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The czar's Finnish subjects will help along his disarmament scheme by emigrating. The only trouble they find is in knowing which country is most unlike Russia.

Our exports of manufactured goods average \$1,000,000 a day. There were 204 working days during the first eight months of the current fiscal year, and during that time the total exports were \$207,000,000. This was a gain of \$26,000,000, or 14 per cent. over the corresponding period of the previous year.

Dreyfus is not the only one who suffers by the way things are run in France. M. Lorillier, the private secretary of Colonel Henry, who committed suicide, has followed his master's example. If his sort of thing goes on the Dreyfus case will be quoted in the statistics along with grip, small-pox and other deadly diseases. And it begins to look as if the friends of Dreyfus are not those to whom the disease will prove the most deadly.

The latest article of export from this country to Europe is river shells for the manufacture of pearl buttons. The manufacture of the cheaper grades of pearl buttons by factories located in Iowa and Wisconsin has of late years almost entirely done away with the importation of such goods. Some three years ago the supply of shells was so largely increased that the price fell from \$20 to \$8 a ton, and European manufacturers are reported as saying that the American shells are superior to anything that can be obtained on the other side at the prices at which they can be imported. What shall we supply Europe with next?

The possibilities of the invention of liquid air to the present view limiting. Steamers and engines and flying machines can carry their liquid air fuel from the atmosphere as they go. Coal and other expensive fuels can be kept for ornamental parlor use, and liquid air engines generating electricity will supply all the heating and lighting of the world. Instead of drawing on the limited coal mines for our force, we shall draw on the comparatively limitless heat of the sun. It may be that we shall in an infinitesimal degree accelerate the cooling off of the world; but that is a subject none of us is quite altruistic enough to worry about yet.

There is a wonderful difference between the Japan of today and the Japan to which Commodore Perry made his famous expedition fifty years ago. The effort of Japan then was to exclude all ideas of progress and to have as little dealing with other nations as possible. Foreigners were regarded with great suspicion and were often subjected to cruel treatment by the Japanese authorities. Probably no other nation ever made as much progress in the same length of time as Japan has made in the last half century. The extent of this phenomenal revelation in the character and condition of the Japanese was not fully appreciated until the war with China. They then exhibited a force and prowess which won the admiration of the world. It was made evident that Japan must be ranked among the great nations, and that she was to play no mean part in the world's affairs.

**Divorce Not Recognized.**  
The lower house of the convocation of the church of England has passed a resolution declaring that the law of the church does not recognize divorce, and asking the bishops to devote themselves to securing action of parliament to the end that the church shall not remarry divorced persons.

State Senator Stout, of Menominee, Wis., who was largely instrumental in establishing, with his own means, a system of traveling libraries in that State, proposes to build several pieces of practical road in his county this summer, at his personal expense, in order to furnish an economic object lesson to the farmers.

### A WOMAN'S HAND.

The dawn grew golden in the east,  
The dancing and the music ceased;  
The world, the world of men, awoke,  
And then the guest who tarried spoke.

And as he spoke he took her hand  
In his (he could not understand)  
And held it tiny, white, and slim,  
While she in silence gazed at him.

"Soft little tender birdlike thing,  
May Time or Toll," he murmured, "bring  
No line to thee, poor girlish hand!"  
(Oh, he could never understand!)

Then she, with one strange, wistful look,  
Drew back the hand he idly took,  
And smiling hid it from his gaze,  
While he bowed low, and went his ways.

The little hand remained the same  
Soft birdlike thing, and no toll came  
To take its tenderness away,  
Nor steals its beauty day by day.

For in the world its only part  
Was but to press a wayward heart  
(Ah, little hand so white and slim!)  
That ached with all her love for him.

—Harper's Magazine.

## MRS. J. NEWTON SMITH'S FAMILY TREE.



MRS. J. NEWTON SMITH had been a Newton, and had always wished that she could have retained her name after marriage and done away altogether with the very common cognomen of her husband, but in the busy years which came while she was housekeeper and mother of four sturdy children, it seemed to make little difference what her name was. In fact, she had all she could do to answer to the name "mother."

But Mr. Smith's business as a grocer prospered, and after three children were married, leaving only Beatrice, a maiden of fifteen, at home, Mrs. Smith found time to attend to social duties and cultivate the ambitions of her youth.

A new house, with "grounds," was her first aspiration; and, as her husband shared this desire, they found themselves established in due time on a trolley line just far enough outside the city to be what the grocer called "unmixed."

Mrs. Smith was a woman of good taste, and used money wisely. Hence a smooth lawn, flowering shrubs and vines soon appeared around the pretty home, in addition to the great elms which had sheltered the farmhouse which had formerly occupied the site.

It was while she was furnishing and beautifying at her leisure that Mrs. Smith received a letter from Boston asking for facts concerning herself and her father's family. A certain Miss Agnes Newton was the writer, and she informed Mrs. Smith that she was compiling a "Newton book" in which the family—root, trunk and branches—was to be classified and arranged. She had just "discovered" Mrs. Smith, and hence informed her at considerable length of the importance of her work and the extent of the family circle.

The names of prominent people that Miss Agnes Newton specified as in the family connection opened before Mrs. Smith a new world of relationship. "Why, John, it is perfectly amazing!" she began at the tea-table, "I am second cousin to the member of Congress from the first district—the Hon. Dillon Newton; and Doctor Stark's wife, of the Church Herald, is my first cousin; and that rich Hemingway of Goldham married my mother's cousin—that makes her my second, doesn't it? The Newtons that went West—well, she mentions judges and professors and ministers—I don't know what all! And, John," here an impressive finger was lifted, "we're descended from the same line as Sir Isaac Newton. What do you think of that?"

"H'm! let's see. Sir Isaac descended from Eve, and both of 'em had something to do with an apple, didn't they?"

A glance from his wife warned Mr. Smith that levity would not be tolerated, and he quickly added, "I don't care much for such things, but if they want my opinion of the Newtons, I know one that I can give an A number one recommendation."

"Don't be foolish John," she responded, somewhat mollified. "It really means a great deal to find that one belongs to a superior family. Father was careless about corresponding with his relatives, and they were scattered all over the country before I was old enough to know them. For the sake of the children, I'm very glad some one has had interest enough to collect the records."

Mrs. Smith had taken on new dignity since reading her letter, and now sat very erect, handling her knife and fork with an air which greatly amused her husband. He leaned back and laughed with rare enjoyment. "You'll do, Judith. I'll risk you with any of 'em. Too bad there isn't a Smith tree, but we'd need a regular banian—rooms for an army, you know. But aren't you afraid these aristocrats will look down on a grocer's wife?"

"Not if they're true Newtons," responded his wife, warmly. "Miss Agnes Newton writes that loyalty is a peculiar characteristic of the race. She says I will find that these new relatives are true to the last degree of kinship. Of course I am glad they all appear to be educated and wealthy—it will be such an advantage for Beatrice to know them."

Beatrice was a lively, red-cheeked girl, perfectly satisfied to be a Smith, but she dimpled becomingly in response to her mother's prophecy.

"I'll have to practise my music better if I'm going among grand people," she said, and then wondered why her father chuckled so absurdly.

There was one drop of bitterness in Mrs. Smith's cup. Just cover the boundary wall on the north side of her beautiful home was a little cottage full of children. There were six under

twelve years—bright-faced, rollicking boys and girls, all intensely interested in watching every improvement on the Smith estate.

If she was out overseeing the arrangement of foliage plants in "designs" on the lawn, there was sure to be a row of smiling faces visible over the wall, the baby being held in position by his oldest sister. If she went out to water the flowers she would be greeted by a cheerful "Hullo! we thought you'd better give 'em a drink!" Her pantry faced the north, and while concocting dainties for her table she would often look up to find several pairs of blue and brown eyes regarding her steadily. One glance from her was enough to bring smiles to every face, and a joyful "Hullo!"

"Now, mother, let me give them some gingersnaps," Beatrice would say, and several times she had had the pleasure of distributing the fresh, crisp cakes to a keenly appreciative company.

But Mrs. Smith frowned upon these friendly overtures: "They'll be in the garden over everything, Beatrice. How would you like to have them 'hullo' to you when your young friends are out from the city?"

"I wouldn't mind. Their faces are always clean, and we're real good friends."

"But they're already making free with the carriage-drive, and if you pet them they'll become nuisances." As the summer advanced, Mrs. J. Newton Smith, as her cards were now engraved, installed a stout Swedish woman in her kitchen and gave a series of afternoon teas, and ladies who drove out to them from the city were charmed with her home and hospitality. If Sir Isaac discovered the attraction of gravitation, this far-away kinswoman knew how to exercise a social attraction toward which certain eminently respectable and desirable people gravitated.

She even ventured, with a little assistance from Miss Agnes, the historian, to reveal herself to the great Doctor Stark's wife, who was summing at the nearest resort. When that lady returned her call, perhaps Mrs. Smith was as happy as a woman of moderate ambition can hope to be. Mrs. Stark, in return, was delighted with her new relative, with sunny, unspoiled Beatrice—whose playing was unusually poor that day—and concluded her visit with an urgent invitation for the family to come to Philadelphia at the earliest opportunity.

"There, John," Mrs. Smith said to her husband, "you must admit that it pays to have a family tree, for I never would have known my cousin, Mrs. Stark, if it had not been for the records." She thinks a great deal of ancestry and heredity.

They were sitting on the broad piazza, at sunset, where Mrs. Smith usually recounted her trials and triumphs.

"Yes, I suppose so," her husband responded. "The only thing that happened to me the afternoon while we were on the lawn. The north wall was alive with Higginses as soon as we reached the arbor, and actually, John—now don't laugh—they said, 'Hullo!' to Mrs. Dr. Stark."

Mr. Smith was already laughing too heartily to check himself at once, and Beatrice hid her rosy face to conceal her merriment.

"I'm sure!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, "what you can see that is laughable or even tolerable in those grinning young ones is a mystery to me. Something must be done. Next year I mean to have a wall ten feet high between us."

"It's a regular case of—what's his name—Mordred, over again, isn't it?" said her husband, wiping his eyes. "And how did Mrs. Stark express her horror?"

After a moment's hesitation Mrs. Smith responded, "Well, I suppose she has had to adapt herself to all sorts of people, being a minister's wife, but I was surprised. She smiled back and said, 'Hullo!' I thought I should—"

"But you didn't—you never do, and I think she's a sensible woman. Really, she's 'way up the tree in my estimation. I shouldn't worry about the Higginses. Their father seems a nice sort of man—he works in the machine shops and we often ride out together. Had a bottle of some kind of tonic for his wife to-night—said she was all worn out this summer."

"I should think she would be," was the low response.

The next day Mrs. Smith received another letter from Miss Agnes Newton, in which she wrote, "I think I have discovered a new relative who must be living near you. Her maiden name is Higgins; she was Sarah Newton, from Kansas. If I trace her correctly she is granddaughter of James, 1, daughter of Henry, 2, and James, 2, was your father's (Orlando, 4) brother. Can you help me at this point?"

"No, Mrs. J. Newton Smith could not! She was simply overwhelmed. Down went the wall ten feet high,

and down went her exultation over the Newtons in general.

"My cousin!" she murmured. "Yes, father had a brother Henry out West. He used to hear from him about once in five years. That accounts for the strange resemblance—O dear! dear! I'll never tell John. He would make life a burden. Why should Agnes Newton write me all the disagreeable discoveries she makes?"

Hiding her letter, she sat down beside the window farthest from the Higgins cottage and wrestled with her conscience. To yield was inevitable—her conscience made that clear—but how to do so gracefully was the question. Like many other problems, this was unexpectedly solved. She heard the back door thrown open suddenly, and as she started to her feet a wide-eyed, panting child appeared.

"O Mis' Smith," she gasped, "mammy won't speak, an' she's all still! Trudie says won't you please come over?"

Mrs. Smith recognized the second Higgins child, seized a bottle of camphor, called Beatrice, and hurried after her little guide. Four weeping infants met her at the door, while Trudie was applying water to her mother's white face.

"Is she dead?" whispered the terrified child.

"No, no, dear, only in a faint." With quick and skillful movements Mrs. Smith applied restoratives. Very soon the weary eyes unclosed, and color came again to lip and cheek. "Why, Mrs. Smith, did they call you?" she whispered. "There! there! don't darlings!" With the first intimation of consciousness the children had pressed forward, eager to reach her.

"Don't you worry!" commanded Mrs. Smith. "Now, children, Beatrice is in the garden, and you can all go over and she will give you some cookies. I'll stay with your mother."

Four of them fled out on tiptoes, but Trudie stayed until her mother was in bed. Then she took the baby and followed—a look of grave responsibility on her young face.

Mrs. Higgins looked wistfully at her neighbor. "I don't see why I gave out so, I'm sure," she said, "but my ironing was heavy, and I've been so miserable this summer. It seemed as if I was going to die, and I didn't care much if I did. Were you ever so wickered? But I'm sorry to trouble you; I'll soon be up again." As she smiled Mrs. Smith saw the marked resemblance to her own sister, Louise, which Beatrice had noticed.

All artificial barriers fell at that instant, and leaning over the bed, Mrs. Smith almost sobbed, "You're not wickered, and you mustn't work so hard any more. You don't trouble me. I'm going to take care of you, for I'm your own cousin, Judith Newton. I've just found it out!"

The pale little woman heaved a long, long sigh, lifted her arms, and clasped them around Mrs. Smith's neck: "Oh, I've known it ever since I moved here! You look enough like my father to be his own daughter, and we knew you married a Smith. I've been so hungry to get near you, but I didn't dare to speak first."

The little house was very still, and nobody listened to the low murmur of voices as the women talked on and on.

That evening the stout Swedish woman was transferred to the Higgins kitchen, where her broad face flowered into smiles, since she was one of the rare mortals who prefer "a family where there are children."

Mrs. Smith told her story also that evening, and her husband wiped his eyes and cleared his throat vigorously as she described the finding of Cousin Sarah.

"I won't go back on the family tree, John, but I've been so wickered and puffed up over it—that's the trouble!" she confessed. "And here at my very door was Cousin Sarah, just starving for a relative. No wonder she didn't dare speak—oh, I can't forgive myself! And those children—there, John, you may laugh! but we must have them over here while she's sick. Perhaps you could put up swings under the elms. I'm so glad Miss Newton wrote—in time. Cousin Sarah looks so much like Louise I can't help loving her."

John nodded. He was possessed with a variety of emotions.—Youth's Companion.

**A Bibliographical Treasure.**  
A bibliographical treasure of singular interest has recently found its way to Sotheby's. It has hitherto been supposed that there is only one copy in existence of the 1591 Quarto of the two parts of "The Troublesome Reign of King John," the old plays on which Shakespeare's drama was founded—namely, the Capell copy now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. But here is a second, and in finer condition that Capell's copy. Its sole defect is that it wants the title page to the first part, as it begins in A 2 with the verses to the Gentlemen Readers. For the rest it is in magnificent preservation, having the headlines not shaved off, as they have been in the Capell copy, but with one or two exceptions where they have been slightly cut into, quite intact. The result of a collation with Dr. Furnivall's facsimile of the Capell copy has been to show that, though the text is practically identical with Capell's, there are many highly interesting variants.—Saturday Review.

**Photographed as a Mummy.**  
The latest fad among gay Parisiennes, it is reported, is to be photographed as an Egyptian mummy. The sitter is swathed in the cerements of the grave, laid in a sarcophagus, which is placed in an upright position, and from this ghoulish casing peeps forth the laughing face of a living woman

## TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

### Houdin and the Marabouts.

To witness the first performance in Algiers of Robert Houdin, the famous magician, the neighboring tribes were invited. The theatre was speedily filled with them and the French officials, who attended in all their pomp and glory. Interpreters were scattered through the house in order to repeat Houdin's remarks to the natives in their own language. With true Oriental dignity and gravity the Arabs witnessed the first few tricks in stolid silence, but the taking of a huge cannon ball from a borrowed hat aroused great excitement. Then came the great tricks of the evening, especially prepared to astonish the Arabs.

"By a wonderful power which I possess," said Houdin, "I can deprive any man of his strength. I invite any one to prove my words."

On this being interpreted to the Arabs a tall, strong man stepped forward on the stage. Houdin held in his hand a little iron box, and, balancing it carelessly on his little finger, he asked the Arab:

"Are you strong?"

"Yes," replied the man carelessly.

"Are you sure of always remaining so?"

"Always."

"Lift that box."

The Arab did so and asked contemptuously:

"Is that all?"

"Wait," said Houdin, making a solemn gesture. "Now you are weaker than a woman. Try to lift that box again."

The Arab seized the handle and tugged again. He could not raise the box an inch from the floor. After many attempts he paused for a moment to brace himself for a final effort. He seized the handle again, but shrieked aloud with pain, dropped on his knees, then, rising, threw his cloak around his face to conceal his shame, and rushed from the theatre, leaving his compatriots stricken with fear. The trick box was placed on a powerful electro-magnet, and the current being complete, no man on earth could have lifted it. An electric shock, sent at a signal by Houdin from behind the stage, was what caused the Arab to shriek and hurriedly retreat.

Before the excitement caused by this trick had subsided, Houdin announced that he had a talisman which rendered him invulnerable, and he defied the best shot in Algiers to kill him. A marabout immediately sprang on the stage, exclaiming, "I want to kill you." Houdin handed him a pistol, which the Arab, examining, pronounced a good one. "It is a good pistol, and I will kill you."

"Very well," said Houdin; "to make sure put in a double charge of powder. Here's a wad. Take a bullet from this tray and mark it so you will know it again. Ram it into the pistol well."

"Now," said Houdin, "you say the pistol is a good one, and you've loaded well, so kill me."

"Yes," replied the marabout. "I will do that."

Houdin took a pear, stuck it on a knife, and walked a few paces in front of the Arab, and told him to aim at his heart. He fired, and the marked bullet was seen on the pear. After the powder and wad were rammed home, and while the Arab was marking the bullet, Houdin slipped a little tube into the pistol. This tube was closed at the lower end, and into this the Arab dropped the bullet. As he thrust the wad down with the ramrod the tube fitted snugly on to it, and was withdrawn with it, being polished to resemble it. Houdin thus got possession of the marked ball, and all was then plain sailing.

On one occasion during his visit to Algiers Houdin was placed in a very awkward position, from which he only extricated himself by his quick-wittedness. He was the guest of an Arab chief, Abou Allen, and entertained his host and friends by a few tricks. One of the company was a marabout, who asserted that the spectators in Algiers had been merely duped by a vision. Houdin, however, produced the marabout's watch in his hand, and he asserted that the marabout found there a five-franc piece. Convinced by this—and other facts that Houdin was really a sorcerer—he challenged him to repeat his performance in the theatre, and produced two pistols. "You need not fear," said the Arab, "since you know how to ward off bullets." Without losing his self-possession, Houdin explained that his invulnerability lay in a talisman which was with his possessions in Algiers. "By six hours' prayer, however, I can do without that talisman, and at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning you can fire at me."

At the appointed time there was a large concourse of Arabs, which the news had attracted. The pistol was brought and carefully examined. The marabout dropped in the powder, Houdin handed him a bullet from the tray, and he rammed it down. Houdin then loaded his own pistol, and, walking about fifteen paces away, turned and faced the marabout. The shot was fired, and the Fredman opened his mouth and showed the bullet between his teeth. "You could not kill me," he said, "and now you shall see what my shot can do." He fired at the marabout, and immediately a red splash was seen on the wall, he dipped his finger in the red splash, tasted it, and, realizing that it was blood, collapsed in amazement.

Though the trick was simple, only a Houdin could have devised and carried it out successfully. During the night he had melted some wax, blackened it to look like lead, and run it into a bullet-mold, thus obtaining a hollow globe of wax exactly resembling a bullet in appearance. It was with this bullet the marabout loaded his pistol, and in ramming it down crushed it to powder. A second bullet similarly made, Houdin filled with blood obtained from his own body. This he dropped into his pistol, and rammed it down very gently, so as not to crush it. As it struck the wall it was broken, leaving a red splash of blood.

"Whose Loves Liberty More Than Death." William De Rohan, as he was known when living, a brother of Admiral John Dahlgren, was a man of remarkable ability and still more remarkable experiences. Most of his active life was spent in South America and Europe. At Buenos Ayres he was the friend of Garibaldi, who was then a revolutionist, and an exile for the first time. Afterward the two men were closely related, as De Rohan became the confidential friend of Mazzini, and often served as his agent in dangerous movements for Italian unity. De Rohan was with the Tribune in Rome during the brief life of the republic from the summer of 1848 to the fall of 1849, serving chiefly with Garibaldi, who had a command of about 1000 men—a force which became the model afterward for a picturesque infantry corps of the Italian army.

The time came when the French troops had surely beaten the Romans, and Oudinot was about to enter the ancient city. The Republican forces were about to surrender. I have often heard De Rohan describe the scene that followed. Garibaldi's men were assembled on the famous plaza in front of St. Peter's, with their commander. He raised his hand with the familiar sign of the "Young Italy" society—a fist clenched with the forefinger upraised, representing united Italy. Addressing the 800 men, he said:

"Soldiers, I have nothing to offer you but shameful submission to a false foe, or combat, struggle, death. Nothing but constant struggle with the bayonet and sword against battery and rifle, the chill of the night, the cold of the morning, the heat of the noonday, hunger and wounds. Nothing but this and honor! Whose loveth liberty better than death will follow me."

History records the results of this thrilling appeal. Two hundred followed, De Rohan among them. Anita, the commander's South American wife, was by his side, as that night they cut their way through a part of Oudinot's lines. They were pursued by Austrian troops. Anita was killed in a fight near Leghorn; and when they reached the Tuscan shore, where a vessel was found, only forty were left, all wounded. De Rohan kept a record of his comrades, and afterward all who survived their wounds were by him enrolled again in the force with which Garibaldi afterward drove out the king from Sicily and Naples, laying therein the foundation for the Italy of to-day.—New Voice.

**Faithful in Death.**  
Out of the frozen North, where a horde of eager men are struggling for the chance to wash a few grains of golden sand from the river beds, there comes a touching illustration of supreme fidelity. A land surveyor of the Dominion of Canada, J. P. Candehad, had been working last summer and fall in the Klondike region. One night after the cold weather had set in, he started alone to go from Sulphur Creek to Dawson City. A day or two later his body was found frozen in the ice of the Klondike River, only a little way from his destination.

As he traveled down the frozen river, the ice had given way and let him in to the armpits. Although he had saved himself from going entirely under, he had been unable to draw himself out, and there, alone in the darkness, he had slowly frozen to death, with hands outspread upon the ice.

The position of the body told the tragic tale; but on the ice, a little way in toward the shore, lay a packet of papers. Upon examination they proved to be the dead man's field notes—the record of the work he had been sent out to do.

It was plain that as he lay there facing the death which he must have known was only a question of minutes, the thoughts of the surveyor had turned to the country he served, and his duty to it; and before the creeping chill of the waters overcame him he had used his last strength to take the packet of papers from his pocket and throw it toward the shore.

The fields notes of the surveyor were forwarded, as he had hoped they would be, to the government whose commission he held. Perhaps in the future they may come into evidence in the settlement of the question of the boundary between Alaska and the Dominion of Canada, perhaps they may never be heard of again. In either case they will not have been saved in vain. They have plotted a line of duty which Americans and Canadians alike may be proud to follow. They have expanded the boundaries of Anglo-Saxon courage and fidelity, in which both may claim a share.

**The Atlantic's Depth.**  
The depth of the Atlantic between the Canary Islands and the West Indies is something awful. A pretty level bottom runs right away from the African islands to the American ones, gradually deepening to nearly 19,000 feet. At this spot we might sink the highest point of the Alps and still have nearly half a mile of sea-water covering it.

**Gardening Is Unhealthy.**  
Gardening is generally considered one of the healthiest of occupations, but the German Gardeners' Association has issued a warning to those who intend entering the industry. They cite the fact that during the years 1889 to 1897 of the 291 members of the association who died in Germany no fewer than 142 succumbed to consumption and other affections of the lungs.—New York Herald.

## PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

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**105.—A Numerical Enigma.**  
My whole, composed of twenty-two letters, is a quotation from Cowper. My 6, 21, 14, 8 is rapid. My 3, 18, 5, 10 is correct. My 4, 17, 12, 1 is a heavenly body. My 9, 20, 11 is to cut. My 22, 2, 19 is to quarrel. My 6, 7, 15, 10, 13 is to gladden.

**106.—A Pyramid.**  
Across—1. A consonant; 2. A clergyman's vestment; 3. A sign of the zodiac; 4. A vowel; 5. A verb; 6. Part of the body; 7. The muse of history; 8. A boy's name; 9. A musical note; 10. A vowel.

**107.—Six Buried Poets.**  
1. After a lifelong fellowship they died on the same day.  
2. It is erroneously stated that Washington died on the last day of the century. It would pay nearly everyone to look the matter up.  
3. The man stated the battle of Manila was fought May 1.  
4. Should you look for this poet you will find his best verses are "About Ben Adhem."  
5. He looks ill and should take a needed rest.  
6. Is Ted managing the farm all right?

**108.—Hour Glass.**  
The diagonals from left to right and from right to left each name a European river.  
1. An insect in the caterpillar state; 2. To possess; 3. A vowel; 4. Strife; 5. A funeral song.

### ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

**101.—A Diamond.**  
P  
P E A  
P E A C E  
A C T

**102.—Six Pied Quadrupeds—Po-yon, ratel, wapiiti, vicugna, agouti, babrussa.**

**103.—A Half Square.**  
L I N E N  
L I N E  
L I N  
L I  
L I

**104.—A Square.**  
F R O S T  
R I F L E  
O F T E N  
S L E E T  
T E N T S

### NEW MESS KIT AND CANTEN.

Invention of Guy H. Preston, a Lieutenant of Cavalry, Adopted for the Army.

Mr. Meiklejohn, the Assistant Secretary of War, has just given orders for the introduction in the army of a piece of equipment which will bring joy to the heart of the soldier. It is a combination mess kit and canteen invented by Lieutenant Guy H. Preston, of the Ninth Cavalry. The whole case is scarcely larger than the canteen now in use.

Within the canvas cover is an evaporator to keep the filled canteen cool. Inside of this evaporator rests the canteen, on each side of which lie two metal eating plates. These are so fashioned that they fit closely the shape of the canteen, the whole being practically one piece when lying within the case. One of the plates has an adjustable handle so that it may be converted into a frying pan. From the bottom of the canteen may be slipped off a vessel to be used as a coffee cup. Knife, fork and spoon all have their places inside the cases.

The whole case is exceedingly light, aluminum being used wherever it is possible. The canteen is slung from the shoulder by a broad canvas strap, shortened or lengthened with buckle adjustment. It will be a godsend to the soldier in the field, who for years has suffered from the impracticability of keeping his mess kit together and with him wherever he goes. Lieutenant Preston has been at work on this invention, extremely important to the soldier, for three years. Mr. Meiklejohn, while acting Secretary of War, had his attention called to it. Knowing how great was the need of better equipment of this kind than is now furnished to the army, he promptly took up the subject, and after looking into it gave an order for the introduction of the new equipment. It should be of value also to hunters and fishers, for in one small package are cooking and eating utensils and water vessel.

**People Who Suffer With Colds.**  
I have often noticed that persons who suffer most frequently and severely from colds usually insist that they exercise the greatest care and avoid exposure. Thus says a writer in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, and, continuing, says: "They have dressed in the warmest clothing, wrapped the neck in the heaviest mufflers, remained in the closest rooms, and avoided every draught, and yet they continually take cold. The street robin, on the other hand, with only two or three garments and without shoes, and who lives out of doors, suffers less frequently from this affection."

**Gardening Is Unhealthy.**  
Gardening is generally considered one of the healthiest of occupations, but the German Gardeners' Association has issued a warning to those who intend entering the industry. They cite the fact that during the years 1889 to 1897 of the 291 members of the association who died in Germany no fewer than 142 succumbed to consumption and other affections of the lungs.—New York Herald.