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Talk about sending coal to New Castle! American milliners are now exporting their goods to Paris.

It is estimated that the cost of crime in the United States amounts to \$5.50 per capita of the population annually.

Insurance actuaries agree that the expectancy of life is on the increase. Of course, the next move will be to make the people pay for it.

Uncle Sam has certainly "spread some" when 20,000 miles is the shortest route by which he can tow a dry-dock from one of his island ports to another.

The dirigible balloon has been invented by a Brazilian living in France. Now what benefactor of the race will invent an automobile which will always be safely and securely dirigible?

The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says that to solve the servant girl problem domestic service must be made more attractive. It must be elevated. The foolish prejudice that debases it should be destroyed. The gulf between mistress and maid must be closed or bridged.

The Boston Herald remarks that there never was a time when the nation was so actively engaged in carrying out the earnest counsel of Washington in the Farewell address: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge."

A London paper described a children's excursion as a "long, white scream of joy," and was called to account by a correspondent, who said that a scream could be long, but not white. Whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a hue is often associated with a cry."

The United States is the greatest food-producing country of the world. Although this country represents but one-fifth of the total civilized population of the world, it produces more than one-fourth of all foodstuffs. The United States produces 74,000,000 tons of grain of a total of 229,000,000, and 4,500,000 tons of meat of a total of 15,200,000 tons. The Americans also produce a large percentage of the dairy and fishery production of the world.

There is talk of the establishment of a women's college of matrimony to be located in Chelsea, England, where the duties of a wife will become the subject of a two-year course of study. The curriculum will embrace not only the usual branches of housewifery, such as cooking, serving and laundry work, but is intended to deal with physiology and medicine as well, so that the students will receive mental discipline in connection with the manual training.

Hawaii's Lawmaker.

The Hawaiian legislature is an interesting set of men to behold. Though the majority have the rich, clear brown skin of the native, with large lustrous black eyes, there are those of the light skin and blue eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. In two prominent members already mentioned, the oriental strain shows plainly. The brown skins range from the deep chocolate of the pure Hawaiian, and some are almost as light as their white brethren beside them. The natives are dignified and carry themselves with a grace pleasant to see. As I watch them walking the streets in earnest converse, they seem like Solons indeed, with grave responsibilities on their shoulders. As they ascend the capitol steps wreathed in leis of flowers, the picturesqueness of it all comes to me, and we feel that they are quite in harmony with the bright sunshine and the tropical surroundings. A Hawaiian is never without his wealth of brilliant flowers for a hatband, and this is one of the charms of the country to a newcomer.

Express trains in Russia do not run over 22 miles an hour.

NOBILITY.

It is not that the mountains make the men, in solitary grandeur, but apart—The towering hills can but serve to start A sleeping nobleness to life again. The great-souled natures find their province when They join the rollers in the street, the mart, Their honest, rugged sturdiness of heart Kindling responsiveness unstirred till then. For such is not the narrow, limiting creed, Nor struggle to excel at others' cost—The blinking selfish strife to win who can. On them the Pharisaic cult is lost: There is to seek and help the crying need, To stir in all the majesty of man. —Frederick William Memmott, in the Springfield Republican.

A PHILOPENA WOOLING,
—OR—
Miss Harlowe's Love Story.

John Armstrong took Miss Harlowe out to dinner, and neither the dinner nor the diners received any of his attention, for it was entirely occupied by Miss Harlowe.

He could not have told what was the first course, nor what was the last, nor what had been said by the lion of the evening, Lieut. Barnum of Cuban fame; but he knew at just what drop Miss Harlowe's curling lashes looked prettiest, he knew every detail of her gown, he knew just how her brown hair turned to gold where the rays of the electric globes fell upon it.

Miss Harlowe held out a twin nut in her pretty palm. "Will you eat a philopena with me, Mr. Armstrong?" she said.

It was marvellous what a softening effect those lashes had on her brilliant eyes, one felt the difference when she looked straight at one and when she looked up from under their silken fringe. Some people said she had hard eyes. Armstrong did not think so. He bent over the small hand and took up the nut as if it were a jewel.

"I will do anything that you ask me to do," he said. "But what happens when one eats a philopena?"

"Oh, you cannot accept anything from me and I cannot accept anything from you. If one of us does and the other cries 'philopena!' the unfortunate is obliged to give a pawn."

"Those are very hard conditions, altogether unfair," said Armstrong. "Eat it!" Miss Harlowe commanded, imperiously. Then she looked down at her plate. "There is always a way to get around the hardest conditions," she said, softly.

"Phillipa carried on as usual this evening," remarked the hostess to her husband when the last guest had gone. "I declare, that girl is simply dreadful. She is the dearest, prettiest thing, but she seems to think that all men were created solely for her amusement."

Mrs. West had a tender heart, and all the evening she had carried with her the recollection of the pathetic gratitude in John Armstrong's eyes when she told him that he was assigned to Miss Harlowe. She gave an unoffending yellow soft pill one vicious dig, which might have led one to suppose that for a moment she had transformed it into Miss Harlowe's golden head. Then she gave her husband a hug and a kiss as if to atone to all men for the cruelty of all women.

"My dear," said he, "John Armstrong is able to take care of himself."

But Mrs. West knew he wasn't. Phillipa was sleeping the sleep of the just. Probably it was the sleeplessness of the unjust that John Armstrong was experiencing.

He had been warned. Other moths who had fluttered about the flame exhibited their singed wings, or expatiated on the altogether wingless condition of still more unfortunate victims. But where is the moth that was ever saved by good advice?

"She is as beautiful as a picture, and with about as much heart," said Travers.

"She is beautiful, and she has a heart to match her face," replied Armstrong. "You fellows have never been able to reach it, that's all. She isn't a woman to be lightly won, and I like her for it."

"Lightly won! Good heavens! That's just it; she doesn't want to be won; she only wants to be wooed: John, my boy, I admire your delicious self-conceit and your stubbornness, but I tell you she is just playing with you."

"I do not care to discuss Miss Harlowe any further," said Armstrong coldly. And Travers knew that he had said as much as he dared.

Phillipa sat in her drawing room, waiting for John Armstrong. She was smiling to herself as she remembered that she had told three men that she would not be at home tonight.

"He comes out of his shell when there is no one else here," she said to herself. "What a great, noble head he had! And what a will! I will tell him about the other men."

He came directly, and she welcomed him very sweetly; but as she looked in his face she saw a certain firmness about the lips and a steady light of purpose burning in his eyes, and she shivered a little. Like Travers, she knew that she had gone as far as she dared.

She became desperately gay, but Armstrong was in no mood for rallery. He sat silent and watched the play of the light on her hair, the delicate rose color that burned in her cheeks, the quick drooping and curving of her lips.

Then he leaned suddenly over her. He was tremendously in earnest, his straightforward nature could brook no preamble. She certainly understood him by this time.

"Phillipa," he cried, "you know that

you are dearer than life to me! Do not put me off any longer. I cannot bear it! You are very beautiful, dear, like some exquisite flower, with all your gifts and graces, and I am only an awkward, abrupt fellow. I have nothing much to offer you, I know I am not worthy of you, but I can give you a heart that is all yours and a lifetime of love and devotion. Will you accept it, Phillipa?"

Phillipa laughed nervously. Then she furled and unfurled her fan and looked up archly.

"Accept anything from you? Why, you must think I have forgotten our philopena! Besides, if I did accept, you know, I shouldn't have a thing to give you for a pawn."

"Phillipa, do not trifle with me."

"You are very unreasonable!" Phillipa cried, conscious, however, that her eyelashes were falling her for the first time. "You ask me to accept—a gift just as if there never was such a thing as a philopena."

Armstrong rose. His lips were white, his eyes full of pain. He looked down on her a moment, then he said, quietly: "Goodbye, Phillipa," and strode from the room.

He took his overcoat from the hall tree and dragged it on deliberately.

"Like many another poor fool, I see that I have endowed a beautiful doll with a soul," he said to himself with a bitter smile.

He jammed his hat down over his head and slid back the chain of the door, then he felt the touch of a hand, and he turned and saw what no one had ever seen before—Phillipa's brilliant eyes all soft and misty with tears. She laid her cheek against his sleeve.

"John, dear John, forgive me!" she cried with a little sob. "I do accept, and here, I will give you the pawn in advance."

She drew his head down and kissed him, and Armstrong folded her in his arms without a word.

"You see, dear," whispered Phillipa, "I couldn't give you my heart for a pawn, because you already had it, long ago."—Venita Selbert in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FISSURES IN VESUVIUS.

Suspicious That Another Big Eruption Is Impending.

Professor Matteucci, the careful student of Mount Vesuvius's vagaries, predicts that a new eruption will take place in a short time, and from various indications he feels satisfied it will be no slight one.

He has considered it well to utter a timely warning, as experience has shown that Vesuvius when it vents its wrath unexpectedly, does a great deal of damage to persons and property in the vicinity.

Professor Matteucci is no alarmist, but bases his prediction on the fact, which he has noticed, that various new fissures are now being formed near the summit of the mountain, and this in his opinion is an unquestionable proof that masses of lava and other matter soon will be again belched forth.

His close study of the volcano during the recent eruption confirms him in this opinion.

Day after day he continued his investigations, often at the peril of his life, and as a result the account of his work, which he has just forwarded to the French Academy of Sciences, contains more facts about Vesuvius than we ever known before.

He noted the daily changes that took place in the crater during the eruption, and he even measured the height which was attained by the great masses of igneous matter after the mountain had vomited them forth.

The largest of these masses ascended to a height of 537 metres, and when it fell it occupied a space of 12 cubic kilometres, and was found to weigh 30,000 kilograms.

It traveled through the air at the rate of 50 metres a second, and it is estimated that a force equivalent to 600,000 horse power must have been required to send it on its skyward career.

This enormous mass fell dangerously near the professor. This was not the only occasion, however, on which he almost lost his life, and his friends are still wondering how he managed to escape the constant shower of fiery rocks that threatened him during the entire eruption.

At one time it was rumored that he had been killed, but happily this proved to be false, and now many are congratulating him, not only on his good fortune, but also on the skill and forethought which have enabled him to ascertain the time when the next eruption may be expected.—London Mail.

An Old Sea-Dog on Lawyers.

There is a passage of curious interest in the will of the late admiral of the fleet, Sir John Commerell. He wrote: "Having had fatal experience of the iniquity of the law in certain cases, when decisions have been given against common sense and justice, it is my directions that my two nieces who are intended to benefit by the death of my child or children mean the two eldest children of my sister at the time this will was made, namely, Edith Bloomfield and Kate Bloomfield, and I entreat the parties interested in my will not to appeal to the law if any difficulty may arise, but to arbitration. Having been swindled myself by every lawyer that I ever had anything to do with makes me offer this advice to my heirs, executors and assigns."—Westminster Gazette.

In Algiers a motor vehicle transport now makes a daily run of 106 miles between two towns where vehicular traffic of no kind has ever before been possible.



In spite of its enormous size the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris, has hitherto been simply lighted by wax candles, as gas, it was thought, would damage the walls and valuable paintings. Now, it is about to be electrically illuminated. The cost of installing the electric light is estimated at \$90,000.

The English are building a railroad from the African Gold Coast colony from the sea at Sekondi inland toward Kumassi, and have laid thirty-nine and one-half miles of track, to Tarkwa. One of the difficulties in holding these African tropical colonies is to keep the troops alive long enough to get over the lowlands near the coast.

Remarkable results have been reported from a change of natural to forced draught on a steamship. Two Scotch boilers are now doing the work that formerly required four; the saving of coal is four tons per day, although the average revolutions have increased three per minute, and considerable space has been gained for freight.

M. Flammarton, the well-known astronomer, has been studying the effect of various spectral lights on the growth and habits of silk worms. Recently he published his observations. He found that white light is the most favorable to the production of silk, and blue light the least favorable. Speaking generally, the warm end of the spectrum is more favorable to the silk worms than is the cold end.

Egg shells may be used to advantage in starting delicate plants for transplanting. The half shells are filled with earth and set in a box also containing dampened earth. A hole is made in the point of the shell to allow drainage. A single seed is then planted in each shell, which is easily broken when transplanting is done, without the slightest disturbance of roots. This use of egg-shells is the discovery of a French gardener, who claims that they are vastly superior to the little pots generally used for the purpose by florists.

There are many gravelly channels of old streams in California in which gold is found in paying quantities. The miners call them "dead rivers." They ran, as a rule, from north to south, and some of the beds are more than two miles in width. The gold was brought down by them from the mountain ledges. In some cases, the channel, after the water had disappeared, served as a course for lava, which hardened over and concealed the gold-bearing gravel. In prospecting these beds, "melon-seeds" of gold are found, varying in size from small grains to a quarter of an inch in diameter.

The construction of cement houses is under consideration in Pittsburg, Penn., where the millions of tons of furnace slag produced every year could thus be utilized. It has been shown that this slag can be converted into cement, by known processes, at a less cost than the one dollar a barrel suggested by Mr. Edison as the result of an invention on which he is experimenting. This cement, it is claimed, can be made fully equal to the best that is known as Portland, although a lower and a cheaper grade would suffice for house construction. Pulverized and mixed with lime, the slag has been converted into a superior plaster, showing a tensile strength greater than the ordinary sand and lime. Cement made from the slag would not only be economical for house construction, but would make practically fireproof buildings. Such use of a product now wasted or used only to fill ravines would also be preservative of the forests.

Stammering.

C. Blaggl holds that stammering is a degeneration of speech, resulting from an arrest of development in the powers of co-ordination of the movements essential to speech. Children who stammer usually exhibit other signs of nervous taint. The remedy consists in gradual, patient training of the individual muscular movements producing speech. By degrees they can be co-ordinated and combined. At the same time the pupil should be taught to control the bodily contortions and facial grimaces which are so apt to accompany their efforts to speak. In this systematic method of exercise, comparable to the patient and constantly repeated efforts necessary for the learning of the scales and exercises on the piano, the child will gradually acquire control of his speech instrument and become perfect in its technique.—La Tribuna Medica.

An Animal Anecdote.

A gentleman, while hunting near a river one winter's day, saw a fox run out on the ice and make at full speed for an opening in the ice where the rushing water of the river could be plainly seen from the bank. At the edge he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank and then ran some distance down the stream and sat down. Soon a dog came crashing out of the woods, baying finely, hot on the fox's trail. Now, dogs when on a chase of this kind, trust almost entirely to their noses. This one was no exception. He ran along the ice, head down, and when he reached the hole he could not stop, but plunged into the water and disappeared forever. Then the fox trotted away with every sign of satisfaction.—New York Herald.

RULES AGAINST HAZING.
Regulations Promulgated For the West Point Cadets.

The War Department has promulgated the regulations prohibiting hazing at the West Point Military Academy, as prepared and submitted by Colonel Mills, the Superintendent of the Institution. The regulations are more stringent than any heretofore issued, and in them hazing is thus defined:

"Any cadet who shall strike, lay hands upon, treat with violence, disturb in his room or tent or offer bodily harm to a new cadet or candidate with intent to punish, injure, annoy, molest or harass the same, or who shall with the same intent invite, order, compel or permit a new cadet or candidate to sweep his room or tent, make his bed, bring water, clean his arms, equipment or accoutrements or perform any other menial service for him, or to assume any constrained position or to engage in any form of physical exercise, or who shall with the same intent, invite, order or compel any new cadet or candidate to eat or drink any article of food or to take into his mouth any article whatever, or to do for him anything incompatible with the position of a cadet and gentleman, or any cadet whose duty it is to enforce camp, barrack or mess regulations who shall permit any new cadet or candidate to eat or drink any article of food or to take into his mouth any article whatever in violation of said regulations shall be summarily dismissed from the Military Academy."

Hazing also includes any other treatment of a "harassing, tyrannical, abusive, shameful, insulting or humiliating character." Dismissal is the penalty of violation of these regulations. The practice of duel or personal combat is also prohibited, and the principals and other persons involved or any cadet abusing or condemning another for declining to accept a challenge will be dismissed.

The regulations are considered very sweeping in their character and such as to cover without question all acts of hazing committed by the cadets.—Washington Times.

Getting Biograph Pictures.

"Br-r-r-ring! Br-r-r-ring! Br-r-r-ring!" a quick connection with the desk 'phone of the city manager, and in another moment it is known at biograph headquarters that a fierce fire and a series of explosions have devastated a downtown business block, and that the loss of life is estimated at 300. The camera operator and his assistants receive word; there is a scamper for fire badges, and two minutes later the biograph outfit, which takes 2000 pictures a minute, is handed into the emergency wagon, which has been waiting all day for just such a call.

The city manager arrives on the scene to arrange with fire chiefs and police sergeants for a favorable position for the picture-taking apparatus. The camera is set up on its tripod, the film-boxes attached, the lens focused, and the operator begins turning the crank. Three minutes, five minutes, the shutter snaps and every movement of the exciting scene is faithfully recorded. The film, which may be from 100 to 300 feet in length, is then carried to the biograph factory, where it is developed in its entirety on reels that carry it through developing solutions, dried by power-fans, and a "positive" is printed from it by electric light. The process takes from two to four hours.

That night the catastrophe of the afternoon, projected on a screen, seems almost as real to the theatergoer as the actual occurrence was to those who witnessed it.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Terrible Grind.

She was old and gray and presented a most pathetic picture, sitting within the shadow of the church on the corner and bending wearily over her wheezy little handorgan. In the dampness of the night she shivered and drew her worn and faded shawl more closely about her shrunken shoulders.

The tall, fashionably dressed man, standing at the curb waiting for a cab, glanced over at the melancholy figure, and for a moment forgot about his cab. She was somebody's poor old mother, he thought, and maybe she had seen better days. He had a mother once. Fumbling in his pocket, he walked quickly over to the little old woman and dropped some coins into her rusty tin cup.

"You must find this very hard, my poor woman," he remarked to her kindly.

The dull, tired eyes were raised to his for a moment gratefully, and then the old gray head was bowed again wearily over the little organ.

"Yes," she said, softly and in a tone of profound sadness, "yes, it is a terrible grind."—New York Times.

Ten Growing in the United States.

As soon as American inventive genius and the adaptation of machinery render it practicable to perform by machinery such share of the labor now done by hand in China, Japan and Ceylon as to render competition with them practicable, the United States may produce all of its own tea, and much more. The tests have been conducted for several years and through several trying winters, and show that the plants thrive in our climate, while the quality of the tea and the quantity per acre compare favorably with the highest average in the Orient.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Lawyer's Dull Season.

Prosperity means less work for the lawyer. When everybody is making money men come together on a friendly footing and settle their disputes between themselves. Attorneys who devote themselves to criminal practice are also minus many regular clients in good times.—Washington Post.



Desperate.
I'll get licked
I'll bet a dollar
I don't care
Ain't gon' to hol'er,
I'll take twenty,
Ef I must,
But I'll go swimmin'
Ef I bust.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Time For Him to Look Out.
"I tell you, sir, there is danger in the higher education of women."
"Yes—for the uneducated man."—Chicago Post.

A Sad Mistake.
"He kissed her on the impulse of the moment," said Jaysmith, telling the story.

"Why didn't he kiss her on the lips?" asked the Cheerful Idiot.—New York Times.

Wise.
"She called me 'pet,'" said the witness.
"Oh!" the lawyer returned, "and what else?"
"I don't know. I ran then."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sure Enough.
"You said that I was the first girl you ever courted."
"Yes, dearst."
"Well, what made you look under the sofa before we sat down?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Twenty Years Hence.
"Is he what you would call a self-made man?" said one multimillionaire.

"I should say so," answered the other. "Why, I can remember the day when he had scarcely a million dollars to his name."—Washington Star.

Tact in the Courtroom.
The courtroom was hotter than the Sudan in a sandstorm. The Judge was a wreck, the jury had wilted.

"Your Honor and gentlemen," said the attorney for the defense, "I will indulge in no heated argument, but proceed at once to marshal the cold facts."
And he won his case.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thoughtless Woman.
Mr. Krusty—"Well, it's too late now. Why didn't you come to my office when you were downtown to-day and tell me all this?"

Mrs. Krusty—"Why, I didn't think to stop at your office."
Mr. Krusty—"That's just like you. If you'd only stop to think occasionally, perhaps you would have thought to stop."—Philadelphia Press.

Help Wanted—Male.
Mrs. Hauskeep—"Goodness! This meat is absolutely raw. This new cook is wretched; she never cooks anything half enough."

Mr. Hauskeep—"Don't blame her. She's only a woman."
Mrs. Hauskeep—"What has that to do with it?"
Mr. Hauskeep—"Well, woman's work is never done," you know."—Philadelphia Press.

Proud of Her.
"I want to get your wife interested in our new system of manual training," said the woman with a short skirt and a felt hat.

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "you can come in. But if you are trying to teach Henrietta anything about training a man I'm thinking you are wasting your time. Henrietta can come pretty near giving lessons in manual training. Henrietta can."—Washington Star.

Deserved Promotion.
It was a sultry afternoon, and the teacher of a geography class was endeavoring to get a few good answers before the closing of the lesson. "Now, boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindus. Now, can any one give another example?"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy, proudly; "I can. Umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas."—Tit-Bits.

Entitled to Damages.
"But why," asked the lawyer, "do you wish to sue this critic for libel?"
"Because of the irreparable damage he has done to my reputation as a poet," replied the writer.

"But in the line of criticism—"
"Ah, but this wasn't criticism. I could have stood fair, honest criticism, even if unfavorable, but this was bitterly and unnecessarily cruel and damaging. Why, sir, he said that my productions were excellent specimens of what are now known as literary magazine poems."—Chicago Post.

What He Sought.
"Yes," said the architect, "I can build you a nice summer home for about \$800."

"That's what I want," returned the perspiring individual, "and it's cheap enough, too."
"Right out in the woods," went on the architect.

"Woods!" exclaimed the perspiring individual. "Woods?"
"Oh, well, on the shore of the lake, then."

"On the shore! A summer home on the shore!"
"Certainly. Where would you have it?"

"Under the water, sir; under the water," said the perspiring individual emphatically. "You don't seem to understand that this is a summer home that I want."—Chicago Post.