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Sometimes when we feel that we are making the most headway it is because we are watching someone else going backward.

The new way of measuring the space occupied by a building is by the acre. A Duluth firm is planning to erect one to contain nine acres—not, however, all on the same level.

The truth is gradually coming out about South Africa. That it was the land of the dusselboom and full of veldts, kopjes, spruits and ooms was well known, but it has only recently been learned that it is also the home of the tsetse fly.

Young men before entering one of the principal medical schools of this country are examined as to their general knowledge. One of the questions given to the candidates for one of these schools last year, relates the Ladies' Home Journal, was: "What are the names of the books of the Bible?" Of 120 answers, only five were correct. Among the names of books given were: "Philistines," "Marcus Aurelius" and "Epistle to the Filipinos."

The movement to ameliorate the condition of the discharged convict is rapidly gaining ground in England. Judges, prosecuting attorneys, and city aldermen have united in the attempt to set ex-convicts upon their feet; and St. Giles Christian mission, London, gave 21,224 discharged prisoners last year their first meal out of prison, finding work for 5998 who were willing to accept it. In the last 22 years this association of Christian men and women has helped 361,000 prisoners after their liberation.

The opening up of Africa to civilization during the past 10 years is one of the wonders of the world's history, thinks the Atlanta Journal. A vast territory with natural resources of incalculable value has been placed within easy reach of capital and enterprise, and there is sure to be a phenomenal development in Africa in the early future. There is no longer a "dark continent"; the light of civilization has penetrated even the most savage land in Africa and grows brighter every day. Steamboats ply all the great rivers of that great continent and railroads now carry passengers through what were only a few years ago almost unknown deserts and unexplored jungles.

The iconoclastic tendency of our time is attacking theories which we used to consider almost as well established as the laws of mathematics. We are now told, for instance, that the good old rule of "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise," is not only nonsense, but really a bad thing; that persons should not go to bed until they are sleepy, and, as far as possible, not rise until they feel like it. Now, this new theory is contrary to common sense, observes the Atlanta Journal. The habit of early retiring and early rising can be cultivated like any other habit, and everybody who has tried both plans will testify that habitual practice of early to bed and early to rise is better than late to bed and late to rise. Night is nature's appointed time for rest, and those who are compelled to work at night and sleep during the day, are, as a rule, less vigorous and less healthful than those who get a good night's rest.

Insects Committing suicide. It is stated that insects have been known deliberately to kill themselves under certain forms of torture or provocation. Experiments have been tried upon wasps, which are extremely sensitive to benzine and dislike the odor very much. A tumbler was sprinkled with benzine, then inverted over a wasp, which at once attacked a bit of paper that was under the glass. Finally the wasp appeared to become desperate. He threw himself on his back, bent himself together and drove his stinging three times into his body, then he died. Repeated trials convinced the scientists that wasps would, under these circumstances, take their own lives, as several of them got out of their uncomfortable atmosphere in this way.

THE UNDER DOG.

BY MONROE H. ROSENFIELD.
Who's for the under dog?
I'm for the under dog!
For the man who nobly stand
For their own dear native land
With the might of freemen grand
I'm for the under dog!
Who's for the under dog?
I'm for the under dog!
Since the God of Freedom led
Where our sires for Freedom bled
Till our starry flag was spread
I'm for the under dog!
Who's for the under dog?
I'm for the under dog!
While the brave for gain and greed
To Destruction's powers lead
Right and Justice be my creed
I'm for the under dog!
Who's for the under dog?
I'm for the under dog!
Think you crash of shot and shell
And the battle's horrid hell
Can the right of Freedom quell?
I'm for the under dog!

I know that the world, the great big world,
Will never, a moment stop
To see which dog is right or wrong,
But will shout for the dog on top.

"But, for me, I never can pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right;
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight."
—New Voice.

ONE TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

In the opinion of American skippers of all the thrilling stories of shipwreck and other horrors of the sea which come into the port of New York each winter none is more dramatic than the story of an unknown oil steamship in mid-ocean in the winter of 1892. The vessel was subsequently thought to have been the British oil steamship Loodiana, although no absolute proof of her identity was ever obtained. The story as told by the officers of the Egyptian Prince, which arrived at New York with the news of the burning of the oil ship, is often told even at this late day in the shipping offices along South street, and no marine novelist ever penned or imagined a story more pathetic or more dramatic in all its details.

It was midnight in December, 1892, and the steamship Egyptian Prince, bound from Newcastle for New York, was in mid-ocean, plowing through the waves at a ten-knot clip. The night was cold and dark and the wind blew with hurricane force.

"Better keep a good lookout tonight," said Captain Coleman to Second Officer Jordan, "it's going to be nasty and no mistake."
"Aye, aye, it is that," came the reply, and then the captain went below. Jordan remained on the bridge silently gazing at the big combers rolling toward the vessel as though to engulf it and then curling away on either side of the bow with the force of a mountain torrent. The wind was beginning to shift to the northeast and nothing could be heard above the roar of the tempest but the ceaseless chug-a-chug of the engines. Suddenly from the lookout in the bow there came the hail:

"Light ho! two points off the starboard bow."
Jordan looked up and saw, way off on the horizon, a faint glow of light.

"Ship on fire," roared Jordan, "all hands stand by."

"God help that vessel to-night," said the members of the crew to one another. And then the course was altered and the vessel headed in the direction of the light. Meanwhile it had begun to hail and the wind screamed with increased fury. The light came nearer and nearer and finally the straining eyes of the ship's company made out great pillars of flame and thousands of flying sparks. That volume of flame in mid-ocean meant but one thing, and full speed ahead was sounded down in the engine room. In response the powerful ship bounded forward as though anxious to bring speedy assistance to the unfortunates aboard the distressed vessel. The distance gradually lessened and in a short while the hull of the burning vessel—a seething, roaring mass of flames—was sighted, rolling and pitching in the heavy sea. From the interior of the vessel great sheets of flame shot a hundred feet in the air; the smokestack and pole masts were pillars of flame, while the oil which with her was laden flowed down over the side like cataracts of fire. Blazing globules of oil floated away on the waves. The captain of the Egyptian Prince brought his vessel to within a hundred yards of the burning vessel. Faint cries which were brought to him on the wind were the only evidence that she was not deserted. It would have been foolhardy to bring the Egyptian Prince any closer to the burning oil ship, but the crew was lined up along the deck and Jordan called for volunteers to man a boat with him and go to the rescue. The sea was running mountain high and only three men responded to the call. This was not a sufficient number to man the boat and the attempt was given up. Not a soul was to be seen on board of the oil ship, and the Egyptian Prince began to circle around her in hopes of picking up some of the boats. Suddenly there came a cry from one of the officers of the Egyptian Prince and he pointed toward the jibboom of the vessel. Every eye followed his finger and then there was a cry of horror; way out on the end of the jib was a man and a woman. They were standing in the martingale nets, the man supporting the woman with one

arm while he clung to the boom with the other. The woman was shielding her face with her hands as though seeking protection from the fierce flames, which every moment threatened to engulf them. The crew of the Egyptian Prince heard pitiful cries in answer to their shouts of encouragement, but it seemed as though nothing could be done to aid them. The oil ship lay with her head to the gale, which sent the flames away from the bows. When she yawed, however, the flames shot forward and hid the two victims from sight. Then the wind would blow the flames back again and the couple could still be seen clinging to the boom. They saw the steamship now and their cries for assistance were continuous. The battle between the wind and the flames continued. Often a tongue of flame would leap out greedily toward the pair, as though to lick them up, and then a puff of wind would drive it back again. The heat was intense and it seemed as though the end must come soon. The officers of the steamship could stand the strain no longer and although there was not one chance in a million that a small boat could live in such a terrific sea, to say nothing of launching it, the three officers volunteered to make up the boat's crew with the three seamen who had volunteered. The crew rushed to man the davits and falls and the members of the brave little band took their places in the boat. Just as they were about to lower the boat, however, a cry from the captain caused every one to look toward the burning oil ship. She had again fallen off the wind and great sheets of flame flew out way beyond the jibboom. The man, with the woman clinging to his neck, could be seen hanging to the martingale, perilously swaying with every roll of the ship like an autumn leaf on a tree.

"Hold on, help is coming," hoarsely roared the captain of the Egyptian Prince through his speaking trumpet. A feeble cry was the only response, and the next moment there was a crash. The bowsprit had burned off at the butt. The man and the woman, still clinging to the spar, fell, and the water closed over them. When the spar arose on the crest of a wave neither the man nor the woman were to be seen. It was no use to lower the boat now, and the Egyptian Prince steamed away on its course, which was lighted for many miles by the roaring flames. None of the crew of the ill-fated ship ever survived to tell the story of the conflagration.—New York Sun.

WISE WORDS.

Every man's task is his life-preserver.—Emerson.

Unexcused for excuses are practical confessions.—Simmons.

Evil is wrought by want of thought, as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

Our ancestors have traveled the iron age; the golden is before us.—St. Pierre.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

Men judge us by the success of our efforts. God looks at the efforts themselves.—Whately.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

He that worries himself with the dread of possible contingencies will never be at rest.—Johnson.

The lie indirect is often as bad, and always madder and more cowardly than the lie direct.—Ballou.

Lift up thyself, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth worms and earthly darkness.—Nichter.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.—Bailey.

The Bible and Gold Leaf.

It is used in the gold-leaf trade, the gold leaf being packed in books made of paper leaves cut from the Bible. There is no intention on the part of the dealers to be irreverent in thus using the pages of the Bible, but it has become a universal practice in the trade. Most of the gold leaf goes to shops where artists' materials are sold, and it is packed between printed sheets because the slight indentations in the paper made by the printing serve to hold the delicate film of gold in place. The reason for using the Bible sheets is that the Bible is usually printed in small type and is always very evenly set, and the impression of the type on the paper is very slight, but quite enough to hold the gold leaf in place without injuring it. Small-type editions of the Prayer-book are used for similar reasons.—Tid-Bits.

Venice's Electric Launch.

The first electric launch in Venice has been delivered. It accommodates about fifty passengers and is fifty-three feet long and ten feet wide. Its average speed is seven to ten miles an hour, and it is called the "Alessandro Volta." While the introduction of any mechanical form of propulsion other than the gondola is to be regretted as far as Venice is concerned, still, if launches of this kind take the place of the small steamboats on the Grand Canal, it would be a great improvement.—Scientific American.

On the Pronunciation of "Water."

Mr. Clerk was pleading in a Scotch appeal before the House of Lords. The question at issue was in regard to a right of water. Mr. Clerk, more Scotch, pronounced the word water, "Pray, Mr. Clerk," said one of the law peers, "do you spell water with two t's in Scotland?" "No, my lord," was the dignified and scorching answer of the great lawyer, "but we spell manners with two n's."—Notes and Queries.

GODS OF OUR RED MEN.

THE HOME OF ALL INDIAN DEITIES IS IN THE BLACK HILLS.

The Great Spirit Sits Upon the Highest Mountain, Supposed to Be Harney's Peak—Ascribe Supernatural Powers to What They Don't Understand.

THE Indian has many deities. To him everything is "Wakan." The mysterious and unknown is ruled by the gods or deities of greater or lesser "Wakan." Anything that is supernatural, mysterious or supernatural is "Wakan."

The Black Hills of South Dakota, from an Indian point of view, is the home of the gods, from whom all power originates. The wind and the lightning are sent forth from the dark recesses of the mountains and the very foundations of the hills are made to tremble, when the Great Spirit gives vent to his anger. The old Indian tradition says that the Great Spirit sits upon the highest mountain in the Black Hills, supposed to be Harney's Peak, and from this exalted position, he directs the movements of the lesser gods and his own people. In his pleasant mood, he makes the sun to shine, the grass to grow and the Indian tribes to be at peace with one another. In his angry moments, he lets loose the winds and lightning and the world is made dark and the children of the Great Spirit are punished by famine and death.

Many years ago the Great Spirit kept a white man chained beneath the big mountain. The man trespassed upon the chosen hunting ground of the children of the Great Spirit and he was forthwith captured and made example of before all other trespassers of the palaces. The white man was a giant, whose footprints in the sands were twenty feet long and he was so powerful in his right arm that he could break the buffalo's back and could twist from its roots the lofty pine; yet the Great Spirit ruled him.

PRIMITIVE RAINMAKER.

The Great Spirit had a good many lesser deities, who were given power over animals and things. Onkteri was the god of water. This deity in outward appearance resembled an ox, being much larger. A great part of the religion of the Indians came from the wakan influence of this god. There are both male and female, the former having control of the water and the earth beneath the water, and the latter having an influence over the land by the side of the water. When the god of water wants rain to fall he lifts his tail and hurls to the clouds and immediately the rain falls. Onkteri assumes an important part in the jugglings and medicine men obtain their supernatural power from this deity. The god and goddess are mortals and can propagate their kind. They have power to impart from their bodies a mighty wakan influence.

Cha-o-ter-dah is the god of the forest. His home is at the foot of the highest mountain and he lives most of the time in the top of the highest tree on the mountain-top. His companions are the birds of the air, who act as guards and sentinels. When he wants anything he flies to his perch in the tree-top, which is as smooth as glass. He calls together his friends and sends them hither and thither. He is in constant war with the god of thunder, Wah-keen-yon. When Wah-keen-yon passes over the mountain-top, casting here and there his bolts of lightning, Cha-o-ter-dah, the god of the forest, enters the water at the foot of the tree and the lightning cannot touch him.

To the Indian, Wah-keen-yon is a mighty bird, and the noise that is made, which shakes the foundations of the mountains, is caused by the big bird flying through the air with his young ones. The old bird will not injure the Indians, but the young birds are foolish and do all the harm they can. The name Wah-keen-yon signifies a flyer. There are four varieties of the gods among the Wah-keen-yon. The image of the first one is that of a great bird, black in color, with a very long beak and four joints in each pinion. The second variety is yellow in color, beakless, and also has four joints in its pinions. The fourth god has remarkably long wings, each of them containing eight joints. It is scarlet in color. The fourth god is blue in color, and has no face, eyes or ears. Immediately above where the face should appear is a semicircular line, resembling an inverted half-moon. The Wah-keen-yon gods live on the top of a lofty mountain at the western end of the earth's surface. Guards stand at the open doors, which look out to the four points of the compass. A butterfly stands at the east door, a bear at the west door, at the north door a reindeer, and a beaver at the south. The Wah-keen-yon are destructive and are at war with most of the other gods. The Indians believe that the fossil remains of the mastodons that are found so frequently in the bad lands are the bones of the fallen god of water, and the burial places are held as most sacred. When the white man discovered these remains and, knowing their origin, commenced excavating them for rare relics, the Indians resented this invasion of the burial ground of their gods.

GOD OF GRASS AND WEEDS.

Whitte-ko-kak-gah is the god of the grass and weeds. The word, translated, means "to make crazy." The god is a weed himself and he has the power of giving whomever he will fits which make them crazy. The god has the figure of a man. In his right hand, he carries a rattle of deer hoofs with sixty-four deer claws. In his

left hand he carries a bow and arrow. From his cap streams of lightning flow, so bright that they dazzle the wild animals. In his mouth he has a whistle, which is used in the dance to invoke the assistance of the Great Spirit when the Indians have had bad luck in hunting.

We-hun-de-dan is the goddess of war. She is always invoked when the Indians go to battle. She is represented with hoofs on her arms and as many of these as she throws at the feet of each warrior indicates the number of scalps that will be returned to the camp by the warrior. If the party is to have poor luck, the goddess will throw to the ground as many broken arrows as there will be warriors wounded and killed.

One of the greatest and most revered gods is Tah-ko-shkan-shkan, who is invisible, but all prevailing. He is in the spear and the tomahawk, in the bow and in the four winds. He delights to see the warriors fall in battle. He is the most dreaded god of the Indians. He directs the movements of the fox, raven, buzzard, wolf and other animals of similar nature.

HAVE MANY GODS.

The Indians have as many gods and goddesses as there are imaginative minds in the tribe. Anything that is out of the ordinary or that appeals to the imagination is a god.

Contrary to the opinion so generally held, the Black Hills were never the home of the Indians. Influenced by the ever-present superstition, the Indian tribes held in reverence the pine-covered mountains and deep canyons, believing them to be the home of deities. The early pioneers in the Black Hills found evidence that the foot-hills for tepee poles and firewood, but beyond an imaginary line the tribes rarely ventured. It is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the Indians fought so bravely to retain possession of the Black Hills. To them the country was as sacred as the white man's heaven. The Indian battles in the '70s around and in the Black Hills were battles of a nation against a foreign people, who sought to dethrone and destroy a religion. Many of the Indians of to-day, surrounded as they are by the civilization of the whites, still hold in reverence the lofty peaks and the deep canyons of the "Pa-Ha-Sap-Pa."

Legal English in England. Legal English and the English of the plain man were again in conflict yesterday. It was not "place" this time, but "bedding." A distress may not be levied upon "wearing apparel and bedding," and a distress had been levied upon a bedstead; was that right or wrong? In other words, is a bedstead bedding? One counsel quoted Chaucer to show that it was, which is rather weak, since, as the other said, so many people slept on shakedown on the floor in Chaucer's day. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" also was cited—"they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout;" but that also is weak, since "sticks" rather than "bedding" probably covers "bedstead." The plain man will agree that a bedstead is not bedding. But it is pretty clear that what the law meant in this case was "what a man sleeps on," which makes a bedstead bedding and the distress illegal, and it was so held. It might be well to invest one's wealth in a gorgeous bedstead for security, much as Indian women invest theirs in bangles.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Pointed Paragraphs. If you are in doubt about it, don't do it. In the world's great drama the ocean plays the principal role. A sample room is dangerous when too many samples are taken. The man who has nothing to do but clip coupons cuts quite a figure. Every man has been, is, or will be handsome in the eyes of some woman. The opinions of a child may be of no value, but they are at least honest. A girl is invariably in love when she refers to the twilight as the gloaming. The woman who paints her cheeks and the man who dyes his whiskers fool only one person. A bachelor says that widows weep not because of the loss of a husband, but because of the lack of one. Probably no person living ever saw a picture of Cupid that looked as though the little fellow had good common sense. Figures may not lie; but when a girl looks like 160 pounds and only pulls the scales down at 116, there is something wrong somewhere.—Chicago Incedulous.

Incedulous as to Its Origin. A party was being shown over the British Museum. In one of the rooms the keeper pointed out a collection of antique vases, which had recently been dug up at Herculaneum.

"Dug up, sir?" echoed one of the party.

"Yes, sir."

"What, out of the ground?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What, just as they now are?"

"Perhaps some little pains have been taken in cleaning them, but in all other respects they were found just as you see them."

The wise man turned to one of his companions, and with an incredulous shake of his head, whispered:

"He may say what he likes, but he shall never persuade me that they dug up ready-made pots out of the ground."

—Pearson's Weekly.

Lake Vessels.

It is only a few years since the launching of a lake steamer with a carrying capacity of 4000 tons was believed to have marked the maximum limit to the size of such vessels. Now a steamer has been launched with a capacity of more than 9000 tons.—Cleveland Leader.

LIFE OF BOER WOMEN.

THEY ARE EQUALLY AT HOME IN DRAWING ROOM AND KITCHEN.

An Article by One of Them, Which Shows That They Are Not as Popular Fancy Has Characterized Them—Very Many of Them Are Highly Accomplished.

Miss Sannie Kruger writes as follows in Harper's Bazar:

Today the Transvaal occupies the centre of the political stage, and the Boer women have naturally taken first place in human interest. Gallons of ink are being spilled over them, some truth and more nonsense finding its way into print. The Boer woman stalks the popular imagination clad in the scanty garments of a Hottentot, as ignorant as a Kaffir, as bloodthirsty for battle as a Zulu chief.

I am a Boer girl, descendant of a long line of Boers. My grandfather was half English, half Boer; my grandmother, a Boer girl, was a sister of the present wife of President Kruger. Therefore I am doubly related to them—a grandniece to both the president and his wife by ties of blood as well as marriage. I am prouder a thousand times of this, my Boer ancestry, than of the slight English strain that is also my birthright.

Let me show you my countrywomen as they are, not as popular fancy has caricatured them. All Boer women have one striking accomplishment in common—the use of the pistol. The Boer girl of this generation aims as surely as her mother who guarded the wagons from beasts of prey when trekking the veldt, or, in time of war, loaded guns for the men, and, if need be, fired them.

Yes, the Boer women go to battle with husbands and fathers. Was there not a time when the women of America risked their lives that a republic might be born? Somewhere I have seen a picture of the Revolutionary heroine, Moll Fitcher, firing a cannon.

Boer women are strong. They hunt with their brothers, sitting their horses with superb ease, disdaining a saddle, shooting game, with unfaltering aim. General Joubert's wife can be taken as the type of Boer woman, who does not fear the whiz of bullets, ready to risk life that her children may enjoy liberty. In peace or war Mrs. Joubert is always at her husband's side. I have often heard her tell that during the last war she drove sixty miles in a Cape cart, accompanied only by a little negro girl. It was a very dark night, and the enemy flung the way, but the men gallantly fighting at the front were in sore straits for food, and her cart was freighted with a precious load of rusk and bread. So Mrs. Joubert, forgetting the danger that beset the way, drove on to the starving soldiers.

The women are ready to play any part that necessity demands. Not love of carnage, but devotion to her country, steadies her aim and stills her fire. The Boer woman does not fire upon the individual, but upon the vandal who would drag Freedom, soiled and bleeding, from her high estate.

I have only spun the wool in the Boer character; threads of a more domestic texture go to make the web.

Our grandmothers are the essence of industry—a trait no doubt derived from our Hollandish ancestors. They rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, when the cocks are crowing their shrill matins. Breakfast is usually eaten between 6 and 7, and consists of boiled meat, home-made bread, fruit and coffee. At 11 o'clock, a cup of tea, with cake, is served. At 1 o'clock the dinner-bell rings and the family sit down to a dinner of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert. But the Boer puts the wagon before the oxen, for soup is served after the meal, just before the dessert. A supper of cold meat, bread, fruit and tea is eaten at 6. Coffee is kept on "tap" all day long and punctuates every hour. At 8 o'clock they assemble for family prayers and at 8.30 it is "lights out and bed."

Now for the Boer girl of the rising generation. The discovery of the rich mines and consequent influx of strangers have naturally broadened her horizon and taken her out of the rigid groove of Boer custom. Her actions are largely governed by her elders, but her ideas are iconoclastic to Boer tradition. She may obey the letter but not the spirit of the laws. She is bred in the bone religious and industrious, but contact with foreigners has made her more cosmopolitan than her ancestors. The town-bred Boer girl of today is given a modern education. She goes to school with the foreign children, learns both English and Dutch and loses much of the Boer clannishness. Her people frown on Anglo-Boer marriages, but oftentimes the Boer girl braves these prejudices and marries the Englishman of her choice. The best Boer families are connected by one, sometimes two or three, ties, owing to intermarriage. The Boer swain who goes a-wooing chooses either Friday or Saturday night to visit the maiden to whom he would pay his addresses. It is understood that these two nights are set apart for "courting" calls, and a visit on either night is practically the equivalent of a proposal.

Many of the Boer girls are highly accomplished, studying music and dancing, with French and German instructors. They are, many of them, very prepossessing, with flashing black eyes and olive complexions. The Boer girl is equally at home in kitchen or drawing-room, and a nervous temperament, kindled by foreign contact, promises to save her from becoming the colossus of fat that is the phlegmatic Boer's fate. The Boer

girl wears a short skirt and simple bodice for riding and hunting; for dress occasions they pattern their gowns after the English, choosing rather gayer colors than the English wear.

A PLAYFUL BREED OF HORSES. The Haffingers of the Tyrol—A Rough Game.

Of horses the most companionable are doubtless Arabs. They have lived for generations in the tents of their masters and assimilated human ways of thought. Barbs and half-bred Arabs in Europe run the pure Arabs very close in this respect. They make noble friends, but on a lower level, as playmates for the lighter hour, I know no breed that comes up to the Haffinger, writes a correspondent of the London News. In the Tyrolean valley from which they take their name I suppose they live as much in the company of their owners as do the Valvognian cows with theirs. But they are exported far and wide. An Austrian baron, who buys them up and does what he can to impart "style" and fine manners to these queer-looking colts, has sold two to the Prince of Wales. The traveling carriages of Switzerland are largely horsed by Haffingers. In that popular health resort, Meran, they do nearly all the draught work. "Cob" is perhaps a misnomer. They are cobs in their low measurement from the ground, but big horses as regards girth, length of body and size of hoof. The heads are huge and very plain.

Haffingers have been compared with hippopotami and giant "sea horses," and with very good reason. Spiritually they are described as "the dachshunden of the stables," because dachshunden are "the ways of the kennel." It may be that people have refused to take seriously the oddly shaped horses and the oddly shaped dogs, and that both have thus come to look upon themselves as a good joke. Comicality sits in the Haffinger's little eye. He laughs in his sleeve, just like a dachshund. Both waddle in their gait, owing to their absurdly short legs.

Haffingers ought to make the fortune of any circus master. The figure (like dachshunden) delight in playing tricks, and will learn rough games, such as schoolboys love, and will play them, too, strictly according to rule. I have watched two Haffingers, with their owner and his man, playing a sort of hide and seek, hurrying and scurrying about a cobb's paved yard in pursuit of the men, lovably abiding by the marks that meant "safe home" and never punishing a player that had not blundered. They understood that they might kick or bite the man who, (being hidden, sought and found) failed to run fast enough to a "safe home." One who was not quick enough I saw taken by the waistcoat, shaken gently and dropped, kneeling, none the worse! The horses who were playing were over 12 years old. They relinquished the game most reluctantly when their breathless owner called "Time!" and enforced his meaning with flourishes of a formidable four in hand whip. Then these mature but "noble boys at play" rushed for each other—squealing like pigs in articulo mortis, showing enormous rows of teeth, twisting around in sudden gyrations to lash out at each other, one sometimes catching the other's hogged mane or getting a pinch of his smooth coat in a bite, but never doing real mischief!

One of the two I speak of taught a little game to a rider, and insisted on playing it, to while away the tedium of a three hours' ascent at a foot's pace. The game on the horse's part consisted in catching the rider's toe between his teeth. It was the rider's part to prevent this. All the way up hill the rider had the best of it. But, returning by the almost perpendicular track, the Haffinger gained an easy victory. He did not squeeze the foot, but shook it as you might shake a friend's hand—hearthy, not roughly—and for the remainder of the road he rested on his laurels, playing no more that day.

Haffingers show their affection by lavishly kissing with the tongue, like dogs. They are extremely self-willed—again a trait in common with the dachshund. Their paces are necessarily slow, but their staying power is enormous and their surefootedness a proverb with Tyrolean mountain guides and drivers.

Her Dream Was Fulfilled.

A young lady who lives in Boston was summoned to Portland a short time ago to attend the funeral of her father, a well-known citizen who died suddenly from heart disease, the immediate cause of his death being over-exertion. The morning his death occurred, the young lady was late in arriving at her place of business, and remarked, in explanation, that she overslept (an unusual circumstance), and had a dream in the morning which had caused her great distress of mind. She saw her father climb into a window, and then strike his head against a chair causing instant death. It is understood that the doctor attributed his death to his striking the side of his head against a chair as he entered the room by way of a window, a remarkable confirmation of the circumstances of the sad affair as indicated by the dream of his daughter.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

Tests of Yellow Pine.

The civil engineering department of the University of Nebraska recently made an interesting test of the crushing strength of blocks of yellow pine. The blocks were about four inches cubical measure. One was placed on its side, and was crushed when the pressure reached 1215 pounds a square inch. The other block was placed on its end, and it was not crushed until the enormous weight of 10,507 pounds a square inch had been reached.