

# CLARISSA

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"Honey, why yo' tease mammy so much ter be allus tellin' yo' 'bout ole times? Yo' lbs in de 'vance age, an' ought ter be libin' a mighty good life, too, 'cause how yo' know yo' won't hab great-gran'-chillen pryin' inter all yo' actions?"

"Yo' doan' wan' ter hear 'bout yo' gran'ma, but wants me ter tell yo' 'bout ma li' Clarissy? Bless yo' heart! honey, dat's de one thing I lubs ter talk 'bout, dose it almos' snaps de strings ob mammy's po' ole heart ebery time she eben thinks ob her."

"De night Clarissy opened her eyes on dis earth dar wuz a consumption ball goin' on at de big house, fo' de quality, in honor ob yo' gran'ma, who yo' gran'pa, ma young marse, had fetched home as his bride."

"I could talk 'bout ma mistus all day, but yo' wants ter hear 'bout Clarissy. Well, I'ze leadin' up ter her, honey. At de time I am tellin' yo' ob she wuz jes' on her way inter dis worl' ob trouble, an' I forgot all 'bout her eben den 'tween thinkin' ob de gran' times at de big house, which Sis Kitty wuz 'monstratin' 'bout, an' listenin' ter de squeak ob Uncle Jerry's fiddle at de Quarters."

"'Tween de squeaks I heard him holler 'Git yo' pardners fer de kwat-tion! Ralse yo' feet high! S'lute yo' pardners! Fo' wa'd foah an' back agin! Lef' han' ober right han' backed!' Den, what tuk me, he jes' shouted, 'Judy, cum back hyar!' Doan' yo' know yo' right han' from yo' lef'? Yo's spilled de whole set, an' I'ze ha't a min' not ter let yo' shuffle no mo' ter ma fiddlin' ternaht. Yo' think Miss' red sash makes yo' fine, but lemme tell yo' gal, de fines' shuck ob'en hides de meanes' nubbins in de row!"

"I wuz mighty pleased ter hear Judy publicly 'buked, 'cause she wuz dat atry since she tuk ma Hosea from me. She not only tuk him, but got herself a stiferket in a gol' frame which said de law had gib him ter her! Dis is a mighty quar' worl', chile. In de sight ob de Lord, Hosea wuz mine; but 'cause de law could write on paper it could divorce me an' gib him ter her wid a tucker ter prove it. In dese days dey is changin' de Scriptur' fashion, dey bu'ns de stiferket, snaps dere fingers at de public, buys de law ter do dere way, an' breaks dere 'legiance wid de sight ob de Lord."

"Well, chile, I'm deviatin' from de part I wuz treadin'. When Uncle Jerry hollered out, 'Make yo' steps an' sho' yo' style!' an' 'All han's 'roun'!' I forgot ma 'fiction. I forgot eberything, an' loped right off ter be in at dat oc-casum. Sir Kitty co't me by de arm an' dragged me back. She 'lowed 'Aggie, yo's crazy, an' I'm goin' fer de paterole.' Dat settled me."

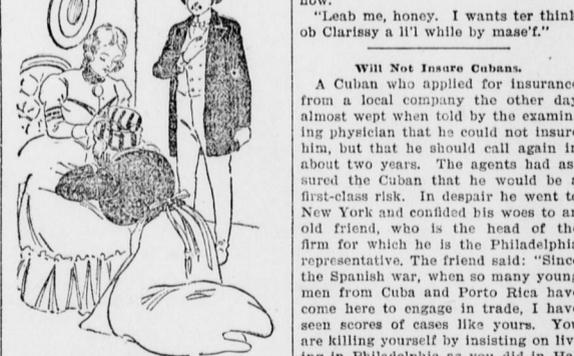
"Jes' den de clock struck twelbe, an' de stikes wuz mos' drowned by de noise from de firecrackers an' gun at de big house an' de hurraays from de Quarters. Den I knew it wuz Chris-tinus mornin', an' as de las' cheer died out ma li' Clarissy cum for ma Chris-tinus gif. I knows it wuz onchrischun lak an' an' owdacious sin, but I didn't thank de Lord as much as I ought ter. His present, 'cause I kep' thinkin' how dat same present had cheated me out ob bein' 'mong de fust ter s'lute ma new miss an' join in Uncle Jerry's 'All han's' 'roun'!"

"'Whar did I get de name Clarissy? Now, I'ze goin' ter tell yo' how ma 'fiction brought me 'onor."

"Yo' towed de gran'ma named dat chile, an' 'lowed she wuz ter be raised an' educated at de big house. Dat made me mighty proud. So, when yo' ma wuz born I tuk Clarissy an' went ter de big house an' nussed yo' ma till dey put her in de col' gown."

"Doan' get so impashum, honey; I'ze goin' ter tell yo' 'bout Clarissy, but I jes' kinder laks ter put it off as long as I kin."

"Clarissy had'n' no face ter be



"Po' faithful ole Aggie!"

"'shamed, wid she wuz dat tall an' straight, wid smooth brack shimey hair—'it didn' kin none—an' her eyes wuz jes' lak de deer's, an' her skin wuz so sof' an' yaller dat I called her ma yaller rose. She warn't neber strong lak, an' wouldn't go wid de niggers at de Quarters. Sometimes she eben seemed 'shamed ob her ole brack mammy, but I didn' min' dat. I wuz so proud she could take an' edictin' jes' lak quality, whereas her mammy wuz jes' a plain ole brack nigger dat didn' know A from B. When yo' pa cum from de Norf courtin' yo' ma, he brought his white waled wid him. I warned Clarissy when I seed her wid dat waled dat it wuz a resky thing ter make her jedg-

## A HIDDEN MINE.

Two Women Hold the Secret of a Golden Ledge.

Away up in the Medicine Bow Mountains, not far from the Wyoming line, there is a hidden mine for which a generation of men have searched in vain. And it is owned, operated and its location kept secret by two young women, who have kept their secret since one was eighteen and the other fourteen years old. The lode was discovered sixteen years ago by a tenderfoot named Smithers. He was ordered west by the doctors and came to Colorado. Leaving his wife and two little girls at Fort Collins, he went into the mountains to prospect. In some unexplained way he discovered an enormously rich ledge of quartz, and recognized its value. Then he returned to Fort Collins for his family, having been absent about a year. His wife had died during his stay in the mountains, but he found his children in care of a ranchman. The older one recognized him, and they were turned over to him. He took them up into the mountains with him and they have lived there ever since in the cabin built for them.

Smithers cleared off the ranch and did a little farming, got a little stock and raised his own milk and butter and eggs, and lived outwardly like thousands of small mountain ranchmen all over the Rocky Mountain region. But secretly he worked on the ledge of gold quartz he had discovered. He broke pieces from the vein ground them up in a mortar, panned them, and got gold enough to keep him and his children without other work than caring for their little farm. This life began when the children were but seven and three years old, respectively. When the older one was eighteen and her sister fourteen, Smithers died. He had taught them the secret of the hidden mine, and when he was gone the two orphans lived alone in the same manner. They looked after their little stock, tended their little farm and in secret ground up pieces of quartz and panned the gold from it. The ledge must be of fabulous richness, for these two girls, neither of them very robust, and the younger little more than a child when they began, have taken out all the gold they have wanted in the four years they have led their lonely existence. At rare intervals they take their horses and a pack saddle and go down to the nearest town for provisions. They always have gold dust and nuggets to pay for whatever they choose to buy.

H. A. Wells, timber appraiser for the State lands board, was in that section recently and secured \$100 worth of nuggets the young women had saved up. One he is wearing as a watch charm. It is a great chunk of native gold, not melted into a button, but just as it fell from the crushed rock. According to weight, its value would not exceed \$30, or perhaps \$25. But as a fine specimen of native gold and as a memento of the lonely mountain ranch and hidden mine, hundreds of dollars would not buy it. "Never mind," says Mr. Wells, "I'm going to find the extension of that hidden ledge some day."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## The Obliging Office Boy.

An old gentleman came into a busy downtown office the other day and came up to the table where James, the office boy, was reading the next to the last chapter in one of the Dead-wood Dick novels. James did not know, for several minutes that any one had called, so eager was he to find out if Dick was really going to kill the villain at last and save the blue-eyed Catherine. Looking up just a moment before getting ready to plunge into the crisis, James caught sight of the gentleman standing beside him. In some way the office boy felt that the visitor had been there a long time, and he hastened to make up for the neglect.

"Anything I can do for you?" James asked in the tone his employer uses when he wants to make the best impression.

The old gentleman said nothing, but he looked at James in a strange way that made that young man feel a little ashamed of himself.

"I am very sorry, sir, I kept you waiting. Do you want to see some one, sir?"

Still the visitor was silent. Then the boy raised his voice, and a glimmer of light came into the old gentleman's eye. He took out of his pocket a long tube, put one end to his ear and handed the other to James. "I should like to speak to your employer."

"Certainly, sir," said the obliging office boy; "hold the line."—Providence Journal.

## Two New French Caves.

Two remarkable caves have been discovered in France by Messrs. Captain and Breull, in which the walls are covered with drawn and painted figures of the paleolithic epoch. These are mostly figures of animals, and some of them have been drawn with striking correctness. In the first cave, at Combarelles (Dordogne), the figures are drawn with a deeply engraved line and are vigorous in execution. They include the mammoth reindeer and other animals extinct in France. In the second cave, at Font-de-Gaume, not far distant from the former, black lines are used, and sometimes the whole animal is painted black, forming a silhouette. Red ochre is also used in the figures, which are sometimes four feet long. Many of the figures are covered with a stalagmite deposit which often reaches an inch in thickness.—Scientific American.

A Philadelphia firm has calculated that there still remain unmined 5,073,775,000 tons of coal in the anthracite regions.

## COST OF A MAN'S WARDROBE.

It Amounts to Much Less Than He Pays For Food.

"Comparatively, what a man wears does not cost so much during a lifetime when you come to think of it," said an observant citizen, "and as a matter of fact the average I suppose will be surprised by the figures. Of course, the man who attempts to keep up with the procession of the ultra-fashionables must necessarily spend a good sum of money during his lifetime. He must humor the changing moods of the men who set the pace in fashion. He must have the very latest thing out. His coat must be the proper cut, his hat the proper shape, his trousers just so and his tie the proper color. But there are many men in the world who cannot pay so much respect to fashion, and hence we may strike an average between the two extremes in dress."

"We will put the case hypothetically and assume that a man lives to be thirty-five years of age. We will assume that he will wear the clothes of a grown man for this length of time. On an average, I suppose a man will wear out six shirts during the year, or a total of 210 in a lifetime. Suppose he pays seventy-five cents each for them. This would be \$450 a year, or \$157.50 that he would pay out in a lifetime of thirty-five years. He would wear twelve collars a year, of 410 in thirty-five years, and if he wore the cheaper grade of collars, 15-cent collars, he would spend \$63 in thirty-five years. Allowing two whole suits of clothes a year, and at the average of \$20 a suit he would spend in this way \$1400 in thirty-five years. If we allow him an average of four suits of underwear a year, he would need 140 suits, and at the nominal price of \$1 a suit they would cost him \$140 in thirty-five years. Two hats every twelve months would mean a total of seventy hats, and if he paid an average of \$3 each for them the total number would cost him \$210. His shoes, allowing him two pairs a year, and fixing the cost at \$4 a pair, would cost him \$280 in a lifetime. Now, on the basis of calculation, a man would spend about \$2250 in a lifetime for clothes. There are, of course, many men who spend much more than this amount and there are many men who spend much less. But this calculation may be taken as a reasonable average."

"It will be observed that neckties, socks, suspenders, garters and things of that sort are not taken into consideration. Laundry bills, cleaning, mending and other things which increase the cost of a man's wearing apparel are not considered. These costs would probably double the figures, and in some instances, as in the case of shirts and collars, the original cost of the article would be nothing in comparison to the cost of keeping them."

"But taking all things into consideration, a man's wearing apparel will cost him less than the food that he eats. Suppose a man is allowed three meals each day at the nominal cost of twenty-five cents a meal, in thirty-five years he would spend about \$9450 for food, or about four times the amount he would spend for clothes."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## English Decadence.

He held an important position on a London newspaper, and yet he was saying, and saying in all seriousness, in naive perplexity:

"Now I can claim, without conceit, that I am more intelligent than the average of my fellow-Englishmen. Otherwise I shouldn't have my present position. I frankly admit, though, that I'm not equal to the average American. But why am I not? Where is the difference?"

What could one say to such meekness? It was fortunate that he went on:

"You say that you don't believe in this talk of English decadence, and you think we're as good men as our fathers. Perhaps the trouble is that we're just like our fathers."

Then, indeed, he hit the toe on the nail, and I agreed with him as politely as possible. The world of the sons, however, is not the world of the fathers, and in nothing is the typical American so sharply contrasted with the rest of the world as in this fact, that while he loves and admires his progenitors quite as deeply, if not quite so solemnly, as the rest of the world, he has a suspicion that the tools and methods his father used are much more appropriate in the cabinet of relics than in the shop which competition is eternally threatening to undermine and absorb.

Because his father thought thus and acted so is to the typical Englishman a most excellent reason for following suit. It is to the American a very strong reason for trying some other way.—Harper's Weekly.

## Color of Scots' Hair.

A curious investigation reported to the British Association traces the origin of complexion by the surnames. It was based, according to a contemporary, on an examination of 14,561 school children of East Aberdeenshire, and a calculation of the pigmentation of the hair and eyes for fifty-nine most frequent surnames. The darkest hair and eyes belong to surnames common in fishing communities, verifying the tradition that the fishing population of East Scotland is of Belgian origin. The pigmentation of Highland surnames corresponds closest with that of their districts of origin. The surnames of Wallace, Pirie, Grant, Park and Birnie have strong blond tendencies; those of Cordiner, Cruikshank, Stephen, Strachan, Buchan, Paterson and Whyte are darkest, and Rennie, Scott, Grant and Thompson show most red hair.—London Daily Graphic.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

Medical men have noted the injurious effect of the Philippine climate on wounds. The time for healing is much longer than here. In South Africa it is shorter.

The internal heat of the earth is a survival of the time when it was a glowing ball and was turning on its axis with a velocity four times as great as at present. It was slowed down principally by the action of the tides, internal and external, these being one of the results of the moon's attraction.

The rotation of the moon in such a way that is shown to us always the same face was shown to be the consequence of the tides in the molten moon due to the attraction of the earth. The earth has not surrendered itself to the tides caused by the moon because they are relatively so feeble. It will, however, without doubt, ultimately present always the same face to the moon.

A French scientist, says the Pall Mall Gazette, has just drawn public attention to certain phenomena which show that the truism "extremes meet" applies with as much force to physical nature as to human character. He relates that in the mountains near Pontgnaud, in Auvergne, there is formed in the hottest part of every summer a most singular ice deposit which has no existence in winter. The local peasantry have never evinced any acute interest in the scientific explanation of this remarkable natural peculiarity, but they have always, from the first, turned it to practical advantage by using the spot for cold storage for the cheese which is the staple product of the district.

No weather belief is more absurd than that of a "wet moon" and a "dry moon." There is no connection between the position of the moon's horns and the rainfall, unless the same weather recurs at the same time each year, for, as A. K. Bartlett has lately taken the trouble to explain, the crescent moon always appears "upon its back" in spring, near the vernal equinox, and "upon its end" in autumn, near the autumnal equinox. The change of direction in which the horns are turned depends upon the difference in declination of the sun and moon. If the moon be farther north than the sun after the new, the sunlight strikes under her, and she appears with her horns upturned; but if she appears south the light reaches around her disk to the northward, and her horns appear nearly vertical. The line joining the two horns is always at right angles to a line joining the sun and the moon.

Some fresh water fishes can live in salt water, but others cannot. The carp, for example, is found in the Caspian Sea as well as its affluents, but the fresh water eel dies in salt water. Experiments have recently been made by M. Colollian, and brought before the Society of Biology, France, with carp and tench in water artificially salted by the addition of ten to twelve grammes of common salt per litre, that is to say, about half the proportion of sea water. A fish which can live for twenty-four hours in salt water is considered able to bear it permanently and he found that his tench and carp could stand ten grammes per litre but not twelve or thirteen grammes. Another experimenter, M. Larbaetier, found that fresh water fish could live in a stronger solution of salt if they were first accustomed to it by degrees. By increasing the proportion of salt from five grammes to fourteen per litre in the course of twenty-seven days, he kept them alive.

## The Red Hunting Coat.

The origin of the red coat is a mystery. There is a story told "that one of the early Henrys was so enamored with the sport of fox hunting as to ordain it to be a royal sport, and the red coat was worn in consequence." This, however, has been pointed at as absurd, as in those days scarlet was not a royal livery at all. One thing there can be no doubt about, and that is that the scarlet coat is very popular for those who hunt regularly. And it must be confessed that it adds picturesque to the scene. The question of color seems to be very much a matter of taste; it is looked upon as an indication of social position. In the abstract any one can don the pink, if so desired, but it is considered out of taste for any one to adopt that color if he does not liberally subscribe to the hunt fund. The black coat is considered to come next in social position, and the ordinary mufli garment for those whose subscription is very small indeed.—Tailor and Cutter.

## Bog Slide in Ireland.

Following a phenomenal rainfall a terrible bog slip occurred the other day near Lisconnor, on the west coast of Clare, and within a quarter of a mile of the scene of last year's slide, when two lives were lost. The slip began on the Caruhid Hills, says the London Graphic, and the immense mass of semi-fluid bog flowed four miles through the country until it discharged itself into Derry River. The moving mass swept away hayricks, peat stacks, and a number of cows and pigs, which were lost. A farming family, named Killoughry, were compelled to escape by the upper windows, and this they did with difficulty. Several people are practically ruined by their land and crops being covered with the peaty moisture.

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## WIFE DESERTION A FELONY.

Husband Sentenced to Suffer a Penalty Under a Minnesota Law.

To George A. Kenney belongs the distinction of being the first man convicted in Minneapolis under the new law treating abandonment or of failure to support a wife as a felony. The court was lenient with him and gave him the lowest penalty—only ninety days in the workhouse—instead of the limit of three years in the penitentiary. Mr. Kenney's bad eminence should be a warning to other men, says the Minneapolis Tribune, who are inclined to neglect, evade or shirk their duty to their families.

The Minnesota law is a new departure in sociology. Heretofore such offenses have been treated as misdemeanors. The delinquent husband could be fined—in which case the wife usually hustled around and raised the money to pay—or compelled to give bonds for good behavior or sent to jail in default of security. But now he is confronted by a hard-labor proposition. If his failure to support his family arises from laziness he finds that he has "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire," in being compelled to work for the state under more disagreeable conditions than free labor could possibly involve. If he has means or property he would naturally prefer to draw upon his resources rather than incur a penal sentence. It is not to be presumed that the average man will sin more than once in this direction if the law is vigorously enforced against him. If he can show that he has done the best he can and that his failure to support his family arises from inability to find employment, that is, of course, a good defense. This law gives the wife a better chance than she had before. She can insist that her husband perform his whole duty as the family provider and if he willfully refuses or neglects to do so, she can have him "sent up" and so get rid of him. Its enactment is an important step in the direction of the practical accomplishment of women's rights.

## REASONING POWERS OF CRABS.

This One Undoubtedly Showed It, According to Blackford.

Eugene Blackford, the ex-fish commissioner, was standing in the door of his office in Fulton Market one day last week when a literary woman came up to him and said: "Mr. Blackford, I am gathering material for an article on crabs. Do you think those little crustaceans have the faculty of reasoning?"

"Well, madam," replied Mr. Blackford, according to the New York Times, "I have never given the subject a thought, but I have known crabs to do some remarkable things. Last summer I was fishing for flounders in Jamaica bay. The water was shallow and I could easily see the bottom. A crab sidled up to my bait, picked up the hook with one claw, took off the bait with the other, ate it and then climbed up the line hand over hand, tumbled into the boat and went nosing around looking for the bait box. If that isn't reason it certainly is a very high degree of instinct."

## Care of Hands in Winter.

Any extreme temperature, or either very hot or very cold water, is not good for the hands. Warm water is more cleansing than cold water. A dozen drops of the tincture of benzoin added to a basin of warm water is beneficial to the hands. Castile or one of the fine toilet soaps should be used. A generous lather should be made and the hands thoroughly rubbed with it. A rubber flesh-brush is a great comfort. A little bran or oatmeal if put in the water has a softening effect, and makes the skin velvety and pliable. Almond meal is also excellent for this purpose. Care in drying the hands is essential to their good condition, especially in winter. A soft towel will gather up all the moisture and should be used in between the fingers of each hand so that every part may be thoroughly dried. After drying the hands it is a good plan to rub in a little cold cream or almond oil, after which, if they are particularly sensitive, powder may be dusted over them.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The woman's building at the Charleston Exposition is a beautiful colonial mansion built 200 years ago and surrounded by gardens filled with old-fashioned flowers.