FREELAND TRIBUNE

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited OFFICE; MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE, LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FREELAND.—The TUNUXE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate pf 12% cents per month, payable every twa month, or \$1:55 s year, payable in advance. The TUNUXE may be ordered direct form the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will re-ceive prompt attention. regular or tardy delivery zervice win re-ive prompt attention. BY MAIL --The ThINUXE is sent to out-of-wan subscribers for \$1.30 a year, payable in lvances pro rata terms for shorter periods, he date when the subscription expires is on is addressible of each paper. Prompt re-ewals must be made at the expiration, other-ise the subscription will be discontinued. BY

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., s Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks. etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Even philanthropy becomes an ev-ryday occurrence. Andrew Carnegie's eryday ryday occurrence. Andrew Carnegie' scent \$2,000,000 gftf required but sizeness of newspaper space. It is the nan who is not philanthropic that actives wonder these days.

The new Prince of Wales will prob-ably not undertake to eclipse the tradi-tions of his title with reference to sport and bonhomie. In his case the parental influence can be exercised with that intelligence which comes of experience.

Millionaires who have exhausted all the ordinary forms of pleasure have adopted others that are new and open to doubt. For example, a copper king has ridden a distance of eighty-one and a haif miles in three hours and twenty minutes in an automobile over an ordinary country road, "merely for pleasure." At that rate of speed the most common irregularities in the road cause the "auto" to sway like a catboat in a choppy sea. There is constant excitement in the fear of running down somebody, and occasionally **a** down somebody, and occasionally **an** appalling doubt as to whether the dog which has just been bowled over and killed was not in fact a child-a ques-tion about which a man in dusty gog-gles and going at express speed can-not be positive. Then there is the reasonable expectation that the man himself will be killed before the end of his pleasure trip. A conviction has been had in Minne-apolis under the new law making the failure to provide necessities for a wife a felony. The first victim went to the workhouse for ninety days, although he might have been sentenced to hard down somebody, and occasionally an

he might have been sentenced to hard labor at the penitentiary for three labor at the penitentiary for three years. This experiment in sociology will be watched with interest. While it is difficult to reform men by law, possibly the fear of punishment as a common criminal will deter shiftless men in Minnesota from neglecting or describe the wives. It is not exdescribing their wives. It is hole ex-pected that punishments under the law will be many. That would defeat, to a large extent, the purposes of the law, for a man in the workhouse or the penitentiary is freed for the time be-ing from responsibility for his family, pulses bis enforced earnings should be unless his enforced earnings should be converted to their use. Possibly the existence of the law will be enough of a deterrent.

Faster Than Ever She Was

There are a number of regular vis-flors at the Brooklyn Navy Yard who give a great deal of unsolicited advice to officials there as to how to run their end of the Navy Department. The pet subject for criticism with these self-constituted advisers, is the use of the cruiser Columbia as a re-ceiving ship in place of the old frigate Vermont.

use of the cruiser Commun. The ceiving ship in place of the old frigate Vermont. "It's a shame to use one of the fast-est boats in the navy for such ~ pur-pose." they declare. When this criticism is voiced to Rear-Admiral Barker, the Commandant of the yard, he says quietly and a trille wearily: "Oh, don't let that worry you; the Columbia is now raster than ever she

was." The critic takes a look at the stout hawsers holding the ship in her berth and slinks away toward the yard gate.—New York Times.

Slover Torpedo Boats Desired. Slover Torpedo Boats Desired. Foreign naval powers seem to be demanding much lower speeds from torpedo boats than were speedified a few years ago. Numbers, of these lit-tie vessels have been built recently which are required to run at only twenty-five and twenty-six knots.

un! So Thin. "I think that's an excellent idea," remarked the new boarder, as he fin-lshed his soup. "Ah," said Mrs. Star-em, "not used to beginning your din-ner with soup. eh?" "Soup? I thought it was ho water to prevent dy progla." --Philadelphia Press.

Care drives to prayer and prayer Editor Boker of Plainville thought it arives away care.

Where the yelllow rapids ran Through the brake of reed and thorn, Through the brake of reed a Fished the ancient ferryman In the flush of early morn. And he watched his blue cork Till across the misty river Came the mellow ferry horn

Ran the sturdy farmer boys, Wresting on the mossy banks, Skipping stones and making noise, Spashing up the footway planks, Swapping jests and laughing merry, While the bent and battered Jerry Frowned in dudgeon on their pra

And at sunset came a stream s. From the meadows and the shore-ise, Milkmids with their pails of cream, ks. Bumpkins weary hed and orce, es. rry, And they wove gream the blashing issues, pranks. As old Jerry bent his ear. -Vietor A. Hermann, in the New York Herald.

THE OLD FERRY.

Then in ne Came the

n in neonday heat and glare me the miller to his meal, ging with him all the air the cool old water wheel. he smoked and taiked with Jerry, te lay back in the ferry, essing at some surface cel.



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Series Series G - 3 (The 11/1/ PO. 11 N/S 61 BOKER WAS OUT WITH HIS CUN. -

essons. Their horses swung off with asy lope, but came to a dead halt then on the trail toward them rode mith, the man they wanted. He was stride a bay mare, foam and dust-yvered, and he raised a hand in friends covered, and he raised a land three was ly salute, although his gesture was otherwise taken by the two men in

astride a bay mare, form and dust-covered, and he raised a hand in friend-ly salute, elihough his gesture was otherwise taken by the two men in front of him. Boker was out with his gun and a tremendous eath and had opened fire in a hurry. The eashler swung to one side and clear of range. Smith shouted at Boker, but getting only a shot in replie. The shots came fast and furious, the two horsemen dashed into each other. Boker went down and Smith too, and they clenched on the prairle sod and beat each other in the effort to kill. After a time there was silence and bleeding badly. From the schoolhouse there came running the teacher, and she fell upon both men and sobbed and housed and made the cashler think she had gone mad. First she would kiss Smith and then she would kiss Boker, and then sob as if her heart would break. The cashler began to think that something had gone wrong, for sure. At her bidding he rode into town for help, and after awhile Boker and Smith were in bed and their wounds dressed. Smith was shot through the hip and left arm and beat about the head; is front teeth knocked out and his if they could see each other, even though forbidden to talk. The local doctor said they would certainly re-cover. Miss Wilson hovered over each, not deigning to notice the wild glare in the same room in separate beds, but they could see each other, even though forbidden to talk. The local doctor said they would certainly re-cover. Miss Wilson hovered over each, not deigning to notice the wild glare in her cousin's eyes, nor the deep bewilderment in Snith's. She knew somebody had blundered, but felt she could afford to wait. As for Plainville, it only regretted at that moment that Beker had not killed Smith. It was true to its editorial hero.

hero. Late that night Miss Wilson, sitting with the injured men, heard Editor Boker hoarsely say to Editor Smith: "What did you attack my cousin for?" heró.

"What did you attack my cousin for?" "I didn't." "Yon did, you lying-" It took all the girl's strength to force Eoker down into his bed. Then intel-ligence came to Editor Smith. He grinned, burt as he was. "I gave Harrison's cousin a cut," he sold, "for beating that chifd, but not your cousin. I rode all last night to get here this morning to ask your cousin to be my wife. She'd accepted me about five minutes before I met you. When you saw me I was coming into town to make peace with you on the county seat fight. I had to shoot you to get a chance to explain. Shuke?" "Oh," said Boker, and his bundaged hand crossed to Smith's and Miss Wil-son had her own on top of both-H, I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Rec-ord-Herald."

Pepper Joke of an Indian. Pepper Joke of an Indian. Hishop Whipple was especially fond at fulling stories which Illustrated the calmness and self-control that his In-dian friends made it a point of honor to exhibit on all occasions. Some In-dian chiefs were dining at a Washing-ton hotei, and one of the number, see-ing a white man using cayenne pep-per, took the bottle and shook if gen-crously over his plate. After the next motiful, though he kept a composed comission onticing this, saidd: "Why do you weep?" The answer was, "I was whinking of my dead grandmother." The next moment the second Indian took the pepper-castor and used it, with a like lachrymode result. The first man looked lecenly at him and said. "What are you weeping for?" "I am weeping," was the answer, "be-cause you didn't die when your grand-mother did."-Mainly About People. The Prey of the Fog Flend.

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Hints For Beauty-Loving Women Who Are Thrifty.

Are Thrifty. Make your home express yourself. Because your neighbors have lace cur-tains at every window, cellar included, do not follow suit. Tender (leaf) green half curtains of silk are far more dis-tinctive, as well as artistic, for some windows.

The curve in the second star in the second s

To sell a massive parlor suite be-cause its covering and springs were done for is to show great lack of thrift, Take the advice of one who knows, And have your old suite done up in rich green corduroy-not any fringe about it, but finished in box pleating of the goods nalled in place by brass nails after the French style. Chenp parlor suites are both suares and de-lusions.—Philadelphia Record.

parlor suites are both snares and de-lusions.—Philadelphia Record. How to Fill Fillows With Feathers. Every woman who has ever tried to fill new ticking cases with feathers. Every woman who has ever tried to fill new ticking cases with feathers knows the full difficulty of the task set the princess in the futry tale, who was ordered to put one bagful of feathers into another without 2:tting a single one escape. They fly hither and yon, stick to clothing and carpets, and aimget drive the neat housewife to despair. But housekeepers in the good old days had a way of dealing with then which is well worth passing on to their children's children. The new ticking cases were seved firmly all around, except for a space of ten inches at the middle of one of the narrow ends. The case from which the feathers were to be removed was then ripped open for the same distance in the middle of one of the about ends, and the sides of the slift thus formed were stitched to the sides of the coping in the new case. This of course united the two cases closely, leaving an opan-ing between, through which the feathers containing then. When the latter is empty rip the cases apart, collect the few that may still be elinging to the sides of the silt, eand the troublesome task will have been accomplished with very little labor.—The Ladles' World. Rough-Finished Walls. The desire for special soft thins, that

Rough-Finished Walls. The desire for special soft tints, can so much easier be obtained in somine, has led to quite a fad for rough finished plaster walls, k mined in preference to paper or fa



Green Pepper Omelet—Wash, remove seeds from two green peppers, cut in thin slices, and cook tender in a table spoonful of butter. Make a plain om-elet; when ready to serve, place the peppers on it, fold over, and dish on a hot platter.

peppers on it, fold over, and dish on a hot platter. Apple Charlotte-Wash, pare and quarter eight medium-sized tart ap-ples then stew slowly in a thin syrup unil tender, but not mashed. Season with nutmeg. Line the bottom and sides of a buttered ramequin will stale sponge cake, fill the apples, cover with thin silces of the cake, sprinkle freely with bits of butter, and bake. Serve cold with whipped cream. Parsnip Fritters-Wash and scrape them and cut in slices, cover them with boiling water, cook until tender, mush them through a colander, re-turn them to the fire, add to two large parsnips a tablespoorful of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg beaten the fire, and when cool make into small fat cakes and fry in a little batter. Pumpkin Preserves-Pare and cut

fint cakes and fry in a little batter. Serve hot. Pumpkin Preserves—Pare and cut up one large yellow pumpkin; weish the pumpkin cubes and to each pound add one pound of sugar; squeeze the juice of one dozen lemons linto a bowl and add one gill of it to each pound of pumpkin. Mix the sugar and pump-kin, pour over the lemon juice and let it stand twelve hours; then put it into the preserving kettle and boil gently until the pumpkin becomes clear and crisp. When it is tender, take out the pumpkin, place in jars, strain the sirup and pour it over the preserves. Seal. Serve cold with the cotinge cheeses and a little cream. These preserves are nice with hot bread of any kind and with butk wheat griddle cakes.

ANOTHER ABDUCTION. Help! Help! A prisoner am I! My fate to marry, or to die! My captor is a mighty maid, Adept in crafty ambuscade. She holds me girt with cunning wiles-With glances, blushes, pouts and smiles. Whene'er I strive escape, alack! My circling footsteps bring me back.

Alas! No ransom can be sent-The wealth of all the Orient Could purchase not, I know, for me A single hour of liberty. A million steeds, a million men, Can take me not from her again.

For, aye ,she has me prisoner— I die unless I marry her! —Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.



"Has a swell trade, eh?" "Swell? Say, he's just now collecting for goods he sold three years ago!"-Detroit Free Press.

Free Press, Binks—"I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office." Jinks—"Goodness me! When did he die?"—New York Weekly. He—"They say Colonel Dever is quite a soldier. In how many engagements did he take part?" She—"Six before his wife got him."—Princeton Tiger. Althouch in an uselish tone

and he take pint? Side—Six before
Although in an unselfish tone
Men operate the golden rule anew,
Each aiwaya tries to keep his own
And get the other fellow's, too.
-Washington Star.
"Chappie Is making money at last."
"In what way? I didn't know he could do anything." "He can't, but he has
reated the back of his collar out for a signboard."-Chlago Post.
The Pretty Gh!-."Miss Antique was named after her unele George, wasn't she?" The Spliteful Girl.-'I don't know; she looks as it she had been named before him."-Tit-Bits.
"Poh! My papa wens evenin' clothes every time he goes to partles." "That anythin'. Our minister wears his night clothes every time he pircaches."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.
He climbed the pinacle of fame, The back of his acreer;

preaches."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. He climbed the pinnacle of fame, The height of his carcer: And sadly then did he exclama: "It's mighty honey here?" Miss De Puyster-"Do you really think it is possible for us to love our enemies?" The Bishop-"Weil, I think we could love some people more as enemics than we could as friends." -Puck.

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chemics?" The Bishop-"Weil, I think we could low some people more as enemies than we could as friends." -Puck. Speaking of artists, it takes a rich man to draw a check, a preity girl to draw attention, a hores to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, and a free lunch to draw a crowd.-Harlem Life. The breakfast didn't suit him. "What a pity it is," he said, "that low's young dream never can live to grow up." "Why can't it?" she asked. "It's killed off by acute dyspepsia," he answered.--Chicago Post. He-"I must confess to a great deal of egotism.' She-"Indeed?" He-"Yee; I think about myself a great deal too much." She-"Oh, that isn't egotism! That's mereiy the human tendency to worry over triffes."--Ghas-gow Times.

"Death, you know," explained the doctor consolingly, "is like a thirty-day note. When it fails due why that's the end of it." "But, doctor, protested the business man falctly, "I am paying you to get me an extension of time, and I expect you to do it."-Chicago Post. Little Jeanneatte's mother found her

Chicago Post. Little Jeanneatte's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear. "Oh, Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looking like that some day?" "I should think you'd had a awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.-Tit-Bits.

Bits. Hortense—"Tom Alley says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he says beside that by never loved anybody else in all his life." Flora.-"And Charley Bliss tells me he has been in love with hun-dreds of girls, but he loves me better than he ever did any of them."—Bos-ton Transcript.

than he ever did any of them."-Bos-ton Transcript. Electioncering by Phonograph. A candidate for municipal honors in Sheffield has lately been putting his views before the electors by means of a phonograph, and it is possible that the plan may soon be extensively adopted. At a recent parliamentary election in Victoria one of the candi-dates shirked the task of personally airing his views by sending a phono-graph around the various towships in charge of a man on horseback. The electors, however, resented the appli-cation of this time-saving method, and left the owner of the machine at the bottom of the poll. The main differ-ence seems to lle in the fact that, while the phonograph will render a speech plainly enough, it cannot be heckled or got to reply to questions.-London Chronicls.

The Assassin's Day. The Assassin's Day. Almost everywhere within the range of Christendom Friday is a day of pro-verbial ill-luck. The following list of assassinations tends to confirm this superstition:

assassinations tends to confirm this superstition: William of Orange, July 10, 1584-a Friday: Henry III. of France, Au-gust L. 1580-a Friday; Henry IV. of France, May 14, 1610-a Friday; Gus tavus III. of Sweden, March 16, 1792 - a Friday; Lincoin of United States, April 14, 1880-a Friday; McKinley of United States, Soptember 6, 1901-a Friday.-Lippincott's Magazine,