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Now a man proposes to walk from Paris to New York by way of Bering Straits. Suppose he does it. What then?

Norway and Sweden are with us, any way, in believing that war does not give a nation authority to steal private property at sea. Some day the other nations will come around to the same view. They don't like to appear to follow a Republic, that is all.

We cultivate, develop and reward inventive genius. The American brain is active in every direction which promises a profit. As a consequence we take the lead in all competition, and are to be found in every market on the planet. This fact commands attention, and forces other nations to go and do likewise as far as circumstances permit.

Now that Japan has secured the fullest rights of a civilized power, it remains to be seen what she will do with them, and especially if, exercising them, she is able to avoid the temptations to war, which mark the danger lines which so many nations have crossed only to lose their nationality forever, and furnish material for another chapter on the downfall of nations.

The British naval manoeuvres this year proved in an abstract way that a squadron cannot go out to meet a convoy of food ships on the Atlantic and bring it into port without the enemy's fleet being sighted. This is well enough so far as it goes. Every reasoning Englishman knows in his heart that the best possible safeguard against starvation in war time is American good will.

Tolerance is often regarded as a virtue. When there has been no liberty of opinion and action, it is a sign of progress if tolerance is accepted as a rule of action. But, after a time, men begin to object to the word "toleration." They say: "I will not tolerate or be tolerated. To tolerate another's opinions is to assume superiority to them." But, on further reflection, thinks the Christian Register, it appears that mutual toleration does not imply superiority on either side, but equality and liberty.

There was a time when bicycles cost \$150 each. Then every manufacturer whose plant was divertible to the manufacture of bicycles made bicycles. Now, after six or seven years of very active bicycle-building, any one can buy a first-rate bicycle anywhere for \$40. What automobiles cost at present is best known to persons affluent enough to purchase and play with those machines, but, reasoning by analogy, they will soon cost very much less, for every factory that can seem to be making them, says Harper's Weekly.

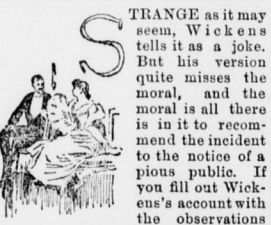
The delegates to the Jobbing Confectioners' Convention at Buffalo, N. Y., have adopted a resolution urging the Government to substitute aluminum for copper as the material of small coins. They say that the copper cents used in the candy trade carry disease. Of course any coin would carry disease if it were not cleaned, but aluminum would be better in many respects than copper. It is lighter, safer, and does not tarnish as easily. Perhaps by experimenting, the Government might find something better yet.

Fads of Authors.
 How novelists write will always be of interest to readers. Each seems to have some favorite place for attacking the muse. Roe wrote "Near to Nature's Heart," Hay "At the Seaside," and Besant "All in a Garden Fair." Verne wrote "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," Dryden "In Sunny Lands," and Auerbach "On the Heights." While Gibbon wrote "For Lack of Gold" and Payne "In Peril and Privation," Black wrote "In Silk Attire" and Haven "Out of Debt, Out of Danger." Horatio Alger wrote "Slow and Sure," Williams "On and Off," and Pike "Every Day." Most curious of all were Bellamy, who wrote "Looking Backward," and Parker, who wrote "Upside Down."—Puck.



Solving the Problem of Life

An Episode in the Career of a Young Man That Probably Has Had Its Counterpart in Other Lives.



STRANGE as it may seem, Wickens tells it as a joke. But his version quite misses the moral, and the moral is all there is in it to recommend the incident to the notice of a pious public. If you fill out Wickens's account with the observations of more disinterested spectators and the broken story which the hero tells, and consider it then, in the mass and sympathetically, remembering your own youth, you will have a story that is not to be laughed at.

It happened in Brooklyn and it began on that evening when Baldwin's landlady and his roommate, Wickens, agreed in consultation that something was amiss with Baldwin. He maintained an irritable silence. He refused food. He slammed the doors. He answered "No" wherever the monosyllable could be made to serve him. Yet these symptoms are common to so many mental maladies that it was impossible to diagnose the case to a prescription. It would be necessary to know that while he sat with Wickens, after supper, in their common room, staring at the flowered paper on the wall, his body rested lazily in the ample embrace of a fat armchair, but his thought was flitting through the eternity of years that are yet to be added to the age of the old gray-beard earth, and the eye of his imagination beheld time's toy, the world, spinning with all futility in the round to which the powers have condemned it everlastingly. He saw himself as an infinitely small life among the myriads that swarm on the round sides of the globe, and that globe as a flying speck of star dust in a million of such notes. He was unhappy, consequently, and resentful.

He plucked a match from his pocket and bit at the soft wood. It reminded him of his pipe. But the cold tip of the amber, striking hard on his teeth after the soft fibre of the match, startled and displeased him. He threw down the briar with a noisy petulance.

Wickens looked over his newspaper. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he said. "You're in a deuce of a stew to-night."

Baldwin answered sullenly. "What do you think?" He was fingering a button on his coat. The smooth bone of it slipped in his perspiring fingers, and he wiped his hands upon his trouser legs.

It was a cool night, and Wickens saw the action with alarm. "What's the use of going on like this?" he protested.

"What's the use? What's the use of anything?" Baldwin burst out. "What's the use of slaving in an office? What'll it all amount to in a thousand years from now?"

"Better ask your parson," Wickens answered with an irreverence skilfully irritating.

Baldwin glared at him. "You think that's clever," he said. "I wish you felt the way I do." He rolled restlessly in his chair. "I don't want to work," he whined. "I don't want to do anything."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what to do for you," Wickens pleaded.

Baldwin turned to the open window. "Let's try a walk downtown," the other added.

He was sulkily silent.

"Come on," Wickens said, putting down his paper. "Your liver's out of order. A walk will do you good. It's a cool night and the moon's out."

He took his chum by the arm. Baldwin shook off the friendly hand with a childish irritability. "All right," he said, "I'm coming," and rose to follow.

As Wickens had remarked, the moon was out. "There," said Baldwin, when he saw it staring down at him, "how many busy fools do you suppose that old skull has leered out?"

"Oh, change the subject," Wickens said. "Everybody has the same trouble at your age. It's like the measles."

"Doesn't help me any."

"Hold up your head," he ordered. "Put your shoulders back and step out. I never had an attack of the blues yet that I couldn't walk away from."

They tramped noisily down the street. The brisk exertion pumped the blood through Baldwin's veins. By the time he had walked two blocks in silence the cheerful movement had begun to drive his bad mood from him and he groped stubbornly about in his mind to hold it.

waving his hand to the row of lighted shops. "Slaving and sleeping as if they knew what for! Where are the people that kept shop in old Rome?"

"Dead, most likely."

"Yes, and what did they live for?"

"For the fun there was in it, I guess."

"Clever, you are." Baldwin was chinking with a speechless contempt.

Wickens saw the quarrel to which they were drifting. "Well," he said, "you may finish this walk alone," and stopped before a book shop window to look over the array of volumes.

Baldwin stalked down the street, nursing his mood. Wickens was a fool at any rate—always had been. All men were idiots, or they would not go gabbling around in this slaughterhouse as if the butcher were not waiting for them with the inevitable knife. He, Charles McTaggart Baldwin, was going to be a sheep no longer. He was going to—do something or other. It did not matter what.

He turned down a side street and attempted a short cut across the roadway. He heard a feeble shriek behind him. Something struck him stiffly in the side. An arm clutched about his neck and before he could put out his hand the asphalt pavement reached up and struck him a sledge-hammer blow on the forehead. There was an explosion in his brain like the sudden flame of a flashlight. Then all the instinct of the animal roused him to self-preservation. Drawing his legs up under him, he arched his back, slipped the enemy's hold over his head and crooked his arm up to ward off a possible blow. The foe lay limp on the road beside him. He had been run down by a young lady on a bicycle.

"Oh," he said, recovering himself at once.

"I beg your pardon." He had sprung to his feet. "Are you hurt?" and was trying to disentangle her from the machine.

She drew her feet up helplessly into her skirts. He was plucking those, with hurried clumsiness, from the teeth of the gearing. "I didn't see you coming," he apologized as he raised her. "I hope you're not hurt."

She pressed her hand, panting, against her side. "No," she gasped, "only frightened."

But when he released her she tottered as if to fall, and he was compelled to retain his hold upon her arm, embarrassed and speechless.

"It was so stupid of me," she faltered, limping to the curbstone. "I thought I could get by you, Mr. Baldwin."

He peered down at her in the darkness. "Why," he smiled, "I didn't know you."

She laughed somewhat hysterically. "I saw you coming through the light. I thought I could get past." She was choking for breath. "I'm afraid I hurt my foot."

She freed herself from his arm. Baldwin returned to midroad for the bicycle and his hat. When he came back he found her sitting on the curb.

"You are hurt," he said anxiously.

"My ankle," she replied. "I have sprained it, I think."

He hesitated a moment. "Take my arm," he said, "and try if you can walk."

By leaning heavily on him she succeeded in limping along. He wheeled the bicycle with his other hand, still a bit embarrassed. But she laughed and chattered. It had been so stupid of her! It was a wonder she hadn't killed him. What had he thought it was that struck him?

He confessed that he had not had time to think. But the arm about his neck had come as if some one had leaped upon his back. "I'm afraid," he said, "I took you for a footpad."

The remembrance of it stirred her to nervous merriment. Her laugh was not unpleasant. She choked prettily at his whimsical description of his preparations for defence, and that description became so convulsively amusing for a moment that they stood together on a corner shaking with laughter. They went on more soberly when the fit had passed, but the barriers were down between them and conversation was as easy as that of old friends.

The distance from the scene of the collision to her home was not great. Baldwin rang the door bell and assisted in allaying the anxiety of the family. They laughed at last, at a joint description of the accident as given by the heroine and the hero of it.

When she had been assisted to her room by a younger sister, Baldwin remained to exchange small talk and drink cool drinks below stairs. Before he left he had been brushed clean of the roadway dust by "brother Tom," thanked by her mother for his kindness to a daughter of the house and invited by the smiling family to call again.

Accordingly he did that, on the evening following, to see how the sprained ankle was progressing. The young woman herself received him. He found her very pale and pretty, amiable and altogether interesting. He had called, on an average, three times since in every week, and he has bought a bicycle.

During the first stages of their friendship he worked diligently for an increase in his salary to allow of the purchase of more theatre tickets. Lately he has had dreams of a honeymoon, and is kept worried in his leisure moments by impatient calculation of the time which must elapse before his salary will suffice for two. But he is not troubling himself for an answer to the Sphinx's riddle of existence. Neither is he concerned for a solution of any of the greater problems of this life. The powers have reconciled him to the prison bars with the old device.—New York Sun.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Make Them Crisp and Fresh.
 Unless vegetables are taken direct from the garden, they are always improved by freshening in clear cold water. This is especially true with cabbage, cauliflower, lettuce, beets, asparagus, brussels sprouts, cucumbers and pie plant. If new potatoes are soaked thus, the work of scraping them is made much easier and the potatoes themselves will be found mealer. Onions should always be soaked, and if they are to be used in a salad, press in cold water in order to remove the acrid part of the vegetable.

Lamps For the Dinner Table.
 While candle-light continues to be very popular upon fashionable dinner-tables, some hostesses feel more security in the use of a candelabrum that is fitted with tiny lamps, if this paradoxical statement can be accepted. Some handsome ones seen were of glass—the standard and branches—the branches fitted with little bowls to hold the oil. A special colorless oil is sold for use with these lamps, and small burners and chimneys accompany them. The lamps are provided with silk, gauze, or jeweled shades, and in effect are like the candelabra, while the danger of a blazing shade—as sometimes happens with candles—in the middle of the dinner, is obviated.

Fragrant Sachets For the Wardrobes.
 The latest idea to put moths to flight and rout them entirely from closets and wardrobes is by the use of fragrant sachets, which will give the clothing a faint but delicious perfume, and as the ingredients used for this recipe are detested by the moths just as infinitely as they are enjoyed by human beings, the mixture is well worth preparing. Take one ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, caraway seed, rice and tonquin beans, pound to powder and mix them with six ounces oforris root, which must also be in powder. These ingredients may be obtained ready crushed at a druggist's. The best bag in which they can be inclosed is one of non-over-fire muslin, and the miller's sack design, with the opening tied around with a ribbon.

Electric Novelties For the House.
 Electricity for heating is now introduced in many houses, and the kitchen outfit is almost complete. One can cook without heat, dust or smoke in the new electric kitchen. There are electrical tea-kettles, stew-pans, coffee-pots, irons and toasters. They are easily manipulated where electricity enters the house. By attaching a wire to the knob on the small implement heat is quickly communicated to it. Very little heat is given to the surrounding air by the fluid, and one can cook in a small kitchen with a large electrical range without experiencing any appreciable discomfort from the temperature. For hot weather use the electrical outfit is un surpassed, and is bound to come into general use as electricity becomes more popular as an economic household agent. The small electrical cooking utensils cost from \$5 to \$50 apiece, but a complete electrical kitchen outfit can be obtained at from \$100 to \$200.

Cleaning Wall Paper.
 It is not always desirable or possible to repaper a room where the wall paper has been soiled in a few places. To be able to clean such paper without injuring the gloss and general effect would be a great relief to many a housewife. This can be accomplished without much difficulty. The method of procedure is to take four ounces of pumice-stone in the fine powdered form and mix it with one quart of flour. When the two have been mixed knead the mass into a thick dough. Form the mass into several rolls about as long as the width of each strip of wall paper, and two inches in diameter. Wrap some white cotton cloth around each roll, and stitch it in place, and then boil about three quarters of an hour. By that time the dough-rolls are firm, and the cloth covering can be removed. These rolls of hardened flour and pumice-stone are then used for rubbing over the soiled portions of the paper. Not only will ordinary dirt-spots be removed, but grease will be absorbed by the rolls. After the rubbing the paper should be dusted off carefully with a clean cloth, and if any dirt remains the process should be repeated. This removes dirt much better than the bread process.—The New Voice.

Recipes.
 Pear Fritters—Take some good cooking pears, cut them into slices lengthwise, cover with sugar, dip into batter and fry to a delicate brown. Take them out, dust over with sugar and serve with sweet sauce.

Parsley Butter—Beat three tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; add one-half a tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one-half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper.

Sweetbread Patties—Soak sweetbreads in cold water, remove pipes and membranes, and cook in boiling salted water with one tablespoon lemon juice twenty minutes, then plunge into cold water to harden. When very cold, break into small pieces, heat them in a rich cream sauce, and serve in puff paste shells or in biscuit boxes.

Drop Cake—Cream one-fourth of a cup of butter, add one and one-fourth cups of powdered sugar and the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Add one and three-fourths cups of flour alternating with one-half cupful of milk. Then add the beaten whites of the eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla and four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Turn this into a cake pan (buttered) and bake thirty-five minutes.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

The Painter's Fall.

James Brown and Harry Lee were the closest of friends. These young men were painters by trade and unmarried. James Brown, however, was the only support of his invalid mother, the fact being well known to Harry. Only a few evenings before the opportunity for showing his loyalty to this friendship came to him, Harry had spent several restful hours in the home of his friend, and had marked the devotion of mother to son and of son to mother, and the impression made on him of what he saw had rested deeply on his mind, lone man as he was in the world, and served to intensify his affection for his friend.

They were engaged working together these days in doing some work of decoration upon one of the high buildings of New York City, and for some reason Harry had occasion to descend to the ground, and then noticed for the first time how insecure was James's position. While calling James's attention to this, he was horrified to see him slip from his footing.

As quickly as thought can work (and what device of man can measure that?) Harry thought of the invalid mother, and, knowing the surely fatal consequences of this fall from the fifth story unless the fall could be broken before reaching the pavement, stepped in an instant directly under the spot where James would drop, and braced himself to meet the terrible weight of James's falling body, not expecting to save his own life nor counting it dear.

He succeeded almost miraculously in his purpose of rescue. When these men were brought into the Flower Hospital in New York, it was discovered that Harry had not received fatal injury, and James, for whom he had risked his life, was suffering chiefly from the breaking of both his wrists and the bones of one ankle.

Harry, who was the first of the two men to be well enough to report for duty, found pleasure in caring for the invalid mother of his friend as though he were her son. The doctors of the hospital, who alone were aware of the true facts of the rescue, report an expression of gratitude upon the face of James, on the occasion of every visit of Harry to him in the hospital during his long convalescence—the look was more than human eyes are accustomed to see or heart reveal.—New Voice.

Redeeming Himself.

Men who are ignorant of fear are rare. The bravest are those who, knowing the danger, do not flinch when duty calls. The following act of heroism is told in the Century Magazine. August Sieg, the engineer in question, employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad, met death by fire to save the passengers behind him.

The train, composed of ten crowded passenger coaches, had just left Jersey City and was passing through the "Bergen Cut," when smoke suddenly blew in through the open door of the smoking-car, and a moment afterward the engineer and fireman scrambled in over the tender.

The smoke cleared for an instant, and showed a roaring fire in the open furnace and flames streaming back from the cab. A sudden burst of flame from the furnace had set the cab on fire and forced the engineer and the fireman to beat a retreat.

But in deserting the cab without first doing something to check the speed of the train, they had imperiled the lives of all the passengers; for the flames were spreading back so fiercely that it was only a question of time when the whole train would be on fire. To leap from it would mean death or maiming, for it was rushing along at full speed.

steepness of the ascent. It was a terrible disappointment to find that the elephant could climb a hill as quickly as he could, good runner as he was.

He would have been overtaken if he had not thought of a really ingenious expedient. He knew that elephants never run, or even walk, down a steep incline, but always crouch, gather their feet together, lean well back and slide down. Just as the ferocious animal had got within a few yards of him, therefore, the wily hunter suddenly doubled and ran down the hill again!

Quick as a flash the elephant turned, gathered itself together, and trumpeting with baffled rage, slid down after its victim. The hunter had just time to spring out of the way as the great beast came tobogganing after him, smashing trees and shrubs, and carrying everything before it like an avalanche.

Then once more the hunter dashed to the top of the hill, while the elephant, unable to stop itself, went careering down to the very foot, where, apparently understanding that it had been outwitted, and feeling sore and disappointed, it rose to its full height and walked wearily back to its native woods.

Girl Chokes a Lynx to Death.

George J. Manassa, of Kansas City, who has been spending the past two months at Kingman, Arizona, tells an interesting story of a case of heroism in a young girl that came under his observation. He said that one day while there a ranchman, J. A. Carrow, brought into town for medical treatment his son Murray, six years old, and his daughter, seventeen years old. The girl's arm was frightfully lacerated by the teeth and claws of some animal, and the same rough usage showed upon the boy's wounds upon the arm, hands and the breast and shoulders. Upon inquiry he learned that Mr. Carrow was a wealthy ranch owner living about twenty-five miles north of the place, and that the two children had been lacerated by a lynx that had attacked the boy, and had been strangled to death by the girl.

"The boy," Mr. Manassa said, "was playing in a swing in an almond orchard near the house, when a ferocious lynx sprang upon him and pulled him to the ground. A life and death struggle then took place between the little fellow and the animal. Taking the lynx by the ear and one leg, he succeeded in throwing it to the ground and holding it there, screaming for help. The lynx was biting his hand in a horrible manner, but with Spartan courage he held on until his sister came. The animal had gotten the better of the boy, when the girl, with only her naked hands as weapons, gave battle.

"She struggled with the infuriated brute, and although he clawed and bit her, she never released her hold until she had it pinioned to the ground by her knee and a death grip on its throat. She never released her hold until the brute was dead; she choked it to death. Then she did not faint or go into hysterics, but she bound up the wounds of her brother and then, taking him up in her arms, carried him into the house. Their clothes were almost entirely torn from the two children, and, after their battle, they were covered with blood that flowed from their wounds. The animal was the largest that had ever been seen in the country, and its pelt will be preserved as an interesting trophy by the Carrow family. The girl was greatly praised for her valiant conduct, and one of the newspapers of the town, in writing of her heroism, said: 'She should receive the Government medal for bravery, for no braver act than this is recorded.'"

Got the Tiger by the Tongue.

A regular hunting tragedy took place at Myangmya, India, a few days ago. A farmer of the neighborhood was visited by a huge tiger which killed one of his cattle and ate part of it. Two Christian Karens of the place, Shan Gyi and his brother-in-law, Kyaw Ya, both known as intrepid huntsmen, set out for the spot where the partly eaten calf was still lying, armed with no other weapon than an old gun. They erected a small platform on the top of which they awaited the animal. Soon after the tiger made his appearance, and, not seeing the hunters, was about to partake of a hearty dinner when Shan Gyi fired and bowled him over. The brute, however, got up again and retreated slowly. The two hunters followed quickly, and when near Shan Gyi pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire. He quickly put in another cartridge, but before he had time to fire the beast was upon him and knocked him down. Kyaw Ya, though unarmed, sprang upon the animal, which turned upon him and mangled him. Kyaw Ya managed to seize the animal by the tongue and held on firmly. Shan Gyi, thus released, although severely wounded in several places, tried to cut the tiger's throat with a small knife he had, but failed.

He then clubbed the animal with his gun, but the weapon was soon smashed. It is impossible to say how the contest would have ended had not some men who had heard the report of the gun come on the scene and despatched the tiger. The two brave hunters were then taken to the Myangmya Hospital, where they now are in a rather bad state. Their lives, however, are not despaired of.

Tobogganing With an Elephant.

An English sportsman, "out after elephants," had wounded a magnificent specimen. Unfortunately for him, the wound was slight, and the animal, greatly infuriated, turned and charged him.

APT ALLITERATION'S AID.

The poets of all time have been prone to invoke "apt alliteration's artful aid," but it has remained for a Virginia editor to employ it for the more prosaic purposes of newspaper work, says the Rochester Post-Express. The Orange Observer is "editorially energized" by Robert Newton Robinson, who is nothing if not original in the make up of his sheet. Its local column has the alluring headline "Jotting of June Time," and its personal department is headed "People Get in Print." As the Orange Observer is a county paper much of its space is devoted to the happenings that are of particular interest to its home readers. These items are displayed in an original manner. Under the general head of "Coincidences in the County," appear "Rhoadesville Rumination," "Gordonsville Gleanings," "Bulletins from Barboursville," and "Unionville Utterances." The very fact that James Jones has painted the new extension to his cow shed, and that Silas Smith is making preparations for haying is made more interesting, even poetic, by the subtle assistance of the alliterative method.

The versatile Virginia vendor of news carries his system still further. He has made it an art. He prints a list of letters remaining uncalled for at the postoffice as "Languishing Letters," which is certainly poetic, if not strictly correct. In the Observer dead persons are consigned to "Realms of Rest," and marriage announcements are felicitously referred to as "Hearts Forever Happy." In this way all the news is served, from "Virginia's Varieties" to "Echoes From Exchanges." So far Robert Newton Robinson has been successful in getting out of the stereotyped expressions of country journalism.

WISE WORDS.
 Act to-day and rest to-morrow.
 Life lies deeper than its leaves.
 Don't talk of future doing, but do, now!
 Mud-slingers usually scrape it off themselves.
 The upright character needs downright sense.
 Enthusiasm is the fountain of perpetual youth.
 It is not history alone that has room for the heroic.
 The room for improvement is usually a spacious one.
 It is only borrowed wings that make high flight dangerous.
 The men who make the world are the men who are not on the make.
 The winds of temptation may be used to settle your roots more firmly.
 The rainbow of promise is born of the rays of love on the rain of sorrow.
 If you are certain that you are uncertain, how great is your uncertainty.
 Adversity is the grindstone on which we lose enough to put an edge of usefulness on our lives.—Ran's Horn.

Blamed the Telegraph Operator.
 The night editor was worried anyway, and when he got the "query" from one of his correspondents he didn't have time to puzzle it out for himself. The query was as follows: Guest poisoned Pt. O'Maine? How much? JONES.

"Where's Port of Maine?" the night editor shouted over to the telegraph editor.

"Never heard of it," was the reply. "Then where's Point of Maine?" snapped the night editor.

"Never heard of that, either," answered the telegraph editor.

"Then what does this query mean?" growled the night editor as he carried it over to the telegraph desk.

Everybody puzzled over it, including some of the reporters, who always want to know everything that is going on in the office. They all gave it up. Then up walked the office boy—the fresh one. He gave it one look and the query was translated.

"Wot's der matter wit' youse?" he asked in his superiority. "Dat dere query says 'Guest poisoned, ptomaine.' Dat should be a little 'p,' dat's all dat's wrong."

"Confound that telegraph operator," said the night editor as he walked to his desk, and business was resumed.—New York Sun.

Quite Surprising.

The sight of a row of foetops has closed the mouths of many sufferers, even after they had seated themselves in the dentist's chair. Dental surgeons anticipate this, and the following amusing instance of how an obstinate Irishman was made to show his teeth may not be amiss.

"Pat came to the dentist's with his jaw very much swollen from a tooth he desired to have pulled. But when the suffering son of Erin got into the dentist's chair and saw the gleaming pair of forceps approaching his face, he positively refused to open his mouth.

The dentist quietly told his page-boy to prick his patient with a pin, and when Pat opened to yell, the dentist seized the tooth, and out it came. "It didn't hurt as much as you expected it would, did it?" the dentist asked, smiling.

"Well, no," replied Pat, hesitatingly, as if doubting the truthfulness of admission. "But," he added, placing his hand on the spot where the boy pricked him with the pin, "begorra, little did I think the roots would reach down like that."—Tit-Bits.

At Munich there is an hospital which is entirely supported by the sale of old steel pens and nibs collected from all parts of Germany. They are made into watch springs, knives and razors.