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One good feature of the coming year is that we shall have said goodbye to the expression, fin de siècle.

New Orleans exults that in the last week of 1899 it handled for export more corn than New York, Boston and Philadelphia combined during the same interval.

The Chicago young woman and the Fort Wingate, N. M., man who were married the other day by telegraph, violated one of the safest axioms of life, "It is not well to set up house-keeping on tick."

Californians are beginning to cultivate the tomato tree, which bears clusters of a delicious fruit, thousands of boxes of which are sent yearly to London, and for which it is believed a good market could be found in our eastern states.

The ratio of men to women among the public-school teachers in Massachusetts is 1 to 10.2. During the first half of the past decade the number of men kept relatively diminishing, during the last half it has been relatively increasing.

Advertising makes the wheels of business go round. It helps to supply the motive force of commercial activity, and keeps the machinery of barter and trade moving. It has become indispensable in industrial affairs, and is a boon to the purchasing public.

London will soon have four underground electric railroads in operation. Two have been in operation for several years; a third is nearly finished and a fourth is being constructed. One of these roads lies in a tunnel from 60 to 100 feet under the surface of the streets above.

Dr. Albert S. Ashmead, a reputable New York physician, who has made a special study of the subject says that leprosy is by no means uncommon in New York. He believes that there are 100 cases walking about the streets, riding in public conveyances and living in lodging-houses. If this assertion be true, it is well worth the attention of the local authorities.

Leprosy is a loathsome and an incurable disease—a disease from which the public at large have a right to ask protection—and it would easily spread from such a nucleus in a city like New York.

The spread of the English language is commented upon by the Journal of Commerce. In 1800 only 22,000,000 people spoke English, as compared with 35,000,000 who spoke French, 38,000,000 who spoke German, and 32,000,000 who spoke Spanish. At the beginning of 1900 127,000,000 people use English as their mother tongue; an increase in the century of 477 per cent, and a greater number than those who speak German and French taken together. In this period the United States has grown from 5,000,000 to 70,000,000 inhabitants; the United Kingdom from 16,000,000 to 41,000,000, and the colonists of England have grown from a few thousand to about 12,000,000. In the same time the population of the European continent has increased from 170,000,000 to about 343,000,000. Thus while at the beginning of the last century the natives of Continental Europe outnumbered the English-speaking family 8 to 1 they now outnumber the English races only 2.7 to 1.

Peace or War.

In the olden days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If they were in a strange country and bore their spears with the point forwards, it was supposed they were bent on mischief, and was regarded as a declaration of war. If, on the other hand, they carried the spears on their shoulders, with the point backwards, their visit was taken as a visit of friendship, and there was no disturbance of the peace.

That was where the judge almost discovered himself. He sentenced Rand to twenty years' hard labor, and he had still fifteen years to serve. It was a queer case and not quite clear. So this was the motherless girl he had heard so much about.

"Now, see here, Alice," the young man said, "you know it takes two to make a quarrel and it takes two to make a separation. So while you may

WHEN JAMES MONROE WAS PRESIDENT.
Though fashion plates were quite unknown,
Was ever beauty like arrayed?
Enchantment's spell has never flown
From dainty lace and rich brocade.
The dames, the maids, the gowns they wore,
Were taste and grace and beauty blent,
And hearts were warm into the core,
When James Monroe was President.
The beaux, rare gentlemen, forsooth,
Wore wigs combed up in powdered puff,
And no one blushed to take, in truth,
From silver box a pinch of snuff.
Sweet Courtesy held high command,
And men were poets to all intent,
The mark of rank an honest hand,
When James Monroe was President.
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Youth's Companion.

And tallow moulded round a wick
When burning seemed as diamonds bright,
They scarce have traded candlestick
For twinkling incandescent light.
The dames, the maids and gallants all,
Who long have slept 'neath earthly tent,
The same whose presence graced the hall
When James Monroe was President.
Ah, long the years that intervene,
Yet, hush, ye scoffers, as ye may,
Still Purity's acknowledged queen,
And Courtesy is king to-day.
Hearts beat as warm to-day as then,
And charity's as kindly meant
As 'twas among those God's noblemen,
When James Monroe was President.
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Youth's Companion.

eye and said: "No, Mr. Hooper, nothing you can do, unless—but never mind now," and he gave him a peculiar look under which Hooper quailed.
The judge had not gone two blocks before one of the clerks came rushing after him and said Mr. Hooper wanted him to come back. He found Hooper striding the floor and mumbling to himself.
"My God, judge, do you know!" he cried.
"I know you are a scoundrel," the judge replied, surprised out of his self-control.
"I did it, judge; I did it."
"I know it," calmly replied the judge.

A STORY OF SACRIFICE.

How the Judge Helped the Lovers.

By George Lincoln.



HE judge fell into the way of watching them naturally enough. After the court adjourned in the early afternoon he always took a ride on his bicycle and never failed to visit the beautiful stretch of boulevard recently opened along the string of lakes.

They both came of good families, or at least well-to-do families, and their manner led him to think there was good breeding behind them. How, then, did he come to know that they loved each other? You ask. How was it possible not to know it? He was not always past fifty, and he had a good memory.

So when the judge noticed the way "he" looked at "her" and the way "she" looked at "him" and the tenderness of the young man's courtesy the judge knew well enough how matters were.

Not over twenty, and gave one an impression of trigness and neatness. A woman would say she wore a becoming suit that fitted her. She was petite, with one of those fresh, sparkling faces so seldom seen among over-worked society girls.

He was a manly chap of twenty-two, athletic, bronzed and thoroughly "fit," as my nephew says. My nephew plays on the "varsity" football team and is authority in our family on such matters.

And they noticed the judge. After awhile he got into the way of bowing to them, although they didn't know he was Judge Storror and he didn't know them.

One dreary Indian summer afternoon the judge went up among the trees on the side of the lake to a sheltered nook he knew and lay down to rest. There had been a puzzling case before him that morning, and while thinking it over he must have fallen asleep.

He was suddenly aware that just outside his shelter a man and woman were talking. He did not know what to do.

He soon discovered that they were "his lovers," as he called them, and they were discussing some unhappy circumstance regarding their affection.

What could he do? There was no way out except past them. Would it be better to come out and so let them know he had heard their talk, or would it be more delicate to remain till they had gone, not listening, and they would never know that any one had overheard them. He decided "no" to the latter alternative and remained perfectly quiet.

But try as he would it was impossible not to hear their whole conversation.

"But what difference does that make?" asked the young man. "You know perfectly well, Alice, that if it were a thousand times worse, that if it were you yourself, I would marry you."

"Oh, but think of it, Ned! Think what your friends would say! Ned Grant married the daughter of an embezzler serving his time in jail."

The judge couldn't help wondering if this were the son of Grant on the Supreme bench, whom he had never met, although he knew his father intimately. The girl's gentle voice broke as she said this, and Ned cried:

"I think it best not to see me again I shall not give you up and I shall see you every opportunity I can, so long as it doesn't bother you. Dad knows all about it and he's with me."

The judge wanted to shout "Good for dad," but he didn't.

Then they got up to go, and after another longer silence they left him alone. He knew all about the trouble, and pretty mean he felt about it, too.

As he rode slowly home he turned the little tragedy over and over in his mind, and the more he thought about it the more he felt that he had made a mistake by staying and listening.

At last he evolved a plan calculated to ease his own conscience and give the young man some courage. So the judge sent him this letter:

"Mr. Edwin Grant—I had the misfortune to overhear part of your conversation with Miss Rand today, although in quite an accidental manner. If, as I surmise, you are the son of Grant, of the Supreme, you are made of the right sort of stuff to regard Miss Rand's views as only a temporary obstacle to your happiness. I sent you Rand, and if you care to call on me I should be glad to see you. Perhaps you may think of some arguments to make Miss Rand look at the case differently. At any rate I agree with his honor, your father, and am also 'with you.' Yours, ROBERT STORROR."

The next day the judge was obliged to go to a distant city to act as referee in a case.

The Rand case was almost purely a circumstantial one and hung on the handwriting in which the false entries had been made in the books. The handwriting experts all agreed that the entries had been made by Rand; indeed, the prisoner admitted as much.

He had pleaded "not guilty," and when he admitted the identity of the handwriting there was little left to do for him. His counsel was completely baffled by the admission and Rand refused to explain it in any way. Try as he would, the lawyer could elicit nothing further and the jury had to bring in a verdict of guilty.

It could never be found how Rand had disposed of the sum he embezzled. In fact, not a penny of the missing money was ever found, and the bank charged it to profit and loss.

Hooper, the president of the bank, was in constant attendance at the trial and expressed great sorrow for Rand. Shortly after the sentence Hooper left the bank and went to another city, where he engaged in a private banking and brokerage business. It was in this city that Judge Storror was now sitting.

One night at the club the conversation drifted round to money and banking. The judge made the remark that he wished to procure a letter of credit for his niece who was going abroad and some one suggested Hooper's house as the best place to get it.

"By the way," said his adviser, "you sentenced the cashier of the bank of which Hooper used to be president, didn't you?" The judge said he did.

"Well," continued the man, "that's the way some men treat those who have been kind to them. My wife grew up in the village where Hooper and Rand were boys together. Rand was not in very good circumstances, while Hooper had plenty of money. At that time Hooper was quietly buying up a great deal of land through which he knew a railroad was projected. He let Rand in on the ground floor, lent him money and then, when they realized, collected Rand's notes, and in this way they both made money and Rand's share was a moderate fortune to a man in his circumstances. It wasn't many years before Rand had lost his money in foolish investments. Then Hooper got him the position of cashier in the bank where he was president. It seems pretty tough for Rand to have stolen all that money. The directors asked Hooper for his resignation, of course, and he was obliged to come here and start fresh."

Now this was a part of the story that the judge had never heard before. It little agreed with his personal impressions, which of course had nothing to do with the "law and evidence." He had an idea that Rand was not that sort of a man, and curiously enough, he had acquired an antipathy for Hooper.

"I came to this city because I couldn't stand meeting you and I have never had a happy or an easy moment since. I've lived in constant fear of apprehension."

The judge looked at him and could scarce restrain his contempt and indignation.

Stepping back, he turned the key in the lock and put it into his pocket. Then he went to the telephone and told police headquarters who he was and asked them to send him an inspector at the banking office.

"Now," he said, "before either of us leave this room you are going to write the whole story. You will sign it in the presence of witnesses and inside of two weeks Rand will be a free man. You will be arrested at once, but for two weeks, for my own reasons, you will continue to conduct your business and headquarters man will be always with you. You can explain his presence in any way that you like. Now sit down and write."

Hooper shrunk from the task, but the judge insisted. When he had finished and was ready to sign there came a tap at the door and a stranger was ushered in. He looked the door after him and the judge had a low conversation with him. The confession was duly signed and witnessed.

It set forth Hooper's necessity to obtain funds further than those available and how he had taken from time to time, showing Rand fictitious notes, so that Rand had every reason to suppose the bank was making losses. In short, he had made the entries in perfect good faith and then when the stealing was made known he had kept silence remembering all the benefits received. It was, of course, a questionable thing for him to do, considering his family. But there was no doubting the nobility of the man's character.

That night the judge started for home, having disposed of the case. There the next day he laid the confession before the governor and his lawyer, who took the preliminary steps to release Rand.

That evening Ned Grant called, saying he had failed to find the judge at home on previous evenings. He knew enough of law to appreciate some things the judge told him.

"Now," said the judge, "this tan-gle can be straightened out. You bring Alice here two weeks from to-night and I'll try to change her views."

At last the night came. The judge was decidedly nervous. The bell rang and in came Ned and Alice. He had told her about the judge and she blushed prettily when he was introduced.

After he had explained at some length that his eavesdropping was quite accidental he began to argue again with her on the matter. She took the same high ground as before—that it was being Ned a wrong. And she had a pretty good case, too. At last he said:

"So there is no way of turning you? You would marry if your father were not in prison for embezzlement?"

She nodded and the judge silently handed her a long typewritten document. It was the witnessed confession. Rand had been living quietly with the judge for the last few days and knew the whole story.

Ned stood near carefully watching her, and as the door opened noiselessly he saw John Rand waiting for his daughter to look up and see him.

She read it through without looking up. Then as she lay back in the chair she caught his eye and ran to him with a cry of "Father! Father!"

Hooper is still serving his time.—Chicago Record.

Kitten in Her Hat.
Genius is the only word to describe the ingenuity of the French actress who won a prize at one of the actresses' clubs for the most artistic and startling innovation in dress. The present rage for fur gave her inspiration. She was the happy possessor of a very docile and very white kitten. Selecting a black hat, she removed the feathers and trained the kitten to lie on the rim in such a manner that her face was framed by a huge gilt buckle, appearing to rest upon her front paws. After a training that would do credit to a circus performer mademoiselle appeared at the club with the wonderful hat, and it is not beyond the impossible that Parisiennes who adopted the live lizard and turtle craze will now adorn their headgear with cats instead of birds.

NEW WAY TO MAKE A FARM.

Land Whose Value Was Increased \$49 For Acre.

Doubtless the largest body of land ever held by one individual in Indiana is the B. F. Gifford tract, which by recent additions consists of 32,000 acres. There have been larger farms, but they have been held by firms or men representing the centralized interests of others. From the viewpoint of the large farms of the West the Gifford farm is not so notably large; but in Indiana, where a farmer who has from eighty to 160 acres, is considered in good circumstances, the size of this large holding is enormous.

In one respect the Gifford farm is a notable one compared to any tract. It is the largest cultivated swamp farm in the world. It was only ten years ago that the section which Mr. Gifford is now converting into pastures and vegetable and grain-producing land, was a series of marshes, pools and lakes—a part of the Kaukaee swamps. Mr. Gifford had previously developed a great tract similar to this near Champaign, Ill.

When Mr. Gifford first conceived the idea of converting a portion of the Kaukaee lands in Indiana to agricultural purposes he acquired at a nominal price about 10,000 acres. He then bought two dredges similar to those used by the Government in its river dredging. The dredges were put to cutting large ditches, almost the size of small rivers. This work has been going on night and day for years and now there are 8000 acres in a high state of cultivation. Last year the tallest corn and probably the best in Indiana was raised on this tract. Instead of fences Mr. Gifford has waterways between pastures. He has seventy-five miles of large ditches through the farm and has thousands of miles of smaller ditches. In addition to this he is now putting in drain tile. The soil taken from the river and ditch beds has been shoveled back over the fields, and thus the fields have been raised little by little as the ditching work went on. The work is still going on, but it will take years to put all the tract into cultivation.

Mr. Gifford has between 300 and 400 tenement houses on the farm and the population is probably 2000 people. He has a spur to the farm from the nearest railway and ships his products direct to the markets. The land, when in a state of cultivation, is as productive as any in Indiana and is worth from \$50 to \$75 an acre. It cost Mr. Gifford from \$1 to \$1.50 an acre.

The Care of Derby Hats.
Some men will buy two or three black derby hats a season, and these will always look rusty and old. Other men will buy not more than one a year, and that will never lose its deep and brilliant gloss. "I'll tell you why it is," said the best dresser in Germantown the other day. "It is because one man brushes his hat with a stiff-bristled whisk, and the other rubs his softly with a piece of woolen cloth. The felt of a hat is such a delicate stuff that a stiff whisk applied to it has pretty much the effect that a surry-comb or a rake would have on a suit of clothes. It wears the nap off, exposing the bare gray foundation in short order. A piece of woolen cloth rubbed over a hat with a circular motion that conforms to the grain, doesn't rub off the nap at all, but keeps it lustrous and firm and of good color. I buy one two-an-a-half hat a year, and rub it each morning with a bit of flannel. I guarantee that it outlasts three five-dollar hats that are raked and scathed with whisks every day."—Philadelphia Record.

The Rooster Was Gamed.
A Rockland young man is the owner of a smart rooster and has long entertained suspicion that the bird might have inherited gamey characteristics from some long-forgotten ancestor. To apply this theory to an actual test, he went home the other night, surreptitiously conveyed the plover mirror into the hen-pen, and held it before the gaze of the wondering rooster. The young man was not kept long in suspense, as to the bird's fighting qualities. After a brief, incredulous glance at the proud reflection in the glass, the rooster descended upon the object with spur and claw, with gleaming from each head-like eye. There was a crash, a smash and a clatter, and when the dust and feathers cleared away, the young sportsman stood a dismayed spectator in the center of a pile of rums formed of broken mirror, slats and pulverized plate glass. He is now satisfied with the rooster, but how he squared himself about the broken mirror is not known.—Bangor Whig and Courier.

His Was No Bird's-Eye.
On one occasion there was an argument going on before the United States Supreme Court in Washington, and the attorneys were using a map to illustrate the case. One attorney, in the course of his presentation of the case, pointed to the map in question, when Justice Gray asked him what the map was. "Why, your honor, it is just a bird's-eye view of the land in controversy," answered the counsellor. "Well," said Justice Gray, "I wish you would bring the map a little nearer; I haven't got a bird's-eye."—Argonaut.

His Bird Catted.
One of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments until one of the company at the round table lost patience and said in a gentle tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Well," replied the student, with a yawn; "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."—Collier's Weekly.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Rooming With a Bear.
LIVONIA is a part of our globe where fondness for pets coexists with love of sport. A Russian subject from that province tells me of the strange consideration evinced by one of her neighbors for the feelings of a bear, writes a correspondent of the London News. The animal had an odd fancy for sleeping indoors and in a bed. To humor him a room in a tower was always left open for the animal. Some nights he came and availed himself of the hospitality, but often he stayed out in the woods. If he arrived at his tower, and mounted the long flight of steps which led from outside to his own door, and found that anything prevented his entrance, the bear made a horrible noise, growling and battering the door.

In Livonia, during the brief Northern summers, the local magnates visit each other without prior arrangement, and they arrive prepared to stop the night. It not infrequently occurs that many carriages converge at the same time on one country house, with the result that as many as forty beds may be required. A large influx of visitors arrived one night at the house where the bear had his room. The last comer was a timid youth, a cousin of the house. The host met him, radiant:

"What a pleasure, Ivan. You'll find half the relations here. But, alas, you'll not have a good room. Every other corner is full. There's only the tower left. As you know, the bear comes there. But never mind. He does not put in an appearance every night."

The young man would fain have gone further, but the nearest country house was ten miles off, his horse tired, and the hospitable relations very pressing in their invitation to him to remain. He was greatly afraid of the bear, but still more afraid of offending host, hostess and all the other cousins and neighbors. He decided to stay, and at last retired to rest in a large, square room, with two beds in it. He inquired if he might not bar the bear (the door had but a latch), but he was told that no fastenings might be used; the bear was too noisy if shut out. He "would not let a soul in the place have a wink of sleep."

Besides, "he wasn't coming very likely." And further, "there wasn't any means of altogether fastening the door." "It was left on the latch on purpose." The last words of a rather sleepy cousin to the new comer were: "Better take the bed in the far corner, Ivan."

The guest can hardly be said to have slept there. The terror of Bruin kept him awake at first, and then Bruin himself. For in the small hours a shambling step and a sound of claws on the steps and balustrade froze the blood in the unhappy youth's veins. The noise came nearer. There was a flumming at the latch. With great growling and grumbling, Bruin entered and put himself to bed in the couch near the door. Then the beast grumbled, grunted, and seemed to sniff. That sniffing alarmed the other occupant of the room most of all, for he thought it meant that the bear scented him, and might resent his presence. Dawn was breaking, but that was only another danger; the bear might see him. Bruin, a great, curled lump above the blankets, became in due time visible to his fellow lodger. Then the bear snored! There was comfort in that sound! But soon he rolled about, and growled and grunted discontentedly. The heart of the watcher beat painfully loud. He dared not rise. He had not nerve enough to pass the sleeping animal and rush down the steps. Terror paralyzed the youth, and prudence whispered that "inactivity" can be sometimes "mastery."

The slow hours dragged on. All the company had assembled downstairs at breakfast, but Bruin still slept, and the timid cousin watched him with eyes that burned and throbbled. At last the host said: "Where's Ivan? Where's the bear, too?" and a messenger was dispatched to the tower, there to find a pallid guest and his uninitiated companion. The messenger routed out the bear, who had been kept as a pet when a cub, and who was really only half a wild beast—and helped the nerve-shattered youth to dress and join the breakfast party.

Pocket Knife His Only Weapon.
A wolf skin, badly cut about the left side and slashed across the neck and back, has been received by W. R. McFadden & Sons, taxidermists, of Denver, for full mounting.

There is a story in these slashes and cuts and the order that the skin be full mounted as a trophy. It is full of desperate courage and goes to prove that a lone wolf is not the cowardly creature that he has been represented. It shows, too, that a man, armed with only a pocket knife, is a terrible power among beasts when it comes to a hand-to-hand conflict. The hide was sent in by William H. Bouldin.

Bouldin encountered the wolf in a hand-to-hand fight. The hide and the gaping slashes around the heart told how the battle waged and was won, and Bouldin's mangled arm and several long, gaping parallel cuts in his left side near the flank tell how desperately the bandit of the plains endeavored to maintain his right of sovereignty.

Bouldin is a sheep herder and grazes his flock near Deer Trail, Col. One day last week he was out as usual

with the herd and about evening, as he was grazing back to the ranch, he saw a huge gray wolf galloping towards the head of the flock.

Bouldin was armed with only a pocket knife. He had barely time to jerk the small-bladed weapon out and open it before the wolf was upon him. Bouldin held the knife in his right hand and guarded his throat and abdomen with his left arm. The wolf's front spring was at the man's throat. He was warded off but his teeth snapped together on Bouldin's arm with a grip like a steel trap. Bouldin dug the brute in the left side with his knife time and again before he would release his hold.

The next spring the gray wolf made was for the herder's flank, just above the hip. He missed his hold but cut two long gashes in the flesh. He got a terrible rip from Bouldin's knife as he came. Then the man and beast fought furiously. The wolf would alternately snap at Bouldin's side and then mangle the protecting arm.

Bouldin kept digging at the wolf's heart, cutting him once down the mane on his neck and once between the shoulders. Finally the man got in a hard dig that weakened the animal. At the next lunge he got his knife into the brute's heart.

They had been fighting for over a quarter of an hour. Bouldin was covered with blood and very weak, but managed to reach the ranch, where his wounds were dressed. The wolf was brought in by the ranch hands. He was a huge one and evidently an old marauder. The carcass weighed something over 100 pounds and was in fine condition. His skin was stripped off, the skull taken and both sent to Denver for mounting.

The animal's canine teeth, both upper and lower, measure considerably over an inch in length, and the grinding teeth were sharply cusped and terrible weapons in tearing.

Coolness Saves Him.
George Landford, one of the greatest orsmen ever graduated by Yale, has lost his left arm in an accident in the Joliet (Ill.) mills of the McKenna Steel Working Company, of which he is superintendent. While inspecting some of the faulty machinery, in a position so perilous that he had hesitated to order any mechanic to perform the task, Landford was blinded by steam, and, groping, caught his hand in a pair of cog-wheels.

The cogs wound in his hand and arm to the shoulder, and then Landford managed to free himself. Amputation was performed forty-five minutes after the accident. The patient's life was despaired of during the evening, but later he rallied, and now, on account of his magnificent physique, he is said to be out of danger.

At the time of the accident the white-hot steel bars were rolling through the presses, and in between them Landford crept. A misstep would have burned him to death.

Just before the bars enter the rolls streams of water are turned upon them. When the water was turned on a dense cloud of steam rose and completely enveloped Landford.

Landford retained not only his consciousness when his arm was caught, but presence of mind, and, throwing his weight to one side, gradually worked the arm to the wheel and extricated it. Then creeping out he rose and walked quietly away, with the arm hanging limp at his side. He fell exhausted at the threshold of the factory, but did not lose consciousness. When relief came he directed the method of binding up the arm to stop the bleeding.

Landford refused to take an anesthetic, and for the success of the operation the physicians were obliged to administer chloroform by strategy.

Landford rowed in the Harvard-Yale-Cornell race of 1897, and in the Henley regatta of 1896.

Brave Nettie McWilliams.
Miss Nettie McWilliams, daughter of Captain James McWilliams, one of the richest ranchers and cattlemen in Texas, has won for herself a reputation of being the bravest girl in the State. When she was in her nineteenth year a band of twenty Apaches made a descent on her father's ranch one day when but three men were at home, her father being away with the rest of his employes.

As the Indians approached the house with yell and fired guns at the doors and windows, the young girl and her three men fired back and killed three of the savages without themselves receiving a scratch. The Indians fell back and concealed themselves behind the stockade of the corral. In the meantime it was necessary that the little band in the house should have reinforcements, and Nettie, assuming command, insisted that it should be she who should risk her life and go for help.

Giving three sharp notes on a little silver whistle, her pet horse came to the back door and was let into the house. The girl saddled and bridled him, and, riding him out of a door opposite to the hiding place of the Indians, was half a mile away before they discovered her. She fortunately met a force of eight cowboys, who gladly agreed to return with her. Nettie acted as guide and leader. As they neared her home shots were falling hot and heavy. Night had fallen in the meantime, and under cover of the darkness they came within a hundred yards of the marauders unseen. Then they fired into them, and but five Indians escaped. Nettie herself shot the leader, Black Wolf, who was said to be the worst Indian on the border.

The time a telegram needs to go from London to Alexandria is twenty minutes; to Bombay about one hour; to Pekin two hours, and to Melbourne three hours; from London to New York 2 1/2 minutes.