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Those who were at one time con-
vinced that intercollegiate football
would have to be abolished have found
it necessary to revise their opinion in
view of the uncommon activity on the
gridiron this fall. It is fair to say,
however, that several modifications of
the game and the cultivation of gener-
ous and friendly feelings have justified
the general complaints of a few years
ago.

It is true that John C. Fairfax, Baron
Fairfax, made a great deal more of a
figure through his title in Maryland
than he would have made over in Eng-
land. But it is also true that he was
an American citizen of the best type
—the type of those who, if they had
his opportunity, would think as he did
that any title which a man does not
earn for himself adds nothing to his
value if he is a valuable person, and
if he is personally insignificant gives
a touch of the ridiculous to his insignificance.

Men suffer most from cancer now-
adays, according to an English au-
thority. The most tainted places in
England are London, the Thames Valley
and the counties adjoining the metrop-
olis. The highest mortality rates for
occupation are those which include
commercial travelers, coachmen, mer-
chants, seamen, brewers, inn-keepers,
butchers and plumbers. Doctors stand
low on the list. It is a curious fact
that the better the nutrition and the
younger the patient, the more rapidly
the cancer grows, the patient often
having a fine healthy color in his
cheeks.

The State Board of Health in Mich-
igan has promulgated an order requir-
ing physicians practicing in that State
to report cases of tuberculosis, under
a statute which empowers the board
to compel doctors to report cases of
dangerous communicable disease. A
medical practitioner of high standing
in his profession disregarded this re-
quirement, insisting upon his right to
do so, because tuberculosis was not ex-
pressly mentioned in the statute. The
lower court excused him on this
ground, but the Supreme Court has re-
versed this decision, holding that the
State Board has the discretionary
power to classify pulmonary consump-
tion among contagious or communica-
ble maladies.

Light and Health.
M. Trelat, a well-known authority
on hygiene, recently gave it as his
opinion that the best light for the
house is the slanting light as opposed
to the vertical and the horizontal
lights. According to this view, the
London Lancet points out, houses
should be constructed to receive the
rays of light at an angle of thirty de-
grees—that is to say, from a place cor-
responding with the mid-heavens—and,
in order to obtain this light, houses
should not be higher than two-thirds
of the width of the street. If a
street, for example, were thirty feet
wide the houses on each side should
not be higher than twenty feet. The
suggestion is, of course, not to cut
down our houses, but to widen our
streets.

Homes of Glasgow Workmen.
The Glasgow workman finds that high
wages go with cheap living. Rents in
this northern metropolis would be
counted by the London laborer as ex-
ceedingly low. Most of the families
have an exceedingly poor standard of
household requirements. The rule in
Glasgow is to live in blocks of dwell-
ings, four families to each floor on one
staircase. The usual home consists of
two rooms and a little scullery, and
the Glasgow mechanic looks at you in
cold Scottish surprise if you dare to suggest
that his family requires more accommo-
dation than that. "I've known very
good men brought up in a 'but and a
ben,'" he says stolidly. "It was good
enough for my father; it's good enough
for me. Rents are high about here."
By "high" he means about £18 a year,
not including taxes. The fair average
rent for the respectable Glasgow work-
man is £15 a year.—London Daily
Mail.

The population of Finland includes
2,527,800 Russians.

BY THE STREAM.
The sunlight steals between the leaves
And flickers on the stream;
The little minnows dart about
Like shadows in a dream.
Beyond the shade the clover-field
Is quivering with the heat,
But here the water ripples cool
About the children's feet.
The leaves stir softly overhead;
The shadows verge toward noon,
And they will have to leave their play
And go to dinner soon.
—Katharine Pyle, in Harper's Bazar.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

By Marian C. L. Reeves.

MADGE started violently as
her eyes fell on the pic-
ture, well placed in the
gallery, to catch the eye
even of a careless passer-by.
To catch it, and to hold it, with its
warmth and depth of coloring and its
quiet tone, like that of a Valkyrie-Lied,
"St. John's Eve in Norway."
Madge would have known it at a
glance, without that label on it.
For an instant she stood staring.
Then, rather than that her limbs failed
under her than that she desired to sit
down opposite the picture, she dropped
upon the bench before it, her somewhat
shabbily gloved hands folded
on her lap.
Her dress was a little shabby, too.
The long, black mourning veil clung
about her limply, as she pushed it
back out of her way.
To any passer-by she might seem
but one of the crowd in the Corcoran
Gallery on this free day.

But Madge, the real Madge, was not
here at all. She was yonder in the
picture, in the midsummer night in
the midst of the St. John's Eve pro-
cession.

A year ago. Was it only a year
ago?—it seemed a lifetime, back into
that happy Wanderjahr which ended
so abruptly.

It was on the homeward passage to
America that her father had died,
suddenly, of heart failure, it was said.
But Madge knew he had gotten his
death blow from the latest American
paper which the pilot brought on
board as they entered the bay, a paper
lightly opened, and which con-
tained latest particulars of the great
bank failure, sweeping clean away the
fortune he had meant to leave his
child.

"A beggar"—Madge, bending over
him, had caught that last faint word
upon his lips. "A beggar—"

Madge straightened herself and
knotted her hands about the little
black silk bag which had carried her
lunch this morning to the office, and
which was now bringing back in its
mouth a bunch of field daisies bought
from a street boy on the way up town.
A beggar?—no, but never farther re-
moved from that than since she had
become a worker.

But that Wanderjahr, in which her
only work had seemed to be to work
out her own happiness.

The glamour of it was in her eyes,
gazing back into the picture. How
like one valley to another, sunk among
those Scandinavian mountains. It
might have been this very one, into
which she and her party had descend-
ed, drenched with a sudden cloudburst
on the mountain top. There was nothing
for it but to borrow peasant cos-
tumes at the friendly guard below;
and a bright color flushes up Madge's
face now as she feels again the eyes
of the artist of the party upon her,
as, with the farmer's daughter, the
three girls traveling together come
out, and for a moment fall into line
with the St. John's Eve dancers troop-
ing there from the neighboring vil-
lage.

She remembers it all; the artist's
eyes, as he looked on; the speedy de-
tection of the three make-believe vil-
lage girls; the merry stirs, the laugh-
ter and light repartee among the tour-
ists; the gay village music; the farm-
house glowing in the background, its
tall chimney ending in a cross, built
high against the sky.

How like, how like it was!
But Madge's thought broke off with
a gasp.

In one of those faces, half turned
toward her, she had recognized her
own, as in a looking glass.

How well—too well—she remem-
bered! The artist's eyes; no words
of his. Few words had passed be-
tween them, indeed, though for three
weeks they had been meeting almost
daily.

Over those uncrowded routes the
ways of sight-seers are apt to cross
and re-cross; as had theirs from the
time when, with an apology, he put
an extra rug across her lap in the
weird day-night when she sat on the
deck of the stout coast steamer, watch-
ing for the midnight sun off Norway,
to that Eve of St. John, that midsum-
mer eve, which ended it all. For while
Madge slept in the queer little nest
under the eaves, and dreamed her
strange, bright, confused, little, inno-
cent, midsummer night's dream, in
which fairies and peasant dances
were intertwined in Titania's train, and
the artist was Lysander standing
apart, looking on at it all, with his
hands in his pockets and a cigar in
his mouth, and that in his eyes.

Madge's color was flickering up into
her weary face again at that memory,
and then it faded out; for while she
slept her father had been revising his
plans for further travel. That unlucky
meeting on the mountain had damp-
ened his desire for northern travel. The
next morning (when the artist had gone
forward, with the tacit understanding
that at the foot of a certain famous
waterfall, deep in the mountain fast-
ness, one might very well meet mid-
summer festivities) over a rather
late breakfast her father unfolded his

new arrangement to Madge. They
would retrace their way, and take the
returning steamer on the morrow; and
after all return home to America a
little earlier. "After all, there is noth-
ing much better than the home moun-
tains and seashore for the summer
weather, is there? And then,
Madge—"

But there had been no "and then"
for poor little Madge. Her story was
finished, she told herself.

And, indeed, it had been no very lit-
tle of a story! Just a mere hint of a
sketch that might have been made.

If she could have told her father!
But what could she have told her
father? What she wanted to climb and
climb along the rough, wild moun-
tain ways, in the wake of a man who
had hung a spare rug across her knees
in a bleak midnight sea wind; who
had caught her once, staggering on a
slippery, rolling deck; who had
plucked a bit of mountain moss for her
on the edge of an abyss; who had stood
apart on a midsummer eve, on the edge
of a village dawn, with a cigar in his
mouth, and his eyes—

Madge put a hasty hand across her
eyes, shutting out the picture. What
had she do with pictures like that!
Vain dreams! Her part was not with
dreaming, but with work-a-day real-
ities.

Well, well, she would go home. Al-
though her home was a back build-
ing room, and no one waiting for her
in it.

She rose the more slowly for the
thought. She was turning toward the
door of the main entrance, when sud-
denly—was it with that strange sense
of being watched, that sometimes
moves one?—she turned around. And
in his eyes—in his eyes the same look
she remembered.

While she stood motionless, he came
up, and before she had recovered
breath, was shaking hands with her,
quite as though they had met last
week, instead of last year.

But she saw him glance quickly at
her mourning veil, which she gathered
about her, her nervous hand strok-
ing its folds.

"I came to see the pictures," she
said, with an effort at ease. "I did
not expect to see a—"

"An old friend," he said promptly,
filling up her slightest hesitation. "But
I did."

"You?"

"I came to see you," he said, nod-
ding at the picture. "I tried in vain
to find you. So I was obliged to call
you up there, to my own eye and yours.
No stranger would recognize you. I
took care of that. But I had, at least,
a forlorn hope that it might prove a
clue. Every one sooner or later comes
to Washington, you know. And so
it has."

"A forlorn hope, indeed," she said,
with the ghost of a little laugh, sad-
der than tears. "It is a pity it did
not fail you. We were all so merry
and happy that midsummer night."

"When I dreamed a dream," he said,
"that is just beginning to come true."

He drew her hand, with his little,
worn, black glove, gently in his arm.

"You won't vanish so suddenly
again like the vision of a dream?" he
said. "At least, you will let me take
you home?"

She did not answer at once, and he
said, quickly:

"Pardon me; but it is a year and
three weeks for me since I have
known you. I forget that it is not
the same thing to you. You must not
be angry with me if I beg that you
will sometimes let me see you at your
home."

She stroked again the folds of her
veil, with a hand that trembled.

"I have no home. I—I have noth-
ing."

It was his voice that trembled.

"Nothing but an old friend," he said;
"an old friend of a year and three
weeks."

That was his plea, with a slight al-
teration a little later.

"We have been friends for a year
and four weeks," he said. "How much
longer do we need to wait to know
each other better? I knew you,
Madge, the first time that I looked
into your honest eyes. Why should
we wait? Let me take all my life
to make you know, better and bet-
ter, how I love and cherish and—"

"Obey?" archly.

"Obey my wife, when she bids me
have my way—as she will now."—
Waverley Magazine.

Civilization and Ads.

The tendency of people to make use
of the advertising columns of newspa-
pers is a result of the progress of civ-
ilization. Even the woman who wants
a servant no longer hangs over the
back fence to ask the housemaid next
door to find one for her, but adver-
tises her need. The time is coming
when a business establishment of any
kind that shall not consider the con-
venience of the public enough to use
the advertising columns of newspapers
will be regarded as belonging to the
old horse-car period.—Mexican Her-
ald.

Clock of Tree Graces.

Count Isaac de Comodoro is the own-
er of a white marble clock, which is
said to be worth \$250,000. It is called
the "Clock of the Three Graces." The
graces are connected by festoons of
flowers, surrounding a broken fluted
pillar, which serves as the base of a
two-handled vase decorated with festo-
ons of oak leaves. This vase con-
tains the works of the clock, to the
dial of which one of the nymphs is
pointing with her finger.—Kansas City
Journal.

Soldiers Who Don't Drink.

In three British regiments—the Black
Watch, the Argyll and Sutherland
Highlanders and the Queen's Royal
West Surrey Regiment—over half the
men are total abstainers.

COUDERSPORT ICE MINE.

REMARKABLE SOUVENIR OF THE
GLACIAL AGE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Scientific Explanation of the Phenomenon—It is Visible From May
Until October Every Year—Ten Thou-
sand Years It Has Lasted.

Coudersport, Penn., does not occupy
a very conspicuous spot on the map,
but to-day Coudersport is noteworthy.
"Greenland's icy mountains and In-
dia's coral strand" in juxtaposition,
an ice cave under foot and tropic heat
over head, are Coudersport's twin ti-
tles, as well as nearly everywhere else
in these United States. It was unusu-
ally hot last summer, but in this ham-
let, in Potter County, one had only to
descend a rude ladder, leading to a
small cavern under ground, to find
frost, icicles and December zephyrs.
Icy stalactites ranging from an inch
to three feet in thickness hung from
the roof of the Coudersport "ice mine"
during one of the hottest hot waves
of last August. According to the
statements of men of good repute in
that neighborhood this phenomenon
is visible from May until October
every year, but this summer additional
explorations of the ice mine have re-
vealed unthought wonders.

The scientific explanation of the phenom-
enon is this: Eons ago Southern
New York, Northern and Northeastern
Pennsylvania were covered to a tre-
mendous depth by glacial deposits.
Scientists have dug down and found
far below the ground, where the
earth's heat should have increased
materially over the surface tempera-
ture, streams of icy cold water. The
subterranean flows were the liquid re-
mains of the great glacier which
swept across Canada, by way of Lake
Erie, Pennsylvania, New York and
Long Island to the Atlantic.

In the Journal of the Franklin In-
stitute of Philadelphia, issued in Jan-
uary, 1883, Professor H. Colville Lewis
presented a map showing the bound-
ary of this glacial area in connection
with an exhaustive lecture which he
delivered before the institute on
"The Great Terminal Moraine Across
Pennsylvania."

In the beginning of his monograph
Professor Lewis says:

"When Agassiz, over forty years ago,
after a prolonged study of the Swiss
glaciers, announced the conclusion that
large portions of the continents of
North America and Europe were once
covered by an immense glacier thou-
sands of miles in extent and several
thousands of feet in thickness, geolo-
gists the world over were startled at
what then seemed an impossible hy-
pothesis.

"To-day there is hardly a truth in
geology more widely accepted or cap-
able of more conclusive proof."

Three phenomena plainly indicate
the progress of the great Northern
Drift: (1) the mantle of "hill" (a de-
posit of stones and clay unstratified by
water), which is a characteristic feature
of the Allegheny plateau, in Potter
County, Pennsylvania, (2) the longitu-
dinally scratched boulders nowhere
found except in the vicinity of glaci-
ers, and (3) the smoothed or striated
rock surfaces, another glacial remind-
er. All these go to prove the correct-
ness of Agassiz's hypothesis, for simi-
lar phenomena are found at the foot
of many Swiss glaciers. Just as the
ancient Swiss glacier carried boulders
from Mont Blanc to the Juras, so this
great continental glacier carried them
from Canada across Lake Erie into
Pennsylvania.

Just as the Greenland glacier now
fills the valleys and overtops the
mountains, so this larger glacier ad-
vanced over mountain and valley
alike in a continuous sheet to its final
halting place only sixty miles north
of Philadelphia. At its edge, as ob-
served in Pennsylvania, this glacier
must have been 800 feet thick. A
hundred miles back from its edge,
among the Catskills, it was at least
3100 feet thick, while 200 miles fur-
ther, in Northern New England, it
was 5000 feet thick.

There are data, says Professor
Lewis, which indicate that the glacier
did not finally withdraw from the
United States until as recently as
10,000 to 15,000 years ago. Professor
Wright finds from a study of glacial
"kettle holes" in Massachusetts that
the accumulation of peaty matter in
it, whether caused by growth of vege-
table matter or by winds and rains,
is equal to a level deposit of eight feet
in thickness. At the rate of one inch
in a century, which is probably less
than the true rate, according to Pro-
fessor Lewis, this would place the
close of the glacial epoch at less than
10,000 years ago.

In Kansas similar ice caverns, or
"kettle holes," have been found. In
the Kansas Journal of March, 1897,
Mr. J. Ritchie describes in detail these
ice caverns and other glacial phenom-
ena, and the Kansas Journal previous-
ly printed a similar dissertation by
Professor N. M. Lowe, but none of
these "kettle holes" equal in interest
the Coudersport find.

Its precise location is four miles
southeast of Coudersport. Four years
ago William O'Neill, a mineralogist of
no small knowledge and experience in
Potter County, Pennsylvania, felt
convinced that he could find a silver
lode on the farm of John R. Dodd, sit-
uated in Sweden Valley, near Cou-
dersport. Consulting with the owner,
who is a merchant and at present
Postmaster of Sweden Valley, Mr.
O'Neill arranged to sink a shaft on an
uncultivated hill of Dodd's twenty-
five acre farm. In case O'Neill discov-
ered any silver or other minerals of
value Dodd was to have a pro rata
share of the findings.

Naturally the matter was kept a pro-
found secret, and O'Neill began opera-

tions very quietly. At first work was
carried on only at night. A couple of
years elapsed, and the country folk
thereabout were quite unaware of
O'Neill's secret belief and persistent
search. An excavation sixteen feet
square was dug through broken rock
and primeval debris on the hillside,
and then the work lapsed. Numerous
curiosities in the form of rocks and
bones were revealed in the 5000 square
feet of earth excavated, but no argen-
tiferous matter was found.

Last summer digging was resumed
and small chunks of ice were found
at a level a few feet lower than the
petrified bones. Imprints of fern
leaves had been revealed. The furth-
er the diggers proceeded, both later-
ally and perpendicularly, the more ice
was encountered under mossy beds be-
tween rocks. The icy felt was found
to extend for twenty rods one way
and a couple of rods crossways. At
this time the thermometer at the sur-
face registered eighty-six to ninety
degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. The
mine was then about thirty-five feet
deep, and the atmosphere was so cold
it was difficult to make much progress.
O'Neill abandoned his hunt for silver,
and Mr. Dodd determined to exploit
his ice mine in lieu of his silver shaft.

Repeated and thorough tests were
made to prove the frigidity of the Cou-
dersport ice mine. It has been dem-
onstrated to the satisfaction of all who
visited the spot that such articles as
potatoes, fruit and small animals
when left in the cave over night after
an extremely hot summer day are
frozen stiff and solid as rocks.

A platform has been constructed
over the lower seventeen feet, access
which is had through a trap door and
via a ladder. During the torrid Aug-
ust days when a visitor stepped
through the outer door and descended
to the platform a current of cold air
coming from the bottom of the shaft
would turn his breath into dense mist,
just as when one leaves a hothouse on
a frosty January morning.

At the northeast corner of the bot-
tom of the mine there was discov-
ered an aperture about six inches
square. From this point issues the
icy blast in a steady current. It is
impossible to hold a lighted match or
a candle near this opening without
having the flame extinguished im-
mediately.

There are other lesser fissures
throughout the mine whence come
cold currents continuously. Efforts
have been made to ascertain the depth
of the main aperture by throwing
weights attached to twine and arrows,
but bottom was not reached.

The best local opinion is that two
immense caverns underlie the mine at
a considerable depth, that subterranean
rivers have been formed from
melting glacial ice and that some cross
current causes the draught of icy air
in the Coudersport mine.—New York
Herald.

A Wounded Tiger.

Expecting to find the corpse we fol-
lowed the tracks quietly for about 200
yards, and then came upon a place
where the tiger had evidently lain
down and lost much blood. They
cling to life with extraordinary tena-
city. Again we followed the tracks,
and in the marshy ground the fresh
pugs (footmarks) had water still cling-
ing into them. We stole in line
through the trees and grass up to
some tall reeds, when our hearts stood
still.

There was a spring with an in-
flated roar, and bounding through the
cover with open mouth, his tail lash-
ing his sides, his whole fur bristling,
the tiger charged straight at us. Heavens!
what an unlooked for moment!
I could see before me nothing but a
shadowy form, owing to the lightning
speed of his movements—a shadowy,
striped form, with two large lumps of
fire fixed upon us with an unerring
stare—as the beast rushed upon us.
Such was the vision of a moment.

The trees were so thick that I dared
not shoot till he was close, and I did
not recollect, even then, thinking that
everything hinged upon keeping cool
and killing him if possible. Oh he
came. I fired straight at his chest at
about fifteen yards distance, without
moving at all, and then instinctively—
almost miraculously—I sprang to the
left as the tiger himself sprang past
us, so close that I found his blood
splashed over my gun barrels after-
ward.—From "The Sportsman in
India," by Isabel Savory.

An Overwhelming Thought.

Our sun is a third-rate sun, situ-
ated in the milky way, one of myriads
of stars, and the milky way is itself
one of myriads of sectional star ac-
cumulations, for these seem to be
countless, and to be spread over in-
finity. At some period of their exist-
ence each of these suns had planets
circling around it, which, after untold
ages, are fit for some sort of human
being to inhabit them for a compar-
atively brief period, after which they
still continue for years to circle around,
without atmosphere, vegetation or in-
habitants, as the moon does around
our planet. There is nothing so cal-
culated to take the conceit out of an
individual who thinks himself an im-
portant unit in the universe as astron-
omy. It teaches that we are less, com-
pared with the universe, than a col-
ony of ants is to us, and that the dif-
ference between men is less than that
between one ant and another.—London
Truth.

The Emperor of China Has Cancer.

Dr. Bachmann, of Shanghai, has re-
cently stated in a letter to the Gegen-
wart that Emperor Kwang-su suffers
from cancer of the throat and is un-
able to reign. The same view is taken
by Dr. Dethere, a French physician,
and by Dr. Sheng Lian Feng, both of
whom have examined the Emperor.—
Medical Record.

PLENTY OF BOOKS.

Literature of Four Nations with Millions
of Volumes.
The British Museum, situated on
Great Russell street, in London, was
founded in 1753. It contains collec-
tions of antiquities, drawings, prints
and a library of about two million
volumes, 55,000 MSS. and 45,000 chart-
ers. The Harleian MSS., purchased
in 1735, and the Royal Library, largely
taken from the monasteries by Henry
VIII., and 65,000 volumes given by
George III. and George IV., raised the
library to a position of great impor-
tance. The first great Egyptian acqui-
sition consists of the objects taken
with the French army in 1801. The
Assyrian, Babylonian and Greek col-
lections are undoubtedly the best in
any contemporary museum. The pres-
ent building, finished in 1847, is one
of the best structures of the "classic
revival." It was designed by Sir Rob-
ert Smirke, completed by his brother,
Sidney Smirke, and was commenced
very early in the nineteenth century.
About 50,000 volumes are added annu-
ally. Modern publications in Britain
are added free of expense by receiving
gratis a copy of every book entered at
Stationer's Hall. La Bibliothèque Na-
tionale, the great French library, is
the largest in the world. It has been
called successively La Bibliothèque du
Roi, Royale, Nationale and Impériale.
The Bibliothèque du Roi was original-
ly in the Palais de la Cité, consisting
of the library of King John. He be-
queathed it to Charles V., who re-
moved it and collected a library of 810
volumes in the Louvre. This was sold
to the Duke of Bedford, Louis XI.
partly repaired this loss and added the
first fruits of the new invention of
printing. Louis XII. established it at
Blois, incorporating it with the Or-
leans library. The Gruthuse collection
was next added to it. Francis I.
transferred the library to Fontaine-
bleau, and placed it in charge of John
Budé. Henry II. made obligatory the
deposit of one copy of every book pub-
lished in the kingdom. Henry IV.
brought it back to Paris, where it
remained in location frequently, before
resting in its present quarters in the
Palais Mazarin, Rue Richelieu. Napo-
leon I. increased the government
grant, and under his care the library
was much enlarged. It contains about
three million volumes and about a
hundred thousand MSS., besides col-
lections of prints and medals. It is
especially rich in Oriental manu-
scripts. The Royal Library of Berlin
was founded by the Great Elector,
Frederick William, and opened in 1661.
The University of Berlin, it is not too
much to say, is the leading university
in the world. It is attended annually
by about 6,000 students, and has a fac-
ulty of about 500 professors and teach-
ers. It has a most magnificent library.
The two libraries combined contain
about 1,200,000 volumes and nearly
50,000 MSS. The Library of Congress,
as the National Library of the United
States is called, was founded in 1800,
and is supported by the national gov-
ernment. It contains upwards of a
million volumes (250,000 pamphlets).
Liberal provisions are made for the
yearly addition of volumes through
purchase, and in addition, the copy-
right law requires that every new pub-
lication shall be deposited in the li-
brary without charge. Although the
Library of Congress is not as rich in
manuscripts and rare books as its
great European rivals, on account of
its more recent beginning, it is never-
theless richly stocked with the books
that can be obtained by purchase in
these later days, and its purchasing
committee are always alert to pick up
treasures from such private collections
as are from time to time thrown on
the market.

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