow—another time?"

"No other now ever!" was the

reply, as she made a motion to leave him.

Ronald felt a chill like ice through his heart. Mechanically he followed her, took his hat in the hall and held out his hand.

Ah, if she had but taken it, it never would have let her go till she had heard his heart's message. But Mabel turned with her formal "good-by" and left him.

As he passed the night hours in grief, he thought of her quietly slumbering, careless of the wound she had made, indifferent to his fate.

But Mabel Leigh was paying dearly for her words. On her knees, in the room where she had so cruelly dismissed him, she wrung her hands and wept bitter tears. The flush of anger was gone, and in its stead a sense of the wrong she had done, and the sorrow she must endure. For Mabel knew that Ronald Norton loved her, and that she loved him. And now all was at end.

Her pride would not suffer her to recall him; his would not allow him to ask it. They had suddenly drifted apart—would the wave of time ever bring them together again?

Mabel bore her burden for a few days until it began to tell upon her health and spirits. Her pale cheeks and heavy eyes revealed that something was wrong.

"What is the matter with you, Mabel?" asked Syles, dropping in one day. "You are but the ghost of your former self."

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mabel, as carelessly as she could. "I only need a change, I suppose."

"Change? Well, suppose you go with us to Australia."

Australia! A sudden joy shot through Mabel's heart. She had been longing and planning to get away, as far away as possible, from the spot which had grown unendurable to her.

"How soon are you going?" she asked.

"By next Saturday's steamer."

"I will go."

"Oh, that is too good!" cried Etta, springing up and embracing her. "I coaxed mother all I could to go with us, but she is too timid. Father has crossed so many times he will make a splendid escort, and you will be such a delightful company for me."

Mabel smiled desirively. Sorry company she would prove for Etta Syles, and painful thoughts crowded upon her as the heedless girl rattled on.

The day on which they sailed was cloudy and gloomy—in fit keeping with Mabel's spirits. She had hoped to the last that Ronald Norton would come to her and say: "Stay!" but she had never seen nor heard from him since that night—maybe she never would again, and scalding tears dropped from her eyes at the thought.

She had borne up wonderfully since deciding to go abroad, for the relief of getting out of sight of all eyes and giving way to her grief was what she lived for.

Their party has come early on board and retired at once to their state-rooms, so that Mabel was alone.

Alone she felt, separated from her home and friends, every moment bearing her farther and farther away from her country and—Ronald!

She lay listening to the creaking and groaning of the ship, the bustle and strange noises which never cease upon a voyage, and never thought of them at all. Her heart and brain were filled with but one image, and she at last fell asleep with tears for him wet upon her cheeks.

Among the last of the passengers who came aboard the vessel was a gentleman with a grave, handsome face and reserved air, which gave a sort of fascinating melancholy to him; and although perfectly courteous, he kept aloof from all, seeming to prefer his book or silent meditation to all company. Hour after hour he spent gazing upon the foaming billows, the matchless sunsets, the lovely moonlight of ocean.

Poor Mabel and Etta were both deprived of these enjoyments. Etta being dreadfully seasick, and Mabel too worn and miserable to leave her room.

They had been out nearly a fortnight when Mr. Syles insisted on Mabel's going on deck, declaring it a shame that she should lose the pleasures of the trip, which was so nearly over.

So Mabel summoned all her strength and went with him.

It was a magnificent night. The full moon, glittering on the water, and reflected back by each wave, tinged everything with silver.

Mabel was entranced. She took Mr. Syles' arm and walked up and down once or twice, but her step was languid, and she grew weary.

Mr. Syles proposed that she should sit awhile, so he prepared a seat for her, and wrapped her mantle round her, but she shivered.

"Why, you haven't half enough round you! It's always cool up here," he declared.

And off went the kind soul for another shawl.

Mabel waited alone, watching the groups around.

A gentleman, smoking a cigar, had been sitting some distance off. He threw it away and rose as if to go below.

As he was passing Mabel he stopped suddenly.

She turned her face inquiringly—and Ronald Norton sprang toward her.

"Mabel!" was all he said, but the love-light which flashed over his face and the thrill that shot through each heart, in their passionate handclasp, told the truth.

Mabel could not utter one word, but lay panting with the glorious life that had suddenly opened for her.

No weary hours now—no languid indifference—but two noble hearts,

fleeing from each other, had been turned back to love and happiness.

Mabel stayed abroad long enough to procure her bridal trousseau, but says all she knows of ocean voyages is that moonlight nights are perfectly lovely.—Chicago Times-Herald.

GOING AROUND THE WORLD.

In a Few Years It Can Probably Be Done Inside of Five Weeks.

Some remarks made a few weeks ago by the German emperor regarding the use of electricity for running railway trains has excited a fresh discussion by the European press of the time required to make the journey round the world. The London Standard, for instance, estimates that when one can travel all the way from St. Petersburg to the Pacific coast by rail the circuit of the globe can be effected in 50 days. Except to win a bet or for some equally unpractical purpose, it is doubtful if anybody will ever want to make the complete journey at top speed. Nevertheless, those who have occasion to travel over any considerable portion of this circum-mundane route, either for business or pleasure, feel a lively interest in present and future facilities for such undertakings.

The figures presented by our London contemporary are certainly reasonable. Indeed, if one could be absolutely sure of making close connections at all points, the time may be reduced a trifle. Starting from New York, two or three years hence, one may reasonably hope to reach Paris in six days, make the trip thence to Tchelabinsk in western Siberia in six more, spend not over 15 days in getting to the Pacific coast, at either Vladivostok or Port Arthur; arrive in Yohohama two or three days later; cross the ocean to Vancouver in 12 or 13, and make the home run by rail in five, taking about 47 days in all. At two or three places, however, there would be a chance of at least a day's delay, while at Yokohama there might be a much longer one. If the Vancouver steamer were missed, the next best thing to do would be to take the line to San Francisco, by the way of Honolulu. This would involve spending five more days at sea, to say nothing of waiting for the ship to sail. Still if one made the entire journey inside of 55 days he would accomplish the feat in about two-thirds the time required by Jules Verne's hypothetical tourist.

Looking ahead 15 or 20 years, a saving of one day may be expected on the Atlantic and three or four on the Pacific. Should the experiment about to be tried on the Clyde with a passenger steamer equipped with steam turbines result satisfactorily, it is likely that the new motor will be applied to trans-Atlantic navigation within the next decade. Architectural improvements may yet further enhance the speed of ocean steamships, too. But 30 knots an hour for that kind of service is probably a long way off. So far as the marine part of the journey is concerned, then, the greatest gain to be anticipated during the next few years will doubtless come from running on the Pacific steamships that are as fast as the best ones now plying between America and Europe.

Fortunately, about three-fourths of the total distance around the world can be covered by rail, and more conspicuous improvements in speed can be counted on by land than at sea. These will probably be due not to the substitution of electricity for steam, but the construction of better roads. The highest speed yet made in Siberia is about 17 or 18 miles an hour. But the rails there are exceedingly light, and the roadbed new. The line is to be entirely rebuilt after it is once opened. When this regeneration is effected, and 30 or 35 miles an hour is possible, nearly a week can be saved in that part of the world. By that time doubtless a day or two can also be gained in Europe, another in crossing the American continent, one more on the Atlantic, and at least three on the Pacific. Before the first quarter of the present century has elapsed, then a man who has good luck in making connections can probably go round the world inside of five weeks.—New York Tribune.

Animals That Weep.

"He cried like a calf," is a remark sometimes heard. It is no disgrace for a calf to cry, and he sheds tears in quantities when his emotions justify them. It is even easier for him to cry than for many other animals, because his lachrymal apparatus is perfect and very productive.

A scientific writer says that the ruminants are the animals which weep most readily. Hunters have long known that a deer at bay cries profusely. The tears will roll down his nose of a bear when he feels that his last hour is approaching. The big, tender eyes of the giraffe fill with tears as he looks at the hunter who has wounded him.

Dogs weep very easily. The dog has tears both in his eyes and voice when his beloved master goes away and leaves him tied up at home. Some varieties of monkeys seem to be particularly addicted to crying, and not a few aquatic mammals also find it easy to weep when the occasion requires it. Seals, in particular, are often seen to cry.

Elephants weep profusely when wounded or when they see that escape from their enemies is impossible. The animals here mentioned are the chief ones that are known to weep, but there is no doubt that many others also display similar emotions.—La Nature.

A London Journal declared that of the 700,000 children of school age in the London school board area, 100,000 are always absent.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Bookcase in Parlor.
 The up-to-date parlor, no matter how handsome the other furnishings, is not considered complete without a bookcase.

Darning Stockings.
 Stocking darning is to many persons a trial, but it is only so because the right way to go about it, which is the easy way, is not known. Immediately a stitch breaks it should be mended, by threading a needle with ordinary cotton or silk and running the thread up and down for some distance; this stitch in time prevents the stocking becoming unsightly in appearance. If the stocking is an expensive one it may be repaired with a crochet hook by crocheting up on the cross lines, as you would chain stitch, using the cross lines one at a time, instead of a thread. When nicely done the place will not show at all.

When the hole is a large one, all ragged or thin edges should be cut away so that you may have a clean cut surface about the hole; make it square or oblong. If the stocking is cotton it should be mended with darning cotton; if woolen, it should be repaired with yarn. Use a long needle with a sharp point and large eye. Use the thread single, especially with the first line of stitches, which should be begun first by running the thread all round the hole about a quarter of an inch from its edge. Let the stitches be even and fairly close together; the cross row of stitches should be taken over and under the first row backward and forward. No thread should be missed.—American Queen.

The Well-Equipped Kitchen.

The well-equipped kitchen is not necessarily that which has the largest supply of coquille or ramekin dishes, to say nothing of timbales and bordermoules. It may even boast a kitchen thermometer among its accoutrements and still be found wanting in many of the homely commonplaces that are a prime necessity. The young inexperienced housekeeper, when turned loose in a household supply store, is likely to find herself totally at a loss as to what she will need and what she may get along without, for experience is the only thing that will teach her. It is a funny fact, too, that the simplest, most easily obtained kitchen necessities are often those for the want of which the housekeeper will struggle along with a makeshift and subject herself to inconvenience day after day. Take, for instance, the kitchen holder as an example. It need not cost much of anything except a little time in the making and every one might have enough of those little squares of folded cloth on hand to keep her always supplied. But no, the average woman keeps on using the dish towels in lifting hot pans from the stove or scorching tins from the oven. She shortens the life time of those towels, and runs the risk of burning her own fingers while she takes it out in wishing she had some holders. She might even buy already made and stitched, but that isn't the way of the ordinary woman. Both she and her maid servant seem to prefer the other way of doing, the maid even looking with a friendly eye upon the corner of an apron as a first-rate substitute for a holder. In some cases the housekeeper who prides herself upon her great regard for cleanliness will retain one or two old holders in service with no apparent regard for the fact that they should pay a visit to the laundry department.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Spice Cake.—One cupful of light brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter, two large eggs beaten separately, one-half cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a little grated nutmeg; add flour to make a moderately stiff batter. Bake in one loaf.

Codfish in Egg Cups.—Let salt codfish, picked in bits (not shredded), stand over night in cold water, then drain and wring out all the water. To each fourth of a cup of fish add half a cup of cream or thin white sauce and a beaten egg. Turn into a buttered cup, or egg poacher, and cook standing in boiling water until nearly firm. The water should not boil. Serve in the cups or turn from them, as desired.

Lemon Fingers.—Trim the crust from a loaf of fresh bread; put the bread into a large butter pot or soup tureen and surround with lemon peel. Take a generous half-cup of fresh butter, roll in grated lard or rind and wrap in wax paper, put it also in tureen and cover close. Let stand in a cool place over night. When making the fingers beat the butter to a cream; add the juice of one lemon and a tablespoon of chopped parsley. Spread on the bread, put together like sandwiches and cut in fingers. Also very nice made with orange. These fingers are the latest fancy on luncheon and table.

A tradesman at Alzen, Germany, was recently sentenced to 24 hours' imprisonment for reading a newspaper in court during the trial of a case.

BOAST OF A LANDED GENTRY.

Mexicans Cling With Wonderful Tenacity to Their Broad Acres.

The tenacity with which the great estates of Mexico are maintained intact by the old families of this country appears all the more remarkable when it is considered how generally all lines of industry, aside from that of the farmer, are in the hands of foreigners. The dry goods trade of Mexico is controlled by the French, the Spaniards of Mexico are the country's grocers, the Germans do the hardware business, the railroads are controlled by Americans and English, the bank stock of Mexico is largely owned in France, Germany and England, and a large percentage of the industrial concerns of the country belong to foreigners. Not so, however, the agricultural resources of Mexico.

During recent years a great deal of American capital has entered the republic for investment in tropical plantations, particularly in southern Mexico, but the great bulk of Mexico's rural land is held in the form of extensive haciendas or ranches, often hundreds of thousands of acres in extent. Some of these estates have been handed down in the same families for nearly 400 years, not a few titles tracing their origin back to the first grants from the king of Spain after the conquest. The aristocracy of Mexico is counted among these landed proprietors, many of whom enjoy princely incomes from their plantations, which often produce a great variety of products, and embrace several manufacturing plants.

It is largely due to the fact that the tax upon land of this character is comparatively very light that these estates have so long remained undivided, as, in most instances, only a small percent of their area is under cultivation. As in many states the levy is practically only a tax upon products the unused acres are no great burden. There are naturally those who desire to see these tracts taxed so that the owners will be forced to sell at least portions of them and the land of the country divided among a larger number of small proprietors. Such a measure would be vigorously opposed by the wealthy landed proprietors, and such is the number and importance of this class that no active measure of this kind has ever been promulgated. The ancient estates of Mexico are so large that few individuals can purchase them entire and the owners can rarely be prevailed upon to divide their holdings in any manner. Occasionally now one of them is bought by a syndicate or company for development or for subdivision and sale. In this way smaller holdings are becoming more common than formerly though the old order of things is not likely to be greatly altered in Mexico for many years to come.—Modern Mexico.

She Is 144 and Still Works.
 Here is a case of longevity vouched for by El Morro de Arica, a city in one of the Peruvian provinces held for ransom by Chili:

In the valley of Codpa, in the same province, it says that there is a woman, named Martina Celada, who is 144 years old and to this day works in the fields. According to her many relatives living in Arica she was born in 1757, and has seen most of the noted men of the South American wars of independence.

This old woman has seen three centuries, the 18th, the 19th and the dawn of the 20th. She was twice married, the first time at the age of 40 and the second when she was 60. Her sons and daughters are all dead; some of her grandchildren are living and she has great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Two of the last generation are of marriageable age, so the old lady may yet live to see her fifth generation.

The old woman has some means, but she does not want to enjoy them, because she says it is not yet time. She wants to live as she does in order to entertain all that come to her house.

Dona Martina is somewhat blind, for something like a film of flesh covers her eyes; she has completely lost her hearing; and her power to think went shortly after her sight. But she can still walk very well through the fields she cultivates, and as late as 1899 she was known to climb up a fig tree to gather the fruit.

It may be said in passing that such stories of old age are not very uncommon in Peru, where the facility for gaining a living and the equable climate seem to conduce to longevity. It is a very common sight to see Indians, cholos, who are said to be as old as 100 years or more, doing their daily work with the ease of a young man and carrying their years as lightly as in the days of their youth.

Spending Is Sometimes Saving.
 The true end of statesmanship is to promote the greatest public welfare, whether this means saving dollars or spending dollars. When economy will contribute to this welfare economy is good, but where it will cripple some important branch of public service then economy is bad; and the public official who tries to make a record in defiance of this fact is no real friend to public welfare. Where securities exist, or useless political "job" commissions, or where waste occurs by poor organization of the service, then economy and reorganization are in order; but where important work would be less effectively done by arbitrarily abolishing officers and reducing the number of employes, then the bath of statesmanship is to point out the grounds for distinguishing between the two cases and shape policies accordingly.—Gunter's Magazine.

The policeman's wife is seldom a club woman.