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PATHETIC LIFESTORY

THE DISAPPOINTING CAREER OF FRANCES RAYMOND.

Actress and Writer Has Had a Hard
Road to Travel—Courtship Death and
the Corolla Fall on a Scene of
Suicide.

The final chapter of the pathetic life
story of Frances Raymond, a woman
of rare beauty and undoubted ability
who has sought to make a name for
herself on the stage and in literature
and who, after bright prospects in both
fields, had failed, was written last
week when she successfully courted
death. Mrs. Raymond's handsomely
attired body was found Sunday in her
fashionable apartments in New York
after life had been extinct several
hours as a result of asphyxiation.

Frances Raymond was for a brief
time in her life of 32 years an actress.
Her stage career closed in 1894 after
she had attained a small degree of suc-
cess and she then devoted her talents
to literature. She was possessed of an
active, brilliant mind and after three
years placed in the hands of publish-
ers a novel which many critics praised
highly. It did not take with the read-
ing public, however, and her efforts
went for naught. Her failure to achieve
fame on the stage or as a writer was
most depressing to Mrs. Raymond and
she became melancholy and morose.
The final disappointment which blasted
all her hopes was the unhappy ter-
mination of a love affair. A young
physician who had been devoted to
her at the time of her deepest tribula-
tion and whom Mrs. Raymond loved
deeply deserted her and then she ap-
parently lost all interest in worldly
affairs and determined upon death as
a release from her trials.

Mrs. Raymond had been married and
divorced. Her name before she ap-
peared upon the stage was Mrs. M.
Schaffer, she assuming a portion of
the name of Franklin Raymond Wal-
lace, a Montana millionaire, who edu-
cated her for the stage career and



FRANCES RAYMOND.

whom she afterwards sued for breach
of promise, her suit being unsuccess-
ful.

The life of Mrs. Raymond was one of
many adventures, each of which, it
seemed, resulted disastrously. Through
her whole career ran a vein of romance
and, though her affairs of love were
few, she was disappointed in each and
the last determined her to seek release
from earthly care in the seclusion and
peace of the grave.

Washington and Bolivar.

George Washington and Simon Bolivar
were the two great liberators of the
Americas. Perhaps no other two
great men ever lived whose achieve-
ments were so identical, whose strug-
gles and sufferings were so similar as
these two monumental figures in the
history of the Western World, says a
writer in Success. Washington freed
Great Britain thirteen states, which
in less than a century became the
most powerful "empire for Lib-
erty" ever known in history; and Bolivar
wrested from Spain five republics
whose wealth and power, when prop-
erly developed, are beyond compre-
hension. The characters of the men
were as wide apart as the poles. Wash-
ington was sedate and of sober judg-
ment, while Bolivar was impulsive, of
fiery temper and quick to act. Both,
however, were born leaders of men, and
both, each in his own way, inspired
the confidence of his followers. Wash-
ington and Bolivar were both gifted
with "creative" powers, were re-
solute and possessed the wonderful
faculty of drawing material strength
from seemingly exhausted sources, of
making much out of nothing.

AT SEA.

O fair ship lost at sea
Where the gray gulls are winging!
Your white sails seem to signal me;
The harbor bells are ringing—
"Come home, come home
Across the foam,
Come home—come home!"

But still to windward and to lee
The storm its shadow flinging
Would drown the sails that signal me
Where harbor bells are ringing—
"Come home, come home
Across the foam,
Come home—come home!"

But nevermore, O lonely shore,
With sea receding—eclipsing,
Shall my ship's sails wing rocks and
gales
Where harbor bells are ringing
"Come home, come home
Across the foam,
Come home—come home!"
—F. L. Stanton.

PIPEMAN PAT EGAN.

BY WILLIAM PRESOTT CORNELL.

Chicago was in the grasp of bitter
cold weather. The temperature hover-
ed between three and five degrees
below zero. The hour was 6 o'clock,
and thousands of clerks and business
and professional men and women were
hurrying through the chilling blasts
to the warmth of their fireplaces.
There who happened in the vicinity
of Washington and Dearborn streets
were suddenly startled by the cry of
"fire." The three upper floors of the
Mason block were in a blaze, and be-
fore the alarm was turned in the
flames were fast mounting to the
roof, while burning brands dropping
down the elevator shafts in the rear
were kindling new fires on the lower
floors.

Three blocks to the south was en-
gineer's house. The men were scat-
tered around their quarters, some
playing checkers around the warm
stove, while others were preparing
for an early bedtime.

Ding, ding, ding—ding, ding, sound-
ed the "joker" bell for box 32. Mar-
shal Horan, whose headquarters were
in the same house, took the location
from the running card. "Washington
and Dearborn" he yelled as the horses,
released automatically from their fast-
ening, came running to their places.
Pipeman Pat Egan was one of those
preparing to retire for the night. He
came down the brass pole with a rush,
did his share of the hitching and
slipped the tail end of the hose cart as
it rolled swiftly out in the freezing air.
The flames could be seen mounting
high above the roofs of the surround-
ing blocks. Egan hadn't time even to
don his helmet when the corner was
reached.

From the west there came with a
noisy rattle and clanging gong the
ponderous apparatus of Truck 6, stop-
ping abruptly, with brakes hard set,
directly in front of the burning build-
ing.

A cry of horror from the crowd al-
ready assembled caused Pipeman Pat
Egan, among others, to look upward.
A window on the fifth floor was raised
and a man stepped out on the sill. He
felt his way cautiously over the nar-
row, treacherous footing to the next
window on the west, and so on until
he reached the adjoining building.
Then he broke a window and disap-
peared through it to safety.

Scarcely had he performed this feat
when a young girl appeared at the
raised window. The knowledge that
her only safety lay in the same method
of escape and the fact that the fire
was raging fiercely behind her, un-
nerved her. She sat down on the nar-
row stone sill, while the ruddy glare
of the flames above, now bursting from
every window, revealed a white,
frightened face glancing appealingly
from the dizzy height for help.

Already Truck 6's men were raising
their aerial ladders as fast as the win-
dlass would turn. It was Pipeman
Egan's duty to lead out the hose with
the men of his company. But he saw
another duty before him, and the ex-
tension had not been run out to its
height when he was half way up the
ladder, mounting the slippery rungs
with the agility of a squirrel. Close
behind him was Marshal Horan.

Pipeman Egan reached the top
rung. To his dismay he found that
the imperilled girl was seven feet
above him. A hoarse groan of an-
guish rising in his ears, above the
roar of flames overhead and the din of
battle below, conveyed to him the
fact that the crowd below had dis-
covered the new peril of both.

"Stay where you are, little girl,"
he gasped through the thick smoke
which almost enveloped him. "Don't
jump till I tell you. I'll save you
somehow."

He made a sweeping motion with
his right hand. Truck 6's men under-
stood the signal. A couple of turns
of the windlass and the frail top of
the ladder swung out two feet from
the wall. Then Egan stepped to the
topmost rung and placed his hands
against the hot brick wall for support.

The smoke nearly choked him.
Small flakes of stone chipped off the
sills by the intense heat above him,
fell in showers upon his bare head,
inflicting tiny cuts from which the
blood trickled slowly. One piece
larger than the rest cut a deep gash in
his head and the blood almost blinded
him. He brushed it away with one
hand and steadied himself again.
Flames now appeared in the window
behind the half-conscious girl. Her
dress had begun to blaze.

"Jump toward me," he said hoarse-
ly, and with a wild, agonizing scream,
the girl launched herself from the
window. She fell squarely in those
arms and snatched off her head against
the hot wall, which was blistering
Egan's hands.

The impact was something fearful.
Pipeman Egan staggered for a mo-
ment. The slender ladder top wavered
like a reed in a windstorm. He stead-
ed himself again with his heavy bur-
den, preparatory to a perilous descent.
Flames burst from the window where
the girl had taken refuge and scorched
his face. Her burning dress was
scorching his body through his thick
flannel shirt.

Marshal Horan was close behind
him. "Hold on her, Pat," he said.

Pipeman Egan was too choked to
answer. The girl had fainted in his
arms, and it took all of his strength to
keep from falling 75 feet to the ground.
Marshal Horan seized him by the
right leg. "Step down, Pat," he said,
"I'll steady you."

As carefully as a mother teaching
her babe to walk, the marshal put
Egan's foot on the rung below. He
did the same with the left foot. Slowly
they crept down in this manner
until Egan's hands could grasp the
ladder's sides. Then the descent was
quicker. A spray nozzle was turned
on them as they reached the foot of
the ladder which cooled Egan's burns
and extinguished the girl's blazing
dress.

Not until he reached the hastily
summoned ambulance did Egan re-
linquish his burden, and, placing his
charge in the basket stretcher, he
turned to his superior officer, and salu-
tating asked permission to have his in-
juries attended to. His hair and must-
ache were burned off close. Blood
from the numerous cuts on his head
had trickled over his face, giving him
a frightful appearance. His hands
were badly burned and he complained
of severe pains in his chest, resulting
from inhaling hot air. Citizens broke
through the police lines to grasp his
hands, but were caught and thrust
back by stalwart bluecoats. Unaided,
he went to the nearest doctor's office
for relief.

Met the grizzled old chief an hour
or so later. "Pretty brave act of
Pipeman Egan," I ventured to suggest.
"Yes," sentimentally replied the vet-
eran fireman, through the icicles
which had formed on his whiskers.
"Lieutenant Egan is a brave fellow."
—National Magazine.

QUEEN'S COFFIN WAS TOO BIG.

Consternation When It Would Not Fit in
the Sarcophagus at Frogmore.

The sudden intractability of the ar-
tillery horses at Windsor station was
not the only hitch in connection with
the funeral of Queen Victoria. There
was another and even more awkward
one in the mausoleum at Frogmore.

The contraptions did not occur un-
der the public eye, and were kept a
profound secret by the court officials
and the few workmen who were con-
sistent of it, but in the neighborhood of Win-
dorsor it has now leaked out that the late
Queen's coffin was made too large for
the granite sarcophagus in which it
was intended to be placed. The mis-
take was discovered only on the night
on which the remains arrived at Win-
dorsor Castle. The measurements then
taken showed that the coffin was six
or eight inches higher than the re-
ceptacle in which the Prince Consort's
remains rested, and in which a space
was provided for the Queen's body.

The discovery created consternation
among the court officials and employes
at Windsor. Orders were at once given
to make an attempt to despen the sar-
cophagus, and stone-hewers were oc-
cupied at this work in relays all night.
Not being accustomed to work in so
hard a substance as granite, and the
space being exceedingly circumscribed
by the Prince Consort's coffin, little
progress was made. There was also
the danger of splitting the sides of the
sarcophagus. When the granite re-
ceptacle had been hollowed out to the
utmost extent that was considered
safe it was found that the top of the
Queen's coffin would still be six inches
above the top, and that consequently
it would be impossible to close the sar-
cophagus.

In this emergency it was decided, as
a temporary expedient, to have slips of
wood made, six inches deep, painted to
represent granite, and placed on the
upper edge of the casket. On these
temporary supports the massive gran-
ite lid was laid. The plan of using the
wooden extensions and lowering the
lid on them was tried before the coffin
reached the mausoleum, and the ar-
rangements were so well made and so
carefully carried out that those who
stood around the sarcophagus at what
was supposed to be the final scene of
the closing of the casket were not
aware of the hitch.

Since then, it is understood, heavy
mouldings of granite, from the same
quarry in Aberdeenshire from which
the stones for the sarcophagus were
hewn over 30 years ago, have been
ordered by the King. These additions
to the sarcophagus have been shaped
and polished and when completed they
will be fixed into the casket, which will
then be permanently sealed. It will
consequently stand six inches higher
than it did originally.—New York Sun.

She Did Not Go.

The following is an exact copy of a
letter received by a young lady who
wished to spend a holiday in a small
country town, and advertised for a
room:

"Dear Miss—We think we kin suite
you with room and board, if you prefer
to be where there is music. I play
the fiddle, my wife the organ, my dot-
ter Julie the akordion, my dotter Mary
the bango, my son Hen the gittar, my
son Jim the ffoot and kornet, and my
son Clem the base drum, while all of
us sings hims, in which we would be
glad to have you take part, both vocal
or instrumental, if you play on any
thing. We play by ear, an' when we
all git started there is real musick
in the air. Let us know if you want
to come here to bord."—Tit-Bits.

BIG TOAD AND BIG WORM.

The Former Won the Struggle Through
a Truly Strange Move.

Some people out Pontiac way saw
a very funny thing one evening last
summer. There had been a hard rain
for two or three days and the earth-
worms had come up to the surface,
as they always do at such times.
Crawling along on the beaten path
was what might have been the grand-
father of all angieworms. He was
old and tough and big, and moreover,
as will appear later, he was brainy—
for an angieworm. It seemed when
he stretched himself out to his full
length as though he must be a foot
long, and as big around as one's little
finger.

Just then the bright eyes of a mon-
ster toad caught sight of the snake-like
worm, and his owner opened the at-
tack with a good deal of confidence,
and an air that indicated that the ne-
gotiation of big angieworms was the
one thing he understood. Never was
a toad more sadly disappointed. He
apparently thought he could swallow
a foot of angieworm as easily as he
could a fly. He began at one end of
the worm, and got a pretty fair start
before the worm appreciated his posi-
tion; then he began to squirm and
wiggle, and before the toad realized
it the worm was again on the ground
and crawling away. But he didn't get
far. The big toad returned with a
"do or die" air, and the performance
was repeated.

It was evident that the angieworm
was too big a mouthful for the toad—
that is, it was evident to every one but
the toad. Over and over he tried to
swallow his victim, but he couldn't
gulp the big worm all at once, and as
soon as he had an inch or two of worm
safely stored away he had to let go
and get a fresh hold. He couldn't do
this so quickly but that the worm
would squirm out. It was like the
frog in the well who climbed up one
foot and fell back two. The worm
seemed made of India rubber, and it
looked much to the bystanders as
though it would escape. Bits were
made on the result, and the worm was
a hot favorite. But the bettors failed
to appreciate the resources of a hun-
gry toad. The struggle had been go-
ing on, nip and tuck, for some twenty
minutes. Both combatants were as
fresh as when they started, though the
worm showed the best staying quali-
ties. The toad was getting impatient,
and once or twice showed signs of
losing his head; but on the whole he
maintained an apparently hopeless
contest that gave his friends some
cheer. One sweet girl even went so
far as to bet chocolates to gloves that
the nasty toad would devour the hor-
rid worm. In the next round the
worm was an easy winner, and the
sweet girl tried to hedge.

Right here the toad tumbled to him-
self and took time to plan the strategy
of his next move. If a toad ever
thinks that one did. The air with
which he returned to the attack en-
couraged the chocolate girl, and she
was rash enough to offer to double the
bet. The toad didn't give away his
plan at first, but tackled his stunt in
the same old fool way he had been
trying all along, but this time he man-
aged to fairly get a hold on his vic-
tim and swallow a bit of him. The
worm's friend called it a foul tackle.
Right here the toad showed what man-
ner of toad he was. His difficulty all
along had been that of the man who
held the bear by the tail—he didn't
dare to let go to get a fresh hold.
Holding the section of the worm he
had by his teeth, or what answers for
a toad's teeth, he reached up with
his paw and gripped his own throat
and with it the end of the worm he
had begun to swallow. Holding it
fast he caught another grip with his
teeth and stowed away another half
inch or more of struggling angieworm.

The worm fought well, but it was no
use. The superior brain and strategy
of the toad would surely win. The
worm still wiggled bravely and scored
some minor successes, but in the end
the last of that worm disappeared
within the jaws of the toad, and the
spectators tried to decide whether the
sweet girl would have paid had she
lost.—Detroit Free Press.

Ready For a Promotion.

A man with an armful of second-
hand schoolbooks boarded a Four-
teenth street car one evening.
"Why, hello there, Jim," said his
seat-mate, turning around and locking
him over. "Haven't seen you for a
dog's age. Married and settled down
and fetching up a family, eh?"
"Nope, I'm not married," replied the
man with the armful of schoolbooks.
"What put that into your head?"
"Why," replied his seat mate, "that
bunch of arithmetics and spelling
books and geographies and—"

"Oh, those," replied the man with
the armful of schoolbooks, wearily.
"They're no sign I'm married and I've
got a family. Just bought 'em a while
ago so's I can do up for my exami-
nation for promotion from the \$720 to
the \$800 class, that's all."—Washing-
ton Post.

A Soulless Community.

A young clergyman, just arrived at
the locality of his first call, met at the
railway station a boyhood acquaint-
ance whom he had not met since they
were playmates together in a remote
town. After a handshake and mutual
expressions of pleasure at the unex-
pected meeting the newly-found friend
exclaimed:

"But, say! What on earth are you
doing in this part of the world?"
"Me?" enthusiastically replied the
ecclesiast, "I have come here to save
souls."

"You have, eh?" was the response.
"Well, let me tell you I've been long
enough in this town to know that
you've struck a sinner."—Boston
Courier.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Russian styles have
taken an accepted place and bid fair
to continue their popularity for many
months. The tasteful yet simple May

Marcelline Glace.

A serious rival to silken gauze, Lib-
erty silk and chiffon, sheer tissues in
great favor, is the new silken fabric
offered for use as emplacements, yokes
and chemisettes. It is almost as ten-
der and soft as mull, but has a lus-
trous sheen, with glistening surface.
This proves immensely becoming to
the majority of women. It smartens
up a toilet which would otherwise be
a dull black. The new silk is used as
a chemisette, and also for undersleeves
when such are worn. Slender young
girls wear folded belts of the same
glistening material. It is as cool as
sea foam in appearance.

A Stunning Dust Cloak.
Bastise seems an odd material for a
dust cloak, but it is correct for a wrap
in warm weather and on smart occa-
sions. Each of these delicate garments
has a collar of colored silk or prune
satin. Pomegranate pink, turquoise
blue, orange, copper red are some of
the tints chosen. While silk mohair is
the material of a smart dust cloak in-
tended to be worn on a coaching expedi-
tion. It has a smart collar of mossy-
green silk, with a very heavy rib, and
has turned-up cuffs of the same.



RUSSIAN WAIST.

Mantion waist illustrated exemplifies
one of the best forms and is in every
way desirable. The model is a Beatrice
cloth, in a soft pastel shade of tan,
with bands of white covered with
rows of machine stitching, but the
style is equally appropriate for French
annel, Henrietta, albatross and the
like, and for taffeta and other waist
silks, as well as for cotton, chevot,
Madras and linen; but when made

The Battlements of a Bolero.
A modish bolero is extended down-
ward in front in "battlement" tabs. It
can then be cut up sharply under the
arms, for the long front aspect is se-
cured. The battlement tabs are now
preferred to a rounded or ovoid finish.

Boys' Shirt Waist.

The strongly-made, well-fitted shirt
waist that can be relied upon to with-
stand the typical boy's wear is a gar-
ment that is always in demand. The



ROUND YOKE WRAPPER.

from washable materials should be
unlined.

The foundation is a fitted lining that
closes at the centre front, and upon
which the waist proper is arranged.
The back of the waist is plain across
the shoulders, and has the fullness
drawn down at the waist line. The
fronts show no fullness at the upper
portion, but are arranged in gathers
at the waist line and blouse slightly
at the centre. The right side laps
well over the left and is held in place
by invisible fastenings of small hooks
and loops. The sleeves are in bishop
style, finished at the wrists by straight
cuffs, the pointed ends of which lap
over the straight. At the neck is a
deep standing collar, that is pointed
at one end to match the cuffs, and
closes slightly to the left of the cen-
tre.

To cut this waist for a woman of
medium size four yards of material
twenty-one inches wide, three and a
half yards twenty-seven inches wide,
two and a half yards thirty-two inches
wide, or two and one-eighth yards for-
ty-four inches wide, will be required.

Woman's Round Yoke Wrapper.

No woman likes to be without a sim-
ple, tasteful morning gown that can
be slipped on with ease. The excel-
lent May Manton model given amply
fills the need and is essentially com-
fortable at the same time that it pre-
sents a dainty and attractive appear-
ance. The material from which the
original is made is white lawn with
figures of old blue, and the trimming
stitched bands of plain blue on white;
but the entire range of washable cot-
ton materials, as well as simple light-
weight wools, are appropriate.

The back is graceful and shapely
and includes becoming fullness below
the deep round yoke. The fronts are
simply gathered and arranged over
the lining, or seamed to the yoke when
this last is omitted. The sleeves are
in bishop style and comfortable as
well as fashionable.

To cut this wrapper for a woman of
medium size, ten and a half yards
of material thirty-two inches wide, or
six and a half yards forty-four inches
wide, will be required.



BOYS' SHIRT WAIST.

eight yards of age three yards of ma-
terial twenty-seven inches wide, or
two and a half yards thirty-two inches
wide, will be required.