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MILITARY CAMP IN SIBERIA.

How the Russians Pitch Their Tents—Sturdy and Happy Men.

On the Sunday morning when all the church bells were clanging and good Blagovestchensk folks were hastening, armed with prayer books, to worship, I took a solitary walk along the Amur side. On the way I passed through the camp where are stationed some 3,000 soldiers. It was well situated near a wood. The officers' quarters were of timber, painted white, and there were great long sheds for the troops, but most of the men were under canvas.

Their tents were pitched on quite a different plan to that adopted by British troops. There was first built up a square of sods, not unlike a sportsman's shelter you see on the moors at home, with an entrance on one side. On the top of this was fixed the tent, which was really a sort of square canvas lid which would throw the rain beyond the bank. In each were six beds and there was plenty of room to stand up. At every point was a soldier on guard, bugles were continuously sounding, officers and their orderlies were galloping about. "For-eigner" was, of course, stamped all over me, and, although I received many curious glances, I strolled where I pleased, with never a word of hindrance.

These Russian white-bloused Tommies were just as "larky" as their red-jacketed friends at Aldershot, says a correspondent of the London News. In one or two places men were put out on parade, but most of them were spending their Sunday as they pleased. From some of the tents came the beat of accordions, and young fellows were laughing and singing. Then I came across a group having wrestling matches; next some young fellows were testing their jumping powers; then groups squatted in the shade of the trees smoking and gossiping. I must say that they were all sturdy, well set and healthy men, clean and neat, and quite happy.

THE END OF THE OLD BEAU.

Contemptible Vanity Exploded in Declining Years of Want.

Beau Nash, like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummel, was to expiate his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want and misery. As he grew old, he grew insolent and seemed insensible to the pain he gave to others by his coarse repartees. He was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he once was. The evening of his life grew cloudy, nothing but poverty lay in the prospect before him. Abandoned by the great, whom he had so long served, he was obliged to fly to those of humbler stations for protection, and began to need that charity which he had never refused to any, and to learn that a life of gayety finds an inevitable end in misery and regret. It was said that Mr. Quin, the actor, tried to supplant him as Master of the Ceremonies, which Nash believed, and he grew ruder and testier. There is evidence that there was ground for this suspicion in letters of Quin written from Bath, in which he says, "Old Beau Nash had mead himself so disagreeable to all the company," says the Nineteenth Century. A new generation sprung up to which Nash was a stranger; his splendor gradually waned. Neglect filled him with bitterness, and he lost thereby the remainder of his popularity. His income now became very precarious, so that the corporation voted him an allowance of ten guineas to be paid him on the first Monday in each month. He long occupied a house known as Garrick's Head, subsequently occupied by Mrs. Delaney, but he died in a smaller one near by.

NEARER THE SUN NOW.

But the Tilt of Its Axis Gives Less Heat.

Astronomically, the earth is nearest the sun these days, but the tilt of its axis gives us but a scant share of his light and heat. Still, though winter is only begun, in a weather sense, it is always pleasant to remember that during the coming week not only do we swing around the earth and home as a focus, with our eyes set on the happier times ahead, but that with the winter solstice passed we are once more on the way to the sunnier hours and blither skies. The winds may be bleak and the days short, but the steady pulse toward spring cannot be stopped.

HAS THE WORLD GONE WRONG?

Has the world gone wrong? I hear a child
Who is singing a happy song,
And across the way an anvil rings,
And under a maiden hurries along
With a look that only gladness brings.

Has the world gone wrong? I see the gleam
Of love in a lover's eyes,
And yonder upon the wooden gate,
Where lovers have gazed at the starry skies,
A sparrow cheeps to its little mate.

Has the world gone wrong? I hear the sounds
That men who are busy make,
I hear the engines puff away,
And, strong in body, I go to take
The little part that I have to play.

Has the world gone wrong? There's many a man,
When his work is done to-night,
Who will hurry away from care to see
Glad faces glow where hearts are light—
Oh, the world is good to them and me.
—Chicago Record-Herald.



TOM CLAPLIN was sixteen years old when his family moved from Chicago to San Diego, Cal. His father, a consumptive, was no longer able to work. His mother, a tiny, cheerful, busy woman, with three small children besides Tom, had her hands full with nursing her husband, making, mending, cooking and caring for the family. They had been in their new home for three months, living away their small capital, and with no prospect of earning a dollar. The boom was over. The town was overrun with Easterners, men and women in frail health, willing to work for small pay at anything that would yield them sustenance. And so Tom, the hope of his courageous little mother, had tried everything and failed to get work.

It was then that he hit upon the idea of becoming a fisherman. For a week before he broached the subject at home he had patrolled the shore from Point Loma to the Coronado beach in search of a boat. He had only \$15, and of the scores of small craft that could be bought at all there was but one within his means. A leaky lugger, with frayed old sails and an impossible Spanish name, stinking of fish and with a dirty black hull, lay moored off the Portuguese village on the north shore of the bay, and thither day after day poor Tom trudged, big with his secret.

One Saturday night he startled the family with:

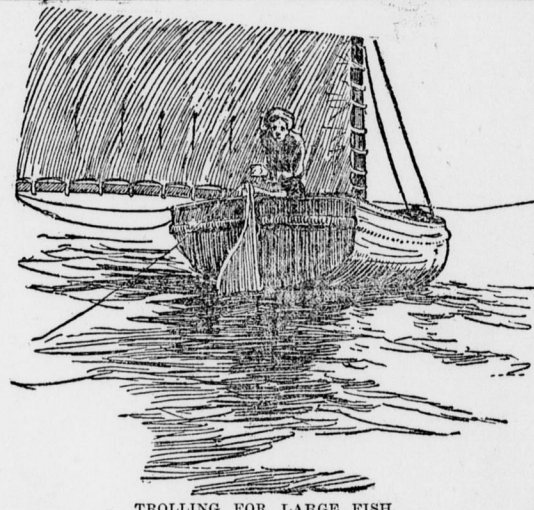
"Well, people, I'm a sea captain at last and no joke. Mother, behold your son, Captain Thomas Clafin, of the good ship 'Little Mother.'"

The little woman's blue eyes were filled with tears when her boy showed them the bill of sale to the effect that he had bought a vessel for \$12.50, and

both sweetheart and provider. His greatest difficulty was his need of an assistant, and many was the barracuda and giant Jewish that escaped him in his lonely, all-day cruises up and down that matchless summer sea. Sometimes he would induce some lazy wharf idler to accompany him, sometimes old Pedro, the retired Portuguese from whom he had bought the boat would help him as he stood out to sea and help him with the work. Sometimes, when the sea was like a floor of gleaming onyx, his father would sit in the stern sheets, and little Charley would "man the jib" or troll a line for small fish, but alone or with "a crew" Tom never failed to bring home at night enough fish so that his earnings at the end of the week were almost enough to pay the running expenses of the frugal little family.

It was in the end of August that the Monterey, the monster coast defense monitor, returned from her first cruise. She had been in South American waters for four months, and the crew got its first shore leave on American soil at San Diego. The big war vessel was thrown open to visitors one Sunday morning, and all that day Tom Clafin carried sightseers from the Santa Fe pier to the Monterey. Good seaman that he was, he was fascinated with the dazzling spotlessness of the monitor, and every night while she lay in port Tom came aboard to revel in the ship-talk and yarns of officers and men. He soon knew all the officers by name, and had formed a close friendship with a seaman named Hansen, who had lived in Chicago and was hail fellow with every man in the crew.

Hansen was killed the night before the Monterey sailed for Frisco. He had gone ashore with a guard to arrest a half-breed Mexican stoker who



TROLLING FOR LARGE FISH.

thus, like a true-blue Chicagoan, risked his all in the only business venture in sight.

"I named her for you, mother, and you must christen her and take a sail in her to-morrow."

With a basket of luncheon and a pall and shovel for clams, the Clafin family, with Tom proudly leading the way, went down to the beach in the morning. Sure enough, there lay the "Little Mother," swinging gracefully at her moorings, no longer dingy and black, but radiant in a coat of fresh white paint, her sails mended and ship-shape, the Stars and Stripes fluttering from her peak and her name in bold blue letters across her bows. Tom's little brother and sisters danced with delight, new light came into his father's eyes, and as for "Little Mother," the patron saint of that first voyage, she laughed and cried by turns as she sat in the stern of the boat and watched Tom, the captain, and little Charley, the "first mate," both bubbling over with excitement and nautical terms, tugging at ropes, running about like regular Jack-tars and making all ready "to put to sea," as Tom said.

As the boat, driven by a cool sou'west breeze, stood out across the bay for the Loma lighthouse, Tom showed them all the new hand-pump he had rigged into his little "ship." He explained the centreboard, pointed out the imaginary heauties and qualities of the "Little Mother," boasted of what he meant to accomplish as a professional fisherman, and made everybody so happy that it seemed no time at all till the sun was dipping into the sea and the first cruise of the "Little Mother" was over.

And the boy made good money with his modest venture. He would rise with the sun each morning, and with his dinner pail and coarse tackle make for the boat that had become to him

had overstayed his leave. The guard separated to scour the town for the deserter, and Hansen, alone, had the misfortune to corner him in a Chinese dive at the lower end of town. A knife in the dark as he was dragging his prisoner through an alleyway, a pane of chattering Chinamen, who quenched their lamps and bolted their doors, and poor Hansen was left dying in the mire. It is but four miles to the Mexican border from San Diego, and thither, it was supposed, the murderer had fled.

The Mayor of San Diego offered \$200 reward for the capture of Hansen's slayer, the little police force was thrown in a fever of activity, the Monterey delayed her sailing for three days and then the crime began to be forgotten. Tom sailed out to the fishing grounds every morning with whomsoever he could pick up. It was nearly a month after the monitor had gone when a lone fisherman sitting at the end of the jetties that reach from the crescent end of Coronado Island hailed him. Young Clafin stood in for the landing and invited the stranger aboard. He wanted something to eat, and the boy, with a sudden flutter in his heart, opened his pail and bade the stranger make himself comfortable. They fished all that day with rare luck, and at sundown the "Little Mother" was deep with her cargo of barracuda. Once under the lee of Point Loma on the homeward trip the breeze died out, and the boat went drifting with the tide. The southern reaches of the entrance to San Diego harbor are covered with sandbars and shallows that extend two miles along the inner side of Coronado.

The tide ran out while "Little Mother" was drifting about these bars, and when darkness fell she went hard aground. A dense fog came with the night. The channel buoys disappeared. The lantern lights of the city were

blurred and quenched in the thick haze, and by the time flood tide came again it was impossible to steer the boat with certainty or safety.

"We'd better anchor till the fog lifts," said Tom, wondering what his mother would think if he stayed out all night.

His comrade sullenly agreed, and so they dropped anchor, and lay rocking in the calm cloud of mist for hours. The stranger fell asleep in the bottom of the boat, but Tom, big-eyed now, his heart beating with wild excitement, sat in the bow watching. It must have been near midnight when he crept down from the hull and unshipped the little pump. The tide was going out again, and as he dropped the dismantled apparatus into the sea he heard the water gurgling into the hold. The stranger was yet sleeping when Tom slipped over the rail, breast high in the water and headed for shore.

It was 2 in the morning when he reached the police station in San Diego. He was bareheaded and wet, his bedraggled shirt and trousers were clustered with burrs and thorns, his feet were bleeding and he could hardly speak the words:

"Captain, I've got the Mexican that killed Hansen."

It was daylight when they surrounded the scuttled lugger. The Mexican was awake, clinging to the half submerged mainmast. The rickety boat, loaded with fish and bumped by the now running seas, was going to pieces plank by plank. Tom didn't waste a thought over the captured murderer after he saw the police lay hands on him, but he shed a weak, unwilling tear over the wreck of the "Little Mother."

"Why did you wreck your boat, Tom?" asked his mother that day while the story of her boy's heroism made him the talk of the town.

"Well, mammy," he said, "I was afraid the Mexican'd get away to sea. I wanted him, you know, but what I wanted most was that two hundred dollars reward. I can buy a new boat for half the money."—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

PROPERTIES OF THE MADSTONE.

Cowpunchers of the West Place Great Faith in the Absorbent.

The madstone is supposed to be taken from the stomach of a white deer. It is about the size of an English walnut, and slightly porous. When a person is bitten by an animal afflicted with rabies the stone is placed on the bite. It immediately sticks, sometimes for half an hour.

One of the greatest fears of the cowpuncher is of being bitten by a skunk. In the cattle country, when the puncher is on the range and must sleep out of doors at night, he hardly ever lies down on the ground without thinking of this danger. When he is bitten it is almost always in the face. Nine times out of ten hydrophobia symptoms develop. In most cases he is anywhere from twenty to fifty miles from a doctor, and search is made among the ranchers for a madstone. The cowpuncher is simple in his faiths, and he clings to this one. And, indeed, many marvelous tales are told of the success of this somewhat vague healer.

The writer knows of one remarkable case. A man in a New Mexico cattle town was bitten in the arm by a mad dog. The nearest doctor gave his aid, but he was not able to decrease the swelling. A madstone was sent for from a distance and applied to the bite. The curative properties of the stone lie in its power of absorption. It adhered at once to this man's arm. Running up the elbow was a thin blue streak, tracing the course of the poison. As the stone stuck this streak gradually decreased, and was not to be seen when the inanimate little doctor fell off, after thirty minutes' adhesion. The stone was put in water, and a blue film immediately formed on the surface. The man got well.

The value of a madstone varies with its owner. The stone just told of was held at \$500.

Telegraphs Through Jungles.

Reports of pushing forward of the transcontinental South African telegraph line reach civilization from time to time, by the hardships suffered by the line men and the physical difficulties to be surmounted are rarely described. The line has now been carried up to the southern shore of Lake Tanganyika. During the last couple of hundred miles the road was impassable for vehicles and all the supplies and material had to be transported by carriers. One section of the line passes through a swamp in which the vegetation grows to such a height during the wet season as to top the wire and cause troublesome leakage. The natives cannot be induced to go in during the season and cut down the weeds owing to the swarms of crocodiles. In another section the elephants have caused several interruptions by breaking off the poles. In some of the forests through which the line passes trees are met measuring over 100 feet in circumference. Some of the ravines are impassable even to the line men during the rainy season owing to the paths being under water and the rank growth of vegetation.

Honors For the Young.

The new Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, Mr. P. C. Smyly, is the youngest man holding such a position in the colonial service. He is only thirty-five, and has been on the west coast for the past six years and found the climate to agree with him. The new Chief Justice took his LL. D. degree in Dublin University ten years ago, and his great talents early marked him out for rapid advancement.—London Chronicle.



USE OF THE PIN.
The Very Important Part It Plays in a Woman's Life.

A great deal of scorn is heaped upon the woman, who, as the saying goes, is "pinned together." She is put down as untidy and lazy and generally shiftless. The scornful critics do not stop to consider that the most artistic French dresses and hats are seldom "well made"; that graceful and lovely as they are, the mere stitchery is very light and unreliable, apt to give way at any moment. French hooks and eyes, frills and bows, are all apt to come off after one sewing. Mere sewing is not the artistic thing for which one pays exorbitant prices. Any little convent girl can sew well. The great couturiere charges for deft touches, inspired adjustments, graceful drapery, beauty of outline. Clothes should be put on with art as well as with skill. There is more affinity in the cunning fold placed with the aid of a pin than there is in rows of mere strong stitchery. Personality cannot be expressed in a frock that any other woman could duplicate. It must have special touches of its own, and it cannot have these if the woman who wears it despises the use of the pin.

Many women spend large sums on their clothes and never seem on good terms with them. Their frocks are very well made—too well made to have any subtlety or illusion. Every fold is in place. Every frill is secured by a strong thread. Everything is so strongly sewed that no mystery can lurk in a fold, and no expression lie in the curves or lines of a skirt. When you have once seen a toilet, there it ends; the second time you are deadly tired of it, and finally it gets on your nerves. How you long to see a little difference in the bodice, a curve in the sleeve that you had not noticed before! But all this would mean imagination or plus! Consequently the notion of a pin is abhorrent; it is untidy; the dressmaker has not done her work properly; she has been paid for something for which she has not given full value.

With the use of the pin we get variety, while in the solidity of thread and needle it is hardly ever to be found. Women should recollect that in the sordid actuality of dress there is neither art nor beauty. Style is infinitely more difficult to procure than fashion—one is a triumph of the mind, the other is always procurable with gold. No other attribute is so necessary to those who wish to be well dressed as good style, but it is generally inherent and only to be found in the woman who possesses imagination, and can therefore rise above mediocrity. You can call it chic if you like, but neither style nor chic can be obtained in present day dressing without the aid of the despised pin.

The woman who says she never uses a pin is hopeless; she might as well say she does not wear corsets. When you have looked long and critically at such a woman, you will realize that nothing matters; her clothes cover her, and that is all one can say. Her dressmaker may be more or less of a genius, and will stitch the draperies so that they suit her fairly well; the stuff may be pretty and the style unobjectionable—what there is of it; it only lies with the dressmaker, and she has had to firmly stitch her best aspirations. Consequently there is a certain suggestiveness of heavy baked pudding throughout.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

How to Hold Up the Skirt.

Few women have the least idea how to hold up their skirts, and as fashion demands long skirts on some occasions it is most disastrous, not only for the skirts, but for the appearance of the wearers. A woman who can manage her skirts gracefully and easily has a decided advantage over her less gaily stater, and the onlooker knows that the ugly backs of the large majority of women are due to the way in which they hold their skirts.

Skirts for dressy wear are worn resting on the ground, both in front, at the sides, and with a long train behind, and they promise to be in vogue for some time to come. A few remarks as to how to manage them may not be unwelcome to those who wear them. Of course a long dress should not be worn in wet weather; then common sense demands a skirt not longer than a couple of inches from the ground all around, but in dry weather the long skirt is still worn by many women out of doors, and it is in nine instances out of ten held up by grasping the back of the skirt about midway down, and drawing it as much as possible toward the side, thereby outlining the figure. How a woman can hold her skirt in this manner after she has seen how other women look when doing so is a mystery. It is ugly and vulgar, and it spoils her walk as well as her entire appearance. To hold the skirt gracefully it should be grasped in the centre of the back as far down as the hand can comfortably reach and with the hand still exactly in the centre the skirt should be raised just sufficiently to raise it from the ground. By this means the sides of the skirt will remain full and not dragged in with it, as we so often see; it will also be found much easier to walk in. A little shake should be given to the skirt after it has been gathered up. This lets the folds or flounces at the bottom fall into their natural positions.

and so frees the train from any dust that may have adhered to the edges prevents to its being gathered up. The train should never be allowed to rest on the ground except indoors.—American Queer.

An Educational Hint.

To keep girls "in touch with the home life" at the same time that they are gaining a college education and a high degree of intellectual cultivation, is the rather large program which Miss Gill, the dean of Barnard College, has expressed a wish to adopt. Miss Gill suggests that it may be well to have girls who go to college take a purely social vacation of a year between the sophomore and junior years, in which they may establish their place with their own set, and cultivate the domestic side of their nature. This suggestion is interesting, but it seems to go against the American genius in one respect. It is a part of our National character to devote ourselves with singleness and thoroughness to whatever we undertake. We may change our professions or devote ourselves to new careers, but when we make a change we believe in burning our boats behind us.

The American girl who goes to college obeys this instinct in making a business of it. The very thoroughness of her devotion to the career has raised the question whether the college education does not produce a sort of atrophy of the domestic impulses. The question is one which experience must answer. But even very studious girls in college are apt to get their social recesses, without taking a year off, and we doubt if the socially conditioning influence of the college training is as great as is often supposed.—New York Mail and Express.

Winter Muffs.

Muffs are a curious study this year, and are indeed one of the most expensive accessories to a complete toilet. To wear with the fur coats—the sensible ones, that is—there are fur muffs made in the old-fashioned round shapes, but without any thick interlining of cotton or wools in oblong shape, lined with satin, or with the same fur that is outside. These have no interlining, whatever, except some down. But no matter how many fur muffs a woman owns, she is not well gowned unless she has a muff for each costume—rather a serious undertaking in these days, when so many costumes are demanded by fashion.

To wear with a gray cloth gown there is a muff, oblong in shape, made entirely of gray taffeta silk. The centre has rows of cords, and at each end are four ruffles trimmed with ruchings of taffeta, and on the outside of the muff a white artificial flower with green leaves fastening a bow of gray satin ribbon. To wear with this is a double cape collar and ruche, made of the taffeta silk, trimmed with pink ruchings, a large bow at the back of the neck, and an inside ruffle of fine white lace. At the throat are long lace ties and bunches of gray satin ribbon.—Harper's Bazar.

Concerning Baby's Sleep.

A table showing the amount of time a healthy, well-brought-up baby spends each day in sleeping, was brought out recently by an authority. It is as follows:

For the first three weeks, from 17 to 19 hours.
At one month, 17 to 18 hours.
At two months, 16 to 17 hours.
At three months, 15 to 16 hours.
At nine months, 13½ to 14 hours.
At twelve months, 13 to 14 hours.
After this a child should sleep as long as possible—not less than 11 or 12 hours at night, and retain the custom of a midday sleep for at least two more years. All children require a great deal of sleep to make up for the wear and tear of the day. Until they are done growing, a regular ten-hour night should be the rule.



French suede gloves in the new shades are attached with rhinestones or cameo buttons.

Small sweaters for the little ones come in blue with red trimmings and brass buttons down the front.

Slate colored suede gloves which can be worn with gowns of almost any color have as the latest finish gun metal buttons.

Slips of gauzy flowered silks over gowns of black net are embellished with small velvet crescents, combined with knots and loops of ribbons.

An original gown for a bridesmaid is of ivory white corduroy, which is worn with a hat of black Irisa lace adorned with several sweeping plumes.

Young girls' evening frocks are made of Pompadour striped silks or polka dotted crepe de Chine, trimmed at the foot with clusters of tiny ruffles all velvet bordered.

The newest fancy buckles are of gold or gilt metal, with a background of black satin ribbon. It depends upon the quality of the metal whether real or imitation jewels are used.

Black velvet buttons are frequently used as an effective finish to full ruches or velvet bordered ruffles. Other late designs in buttons are covered with lace or embroidered silk.

A good idea in handkerchief cases is in those made of linen handkerchiefs, with embroidered edges, the four corners turned over at the top, and hand-painted with flowers, the inside with a silk quilted lining, and the top fastened with ribbons.