FREELAND TRIBUNE.

Established 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited. ICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

PREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12% cents a 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 reconstruction.

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 re-newals must be made at the expiration, other-wise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., 8 Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

FREELAND, PA., MARCH 25, 1903.



FOREIGN FACTS.

enty thousand illustrated post-pass through the Brussels post-

office daily.

Four manuscript songs in the hand-writing of Robert Burns were sold for fil87 recently in London.

In Dublin a limited Hability company has been formed to carry on the Gaelic language movement.

An unfortunate brickmaker at Honan, China, has been fined 20,000 bricks for a misdeed. The alternative was to be beaten and handed over to a mandarin.

Russia's crop of winter cereals is estimated at 994,000,000 bushels of rye and 220,000,000 bushels of wheat, the proportion of rye to wheat being as four to one.

re is much dissatisfaction in Ita-

There is much dissatisfaction in Italy because the admission to art galleries, which in other countries would
be free, has been increased, and students' permits are more difficult to get
than ever.

A woman's club in Switzerland some
time ago introduced the custom in several cities of giving an elegant diploma
to servants who have remained in one
place a given time. Last year more
than 1,000 of these diplomas were given.

The doctors are having a hard time in Austria. They earn so little that they have to look for other jobs to secure their daily bread. One recently secured a license to sell cigars, another became insurance agent and a third was seen fiddling at night in a cafe.

The biggest wheatfield in the world s in the Argentine. It belongs to an talian named Guazone and covers ust over 100 square miles.

is in the Argentine. It belongs to an Italian named Guazone and covers just over 100 square miles.

There is a great demand for rooms in apartment houses in the larger cities. People find this an agreeable way to live where there are no small houses.

According to Dr. Pinard of Paris many careless persons catch contagious diseases by taking off their dusty shoes and then sitting down to a meal without washing their hands.

The great growth of the demand for automobites is illustrated by the fact that \$1,000,000 worth of French machines have just been contracted for by a firm in New York city.

There has been a steady decrease of the rural population of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska and each of the morth Atlantic states except Rhode Island, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

The value of buildings erected in the New England states last year was \$135,000,000. The prospects are that this year's building operations throughout the United States will largely exceed that of last year.

The town of Guaymas, Mexico, has been made immaculately pure and clean by the prospect of a visitation of the bubonic plague. Every particle of filth has been removed, and the streets have even been sprinkled with talcum powder.

Her Beau From Hartford

By Zoe Anderson Norris

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AILING unexpectedly, I had written a friend to find me a room, and she had found me that. Back in my own country I had gone to her door one evening at dusk and knocked. She let me in, and, taking me to the window, she pointed out to me a house in the middle of the second block away.

"It is there that I have engaged you a room," she told me. "I engaged it particularly for tonight."

I had not taken off my things. I started out.

a room," she told me. "I engaged it particularly for tonight."

I had not taken off my things. I started out.
"You will be back for dinner, won't you?" she asked, with a wistful "You won't be back for dinner, will you?" sir. And I had replied: "No. I may as well stay to dinner there. They will charge me for it all the same."

The room was not so bad as it might have been, and the house was a handsome one, but the general atmosphere of it rather struck me with amazement. The little woman who kept it had just moved in from a flat. The carpets consequently fitted like postage stamps, the furniture appeared to have shrunk and the curtains when they hung at all hung three feet from the floor.

I said to myself at first, "I cannot stay here."
Then I began to grow interested. In spite of the fact that several large trunks whose contents should have had to a certain degree the effect of establishing my respectability followed in my wake, I was politely but firmly requested to pay in advance.
I did so.

The money went to buy necessary furniture for my room.

Having struggled some myself—and, alas, the struggling isn't quite over yet—I looked upon the convulsive efforts of that little woman to furnish he house and her table at the same time with such increased interest that ultimately I paid her two weeks in advance instead of one.

Thus the stairs were carpeted and a rug was eventually placed at the entrance in the hall.

In the intervals of cooking, washing, ironing and scrubbing the little woman came to me and told me her tale of woe.

It was in vain that I sat before an expectant typewriter, glancing significant y down now and again at waiting

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It was in vain that I sat before an expectant typewriter, glancing significantly down now and again at waiting keys.

She talked to me.

"It is all for Murlel," she said. "I want to make that girl's life worth living. Mine never was. I want her to have things she should have—things girls love—pretty clothes, hats, shoes, gloves, ribbons. I want to make her a happy girl. Why, after all my work yesterday what do you think I did?" I couldn't imagine, but I knew well enough what I must do if I wanted any butter on my daily bread, and what I couldn't do if she kept on talking.

"I sat up till 3 o'clock making a party dress to send her at Hartford," she informed me. "She's going to a ball there tonight. I had to have it ready for the express this morning. I sat up nearly all night long finishing it."

I leaned my elbows on the table and, looking hard at her, tried to mesmerize her into going away.

"She is coming home in three days or four," she went on, and talked a blue streak for half an hour before she finally took herself off.

In due time she came, that wonderful Murlel.

Going down to dinner one evening I found her at table.

I was filled with astonishment at the sight of her. Her mother, with all her early sould not present and the sight of her. Her mother, with all her early sould her early sould have to respect me for the sale.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Julia Marlowe will probably play in Scondon this spring.

It is rumored that Lillian Russell is to appear in drama.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Whytal have revived "For Fair Virginia."

Amelia Bingham will star Henry Dixey in "The Last of the Dandies."

Miss Terry's production of 'Ibsen's great drama, "The Vikings," will be an ambitious one.

Jane Hading will be seen in London next June in "More Than Queen" and Alfred Capus' latest play, "The Chatelaine."

Lucille Spinney, who was once an amateur actress well known in Boston's Four Hundred, is now in professional ranks.

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Joseph Coyne, who has made such a new musical entertainment next seapen.

Dr. David Kennedys and the rich and the thirdles, fourthlies and fiftiles I have forgotten.

The shock was entirely dispelled when I found her on the following morning prone upon her knees on the hall floor washing up its marble. It canned to respect as she swept down the stairs, cleaned the parlor, dusted the banisters, tables and chairs, and when, with uptucked skirts and dust-cap, like a maid in a comic opera, she when I found her on the following my ordinary of the parlor, dusted the banisters, tables and chairs, and when, with uptucked skirts and dust-cap, like a maid in a comic opera, she when I found her on the following my ordinary of the parlor, dusted the banisters, tables and chairs, and when, it came to cooking: second, she when I found her on the following my ordinary of the parlor, distance of

"Pretty nice," she replied. "Mamma made me a dress that looked fine a little way off. It was black lace over white sateen, but they wrote it up black lace over white satin.' It's all right when they put it like that in the papers, but it's awful to have to wear sateen all the time in the place of satin."

satien in the thick satin,"
"Your mamma sat up all night nearly making it for you," said I.
"I know that," she nodded. "There are no files on mamma, if she wouldn't yell so. Listen."
Yell! The welkin rang with shrieks

coming."

She ran down. Presently, returning, she fell up against the shut door, exhausted.

she fell up against the shut door, exhausted.

"What did she want?" I inquired, stopping the click of my machine in the middle of a word.

"A thousand things at once. I don't know what on earth is the matter with mamma, going on so."

"She's all nerves trying to run this boarding house on nothing.

"She needn't have done it. We had enough to live on without."

I knew. I had heard her mother say, Just enough barely, and she had to go down on her knees, like many another woman, to that husband of hers she kept secreted somewhere about the premises (who assisted her solely in the



SHE BENT HER HEAD OVER THE HANDLE OF THE BROOM.

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matter of attending to the furnace—attending to it in a manner so exceedingly peculiar that the cold air came up to the rooms instead of the hot) for every single cent of spending money she had in the world, and was that any sort of way for a woman to live?

I was about to repeat this to the girl, but concluded not. It was hardly worth while. Besides, as usual, the typewriter waited.

She finished cleaning and stood near the door, broom and duster in hand.

"Thank you," said I. "You are the prettiest chambermaid I ever had, Murlel."

She smiled.

"Shall I do some living pictures for you this morning?" she inquired.

I am never proof against those living pictures of Murlel's.

Leaning back in my chair, "Go on," said I.

She did three.

Begging me to imagine her rustic swain opposite her and the spire in the distance, she bent her charming young head over the handle of her broom and impersonated "The Angelus."

"Superb!" I exclaimed, with clappings of hands. "I can hear the peal of the bells almost, you beautiful girl!"

Encous.ged. she stood upright and with shut eyes impersonated "Night." Opening them, big, long lashed, gray, she was a radiant "Morning."

The shrill cry of "Murle!! Murle!! Murle!! Murle!? broke in upon this living picture.

"My goodness!" she ejaculated.
"There she is again! My beau is com-

Muriel?" broke in upon this living picture.

"My goodness!" she ejaculated.
"There she is again! My beau is coming from Hartford to see me," turning, with her hand on the knob. "If she goes on like this, I can see my finish. She and that old 'Rooms For Rent' on the outside door will disgrace me."

The "Rooms For Rent' disgraced me too. It was written with a scratch pen on a ragged piece of paper and pasted jaggedly across beneath the bell. I scratched it off, printed a neat calling card on my typewriter, stuck it above the knob and walked down a step or two to observe the effect.

"It is better," said Muriel. "And the beauty of it is that it comes on and off."

I grew not only accustomed to the place, but attach.

amounted to another four weeks' board I saved the first at the risk of losing the second.

Being a writer, I had no money to lose. But remembering how when I first began I often knew what it was to experience the vacillating feeling of not knowing where my board money was to come from exactly; remembering also how, still being a writer, at any moment the thing was liable to reoccur, I went to my desk, and, drawing out a check that had been passed through the grating of the dining room window that morning, warm from the signature of a gracious editor, I handed it to her.

"You have saved my life," she said, though I hardly think it was quite so bad as that made it out to be.

She came back from her landlord with a face that beamed.
"If you could have seen him look at that check!" she ejaculated. "'Who is this you have boarding with you?' he asked, and I answered, 'A woman who writes for many magazines." I corrected, "and gets her stuff accepted by a few."

"It's all the same," she declared, with a toss of her head (but it isn't).

"Who writes for many magazines," I corrected, "and gets her stuff accepted by a few."

"It's all the same," she declared, with a toss of her head (but it isn't).
"I'm proud of you."

The days that followed went by for me on wheels that were oiled, but for Murlel they went less oilily.
"To think," complained her mother, "that I am doing it all for her sake, and she annoys me so! I must scream at her morning, noon and night to make her mind."
"If you are not careful," I advised on a day when I felt like advising, which, happly, isn't often, "you'll have the contrary effect of dashing down this house of cards you are wearing yourself out erecting."

And then Murlel's beau came down from Hartford. It happened like this: I had been out shopping somewhere. Returning, I was amazed to find the card gone off the door and the old paper, more jagged, more disreputable than ever, pasted zigzag across.

Murlel admitted me. Somehow I never felt the need of a servant in that house, Murlel was so beautiful, opening the door.

"How's this, Murlel?" I asked. "What made you put the old card back again?"
"Hush!" she whispered. "Wait and I'll tell you."
I peeped through the double doors of the parlor and there sat her heaut from

Her partor, and there sat her beau from Hartford. I rushed upstairs, and by and by she followed me, stood in her old position with her back against the shut door and began explaining.

"I wasn't going to try to fool him," she said. "If he really cared for me, I thought he'd care for me in spite of it, and if he didn't care then the game wasn't worth the candle. So I told him all about it—how we kept boarders for



The bouse of the same of the place, but attached to it. Used to the place, but attached to it. Used to the simplicity of the old country, its bareness affected me little so long as it was clean, and it was always that, the halls scrubbed to the purity of whiteness and the floors well waxed.

Added to which the cooking of Muriel's mother bordered upon perfection, the dining room, with its matting, its swiss curtains and its snowy table, was tempting, and through the open grating of the window not many rejected manuscripts were passed by the blue coated postman of mornings, and often some checks.

The house began gradually to fill up with furniture. The little woman standing weary hours in auction rooms, bought bargains for songs, but the renthung like a hideous nightmare over her, and the continuous strain left nervous prostration dangling in its trail.

I sat with my back to the windows writing. Those who entered the door faced that light. I could see wild gleams in the eyes of Muriel's mother

when she stood there. Her excited call rang through the silences, the girl's "Hush!" ensuing. It was pitiful to hear the appeal of her young voice in its imperative soothing.

One morning her mother knocked, entered and stood before me with the light in her eyes and on her face, not old, but rapidly growing so.

I stopped my work to listen.

"Tve spent every cent on the furniture this month," she commenced, "and today is my rent day."

"How much is due?"

She named the sum.

It staggered me somewhat. I studied the situation from all sides. Already I was four weeks in pawn, with no hope that I could see of getting out. If she wer bodily ejected I should lose that four weeks' board. If I gave her what amounted to another four weeks' board is sevenil with the first at the risk of isoing the second.

Being a writer, I had no money to lose. But remembering how when I first began I often knew what it was to experience the vacillating feeling of not knowing where my board money was to come from exactly; remembering also how, still being a writer, at any moment the thing was liable to receur, I went to my desk, and, drawing out a check that had been passed through the grating of the dining room window that morning, warm from the signature of a gracious editor, I handed it to her.

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Apprenticed For Life.

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"Have you ever encountered the child who in the matter of smart sayings and straight truths is an absolute terror to all with whom he may chance to come into contact?" said an anxious parent recently. "Because if not I should like to introduce you to that boy of mine."

"What has your boy done, then?" inquired his friend.

"What has he done?" said the parent. "Why, he's always at it. Only this morning he came to me and asked what it meant to be apprenticed. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, after a few moments the young rascal edged up to me and said. "Then I suppose you're apprenticed to ma, ain't you, dad?"

ma, ain't you, dad?"

The Bagdad Button.

A man recently returned from Turkey in Asia was showing some souventrs of his trip. "There's one thing I didn't bring back with me, and that's a Bagdad button," he said. "I'm just as well satisfied that I didn't too. A Bagdad button? Well, I'll tell you about it. Every person who goes to Bagdad and stays there for six months is afflicted with a peculiar boll that leaves a sear about the size of a half dollar. It may come on the face or on some part of the body, but it is bound to come if you stay there long enough. I didn't. I got out just as soon as I could. Children who are born in Bagdad always come into the world with this mark, which is known as the Bagdad button."—Philadelphia Record.

Mortifying Advice.

A federal officeholder tells of campaigning in Kentucky with another stump speaker. The latter thought to make a good impression in the famous distillery town of Owensboro, and in his speech there sounded the praises of whisky. "Why, gentiemen," said he, "I have noticed in my reading of history and biography that all great mendrank liquor. I tell you, whisky makes men smart."

"What's that?" said an old farmer who was a noted teetotaler.

"Whisky makes men smart," reiterated the orator, "and I challenge denial."

Early Marriage In China.

It is nothing rare in China for boys twelve to fourteen years old to marry. The physical, moral and intellectual development of the contracting parties has nothing to do with the matter. Other considerations entirely regulate the affair. An old Chinese aphorism says that the great business of life is ended when the sons and daughters are married. The Chinese parents do not care to run the danger of postponing the marriage of their children, especially of their sons, until after their own death.

Didn't Seem Funny.

Little Johnny—That young man who omes to see you must be pretty poor ompany. He hasn't any sense of

humor.
Sister—Why do you think so?
Little Johnny—I told him all about
the funny way you rush about and
bang doors when you get in a temper,
and he didn't laugh a bit.

An Empty Assurance.

"He says he'd share his last dollar with me."

"Yes," said the man who looks at things coldly, "but he is a man who will take precious good care never to get down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

The Real Article. Sillicus—Everybody says he is a

genius.—Then I guess he might be.
It takes genius to convince other people that you are one.—Philadelphia
Record.

Horses are like eggs. It is impossible to tell what's in them until they are broken.

CHINESE MAGIC LANTERNS

How Their Instruments Differ From Those In Use In This Country.

The magic lantern, like porcelain, gunpowder and printing, may have been an invention of the Chinese. For more than twenty centuries it has been a staple amusement in the Celestial empire and has been developed into many forms unknown to the occident. The Middle Kingdom, which has been well termed Topsy Tury Land, uses the magic lantern in just the opposite manner from what we do, having the light and picture behind the screen, the same as in our parlor amusement of shadowgraphs. The commonest form of the magic lantern in the extreme orient is a large box supported on a tripod or four legged table. The box is about 4 feet wide by 2 high, and its front is made of ground glass, oiled silk or oiled white paper.

Over the box is a light framework of bamboo and cloth, which reaches to the ground and conceals the operator from the audience, but leaves the glass exposed to view. A powerful lamp in front of a concave reflector throws a strong light upon the glass or screen, as the cape may be. The top of the box and the sides are half open to permit the introduction of small figures. This arrangement gives four distinct classes of instruments. With all four instruments the exhibitions are given in the streets, squares and market places. They draw audiences ranging from five to thirty and give an entertainment of from five to fifteen minutes in length. Each spectator is supposed to contribute 1 cash, or a twentieth of a cent, when the hat is passed around. Generous or enthusiastic patrons frequently give from 10 to 15 cash, so that the average performance nets the proprietor hount 2 cents. This seems ridiculous to Americans, but in a land where an ablebodied man can be hired for 5 cents and any the owner of a successful magic lantern is looked upon as a very well to do individual.

The little plays which are written about the magic figures are as conventional as our own immortal Punch and Judy. The "wicked tiger" depicts the career of a dissolute animal wh

words.—New York Post.

To Give the Sack.

Two noblemen in the reign of Maximilian II.—1564-1569—one a German, the other a Spaniard, who had each rendered a great service to the emperor, asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Maximilian said that as he esteemed them both alike it was impossible to choose between them, and therefore their own prowess must decide it; but, being unwillings to risk the loss of either by engaging them in deadly combat, he ordered a large sack to be brought and declared that he who should put his rival into it should have his fair Helena. And this whimsical combat was actually performed in the presence of the imperial court and lasted an hour. The unhappy Spanish nobleman was first overcome, and the German succeeded in enveloping him in the sack, took him upon his back and laid him at the emperor's feet. This comical combat is said to be the origin of the phrase "give him the sack," so common in the literature of courting.

One Phase of the Nile.

One Phase of the Nile.

In the Shab Luka pass we have one of the many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course when on each side a few miles away there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert. For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks, but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.—Century.

casional eddies.—Century.

A Comfort Anyway.

"Speaking of grewsome remarks," said the ruddy old Scotch gentleman on his way from the far west to revisit Scotland for the first time in half a century, "there was an old lady friend of mine in San Francisco who persisted in looking upon this journey of mine as a madly adventurous tempting of Providence. 'Yet there is one thing comforts me, Robert, my man,' she said. 'When one dies in voyaging nowadays, they've such excellent facilities for transporting the remains! "—New York Telegram.

And That Ended Nora.

Mrs. Aufait—Now, Nora, be very careful of this cut glass punch bowl. It cost a mint of money.

Nora—Indade, muni Well, it's rale tough. Sure an' I drapped it three times a'ready an' niver fazed It.—Life.

His Query.

She—Do I really love you, Cholly?
Why, I'd sooner be miserable with you than happy with some other fellow.

He—But are you sure you won't find some other chap that you'd sooner be miserable with?—Puck.

When a woman loves a man to the point of distraction, other women abuse her for not having "more pride."—Atchison Globe.

