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SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

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Their Let is Not a Happy One—Poor Pay and Long Hours.

Maid servants who complain of their lot and pant forever to go out walking with their young men, should know what has just been elicited by statistics about the condition of their class in Germany. Wages in Germany were always low. Then these women have no rights; their employes may do pretty well what they please. If a girl leaves her place before the time specified she risks a fine; if she refuses a place after having accepted it, she is liable to be fined, and, perhaps, get silve days' imprisonment. Few of the servants have a room to themselves; many of them sleep anywhere—in the bath room, the passage, or in the kitchen. Others inhabit garrets where the roof slopes so that they cannot stand upright. Sometimes the window only opens on to the stair-case or into another room. In some places the sleeping apartments can only be reached by a ladder. Occasionally two or more sleep in the storing of old things, lumber, dirty linen, etc. Certainly, the condition of servants in the United States contrasts very favorably with those of Germany: In addition, the hours of Germany: In addition, the hours of work are less, and no judge would dare reply as a Prussian did to a maid servant who complained she was made to work 19 hours a day. "The Great Frederick only indulged in five hours' sleep, and his servant sat up till 11 at night."

In Praise of Insects as Food.

Admitting that it becomes argumentatively impossible to eat a cutiet, humanity may still be saved from the extremes of a vegetarian diet. A French entomologist, M. Dagin, has discovered a half-way house, which he cordially recommends in the shape of insect food. He speaks on the subject with authority, "having tasted several hundred species of raw, boiled, fried, broiled, roasted and hashed insects." Regarding spiders as a side dish, he finds two objections—"they are not insects, and they live on animal food." M. Dagin's recipe for cockroach soup is as follows: "Pound your cockroaches in a mortar; put in a sieve and pour in boiling water or beef stock. Connoisseurs prefer this to real bisque." The perfect insect, he continues, in most appetizing style, may be shelled and eaten like a shrimp. Caterpillars are pronounced a light food, of easy digestion, and may be eaten "out of the hand," raw if preferred. But the most popular insect food of all is locust flour, which the Bedouins take boiled in milk or fried and served with rice. We remember a certain "Garibaldi biscuit," which always suggested an inside layer of toguashed flies.

His Miraculous Escape.

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For four days and four nights in the depths of the earth, wandering in absolute darkness through winding gorges, crawling on hands and knees through slimy passages in the jagged rocks, halting at times on the brink of awful precipices, growing faint from hunger and almost crazy from hardships which he was forced to endure—these are a few of the experiences that beful Capt Caleb Johnson, a Mississippi river pilot, when he attempted recently to explore the mysteries of Dead Man's cave at St. Genevieve, Just across the river from Red Bud, Ill.

But with all of Capt. Johnson's experiences the cave remains as much a mystery as ever, for he was without light for most of the way, and has no idea to-day how far or where he wandered. He only knows that he entered the cave in Simms' hollow, on the bank of the river, on Monday morning, and that on Thursday afternoon a farmer fournd him in a sinkhole on his farm four miles from the entrance. Nothing was, therefore, accomplished, save, perhaps, to take away the subpersition that no one could go into the cave and come out alive.

A Bottomless Oil Tank.

A primitive process that is a marvel of old-time ingenuity is the Russian method of storing petroleum. No strong and expensive iron tank is built; instead, a bottomless tank of cheap sheet iron is suspended in water on piles, the top projecting a foot or so above water level. The tank is filled through a pipe passing to its filled through a pipe passing to its center, the water sinking as the oil enters. The plan has other advantages besides inexpensiveness, for if the oil should take fire some of it may be drawn off from the bottom and as there is only water at the bottom sand and dirt do not accumulate in the tank.

INDIVIDUALISM.

known.

Turns on a tiny axis of his own;
His full life orbit is a pathway dim
To brother planes that revolve with him.
—William H. Hayne, in McClure's. mercia di Hayne, in McClure's.

MISS KATE.

By Jean E. Somera

By Jean E. Somerton. Slender, but not slim, with soft, hazel eyes and long lashes, pale complexion, light brown hair, with here and there a strand of gray, not pretty but attractive looking, simple in manner, speech and dress—that was Miss

ner, speech and dress—that was Miss Kate.
That she was an old maid was beyond dispute. Her most intimate friend would not have denied it if he could; though for the matter of that he could not, belonging, as he did, to the feline species, and not being blessed with the power of speech. She was "turned" 35 ff she was a day, and the most hopeful of that social scourge as match makers had long since scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

scratched her name off their list of possibilities.

Miss Kate lived in her own cottage, and the lawn in front of it was the neatest in Grantley, as the little parlor inside was the tidiest. The cat that monopolized the hearth rug in the parlor of evenings was as sleek as could be, and exceptionally well behaved. The furniture was old-fashioned, but the easy chairs were comfortable, and the room certainly had a cozy appearance.

ortable, and the room certainly had a coya appearance.
That Miss Kate had a good heart and a kind one I can vouch for, and so could many a barefooted lad and many an overworked factory girl. There was no Sunday school teacher in Grantley as beloved by her scholars, and they all knew the flavor of her famous coolies.

was no Sunday school teacher in Grantley as beloved by her scholars, and they all knew the flavor of her famous cookies.

I was not surprised to hear one day that Miss Kate had had a bit of romance in her life that the younger generation had never heard of and the older ones had nearly forgotten. There had been a certain handsome young man who had courted her in the old days and not unsuccessfully. He had been practicing law for three or four years and his prospects were bright. He was genial in his manner, but proud to a fault. He was tall and broad shouldered, had very black hair and eyes to match.

He had never been a lady's man, and despite the fact that many jaunty caps were set for him, he had not responded until he met Kate Morton at a church festival. Fror, that evening he was a determined woeer, and although she did not apparently reciprocate at first, his youth, good looks and a win ning tongue were finally successful. So at last she loved him in returnant the gossips began to wonder when the day would be set and to surmise among themselves that it had been set and was still a secret. Whether it really had or had not ben Seth Gray knew and Miss Kate knew, but the gossips never found out.

Of the matrimonially inclined young ladies who had set their caps for Seth Gray before the fateful church festival, none had set them so artfully and hopefully as Barbara Martin, She was a pretty girl, with sparkling black eyes and wont to deck out in the gayest colors and ribbons imaginable. She had Spanish blood in her veins, and was proud of it, and proud of her temper, too. Although Seth had never paid her any serious attention, she had appeared atractive to him until he met Kate. If it had not been for that there is no telling what might have happened.

Miss Martin was not a young lady to submit to a total eclipse calmly,

of disappointment that Seth could have even carelessly trified with an other girl, and the feeling, too, of unconscious fealously in the thought that he had prolonged the farce after he had began wooing of herself. It was a feeling akin to resentment against him, in justice to herself.

When he entered the parlor a few hours later, he knew at once that something was wrong and Kate ild not leave him jong in doubt. She told him the whole story, only withholding the name of her informant. She kept back her tears, too, and the effort made her voice hard. She waited for him to speak when she had finished, and if they had been siting nearer to each other would have touched his hand.

I said that Seth Gray was proud, and

and if they had been siting nearer to each other would have touched his hand.

I said that Seth Gray was proud, and if ever a proud man was humiliated that man was himself. No other proof than her own voice could have made him think that this young woman could believe for a moment such a base falsehood against his manhood. The feeling of deep injury and indignation was uppermost in his mind. Without a word he rose and turned to go. At the door he paused an instant to look at her; then there was a quick, firm step on the gravel walk, the gate shut noisily, and he was gone. From that night Kate never saw Seth Gray again.

From that night Kate never saw Seth Gray again.

Never saw him again? How many times she saw him in that doorway, when the cat was purring sontentedly on the rug and the little carthenware teapot was singing cheerfully on the hearth, only Miss Kate knew. How many times that last reproachful glance looked in upon her during the lonely nights of the long years that followed, when the whole bitter truth was before her, only Miss Kate knew. How utterly dreary the tidy little parlor was at times during the long, long hours when the thought of that last night came back to her; how often the soft gray eyes wept bitterly when she thought of the wrong that she had done him, and that she could never undo now, Miss Kate and only Miss Kate knew.

And that was the story of her romance. A late train, westbound, carried Seth Gray away that night. She lived her little world the thorns in her path were trodden unfilnehingly. Whenever a woman's hand was needed, there was Miss Kate; wherever chatirable duties was the hardest, in the coldest winters, among the worst class of people; there was Miss Kate; and although her purse was not a large one it was open constantly. I think that it was this constant doing of good, this never ceasing healing of bodies, minds and hearts, that kept the hard lines off her face, even when the early gray strands glistened in her brown hair.

If there was one weakness for which she had no compassion, it was the weakness of drunkenness, If there were any medicants that left her door empty handed, they were those who went there with the fumes of alcohol on the breath. Truly the drunkard in her eyes was detestable.

And so the summers and the winters pased until the time came when Miss Kate had become an old maid beyond dispute. New lives came into the little town and old lives went out. Girls in pinafores and small boys in trousers grew to be women and men, married and set up for themselves; but to Miss Kate one year was but a repetition of another and it sometimes seemed to her that she was continually

ther any serious attention, she had appeared reactive to him until he met to tate. If it had not been for that there is no telling what might have happened.

Miss Martin was not a young lady to submit to a total eclipse calmly, and one day, about the time that the gossips had settled it satisfactorily, among themselves that the Jay had finally been set, she came to the conciliation that matters had progressed far enough, and made an afternoon call on her successful rival. She left, her pretty airs and graces at home with her gay ribbons that day, and was a sad enough figure when her hostess ushered her into the parlorate he same little parlor, although Miss Kate's mother was living then, and it was brighter to her then it was in after years.

Barbara Martin told her story well, and wept seemingly bitter tears over it. She told how Seth Gray had wooed and won and had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named, and how he had promised to marry her, and how the day had been named, and how he had popered sorely troubled, the best ought not to have told her. Then she grew hysterical and, ralled against all men, and Jespised herself for an idle to have trusted one of them.

Her audior was very quiet through it all, but Barbara Martin knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had a hard cry. She did not tell her mother. She could not have told any one. She hated to think that even Barbara Martin knew that her shaft had been a straight one, and went home exulting. After she had a hard cry. She did not tell her mother. She could not have told any one. She hated to think that even Barbara Martin knew the man she loved, in such an altered light, but the mer fact of thinking of him softened her and she hoped—any, in the loyalty of her heart she trusted—that Seth had been misunderstood.

There should be no misunderstanding between them. She determined to tell him that evening, when he called, all that she had heard. But tangled through her trouble was a sore feeling through he

influence, and when Seth had drank two big cups of it, he began to look around him. The little parlor had not changed so very much in all those years, and remembering how he had landed in Grantly the night before, it began to dawn upon him where he really was. Then his eyes rested on Miss Kate and he knew it all.

He buried his face in his hands and sobbed. But the arms of a woman were about the worn coat, and the tired head was on her breast, and the uncombed hair was anointed with her tears.

GRANDER WASHINGTON.

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The Attainment of the Ideals of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Federal Capital's Equipment with the Capital Capital's Equipment of the Ideals of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Federal Capital's Equipment with the Capital Phase of the Capital Phase of the Pounders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects for the Development of Every Phase of the Founders at Last in Sight - Projects fo

More in the large and the content of the service of control they marry? What a question. To come he was alouted with a question of a second. There mere was a large with the formation of the control of the

structures of memorial art which posterity may plan as occasions arise, the general scheme to be harmonious and effective.

Two chief points are to be borne in mind in appraising the work of the park commission. It was instrumental in securing an ideal solution of the railroad problem to give Washington a monumental union station in a place where it will blend with the other great public improvements, and it has established the principle of meantaining artistic as well as a practical relationship between the architectural and the landscape features of the capital. The new plan, modernizing and supplementing the original project of L'Enfant, wil become the guide to all future improvements. By adopting this scheme now, leaving its components to be worked out in detail as necessities and opportunities arise, congress will demonstrate its foresight and its wisdom as well as its intelligent pride in the national capital.—Washington Evening Star.

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## THE TINT OF THE PEARL.

How the Venetians Put It Upon the Glass Beads They Make.

"You would hardly think," said a dealer in fancy goods as he held up a string of glass beads, each as big as a cherry, made in imitation pearls, says the New York Times, "that to put the pearl tint and luster on each one of these little globes the lives of at least 15 beautiful fish had to be sacrificed, would you? But such is the fact, and although the beads are made in Venice and this string of them represents a catch of at least 500 of these fish and the exhaustion of a good many cubic feet of glass blowers' breath, I can sell it to you for 25 cents and make a fair profit,

"They have been turning out beads such as these in Venice for nearly two centuries and a half. In the Adriatic lives a fish called the bleak, but why they named it bleak I can't see, for there is certainly nothing bleak about its appearance.

"It is a graceful fish, probably of the carp family, and has a glistening armor of sliver scales. The fish are more prolific than the herring, which has been a good thing for them. One day in 1856 an observant citizen of Venice, with a turn for investigating things, his name Salvador Jacquin, placed a number of bleak in an acquarium that he might take note of their habits, After they had been in the acquarium some tume he saw that the water took on a pearly hue.

"Belleving that this was communicated by washings from the scales of the fish, the Venetian observer experimented. He found that water could be so densely charged with the tint from the fish scales that slass, when dipped into it and allowed to dry, had all the outward hues of a pearl. He coated glass beads with the substance, and the counterfelts were readily accepted as genuine pearls.

"The coating of these beads, it was found, though, had but slight resistance to friction and soon disappeared from the surface of the beads. Assured that a large and profitable demand for them would result if he could fix the pearly lustre on the beads so it would defy friction, Jacquin conceived the

centuries hence as now."

Overeating and Morality.

At a recent purity congress held in Chicago a vegetarian delegate read a curious paper on diet. He stated that much of the immorality in the world was due to the eating of animal food. "The cook," he said, "often leads to more drunkenness and excess tana the saloon keeper. Highly seasoned, rich animal foods lead to indigestion and ill health. Ill health weakens the will, and a weak will breaks down the moral character. Total espravity is often nothing but total indigestion."
This reasoning reminds one of the old conundrum, "Why is home like a baby?" the answer being, "Because home is where the heart is; the heart is in the chest; a chest is a box, box is a small shrub, a snan; snrub is a growing plant, a growing plant is a beautiful thing, a becauter thing is a primrose, a primrose is a pronounced 'yeller,' and a pronounced 'yeller' is a baby."

The Highest Pe'st of the World.

The Highest Pe'st of the World.

The highest point in the world—that is to say, the highest mountain tog ever reached by a human being—rests now upon the writing desk of the King of Lingland. It is a letter weight, made of a piece of stone taken from the summit of Mr. Gaurisankar, the highest mountain on the globe. It was presented to his majes'y by a British officer.