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A Michigan man climbed to the top of a tall tree to shoot himself. After taking all that trouble he might have jumped and saved his ammunition.

It has been said that King Edward looks perfectly at home in whatever he wears. This is a glad assurance that his crown will be quite becoming.

In English insane asylums forty-seven per cent of the inmates are men and fifty-three are women. In Ireland the proportion is reversed—fifty-two are men and forty-eight are women.

The Indianapolis Journal thinks that the transportation problem, already a serious one, is likely to become far more so in the near future. Considering its relation to the prosperity of the country and the price of products, there is no more important problem for American statesmanship and enterprise to solve.

Even worse than usual must have been the "music" rendered by that brass-bantering theatrical company's brass band on the streets of Clinton, Mo., the other day. Scarcely had the discordant notes of the first "tune" begun to be audible, when a country horse hitched near by reared up in agony and fell dead on the pavement.

A marked increase in pauperism is reported in London. Last year nearly 4500 more than usual received aid at the almshouses. No cause is assigned for it. Perhaps we do not have to look beyond the South African war for it, because war always brings poverty and destitution in their most aggravated form to the thresholds of the poor.

Experiments are being made in Europe with alcohol which have been so successful that certain enthusiasts declare that it will be the fuel of the future. There is no doubt that means will be discovered to make a better use of the heat-generating properties of alcohol than hitherto. If so, we shall have no cause for complaint, as we have the power to produce an almost illimitable supply of the fluid.

The average increase in the length of railways throughout the world is about 11,000 miles per annum, equal to nearly 2½ per cent. of the total lines existing, which at the beginning of this century embraced nearly 480,000 miles. Of the increase during the recent years 4100 miles per annum are added to the European system, 3500 miles per annum to the American system, while the addition in Asia is at the rate of 250 miles, in Africa 1100 miles, and in Australia 160 miles per annum.

The annual mortality lists of men shot by careless hunters in the Maine woods are getting very tiresome. This season twelve men were shot and five of them died. In the Adirondacks the case is very much the same. One trouble is that the invading army of city sportsmen include many persons who are not fit to be trusted with any firearm. Another is that the rifles commonly used carry much too far. There is a new law in Maine under which sportsmen who shoot men may be prosecuted, but it is not enforced. Why not make every sportsman from outside the State put up a bond of \$5000, to be forfeited if he hits anything human? queries Life.

The London postoffice handled 89,576,561 messages in the last 12 months. Twenty thousand women are employed in this service.

The average height of the soldiers in the Civil War was 5 feet 8½ inches.

The first automobile ever seen in Porto Rico has made its appearance in San Juan.

JUST LIVE THY LIFE.

Just live thy life in full content,
Do all thy best with what is sent,
Thou but receivest what was meant,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Be not in fear.
The strength of wrong shall disappear,
And the right is ever drawing near,
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art,
Nor from simplicity depart.
And peace shall come upon thy heart.
Just live thy life.
—James Lenox Stockton, in Boston Transcript.

PEGGY'S KNIGHT.

BY WILLIAM FORSTER BROWN.

After having alternately teased and patted his neighbor Peggy since the days of their mutual babyhood, Jack Barstow awoke one evening in Mrs. Rheinhardt's conservatory to the astounding fact that she had grown up, and that he was head over heels in love with her; and, manlike, he made an immediate mess of things. Hence the little note in Peggy's handwriting which he had read until he could almost repeat its contents backward.

"Dear Jack," it said, "please forgive me for being angry with you last night. I think the music and my new dress—it was a dear, wasn't it?—must have turned your head a little. You are not in the least in love with me—that is, not in the way you think; the idea of suddenly falling in love with your old comrade whom you have known ever since she wore short clothes is positively too funny.

"Don't get grumpy now, because I won't be absurd enough to think you are really serious; but when you have smoked your after dinner cigar, and become my usually serene-minded Jack again, come over tonight and take me to hear Sembrich. I've got tickets.

"P. S.—Of course I like you, but not in the way you mean; for Jack—now, don't get wrathful—it's all very well for one's dear old chum to golf and yacht and play at being a lawyer, but my husband must do different things than these—things for which I shall reverence him as I do those knights who were always ready to strike a blow for the weak and helpless without thought of self. We have robbed too many orchards together for me to see any halo of romance encircling your head, you old goose."

"That's just like Peggy," said Jack, contemplating his office table dejectedly. "Expects a fellow to be a sort of modern Sir Galahad, rushing around slaying impossible dragons. It isn't my fault that I'm not a wonder. I pulled every wire I knew to get out of Chickamauga and go to the front, but I couldn't work it, and I can't drag people in here to be clients. What can I do?"

The empty office offering no suggestion, Jack grasped his hat, and lighting the considerably suggested cigar, departed, filled with gloom.

His quick, athletic stride carried him swiftly up Washington street, and, heedless of his course, he turned instinctively into Temple place, preliminary to the shortest cut across the Common that led to Beacon street—and Peggy. He would not wait until evening.

As he rounded the corner he collided sharply with a small newsboy rushing in the opposite direction, who, yielding to superior force, shot headlong into the gutter, his papers flying broadcast over the muddy street.

With a quick swoop Jack seized his luckless victim and set him on his feet. "Excuse me," he said gravely, to the smart boy, "I am very sorry."

The diminutive boy dug his grimy fists into his eyes to conceal the tears and said, with a gulp: "I'd order seen yer coming."

Jack stared down at the much befuddled face. He had expected a yelp of recrimination such as he had heard from small newsboys before; then, perhaps on the principle that misery loves company, Jack's heart warmed to the small boy.

"Look here youngster," he said suddenly, "did you ever have a real bang-up dinner—turkey and cranberry sauce and fixings? No? Well, come along; you're going to have one now. Never mind the papers; I'll buy 'em. And by the by, chaps, since we are going to dine together, what's your name?"

"Mike," answered the boy—"Michael Sweeney."

The head waiter started forward with a frown at the muddy and dilapidated figure of a small gamine who, with much air of a suddenly trapped young fox, was preceding Mr. Jack Barstow into this world of proprieties and appetizing odors, of spotless linen and shining silver.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Little love, little trust; but a great love brings a great confidence.—Robert Leighton.

There is only one person you need to manage, and that is yourself.—T. De Witt Talmage

The things in life that are worth obtaining must be secured with effort.—Rev. O. S. Kriebel.

Do what you can, give what you have. Only stop not with feelings; carry your charity into deeds; do and give what costs you something.—J. H. Thom.

Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we know now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.—Phillips Brooks.

At the bottom of a good deal of bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.—E. H. Chapin.

The only real relief is in absolute conquest; and, the earlier the battle begins, the easier and the shorter it will be. If one can keep irritability under, one may escape a struggle to the death with passion.—Juliana H. Ewins.

Not till we are ready to throw our very life's love into the troublesome little things can we be really faithful in that which is least and faithful also in much. Every day that dawns brings something to do, which can never be done as well again.—James Reed.

Consider the difference between impulse and action, between resolving and doing. Many men are well-wishers, but who have no intention of ever carrying out their better desires. Few know how to convert impulse into action and the finer aspirations into habits and systematic activity. How often do we stand beside men who have broken the hearts of those whom they loved.—Rev. Dr. Hillis.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

ANOTHER ARTIFICIAL SILK.

This Made of Cotton Fibre Suitably Treated With Chemicals.

Several imitations of silk are already known to the dry goods trade. One of the first to be invented was produced by spinning a soft gummy substance obtained from collodion, or gun cotton dissolved in alcohol. The mechanism for drawing this material out into a spider's web was designed by a Frenchman, Chardonnet. His product never had any extensive use, for some reason, though it had a beautiful lustre. The most satisfactory results have been secured by subjecting cotton thread to a soaking in alkali, while under strain. The inventor of the system was a Mr. Mercer, and the process is called mercerizing. A great deal of mercerized cotton is now sold as such, and a great deal more is marketed under names which do not afford to the uninitiated an idea of its real character. In any case, though, it is a poor imitation of silk, but an excellent thing in itself.

Within the last few weeks still another plan has been reported from Germany. As is common in such cases, the preliminary announcement is made in a sensational way, and it probably exaggerates the facts. Still, it is evident that the process is different from Mercer's, and the claim is made that the goods are superior to those which are now so well known. The Wool and Cotton Reporter has found a description of the new method, which seems to resemble Chardonnet's in at least one particular. The cotton fibre is dissolved completely, but the chemicals employed are different from those used by Chardonnet. Our contemporary says:

A German chemist and an Austrian mechanical engineer invented the process. They have obtained letters patent for it in all countries. They mix copper, ammonia and cotton waste in a large vat. In about six hours a liquid of a dark blue color is formed, which passes into a large filter press, and then out of small glass tubes into a mild sulphuric acid bath. It is then of a gelatinous consistency, and is caught by a small glass rod, in the hand of a boy or girl, and reeled onto a large spool as it passes through the bath. The copper and ammonia, together with other chemicals, are deposited as a sediment, and are used again. As the threads are reeled, they receive a bath of cold water from a siphon. The numerous spools centre on one large spool, and are then reeled onto another, and so on, always under cold water, until all chemicals and acids are removed. This stage of the process occupies about four hours, and afterward the thread is taken to a drying room.

It is stated that the product is brilliant in color and finish, and of considerable textile strength. The thread is said to consist of 10 or 20 fibres twisted into one, but it can be made to any thickness required. The present price of the product is about 60 percent of real silk. The machines are small and compact, and are operated by ingeniously applied electric power; each machine can be started or stopped without interference with the others. The labor, too, is nearly all unskilled, and the patent is the property of a corporation.

The Man Without Reserve.

How quickly a man without reserves goes to the wall, when anything unusual happens to him! Like a baby, he is all right as long as nothing comes in collision with him to expose his weakness.

What a pitiable thing it is to see bright, strong young men facing an emergency or a crisis with no reserve of education, character, or training. How quickly they disappear! Like a rowboat on the ocean, when run into by an ocean liner, or like a frail bark which strikes an iceberg, the weaker vessel always founders in the collision.

"He had no reserve," might be written upon the tombstone of many a man who has failed in business, in the professions, or in the home.

SPANISH IRON ORE.

She Sells Millions of Tons to Other Lands but Has to Buy Steel.

The leading industrial journal of Spain, commenting on the fact that a steamship had taken a load of iron ore to the United States and had just returned with a cargo of steel rails, deplores the almost entire lack of steel works in Spain and the consequent necessity of importing steel into a country that is very rich in iron ore of the best steel-making quality.

Spain has been the classic land of the mining industry since the time of the Phoenicians, and yet the main use of the country makes of its rich supply of metals is to sell them to other countries. The splendid iron ore among the mountains of the north coast is hematite of the best steel grade. There is plenty of coal with which to reduce the iron ore, the coal output in some years being worth as much as \$20,000,000, but though Spain has every facility for making all the iron and steel the people need, most of the commodities are imported.

In recent years, to be sure, considerable industrial activity has developed in the Basque province among the mountains where the iron ore is dug out of the crust of the earth; and also in Catalonia, in the extreme northeast of the kingdom, mainly at the city of Barcelona and around it. The chief industry is the manufacture of iron and machinery, but not nearly enough are made to supply the demands of the country. So Spain continues to ship from Bay of Biscay ports thousands of tons of her fine iron ore to Great Britain, Germany, France and Belgium, where it is used for steel-making. Great Britain buys more than one-half of the ore and most of it is smelted in South Wales, the chief seat of the Bessemer steel industry.

There is only one other country that is a great producer of iron ore and yet depends upon other lands to turn this raw material into pig iron and steel. That country is Sweden, which however, has a good excuse for selling its ore instead of making iron and steel of it. Sweden has practically no coal, and therefore it is at a great disadvantage, for it is without fuel to smelt its ores, while Spain has both ore and fuel in abundance.

One of the main-objects of the Arctic expedition to be sent from Norway is to determine exactly the magnetic North Pole.

Great Singer Seeks Fortune

Lillian Nordica Wants Millions From United States Treasury.

Lillian Nordica, the famous singer, has retained Thomas Brackett Reed, formerly speaker of the house of representatives and now a distinguished member of the New York bar, to handle a suit against the government, whereby the diva expects to obtain a fortune of \$4,000,000. Mme. Nordica has just come from Sioux City, where she met members of the Norton family, to whom she let out the secret of her intended assault upon Uncle Sam's treasury.

Ichabod Norton, of whom Mme. Nordica is a descendant, was a great sailor in colonial days. He was of the type of New Englander now so frequently used in the latter-day romance. Like the heroes in the books, he sailed many seas, and, true to the romantic notion, collected riches and glory. About the time the Revolutionary war was begun the indomitable Ichabod risked every penny among his numerous assets on a far eastern journey. He stocked his ships with the choicest gewgaws, jewels and silks, and then turned the prow of his little fleet homeward.

Mme. Nordica would not now be paying Mr. Reed a magnificent retainer's fee, nor would she be forgetting to acquire a new moon song in her dreams of new luxuries, if Captain Norton had not fallen in with a collection of French privateers. But this was just his luck. The Frenchmen did not know what the word "America" meant, and, not knowing, they did not think it exactly wrong to inspect American barques.

On looking into the holds of the vessels they saw things that dazzled their eyes. While bearing no ill will toward Captain Norton or his countrymen, the Frenchmen believed they could use the fine things in the American's boats



Mme. Lillian Nordica.

to much better advantage in Paris. So the privateers seized the treasures of the courageous sailor and politely informed him that he might proceed without fear of further harm.

Norton was ruined, and soon afterward he saw an opportunity to retrace when the new government at Washington was formed. He placed his case before the state department and was gratified to hear steps would be taken for indemnity from the French government. This indemnity, according to the tradition of the Norton family, was paid to Uncle Sam, and amounted to between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000.

But the money as far as the Nortons ever knew remained in the strong box of the United States treasury. The French spoliation claims have been before Congress for a century, and some of them have been adjusted, but the one in which Mme. Nordica is interested is still pending, owing to the inability of the heirs to come to an understanding as to the relative demand of each individual claimant. For two years past Mme. Nordica's sister, Mrs. Walker, has been endeavoring to adjust the differences of opinion among the claimants, and they have at last reached an agreement whereby the claim when allowed will be distributed among the heirs on a basis already determined.

Within the last two weeks the heirs held a meeting and employed counsel to press the claim. Mme. Nordica expressed confidence that the claim would be allowed as soon as all the facts are properly presented.

Speaking further, Mme. Nordica said that she could trace her ancestry back to Sir Peter Norton, who came to this country in 1600, and that she was also a descendant of the Allens,

one of whom had married a daughter of Miles Standish. The Nortons and the Allens had frequently intermarried. George Allen was the first missionary ever sent out of England and was a man of good repute and great influence in the early days of this country.

Fortune from Husband. Mme. Nordica's fortune has twice been increased by money from the estate of her former husband, Fred C. Gover, to whom she was married in Paris in 1852. He was reported to have perished in an attempt to cross the English channel in a balloon soon after his wife had begun a suit for separation in 1855. He was supposed to have left a fortune of \$500,000, but was believed to have put most of it out of the reach of his wife.

Mme. Nordica was reported in 1894 to have relinquished all claims to the Gover estate in consideration of a cash payment of \$40,000, and in 1893 is said to have received \$25,000 for her signature releasing her dower rights in an estate near Brookline, Mass., near the Country Club property there.

Fred C. Gover has since been reported alive in India and elsewhere and in 1894 he was reported to have been seen in Boston.

A PAINTED DINNER.

Very Pretty Affair Devised by an Original Woman.

Appropos of dinners, a woman, noted for her originality and the courage of her convictions, gave what she called a painted dinner the other day. She dubbed it a painted dinner because the color scheme was so vivid and intense, like the hues of the painted lady butterfly.

The table center was Parisian—bluish in the extreme—square of thick white silk crossed by wovensilks of turquoise satin toward the middle, and broad bars of black splashed with silken flower petals, mauve, red and tawny yellow. A great silver bowl, raised on a stand of finely carved ebony held a mass of zinnias of every shade possible of that gay flower, topped by trails of maidenhair. Maidenhair was laid here and there upon the table.

Carle shades, like the silk center, hailed from Paris. On each of these, in a framed medallion, was painted a dainty dancing lady, and each, when lit, changed from an etching to a brightly colored vignette by some trick of the shade makers. The menus, too, were painted in trails of autumn leaves, and the fruit, piled in high silver dishes, was decorated with tinted Virginia creeper. Each Venetian glass fingerbowl held a leaf of scented verbena and one blossom of blood-red canna. The silk doilies were painted like the candle shades, while the bonbons specially made, were packed in silver baskets, and repeated half the colors of the table.

Kansas Has Woman Undertaker. Kansas is one of several states that boast of a woman undertaker. At a recent undertakers' convention she said that embalming was an especially lucrative profession for women, and that they would find co-operation from the men of the union.

The cost of schools for Indian children to the government was \$2,489,525 in 1900. The enrollment was 26,541.

Lucy is the girl who marries the best man at the wedding.