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Society seems to have settled upon the automobile run to succeed the bicycle run, but the same old-fashioned walk follows when the vehicles break down.

Zola says what impressed him most in London was the number of hairpins on the sidewalks. London has adopted a measure of some sort to compel the women to throw away their concealed weapons.

An English doctor announces that most men who are afflicted with appendicitis would have escaped it if they had not acquired the habit of crossing their legs. Now we may swallow our grape seeds again.

While the departments of La Paz and Oruro now enjoy steam communication with the outside world, the remainder of Bolivia is as isolated as it was in the time of the Incas, her vast natural wealth is inaccessible and the great wealth of her products cannot be exported profitably.

It seems almost to be taken for granted by the majority of men that money is of more value than anything else, writes the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon in the Ladies' Home Journal. Character, reputation, absolute fidelity to even the finest shades of distinction between honor and dishonor—the almighty dollar seems sometimes to weigh all these down and sit throned on a man's eternal soul.

In the women's golf championship games in Philadelphia we are told that Mrs. Fox scuffed her brassy second, the ball rolling down the hill to a bad lie. And then we are informed that her opponent "approached dead on the like, but miserable putting by Miss Hoyt resulted in a halved hole 7 to 7. They drove well from the fifteenth tee and were on the edge of the green on their thirds. Miss Hoyt was stymied on her putt, and Mrs. Fox won the hole, making the latter dormie 3. And yet there are persons in this country who strenuously object to the dialect story, but who countenance the ever-growing popularity of golf.

It is not often the government enters into competition with the comic papers, but the Daily Bulletin of the postoffice department at Washington is full of humor. The Bulletin announced the creation of a postoffice in the Indian Territory named Story, "Special from Beefsteak." The readers of the Bulletin were somewhat stunned by this announcement, but the next day's Bulletin made it all right, explaining that Story is really special from Beef Creek, and that the United States government never really fell so low as to name one of its post-offices after a beefsteak. Next the Bulletin announced that Uncle Sam had decided to name a Kentucky post-office Nerinx, and that the initial postmistress of Nerinx bears the imposing name of Sister Mary Rosina Green. He has also established a postoffice in Mississippi, named Okra, of which the postmaster is Drunken L. Little. Uncle Sam seems to revel in postmasters with queer names, for he has appointed in one batch Eva Whitecotton, Eelke Poortinga, and Knud Alfstad, besides Sister Mary and Mr. Little. Finally the Bulletin announced as an appropriate climax that a new postoffice in West Virginia is named Pad, and that it is appropriately a "Special from Looneyville."

The national government has just decided to go into the menagerie business on a scale which will make the ordinary collection of animals look lonesome by comparison. The new menagerie will occupy 166 acres of land northwest of Washington. Circulars have been prepared and sent out to the consular representatives of the government all over the world, instructing them to purchase and forward to Washington animals of as many different species, indigenous to the countries in which they are located, as possible. It is expected that Africa will contribute the most specimens, among them the gorilla, giraffe, and chimpanzee. The national "zoo" will be maintained in connection with the Smithsonian institution.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

"Tis a far, far cry from the Minute Men
And times of the buff and blue
To the days of the withering Jorgensen,
The hands that hold it true,
'Tis a far, far cry from Lexington
To the isles of the China Sea,
But ever the same the man and gun—
Ever the same are we.

For the blood of the sires at Bunker Hill,
Through countless fierce campaigns,
Is as red and eager in peril still
In the depths of the children's veins,
And the heart and the eye support the hand
No matter what odds there be—
Ever the same, thy sons, O land,
Ever the same are we.

Not a Valley Forge, nor a Wilderness,
Nor a bit of a Cuban sleep,
Can take one jot from our fearlessness,
Who daily thy honor keep.
We carry the flag through varying scenes—
From the sign of the old pine tree
To the Stars and Stripes of the Philip-
pines—
Ever the same are we.

And the lad with the fresh, unshaded
mouth
Fights as his fathers fought,
And the man from the North and the man
from the South
Do as their fathers wrought,
And whether from city or town we come
We answer the call with glee—
We march, uprising at the beat of the
drum—
Ever the same are we,
—Edwin L. Sabin, in Munsey's Magazine.

Thrilling War Stories.

A Tale of the Santiago Campaign, Written
Exclusively for This Paper by
OSCAR HATCH HAWLEY,
Late Corporal 24th Infantry, U. S. A.

"HAYFOOT HARRY."

THE boys will tell you that of all un-
gainly awkward
"rookies" he was
by far the worst
that ever applied
for service in the
Ninth. Yet he
could not be
turned down, for
in the first place
he was able to
pass the required physical and men-
tal examination, and in the second
place Uncle Sam had sent out orders
to recruit every available candidate,
and any one was considered available
who had one lung and could see out
of one eye.

Thus did "Hayfoot" Harry become
a member of the Ninth shortly after
war had been declared.

Of course he was not "Hayfoot"
Harry when he entered the service.
That beautiful and euphonious sobriquet
only came with time—a very
short time, in fact. He was sent to
the awkward squad immediately on
his enlistment and there he remained
until the Captain lost his religion, the
First Sergeant threatened suicide and
the ranking Corporal became a raving
lunatic.

And all this because he did not
know which was his left foot and
seemed unable to learn. The more
he was coached on it the worse he be-
came, until at last the drill sergeant
in desperation and despair cried out:
"Say, you, you club-footed Shang-
hai, if you lead right foot again I'll
hayfoot you. Do you hear?"
And promptly on the next order of
"Forward, march!" Harry led off
with his right and was duly hayfooted.
That operation consists in shoving a
good-sized wisp of hay down the out-
side of the left legging. It shows
which foot is to start first on the
march. As long as it was there Harry
got along fairly well, and he was
never without it until the regiment
was packed on transports and started
for Cuba. Then the hay was re-
moved; not so the name; that stuck
to him forever and he is known by it
to-day.

But Harry was not stupid—not by
any means. In the manual of arms he
was as proficient as the oldest man of
his company. And he was a crack
shot, too. Up to 1200 or 1500 yards
he could make as good a score as the
best sharpshooter. Like all men he
had his virtues and vices, about an
equal quantity of each. But he was
a genial, generous, whole-souled
and well liked by all. In Cuba he
showed the stuff he was made of.
"Holy cat!" he exclaimed when the
regiment landed in a hot fire from the
Spaniards. "Holy cat, this is something
like it. This is the real thing. I
shouldn't be surprised if we saw
fightin' down here. Maybe we'll get
all that comin' to us."
Which, as after events proved,
showed that he had the true spirit of
prophecy.

Shortly after the landing Harry was
detailed to the pioneer squad. This
is a body of men selected from the
different regiments to precede the
army and build bridges, roads and
fords. It is headed by an officer with
three or four non-commissioned offi-
cers who take charge of detachments,
working on half a dozen different
jobs at the same time, the whole pro-
ceeding in regular order and never
getting very far from one another.

One morning the detachment in
which Harry was working was de-
tailed to construct a ford over a
stream. It was at a bend of the river,
hemmed in on all sides by dense jun-
gle. As the work was proceeding
rapidly every one thought to have the
job finished by noon, when suddenly
a hissing of bullets filled the air and
two men fell, mortally wounded. In-
stantly axes and shovels were dropped
and the squad made a rush for the
road. They were going it helter-
skelter, the Sergeant in the lead,
when they were arrested by a sharp
command:

"Halt!"
Every man stopped and turned.
Harry had given the order and when
they realized it was about to proceed
again when he called out:

"Hay, youse, where you goin'?"
"Just watch our smoke an' you'll
see," replied the Sergeant.
"You ain't runnin' away from the
Greasers, are you?" returned Harry.
"Not a bit of it, but they need us
just now up at headquarters and we
better get there mighty lively, too.
Come on, boys."
"No," yelled Harry authoritatively,
"come on with me. We'll turn in
and give 'em a rassel."
"I command you to follow me,
men," said the Sergeant hotly.
"Take your old command an' go on
home with it."
Harry plunged into the woods and
was immediately followed by every
man of the detachment.

"I'll have you all court-martialed
and shot for disobedience," yelled the
Sergeant as a parting shot.
But that had not a particle of effect
on the men who were now dominated
by Harry's personality. When they
were out of sight in the woods Harry
halted the squad and said:

"Boys, I have an idea they's quite
a bunch of Spaniards layin' around
somewhere. They's about thirty of
us here an' I guess we're good for a
hundred or two of 'em if we should
happen to meet 'em."
"Right you are," came the answer
in chorus.
"Now, then, not too much racket.
It's up to us to go in an' clean out
these fellers if we can find 'em, oth-
erwise the Sergeant'll have us all up be-
fore the old man in the morning. Fol-
low me an' I think we'll git 'em."
Without more ado Harry started off
and the rest followed single file, walk-
ing as silently as possible. They
made a long detour and at last came
out on the river again about half a
mile from where they had been work-
ing. At this spot were half a dozen
immense mango trees, whose towering
tops reached far above the surround-
ing shrubbery.

"Now, boys, I think we better git
into one of these trees an' see if we
can spot the enemy. If we do find
'em this will be a dandy place to do
business in, for the trees tops are too
thick to see into an' we can see out of
'em first-rate."

That seemed a fine plan, and a
moment later the squad was into the
largest tree and safely hidden from
sight.
"Holy cat!" exclaimed Harry when
he had reached a spot from which to
take observations. "Holy cat, but
this must a been pretty near where
the Greasers fired from. There's the
place we were workin', and the whole
layout can be seen from here. An'
I'll bet it can't be seen from any
other place around the country. Holy
cat!"

This last exclamation was caused by
the sharp report of a rifle and the
bullet which tore through the tree
taking off the heel of his shoe.
The first shot was followed by a
volley. It came from another man-
grove about twenty yards away. It was
now plainly evident where the
Spaniards were. The bullets were
whistling about the men's ears by
scores and hundreds. Without wait-
ing for orders they shielded them-
selves as best they could behind the
largest limbs of the tree and returned
the fire.

"Strap yourselves up with your
canteen straps so you won't fall when
shot," yelled Harry from the top of
the tree. But already three men had
fallen. The rest, however, followed
the advice immediately and the battle
went on.
Crash, crash.
First from one tree and then from
another came the volleys.
From the number of the enemy
who went tumbling down it was
easily seen that the American fire
was destructive. But that of the Spaniards
was hot, also, as several lifeless forms,
hanging limp in their canteen straps,
showed.

"Holy cat, boys, this is gittin' too
hot," yelled Harry as a Mauser bullet
tore off one of his fingers. "Let's
shin down the tree an' tackle 'em from
the ground up."
No sooner said than done. In less
than a minute what remained of the
American squad was charging across
the open space between the two trees,
yelling like mad and shooting as they
ran. Once under the tree they poured
a hot fire into the top. It was deadly
and soon had the desired effect. The
Spaniards ceased firing and one of their
number whipped out a dirty blood-
stained handkerchief and waved it
frantically in the air.
"Do you want to quit?" called
Harry up the tree after he had given
the order to cease firing.
"Si, senor," came the answer.
"Yes, I see, all right," said Harry,
"but that's not your fault. You'd
a had me dead if you could."
"Si, senor."
"Same to you. Well, climb down
an' be quick about it, too."
The Spaniards did not understand
his words, but they did his actions.
Down they came and lined up in a row
before him. There were just twenty
of them. Thirty more lay under the
tree either dead or wounded.

"That reminds me. Guess I better
see how we came out," said Harry
after counting his prisoners.
Going over to the other mango tree
he found ten men dead and six wound-
ed, all but three still strapped in the
tree. With first aid bandages he
bound the wounds of the men as best
he could, both Americans and Spaniards.
Then, leaving the wounded in
charge of a detail of five men, he
started for camp with the balance.
He did not get far when he met a
regiment which had been sent out in
search of him. The firing had been
heard at the camp. It was feared that
the Americans would be worsted on
account of their small number, and so
the regiment had been ordered out as
a relief party.
Harry and his prisoners were es-
corted to the camp in triumph. When

they arrived there the Colonel came
forward and taking his hand said:
"Young man, I'm proud of you.
You are a hero. But you are under
arrest on charge of disobeying a
superior officer. You will be tried
tomorrow morning. Go to the guard
tent."
The trial didn't amount to much.
Harry was found guilty, sentenced to
be shot and pardoned, all within
twenty-four hours. The trial and
sentence were a matter of military
discipline. The pardon was a matter
of a message from the Colonel to
Washington.

Everyone was satisfied and Hayfoot
Harry is now ranking Sergeant in his
company in the Philippines.

THINKS HANGING IS PAINLESS.

Curious Cases Cited of Voluntary Suicide at Public Executions.

Dr. Roger S. Tracy, chief of Phila-
delphia's bureau of vital statistics,
who believes that hanging is a painless
death by reason of cerebral congest-
ion causing complete insensibility
before the agony of suffocation begins,
cites the following instances:

The London Lancet for April 17,
1847, tells of the case of John Har-
shaw, who was hanged daily for sev-
eral years as an exhibition. On three
occasions he did not fix the rope right
and in each case he was cut down in
an unconscious condition and had
gone through all the sensations of
being choked to death. He afterward
said that he could not recollect any-
thing that happened to him. The
moment he got the rope in the wrong
place, he said he could not get his
breath, he could not move his arms,
legs or hands or even think lucidly.
He felt that he wanted to loosen the
rope, but never thought of using his
hands for the purpose.

An American diver named Scott
was formerly an attraction at museums,
where he hanged himself before the
audience. He adjusted the rope
around his neck, and then stepped
off the platform on which he had been
standing. When he had hanged as
long as he pleased he lifted his feet
and stepped back on the platform.
He hanged himself as a show once
too often, and finally died before a
large and delighted audience. On
this fatal occasion he hung for thirty
minutes and no one in the audience
imagined that he was dying, as he did
not struggle and made no effort to
take observations. "Holy cat, but
this must a been pretty near where
the Greasers fired from. There's the
place we were workin', and the whole
layout can be seen from here. An'
I'll bet it can't be seen from any
other place around the country. Holy
cat!"

Tea Caravans From China.

The newspaper published in Tomsk,
called the Siberian Latest News, gives
some very curious details about the
Russian tea caravans that transport
thousands of tons of tea from China
and distribute it in various parts of
Siberia and Russia. During the first
twenty days of January last 19,000
sleighs laden with tea passed through
the city of Tomsk. The ordinary size
of these tea caravans is from fifty to
seventy sleighs, though sometimes
from 200 to 300 are included in one
caravan. The average load is five
bales, each weighing from seventy to
120 pounds.

Five sledges are fastened together
drawn by one horse, and one man at-
tends to the detachment. To the rear
sledge of each group are tied a bun-
dle of hay and a measure of oats so
that the horses may feed during the
march. This facilitates progress, for
the caravan does not need to halt for
the purpose of baiting the horses. As
the horse in front, however, does not
have anything to eat before him his
place in the caravan must be changed
occasionally to give him an opportu-
nity to eat his lunch.

The caravans travel night and day.
The only halts during the twenty-four
hours are in the villages where the
weary horses are exchanged for fresh
animals. The drivers sleep on the
sledges, while traveling, in spite of
the severe cold.

A Diplomatic Drummer.

Assistant Secretary of State Thomas
W. Cridler in the discharge of his
diplomatic duties has crossed the
ocean probably more times than any
other official in that branch of the
National Government. On one voyage
he made the acquaintance of a
traveling salesman whose compani-
onship was marred by curiosity.
"Traveling on business like myself,
I suppose?"
"Yes."
"What line of goods?"
"Papers."
"Wall, writing or printing?"
"Papers for cabinets."
"Humph, I thought cabinet-makers
used only wood, steel and brass!"
"Most of them do," and the diplo-
mat began to speak of other things.—
Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Clothes of the Crowd.

Looking down from the tenth step
of a stoop in Broadway, near Liberty
street, at the fast moving crowd of
prosperous people one sees strange
sights as regards clothes. The busi-
ness man who, on a level with you,
presents himself to your gaze with a
good front, is slouchy and baggy,
wrinkled and ill-fit when looked at
from above. Few men dress well,
anyway. How many do you know who
wear the glossiest of silk hats and the
sorriest of run-down shoes? How
many have their trousers half an inch
too short behind? The fat man can-
not help this. The thin man knees
his "pants" until they look like pokes.
Stand above the crowd and look down.
It is worth doing for ten minutes, if
you have never tried it.—New York
Press.

The Marriage Age.

What is the average age at which
Englishmen marry? Twenty-eight
years five months, Mr. Harold Man-
thorne answers in the Lady's Realm.
Then the average age of women at the
time of marriage is twenty-six years
two months.—London Chronicle.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Three Against Seventy.

Recklessly brave deeds, done against
such odds that failure seems inevitable,
sometimes by the very brilliancy of
their daring, end in success. Such
was an act performed in a night of the
year 1858. It was in India, after the
rebellion had been crushed, but many of
the mutineers had gathered into small
bands and taken to brigandage,
plundering the inhabitants of sur-
rounding districts. Having been
trained in the use of arms, they soon
overpowered the peaceful traders and
cultivators, and sometimes even
ventured to fall upon Europeans, who
were not in sufficient number to re-
sist.

One of the marauding gangs had
long infested the Barseeah district,
and had contrived to escape from the
parties sent in pursuit. It happened
at last that a village patrol, Chumtum
Singh by name, was taken prisoner.
He had given information against the
rebels, and in revenge they came down
upon him and his family and bore
them off to the jungle, there to wreak
their vengeance upon them.

It would have fared ill with the
unfortunate village dignitary if a young
English officer, then doing duty with
a regiment of irregular cavalry, had
not suddenly arrived in the district.
He was on the march to join his corps,
and was fatigued with a long journey.
He no sooner heard of the outrage,
however, than he made up his mind
to teach the brigands a lesson. All
the force he could collect consisted of
five men of his own regiment, and a
palki and six sepoys of the Bareilly
battalion, but he started at once to pursue
the marauders.

Night was falling, and for twelve
miles he did not come up with them.
They had traveled far out of the way
to keep in haunts known only to their
followers. At last, in the dark wood-
land, the Englishman saw the glare of
a distant fire. His little force was
divided. The Bareilly men had lost
courage, and would take no part in
the forward movement. Of the re-
maining five, three were left in
charge of the horses, and with the
other two the young officer crept
through three miles of dense vegeta-
tion, till he approached the bivouac
of the robbers.

There lay the brigands, fully seventy
in number, while against them was
the little band of three determined
men. The Englishman was not
daunted. He had come to punish
the brigands, and he thought nothing
of the odds against him. The small
party fired a volley, and followed it by
a rush into the bivouac.
The robbers, taken completely by
surprise, believed that a big band had
come against them, for the foe was so
fearless that they could not think
there were not plenty of soldiers be-
hind. They broke and fled, leaving
their plunder, their arms and their
captives. Thus in a few minutes one
brave man put seventy to flight,
saved a loyal subject from torture and
freed a whole district from terror.

The name of Sir Evelyn Wood, now
Adjutant-General of the British army,
has many times since then been heard
of in connection with England's mili-
tary enterprises, but that officer never
did a braver deed than when he at-
tacked, almost single-handed, a gang
of ruthless brigands, and taught them
to respect the power of England and
English law.

An Adventure on a Steeple.

When a man goes up in a balloon
he can never be sure where he will
come down. Jack Cassell, an aeronaut,
recently made an ascent at Allegheny
City and came down—or at-
tempted to come down—with a para-
chute. The Pittsburgh newspaper told
the story of the adventure.

Cassell went up to a height of two
thousand feet. Then he dropped off
the balloon with his parachute in his
hands. He plunged straight down-
ward a hundred feet, and the specta-
tors held their breath in horror, sup-
posing that the parachute would not
open. But at this point the wind
opened it, and Cassell neared the earth
more gradually.

Soon the parachute seemed to be
sailing along in a level course before
the wind. This continued until Cas-
sell was nearly over the top of Calvary
Church, which has two high spires.
Here the parachute ceased its lateral
movement, and descended steadily
toward the spires.

It became evident to Cassell, glance-
ing downward, that the big umbrella
was dropping straight upon one of the
steeple's, which was tipped with sev-
eral sharp-pointed lightning-rods. He
wondered for an instant why, with all
the earth to choose from, fate should
have selected the sharp spear of a
lightning-rod upon which to impale
him.

He escaped impalement, but so nar-
rowly that the parachute caught on
the top of the steeple, stopping him
with so sudden a jerk that nothing but
his great strength saved him from be-
ing hurled to the earth.

As he could not detach the entangled
parachute, he managed to get his feet
upon the sill of a little Gothic win-
dow. Then he worked himself into a
sitting posture, and clung there.
There was no means of getting down,
or getting through the window, or
escaping in any way without help.
It was an hour before relief, in the
shape of his wife and his assistant, ar-
rived, and during this hour Cassell,
perched on his narrow window-seat,
lived an age. He then cut his para-
chute ropes, and tying them end to
end, let the cord down to the ground.

THE ARMY OF PICKPOCKETS.

An Observant Policeman Describes Their
Ranks and Methods.

Some men operate on the "single-
handed" basis; they travel alone, ar-
range their own "frame-ups" (person-
ally corner their victims) and keep
all the profits. There are a few well-
known successful pickpockets of this
order, and they are rated high among
their fellows, but the more general
custom is for what is called a "mob"
of men to travel together, one known
as the "tool" doing the actual picking
and the others attending to the "stall-
ing."

A stall is the confederate of the pick-
pocket who bumps up against people
or arranges them in such a way that
the pickpocket can get at their pockets.
Practically any one who will take a
short course of instruction can learn
how to stall, but there are naturally
some who are more expert than others.
A tool who hires his stalls and makes
no division of spoils with them will
sometimes have to pay as much as \$5
a day for skilled men. When he
divides what he gets, each man in the
mob may get an equal share or not,
according to a prearranged agreement,
but the tool is the man who does the
most work.

Of first-class tools, men who are
known to be successful, there are prob-
ably not more than 1500 in the United
States. Practically every professional
offender has a "go" at pocket-picking
some time in his career, but there are
comparatively few who make a suc-
cess of it as actual pickpockets; the
stalls are numberless. Among the
1500 there are some women and a fair
proportion of young boys, but the
majority are men anywhere from
twenty to sixty years old. The total
number of the successful and unsuc-
cessful is 30,000, 40,000 or 50,000, as
one likes. All that is actually known
is that there is an army of them, and
one can only make guesses as to their
real strength.—The Independent.

"They climbed through my clothes
in no time and bit me savagely," said
the operator in telling the story, "and
the only thing that saved my life was
the arrival of a couple of other hun-
ters who ran in with clubs and beat
the little fellows off."

Geraghty's story is corroborated by
the hunters who rescued him. Musk-
rats in portions of the swamp are
known to be numerous and occasion-
ally belligerent, but this is said to be
the first instance where they have at-
tacked a man in any force.

Treed by a North Woods Wolf.

The representatives of the Consoli-
dated Graphite Company, of Nova
Scotia, are engaged in opening a
graphite mine on the lauds of Merritt
Duell's farm, near Conklingville, N. Y.

The expert who is in charge of the
work, and is acquainted with all kinds
of animals, says that in going to the
mine a few days ago he saw a large
wolf. He describes it as being a very
old animal, as he looked gaunt and
haggard. At first the wolf seemed in-
clined to show fight, as he came up
near to the man and growled and
snarled and seemed bent upon making
a meal of the aged prospector. But,
he being acquainted with the habits of
these ferocious animals, made a dash
for a nearby chestnut tree and grasped
one of the lower limbs and drew him-
self up and hastily climbed the tree.
He was none too soon, for the teeth
of the hungry animal snapped within a
few inches of his legs just as he was
pulling himself into the tree. The
thoroughly frightened man, who set
up a yell for help, which was heard by
a party of men engaged in excavating
at the mine, about one-fourth of a mile
away. They hastily came to the res-
cue of their companion, who by this
time was in the topmost branches of
the tree, still yelling lustily.

When help arrived the wolf was run-
ning around the tree trying to find out
if there was not some way by which
he could go up higher and make a
breakfast out of the expert. The wolf,
seeing that he was outnumbered, slowly
ambled away.

Lost in a Cave.

At least seventy-five years elapsed
after the discovery of Mammoth Cave
before a fair idea was gained of the
extent and position of its passage
ways. Within the past fifteen years
a considerable number of new galleries
and chambers have been added to the
map. The guides at Luray and other
caves are usually willing to follow the
lead of some knowing tourist who im-
agines that he can retrace his steps to
the entrance. Their experience is that,
after a few turns of the path, the
amateur guide is hopelessly bewildered
and resigns his leadership. Every
important cave has its stories of men
who have lost their way in the in-
tricate passages. Old Matt, one of
the guides at Mammoth Cave, could
never tell without a shudder of the
time when his lamp went out and he
found he had no matches. He deter-
mined to grope his way out, but sud-
denly his staff dropped into a pit of
unknown depth and the old black
guide swooned on the edge of the
chasm. When he came to, he began
to grope on his hands and knees for
the path and to feel for the side walls
with his hands. When he came to an
intersecting path, he had to trust to
his memory to guide him in the right
direction, and most of the time he did
not have to go far before he came to
some familiar object, such as a seat or
a peculiarly shaped stalagmite, that
confirmed his judgment or showed
him that he was on the wrong road.

That Awful Boy!

"Willie," exclaimed his mother re-
provingly, "don't jump up and down
in that chair. You'll break it."
"Pooh!" returned the boy, scorn-
fully. "I guess you don't know how
strong that chair is. Just you ask
Sister Emily."
"Willie!" That was all that Sister
Emily said, but he knew that she was
good for a quarter if he let the sub-
ject drop.—Chicago Post.

The bakers of Constantinople sup-
ply 800,000 loaves of bread per day
for the consumption of the capital.

A Wise Precaution.

An Augusta man doesn't mean to be
mistaken for a deer, through his own
fault, at least. He says he shall dress
in a red sweater and on his back in
large white letters will have the le-
gend, "This is a Man. Don't Shoot."
—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.