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The German emperor is getting possession of a lot of islands whose language is so peculiar that he cannot tell whether lese majeste is being committed or not.

During the year 1898 American builders sent 580 locomotives to foreign countries. This record proves that if others will pay the freight the Yankees will show them how to haul it.

In a search for a name for the "electrically propelled self-contained vehicle for roads and streets," the Electrical Review has chosen "Electromobile" as the best of the thousands suggested.

A writer in the American Cultivator says: "A descendant of the Puritans informs me that his aged mother always resented the modern slang of calling every active little child a kid. Her own babies, she insisted, were precious lambs, and if they lived would grow up and be sheep, to be God's especial favorites, while, she said a young kid could never be anything but a goat. But, whatever their reasons, the Puritans never took kindly to the goat. They preferred to grow sheep."

Only the other day, in the terrible wreck at Waterloo, Ia., the arm of a traveling man was caught between immovable and relentless beams. The only seeming relief was the loss of the arm, and with that loss were counted 99 chances of death to one of life. He escaped the one chance and died, only whispering with his last breath, "Break it to her tenderly." He was en route to his own wedding. There are heroes and heroes, and it is not always the one who wins the distinction in front of belching cannon, sputtering musketry, flying shrapnel and bursting shells that most deserves the honor.

The petroleum output in Southern California now amounts to about 45,000 barrels a day, and it is all consumed upon the Pacific coast. It was discovered about ten years ago, and has been in use for about five years. A tank steamer runs regularly between Santa Barbara and San Francisco, carrying refined petroleum to the latter market. The Southern Pacific runs its local trains by oil, and it is also consumed as fuel in several manufacturing establishments in this section. There is no smoke and no cinders. The locomotive tenders on the Santa Fe road are big tanks, and the engineer feeds the fire with a key.

The "literary fellers" to whom the late Hon. Zachariah Chandler applied an epithet suggesting that they were already dead and worn, seem now to be specially appreciated by our government for public and particularly diplomatic service. In former times Irving, Hawthorne and Motley were regarded as exceptional instances of men of letters deemed fit for consular or diplomatic place. Now the rule seems to run along the lines of the old exception, as is easily seen by a reference to the just published membership roll of the Authors' club of New York city. There are only 152 members of the club. Yet the list includes John Hay, late ambassador to England, and now secretary of state; Horace Porter, ambassador to France; Andrew D. White, ambassador to Germany; Oscar S. Straus, minister to Turkey; and Arthur Sherburne Hardy, late minister to Persia and now minister to Greece.

The Tar at Sea.

In an address at Fall River, Mass., Captain Sigsbee, of the Texas, told the following story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators:
"It is a very difficult situation for me," said Captain Sigsbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was very fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said: 'Brown, did you go to the tea?'
"How did you feel there?"
"I felt like a sperm whale doing crocheting work."

MANHOOD.

He stands the test where souls are tried,
And truest honor finds,
Who conquers, manfully, the pride
That rules in feebler minds;
Who seeks not rest in life's career,
Nor yet beyond the grave;
Whose heaven is duty's noblest sphere—
Not that which idlers crave.

He covets not the lordling's place,
Nor vainly strives to scan
The Master's mind, but asks for grace
To do the best he can.
His peace not torpor of the soul,
But harmony within—
Renouncing self to reach the goal
And triumph over sin.

Once on the plow his hand he lays,
His eye no'er backward turns;
Fortune he seeks in virtue's ways,
Ill-bought success he spurns.
Looking his fellow in the face
He sees God's image there;
Whatever may help to lift the race,
His hand is quick to share;

Meekly he takes life's daily tasks
As part of heaven's great plan;
This boon—'neath eagle's dented beak asks,
To be a manly man,
Angels attend on such an one,
And stars their courses move
To light his pathway to the throne
And garnish it with love.
—John Troland, in Springfield Republican.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

A Romance of the Bahamas.

LEAR weather is always prayed for on "steamer day" at Nassau. If Nassau, like most other civilized places in the nineteenth century, had telegraph, or even daily mail communication with the rest of the world, "steamer day" would not mean so much as it now does to its inhabitants and visitors.

The passengers land. Waiting friends rush forward to greet some; others walk through a row of curious faces on either side and up toward the hotel. Small native boys rush about and beseege them with all manner of requests: "Carry your bag, boss?" "Drive for me, boss?" "Does you want a boy, lady?"

By noon the excitement had moderated, and we strolled down to the wharf and pitched silver coins into the clear water thirty feet deep, to see small boys dive and bring them from the white sand bottom, where they lay clearly visible.

I strolled away from my companions, and passing several small schooners laden with sponges, lying along the wharf—each with two or three ragged children, a native or two, and perhaps a saw-toothed, scrawny white man, lounging or chewing sugar cane—I came to one cleaner-looking than the rest. She was built as all the Bahama schooners, with fine clipper bows, a rounded stern, and small masts and spars. She was neatly painted, and on her stern were the words "Lillian," with her home port, "Watlings Island."

As I stood looking at her, suddenly a young woman came up the companion way and said:
"Good-day."
"Good-day," I answered. "You've come some distance have you not?"
"Yes," she replied, "from the farthest of the out-islands. I suppose you're from across the sea?"

To my affirmative reply she, to my surprise, said:
"And how was Irving's Faust? I should so dearly love to see Ellen Terry as Marguerite."
After a moment's pause, during which time I vainly sought to fathom in my mind how a woman on a Bahama Island schooner could have followed London theatrical matters so closely, I gave her my unbiased opinion of the matter. She was then silent, and I meanwhile had an opportunity to study this Bahama curiosity.

She was about twenty-six years old, and was neatly dressed in an inexpensive light material. Her luxuriant hair, of a dark brown color, was tastefully arranged, and she wore a large-brimmed, but not unbefitting, straw hat, which had evidently seen better days. Although much burnt, I could see her skin was fair and her hands delicately formed. Her expression was one of demure sadness, and after my study I came to the conclusion that she was a more than ordinarily handsome woman. I decided to continue the conversation.

"May I come aboard?" I ventured to say.
"Certainly," was the reply. "John's gone out to the steamer and I'm keeping watch for him. I shall be glad to have you tell me the news. We get little except when we come to Nassau."
"Who is John?" I wondered, "and how much news can people get who only rely on Nassau for it?"
I stepped on board, however, and my fair hostess, excusing herself for a moment, stepped down into the cabin and returned a moment after with two small chairs, which she placed under a small awning which shaded half the cockpit.

"A wreck?" I asked.
"Yes," she went on nonchalantly, "we don't have much luck now-a-days."
"We haven't had a good wreck since the big Spanish steamer went down on Eleuthera three years ago."
The situation dawned. My fair friend was the wife, daughter or sister of a Bahama wrecker—perhaps pirate.

"What's the matter?—You seem disturbed."
I murmured in a rambling way something about wrecking being a pleasant occupation.
"Oh, I see," and she laughed, and a wonderfully musical laugh it was, too. "You are shocked at John's being a wrecker. John doesn't really wreck ships. He merely helps to strip them when they are wrecked."

I felt relieved, but dire memories of childhood tales of false lights and murdered crews would come in my mind.
"And who is John?" I asked.
"Ah, John is the dearest, sweetest, noblest fellow living—that's John. I'm sure you'd like him."
I tried again.
"Were you born on Watlings?"
"Oh, dear, no. I was wrecked there. Wasn't it romantic to be wrecked on the island Columbus first landed on?"

I mildly remarked that I had been taught Columbus first landed on San Salvador or Cat Island.
"Oh, my, no. You're quite wrong. It's been proved he first came ashore at Watlings. Why, I often, on fine mornings, get John to drive me over to the southeastern point of the island where it is thought he came ashore. There's the loveliest white beach there, and the broad blue ocean stretches out and away before you as you look eastward. I make John go away, for John isn't romantic, you know, and then I sit down and close my eyes and I see the queer old-fashioned ships with their worn sails, their high stern and the royal banners waving, tossing at anchor beyond the reef; I see the line of boats with flashing oars advancing; I see the dusky Indian forms standing at the edge of the wood, and just above where the surf breaks on the beach I see the old mariner kneel under the banner of Spain, his sword uplifted and his eyes raised to heaven."

"Oh, it's a glorious picture, and I never tire of calling it forth. Life on Watlings, you see, has its compensations."
As the woman told this story, she unconsciously acted it out, rose from her chair, and with flaming eyes and cheeks, a new and fair Columbus led a fancied band. I had grown deeply interested and I determined to know her history.

"Tell me about yourself," I said, "and how it comes that you, with your evident education and accomplishments, choose to live on a place so remote and lonely as Watlings Island."
She blushed a little, was silent a moment, and then in a low voice said:
"Well, I don't mind telling you. It's not a long story. I see I've given you a wrong impression, for, indeed, although it is lonely at times, I'm really very happy and I wouldn't change places with any woman. I am an English woman, and I was born near London. My father was a civil engineer in good circumstances, and with a twin sister I had every possible advantage of education. My mother died when I was about fifteen, and as we had no near relatives we were much with our father. We were near enough to London to run in an evening to the theatre and the opera; we had a pleasant society of our own; we read much, sang and played a good deal, and rode continually."

"Ten years ago last autumn my father met with a sudden business reverse. He was offered a remunerative post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the Isthmus; we were offered a passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I needn't tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us, of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship."
"I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world."

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looked anxious and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate.
"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship plunged madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms.
"The morning broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the

wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering, like an over-driven horse. A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and we drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us toward the companionway. I saw a huge wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chaafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said:
"Where am I?"
"On Watlings Island, Miss," said the young man.
"Yes," said one of the older men, "and a narrow squeak you had for it, too. If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over your reef, you wouldn't have been talking now."

"Where's my father?" I said.
"With all the rest," was the reply.
"Hush!" said the younger man, "see how weak she is?"
"Then I fainted."
"I awoke to find myself on a rude cot in a small cottage, tended by a native who only spoke a Spanish patois. The wreckers, for such they were, had carried me there. The sun was shining brightly and the storm was over. Days passed, and when I could go about I learnt that I had been the only one saved of the entire bark's crew. The wave that had engulfed her and drowned all but myself had washed me over the coral reef on which the bark had struck. The wreckers on the shore had seen me, and during the waves, high even between the reef and the shore, had rowed out and rescued me just as I was sinking."

"Utterly crushed as I was, I did not at first realize my position. I was told I could go to Nassau on a schooner in about a month, but I felt no inclination to do aught but stay where fate had thrown me. The young wrecker was very kind to me.
"Meanwhile I grew well and strong in the soft warm air and under the tropic skies. I learnt to like the wild life, and the few white people and all the natives half worshipped me. One day a schooner brought some papers; and I read our bark had been given up as lost and my name was among those drowned. These papers recalled me to myself and I determined I would go to Nassau, and, if I could, thence to England."

"I told the young wrecker, who had become my firm friend and companion, and whom I had taught to read, of my decision.
"Oh, Miss," he said, "if you feel it is so, I suppose you're right, but I hate to think of losing you."
"This and his evident sorrow touched me, and made me think whether in the world to which I was returning I would find here simple, loyal devotion as had been mine. When the day came for my departure all the inhabitants turned out to bid me farewell. A queen could not have had a more loyal leave-taking than the 'English Miss,' as they called me. The young wrecker went with me. He said he had business in Nassau. That night—a night so soft and sweet it seemed as if storms had never brooded there, the Southern Cross blazed low on the horizon—the wrecker came to where I sat on the deck of the little schooner."

"Miss," he said, "I am nothing but a 'Conch,' a poor ignorant Bahama native, but I can't bear to have you go away. We all love you, and I more than all. I must tell you. You know our life is poor and rude, but if you won't blame me for even daring to hope, Miss, you know I have the handsomest schooner of the Watlings fleet and the best cottage on the island. I am sure I'd do my best to make you forget your troubles, Miss, and the sponge fishin' is better, Miss, and there's a good many wrecks yet, Miss—and I love you, Miss."
Here she stopped and checked herself and blushed.

"Of course you spoke kindly to him," I said, "and told him you were sorry, but he hasn't speak again."
"Of course I didn't. You're like all men. What's the name of this schooner?"
"Lillian," I replied wonderingly.
"Well, that's my name, and here," as a tall, broad-shouldered, roughly-dressed young man appeared on the wharf, a bunch of roses in his hand, and eyed me curiously, "here's my wrecker, and his name is John."

A Rare Church Offering.
An offertory bag in an English rural church was recently found to contain a very rare specimen of a seventeenth century token made of copper, which had apparently been dropped into the receptacle in mistake for a farthing. The curio was valued by a local dealer at \$3.50. A description of the article and the circumstances under which it was found were affixed to the church porch, but the donor seemed ashamed to turn up and explain matters. A few days afterward the clergyman received a typewritten letter from an address a long distance from the church, stating that if the token were sent to "X. Y. Z.," care of the householder, a remittance of \$2.50 would be received in exchange. It was duly sent in a registered letter, and a postal order arrived in return.

Inventors Baffled.
At the beginning of every summer the wonder is renewed and increased that, with all our modern improvements, some one does not invent a practicable scheme for regulating the temperature of our houses as effectively in the hot months as in winter.

GOLD AT ITS WORST.

RUINS OUR FOREIGN COMMERCE IN EXPORTS.

Gives to Silver-Using Countries a Vast Advantage—Something About Value as Related to Money—Pointers for Producers.

"In the trade of silver-using countries among themselves there is still a standard of value of remarkable stability, but the value of gold coin has become so unstable, both in commodities and silver, that there is no longer a standard worthy of the name for gold-using countries or the world at large. This may be good for gamblers, but means loss and sorrow for men of business."—Toledo News.

There is no one point involved in the silver controversy quite so unaccountable as the idea which is lodged in many minds that the gold standard is based upon this fundamental error. The color of a gold dollar is always the same, its weight the same, the marks upon it the same, and the number of cents in it the same; and therefore the illogical and absurd conclusion that its value is always the same. Time and again the mistaken and even ridiculous character of the claim has been exposed, and in almost every imaginable way, only to have it repeated whenever the silver question is the subject of debate. The difficulty is to get people to understand that, commercially speaking, "value" is merely a term of relation or exchange. The "value" of a thing is what it will exchange for. Whether the article be a gold dollar, a pound of putty, or a bushel of clams, makes no difference. Its value is what it will exchange for in other things. A man can take a pound of gold to the mint, have it stamped into coin, and get in return all the dollars that it will make, but this proves nothing with reference to the value of gold. He simply gets the same thing back in a different form. Or the mint may give him other coin, already struck, for his gold. In such case he exchanges one pound of gold for another pound of gold, and hence it throws no light upon the question of its "value." If the government should establish public bakeries and stand ready to bake all the wheat flour offered into bread, without delay and without charge, it is perfectly plain that 100 pounds of flour would be equal in value to all the bread it would make, but it would give no indication whatever of the value of either flour or bread compared with pork or beef. That would depend upon how much flour there was, how much of the other things, and the relative demand for each. Just so it is with gold. The government coins it free of charge, and a pound of crude gold is for that reason of the same value as the same gold in the form of coin. But how much it is worth of other things depends upon how much there is of it, compared with the quantity of other things to be exchanged for it, and the strength of the desire for each. If there were only a thousand gold dollars in the world, any one who would admit that a gold dollar would buy or exchange for more of other things than it will now, if gold should become as plentiful as coal, 28 8-10 grains of it would still be worth a "dollar," because it could be coined into a dollar, but it would require a great many of them to buy a hundred pounds of flour. A "dollar" is purely the creation of law. Law makes the dollar, and determines the material of which it shall be composed. But after it is made its exchange value depends upon the law of supply and demand, the same as other things. It is the circumstance that money is always expressed in fixed denominations that mystifies so many people and leads them to the conclusion that when the prices rise or fall the change is in the commodity alone; that the money stands still. They overlook the simple fact that an exchange of money for goods involves exactly the same principle as any other exchange. No matter what kind of money may be in use, this idea is always prevalent. In greenback days the paper note was the universal money, except on the Pacific coast. At that time gold and silver were regarded as doing all the fluctuating, and were always quoted at a premium. But in California, where gold and silver were used exclusively, the greenback was said to be at a "discount." Every silver-standard country today regards gold as being at a premium—that is, as having appreciated—and there can be no question of the correctness of that view. Their silver money will buy as much as it ever would of most things, while gold will buy twice as much. The extract given at the head of this article states the situation as it actually is. Gold has fluctuated wildly, but always with a general upward movement, until it has doubled in value, thus cutting prices in two, doubling the burden of the long-time debtor, ruining the annuitant and interest gatherer, and giving silver-standard countries, with their stable measure of value, an incalculable advantage in the world's commerce. When the masses of the people come to understand this simple proposition, they will be perfectly amazed at their stupidity in not getting their eyes open sooner. Not only this, but they will see that the monetary question in the United States is by far the most economic and industrial issue that ever confronted any people.

Griggs and the Trusts.
From the Chicago Chronicle: Governor Sayers of Texas wishes it to be understood that there is nothing partisan about his invitation to the

ODD FEDERAL EXPENSES.

UNFAMILIAR PURPOSES FOR WHICH THOUSANDS ARE PAID ANNUALLY.

Expends a Hundred Dollars a Year to Suppress the Slave Trade—Cost of American Convicts in Foreign Prisons—Use of the Secret Fund.

The United States Government pays out annually thousands of dollars for purposes which not one citizen in a thousand knows anything about. Appropriations for some of these purposes have been regularly made for years and will probably continue to be made for many more to come, says the Sun.

Although slave trading is generally supposed to be a thing of the past, the Government does not think so. This is shown by the fact that this country contributes annually \$100 as its share of the expense of keeping up at Brussels an institution known as the International Bureau for the Repression of the African Slave Trade. Uncle Sam is deeply interested in ascertaining the size of the earth over which he recently stretched out his mighty hand. With a view of gaining the desired information he pays \$1500 annually, through the American Embassy at Berlin, as his quota as member of the International Geodetic Association for the Measurement of the Earth. The records do not show what progress the association is making toward reducing the size of this planet to cold figures, but the \$1500 is paid every year.

In Brussels there is an International Bureau for the Publication of Customs Tariffs. It costs money to maintain the bureau, and the United States pay \$1318 annually as their proportionate share of the expenses. More expensive still is the annual membership fee of the United States in another institution with headquarters in Brussels. Every year \$2270 is paid by this Government as a contribution to the maintenance of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures.

It costs the United States no less than \$14,000 annually to provide prisons for American convicts in foreign countries. These prisons are under the jurisdiction of the consular officers in various cities in China, Korea, Japan and Turkey. They are seldom used, but they must be maintained, nevertheless. The locations of the prisons with the cost of rent and salary of keepers are as follows: Bangkok, \$1000; Shanghai, \$1550; Yokohama, \$1550; Turkey, \$1000. For keeping and feeding such prisoners as may from time to time be confined in these prisons \$9000 is set aside every year.

The Secretary of the Treasury would doubtless experience no difficulty in finding plenty of men about Washington who would, without remuneration, spend a day watching the destruction by maceration of United States securities. But to save the Secretary any possible embarrassment, Congress has provided that he may pay the representative of the public, who the law says shall be one of a committee, to witness the reduction of the securities to pulp, \$5 a day for each day he may be so employed.

On the coast of Morocco, at Tangiers and Cape Spartel, mariners used to experience great difficulty in avoiding disaster on account of the absence of warning night signals on the shore. Lighthouses were sadly needed, and as the Government of Morocco would not provide them, the great powers took the matter in hand. Lighthouses were established and the powers assessed so much annually for their maintenance. The share of the United States in this expense is \$925.

It is sometimes necessary for the United States to bring back to this country from abroad persons charged with crime. It is rather expensive work, and for it there is an annual appropriation of \$5000.

This Government is ever grateful for any service rendered to its citizens in case of marine disasters by people of foreign countries. Such services are usually substantially remembered and there is a special provision for them. An annual appropriation of \$4500 is made for "expenses incurred in the acknowledgment of the services of masters and crews of foreign vessels in rescuing American seamen and citizens from shipwreck." The Government also pays \$500 a year toward maintaining hospitals in Panama in order that American sailors may enjoy the benefits of those institutions whenever necessary.

The people of Alaska, who inhabit the islands of St. Paul and St. George, receive special consideration at the hands of the Government. Congress authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish them food, fuel and clothing, and for this purpose \$19,500 is appropriated.

The Washington Monument comes in for a good-sized appropriation every year. In order that it may be kept open to the public and receive the necessary repairs, Congress allows the War Department an annual appropriation of \$11,520. The same department receives \$547,275 annually to be expended in providing artificial limbs for soldiers, and an additional sum of \$2000 is appropriated for surgical appliances for the veterans.

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The State Department has a secret fund which is used for diplomatic purposes. The public knows absolutely nothing about this fund, and everything concerning it is surrounded with the greatest air of secrecy. Out of it are paid the bills for entertaining foreign visitors who may be the guests of the Government from time to time.

High cheekbones always indicate great force of character in some direction.

Projectiles for modern big and rapid-fire guns require about half their weight in powder to fire them.