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There are in the United States near ly 1,100,000 square miles of wood-land, representing thirty-seven per cent, of the total area of the country.

An insurance statistician has com-piled an interesting statement of the number and kind of accidents last year. Among others 555 persons fell off railway trains, 272 were hurt by ladders, 2569 were hurt from riding or driving, ten by automobiles, 224 by bumping into furniture, nine "hurtfully took off shoes."

"It was not many years ago," says Country Life in America, "that people lived in the suburbs as a matter of economy. Now they live in these parts because higher ideals may often be attained here. From reports per-sonally obtained from twenty-eight of the largest cities in America, North, South, East and West, it was shown that during two recent years over \$429,000,000 had been incorporated and spent in private purchases and the development of lands adjacent to large cities, for suburban operations. Over \$60,000,000 have been voted and spent by trolley and railroad companies to extend their service beyonds the limits of these cities. Nearly half a billion dollars have, therefore, been invested within two years in the proposed development of suburban properties, in addition to the millions of dollars already so invested."

Sir Christopher Furness, an Englishman, who has just visited America, and who is recognized as one of the most eminent authorities on financial and economical matters, declares that "The United States destined to become the greatest financial power in the world." He adds: With her vast resources and millions of energetic people, she cannot be We see indications of it downed. everywhere. What happened when we were called upon to borrow money some months ago? Who bought the Where did they go? went to America. Americans were ready on the spot to produce any amount of money that was necessary or desired. I dare say they could hav been taken up at home, but they were not. The Americans did not give us the chance. Thus it is everywhere. This is just one illustration, but it is a good one, and hundreds of others can be found on every hand.

be found on every hand.

Defeated by Nature.

Nutnegs grow on little trees, which look like small pear trees, and which are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutneg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees gow on

ear. The Dutch used to have all this nut-

Nature did not sympathize with such nearness. The nutmeg pigeon, found a all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done-carried the seeds, should not be done-carried the seeds, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries.

The Russian government has announced that persons found playing cards in a railway carriage in any part of the Russian empire will be subject to heavy penalties.

The three largest cities in Sweden re Stockholm, with 300,000 inhabilits; Gothenburg, with 131,000, and calmo, with 61,000.

### ONCE IN A WHILE.

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while 'mid clouds of doubt'
Hope's brightest stars come peeping

Our paths lead down by the meadows fair.
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and And we lay aside our cross of care Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own We clasp the hand of a steadiast friend; Once in a while we hear a tone Of love with the heart's own voice to blend; And the dearest of all our dreams come

true,

l on life's way is a golden mile,
thirsting flower is kissed with dew,
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a snot of the fairest green:
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold
Once in a while.
—Nixon Waterman, in Doston Globe.

# Whiteamb's Coyate Dag. & Whiteamb's logate log 8

HITCOMB kicked his dog, kicked him savagely. That was eighteen years ago at Sungly a small settlement kicked him savagely. That was eighteen years ago at Sunfly, a small settlement on Pepper Creek, in the then Daketas. We curiously looked at the dog to ascertain what effect this particular kick certain what effect this particular kick would have on him, for it was at least the one-thousaudth that he had received from his master in the course of three years of troubled life. Usually this dog took the kick, drooped his tail, slunk into a corner and watched his master out of a single eye until the latter's good humor was restored. This afternoon he did not do this. He turned away without a yelp, set his scarred body on the trail to Portland, and temporarily disappeared.
White and was the deputy sheriff of the county, stationed at Sunfly. He regarded himself as master of anything and everything in the town.

regarded himself as master of anything and everything in the town. Men that kick dogs usually carry that epinion with them. Whiteomb in Sundry stood for the law and his own ends. When the two conflicted the law went fishing. But it was a singular thing that while Whiteomb carried so much authority and imposing presence around he never met a man who dared to defy him but he immediately became his best friend. Men that kick dogs have that peculiarity, also. It was singular, too, that the only thing in Sunfly which Whitcomb ever outrageously abused was his coyote dog. in Sunfly which Whiteonb ever out-rageously abused was his coyote dog. This he kicked at every opportunity, kicked so hard that Watson, the freighter, looking into the dog's blood-shot eyes cue day, said sententiously to Whiteomb;

shot eyes che day, said sentendously to Whiteemb:
"He'll turn en you some day."
The dog came frem nowhere. He drifted in out of the wilds of the buttes one day and immediately attached himself to Whiteomb. Perhaps he had a cross of coyete in him; more probably he did not. But he was long, lank, heavy-fanged, big of musele, narvelous in endurance—he ran one day sixty miles behind Whiteomb's gray Indian mare without a sup of water. He minded his own business strictly, even as to other dogs. The few of his own race that disturbed him were killed so quickly that they did not realize he was at their threats. Why he tock to Whiteomb no one cotld explain, but he did, and although kicked from pillar to post, beaten with pistol butts and cut with quira, he was loyal to his first choice. That is, he was loyal util 'this particular day, when he was kicked for the last time. When he trotted away from Whiteomb's office, although he did not know it, he forever severed himself from that individual.

Watson, coming across the trail with provisions, met him at Grass Butte, a

From the individual.

Watson, coming across the trail with provisions, met him at Grass Butte, a mile from town. He was high up the butte perched on a shelf looking far to the West. Watson whistled to him, and he came down, dragging his big but bruised frame after him slowly. He licked the freighter's hand, sniffed at the horses and then returned 17. He licked the freighter's hand, sulfied at the horses and then returned to the vantage point he had occupied, only this time he faced the East, looking toward Sundy. Watson was not a superstitious fellow, but when he rode into town and passed Whitcomb's office he called out: "Coing over Grass Butte way tonight?"
Whitcomb peopled.

night?"
Whiteomb nedded. Watsen shook his head.
"That dog of yeur's is out there, and he's waiting for trouble."
Whiteomb laughed, shook himself, and remarked:
"I reckon he'll never bother me—he's just a bit sulky."

"Whit called to the dog and then

whistled again, and then I saw some-thing big come through the dark as if it were shot out of a gain. Whit ripped out an oath and then he fell down and the big thing was on him, and I thought it was a lion or something else, and I come back to town as fast as I could for help."

Watson, was the first to get jute the Watson was the first to get into the

saddle for the rescue, the rest came hurriedly after. Grass Butte was very quiet and so was Deputy Sheriff Whit comb. He was lying by the trail, face to the stars, his throat torn open and

to the stars, his throat torn open and the life gone from him. One hand was on his gun, but he never had strength enough to pull it.

As for the coyote dog, he was not to be seen, but the next day his trail of blood was followed westward for miles and miles, but his pursuers never caucht up with him. He had never caught up with him. He had gone on to safety, leaving the mark of his vengeance at the base of Grass Putte.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

PRIDE OF HORSES.

PRIDE OF HORSES.

After All is Said, the Fire Engine Puller is Most Vainglorious.

"Men may rave about the splendid evidences of pride to be found in the antificus race horse, or the good trotter or pacer," said a lover of horse-fiesh recently, "but when it comes down to dignity of bearing and a certain commendable vaingloriousness, you may give me the plain old fire horse. I am naturally fond of race horses, and have a special lilting for the trotter that can make it in a little above two flat. When they are really blooded they are fine, game, dignifed fellows. But the fire horse that helps to speed the engine through the streets of the city to some place in danger of devastation by the flames is simply a dream in what I may call a charming air of self-sufficiency. I have been watching the animal for a number of years, and I am convinced that he has a very exalted idea of the position he holds in the community. He seems to understand his importance. He seems to know that much depends upon the speed he displays in getting out of the engine house and to the point from which the alarm was sent in. I have had firemen tell me that these animals actually learn to count the number of times that the gong sounds, and I feel no hesitancy in accepting the statement as true. Certainly they have learned the number of strokes for the exercise run, and there is no statement as true. Certainly they have learned the number of strokes for the exercise run, and there is no for the exercise run, and there is no reason why long practice should not teach them the number and location of the different engine houses and the alarm boxes which are most frequently used. But I have in mind the splendid bearing of these animals after they have made a burried run to fire. Watch them when they are a fire. Watch them when the going back to the engine house. Watch them when they are they seem to know that the men, women and children along the streets are looking at them with a warmth of admiration that almost amounts to of admiration that almost amounts to worship. They hold their heads high in a vain kind of acknowledgment, and, in fact, they seem to think as they jog along that they have kept the old world from going up in smoke. Well, they have a right to feel that way, and while the increased uses to which electricity is being put may finally run them out of business, the fire horse may retire with the consolation that he has been a useful member, and he may even feel an inordinate pride if it pleases him to do so."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

# Queer Doings at Maidenhead.

Matdenhead duly observed a few days ago the ancient custom of beat-ing the bounds. In civic state the Mayor and corporation perambulated the entire boundary of the borough, the proceedings occupying the whole

day Just after the party had traced the boundary through the dining room of Skindle's hotel they proceeded to board the Gainsborough steam launch,

board the Gainsborough steam launch, the boundary proceeding down the centre of the Thames to Bray. In stepping on deck the master of the ceremonies, Mr. Alderman Cox, and the Sergeant at Mace, who was in civic uniform, slipped into the river and foundered about knee deep.

On landing at Bray a borough employe, when carrying the gold mace up a ditch, got stuck thigh deep in mud, and could not move. He was slikling deeper and becoming exhausted, when he was rescued by means of a five-barred gate lifted off its hinges and by ropes. The mayor, its hinges and by ropes. The mayor, Mr. Wilton, was duly bumped, as were also other members of the corpora-tion, and all submitted cheerfully to

### A PIOUS PARROT.

# How He Learned a Sentence From a Riva Parrot.

How the Learned a Sentence From a Riva Parrot.

If Coco meant the half of what he said, and was even a quarter as wise as he looked, he was a wonderful bird. I met him in Paris, where he lived with an old English lady, who spent her life in her own apartments, between her maid and her parrot. Coco was thus her almost constant companion, her guide, counselor and friend. He had an easy flow of conversation and said many funny and apt things that I have forgetten, but no one who saw and heard him at his devotions of a Sunday morning is likely to forget it. His mistress, being unable to attend the English chapel, read the service in her own room aloud, with Coco for congregation, for none ever exceeded the unction of his long-drawn "Amens" nor the contrite quaver of his "Good Lord, deliver us," in the litany, and when it came to "miserable sinners" he rolled up his eyes and nodded his old head in dismal approval.

It would have been unkind to smile during the performance, for Coco's feelings were sensitive, and, moreover, the old lady found comfort in the thought that he, perhaps, dimly understood. She told the following story in proof of his sagacity:

A friend came to visit her one day who also owned a parrot. The talk turned upon the rival birds, and the visitor instanced, in proof of her per's nowers, an intricate sentence that he had been taught to say. She repeated the sentence several times, mimicking the narrot's nasal voice. Coco, meanthile, showed evidence of great extement. He sidled hand over hand across the back of the soft on which the visitor sat, puffing out his chest and holding his breath till sill of his feathers stood on end. Something was on his mind and he was straining to get it off. As the visitor rost e togo, his efforts culminated, and as she passed out of the door he screamed the sentence after her, exactly as he had heard his rival quoted.—Forest and Stream. If Coco meant the half of what he

sentence after her, exactly as he had heard his rival quoted.—Forest and

Checkmated.

"I never felt so cheap before in my life," declared the well-known business man. "I am a great stickler for honesty, and I simply will not have any one around me of whom I have the least suspicion; and when I find a man that I know I can trust I regard his honesty as a valuable asset and pay him accordingly. The result has been that I have gathered around me a force of employes of whom I am justip proud, from the jaultor up to the cashier. The other day my old office boy left me, and I was obliged to hire a new one.

"Out of the numerous applicants I selected a bright and honest appearing boy and put him at work. Then the old question arose. Was he honest? I am old enough to realize that appearaness are sometimes deceitful, and I resolved to test the boy in a mild way. So one night when I left for home I left a nickel prominently displayed upon my desk. After reaching home I felt sorry for what I had done. I realized that by my act I had been placing temptation in the boy's path, and that there was little to excuse my plan; so I was very much releved the following morning to find the nickel where I had left it. Then I saw there was something there that I had not left, and that was a bit of paper upon which was written in the new boy's hand the inscription: "To be left until called for." I've got a smart lad in that new boy. Too smart, I'm afraid."—Detroit Free Press.

Superb French Cavalry.

The French cavalry is splendidly

## Superb French Cavalry.

horsed. The strong, sturdy chargers of the cuirrassiers and dragoons, with long, why legs and frames long, wiry legs and frames, giving at once endurance and speed, are ideal animals for war. The highly bred animals for war. The highly bred horses of the chasseurs a cheval and hussars seem a trifle light, and it is doubtful if they could resist the impact of a charge of heavier men, mounted on heavier horses, like the coarser, but more bony animals of the Russian or German hussars. Considering the short term of military serious properties of the charge of the country Russian or German hussairs. Considering the short term of milliary service in France the cavalrymen ride well, and on the whole are fairly good horsemen. Nothing could be more picturesque than the final charge which terminated the review. The four cavalry divisions of 16,000 sabres, all told, having taken up their positions at a mile distance from the tribunes, General Brugere, Generallssimo of the French army, personally assumed command. The order was given by point of the sabre, and the charge began. It was splendidly executed. The 128 squadrons, moving slowly at first, increased speed to a swift hand gallop until within sixty yards of the reviewing stand, when they suddenly drew up at a hait, officers saluting with their sabres, and sandard bearers lowering their colors in honor of the Czar.—New York Tribune. ering the short term of military ser-

whiteomb laughed, shook hinself, and remarked:

"I reckon he'll never bother me—he's just a bit sulky."

"All right," answered Watson, "but I know these coyote dogs, and I know your dog, and he's waiting for you—you just remember that."

Whiteomb paid no riore attention to him and the rest of us forgot Grass Butte and the dog. About S o'clock that evening Whiteomb poid no riore attention to him and the rest of us forgot Grass Butte and the dog. About S o'clock that evening Whiteomb poid no riore attention to Owens. He was paying attention to Owens: sister, and she was living at the ranch in the meadows, five miles west of Crass Butte. It was dark when the two cleared the twen, but they were headed straight for the butte. When its shape rose out of the blackness before them Whiteomb suddenly thought of his dog and said to Gwens:

"I wender if that heast is waiting for me?"

Owens could not tell him, so when the two can be been being busined to the presence to the pursuer. The hunted ree or hare will make circles, double on its own tracks and take to water or fing itself for a considerable above him.

Owens teld the rest of the story later. He said:

Whiteomb suddenly thought of his dog and show anew his power over it. Something rustled on the mass of shale above him.

Owens teld the rest of the story later. He said:

Owens teld the rest of the story later of "making a cast." This is the argo of "making a cast." This is the dodge by which a huntsman alike save time and picks up a lost seent.



111 TIPS ON FURNISHING.

# fewest Ideas That Make For the Beautification of the Home.

Oriental effects have been in vogue for house furnishings so long that there has been several attempts to relegate them to obscurity and substi-tute something else. With little suc-cess, however, as far as couches and cess, however, as far as couches and their furnishings are concerned, and from present indications Oriental divans, couches, pillows, etc., will be in style for some time to come.

The usual height for a screen has hitherto been five feet, but the newest ones shown are six feet. These new six-footers have had a very favorable reception, and are the correct thing at

A new idea in curtains shows an effect that has not been seen in this field for many a long year. This new stuff has a mercerized mesh, with a raised figure of chedile upon it. The effect is quite striking and attractive.

A recent oddity in divans was draped entirely in pyro-etched leather, showing scenes from history and famous plays. It was too costly and not proportionately attractive to become generally popular.

The fad for brass candlesticks for The fad for brass candlesticks for ornamental purposes seems to have no end. Those best liked are very exact reproductions of old-time shapes and when their tall stenderness appears in a pair arranged on mantel or dressing case suggests most effectively the taste and days of our great grandmothers.

For polishing eld mahogany or ol oak furniture one "in the know" su gests the palm of the hand and s called "elbow grease" as the very be polisher, the natural warmth and of the hand being quite sufficient produce a smooth and as shining surface as fashion decrees now.

\* \* \*
The open-beam ceiling is growing more and more the proper thing for living room, den, dining room, etc. These beams are usually stained or painted like the woodwork of the painted like the woodwork of the room. An awfully effective color scheme used by one of our most exclusive decorators for the living room of the house of one of our smart set had dark green wainscoting, doors, etc., and yellow walls, and, then the beams were painted green. . . .

Far better to remove objectionable pieces of furniture and have a sparsely furnished room than to retain pieces out of keeping and that offend the eye.

Counter-panes of cretonne or timey flowered glazed chintz, with bolster rolls to match, are very cmark, but many women still adhere to the pure white bed in spite of fashion. Pillow shams are quite out of date as a bed dressing, pillows now being out of sight during the day.-Philadelphia Record.

Tell the Cook.

That the fresh color of green vegetables may be retained by cooking them in an uncovered saucepan.

That a little vinegar added to the water in which salt fish are cooked will improve their flavor.

That croquettes will go to pieces unless the fat in which they are cooked is positively boiling.

is positively boiling.

That the fat for frying doughnuts, etc., may be tested by dropping in it a piece of bread. If the bread browns instantly the fat is of the proper temperature.

That the success of economical cooking depends greatly upon the seasoning and flavoring of the dish.



Grspe Pickle-Pick sound grapes from the stems without breaking them and put them in a jar. For every seven pounds of the fruit allow a quart of vinegar, three pounds of brown sugar and a tablespoonful of whole cloves and stick cinamon, boil together for a few minutes, and when cold enough to bear putting the finger in pour over the uncooked grapes. Cover jar with a saucer and do not disturb for two or three weeks.

Fried Corn Meal Muffins-Mix one pint of sifted indian meal with one-half teaspoonful of sust and one tablespoon in of succession of special pour upon the gradually one pint of boiling water, beat well, cover and set away till morning. In the morning add two well beaten eggs and beat the mixture thoroughly; dip a tablespoon in cold ialik and with the wet spoon dip up the batter by the epoenful and fry in boiling lard. Tura each only once while cooking.

# WHERE DO THE CLOTHES CO?

WHERE DO THE CLOTHES CO?

A Possible Explanation of Disappearances in Country Houses.

The tendency of various articles of dress belonging to guests to disappear in country houses is undentable, and there is scarcely a visitor who has not his story of a missing coat or pair of trousers or some similar article to tell. It is never known just how these things get away, but they go, and the circumstances of the loss usually prevent extended investigation. The experience of a guest at a country house recently opened his eyes as to the possible reason for some of these mysterious disappearances.

"When the valet came to the room to unpack my bag," he said, "I found that I had come off without a most necessary part of my wardrobe. I had all of my dress suit excepting the trousers.

My host was exactly my opposite in

necessary part of my wardrobe. I had all of my dress suit excepting the trousers.

My host was exactly my opposite in figure, and there was no hope of relief from that quarter. None of the other men stopping in the house had any extra garments, and as it was only a short time before dinner the situation looked critical. Then the valet came to my assistance and said that he thought he could find a pair of trousers to fit me. He brought a pair and they were all right.

"After I had tried them on he told me that he had another pair that had braid on the seams, if I liked that better. Of course when I left I gave him twice as large a tip as I would have done had I not been indebted to him for his trousers.

"I did not ask him the source of his supply, but it occurred to me that the inexplicable way in walch visitors' garments disappear at times in country houses might be explained by the collection of emergency garments that the valets have on hand."—New York Sun.

Sun.

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Love is the perfume of life.

You can never bury your influence. The leaves never fall from the tree of life.

There is nothing so dignified as death. Sin is the mother of every human

sorrow. Slanderers are known by the seed they sow

A twisted conscience is a poor business guide. Dreams are of the past; visions of the future.

Bury hope and you sound the death-knell of progress.

Morally you cannot look one way and walk another.

Culture without conscience gives manners without morals. None sin against themselves with-out sinning against society.

A man cannot afford to despise honors until he has carned them.

The true warrior does not wait to be an officer before he will fight.

Men measure their fellows with their

eyes rather than with their ears The best treasures of life are found the ore rather than as nuggets.

Floods of tears are a waste unless they turn the wheels of improvement. The furnace of adversity withers false friendships and welds true ones. To apprehend the truth and love it not is like the light of winter without

Envy never fails to be grieved at another's happiness and happy at his grief. heat.

In life you will lean as you look and as you lean so you will lie when you fall.

You may slight the warning of conscience, but you cannot escape its reward of remorse.—Ram's Horn.

science, but you cannot escape its reward of remorse.—Ram's Horn.

Heredity.

To account for the transmissibility of ancestral types Darwin in his work on "Pangenesis" promulgated a theory that each cell threw off what he designated "gemmules," which formed the nuclei of another series of cells, whose sole destiny in the economy of nature was the propagation of its species. These "gemmules" formed the blastema, in which was contained an exceedingly microscopical impression of the animal which might ultimately be called into being. If this were the case we should be able to submit the miniature image to our investigation by means of the microscope. But strong microscopes are wanted. The red corpuscies of human blood have to be about one four-thousandth part of an inch. The number of these red corpuscies which would adhere to the point of a needle would not be less than 1,000,000. Theory teaches that the final division of matter is the storm, and the atom has been measured. It is calculated that in a cube of water one thirty-thousandth part of an inch wide there are 30,000,000,000 atoms.—London Science Gossip.

Madagascar's Poisonous Tree.