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One Niewiedomski, a Polish revolutionist, has been apprehended in Warsaw. It is understood that the door slammed on his name while he was dragging it out the back way.

Dr. Shradly gives out the opinion that the number of suicides increases with advancing civilization. One wonders if this would be so were the civilization really what it purports to be.

When the eminent Western men of the next generation sit down to make up a list of "Books That Have Helped Me" they will surely mention the check-books of Rockefeller and Pearsons.

A Chicago justice of the peace has sentenced a young man to save \$100. The youth was arrested for playing base ball in the public street and for the added misdemeanor of advising a police officer who objected to go and jump in the river. As the lad was playing during business hours the magistrate shrewdly opined that he was an idler, and hence the sentence. The culprit is to report at stated intervals and exhibit his savings bank account, sentence to be suspended as long as he shows reasonable progress toward the accumulation of \$100. The sentence is a novelty in petty criminal jurisprudence, but it may be the salvation of the young man. It will be better for him than a workhouse sentence, at least, comments the Minneapolis Times.

"Graduated, but not present," was the suggestive announcement made concerning the class of 1901 at a well-known institution of higher learning. A majority of the class did not appear at commencement, though their names were called and their degrees were conferred. The case was extraordinary, but the explanation was simple and satisfactory. The services of the young men had been sought and engaged by business men so urgently that the president of the institution had given the students permission to leave school and go to work in advance of actual graduation. Their courses of study were satisfactorily completed and their examinations passed, and it was thought to be not worth while to keep them away from the industries which needed them for so long as even the few days yet remaining before the formal close of the academic year.

**Professor Rice and His Obliging Guest.**

Professor Rice is a leading chemist of Sydney, New South Wales. One day he was visited by a friend, who found him examining a dark brown substance spread on paper. "I say, would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue?" My taste has become so vitiated by tasting all sorts of things.

"Certainly," responded the over-accommodating visitor, holding out his tongue.

The professor took up a little of the substance under analysis and placed it on the other's tongue. The latter worked it around for fully a minute, tasting it much as he would a fine confection.

"Note any effect?" inquired the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as the dickens."

"Hem-m; all right."

"What is it?" inquired the visitor.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Some one has been poisoning horses with it."

"Timothy Dwight."

"An acquaintance of the professor of Freeland, who has ridden with me from the looking committee of the Tribune to the printing office."

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I.  
Little one, my little one,  
When first you walked alone,  
With eager trust you kept your hands  
Held out to grasp my own—  
Toward me was bent each step you took,  
And by your anxious, pleading look  
Your faith was sweetly shown.

II.  
Little one, my little one,  
Since you are larger grown,  
Forgetting to depend on me,  
You run about alone—  
Yet when your little troubles rise  
Ah, you return with tearful eyes,  
And my protection own.

III.  
Little one, my little one,  
In weakness I am prone  
To crave His guidance, to depend  
Upon His love alone—  
But when my step grows firm I let  
My faith lie sleeping and forget  
All glory save my own.

IV.  
Little one, my little one,  
Your childish ways have shown  
That I am weak, that I am still  
A child, though larger grown;  
In weal I boldly cope with men,  
In woe I turn to Him again,  
Afraid to walk alone.

S. E. Kiser.



**Journal of a Contented Woman.**

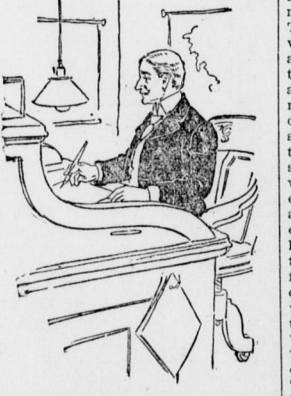
BY SARAH ROGERS.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
November 1—I have decided today to become contented, whatever my earthly lot. I have been so discontented lately that any change will be welcome. And has not Shakespeare said: My crown is in my heart, not on my head; Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones, Nor to be seen—my crown is call'd content.  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.  
So I am going to be contented and wear my unseen crown upon my heart, knowing that few kings enjoy a like privilege.  
Fate has made me the only relative

market, as Tom is certainly the very dearest fellow in the world, even though I say I should not have selected him for a brother if I were ordering one. Nor would I have chosen Orton as a place of residence, preferring rather to reside at Cambridge with my presidential brother.

Orton is a mass of factory chimneys which spell out the word commerce every day in the week except Sunday. I have never seen Cambridge, but I imagine it a cloistered, ivy-clad colony of ancient buildings faithfully guarding all the traditions of culture.

And so here is the problem which Destiny has set me, and which I can solve only by putting my invisible crown firmly on my heart.

Orton has one salient advantage; being given over to commerce, it is commercially situated; it is a seaport town. There is a distinct profit for a person who loves sunsets and moon-rises; for a bit out of the town where the factories have not yet penetrated there is a superb stretch between the salt meadows and the sea. One can walk directly into the very heart of the sunset—the changing, mysterious heart of the sunset, which has always had a strange fascination for me. What a wonderful picture I saw there the other evening as I took my solitary stroll along the "loud-sounding" sea! It was extreme low tide, and the sand flats lay in long, dark-brown reaches amidst tranquil pools of water which reflected faithfully the thousand brilliant colors of the west. Far out at sea the waves were breaking in a white line against the dark, sharp lines of the sand. A wholesome tang of salt was in the air, which blew in freshly across the wide expanse of delicate sapphire-tinted sea. The sun had disappeared behind a bank or rose-colored cloud, and no words of mine can express the glorious symphony of golds and purples and scarlets and pale-green and radiant blues, which changed and deepened and brightened in the sky, and threw itself deep down into the peaceful beauty of the salt pools, among the long stretches of black sand. Such things must be seen to be appreciated, but no one can look upon such divine loveliness without becoming a better man, I felt as if I had been in church and had heard the angels singing. When the last triumphant note of color had died away in the deep sky and night was settling down tranquilly over the sea and the meadows, I turned back again toward Orton with a feeling that my crown was very firmly lodged upon my



**A well-groomed, ordinary business man.**

of a business brother. Now at the very start in order to explain, if not justify my discontent, this is not in the least what I should have apportioned for myself. I am not even determined that I should have selected a brother as a solitary relative, but if I had, he should have been a distinguished, university bred person, cultured to his finger-tips and president of Harvard, no less, and given to entertaining the greatest literatures of the day. What Destiny has chosen for me in the shape of Tom is a handsome, well-groomed, ordinary business man, devoted to the manufacture of silver-plated tableware. The Creighton knives and spoons and forks are the best in the

**A LASTING GAME.**

They watched 'em playin' checkers in the summer, fall an' spring, Bill Boggs, Wes, Jones, Nevt, Lane, III Smith, an' Jason Fox, I jing! I know 'em all jes' like a book, they're players good an' strong! On 'special occasions' they've been known to play the whul night long. They gather at the grocery as regular as clocks. On evenin's in winter, an' they pick 'em out a box. High enough to lay the board on. Then wise-heads begin to pore. O'er the mystic game o' checkers there in Silas Johnson's store.



The "loud-sounding sea." thoughts? Not one of my beloved ideas would they adopt, and as I looked at the thousand dancing little tongues of flame I seemed to see the toil and sorrow and loss of all those who were less fortunate than I, but who would never know it, and the lust for gold seemed to write itself all over the sky in those flickering flames, and to cry down the glorious wonder of the great sun which had set. I felt of my crown in order to make quite certain that it was still in my heart, and then I fell into line between the rows of prosaic houses and went prosaically home to dinner. It is so much easier to be prosaic when the sun has gone down and darkness is upon the land, so I was not so shocked as I might have been when Tom told me triumphantly that the silver business was booming awfully, and that an order for three thousand spoons had just come in from Chicago.

**Japs Find a New Island.**

According to the Japan Times a new island has been discovered in the Sea of Japan. From a statement appearing in the Nichi Nichi it appears that the island is situated at a point between Ul-long-do Island, off Korea, and the Oki Archipelago, off the coasts of the San-in-do, the distance from either sea being 30 miles. No maps ever published contain any reference to the island, which is reported to be about two miles in length and about the same in breadth. It was about a year or two ago that the island was first discovered by a fisherman of Kyushu, who found the waters in its neighborhood full of sea horses.

**New England Famous for Tobacco.**

There are in the United States 700,000 acres of land devoted to tobacco, of which 1,000 acres are in New England. The annual yield of all kinds in the country is about 500,000,000 pounds, of which New England raises 19,000,000. The average yield per acre throughout the country is 700 pounds, but in New England it is 1,700 pounds. It is interesting that all the tobacco raised in the country belongs to two or three botanical species, yet there are more than sixty varieties grown commercially—all of them quite distinct in shape, color and quality of leaf.—Harper's Weekly.

**The Cocoa Bean.**

According to a government publication, the cocoa bean from which chocolate is manufactured is produced in its finest form in the republic of Venezuela, though various other parts of Central and South America grow and export large quantities. Two crops of the bean are gathered each year, and the manufacture consists simply in grinding up the beans into a meal and then adding sugar and arrowroot, with the necessary flavor—generally vanilla or cinnamon. The mass is then moistened until it is in a semi-fluid state, after which it is run into molds of the proper shape.

**Balloon Goes Up 38,000 Feet.**

Teisserene de Bort, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—73 degrees centigrade, or 97.6 degrees Fahrenheit. The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 38,000 feet.

**Has Many Christian Names.**

The Duchess of Cornwall is blessed with a liberal assortment of Christian names, eight in all. Should she eventually share the British throne she can select from the following: Augustine, Louise, Olga, Pauline, Claudine and Agnes.

Mr. Reginald de Koven has completed the score for "The Daughters De-lightful," a piece for which Mr. George V. Hobart has written the libretto.

**MEN WHO OPEN SAFES.**

They Are Not Burglars, but No Lock Can Keep Them Out.

"When any one of the manufacturers gets out a new type of safe," said a veteran agent, "he can always be certain of half a dozen customers who will fairly tumble over one another in their eagerness to purchase. Strange to say, they are not men who are in need of safes; on the contrary, they have safes to burn. They are his business rivals, who are anxious to lose no time in putting their skilled mechanics to work unravelling the secrets of the new mechanism.



"The truth should not be spoken at all times." Don't worry; it isn't.—Brooklyn Life.  
The smallest microbe has a tail—at least, so it is said; Let's hope he wags it gratefully Whenever he is fed.—Chicago Record-Herald.  
Caller—"Now, my little man, what is your parents' genealogical chart for?" Bright Boy—"To hide a tear in the parlor paper, sir."—Philadelphia Record.  
Molly—"My little sister's got measles." Jimmie—"Oh! So has mine." Molly—"Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has."—Tit-Bits.  
"Wouldn't you like to be an author?" "Oh, it takes too long to become an author; but, say, I wouldn't mind being a literary fad for a while."—Chicago Record-Herald.  
"Well, what do you think of things?" asked one fly of another. "I," replied the other fly, "am in favor of the open door and the screenless window."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.  
An easy going fellow with plenty of cash, she found him a very good catch. Whenever she asks him for pin-money now He has to come up to the scratch.—Philadelphia Record.  
"Great Scott!" exclaimed Starboard, as they turned the corner; "the boarding-house is a-fire." "Let's hurry," suggested Port; "maybe we'll get something warm."—Philadelphia Record.  
Weary Waggle—"Dey ain't no sich a ting es hydrophobia." Willie Wont-work—"Aw, I'm on ter youse; youse wants me ter tackle de houses where dey got dogs, don't yer?"—Ohio State Journal.

Frank—"Hello, Charley! Wonder what Dick's doing nowadays?" Charley—"Guess he's in the horticultural business; he's always talking about the daisies on his street."—Boston Transcript.

Author—"I am troubled with insomnia. I lie awake at night, hour after hour, thinking about my literary work." Friend—"Why don't you get up and read portions of it?"—Town and Country.

It was 1 a. m. "Well, young man," said his indignant mother, "what have you to say for yourself?" "Mother," he mildly replied, "as there is a great deal to be said, I think I'll let you say it for me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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**How Altitudes Affect People.**

"Altitudes affect people in many ways," said a western railroad man, who nearly every day crosses a portion of the line of that road in Wyoming, where the altitude is over 8000 feet. "We seldom have any serious cases," he continued, "but we often have our hands full. Men and women faint on getting too high in the air, and we have to work with them pretty hard. They turn blue, bleed at the nose and gasp for breath. Our usual plan is to dash cold water in the faces of the victims and rub their arms, feet and hands. Occasionally the altitude affects a man's mind. The other day we had a school teacher get on with us. As we climbed higher and higher he began to act strangely. Soon he was in the baggage car talking strangely and declaring that a man was trying to kill him. We worked with him to the best of our ability, and thought he had partly recovered. At Green River, Wyo., he got off the train as if to get a breath of fresh air, but as he appeared to have returned to full possession of his mind the conductor and others of the train crew didn't watch him. They missed him when the train had gone eastward some distance and sent word back by wire to look out for the fellow. By the time the telegram reached the town, however, the man had gone off to Green river, jumped in and drowned himself. All this came about because the altitude had made the man light-headed, and he was not responsible for his actions."—Washington Star.

**Not on the Program.**

From Michigan comes the story of a man who stopped at a newspaper office on his way to a theatre and placed an advertisement for a boy. Half an hour later one fell from the gallery into his lap.—New York Mail and Express.