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If South American revolutions had a Little more powder and shot in them they would not give such a continuous

Frenchmen are giving up the terms
"rosbit" and "plum puddin" in ad in addressing British tourists: bicycles and automobiles have brought in "caoutchouc" at a substitute.

There has been little of late in royal and imperial annals to inspire common people with envy of the exalted personages born to the purple, and certainly the later life of the Empress Frederick will cause nobody to long

Some idea of the expansion of the railway industry of the country may be gained from the fact that the number of tons of frieght hauled one mile increased from 95,328,360,278 in the year ending June 30, 1896, to 141,599, 157,270 in the year ending June 30,

2,219,847 tons of sugar, just 141,729 tons more than the year before. Giv ing to each individual his pro rata share, this shows that every inhabitant of this country gets away with fully sixty-six and one-half pounds of

The conclusion that consumption is curable, reached by the Tuberculosis is of great importance. But it would be more satisfactory if there had been greater attention given to the methods. Prevention of infection is important, but if there be a cure for consumption beyond the first stages, the world is ignorant of it.

Kaiser William declares that "the noblest weapon is the sword." Lord Roberts says that the "sword is ob and orders that sword drills shall be discontinued in the British Possibly his lordship does no class the cavalry saber with the sword. It's difficult to understand how a regiment of horse could dispense with the saber.

The cornerstone of the Indian school which the United States Government proposes to build at Riverside, Cal., was laid the other day with appropriate ceremonies on the site purfor the school, on Magnolia avenue, one of the famous driveways of the town. The school will be known as Sherman Institute, in honor of J. S. Sherman, of New York, chairman of the Congressional Committee on Indian Affairs.

Justice Goodrich, of the New York Supreme Court, has drawn attention to the fact that the time is approach-ing when it will be necessary to cut loose, in a great measure, from precedent and decide law cases upon their merits after analysis. The Justice says that there are now rendered in this country more than 20,000 decisions in each year by appellate tribunals, and that there were published in 1900 420 volumes of reports, seventy-seven volumes of digests, ninety-five volumes of statutes and 150 volumes of treatises. No lawyer can do anything with such a mass of legal matter, even if he has the money to buy it; and, since no lawyer can now hope to keep up with the law as fall back on application of recognized first principles to the case immediately in hand.

Potatoes have ceasen to be the principal root crop of Ireland, if they are to be compared with turnips by weight or yield—last year, for example, only about 1.542.000 tens, against 4.4426,000 tons of turnips.

It is announced that the biological tacton which has been maintained on Take Balkal for a year by the East Siberian Geographical Society has been closed.

THE PASSING OF A DREAM.

A wan and wistful hope was mine,
Whilst thou on earth didst hold
That somehow the long whirl of years

A song was also in my heart,
Feeble and fitful—oiten gone—And dreams there were divinely sweet,
That faded in the flush of dawn. Whilst thou on earth when the long whirl of years
That somehow the long whirl of years
Would some time bring us face to face.

That faded in the flush or dawn.

One day you drank that poppy draught which all must drink who well would

While that dim hope clung to my heart.
Some purple gleams lit up life's sea;
The sirens sat beside the surge
And sang—ah! how alluringly.
—Hattie Tyng Griswold, in Boston Transcript.

A WAGON-LOAD OF FIRE.

By Lewis B. Miller.

Pecan.

Two miles from home I came to the house where Sinclair McCarty, a boy of my own age, lived. As he was a good hand at stacking or loading straw father had suggested that I stop and get him to go with me. But his mother told me that he had gone hunting, and had been out an hour.

I drove on. Johnson would help me load the straw; but while joiling through the woods, I saw McCarty's dogs run across the road, and knew that Sinclair was near. A few shouts brought him to the wagon. He was very tall for a boy of sixteen, very thin, and had a prominent nose.

"Well, whit do you think of my new gun?" was his first remark, as he held the weapon up for inspection. "Traded my saddle for her," he explained.

Singlair's "non" gun, man, and all.

plained.
Sinclair's "new" gun was an old army musket, but he had never owned a gun before, and was very proud of

'How does it shoot?" I asked

now does it shoot?' I asked.
"Don't know. Just got my ammunition this morning, and haven't seen anything to shoot at yet. She's all right, though; you can tell that by looking at her."

ented to go with me, and as He consented to go with me, and as we jogged along, he showed me his new powder-horn, which he had made himself. It was a large one, now nearly full of powder. It hung on one side of him, and an amunition-bag of undressed deer-skin on the other.

Scarcely had we left the woods when

n mule-eared rabbit jumped out of the prairie grass by the road and wen-copping off, but sat down about thirty yards away.
"Now just watch her tumble

mule-ear!" said Sinclair, for with bor-rowed guns he had become a fair

at their heads to keep them from runing away. At the report of the muket the big rabbit darted off like streak. Sinclair stood staring after it streak. Sinciair stood staring after it as if expecting every moment to see it drop dead. When it had disappeare over the ridge, he rubbed his shoulded looked into the muzzle of the gur and finally squinted his eye along the

"She looks all right, and the barrel's "She looks all right, and the barrel', straight enough," he ramarked, in a puzzled, serious way. "Don't see why she don't shoot straighter. Nearly kicked my shoulder off, too." Latte while reloading, he said: "She's n little hand removed." hard on the trigger. Guess I mus have pulled her up when I pulled he

off."

But after three more fruitless shots

But after three more fruitess shots at "mule-cars" as we drove along he threw the musket on the ground. "If that was what the Confederate Soldlers had to fight with, no wonder our side got licked!" he exclaimed an-

Pick it up and bring it along," I Fick it up and oring it along, as aid, laughing. "You'll need it Caristmas. It makes a terrible noise," for it is at Christmas time Texas boys set

It is at Christmas time Texas boys set off their fireworks.
Sinclair took up the musket. "Til trade her off the very first chance I get?" he declared, angrily. "Somebody has got to pay me for that saddle."
Sinclair was a born trader. He had a reputation among the boys for getting the better in swappings, but for once he had been badly cheated, and was angry over it.

s angry over it. What'll you take for it?" I asked,

ver you mind. That saddle was \$10, and I'll get something just

worth \$10, and I'll get something just as good."

"Let's be traveling. We'll soon be where I saw the deer last week. You'd better put in a load of buckshot," I suggested.

He poured nearly a handful of powder into the gun. "I'll put in a load that is a load—one that'll scatter all over the country!" he declared. "If there's a deer between here and the Big Pecan, I'll get it." Then he wadded up a plece of newspaper and rammed it down on the powder.

"You'll get kicked heels over head," I remarked, from some experience with a musket.

"Let her kick,!" was his reply, as he hammered the powder till the rannod bounced out of the barrel. "I'm going

hammered the powder till the ramred bounced out of the barrel. "I'm going to put in ammunition enough to kill something, if she kicks me clean out of the county."

Then Sinclair went on ahead and walked all the rest of the way, but saw neither deer nor anything else at which he cared to shoot.

Johnson helped us put the straw on the frame. We threw off our coats and worked and worked, till the wargon disappeared and the straw on it rose high above the oxen. When finished the huge load looked like a strawstack on wheels. The straw was so very dry and light that it would not pack well.

Na pleasant day in early winter, about a year after we had settled on the Little Pecan Creek, I yoked up Lep and Coaly, the oxen, and put them to the wagon. I was going for a load of straw to Johnson place, six miles north, toward the head of the Little Pecan.

Two miles from home I came to the house where Sinclair McCarty, a boy of my own age, lived. As he was a load.

Sinclair put down the gun, with the Sinciair put down the gun, with the pointing nuzzle behind, stuck the powder horn into the straw to keep it from sliding off, crawled forward and s.t by my side. He was in a good humor now.

mor now.

Night must overtake us long before we could get home, and from the smoke rising beyond the ridge we knew that the prairie was burning. At dusk we saw the fire itself on top of the ridge. Night had already settled down when we rounded a point of timber and came upon the burning

The fire had come over the ridge in a V-shape, little end first. As there was no wind to speak of, the apex had stopped at the road, and the two blazing lines were now separating, one slowly burning toward us and the

slowly burning toward us and the other from us.

Coaly, a bad-tempered beast, puffed and puffed as we approached the first fire, and tried to turn out of the road, but Lep jogged along complacently and refused to turn. Soon the wagon had passed the narrow front of fire, and was moving between unburnt prairie on the left and blackened, smoking ground on the right.

Soon we overtook the other line of fire. The blaze near the road was only a few inches high, the grass there being very short. We saw no danger in passing on, and to this day I don't know how the accident happened.

know how the accident happened. Possibly the straw was hanging lower than we thought, but more probably the blaze had just reached a bunch of high grass or a tall, dry weed, and running up set fire to the straw. The light of the burning prairie kept us from discovering that we were after till the wagon had gone several yards. The first thing we knew flames were leaping up from the right fore corner of the lead from a part of the fore

of the load, from a part of the fore end, and from over a larger part of the

end, and from over a larger part of the right side!
We both sprang to our feet, shouting "Whoa!" with all our might, and the wagon had nearly stopped when the oxen turned their heads to see what the light behind them meant. One look was enough. With a snort and a plunge Coaly started. Even lazy old Lep was panie-stricken. Away they went!

As the wagon bounded forward Sin clair and I tumbled backward on the straw. The oxen were galloping with the big but light load jumping and the big but light load jumping and rocking behind them. The rush of air swept the fire over the straw. Before we could get up smoke and flame were in our faces. Blinded and confused we scrambled to the side and dropped off, glad to escape in any way. When we fell, we rolled over and over in the grass, jarring ourselves and bruising out knees and elbows. By the time we had risen and recovered our presence of mind, the oxen

and bruising out knees and elbows. By the time we had risen and recovered our presence of mind, the oxen and wagon were a hundred yards down the read, and still running. The flames had spread over the whole top of the load, and were leaping forward. "Come on!" I cried to Sinclair. And after the wagon I ran, shouting to the oxen at every jump. Being a pretty good runner I gained on them, and had got within twenty yards of the wagon when I heard Sinclair yelling behind me:

"Look out there! You'll get shot!"

In my frantic eagerness to stop the oxen so as to get them locse and save the wagon I had forgotten all about that old musket, half full of powder and buckshot on top of the blazing straw, but now I stopped suddenly and ducked my head in my fright.

"Don't get close!" cried Sinclair, catching up with me. "She's likely to go off at any moment!"

But I exclaimed desperately, "We must do something or lose overything—the oxen, too! Let's run round to the side of the wagon!"

"No, we won't." replied Sinclair. "No telling which way that gun's pointing by this time. Keep back till she goes off. Then we can—"

Rip—bang—boom. A stream of fire shot out almost over our heads as the old ramy musket exploded! The buckshot whale both started to run. I caught we the gent of the grant way the top the grant of the grant way the time the grant way the the grant way the the grant way the time the grant way the time the grant way that the shot whisted over us. At the flash we had both started to run. I caught way the time grant fell."

"It's got two pounds in it," said Sin

"It's got two pounds in it," said Sinclair. "The musket wasn't a patchin' to what that powder'll do when it goez off. It'll blow everything sky-high."
"O goodness! The oxen will be killed and the wagon blown to pleces!"
Since the explosion Lep and Coaly were running faster, and the flaming load of straw was bouncing and swaying down the road. We ran after it, keeping as close behind the dangerous thing as we dared. The prairie around was brightly lighted. Wisps of blazing straw had begun to fly off behind. Sinclair's two dogs were racing along by the wagon.

The powder horn had been pretty deeply buried in the straw. The oxen must have run nearly a mile and Sinclair and I were both panting loudly, and I was beginning to hope that in some way there might not be an explosion, when the flames, which had been leaping high, shot far higher, spreading out as they rose. An instant later we heard a terrific report. The air far above the wagon was full of fire and blazing straw.

Fortunately the powder, being high up in the load and confined only in the thin horn, had exerted its force upward. Aside from scattering the surface straw and making a loud noise and a big flash it did nothing at all.

Poor Lep and Coaly! They had been panic stricken before, but now they

Poor Lep and Coaly! They had beer panic-stricken before, but now they left the road and broke into mad flight across the prairie. The wagon load of fire bounding along behind them

"No danger—now!" cried Sinclair, breathlessly. "Let's catch 'em—if we

when the second of the blazing straw scattered by the wagon was setting fire to the prairie, and we had to keep on one side. Soon the oxen circled to the right, making straight for the ridge. We cut across the prairie, saving a few hundred yards, and were again near the wagon. "If we can—only—only over—overtake 'em!" I gasped, as we ran.—"Wagon's gone—I guess—but we can—we must—must save—the oxen! Won't do to—to let 'em—bur—to death!"

death!"

"No-that it—won't!" panted Sinclair. "And if we can—only get—get her out—before she's—she's burnt—too much—I can—trade her—for—for a—" He did not say what he wanted to trade the musket for.

Soon the wagon passed over the ridge and started down the sloping prairie beyond. On reaching the high-est ground we stopped, puffing loudly. As we stood resting, with gasping lungs and pounding hearts, we watched the wagon rush down the slope. It certainly made a brilliant spectacle. The rope which had cut so deep into the straw that the fire could not get to it at first, had by this time burnt in two, so that the straw had joited loose and blazed fiercely. The rocking and plunging wagon threatened every moment to turn over, but always righted itself. The dogs still kept near it. Fire enveloped the whole load now, and the flames were leaping many feet sixyward. A rain of blazing straws fell from the wagon upon the dry grass, which quickly flamed up, making a fiery trail behind that excavancemet.

At that time I was afraid that Lep and Coaly were scorched, but as afterward appeared they were only paniestricken. Even the hair on their tails was scarcely singed. The upright pleces in front prevented any of the straw from falling forward, and so fast did the wagon keep going that the pleces in front prevented any of the straw from falling forward, and so fast did the wagon keep going that the pleces in front prevented any of the straw from falling forward, and so fast did the wagon was running too fast to turn short. Up rose the hind end in the air, and over it went, huring fire many yards beyond! The frame stopped on its side, leaning against the straw, and the wagon rested on the frame.

The oxen had been nearly jerked off their feet. They struggled wildly, tearing the wagon loose from the frame and dragged it on its side till it turned entirely over. They riight have dragged it to pleces, but the twisting broke the tongue loose from the yoke. Once free they plunged away across the praire at breakned.

speed.

Sinclaft and I were already running down the slope. We did not bother about the exen; they could take care of themselves now. The prairie grass was burning all around the straw in a widening circle, so that he could not get near the straw and frame, but we righted the overturned wagon and kept drawing it back till the circle was large enough. Then we gave it c push through the blazing grass and left it standing on the burnt ground. We then took a running start, jumped over the prairie fire into the blackened circle and drew near to the burning straw and the hay france. Sinclair gazed sorrowfully into the fire and thought of his loss.

"She was a good gun—a nighty good gun," he sighed. "If we'd only caved her I could have got a fine trade for her from somebody. Cuese, though, I'd have kept her to hunt with. Oh, you nec'n't laugh! I know she didn't shoot so overly well the first few times, but that must have been because I didn't know how to load her. I'd never loaded a musket before. That last shot sounded nighty like it would have killed something if it had half a chance."

"That's so, Sink," I said, "but don't worry about the old thing. Eunt up

eyes, in spite of everything we could

do. Lucky turnover for me."

A little later, after we had rested and after the prairle fires had opened a way for us, we turned and trudged off toward home.—Youth's Companion.

ELEPHANT RACING.

Queer Indian Sport Which Also Has Its Derby Day.

An elephants' Derby sounds distinctly sensational, but the idea cannot sound more sensational than such a contest actually is.

The Briton is nothing if not a sportsman, despite Napoleon's historic sneer about our being a nation of shopkeepers; and wherever John Bull goes there you may be sure to find him indulging in one form of sport or another. another.

Thus, in India elephants are often

Thus, in India elephants are often impressed into the service of our sporting enthusiasts, and an elephants' Derby recently took place up country. Steeplechasting with horses is exciting enough, but when you have elephants engaging in the form of sportwell, you somehow forget that life ever seemed dull to you.

Naturally, the course is not so perfect as at Epsom. Nevertheless, there are plenty of coigns of vantage from which crowds of eager spectators, native and white, watch the progress of the contest and encourage the riders by their small shrieks and constant shouting.

by their small shrives and constant shouting.

By the din alone you would know that you were in the East, even if you did not see the spectators and com-petitors. The mahouts, as the native drivers are called, cling to the necks of their mounts, urging them on by means of their sharp goads, which they apply to the elephants' ears. To they apply to the elephants ears. To see the huge, lumbering creatures be-ing driven over the course at their utmost speed is at once one of the most comical and exciting sights im-aginable. aginable.

Earriers and ditches are constructed at intervals across the track, and, though a novice would in nine cases out of ten regard the elephants' efforts to negotiate these with convulsions of laughter, devotees to this form of racing become far too absorbed in the fortunes of the contest for the judicrous side of it to appeal for the ludicrous side of it to appeal to them. Besides, it is just these ob-stacles which provide the critical points of the race, for as the elephants points of the race, for as the elephants attempt to get over or out of them a racer goes down and many a mahout is thrown to the ground at imminent peril of being crushed by the elephant which is immediately following.

Take it as a whole, an elephant steeplechase is a sight to remember, steeplechase is a sight to remember, and one you should never miss seeing if ever you get an opportunity. It outDerbys all the Derbies within living recollection as far as excitement is concerned.—London Express.

What Bothered the Cook.

What Bothered the Cook.

A lady had a cook who gave her every satisfaction and she was under the impression that the cook was equally satisfied with her place. But one morning, to the lady's intense surprise, the cook gave her the usual month's notice.

surprise, the cook gave her the usual month's notice.

"What do you want to leave me for, Jane?" asked the mistress. "I amvery much pleased with you, and I thought you were quite comfortable

"Yes, mum, I'm quite comfortable

enough in a way, but—"
The cook hesitated and fidgeted "But what?" queried the mistress

"Well, mum," she blurted out, "the fact is the master doesn't seem to 'preclate my cookery, and I can't stop

preciate by cookey, and read t so please in a place where my efforts to please are wasted; so I'd rather go, mun."
"But what makes you think that your master doesn't appreciate your cookery? Has he ever complained to you?" asked the lady.
"No, mum, but my late master was charge asked in the place of the cookers."

always being laid up through over-eating-he said he couldn't help doing cating—he said he content they was so de so because my cookery was so de licious; but master here hasn't bee laid up once all the three months I'v been with you, and that's just whe bothers me co, murn!"—Tit-Bits.

Will Mangosteen Supersede Crange? There is every reason to suppose that before long a most delicious fruit, new to America, will dominate our markets; already a few speciments have found their way to the ccabeard

cities.
This is the mangesteen-native to This is the mangosteen—native to the Moluccas and extensively culti-vated in Ceylon and Java, and latterly introduced to Jamalea and other por-tions of Eritish West Indies. It is about the size of a small grange, spherical in form, and when the rind

spherical in form, and when the rind is removed a juley pulp, "whith and holuble as snow," is revealed, pessenting a most delicious flavor — comething like a nectarine, with a dash of strawberry and pincapple combined. It promines, in a few years, to expersede the orange in popular favor, and attempts are already being made to introduce it into the Southern United States.—Southern Clinic.

England's Youthful Minister.

Mr. Chamberlain at sixty-five is mong the youngest men in the House shot whistled over us. At the flash we had both started to run. I caught my toe in the grass and fell. At the same moment a sharp pain ran through my knee. I was badly fright ened.

"I'm shot." I exclaimed, getting upon my feet.

"That sos, Sink," I said, "but don't worry about the old thing. Eunt up another one. The owner will be glad to trade it to you for c. pocket knife. It was a pity, though, that you lost so of never having taken any physical out a big grass-bur that I had fallen out a big grass-bur that I had fallen on and threw it away.

We started after the wagon again, but remembered the powder horn. a meng the youngest men in the Liouse of Collinens. He could very well pass for ten years younger; in broad daylight and at times he looks positively youthful. The last two or three years I have touched his raven locks with gray but his figure is as slim and alert tas ever. The Colonial Secretary is a striking proof of the truth that every iman is a law unto himself. He boasts of never having taken any physical exercise, and walks only when it is impossible to ride. Yet he always appears to be in perfect "training," and a touch of gout now and then is the cily reminder the right honorable gentleman gets that flesh is mortal.—



A Wonderful Maid.

She gave me the marble heart, She gave me a frozen stare. She gave me a frozen stare,
She gave me an icy, hand to shake,
With a frightful frigid air.
Oh, she was a maiden cold,
And I was in deep despair,
Till she gave me a shock when she gave
me a lock
Of her flaming, fiery hair!
—Philadelphia Record.

A Bald Assertion.

Barber—"Your hair will be gray if it keeps on."
Scantylocks—Well, I hope it will keep on."—Baltimore World.

A Tendency of the World.

"Why don't Bloomingboy give up his bad habits?"
"He's afraid people would quit talking about what a bright fellow he is and what wonderful things he would do if he weren't dissipated."—Wash-ington Star.

The Girl Echind the Goggles.
First Automobile Girl—"You don't seem much put out by your automobile breaking down."
Second Automobile Girl—"No; I am always so nervous expecting it to break down that I am actually relieved when it does!"—Puck.

Very Probably.

"What would you do if you had a million dollars?" said one plain every day man.
"Oh," replied the other. "I suppose "On," replied the other."

I'd put in most of my time comparing myself with some one who had a billion, and feeling discontented."

Well Done.

"In designing his tombstone," said the widow of the late Wall Street broker, "I was thinking of this inscription: 'He did well by his friends.'" 'Ah!" remarked the man who knew him, "I would suggest 'He did his friends well.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Bitterness.

Bitterness.
"There's that girl singing 'A Bird in a Gilded Cage." said the nervous "Yes," answered the boarding house

wag. "If I had a bird that couldn't sing any better than that, I'd open the cago and let it fly away."—Washing-

He Enjoyed Them.

"Yes," said the weather man, "I very much enjoy these dialect cowboy stories"

stories."
"You would naturally be interested."
"Of course. Whenever I read one
of them, it makes me everlastingly
grateful and comforted to think that
we don't really act and talk like that."

A Business Inspiration.

"I suppose," said the duke, "that you will look about for an American girl as a wife for your son?"

"Yes," answered the earl; "and if the present tendencies of commerce continue, I shouldn't be surprised if we had better look out for some hustling American young men as husbands for our daughters."

Their Pet.

A little man who pretended to be very fond of his horse, but kept him nearly starved, said to a friend:
"You don't know how much we think of that horse; I shall have him stuffed so as to preserve him when he dies."
"You'd better stuff him now," retorted his friend, "so as to preserve him living,"—Tit-Bits.

"I wonder why children are so quick to pick up slang?" said the small boy's mother, disconsolately.
"Probably," answered the serious person, "it is because the constant repetition of such words as 'goo goo' and 'itchy kitchy' in infrancy gives them a deep-rooted contempt for words that are in the dictionary."

Meat. They were speaking of the billion-

aire's insufferable pretensions.
"Upon what ment does this our Caesar feed, that he has grown so great?" exclaimed Mordaunt bitterly.

"Mint's meat, possibly!" observed Meltravers, trying to be cheaply with while yet preserving the easy grace of a man of the world.—Detroit Free

Catching a Feminine Fish. "Do you really think there are mermaids in the sea?" "Certainly," said the dime-museum

"Then why hasn't anybody besides you succeeded in catching one?"
"Because nobody else was smart enough to bait a hook with the latest style of Paris hat," was the answer.

-Washington Star.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Meekton, pensively, "that married men ever get to be burglars."

"Have you looked up the statistics?"

"No. But it seems impossible that a married man would ever dare to walk into a house the way a burglar does, without stopping at the front step to wipe his feet."—Washington Star.

Admiration

"What do you think of the new cook I sent you?" asks the caller.
"Well," said the young housekeeper, "she has made us admire you very

'Why I didn't train her. I found I

"Why I didn't train her. I found I had no use for her after four days."
"Yes; but you sent her from your house to ours. We have been trying for two weeks to send her from our house to some other place, but she just laughs at us!"—Washington Star.