

# Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.  
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

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England and her colonies and dependencies buy from us now 60 per cent. of all we sell abroad.

In a recent lecture Henry A. Clapp, a Boston critic, held that the present status of the drama and the theatre in the English-speaking nations is low, both intellectually and morally.

The fad for large showwear which has attacked the men will doubtless be confined strictly to their own side of the sex problem. Femininity will still paddle along with its heel under its instep, as usual.

The link between modern literature and the modern drama is often stretched nowadays to the breaking point. A good play generally makes a good book, but a mighty good book often makes a mighty poor play.

The chief of the United States weather bureau figures that the annual proportion of deaths by lightning in this country to the population is about five to every 1,000,000. This is rather a heavy showing, considering that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

The agricultural department of the United States will make a display of irrigation methods, as practiced in the West, at the Paris Exposition. This display should, at least, have the effect of inducing foreign capital to become interested in this industry. The profits to be derived therefrom cannot fail to prove satisfactory.

The world has improved much during the century that has elapsed since George Washington passed away, but it has not produced a man more worthy of the homage of not only Americans, but of all mankind, than he. What was recorded of him at the time of his death is as true today as it was then. He retains the place then given him of "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The story of the fowl that buried the jewel, the value of which it was unable to appreciate, is known to almost everybody. The merchant who does not advertise is like the fowl in the fable—he hides his most valued possessions where the public can have no knowledge of their existence. The advertiser, on the contrary, places the jewel of his business where it attracts the attention of hundreds of thousands of persons.

Science—and the word means knowledge—only strengthens a little, by each discovery the radius of what we know, and enlarges the visible circumference of our ignorance. We know something of properties, of relations, but very little of things, philosophizes the New York Independent. We know a little of movements, of qualities, but nothing of matter. We know of love and hate and joy and fear and right and wrong, but what do we know of souls? Yet we know enough of inexorable Nature, and of danger and duty, to govern fairly our lives; and what we do not know must be the object of constant search. This search is the highest purpose of science, of whatever sort; yet where in the world, asks Professor Rowland of Johns Hopkins University, is the institute of research which has an income of a hundred millions a year, an amount readily granted as the price per year of an army or a navy designed to kill other people?

Fisher Girls Travel in Style.  
So prosperous has been the herring season at Yarmouth that the Scotch fishing girls who have been cleaning, preparing, curing and packing the fish were able to accomplish their 500-mile journey home to Peterhead in a special train, which stopped only twice for changes of engines. The train consisted of two fine corridor coaches and three comfortable saloons, and at the rear were four luggage vans, all full of personal belongings of the girls. The ordinary garb of the lassies was short top boots reaching to the knee and short skirts, with oily frocks over them. They wear no hats or bonnets even in the pelting rain.—London Mail.

**SUCCESS.**  
(An Old Man Speaks.)  
I stand, at last, upon the lonesome height—  
The purple-tinted peak that was my goal;  
The prize I used to dream of in the night—  
The lofty end on which I set my soul—  
Is mine to-day, and all the toil  
And all the schemes are done;  
But chiding voices echo round  
The light that I have won!

Ah, futile toil and unrewarded schemest  
The hope that lured me on has fled away;  
I've gained the height, but lost the sweet  
Old dreams,  
And no warm hands clasp my cold hand  
To-day,  
For on the tolling steep that I  
Have managed to ascend  
Each step is but the form of one  
Who halted me as a friend!  
—Cleveland Leader.

## A LITTLE AND A BIG HERO.

BY INO STRANIK.

RECENTLY my two cousins and I had I had come from school to my uncle's estate, pale and overworked. Now, brown as berries, we felt strong and mischievous.

The day was hot and suffocating. The air seemed to be laden with something more than the scent of new-mown hay and pine—a flavor so common on a July day in Northern Russia. The grown people said: "The atmosphere is impregnated with electricity," and although we boys of twelve and thirteen years did not know what that really meant, we were sure that, sooner or later, a storm would come, for the old shepherd had said so, and he always told the truth.

In the afternoon a black cloud rose over the horizon in the northeast. An hour later a dark bank covered half the sky, and we heard the far away rumbling of thunder.

Rain began to fall in large drops and we, standing on the grass-covered porch, amused ourselves in watching the chickens run, the ducks dive in the pond, the workmen hurry home and the cattle rush for the stables.

An unexpected clap of thunder made us jump, and we quickly obeyed the call of my aunt to come into the house, as we had no desire to stay outside any longer.

It grew darker and darker. The fiery zigzags of the lightning threw a yellow tint upon the people and furniture in the room, and the thunder following quickly on the flashes made the old mansion quiver to its foundations.

A blinding flash, with a deafening crash almost at the same instant, seemed to make the old castle sway.

"Surely that struck somewhere near," said my uncle, jumping to his feet and stepping to the window.

"Yes, it is Michael Kubarkin's hut just across the river," he exclaimed. "I must go at once and see that the fire is put out." He turned to us, "Boys, you had better come along. I may need you."

No need to ask us twice. We felt overhauled to be allowed to be of use as such an important moment. In an instant we were in our high boots and rubber coats, and started for the fire.

About twenty peasants stood around the burning house, lamenting and praying, but not one offering to lend a helping hand.

"Quick," called my uncle. "Take some buckets; form a chain; try to put out the fire."

"Your Lordship," said one of the men, "lightning struck this house. Only milk will put out the flame."

"Obey me," thundered my uncle, "and get to work, or I'll put you on bread and water until you forget how milk tastes."

Reluctantly the man started. My younger cousin, Alexey, was stationed to watch the superstitious crowd, with orders to report at once if any one refused to work or tried to steal away.

"Now, boys," shouted my uncle, "let us see if there are any people in the house."

Bravely we followed him into the smoke and heat of the slowly burning hut. We soon discovered the dead body of Michael Kubarkin and carried it out. Again and again we faced the danger. We rescued two women and a baby. They had been merely stunned by the shock. While bringing the child out I had noticed a form lying near the door. In the darkness and smoke I could not distinguish whether it was a human being or a dog.

I hurried back. My uncle called me, but I rushed in, dropped on my knees and crawled toward the spot where I had seen the form lying. It was a boy. He had been on his way home in the next village and had sought shelter in the house, from the storm.

I dragged him out, and was about fifteen yards from the house when there was an explosion. Kubarkin had bought ten pounds of powder at the last fair and had kept it in the large brick stove.

The hut collapsed. Some of the bricks whizzed by my head, uncomfortably close, but the boy was saved, and with the aid of his fresh air he soon came out of his stupor.

Ten years had passed. I was lieutenant in the body guard of the Czar. Before Plevna we were forced into active service.

cross the open space or turn to the left and keep in the woods until I had got out of sight and reach of the enemy. It would have been just twenty miles more of muddy road. The dispatch was important and haste necessary, so I decided to move straight on.

We had hardly reached the open valley when a small cloud of smoke from the northern fort of Plevna told me that we had been seen and were now a target for the Turkish guns.

A short command from me brought my men into a line, so that the enemy had only one man to aim at. We were moving at full speed toward the protecting timber on the other side.

The first shell fell short; the second burst fully a thousand yards behind us; the third was "dead," and passed fifty feet in front of us.

We were almost in the shade of the tall pines when I heard a terrific crash and lost my senses. I awoke very soon, with a stinging pain in my head. A man lay right over me. He was unbending my uniform. The thought of "war hyena" flashed through my mind. Cautionally I opened one eye—just enough to see who my assailant was. To my astonishment I saw it was one of my own men.

He had noticed my movement, and whispered: "Keep still; we are the only survivors."

"But, man," said I, "take the dispatch and get into safety."

"No," he whispered, "I shall cover your body with mine till help comes. The Turks will fire again as soon as they see one of us move. You remember the time you saved me from the burning house of Michael Kubarkin? Now is my turn to show that I have not forgotten that I owe my life to you."

A few minutes later came a little troop from the timber, with the flag of the Red Cross. Eleven men were buried on the spot, and I was taken back on a stretcher, having lost one eye and suffering from a broken jaw.

While the dead were being buried and the first bandages being put on me my brave soldier had disappeared, and one of the horses of the Red Cross command was missing.

When I was discharged from the hospital I recognized in the sergeant of my regiment, who was the first to congratulate me on my recovery, the soldier who had covered me with his body in the hour of danger. It was the boy I had dragged from the burning hut on my uncle's estate.—New York Independent.

## WISE WORDS.

Learning unapplied is like seed put away to decay slowly on the shelf of indolence.

All a man has to do to obtain so-called social success is to put a fair value on himself and live up to it.

Suspicion is the attribute of a weak nature. Respect all you meet till you have cause to do otherwise, and then avoid; do not condemn.

Humor is the electric light in the halls of literature. Wit is the flashlight, and sarcasm a torch darkened by the smoke of prejudice.

A touch of humor makes one a keener critic even of his own work. He that hath the salt may flavor life's stew as he pleases, and humor is the salt of life.

Great natures gain the sympathy of the world because we know instinctively that they will follow a simple, brave, direct course. It is the small nature which is unreliable.

To a person of force and talent self-repression cannot be too strongly recommended. Do not expend yourself on human bravos and passions; put your force in your work.

Keep your fire under the pot of life or literature. Smoke and prejudice don't improve any diet except to a diseased taste, while your wisdom and wit are proved in the chafing-dish of public opinion.

Talking of ghosts, and there are really many, the ghost of an evil life is its own better self, haunting the human house from which he is driven till the "black camel" kneels at its door and men whisper "He has given up the ghost."

A wrong unrepented is always a weight on our self-respect, but one atoned for is a height in whose shadow we may view with broader, nobler charity, and more sympathetic tenderness, the faults of others, extending them a help untried goodness could never give.

When you make a human being the recipient of so-called charity, you destroy his self-respect by placing him in the position of a beggar; whereas if you give him work, and pay him well for doing it, you make him honor himself as a wage earner capable of helping others instead of placing him under humiliating obligations to yourself.

Balloon Used For Drying Clothes.  
A Paris laundry has started a novelty in the drying and purifying of linen, and has succeeded in convincing most of its customers that the notion is a good one. The air about one hundred feet above the house tops is particularly good for linen, says the proprietors, and they accordingly send your shirts and collars for a balloon trip. Bamboo frames are attached to a captive balloon, and the linen, "rough dry," is fixed to the frames and sails away in the air. The balloon makes six ascents daily, and an extra charge is made for each article that undergoes the treatment.

Japanese Humor.  
The establishment of a Buddhist mission in this city for the purpose of enlightening the benighted Christian is something of a horse on the enterprising American missionary. Who now will say that the Japanese have no sense of humor?—San Francisco News Letter.

# TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Sergeant Walker's Daring Feat.

In recent dispatches from the Philippines there was reference to a "trustworthy messenger" who saved the United States forces from destruction at the battle of Muntinlupa by traveling seventeen miles in a leaking boat for reinforcements. In the official reports it was said only that the hero was a Tennessean. Mails have come since then, and the "trustworthy messenger" has been named as Richard Wilde Walker, Sergeant-Major of the First Battalion, Thirty-seventh Infantry, son of J. Simpson Walker of Nashville, and nephew of Dr. L. P. Walker of 25 East Twenty-fourth street, New York City.

Sergeant Walker, responding to a call for volunteers at the outbreak of the war, went from Mississippi, where he was in business, to Nashville, and enlisted last June in the Thirty-seventh Infantry. He comes of Southern fighting stock. On his father's side of the family was General L. P. Walker, who was Secretary of War in the cabinet of Jefferson Davis; Major John J. Walker was a Captain in the Creek Indian war; Judge R. W. Walker was in the Confederate Senate, and afterward on the Supreme bench of Alabama. On his mother's side was Colonel Benjamin Herndon, a hero of King's Mountain, and John W. Rice, a Captain of the Mexican war.

Three companies of the Thirty-seventh Infantry received orders on September 12 from Major Swigert to go to Muntinlupa from Pasig. They started out in bancas, rowing down the river, but at Laguna de Bay the water was so rough that they had to disembark. Through marshes and over rough country they went, until at least they sighted Muntinlupa and a veritable forest of white flags. Out to them came the padre of the town, who told Sergeant Walker that the insurgents had fled the night before. The Americans, unsuspecting, advanced. In a few minutes volleys were poured into them from all sides, and they knew the priest had betrayed them.

They lost seven men, and then fled into the town, where they could fight from better cover. There were 100 of them, surrounded by 400 insurgents. Their only hope was to send for reinforcements, and for that perilous mission Sergeant Walker was chosen. To succeed he had to travel seventeen miles to the nearest telegraph station in a boat that leaked, that was manned by three Filipinos, impressed by him into service, and that had to cover most of the distance under heavy fire from the shore.

"When the enemy opened on us," writes Sergeant Walker, "the bullets hit the water all around us, and my 'hombr'es' tried to turn back; but I cooked my pistol, pointed it at the scoundrel in the stern, and said 'I'd shoot if he didn't go on. Then they began to dig, and we finally got out of range.'

Several times his rowers rebelled, and Sergeant Walker finally was obliged to knock one man senseless to impress the others that he meant business. Lieutenant Cooke, who was in charge when Sergeant Walker reached the field telegraph station, reported that the young hero was so wet and exhausted from his struggles with the Filipinos and from bailing out his boat for four hours that for a long time he was unable to make known his errand.

The assistance for which he had come reached his comrades at 9 o'clock at night, when they had only six rounds of ammunition left. This was not Sergeant Walker's first feat of daring. Thrice he carried orders under fire across the bridge at Manila, and at another time, with the assistance of another, saved a comrade from drowning in Manila Bay.

The Daring Escape From Death.  
John, or as he is popularly known, "Jonah" Meese, is one of the thirteen men who escaped alive after the recent Brownsville explosion in the mine near Brownsville, Penn. He is fearfully burned, and is lying at his home with his head swathed in bandages. He told his story as follows:

"I was in the stable," Meese said, "carrying my mule when the explosion occurred. My brother Sam was by my side and his boy Albert was standing in front of him. Then came the crack of the explosion. Never in my life have I heard such a terrific report. I thought my head had been blown off. In about two seconds the mine was filled with dazzling light, as the fine coal dust in the air was consumed. My brother Sam dropped to the ground as if shot through the heart. He must have been killed instantly. His boy Albert swayed and fell over upon his father. I began to back out of the stable, that is why my face is so terribly burned. I was afraid to turn my back upon the mules for fear they would stampede and run me down. I did not know then they had all been killed by the explosion, for our lamps were blown out and we were in total darkness."

"After I got out of the stable I heard Albert crying for help. I went back and found him and Harry Atwood, a driver. I proceeded, half leading and half carrying them to the foot of the mine shaft. They were both delirious, and I believe I was too. Both of them persisted in standing up, and began to walk around. I immediately forced them to lie down, to get them out of the path of the fatal afterdamp which hovered about four feet above the ground. Then I felt myself going to sleep, but I did not care, although I

realized that it was the sleep of death. I lay down upon something which I could feel, although I could not see, was a corpse, and fell asleep as calmly as ever I did in my life. When I awoke somebody was forcing me to swallow brandy and coffee, and I was trying to explain that it would be needless for me to drive a wagon, as there had been an accident in the mine.

The Hero of the Charge.  
The hero of the gallant charge of the Twenty-first British Lancers at the battle of Omdurman was a private named Byrne, who has since received the Victoria Cross for unusual bravery.

Lieutenant Molyneux fell in the khor into the midst of the enemy. In the confusion, he disentangled himself from his horse, drew his revolver and jumped out of the hollow before the Dervishes recovered from the impact of the charge. Then they attacked him. He fired at the nearest, and at the moment of firing was slashed across the right wrist by another. The pistol fell from his nerveless hand, and being wounded, dismounted, and disarmed, he turned in the hope of regaining, by following the line of the charge, his squadron, which was just getting clear. Hard upon his track came the enemy, eager to make an end. Beset on all sides, and thus hotly pursued, the wounded officer perceived a single lancer riding across his path. He called on him for help, whereupon the trooper, Private Byrne, although already severely wounded by a bullet which had penetrated his right arm, replied without a moment's hesitation and in a cheery voice, "All right, sir!" and turning, rode at four Dervishes who were about to kill his officer. His wound, which had partly paralyzed his arm, prevented him from grasping his sword, and at the first ineffectual blow it fell from his hand, and he received another wound from a spear in the chest. But his solitary charge had checked the pursuing Dervishes. Lieutenant Molyneux regained his squadron alive, and the trooper, seeing that his object was attained, galloped away, reeling in his saddle. Arrived at his troop, his desperate condition was noticed, and he was told to fall out. But this he refused to do, urging that he was entitled to remain on duty and have "another go at them." At length he was compelled to leave the field, fainting from loss of blood.

Hard Fight With a Bear.  
Near Kylortown, Penn., in the Alleghenies, William Mason, better known as "Hunter Bill," was out shooting and in a rather dense part of the mountain he was suddenly confronted by a monster black bear. Mason immediately raised his rifle, but the bullet lodged in the bear's shoulder. Enraged by pain, bruise, before the hunter had time to replace the empty shell with a loaded one rushed upon the man.

Mason clapped his gun, but was unable to stop the animal's rushes. His gun was knocked from his grasp, and he had only his keen hunting knife to rely upon to save himself from death. With the knife he slashed whenever the bear got within reach. Mason was almost naked and covered with wounds and blood, and the bear was red with blood from gaping wounds. Just when Mason believed he would have to succumb he noticed that bruise was also weakening from the loss of blood.

Taking heart once again, he steadied himself in time to receive the bear in another rush. Springing quickly to one side, Mason plunged his knife in the bear's side just back of the shoulder, and both fell over in utter exhaustion. It was some time before "Hunter Bill" could gather strength sufficient to make his way to the German settlement, several miles away, where his wounds were dressed.

A cavalcade went after the bear and brought the dead carcass to the settlement. When dressed it was found to tip the scales at 600 pounds. Mason received wounds that will mar him for life.

A Brave General.  
General Hector Archibald MacDonald, the new commander of the famous "Black Watch" Regiment in the British Army, is one of the few British Generals who rose from the ranks. He entered the army as a private in the Gordon Highlanders in 1879. In 1880 he was with the Gordons under Lord Roberts in the Afghan campaign. He soon gained a reputation for judgment, coolness and gallantry, and at the close of the campaign was the recipient of a commission in his own regiment. He was with Colley at Majuba Hill during the last Boer war. When the British fled at that fight MacDonald remained, and when he and run out of ammunition he knocked down two Boers with his rifle. A third was about to cock his fists to put an end to the gallant Highlander when a comrade interposed.

"Don't do that," he said. "This is a brave man. We must spare him. Take him prisoner."

And this he did.  
At the battle of Omdurman he commanded a Soudanese brigade, and it was said that his dash, combined with coolness, was responsible at the critical moment for turning defeat into victory.

Br'er Fox and the Boy.  
Paul Pagel, of the town of Westfield, was in the city recently and received from County Clerk Huebner a \$2 bounty on a fox scalp. Pagel is about seventeen years old and tells a curious story about the killing of the fox. While driving cows to water he saw a fox sitting near the path. He threw a stone at the fox, hitting it, which so angered the animal that it attacked him, biting his leg. He got the fox's neck under his foot and succeeded in choking it to death.—Baraboo (Wis.) News.



## RECIPES FOR THE NURSERY.

A Few Appetizing and Healthful Dishes For the Children.

Physicians assure us that salt cod-fish is both nourishing and digestible and may be eaten with impunity by those who are unable to digest fresh fish. Properly treated there need be no more salt than sufficient for seasoning, and if care is taken to select thick, white parts of the uncooked fish the result will be tender and juicy. A shallow pint or quart baking dish is necessary for a scallop, from which it should be served. To make, wash and soak over night about a pound of salt codfish. It should fill a pint measure when picked free from skin and bones and well shredded. To this add a tablespoonful of flour blended in a pint of milk, to which add a well-beaten egg; season to taste with pepper and salt (if needed). The thickened milk and egg should be cooked until smooth in a double boiler, and if the flavor of onion is liked, a small onion cut in quarters may be cooked with it and removed before using for the scallop. When the sauce is ready put a layer of dry bread crumbs in the bottom of the buttered dish, then a layer of fish, next a layer of finely-chopped celery, then one of the sauce, and so on until the dish is full, always, of course, finishing with egg and crumbs. If the celery has not been parboiled the dish should be covered for the first ten minutes to insure the cooking of this vegetable, which will be found to blend admirably in flavor with the fish.

Plenty of fruit and a few cents' worth of fresh wafers will enable the home caterer to send to table a slightly and digestible substitute for unwholesome though tempting pastry. Fill a shallow oval dish with freshly stewed or canned fruit. Evaporated apricots, peaches, cherries and the like, if soaked over night and carefully cooked, are excellent for this purpose. A cheap brand of canned peaches, if cut in smaller slices and more sugar added, may also be utilized in the same way. Just before serving cover the dish with nicely browned wafers (thin soda crackers), put for about a minute on the top shelf of a hot oven, and when eaten with the fruit they will be found crisp and delicious. It will be well to have a relay of the warm wafers ready for a second helping.

"Muslin" toast also makes a delicate and digestible upper crust. A square stale loaf should be kept for making this toast, as it is a delightful change from crackers to serve with cheese. Cut the bread for this purpose literally as "thin as a wafer;" dry for, say, half an hour on the top shelf over the range. When ready to serve place on a very hot tinpan in a hot oven, when it will brown and curl at the edges, and should be eaten while still warm. Relays of this toast should also be sent to table, for if allowed to become cool it changes character as surely as a griddle cake under the same conditions.

Hints For the Housewife.  
A saucer of charcoal purifies the refrigerator.  
Burlap, when stained, makes an artistic floor covering.  
The dinner cloth is invariably white, and should be long enough to reach well down at the sides.  
The small paper bags that groceries come in are a better protection to the hand than the gloves made purposely for blacking stoves.

Where the Caribou Roams.  
Newfoundland is the home of the caribou, and in countless herds they roam through its interior. Foreign sportsmen are every year visiting us in greater numbers, and our fame as a hunting ground grows in the United States and England. These sportsmen, and latterly women, too, kill their three to eight deer each, but their bags do not appreciably diminish the size of the herds. And what they kill is only a tithe of the number destroyed by the settlers. Although this killing has continued for years, the best authorities say the caribou are to-day as numerous as ever, for the area over which they range undisturbed is as large as Ireland, they being only got at from the rivers or along the railway line, which cuts through the heart of the country, but has no spur roads to quarter up the territory. Therefore the deer are practically safe from molestation when they are a few miles back from the rails, along which the settlers ambush themselves and shoot down the graceful creatures as they cross the line on their annual migration southward to the forests in which they find shelter to pass the winter.—Correspondence New York Sun.

Footnotes.  
Illusions brighten life because they help us think we fool other people.  
The true aristocrat respects and observes conventions without worshipping them.  
To excuse your expensive fads, expatiate fluently on the expensive feeds you haven't had.  
Even the vainest man never looks to see what size tracks his rubbers make in the mud.  
In the long run it is no harder to convince other people than it is to convince ourselves.  
Beautiful weather is always a sign that the forecast man is nerving himself up to do something mean.—Indianapolis Journal.

## SPANISH VANITY.

Commandante Tobilla, one of the leading Spanish officers in the late war, is in his own country a popular writer and public speaker. A firm of publishers in America is about to bring out an English edition of his book upon the war and the Cuban question. Senor Tobilla is a man of infinite tact and courtesy, and has a little more than his share of vanity. Before the breaking out of hostilities in Cuba a number of New York newspaper men were in Havana trying to get sketches and information about the Spanish army and fortifications. They were warned by General Weyler to stay in one place, and under no conditions to take pictures of forts or of soldiers under penalty of imprisonment. One daring member of the press, armed with a camera, went to one of the principal forts and began to photograph it. He was taken in by Tobilla's men and brought before the Commandante as a captive. He spoke excellent Spanish and thus addressed the officer:

"Most Excellent Sir, at last I have found you. I have come all the way from America to take your picture."  
"Indeed! Why, my men say you were taking pictures of fortifications!"  
"No, indeed; I heard of your valor at a recent battle, and I made up my mind that you were a hero and my people ought to know of you."  
"But I have not my proper uniform on. Do you really wish to take me?"  
"Certainly; and after you get your uniform on, have your men draw up in line and massed around you out in the sunlight, so I can get plenty of light, and also prove to my people what excellent soldiers you have in your division."

"You do me great honor, sir. Your request shall be granted."  
In a short time the Commandante and his men were on parade in front of the fortifications and the newspaper man took half a dozen camera shots at them, and also at the fort, which was the chief object of the visit.  
Tobilla saw him off to the next town with a guard of honor and discharged him from custody with a salute, and in the next "copy" he sent to his paper the correspondent had the only picture in existence of some very important fortifications and the flower of the Spanish soldiery in Cuba. But Senor Tobilla does not mention this incident in his new book.—Saturday Evening Post.

America's Great Locomotives.  
The American locomotive engineer deems it advisable to design his engine with a large margin of power. If an express train engine is designed to take a 200-ton load at fifty miles an hour, and that load should happen to be increased to 300 tons, the locomotive is still expected to be able to take it and keep time, and usually does so. Such, at any rate, is the experience of such an impartial and level-headed observer as Mr. W. M. Acworth. If an American express be late at one point of its journey, the engine is expected to make up the lost time even if the load be larger than usual. And, again, this is generally done.

But if an English engine is given a single coach above its prescribed load the driver insists upon having a "pilot," and commonly gets one. Or should the weather be bad, with strong side wind or a slippery rail, he demands an assisting engine and is accorded one, as a matter of course. Obviously this applies especially to the case of single-wheelers, which are so largely used on some English railways, because their range of power is much more sharply limited by adverse conditions than is the case with coupled engines. But in either, it seems indisputable that a smaller range of power is given to an English locomotive than to an American.—Engineering Magazine.

The smaller a roast of meat the hotter should be the oven at first, that the least possible amount of its delicate juices may escape.  
To make ringed potatoes, pare and then cut them round and round as in paring an apple. Fry them in plenty of hot lard, let them dry and then salt.

The best granite ware or other metal coffee-pot will acquire a rank flavor if not occasionally purified with borax, ammonia or some other cleansing agent.  
If meat be allowed to stand a little too long before cooking, a slight sprinkle of sugar over it just before taking it from the fire will remove the unpalatable taste.

It is of the greatest importance to keep a child's scalp in a clean and wholesome condition from its earliest infancy, as on this condition depends the character of hair later on.  
The stain of banana juice is almost indelible. It does not proceed from the stalk or plant, but exists in the green fruit as well, from which when cut or bruised it exudes in the shape of viscid milk or cream-like drops.

For severe nose bleed place the patient in a sitting posture, with the body bent forward and the neck straight. Have him close his mouth and breathe through the nose, at the same time raising the arms above his head. A solution of alum or even salt and water snuffed up into the nostrils is often useful.

English Street Car Facilities.  
The advantages of the new tramcars and regulations which have been adopted for Manchester, as compared with those now in existence, are as follows: Half penny fares and commutation tickets. Dry seats for outside passengers. Electric lights inside and out. More room and greater comfort. Electric communication with the conductor. Fixed stopping places. No advertisements.