

Freeland Tribune

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Naturally, the Bicycle Trust will be the model of 1899.

It is argued that the trolley tends to repress crime by distributing the population of cities over a larger area.

The rapid destruction of the spruce forests of the Eastern States may be realized when it is understood that one daily paper used the growth on twenty-two acres in two days.

A class for the instruction of hospital-corp men in preparing food for the sick has been organized at the Washington Arsenal.

The Australians have set up responsible parliamentary government on the British plan, and have limited it by a second elective house and a supreme court on the American plan.

The average man has no ambition to make a stir in the world, but is content with food and raiment, philosophizes the Observer.

Decidedly interesting possibilities are opened up by the happy thought which somebody in the Department of Agriculture has had of turning the cinematograph machine from rapidly moving objects to those so nearly motionless as a growing oak.

The people of Japan have shown such adaptability to European ideas that particular interest attaches to the conclusion of a writer in the 'Transactions' of the Japan Society that the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Japan built the sepulchral chambers called dolmens in that country.

FIRE-FLIES.

When the clover folds its leaves, Shows its silver lining, When the night-wind softly grooves, And the stars are shining;

When the primrose is alight, Like the stars above it, And on heavy wings of white Flits the moth that loves it;

Where the spider's thread is spun Down among the grasses; Where the dewdrops sparkling run As the light breeze passes;

When the red rose opens wide In the sunny morning, And the bobolink with pride Sleeps, and the night is soaring;

When the red rose opens wide In the sunny morning, And the bobolink with pride Sleeps, and the night is soaring;

I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal.

"No, no." "Then what is it?" "Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with this business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference." "You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better, infinitely better. O, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-bye, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Mr. Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald, and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?" Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies in the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page. "Quart into a pint pot, Plugged up with ads., and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse." "Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took the paper slip and sank down in a chair. "Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in—What with my unfortunate enthusiasm and my wretched memory I shall get myself into trouble. Listen: I met this girl two or three times a year ago; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked myself up about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad." "Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page. "Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea-Cup, a journal conducted by ladies for ladies. "One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearl-ettes—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of—?"

It was not without reason that the Greeks called a beautiful woman "cow-eyed"; but though many a famous Jersey cow has borne a Greek name, Hellas never saw cows comparing in beauty with the modern Jersey—so fine and trim in shape and so daintily in color and shading, or with eyes so large and liquid. For many years it was disputed whether the breed were not a cross between the cow and deer. The Jersey as much surpasses her ancient progenitors in the richness and abundance of her milk and cream as in beauty. At the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, the Jersey, putting aside all question of beauty, challenged all other breeds for quantity and quality of the butter, and was a triumphant winner over all competitors.

For some years there has been a reaction from the extravagant prices which prevailed in the eighties for Jerseys, says Harper's Bazar. During the height of that craze, it is said that \$20,000 was paid for the bull Prince of Pogs, and that famous cows brought from \$6,000 to \$10,000. Pedro, sire of the great bull Pedro Royal Marjoram, won first prize at the World's Fair in 1893, and originally cost his owner \$10,000. Pedro's dam was Eutrotas, by many considered the greatest of Jersey cows. She produced 778 pounds and one ounce of butter in one year. Pedro Royal Marjoram was himself a winner at the World's Fair, but his chief distinction has been in the extraordinary uniformity and extraordinary merit of his daughters.

Mary Alden had lived all her fifteen years in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at G., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switch-yards, her life was filled with terror.

On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars was being disconnected and distributed. To her horror, she heard a man at one end shout to another, "Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head end down here."

PRESIDENTIAL TRAVELS.

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS WHEN A CHIEF EXECUTIVE TRAVELS. Lincoln the Only President Who Had a Private Car—Proposed Special Train for Presidents—The Matter of Paying Fare—Arranging Time Table.

It is only in recent years that presidential journeying has been made so spectacular. The early presidents could travel about without being mobbed. Jackson and Taylor walked the streets of Washington and stopped to chat with a friend like any other citizen, and when they traveled no one thought of standing and gazing at them or of forcing himself upon them for a handshake.

There was only one president who had a private car. That was Lincoln, the man of all others who was simple in his tastes. It was not a very fine affair. Today it would not be used for second-class traffic. All other presidents have traveled in private cars offered for their use by railroad companies or sleeping-car companies.

Just after the election of President McKinley some railroad men got together and planned a special car for the president, which was to be finer than Queen Victoria's. It was to be built throughout of native products, and the blending of native woods in its decoration was to suggest every part of the country.

More bold or less forgetful of the lessons God taught them first, disdain the rule—the hard— And wildly beautiful, rebellious rise, How the hard world, half started from itself,

What shall we drink? Not coffee, says the modern writer on health, for it works on the nerves and aids neuralgia to hold its fearful carnival of pain through all the overwrought system.

Remove the rinds from a dozen oranges, slice and remove the seeds; cover with water and boil fifteen minutes, or until tender; strain through a flannel bag, and add a cup of sugar; return to the kettle and boil until the sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly; seal boiling hot and stand the jar on its head until cool.

Lemons are prepared in the same way, except that more water may be added, and two cups of sugar to the pint will not be too much.

Strawberries, raspberries, plums and blackberries follow in their season, and should be pressed into service for this purpose. Berries need but little boiling, if stirred well, and a cup of sugar to two quarts of juice will be ample.

Crabapples and sourapples of every kind make a very pleasant and healthful drink. These must be prepared with care, well washed, the stems, blossom ends and all specks and blemishes removed, and allowed to boil until all flavor is extracted from them.

These fruit juices can later be made into jellies or used to color gelatins, if this is desired, and, used as effervescent drinks, they are far superior to the "spruce fruit" juices of commerce.

It cost Professor Dewar \$3000 to produce his first ounce of liquid air.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS. How Pompey Telegraphed—The Boys of Today—Kindergarten Knowledge—Carrying Out Instructions—A Smart Boy.

Little Children. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," And yet we check and chide The airy angels as they float about us, With rules of so-called wisdom, till they grow

The boys of today are the coming men of America. In a few years they must take up the thread where we leave off, and out of this number the leading men of America must be recruited—presidents of the United States, legislators, professional men, artists.

Kindergarten Knowledge. A settlement kindergarten teacher was trying to inspire her small charges with patriotism.

"I know who made this country," said a little one, her eyes bright with the excitement of suppressed information.

"Who?" "George Washington." "Another hand shot into the air. The little girl was told to speak.

"He was a king," she said. "No; we don't have kings in this country. They have kings in other countries, but in the United States we call our biggest man something else. Does any one know what George Washington was?"

There was silence and the little faces were all wrinkled in thought. Then the little girl that had volunteered the information that Washington was a king, and whose father was a gambler, said decidedly:

"Well, if he wasn't a king he was a jack."

The talk drifted to the recent war with Spain. Here, too, voluntary information of rather startling nature was not lacking.

"I know who owns the war," declared a 5-year-old boy, after he had been given permission to speak.

"Who?" he was asked. "Dewey," came the reply. A protesting hand went up and waved entreatingly.

"Don't you think that's right?" "No; Dewey don't own it all," she said, almost indignantly. "I guess Sampson owns half of it."

"Well, Dewey's the biggest man in the world, all the same," declared the little boy, looking at the girl with defiance. "They ain't nobody any bigger'n Dewey."

The girl was silenced for a minute, but not beaten. "I don't care if Dewey is the biggest man in the world. I know who the next biggest is. Mr. Murphy, he's the next biggest."

Mr. Murphy is the policeman on the beat.

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