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American mules are now vaccinated before being sent to South Africa, but the vaccination doesn't work when a Mauser bullet strikes them.

Even far away Sweden is increasing her armament by organizing forty-seven new batteries of artillery. The war fever is fast becoming epidemic throughout the world.

The Chinese want to avail themselves of western knowledge and mechanical skill without closer contact with western nations, and this is why they encourage western teaching and endow schools conducted on American and European principles.

Under the latest decision of the supreme court of the United States tea condemned as under grade can be destroyed by the inspectors. Let the good work go on, and put all counterfeit food through the same purging process. It is the only safe rule for money and food.

Chancellor Von Hohenlohe, in a speech in the Reichstag the other day, quoted the Kaiser's recent saying, "Social democracy is a passing apparition." Replying to Hohenlohe, Herr Von Croecker, Conservative, said: "Yes, but the French revolution was also a passing apparition."

The trend of modern civilization is toward prolonging and safe-guarding the existence of the individual. It is also true that there is a growing moral uprising against the wickedness of slaughter in war. But all this may be freely admitted without the concession that society may never justly put the criminal to death. That is a question which the nineteenth century will pass on along with many others, to the twentieth, and it is sure to be discussed long and warmly before a general agreement shall be reached.

The agent of the department of agriculture sent to make a study of conditions in Puerto Rico confirms the favorable impressions already existing in regard to the future possibilities of that island and its advantages as a new field for the enterprise of the American farmer. Mr. Cook, the agent, says that whereas but little tropical fruit and other plant products are now exported from the island, an unlimited commercial demand exists for them, and it only needs American enterprise and energy to increase the products millions of dollars annually. In the matter of coffee Mr. Cook thinks the island may be made to supply at least half the consumption of the United States, for which we pay annually from \$60,000,000 to \$70,000,000.

A novel and effective way of leading children to better lines of reading is in operation at the public library in Cleveland, Ohio. At intervals paper bookmarks are issued for the use of the children, and an outline of the various subjects to be read during the different months is made on the bookmarks. It is suggested, for instance, that the child read at least one book of history during one month, a book of biography the next, another on science, and so on through the months. In this connection a small leaflet is given the children, and the library assistants keep a record in it of the books read during the year. This induces the children to read a good line of books, so that the record will show up well when they compare it with that of their friends.

### THE MAINSTAY OF CIVILIZATION.

It is quite possible, though of course not demonstrable, that the humble chuckle barn fowl has been a larger benefactor of our race than any mechanical invention in our possession, for there is no inhabited country on earth to-day where the barn fowl is not a mainstay of health. There are vast regions of South America and Europe where it is the mainstay, and nowhere there is known anything that can take its place, which is probably more than can be said of anything in the world of mechanics.

Tuesday 100 blooded cattle arrived at New York on the Celtic for Kirk Armour, manager of the Armour Packing Company at Kansas City. Three are from Queen Victoria's herd.

### LAFAYETTE AT WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

In the blue of the sky, o'er the blue of the river,  
Like a banner of love sailed the eagle's white wing  
When the hero, in peace, laid his honors forever  
At the grave of the chief who was more than a king.

He had done with his wars; but a nation victorious  
Remembered his valor with grateful acclaim,  
And his heart was a pilgrim where millions made glorious  
His welcome return to the land of his fame.

The band-bugles sang at his coming, and yonder  
From the shore, as he bowed o'er the patriot's bed,  
The deep-rolling voices of the guns' muffled thunder  
Gave solemn all hail to the living and dead.

Unasked were the plaintiffs, the homage unsought for,  
With the sun of Mt. Vernon above him again,  
He prayed at the shrine of the people he fought for,  
And the hope of all races breathed freedom's amen.

October had mellowed the oaks at the portal,  
Lafayette! like the ripened renown of thy years,  
But fresh as thy faith in its beauty immortal  
Were the laurels of Washington, wet with thy tears.

And calm, as if love into vision had borne her  
With the soul he had cherished in friendship and trust  
The eagle, from heaven, watched over the mourner  
As he knelt in the chamber of Washington's dust.

All a country's proud story soared light on the pinnons  
Of the sentinels, in that consummate hour,  
And hailed, at the door of the Mystic Dominions,  
A future unmeasured in splendor and power.

O dream of the ages that died not in dreaming!  
The pomp and the music are joys that have been,  
But the sun of that day lights the world with its beaming,  
And the names it wrote dearest in triumph are twin.

And well if the eagle's white wing spreading wider  
Heralds peace, truth and freedom in covenant bloom  
Till the Union's last children shall rally beside her,  
Sincere as the pilgrim to Washington's tomb.

—Theron Brown.

An uncontradicted tradition of the event here celebrated asserts that a large eagle followed the course of the steered bird, in that consummate hour, hovering in the air over the tomb of Washington, till the famous visitor went away.

## The Captain of the Maintop.

Midshipman Jarvis on the Constellation.

By George Gibbs.



old naval service, and Jarvis was the youngest of them all, being just thirteen at the time of the action with the Vengeance.

HE hero of this narrative, James Jarvis, was one of the "young gentlemen" on the Constellation during the war with France. "Young gentlemen" was what the midshipmen were called in the old naval service, and Jarvis was the youngest of them all, being just thirteen at the time of the action with the Vengeance.

He was the smallest officer aboard, and his most important duties were those of passing the word from the quarter-deck forward, and taking his station aloft in the maintop, where he was learning the mysteries of the maze of gear which went through the lubber's hole or belayed in the top. He also stood at quarters with his diminutive sword drawn, a smaller edition of the Lieutenants, who were allowed to wear one epaulet and who could make a louder noise through the speaking trumpet than Jarvis could hope for to years.

Down in the midshipmen's mess, by virtue of his diminutive stature and tender years, he was not much interfered with by Wederstrandt, Henry Vandyske and the bigger men. But he found one or two of the young gentlemen nearer his age, and though frequently defeated, stood up as strongly as possible for what he deemed his rights. He was a manly little reefer, and up in the maintop, where he was stationed in time of action, the men swore by him. He was sensible enough not to give any orders without the professional opinion of one of the old jacksies, who always ventured it with a touch of the cap, a respectful "Sir," and perhaps a half-concealed smile which was more of interest than amusement. Thirteen was rather a tender age at which to command men of fifty, but the midshipmen of those days were not ordinary boys; they went out from their comfortable homes aboard ships where men were even rougher and less well disciplined than they are to-day, and they had either to swim. It was Spartan treatment, but a year of it made men and sailors of them.

The greatest, and probably the only, regret of Midshipman Jarvis' short life was that he had not joined the great frigate before she had met and defeated the Insurgente the year before. He wanted to be in a great action. Nothing seemed to make him feel more of a man than when the long eighteen-pounders were fired in broadside at target practice. If he had been but a boy, instead of an officer with a gold-laced cap and a dirk and all the dignities pertaining to those habiliments, he would have clapped his hands and shouted for sheer joy. But the eyes of his men were upon him, and so he stood watching the flight of the shots, biting hard on his lips to keep his composure.

Captain Truxton, ever mindful of his midshipmen, had disposed them in the different parts of the ship with regard to their size and usefulness. The older ones had been given guns placed on the fore-castle or in the tops, where they might be of assistance but would more certainly be out of harm's way. Such a thought was not suggested on the Constellation. If it had been, little Jarvis would probably have resigned immediately, or at the very least have burst into unmanly tears. As it was, he felt that his post aloft was as important as any on the ship, and he promised himself that if another Frenchman were sighted he would stay there, whether the mast were up or down.

So, on the first day of February, 1800, just about a year after the capture of the Insurgente, while they were bowling along under easy sail,

about fifteen miles off Basse-Terre, a large sail which appeared to be a French frigate was sighted to the southward. Jarvis went aloft two ratlines at a time, his heart bounding with joy at the prospect of the chance of a fight.

On assuring himself that she was a large ship, Captain Truxton immediately set all sail and took a course which soon brought her hull above the horizon, and showed the Americans beyond a doubt that she was a ship of war of heavier metal than the Constellation. Nothing daunted, Truxton bore on his course until the gun streaks of the other vessel could be plainly seen. Instead of showing the same desire to speak, the stranger held on, pointing to a light of his course, as though to avoid an encounter.

But the breeze, which had been light, now died away altogether, and the sea became calm. There were the two great vessels, drifted in sight of each other, all night and part of the following day awaiting the wind which would enable them to close. Jarvis was in a fever of impatience. A half-dozen times he got permission from the officer of the deck, and with a telescope almost as long as himself clambered up to the main royal to report. There was but one opinion among the midshipmen who went aloft—it was a Frenchman; she couldn't be anything else.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, up to the northward, they saw the ripple on the water of the wind they had been waiting for. The sail-loosers flew aloft and every sail was spread. Soon the Constellation was pushing her way through the water, the foam flying from the wave tops here and there.

The chase had caught the breeze at about the same time, and the Americans could see by the line of white under her bow that she was beginning to leg it at a handsome rate. But the Constellation was in excellent condition for a race, and by degrees drew up on the other ship, which as they reached her was seen to lie very low in the water, as though deep laden. They were sure to discover who she was before nightfall, so Truxton cleared for action.

Jarvis went aloft to his top and saw the backstays lashed and the preventer braces securely hooked and rove. Extra muskets were carried up into the top for the use of the jacksies and marines when they should come into close quarters, for then the fire of the sharpshooters would be almost as valuable as the shots of the great guns.

Their work had been over an hour and the sun had set in a clear sky before the Constellation drew up to gunshot distance. It was moonlight before she came within effective range. The battle lanterns were lit, and the long row of lights on the Frenchman showed that he, too, was prepared for fight. The sky was clear, and the moon, which was nearly at the full, made the outlines of the vessels perfectly visible to the men at the guns.

Truxton had given his men their orders. There was to be no cheering until there was something to cheer for. They were to await the order to fire until the enemy was close aboard, and then, and not until then, was the broadside to be delivered.

At last the Constellation came abreast the after ports of the Frenchman, and Truxton, throwing her off a little so that all his broadside would bear in a diagonal direction, loudly shouted the order to fire.

The telling broadside was delivered, and the battle was on in earnest. To those aloft the crash of the long eighteen to the enemy at every other downward roll of the Constellation showed how well the American gunners had learned to shoot, while the shriek of the cannonades and the shrieks in the brief pauses from the decks of the Frenchman told of the terrible effects of the fire among the enemy. The guns of the Frenchman were well served and rapidly fired, but they were aiming on the upward roll of the sea, and their shots went high. Several balls from the smaller pieces had lodged in the foremast and the mainmast, and one had struck just below the futtock band of the maintop where Jarvis was, and sent the splinters flying up and about him. Yards and yards they sailed for three long, bloody hours, until the firing of the Frenchman gradually slackened.

The Americans had suffered less on the decks than aloft, and Jarvis' topmen were employed most of the time in splicing and re-reaving gear. The discharge of the Constellation's guns did not diminish for a moment, and so fast was the firing that many of the guns became overheated, and the men had to crawl out of the exposed ports to draw up buckets of water to cool them.

At about midnight Truxton managed to draw ahead of his adversary in the smoke, and, taking a raking position, sent in such a broadside that the Frenchman was silenced completely. Jarvis and the men in the maintop had little time to use their muskets. Several long shots struck the mast, and almost every shroud and backstay had been carried away. As the Constellation bore down upon her adversary to deal her the death-blow, the mast began to sway frightfully. There was a cry from the men at Jarvis' side, and the marines and topmen began dropping through the lubber's hole, swinging themselves down the sides of the swaying mast by whatever gears they could lay their hands to.

Jarvis did not move. One of the older seamen took him by the shoulder and urged him to go below. The mast was going, he said, and it meant certain death to stay aloft. Little Jarvis smiled at him. "This is my post of duty," he replied, "and I am going to stay here until ordered below." At this moment a terrific crackling was heard and the old man-of-war's man went over the edge of the top. All of the strain was on one or two of the shrouds, and just as he reached the deck, with a tremendous crash the great mast went over the side. Jarvis had kept his promise to stay by his mast whether it was up or down.

The Frenchman, not so badly injured aloft, took advantage of the condition of the Constellation, and slowly making sail before the wreck was cleared away, faded into the night. It was afterward discovered that she was the Vengeance, of fifty-two guns. She succeeded in reaching Curacao in a sinking condition. When the news of the fight reached home, Congress gave Truxton a medal and a sword, and prize-money to the officers and crew.

For little Jarvis, the midshipman who preferred to die at his post, Congress passed a special resolution praising him warmly. History does not show an instance of nobler self-sacrifice, and no such honor as this special act of Congress was received by a boy before or since.—Saturday Evening Post.

It Was Heartbreaking. It was in a Georgetown car. An automobile whisked by up the avenue.

"I don't like automobiles," said the lady with the picture hat. "Neither do I," answered the lady with a mole on her cheek. "Whose make do you use?" "Make?—use? Oh, why, John hasn't bought one—yet. We don't own one. Which do you like?" "Who? I? Why—that is, you see Peter hasn't made up his mind whether to buy an electric or a gasoline machine."

"That's the way with them all," remarked a sour-looking man in the corner, sotto voce, "talking about 'liking' things which they have never ridden in, much less owned! If your hobbies had automobiles at home, an ox-chain and a derrier would not keep them out of 'em every five minutes of the day!'"—Washington Star.

Football in the Philippines. Among the very few games the Malays play football is held in high favor. However, it is football with a difference. In the first place, the ball is not the leather cased bladder or rubber ball so familiar to little folk in America, but is made wholly of wicker-work—hollow, of course. Instead of passing and dribbling down the field toward each other's goal posts, there are no goals at all, the players standing in a big circle. The object of the game is to keep the ball from touching the ground, the ball being kicked into the air from player to player. Lofty kicking is thus as much of a fine art on a Malay football ground as it is on the playing fields of Boston or San Francisco.

Boer Famine. A goodly number of the poorer Boers will be in a sad plight when the present war is over. While they are fighting against the British troops their farms are becoming ruined through lack of attention. Most of the Boers have had to let their crops go to waste and sell what few cattle they possessed in order to make provision for their wives and families while they were fighting.

### DISCOVERED CAPE NOME.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY FOUND THE NEW GOLD FIELDS.

He is Working a Claim For His Church Which is Realizing Handsomely—The Rush For the New Eldorado is Accelerating—Gold in the Sands.

LIEUTENANT JARVIS of the revenue marine service, who has been in command of the Bear in the arctic for several years, and whose heroic rescue of the ice-bound whalers in Bering sea two years ago gained so much fame, for him, says that N. O. Hultberg, of Chicago, a missionary of the Swedish Evangelical Missionary Society, which has churches in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, was the actual discoverer of gold at Cape Nome, where the miners are all flocking now. Mr. Hultberg is now in Chicago, where he will remain until spring, and then resume work at his mission on Golovin Bay, sixty miles from Cape Nome, where he has been located for three or four years. Mr. Hultberg is about thirty years of age, a native of Sweden and a man of great endurance and zeal. He is very popular with the natives and miners and has been quite successful in his missionary work. Under his direction the missionaries took up a mine at Cape Nome last summer, and during the ninety days when it was possible to work took out about \$75,000, which has not only paid all the debts of the society but has paid for substantial buildings for the mission station and left a surplus to purchase improved machinery and other facilities for working the mines, which promise to pay as well in the future as in the past. It is rather unusual for a missionary society to pay its expenses by running a mine. Mr. Hultberg also took up a claim on his own account, and in addition to his work on the mission mine made about \$30,000 for himself last summer.

"During the summer of 1897," said Lieutenant Jarvis, "a party of Swedish prospectors went to Golovin Bay, where Dr. Sheldon Jackson has a mission, and worked all around that locality. I saw them several times when I was up there. They went with Hultberg on his missionary tours and examined several valuable discoveries he had made in the Cape Nome region. Hultberg was much impressed by them, and in the spring of 1898 fitted them out at his own expense for the purpose of exploring Snake River.

These fellow-countrymen of his were a man named Britnison, who had worked in copper mines in the States and had been up in the Klondike country; Lindbloom, a runaway sailor, and Lindberg, who came over from Lapland in charge of the reindeer which Dr. Jackson imported from that country. They struck it rich on Anvil Creek and in Snow Gulch and staked out claims. They made their way back to Golovin Bay and told their story. They found there a mining expert from California, of the name of Price, who they took back with them to Cape Nome, and also a Dr. Kittleson, from Stoughton, Wis. They planned out \$1700 the first four days, organized a mining district, elected Dr. Kittleson recorder, and staked out claims for themselves and for Hultberg. Then, feeling secure, in November, 1898, they went down to St. Michaels with their gold to spend the winter and get an outfit and supplies for early work in the spring. The stories they told, of course, set everybody wild, and when they left St. Michaels for their claims they were followed by 1000 people.

"By the opening of navigation in 1899 the news reached California and the Klondike country, and there was intense excitement. The original discoveries were made in the gulches between the hills about three or four miles back from the beach, and between them and the ocean is a level plain of sand called tundra. Along in August last a newspaper man of the name of Logan disappeared from camp one day and was gone for nearly a week. When he came back he brought about \$500 worth of gold dust which he said he had washed out of the sand on the shore. At first people did not believe him, but when they tried for themselves they rocked out such fabulous sums that the whole camp in the gulches was deserted and everybody went down on the beach, making from \$10 to \$500 a day. From August to November they took out \$1,000,000, and the three Swedes, Lindberg, Britnison and Lindbloom, made about \$200,000 each. The total amount of gold gathered at Port Nome during the short season was about \$3,500,000, and I think the product will be anywhere from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 this year. It depends simply upon the number of people that can get up there. There will be a tremendous rush as soon as navigation opens. Every vessel that can be had on the Pacific coast has already been chartered to carry miners and supplies, and every berth has already been sold on every steamer. The exodus will simply be limited to the carrying capacity of the vessels."

"How did the gold come there?" I asked.

"Of course I do not know," replied Lieutenant Jarvis. "But the geologists say the rocks in the foothills were crushed by glacial pressure and that the particles were washed down into the sands. The tundra between the foothills and the ocean is as rich in gold as the sand on the beach, although the nearer you go to the water the easier it is to work it."

"How is the climate?"

"It is not so good as it is at Dawson. In the latter place it is very hot in summer and very cold in winter, but the air is dry and exhilarating and there is no wind. On the beach at Cape Nome it is neither

so hot in the summer nor so cold in the winter, but the cape is frequently covered with a heavy damp fog, and high winds blow almost incessantly, so as to make it very disagreeable, and the country around is a barren, lifeless plain. At Dawson the miners find timber for houses and fuel, but at Cape Nome there is no timber and the miners will have to import their lumber and coal and all of their supplies from the coast States."

"How much gold was taken out of Alaska last year?"

"About \$20,000,000 altogether, I should say," said Lieutenant Jarvis. "The official figures show a product of over \$16,000,000 from the Klondike alone, and I think that is considerably below the truth, because the miners have to pay a tax on their product and they would naturally make their reports as low as possible."

**WISE WORDS.**  
It is a great pity that the knowledge and experience gained by years and opportunities, by intelligent observation and thoughtful reflection, is not more fully utilized for the benefit of those who are lacking in some or all of those advantages. So many mistakes might thus be avoided, so much needless labor saved, so much less time wasted, so many false steps prevented, so many disappointments, failures and sorrows escaped, that it is matter for deep regret that really wise and good advice is so seldom craved, secured and followed.

We mortals sometimes cut a pitiable figure in our attempts at display. We may be sure of our own merits, yet fatally ignorant of the point of view from which we are regarded by our neighbor. Our fine patterns in tattooing may be far from throwing him into a swoon of admiration, though we turn ourselves all around to show them.

Every man will have the power he earns, and the power that he has will tell, not because people like it or him, but because it is power, and as such power can keep itself erect without having a cricket put under its feet, and keep itself dry without having an umbrella spread over its head.

A mind in the grasp of a terrible anxiety is not credulous of easy solutions. The one stay that bears up our hopes is sure to appear frail, and if looked at long will seem to totter.

Bravery may be cultivated. Showing a spirit of courage in the minor affairs of life trains us to be strong in the great crisis.

It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in in the meanest habit.

Happiness may resemble either a mountain or a molehill. It depends on the distance you are from it.

You need not pack up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity.

As an omen of success, industry is better than a four-leafed clover.

Suppression of honest investigation means retrogression.

**Torpedo Boat Destroyers.**  
The demands upon the officers and men of the torpedo boat destroyer are enormous. Comfort as it is under stood in a big ship is quite unknown. Even in what is known as moderate weather cooking is almost an impossibility, though this is less to be regretted, for the dura illa of the most injured seafarer often given way, and he feels a certain distaste for food when, besides the extremely lively motion given by the waves, the whole structure vibrates and trembles under the strokes of the engines and the kick of the propellers. The duties which torpedo boat destroyers would be called upon to undertake in war time are desperate in their risks.

The little ships are the infants perdition of the fleet. Even if they can carry their dread assault to a successful issue, it will only be by the greatest chance that they themselves escape destruction. The torpedo boat destroyer officers look coolly upon death as their more than probable fate in action, but each thinks that everything—himself, his ship and crew—will be well lost if he can only plant one deadly stroke which sends a battleship to the bottom. It is a comparison between a few thousand pounds' worth of structure, its armament, and a crew of less than fifty all told, against a floating castle which represents more than a million of money and carries 700 or 800 of an enemy's seamen.—Blackwood.

**Dowries For Poor Girls.**  
A rather pretty custom is observed in a number of towns in France, where prominent citizens have left a sum of money so as to provide every year a small dowry, to be given to the young girl considered most deserving from the point of view of general excellence, kindness to her parents, brothers and sisters, industry and so on.

The town of St. Denis has been especially favored in this respect, and to-day as many as fourteen young girls to whom the municipality and private citizens have awarded dowries were married at the same time, and the town was en fete on account of the joys of these little "rosieres."

**Biographies For Women.**  
A statistician in looking up some data relative to famous women has learned that one hundred biographies have been written about Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc and Mary Stuart. Other women who have furnished material for many books are Maria Theresa, Queen Elizabeth, Catherine II. of Russia, Marie de Medici, Mme. De Maintenon, Christina of Sweden, Mme. De Stahl and Queen Louise of Prussia.



### HOW TO CLEAN RIBBONS.

Two Methods That Should Appeal to the Busy Housewife.

Now that ribbons are so extensively worn it is quite worth while to know how to clean them successfully and easily.

The two methods here given have been put to the practical test many times over, so there need be no hesitancy about trying either one through fear of failure or of unsatisfactory results.

The first method is exceedingly simple and answers the purpose for all except white ribbons or those that are very badly mused. Fill a glass fruit jar about half full of gasoline—more or less, according to the amount of ribbon to be cleaned. Place the soiled ribbons in it—all colors—and screw the cover on tightly. Shake the bottle occasionally and leave it closed for from two to six hours, or over night. Then take out the ribbons, shake each one well and hang it to dry in the open air. The ribbons will be clean, and the dirt will be found in the bottom of the jar. Of course the ribbons need a thorough airing and sun bath to remove the odor of the gasoline, but that is all. No pressing is required, as the gasoline does not affect them as water would.

The clear gasoline should be poured off without disturbing that at the bottom; then the dirt which has settled at the bottom should be emptied out and the clear gasoline put back, ready for use another time. Keep it tightly covered, and, of course, never use it near a fire, because of the danger of its igniting.

The gasoline will turn white ribbons yellow, so this method is not advisable for them. It also leaves the ribbons in the same condition that it found them as regards their being mused or crumpled, so those that are badly creased should be given the treatment that is accorded the white ribbons.

Prepare a suds of soft water and any pure soap, wash the ribbon in this, just as you would wash a fine handkerchief; rinse and let it partially dry. Take it down while still damp in all parts and roll it smoothly over a wide card or piece of pasteboard, rolling a piece of clean white muslin around last, so that the ribbon shall be covered, and place the whole under a heavy weight. A letter press is an excellent place in which to press it. Leave it until it shall have had time to dry. The muslin will absorb the moisture.

The ribbon will come out looking fresh and clean and will have lost none of its "life," as is the case with ribbons which are pressed with an iron.

If a good soap is used the colors will not run, and this process takes out the creases as well as removes the dirt.

**Hints For the Housewife.**  
Rice should be washed in hot water, not cold.

A quick morning bath is a good substitute for the strong coffee most folk drink.

Ordinary headaches almost always yield to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

If you want to ruin silver-brushes wash them. If you don't, clean the bristles by rubbing them thoroughly with flour.

If at any time there is not enough batter to fill all the muffin pans, put a little hot water in the empty pans before setting in the oven.

Kitchen tables may be made "white as snow" if washed with soap and wood-ashes. Floors look best scrubbed with cold water, soap and wood-ashes.

To prevent rinds from curling at the corners bind them on the under side with a piece of narrow webbing like that used to hold furniture springs in place.

Silk may be restored by sponging, and while quite damp it should be rolled on a broomstick and left until quite dry. Silk should never be ironed.

The brain worker needs comparatively little of carbohydrates—that is, starches and fats; much less, indeed, than one employed at manual labor requires.

A saddle of venison is the best for roasting. Lard it with strips of trim, fat pork, salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Roast in a hot oven, basting frequently.

A serviceable loop for hanging up heavy garments is made by cutting a strip of kid from an old glove, rolling it into a string, and sewing the edges together. This loop will stand any amount of pulling.

An orange frosting can be quickly made by mixing together the yolk of one egg, a tablespoonful orange juice, a half teaspoonful orange extract and enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make it thick enough to spread.

Before going out upon a very cold or windy day rub into the face just a little cold cream thoroughly, afterward a dust of rice flour. It is almost impossible under this treatment to acquire a chapped face. Wear a veil in extreme weather.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live six months or longer without food.