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BECOMES A MARQUISE.

PHILADELPHIA HEIRESS BECOMES WIFE OF TITLED SPANIARD.

They Met Amid the Ruins of Old Mexico—Love Was the Only Language They Knew in Common—Recalls the Revolutionary War.

A pretty romance had its end in the marriage the other day of Miss Frances B. Holmes, a wealthy heiress of Philadelphia, to the Marquis de Klaves Hermosa.

The two met in Mexico among Aztec ruins. Both were wanderers. He could not speak English. She could not speak Spanish. He tried to tell her the deeds of his ancestors, who came across the sea and ruled in the land of the Sun God.

But she could not understand, and she was far more interested in the man than in the tale he told. So she tried to teach him English—a word here and there. That was only a few months ago. Now they are married.

The wedding has interfered with the lessons in English. The Marquis is still unable to speak a word of the language. But the marquis has learned a few words of Spanish, and she acts as his interpreter.

The new marquis is the only daughter of the late Charles W. Holmes of Philadelphia. The family residence is a beautiful old place. Mother and daughter are well supplied with world's goods.

The majority of her relatives are quiet, matter-of-fact people. But there is a French ancestor, whose national characteristics this handsome, clever



MARQUISE DE KLAVES HERMOSA and very original young woman has inherited.

The marquis's grandfather was General Le Mercier, one of the two officers who came to this country with General Lafayette. His daughter, Marie Antoinette Mercier, married General Sturdevant of Washington's army.

The beautiful French woman and her husband, stately, old-time figures, look down from the walls of the Holmes homestead. There is a similarity in the expression in the faces of the French great-grandmother and the vivacious girl who recently brought home a Spaniard as a husband.

The Queen's Kind Heart.

To illustrate Queen Alexandra's kindness of heart a story told is that of an elderly lady-in-waiting to her mother, the late Queen of Denmark. In one of King Christian's weekly letters to his daughter he wrote that the old lady was dying and that her one last wish was to speak again to her "dear Princess Alex." At that time it was impossible for Alexandra to leave England, but she spoke a long, tender message of love and hope and remembrance into a phonograph and sent it by special courier to Copenhagen. It arrived only a short time before the old lady's death, but it made her last hours serenely happy.—Philadelphia Times.

Why He Gave Up Swearing.

First Small Boy (mystified)—What on earth is the matter with Butty? Whenever he stubs his toe or anything happens he says: "Oh, scissors!" "The Dickens!" "Good Gracious!" or "Oh, me! oh, my!"

Second Small Boy (disgustedly)—Aw, he's been caddyin' for some minuter on the links.—Weekly Telegraph.

THE FEAT OF THE "CALICO" PONY.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

On the long route of the pony express there were no more perilous bits of trail than those which lay on either side of the station at Lapeer's. This North Platte country was a middle ground common to Pawnee, Sioux, Cheyenne, Ute, Arapaho and Kioway. Hither all these came to chase the buffalo, to steal horses, or to fight the white men or one another; and here the adventurer, of whatever sort, carried his life in his hand.

One day there came to Lapeer's, from the western mountains, Sandy Van Sant, formerly mule whacker for a freighting outfit, young, stunted in growth and short in one leg. His savings consisted of an enormous mule and three Nez Perce ponies, one of which was a "calico" of a picturesque nature not to pass without remark. The genuine calico pony is usually of but two colors, a ground of white with liberal markings of red or black; but Sandy's animal had all three colors laid on very promiscuously.

Sandy desired above all things to secure a place as an express rider, and he asked for a relay at Lapeer's. When for answer the boss pinned a playing card upon his "shooting post" Sandy's countenance fell. He had failed in that test before. Hoping against hope, he mounted his steadiest animal and trotted several times past the mark. He failed to hit the post. In the words of "Blue Bob," the station horse wrangler, "that mule whacker couldn't hit the mule he rode on."

But Sandy, not desiring to ride farther toward the tame east, rested from his travel at Lapeer's. His stock ran with Blue Bob's bunch and without comment, until the wrangler came in to supper one evening, with wrath in his powder stained visage.

"Say, mule whack," he said, "if you don't tire out those pintoes of yours, I'll sure roll your bunch into the Platte."

"Been tryin' to rope 'em, Bob?" Sandy asked, with a good natured twinkle in his eye.

"I'll sure rope that flea-bitten calico of yours, and I'll sure ride him tomorrow," Blue Bob announced in a seat, which greatly tickled the men at Lapeer's.

"Sure?" asked Sandy tantalizingly. "Sure," declared the wrangler, his face flushing under its pits of blue.

The next morning at sunrise the station boss, Jim Devine, his three gun men and Sandy sat upon a corral fence and enjoyed themselves. The fun began inside the corral, but was soon transferred to the open.

At Bob's first confident throw the calico pony dropped its head between its knees and dodged with the facility of a weasel. Bob ran a wider loop, and approached until he could almost lay hand upon the pony's flank. The calico stood with its ears laid back. The wrangler poised his noose and made a quick jump forward. When his rope struck the ground the calico pony was behind him. Then, while a shout of laughter went up from the onlookers that "painted" pony leaped the high corral fence with the ease of a cat going over a chair.

Blue Bob mounted the swiftest animal in his bunch and gave chase. Much to his astonishment the calico pony made no attempt to run away. It now had plenty of room for dodging, and wheeled about the corral in erratic circles, darting ahead, leaping sidewise, or stopping short, as the nature of Bob's throw demanded. In a dozen casts Bob's noose did not once fall upon the pony.

"Who taught the Pinto such tricks?" Bob demanded of the men on the fence, when at last he acknowledged defeat.

"Nez Perces—best horse trainers in the world, I reckon," said Jim Devine. Sandy nodded. "That's what," he said.

"Them others are just as bad," admitted Bob to Sandy, as they walked back to the station. "I don't see the use in such as that."

It was some weeks before Blue Bob saw and admitted the wisdom of Nez Perce training. In the meantime Sandy's ponies continued to run with the bunch, and when he wished to ride the calico the wrangler had only to call to it, as Sandy had taught him, in the guttural accents of its former Nez Perce owner—"Ksok, Ksok, Ksok."

One day at noon the men at Lapeer's watched an east-bound express rider race down a long north slope with a cloud of horsemen at his heels. The gun men were about to dash to his rescue when the Indians turned back. The rider came up badly hurt and reeling in his saddle.

"The Cheyennes have done up them skinnners," he managed to ejaculate, and then he fainted and was carried in.

The "skinnners" alluded to were a camp of buffalo hide hunters, whom the Indians had killed and scalped beside his trail.

So it came about that, because there was no one else for the place, Sandy was assigned to a short and temporary run on the express route. Riding his own ponies, the young freighter covered, twice each day, the 12-mile stretch which lay between Lapeer's and Cow Creek. As the calico was his swiftest runner, Sandy rode this animal one way each day.

The dead buffalo hunters were buried by a detachment of troops from Fort Laramie. The soldiers also scoured the region in search of the Cheyenne trail, but the wary Indians had scattered one by one and es-

upon the brink of the big ditch and fled toward Lapeer's.

Sandy reeled in his seat, then looked behind to see two of his pursuers, unable to check their ponies, go plowing into the washout, while still another, whose animal had set its feet in a standstill, was flung neck and heels over the bank. What fate awaited those Indians at the bottom of the cut Sandy could not tell; he was too quickly out of sight.

But three of his pursuers were out of the race; that he knew. Then he felt a sense of mounting exultation as he noted how his calico pony was running upon the very rim of the washout, clearing wide, dry ditches and water ruts in little, quick leaps, and scudding like a hunted fox over ground a fox might have chosen to foil the best of horsemen. This—this was a Nez Perce mountain pony.

The remaining Cheyennes followed hotly after the flying messenger, but prudently kept farther up the slope. They were no longer shooting, but Sandy noted that they were forging ahead and holding their lances in readiness to thrust him through at the first favorable turn. Plainly there must be one more dodging match, one more running of the gauntlet, before he could hope to reach Lapeer's. Holding to his seat, Sandy awaited the trial.

It came soon. At the bottom of a small ravine the calico pony made another of those lightning turns, and ran straight up the draw. All but three of the Cheyennes had crossed above, but these three, noting the cunning maneuver, wheeled upon the slope and came plunging down together to head it off. The calico responded with a fresh and unexpected burst of speed, and the foremost Indian, rising in his saddle to hurl his lance, lost his seat and was pitched head foremost under his horse's feet.

The riderless pony and the mounted Cheyennes came together at the bottom of the draw, with further damage to the excited Indians, and Sandy's calico, dodging them, went by like the wind.

Sandy, shouting with exultation, looked back at a turn of the ravine to see a single Indian chasing him on foot, and frantically trying to load a rifle as he ran. The others were evidently still engaged in the effort to extricate themselves from the difficulty into which the riderless pony had thrown them.

One minute later the express rider emerged from the ravine, with his calico running straight for the ridge trail, and saw a dozen more Cheyennes looking for him along the washout below. Sandy heard their shrill yells of disappointment as he came into view 200 yards above and in front of them, and sped swiftly away down the slope.

The Indians at once gave over the chase, and it was as well for them, perhaps, that they did, for at the foot of the ridge Sandy met Blue Bob and the gun men of Lapeer's.

The men at the station had seen the Cheyennes ride out upon the ridge to cut Sandy off. In that clear atmosphere, three miles away, they had watched the express messenger as he approached the Indians, and had seen him and his pony apparently swallowed up and lost in a cloud of rushing horsemen. Then they had seen the calico pony suddenly emerge like a jack rabbit dodging a ring hunt, and they had waited to see no more.

As a result of this feat of his talented Nez Perce pony and of his own pluck and skill, Sandy remained at Lapeer's as rider and wrangler until the abandonment of the route.—Youth's companion.

BROOM-CORN FOR FOOD.

New Cereal Can Be Prepared in Many Appetizing Ways—Russian Breakfast Dish.

A new kind of cereal food for human consumption is to be introduced in this country, if the department of agriculture can persuade people to eat it. It is broom-corn millet, and the plant was brought hither from Europe not long ago by botanical agents of the government, for use as forage. However, there is no reason why it should not furnish an article of diet for people inasmuch as it may be prepared in many appetizing ways. It produces, under favorable conditions, 60 bushels of grain (seed) to the acre so that, in view of its highly nutritious qualities, it is a most economical and otherwise desirable plant.

This broom-corn millet is so called because, when growing in the fields, it looks like broom-corn. There are a number of varieties, and the seeds (that is, the hulls of them) are of different colors—yellow, white, brown and gray. A graceful spreading tasselled crown the stalk.

In Russia, where the plant is grown almost wholly for use as human food, it is called "proco." People in that country eat it for breakfast in a form like oatmeal grits, or press thegrits into cake and use them with soup. The cereal also appears on their table in pancakes, such as we make out of buckwheat or Indian corn. Among the peasants, especially in the region of the Volga, the broom-corn millet is largely consumed.

One may judge of its popularity, indeed, when it is stated that from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 bushels of the grain are produced in Russia yearly. A special study was made of it recently by Dr. M. A. Carleton, who was sent by Russia by Secretary Wilson to gather agricultural information. He says that the broom-corn millet can be grown most successfully in this country in the northern plains region—in the Dakotas, Minnesota and Nebraska.—Saturday Evening Post.

Some men are more polished than their shoes would indicate.

SOME DAY.

Life is a bluff!
Behind our mask we bear the brunt
Of contempt, but our front,
The white we do our daily stant,
Ignores rebuff!
But as we nurse our wrath, and fret
Beneath our smile, we don't forget,
And, somehow, we'll get even yet
All right enough.
—Pack.

HUMOROUS.

Muggins—I believe that every man should rule his own household. Bugbins—Humph. I guess you don't keep a servant girl.

Bookseller—Here is a copy of the "Dairy Farm." Prospective Customer—How is it bound? Bookseller—In calf, of course.

Philanthropist—Do you realize the value of an education? Sandy Rhodes—Sure. A man wild edycation can read de free lunch signs.

Blobbs—How did you like the melodrama? Was anybody killed? Slobbs—No; the audience yelled for the author, but he wouldn't come out.

"What? Haven't you any postal cards?" she exclaimed. "No, ma'am," replied the clerk, absent-mindedly, "but we have something just as good."

Tom—And you say she is a great belle? Jack—You bet. Why, she actually has four silk pillows stuffed with hair from four different football players.

Willie—Pa, what is a "burglar proof safe"? Pa—That merely means that when you find the safe blown open and robbed it's proof that burglars have been at it.

There is a new song called, "Go Away Back and Sit Down." The street car conductor ought to write a parody and call it "Go Away Up Front and Stand Up."

Wigg—A beggar struck me for a dime today on the plea that his wife had just had a new baby. Waggs—Wanted you to contribute to the fresh heir fund, eh?

Caldwell—What is 'food for thought'? Kidder—Some of the hash we have at our boarding house. It keeps you thinking about its ingredients for hours after you eat it.

"So you turned down the young bard with the automobile poem," observed the assistant, "what did you tell him?" "I told him he needed more horse sense in it," responded the editor.

Hoax—It's all well enough to talk of keeping anarchists out of the country, but they can't put a stop to all pauper immigration. Joax—Of course not; how could our heiresses get their titled husbands?

Sue—Mabel was terribly disappointed last night. Belle—In what way? Sue—Why, Charley came around and said he was going to tell her the "old, old story." Belle—and did he propose? Sue—No, he told her about Jonah and the whale.

Cause of Autumn Foliage.

No phenomenon of nature is more generally misunderstood than the color change that takes place in the leaves of plants in autumn. This is one of those common things that most people never think of studying, just because they are so common. But to neglect them is to neglect a veritable mine of interest and beauty, to say nothing of the information that lies there ready for our seeking.

Ten persons out of 12, perhaps, believe that the leaves turn red, or yellow, or purple, or brown under the action of frost, but the truth is that frost has nothing to do with the change. If you will take the trouble to notice the trees in September and October you will see that the change begins long before we have frost.

As a matter of fact, it is merely the ripening of the leaves. Leaves are green in spring and summer because they have in the cells a substance called chlorophyll, which is made green by the action of sunlight. The green is of a pale shade in early spring because the chlorophyll is not fully formed. When that substance is fully formed the green turns darker.

Toward the end of summer the chlorophyll begins to decay, and then, because it is not supplied as it is early in the season, the leaves change color or ripen, the green producing substance no longer being present. Exactly why some leaves turn red, some yellow and some brown is not readily explained, except by what we know of the action of light in producing colors. Some substances absorb the yellow and blue rays of light and reflect the red; others absorb the red and blue rays and reflect the yellow; and so on. The scientific reason why some rays are absorbed and others are reflected is that the corpuscles of the substance vary in size. This applies not only to leaves but to all colored objects.

The Sultan's Little Joke.

An amusing story is told of a little jest practised by the sultan at the expense of the medical experts. When the plague broke out in his capital the sultan asked if anything was known as to the cause. On being informed that it was found to be in the state of the drinking water he called at once for six empty bottles which he had filled in his presence, all from the same one of the palace wells, placed his own seal upon them, and then, without divulging their community of origin, handed all six to a prominent analyst. To his amazement, the report sent in that four of the samples contained plague microbes. The fifth was merely puritid water, and the sixth was quite pure. Abdul Hamid merely shrugged his shoulders and kept his thoughts to himself.—Fall Mall Gazette.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS



New China Closets.

The new china closets are much higher than those in use of recent years, and very many of them set up quite high on legs. A lower shelf of wood to display large bowls, pitchers, etc., is often seen on these latest closets, too.

The Fashionable Screen.

Screens of hugely blossomed cretonne are the fashion for a feminine bedroom. Those of plain green with a tapestry square let into each panel near the top still hold their own for a library or living room, but the leather one, of heavy, metallic-finished roanskin, fastened on with huge bronze nailheads, is far and away in the lead for hall or dining room. In fact, so popular and fashionable have these become that they are used everywhere. Their price of from \$40 to \$75 will keep them exclusive.

Hall and Parlor in One.

There is a growing tendency among housewives who have to live in the often cramped spaces of the modern house to throw hall and parlor into one, thus making a fair-sized room which they use as a living room-hall. Interior decorators usually object to this plan as lacking privacy, because drafts blowing from the stairway, and, in the case of entertainment, the visitor is ushered at once into the presence of the family. For a country house, where calling is much more informal and the season they are inhabited drafts are welcome, they, however, recommend this plan.

How to Have a Good Light.

I will tell the young housewife in a little practical talk not only how to keep from breaking so many lamp chimneys, but also how to clean a lamp so as to have a clear, steady, brilliant light, for I think in your first housekeeping a well kept lamp is an important factor, not only for happiness and cheerful conversation around it, but for your health and eyesight also.

Lamp chimneys are not so liable to break upon exposure to changes of temperature if they are put in a pan of cold water and allowed to heat gradually until the water is boiling hot, then allow it to cool again. The common kerosene lamp used in almost every household will give a bright, clear light if properly cared for. The bowl of the lamp should be kept full of oil, but when not used the wick should be turned down, to keep the oil from oozing out. If the wick is soaked in vinegar, then thoroughly dried before it is put in the lamp, it will not smoke. When you wish to clean the flues, founts, etc., wash them in a soda made by dissolving a teaspoonful of pearline into a pint of hot water. Clean well, then rinse in clear, warm water and wipe dry in soft cheesecloth. Fill your lamps every day and clean every day also. See that the flues fit tightly. As you live in the country you will use lamps altogether, and this is an excellent method for cleaning.—N. H. H., in Farm, Field and Fireside.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Mined Eggs—Chop hard boiled eggs and heat to boiling in milk seasoned with butter, pepper, catsup or any chopped herb; thicken with flour, and serve garnished with croutons.

Meat Cake—Mince any cold beef or beefsteak, and mix it with an equal weight of bread crumbs; add a little very finely chopped onion and parsley, a little stock, seasoning and a well beaten egg. Form into a cake, and fry in dripping (about an ounce will be sufficient). This may be served with or without brown sauce.

Rice Fritters—Boil one-half a cup of rice in a cup of milk until the rice is tender and has absorbed all the milk, using an inner boiler. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, a tablespoon of sugar, a sprinkle of cinnamon and a nutmeg and two teaspoons of softened butter. Remove from the fire and let cool before adding the beaten whites of the eggs. Drop in spoonfuls into plenty of boiling lard or fat and let them fry a light brown. Serve with one flavored strongly with lemon.

Butter Rolls—Dissolve two table-spoonfuls of butter in one pint of scalded milk. When cool add one scant teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead lightly for five minutes and set aside to rise. When very light make into small rolls and let rise again; then bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Prune Jelly—One pound of prunes, one-half box of gelatine. Soak the prunes over night and stew until tender in the water in which they have been soaked. Remove the stones and sweeten to taste. Dissolve the gelatine in a little hot water and add the prunes while hot. Lastly add the juice of a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds. Pour the jelly into molds and set it on the ice to harden. Serve with whipped cream.