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HEROES AND HEROES.

We give unstinted praise to the man
Who is brave enough to die;
But the man who struggles undimly
Against the currents of destiny
And bears the storm of adversity,
We pass unnoticed by.

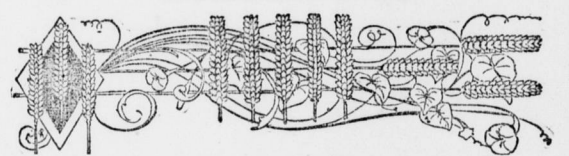
We've plaudits and tears for him who
Falls
Borne down in the shock of strife;
But a word of cheer we neglect to say
To him who plods on his dreary way
And fights in silence from day to day
The unseen battles of life.

There's courage, I grant, required to face
Grim death on the gory field.
There's also courage required to meet
Life's burden and sorrow; to brave defeat;
To strive with evil and not retreat;
To suffer and not to yield.

Some moments are there in every life
When the spirit longs for rest;
When the heart is filled with a bleak despair
When the weight of trouble, remorse and
Care
Seems really greater than we can bear,
And death were a welcome guest.

But we crush it down and we go our way
To the duties that he in wait.
From day to day we renew the fight,
To resist the wrong and to seek the right,
To climb at last to the sunbeamed height
And to climb o'er time and fate.

And this—for my heart goes out to them—
My need of praise I would give
To those who struggle life's path along,
The host of toil, who are patient, strong,
The unrewarded unnumbered throng,
Who are brave enough to live.



IN LOVE WITH A WIG.

I HAVE sometimes felt that I was constant by the merest chance, and as my marriage has turned out happily I am grateful for the interposition, though taking no credit to myself. I ought to say that I have never told this story to my wife and she would scarcely be likely to appreciate it if I did, but I mean to set the truth down here, though I shall not give the real names.

I will call myself George Grey, and my wife I will call Amy—nee Ferrers. Well, I was engaged to Miss Ferrers, and I loved her passionately, the more passionately perhaps, because my position held out no prospect of making her Mrs. George Grey for years.

She was the second daughter of a rector in the shires, and I had met her when I was in the neighborhood fishing. An acquaintance took me to the house, and it was a very pleasant one. The rector was a charming man, his daughters were worthy of him; as to Amy, she was the loveliest and sweetest girl I had ever seen in my life.

I stayed down in Threagates, fishing, for nearly a month, though I had originally intended to limit my visit to a week, and I think Amy was sorry when at last I told her I had decided to go.

At length I decided to do what many another fellow has decided to do similarly circumstanced. I resolved to consign my profession to the deuce and to seek new pastures in America. What I proposed should be my plan of campaign in America is not at this date clear to me, but I remember it seemed to me then a most desirable and practical step to take, and not even Micawber departing for Australia felt more confident of "something turning up" on the foreign shores than I.

Of course Amy wept and was desolate, but we had been engaged now for nearly three years, and firmly and with a business-like lucidity on which I prided myself—I remind myself most strongly of the Micawbers in retrospect—I showed her that it was the only course for us. I said that England—I called it the "old country"—was playing out. In the United States, I observed, energy and youth had a chance of coming to the front. To going to a sinking ship—the "sinking ship" was the bar—a cowardly and disastrous thing, I declared, and finally I painted a picture of my rising to dizzy heights in the United States and her coming across to me in a twelve months' time to be my wife.

The pictures of making her home in the United States did not seem to attract her, so I altered that part, and in the amended version I returned after twelve months with my pile in my pocket and we settled in London.

Besides Amy and her people, who regarded me as a perfect hero and gave me keepsakes to think of them by in the distant land, the only person to whom it was necessary to announce my intention was a maiden aunt of mine, who lived in Dorset. She told me frankly that I was a fool.

As she looked at me with a certain admiration, however, I was inclined to think that in her heart of hearts she was not without a sentiment of approval for my action, and I was firm once more and reiterated the arguments with which I had favored Amy.

My relative gave me an excellent lunch, and after wishing her an affectionate farewell for she had always been very nice to me—I went back to town and commenced my preparations.

My furniture, consisting of a desk, an armchair, and a few dilapidated articles which I forgot, I disposed of "at a sacrifice." I ordered a couple of suits of clothes—clothes I had understood were dear in America—and I booked a passage by the Germania.

Having put my affairs in order, and having received to my surprise, a letter from Dorset repeating that I was a fool, and inclosing a check for £50, I paid a last visit to Threagates, folded Amy in my arms and bade.

I enjoyed the voyage immensely. We had fine weather, sociable people on board, and I was exhilarated by a consciousness that I was doing a noble and resolute thing. I smoked my pipe with satisfaction and looked at the ocean in the moonlight and Amy's photograph with pleasurable sentimentality. So much for the trip.

I arrived in New York with the best part of £100 in my purse, thanks to my aunt's liberality, and I went to a hotel and thence removed to a comfortable boarding-house, in order to give myself time to look around.

No immediate prospect of making a very large fortune presented itself, and my money dwindled rapidly. When I had been in New York a few months I was glad to forget my anxiety in reading.

I mention this because it led to an important event.

I learned that there was an admirable public library near by—the public libraries of America are better than ours—and one day I strolled in there to see what of the newest fiction I could procure.

It was a huge building, and in the upstairs room to which I was directed I found the attendants were all young women.

The book I asked for was "out," but I was supplied with another. I read it and returned it the following afternoon, when the book I most desired was "out" again. This went on for a week—I always missed it—and I expressed my annoyance at last rather emphatically.

As I was doing so my eyes fell on one of the girls behind the counter, who riveted my attention in an engaged manner. This girl—I cannot find a proper adjective to describe her—well, she was peerless! Her hair was positively the most glorious color I had ever seen on a woman, there was just a toupce of red in it—only a sousep, though—

"I shall never forget this holiday of mine," I said; "but now I must bring it to an end and get back to the dust and grime of the Temple. Stewing in chambers, I shall often think of Threagates and the trout stream and—my friends."

Unconsciously I adopted the tone of a Q. C. at least. I spoke as if I were returning to a legal treadmill, though if I received a couple of briefs a year I held myself extremely fortunate.

We were in the rectory garden, and she was wearing a broad-brimmed hat of straw, and held a bunch of daffodils in her hands. Was it my fancy, or when she bent over them did she do it to hide the regret in her face?

"I am glad you have found it so enjoyable," she murmured. "It's a pretty place, I think."

She had never looked so beautiful. I was saying "good-by" to her, and I was twenty-five. The result might have been foreseen. I took her hands in mine, daffodils and all, and told her that I loved her; that I had never loved before, and could never love again. I cried to her that I had not the right to ask any girl to be my wife, but my passion was stronger than my self-restraint. She was my world, my all, I adored her. Life without her was an agony too awful to contemplate. Would she, could she, reconcile herself to wait for a beggar who to-day could offer nothing but the wildest devotion that had ever been laid at a woman's feet?

Words altogether unpemitted broke from me in a torrent of fervor. My heart bounded furiously; my excitement seemed even to communicate itself to the rooks among the boughs overhead, who cawed so violently that they appeared to be drowning my speech. When I ceased her head drooped, and my darling was all smiles and tears at once. The daffodils lay scattered on the lawn, and I was engaged!

Well, I postponed my departure for three days, and those days were delightful. Her father—least mercenary of men—consented cordially. We were both young enough to wait, he said, and I was adopted as one of the family without demur. The girls were warm in congratulations—no fellow ever had nicer sister-in-laws—and Amy was the divinest little fiancee that it was possible for a human imagination to conceive. Yes, those three days were ecstatic, and so were the weeks that followed, when I wrote and received a love letter per diem, and it was only as the weeks merged into months and the months into a year that I began to ask myself how and when I expected to be able to marry.

I was depressed by degrees. My prospects, as I have said, were of the vaguest. I was still doing nothing to speak of at the bar, and even when I ran down to see Amy, and she did her best to cheer me up, the futurity of her encouragement was not to be blinded by a man possessed of tolerably clear sight.

"We must be patient, George," she would say. "Everything will come right at the end. I am sure of it, and when the briefs are rolling in we shall look back at this time and laugh."

I thought it very possible that I should laugh under those conditions, but there was a gulf between the present and the opulent future which her words did nothing to bridge.

and it had a natural ripple in it all over, from the whiteness of her brow down the nape of her divine neck. Under this imagine blue eyes, and you have an idea of what she looked like. A veritable goddess!

She had heard my exclamation and moved forward with a smile.

"What is it you are asking for?" she asked.

I told her.

"Oh," she said, "you see it is a new book, and, of course, there is a demand for it. I'll tell you what I will do—the next time it comes in I will save it for you."

I thanked her cordially, and she proved as good as her word, for the following afternoon when I presented myself she nodded directly she saw me and held it up.

"I am awfully obliged," I said. "That was really kind of you. Have you had it yourself?"

"Yes."

Somebody claimed her and I went away. It does not sound stable in a fancy, but I must confess that I read the work hurriedly in order to have an opportunity of seeing my goddess soon again.

I changed my books every day now, always going to that part of the long counter where she was standing and always admiring her more fervently than before. I fastened my eyes on the girl. If I saw her full face or in profile, or if she had her back to me, she was still conspicuous, stately and entirely adorable. I thought about her when I was at my home. I could not banish her from my memory.

How this might have ended, who shall say? Did Amy's dynasty totter in the balance? I fear, sorely and tremendously, I fear that it did, but it was restored in a bewildering and even dispiriting fashion.

Who can conceive my astonishment when on entering the library one morning I saw my divinity with her hair cut short—cropped like a boy's! I was staggered, breathless. Momentarily I had failed to recognize her, she was so painfully changed. Gone those intoxicating ripples. Gone even the richness of color! Gone the queenliness of carriage!

"Why," I gasped—I could not suppress the question—"my dear young lady, why have you had your hair cut since yesterday?"

"I haven't," she said. "It was cut six months ago when I was ill. What I have been wearing until it grew on again was a wig."

No, I did not break down. I even stammered a suitable commonplace, but the shock was terrible. I never returned to the library.

And I married Amy—yes. I did not make a fortune in New York, but my aunt died very shortly afterward and it was found that she had bequeathed me the whole of her property—a very comfortable one. I married Amy, and we are very happy together. Only sometimes I cannot help wondering if that other girl had been all I thought her, whether—but then there was no such girl. I was in love with a wig.—*Waverly Magazine.*

HAWAIIAN SUPERSTITION.

Popular Belief That Royal Family Had Supernatural Powers.

"That the former royal family of Hawaii had supernatural powers is still firmly believed by a very large number of natives on these islands," said Chief Examiner Severn, of the Civil Service Commission. "When Commissioner Rodenberg and myself visited the city of Hilo when we were on the islands recently, we were told the story by Princess Emma, of the Hawaiian royalty, of the rescue of that city from destruction by a volcano. The story was told us by the judge of the city and vouched for by half a dozen Americans, who claimed to know personally.

"The volcano which was doing the damage was some thirty miles from the city. It began with active operations, and the stream of lava which flowed from it started straight for the city of Hilo, covering an area about half a mile wide. The flow of lava was small, as it gained only a small distance each day. It presented a solid wall of red-hot stone six or eight feet high, and remains to corroborate the story.

"As the lava approached the city the natives became much alarmed and were on the verge of panic when a message came from Princess Emma. She said that when there was any danger of the destruction of the city by the lava, if she was informed of the same, she would come to Hilo and stop its flow. This message was just in time. The lava had reached to within half a mile of the city, and the Princess was sent for in great haste. She came at once, bringing a live white dove, a sucking pig, and a bottle of native rum. The populace of the city all followed her as she proceeded to the edge of the lava. When there she ordered the pig killed, and dipping up its blood with her fingers, she sprinkled its blood upon the lava, repeating the while some strange native lingo. The death of the dove followed, and its blood was likewise sprinkled on the flowing stone. Last came the rum, and this was poured as a sacrifice to the mystic power.

"The story ends here, for the lava never flowed another foot. The city of Hilo was saved, and Princess Emma, likewise all of the royal blood, can to this day wield all powerful sway with the natives of Hawaii."—*Washington Star.*

GOOD ROADS.

An Awakening in the South.

NE of the most forcible evidences of the prosperity of the South, and an assurance that that portion of the country has been brought to a realizing sense of some of its needs, is the enthusiasm manifested over the subject of improved highways. It will be hard to find one point on which the South has recently experienced a greater awakening. Last June when the good roads train under the initiative of the Illinois Central Railroad made a trip, starting at New Orleans as the southern end of the line, it left behind it a trail of leagues and associations, State and local, devoted to improving the highways of half a dozen States. The recent convention at Buffalo, which attracted delegates from all over the Union, and even across the Atlantic, had an equally good result, although in a different way. Now, comes the announcement that the Southern Railway Company has inaugurated a great movement in its desire to improve the road systems converging to its tracks. The company is to run a good roads special, fully equipped, along its lines, stopping at various points to build a half mile or a mile of good road, and show the people what can be done and how to do it.



This initiative should receive cordial co-operation. Rivers, the natural, and railroads, the artificial, highways, are of little use if the people only a short distance away from the lines are unable to reach them. In many ways the people of the South have been held back for want of decent transportation facilities by the ordinary highway. In the rules governing the new rural mail delivery system one of the requirements is the ability to travel twenty-five miles a day, and the impossibility of doing this has in many cases delayed the extension of the system. This is equally true of business opportunities of all kinds, more especially the disposing of produce on a rising market. It has been estimated by a man fully acquainted with market conditions in the South and Southwest that opportunities for more than a million dollars increase in profits have been lost to farmers in the last two years through inability to get to market quickly at a critical time.

And this not alone of the South and the Southwest. Right here in New York State farmers have been kept away from profitable markets by roads which were bogs or quagmires instead of paths fit for a man to ride over or a horse to travel in. But New York has seen the light, and to-day the improvement of the highways is a question which is seldom allowed to drop out of sight. It is an omen of good for the Southland that the people are demanding of their legislators more and more attention to the highways, and that the cold business part of the proposition is seen in its right light. Road building, although of national importance, is a local work, and must be carried on under local conditions. It is in this regard that the good roads men are doing well. They strike all sorts of soil and all kinds of difficulties, and show the people how to improve their travel facilities at the least possible expense, in the shortest possible time and with the smallest amount of trouble.

That the railroads have an eye to the main chance in developing the lands along their lines in no way detracts from the ultimate benefit of their work to the farmer in the immediate neighborhood, as well as to the dweller in the city which the farmer wishes to reach with what he has to sell.—*New York Tribune.*

Good Roads Save Money.

One of the most important and encouraging of the many conferences held at the Pan-American Exposition was the good roads congress. The questions of mutual concern which brought together delegates from thirty-nine of the States, and from Mexico and Canada, is one upon which much has been spoken and written, and had the congress merely met to continue the advocacy of improved roads it would have been of little note.

The delegates, however, were not limited to the discussion of what ought to be done; they were able to compare notes upon what has been done.

Particularly gratifying reports came from the South, where highway improvement has been needed greatly. There was a general agreement among representatives of all parts of the country that the rise of public interest in good roads was steady and promising, and there was a general belief that much progress would be made in the next few years.

Maryland has not overlooked this question. State aid has been enlisted in the worthy cause of road improvement, and public sentiment will probably be found in sympathy with a determination to keep up with sister States in this important work.

Moreover, good roads, aside from convenience, are of great money value to any community. Business is aided, as well as comfort or pleasure. The price of hauling produce over a bad road far exceeds the cost of keeping the same highway in good repair.—*Baltimore Herald.*

DEPOSIT MONEY NO PLEDGE.

"There was a time," said the woman who keeps boarders, "when, if a person paid a deposit on a room, I considered it as good as rented, but I don't figure that way any more. Either people have more money than they used to have or less sense of honor, I don't know which. At any rate, there has been a change, and nowadays when a prospective boarder comes along and picks out a room that he says he likes and backs up his word by giving me \$2 or \$3 as a guarantee of good faith, I have no assurance whatever that I shall ever see him again.

"To be sure, this reckless expenditure of salary is not an everyday occurrence, but it happens often enough to make me wonder how people can be so careless. I can readily understand the motive, but I cannot appreciate it. The explanation, of course, is that the people like my rooms well enough to take some precaution against losing the option on them, in case they should find nothing more desirable, but that upon looking further they see something that suits them better, and they would rather sacrifice the deposit fund than decide in my favor. Now and then some one particularly audacious comes back and asks me to refund the money, but generally are content to let well enough alone. All told, my unclaimed deposit money amounts to about \$50 a year, which is not a bad return from the little time invested in showing the rooms."—*New York Times.*

SEVERAL JAPANESE WOMEN BARBERS EMPLOYED IN HONOLULU.

A new rule of the White House requires every one who comes in to enter by the front door. Those who have been accustomed to climb in through the windows and slide down the chimneys, should paste this somewhere.—*Kansas City Journal.*

A STROKE OF ENTERPRISE.

A restaurant keeper in a New England city accomplished a neat stroke of enterprise by offering a prize of \$5 to the lady making the best-looking pumpkin pie. During the contest the sidewalk in front of his place was piled high with the golden gourds and the show windows held the unique and tempting exhibit. Each pie entered was numbered, and all patrons of the restaurant had a vote on their choice. The result of the contest was most gratifying to the originator of the scheme, as he received nearly 200 pies and made over twenty-five new customers, and all at an expense of \$5 for the prize and \$2 for pumpkins.—*Printer's Ink.*

HOW TO ENTER THE WHITE HOUSE.

A new rule of the White House requires every one who comes in to enter by the front door. Those who have been accustomed to climb in through the windows and slide down the chimneys, should paste this somewhere.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE BOGEY.

I'd like to know what's round to make
The floors go "creaky" at night,
So suddenly, I'm wide awake,
And start with all my might.
I stand of 'spect it's looking out
To get some little tid—
A lad of the size of me, about—
Because that he's been had!

And first I hear it in the hall—
With "creaky, creaky, creak"
My'd come, you bet, if I should call;
But I'm afraid to speak!
And then it's in the room—and then
It's coming at the bed!
I pray: "Please help me, God!"—amen,
And cover up my head.

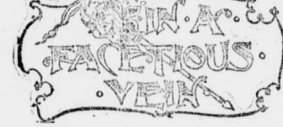
I think of all the things I did
I hadn't ought to do,
And wonder if perhaps I'm hid,
Or if it sees right through!

Oh, Oh! I promise, hope to die,
A hundred times, or more,
I'll be a better boy than I
Have ever been before.

I didn't even strike a match
To see if it is there—
For if I move it's close to catch
My legs or arms or hat!

And how I wish for morning light!
I don't care what you say,
But something snoots about by night
That isn't from my hat!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.



"What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?" "A centipede with chilblains."—*Christian Register.*

"Sportlight is bound to be in style, isn't he?" "Oh, yes, he'd rather be in style than out of debt!"—*Puck.*

"Pa, what's the first requisite of a patriot?" "That he belongs to your party."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

What's in a name? It is to laugh!
The thought inspires a burst of wit,
A wife is called the better half,
Yet often gets the worst of it.

—Philadelphia Record.

Charles—"Did the tailor take your measure?" Algy—"I think he did, he said I'd have to pay in advance."—*Tit-Bits.*

"There's one good thing about an automobile." "What's that?" "It doesn't try to run up to every watering fountain it comes to!"—*Puck.*

Chide not the man who talks too much,
But let him have his way.
His own endeavors will achieve
What he deserves, some day.

—Washington Star.

"Charlie Duma is awfully sweet, don't you think?" "Yes, they say he was shot at twice in the Adirondacks because he looks so much like a deer."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Willie Bookworm—"Mamma, I feel so queer." Mother—"You've been eating some of those rich, indigestible recipes in the cook book again, you naughty boy!"—*Chicago News.*

"After all, you'll find the man who always tells the truth is the most successful in business." "Huh! He isn't in it with the man who is believed in everything he says."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mamma—"What's the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party?" Willie—"Naw?" "Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?" "Yes; but I didn't get too much."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"My time," said the multi-millionaire, "is worth a hundred dollars a minute." "Well," answered the friend, casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play ten or fifteen thousand dollars' worth of golf."—*Washington Star.*

A new boy had come to school fresh from the country, and the ready "Sir" and "Miss" of the city child were quite unknown to him. "What's your name?" queried the master. "George Hamilton." "Add 'Sir' to that, boy." "Sir George Hamilton!" came the unexpected reply.—*Boston Courier.*

Mrs. A. (before the full-length portrait of a girl)—"Oh, if I only knew the painter of this!" Artist (stepping forward, joyfully)—"Permit me, madam, to introduce myself as the painter!" Mrs. A.—"What extraordinary good luck! Now you will tell me, won't you, the address of the dressmaker who made this girl's frock?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Theodore—"It's all right, darling. I have met your father, and we took to one another at once. He even went so far as to borrow \$10 of me. Surely he can't refuse me your hand after that." Edith—"Dory I'm afraid you have made a mull of it. Pa told me about the \$10, and told me I'd better let you side; that you were too easy."—*Boston Transcript.*