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MILITARY CAMP IN SIBERIA.

How the Russians Pitch Their Tents

MILITARY CAMP IN SIBERIA.

How the Russians Pitch Their TentaSturdy 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
scraggy gardens in front. There were
scraggy gardens in front. There were
spreat 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
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. "Forelgner" 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 Tom-

These Russian white-bloused Tom-mies 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 bleat 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 guite happy

THE END OF THE CLD BFAU.

Contemptible Vanity Explated in De-clining Years of Want. Beau Nash, like Beau Fielding and

cludog Years of Want.

Beau Nash, like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummel, was to explate his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want and misery. As he grew old, he grew insolent and seemed insensible to the path 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 Beaux Knash 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 bilterness, and he lost thereby the remainder of his popularity. His income now became very precarious, so that the corporation voted him an 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 nouse 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 to ally hours, in a weather seven it is 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 mere 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?

Hes the world gone wrong? I hear a Has the world gone wrong? I hear the child sounds which which was a constant of the way an anvil rings, and across the way an anvil rings, and yonder a maiden hurries along with a look that only gladness brings. 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? I see the Has the world gone wrong? There's man a man, When his work is done to-night, Who will hurry away from care gleam
Of love in a lover's eyes,
And yonder upon the wooden gate,
Where lovers have gazed at the starry

Glad faces glow where hearts are light—
Oh, the world is good to them and me.
—Chicago Record-Herald. skies, A sparrow cheeps to its little mate.



OM CLAFLIN 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 frall 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 falled 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 Coronando 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:

One Saturday night he startled the family with:

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



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

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

mother world think if he stayed out all night.

His comrade sullenly agreed, and sø they dropped anchor, and lay rocking in the caim 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 blestered with however, whe

Diego. He was bareheaded and beliego. He was bareheaded and trousers were his bedraggled shirt and trousers were ins bearingsed shift and trousers were clustered with burrs and thorus, his feet were bleeding and he could hardly speak the words: "Captain, I've got the Mexican that killed Hansen."

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 loaded with fish and bumped by the now running seas, was going to pleces 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

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.

arrand the Mexican d get away to see.

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. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

PROPERTIES OF THE MADSTONE. Cowpunchers of the West Place Great Faith in the Absorbent.

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 of nights, 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 some. 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 sorption. 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.



USE OF THE PIN.

The Very Important Part It Plays Woman's Life.

A great deal of scorn is heaped upen, 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 lants 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 strong-ity 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 tollet, 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 bodie, 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 the selection of the solid resord fas good style, but it is generally inherent and only to be found in the woman who possesses imagination, and can therefore rise

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 gainly sister, and the onlooker knows that the ugly backs of the large majority of woman are due to the way in which

thus, like a true-blue Chicagon, risked had overstayed his ear the lower end of town. A proper that the same than the same than

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

An Educational Hint.

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 deadening influence of the college training is as great as is often supposed.—New York Mail and Express.

Winter Mans.

Winter Muffs.

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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-fashloned round shapes, but without any thick interdining of cotton, or muffs 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 now 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 wifs 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 ribbou.—Harper's Bazar.

Concerning Baby's Sleep.

Concerning Baby's Sleep.

A table showing the amount of time a healthy, well-brought-up baby spends cach day in steeping, 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 three 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 tenhour night should be the rule.