

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The Tribune may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
BY MAIL.—The Tribune is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

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

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In the exploitation of any article, choose for it a good name, and the result will be great riches, says Profitable Advertising.

The flesh fly produces about 20,000 young in a season. The larvae are hatched almost instantly from the egg and at once begin their work of destruction.

Profitable Advertising remarks that advertising is a distinctly egotistical proposition, which accounts for the fact that the successful advertising man is always more or less of an egotist.

A well-known London newspaper is to try the experiment of leaving out racing news of every kind and of excluding betting quotations. A great many people will be sufficiently interested to watch the effect on that daily journal's circulation.

In a Philadelphia kindergarten school a teacher was telling the little children all she knew about a clock. "Now, this," she said, "is the pendulum—this thing that swings back and forth. Did any of you ever hear the word pendulum before?" A child put up her hand. "Yes, teacher," she said. "Pendulum Franklin. I've heard it often."

No limit is to be put on the vagaries of food reformers, remarks the London Globe. A Frenchman who objects to what is known as butchers' meat seriously advises a diet of insects. He himself has tried many hundreds of species, "raw, boiled, fried, hashed, broiled and roasted," and finds them excellent, nutritious, and highly digestible.

In reply to the question: "Why do women write better novels than men?" Mr. Frank Norris, the author, denied that women do write better than men, and asserted that the best novels still come from "the razor-using contingent." Now the London Academy asks "Why razor-using contingent?" and points out that a recent illustrated catalogue of American writers is full of authors bearded like the pard.

A bill recently introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature required the licensing of cats. The fee is fixed at fifty cents, and it is provided that any one who shall keep a cat contrary to the provisions of the act shall be fined five dollars, one-half to go to the informer and one-half to the city or town treasury. Between July 1 and 10 of each year the chief executive of each city or town is required to issue warrants for the execution of all unlicensed felines.

A new religious sect has started in Russia called Podpoiniki, which signifies "Dwellers under the Earth." They pledge themselves to care for all fugitives from justice, vagabonds, deserters from the army and other miserable beings, whom they hide away in clefts or holes in rocks. Those among their own people who fall sick are treated in the same way, but are left without food or drink of any kind. Every two or three days they visit the sick. Should any be dead they are buried secretly, but not before the corpses are baptized and have a new name in order that the soul may appear spotless before the throne of heaven.

The Mexican government has ordered that all railway employees coming into contact with the public must be able to speak the Spanish language well enough to deal directly with the passengers. Pullman car employees will be principally affected.

A Bostonian pleads that a new bridge across the Charles river be called the Longfellow bridge.

LOVE AND THE INGLE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.
Love in the vernal season
Is a thing of which poets tell;
Forsooth, 'twould be very treason
If one did not own its spell.
'Spring,' 'wing,' and 'sing,' how they
Ingle!
'May' and 'gay,' how they leap to the
lyre!
But give me the cosy ingle,
And my love before the fire!

Love in the tide of summer
Has devotees by the score;
It has snared the unwary comer
To the mountains and the shore.
O the lonely aisles in the dingle,
With the robins and wrens for choir!
But give me the cosy ingle,
And my love before the fire!

Love when the autumn dapples
The hills is said to be sweet;
When a maid's cheek like the apple's
Gloweth fair in the noonday heat.
But give me the cosy ingle,
(And who would such fate desire?)
O give me the cosy ingle,
And my love before the fire!

—Collier's Weekly.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES

NOBODY in Hillsboro could find any mitigating circumstances in the rascally and, happily, brief career of Tom Niles. Mothers of growing sons were glad that he had forever disappeared from the village. Good men who had known his stepfather before that hapless man had married Mrs. Niles agreed that Tom's disgraceful conduct had driven his mother's young husband to despondency and drink.

Preachers, Sunday-school teachers and solicitous parents pointed to the vanished black-guard as a horrible example of filial ingratitude and youthful depravity. They condoned the "mistakes" of the mother's second husband, his wastefulness of her estate, his idleness, his perennial state of besotted self-pity, and laid it all at the door of the absent stepson.

"Tom Niles drew him to drink," they would say; or, "Hiram Baxter never held his head up since Tom Niles was mixed up in that bank robbery."

When Mrs. Baxter, Tom's mother, came to death's door after six years of uncomplaining disappointment, pinching poverty and unspoken yearning for her absent son, the women said that it was Tom's disgrace and desertion that had brought her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Nobody knew just what she really thought of Tom's treatment of herself. They knew that she would not tolerate abuse of him, and so his name was never mentioned in her presence.

If she regretted having given the boy a stepfather almost as young as himself, she never said so. If she yet believed that under better conditions Tom might have grown into goodly manhood, she made no sign. It was too late. The boy had run away, first, to escape the holler-than-thou tyranny of his model stepfather, and second, to get away from the warrant which charged him with complicity in robbing the village bank. In the old days, just after the wedding, his mother had sided with Mr. Baxter against Tom, and then—

But it doesn't matter what she might have done if Tom came back, for he didn't come back. Mrs. Baxter died, everybody in Hillsboro went to the funeral and everybody pitied and tried to comfort "poor Hiram Baxter," who appeared very drunk, wept copiously upon the coffin, and insisted that as "soon as things was tended, he would drown himself to death in Bramble Creek."

As a matter of fact, Silas Hepburn, who combined the office of Sheriff with the business of selling furniture and the doubtful duties of undertaker, "tend-wep't copiously ed to things" in such a masterly manner that everybody had a word of praise for him. Most of the old women knew that Silas, in his rude, old-fashioned way, had wooed the fair Widow Niles in the old days before Hiram Baxter "cut him out," and so they all admitted that he had "done himself proud" in the funeral arrangements, in the somber appointments for coffin and tomb, in his own decorous sadness of voice and bearing. They knew that the cost of so much dreary pomp far exceeded the wishes or the means of the Baxters and they saw in it all Silas' last generous tribute to the woman he had twice lost. So it was a "very nice funeral," as the undertakers say, and Silas was so interested in completing his task that when the grave was filled and banked with the frozen clay, when the flowers and wreaths were all spread upon it and duly watered by the lachrymose widower, when the last carriage and buggy had creaked away over the snow-dusted hill, he stayed behind in the fading light to

stake off the lot and measure the space for a tombstone.

While he was standing there a slouching, shambling stranger came along and stood by the blossom-covered mound opposite Silas.

"Is this the grave?" asked the tramp.

"What grave?" growled the undertaker.

"Hergrove; whose do you suppose? Don't you know me?"

"That you Tom? Shore now, is it you?" Poor Silas measured the thin, tattered figure before him, saw the pinched, blue features that peered

from the bearded STANDING face, thought of the warrant, recognized his man, and sat down on a stone c-ping near by.

"Tom, why'd you come back? I don't want to run you in exactly, but by jing—"

"You mean why didn't I come back," said the tramp, ignoring the voice of the law, "why didn't I come back and square myself before it came to this?" and he pointed helplessly at the grave.

"Well, then, why didn't you?"

"I didn't know she was sick, Silas. I knew you were looking for me, but anyway—"

"Anyway what?"

"I never could stand for that sneak Baxter, Silas. He's worse than I ever was. He stole those bonds from the bank when he was chief clerk—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Silas, standing up. "Ef he stole 'em, how was it you sold 'em?"

"Well, I stole them from him. —"

"Is that honest, Tom? Standing here by her grave, is it?"

"The honest truth, Silas. They were silent for five minutes. Tom kicking his ill-dad feet to keep them warm, and Hepburn staring at the red afterglow in the West.

Then the Sheriff came over with his big hand unglued and said:

"Let's shake hands, Tom. I want to go home, now."

"If you'll wait for me just over the hill, shaking the warm strong hand, 'I'll be along in a minute. I suppose you've got to arrest me, and mind I don't blame you. Only I just want a minute here by myself."

"Arrest nothin'!" grinned Silas. "I'm an undertaker to-day. To-morrow I'll be Sheriff agin'—maybe."

He walked up the hill with his hands behind him and pausing at the crest, looked back for a moment. Down in the gray hollow where the grave lay he saw Tom yet standing, watching him. "Wonder of the pore fellow is a-goin' to pray?" he thought, as he strode away over the shoulder of the bleak hill.—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LAND OF TIPS.

Switzerland Has the Lead, and No Other Country is a Good Second.

"As to the tip system abroad," said a Detroit man who has traveled all over Europe, "it isn't so bad outside of Switzerland. There every outsider is expected to come down with a tip to everybody connected with the hotel, and sometimes to the town officials as well. I was passing along the lines as a soft mark, and at Chamouni, when I got ready to leave the territory, a last grab was made at me. I had fed the chambermaid, the waiter, the porter, the bootblack, the cook, the omnibus driver, the mail carrier and all the bell-boys, when the landlord approached and intimated that he had been left out in the cold.

"But I was your guest," I protested. "That is true," he replied, "but, if you will remember, I received you with three distinct bows, where only one is required by custom. It is two bows extra, monsieur."

"I paid ten cents apiece for the extra bows, and was stopped by a little old man who introduced himself as the coroner of the canton.

"But where do you come in?" I asked. "Had monsieur met with a fatal fall on the mountain, I should have held the inquest," he replied.

"I gave him a franc for not holding an inquest on me, and his clerk then stepped forward and said:

"And had there been an inquest I should have had the pleasure of writing to monsieur's relatives that he was dead."

"I handed him the same amount for his loss of pleasure," continued the tourist, "and then asked if there was anybody else in Chamouni who had a claim on me.

"The police have not arrested you," suggested the landlord.

"All right—here's a tip for them. Any one else?"

"My night watchman did not let the hotel take fire."

"All right again."

"And my wife, monsieur."

"Well, what of your wife?"

"She has presented me with a son during your stay in my house."

"And what have I got to do with that?"

"Why, monsieur, is it not worth a little fee to you that she did not present me with two sons at the same time?"

"I thought it was and left a franc for her, and then, as they could think of nothing else, I went down and tipped all the railway officials and finally got out of the country."—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



Fancy Mattresses.
Fancy mattresses and bolsters, covered in gayly-covered chintz, are new and novel, but a trifle too bizarre to become popular.

Troublesome Stains.
The most troublesome of stains with which the laundress has to deal are those of mildew. Linen that has become mildewed should be thus treated: Soap the spots, and while they are still wet cover them with fine powdered chalk, which should be well rubbed in. Obsolete spots of mildew will yield to the following treatment: Pour a quart of boiling water over two ounces of chloride of lime, strain this through cloth, then add three quarts of cold water. Let the mildewed article stand in this for an entire day, then rinse thoroughly. Scorching stains when not too deep may be removed by exposure to the sunlight. When too obstinate for this to be entirely successful apply chlorine water with a linen cloth.

A Preserve Closet.
A woman reader says: "I feel encouraged to suggest to you two or three household economies. The first of these is a cupboard, or closet, in the furnace cellar for the storage of canned fruit. A good housewife should not be compelled to leave these winter preparations on her pantry shelves. They should be stored where the severe freezing cannot reach them, and where they can be easily got at. Then I think household comfort depends on a much better pantry than most women have. There should be besides shelves, bins for bread, cake and so forth, and there should be tin boxes for holding such articles as become quickly dried—a tin bread box, a tin cakebox, a tin for codfish, a smaller one for smoked fish. A house that is run with proper economy should always have in storage half a dozen cereals in kegs or half barrels, macaroni and split peas and similar articles in quantity. I would have an arrangement for a row of such kegs, all of them with lids or covers that can be lifted on hinges. A little thought, applied in the way of providing such conveniences, will save a lot of trouble and a lot of waste."—New York Tribune.

To Clean Laces.
To clean laces, particularly hand made "real" ones, I prefer to put them in a preserve jar filled with suds made of a good soap and water; add a little ammonia or a spoonful of borax dissolved in boiling water, and set in the bright sun all day, squeezing and stirring occasionally. Rinse lightly but thoroughly, lay in the double folds of a towel, wring as dry as possible, and then sit contentedly down with a fresh towel over your lap and pick each separate loop and point into shape. The lace will be just wet enough to be manageable, and will dry looking almost as well as when it was bought. Old black thread laces that have become rusty may be renovated by dipping them into weak green tea, and pressing them between newspapers on a flat surface under a weight, after being manipulated by the fingers into the condition in which you wish them to remain.

I think the mistake is usually made of ironing laces with a very hot, heavy iron; this flattens the thread and takes away much of their original beauty. If time is too precious, or you lack patience, and a piece looks slightly rough dry when you have finished it, lay between fine flannel and iron "wisely but not too well."—Good House-keeping.

When Abroad Speak English.
The English-speaking tourist who wastes half an hour of time, temper and energy in trying to make some dweller in a foreign land understand his bad French or Spanish, only to be shocked at length by some such question as "Can't you speak English?" is almost as common nowadays as the track-walking tragedian. This is a little story of his experience in Spain, as told by "The Dominie," in the Ladies' Home Journal:

"One day we all entered a little shop in Madrid, and 'The Captain' began to speak in Spanish to the girl behind the counter. She failed to understand, and so he tried again. Once and again he tried and tried, and summoned up his whole vocabulary. At last in his attempt to make his meaning plain by illustration he drew from his pocket-case a card, and with it stroked his chin. The girl fell into fits of laughter, and in perfect English said, 'Oh! what you want is a fine-tooth comb.'"

Troubles of Electricians in India.
It is asserted that the height of electrical lines in certain parts of India is determined by the reach of an elephant, the wires being placed just high enough to be out of harm's way from the largest elephants. To protect the poles from the ravages of white ants in the same land the poles are encased in iron sockets for a height of about seven feet, as these ants will not venture higher than five or six feet in search of edible wood.

GALIGULA'S SUNKEN PALACES.

Another Attempt to Raise These Playthings of the Degenerate Emperor. A company with a capital of \$100,000 has been organized for the purpose of draining Lake Nemi, a small body of water occupying what was once the crater of a volcano in the Alban Hills, upon the estate of Prince Orsini, about thirty-two miles from Rome. The object of draining the lake is to recover two enormous floating gardens or house-boats of the most extraordinary character, which were built and used by the crazy Emperor Caligula about forty years after Christ.

The historian Suetonius tells us that Caligula squandered in fantastic schemes during a single year the sum of 2,700,000,000 sesterces (equivalent to about \$100,000,000 of our money) that had been left him by Tiberius, and describes among other remarkable toys constructed for his amusement floating gardens of cedar wood adorned with jeweled prows, rich sculpture, vessels of gold and silver, sails of purple silk, bathrooms of alabaster and bronze and other equally novel and costly features. Upon these floating gardens were vineyards and fruit trees. They were not only places of amusement, but temples in which the mad Emperor worshipped himself. The floors were paved with glass mosaic, the window and door frames were of bronze, many of the decorations were of almost priceless value, and the ordinary equipments were of beautiful design and costly workmanship.

These floating palaces were attached to the shore by chains and bridges were stretched across the water for the purposes of communication. Upon them occurred some of the most extraordinary orgies that a human being ever indulged in, in which cruelty, murder and the most revolting depravity were mingled with music and sport.

For some reason or another, probably during the wars that followed the reign of Caligula, these palaces were sunk, and now lie in the mud 20 yards distant from each other in five fathoms of water; one is 150 feet from the bank and the other about 250 feet. One measures 350 feet in length and 60 feet in width and the smaller is 170 feet long and 26 feet wide.

The first attempt to raise them was made in the thirteenth century, but it was found impossible. In 1443 Cardinal Prospero Colonna employed Leon Batista Alberti, the greatest engineer of that period, but his mechanical appliances were wholly inadequate. He used pontoon bridges, windlasses and inflated bladders. In 1535 Francesco de Marchi of Bologna, a great military engineer, made another attempt, an account of which is given in his work on "Military Architecture." He was unable to do anything, but obtained accurate measurements and other valuable information concerning the objects of his search. A diver who spent several months in their examination brought up samples of richly wrought bronze which had become detached from the decorations. Nothing further was done until 1827, when another engineer succeeded in breaking off the prow of one of the vessels to its permanent injury.

Five years ago Signor Borghi, a learned antiquarian, obtained permission from the Orsini family to make another attempt, and although he was unsuccessful in accomplishing his purpose, he managed, with his grappling irons, to rip up the palaces pretty generally and has probably destroyed much of their value and beauty. He took out many beautiful decorations of bronze and marble before he was stopped by the Minister of Public Instruction, who has charge of antiquarian researches in Italy. The articles are now hidden away to escape confiscation by the Government, which has been trying to get hold of them. There has been a bitter controversy over the matter in the newspapers and in pamphlets, and the Government has forbidden the use of any further methods that will injure the boats. Borghi has therefore organized a company, and is now offering the shares for sale in order to raise money to drain the lake far enough to allow him to get the ships and dredge the bottom for fragments that may have become detached. The boats are made of cedar, with a thick coating of pitch and covered with cloth, on the outside of which a skin of sheet lead of great thickness is fastened with copper nails. The decks are paved with glass mosaics of exquisite beauty.

Archaeologists who have been looking into the thing are not confident of the success of the scheme. They think the boats are too far decayed to hang together.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Royal Salute.
The fondness of navy officers for telling jokes at each other's expense is well known, and their yarns, like the traditions of the Indians, are handed down from one generation to the next. Years ago there was a brusque old Admiral upon whom many stories were told—in most cases true ones.

At one time when the warship of which the Admiral was in command was off the coast of Portugal the King of that country expressed a desire to visit an American man-of-war.

The Admiral received the party with great cordiality, but instead of addressing the royal visitor as "Your Majesty" or "Your Highness," he invariably called him "King."

It was, "Step this way, King," "Look out for your head, King," when showing him about the vessel, and before His Majesty departed the Admiral convulsed all within hearing by saying hospitably, "King, come down in the cabin and have a drink."—Caroline Lockhart, in Lippincott's Magazine.

Fortune smiles on some people, but to the majority she gives the laugh.