Freeland Tribune

Established 1883.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY AND THURSDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
FREELAND, PA.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrearages must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The revolution created by Mergenthaler in the development of printing was fully equal to that of Guttenberg in inventing it.

When wireless telegraphy becomes universal, what will become of the poor linemen. Well, possibly he can find employment in keeping the messages from scattering.

A new association has been formed in Germany for the cultivation of closer relations with Brazil, and as a result German enterprise in South America will surely be stimulated.

From Alabama comes the report of the death of a distinguished lawyer caused by over exertion at golf. This may be regarded as the exception that proves the rule that golf is a game in which one has enough and not too much work to do.

The automobile will not prove less interesting or less vivacious than the horse. It will never kick the dashboard into the atmosphere or shy at a wind-blown newspaper, but it can get its lever jammed, run away, blow up its gasoline tank and catch fire with bewildering cheerfulness on occasion.

Views of men everywhere differ in many respects as to extent and the direction that public education should take, but all, or nearly all, will agree that if public education is to proceed further than providing facilities for a rudimentary English education it should be in the direction of manual training. With a trade or a technical knowledge in some special line a man is always self-supporting, and in nearly every case is sure of lucrative employment. There is a great or greater field for the achievements of fame or wealth in the mechanic arts as in the overcrowded, so-called learned professions.

A remarkable application of the principles of the telephone and the phonograph jointly is claimed for a Danish engineer by Engineering. He has invented what is practically a phonograph which will take telephone messages. Unlike the phonograph now in use, it has no wax plates, the impression being recorded on a steel band which may be used an indefinite number of times, as the records can be wiped off like writing off a slate. If this invention is practicable it will be a boon to the busy office man to whom there is no greater pest than his clerk's constant cry, "You are wanted at the 'phone, sir."

Figures are sometimes impressive simply by being so stupendous that the human mind grasps them with difficulty. An English physicist in a recent lecture, in order to bring to the comprehension of his hearers the idea of ultimate particles of water, said that if he were to empty a tumbler containing half a pint of water, letting out each second a number equal to one thousand times the population of the earth, it would require somewhere between 7,000,000 and 47,000,000 years to empty the tumbler. Lord Kelvin says that if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth the particles would be between the size of cricket balls and that of footballs. If that statement is correct, the drops of water in all the oceans are not many times as numerous as the particles, or molecules, in a single drop.

Overworked "Very."

Writers should save the time of readers by abandoning "very" and giving an overworked word a rest of a few years. It has earned that rest. That word, as an adverb, is found less than twenty times in the King James translation of the Bible. The rarity of its use makes it count for all the more when utilized. When it is said that "the man Moses was very meek," one understands that he was meek beyond the custom of the Israelites of his day. When St. James says "the Lord is very pitiful" the "very" is full of significance. But if the good and the bad deeds, the cruel and the heroic acts recorded in the Bible were to be described by most writers of the day there would be a "very" in almost every line.—Chicago Tribune.

THE NUMBERED STONES.

This is the ground of glory,
This is the field of fame—
And these—begrimed and gory,
Burned with the battle flame—

These are the vague immortals,
The nameless of the fray,
Deep thronged around the portals,
Of Death's eternal day!

Bard of the flowing phrases,
Muse of the silver lute,
Why do you strain your praises,
Why do your chords hang mute?

Can we aver you blameless,
Who sing but of the proud—
And nigh forget the nameless,
Enwrapt with earthly shroud?

For them no laurelled wreathings,
No proud, triumphant trains—
No cheers, no crowd's deep breathings,
No boastful, brazen strains.

With wind-kissed banners playing,
With wild regardless shout,
Their joy was in the slaying,
Their triumph in the rout!

Sons springing from the masses,
The homeland to defend—
Their blood has wet its grasses,
Their dust with it will blend!

Dead to the acclamations—
Dead when the fight is done!
The pedestals of nations
Rest on the ground they won.

Their valor ours for buying?
The price we blush to own—
Their recompense for dying
Was but a numbered stone!

—Boston Pilot.

A Rejected Manuscript

By C. A. Shaw.

PAUL KING, the editor, was kind enough to explain to me why my contribution was not acceptable. His reasons were excellent, and I felt that they were what I knew to be true; but I was not paying particular attention to his words. I have the fatal gift of second sight in regard to length of life, and I saw that he would pass from this world within two years. As to the cause of death I could not say. He seemed in excellent health now, though not of robust constitution; few men who do office work exhibit the quality of ruggedness which is associated with length of life, yet many live to good old age. I was filled with a strange pity for the man before me, so fair-minded, generous, and, in his way, so attractive. Yet I could not say a word of his short career.

This gift is difficult to describe. I only know that I possess it. By experience I have learned to guess how near any person is to dissolution and to avoid his society, for I dread a dying person, man or woman.

"Your stories, Alcott," the editor was saying, "lack moral purpose, patriotism, a belief in high motives, in affection. The people who read stories want that sort of thing. They read for amusement, for emotional excitement, to be flattered by approbation of a sort of cheap generosity which they feel they could easily indulge in themselves if rich. 'The mission of all art,' it has been said, 'is to create and foster agreeable illusions.'"

"Yes," I responded, rousing myself to answer. "I have heard that, but I despise that sort of cheap art. It is work for a valet, not a philosopher."

"People don't want philosophy, Alcott. Most persons accept their religion, their politics, and their philosophy, from the current talk. 'If I were rich I should be happy.' That is the unspoken conviction. Meanwhile, let somebody tell me how virtuous I am and how much I deserve. You don't do that. Just as likely as not your hero robs a bank or wins money on a horse race or kills an enemy and has never a qualm of conscience afterwards. That isn't proper. You want to make dishonest people suffer for their sins and show that Americans beat the world."

"In what? In knavery? Is there any nation at the top?"

"I have tried to point out the way you might succeed, but if it seems only a jest to you, if you don't care to profit by my experience, why let it go."

The editor was wounded by my flippancy, and I could only pity him and think: "Too bad! Only two years longer to live!"

"You want me to imitate Kipling?" I said.

"No, Kipling's merits belong solely to him. But if you'd change this ending and make the men reform, it might go."

"Fix it up for me, that's a good fellow," I said. "You can't imagine how I hate to touch a thing I have written, even to read it over again, after I have grown cold."

"You will never make a success of literature unless you get over that, Alcott. What would a lawyer amount to if he could not tire out a jury by repetition, or an actor, or, in fact, any professional man? But authors seem to think they can say a thing once and have the world at their feet."

I was glad to get away. The very thought of death disturbs me. It makes me ask myself how long am I to live, and as I cannot see myself, I torture myself in futile questionings of the future.

About a year later I met Mr. King, the editor, on the street.

"I had a strange dream last night," he said. "I thought I was dead, and that you said you had known about it long ago. What do you think of it?"

He tried to smile, but I saw he was scared. Death daunts all when looked at face to face.

"I don't have much faith in dreams," was my reply. "If you had failed in as many things as I have you would welcome death as a change."

One says these things to others but they are falsehoods. I fear death.

"I tried to set you on the right road to succeed in literature, but you wouldn't follow my advice."

"How could I? Am I to go on killing people in fiction, and finding corpses behind doors, and marrying poor girls to rich men, and all that sort of horror, just to amuse a lot of idle or weary mortals, and earn perhaps two dollars a week in money? It's all very well for you editors, who have a regular salary, but for us outsiders, it's rough riding."

"You little know of the trials of an editor's life if you think you have all the bitterness of a literary career," retorted King, gloomily. "Between the practical joker who wants to get up a quarrel with any one, and the crank who is driven by a strange madness to 'pitch in' to somebody all the time, there is less peace and less satisfaction in editing than in any other profession in modern days. I am thinking of taking a sea voyage."

I wished to warn him of the danger of such a change, but could I say that his fate might be escaped on land any better than at sea?

"I've a good mind to go with you," I remarked.

"Come on," he replied with alertness. "As a writer you have your defects, a too caustic pen, but as a compagnon de voyage I would choose none more desirable."

It was some months before we started upon our travels, first to South Africa, then to Australia. Mr. King enjoyed the best of health. I tried to believe I had deceived myself. I resisted the temptation to fly from his presence, to forsake him, in spite of the dread which a coming death always excites in me.

We reached San Francisco in safety. We started east across the continent.

One evening as we sat at dinner in the dining car a gentleman approached us and asked me politely:

"Is this Mr. King?"

I pointed to my companion and reached for the salad dish.

"You are the editor of King's Monthly."

"I am," replied Mr. King, with dignity, "the editor-in-chief. We have a number of departments and each has its special editor."

"Perhaps you can tell me why this story was declined?"

He drew a rather bulky package from his coat pocket and opened it beside the editor's plate.

"I have been away from the office nearly a year," began Mr. King. Then he stopped and looked at the manuscript more attentively. "Why, this is one of Mr. Kipling's stories."

"It's a lie! I wrote it myself," exclaimed the stranger, suddenly displaying great excitement.

"You may have copied it. Yes, that is the way of it."

Mr. King tried to assume an air of genial humor, at the same time signaling to me to get assistance. We both recognized the crank whose insanity takes the form of believing himself some famous writer or of trying to dispose of copies of published stories of celebrated authors as his own.

But the madman suspected the editor's intention and sprang upon him, bending his head backward and aiming at his throat with the first knife his hand could get hold of. Before I could come to my friend's assistance all was over, and the assassin had escaped to the end of the car. A chasm several hundred feet in depth was beside the track here, but into this he leaped with a cry of triumph at having revenged himself upon his fancied enemy.

WISE WORDS.

Love constrains to consecration.

Tact is not another name for trickery.

True love is the secret of full consecration.

Death is darkness, because it leads to dawn.

What you are within, that you will be without.

The world-spoiler has no use for the steady toiler.

Most men begin to save after they have spent all.

Practice what you pray—particularly at the ballot-box.

The first thing you see in boiling water, is the scum.

Care-not is a greater hindrance to success than cannot.

Self forgetfulness is only acquired by remembering others.

Songs of triumph are possible only to the sons of tribulation.

We are wielded by our wishes, rather than by our wisdom.

The world is a vessel in whose hold the fire is already burning.

Some graves are more potent to persuade men than many pulpits.

Your life will strike no higher note in public than it is keyed to in private.

When a man shows his goodness in his home, the chances are that goodness has its home in him.

The worldly are spending the winter of life in collecting snow-balls, forgetting that the summer comes.—Ram's Horn.

Wonderful Intellectual Grasp.

"It is a constant wonder to me," said the student of human nature, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. I met a man the other evening who had an intellectual grasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbrella. 'Is that your umbrella?' he inquired. 'No,' I replied. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"—Argonaut.

Not Up to the Times.

This is such a fast age that even the meteors are charged with being slow.—Sioux City (Iowa) Journal.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Elaborate Ornamentation.

The evolution of style from severity to extreme elaboration and back again to plainness can always be described in a wave-like motion. Starting some two years ago with most severe tailor-made plain costumes, we have ascended the acclivity until to-day the heaping on of handicraft and trimmings has seemingly reached the uppermost limit.

The New Skirt.

The sheathlike skirt which fits the figure like a glove is one which should be avoided by every woman with the slightest tendency to embonpoint. But the poor stout woman cries out in her perplexity, "What am I to do?"

There is something else, a style which will just suit her, and which seems to have been modelled especially for her. The modistes are clever enough to know that the stout woman is as much to be considered as the slim one, and with this object in view has been designed a skirt which is built upon lines certain to appeal to the woman who continues taking on flesh.

This new and probably permanent wrinkle in skirt topography is intended for women whose form is such that a certain amount of drapery is essential. It is a skirt with a triple box plait, folded narrowly at the placket and flowing out wide and gracefully into the train, and promises to be a boon which will be eagerly welcomed by women of ample build.—New York Herald.

Mrs. McKinley's Aversion to Yellow.

Each mistress of the White House has had her favorite flower, except Mrs. McKinley, who expresses little preference, except an aversion to yellow flowers and a great love for blue ones, in which the President joins her. A large bunch of flowers is cut from the conservatory every morning and sent to adorn the President's table, while others go to Mrs. McKinley's apartments. The plants that adorn the domestic part of the White House are frequently changed, to give her the benefit of the rare and beautiful variety that fills the great conservatories. All of the finest plants share her admiration, each for as long a time as it can stand to be kept from real hothouse atmosphere.

Neither Mrs. McKinley nor the President visits the conservatories regularly, though before the busy days of the war were thrust upon him they both loved the care and cultivation of plant life. Now the President has no time to watch the gentle unfolding of nature placed for his pleasure under the vast area under glass to the west of the White House.—Washington Star.

Pay of an Army Nurse.

For service in the United States a nurse receives $40 a month, which is $10 more than is paid by the hospitals which employ graduate nurses. The pay of a graduate serving in the operating rooms of a city hospital ranges from $25 to $30 per month, out of which she must, like the army nurse, supply her own wardrobe.

The chief nurse in an army hospital corresponds to the superintendent of nurses in a civil hospital. Where less than five nurses are serving under the chief nurse, she receives the same allowance as they. Where from five to ten are serving the chief nurse receives $10 a month more than the other nurses; where ten or more are serving, she receives $25 more than the others per month. For service in Porto Rico, Cuba, the Hawaiian Islands or the Philippines, nurses receive $50 per month instead of $40, and transportation to and from the United States when on leave of absence. The total leave of absence, with pay, does not exceed one month during the year—the time spent in traveling to and from the United States not being counted.

The hours of ward duty are usually twelve in army service, and, if the climate requires, the chief nurse may, with the approval of the medical officer in charge, amend these to ten or eight hours.—Boston Budget.

Lessons For Farmers' Daughters.

The girls on a farm should learn to milk as well as the boys, even if they are not expected to take a full share in such work. In many countries milking is thought to be essentially a woman's work, not only because it requires little physical strength when one is accustomed to it, but because girls generally are quieter, and do not get angry with the cow, and because they are naturally neater and the milk is cleaner. We believe the farmer's daughters should know how to milk, and to harness and drive a horse. Occasions frequently come, perhaps in cases of an accident, when it is very important that a woman should ride or drive a horse perhaps to the village for a physician, and to find her ignorant and helpless at such a time may cause the loss of a life, and a lifelong regret to her and to others. We know on many farms their education goes much farther than this, and that many girls and young women can drive the team and manage the mowing machine, horse rake, seed drill, or other machinery on the farm as well as their brothers if they have any, and we know no good reason why they should not do so, as well as to ride a bicycle, if they will learn, though we do not care to advocate the regular employment of women in farm labor. But we have seen a woman, New England born and bred, who could handle the scythe and pitchfork in the hayfield, or the plow or hoe in cultivated fields, better than most men, and do it all day, too. Yet she was as capable of doing good work in the house or dairy room as she was out of doors. We knew a German in western New York whose "boys were all girls," as he said. There were some half dozen of them, well educated, graduates of a high school in a neighboring city, accomplished musicians, refined and ladylike, and yet any one of them could go into the harvest field and do a day's work that would compare in amount or neatness with the best of farm hands. And they were also skilled in housework and dairy work.—American Cultivator.

Women Here and There.

There are over 300 women dentists in America.

Frances Hodgson Burnett was born at Manchester, England, in 1849.

Mrs. Dewey, the wife of our gallant Admiral, is about forty-three years old.

Not six per cent. of all the women in America spend as much money as $50 per year on their clothes.

Mrs. Li Hung Chang has a more extensive wardrobe than any other woman. Her dresses number three thousand.

It is announced that Miss Maud Gonne, the Irish agitator, will soon return to the United States to work and speak for the Boers,

John D. Rockefeller's private secretary is a woman, Miss Harris. She is said to be very clever, and she must be, for she can keep a secret.

Dowager Queen Emma of Holland has contributed five hundred dollars to the Amsterdam Red Cross fund intended for the relief of wounded Boers.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is a good Greek scholar and her favorite reading is among the classics of that language, a volume of which she has always at hand.

Miss Helen Gould's present attitude toward Mormonism is no new thing with her. Several years ago she was a warm supporter of Kate Field in a similar movement.

The first woman doctor admitted to general practice in Germany by the authorities is a Berlin girl, Agnes Nacker. It has taken the Prussian Cabinet two years to decide her case.

Mrs. John M. Thurston, the bride of the Nebraska Senator, is described as of medium height, graceful, with changeful dark gray eyes, occasionally flashed with blue, perfect figure and mobile features.

Rev. Bessie Velvick is a young woman of about twenty-five and is in charge of a Wesleyan chapel in Bethersden, England. She is very successful in her ministry, preaching weekly to large crowds.

It is said that the widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson is in sore straits financially and that her health is very poor. She is now old and nearly blind. Her home is near the town of Charlotte, N. C.

Some Englishwomen, grieved at the lack of rational amusements among the children of the present day, have formed themselves into a body for visiting board school playgrounds in order to teach children how to play.

Tama, the Japanese wife of Sir Edwin Arnold, is said to look like a Parisienne. She speaks English fluently, but with a slight accent. Her letters show that she has been easily able to adapt herself to English modes of thought and expression.

New Fashion Fancies.

Untrimmed dresses are now limited almost altogether to street gowns for morning wear.

So many cheap imitation furs are used for the fur toques that their career may be a short one.

Adjustable guimpes, yokes, plastrons, revers, and collars are made of guipure in Honiton, Venetian, or Flemish designs.

It is quite the thing this season to have the underskirt of a costume made of lighter instead of darker fabric than the long overdress or redingote.

One of the fads of youthful women this winter is that of wearing a very long round boa of cinnamon-bear fur, with a huge directoire muff to match.

Violets are very much worn, both real and artificial, and the latter sprayed with the perfume of Rhine violets are quite as sweet as the genuine.

The new variety of taffeta silk has the pilable qualities of a soft foulard, while it is much heavier and more suitable for gowns than the thinner kind.

Tiny tucks have taken a fresh lease of life, and upon the newest waists they are used diagonally, meeting in a point down the middle of the back and front.

A rather striking costume worn by a young woman of fashion, is a black cloth skirt, a bright but rather a rose red cloth jacket and a white cloth waistcoat.

The real Persian lamb, the beautiful and most lasting of all rich furs, the otter, and the cinnamon bear are accounted the most fashionable of all the furs of the winter.

Graduated fringe is one of the novelties, and far more graceful than the straight-around variety. It is long and short, forming broad points, and has a knotted heading.

A pretty shirt waist has three narrow box plaits on either side of the front, each covered with embroidery, and small tucks fill in the centre of the back. A yoke in the back is no longer considered indispensable and the prettiest are made without this ugly feature.

A striking new girdle is in the form of a gold serpent, which is pinned at the waist and extends from one side to the other. A row of diamonds down the serpent's back and two large rubies for the eyes make the ornament a brilliant sight.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Fitzhugh Lee's Arrow Wound.

It has often been noticed that whenever General Fitzhugh Lee visits the White House he stops to have a chat with Captain Loeffler, who stands guard at the President's private office and the Cabinet room. This is generally attributed to Lee's pleasant way of treating everyone, but it has another origin.

Before the Civil War Lee was a Lieutenant in the old Second Cavalry, afterward reorganized as the Fifth. Loeffler was a trooper in this regiment and later a non-commissioned officer. His company was one of the two which were engaged in a sharp fight with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in the Cimmaron country in Texas in 1859. The Indians had taken refuge in a narrow canon which could be entered only from one end, and there had thrown up a fortification of logs, from behind which they poured a hot fire into the troops. The character of the canon was such that the horses of the cavalry were useless, and they were left outside, the men advancing on foot. Only a few of the Indians had firearms, the rest had bows and arrows. Had the the Indians been as well armed as they have been in later wars, the loss of the whites would have been very large; as it was only four or five soldiers were killed, though the Indian loss amounted to nearly fifty.

A charge was made on the log fort, and Lee, who was a dashing officer and a wonderful favorite with his men, was the first to scale the breastwork. The arrows were whizzing all about him, and one struck him in the breast, inflicting a very ugly wound. As he felt the confusion was so great about him that the arrow was pulled out of his flesh and thrown to the ground among other arrows, whole and broken, so that no one could tell afterward whether the head had remained in the wound or been drawn out with the stick. It was impossible, therefore, to say how seriously he had been hurt, and he was carried at once to the rear, where a litter was improvised of saplings and boughs. He was laid upon this, which was swung between two horses, and thus he was carried back to the wagon train, a distance of more than 150 miles through a rough country. Probing showed that the head of the arrow had fortunately been drawn out, and in due time good nursing put the Lieutenant on his feet again.

This is an incident in Lee's career which is apparently known to very few. It is of interest to know that the old Second Cavalry had for its Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston and for its Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, and that Hardee, of "tactics" fame, and George H. Thomas were two of its Majors. The Captain of the company in which Fitzhugh Lee was First Lieutenant was Kirby Smith. Loeffler served with great credit in the Union Army during the Civil War, was given his White House detail by President Grant, and was appointed by President McKinley as "military storekeeper" in the regular army, with the rank of Captain.

The Gordon Highlanders' Dash.

The war correspondent of the London Standard writes as follows of the last battle with the Boers: The air seemed thick with bullets, while above our heads the shriek of the shells and the thunderclaps of the bursting shrapnel made a din that was appalling to those who had not had previous experience of the modern projectiles. So keen were the rank and file of the Devonshires that more than one man exposed himself to the deadly aim of the Boers merely in order to satisfy himself as to the progress of the fight. I heard one soldier invite his comrade to put up his head and see how the Boers were getting on. "I will as soon as there is room for it," was the reply—a very natural one, considering that the air seemed to consist of flying lead.

The Gordon Highlanders were especially anxious to treat the enemy a lesson. Their regiment was represented at Majuba Hill, and the Boers had afterward referred to them in derison as "Kaffirs clothed in kilts." The men were keen in wiping out the insult, and to this end bore themselves with the most reckless courage. Nor were the Manchesters one whit less ardent or determined.

It was a magnificent and soul-stirring spectacle as our gallant fellows dashed straight at the enemy, driving them irresistibly from point to point. The Boers stood their ground to the last with the courage of despair. But they were no match for our men in personal combat, and were driven back in hopeless confusion. Fifty or sixty of them, mounting their horses, made off at full speed over the hills toward the east. Another fifteen minutes of deadly work and the last shot had been fired.

With a loud cheer and a shout from the Gordon Highlanders of "What price Majuba?" our men dashed down the opposite incline right into the heart of the Boer position, with bayonets fixed. But the white flag, stuck into the muzzle of a Mauser, was already flying in the laager and the officers checked their men in midcareer.

No praise can be too high for the courage and self-sacrifice of our officers. Their behavior was worthy of the finest traditions of the British army.

Their courage was not mere recklessness, but deliberately calculated with the object of encouraging and directing the men who followed them. Yet it is only just to the rank and file to say that they would have advanced as steadily on their own initiative.

Ran a Race With Death.

A high trestle bridge more than a quarter of a mile long, supporting the single track of the Nickel Plate Railroad, spans the valley of Grand River, east of Painesville, Ohio. The bridge is little wider than the distance between the rails, and the ties are placed eight or ten inches apart, the space between being open to the river below.

A young man who crossed recently had a thrilling experience on the bridge. He had just passed the centre when a fast train rounded the curve behind him. As the engine whistled he quickened his pace. With every step the train was rushing nearer and there was not a moment to lose.

Once the young man stumbled and seemed about to fall, but quickly regained his balance and hurried on. As he reached the place for which he had started the train was close behind and he had just time to swing himself over the side of the bridge as the locomotive thundered by. The ends of the ties were slippery with grease from dripping axle boxes and his foot slipped wide as he left the track. His right hand, stretched blindly out before him, touched a round iron bar, bracing two parts of the bridge, and with a grip like that of a drowning man his fingers clasped around it. For a moment he swung in empty air. In another his left hand had found a place beside his right and his feet touched the welcome edge of a brace below. With bleeding fingers clutching the slender iron bar that vibrated widely from side to side moments seemed hours.

At last the train passed, and the young man was able to climb slowly to the track above. Unnerved by the trying experience, he lay for a moment stretched across the rails, and then rising to his feet, with blanched face and unsteady limbs, made his way to firm ground.

Two Tussles With Bridges.

Alfred Pilkington owes his life to the strength of the fabric of which his coat is made. Pilkington is a carpenter employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad's repair department. He was sent to do some work on the high bridge which spans the Schuylkill River at Manayunk.

Late in the afternoon, as he was hammering away, with no fear for his safety, a shifting engine backed rapidly down the track and started across the bridge, with hardly any noise to give warning of its approach. Pilkington saw it, but too late. As he hurried to get off the track, it struck him a glancing blow, which lifted him off his feet and sent him toward the side of the bridge. A hundred feet below flowed the turbid waters, a fall into which meant almost certain death.

On the engine was a shifting crew, and as soon as possible the members hurried back to pick up what they supposed would be a dead body, for the bridge is guarded by a picket fence on each side, and they never thought of the man being hurled over it.

But he was. The engine had lifted him over the fence, and he began to fall, with one hundred feet of space between him and the water. But here a strange thing saved his life. His coat caught on a picket of the fence, and there he hung suspended, fearing to move lest the garment give way and allow him to take the fatal plunge.

There the shifting crew found him calmly facing whatever might be in store for him. They brought him back to safety and hurried him to St. Timothy's Hospital. The physicians found that the engine had bruised him, but that he was suffering more from shock than from anything else.

Pilkington resides at Norristown, Penn., and is thirty-eight years old. Eighteen months ago he fell through the Pencoyd trestle bridge at West Manayunk and was severely injured.

Ascribes His Escape to Prayer.

C. H. Amberman is suffering from a badly strained neck as the result of hanging in the belfry of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Hempstead, Long Island. Mr. Amberman, who is sexton, went to the belfry to make some repairs, and when he started to descend he slipped and would have fallen to the lower floor had not the trapdoor fallen with him and caught him by the neck and wedged him against the hatchway. Amberman's hands were below the trapdoor, his feet were dangling in the air and his breath was cut off. He prayed to heaven for help, and as he was about to give up in despair one of his feet found a resting place and hope revived. He set his foot firmly, and managed to summon strength enough to force his head up a little, and open the trapdoor again. He believed that his prayer was answered, and he bowed his head and gave thanks to God for sparing his life.

Over the Falls.

A Wisconsin paper reports an Indian's remarkable escape from death. He was one of a driving crew that broke a big jam above Sturgeon Falls. He attempted to cross the river on a log, and, to the horror of the spectators, was carried over the falls.

The falls are forty feet high, and consist of two pitches and the rapids. Of course the man was given up for dead, and the driving crew thought it useless to search the river for his body, as the logs were piling over the falls at a rapid rate.

The next morning, however, the Indian walked into camp for breakfast. He had been swept down the river and up against the bank, where he managed to crawl out. Finding only a few scratches and bruises, but being, as he remarked, "rather tired," he lay down and slept until daylight, and was none the worse for his adventure.