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Three schools in Indiana, at South Bend, Elkhart, and Mishawaka respectively, are formulating plans for equipping the school buildings with bathing facilities.

The sale of \$750,000 worth of American cables to Glasgow shows that our bridge builders are not only manufacturers who can compete with established British industries on their own ground.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger is opposed for sentimental and historic reasons to changing the appearance of the president's official residence. It says: "Enlargements and additions would destroy the symmetrical building, which, in its present shape, is associated so closely with the history of the country that changes in its external appearance would be, especially since they are unnecessary, a piece of iconoclasm."

An organization has lately been formed in Boston among unmarried working women to prevent the competition of married women who are partially provided for. They include workers in restaurants, department stores, and factories, and their methods are to secure the promise of employers that they will employ none else but unmarried women, with such exceptions as may be offered in favor of women who have lost their husbands or are otherwise needy.

The Pacific slope is raising a crop of brawny, well trained athletes, many of whom come to our educational institutions on this side of the continent and vie with our strongest and most expert young men in winning the prizes offered in physical and mental competition. It appears, however, that there are quite as good left at home as come here, and the first we know some football eleven, baseball nine or rowing crew from the shore of the Pacific will visit this section and defeat the pride of our varsities. And then who knows but after that we shall have transcontinental as well as international athletic contests? Our young men would better keep a sharp eye on those progressive chaps along the slope, warns the New York Telegram.

The cable conveys the distressing intelligence that the day of the gondoler is done. The picturesque gentleman with the indolent eyes and the industrious paddle is to put his craft in camphor balls and more or less silently fade away. This is sad, sadder by far than tears. It may be a fine thing for the merchant of Venice to gulp down his coffee and give himself just ten minutes to get to his office, a nautical knot or so away, depending upon catching the electric boat at the corner. It may be all right for the soulless native who would rather make time than poetry. As a commercial departure the thing has its advantages. Considered from the standpoint of the stranger within the gates or the harbor, or whatever the enclosing agency of Venice may be, the advance of the electric fleet is an impudent invasion. Who wants to go to Venice and ride on a commonplace old boat that gets through the water by the aid of machinery? Your true tourists would rather be propelled through the fluid streets in a gondola of the vintage of '49, handled by a gentleman chiefly remarkable for his partiality to garlic, than slide through the channel on the shiniest modern boat the company has on its staff.

Capt. Gridley's Mother.

A bill is pending in Congress providing for an increase in the pension of Mrs. Anne Gridley, mother of Capt. Charles V. Gridley, who commanded the Olympia in the battle of Manila. She is an aged woman, but has long been employed as a clerk in the Land office. Her salary, together with a pension of \$20 per month for services as a nurse in the civil war, kept her alive. She is now too old to work.

The Providence Journal says: "The day is coming when practically every household will have a telephone, just as it has other modern facilities."

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.

Of ye who bow at Mammon's shrine,
Whose hearts with greed are glowing
And worship but the god of gold,
What will it profit you when death
Lays low the head so kingly proud
And rolls the wasted form of breast?
There are no pockets in a shroud.

Your thoughts by day, your dreams by night,
Are but of grasping golden gain,
Your guide is but the beacon light
Of riches barring in your brain.
You cast all nobler aims behind
And struggle as a maddening crowd
To clutch the dollars, but you'll find
There are no pockets in a shroud.

You sneerers who grind the poor
Beneath a cold, relentless heel,
Who overshow many a door
With cloud of misery, and feel
No sympathy to see them die
Beneath the hand of sorrow cowed,
Remember when you come to die
There are no pockets in a shroud.

What is the profit to the man
Whose life to Mammon has been given?
A bridge of gold can never span
The gulf between the earth and heaven!
What will it be to him to find
The wealth with which he is endowed
At death's gate must be left behind?
There are no pockets in a shroud.

This life is but a span; to-day
We're here; to-morrow we are gone,
Have faded from the earth as if
Into eternity's strange dawn!
Yet in the hungry greed for gains
Too many at the gold shrine bowed,
Forget that when the life-spark wanes
There are no pockets in a shroud.
—Denver Post.

After Clouds, Sunshine.

"My dear discouraged mother," said Mary Fairchild, throwing down her agent's outfit and sinking into a chair. The books slipped out of the shiny waterproof satchel and fell noisily to the floor, revealing some pages of a Life of Washington and some pictures in another volume, entitled "The Housekeepers' Guide."

"No one wants the books. The last woman I called on said 'Washington wasn't her husband's ideal, and she considered herself about as good a guide for housekeepers as the woman who writ books about housekeeping while somebody else did the cooking.' Here Mary laughed hysterically and, being worn out and nervous, ended by having a good cry.

"There, there; don't cry, dear," begged old Mrs. Fairchild, soothingly, "canvassing may not be your vocation, but you are bound to succeed yet. You're energetic and willing, and there will come a turn in the tide, Mary, before very long, I know."

Mary's tears had relieved the tension on her nerves and her mother's faith in her ultimate success encouraged her in spite of the fears she entertained for their future welfare, and she dried her eyes and began to smile.

"You're a regular sunbeam, mother," she said, kissing her affectionately, "and I hope you're a true prophet, as well, and that the turn in the tide you predict will soon occur."

And yet, despite her attempt at cheerfulness, Mary was very sad when she retired that night, little thinking that her darkest hours had passed and that a bright future was about to dawn for her.

When Farmer Fairchild died he left his wife and child in comfortable circumstances, but little by little their property had diminished until at last Mary was forced to seek employment. She first tried teaching a country school, but was obliged to give that up on account of a long period of illness. She then tried book canvassing, but was not fitted for the work and was not successful, yet, having her mother as well as herself to support, she was determined not to be conquered by adverse circumstances. She slept little that night, and woke early undetermined what work she would attempt next.

This question was solved in an unexpected way, for a letter arrived from a relative in a Western city, telling Mary she had the refusal of a position in a large department store. The salary, \$30 a month, would keep her two until something better offered itself.

So the Fairchilds sold their little home and went out to the thriving Western town, where Mary at once began work at the lace counter of Mr. Harper's store.

Mr. Harper, a pleasant, middle-aged man, was a fine manager, keeping a watchful eye on his employees, and he soon noticed how anxious Mary was to master all the details of her department and how carefully she attended to the wants of her patrons. Before the end of the year the new clerk was at the head of the lace department at a good salary, and at the close of the second year she was promoted to the position of purchaser of her line of goods, going East thrice a year for that purpose. Mary deserved her good luck, yet her advance had been so rapid that she made some enemies, who were always ready to do her an ill turn. But she also gained an ardent admirer in the cashier of the store, a rather ill-favored man of uncertain age, toward whom Mary had conceived an unaccountable antipathy. Whenever Mr. Mullen came near her she became as distant as possible, but her shyness, as he called it, only attracted him more to her. It was only after he had declared his love and offered her his hand as if he were offering her a great honor, that he became convinced that Mary positively disliked him. Then, being mean at heart, he began to hate her and plan for her humiliation. In a short time he became very friendly with one of the clerks under Mary,

fostered this girl's dislike for her superior skillfully, and finally enlisted her aid in a dishonorable scheme which he had formulated.

One day, at noon recess, this girl went to the floorwalker and in great excitement declared that a bolt of very valuable lace had disappeared from the counter. The floorwalker accompanied her to the department and began a thorough search for the missing lace. Under the counter he found a little portfolio containing two magazines, and between these magazines was hidden the bolt of costly lace.

"Whose is this portfolio?" he inquired, sharply, holding up the lace. "It belongs to Miss Fairchild," the girl answered, readily. "But, surely, sir, you cannot think she would steal the lace. It must be some mistake, although," she added, as if reluctantly, "I heard her only yesterday say she would give anything if it belonged to her."

"When Miss Fairchild returns from lunch tell her to come to the president's office and you accompany her," said the floorwalker, turning away to report the case to Mr. Harper. When Mary, who had not been told of the charge against her, entered Mr. Harper's office in company with her under clerk, she found the cashier and the floorwalker with Mr. Harper.

"Miss Fairchild," said Mr. Harper, "you are accused of purloining a valuable piece of lace from the counter. Have you anything to say?"

Mary was stunned for a moment, but, conscious of her innocence, soon found voice to say, with simple dignity, that there must be some mistake.

"This young woman missed the lace and called Mr. Bray, who found it in your magazine portfolio. How did it get there?" asked Mr. Harper.

"I am sure I do not know," replied Mary, with a great sinking of heart. It seemed as if a dark abyss yawned before her.

"You do not know, Miss Fairchild, but I do," said Mr. Harper, rising and confronting the cashier, and the young lace clerk, sternly.

"Even if I did not know that you were innocent, I would never have believed you guilty. But, fortunately, I walked home a few nights ago, behind two of my employees, and overheard them plotting this thing to bring disgrace upon you. Mr. Mullen," he said, turning to the cashier, "and you, Miss Clark," speaking to the frightened lace clerk, "are now dismissed from my employ."

They walked out in silence followed by the floorwalker, and Mary and Mr. Harper were left alone.

Mary had borne herself with so much dignity through the trial that the president could not conceal his admiration. He asked himself if she were not the woman to install as mistress of his handsome home, and it did not take him long to make his decision. Mary, for her part, suddenly realized that Mr. Harper was a bachelor, good looking and still on the sunny side of life, and a blush of embarrassment rose to her cheeks.

When it was time for Miss Fairchild to make her next semi-annual Eastern trip she went, not as the lace purchaser, but as the wife of Mr. Harper, who accompanied her. And the first request that Mary, who could not bear to think of any one being unhappy on her account, made of her husband, was that he take back the lace clerk and the cashier into his employ. And it being her first request, Mr. Harper could not refuse, and Mary's cup of happiness was full.

Five Ways to Reach Bolivia.

There are five main routes by which communication is obtained by Bolivia with the outside world. The first of these is by way of the Chilean port of Antofagasta by a railway of twenty-eight-inch gauge to Oruro, thence by coach or mule back to La Paz and other centres. From Antofagasta to Oruro is a distance of 800 miles, and the time required to accomplish the journey three days, the trains running only in daylight and then at slow speed. From the Chilean port of Arica is a second means of reaching the interior of the continent. A railway runs from Arica to Tacna, a distance of forty-seven miles, thence six days on muleback brings the traveler to La Paz. A third way of entry is via the Peruvian port of Mollendo, thence by rail to Arequipa and Puno, by steamer across Lake Titicaca, and thence a drive of thirty-five miles across level country to La Paz. The northeast section of Bolivia is accessible by way of the River Amazon, and its tributary, the Madeira; but this route is not properly developed, and is but little utilized except for shipments of rubber. The fifth way of reaching Bolivian territory is through Argentina to Salta or Jujuay, and thence by road to the principal Bolivian cities. This latter route would appear to be the natural outlet for Bolivia in the future when railway communication unites the districts of La Paz, Cochabamba and Potosi with the Argentine lines. When this railway extension becomes an accomplished fact La Plaza will be only a journey of four days from Buenos Ayres, and twenty from Enos, instead of occupying the isolated position of to-day, when the time required for such a trip is six weeks either way.

When Lydette is Harmless.

The Boer statements regarding the Lydette shells are highly interesting. They say that when they strike rocks or rocky ground the effect is very destructive, but when they fall on earth or sand they are harmless. They will now probably profit by this experience, and so construct their defensive works as, in conjunction with barbed wire and other entanglements, to render them practically impregnable when held by determined and well-armed men.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

How the Miners Secured Wages.

THE departure from Helena, Montana, of A. J. Seligman and wife for New York to reside permanently recalls one of the most thrilling kidnapping cases of Rocky Mountain region. Seligman, who is a well-known banker and mining man, was lured to a mountain cabin in 1888 by the miners employed in the Gregory mine, near Wickes, and held him for \$10,000 in wages due, and only secured his release by the payment of that sum, after being guarded in a cabin for three days.

Seligman was one of the largest stockholders in the Gregory silver mine, which at that time showed signs of deterioration, and on account of a deficit, it is said, the regular pay day passed without the 200 or 300 employees receiving their wages. Seligman went to Wickes several days afterward to make a personal examination of the mine, when in some manner rumor gained currency among the miners that Seligman intended to order the mine shut down and that they might not get their pay. A hurried conference of the miners was called, with the result that Seligman was seized and carried four or five miles distant into a lonely part of the Rocky Mountains, where he was placed under guard in a miner's cabin and given to understand that he could secure his liberty only upon liquidating the miners' claims.

The next day a courier was dispatched overland to Helena, where he arrived that evening, bearing two important telegrams, one to his wife stating his predicament and one to the late Jesse Seligman (his father), of the banking firm of J. & W. Seligman, New York City, requesting that the money be forwarded by wire immediately.

The news that Seligman was held for ransom spread like wildfire in Helena and created intense excitement. Rescue parties were proposed, but the utter futility of such ventures caused their abandonment. However, a committee took the matter in hand and proceeded to the telegraph office, where the matter was explained to the night chief, in an endeavor to get Mr. Seligman, Sr., to come to the New York end of the wire, a direct connection having been secured through the assistance of J. C. Barclay, night manager of the Chicago office.

It was nearly 3 a. m. when Seligman reached the New York office, where he arranged with a local bank to furnish the funds. It was after 9 o'clock before Mrs. Seligman started on her mission. She reached Wickes thence over the mountain roads. She sat up all night with her treasure, although unknown to her, she was also guarded by miners.

With the break of dawn accompanied by a guide she began the ascent of the trail to where her husband was a prisoner. The money was paid over to the miners, who then retired. The husband and wife were guided to Wickes, where they took a carriage for Helena.

Seligman said that he was treated kindly by the miners, although the diet of bacon and coffee was not exactly to his liking. A great crowd welcomed them at Helena, Mrs. Seligman being overwhelmed with praises for the bravery displayed in taking such a large sum of money over the lonely mountain roads.

His First Lesson.

The valor of the British soldier is justly famous, but it is fair to remember that a goodly share of it is Irish. Some of the very best records in the service belong to Irish regiments. The staff that many of the officers are made of can be inferred from a brief chapter in the life of Robert Blakeley, who has left behind him an interesting autobiographical record of his experiences in the wars against Napoleon. He was a boy of fifteen when he secured a small commission and set off to join the British army abroad. An adventure befell him at the start.

I embarked on board the mercantile ship Britannia, Captain Burrows, bound from Dublin to Bristol, and a more ignorant, drunken lubber never commanded a vessel. The wind blew hard as we entered Bristol Channel, and as we proceeded, the gale became tremendous. The billows rolled in majestic yet terrific grandeur, sweeping everything off the deck. Far from encouraging the crew by inspiring them with a sense of duty, the master added to their terror by his degrading and worse than useless lamentation.

A gentleman passenger came down to the cabin, and vainly endeavoring to restrain his unwilling yet manly tears, embraced his wife and two young children, who lay helpless in one of the berths. The innocent babes clung around his neck, beseeching him to take their mamma and them on shore.

The scene was excessively affecting, and acted on my feelings more powerfully than all the dangers by which we were surrounded. Although I had lain in my berth until then, so overpowered by seasickness as to be unable to make any exertion, I started up and hurried on deck just as the drunken skipper was knocked down by a blow from the tiller whilst trying to direct it.

Urged by the impulse of the moment, I seized the abandoned tiller, and turned it as I had seen the captain attempt to do. At this critical instant, I desisted a man on horseback making signals from the shore. This gentleman, foreseeing our inevitable

destruction, should we be driven past Combe Martine, rode at full speed along the shore, waving his hat, now in one direction, now in another.

All the sailors were drunk, but assisted by one of the passengers, I moved the tiller in conformity with the signals made by the gentleman, and in a short time we succeeded in guiding the vessel through a very intricate and narrow passage between rocks and banks, and finally ran her aground on a shoal of sand. We subsequently learned that eight vessels were that morning wrecked in Bristol Channel.

Credit was given to me, but I took none to myself. It was the first time I had been on board a vessel larger than an open fishing boat, and I was consequently as ignorant about steering a ship as about a training an elephant. Any part I took, therefore, was entirely mechanical, and the inventive and true merit was due solely to the gentleman on shore, by whose direction I was guided.

Racing With a Grizzly.

"Some people think that a grizzly can't run," said A. J. Dags, of Phoenix, Arizona. "I want to state right now that while the bear is a clumsy beast, he can cover as much ground as the average saddle-horse, and a man should be sure that he has a good mount before he tries to get out of the way of one which is angry. My brother was out in the mountains of the Territory, among the sheep ranches, one day when he saw, about 250 yards ahead of him, a big, awkward silver-tip. My brother had a rifle, but he was not certain that he would kill the bear if he shot, and he did not know how a race would turn out. He was mounted on one of the best horses in the country, for a man needed one in those days. He knew that the bear would not fight unless wounded or cornered, and he thought he would like to see how he would run against his horse."

"He was pretty certain that the bear would run from him if he could once get him started in the opposite direction, and so he gave a regular cowboy yell. The bear looked up, and started shuffling off towards the mountain, about a mile and a half away. My brother spurred his horse and lit out after the grizzly, at the same time keeping up the piercing 'Yeep-yeep' of the cowboy. The bear soon got into the running, and the way he got over that ground was a caution. My brother saw that the brute was getting away from him, and he urged his horse to the utmost, but he did not gain ten yards in the whole mile and a half. That bear lumbered along with leaps equal to a greyhound, and his pursuer did not have a chance to cut him out from his retreat."

"I went over the course the next day to verify the story, for it sounded fishy to me. I found that the bear had made jumps from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and that the ground had been cut up by his claws so that it looked as if a harrow had been run over it. For that reason I would advise no man to try a foot race with a grizzly."—Washington Post.

A Heroic Deed.

Near Maple City, in Cowley County, Farmer John Stevenson and his hired man went down into a well to clean it out. Both were overcome by foul air and were stone dead when taken from the well. On the same day, at the little village of Catharine, in Ellis County, a similar catastrophe resulted in bringing forth a hero whose name is worthy of enrollment among the best and the greatest. Paul Meis went down into his father's well after a fallen bucket. He was overcome by the gas and became unconscious. William Pelzel bravely went down after Meis, and he in turn succumbed to the deadly vapor. Then Paul Keoner went down after the other two and met a similar fate, and this was the situation when Henry Karlin arrived on the scene. Without hesitation Karlin had a rope tied beneath his arms and a silk handkerchief over his face, and he was lowered in the well carrying an extra rope. Reaching the bottom, he hastily tied the loose rope around the leg of a man and the man was hoisted to the surface. Twice this operation was repeated, and then Karlin was hauled out, he having become unconscious just as he finished tying the rope on the last man. All four remained unconscious for a long time, but doctors finally succeeded in bringing them around. Neither Pelzel nor Keoner knew the danger they were going into, as they had never heard of water gas, but Karlin did, and he took the chances like a hero.—Kansas City Journal.

The Newest Bridge Hero.

Strong nerves and rare presence of mind saved Frank Gaines and his little child from death a few days ago. Near Lawrenceburg, Ind., is a Baltimore and Ohio Southwest bridge, 200 feet long, which swings over a ravine 200 feet deep. At intervals of twenty feet are crossbeams extending one foot beyond each side of the trestle work.

Mr. Gaines started out for a walk with his child. He was half-way over the trestle with the little one in his arms, when he heard the whistle of the locomotive, and the next instant saw a train coming rapidly around a curve but a short distance away. At a glance he saw that he would not have time to reach the other side or retreat to his starting point before the train would be upon him. To hesitate was to be struck and hurled to certain death.

"Two feet away was one of the crossbeams. With a bound he was upon it. Leaving far out upon the end he steadied himself while the train swept past him. He could feel the hot steam scorch him.

Once more on solid ground he sank down, overcome.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Chivalrous Duke—The Latest—Not a Dead Secret—Disagreeable—A Hero of the War—Above Earthly Hiss—Inconsistency, Etc.

A maiden on a street-car was "so very cold," she said; "Ah, allow me," said the Duke, and he to the window sped. He tugged at it, and shoved it, and he waggled it askew. Till all their fellow passengers very interested grew. His gloves gave out immediately, his cuffs became a wreck. His tie forsook his collar, and his collar left his neck; But why proceed? The window was unmoved by all his pranks; He summoned the conductor, while the maiden murmured, "Thanks!" —Boston Transcript.

The Latest.

Waiter—"This is the latest on boiled-beef."
Patron—"What is it?"
Waiter—"Horseless horse radish."
—Judge.

Not a Dead Secret.

"People often suffer from dyspepsia without knowing it."
"Well, at least they let everybody else know it."
—Disagreeable.

Westerner—"Doesn't the New England climate agree with you?"
Easter—"No, it doesn't even agree with the weather predictions."
—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

A Hero of the War.

Horse—"What is that pompous, shabby-looking mule braying about?"
Automobile—"Oh, he's just home from a battle in South Africa."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Even a Perfect Idiot.

"What a perfect idiot I am," wailed Slumper. And for the purpose of consoling him his wife absent-mindedly remarked:
"No one is perfect, William."

Inconsistency.

"George was so nice. He arranged things so that I can exchange any one of the presents he gave me for anything else I happen to want."
"How lovely! And what will you exchange?"
"Nothing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Other Side of the Pit.

The Bear—"Ah, me! They atleast are not so lonesome as I, for they have put them all in one cage."—La Pele Mele.

Above Earthly Hiss.

"What is a philosopher?"
"A philosopher is a man who can pretend to have a light heart when he has an empty pocketbook."—Detroit Free Press.

Unnecessary Advice.

Johnny had sipped at a boiling cup of tea, and was howling.
"Hold your tongue," his mother ordered.
"I can't," he screamed. "It's too sore to take a hold of."
The Main Thing.

"See here, my child, what do you know about this young man?"
"I know the only thing I care to know."
"And what's that?"
"That he is unmarried."

An Unwanted Aspect.

"This is Mrs. Gushleigh's portrait, is it?" said the caller. "I should hardly have recognized it. The chin doesn't look at all like hers."
"Perhaps," suggested the husband of Mrs. Gushleigh, "you have never seen her chin in repose."

Successful Recital.

"That story you told at dinner pleased our host very much," said Gazzan.
"I'm glad he liked it," replied Mullins, deeply gratified.
"Yes, he said that he had never heard it told better."—Harper's Bazar.

To Be Told to the Marines.

"Too bad the Boers had to lose another howitzer," said the Shoemaker Boarder, who is an Oom Paulist.
"Well, anyhow it served their purpose for a while," said the Cheerful Idiot.

Almost at once, the waitress, to whom the Cheerful Idiot's humor particularly appeals, giggled amazingly. —Indianapolis Press.

Proved.

"A woman can't do a man's work," he asserted.
"I maintain that she can," she persisted. "Any woman can do any man's work."
"Preposterous!" he declared. "A woman who tries to do a man's work will make a fool of herself."
"I am glad to see that," you have come around to my view," she exclaimed triumphantly.
Then he began to think how he did it.—Judge.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

A medical paper directs attention to the curious fact that scarlet fever has never been observed in an epidemic form in the tropical or sub-tropical regions of Asia or Africa.

A series of experiments made at Kiel during the last two years have shown that of all metals used in ship-building an amalgam of iron and zinc is least subject to deterioration from the influence of sea water.

Protein (nitrogenous matter) is the name of a group of substances containing nitrogen. Protein furnishes the materials for the lean flesh, blood, skin muscles, tendons, nerves, hair, horns, wool, casein of milk and albumen of eggs, and is one of the most important constituents of feeding stuffs.

It has been clearly ascertained that the carbon which, when other elements are eliminated, we call charcoal, and which enters so largely into the structure of a tree, is taken from the atmosphere through the medium of the leaves; but how it is sent down the structure so as to add to the size of the most distant root, is yet an unsolved problem.

The annual report for 1898 of the Inspectors of Lunatics in Ireland shows a total of 20,304 patients under official cognizance. Of these 10,522 were males and 9782 were females. The total increase of lunatics for the year—viz., 714—was larger than that for 1897, which was 621, and also exceeded the average annual increase for the previous decade—viz., 444.

It has been assumed that the depth of unvarying temperature in the soil increases from one foot at the equator to seventy odd feet at the poles, yet a shaft in Northern Siberia has reached a depth of 1500 feet without getting through the frost. A Western mining engineer explains that this may not disprove the theory, as the deep freezing may be the result of annual accumulations of sediment on unthawed ground.

Experiments in the Sibley laboratory at Cornell University have shown that an alloy of aluminum and zinc possesses remarkable qualities. It is white and takes a fine finish, and is equal in strength to cast-iron, but superior in elasticity. On the other hand, it melts at so low a temperature that it can be liquified in a ladle over an open fire. In the liquid form it fills a mould, running into all the small parts much better than brass, but it is more brittle than brass. Its use does away with the foundry furnace, and its technical advantages are obvious. The strength of this metal is 50,000 pounds per square inch.

General Lawton's Bravery.

General Lawton was afflicted with tuberculosis and suffered a great deal from his lungs, although he kept the fact a secret from all but his closest friends. He felt that his life was short, and when he went to the Philippines he did not expect to return. He felt that the disease was gradually getting the better of him and that sooner or later it would carry him off. At the same time he expressed a hope that he might die with his boots on and in battle. Professor Worcester, of the Philippine Commission, says of him: "His bravery was something more than mere fearlessness. The night before I left Manila I was with him up to 11 o'clock, and before bidding him good-by I asked him, as his friends had begged of him hundreds of times before, to be more careful about exposing himself to the fire of the enemy. He answered that he knew perfectly the risk he was running, but that it was simply a matter of business with him—that with the force at his disposal and with the work he was called upon to do he felt it necessary that he should, personally direct every movement."—Chicago Record.

How "Bobs" Heard the News.

Lord Roberts, the commander of the British forces in South Africa, says the Outlook, learned of his son's death at the Travelers' Club. He was talking to a distinguished general at a little distance from the tape round which was formed a circle of the members.

Some one who did not know Lord Roberts was present exclaimed: "Good heavens! 'Bobs' son is killed!"
"What, what?" cried Roberts, elbowing his way to the tape.

He read the fatal intelligence, then walked out of the club without a word, the members gazing after him with silent, affectionate sympathy.

Lily of the Valley Poisonous.

That delightfully fragrant and graceful flower, the lily of the valley, is denounced by the German papers as a deadly poison. It is stated that both the stalks and the flowers of this lovely plant contain prussic acid. It is extremely dangerous to put the stalks into one's mouth, as, if the sap happens to get into even the tiniest crack of the lips, it produces swelling, often accompanied with severe pain. It is also advisable not to throw the dead flowers where birds can get at them, for they often cause the death of young fowls and pigeons. —Boston Traveller.

Horse Wears Rubber Shoes.

One carette horse now traverses the downtown district and the North Side in Chicago clad in rubber shoes to prevent him from slipping. The animal was shod in this manner as a result of the efforts of the Anti-Cruelty Society, the mothers of which are endeavoring to have all the carette horses in the city provided for in this manner.