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THE NATIONAL GAME.

The American League pennant struggle is not much in the way of a close race.

Doulin, of Baltimore, has been benched by President Johnson for disorderly work.

The Western teams won twenty-one games on their Eastern trip and lost twenty-seven.

Pitcher Donovan is about the only man Manager Hanlon can depend upon at present.

Irwin, the Cincinnati third baseman, says his pitches have lost more games for the Reds than poor fielding or batting.

It is estimated that the National League is out nearly \$200,000 as a result of the unprecedented list of postponements due to rain.

Instructions have been sent out in the American League, according to report, for the catchers to play up behind the bat all the time.

Fielde, A. Jones, of the Chicago American team, has played on four champion teams in his six years' base ball experience. Will this make his fifth?

Of all the holes made in National League teams by defections to the American that made in the Boston team by the loss of Collins and Stahl appears to be the biggest.

Mathewson is just the kind of a player that the New York public can enthuse over. He is a clean, intelligent lad of good appearance. His success lies in the fact that he has the rare traits of speed, puzzling curves, change of pace, an abundance of nerve and a level head.

The Brooklyn, seemingly are finding the pace set by the other National League teams too warm to keep up well. They are out with a howl to the effect that they are getting the worst of the umpiring, that umpires have been instructed to give close decisions against them.

Columbus and His Salary.

In the building known as the "Loulja" at Seville, Spain, are preserved the archives of the Indies—the early Spanish colonies in America—from the time of their discovery until a few years ago. There is a mass of papers, books and correspondence which would fill a train of cars, and it is piled away upon the shelves without much order or system.

All postal moneys sent between the United States and Canada will now go at the domestic rate of three-tenths of one per cent, instead of the international rate of one per cent, as formerly. This is regarded as a most important concession.

Venezuela's Great Riches.

Venezuela is a country where nature makes millionaires; and some of the best of the money is now coming to citizens of this country who have been down there and used their eyes to good advantage. The greatest company of Venezuela has a capital of \$30,000,000, and its headquarters are in Minnesota.

President Loubet is Forcibly.

President Loubet of France is a man who bears no malice. When a member of the nobility smote him on the head with a stick as he was peacefully sitting in the race course at Auteuil, the courts sentenced the cowardly offender to two years' imprisonment.

IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.

BY H. H. BENNETT.

Sergeant Bob leaned his rifle against the stack and sat down on an up-turned empty soap box in the shadow of the tent, with a sigh of relief. He unbuckled his belt and mopped his hot face with a red cotton handkerchief.

"There," he said, "that's done for one while! I shall not have any more guard duty for at least twenty-four hours, thank goodness, though we've got none too many men and extra guard duty is becoming the rule."

"Thought you liked it?" grinned the other sergeant, looking up from his occupation of poking a little sharpened stick into the recesses of his rifle-breech in search of dust.

"Like it!" Sergeant Bob ejaculated ironically, with a disdainful wave of a grimy hand at all the surroundings. From the scrubby hills to the east a dusty country road ran across the narrow valley, and disappeared in the hills to the west.

The sides of the hills were covered with underbrush and second-growth timber, with here and there a little whitewashed house set down box-like in a clearing.

The valley was a marsh, with coarse grass and weeds; here and there a pool of stagnant water or a ditch-like stream; little hummocks of drier ground rose from it, covered with brambles and wild roses.

Through the centre of this valley ran the long black line of a railway embankment, crossed midway by a wagon road. In one of the angles formed by the crossing stood a country store, a one-storied box of gray boards.

From this a little railway straddled across the marshy ground on the high legs of a truss, running back where the dark mouth of a coal shaft yawned in the hillsides.

Around the tipples were great piles of slack, waste coal dust, screened from the dump. The store was built on slack; the railway embankment was made of slack; grimy hills of slack, cut through by the railway and the wagon road filled all the neighborhood of the tippie.

Some of the murky hills were on fire, smoldering at the base. They had been burning for years, and from them rose noxious gases. The stream that ran at their base was polluted by the drainage of the slack, and on the surface of the water floated an iridescent, metallic scum.

Along the wagon road, on either side, stretched rows of tents; another row was placed on a little strip of level ground at the foot of the railway fill; more tents stood in the shadow of the coal tippie. In front of the store a tent held a telegraph instrument, placed on a barrel; and here a blue-clad operator listened to the busy ticking of the receiver. The brazen sun of a hot June day shone in a sky of burning blue. The thermometer, hung by the telegraph tent, registered 94 degrees.

Now and then a long coal train rushed by, raising black dust in swirls, which settled again on tents and tippie and store. A wagon, dragging its slow course along the road, was half hidden in a gray cloud of dust. In the shade of the tippie or in the hot shadow of the tents lounged blue-clad men, with blouses unbuttoned or cast aside, each one trying to get a breath of fresh air in that valley furnace.

Four infantry companies and a battery of the National Guard were encamped here; four miles down the railway were two other companies, and four miles in the other direction were two companies more. Sixteen miles of railway were held and guarded by these two battalions. Beyond them were troops of other regiments, scattered here and there along 60 miles of road, until the railway reached the waters of the broad Ohio.

Night and day sentinels paced the track and squads of guards watched the bridges, the coal tipples and the mine buildings. Night and day watchful pickets along the hills waited with loaded rifles.

When the troops had reached the narrow valley, three days before, bridges and tipples were burning; loaded cars had been overturned and wrecked, and not a train was running on this section of one of the great railways of the country. All this was the work of rioters who found opportunities for mischief in a strike of coal miners. The majority of the rioters were alleged, by the coal miners, to be ignorant foreigners, deuded and misled by mistaken men.

But the great danger of this strike, which has now been a matter of history for some years, were at an end. Now the bridges and buildings were safe; long trains thundered over the rails, and the men who had brought about order panted in the misty, chill air by night. By night, too, the rioters from the foreign settlement came across the hill and fired into the camp and at the sentries.

The first night this was done the bugle blew "To arms!" and the whole camp roused itself to repel the attack; now, even the pickets did not notice the firing unless the men came too near, or tried to cross the lines.

Then it was: "Halt! Who goes there?" "Halt! Halt! Who goes there?" "Halt, or I'll fire!" followed by the report of a rifle, and then the crashing of bushes as the intruder fled.

"I wish we had been detailed for the upper post!" growled Sergeant Bob, who had got rid of his blouse and his leggings, and was now meditatively regarding his dusty shoes.

peaceful children—Are you hurt?" asked Sergeant Bob, from behind a tree.

"No, I'm not, but I'm very uncomfortable."

"What's the matter?" "Why, look at me!" said the other sergeant. "Here I am, lying in a puddle of ice-water."

"Why don't you get out of it, then?" "Get out of it? These old well-boards won't stop a ball, and I have to stay flat on the ground behind this curb. I don't want to get shot. This is where you tipped over that bucket of water. I wish I had that villain!"

A shot from the thicket answered him as he shook his fist beyond the corner of the well. Sergeant Bob leaned against the tree and laughed; then he stopped laughing and wondered how long the unseen marksman would keep them there, and if their absence from camp would be noticed at noon mess.

Every movement, it seemed, brought a shot from the bushes. Once in a while the man in the thicket turned his attention to the clothes on the fence and shot holes in them, while the owners howled at him from their cover.

"Well, I guess I can stand it as long as he can," commented Bob. "Yes; you're not exposed to the wintry blasts as I am!" complained the other sergeant.

"Wintry blasts! Why, man, the sun's burning patches on me till I look like a tiled floor!"

"Well, you aren't lying in a small lake of well-water that's 'way below zero. Part of me is frozen; when I turn over the other part freezes, and a crash towel is small slothing, and I'm dirtier than when I came up here. Wouldn't I like to get a crack at that fellow?"

"Say," began Sergeant Bob after another half-hour, "can't you get one of the rifles? The little snap of his gun can't be heard at camp, but if you could fire one of ours, the bang would bring the guard up in a hurry."

"I can't reach them from here. Every time I stick my hand out that reprobate shoots at me. Wait a minute! Is your rifle loaded?"

"No; but the box is hanging on it with the belt, and there's 20 rounds in it."

The other sergeant looked round and found a stick. Then he reached over and poked the stick through a crack in the boards, sawing it back and forth until he got it against one of the rifles. The gun came rattling to the ground, and he pulled it behind the curb. This brought out more shots from the man in the bushes.

"Is that my rifle?" asked Bob. "Mine, and the best one in the company, too!"

"Well, you'll get your shoulder kicked off. You've got no clothes for padding."

"This rifle don't kick. No rifle does if you hold it right, and I'll make a pad of this towel. Of course you fellows who shut both eyes when you fire and hold the butt two inches from your shoulder get kicked, and no wonder."

"Shut both eyes? Who got the sharpshooter's bar, I'd like to know? But go ahead! Blaze away into the hill! Noise is all we want."

Bang! went the rifle, and a crack from the bushes answered it. Half a dozen times the sergeant shot, as fast as he could load and fire.

"That will do, I reckon," he said, rubbing his shoulder. "They'll think there is a battle," and the two chuckled as they waited for reinforcements and relief.

"Hi, there, you men! What are you doing here?" It was the fat lieutenant, coming from behind the old log house.

"Get back, lieutenant!" both boys cried. "You'll get shot!"

"There's a villain six feet tall up in the bushes there, with a Winchester! He's kept us here an hour," explained Sergeant Bob.

"Hey!" and the lieutenant dodged behind the log hut. From back of him the grinning faces of half dozen of the guard looked out.

"We'll get your man for you. We reconnoitered, saw from where the shots came, and I sent a squad up over the hill. They'll come down on his rear. But what I want to know is what you two are doing outside of the lines?"

"Taking a bath, sir."

"Taking a bath, eh? Well, I might overlook you coming out for such a commendable purpose, especially since you've been penned up already; but you've made me run up this hill in the sun, and you ought to be court-martialed. Hello! The other squad has your man."

There was a commotion in the bushes; then the corporal and the rest of the squad appeared. The corporal held in his hand a dingy little Flobert rifle. Two of the men led a small, shock-headed, dirty-faced boy.

The lieutenant shouted with laughter. There's your six-footer and his Winchester! Kept you here an hour! Oh, my! and the rest of the guard snickered audibly. Sergeant Bob and the other sergeant looked at each other and said nothing.

"What does he say, corporal?" "Says he did it for fun, sir, and that he did not shoot to hit."

"He did it for fun, eh? Well, just bring along his rifle and keep it; box his ears and send him home. As for you two, get into your clothes and come to camp at once. When you get there report at guard headquarters—that is, if you don't forget it," and the lieutenant smiled as he departed.

"Guess we'll forget it, won't we Bob?" asked the other sergeant. And they did.—Youth's Companion.

The man with a clear conscience sleeps well, likewise the fellow who hasn't any conscience at all.



Big Banquet Managed by a Woman.

The largest banquet on record in history, it is claimed, was that given to the mayors of France in the Garden of the Tuilleries during the Paris exposition. This banquet was entirely managed by a woman 26 years old, Mlle. Potel. The number of guests was 23,466 and the total number of employes was 21,050.

Help for the Women of India.

An English woman, who has gone to India to practice medicine, states in a letter to a friend that it has been proven that only through the enlightenment of the high class women of India can help come to the Indian woman of a lesser rank, and the medical work of English women is evidently to be the greatest and most powerful lever for raising the iron door that shuts the eastern women from western freedom and culture.

The Sleeve of Summer.

The sleeve should receive special consideration in making summer gowns, and certainly the variety is great enough to allow every one to secure a particular type suited to her requirements. The long sleeve is a sort of mutton-leg shape reversed so that the fulness is all at the wrist, where it is gathered into a cuff, is a favorite style, and elbow sleeves, varied in finish, will be a feature of this gown, while the modified bishop sleeve, finished with a turn-back cuff, will be chosen for the late spring tail or gown.

Stringing Beads for Pin Money.

It is considered quite smart to make money nowadays—provided, of course, one can make it in ornamental ways. The threading of beads and gems on chains and necklaces is one way to keep busy the fingers and fill the purse of the ornamental worker. It is said that four fashionable women make these barbaric baubles for private clients and the shops—one with the laudable desire of purchasing for herself with the proceeds a diamond tiara! The great difficulty seems to be to hit upon something really new. One makes a special point of very fine and narrow gold braid, threaded at intervals through green Japanese beads and little toys, such as whistles and peep-shows, and also of big lumps of turquoise treated in the same way; and another started her career with \$50 worth of beads and pearls, both regular and irregular in size, and relies upon the changes her ready wit can ring upon rubies, emeralds, gold beads, amber, crystals, orientals, Venetian and the rest, to produce pretty designs. Hundreds of dollars can be spent on the gold-mesh bag, studded with real jewels and dependent from a jeweled frame; but less expensive models are lovely and not so keen a source of sorrow if lost.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Woman and the Bootblack.

"This chair reserved for ladies." Is the sign that a west side bootblack has stuck over one of his seven chairs. The sign attracts attention but not nearly so much as the member of the gentler sex who has the courage to climb to the elevated perch to have her boots cleaned and dressed. The matinee girl seems to be the greatest patron of the reserved chair, and she is seemingly unabashed as men and boys half a dozen deep look up the sidewalk and stare. This gaping crowd is the arch enemy of the boss bootblack, who realizes that his fair customers invariably fall to come back after being stared at in this way. "The sign is all right, but I'm afraid the chair is a little ahead of the times," said the bootblack. "The row woman is a great and glorious institution that has come to stay seemingly. She'll fight for her club, her theatre tickets, her political rights, her reserved seats in the restaurant and even her right to pick her husband's typewriter, but when it comes to sitting down at a corner shoestand to have her books looked after she balks worse than the mare that David Harum sold the deacon. The new woman can't stand being placed upon an elevated chair and stared at as a museum freak. Her courage is not screwed up to that point. At least not yet."—New York Sun.

Edward VII and Harriet Lane.

"During the Prince of Wales's stay in Washington (upon the occasion of his visit to America in 1880) he was President Buchanan's guest, and occupied apartments of the executive mansion looking over Lafayette square," writes William Ferriss, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One evening when an elaborate display of fireworks was given in his honor he stood on the balcony of the White House, together with Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, amidst great cheers. When dining with his hosts he would escort Miss Lane to the table, seating himself at her right. His manner was somewhat bashful, and most public ceremonies apparently bored him. But while he was with Miss Lane and the coterie of beautiful women of her set it was noted that for the first time since he had been in this country he seemed to show the manner of a gallant young gentleman desirous of pleasing. One of the merriest mornings she had with him was at a gymnasium in Washington attached to a female seminary. On the brass rings suspended from the ceiling he swung himself one by one across the room, and the whole party laughed heartily at his pranks on the rope ladder. Then he fell to playing tennis. Miss Lane and the Prince together succeeded in conquering Mrs. Thompson and the Duke of Newcastle; it was next the turn of the victors to play against each other, and Harriet who was one of the most robust girls of the day, speedily outbowed the Prince and put his muscle to shame."

A Means of Livelihood.

There is a great deal to be said for poultry raising, both as a means of livelihood and as a pleasurable occupation, especially for a woman who lives out of but adjacent to the city. If she be not of very robust health this occupation may be the means of making her well and strong, for it means an open-air existence to her.

As a business investment, very little capital will bring excellent returns. A woman is more fitted for this variety of work than a man, for, though she may lack physical strength, there are the many little essentials—carefulness, tender treatment, thrift and attention—which are the backbone of success in poultry raising, which she alone is capable of handling.

As an investment, besides the raising of poultry for the market, the eggs are to be considered. It is better for the beginner to attend to but one branch of this work, and which branch will prove the more remunerative, depends upon one's market. To raise poultry one must be in close proximity to a city, but that is not so absolutely necessary if eggs alone figure in one's investment, for these may be shipped.

As to the fowls themselves, purebred or first-cross fowls are better layers than the average barnyard birds, and very little more expense is entailed in stocking a place with such. Of the non-setters, leghorns are the best layers. Wyandottes are also good layers and moderately good setters, and both the Plymouth and rocks are excellent birds. Cochins and brahmas are very disappointing. It is not necessary for the amateur poultry farmer to lay in a large number of birds. A few birds of good laying strain, and with eggs from these hatched for the following season, will be all that is necessary. Give the birds plenty of room and liberty and keep their nest runs clean and they will thrive.—American Queen.



Panne frieze is a new material that is supple but has a rough surface.

Hairpins with jeweled heads are one of the novelties for hair decoration.

The latest French coiffure shows the hair coiled low on the nape of the neck.

French silver buckles are very stylish and compete in popularity with the large turquoise buckles.

White pique gowns are strapped with bands of white suede cloth by way of novelty rather than for practical use.

The new velvety displays gold spots, which is a pretty fashion, but not one that is likely to be approved of by the oculist.

L'Algen stockings are the latest. Silk stockings, of course, with yellow gages in a line running up over the instep, and on either side of them violets.

Gay little low shoes have red heels, the front part of the shoe, in which the eyelid holes for the lacings are set, being red and the lacings light drab silk.

Mourning purses or pocketbooks—unfortunate misnomer—comes in black leather finished with gun metal, the design simple and having only a fine beading at the edge.

Handsome flowered silks are made with a satin selvedge about half an inch wide in a contrasting shade. The stripe is really too pretty to lose and some modistes manage to utilize it in the costume some way.

The thin lace is so much more satisfactory, says the women who consider a gown a real work of art. "I like the delicate texture," says one, "and it has more the effect of real lace."

The latest shirtwaist sets show studs with single stones set in gold with the finest of safety pins, also with the same stone to fasten the stock collar in the back and front.