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The south produces as much iron as France and more than 35 percent of the iron of either Germany or England.

The Czar of Russia has named his infant daughter Anastasia. That's a mean way of getting even with her for not being a boy.

Co: is found over wide areas in India, and is being rapidly exploited. Last year there was an increase in production of 40 percent and exportation has now begun.

A very rich man in New York City copied his will from an instrument that had stood the test in court, and then secured the assurance of eminent authorities that it would hold. Nevertheless the lawyers have hopes.

A large emigration of peasants from southern Russia to eastern Siberia is noted as one of the results of the opening of the Transsiberian railway Dur-ing the first three months of the current year about 3000 emigrants sailed thence from Odessa.

About a year ago the Hawaiian gov ernment undertook to burn up some plague infected buildings, and in so doing set fire to the local Chinatown, thus sewing the seed of a crop of claims now nearly ready for harvesting A million and a half was apropriated to meet them, but they already exceed \$5,000,000 and are still coming in. It is a new role for John Chinaman to appear in, but as a debutant it is not to be denied that he shows considerable talent.

This is largely, perhaps essentially, an ultilitarian age, but that is no rea-son why the esthetic and beautiful should be ignored in government buildings and parks. Very recently Mr. Frederic Harrison, one of the leading English men of letters, visited Washington and spoke in high terms of the beautics of the cap-ital of its possibilities in the future. Europeans who come to the United States and visit Washington compare it most favorably with the capitals of the old world. The United States is the youngest of the great powers in the world, but it is not too young to make its capital city take rank in architectural beauty with those nations which were well advanced in years before this republic was born

Invention has done a vast deal to better the condition of the farmer, but comparatively little for the farmer's wife. Indeed, the very multiplication of the possibilities for employ-ing men in great numbers on a single holding, through the development of improved implements and machinery, has seemed only to render heavier the load which the head of the domes. tic establishment must carry. A Kansas man has at last devised a scheme for diminishing the labor of the farmer's wife. His plan is to introduce bakeries and steam laundries in wellpopulated neighborhoods, so that, when the harvest season calls for a great increase in the number of men employed in the fields, they may be fed and cared for without the strain upon the women in the household that is now involved. The projector berun successfully by the farmers on the co-operative basis, and this should make the men all the readier to try an experiment which the women must certainly welcome.

The government distributes \$1,200,-0 Marly among agricultural col-

The University of Michigan is to teach shipbuilding.

The day is done—this peaceful day
Recedes, to merge within the vist
Gray banks of the mist that stretch away
Across the oceans of the past;
But though it dies this day has brought
And given to the world some gains,
To grace and glorify somewhat
As long as man remains.

The past has been that I may stand
Here gazing at the crimson sky
Aslant above the fruitful land
Whereon the mellow shadows lie;
The troubled ages that are gone
Had ghastly woes that I might see
This promise of fair days to dawn
For all the world and me.
For all the world and me.

nnd a husband this year.
I am six and twenty and
it's getting serious."
I'my dear Rachel, I will do anything
in my power to help you, but I have
suggested every one I know who is at
all likely to suit you."
'Young men whose prespects are le

all likely to suit you."

"Young men whose prospects are in the dim future or who have no prospects at all. I am obliged to you. And some of them were very pleasant, but I have told you before, that kind of man simply won't do."

"I don't think you are asking too much," said Mrs. Challinor, looking at her friend reflectively. "You are good looking, you dress well, have plenty of go. To tell the truth, I have never been able to understand why you have not infarried long ago."

"I don't know, either," said Rachel, rather savagely. "I felt very low down this morning and almost made up my mind to write to Stead."

"Yos Stead." echoed Mrs. Challinor, rather helplessly.

"Yes; he seems able to do anything and to help every one. I thought of sending him my photograph, stating my case and asking him to try to find some one for me. Do you think it was a very wild idea?" trying to read her friend's averted face.

"Well. I think it was, rather. It would be wiser not to do that kind of thing. When you are married, you know," she went on, careful to consider Rachel's feelings, "you might meet Stead, or some one else might see your photograph, and very unpleasant results might follow. Your husband when he had a letter from him on that. When he is my husband he may be in as many rages as he likes. You know, Agatha, it is quite natural for a girl to want to marry. I don't want a husband just for the name or to show him off to my friends, but I want to begin to enjoy myself; to have a better dressmaker and to go al out and have a good time generally."

"I see," rejoined Mrs. Challinor, "and now I come to think of it, I do know of some one else. Our neighbor, Mr. Benn, is coming home to-morrow. Frank told me last night; he had a letter from him on business. He is middle-aged, he abediev and rich. Do you think you would care to try tor him?"

"Benn!" "peated Rache! "I don't want for he many for the name or to the room of the peated and rich. To you think you would care to try to him?"

"Benn!" repeated Rachel; "I don't care much for the name 'Rachel Benn!"
I can't say it sounds attractive. And middle-aged; but rich and a bachelor, so that I could train him in my own ways from the beginning. The pros and cons seem about equally balanced. I would not mind just seeing him, if you would be so kind as to arrange it. You see, marriage is of such importance to a girl."
"Certainly." said Mrs. Challinor: "he

"Certainly," said Mrs. Challinor; "he shall dine with us at the earliest opportunity."

portunity."

There were no other guests on the evening Mr. Benn dined with them.

Mrs. Challinor intended Rachel to shine alone, and shine she did. Her dress was most becoming, she was looking her best, and the little feeling of nervousness she had gave her more than her usual brightness of speech and manner. She talked much to Mr. Benn, but, though he listened and answered politely, he made no special effort to talk to her, nor, as Mr. Challing the she was the special effort to talk to her, nor, as Mr. Challing to the she was a faterward, did he effort to talk to her, nor, as Mr. Chal-linor told his wife afterward, did he show any impatience to join her in the drawing room after dinner. Dur-ing the evening she sang and played, but he seemed rather bored than any-thing else and said, a little callously, that he did not care for any music ex-cept "Home, Sweet Home," and "God Save the Queen," and of those he was not sure which was which until he saw if the people stood up or remained seated. Rachel, who, having under-stood from Mrs. Challinor that he had some knowledge of music, had spent seated. Rachel, who, having understood from Mrs. Challinor that he had some knowledge of music, had spent all the morning practicing "Across the Far Blue Hills, Marie," "They Played in a Beautiful Garden," and other songs of a like nature, felt a little ruffed in temper that her work had been thrown away. "Songs Without Words" and melodies of Schubert met with no better success. He thanked her civilly at the end of each and at once relapsed into business or political talk with Mr. Challinor, evidently thinking the ladles might be left to themselves. At the end of the evening she felt disappointed and out of spirits. She had shone her brightest and her rays had not warmed him in the least; he had stayed no later than usual and on shaking hands with her he had said no more than the conventional and meaningless things about laving been pleased to meet her. They saw one another often after that; Mrs. Challinor had no difficulty in bringing them together. Rachel was paying her a long visit and Mr. Benn had always been fond of coming to her house. No other guest was ever there to dispute the ground; Rachel had things all her own way and yet very little progress seemed to be made. One after another she had displayed her various accomplishments, but had received nothing more appreciative than the remark that she seemed to be a very elect young lady. Mrs. Challinor had no ceasion for 'ver friend to show her try an main main man the convention of more than the convention of the conventio

T any cost, Agatha, I must | natural sweetness of temper. That had find a husband this year. | certainly seemed to impress Mr. Benn ertainly seemed to impress Mr. Benn nore than anything else; but when eeople are visiting friends and work-ing to make a good impression on an equalitance, sweetness of temper is upposed to be their unavoidable frame mind and effective tests cannot be

rranged every day.
"How do you think you are getting
a, dear?" asked Mrs. Challinor one

"What do you suppose a perfect stranger would think who was to see us together in your drawing room any

"That is rather an unreasonable testion. How can I put myself in the position of a perfect stranger?" "You don't want to hurt my feelings.

"You don't want to hurt my feelings. Both of us know perfectly well that Mr. Benn and I are not getting on at all. We are good friends and that is the beginning and end of it. He is decidedly heavy, and he thinks I dabble in a lot of things and do none well. I think I shall have to play my final card and show my greatest accomplishment or all and I don't believe you would ever guess what it is."
"For goodness' sake, don't ask me to guess. I never could guess even the herring and a haif for three half pence fiddle. It's a mystery to me yet. Tell me at once."

herring and a haif for three half pence riddle. It's a mystery to me yet. Tell me at once."

Rachel told her secret in a whisper. "What!" shouted Mrs. Challinor, "why on earth did you not say so at first? You might have been Rachel Benn now. He is always in difficulties with his servants—he is in difficulties with his servants—he is a difficulties now. He was telling me about it last evening while you were playing that wedding march from Lohengrin. When did you learn?"

"Last year, when I began to grow desperate. I did it on purpose and worked very hard. I thought it might be my most deadly weapon sometime. I kept it to the last, because when a man of Mr. Benn's stamp knows his wife can cook he generally expects her to live in the kitchen and to read nothing but cookery books. So I wanted to show I could do other things as well and was not a mere domestic drudge. I hoped to succeed without bringing it in at all, but I'm afraid I must."

"My dear, your fortune is made.

must."

"My dear, your fortune is made.

How very sensible you are! It is a

pity other girls don't do the same
thing. You must promise new to put
yourself in my hands. I will see you
don't fail."

yourself in my hands. I will see you don't fail."

She summoned Mr. Benn that evening and asked him if his domestic difficulties were at an end."

"Alas, no," he said. "I am in choos. The housemaid won't stay and the housekeeper won't go. She says she knows a good place when she finds one and she is not going to leave me to myself. In the meantime she cooks abominably. I have not had a comfortable meal in my own house for nearly a fortnight and her extravagance is beyond all bounds. Her weekly bills simply make my hair stand on end."
"I think I can help you. I heard of

stand on end."
"I think I can help you. I heard of a housekeeper the other day who, I believe would just suit you. If you will get rid of yours or give me authority to do so I will see if I can get the person. I such of the comm."

get rid of yours or give me authority to do so I will see if I can get the person I spoke of to come."

He thanked her profusely, agreed to everything she proposed and left the matter in her hands.

She was at his house when he came home on the following evening.

"Mrs. Jones has gone," she sald. "I have persuaded the housemaid to stay and I have interviewed the househeeper I told you of. She is willing to come but cannot do so until to-morrow. I could not persuade cook to do anything for you, but she has very kindly allowed the kitchen maid to come down and she is getting dinner for you now. Cook has not much opinion of her, but I hope she will be able to manage something."

The dinner was uneatable and poor Mr. Benn almost cried with disgust during the evening. He went up to the Challinors before bedtime and they sympathized with him. It appeared the new housekeeper had premised to come in plenty of time to cook the dimer the next evening and she had the very highest credeatials. Rachel sang "Home, Sweet Home," and looked very pretty. If Mr. Benn's mind had only been free from those miscrable domestic worries he could not have failed to see how exceedingly charming she was.

Mrs. Challinor met him at his own

sion and the housekeeper would pack up and go. Such breakfasts and dinsion and the housekeeper would pack up and go. Such breakfasts and din-ners, such light, savory suppers he had hitherto only dreamed about. A rum-or reached him that she intended to stay only a month, and he determined to see her and hear upon what terms she would consent to remain. She must be secured, cost what it might. Without any warning he penetrated

she would consent to remain. She must be secured, cost what it might. Without any warning he penetrated into the kitchen one day a little before dinner time, and discovered Rachel in full activity. An explanation followed on both sides, and the question of the housekeeper remaining was satisfactorily settled.

They were married almost at once, though how they got on afterward I can't pretend to say. When people are determined to have what they want, cost what it may, they must be prepared to run some risks.—Waverley Magazine.

LIVE-WIRE FISHING. Every Fish That Gets Within Ten Feet of the Net is Caught.

the Net is Caught.

It is "positively shecking" the way
they are catching fish at the plant of
the St. Anthony Falls Water Power
Company. This, too, in face of a large
sign on which is inscribed in plain letters: "No Fishing Allowed; Keep Off."
But, then, only the immedate attaches
of the nower house are privileged. of the power house are privileged.

The electricians have become

The electricians have become so used to working wonders by electricity—such a miracle, for instance, as running the street railways of two

issed to working wonders by electricity—such a miracle, for instance, as running the street railways of two cities without scarcely having to turn a hand themselves—that they are in the habit of calling the mysterious fluid to their assistance whenever it is convenient to do so.

They started out early in the season, which did not open until Wednesday, to fish in the legitimate way, but failing to get any fish to speak of by hook, they determined to catch them, if possible, by crook—to electrocute them.

Since then fish have responded with such wonderful alacrity to the novel bait that a few minutes' sport will give the new fisherman "a nice mess." The sight would bring tears to the eyes of like Walton, who believed "art for art's sake," who accounted it a more creditable performance to catch one fish an hour by patient, painstaking, philosophic endeavor, than to slaughter the finny tribe on the wholesale plan in short order.

At the power house they take a good live wire, properly insulated, where the angler holds it, and stick the same into the water. Water is a good conductor, as everybody knows, and every time a fish comes within ten or twelve feet of the centre of disturbance he is conducted to the surface. He is not dead—he is simply shocked into insensibility by his sensational reception, and if left to his own resources would soon be himself again. But the cruel man on the ledge of masorry which juts out into the river around the power house, through which the toff race comes pouring reaches deftiy into the water and scoops up the unfortunate fish with a net.

secops up the unfortunate fish with a net.

Perch, shiners, bullheads, crapples and an occasional sturgeon are caught in this way. One of the electricians who was directing the mighty machinery which generates 10,000 horse power, said that he had caught a sturgeon early in the spring which weighed twenty pounds. He said that an ordinary current of electricity was strong enough to bring the most obstroperous fish to the surface in most cases. He had to hand the sturgeon considerably more than the average before he could make him "lie still and be quiet."

Sometimes a simple fron plate with

metimes a simple fron plate with Sometimes a simple from plate with electrical connections is used. It is hung over the side of the wall into the river, and does the work as effectually as the wire apparatus. The indoes not specifically forbid electric fishing, but Game Warden Fullerion is going to see if the power house sport earl't be stopped. — Minneapolis Journal.

What a Boy Did in One Week.

Monday—Had to dig bait for dad to
o a-fishin'. He fished all day, and
wo men brought him home 'bout super time.

two men brought him home 'bout supper time.

Tuesday—Club a tree to get a bird's nest, an' fell out o' the tree on to the back of a mule that wuz grazin' under it. The mule didn't like that, an' throwed me up into the tree again.

Wednesday—Proposed to Jimmie Johnson's sister. Asked her to Fly with Me. Her mother heard me, an' give me such a lickin' with a shingle that I fewed by myself, an' don't feel that I fewed by myself, an' don't feel tree enough to sit down to-day.

Thursday—Fell into a molasses barrel, which wuz only half full. Though we all have our Troubles and Sorrows, I must say that life is Sweet to me.

ceived a Prison Warden and Texas Of-ficial—Detected by a Clerk—Capture of the Forger—Sent to the Penitentiary For Life, While His Partner is at Large

Deceived a Prison Warden and Texas Official—Detected by a Cierk—Capture of
the Forger—Sent to the Penitentiary
For Life, While His Partner is at Large
Attorneys for William J. Dent, who
is serving a life term in the Texas
State Penitentiary, have lost their appeal to the Court of Criminal Appeals,
and announce their determination to
take the case to the United States Supreme Court. His attorneys contend
that he is enduring cruel and unusual
punishment for an act which is covered by no law in the Texas code.

Dent is a swindler of national fame.
He has left a train of forgeries from
the Canadian border to Mexico. But
it is for none of these offenses that he
is in prison. He forged a pardon 1ter for a friend and former partner.
He fooled a Governor, a Secretary of
State, an Attorney-General and the
warden of a penitentiary. He won in
his plot and discounted every move of
the officials. But one trifling detail
was overlooked that led to his capture.
He bought a typewriter, without paying for it, to assist him in his forgery,
but did not get a new-style machine
instead of an old style. The letters
were slightly different, and that is why
Dent's plot was exposed.

Dent's partner, for whose liberty he
plotted, was George Isaacs, a country
store keeper, who killed Sheriff McGhee, of Hemphill County, Texas,
Isaacs was sent to the Texas State
Penitentiary for life in 1898. Isaac's
partner, W. J. Dent, went to the same
penitentiary in 1895 for forgery,
Dent's term was five years. He was
discharged from the penitentiary, in
which he had been an exemplary prisoner, in August, 1890.

One month later, a man who said
his name was Jackson walked into the
Governor's office in Austin, Tex., and
asked for particulars concerning the
application for the pardon of one
Clark, sentenced for horse-stealing.
The clerk told Jackson all pardon papers were kept in the office of the Secretary of State. Jackson walk dinto the
Governor's office in Austin, Tex., and
asked for particulars concerning the
application for the p

fusely.

the afternoon in the office. He was courteous and thanked the clerks profusely.

Three weeks later he came into the office again and recalled the circumstances of his former visit. He produced several papers, said he wanted to send them to the warden of the penitentiary as bearing on the case of horse-stealer Clark, and asked for an official envelope to forward them in. The clerk gave him the envelope, and after more compliments and thanks Jackson left:

Next morning the warden of the penitentiary received a full and free pardon for George Isaacs, sentenced for life for killing Sheriff McGhee, The signature of the Governor and the other State officials were genuine. The impress of the great seal was authentic. The pardon was in correct form and of a regular pardon blank. There was a nently typewritten summary of the reasons why Isaacs had been pardoned. Everything was so correct, apparently, that Isaacs was called to the warden's office, told of his good fortune and set free.

The warden sent the usual acknowledgement of the receipt to the Governor. In due course the report of the warden to the Governor was made. In it the pardon of George Isaacs was mentioned. The Governor scratched his head. He could not remember pardoning Isaacs. He called up the Sceretary of State. That official knew nothing about it. Then he sent for the warden. He came and brought the pardon with him. In his hurry Isaacs had left it behind. The document was apparently genulne in every detail. The State officials examined it with a microscope, but could find no ment was apparently genuine in every detail. The State officials examined it with a microscope, but could find no flaws. They were dumbfounded.

"Why did you not send an acknowledgement of this?" demanded the Gove

ernor, fiercely.
"I did," replied the warden. "I sent

it on the next morning."

The officials of the State of Texas sat around in blank amazement. Then

HE FORGED A PARDON | he was released he made the visit to Austin under the name of Jackson, familiarized himself with pardon forms, fixed over the Walker pardon, changed the names and number and sent it to the penitentiary in the official —Detected by a Clerk—Capture of the Forger—Sent to the Penitentiary to the peline part of the property of the peline part of the peritent part of the property of the peline part of the peritent par the warden would mail, and that is how he and his friend Isaacs had so long a start.—New York World.

long a start.—New York World.

Not So Very Hard.

An old army surgeon who was fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his own expense, was one day at a mess when a wag remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary delinquencies of some of the officers appointed from civil life: "Doctor, are you acquainted with Captain G?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor. "But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the officer, "I have just received a letter from him, and I wager you that you cannot tell in five guesses how he spells cat."

"Done," said the doctor; "It's a wager."

wager."
"Well, commence guessing," said

the officer.
"K-a-double-t."

"No." "C-a-t-e."

"No, try again."
"K-a-t-e."

"K-a-t-e."
"No, you've missed it again."
"Well,then." returned the doctor,
"c-a-double-t."
"No, that's not the way; try once
more, it's your last guess."
"C-a-g-t."
"No," said the wag, "that's not the
way; you've lost the bet."
"Well," said the doctor, with some
petulance of manner, "how does he
spell it?"
"Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the 'Why, he spells it c-a-t," replied the wag with the utmost gravity, amid the roars of the mess; and, almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang

to his feet, exclaiming: "Gentlemen, I. am too old to be trifled with in this manner."—Chicago

Tribune.

Comforts of the Steerage.

The prevailing idea of the steerage of an ocean steamer is a mass of uncomfortable people, men, women and babes, packed in as closely as they can stand, cooking their own food, sleeping wherever they can find a place to lie down on the deck, and living like pigs or other animals in a foul atmosphere. That used to be the case, but on the big, modern Atlantic liners the accommodations in the steerage are much more comfortable and cleanly and healthful than the people who occupy them are accustomed to at home. Not only legislation, but competition among the different companies, has accomplished great reforms in this direction. The sanitary arrangements are perfect. The methods of artificial ventilation, by which foul air is forced out and pure air is forced in, keeps them clean and sweet, and methods of construction have been adopted so that this can be done with a minimum of labor.

The bunks are made of iron piping, the mattresses are of woven bands of Iron, which yield to the body like ordinary bedsprings; each passenger, instead of bringing his own bedding, as was formerly the practice, is given a sufficient number of clean blankels and a pillow. There are bathrooms and lavatory accommodations, which are purified by well-known processes. The sexes are separated; the men sleep in one section and the women in another, and each sex has its own separate accommodations.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Locast Porridge.

The every day life of a Basuto vil-

Locust Porridge.

The every day life of a Basuto village is a very simple affair when compared with the life of a British village is a very simple affair when compared with the life of a British village. Take, for instance, the food supply. Porridge is made of mealles, and thickened and flavored with sour milk (maft) or herbs, and it is seldom that a Mosuto—Basuto in the singular becomes Mosuto—comes to his meal leaving his appetite behind him. Another standard dish is locust porridge, a plentiful supply being kept up by the constant showers of locusts, which are veritable godsends to the natives in a country where food is very scarce. The Basuto collect tous and tons of these insects, and carefully store them, first pulling off the heads and wings. As occasion requires, they place quantities in large pots and boil them until soft and pulpy, flavoring the porridge with fat, and making it savory with salt. The locust to an unprejudiced European is not unpalatable, closely resembling the shrimp in taste, though scarcely so nice. Greatly as the Mosuto appreciates stewed locust, he likes still better the young green maize stewed and served with melted butter, and certainly not the most fastidious could desire a more delicious food.—Chambers's Journal. it on the next morning."

The officials of the State of Texas sat around in blank amazement. Then a clerk saw a discrepancy between two lines of typewriting. A typewriting expert said two different machines had been used. That made it clear that the document was a forgery.

Large rewards were offered for Dent and Jackson. No clew was obtained. Finally, after a year of search, a letter came from Phoenix, Ariz, from a woman who signed herself Mrs. Gray, asking if Jackson would be pardoned for his part in the pardon forgery if Isaacs were surrendered. The Governor sent an evasive reply and a detective. The detective called on Mr. Gray. He made the astounding discovery that Gray was Dent, the former convict.

Dent discussed the pardon forgery with the detective, said Dent was working for him and asked what could be done. The detective said he would communicate with the Governor. Next morning as he was on his way to see Gray, or Dent, he met that worthy on the street, valise in hand. Dent was arrested and brought back to Austin. Then the story came out.

When Dent was in prison his behavior was admirable, and he was arrested and brought back to Austin. Then the story came out.

When Dent was in prison his behavior was admirable, and he was as so everloyed at regaining his liberty that he ran for the train and left his pardon lying in his bunk. The warden found the paper there and told Dent to run after Walker and hand it to him, Dent ran out with the pardon in his hand, but did not give it to Walker. He kept it himself. When