

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 15¢ 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.

If automobiles do the work of horses they are certainly entitled to indulge in the same pranks that horses do.

Muzzling cats to keep them from killing song birds is the latest idea of the Natural History Society of Chicago. It is less funny than it sounds—for the cats.

A Chicago professor has assailed the practice of parting the hair in the middle. Truly, a wise man finds nothing that occurs in nature too trivial to merit scrutiny.

Swiss engineers are preparing plans for a tunnel to pierce the base of the Thasus at Sta-Croce, near Chiavenna. It will be twenty-four miles long and ten years will be consumed in its completion. Modern engineering does not falter at any problem.

A German governess reports that in her country history is taught on a broader basis than in the United States. Instead of studying each nation separately, the pupils learn what is happening in all parts of the civilized world during a given period. They thus comprehend more easily the close relationship of one nation to another.

Connecticut is wisely resolved to protect woodcock, quail and grouse within her borders, and will not allow them to be shot or sold in the State for two years. Many other States in the republic ought to follow Connecticut's example. The protection of game birds and of all birds that are not predatory should be stricter than it is now in almost every State.

The captain of the Mississippi River steambomb which was sunk recently, declares that the women passengers acted with great steadiness of nerve and courage. Doubtless that is true, and it is not in the least novel or surprising. On innumerable occasions in recent years it has been observed that in emergencies of great peril women have been less subject to panic and blind fear than men.

Andrew Carnegie's latest gift of \$10,000,000 to establish free education in the four Scottish universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen and St. Andrew's will be greatly appreciated by the youth of Scotland, for whose exclusive benefit it is made. There is no characteristic of the Scottish people more marked than their passion for education. Especially is this true of the poorer class of them.

No social philosopher can consider the increasing love of country life by all classes of people without a thrill at the sociological results—surer living, more robust physical characteristics, a growing love of nature, more wholesome sports, the beautification of the earth, better agriculture—all the things that are the antitheses of upbustery, consumption, obesity, bad temper, nervous prostration, and a despondent theology, reflects a writer in The World's Work. The quantity of land that is every year brought into use as gardens or parks is a wide-stretching evidence of the artistic development of the people; for the art of the American people is the landscape gardener's art, however crude its general development may yet be. The time is coming when we shall have the most beautiful continent that man ever lived on.

A chip from an elm which Mr. Gladstone cut down at Hawarden in 1886 sold in London at auction for five shillings.

There are now 58 factories, with 250,000 horse-power, in the French Alps.

There are 37,543 postoffice employees in London.

A BLADE OF GRASS.

Tall, slender blade of grass,
Bending and swaying;
Now standing motionless,
Now, as if praying,
Bowled to the earth you are
Sobbing and shaking,
Roused from your grief at last,
Quivering and quaking,
Stilled now, your wild distress,
Silently heaving,
Soothed by wind's soft caress
Joyously waving. —New York Sun.

Mrs. Williams's Wild Ride.
BY CLARICE IRENE CLINGMAN.

The women of the east, secure in their guarded homes, have little conception of the perils which in years past attended their pioneer sisters on the frontier. They may have a theoretical idea, it is true, but one must have had actual experience to realize fully the constant dangers that beset these brave souls.

The Williams ranch at Rockdale, Wyoming, lay near the foot of the Medicine Bow mountains, and was 40 miles from railroad station and postoffice. A young married couple had settled there, and invested their savings in cattle and horses. They thrive and were happy, until one unfortunate day, when Mrs. Williams's brother, Addison White, arrived from a mining camp in California where he had been prospecting and working for two or three years. In his pocket he produced from his capacious pockets four stout buckskin bags tied with thongs, which he flung upon the kitchen table.

"Open em, Mab," he said to Mrs. Williams. She untied one of the bags, turned it upside down, and was astonished to see an avalanche of bright, gold pieces roll over the table and down upon the floor.

"O, Ad," said Mabel, pursuing the spinning runaways, "what does it mean? Where did you get them?"

"They're my savings of the last four years," replied Addison, proudly. "Each of those bags has twenty-five \$20 gold pieces in it."

"Two thousand dollars! And you brought it all the way from the railroad station alone on horseback!" exclaimed his sister, aghast. "How very imprudent! Don't you know this country is full of desperadoes? Why didn't you deposit it in a savings bank?"

"Because I want to invest it right away, and didn't want to be bothered putting it in and then drawing it right out again," returned Addison, with a self-satisfied air, walking up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. "I'm going to leave it in your hands, sis, for safe keeping. Meanwhile I'll look around, and when I strike a nice little location in a mining camp for a general merchandise store, I'll use the money in buying stock."

Being thus left in possession of the treasure, Mabel cast about for a suitable hiding place; but the secluded little nooks, the corner cupboards, the mysterious oak closets and big, rambling garrets peculiar to old-fashioned eastern houses were totally lacking in this small, bare walled, three roomed log cabin.

First Mabel loosened a board in the floor and put the four buckskin bags underneath. It seemed to her excited imagination that any one might notice that that particular board had been pried up and nailed down again; and besides, the first thing a robber in search of concealed wealth would do would be to look under the floor. So, after a few days, she removed the four bags and put them with affected carelessness in the dark recesses of a little cupboard where she kept her bottles and frying pans.

But this was worse still. Her eyes seemed fixed in a telltale gaze on the place where the treasure lay concealed. So one day after dark she pried up one of the flat stones which formed part of a walk leading to the spring house, dug out some of the soil underneath to make room, placed the four little bags therein, and then carefully replaced the stone.

It was not surprising that Mrs. Williams was a little apprehensive, for she was usually quite alone during the daytime. Her brother had gone on his trip to look up a mining camp, and her husband was busy branding calves and colts at a roundup seven miles away. Nevertheless, Mabel was by no means a timid woman. She broke all her husband's colts, and was never so happy as when conquering a mettlesome bronco. She was now subduing a particularly fine thoroughbred colt named Taurus, which was kept in the stable instead of being allowed to follow the herd, much to his anger and disgust.

One morning, while she was engaged with household duties in the cabin, a loud, ringing blow sounded upon the door. Upon opening it, she was confronted by two rough looking men, one of whom covered her with a revolver.

"We know you have \$2000 in gold in this house," he said. "Get it at once."

"I give you my word of honor," said Mabel, speaking calmly, "that the only money in the house is about \$50 that I have on hand for household expenses. It is in the next room."

"Go get it, then, and be lively," said the man with the revolver. "As for the \$2000, I know it's here. We'll see about that afterward."

Mabel went into the adjoining room, seized her husband's rifle that stood in a corner, slammed the door shut and shot a thick wooden bolt into its hasp.

"I am armed," she called, "and will

shoot the man that breaks down the door!"

She then made a pretense of piling up furniture before the door to barricade it, and under cover of the noise opened the rear window and sprang out. As soon as she gained the ground she fairly flew to the stable, where she unlocked the half broken colt, Taurus. Not daring to take time to saddle or bridle him, she led him to the bars, and grasping the single rope attached to his halter, sprang upon his back.

By this time the robbers had broken down the locked door and discovered her escape. They returned hastily to the front of the cabin, where their horses were tethered, mounted them, and started in pursuit of their victim.

The odds seemed greatly against the brave little woman. Taurus understood at once that without bridle or bit he was practically master of the situation, and began kicking, rearing and plunging. But on hearing pursuing hoof beats he started, sniffed the air, and then, detecting the old familiar trail down the creek, which he had followed so many times in company with the herd, he galloped rapidly in that direction. This was what Mrs. Williams had counted upon and trusted to. As shot after shot whistled round her from her pursuers she clasped her arms around Taurus's neck and laid her head against his long, black mane, in an attempt to make as poor a target as possible.

But now Taurus's blood was up. At the sound of the pursuing horses, the singing of the bullets round his head, and a touch as of fire on his back, where one of the missiles made a slight flesh wound, he threw up his head, snorted with rage, and with one mighty leap into the air, bounded down the trail with a speed which it is probable was never equalled by any of his famous progenitors.

Whether the robbers' horses were already jaded, or whether Taurus's speed was too great for them at best, the desperadoes soon gave up the chase. But the colt did not slacken his speed till, trembling, wild-eyed, his flanks reeking with blood and foam, he stopped at the round up, seven miles away.

Breathless and dizzy, Mabel slid to the ground, and in a few words informed her husband of what had taken place at the cabin. In a few moments Mr. Williams and four of his men had saddled their horses and were on their way to the ranch.

When they arrived they found the house in utter confusion and the robbers gone. Nothing had been taken. Under the flat stone the four little buckskin bags and their contents remained safe and untouched.

A few months later the robbers were apprehended for other crimes, for which they were tried and served their terms in the penitentiary.

As for Addison, he discovered a favorable location for his store, and is now a well-to-do merchant in a large western city.

Mrs. Williams is past middle life now, and has streaks of gray in her black hair, but she has never forgotten her wild seven-mile ride on the back of the unbroken colt, and rather enjoys relating the adventure when coaxing to do so. She likes better, however, to call attention to her favorite horse, Taurus, which, although rather advanced in years, is still a handsome, mettlesome animal, with a scar across his back where the robber's bullet plowed his skin on that memorable morning 20 years ago.—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Chinese Custom.

According to the rule sanctioned by centuries of Chinese observance, no document can have the authority of the imperial throne of China unless it bears a red spot placed there by the sovereign. To the Grand Council of the Tsung-li-Yamen and all other departments of state takes their business, and the Grand Council in turn considers all documents, and attaches to each a piece of red paper on which its own decision is written. Each morning at daybreak the Grand Council proceeds to the palace to submit the papers to the sovereign, who, as each document is produced, signifies approval by making a small spot with a brush on the margin of the red paper. With the red spot upon it the paper is the most sacred thing in the world to a Chinaman; without it, it may be torn to shreds with impunity.—Leslie's Weekly.

The First and Second Men Had No Chance

"Gentlemen," remarked a third man, "I don't like to compete in fish stories because I am not a fisherman, but I'll take the liberty of telling you that when I lived in Texas I had a friend who went out fishing one morning and when he returned he had a wagonload of fish and he claims that when he went out before day he went to what he thought was his favorite fishing place. He began operations, thrung out his line and pulling in fish as fast as he could move. When day broke he had a wagonload and could find no creek at all. Upon investigation he discovered that he was half a mile from the creek and that he had been fishing in the fog."—Macon Telegraph.

Great Demand for Victorian Coins.

There is a great demand in England for Victorian coins during the present year. In the dockyard cashier's offices at Woolwich Arsenal and elsewhere large quantities are being put in circulation, and it is believed that the men employed in government establishments will make a profitable bargain by selling the coins received in payment for their services to the bidders.—New York Sun.

There have been but nine chief justices in England during the last 140 years.



Lost Hours.
"I say good night and go up stairs, And then undress and say my prayers Beside my bed, and then jump in it; And then—the very nextest minute— The morning sun comes in to peep At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep. But seems to me," said little Ted, "It's not worth while to go to bed."
—St. Nicholas.

A Fortunate Puss.

Mrs. Coady, who teaches a primary school at Oakland, Cal., is very proud of a remarkable cat which she keeps alive through general subscription among her pupils. During several years' experience Mrs. Coady has found that the only way she can reach the infantile heart is through kindness to animals. Acting on this she secured a large furry cat which she gave into the tender hands of her children. The result has been the children fell in love with the animal, and to divide up the prize Mrs. Coady decided to allow the children to take the cat home each night in regular routine. The result has been the cat has become large and arrogant through the munificent treatment of its separate masters, who reluctantly return it to the teacher each day.

The Printing of Postage Stamps.

In printing, steel plates are used, on which two or more stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work covering them with colored inks, and passing them to a man and a girl, who are kept busy at printing them with large rolling handpresses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although 10 presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried enough they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes, and other vegetables, mixed with water, which is better than any other material; for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on the little cranks which are fanned by steam power, for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of 2000 tons. The next thing is to cut the sheet in half, each sheet, of course, when cut, containing a 100 stamps. This is done by a girl, with a large pair of shears, by hand, being preferred to that of machinery, which method would destroy too many other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the paper between the stamps. Next they are pressed once more, and then packed and labeled, and stowed away in another room, preparatory to being put in mail bags for despatching to fill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of 100 stamps is burned. There are 500,000 burned every week from this cause. For the past 26 years not a sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. Each sheet is counted 11 times.

The Story That Bettie Told.

My little niece Bettie was spending a summer with me in the country and one day, as we walked to church, a bird hopped across our path. "O auntie," said Bettie, "that looks just like the little bird I was so unkind to last spring. I didn't mean to be unkind, you know, but I was; and I always feel so sad when I think about it." "What did you do?" I said. "Tell me about it." And this is what she told. "You see, auntie, I had just had a little room given me for my own; and I was fixing it up with pretty little things. There was a bracket against the wall with openwork sides; and I thought it would be nice to stick a little branch into it, and fix a bird's nest into the branch. So I looked into all the trees to find a nest that the birds had left. At last I found one that I felt sure must be safe to take; for I never saw any birds flying about it, although I looked a good many times. So I went and got the long stick that our gardener, Seth, used to prune the trees, and began to punch at it. O auntie! I can hardly tell you the rest; it tipped sideways, and two poor little young birds fell to the ground! Oh, I can't tell you how I felt! I ran to the house and told mamma; and she told me to get Seth to climb up with the ladder, and straighten the nest and put the little birds back into it. I ran right off to find him; but, while I was looking, she came out with a little box and some cotton, and told me to run to the tree and pick up the little birds, and put them in the box and cover them with the cotton, while she looked for Seth." "Oh auntie, what do you think! when I got back to the tree, I found two more little birds had fallen out of the nest; and the poor mother-bird had come back, and she was flying around and around, and crying almost like a person, and the little birds were answering with such weak little 'peeps.' It made me cry so that I could hardly see to pick up the birds. I had just got them covered up warm, when Seth came with the ladder. I was so afraid that, when the mother-

bird saw him up in the tree, she would be so frightened that she would fly away and never come back; but she loved her little birdies too much for that. Seth worked as fast as he could; but it seemed a long time to me before the nest was fixed, because I was in such a hurry. Then he took the box and climbed up with it and put the little birds back. All the time the mother-bird was flying around and around and crying. As soon as Seth went away, I sat very still to see what would happen. The mother-bird didn't come to the nest right away, but in a few minutes she came; and, when she was all fixed on the nest, she stopped crying, and the little birds stopped peeping. I went out every day to the tree before breakfast, after that, and one morning I found the mother-bird teaching the little ones to fly. But I never tried to get a nest for my room again."—Christian Register.

A Queer Little Singer.

The scholars called Barbara and Jess "twin friends." At noon recesses they ate their dinners together under the laurel bush—Jess ate Barbara's cookies and Barbara ate the cupcakes that came out of Jess's basket. They enjoyed doing everything together, and that was why Jess was grieved when Barbara told her she had been to a concert the night before. It was the first time their little paths had separated. "The singing was beautiful!" Barbara said, enthusiastically, not noticing the sober little face beside her. "It was like this, 'Tra-la-la-la-la-a,' going way up high as the sky! The woman who did it had on a trally pink dress, but I couldn't see her face. She sang the baby to sleep." "Why, Barb'ra Bennett, the idea of taking a baby to a concert!" "There wasn't any baby there, of course! I never said any such thing—oh!" Barbara laughed till her clear little voice echoed back to them from the big schoolhouse. "I meant she sang, 'Oh, hush-a-bye-low, hush-a-bye-low,' and rocked her arms same as if the baby had been in them," she explained. "Only our baby would have fallen out, I know." The next day at noon recess it was Jess's turn to say something surprising. Her eyes were dancing with delight. "I went to a concert last night my own self," she said, calmly. "I'm going again tonight, too. I guess I shall keep on going right along." She waited for Barbara's "Oh!" It was quite a while in coming. "Oh!" at last said Barbara, with a little gasp of astonishment. "Yes, it was a beautiful concert. I wish you could have heard it, Barb'ra Bennett. The singing was the best—the one who did it, but I know she had on a soft gray dress—all furry and shiny like silk. She sang the baby to sleep." "Jess Kinsey, what baby?" "Our baby—the Kinsey baby." laughed Jess. "He went to the concert, too. Mamma wanted him to go."

Then followed Barbara's quick, half-scornful questions. "Didn't the baby talk out loud, right in the middle of the concert?" "My, yes—like everything! Then next thing he knew he was sung to sleep." "Did her dress trail way out behind like my woman's that sung?" Barbara's face was unbelieving. The pink dress had trailed way out behind, splendidly. Jess burst into a gay little laugh. "I couldn't see it trailing, but it did—it did! You can ask my mother. Then, of course, sometimes the—the one who sang let it kind of curl up beside her—" "Course. Mine did, too—just as graceful!" interposed Barbara, hastily. Then both little girls hurried to their feet at the sound of the school-bell. The next day, and the next, Jess told the same wonderful story, with the same little twinkles in her eyes. She had been to the same concert again, she and the Kinsey baby. The merry little mystery hung about Jess and invested her with a little halo of importance among all the girls. Nobody had heard of the "to-be-continued" concert, but nobody thought of doubting Jess's word. Of course it was a kind of a joke, but nobody could guess it. One morning Jess looked rather sober. Barbara caught her around her waist and whirled her under the laurel bush. "Well, she laughed, 'I s'pose you went to that concert last night, Jess Kinsey?'" "No, I didn't," Jess said, gravely. "There wasn't any." "Wasn't any concert?" "No, there wasn't. There was an awful accident happened." "Jess Kinsey, tell me quick!" "Well, the—the one who sings got caught in a trap—so there!" Barbara uttered a little shrill scream of delight, and the other girls came hurrying up. "I've found it out—a mouse! a mouse!" cried Barbara. "A mouse!" "Yes," murmured Jess, sorrowfully, "a dear little singing mouse in the wall, and I do miss her so! She had such a sweet, cunning little voice! Seemed as if it filled the whole room with a little soft music."—Youth's Companion.

The Vanity of Man.

When some men make money, their first evidence of it is a visit to their old home town wearing a stovepipe hat.—Atchison Globe.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



Corners in the Living Room.

A very pretty corner may be arranged in any living room by means of a screen and a divan. Over the divan there may be, if you choose, a canopy, and plenty of cushions are indispensable to its easeful luxury. But a screen answers every purpose of retirement and withdrawal and, being readily portable, lends itself to the house-keeper's requirements. In country cottages where space is important not only corners may be secured at pleasure and furnished at discretion by the help of the screen, but one room may be made to do duty as several—as dining room, library and drawing room, as one of these at a time, or as all three, should occasion suggest.

The Invalid's Room.

When possible, the invalid's room should have a south or southwest aspect. A room of medium size is the best. Ventilation is easier to manage, and there is less to clean than in a large room.

For many reasons, it is advisable that, if it can be so arranged, the sick room should be near the top of the house. In the first place, it is quiet; noises from the street, as well as those from the house, will be less noticeable.

But a far more important reason is that poisoned and vitiated air has a tendency to rise, therefore, if the sick room is on the first floor the impure air will rise to the top of the house, and possibly affect those who may be living above the invalid.

If there is a small dressing room adjoining the invalid's room, so much the better. It will be useful as a store-room for extra bedding and reserves of all kinds.

The sick room must be cheerful in appearance. Get rid of superfluous upholstered furniture, which only acts as dust traps, and in the after disinfecting may possibly be spoiled. Heavy curtains and valances are undesirable in infectious cases, but there is no reason that pretty wash curtains of lace or muslin should not be decoratively employed.

How to Keep Books.

Books, it is said, are spoiled by being criss-crossed on convenient desks and stands. Valuable volumes should, therefore, be kept in racks. One of the best of library tables is constructed after the shape of those used in Roman libraries. It is a table, sure enough, on top, but is provided with shelves beneath, so arranged that when a book is laid flat on its side, but stands upon its feet, so to speak, which is the only proper position for a book to be placed in. On top of this table there is another receptacle for books, a small revolving stand, which is designed to hold the small dictionaries of foreign languages and other reference books. This is a case of fine, simply polished hardwood and is especially adapted to the man's library. For reading desks of busy authors, the morocco bound book blocks are at once useful and ornamental, though there is something newer and rather more decorative in the shape of a painted or engraved leather revolving stand, which, by its brass handle, can be moved about the room at the convenience of the reader, and screwed into the arm of the new Morris reading chair, or it can be unhinged and folded perfectly flat for packing.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Piquant Sandwiches—Mince one green pepper, two tablespoonfuls of capers, half a cup of stoned olives and six large sprays of cress. Toss up lightly with mayonnaise dressing and spread on thin slices of rye bread which have been well buttered.

Drop Cakes—One cup each of sugar and four cakes; two and a half cups flour, a teaspoonful of soda, one egg. Sift the cream tartar with the flour, mix the soda with the cream. Beat the egg and mix all together. Drop in small spoonfuls in buttered pans and put a raisin on top of each cake. Bake in a quick oven.

Banana Jelly—Mash eight bananas with one tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of any jam, apricot preferred, and one gill of orange juice. Make a lemon jelly of half a package of gelatin, dissolved, one pint of hot water, juice of two lemons and a half a cup of sugar. Heat it and add the banana puree. Turn into a mold, place on the ice until dinner time and serve with whipped cream.

Vegetable Cutlets—These are made of half mashed potatoes and half equal parts of carrots, parsnips, turnips and onions. These must all be cooked and onions cut fine and browned in a little butter. The other vegetables must also be chopped fine after they are boiled, and all mixed with the mashed potato while they are hot. Season lightly with salt and pepper—say, scant teaspoon of salt and dash of pepper for every pint of the mixture and a heaping tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Set away until cold, and then form into cutlets (tin form is good to have), dip in beaten egg and bread crumbs, brown in hot fat and serve with a good brown sauce.