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Bavaria is using American locomotives. No part of the earth is now uninvaded by American enterprise. And it is still marching on.

A Missouri naturalist has discovered that every toad is worth \$19 to the farmer on whose place it operates. He might get the women to believe it if he would go on now and discover that the price was marked down from \$20.

The paper and pulp industries of Russia appear to be expanding very rapidly. At present unprinted paper is exported to Great Britain to the amount of \$370,000 annually, while pulp is also shipped in heavy quantities.

Before fifty the most healthful occupation is that of the clergyman. The doctors and the lawyers are close together. After fifty years, according to the figures, it is more healthful to practice medicine or the law than it is to preach.

The great value of the cattle industry is aptly illustrated in the Argentine Republic, where, it is estimated, the herds number 10,000,000 animals, all descended from eight cows and one bull brought to Brazil in the middle of the sixteenth century.

A peculiar favorable industrial symptom of the times is the buying up and reorganizing of old and abandoned factory plants. This generally follows periods of unusual activity, and is the result of the increased demands for space for manufacturing purposes.

In Great Britain and Germany there are societies organized to promote the emigration of women, and in both countries the business is said to be brisk. They have, therefore, one export trade in which the United States is not likely to compete with them for a long time.

The longevity of women—and of pensioners—finds conclusive illustration in the fact that four widows of Revolutionary soldiers are still on the rolls, their ages ranging from eighty-five to eighty-nine. Needless to say, they were young girls when they married the Revolutionary veterans, one of these interesting weddings having occurred as late as 1841.

The general impression conveyed by the report of the British Inspector-General of Recruiting is that so long as the conditions of the service remain what they are Great Britain will not have a strong and efficient army. The infantry regiments received fewer recruits last year than in 1890, and it is clear that if the country cannot obtain the requisite number of recruits with the war still in progress, recruiting in time of peace will be far from satisfactory.

Recent census bureau reports show a marked increase in the tenant system, a change which has been going on for the past twenty years, with a decided rise of percentage since 1890. The report proves that such farms have increased twice as fast as the number of farms worked by owners and four times as fast as the agricultural population. This percentage of advance depends largely upon Southern and Eastern conditions, though the middle West contributes to it in lesser degree; the extreme West but very little.

More gallons of coffee are consumed in this country than other drink or stimulant, amounting in 1900 to 1,257,985,296 gallons, compared with 1,221,500,160 gallons of beer, the next most popular beverage. In 1900 we also consumed \$37,312,698 worth of tea and \$6,000,000 of cocoa, bringing the total for alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks to \$1,228,674,928, an increase over 1899 of \$81,777,103.

A SINNER UNREPENT.

BY SOPHIE GATES KERL.

"My, but your mornin' glories do look nice, Miss Pheme! Wish you'd save me some seed off that white one." It was Mrs. Ridley coming up the walk.

"I will, Miss Ridley. Come in and set down. There's a pa'm leaf on the lounge, an' maybe you'll take a glass of cold water. It's a scorchin' mornin'," said Miss Pheme.

"I would like a drink, thank you," responded Mrs. Ridley. "Seems like when anybody's fat as I am, they just get he' up like a coal stove. My, that tastes good. You got a grand well, Miss Pheme."

The hostess smiled a flattered smile, but before she could speak Mrs. Ridley went on: "I brought over three of Mr. Ridley's vests, Miss Pheme, to get you to mend 'em. He's busted 'em ever' one right down the back, fr' all the world like a seven-year locust. I tell 'im, an' it seems like I got no time to fix 'em, with Emma May gittin' married next week. We're just livin' in a regular whirlwind, an' sorry as I'll be to see Emma May go—not that I don't like Charlie Foote, but you know what I mean—I cert'ny shall be glad when all this fuss is over."

"I expect it is trying," sympathized Miss Pheme. "But Emma May's always been a good daughter, an' she deserves a fine weddin'."

"Tain't that I don't want her to have it," said Mrs. Ridley, hastily. "But I'm just dog-tired this mornin'—for the land sakes, it's half-past ten o'clock a'ready; I got to go. You bring them vests over when they're done, Miss Pheme, an' I'll pay you fr' 'em. I'd send one o' the boys over, but Emma May wants you to come particular an' see her presents, so 'll be killin' two birds with one stone." She chuckled comfortably as she stepped outside the door.

Miss Pheme looked after her departing form with resentful stare. "Yes," she muttered, "she can get Miss Maxwell to make Emma May's weddin' clothes, but I'm good enough to mend up Jim Ridley's old vests. I'll charge her 15 cents apiece, see 'I don't; that'll be 45 cents. Doss seem a good bit to charge fr' mendin' three vests."

Miss Pheme went in and shut out the glare of the summer day. As she picked up the package of vests her thin little hands trembled. Tears sprang to her eyes and she burst out fiercely: "Tain't right! I made Emma May Ridley's dress to be christened in, little teeny baby as she was, an' I made her a dress to be confirmed in, an' I made her a dress when she graduated at the high school, an' she'd always said I should make her weddin' dress. That faultin' city thing's got all my trade! I've sewed here all my life an' she's bested me, an' it's not fair." The tears rolled down her withered cheeks and fell unheeded upon Mr. Ridley's second best pepper-and-salt vest. Presently her wrath flamed anew.

"Emma May wants you to come pecker to see her presents! Tain't no hint, no? Sally Ridley needn't 'a' troubled herself to say that. I got a present for Emma May, an' I'm going to give it to her. I'd like to get even with them, the whole kit of 'em. Jest as if I couldn't 'a' made Emma May's weddin' clo's. They tell me Miss Maxwell uses a chain-stitch machine. I always did say chain-stitch machines was made for the careless, an' I don't see no reason to change my mind. Well, 'pon my word, this vest ain't on'y busted, but frayed in' the bargain." Miss Pheme fell briskly to sewing.

The next day, despite the threatening rumble of a distant storm, Miss Pheme dressed in her best and started toward the Ridleys, carrying two packages. She was graciously received by Emma May, a fat, fair girl of pleasant mien and pleased disposition.

"I brought home them vests," explained Miss Pheme; "and here, Emma May, is a little present I brought for you. It'll be nice fr' your dining room table, I thought." She held out a small white pasteboard box, with an expression of the heaping-coals-of-fire kind.

without a word. At last she said, pleasantly conscious of paying old scores:

"If I might persome to criticize, I really do think it's a pity you got your wedding dress made with a p'nted overskirt. All the latest fashion books say they're not worn at all this season; and box-pleats, too, is kind of droppin' out. I was readin' only yesterday that 'twas just the cheapest goods was made up so any more. That black satin's real pretty, though. Did you see Lena Sullivan's black satin? Hers was a beauty—finest piece of satin I ever cut into, an' all made up with these here pleated ruffles. Why, Emma May, seems if you'd be more afraid to leave all these fine things in here with the window open, this room on the ground floor like it is. It's been a real treat to see such elegant clothes, an' I hope your married life'll be happy. The Footes have all got terrible unreasonable tempers, they say; but I hope you'll be able to manage Charlie. Good-by, all."

Miss Pheme walked home slowly. Even the thought of the darts she had planted in Mrs. Ridley's capacious breast brought her no real comfort, when the vision of the snowy wedding dress rose before her.

"Things ain't edge even yet," she murmured. A low growl of thunder startled her and she hastened into the house to shut out the cutting flare of the lightning. When the kettle boiled she set her lonely table and made tea. The quick thump of heavy rain-drops on the roof made her start nervously. Night had come with the storm, and after her supper was over, Miss Pheme sat in the dark and meditated. About 9 o'clock the rain ceased, and she flung the shutters open. The stars were shining now. The air outside was cool and damp and fragrant. She looked over toward the Ridley house, and as she did so their last light went out. Miss Pheme strained her eyes to no avail. All was darkness there.

"I'm-a-going to do it," she said aloud, determinedly. Rummaging over the table, she found a pair of scissors. She took a match from the box beside the window and unlocked the door. The moon was creeping up, a flat disk of pale yellow. Miss Pheme looked down at herself and saw that she still wore her best dress. "It'll be all drabbed," she thought; then, recklessly, "I don't care, nohow."

She brushed against the dripping flowers beside the garden path, and held her breath as the gate gave a whining creak. On, on the road, walking noiselessly, she went. Once she heard a team coming and crouched in a corner of the worn fence, behind a little sweet-gum spout, till it was past. She recognized the doctor's rig and let herself come up in her throat and beat there, with great frightened leaps; but he passed by safely and she crept on.

At last, after a seemingly unending journey, she reached the Ridleys' gate. The maples threw deep shadows, and so sheltered, she reached the house. Round to the left wing—slowly—slowly—and the window was still open! She stopped and looked in. The moonlight lay in patches on the floor, the dresses spread upon the bed, and there, within reach, it fell upon the wonderful pearl beading of the wedding dress and made scintillating lights. Miss Pheme saw all this and slowly—slowly—her hand went out toward the glistening beads. A quick jerk, and the waist of Emma May Ridley's wedding dress lay across her knees. She sought the seam in the middle of the back. She could feel the despised chain-stitching and she slipped her fingers deftly along toward the collar. What was this? A loose end of thread—a little pull—r-i-i-i-i-p it was done! In a spasm of fear Miss Pheme hustled the waist through the window, back into place, and ran into the concealing shadow. Out to the gate, down the road again—she was almost home. Suddenly she stopped and gave a little chuckle.

"Them bastin's 'll hold it together so nobody 'll s'pect—lucky she left 'em in. But when Emma May puts it on, big an' fat as she is, it'll bust square up the back like a frog." She couldn't help laughing at the idea; it tickled her fancy so. She forgot her wet feet, her dragged, muddy skirts, and went to bed with a smile still pulling at the corners of her mouth.

The next morning the exposure had done its work. She was hoarse and feverish, and there was a sharp pain that stabbed her at every breath. "Threatened with pneumonia," the doctor said, and commanded her not to stir from her bed, though she could not have done so had she so wished. The neighbors were very kind and attended her faithfully, and the tenth day found her sitting up, very weak and frail, but with life in her eyes and voice.

Mrs. Emerson, the town gossip, came in and brought a bundle.

"Jest as soon as you get able, Miss Pheme, I want you to make me a dress. It's one Mr. Emerson got me over to Bristol, an' he showed real good taste for a man, I must say. Look-a-here, ain't that fern leaf real pretty?"

"It's just beautiful," assented Miss Pheme. "Seems if you'd have Miss Maxwell make it up, bid' she's from 'e city and all."

She'll never cut into a piece of goods fr' me, I can tell you," said Mrs. Emerson, with emphasis. "Ain't nobody told you how she made Emma May Ridley's weddin' dress and never sewed up the back, an' Emma May,

not suspicionin', put it on an' busted it clean wide open? O' course, you was sick an' didn't git to the weddin'; but I was there, an' the weddin' party was nigh an hour late jest on that account. Nothin' but a bastin' thread to hold it together; such shif'lessness! Course, bein' bad luck, Emma May never tried on the dress after it come home, like she did the others, an' I can't tell you she was hoppin'." People at the church didn't know what on earth was the matter. No "indeed," Miss Maxwell makes no clo's fr' me."

After her visitor was gone, Miss Pheme lay back on her pillows and looked out of the window a long time.

"'Twas an awful mean trick, I know," she said at last. "'Twas right; but I got this spell o' sickness to pay up fer it, an' that butter-knife was solid silver and real expensive. I'm evened up all 'round—an' somehow—I just can't care."—Ladies' World.

HOW CROKER FIGHTS A FIRE.

In the Face of Flames He Can't Stand Being Bothered.

Croker's method of directing the fight on a fire is typical, says Lindsay Denison in Everybody's Magazine. Bonner taught the fire-chiefs of the world to take up a position commanding the best possible view of the fire, and to hold it; issuing orders to the deputy commanders and receiving reports from them without moving from the spot. Croker's first step on reaching a fire is to look over the building thoroughly; then he selects his position commanding a view, but he does not stay in it; he leaves Oswald there and starts out on a dare-die chase through the fire. He goes to every spot where there are men at work and to many where there are not. Everywhere he drives the men, encourages them, warns them, and directs them. From time to time he sends a messenger back to Oswald with an order for a change in the disposition of the attacking force, or for a call for re-enforcements. He may be traced around the outskirts of the fire by the feverish ferocity with which the firemen work where he has been. His very presence seems to transform them into jumping crews of devils, and the spell does not pass from them until they have seen him toss aside his helmet, pull the crumpled brown hat slantwise in the corner of his mouth. When the chief does these things, the fire is out. It may smoke and sputter for hours, but it is beaten, there is no more fight left in it; all that remains is the "wetting down."

Once a man stood in front of Croker and obstructed his view of a building which was burning. Croker did not notice him to stop, neither did he push him out of the way; he knocked him down. Afterwards he denied violently that he had struck anybody; he could not remember any incident of the sort. But he could remember with absolute accuracy every order that he had given to his men, he knew from what engine every one of the 26 hoses had received water. Another time he struck a police captain in the face for asking the question, "Fire almost out, chief?" There was murder in his eyes when he struck the blow, but in the same second he was giving orders to his aides in as calm and cold tones as though he were asking them the time of day. His own expression for the feeling that comes over him at such times as these is that he "can't stand being bothered at fires."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

By applying a prolonged pressure of 15,000 pounds to the square inch a Montreal professor makes marbles flow like molasses.

The censorship is a very real thing in China. There, anyone who writes an objectionable book is punished with 100 blows of the heavy bamboo and banished for life.

The Danube flows through countries in which 52 languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2000 miles in length, and bears on its currents four-fifths of the commerce of Europe.

An eel nearly nine feet long, two feet and four inches in girth, and weighing 148 pounds was recently caught on the beach at Snettisham, near Hunstanton, England.

Red snow is frequently seen in the Arctic and Alpine regions. Chemical experiments have led to the conclusion that the red color is due to the presence of vegetable substance.

An immense trade is done in China in old English horseshoes, which are considered the best iron in the world for making small household articles, such as bracelets, hooks and bolts.

The town of Nylstrom, South Africa, received its name 30 years ago. During a trekking expedition the Boers, it appears, came upon a river and at once wrote to their friends saying that they had just reached the Nie.

Some remarkable relics of the early civilization in Egypt have recently been unearthed and deposited in the British Museum. Among them is a beautiful impression of a royal seal which represents the king wrestling with a hippopotamus and spearing a crocodile. That must have been the kings busy day.

Surprised at the Clock.

"What time is it?" asked his wife, suspiciously, as he came in.

"About one."

Just then the clock struck three.

"Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter?" he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.—Philadelphia Times.

POWDER.

What Happened to the Man Who Found It Out.

"It occurred to an alchemist one day that it would be a fine thing to take sulphur, saltpeter and dried toads, pound them all to a powder and 'sublime' them together in an alembic, which he carefully luted and set on the furnace to heat. He poked up the fire and waited around, thinking what he would do with his money if this should turn out to be the powder of reduction that would turn base metals into gold, when, bang! went the alembic and the windows blew out, and the door ripped off its hinges and fell down, blam! The alchemist scuffled out from under the ruins of the furnace, shook a red hot coal or two out of his shoe and the ashes off himself and wondered what had struck him. He tried it again and again, and each time with the same result; and then it dawned upon him that he had discovered a fair article of blasting powder. Since then about all that has been done by his recipe has been to put in a little better article of charcoal, say that of willow twigs, instead of toasted toads.

"Little did the old alchemist dream what potency was in that 'powder of reduction.' For such it is. Although it never yet has turned lead into gold by its mere touch, yet when a small, round piece of lead is put with the powder into an iron tube of curious workmanship, and fire laid thereto, it is possible to convert another man's gold into the possession of him that has the iron tube of curious workmanship, and not gold only, but all manner of goods and chattels, houses and lands, messuages, easements and hereditaments, even men's souls and bodies. Lay down the book for a moment and bethink you what his powder par excellence, this powder of powders, has brought about since first the dried toads carried in that alembic. How has it put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted them that are of low degree! How has it been the helper of men that struggle for their country's freedom, believing that they had the right, God-given and inborn, to govern their own affairs and not to be ruled from beyond the sea, a glorious doctrine when the time is 1776, and the sea the Atlantic, contemptible and rebellious when the time is 1901, and the sea the Pacific! This powder asks no questions as to right or wrong. It propels with equal violence the bullet against the breast of him that fights the foreign tyrant and him that resists the benevolent assimiler."—Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's.

Huxley's Vast Reading.

Huxley, says John Fiske in the Atlantic, seemed to read everything worth reading, history, politics, metaphysics, poetry, novels, even books of science; for perhaps it may not be superfluous to point out to the general world of readers that no great man of science owes his scientific knowledge to books. Huxley's colossal knowledge of the animal kingdom was not based upon the study of Cuvier, Baer, and other predecessors, but upon direct personal examination of thousands of organisms living and extinct. He cherished a wholesome contempt for mere bookishness in matters of science, and carried on war to the knife against the stupid methods of education in vogue 40 years ago, when students were expected to learn something of chemistry or paleontology by reading about black oxide of manganese or the denitration of anophthalmum. A rash clergyman once, without further equipment in natural history than some desultory reading, attacked the Darwinian theory in some sundry magazine articles in which he made himself uncommonly merry at Huxley's expense. This was intended to draw the great man's fire, and as the batteries remained silent the author proceeded to write to Huxley calling his attention to the articles and at the same time with mock modesty asking advice as to the further study of these deep questions. Huxley's answer was brief and to the point: "Take a cockroach and dissect it!"

The Rise of Autos.

"The success of gasoline automobiles in France brought about the revival of steam automobiles in England and America, and was immediately emulated in the United States by the construction of electric automobiles.

"It has been reserved for the 20th century to witness the simultaneous development of automobile construction along all three lines at so rapid a rate that it is impossible as yet to tell which is in the ascendant. Whatever the outcome, it is plain already that the contest is to be decided in America, for in this country alone all the different principles of construction have found ready acceptance and are pushed forward to their logical conclusion with youthful vigor. With accustomed conservatism, English automobile constructors cling to steam propulsion; in France and Germany progress is made chiefly in the development of gasoline machines. To America, naturally, fell the leadership in the construction of electric automobiles.

French Eggs—Boil hard, drop into cold water, remove the shells, roll in bread or cracker crumbs and fry in sweet lard, rolling them until well browned. Take up and pour over a gravy made by putting into the frying pan a little butter and sweet cream.

Cocoanut Cakes—Prepare a cake mixture with a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one level teaspoonful of soda. Bake the cakes, cool and dip in melted fondant, flavored and tinted. Decorate with blanched almonds and candied fruit. Serve in paper cases.

Onion Soup—Peel and slice four large onions, scald and drain. Cover with cold water and simmer till very soft. Mash through a vegetable strainer, add one cup of milk and heat again. Cook one tablespoon of flour in one tablespoon of butter, and gradually add the liquid from the onion till smooth and thin enough to pour into the soup. Season with one teaspoon of salt and one saltspoon of black pepper. Beat one egg, add one cup of cream, and stir in quickly as it is taken from the fire.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



A Sofa Mirror.

A new fashion is to hang a long mirror, as long as the sofa itself, directly over a sofa.

A Handy Thing to Have.

Keep a little package of absorbent cotton in one of the sideboard drawers. If oil, milk or cream is spilled on a woolen dress or coat, a bit of the cotton instantly applied will remove all traces of the stains.

Kitchen Pepper.

A great many housekeepers do not seem to know there are two kinds of kitchen pepper besides cayenne. Black pepper, which is generally used in flavoring, is quite an inferior article to white pepper. Black pepper is ground from the entire pepper corn, including the husk, while white pepper is ground from the inner portions of the berry after the husk has been rejected.

To Keep Food Hot.

When it is necessary to keep food hot for an hour or so, a far better plan than placing it in the oven with the door open is to set it in a deep covered dish on a saucenpan of boiling water and place the saucenpan on the back of the range. To prevent the food from becoming dry, plenty of gravy should be added to it, or in lieu of gravy a lump of butter will serve.

Cleaning Woolen Fabrics.

To clean dust or grime from light cloths first brush thoroughly, then rub with cornmeal, using a piece of light cloth for the rubbing. By this simple process I have known cream-tan broadcloth coats and skirts, so much worn now, entirely freshened and cleaned.

Grease-spots must be removed by solvents or absorbents. If the spot be fresh, and the color of the fabric will not be changed by the heat, the easiest method of removal is to place white blotting paper above and under the spot, and then stand an iron on it—not hot enough to color the paper. Another effective measure is to cover the spot with pulverized French chalk dry, or with the same chalk or fuller's earth moistened in benzine, to remain 24 hours, and then be renewed if necessary, always brushing it off, however, with a soft brush.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Warming Closet for Summer Stoves.

In the use of oil, gas or gasoline stoves there often arises a necessity for keeping something that has been cooked warm. On these quick-heat stoves it will dry up or burn if left on, even with the burner turned low. When one has so small a stove that the different dishes must be cooked in succession the problem of keeping food warm is sometimes perplexing. An effective but rather uncommon way to meet the difficulty is by making a warming closet which will retain the heat for a long time in the food that is already hot.

Get a wooden box with tight cover and several sheets of asbestos. The asbestos wool, if it can be procured, would be excellent. Line the box with asbestos in some form and tack the sheet asbestos over the outside. Make a heavy woolen bag—a sort of cozy on a large scale—to cover the box. If the kettle of food is set in this lined box and the cozy slipped over it, the loss of heat by radiation will be so nearly prevented that the food will remain almost at the same temperature for a long time. Such an arrangement standing in a convenient corner near the stove will save much worry to a doctor's wife or any other unfortunate woman who "never can tell when her husband will be home for his dinner." It is not meant to encourage the bad practice of irregular meals, but to prove a peace-maker when they are unavoidable.—The Ladies' World.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Creese Toast—Slices of stale bread are delicious spread with butter, put in a pan and browned in a quick oven; when brown remove and put a thin slice of cheese on each slice, return to oven long enough to melt cheese; serve at once.

French Eggs—Boil hard, drop into cold water, remove the shells, roll in bread or cracker crumbs and fry in sweet lard, rolling them until well browned. Take up and pour over a gravy made by putting into the frying pan a little butter and sweet cream.

Cocoanut Cakes—Prepare a cake mixture with a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one level teaspoonful of soda. Bake the cakes, cool and dip in melted fondant, flavored and tinted. Decorate with blanched almonds and candied fruit. Serve in paper cases.

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