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**LABOR WORLD.**

Store clerks in the Philippines get twenty cents a day.  
In Chicago the metal polishers have established a co-operative shop.  
The Boston brewers have granted their coopers the eight-hour day.  
The Scotch miners are refusing to work more than five days a week.  
The Iron Molders' Union of North America will order no strike this year.  
The Steel Trust has voluntarily raised the wages of 2000 of its Ohio workmen.  
Trolley employes at Dayton, Ohio, have struck to force recognition of their union.  
There are now fifty-eight factories, with 250,000 horse-power, in the French Alps.  
Marbleworkers to the number of 450 have struck at Cincinnati, Ohio, for higher wages.  
The United Switchmen of North America have chosen Buffalo, N. Y., as headquarters.  
All the employes of the street railway, in Terre Haute, Ind., went on strike because the wages of one man were not raised.  
The machinists in the Alabama Great Southern Railroad shops, at Birmingham, Ala., went on strike to enforce the nine-hour demand.  
The striking brickworkers of Denver, Col., have returned to work at the old scale of wages. Three weeks ago they struck for an increase in wages.  
President O'Connell, of the International Machinists' Association, said that reports from all parts of the United States continued favorable to the cause of the striking machinists.  
The Wage Committee of the Amalgamated Association, in session at Milwaukee, Wis., has adopted the plan for a continuous wage scale. This will do away with all strikes in the future in the iron industry.

**SPORTING BRIVITIES.**

Saxon, the favorite, won the French Derby.  
Athletes of the larger colleges have already begun to train for the football season.  
Captain S. S. Brown, of Pittsburg, Penn., has just paid \$10,000 for a yearling colt.  
The Boston yacht Independence has had a trial spin and her performance was satisfactory.  
R. D. Little has won the Southern tennis championship from J. P. Paret, at Washington, D. C.  
Montclair High School boys have won the championship of the New Jersey Interscholastic League.  
Practical motors for bicycles are now in use; their cost, however, prevents them from being popular.  
Kenneth A. Skinner has made an automobile record from Boston to New York City of eighteen and one-half hours.  
Cyclists McFarland, Cooper, Downing and Freeman have returned from the West, and are training at Vailsburg, N. J.  
Harry Vardon, the golf player, said that he would not defend the title of champion of America at the forthcoming meeting at Boston.  
This year ebullient bicycles are more popular than they ever have been, and even those who were at first their greatest opponents now admit that the many advantages this type of wheel possesses far outweigh the minor drawbacks.  
A curious case of affairs is that which confronts the National Cycling Association just now. So great is the number of regular cycling meets scheduled for the several tracks in the East that the managers are experiencing the greatest difficulty in getting an adequate number of riders to carry the meets through without filling in with other events.  
**A Restful Remedy.**  
Rev. Dr. Hillis, pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, is evidently not a success in maintaining the congregation that Henry Ward Beecher so long ministered to. If he were he would not be going around the country lecturing on the decadence of religion as reflected in the absenteeism from church services. One of the reasons he gives for non-attendance at church on the part of the people is "that tired feeling." The American young man, after a hard week's work, is too weary to arise on Sunday morning and sleep until noon. That keeps him from church. To overcome this Mr. Hillis would have a half holiday on Saturday so that the young man could go to bed early in the evening and get sufficient rest to be up Sunday in time for religious services.  
In the March quarter of 1901 English shipbuilders put out 415 steamships, as against 511 in 1900.

**LIGHTENED LABOR.**

'Tis hard life's duties to perform,  
When we are tired and wish to dream,  
But love will lighten labor so,  
And make it sweetest pleasure seem.  
It keeps our thoughts above the toil,  
On comforts which our work will add,  
And sends such thoughts of sweet delight,  
When we without them might be sad.  
And think our lot was pretty hard,  
And worry with the constant care,  
But oh! how love will lighten toil,  
And all the heavy burdens share,  
Till work seems joy, to make all nice  
For dear ones that we love so well;  
How well we feel repaid for it,  
When they their approbation tell.  
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

**THE RESULT OF A BOUCHE.**

Marla Bonner and her brother Jim, old maid and old bachelor, lived alone in the comfortable farmhouse their parents had left them. Both were industrious; a better farmer than Jim would have been hard to find in those parts; and as a neat and thrifty housewife Marla posed for the neighborhood. They had no one but each other to care for or look after, and it is precious to record that in their quiet home peace was not a constant visitor.  
The truth is that Jim possessed enough bad temper for several men, and Marla was not wanting in this particular. It resulted quite naturally, therefore, that they quarrelled. Sometimes, indeed, quite often, Marla bore off the laurels in their war of words, and when she did, it so angered Jim that he went to a small cottage on the other side of the farm, and here he would keep house for himself till he had exhausted his anger. Then, some evening, when Marla was putting supper on the table, in he walked, looking as serene as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, and with some remark about the weather or the crops he would take his usual seat. Marla always answered in the same vein, and all went well till another squad came up.  
If, on the other hand, Marla was worsted in the quarrel, she would betake herself straightway to the house of her married sister, there to stay till Jim went after her. She would often smile grimly when she thought that he must attend to her duties in addition to his own. It gave her great satisfaction to picture him trying to churn when the cream was too cold, or performing any of the numerous tasks which require deftness added to experience. But for all that she knew that in her absence the house was not tidy, and many things were going to waste. So, when Jim walked in at some odd time of the day, Marla was always glad to see him, and when he was ready to go home she was ready too. And across the fields they would walk, chatting as pleasantly as if they had never disagreed.  
One very cold spring night found Marla at her sister's. She had been there two weeks, and during all that time she had neither seen or heard from Jim. Their quarrel this time had been unusually violent. Marla was perfectly furious, Jim doggedly stubborn. Jim said Marla began it one morning before breakfast; she knew he began it the evening before at prayer meeting, when he picked up the handkerchief of that fat little minx, Kathie Wood. If there was one person in the world that Marla utterly detested, that person was Kathie Wood.  
"She's led her cap set for Jim goin' on three year now," said she with infinite scorn.  
This was the first time she had openly attacked him on this subject, though it had been the main cause of many a scolding he received under cover of slighter pretenses.  
Three weeks passed, and Marla was still visiting her sister. For a while she had been too angry to think or care anything about Jim's welfare, but now she was growing restless. She was sitting by the kitchen fire long after the other members of the household had retired. For the first time, so far as she could remember, she was sorry she had left home. But she was too stubborn to think of returning till Jim came for her, unless—and this was why she sat so late by the fire—Jim might be sick.  
"If he is sick, it'll be my fault, for I didn't have no business leavin' of he was aggravatin'." He don't know how to take keer of his self. I believe I'll step over and see how he's coming on. If he's all right, I'll come back and none of 'em will be the wiser."  
She wrapped herself up warmly in her thick woolen shawl, and started briskly on her half mile walk through the bare, moonlit fields. As she drew near the house, she saw a light in the kitchen.  
"I'm afraid he is sick," she thought uneasily.  
The window was in a sheltered corner, and as she approached it, the dead leaves which were piled up high, rattled loudly under her feet; but being anxious for a look within, she paid little heed to the noise.  
Applying her eye to a crack in the shutter, she saw Jim seated before a roaring hickory fire, his face half turned toward her as if listening intently. But—and Marla's eyes almost bulged out of her head—who was that seated beside Jim, hands clasped on his arm, bright, adoring eyes upraised to his face? Kathie Wood!  
"Is Jim married?" she gasped, then shut her lips tightly. "Has he brought that woman to my house? I don't wonder he prefers my room to my company. Oh, if I had yer head, I'd take pleasure in wring yer neck!"

she apostrophized the unconscious Kathie. "An' Jim looks a sickenin' dilt, with that grin on his face." And she turned away in disgust. "Another woman, an' that un, of all others, in my place!"  
Only by experience could one understand what Marla now felt.  
During the years that had passed, a hard crust had formed over her heart, and buried almost out of sight the affection she felt for her brother and her home. But the scene within, which told her that what had been could be no more, that there was another to share her brother's toils and cares, broke the crust and left her heart sore and aching. She laid her head on the cold, bare window sill and wept.  
But the thought, the bitterest drop in her cup, that she had brought it on herself, made her wipe her face roughly on her shawl.  
"I'll go back ter Mary's, for I can't think of livin' in the same house with her, even if Jim wanted me." Her lip trembled piteously. "Good-by dear ol' home! I guess I'll never be this near ye agin." And she turned away, taking little heed of the noise she made in the leaves till she heard a stir within.  
"Who's that?" called Jim's voice.  
Marla paused. They must never know she had come back. But in the stillness her every movement could be heard. She stood shivering till an inspiration came.  
"M-l-a-u!" She mimicked a cat perfectly.  
"Them blasted catsain!" exclaimed Jim. "Scat! scat!" And he stamped on the floor with his heavy boots.  
"I'll live every cat in the neighborhood come to that corner as soon as it's good dark," said Kathie.  
The sound of that voice impelled Marla a few steps further, she gave another dismal "m-l-a-u!" as she went.  
Jim started up, and she heard his heavy steps as he attempted to cross the floor stealthily. She crouched close to the wall, hoping if he came out he would overlook her. But Jim, instead of coming out, was going upstairs.  
"He's arter his gun," she thought. "I guess he won't shoot straight down. Any'way, I'll hev to stay for I run hev be shore to fire on me."  
She waited anxiously for Jim's next move, and he did not keep her long in suspense. From an upper window a bucket of icy water deluged her, while Jim, engaged in a species of war dance, shouted "Scat!" at the top of his voice.  
Marla barely suppressed a scream as the cold water ran down her back and soaked through her clothing. The thought of walking a half mile after such a bath would have been out of the question at any other time; but now she bounded to her feet, and regardless of the noise of her steps, was running through the leaves when Jim, with a final vociferous "Scat!" dashed the bucket from the window. It struck Marla on the head, and with a frightened scream she fell to the ground.  
Jim heard the cry and rushed out, closely followed by his bride.  
"Oh, Kathie, it's Marier! Do you s'pose I've killed her?"  
"No," answered Kathie, soothingly, "she ain't dead. Go build a fire in her room right quick, while I get her some dry clothes."  
Marla scarcely knew, or was too sick to care, where she was all night, and Jim brought the doctor to see her before breakfast.  
The injury from the bucket was trifling. The doctor said her illness was a general breakdown, caused probably by overwork and exposure.  
"She never would take keer of herself," Jim said to Kathie. "But now you kin watch arter her, and maybe persuade her ter be keeful."  
"I don't know," answered Kathie, doubtfully. "I'm afraid she don't like me much."  
"She'll soon larn to love yer, though," said Jim, fondly stroking the sunny hair.  
Jim's words were prophetic. Long before Marla was well enough to be moved to her sister's she had learned to love gentle Kathie, her faithful and affectionate nurse.  
And in the peacefully happy years that followed if Marla and Jim seemed on the verge of a quarrel, it was Kathie's soft words that soothed the ruffled tempers, and made all calm and serene again.—Waverley Magazine.

Thomas Jefferson as a Letter-Writer.  
Mr. Jefferson probably wrote more letters with his own hand than any other public man that ever lived. The extent of his correspondence may be inferred from the fact that 26,000 letters neatly folded and briefed, were preserved by him and found carefully filed away at the time of his death, with copies of the replies sent to more than 16,000. These, however, were only a small portion of his correspondence, as he retained only those he considered of future usefulness or importance. Stenography was not invented at that time. Every one of his letters was written with his own hand, and with great care, although after breaking his wrist while minister of France, it became a great labor to him. His penmanship was small, plain and legible, every letter being perfectly formed, and his account books are kept in so small a hand that many of the pages cannot be read without a magnifying glass. Jefferson was ambidextrous. He could write equally well with either hand. When his wrist was broken he learned to write with his left hand, which became as skilful as the other. It would have been impossible for him to have carried on his extensive correspondence without being able to relieve his right hand at intervals.—Chicago Record.

**POISONED ARROWS.**

Various Methods of Making Them Deadly Practiced by Savages.  
Dr. W. J. Hoffman of the geological survey has been making a study of poisoned arrows. Among other things he says:  
"The Ainos of Japan prepare a poison for spreading upon bamboo or metal arrow points, to kill game with, a small portion of flesh about the wound being cut out before the animal is cooked and eaten. In Java, Borneo, New Guinea and other islands the practice obtains to a considerable extent."  
"The poisoning of arrows prevails extensively in Africa, particularly on the west coast, in the Gaboon, among the Somalis and with the Bushmen. By the Bushmen the juice of a plant is used, mixed with the pulp of a venomous worm."  
"The best-known and most active of arrow poisons is the worora or urari of South America. It is chiefly used for the tips of darts blown from the blow gun, and the most important ingredient is the juice of the plant from which strychnine is obtained, to which are added certain other vegetable elements and serpent venom. In Central America poisons are also employed on arrows and blow-gun darts. The Caribs employed similarly a poison made from the sap of a tree called the mancen illes. The antidote was the application to the wound of what we call arrow root."  
"The Seris of Northwestern Mexico prepared a poison by putting into the ground a cow's liver, rattlesnakes, scorpions, centipedes and other unpleasant things, and beating them with a stick. Into the mixture the arrow root points were dipped, and it would be difficult to imagine a much more poisonous concoction or compound. The Apaches and neighboring tribes were until recently in the habit of smearing upon their arrows a composition said to be composed of a decomposed Jeer's liver and rattlesnake venom. On some instances crushed red ants are also reported to have been used."  
"A microscopic examination of such a coating upon arrows obtained from Apaches years ago showed the presence of blood and a crystalline substance that was apparently rattlesnake venom. It is a well-established fact that the venom of serpents retains its poisonous properties when dried indefinitely."  
"The Shoshone and Bannock Indians that the proper way to poison arrows, as formerly practiced by them, is to secure a deer and cause it to be bitten by a rattlesnake, immediately after which the deer is killed, and the meat removed and placed in a hole in the ground. When the mass has become putrid the arrow points are dipped into it. The Clallams of Puget Sound used to make arrow points of copper, which were afterward dipped in sea water and permitted to corrode. This was a dead sure death-dealer."  
"I have never met an Indian who would admit the use of poisoned arrows in warfare against man. They will say they use poisoned arrows to kill game, but not to shoot in warfare. In nearly all instances when poisons are prepared by Indians the operation is performed with more or less ceremony, chanting and incantation, for the purpose of invoking evil spirits or demons. In their belief the effects of poison are due wholly to the presence in them of malevolent spirits or demons, which enter the body of victims and destroy life."  
**A Newspaper Beat.**  
Some years ago a popular bishop of the Northern Province decided late in life to marry. The secret was well kept; neither the date nor place of the rite leaked out, but the memorial notice writer on a morning paper, who was intimate with nearly every ecclesiastic in his lordship's diocese, heard a mysterious rumor of the coming wedding. He mentioned the rumor at the office, and was instructed to give a special report of the ceremony. Jaunty, gossipy, indefatigable, he ferreted out the church, though it was distant, attended the wedding, bustled into the vestry, watched the signing of the register, and then, to the prelate's astonishment, heartily grasped his hand and said: "Good morning, my lord—pretty wedding—much happiness—allow me to congratulate you in the name of the diocese!"—Good Words.

Following the Beaver's Plan.  
Animal instinct often gives a valuable hint to human reason. A case in point is cited by an engineer in a recently written scientific review of the subject of dams. The beaver, he says, does not build his dam straight across the stream, but with an arch against the current, his instinct telling him that in this storm it will better resist floods and the impact of floating ice. This hint from the little animal has been acted upon in many cases lately, notably in the building of the Great Bear Valley dam in California. Engineers, as a rule, build straight across stream, chiefly, perhaps, to save material, but the arched dam is the more economical in the long run.

A Genuine Irish Bull.  
A very fine and genuine specimen of the Irish bull comes from Dublin, which deserves to be recorded, says the Westminster Gazette. A member of the Dublin corporation, in speaking of the electric light question, said: "You are standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days." It would be difficult to beat this. The idea of standing on something that rests on your own neck is bewildering, and would puzzle even a professional contortionist.



The Ways of the Ant.

If wheat-stalks waving in the breeze  
Towered above you like tall trees,  
If every sand-grain seemed a huge stone,  
Should you go walking all alone?  
If winged creatures that did not love you  
Shadowed like thunder-clouds above you,  
If many a creeping thing should hate you  
So that it casually came and ate you,  
Should you keep steadily at your work,  
Or should you hide from the sun and shirk?  
Every one's shadowed by things above him,  
Some that hate him (and more that love him),  
Every one has his enemies,  
Though not of water or earth or breeze.  
The worst lurk concealed in a corner  
Apert  
Of one's own little leathery human heart;  
And the tiniest of the tiny creatures  
Are not too small to be our teachers.  
—The Christian Register.

**The Gingham Nest.**

"Mamma," said Edie, coming in from school, "our teacher wants each of us to bring her a piece of one of our school dresses, to put into a quilt. Can't I give her a piece of this new gingham dress?"  
"Yes, certainly," said mamma; "and I know of another place where some of your dress might be welcome. Some very little bits."  
"Where?"  
"Mrs. Robin Redbreast is building a nest in the pine-tree; and, if you take this handful of clipping and scatter them about under the tree, she may be glad to weave them in."  
Edie did so; and Mrs. Robin made good use of them. After the nest was done, Edie could look up and see the bits of red and blue; and she called it a "gingham nest."—Mayflower.

**A Ball Game with No Shouting.**

Boys, what kind of sport would baseball be to you if you couldn't yell and laugh and give vent to your boisterous feelings? It would be tame, wouldn't it? A game in which you could not shout "Slide, Johnny, slide," or "Come on, come on, Bob," wouldn't be worth seeing, much less playing, but this kind of game is on the diamond up at Delavan, Wis., nearly every day in the week. It is played by the deaf mutes in the Wisconsin school for the deaf, located at Delavan.  
A match game between the mutes and the nine of the Beloit high school was played last Saturday afternoon. The "dummies," as everybody there calls the unfortunates, batted the visitors all over the field and won by a score of 15 to 8. The pitcher of the home team is a full-blooded Onedia Indian boy. His name is Archie Williams, and he comes from the Stockbridge reservation at Gresham, Shawano county. The catcher is a big-chested fellow named Fred Smith, who from behind his mask seemed to pick the Indian's twisters from out of the bat, and another player who came in for much applause was a strapping young man from Argyle, named "Joe" Ryan. To the onlooker the game of these speechless boys is extremely interesting. The umpire must call the balls and strikes by both voice and motion so that all may know his decisions. In the event of a controversy they gather about the umpire, making all kinds of signals by the use of their fingers and sundry shakes of the head. The whole school gathers to witness the game, and when a fine play or run is made by one of their number 200 hats go up in the air, and long arms and rapidly croaking digits are fumbling all kinds of things. When a fumble or other misplay is made the unfortunates have unique ways of venting their displeasure and unutterable disgust.  
There are now 200 boys and girls in the school at Delavan, which is accredited with being one of the most successful institutions in the northwest.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**"Go It, Tom."**

Tom belonged to a settlement school, and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad.  
He was a sturdy little athlete, and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success.  
One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.  
The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance, then to the surprise of every one, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to

give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.  
"Why, Tom, what was the matter?" asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face.  
"His only answer was a sob.  
"Tell me what happened, Tom."  
Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.  
"I started all right, you know—"  
"Yes, you led them all."  
"But when I got half way there the boys began to call 'Go it, Johnny, you're second.' 'Hustle Jim, you're gaining.' 'Run, Johnny, run; you're most up to him.' But nobody said 'Go it, Tom,' and somehow it got into my legs, and they wouldn't go; and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.  
"Moral: Many have failed in life because there was no one to say, 'Go it, Tom.'—American Boy.

**About Carrier Pigeons.**

"The New Popularity of the Carrier Pigeon," is the title of an article by George Ethelbert Walsh, which appears in the St. Nicholas.

Both in war and peace the carrier-pigeon has won new laurels in the past year, and its popularity as a well-bred pet and domestic messenger has become as great as its usefulness as a carrier of war dispatches where telegraph and telephone lines are not established. So innocent a creature as the dove-like carrier should be selected for important war purposes, and taken into the service for furthering the bloody conflicts of modern armies seems out of keeping with the aims of nature and an abuse of man's power. The pigeon is eminent by a peace-loving bird and its nature is so different from those of the screaming eagle and falcon that as an emblem of war it should be a total failure. Nevertheless, the timid bird has served armies in times of need, and is cultivated for its practical war usefulness to an extent never dreamed of for either the falcon or eagle. In a sense it is the war bird of the day.  
The pigeon post at Durban, in South Africa, was the beginning of the pigeon experiments conducted in recent campaigns between the English and Boers, and scores of messages were carried from one part of the English army to another by means of the birds. Colonel Hensard of the Royal Engineers, a staff-officer at the Cape, has made a life study of the carrier-pigeons, and before the war broke out he had established pigeon posts between most of the beleaguered cities. From Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, pigeons early in the sieges regularly brought messages from the English soldiers cooped up in the towns. Sir George White's first message from Ladysmith was carried by a pigeon, and this means of communicating with the outside world continued until the number of birds in the city was exhausted.  
It was only a short time before the outbreak of the war in South Africa that the English government had decided to establish a service of carrier-pigeons. In the navy, pigeon posts were recognized means of carrying information as early as 1896, and there are over a 1000 birds recorded on the books of the royal navy. The first naval loft was at Portsmouth and now there are two others. In the English army the posts have been confined almost exclusively to the Cape, where the nature of the country makes the homing-pigeon service of more value than in England.  
The development of the war homing pigeon service throughout Europe has been more rapid than elsewhere, and army posts support large numbers of them. Strict laws are made to protect those in private lofts. As a great military camp, Europe looks upon the carrier-pigeon as a menace to the safety of the country if not held under strict military control. In Germany, for instance, every pigeon raised by private breeders must be registered, and the pigeon cannot be taken out of the country or sold without permission from the military authorities. In the event of a war the German authorities reserve the right to claim and take possession of every carrier-pigeon in the land. In addition to this, every fortress and camp on German soil has its pigeon service, and over \$10,000 is appropriated annually for the support of this service. There are upwards of 10,000 pigeons belonging to the war department, and every bird is carefully trained and tested.  
The United States military and naval authorities have approved of the pigeons as aids to the regular telegraphic means of communication, and there are several posts established in the west and along the Atlantic coast. But on the whole this country depends more upon private breeders for its supply of carrier-pigeons than upon the birds already in the service of the army or navy. Our great distance by sea from all other powerful nations makes it unnecessary to arrange for the services of carrier-pigeons as the European countries have done. There is little chance of any foreign army invading this country and destroying the railroad and telegraph lines connecting the big cities. Pigeon breeding and training have therefore been carried on in the United States more in the interests of peace and pleasure. There are hundreds of enthusiastic owners in every state of the Union, and probably in no country has the work of rearing the birds been attended to with greater intelligence and success.  
**Trenuous Inactivity.**  
"Pa, what do statesman do?"  
"Well, mostly, Tommy, they ride on the railroads from city to city, paying visits which have no political significance."—Chicago Times-Herald.