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THOS. A. BUCKLEY,
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A shortage of billions of feet of pine lumber is predicted from the great Northwestern territory.

Lightning does strike twice in the same place, the New York Mail and Express maintains, and a Honesdale, (Penn.) farmer who was stunned twice during one storm in his barn one day last week lives to certify that an old belief to the contrary is erroneous. When even electricity takes to repeating, the need of reform must be admitted.

One after another, notes the Chicago Herald, the theological seminaries of this country are opening their doors for the admission of women, and especially for such as would fit themselves for labor in the mission field. The Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary at Lebanon, Tenn., is one of the last to fall into line in this great matter.

Colonel Thornton W. Waskington, of Washington, D. C., is dead. His death removes one of the direct lineal descendants of General George Washington. He was a great-grandson of Colonel Samuel Washington, the oldest brother of the illustrious first President of the United States, and the fifth generation in descent from Colonel John Washington, the first immigrant of the Washington family in America, who came over in 1659 and settled on the border of Pope's Creek, near its junction with the Potomac River, in what is now Westmoreland County, Virginia. He served in the Confederate army. His wife and seven children survive him.

A report on the uncultivated bast fibers of the United States by Charles Richard Dodge, special agent in charge of fiber investigations, has just been issued from the Department of Agriculture. Among the plants described are species found in every section of the United States, from Maine to Florida and from Minnesota to Arizona. Some of them are jute substitutes, while others, if cultivated, would produce a fiber rivaling hemp. Over forty fiber plants are treated in the report, the history of twenty forms being given in full with statements regarding past efforts and experiments toward their utilization. Special chapters are devoted to the asclepias or milkweed fibers, okra, cotton stalk fiber, the common abutilon—known commercially as "China jute," but growing in the fence corners of every Western farm—Colorado River hemp and many others.

The Republican Senators whose terms will expire in March next are: Joseph M. Carey, Wyoming; William Chandler, New Hampshire; S. M. Cullom, Illinois; N. F. Dixon, Rhode Island; J. N. Dolph, Oregon; William P. Frye, Maine; A. Higgins, Delaware; G. F. Hoar, Massachusetts; C. F. Manderson, Nebraska; J. McMillan, Michigan; R. F. Pettigrew, South Dakota; T. C. Power, Montana; G. S. Shoup, Idaho; W. D. Washburn, Minnesota; J. F. Wilson, Iowa; and E. O. Wolcott, Colorado. The Democrats are: J. H. Berry, Arkansas; M. C. Butler, South Carolina; D. Caffery, Louisiana; J. N. Camden, West Virginia; R. Coke, Texas; I. G. Harris, Tennessee; E. Hunton, Virginia; W. Lindsay, Kentucky; J. Martin, Kansas; A. J. McLaurin, Mississippi; J. R. McPherson, New Jersey; J. T. Morgan, Alabama; M. W. Ransom, North Carolina, and P. Walsh, Georgia. In a number of States, the Atlanta Constitution remarks, the election of Senators has already either been made or has been settled. George Peabody Wetmore will succeed Dixon, of Rhode Island; ex-Governor Gear will take the place of Senator Wilson, of Iowa, and J. S. Martin will succeed Hunton. Lindsay and Caffery have had their seats already voted to them and Morgan's return is assured. Other Senators, including Dolph, Frye and others, will be returned without any great effort.

THE CLOSING CENTURY.

As one who, roused from sleep, hears far away
The closing strokes of some cathedral bell
Tolling the hour, strives all in vain to tell
If denser grows the night, or pales the day—
So we roused to life's brief existence, say
(We on whose waking falls a century's knell),
Is this the deepening dusk of years, the fell
And solemn midnight, or the morning gray?
We stir, then sleep again—a little sleep!
(Howbeit undisturbed by another's ring!)
For though, measured with time, a century
Is but a vanished hour tolled on the deep,
Yet what is time itself? 'Tis but a swing
Of the vast pendulum of eternity.

—Henry J. Stockard, in the Century.

LOST AND FOUND.

MRS. VAN ALTINE was sauntering leisurely down one of the boulevards in Paris. It was a lovely spring morning; the air was crisp and vendure fresh and inviting—just the kind of a day for a stroll, and so the American woman had disdained her fashionable equipage. She had walked all the way from her neat and artistic temporary abiding place in the American colony to the shopping district, had purchased sundry trifles and looked at thousands of articles she had not bought; had fascinated a number of clerks by her dash and brilliancy until they were ready to display for her especial benefit the wealth of the world in feminine odds and ends, and now she was making her way homeward, care free, and happily conscious that many covert glances were cast at her stylish figure.

At sixteen she was a charming girl; at twenty-six a beautiful wife and hostess; at, well, say thirty—an irresistible widow, perfectly satisfied to saunter all by herself along what remained of life's floral pathway. With a more than comfortable competence, she regarded the future with complacency and the past with resignation. Not that anything very tragic was interwoven among the yesterdays. Existence had flowed smoothly enough—a broken engagement, a heart wrung for a time, a trip abroad, a wealthy suitor, a fashionable wedding, a pleasing honeymoon, a series of social triumps, the demise of her better half, a brief period for mourning, and the comfortable present.

She was childless, but she had many friends. It is true that sometimes something like a pang came to her when her mind reverted to children, and she told herself that possibly a little one would not be at all in the way, but, on the contrary, might give sweet solace to the few lonely moments which came to her, who, generally speaking, did not know what loneliness was. As she walked along with superb movement, she observed two pretty girls in charge of a nurse. The children were playing on the grass beneath the shade trees with which the boulevard was lined, while the nurse, who had the expressionless features of a peasant girl, was seated on a bench knitting. Mrs. Van Altine stopped impulsively.

"Oh, you darling," she said, and thereupon in her own peculiarly graceful way began to question the children and coo over them just as if she knew all about the language of childhood. Nearby on another bench was a little boy dressed in sailor's attire, with the word "captain" on his cap. He looked forlorn and disturbed, for his mouth quivered and there were tears in his big, blue eyes.

"What's the matter, my little man?" continued Mrs. Van Altine, in the language of the country.

He only stared at her and rubbed one of his eyes with his dirty fist. She placed her hand on his golden curls in a caressing manner.

"Why don't you play with the other children?" she continued.

For answer he rubbed his other eye with another dirty fist.

"There, now, sailors don't cry," resumed Mrs. Van Altine, as she wiped the grime from his face with a lace handkerchief.

"They go to battle and fight and are brave. Are you my brave little captain?"

"I don't understand," said the boy in English, plunging both fists into his eyes.

"What! you speak English? You are an American boy?"

"Yes'm."

"And are these your sisters?"

"No'm."

"And what's your name?"

"Bobby."

"Bobby what?"

"Bobby Steele."

"And where are you from, Bobby?"

"Oh, a big place, much bigger and nicer than this."

"What is it called?"

"Cleveland—oh—boo—hoo—I want to go home."

"But you can't go back to Cleveland to-night, Bobby. You are thousands of miles from home."

"I don't care—I want to go home."

"Is your mamma with you in Paris?"

"No'm. She's in heaven. She's dead. My mamma died when I was one year old. I'm all my papa's got and now—boo! hoo!—he hasn't got me. I'm lost and shall never see my papa again."

"You poor child, you mean to say you can't find your papa?

"No; we went out for a walk and I stopped in a crowd to look in a window. Then my papa went away and left me."

"And you couldn't find him anywhere?"

"No'm. I shall never see my papa again."

"Nonsense! of course you will. Why, we'll go and find him now."

"Will you?" Do you know my papa?"

"I can't say that I do. There are so many Steeles in the world. Is your papa slender, and does he wear a little mustache?"

"No; my papa's big and has a beard."

"Then I guess I don't know him. How long have you been waiting here?'

"Oh, hours!"

"Well, you are my brave little captain, after all. I'll buy you some bon-bons."

"Will you?" With great show of interest.

"Yes."

"And a candy cane?"

"Yes."

"And a tin soldier I saw?"

"Yes."

"And I saw an elephant I want and two toy lions and—"

"My dear child, you evidently want to start a zoo of your own."

"What is that!"

"Oh, a menagerie."

"I went to a menagerie with my papa here yesterday. We saw them feed the lions."

"Where are you stopping here, my child?"

"I don't know. A big place. Will you take me there?"

"I will, if I can find it from your indefinite description."

"What's 'indefinite' mean?"

"Never mind that now. Are you stopping at a hotel?"

"I guess so."

"Would you remember the name of the hotel?"

"No."

Mrs. Van Altine repeated a number of names.

"I don't know," he said.

"Well," she remarked with a little sigh, "I suppose we had better call a carriage."

"That'll be fine," he said. "I've got a velocipede home."

"Have you? Well, just go and wave your hand at that man with the carriage. Remember you are my gallant little escort, and you must be very polite."

"All right."

In a few moments they were comfortably seated in the carriage.

"How do you like this?" she asked.

"It's great."

"Where to, madam?" interrupted the coachman.

"Yes, where to? That's the question," ruminated Mrs. Van Altine. "Where shall we go, mon capitaine?"

"Get the tin soldier," said the boy.

"Very well. That will give me time to think. Drive to a toy shop."

As they dashed down the boulevard Mrs. Van Altine drew the child nearer to her.

"You don't feel lost any more, my brave captain?" she asked.

"Not so much so, thank you."

"And if we don't find your papa can I have you?"

The boy's lips quivered.

"Oh, I want my papa."

"Even if I should buy you an elephant and—and a real pony to ride in the park?"

The boy hesitated. He was evidently sorely tempted. The real pony weighed against his papa was a perplexing problem, but finally he said stoutly:

"I want my papa."

"And you shall have him," said Mrs. Van Altine.

"But I want you, too."

"I'm afraid you can't always have me."

They drew up in front of a toy shop and Mrs. Van Altine and her charge entered. They purchased an elephant, a tin soldier dressed in French uniform, a candy cane, and the young man would have ordered half the store if Mrs. Van Altine had not prevented it.

"Where shall I send these, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Where? I don't know. We'll take them. Bobby, carry this elephant."

Bobby was only too willing to do this, and again they entered the carriage.

"To the Hotel St. Petersburg," commanded Mrs. Van Altine. She vaguely remembered that many Americans went to this hotel. In about twenty minutes they dashed up to this establishment and the carriage door was opened by a big porter who looked around for their luggage.

"You can take the elephant and the tin soldier," said Mrs. Van Altine, imperiously.

The porter hesitated, his sense of dignity injured, but Bobby settled the matter by declaring:

"No; he can't have them. I'll carry them."

Mrs. Van Altine and the boy entered the parlor there and the handsome American woman said:

"Send the clerk to me."

Bobby set the elephant of the floor and seemed indifferent just then whether he would be found or not by his bereaved parent. The clerk appeared.

"Is Mr. Steele of Cleveland stopping here?"

"He is not madame?"

"Has he been stopping here?"

"No, madame."

"He is an American and is at some hotel, probably. How can I find him? This is his boy, who is lost."

"I will send you a hotel register, a list of all Americans at the different hotels."

"Thank you. That is what I want."

The list was duly forthcoming and Mrs. Van Altine scanned it eagerly.

"Steele—Steele—let me see—Smith, Brown, Jones—no Steele—perhaps it is further down—a common name, there are plenty of Steeles—Barman, Walker, Melville — hum! — Steele, Steele—ah, here is a Steele. Bobby, is your father's name Richard?"

"No'm,"

"Too bad. How my heart jumped when I saw that name! What if—nonsense! By the way, Bobby, what is your father's name?"

"Dick, ma'am."

"Dick?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't you know that Richard and Dick are the same names?" she asked severely.

"No'm. My uncle Silas calls my pa Dick."

"Well, here is a Richard Steele at one of the hotels. We will call and see. But remember if your papa doesn't want you, Bobby, you are going off come and live with me."

"Do you think my pa don't want me?"

"Bless my little sailor, no. Why, every golden lock must be precious to him. Do you know what I'd do, Bobby, if I had a little boy like you?"

"No, ma'am."

"I'd—I'd love him to death."

At the next hotel Mrs. Van Altine was informed that Richard Steele was stopping there; that he had a boy; that the aforesaid boy was lost; that Mr. Steele was nearly frantic and that he had just gone to the prefect of police.

"And where is that?"

"Just across the way, madam.

"Come, Bobby, we will surprise him. He must be nearly crazy."

A handsome American, thirty-five years of age, solid and prosperous looking, was conversing with the official in the magistrate's office.

"I will do what I can, monsieur. The lad will be taken in, and our system of communication is such that the fact will be known at headquarters. I will then at once inform you of the circumstances."

"Your reward shall be a handsome one."

At this moment the clerk looked in.

"A lady to see you, monsieur."

"Say I am engaged," responded the officer.

"I did tell her that."

"Well?"

"She asked if an American gentleman was here. I told her 'yes,' and she said she must come in at once."

"Very well. Show her in."

Mrs. Van Altine, a vision of glorious womanhood, stood in the doorway with Bobby by the hand.

"Is this your son, sir?" she said.

Richard Steele sprang to his feet. Bobby dropped his elephant and the next moment was folded to his father's breast. Mrs. Van Altine seemed strangely moved as she regarded the scene. Her face was overspread with unusual pallor.

"I was not mistaken," she told herself. "There are, truly, many Steeles in the world, but it must have been some psychic sense that caused my heart to beat when I heard this name. Let me see, now; it is sixteen years since—and there he stands and does not know me. Time, time, how you level romance! He was slender. Now he is stout. He had such a dainty mustache. Now he has a beard. Really, he is much better looking."

These and other thoughts flashed through Mrs. Van Altine's mind at that moment. The American turned.

"Madam, how can I thank you? I—"

Words failed him. He gazed in growing amazement.

"Fannie!"

"Dick!"

They clasped hands. The years that had passed were bridged by that pressure of hands. Plighted faith, resentment, broken vows, pique, misunderstanding, separation—all, all vanished, and in the sunlight of the present they gazed gladly into each other's eyes.

"And Bobby is—"

My boy? Yes."

"She wanted to keep me, pa," said Bobby, with the elephant clasped to his breast.

Dick, who knew all about Mrs. Van Altine's history, bent toward her as he remarked: "There's a way she could do that."

"Dear me, how late it is getting! So glad to have met you, Dick! Charming to see old friends after so many years! Goodby—no, au revoir, for I trust I shall see you. My salon, as I call it, is quite a resort. Come and I will introduce you to many clever people—true Parisians."

"Who will bore me?" he said, bluntly.

"The same honest, outspoken Dick!" Then as she entered the carriage, she said:

"You will come?"

"To meet clever people?"

"No, to see me."

"Yes, I will come. I had intended to leave Paris to-night—"

"But now?"

"I shall remain—so as to call on you and thank you more fully for your great service to-day."

"How adorable. You always were charming, Dick."

"Even when—"

"When we quarrelled! Yes, indeed. You were the most delightful man to quarrel with I ever met. If you had not been— But I must be going. Be sure and come—"

"When?"

"As early as you can."

"To-morrow night?"

"At once; to-night. I am all impatient to tell you a hundred things, and—"

"I will come."

"And—bring Bobby, if you want!"

—Detroit Free Press.

The most wonderful cliff dwellings in the United States are those of the Mancos, in a Southern Colorado canyon. Some of these caves are 500 to 600 feet from the bottom of the perpendicular sides of the canyon wall, and how their occupants gained ingress is a mystery.

AT WORK UNDER WATER.

PRESSURE MEN HAVE TO BEAR IN DIGGING TUNNELS.

Peculiar Sensations Experienced—The Greatest Danger Lies in Coming Out into the Open Air.

LABORING on the firm earth, with "all out of doors" to breathe, perspiring and, mayhap, grumbling at one's hard luck, a person seldom, if ever, stops to think that men work day after day deep down in the water, or the mud, with none but artificial light to guide their movements, and only the air that is pumped to them to breathe.

People who work in the open air would have only to work for a short time in a diver's suit, a caisson, or an airlock, getting a taste of what it is like and how it feels, to be cured forever of grumbling at their lot and to thank their lucky stars that it has been ordained that they work on top of the earth.

The work of a diver, his sensations while under the water, and his experiences have often been written about, but those of the airlock and caisson worker have not. While he does not face the danger of fouling pipes and lines, as does the diver, he stays down longer, gets warmer, and his great danger lies in the stagnation of blood and paralysis, resulting from the change of atmosphere.

Mr. R. C. Rapier, of East Cambridge, is an airlock worker, and talks most interestingly. His work was mainly in the airlocks used in building the great Hudson River tunnel. To a Boston Herald reporter he talked of some of the sensations, dangers and experiences.

He said that, while a man working on the surface of the earth bears up an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the inch, men in the locks bear a pressure of from fifteen to fifty pounds of compressed air, according to the depth. The heaviest pressure ever worked under was borne by five divers on the Swedish coast—sixty-five pounds. Four of these died five minutes after coming out.

While, as a general thing, the diver stands not nearly that amount of pressure, and seldom stays down more than two hours, the men in the Hudson River tunnel stood a pressure of from forty-five to forty-six and one-half pounds, and worked on four-hour shifts. Some men stayed down twenty hours at a stretch, but did not work all the time, and Superintendent Haskins stayed down once twenty-four hours.

The sensations experienced are peculiar. When a man first steps in there is a tingling in the ears and a pain in the head, and when he talks it is apparently through the nose. This is caused by the pressure, and the remedy is to hold the nose, close the mouth and blow against the ears. This relives the pain and stops the sensation. When the pressure is all on the worker feels all right and experiences no discomfort. Then there is a sort of exhilaration, and a man does more work in the lock than he could outside.

Another peculiar thing about the action of the pressuro is that a man may have liquor enough aboard when outside to just make him feel jolly, but when he steps into the lock he is drunk as a loon.

The danger lies in coming out of the pressure into the open air. It is then that a man is apt to suffer from stagnation of the blood and paralysis caused by the change of atmosphere. Besides this a man may be attacked in the head or stomach with severe pains. Three out of five cases where the head and stomach are attacked result fatally.

Another severe malady resulting from the change is what is called the "bends." This is the air getting in between the flesh and the bone. It is extremely painful, and so severe that a quart of whisky administered in half an hour would not intoxicate the patient. The stagnation and paralysis are the worst dangers, and do the work quickly. Many men have been keeled over by these causes, and not a few die. Old timers at the business sometimes get caught. Mr. Rapier himself was twice attacked. The remedy for this paralysis is a quick return to the airlock.

The effect of the pressure varies on animals, as is shown by the mules used in the Hudson River tunnel. Some of these beasts are kept at work down below for a year, and on being brought up are worth more than when they were taken down. Others that had only been in the works four months had to be killed.

The men, as a general thing, do not remain a great many years at the business, and a man should never work at it after he is forty years of age.

Cutting a hole and building a tunnel through water is an extremely difficult thing, and by many was thought to be impossible. Still, it was done in the case of the Hudson River tunnel, and the method, as told by Mr. Rapier, is very interesting.

The work on the tunnel had progressed until a body of water was struck. How to tunnel through this hole of water was a puzzling question. It was done this way: A so-called balloon was constructed by making a netting of wire rope and covering this netting with canvas. The interior of the balloon was then filled with blue clay and salt hay. When filled, the balloon, thirty feet in diameter, weighed 140 pounds. The hole of water was then located, and with the aid of a huge steam derrick the balloon was dropped into the hole. Then several scow loads of dirt were dumped down onto the balloon, and the whole thing was left to settle. At the end of ten days the work of cutting through the balloon was begun. This was a very difficult job. An idea of what hard cutting it was may be gained from the fact that it took months to dig through the thirty feet; the plates and brick were going in as the work progressed.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Agate is successfully imitated.

Fossil bisons have been unearthed in Kentucky.

Porcelain is to be substituted for gold in filling teeth.

The whale is a warm-blooded, air breathing, milk-giving animal.

Bedroom windows should never be entirely closed if the person occupying the room is strong.

When ants show great activity it may almost be invariably depended upon that rain will follow within twelve hours.

"Tissus Microbicides," warranted to keep out the most preserving bacillus, are being sold by some of the chief Parisian shops.

Indian corn, or maize, never has an uneven number of rows of grain, because it has opposite radicals of growth from the co-center.

One of the new rifles used by the Italian soldiers sends a ball with force enough to go through five inches of solid oak at a distance of 4000 feet.

According to M. Flammarion, the great astronomer, the mean temperature of Paris for the past six years has been two degrees below the normal.

A German officer has invented a motor in which a fine stream of coal dust is utilized to drive a piston by explosion in the same manner as the gas in the gas engine.

Aluminium bronze consists of ninety per cent. copper and ten per cent. aluminium, and possesses a tensile strength of 90,000 pounds. It can be worked in the same manner as steel.

The idea of an ancient tropical continent at the South Pole, uniting South America, Madagascar and Australia, continues to arouse considerable interest and discussion in scientific circles.

Professor Dewar has demonstrated that metals augment their magnetic qualities and increase in strength by diminution of temperature. Iron at 180 degrees can endure double its normal tensile strain.

There is a mystery about the method of motion of condors that has never been explained. They have been seen to circle to and fro in the sky, half a day at a time, rising and descending without once flapping a wing.

Touch the convex side of a watch glass upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

Lieutenant F. Boyer, of the French navy, to avoid collisions, proposes to introduce at the top on all fast sailing steamers an electric light which will cast a beam ahead to indicate the direction in which the vessel is steering. So long as the approaching ship was not in the actual pencil of light it would be unnecessary to alter her course.

A new anthropometric test of sensitiveness has been designed by Dr. Galton. A band of color, showing all the sixty-five shades of blue, is slowly passed before the eyes, and the subject makes a dot for every shade detected. As far as the experiments have proceeded only about twenty shades are generally discovered. In one case, however, a dyer detected about forty.

A fish exerts its great propulsive power with its tail, not its fins. The paddlewheel was made on the fin theory of propulsion, and the screw propeller had its origin in noting the action of the tail. It is now shown that the fins of the tail actually perform the evolutions described by the propeller blades, and that the fish in its sinuous motion through the water depends on the torsional action of the tail to give it power.

Rent for Made Land.

The St. Louis courts have recently decided a case of no little interest to the dwellers on the banks of rivers where new land is likely to be made. Mrs. Anna R. Allen owns 145 acres of land at the point where the river Des Peres enters the Mississippi, and she leased it to the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern. Later seventy-five acres was added to this tract by accretions from the Mississippi. The company has a transfer at this point and was compelled to cross the new land in transferring cars. It, however, refused to pay rent for the land embraced in the new formation, on the ground that it was not embraced in the lease. Judge Dillon held that the accretions had become a part of the original tract, and, inasmuch as the company had used the land, it was liable for rent. The land was valued by experts at $450 per acre, and judgment was given against the railroad upon the basis of six per cent. on this valuation.—New Orleans Picayune.

Humming Bird Killed by a Bee.

A humming bird was killed by the sting of a bee in Wisconsin not long ago. A bee keeper noticed a pair of ruby-throated humming birds flying around the entrance of one of the hives. Soon a bee made its appearance from within. One of the birds seized it tore it apart and seemed to be feeding on something found in the bee. Just then another bee came out, flew and alighted on the back of the bird. The latter gave a kind of spasmodic shudder, flew a few feet sidewise, landed at the foot of a currant bush, and was dead, apparently killed by the sting of the bee.—New York Sun.

IN A SUGAR REFINERY.

PROCESSES BY WHICH THE RAW SUGAR IS REFINED.

Terrific Heat Endured by Some of the Workmen—Life in the Drying Rooms—Frightful Toil.

IT is doubtful if there is any other group of buildings in or near New York where the fearful difficulties under which men labor for the bare privilege of living, are so plainly shown as they are in the towering, forbidding, fortress-like structures on the East River front of Brooklyn, owned by the American Sugar Refining Company, better known as the Sugar Trust.

The big buildings cover a space of four blocks on both sides of Kent avenue, from South First to South Fifth streets, and on the west side of the avenue extend to the river front, their grimy, dull-red walls extending seventeen stories above the street level. A close inspection of the Havemeyer refineries is necessary to a thorough realization of the immensity of the establishment, and this group is one of the refining places owned by the trust. It has no equal in size or in the amount of its business in the limits of the Greater New York. The employes of the great concern are disciplined with rules as strict as those which govern an army. If one attempts to get into the refineries he meets the discipline in the shape of a gruff watchman and a club, and a call at the offices reveals it in the shape of a more or less polite negative from the clerks, who will say that they cannot answer questions.

There are about 3000 men employed in the big refineries, and these are divided into day and night shifts. About 5 o'clock in the morning half of the force can be seen filing down into the basement of one of the great buildings. Work is begun immediately, and continued until 5 in the evening, when the men are supplied with checks, showing that they were on hand when work began.

The majority of the workmen are Poles and Hungarians, and the severity of their labors is shown by the fact that they are nearly all thin and stooped, and rarely above middle age, it being a well-known fact that men employed in the refineries rarely live to old age. They are nearly new immigrants when first employed, and before work is given them they must be found perfectly docile and obedient. The rules of the refineries are laid down to the applicant for employment, and he is told that he will receive $1.12, $1.25 or $1.50 as the case may be, for the first year, and then, if his work is satisfactory, he may receive an additional five or ten cents a day. The man is assigned to work in one of the many departments, and if he has received the "tip" from friends of his own nationality before going to work, he trembles lest the edict may condemn him to the "dry room." It it be that, however, he receives it with characteristic stolidity, and is thankful for an opportunity to earn his miserable pittance, even under such terrible circumstances.

When the raw sugar is dumped from the ship in which it is brought to the refineries it is placed in a great cistern near the river's edge, and is dissolved in hot water. From this vat a sweet, sticky steam constantly arises, and every little while a workman, dressed in overalls and an undershirt, pops out from it, and in a minute or so pops back again, and is lost to sight in the moist cloud. The liquid is pumped up to the top story of the pile, passing through a wire strainer, which removes any particles of size which may be in it, and is emptied into great copper receptacles heated to 208 or 210 degrees Fahrenheit, known as boilers. The process of boiling requires considerable skill, and the men who have charge of it are paid $100 or $150 a month, the number receiving the latter figure being extremely limited, only one man in a hundred who receives employment in the refineries becoming a boiler, which is the highest ambition of the workmen.

The boiling and bubbling sugar is passed down through funnels to the next floor, where it is emptied into a box, the bottom of which consists of two thicknesses of canvas, one being coarse, the other fine. This thoroughly filters the stuff, and the room is kept at a terrific temperature in order that the liquid sugar may flow freely, and not become cool and thick. On the floor below is another great copper tank, some twenty-five feet deep and nearly filled with bone black. This purifies the sugar, and, after being used for a few hours, becomes surcharged with foulness, and is sent to the lower floor, where it is burned again. The sugar, which is still kept at a temperature of about 150 degrees, is passed into another receptacle, which is made airtight, and the air and steam are exhausted by means of a pump. As soon as the sugar is granulated, if it is to be soft, it is let off by means of centrifugal mills. If not, it is passed on to the great plates to be dried.

The rooms in which the drying is carried on are veritable infernos. No man can stay in them over ten minutes without falling down utterly prostrated by the terrific heat. No one but an employe is ever allowed within these walls, and no one but an employe would dare to go in them when the heat is on and the sugar is drying. Clothing is discarded, with the exception of a "breech clout" and shoes, and there is absolutely no ventilation, as the windows are kept tightly closed, and at the windows in other rooms which are open the men may be seen gasping for breath, and with their hair and bodies as wet as if they had been plunged in the East River, in their short respite from their frightful toil.—New York Tribune.