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The first thing New York City de-
sires to do when any American dis-
tinguishes himself is to get up a monu-
ment fund. Getting the monument is
another proposition.

In general it is notorious that Amer-
icans are far too indifferent to the
taking of human lives. Long ago,
in many parts of the old world, which
we think behind ours, such a thing as
a highway crossing steam railway
at grade became unknown. It should
be here, thinks the Detroit Journal.
Slaughter at railway crossings has
gone on long enough in this country.
Human life is more important than
money or conveniences.

The extension of domestic postal
rates to Cuba will be a good thing for
both that island and the United States.
Two cents an ounce, instead of five
cents a half ounce, will promote cor-
respondence between the two coun-
tries, with beneficial results al-
l around. Nor will the change be in-
consistent with the principle that Cuba is
a foreign country, remarks the New
York Tribune, for our domestic rates
of postage have long prevailed be-
tween the United States and Canada
and Mexico. The change will put
Cuba on the same postal basis with

tempering copper so as to equal in
flexibility, toughness and hardness the
best Damascus steel is an art which
the ancients possessed, but which is
unknown in modern times. Its redis-
covery has been vainly sought for a
century or more. Some years ago an
American inventor claimed to have
discovered the process. If he did, the
world reaped no benefit from it, for
he died without revealing his secret.
Now a woman and her two sons, liv-
ing on the Pacific coast, are said to
have evolved a process which tempers
copper so that it will cut chilled steel
and Harvitz steel plates. If so, the
lost art has been restored to the
human race, for inasmuch as the
secret of the process is in the posses-
sion of three persons there is every
likelihood of its being finally com-
municated to others and becoming
permanently retained in the metal in-
dustries. Owing to the greater duct-
ility and durability of copper over
iron, a knowledge of tempering it will
be a boon of incalculable value to
mankind.

Strange Reciprocity.
What do you think of an alliance be-
tween a plant and an ant, a veritable
reciprocal treaty whereby the plant
furnishes food for the ant and the ant
furnishes protection for the plant?
This is an actual existing relation in
Australia, where a small gnatcatcher
ant and the bull's horn thorn live to-
gether under really remarkable condi-
tions.
But for the plant the ant would be
without food, and but for the ant the
plant would be destroyed by several
varieties of insects that attack its
leaves.
The reciprocal plan and agreement is
this: The thorn at the end of each leaf
has a pair of hollow horns, around
which is secreted a substance fitted for
food for the ant, and which is renewed
by the plant as rapidly as it is con-
sumed. In these horns the ant lives
and finds his natural nourishment
within easy reach.
He objects emphatically to the pres-
ence of other insects, and as soon as
any of the little enemies of the plant
alight on the leaf which he has pre-
empted he darts from his home in the
thorn and makes such a fierce attack
on the intruder that he is glad to make
a hurried escape or else loses his life
in the attempt to hold his position.—
New York Herald.

The quick-firing artillery, with
which the whole Swiss army is to be
equipped forthwith, consists of nickel-
steel guns, 7.4 centimeters caliber, fir-
ing 10 shots a minute, with a range of
5,800 yards.

He was wounded for our transgres-
sions. He was branded for our iniquities:
the chastisement of our peace was upon
him; and with His stripes we are
healed.

WORLDLY BEAUTY.
Don't grieve over friends departed,
If lost or living or dead;
Be jolly and bright and happy
And you'll find many more instead.

And the world is full of beauty
For those who can suffer and smile,
While the sweetest task is duty,
Though adrift on a barren isle.

If you're worthy of love, you'll get it,
And there never was yet a day
That I couldn't see some beauty
As I traveled my worldly way.
—John A. Joyce, the Washington Post.

THE TWICE-LIVED DAY.

BY HOWARD C. WARREN.

"Apropos of this repeating a day,
Mr. Prescott, where does the extra day
come from, anyhow?"
Laura Marcy and a vast array of
rugs and wraps were joint occupants
of a steamer chair in a secluded cor-
ner of the deck of the Pacific liner
City of Pekin; her voice came from the
interstices between several pil-
lows, a veil and a hood. Perry pres-
cott's chair stretched over a consid-
erable portion of the deck in her neigh-
borhood. They were gazing out at the
sea and talking fitfully.

"Why, we pick it up out here in mid
ocean," answered Perry; "we carry it
along a way, and drop it where the
steamer going the other way can't find
it."

"Oh, yes, of course; but where does
the extra time come from? I really
don't understand it at all."

"It's simply taken from the boats
that we pass going westward. Some
time tonight, you know," said Perry,
gravely, "we meet a freight steamer.
They have plenty of time to spare on
board. We heave to, send out a boat,
ask for an extra day, pay well for it,
and ship it aboard. In the morning
you and I wake up, and it is today
again. That's the way they manage
it, Miss Marcy."

"Mr. Prescott, I think you are very
rude. I really wanted to find out
about it. If you don't know yourself,
don't be ashamed to confess your ig-
norance."

"Pardon me, Miss Marcy," said Perry;
"I was speaking in parables, of
course; but there is an element of
truth in what I said. The boats going
westward lose a day, and we gain one;
that's the truth. I was just putting
the transaction on a commercial basis,
that's all."

"But how can it be so?"
"Easily enough. We drop an hour
here and there, when we don't espe-
cially need it; and today, when the
voyage beings to grow tedious, we call
them all in and paste them on today,
so we can get in a day earlier."

"Thank you for alluding to the te-
dium of the voyage. For my part, I
think it rather pleasant, except that
I cannot always enjoy my meditations
without interruption."

"If that is all, I will see the voy-
age is one grand round of pleasure for you
in the future."

There was a long pause. Prescott
moved about uneasily in his chair; he
started to rise once or twice, thought
better of it each time, and finally set-
tled down to a silent contemplation of
the ocean and the extension end of his
companion's chair. A little tan shoe
swung nervously to and fro in the
line of his gaze.

"Of course, I can take my chair to
the other end of the deck, if you wish,"
he said softly, at length. "But as your
pillows and wraps constitute all your
landscape in this direction, possibly
my mere presence here will not inter-
fere with your enjoyment."

"It is quite immaterial to me what
you do," was the haughty reply.
Another long pause. The little tan
shoe had worked itself clear of the
wrap, a bit of black stocking and blue
skirt appeared.

"Let me obscure your view for an
instant," said Prescott, as he stooped
over to tuck in the wrap.

"What time is it?" was the evasive
reply.

"Half past four; no, half past five.
I forgot to omit the last hour we
dropped overboard."

"Why don't you drop overboard af-
ter it, and secure it for your own pri-
vate use? You would spend it in your
amiable company."

"The shoe had struggled loose from
its moorings again."
"You are very gracious today," said
Prescott, meekly.

"You are very gallant, sir, I'm sure.
No!" she burst out, as he stooped
over again; "don't touch that shoe!
I want it just so."

The silence was awful. The little
shoe waded furiously. At length Laura
rose.

"I am going down to mother," she
said abruptly. "No, thank you, these
wraps will be all right there. Good-
bye."

Suddenly Laura broke the spell.
"Apropos of this repeating a day,
Mr. Prescott," she said mischievously,
"where does the extra day come from
anyhow?"
Quick as a flash Perry responded:
"Why, we pick it up in the middle of
the ocean;" and an amused smile
played over his countenance. Evident-
ly their thoughts had taken the same
same road and reached the same des-
tination at about the same time.

"But where does the extra time come
from? I really don't understand it
at all."

"We drop an idle hour, here and
there, don't you know, all the way
around the world; and then, when we
find we have done something we are
sorry for, we pick them all up, paste
them together, and live the same day
over again. And I'm glad it's so,"
added Prescott, with feeling, "for I
never wanted to live a day over again
so much as yesterday, I mean today."

There was a pause. A little tan
shoe, the mate of the one that had ap-
peared before, was tapping the chair
nervously. A flushed face peered
wringingly out from among the pil-
lows. Laura broke the silence.

"What time is it?" she said demure-
ly.

"You mean it is time for me to
apolo—" he began.

"No, no, no. Listen, what time is
it?"

A light began to dawn on Pres-
cott's face.

"Oh, let me see; half-past four."
A pause followed.

"Go on," urged Laura.

"Go on how?" he queried.

"Finish your remark. You forgot
something."

"Oh, yes; I forgot the last hour we
dropped overboard."

"I wish I had been dropped over-
board instead of the hour," remarked
Laura, candidly. "It would have
served me right."

"Absurd!" remarked Perry, with a
warmth hardly called for by the de-
mure statement. The little tan shoe
fairly danced about on the chair.

"Let me obscure your view for an
instant," quoth Perry, eagerly; and
he stooped over to replace the wrap.

"Laura," he murmured, earnestly;
"dear Laura," and observing that the
deck was deserted he pressed his lips
—yes, actually—to the tanned leather.

"Perry! How utterly absurd!" cried
Laura, blushing furiously. "Don't
touch that shoe! I want it so!"

Her own lips were pursed with scorn
perhaps—she said it; and the "so"
might have referred to them. Certainly
Perry interpreted the remark in that
way.—New York Home Journal.

LANE WAS READY.

Witty Retort Which He Made to Thomas
A. Hendricks.

"Henry S. Lane was one of the best
stump speakers that Indiana ever pro-
duced," said a gentleman the other day
who has resided in this state for over
60 years. "He was essentially a
stump speaker, using that term in the
old time sense of the word, and I am
sure that sending him to the United
States senate was equivalent to putting
him in a coffin, as far as display of his
peculiar oratorical ability was con-
cerned. He was especially brilliant at
repartee, and his ability in this respect
might be likened to the play of a mas-
ter with the rapier."

"I shall never forget the time that I
heard him make one of those apt re-
plies to Thomas A. Hendricks. It was
back in 1857 or '58, while I was teach-
ing school down at Leavenworth, in
Crawford county. Lane and Hendricks
had been stumping the state and hold-
ing a series of joint debates that roused
the interest of all the people. Their
stay at Leavenworth was limited to
the time between two boats, and it was
agreed that the debate should be gov-
erned by this fact. Hendricks spoke
first and made a very plausible argu-
ment for his side of the question. Lane
arose to reply only a short time before
the boat was due, but he pitched into
the argument of his opponent with such
a vigorous attack that in a very few
minutes Hendricks became uneasy, and
appeared to be very uncomfortable. I
was well down toward the front of the
audience, where I could see every ex-
pression of the two orators' faces. Pres-
ently, as Lane was in the midst of one
of his most scorching and sarcastic
periods, the whistle of the approach-
ing steambat was heard."

"At the sound, Mr. Hendricks, who
was seated on the platform immediat-
ely behind Mr. Lane, leaned forward,
and in a whisper that could be plainly
heard by most of the auditors, said:
"Mr. Lane, the boat is coming.
Don't you think you had better stop?"
"Mr. Lane paused and looked down
over his shoulder for a moment at his
interrupter with a look of utmost scorn
on his face, then, turning to the au-
dience with a smile, remarked: 'I
thought that it was about time that
the gentleman would want to take to
water.' This witty turn, of course,
caught the fancy of the crowd, and it
was many a day before Hendricks
heard the last of the incident."—Indi-
anapolis News.

Alaska's Rich Copper Deposits.
The rich copper deposits of Alaska
are beginning to be developed, the first
shipment from the White Horse belt
having been dispatched to Tacoma al-
ready. This belt, traversing a tribu-
tary of the Yukon, is 25 miles long
and four miles wide. The ore is said
to range from 25 to 75 percent cop-
per, and carries from \$6 to \$10 per ton
gold.

Family Pride.
Wood—I notice Sawyer is very
proud of his family tree.

Slabb—Well, he ought to be. His
father got his start in the lumber
business.—Detroit Free Press



TALKS ABOUT WOMANKIND

A Women's Hotel Company.
The Women's Hotel Company of
New York City has bought land near
Madison avenue and East Twenty-
ninth street, and plans for a building
large enough to accommodate 500 wom-
en are now being drawn. It is said
that subscriptions to the enterprise
amounting to \$300,000 have been se-
cured already. The object of the ho-
tel is to furnish comfortable quarters
for business women similar in style
to the various bachelor apartment
houses that are becoming so num-
erous.

A Spring Hat or So.
One of the most striking hats shown
is a large Leghorn converted al-
most into the "coal scuttle" bonnet of
50 years ago by the straps of green
velvet that held the back close to the
crown, which was encircled by a green
velvet band. A large scarf of white
chiffon, flower painted in colors is
draped over and under the wide brim
in the front, and a superb white os-
trich plume completes the picturesque
effect.

A white turban of the new and love-
ly fancy gauze and straw mixture is
trimmed with a profusion of tiny pink
roses, hardly larger than an English
daisy. These are arranged in loops
and clusters, with white tulle. The side
is caught up over a bandeau on which
is a bow of black velvet.

Many Gowns in One.
Different belts and sashes also help
to make up a wardrobe at little ex-
pense. With a black gown it is pos-
sible to ring the changes for an in-
definite length of time by having
brood belts or narrow belts, colored
chiffon sashes or fancy ribbon sashes
with fringed ends. A black silk gown
was in former years considered neces-
sary to every woman's comfort and
peace of mind; fortunately the fash-
ion has returned again, and very much
the same rule can be carried out as in
the white lining. A skirt with a fitted
top and very flaring flounce or floun-
ces will serve to wear with the figured
black nets without lining, the embrod-
ered muslins or chiffons, while the
waists can be worn under smart bo-
leros with false fronts, or even with
a cloth waist and a cloth overskirt.—
Harper's Bazar.

The Proper Gloves.
Glaze kid, buttoned gloves are the
correct ones for church, with two or
four buttons and of white or a light
tan. If tan, a heavier kid is used, and
one or two buttons are sufficient—in-
fact, a regular heavy walking glove is
the smartest. Many women always
cling to a suede glove of the mous-
quetaire style with two buttons only.
These are of a lighter shade of color
than the gown or of black. Of course,
this does not refer to a red or a green
or a blue gown—simply to the brown or
gray. A white suede glove is absolu-
tely inappropriate, however.

So much depends upon the lining of
the muff as to what gloves can be
worn from a practical point of view
that it is as well to buy one with refer-
ence to the other. The present fash-
ion of the white lining or the fur lining
for the very rich fur muffs makes it
possible to wear white or light gloves,
whereas the dark linings so soon soil
the gloves that it is generally silly to
follow slavishly the fashion of wear-
ing white gloves, especially if econ-
omy has to be consulted.

As the church costume is emphatic-
ally a walking costume, heavy walking
boots or boots of kid and patent
leather are correct. The fancy dress
boot or shoe is not then sensible or in
good taste.

Concerning Girls' Feet.
"Girls between the ages of 16 and
18 generally have big feet," said a
fashionable shoemaker, "and they are
at such periods of their lives disposed
to be at and flabby, but at 23 a re-
markable change takes place. The
foot then completely subsides, the
flabbiness disappears the flesh of the
foot becomes firmer, the muscles and
tendons get stronger, and the bones
become well set. Altogether a great
difference is noticeable. Yes, we have
great difficulty with girls of about
17 or thereabouts, for then they re-
quire a shoe large enough for a full-
grown woman. When they get older
and the foot becomes settled new boots
made on the old last will be found
too large, and it is only when the
young ladies complain that their new
shoes are too big that we know the
foot has undergone the change just
described. Then explanations have
to be given, but the shoe maker
doesn't mind that so much, for a wom-
an as she grows older likes to be
told that her foot is getting smaller.
After 40 the feet of a woman go back
to the fat and flabby state, and herein
grows the trouble of the shoemaker
who has to state, in explanation, why
the last pair of shoes do not fit; that
the cause lies in the fact that her feet
are getting bigger. No, I don't think
that cycling increases the size of a
girl's foot. True, one or two of our
lady customers have asked us to make
their new boots a shade larger, but this
difficulty is gotten over by making
them 'full.' We have never altered
the length."—Washington Star.

The Mother's Health.
The child's dress should be plain
and not elaborate. This makes a sav-
ing on the price of the material, on the
work in the laundry, and the care of
the child, who is often hampered and

fretted with the ruffles and embroider-
ies, and made to feel various re-
straints in the endeavors to keep clean
and preserve from other ravages the
dainty apparel. A child should never
be conscious of its clothes. Many
mothers toil and deny themselves,
even to the point of injuring their
health, that they may satisfy their am-
bition to clothe their children in beau-
tiful garments. They are led to do
this from their social ambition and
from their motherly love, which would
lavish upon the child all that any
child could have. The great tempta-
tions of mothers is to make dolls
and puppets of their children. Fortu-
nately to do this women do not have
to work as hard as in other days, as
children's dresses come ready-made
and at reasonable prices, so that the
maternal needle is not driven to such
feats of embroidery and dressmaking
as formerly. Nevertheless the pur-
chasing of the children's wardrobe
and the care and mending which are ne-
cessary, are not among the least of
the demands upon the mother's time.
A mother once said to me: "I look at
my little ones trotting off to school,
and think that each child wears 50
button-holes that I have made!"—
Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, in Har-
per's Bazar.

Hair Combs of Pearl.
Combs of pearl, rarely carved, stud-
ded with jewels and bound with gold,
are what the dealers in costly orna-
ments are showing with the greatest
pride. It is remarkable that the jew-
elers never realized the artistic utility
of shining opalescent seashell lining as
a hair decoration before, for hitherto
fans and opera glasses and buttons
have monopolized all the pink, white
and smoked pearl used in the femi-
nine toilet.

Combs of the new departure are
made of only the most richly colored
pearl, and studded and crowned with
stones that echo the opalescent tints
of the shell. The advancing popular-
ity of pearl has not in the least in-
jured the vogue of tortoise shell, and
has generally increased the popularity
of the three, seven and fifteen-pronged
comb as a hair ornament. At intervals
some native returned from Paris
spreads a rumor to the effect that
combs and agrettes have had their
day, and a few followers are found for
this gospel. After brief adherence to
this fashion the limpid glory of gems
shines out again from well-combed
tresses, and the agrettes, crescents,
etc., flash out cheerfully.

Among the pretty spring surprises
in hair brie-a-brac are combs with
tufts of tiny jeweled feathers quivering
at their tops and combs surmounted
with an exquisite white agrette and
a few delicate diamond flowers.

A very recent pattern in combs
for the back hair shows tiny
golden roses, each with a bright
white diamond heart, blossoming
in an orderly row at the top of a
bowed band of blonde shell. If the
heads of very well-dressed women
and the contents of the showcases of very
prosperous jewelers are significant we
are going to wear very tall and broad
combs of modified Spanish shape in
the near future. However splendid
the glitter and workmanship of these
may be, their commercial value is not
always above the reach of a moderately
supplied purse.

Combs carved
by Lalique and set with the whitest stones
from Kimberley are so cleverly copied
and set with handsome paste gems that
no woman need indulge the sin of cov-
etousness, but honestly and happily
buy furniture for her head that is to
all intents and purposes as fine as that
Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt wears.

All the soft crepe weaves are win-
ners.

Point de Venise appliques are fa-
vored.

Black and white is not necessarily
mourning.

Silk mitts will be a summer feature
with elbow sleeves.

A four-in-hand is effectively knotted
under the ever modish collar.

Undersleeves bid fair to figure in
every garment from a lingerie waist to
a coat.

Velvet ribbons will not be crowded
out by the new and fetching silk
weaves.

Boleros when not forming a whole
jacket are added to jackets and blouses
of longer cut.

Two or three lace collars (cut up
more or less) may be used on one
pretty blouse.

Bands of sprigged net run up in bon-
netes with edging on either side, are
one of the fashion modes of adorning
foulard gowns.

Amateur dressmakers should re-
member that foundation skirts must
be cut with as much care and be as
ample as the outer skirt.

Among the lace trimmings, Venise,
Cluny and Irish gimpure take first
rank. Black chantilly is very swag-
ger for glistening white mouslins.

For a long coat there's no newer or
more effective sleeve than the smallish
bishop, which is caught into a cuff
that flares a bit over the hand.

Separate top coats for spring are en-
tirely out of favor this season. All
the prettiest and most stylish coats
form part of the complete costume.

Large, wide, low crowns and lavish
brim trimmings, mark the smartest
military creations. Large flat bows
of tulle, or lisse or lace backed with
satin often conceal these crowns.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.
The only jewel which will not decay
is knowledge.—Langford.
He grieves more than is necessary,
who grieves before it is necessary.
—Seneca.

Recollection is the only paradise
from which we cannot be turned out.
—Richter.

Rashness is the characteristic of ar-
dent youth, and prudence that of mel-
lowed age.—Cicero.

A thankful heart is not only the
greatest virtue but the parent of all
other virtues.—Cicero.

That action is best that procures the
greatest happiness for the greatest
numbers.—Hutchinson.

Not wealth nor ancestry, but honor-
able conduct and a noble disposition
make men great.—Ovid.

He that will make a good use of any
part of his life must allow a large part
of it to recreation.—Locke.

Nothing more completely baffles one
who is full of trick and duplicity than
straightforward and simple integrity in
another.—Colton.

Every person is responsible for all
the good within the scope of his abili-
ties, and for no more, and none can
tell whose sphere is the largest.—Gail
Hamilton.

QUEER HOUSE GARDENS.
A Japanese Idea Which Bids Fair to Be
Popular Here.

Japan has sent many quaint and
lovely works of art to America, but
none more perfect and yet more sur-
prising than the miniature house gar-
den which is to the Japanese home
what the average window conserva-
tory is to the luxurious American
mansion.

The difference, however, between
the Japanese and American house gar-
den is very great. The Oriental pro-
duct is a genuine garden, laid out
with all the taste and science of the
professional landscapist. The territy
it covers is from four to five feet
square. Such a fairly pleasure ground
is called in Japan a toko-niwa, and
every well-bred Japanese family that
cannot afford a domain large enough
for a real garden buys a toko-niwa
and sets it up in what might be called
the area-way of the house, or in the
family sitting room.

Only recently have these exquisite
miniature gardens been brought to
the United States. They are delicate
things to import, and as yet are very
costly, for all the trees and shrubs
belong to the artificially dwarfed ver-
dure of Japan, and only an artist of
true ability and culture can construct
a toko-niwa.

The foundation is a square or round,
shallow box, the sides of which are
daintily carved. Into the box go
stones and earth for the construction
of evergreen crowned hills, beet-
ling crags, humped bridges, pebbled
paths and stretches of meadow
land. Rivulets no wider than case
knife blades, meander through the
lawns, gurgle in rapids under the
bridges and widen into lakelets where
golden minnows glide and dive. There
is usually a tea house on the hillside,
and a bit of a temple or a shrine under
a grove of trees that tower 12
inches in the air, and in the western
sense it isn't a garden at all, but a
wonderful bit of natural landscape,
copied right out of Japan itself, and
only large enough to ornament a table
in the sunny corner of a room.

These Japanese gardens can be
kept alive and flourishing for a num-
ber of years if the proper care is given
them; or if a Japanese gardener,
who knows what the little plants
need, is called in occasionally to re-
fresh the lakelets and watercourses,
keep down the weeds and keep up the
repairs on the tea house and temple.—
New York Sun.

General Hamilton and the Boer Mother.
General Ian Hamilton, while quar-
tered in a Boer farmhouse won the
gratitude of its hostile mistress in the
following characteristic way: All of
his intercourse with her was carried
on through an interpreter, and her
answers were given with so little
grace that talk was not frequent.
Only once her stern face lighted; this
was when he asked about her youngest
fighting son, a boy of 14. Her lips
quivered; emotion was not really
frozen within her.

Next day the general had occasion
to ride past the farm, and he called,
for a moment, upon her.

"Tell her," said he to the interpreter,
"that we have won the battle today."

"Tell her the Dutch will certainly
be beaten."

"Perhaps her sons will be taken
prisoners."
Still no reply.

"Now tell her to write down on a
piece of paper the name of the young-
est, and give it to my aide-de-camp.
Then when he is captured she must
write to me, and we will not keep him
a prisoner. We will send him back
to her."

At last her face broke into emotion.
The chord had been struck.—Youth's
Companion.

First Lynching in France.
From Montreuil, a small town,
comes a story of lynching of two
burglars who had incidentally assau-
lted the lady of the house while her hus-
band, bound and gagged, looked help-
lessly on. It is the first lynching in
France, so far as known.—New York
World.

A Superfluous Convenience.
"Why has a man 20 pockets and a
woman none at all?"
"Because if she had 40 pockets she
would still carry her purse in her
hand."—Chicago Record.