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Says the Los Angeles Herald: "Queen Alexandra having set the fashion, it is now good form to wear the garter on the left arm. But will the contraption still be a garter? Why not call it a bracelet or a surcingle?"

A queer will case has just been decided by the courts in Minnesota. The witnesses to the instrument had stepped through a doorway into a room adjoining that in which the testator lay at the time of the signing of the will, and had affixed their signatures at a table about ten feet from the testator, but just out of his sight. It was testified, however, that he was sitting on the side of his bed at the time, and could have seen the witnesses by stepping forward two or three feet. The attestation and subscription of the will under these circumstances were sustained.

Now that rural free delivery is no longer regarded as an experiment, but has been established as a permanent enterprise, it is time for the Postoffice Department to take up the question of increased compensation for the carriers. The pay of this class of employees is now \$500 a year, for which the carrier must provide a horse and wagon. The daily service (except Sundays) is a twenty-mile drive, which occupies an average of six consecutive hours. Whatever may be the decision as to the amount of the pay, there is no reason why the monthly check should not be sent promptly. It has become the custom of the Government to remain a full month in arrears.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, lives in very modest style in Washington. He cannot afford to spend much money, because everything he gets goes toward the payment of his father's debts. Daniel has spent thirty years paying off these debts, and it will probably be a life work. His father was Judge William Daniel, of Lynchburg. He was considered well-to-do, but when he died it was found that his fortune had been swept away in the panic of 1873, and that his liabilities were more than \$100,000 in excess of the assets. Although Senator Daniel could have repudiated these debts, he chose to assume them. That was nearly thirty years ago, and all that time Senator Daniel has been paying off the debts with interest.

**A Plea For Single Beds.**  
Two in a bed is the usual custom of sleeping, in the United States at least, and also in Canada and England. But in German and France, says Good Housekeeping, single beds are the rule. The latter plan is more healthful and comfortable. It is gradually coming into use in this country. Single beds involve more linen, more work in making beds and more washing, but I never knew a family to return to the old plan after once giving single beds a fair trial. Especially in summer is the single bed to be preferred, or even sleeping on the floor, to two in a bed. Many families declare they never knew what comfort was, during the hot summer nights, until they adopted the single beds. I might add a word of protest against allowing babies or young children to sleep with old people. The latter certainly draw upon the vitality of the former. This is probably true as between any bedfellows one of whom is sickly or less strong than the other. Consumption and other diseases have often been communicated from one bedfellow to another.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.

There are more newspapers published in Iowa, in proportion to the population, than in any other State of the Union. Massachusetts, so long at the head of the list, will have to give the first place to the Hawkeye State, for in proportion to its population, Iowa has more than twice as many newspaper publications as Massachusetts and many more than a large number of other States.

**SONG OF THE SHOVEL**  
The friends I have are deserving friends,  
And I serve them well I ween,  
The hands that hold me are honest hands,  
Be they ever so gnarled and lean;  
Oh, birth and position are naught to me—  
If proud, they must earn my scorn—  
For I set them free, under God's decree,  
When the world was newly born.

A-swish, a-swish—'tis the song I sing  
With a truer tone than the trumpet's ring,  
Or the roll of drum, or the shrill of fife—  
A-swish, a-swish—'tis a tale of Life.

I bring to the peasant his homely food,  
To the prince his viands and wine,  
The glittering stone and the saffron gold  
I wrest from the grudging mine;  
But, little I care for these tawdry things,  
And my kindest gift to tell  
Is the joy that wings and the health that springs  
From the grasp of the grateful soul.

A-swish, a-swish—'tis the song I sing  
With a truer tone than the trumpet's ring,  
Or the roll of drum, or the shrill of fife—  
A-swish, a-swish—'tis a tale of Life.

O, well for the world that my husky voice  
Grows louder from day to day;  
O ill for the kingdom that melts me down  
To boom in the deadly fray;  
And well to the ruler who hears me groan  
'Neath a burden of grievous wrong;  
For often, alone, have I wrecked a throne  
With the shriek of my angry song!

A-swish, a-swish—'tis the song I sing  
With a truer tone than the trumpet's ring,  
Or the roll of drum, or the shrill of fife—  
A-swish, a-swish—'tis a tale of Life.  
—John A. Foote, in Georgetown College Journal.

**JESSIE PALLAMA**  
By Ella M. Hess.

MRS. BUTTON was alone in her handsome drawing room when a servant announced: "A young lady to speak to you, madam, if you please."  
"Show her in," said Mrs. Button, kindly; but the words were scarcely necessary, for the "young lady" was close at the servant's heels.  
The twilight was yet lingering, and the room was mostly in shadow; but the hall outside was brilliantly lighted, and Mrs. Button caught a clear view of her visitor ere the door closed behind her. She appeared to be a young and very pretty girl, of a tall, slender figure, clear skin, and dark brown hair and large dark eyes; but it was her dress that chiefly caught Mrs. Button's surprised attention, and held it captive as she gazed at her without speaking, for, though the hat and shawl she wore were of the plainest description, the dress she strove to hide beneath them was of the costliest silk, richly trimmed with lace, and her gloves and shoes were the finest that could be procured.  
"Please, dear madam, do not judge me by my appearance, but in pity listen to me and grant my prayer," said the pretty stranger, coming a step or two nearer, and stretching out her hands entreatingly. "I want employment and shelter, and though I have neither recommendation nor reference to offer, I beg you to forego both, in my case, and let me serve you. Oh, do, dear madam, and I shall bless you from the depths of my grateful heart!"  
She was greatly agitated; her voice trembled, and it was evident that pent-up emotion was overcoming her.  
Now Mrs. Button was not a timid woman, so it never entered her mind to imagine that this trembling girl could be one of a band of thieves, trying to gain admission with a view to rob her mansion, nor was she one of those who see a designing rogue in every applicant for aid; but the incongruities of the young lady's appearance troubled her, and made her hesitate before speaking.  
"Sit down here near the window," she said, after a moment's thought. "You are both tired and agitated, I see. Have you come from a distance?"  
"I—I—that is—I beg you will not ask me," replied the stranger.  
"Will you give me your name?"  
After a little hesitation, the girl murmured in a low voice:  
"Call me Jessie Pallama, please."  
"That is not her name," was Mrs. Button's mental conclusion; but she asked again, "Will you not confide to me the trouble that forces you to your present necessity? I will not betray you, unless, indeed, it is something I could not dare to keep secret."  
"I cannot," said the girl, resolutely, though in a very sad voice. "If you repulse me, I must seek further; but I entreat you, in pity—"  
"Stay!" said Mrs. Button, decidedly; and the girl who had partly risen, dropped into her seat with an intense, thankful sigh.  
There was a moment's silence, and then the lady continued:  
"I am, no doubt, doing a very foolish thing; I am listening to the dictates of my heart, apart from the suggestions of my judgment. Come upstairs with me. If you remain here, it must be in a garb that will not excite the wonder of my servants. I have a wooten dress which I have seldom worn; it can be arranged to fit you, and will do for the present."  
A murmur of thanks was Jessie's reply, and she followed her new mistress to a small chamber on the right of her own sleeping apartments.  
"This will be your room, Jessie," she said with a smile, "and I shall exercise the right of locking you in every night after I retire, thus making your object in seeking secrecy perfectly harmless to every one."  
"Certainly, madam. Only let me stay here quietly, and I will do anything or agree to anything you may suggest."  
When Jessie Pallama descended to

the drawing room again, she looked like a different being. Her glossy and abundant hair was smoothly drawn back from her beautiful brow, and her fine form was well displayed in the dark brown wooten dress she had ingeniously altered to fit herself.  
Her place, as defined in a few words by Mrs. Button, was to be that of a companion and reader, and the elder lady's sight was falling. Jessie deeply appreciated her kindness, and they soon became used to each other. Within a few weeks of her entrance into the household, Miss Pallama, as Mrs. Button always called her to the servants, had made herself an indispensable element to the generous lady's comfort and enjoyment.  
Mrs. Button, quick and keen of observation as she was, had learned no more of the young stranger's motives than at first, only two peculiarities having developed on her part. One was her eagerness to scan the newspapers; the other her anxiety to avoid the front windows, and to keep out of the way of any but the members of the household.  
It was in deference to this last desire that, after reading over her letters one morning, Mrs. Button said to her:  
"Jessie, my dear, I am sorry to tell you that I shall have a guest for a week or two, because I fear his presence will banish you to your own apartment."  
Jessie changed color.  
"You are kind to consider me, dear madam," she said.  
Mrs. Button nodded.  
"I am very fond of the young man I expect. His mother was my best friend in girlhood, and her boy is very dear to me; but we were getting on with our readings so nicely that I wish his visit had been earlier or later."  
Jessie answered her kind smile with a look of deep gratitude.  
"As he will be here to dinner, he says, this is our last morning together—for a little while, at least—so pray let us enjoy our book."  
True to his promise, the stranger arrived half an hour before the dinner hour, and was shown to his room like a familiar guest. He was a young man of frank and attractive appearance, not yet thirty, and evidently, when in good spirits, what is generally termed excellent company.  
He was not in a happy mental condition at present, however, as Mrs. Button soon discovered.  
"Why, my dear Milton," she exclaimed before they were half through dinner, "what has become of your appetite and your usual good humor? You surprise and distress me. I was impressed by something sad in your letter but hoped it was imaginary on my part. Now, however, I see that you look ill, and seem like one bereft of hope, and you tell me that within this very week you have fallen heir to a nice round sum from an eccentric aunt who had lived a hermit's life."  
"That is true, Mrs. Button," answered Milton Arlington, "and Aunt Mary's legacy, had it come earlier, would have been the greatest blessing I could ask from Heaven, since it would have given me the means of marrying the only woman I ever did or ever shall love."  
"And is she now lost to you?"  
He bowed his head, but his lips nervously, and changed the subject.  
Milton Arlington had chosen his profession rather late, and was a preacher of only one year and a half's standing. He was thoroughly in earnest, a fine speaker, and was beginning to be known; but his income was yet quite small, and his private means had been almost swallowed up in building up his church.

A few evenings later he entered Mrs. Button's drawing room, stung himself, with a listless air, into an easy chair, and looked at his hostess with the dull, hopeless look that was becoming habitual to his blue eyes.  
"Do you know, Mrs. Button," he said, "I am accusing myself of selfishness in remaining here. You are my mother's oldest friend, and I owe it to you to be frank, so I will confess that my object in coming was to catch a glimpse, if possible, of—of Jessie St. John, the girl I loved, before her hand was irrevocably given to another. I was drawn by a species of torment I could not resist to haunt the outside of the mansion in which my favored rival lives. It belongs to his father, Jessie's guardian, and the maker of the match. I felt sure from the first that the poor girl never favored the arrangement, and that I could win her if I was rich enough to speak my love; but remember, Mrs. Button, she is an heiress, and what motive would be given to a penniless wooer, as I was then?"  
"But you are not now, Milton!" cried Mrs. Button, eagerly. "You have money now; why need you fear to offer yourself?"  
"It is too late—too late!" groaned the young man. "There was a wedding at the Jackson's mansion last night, and she is Jacob Jackson's wife now."  
"No, no!" cried a joyous voice at the door, and to Mrs. Button's supreme amazement, Jessie Pallama dashed excitedly into the apartment. "Jacob married his cousin Fannie last night. See here; read it in the paper. I saw it there, and it set me crazy with joy. Poor Fannie! I overheard Jacob and her lamenting together over their hard fate, and Fannie said:  
"Oh, if Jessie St. John would only disappear, never to be seen again, uncle would get over this desire to keep her fortune in the family, and I could be happy, Jake."  
"That gave me courage to do a desperate thing. I wrote a note to my guardian, telling him I had gone away, never to return, and slipped down stairs, took my maid's hat and shawl, and ran all the way to Fifth avenue to Mrs. Button's—for my

maid's cousin lived there once, and told me what a good, noble lady Mrs. Button was. This inspired me with the hope that she would receive and help me. When I realized how much I was asking I lost heart, and feared she would refuse me; but she did not, and I owe more than life to her!" cried the impulsive girl, bursting into tears and flinging herself into the generous lady's arms. "For when I came to tell her everything I heard Milton's voice, and I could not help listening—and oh, I am so happy!"  
"Then there was a little feeling on your part that helped you to make a sacrifice for Fannie's happiness?" whispered Mrs. Button, slyly, while she kissed her with great tenderness.  
"Oh, yes!" confessed Jessie. "It was killing me to know I must marry Jacob. I could not bear to think of it."  
"Let me take my darling!" cried the enraptured Milton. "I have worlds to say to her. And first of all, I must begin by avowing that I am wild with joy. Oh, Mrs. Button, it was a good thought to come to you!"  
"Of course it was!" cried the warm-hearted lady. "Now hurry up your endless disclosures, for I shall expect you to be rational at dinner time." And she slipped away, laughing gaily.  
—Waverley Magazine.

**BENDER FAMILY FATE.**  
Old Indian Scout Tells of the Killing of All the Murderers.  
E. T. Pierce, more familiarly known as "Dod" Pierce, one of the oldest and most reliable Indian scouts of the Black Hills, has given out a story about the Bender family, of Kansas, which seems to show that there is no further need of the authorities searching for the family.  
Pierce is a reliable man, and for the first time he tells what he knows of the case. He had a friend in the 70s, who was also well known in the Black Hills, and before the friend died he related to Pierce the incidents relative to the killing of all the members of the Bender family.  
When the York family was killed and the tragedy was traced to the home of the Benders, Pierce's friend was among those from the city of Cherryvale who went out to investigate the condition of things at the Bender roadhouse. There were twenty-four men in the party, one of the men being an old buffalo hunter. They found the house deserted and in searching the house the bedstead in the west room, about which so much has been said, was found to be full of bullet holes, and dried blood was on the mattress. They found the trapdoor behind the curtain, which led into the cellar, into which the dead bodies had been thrown until dark, when they were taken out into the garden and buried.

The searching party next went out into the garden and looked for the spot where the bodies had been buried. A wagon rod was used to probe the ground for a soft place, and finally a spot was found that was soft. After digging down a short way the body of one of the York children was found and the contortions of the face and body made it look as though the child had been buried alive. Fifteen bodies were found, including that of a Texas cattleman who was supposed to have been shot in the west room.  
The old buffalo hunter had been looking around for the trail of the family. The trail of a wagon was found and the buffalo hunter followed it up all day. About midnight he came upon the family, camped near a creek. The scout returned to the party of cherryvale men and reported his find.  
They agreed upon going back with the scout and exterminating the entire family. The posse was divided into three parts, and the Bender family was surrounded. One of the posse accidentally discharged his rifle before the proper time, which gave the warning of danger to the Bender people. They immediately prepared for defence. The buffalo hunter fired at long range at old man Bender and hit him in the back, killing him.  
Another volley from the posse and John and his mother fell dead. Kate was the last one to be shot. The posse then went to the scene and piled the four dead bodies in a heap and burned them, adding to the fire wagon, harness and the camp outfit. Everything that would not burn was taken to the creek bank and covered over with dirt.  
This is the story that "Doc" Pierce tells for the first time since his friend confided the facts to him twenty years ago. The story that Kate Bender came to the Black Hills several years ago and made her residence in Deadwood, South Dakota, is not credited there. A woman did go there about fifteen years ago that had some resemblance to the famous Kate, so some of the old-timers say.—New York Sun.

**Harmony Below Stairs.**  
Quite a craze has made its appearance in the servants' halls of London houses for mandolins, says the London Express, and very expert performers on the tinkling instruments are to be found below stairs. A banjo or two is sometimes added to give depth to the other instruments when both kinds are played by a party of domestics, the footmen twanging the 'jo and the housemaids the more feminine mandolin.  
In middle-class London homes, where only two or three servants are kept, the mandolin is also popular. It is not a very expensive instrument to buy, and falling the possession of a piano, which many servants can play, but few have at their command, it has distinct merits. Provocative of gaiety and amusement among the domestic as it is, its inoffensive tinkle does not mount high enough to irritate the mistress in her drawing room.

**WHERE TARPON SWARM.**  
So Thick in Galveston Waters That They Have Become a Nuisance.  
Tarpon are becoming so thick in Galveston waters that the fish is a nuisance for those who desire to engage in the sport of capturing fish. Not that the tarpon is not an edible fish, for it is; but it is not considered when there are mackerel and trout and redfish and sheepshead and a few others.  
The trouble is that the tarpon in its eagerness to get a square meal, gets after these edible fish, steals bait and often runs away with the hooks and lines of the fishermen. But for real, genuine, hard-work sport the tarpon will furnish enough for an able-bodied fisherman for a couple of hours. He is a game fish, if ever there was one. He takes hold of the hook with a swoop, lunges, jumps, spurs for wind, ducks for time and makes the water churn to a foam in his endeavors to get away. A good, stout hook and line, with real, are the implements necessary to effect his capture, but even with these in the hands of an amateur he is apt to break the line and get away. Tarpon has to be worn out before he can be landed, unless by a deft bit of assistance he may be landed on a rock during one of his famous leaps and plunges.  
In fishing for tarpon most people prefer a boat, so that they can follow the fish in his runs and lunges without endangering the line. He is not such a monster fish, but he is a lively one. Few tarpon will touch the beam at 100 pounds, and the biggest known here was six feet ten inches in length. In appearance as they come from the water they are like great ingots of silver, the tips of their scales being of that hue. But they put up a lively fight, and in no place are there so many as at Galveston. Galveston fishermen say that they will get forty-five strikes here where they get one in Florida waters. The waters at times seem alive with them. Their chief diet is mullet.

These little fish come along in schools covering acres. When the water is quiet out along the jetties the mullets will come up, play in the surface and keep the water agitated with little ripples. They move along with the jetties slowly, when suddenly they will stop, act bewildered, dart this way for a few rods and then turn and run in the opposite direction. Soon on all sides the tarpon will begin to plunge above the surface of the water in diving for mullets. It appears that the tarpon is quite a general and surrounds his prey before attacking. Tarpon is also fond of menhaden, but these do not appear in such numbers as the mullets.  
But the tarpon is an enemy to anything that swims which is small enough to be contained in his stomach, and for that reason he is a nuisance. After the jetties were completed and the workmen with their noise and disturbance were disbanded fish found the rocks a good place for breeding. As a consequence the jetties have become the finest place for fishing to be found in American waters anywhere. They furnish the finest place because of the many different game fish that abound, as well as the great variety and the enormous quantity. The fact that small fish find the jetties such comfortable places for the establishment of homes has attracted the tarpon and the shark and the porpoise, the June fish and the rayfish. These all feed on the smaller fish and each preys upon the other. It is a pure case of the survival of the fittest, and were it not for the fact that millions of small fish exist to where there is one big fish the race of small fishes would soon become extinct and the big fish would go hungry or have to go on health food for a time.—Galveston News.

**Wholesale Perjury in Court.**  
At the recent meeting of the Iowa Bar Association President McCarthy made some very startling charges as to the prevalence of false testimony in courts of the present day. He said: "Where is there a lawyer who has not seen a guilty criminal pass out of the court room acquitted and free because of perjured testimony? What one of us has not seen rights of persons and of property sacrificed and trampled under foot, presumably under due forms of law, but really and truly by the use of corrupt, false and sometimes purchased testimony? These are the things that beget distrust and disrespect for the courts and for verdicts and for our boasted forms of laws. These are the things that produce anarchy, lynching, and invite a just contempt for, as well as a lack of confidence in, the tribunals called courts of justice."  
One remedy, he thought, was to make oaths more impressive. Oaths should be administered solemnly by the judge, he said, and the judge should take frequent occasions to impress on witnesses the severity of punishment for perjury. He thought oaths of officials to do their duty should be abolished, and that in no case should they be allowed to be taken lightly.

**Need of a Third Eye.**  
Montaigne once said: "If I had the power of creating and endowing myself I should make myself three-eyed." "Why a third eye?" some one inquired. He answered: "To enable me to see the cheerful side of everything." Some men have that extra vision, but it is not a separate organ, not concrete faculty, but merely a mental attitude, a habit of seeing things from the best possible point of view.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

It has been discovered that the average Parisian is the lightest eater in the world.



Insurance against hail storms has become less common among the farmers of Southern Europe in regions where regular "cannon stations" for breaking up the storm clouds have been established.

In the chief room of every Japanese house there is a slightly raised dais, which is arranged so that it can be shut off from the rest of the room. This is a place for the emperor to sit should he ever visit that home.

There is no record that the Philippines was ever visited by a big epidemic of bubonic plague, and it is most remarkable that, while this dread disease has periodically appeared and ravaged Hong Kong and Macao, Manila has retained its immunity.

Kansas's wheat crop, if sold at the average price of sixty cents a bushel, would give to every man, woman and child in the United States no less than \$1 per capita. If placed in box cars on a single track it would fill enough cars to reach from Wichita to New York City.

A boa-constrictor being moved from his cage in the Carnegie Laboratory recently bit the iron bars in his anger. These bars had been chewed by several rattlesnakes which had been moved a day or two before. The boa-constrictor sickened and died, and it is supposed that the venom led on the bars by the rattlers poisoned it.

In the wilds of Alaska a strange burial custom flourishes. When a medicine man of an Indian tribe dies he is buried on a lonely hillside far away from human habitation and a wooden statue of his totem set up over him. His spirit is supposed to remain about the place and Indians suffering from desperate illness or wounds—no other would dare so far—visit the spot and appeal to the totem for aid.

A sixteen-year-old girl in the Yucca Mine, near Barstow, Cal., is working the sand and dirt from a deserted claim with a dry washer, and succeeds in getting from \$6 to \$7 worth of gold dust every day. She uses the washer as effectively as her male companions, who are also engaged in the same profitable occupation there. She can sharpen and temper her pick as well as any experienced miner.

Among living things the most vast is a whale called the roqual, which reaches the length of 100 feet when it is grown up, and has teeth longer than a man's leg. It measures forty feet around the place where its waistcoat would be if it had one and it can move through the water at the rate of forty miles an hour. It gets through about a ton of fish and other food per day when in robust health, to say nothing of a seal or two.

**Genius of Lazy People.**  
Some one a short time ago said of a very competent American mechanic with whom he had come in contact for several years, that he was the laziest man he had ever known; "that he was so lazy and disliked so much to work that when there was anything to be done he would think of some little scheme to do it better and quicker than was possible in the ordinary way, something that would enable him, further, to do the job without much work himself, and that he would hustle around lively to make the scheme do what he planned it should."

In these few lines there are summed up, perhaps no, altogether correctly, but certainly in a very pointed way, some of those mental peculiarities of the so-called "Yankee" workman that have made him in the eyes of many a model mechanic. Whatever its mainspring, the fact is pretty well established that he is generally more keenly on the lookout for shop "wrinkles" than the workman of any other nationality, and it is these certain that help to cut down time, hasten processes and make money for all concerned.—Cassier's Magazine.

**Sins of Over-Nutrition.**  
To overload the stomach with food is not less unhealthy than to deluge it with beverages; he more nutritious the food the more hazardous are the consequences when excess is habitual. Of all the sins of nutrition, the immoderate use of meat is certainly the most grievous. It gives to the body in a form that is favorable for easy assimilation the albumen that is absolutely necessary to life, and hence the earliest effect of its excessive use must be to surcharge the body with nutrients. The chief point here is the critical examination of what is called hunger. Many persons believe that any and every sensation of hunger must be satisfied immediately, but this is a great mistake. An equally great, if not worse, mistake is the opinion that one must eat until a sense of satiety arises. Excessive nutrition injures the mental capabilities also. Of the particular consequences of excessive nutrition, such as hypochondria (the very name of which refers the reader to the region of the abdomen), and gout, it is hardly necessary to speak.—Blatter fur Volksgesundheit.

The Notre Dame Church in Paris, which has heretofore been lighted by candles, is to be supplied with electric lamps at a cost of \$90,000.