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If the march of improvement keeps up its lick they'll soon be changing the name of a sister southern city to Auto-Mobile, Ala., says the Louisville Evening Post.

Europe is buying American shoes as never before. Naturally, we do not object, because we know that no matter how many of our shoes Europeans wear they never will be able to fill them.

General Wood prefers to stay in the army at a moderate salary than to become governor of a trolley car company at a large one. He says there is something in life beside money. He is right, and he is as refreshing and courageous in saying so as he was when he first did business with the Spaniards.

The Italians are now using artillery for the dissipation of hail storms. When small arms are transformed into plow shares, swords into pruning hooks and artillery reserved only for fighting the idiosyncrasies of the storm king then, indeed, can it be hoped that the day of the millennium is near.

Nebraska last winter passed a law that women employed in manufacturing, mechanical and mercantile establishments should work only ten hours a day, and should have seats provided for them by their employers. Now that the law has come into force, a good many of the said employers have informed their female assistants that their services are no longer required. The statute intended for their relief thus operates as an injury to them, setting off the meanness of the Nebraska captain of female industry in a much stronger light than it has hitherto appeared.

Cheap and haphazard methods of road improvement, earth roads and the employment of inferior material in order to save on the first cost—these and other objectionable features of earlier roadmaking should be abandoned for good and all by American roadmakers. As population expands wealth increases and new devices of road locomotion come into use, the demand for better highways becomes more imperious. It is no longer merely the wagon loaded with produce which is to be considered, but also the bicycle, the tourist's carriage and the automobile.

Mosquitoes are now accused of conveying not only leprosy, yellow fever, and other contagious diseases, though it is certain that they must share the burden with flies and other insects that come into contact with sewage that has not been disinfected, and afterwards contaminate the food. The experiences in our army camps last summer proved that sufficiently. The important lesson to be drawn from this—constituting a great advance in medical science—is that visible insects are as dangerous foes to our health as the much-dreaded microscopic bacilli. Flies can be easily made harmless by simply disinfecting the sewage where it remains exposed to the air. Mosquitoes are less easily dealt with. Drainage and cultivation of swampy soil help to diminish their numbers, and petroleum or permanganate of potassium have been found useful in killing the larvae in the water. But mosquito-nets and veils in dangerous localities are the only things to be relied on implicitly.

No Birthplace

A remark made by a 6-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders. The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement. "Why, papa?" he cried, sorrowfully, "Why, papa, I wasn't born anywhere now, was I?"

Paris has nineteen theaters and four circus buildings.



THE SONG OF THE AXE.

Fathered was I by the forge,
Cran with leaping flame,
Lulled by the clink and the clang
Of hammers beating in turn.
Now in the hewer's hand,
Tempered and polished and edged,
Swing I all day in the sun,
Sing I and chant this song!

High on the mountain crest,
Where the great winds pipe and swirl,
Tower the ancient pines,
Rooted a thousand years,
Myriad summers have waxed
And waned in their odoriferous shade;
Snows immemorial
Drifted their branches through;
Still their exultant heads
Rise to the limpid blue,
Still they fearlessly lean
To the surge of the swinging gale
And shout down the trail of the blast
Peano Zolani!
Old they seem as the stars,
Moveless as living rock,
Lasting as earth itself!

Lo, then come I, the axe!
Hover a moment aloft
In eager and breathless poise,
Then in a circle of light
Leap to the cedar's root.
Deep and deeper I bite
To the heart of the virgin wood,
And the scent of its bloodless wounds
Fills all the air with balm.
Sudden a tingling shock
Thrills up the living trunk.
Pulses along the boughs,
Shivering presence of death,
Vainly the mighty mast
Wrestles in agony,
Side by side have we
Trembles and yields and leans,
Sweeps with thunderous crash
Down to the bruised earth!

Lo, 'tis myself I sing,
Feller of oak and ash!
Brother am I to the sword,
Red-edged slayer of men!
Side by side have we hewn
Paths for the pioneer
From sea to sun-smitten seat
Hark to my exultant praise!
Wild cascades in the hills,
Winds in the straining pines,
Voices of woodmen all,
Swelling in unison vast
Shout thro' the sunlight days,
Sing thro' the starlit nights,
The sounding song of the axe!
—William Lucius Graves.

The Dream That Came True.

HERE was a hint of autumn in the woodland tints, where the colors shaded from softest gray-green through russet tones to deepest red and brown, and the breeze that swept over the uplands was suggestive of chilly October, but the golden spell of Indian summer lay on the valley, touching the ripe peaches with an added bloom and wooing the late roses to unfold their fragrant hearts before it was too late to give their sweetness to the dying summer.

In the rectory orchard, under the shadows of the fruit-laden trees, village lads and lasses hid and sought, and out in the meadow the children laughed and played and danced to the music of their own voices.

The Professor stood at the outer edge of a circle of infant revelers, his spectacles pushed up on his broad forehead, his soft Homburg hat tilted forward to shield his eyes from the sun.

Gray eyes they were, with a keenness in them that was reflective and that lent them a clearer vision for things that time had set at a distance than for present realities.

The iron-gray hair was brushed back and outlined features that were not handsome, though their sternness gave him a semblance of severity, until he smiled.

When the Professor smiled children understood that the tall figure with its inclination to stoop was not likely to prove aggressive, and that the learning contained in that massive frame could be put aside with the spectacles, also that the Professor might have been young once, before the weight of a laurel wreath had puckered his brows and powdered his hair with the frost that comes before winter.

He was smiling now and looking with appreciative interest at the game in progress.

"Do you hear what they are singing?" he asked the rector's wife.

Mrs. Errington detached herself from the tea urn to answer carelessly, "Nuts and May, isn't it?"

"The delighted irrelevance of childhood," pursued the Professor, "the sublime faith in the impossible. 'Here we come gathering Nuts and May—so early in the morning!' Not content with demanding their autumn and their spring at the same time, they must have it early in the morning, too; all the world at their feet, with youth to make them enjoy it. They have faith enough to remove mountains, but I am afraid the days of miracles are past."

Mrs. Errington's glance lingered on him for a moment, and then traveled to where a girl in a white dress stood under the trees that bordered the rectory garden.

"There is Evadne," she said; "how fresh and cool and sweet she looks. Don't you think so, Professor?"

He adjusted his spectacles to give a conscientious answer.

"Miss Evadne is always pleasant to look at," he said, as he gazed with a painstaking air in her direction; "at this distance" do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"And she is always pleasant to talk to," added Mrs. Errington; "go and ask her if she would like some tea, Professor."

He went obediently, and the white figure moved to meet him, while the echo of the words "cool and fresh and sweet" floated still in his ears.

"I am sent to ask you if you will have some tea," he said.

"Is that meant for an excuse or an apology?" asked Evadne demurely.

"Does my errand need either?" he questioned in return, with his usual gravity.

"You seemed to consider so," said she, "in which, if you will not think me conceited, I will confess you are unusual. There are people," she continued, noting his puzzled air, "who come and talk to me without any errand at all—merely for the pleasure of the thing."

A little smile was playing round her mouth, and through her curved eyelashes the sparkle of her eyes meant mischief.

The Professor pushed his spectacles up again; when people were close to him he could see better without assistance.

"There are people," he said, "who might venture to come to you on their own merits, Miss Eva. I am not one of those fortunate few."

"No?" she queried, lifting her eyebrows, "yet your merits are by no means insignificant. They are public property, Professor, and we are very proud of them down here. I have even," she looked away from him, "felt a little alarmed at the thought of them sometimes, and wondered whether we all seemed very stupid and dull to so learned a person as you."

"Stupid and dull," he echoed the words involuntarily, while he was thinking what a dainty outline the contour of her cheek and chin made—like a pink sea shell, and what a singularly sweet intonation she had!

"You agree that we are so," she said after an instant's offended silence.

"You add candor to your other merits, Professor, I see. Well, the school treat is over. I think I must be going homeward. Good evening."

She stretched out a small white hand. He took it and considered it for a moment.

"Do you go across the fields," he said, "or round by the road?"

"Across the fields—when I have some one with me."

"Should I count as some one, or am I too?"

"Too what—too candid?"

"Too old," he said thoughtfully. She looked him up and down.

"I suppose that you are twice my age."

"More than that, I am sure."

"Has any one ever called you anything but Professor?"

"My mother calls me John."

"Any one else?"

"No one, since I was a boy."

"They were crossing the meadow now. In the distance Mrs. Errington waved a goodby to them. He had forgotten about her."

"Which would you rather be—yourself at your age and with your knowledge or an ignorant young person like me?"

She had taken off her hat and was dangling it by a ribbon from her arm. Her hair was all ruffled, and one little tress with a glint of gold in it kissed her cheek lovingly.

They had reached the stile and he stopped to help her over it before he answered. Then he said:

"Miss Eva, do you think it is possible for any one to gather nuts and May at the same time?"

"Yes, if they get up early enough in the morning."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference of not leaving things till they are too late."

He was still holding her hand. She gave it to him at the stile, and apparently he had not remembered to give it back. Her eyes were like stars, and there was a rose-flush like day-dawn on her cheeks.

"How is one to know whether it is too late or not?"

"I thought you knew everything, Professor. And you called me stupid and dull just now, so my opinion can't be worth having."

"I called you stupid and dull? Do you know what I think you?"

"You think me a vain, frivolous girl."

"I think you the most perfect thing on God's earth."

"Professor—"

"I have another name, Evadne."

"When you have quite done with my hand—"

"I shall never have quite done with it. I want it for my own."

"Such a useless, silly little hand?"

"Such a pink and white little hand. Like a May-blossom."

He lifted it to his lips, and they were silent for a moment.

"Evadne, is a miracle possible?"

"What would be a miracle?" she said softly.

He drew her with gentle insistence into his arms, and she raised hers and clasped them round his neck.

"This is one," he answered; "it is the impossible come true."

"It was never impossible," she murmured, "only you were asleep and dreaming, John, and now—you are awake, and it is early in the morning."—New York Times.

Knife Duels in Spain.

Knife duels are very frequent among the lower classes of the cities in southern Spain. When two are about to fight they blow whistles to attract spectators. Their left legs are tied together at the knees, and then at a signal they begin attacking each other with long knives. In a duel recently witnessed in Alicante, one of the combatants received fourteen wounds and the other seventeen.

A Queer Sign.

In Holland, when a new baby comes to the house, they hang a pin cushion on the door. If the new baby is a boy it is a black pin cushion, and if a girl a white one.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Delicious Cherry Dishes.

CHERRY SHORTCAKE.

Stone, sweeten and mash the cherries. Make and bake a shortcake as for any fruit. Split in halves and butter. Spread thick with cherries, cover with the other half of the shortcake, and put the rest of the cherries on top.

CHERRY CUSTARD.

Bring to a boiling point one quart of rich milk, add slowly four eggs previously beaten with four table-spoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir constantly until it thickens; remove from the fire and pour over sweetened (stoned) cherries. Serve cold.

COMPOTE OF CHERRIES.

Boil half a pound of sugar with three-fourths of a cup of water until it is a thick syrup. Drop into the syrup a pint and a half of stoned cherries, let simmer gently for fifteen minutes, then with a skimmer take the fruit out into a compote. Pour into the syrup three-quarters of a gill of currant or pineapple juice and boil till thick, then pour on the cherries. Serve cold.

CHERRY TAPIOCA.

Soak four table-spoonfuls of tapioca in one pint of water over night. Next morning stone cherries enough to make a pint of fruit. Add the juice of the cherries, with a pint of water, to the tapioca, stir in enough sugar to make it very sweet and let simmer for fifteen minutes; then add the fruit and cook five minutes longer. Set on ice until ready to serve. Serve with whipped cream flavored to taste.

MOLDED CHERRIES.

Beat the yolks of three eggs with three table-spoonfuls of sugar, add one cup of rich milk and cook till thick; remove from the fire, add one-fourth box of dissolved gelatine, stir well and strain. Stir in half a cup of cream and flavor with cherry or pineapple. Line the sides of the dish with lady-fingers, cover the bottom with cherries and pour in the mixture. Continue the layers of cherries and custard until the dish is full. Serve cold with whipped cream.

CHERRY JELLY.

Sour, juicy cherries are the best for jelly. Remove the pits, put the cherries into a granite or porcelain kettle and place it over the fire. When soft mash, squeeze through a thin bag and measure the juice. Add an equal quantity of granulated sugar that has been kept in the oven until hot. Return the juice and sugar to the kettle and cook fast for about fifteen minutes, or until it jells from the skimmer. If the syrup only drops from one place it is not done, but when it drips from two or three it is ready to take off. Pour it into cups and glasses and let it stand until the next day. Then seal the jars.

CHERRY COBBLER.

Grease an earthen pudding dish, line the sides and bottom with a crust made of two cupfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two table-spoonfuls of cold butter, mixed through the flour, and enough milk to make a soft dough. Fill this with a layer of pitted sour cherries, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon, then lay strips of the crust in the shape of diamonds. Bake about three-quarters of an hour.

SAUCE FOR CHERRY COBBLER.

To make a delicious sauce will require three-fourths of a cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter and one scant table-spoonful of flour. Braid them together until smooth, then pour over this enough boiling water to thin it, and let it boil, being careful to stir frequently so that it will not burn or become lumpy.

Household Hints.

When you want to cut whalebone, warm it by the fire.

To freshen old furniture, wash in lime water; when dry, apply a coat of oil.

Chopped peppers are an excellent addendum to minced chicken, veal or lamb.

Flint glass makes a charming receptacle for long-stemmed flowers, such as lilies, tall roses, etc.

Eggs may be preserved for a month by boiling them one minute or steeping them for a time in sweet oil.

The best cement for china is made of pulverized flint glass ground well with the white of an egg. It will stand any amount of wear.

Wipe tarnished or fly-specked gas and lamp fixtures with a damp cloth; let dry, then cover with a coat of white paint; when this is dry, regild.

Orange juice over strawberries offers a variety in their service. The berries should be covered with sugar and the juice of several oranges. They should be chilled in the refrigerator for an hour before serving.

Chinese and Japanese matting can be cleaned and their colors very much restored by the simple use of salt and water, with which it must be sponged, but care must be taken not to make it too wet and too dry with a coarse towel.

Mattings should be swept twice or three times a week. Sweep with a brush and then go over them with a cloth on the broom. Salt and water is very good for a matting, but the matting should be rubbed dry after the salt has been used.

A florist states that strongly scented flowers should not be packed in a box with those of more delicate fragrance for a shipment that will last many hours. Even two hours of such companionship will have a bad effect upon the more lightly odorous.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Shipwrecked on the Australian Coasts.

There was small chance for any boat that sailed into the path of the fearful hurricane that for weeks had swept ravenously across the South Sea and along the Queensland coast. The waters had seethed and roared and tossed, and many a good boat was buried under them by a single blast of the pitiless wind.

Two of the stoutest ships afloat were the freight ship Loch Sloy and Her Majesty's warship Pyrates. But these two now lie wrecked on reefs off the Australian shore. Of the fight which the Loch Sloy bravely made and lost there are three survivors to tell.

Twenty-four lives were lost with the Loch Sloy, whose wreck was one of the most shocking disasters that have ever been known in the Southern seas. The boat herself was shattered into bits. The only men aboard her who did not perish endured such an ordeal of suffering and starvation as has rarely been described. Women who had been hurled shrieking from the masts where they clung suffered violent deaths in the water.

It was in January that the Loch Sloy sailed from Glasgow in command of Captain Nichol, with a crew of five apprentices, twelve able seamen, two sail-makers, a cook, a carpenter and a boy. Mrs. Nichol accompanied her husband, and the other passengers were Mrs. Leicester, John Lamb, Walter Logan and James Kirkpatrick.

Ill-luck pursued the ship from the start. Storms alternated with appalling seasons of fog and were followed by leakages and a train of mishaps. When Kangaroo Island was sighted the ship's people set up a shout of joy. Had the island been sighted a few hours sooner the wreck could have been avoided. The lack of a light-house was the chief cause of the disaster.

It was in the middle of the mate's watch on the morning of May 5.

"Land ho!" shouted the lookout.

The crew were sunning themselves under the lee rail, enjoying a cup of coffee after the hard work of the storm. The ship was going like a race-horse. Breakers loomed up ahead amidst the eddying seas.

"Bout ship!" shouted the captain, and all hands jumped for the haliards. The helm was thrown hard a port, but it was too late. The ship bumped heavily, ripped open, and before a boat could be cast loose she was among the breakers and swept clean by the wicked waves every moment. She had struck against a treacherous reef.

The knowledge that the ship was doomed and that all lives were in danger spread over the ship with mysterious swiftness. Passengers and crew, silent and white-faced, struggled to save themselves by climbing the rigging. The women, trembling with the horror of it all, climbed to the mizen-top. The mates, seven of the crew and the three passengers followed when they could. Others clambered to the mainmast and foremast.

In three minutes the mainmast fell with a crash over the weather side. Those who had been clinging to it were plunged into the sea. Wave after wave ate away the good ship's strength till her supports crumbled and gave way. The foremast toppled and fell. A few minutes later the mizen went, carrying all with it, and the last hope of saving the ship vanished. For the drowning men and women there seemed only death ahead. The huge waves were battering the ship's fragments against the reef, and land was a mile away.

"I seized a life-belt," said William J. Simpson, an apprentice, and one of the survivors, "and I remember nothing else till I found myself floating on some wreckage and the shore not far away. I managed to cling to some rocks, where I found Mitchell, McMillan and Kirkpatrick."

"We picked up some cans of herring and got from them the strength to make our way to a cave on the shore."

From this point the story of the survivors is pitiful enough. From the cave they crawled to the summit of a cliff, an unspeakably barren place, where not a drop of water could be found. The next day Mitchell and Simpson, suffering severely from thirst and hunger, as well as from the pain of exposure, made their way along the cliff for several miles in the hope of finding either a human being or some water. Failure added to their bodily torture. They had not the strength to return to their companions, and spent the night under some bushes.

The next day Mitchell and McMillan, weak but not yet hopeless, set out for water. McMillan came back to tell the good news that a spring had been found and to get a can to fill with it. The others never heard from him again nor found the water that he had discovered. They believed that weakness overcame him and that he fell from the cliff.

For three weeks the surviving men fasted an existence of increasing torture. The only wonder is that they did not die. Occasional rain gave them their only relief, and they grew so thin from lack of food that they were literally masses of bones. On May 27 they found a gully of water, and next day, somewhat revived, Mitchell and Simpson started out to make their way along the coast, leaving Kirkpatrick, too helpless to move from sickness and exhaustion. In a day or two the two brave scouts came upon Cape Berda lighthouse. There was

no one to help them here, but they had no strength to go further. So they slept within its shelter and subsisted upon such food as they could find until they were rescued by chance later. The tough, dry grass that grew here and there in little clumps near the lighthouse was devoured eagerly by the famished men. Horrible as it seems, they were glad to seize for food the dead penguins which they found there or the bits of shellfish, long washed ashore. This wretched subsistence, however, was almost worse than none, and the men could barely have lived another day had they not been found and cared for.

Rescuing the Baby.

A house on fire is apt so to upset the inmates that they throw the looking-glass out of the window and carry the mattress down the stairs. Miss Kingsley described, in "West African Studies," a scene in which she herself and a native family were turned topsy-turvy by an invasion of the terrible driver-ants. She writes:

I was in a little village, and out of a hut came the owner and his family and all the household parasites pell-mell, leaving the drivers in possession; but the mother and father of the family, when they recovered from this unaccounted burst of activity, showed such a lively concern and such unmistakable signs of anguish at having left something behind them in the hut, that I thought it must be the baby.

Although not a family man myself, the idea of that innocent infant perishing in such an appalling manner roused me to action, and I joined the frenzied group, crying, "Where him live?" "In him far corner for floor!" shrieked the distracted parents, and into that hut I charged.

"Too true! There in the corner lay the poor little thing, a mere inert black mass with hundred of cruel drivers already swarming upon it. To seize it and give it to the distracted mother was, as the reporter would say, 'The work of an instant.'"

She gave a cry of joy and dropped it instantly into the water-barrel, where her husband held it down with a hoe, chuckling contentedly. Shiver not, my friend, at the callousness of the Ethiopian; that there thing wasn't an infant—it was a ham!

Reset by Wolves.

Fortunately for John Bourke, of Mattawa, Ontario, a hungry wolf is not very particular about what he eats. Bourke was making his way on foot through the woods, says the Pembroke Observer, when he was chased by a pack of wolves. The birch-tree in which he took refuge was soon surrounded.

He happened to have matches in his pocket, so he diverted himself, for a few hours, with stripping bark from the tree, lighting it and dropping his little torches down on the ravenous animals. The fire kept them away from the tree, but they did not go far.

Finally as darkness drew on, a man named Tomeny, who had been waiting at the camp where Bourke was expected to pass the night, got uneasy and started out to meet him. Tomeny had his rifle, and long before he approached the tree Bourke's yells advised him that it was needed.

Tomeny shot two or three of the wolves on the outskirts of the pack. The other wolves started to eat them, and Bourke slid down from the tree. When the dead wolves were devoured the others took up the chase of the man—and then again Tomeny's rifle cracked. The men reached the camp in safety, but only because Tomeny was a good marksman and able to keep the wolves busy eating each other.

Charming a Lion.

While Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Africa, his little son John, a boy of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of its beat.

The unsuspecting child stumbled within its reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground and set its huge paw on his head. There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. African News tells the story of his escape, which seems equally due to the lion's love for music and a young woman's presence of mind.

Miss Moreland, seeing the peril of the child, ran up-stairs, seized an accordion and hastened to a window which looked out upon the lion. There, with a shout to arrest its attention, she began playing a tune. The lion at once released its prey, went the length of its chain toward its charmer and stood in rapt attention.

The boy, in the meantime, got up and ran to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house and saw how excited every one was; then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account.

How Novelists Catch Sturgeons.

Novel indeed is the method by which the Russian Cossacks catch sturgeon in the frozen rivers of the Ural Mountains. The Cossacks mount their horses and ride across the frozen river until they come to the desired place, where they dismount and cut through the ice until they have a little pool of open water extending almost across the current from shore to shore. A net, stretching across the river, is sunk.

The horses are remounted, and the Cossacks ride up the river for perhaps a half dozen miles. Here they turn about, and, forming in a straight line, ride down the river on the ice toward the fish, and in rushing away to avoid the noise of the horses' hoofs terrify the fish, and in rushing away to avoid the noise, that is coming so swiftly behind they are driven down the river and into the net.

A Great Hen Story.

The meanest man on earth lives in the town of Chazy. He put a large porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen and found that the eggs she afterward laid were increased in size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest, and the aforesaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest and waited results. When he went the next time to search for eggs he found one as big as the football, but no hen in sight. Scouring the egg, he saw engraved on it these words:

"I'm no ostrich, but I have done my best." Later he found the hen inside the egg.—Plattsburgh Press.

AN ARTIFICIAL SILVER MINE.

How Uncle Sam Checks the Waste of the Coin-Makers in the Mint.

In one corner of the melting room at the New Orleans mint is a large iron tank in which the newly cast silver bars are dropped, hissing, to cool off. At the end of a hard day's work the surface of the water shows a faint rainbow-hued seam, like the metallic luster of stagnant pools, seen near a dye house. It comes in part from microscopic flakes of silver that have sealed off in the cooling. The water, when changed, runs down a pipe that terminates in the bottom of a cistern, which contains a layer of mud a couple of feet deep. As the water seeps up and through, the mud acts as a filter and catches the particles of precious metal, so in time it becomes an artificial silver mine. Once every quarter the stuff is scooped out and passed through a reduction process. The result is a silver brick, worth maybe \$50.

When it comes to money-making, Uncle Sam can beat the world for stinginess. The artificial silver mine in the yard of the old mint premises is only one of his numerous schemes for checking waste. When the casters raise their glowing ladles from the melting pots a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface. They are mostly incandescent particles of carbon, but among them are pin points of silver, almost gaseous. Some fall among the ashes and clinkers beneath the furnaces, and when the fire boxes are raked out at night the contents are scrupulously preserved. Down below, in the basement, is a great revolving crusher that grinds the debris into fine powder, and when enough accumulates it is sold by sample to a Northern smelter and treated like ordinary ore. Nor is this all. Every evening the floor of the melting room is swept far more carefully than ever a lady's parlor and the sweepings are preserved along with the ashes. Once in three months or so the soot is scraped out of all the flues and chimneys and finds its way to the same receptacle. From the ashes, clinkers, sweepings and soot of the New Orleans mint Uncle Sam derives a larger income than the average bank president. The crucibles used in melting are good for about three charges; then they are wheeled down to the basement, crushed, and share the fate of the clinkers. The pores of their earthen sides are full of virgin silver, and the gritty brown powder into which they are ground yields an average of \$200 a ton. A worn crucible is really worth more than a new one.

WISE WORDS.

Slow progress on the mountain side may indicate rapid ascent.

The man who has injured you will be the last to forgive you.

Give to every human being every opportunity you claim for yourself.

Few men are good listeners except to their own foolish, prosy chatter.

Fashion rules the largest empire and collects her tax in gold and blood.

An honest man is one of the few great works that can be seen for nothing.

There is hope for all who are softened and penitent. There is hope for all such.

We live in an age of fact, not fiction; for every effect is assigned some simple and natural cause.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves and by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.

The productiveness of the San Joaquin Valley was probably never better exemplified than when the largest heads of wheat ever known to have been grown were raised on the big ranch of Supervisor Thomas Carmichael, near Salida, Stanislaus County. A mesh which contains seven kernels is very rare, and the average is four, but on one head of this remarkable wheat there are sixteen completely matured kernels. The average number of kernels to a head is thirty-five, but there are 141 on this particular one, which is an inch in diameter. The other heads run from 100 to 132 kernels, and it is estimated that an acre of this grain would harvest about 140 bushels, or sixty sacks. This grain does not run quite as heavy throughout the whole of the 160 acres owned by Mr. Carmichael, but it grew in streaks. The wheat is what is known as the Golden Gate Club variety, and its immense size is attributed to the best of cultivation and seasonal rains, which were received at the most favorable times. — San Francisco Chronicle.

A Great Hen Story.

The meanest man on earth lives in the town of Chazy. He put a large porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen and found that the eggs she afterward laid were increased in size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest, and the aforesaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest and waited results. When he went the next time to search for eggs he found one as big as the football, but no hen in sight. Scouring the egg, he saw engraved on it these words:

"I'm no ostrich, but I have done my best." Later he found the hen inside the egg.—Plattsburgh Press.