

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The Tribune may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
BY MAIL.—The Tribune is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

A UNIQUE MISSOURI TOWN.

No Taxes Are Levied But a Great Degree of Prosperity is Enjoyed.

The problem of municipal government at a minimum expense has apparently been solved most successfully by the little town of Shumway, in Effingham county, Missouri. Shumway, which has a population of 300, was founded 26 years ago, but was not incorporated until 1895. The inhabitants of the village are chiefly Germans and every one has some honest occupation. Shumway has more than three miles of brick walls, all constructed since the village was incorporated. The village has paid 65 per cent of the costs of constructing the walks and the property-holders the remaining 35 per cent. It has put a requisite number of crossings and placed the thoroughfares in better condition than in many places of 5,000 population. The most remarkable part of all this improvement is that not a cent of tax has been levied by the village authorities since the incorporation took place. All revenue is derived from a saloon license issued to one man, who has an exclusive privilege of dispensing the "ardent" within the village limits. He pays \$700 per annum into this village treasury for this privilege, and while several other residents have essayed to open saloons, the village board has frowned upon every attempt, believing that one establishment of the kind fills every requirement. The president and the board of trustees receive no salaries or fees for their services. The only salaried officers are the village clerk, who receives \$15 per annum, and the village marshal, who draws \$50 per annum. The marshal's duties are chiefly those of a janitor when the village board is in session. Only on holidays and special occasions is he required to serve as an officer. Not a single arrest has been made in the past year, and in the village's history nearly every one of the dozen persons arrested has been intoxicated. Whenever it becomes necessary to apprehend an offender the populace turns out on mass, and assists in making the arrest. The captive is locked up until sober, and the proceeds used in constructing more walks or improving the streets. The villagers enjoy a great degree of prosperity, every man of family, with but strikingly few exceptions, owning his own home and keeping his property in excellent shape.

SENATOR CALL'S AUDIENCE.

Contained No One of Lesser Rank than the Vice President.

There are two ways of looking at anything, and the way a wit of Washington explained a certain lack of audience in the senate, when a southern senator made a speech, was certainly the most delightful way of defining a somewhat chilling incident.
It has passed into history that Hon. Wilkinson Call of Florida, though for three terms a United States senator and highly honored by his state, did not make a great impression on the senate as a speaker, and that he thus disappointed all those who have the tradition in their minds that all southern statesmen are orators. Senator Call, it is said, once arose to make a speech when the senate chamber was rather empty. As he spoke the few members of the senate who were there fled out to get luncheon. No one remained on the floor to listen to the speech, but the president of the senate still sat in his place, dignified and calm. The galleries were also empty, and the incident became the subject of Washington gossip. At a dinner party where a southern politician was a guest it was asked what he thought of the southern senator's audience when he made his speech in the senate this morning. Then came a clever answer, for the southern man said, with a grave face: "I thought it a very distinguished audience. There was no person there of less rank than the vice president of the United States."—Saturday Evening Post.

Monument to an English Pope.

A movement is now on foot to erect a monument in Rome to the memory of Nicholas Breakspare, Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever sat upon the papal throne. The fund for the monument is to be raised among English Catholics. Pope Adrian was born in 1150 at Langley, near St. Albans, England. His parents were poor and the future pontiff was denied admittance to one of the English monasteries. He then went abroad and rose from honor to honor, at the age of 51 he was elected to the chair of St. Peter.

TWO WOMEN.

I know two women, and one is chaste
And cold as the snows on a Winter waste.
Stainless ever in act and thought
(As a man, born dumb, in his speech errs not).
But she had malice toward her kind,
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.
Void of pity and full of greed,
She judges the world by her narrow creed:
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate,
Yet she holds the key to "Society's" Gate.

The other woman, with heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name;
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed through death,
Her aims are noble, her pity so broad,
It covers the world like the mercy of God,
A soother of discord, a healer of woes,
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
The worthier life of the two, no doubt,
And yet "Society" locks her out.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Chicago American.



The Log Rolling.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
Back in the Muskoka region of Ontario, Canada, the country is at once so wild, so beautiful, and so difficult of cultivation that thoughts have been seriously entertained from time to time, of setting on foot projects to reserve the entire region for a sort of governmental hunting park. But the time-honored, ever-popular drama which has for its motif and principal characters the love story of a man and maid is played out there in ways as varied and as perpetual as all the world over. It would be played oftener, perhaps, but for the fact that the young men of the farming districts are so seldom at home. In the winter nearly all of them head for "the camps" where the logs are cut and made ready for transportation; in the summer great numbers of them go to the great "Northwest," so mysteriously attractive to all the young denizens of the Muskoka, the great Northwest where wages are supposed to be so much higher and times so much better than at home. A halo of the glory of success shines about the returning train-loads of eager young men.
The schools in the Muskoka are fairly good nowadays, but even the girls are not able to attend school very long in their teens unless there are plenty of younger or older sisters to assist with the household tasks and look after the inevitable and numerous babies. The boys, alas! are usually jaded with "camp fever" just as soon as they are big enough to serve as the cook's assistant or chore-boy of a lumber camp. Miranda Jenkins was the middle sister in a family of nine, Fred Portman was the only son of his mother and she a widow. This was how it happened that while Miranda was fairly well educated and reasonably learned in the ways of the conventional world, Fred still talked in rather nasal fashion and did violence to the English language. And Fred loved Miranda so devotedly that he had serious thoughts of "saving up" and attending night school in Toronto just as soon as his mother had been made comfortable, financially, for a year or so, just because Miranda had

this he danced from log to log, above the seething, hurrying, hungry-looking water, and kept the logs moving with a long, pointed pole. One day Miss Stephens, the city girl whom Miranda had brought back with her for a chance to see the grass green in the meadows and the early violets come up expressed a great desire to see the logs sent down the river. She had watched them rushing madly over "the slide" just above the saw-mill in the nearest village several times; now she yearned to see the rest of the process. So Miranda's father hitched the big gray roadster to the spring buggy and the two girls drove off together. And the city girl gave a great gasp of wonder and ad-



"Did you mean what you called?"
"Miration when first she caught sight of the log-rolling."

"What a fine figure that man has—the one out there in the middle of the stream!" she exclaimed, to Miranda, pointing to Fred.

"Yes," spoke out the subconscious self which Miranda could have hated an instant later, "that's the man I am going to marry."

"Oh! I didn't know you were engaged!" cried the city girl, curiously, and Miranda blushed with mortification over her mistake.

"Don't say anything about it at home, please," she implored, eagerly. "I'm not ready for the other girls to know."

"Oh!" said the city girl, comprehendingly, and silence fell between them, Miranda, thinking to break the constraint which fell with it, placed her hands to her lips, suddenly.

"Oo-oo!" she called, in a voice clear, sweet, and piercing. It was the regular, pre-arranged, long-used signal which had called Fred to her side ever since they had been babies. Fred, startled and astonished, threw up his head and looked for the caller. In that moment he lost his footing on the uncertain logs and went down among them.

"I've killed him! I've killed him," gasped Miranda, knowing well how small was the hope of his ever finding his way from beneath the grinding logs. But even as she said it his hand appeared, clinging to the log which was nearest. A comrade jumped out on the logs and kept them off the straggler's form, as best he might. But the end of a great log, turning, struck Fred's back with terrific force and he all but lost hold. Then it was Miranda called again.

"Keep up, Fred keep up!" she shouted to him, her voice sounding out high and clear above the tumult of excited men and waters. "For my sake!" she added, imploringly, as his strength seemed to waver. Then, as Fred was pulled from the water, by eager, helping hands, and tossed ashore bodily, she leaned her head on the city girl's shoulder and cried. The city girl had to handle the reins until they were very nearly home.

It was nearly a week before the bruised back of Fred permitted him to be out of bed, but the first time he was able to ride horseback he made for the Jenkins homestead. He arrived

there about 8 o'clock in the evening, and found the house all but deserted. The little parlor had been full and noisy but a few moments sooner, but the city girl had deserted the figure down the road in the bright moonlight, and had suddenly expressed a wish to visit the beaver meadow, doubly flooded with moonshine and spring waters. Almost everybody else, as a matter of course, had gone with her. Miranda was nervously pretending to read a book, in solitary grandeur, when Fred strode in upon her and gently drew the volume from her trembling hands.

"I can't wait any longer, Mirandy," he whispered. "I've got to know now. Did you mean what you called to me the other day—for my sake, you know?"

"I've been dying to ask you ever since I came home, Mirandy," Fred explained, a little later, "but you seem so fine an' stylish now I thought p'rhaps I'd better wait until I'd had time to try an' git polished up myself, a little. Seems, though, as if we might as well be happy, meantime."

And then Miranda, who had never meant to be so meek when Fred "asked her" any more than she had dreamed of announcing the engagement before it had had a chance to become an actual fact, made this whispered confession.

"Fred, dear, it's only because I love you so that I want you to study, because I want to be prouder of you—than I am now, even. And I love you just as much (and this was about the time that her girlish form went into temporary but almost total eclipse as Fred's stalwart arms closed around it) when you say 'I be' and 'I ain't done nothin' as if—well, as if you could talk French and German!"

EXCITEMENT AT BEAUMONT.

A Spectacle in Texas, the Like of Which Is Rarely Seen.

"The spectacle to be seen daily at Beaumont, Tex., just now," said P. J. Curran, to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "is one of the most distinctively American imaginable. Beaumont, previous to the discovery of the oil spouts, was a commonplace, progressive little place of about twelve thousand population. It was growing in the regular way, and everybody knew everybody else. Now there are 25000 strangers in the town, about two for each native inhabitant, and the town has the appearance of some kind of a show. There isn't room for the people to eat, nor sleep, nor move about. Two special trains run every night to Port Arthur and Sabine Pass to carry the drifting population to points where they can sleep and eat, and return next morning. Different places of business are given \$100 per month for enough space to put up little real estate booths of canvass, and people who don't manage to get out of town tramp about all day and then throw themselves down at night on the canvass they have brought for the purpose of putting up tents. But many of them don't have time nor space to put up the tents, and sleep under the open air on their tentage. It is a scene of feverish activity, every man who owns valuable property is trying to sell for high prices, and every man with a stake is trying to make a fortune out of it. Nearly all forms of legitimate business have been suspended, and half the people seem to have taken leave of their senses. It will probably be a long time before normal conditions are restored, and the present indications are that Beaumont will become one of the important commercial centers of Texas."

An Appendicitis Club.

Seldom is the ruling passion for club organization illustrated more pointedly than in that weird association just organized up in Maine and destined, apparently, to go down the ages as the first Appendicitis club. The club's membership is graded into two ranks—the lower being composed of those persons who have survived one operation, and the higher degree those who have survived two or more operations for that uncalculated thing, the vermiform appendix. Those who have undergone the operation and have not lived might be said to form the Club Triumphant. The originator of the club is W. F. Fernald of Old Orchard, Me. In 1898 the doctors in the Massachusetts General hospital in Boston took out Fernald's superfluous organ, but failed to take his life, too. Fernald was so grateful that he decided to form a club of persons who had been as successful as himself. The association which he has formed is to be organized by states, and to have national conventions and all the machinery of a great party.—Chicago Journal.

Melba's Brother in War.

A bright young volunteer, who has just gone to South Africa as a member of the Marquis of Tullibardine's Horse, is Ernest Mitchell, youngest brother of Mme. Melba. Mr. Mitchell was first intended for life on one of his father's Australian estates, but that not suiting him, he took up the study of music. He possessed a fine tenor voice, and at one time it seemed that he would some day sing Romeo to the Juliet of his distinguished sister. But he gave up music, and has now become a soldier, in which calling his friends feel sure he will distinguish himself.

Will Probably Not Sue.

The Detroit man that made \$60,000 in stocks instead of \$10,000, owing to the delay in a telegram, will probably not sue the telegraph company.—Indianapolis News.

Strappings of nun's veiling, cashmere, French batiste, organdy, linen lawn, etc., will be worn on summer gowns.



Why?
Why does the doggie bark, papa,
Why does the doggie bark?
The reason why, if you must know,
Is that the little dog can't crow,
And so he has to bark.
Why does the rooster crow, papa,
Why does the rooster crow?
The reason why I'll tell to you;
Because the rooster cannot mew,
And so he has to crow.
Why does the kitten mew, papa,
Why does the kitten mew?
The reason why, I'm forced to say,
Is that the kitten cannot bray,
And so he has to mew.
Why does the donkey bray, papa,
Why does the donkey bray?
The reason for the donkey's bray
Is that the beast was born that way,
And so he has to bray.
—Exchange.

Jolly Larks with Soap Bubbles.
Soap bubble fun has no particular season. The beautiful fairy globes that float about so airily, changing from gold to purple and from primrose to crimson, are just as entertaining in the days of Jack Frost as they are in summer time, or vice versa. They are a never-ending delight, and the grown-up man or woman must indeed be old and embittered with the world not to enjoy a "bubble party." There is a deal in knowing just how to make the suds. A weak suds will create bubbles that grow to only moderate size, and then explode in a spray of soapy water. Suds that is thick will be even worse, since a large drop of the strong solution will hang from the bubble, the weight of which will cause the wonderful little sphere to crash and disappear. The best suds is made by melting a small piece of soap, straining the mixture and adding warm water enough to dilute to the proper consistency. Suds that stands for a day or two is usually better than that freshly made. Foamy soap water is not successful. Any kind of a tube will make bubbles. A common clay pipe is convenient, but a tin tube that is larger at the bubble end will make bigger bubbles. You have probably noticed that when bubbles fall upon soft rugs or a fuzzy, woolly blanket, they bounce lightly and do not break at once. A bubble-bat can be made by twisting wire the shape of a tennis racket and weaving worsted across. This is great fun. The bubble is dislodged from the pipe or tube by a quick upward movement. As it floats in the air a bat catches it, tossing it up again and again. It can also be made to stand on the edge or handle of the bat. Did you ever see a bubble walk a tight rope? It can be made to do this trick like a trained elephant. A piece of worsted is held in a slanting position. A bubble is blown, whisking away from the pipe and sent floating down the tight rope. It will dance and bounce, wafting friskily from the upper end of the worsted down to the lower end, where it will make a nice flying leap to the floor. Another interesting way of entertaining with soap bubbles is to cut out a circular disk of common writing paper about the size of a half dollar. Make two pinholes in it and hang it up by a thread. By keeping the disk moist, the bubbles will "take hold" readily, and may be suspended in mid-air. After a little practice you can hitch bubbles to each other, the first one will have the prettiest little chain of bubbles you ever clapped eyes upon. A pretty effect can be had if you will coax "father" or "uncle somebody" to blow cigar smoke through the pipe into the bubbles. Several bubbles can be floated at once, all being kept going by pouncing with the worsted bat. You can "make believe" you are a magician, juggling fairy globes. Try some of these tricks with bubbles and see how you like them.

Animals That Faint.

When the little gray cat had been brought to with camphor and lavender salts the woman who had been instrumental in the resuscitation said: "Well, that is the first time I ever saw a cat faint."
The rest of the boarders laughed.
"Faint," they said. "The idea! That wasn't a faint. Animals never faint."
"Then what ailed her?" asked the woman.
The boarders couldn't tell, and after dinner the woman went around to the veterinarian's office and asked him about it.
"Of course she fainted," he said, according to the New York Sun. "It is not the fashion to call the sudden indisposition of a cat or a dog a faint, but that is what it really amounts to. In common parlance, when an animal drops over insensible the illness is described as a sudden rush of blood to the brain, but the symptoms are practically the same as in the fainting of a human being, and the remedies used to restore consciousness in the latter case can be used to advantage in reviving a fainted cat or dog. All animals, of course, do not faint. Neither do all human beings. But there are degrees of sensitiveness in the lower orders of creation just as in the human race, and there is no doubt that there are many animals of delicate organization who are just as apt to keel over as a man or woman. This is particularly true of cats and dogs and birds

that are kept closely within doors, yet fainting is by no means confined to the domestic pets. Animals whose surroundings have prevented their becoming versed in the polite ailments of civilized life are given to fainting. Monkeys, for instance, have their little dizzy spells and topple over without rhyme or reason. Even the larger and more hardy animals have attacks of weakness which no matter what they may be called from a scientific standpoint, are really nothing more nor less than fainting spells. I have seen horses fall to the street in a faint so neat that not even the most accomplished woman of fashion could beat it. These equine attacks must not be confused with staggers and sunstroke. They are fainting fits, pure and simple."

"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 traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangement 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 everyone, 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 the teacher as the defeated boy came toward her with 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, your 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."—Florence Milner in American Boy.

Monkey Congregation.

The author of "Sands of Sahara," when visiting the Gorge of China, came upon a strange ceremonial which, a native assured him, was an unusual one. The gorge itself is like a grand sanctuary, canopied by trees and lighted delicately by the sun filtering through foliage. A remarkable assemblage was there that day, a congregation of monkeys apparently holding some kind of service to which the birds of the forest gave music. The monkeys sat in rows upon the broad, outstretching branches of the virgin trees. They were in parties of two, three or four, although one fellow sat alone, like a decorous bachelor. While most of them remained stationary, certain patriarchal fellows passed about the areas of assemblage, sitting down for a few minutes on the branches beside different families of the parish, seeming to give them counsel. The ceremonies were conducted with the greatest propriety. The monkeys seemed to be taking part in a service in which they were deeply interested. When it was over and they were about to go out into the world, the ruling elders could be seen running about, passing from tree to tree on the interlacing branches; nor did the assembly break up until those evidently respected officials had visited and saluted the entire convocation. Even their departure was made most decorously. Then after that serious council had adjourned, the monkeys fell to enjoying themselves. They scampered from tree to tree. They swung from branch to branch. Some hung by their tails and others, in little parties, hand in hand, enjoyed their mid-air trolleys. But the old bachelor did not clasp hands with anybody.

Extinguishing New Mahdi.

A new mahdi was lately reported to have appeared in central Africa. His powers of holiness had a remarkable but short-lived repute. Unlike most mahdis, he drooped under criticism. At a conference of chiefs he was so much disturbed by doubters that he said he would rather not live any longer. So he retired to a secluded spot and simply died. The chiefs seem to have conducted a post-mortem examination without discovering any ordinary cause of death. When a Chinaman commits suicide at a neighbor's house, that is supposed to be a crushing rebuke to the neighbor. It is not stated whether the Uganda chiefs are crushed or relieved.