

# Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,  
FREELAND, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Four Months ..... .50  
Two Months ..... .25

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The extension of American shipping is of the first importance to the South, says the Atlanta Constitution, because our section is pre-eminently the field from which the raw material has to be furnished. Not only is our staple crop of cotton the most valuable article of export which the country has, but our resources of coal, iron and timber, so necessary to shipping, are inexhaustible. The rapid growth of ship-building, therefore, makes a market for these raw materials, as well as opening the way for an American commercial conquest of the world.

The Duke d'Abuzzi started upon his journey of arctic exploration with a commendable tone of modesty. He declared that he had made none of the boastful predictions attributed to him, and he bids an adieu to civilization with the sensible remark that the time to talk about discoveries is after they have been made. Would that some other seekers after the North Pole were as conservative in their statements! This nephew of a king has chosen a frozen path to a glory that he may approach no more nearly than any who have essayed the same venture. But the warm wishes of the scientific world for his success will follow his cold voyage in the dark North.

When the billboard question was taken up by the City Council committee it was brought out that one of the billboard companies is paying out between \$200,000 and \$300,000 a year to the owners of vacant lots, and that in many instances the price of the lease almost pays the taxes on property which otherwise would not bring in a penny's revenue, states the Chicago Tribune. As an illustration, one advertising company is said to pay \$2000 a year for the privilege of erecting billboards on the vacant lot at Congress street and Washburn avenue, and finds money in it even at that rental. The money paid out for the use of brick walls and for the right to erect sign boards on the top of buildings runs up into the tens of thousands of dollars in Chicago alone.

Message of the Heart.

A most remarkable case is communicated by M. Tuffler to the Surgical Society of Paris. It appears that a young man of twenty-four years had been operated upon for suppurative inflammation of the appendix, and the operation at once relieved the condition; on the sixth day, however, the patient was seized, during the physician's visit, with an attack of cardiac syncope, accompanied by total arrest of the circulation. The ordinary measures completely failing to restore respiration, M. Tuffler made an incision in the third intercostal space, and, coming to the heart, took hold of the left ventricle with the thumb and index finger, and subjected it to rhythmic compressions. After a few moments circulation reappeared, and the patient breathed for two or three minutes, and the pulse again becoming imperceptible, a repetition was resorted to with the same result. On a third occasion, however, M. Tuffler was unsuccessful, and the patient succumbed. An autopsy discovered a clot in the pulmonary artery.

Corrected Himself.

In his earnestness the great populist orator forgot himself. "Let us not wash our party linen in public!" he cried passionately. Instantly his audience was upon its feet, crying out angrily. "I should say," faltered the orator, now, clearly much chagrined, "let us not sponge our party celluloid in public!" Hereupon there was much applause, followed by singing by the glee club.—Detroit Journal.

The Main Thing to Learn.

"To make a success at this business," said the experienced traveling salesman, "there is one particular feature at which you should strive to become an expert." "And what is that?" anxiously asked the young drummer. "It is to be able to explain satisfactorily to the firm when you come in off of a bad trip just why you haven't sold more goods."—Ohio Journal.

Major Marchand was the son of a widow, and as such exempt from military duty. His mother was at first opposed to the army, and started him in life as a lawyer's clerk.



## Fiction

### LOVE'S GEOGRAPHY.

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face, And these the boundaries I trace: Northward—a forehead fair; Beyond—a wilderness of golden hair; A pretty cheek to east and west, Her eyes two sparkling lakes. Her little mouth the sunny south— It is the south that I love best— Her eyes two sparkling lakes. Held by the stars at night—the sunny day; The dimples in her cheek and chin Are snares which Love has set, And I have fallen in.

—C. M. Seymour, in the Criticon.

## MR. PHINEAS MARVELL.

### A Boarding House Romance.

Her husband had died and left her unprovided for. Mrs. Hyde kept boarders. Mrs. Hyde was a little, dried-up widow, with a constitutional toothache and a mild, meek way of taking the world as it came to her. For fifty years she had battled against misfortune until the warfare had become second nature to her.

"But there's one blessing that I have to be thankful for," she would say. "Mr. Marvell has kept true to me through it all as the needle to the pole." From this it need not be inferred that Mr. Marvell was a lover of the little widow. Far from it. He was only her best boarder—the boarder who for half a score of years had occupied her "first floor front," and paid his bills as regularly as the Saturday night came around.

He was a bachelor, as may be supposed—a man who was as full of whims and caprices as an egg is of meat, yet who carried a kindly heart in his bosom beneath it all. But on this especial Friday morning his eyes blazed wrathfully—the tip of his nose hung forth a crimson flag of indignation, as Mrs. Hyde came meekly into his presence. "A month's warning, ma'am," was all that he said.

Mrs. Hyde caught at the nearest chair for support. "Mr. Marvell!" she gasped. "Now, ma'am, it isn't at all worth while to go through any scenes," said the bachelor, callously. "I am a practical man, as you ought to know by this time. And I'm not in the habit of wasting words. Put up a bill. Advertise. Let your room as soon as you can, for I move out to-morrow, although, as a token of respect for your many good qualities, I shall pay my bills up to the first of June." "La, Mr. Marvell!" faintly ejaculated the widow. "How can I possibly have offended you?" "Ask your own conscience, ma'am!" sternly retorted Mr. Marvell. "Because if it's on account of Patty and her babies—"

"It is precisely on that account, ma'am. I was awakened last night by the screaming of a child." "It's cutting eye-teeth, poor dear," interposed Mrs. Hyde. "And this morning, on making inquiries," relentlessly went on the bachelor, "I learned that you had actually taken in your widowed niece and her twin babies? Twins, ma'am! One would have been enough—too much, in fact—but when it comes to twins—"

"Patty had nowhere else to go, sir," said Mrs. Hyde, apologetically, "and she'll be useful about the house. Patty's a good girl, sir." "I dare say," said Mr. Marvell. "But I can't stay in the same house with twins—so, as I before remarked, put up a bill as soon as you please." "Please, sir, I'll put Patty and the children on the top floor, where they can't possibly disturb you, if—"

"I tell you once for all, ma'am, that I cannot tolerate children, and I won't! Will you be kind enough to leave me now?"

## AMERICAN SIGNAL GUNS.

NOW HEARD EVERY NIGHT ALL OVER THE EARTH.

If a Person in Porto Rico Could Hear, the Evening Gun in Manila Would Awaken Him Just Before His Own Signal Gun Boomed.

Webster's allusion to Great Britain as "a power which has dotted over the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England" may not have been an original idea with him. Captain John Smith in some of his writings alludes to the Spanish soldier who brags that the sun never sets on his part of the world, while both Schiller and Walter Scott put similar ideas in the mouths of their Spanish characters. But our late war with the dons has stripped the Spaniard of a large part of his bragadoe so that it no longer takes Old Sol a long time to traverse the dominions of Spain.

But the decrease in time of the sun's traversing the dominion of the don resulted in an increase in the time of its wandering over the domain of the Yankee. Previously the first army gun fired to salute the rising of the sun was in Fort Preble, Maine, and the last at the Presidio, San Francisco. Now a dozen salutes to the sun are fired in advance of that at Fort Preble—the guns at posts in Porto Rico; and a number after that at the Presidio—at Dyea, Honolulu and in the Philippines.

The custom of firing these guns is observed in camps in the field as well as at posts and garrisons, because it is one of the institutions of the army commanded by the army regulations, and is as much a matter of law as the mustering in of troops or the rules of discipline. This institution of saluting the coming and going of the sun has existed from time unremembered. It is the practice not only in America but in the leading nations of the world. Our army regulations require that the reveille (morning) gun be fired at a time no earlier than 5.30 a. m. in summer nor 6.30 a. m. in winter and the evening gun at sunset. Local and not standard time is followed. The ceremony is in charge of the officer of the day who details a sergeant and two enlisted men to fire the gun. These sergeants generally go by their own watches and any available proprietary medicine almanac will do to determine the hour of sunset. There is, nevertheless, a reasonable degree of regularity and simultaneousness throughout the country since these almanacs are made from the ephemeris published by the naval observatory.

It costs Uncle Sam to maintain this custom about \$15,000 a year, about the same amount as it costs to fire a few thirteen-inch guns. Cheap grades of powder, costing about fifteen cents a pound, are used. These two signal shots each day have the effect of military order to all the men at the post, garrison or camp. The evening gun is the concluding ceremony of the day and is fired with the last note of the bugle sounding the retreat, when the flag is lowered, no honors are shown to any one, and all sentinels understand that they are to challenge friend or foe until the morning gun ushers in the break of day. Even if the President or the commander-in-chief of the army were to appear after sunset a salute would not be fired in his honor. The biggest guns used in giving these signals are the eight-inch rifles on Governor's Island, which are fired with great regularity and preciseness, and as their boom sounds throughout the vicinity of New York City and Brooklyn every vessel of whatever nature in port has to immediately display its lights for the night.

There are 144 military posts of Uncle Sam that are under these regulations. The first shot fired at sunrise comes from the garrison on the island of Vieques, east of Porto Rico. In its westward journey the sun is saluted almost in constant succession until the shot at Aguadilla, on the extreme west coast of Porto Rico, is fired. Approximately seventeen minutes after this Porto Rican gun is sounded, the cannon at Fort Preble, in Portland harbor, Maine, booms. The succession continues in the United States until Fort Meyer, across the Potomac River, is reached. Just as the Fort Meyer gun sounds, the Fifth Infantry at Santiago hears the daily gun. As the sun travels in the heavens simultaneous shots are fired in Cuba and the other United States. After the Pinar del Rio shot is heard, the line of fire returns to the mainland and moves westward through the various military posts scattered over our big country until it reaches the Presidio at San Francisco. Forty minutes after the Presidio's shot comes fire from Fort Wrangel, and twenty minutes still later the gun at Dyea, Alaska, is heard. An hour after the Dyea gun the sun calls upon the gunner at Honolulu for a salute. And finally, seven hours and fifteen minutes elapse after the Presidio shot before the morning gun at Manila is heard.

While the American drumbeat does not keep company with the hours it does keep company with the sun. Between Manila, traveling westward, and Vieques, Porto Rico, the distance is approximately 180 degrees. Hence as the rays of the sun fade on Manila they dispel the darkness on Porto Rico; or, if a person in Porto Rico could hear it, the evening gun at Manila would awaken him a minute or two before he heard his own morning gun.—The Pathfinder.

There are nearly 2000 more miles of trolleys than there were in 1897. The total mileage of this country is 15,672.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A French experimenter suggests that the X-ray furnishes a ready means to detect stony impurities in coal. Carbon is very transparent to the Roentgen rays, while silica is opaque to them. Consequently the silicates, which form slag when coal is burned, can be seen like a skeleton when the shadow of the coal is projected upon a fluorescent screen.

An artificial cork known as phello-sene has recently been introduced in France, and is said to answer all the purposes for which this substance is generally employed. It is analogous to celluloid, and is made of cork bark ground to a fine powder and then mixed with a solution of nitro-cellulose in acetone, forming a doughy mass which is placed in moulds. It is compressed and allowed to dry spontaneously. The new material is but slightly more combustible than cork, and contains from ten to twenty per cent. of nitrocellulose.

The Ermak, built on the Tyne to break the ice and keep the harbor of Constantinople open in winter, encountered fogs ten feet thick near the Island of Lesoon, in the Baltic, and forced her way through them at a speed of two and a half miles an hour. Admiral Makaroff's ice-breaking steamer is, perhaps, the right means of getting to the pole. Nansen found the ice only ten feet thick, and a vessel plowing through ice ten or twelve feet thick might get so near the pole that sledges, parties or men on "skis" or snowshoes might reach it from her as a base, even though she did not get there herself.

A valuable product, especially for the color industry, is produced from the soot of the acetylene flames. When acetylene gas is burned with a smoking flame it produces three or four times as great a quantity of soot as do mineral oils. It is very light in weight, and exhibits an absolutely black color without a tinge of brown, and has none of the tarry admixtures or other substances that appear in lampblack. It is also very bulky, and is admirably adapted for use in India ink, and the colors of fine lines for lithographic work where a positive black is required. It is now being manufactured in France by a patented process by which almost absolute purity of color and texture is obtained at a comparatively small cost.

The San Jose scale was first discovered by Professor J. H. Comstock, near San Jose, Cal., in 1879. It has been found in various parts of the world, and while the place of its origin has not yet been ascertained, it is conjectured to be Japan. Six years ago it was discovered in the Eastern States, where it was introduced six years before with some infected plum trees from California. These plums were brought over for the purpose of obtaining an improved fruit which should be proof against the attacks of the plum weevil, and, strangely enough, this laudable object proved the means of inflicting a much worse pest on the Eastern States. The scale has now found its way into thirty-three States, besides Canada and British Columbia.

There is probably no place where the results of scientific medical treatment are more marked than in India, as the health officials of that country are constantly making use of the most recent products of bacteriological research in their efforts to combat the various epidemics. The success of inoculation against the plague that has recently been taking place in Bombay, has been most pronounced, and from the statistics that have been collected it is quite possible to see the beneficial effect. In the town of Hugi 33,000 people were inoculated with the Haffkine fluid; while 6000 remained un inoculated. In one week 371 deaths occurred among the un inoculated, while among those who had been treated by inoculation there were but forty-one. The plague always decreases with the coming of hot weather, the decline being observed when the thermometer verges on the nineties.

The Kidnapping of Johnny Johnson. The disappearance sixty years ago of three-year-old John Johnson, of Lower Biddford, Me., has been recalled by the Portland Press. The little fellow was playing with his brothers and sisters one afternoon when suddenly they missed him. All efforts to find a clue to his whereabouts were futile, and finally nearly every one decided that he had fallen into the river, though a few believed that he had been stolen. Thirty or forty years afterward a party of Indians camped in Biddford, and a sister of the missing Johnson saw among them a man she believed to be her long-lost brother. Her parents were also sure the man, who was called John Glessian, was their child; but he himself did not believe, and the Indians could not or would not throw any light on the subject. He had married an Indian woman and again went away with them, but later he became convinced that he was not one of them and came to his family. He now lives in Hollis on a farm.

Queer Business Combinations. Some Chicago men carry on at the same time two or more different lines of business. Sometimes these combinations are laughable. Over the door of a store in Wells street is a sign which announces "Wholesale Popcorn and School of Magic." In the window of an office in Madison street is an announcement that within are to be had "Books on Love and Poetry Raising." A South Side humorist has a placard in his basement window which reads: "Lunches Put Up and Carpets Put Down."—Detroit Free Press.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Banishing the Bore—Cheapest His Value—Hard to Please—Some Satisfaction, Anyhow—A Cheerful Soul—A Sure Cure—A Natural Inference, Etc.

He used to bore me half to death, For, every single day, He'd come round to my office, And just stay, and stay, and stay. I couldn't seem to shake him, Though I gave most pointed hints, But I lent him half a dollar, And I haven't seen him since.

Cheapest His Value. Mrs. Youngwife—"You are awful dear to me, Harry." Harry—"Yes, but your habit of telling others about it makes me feel very cheap."—Richmond Dispatch.

A Sure Cure. "There is a man who is always looking for trouble." "Well, it's easy enough to cure him of that habit." "How?" "Get him put on the police force." Hard to Please. "Mrs. Perkins said if we made her president she would resign from the club." "Well?" "Then she resigned because she didn't get but one vote."—Chicago Record.

A Cheerful Soul. Creditor (determinedly)—"I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir." Debtor—in the blandest of tones—"Then, sir, there seems to be every probability of our acquaintanceship ripening into friendship."—Tit-Bits.

Some Satisfaction, Anyhow. "Our Henry has been to school for two years," said his anxious mother, "and I don't see that he has learned anything of value." "Nonsense!" replied the wise father. "He thinks he has, and what more do you expect nowadays?"—Life.

Making Arrangements. "I want to get up a popular demonstration," said the Paris agitator. "When does monsieur desire it?" "To-morrow." "I'm very sorry, but monsieur's rival has engaged the mob for to-morrow. But day after to-morrow it will be disengaged." The Usual Way. School Visitor—"What a sad, serious and contemplative countenance the young genius has who stands at the head of the class!" Pedagogue—"Yes; you see the dance, who stands at the foot, won all his marbles away from him during recess."—Puck.

Market Report. Veal is very firm. It Mattered Not. Mistress (to cook)—"Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?" Cook—"Shure, mum, it's not me that's particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like."—Tit-Bits.

Not Home to Bills. "Is your father at home?" asked the caller. "What is your name, please?" inquired the little girl. "Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill."

## FARM TOPICS.

Washing Milk Pails. It is always important to wash milk pails as soon as possible after their contents are emptied. If left to stand two or three hours, some of the milk dries on the wooden pail, and then the more hot water is put on it the closer it sticks. Always wash milk pails first with cold water to remove the particles of milk, and then scald with hot water to destroy any germs that may remain.

Keep Young Hogs Growing. There is an impression among farmers that hogs in summer at pasture can get enough with the swill from the house and what they can get in the fields. This is all right, so long as skim-milk, one of the best foods for growth, was part of the swill, and unclean refuse from the table was also thrown in. But in many places the skimmed milk is now sold in some form, while a better use for table refuse is found in giving it to the poultry. So the pig is starved in summer, which is the time he ought to grow the fastest, and is the poorest preparation for the heavy corn feeding that will begin in September and continue until the pig is turned over to the butcher. A half-starved animal loses the power of digesting leary food, for the stomach, like every other organ of the body, needs to have something to do to keep it in good health and strength.

Artichokes For Pigs. Occasionally some one writes enthusiastically in favor of artichokes for swine, but the great majority of swine breeders and feeders do not seem to be fascinated with this valuable tuber. The fear of difficulty in getting rid of them, after they are once in the ground, is one cause of this indifference. As a matter of fact there is little danger of artichokes remaining in the ground, if hogs have free access to the field. They will not leave any to speak of. It is not probable that artichokes are quite all that some writers would have us believe, but nevertheless, if a swine feeder once tries them, he will not be apt to give them up. They seem to be just suited to the hog's taste and system, are conducive to the health of the animal, and in food value, as a part of the ration, are worthy of high esteem. If pigs are allowed to run on artichokes, and also fed grain, the artichokes will save two pounds of grain for each pound of gain in live weight. They are an easy, economical crop to grow. Plant them in rows three feet apart, cultivate a few times, and then let them and the hogs have it out together.—The Epitomist.

Sheep Like Wild Pasture. From my experience in sheep raising, I have come to the conclusion that the more access flocks have to the woodlands the better they will thrive, while the more they are confined in narrow pastures where the wild growths have been exterminated, the more unprofitable they become. Years ago in this section when a larger area of the lands was in forests than at the present time, our sheep raisers let their flocks run in the woods the year round, and they did much better than they do of later years.

There is something peculiar to wild lands that is necessary to the growth and a healthy condition of the sheep. They always seek the higher grounds for repose. Confine them in a field and if you notice, you will invariably see them lying on the highest point at night. We are led to believe that there is an instinct that prompts them to do this. If they be left to range at will, they find every nook and corner that is classed as "commons," and will give a clean, thrifty appearance, while if they be confined in anything like close quarters, they become diseased, sick on a bad appearance, and a decrease of numbers is the ultimate result.—Frank Monroe Beverly, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Effect of Fat on Yield of Cheese. The result of an experiment made by J. W. Decker, the instructor in cheese making at the Wisconsin dairy school, may surprise many. With six samples of milk, each weighing 200 pounds, ranging in butter fat from nothing to five per cent. cheese was made with the result that the cheese made one per cent. butter fat milk was one-third larger than the one made from the milk containing no butter fat. That made from two per cent. milk was still larger and so on to the four cent. which cheese was fully twice as large as that having no butter fat. The cheese from five per cent. milk was a little larger than the four per cent. and the quality of the cheese improved with the additional fat in proportion to the increase in size.

This seems to prove that the same care should be exercised in taking milk for cheese as for butter. Milk with a good supply of butter fat is as essential to the making of good quantity of butter, and still more essential in its bearings on quality. Milk with little butter fat will make good butter, but it will make but little of it, whereas milk with little butter fat will not yield heavily in cheese under any conditions, and it loses in quality also. This experiment shows pretty clearly why we are obliged to eat so much poor cheese or not any at all. We are eating cheese with but little natural butter fat in it, and of this the consumer has a right to complain. Another important feature of the experiment is that the fat must be native to the milk and not added, in order to get the results here mentioned.—New England Homestead.

Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over 1000.

There were 249,145 marriages in England and Wales last year, more than in any year since 1876.