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The Commissioner of Immigration has decided that tuberculosis is a disease which can subject the patient to quarantine. A Japanese with tuberculosis arrived at San Francisco and it was decided that the patient could not land and must return to the port from which he sailed.

A poor widow in Boston is reported to have saved her extra pennies for months in order to hear Mozart's Twelfth Mass, "because that was the regiment her husband belonged to." The manager of the concert ought to be arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The really important objection to slang is its tendency to cripple the vocabulary of those who use it. One slang word or phrase carries as much meaning with it as would require many sentences of conventional language to express. If economy of effort were all that is desirable in expression, that would be an argument in favor of slang, but slang defeats that by its own fecklessness.

An enterprising merchant at an English watering place, having noticed the eagerness with which people at the seashore pick up shells, recently secured a wagonload of mussel shells and had his advertisement printed on each one. Then, under cover of darkness he had them scattered along the beach, and thereafter his name was on the end of everybody's tongue. There is as yet no law in England against this form of enterprise, and the idea is likely to be widely copied.

After a certain period, variously estimated from fifty-five to sixty years of age, the general system begins to demand less from nutrition than formerly, and physical decline gives notice of its coming. The fires burn more slowly, less carbon is consumed, and ashes hinder the draught. The usual elasticity of tissue is replaced by the tridrigidity from earthy deposits in muscle, artery and joint, while fatty degeneration of brain, kidney and heart adds its crippling influences to more vital functions. "The lean and slippered pantaloon" flutters its own significant sign of shrivelling shank and loss of strength due to the combined causes named, and last of all comes "second childishness and mere oblivion."

A Nervous Horse.

Not long ago a noble horse, named Poindexter, was taken ill in Boston. The animal's nerves were keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, and he could not be induced to lie down and go to sleep.

The veterinarians were in despair, when Poindexter's groom went into the stall and lay down. The horse seemed soothed by his presence. By degrees he grew calmer, and finally lying down, laid his delicate head on the man's shoulder and went to sleep.

The nervousness and apprehension of the horse seemed very human. Possibly he was afraid of death, afraid that the end might come when he slept, and wished to remain on his feet. Who knows? Certain it is that for three nights the horse slept quietly by his friend, and thus alone passed safely through the critical stage of his disease.—Our Dumb Animals.

Insect Eggs by the Ton.

It is difficult to comprehend the significance of the figures given by the report of the Argentine Commission for the extirpation of locusts, according to which in 1897 over 20,500 tons of these insects and over thirty-three tons of locust eggs were destroyed, and four-fifths of these in a single province, that of Santa Fe.

Minnesota paid \$164 for the support of each inmate in her 13 State institutions during the fiscal year which closed on July 31, \$4 per capita more than during the previous year.

A French physician has announced that not only is yawning healthful, but it should be resorted to artificially in case of sore throat.

THE BACKGROUND GROUP.

The crowd buzzes, the music madly plays; 'Tis meet, for, lo! it is the day of days; The home-returning heroes come; a cry Of welcome should be lifted to the sky And flowers strew the people-trampled ways.

The drums beat martially; with rhythmic beat The steps resound along the gaping street. Hark, what acclaims! And how the folk do press To see, to touch, may be, the very dress Of those who dared the death, when Life is sweet!

But stay! where joy is general, where the sound Of jubilant voices rends the air around, Why is your group so silent in its place, With war's impassioned image face to face? Wherefore those eyes cast nun-like on the ground? Who are these hangers-back, these dark-robed ones? They are the mothers who are fret of sons, The wives whose dearest lie all uncessant. Afar with vital stains on brow or breast: The children orphaned at the mouths of guns. —Richard Burton, in the Outlook.

What Made a Man of Him.

By W. D. Hulbert.

IT WAS on a warm, pleasant July evening that old Mr. Howard, sitting on the veranda of his son's summer cottage at Mackinac, let his grandchildren coax him into telling about his youthful start in the same place. This is his story: It seems a great deal farther away to you than to me—the time when John Jacob Astor was boss of everything here, and I was sixteen years old. I suppose I was the youngest clerk in the American Fur Company, and I'm quite sure I was the loneliest, after I had been here three months. A letter from my mother had come up by bateau and canoe from Montreal, telling me that my sister Stella was at death's door, and the letter was five weeks old when I got it.

As soon as I'd read it I went to Mr. Crooks—Crooks and Stewart were the Mackinac agents of the fur company—and I showed it to him, and begged to be allowed to go home. I was from New York State, and had persuaded my father to get me into the service, for my head was full of romantic notions of adventure.

"No, you can't go," Mr. Crooks told me, firmly, although he seemed sorry for me. "You are like a soldier. You've enlisted for five years, and you must serve your time. We couldn't get anybody this side of Montreal to take your place. Besides, what's the use of going, my boy? The letter is five weeks old, and your sister is either quite well now—or in heaven."

That refusal seemed to me like rank tyranny. I was sick of the service, anyway. My notion that fur-trading meant shooting and fishing and having a good time in the open air had been all wrong. From five in the morning till seven in the evening, except for an hour at noon, I sorted and packed and carried furs—and I can remember those backaches to this hour. At night I couldn't sleep. The company's boarding house was hot and crowded and rank and noisy, and in summer the whole village rang with the yells of Indians and the shouts and songs of the voyageurs.

After I left Mr. Crooks, I began thinking of all the hardships before me. I was only at the beginning of my trouble! Not to see any of my people for five years! And I must soon be sent away back in the wilderness, where I could get no letters at all, or only once a year or so. Then the devil came along and tempted me.

Among the voyageurs that I had become acquainted with on the long voyage from Montreal, was Francois Robidoux, a French boatman from Quebec. He was still a "pork-eater," as we used to call new men that had not got used to the company's rations. On the voyage up, Francois had been jolly and good-natured, but after three months he was still grumbling at the Mackinac fare. I can remember the very tones of his voice after more than sixty years. Francois would say:

"Me, I wish I was back in Montreal for sure—den I could get good grub. Hall de way up dey's give out salt pork and good pea-soup and hard bread, but now dey's got us here, baptime! We don't get nothing, honly hulled corn and a small little bit of tallow, and some flour for pancakes on Sunday. And Baptiste Beaubien, he's say I'll be glad for set dat before de brigade come back to Mackinac next summer. He's say hall last winter he's get nothing for a month honly fish wisout salt. Me, I hain't goin' for eat no such trash—no, seh!"

And so Francois had proposed to me that we should take a bateau some dark, moonless night and set out for Buffalo. He said we could follow the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Erie, hoist a sail when the wind was fair and camp on the beach when it was too stormy to travel, and with good luck we might make the voyage in two or three weeks.

I had refused his proposal, and I had even mildly rebuked him for making it; but it lingered in my mind, and that evening, when my heart was sore with the thought of my sister's illness, it tempted me hard. In fact, I went to Francois and told him that if he still wanted to go, I'd have a talk with him the next day about it; and then I went back to the boarding house.

I hadn't been there ten minutes when one of the other clerks came in and said: "Howard, Mr. Crooks wants to see you in the private office."

My heart gave a great bound. I thought Mr. Crooks had relented, and would let me go home, after all. But it was for a very different purpose that he wanted me. A party of twenty-five men was at work on Bois Blanc Island, cutting wood for the use of the agency at Mackinac through the winter. The clerk who had had charge of the work had been taken sick, and two of the men had brought him across to Mackinac in a canoe. Some one must take his place, for wood-cutting could not be finished for several days, and Mr. Crooks had selected me.

It was the making of me, and that is just what he meant it to be. He saw that if there was any good stuff in me, I should be steeled and attached to the company's interests by being put into a place of responsibility and command. Many a time I've saved a young fellow since then by putting responsibility on his shoulders.

Well, the sun had not risen out of Lake Huron the next morning when I and the two voyageurs who had brought the sick man home got into the canoe and started for Bois Blanc. I sat in the middle on my bag of clothing, and the others took their places forward and aft.

Alec Prevanche, who was in the stern, was a tall, broad-shouldered Frenchman, strong as a horse and one of the best canoeists on the upper lakes. He was a handsome fellow, with curly hair, a heavy black beard and dark, flashing eyes. As long as he was sober, he was one of the jolliest men on the island; but when he was drunk he was a crazy man.

Alec wore a black feather in his cap to signify that he was the bully of a brigade of voyageurs. They used to say that he had been in more fights than any other man in Mackinac, and had never been whipped. It was also said that he had killed a man in a drunken brawl at Quebec, and that he dared not go back there for fear of arrest and punishment.

Joe Rolette, who sat in the bow, was a wiry, leathery little man between fifty and sixty years of age. His hair and beard were fast turning gray, but he was stronger and more active than most of the younger men among the voyageurs. Both were alert paddlers, and when they put their strength into the stroke the canoe leaped forward as if she were alive and something had stung her.

In about an hour we reached Bois Blanc, and I stepped ashore and inspected my forces. There was little for me to do except to see that the choppers did not shirk, and I thought I should have an easy time of it; but after dinner, as the men sat on the bench and smoked their pipes, it struck me that there was more loud talking and joking than I had expected to hear.

The French-Canadian voyageurs and boatmen of those days were always ready for a laugh and a song, and no other class of men would have put up with their hardships and privations so cheerfully; but it seemed to me the twenty-five were noisy and boisterous rather than cheerful and jolly.

When the noon hour was over, I gave the word, and they went back to their wood-cutting, but some of them moved sulkily, and I fancied they did not work as industriously as in the morning. I suspected they had made up their minds that I was only a boy and that they could do as they pleased, and this suspicion frightened me. There I was, alone with twenty-five men, some of them three or four times as old as myself, and if I lost control of them I should be disgraced. Somehow the idea of deserting had entirely gone out of my mind, you see. Although I was scared, you mustn't think I showed the white feather. No; all the afternoon I went about among the men, speaking a quiet word now and then, but never attempting any bullying. But things plainly grew worse rather than better.

I could not imagine what was the matter with the men, until late in the day I happened to pass near Joe Rolette and noticed a strong odor of whiskey. In an instant I understood. Joe and Alec must have brought some liquor from Mackinac. Before morning the whole crew would be drunk!

Then I remembered noticing that Alec's jacket had been carefully spread over some large object in the bottom of the canoe. I had paid little attention to it at the time, supposing that it was merely a bundle of clothes, but now I knew it had been a jug.

Now that I had definite knowledge, my wits seemed to clear. I passed on without stopping, and in a little while came back again, this time from a different direction. Joe and another man had dropped their axes and were talking together in low tones. I slipped quietly behind a tree and listened for a moment.

"How much did you bring from Mackinac, Joe?" asked the other chopper, speaking in French, which was then almost as familiar to me as English.

"A big jugful," said Joe, "and it's the genuine stuff, all right—none of your tobacco and water, such as they sell to the Indians. Alec's got a little in a bottle in his pocket and he's given most of the boys a taste, but he's saving the jug for to-night."

"Hasn't he drunk any himself?" "Not a drop; but just you wait! He'll have a high old time before morning, and that Howard boy will catch it if he tries to interfere."

I had heard enough, so I stole away without being seen.

Then I made a circuit through the

woods, and approached the two men again, taking pains to attract their attention. Seeing me coming, they took up their axes and went to work.

Something I was bound to do, but I couldn't see my way clear. To go to Alec and demand the liquor would be useless, and with Alec's refusal to obey there would be an end of all discipline. I fancied that one or two of the older men looked at me with pity, and I wondered if there would be any use in calling on them to support me. But if part of them did stand by me it would probably bring on a fight, and possibly the death of several men. I decided to depend on myself alone. If the worst came to the worst, I could jump into a canoe and go to Mackinac for help. But that would be to confess I could not control my men.

Alec was further from the shore of all the men, and was felling a big maple. I heard his axe-strokes following one another quick and sharp. But suddenly they ceased. The tree could not have fallen, for there had been no crash. Keeping myself pretty well concealed, I went toward the spot where I had last seen the big Frenchman. There I found the tree cut half-way through, the axe sticking in the wood, and Alec gone.

I considered a moment. Alec had a bottle. He had probably gone to fill that bottle. If I could find him, I might find out where the jug was, and might be able to destroy it.

First I went to my tent for my rifle; then I circled around till I was again near the big maple, but further back in the woods. I am not ashamed to own that I was shaking from head to foot for fear of Alec, but stepping as lightly as I knew how, I kept on. I had not gone far when I caught sight of Alec's tall form bending down. I crept a little nearer, and saw him take the jug from under the root of a large black birch and begin filling a big flat flask from it.

Suddenly a twig broke under my foot and Alec looked up and saw me. His face got red instantly, and he broke out into a volley of oaths, mingled with the foulest names in a voyageur's vocabulary. It was just what I needed; it made me mad, too. Quick as thought the rifle came to my shoulder.

"Drop that jug!" I shouted.

"Not much, I won't!" he cried, and I fired.

The bullet went just where I had intended—I could shoot with any man in those days. It flew so close to his ear that he dropped the flask in alarm. The whiskey gurgled out on the moss. He still held the jug. For an instant he faced me, and then I dropped the empty rifle into my left hand, stepped forward and said, "Give it here!"

It was years before I could quite make up my mind why Alec obeyed me. Of course the bullet whispered something to his nerves as it went by, and I suppose I looked determined. But there was another reason—I was not really alone. Back of me was the whole power of the fur company, with its thousands of employes under the command of men who were afraid of nothing, and who knew perfectly how to deal with a drunken, rebellious voyageur. Alec had a knife at his belt, and he could have killed me then and there; but he knew that if he did his own life would not have been safe anywhere between Quebec and the Rocky Mountains.

I carried the jug down to the beach and smashed it on a rock in full sight of the whole crew, who had heard the shot and had hastily gathered to see what it meant. Joe Rolette gave an angry exclamation and stepped forward as if he were about to interfere, but a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder and a gruff voice said in his ear, "Let him alone!"

It was Hermidas Paquin, the oldest and best voyageur in the crew, who spoke, and Joe stood still.

"That evening several of the men, Joe and Alec among them, held a consultation, and in a few minutes Joe came over to where I sat, a little apart from the men.

"Mr. Howard," said he, in a wheedling tone, "you won't tell Mr. Crooks or Mr. Stewart about Alec, will you?"

"If you two behave yourselves," I told him, "I will not tell them about Alec or about you."

"About me!" cried Joe. "Why, I didn't do anything. It was Alec."

"I know all about it," I said, "and I don't want to hear anything more from you. Not another word! If you do your work quietly and peaceably, I won't say anything; but if there is any more trouble, you will know what to expect."

Joe went back to report to his comrades, and they seemed relieved; but it was a very silent and sullen crew of men who took out their pipes and tobacco and sat down for the regular evening smoke.

It was a lovely summer evening; no wind, and the blaze of the camp-fire went straight toward the sky. The stars came out one after another, and a loon was calling somewhere, far away across the water. I never hear a loon crying and moaning but I think of that loon. It was the most memorable evening of my life.

No voyageur could hold anger on such a night, when he was well fed and enjoying the twilight. Somebody cracked a joke. Some one else began to hum a tune. In five minutes the men were all talking and laughing as if nothing had ever happened to disturb their good nature, and my victory was complete.

Three days later the wood-cutting was finished and I was back at Mackinac again—a man and a devoted clerk to the company, thanks to the wisdom and kindness of Mr. Crooks.—Youth's Companion.

Safe Enough.

If there were as many men who know how to pay the editor as well as they know how to run the paper, what a jolly time newspaper men would have.—Press and Printer.



Always Be Kind. Always be kind to the dogs and the cats And the meanest sort of big gray rats; Always have pity on the lame and the blind, And to those be especially kind. Never throw stones at the dogs in the street, Or pull the poor pussy cat by the tail or the feet. These poor creatures can never harm you, So why should we plague them as some people do? Always be generous to the ones that roam, For perhaps they are hungry and have no home. A kind word to a wanderer will do no harm, And to the helpless and homeless it works as a charm. Never be rude, but always be kind, To the lame, the poor, the sick and the blind; Always regard them with kindness and love, As God does you from heaven above. —Harriet Barth.

Crocuses and Snow Drops.

A very long time ago snowdrops and crocuses grew only in one beautiful garden; and all the crocuses and all the snowdrops in all the world are sprung from those first ancestors.

In the earliest days, instead of drooping their heads, the snowdrops grew straight up. Indeed, they were pert little flowers, and excessively proud of the delicate green markings that relieved their whiteness.

Crocuses, too, in those days were not as now. They were smaller and pure white, without a touch of color. Even the little stamens and pistils were all white.

One morning, in the wonderful garden, where would be many, many flowers later in the year, crocuses and snowdrops were blooming together.

"You poor things!" said a tall little snowdrop, swaying back and forth on her slender stem above the crocuses. "How cold you look! It is you should be named for the snow instead of I. It really makes me shiver to look at you, you are so white! Now I, you see, have beautiful green embroidery on my frock, green as the grass and trees will be by and by. Everyone who sees me cries: 'Oh, spring is coming! Here is a snowdrop!' But you—I don't wonder they hardly look at you."

"I'm sure we all have green things growing up around us," ventured one newly opened crocus, bolder than the rest.

"Pooh! Those are only leaves. Every one has leaves," said the snowdrop, tossing her head.

"Grass blades are leaves, too," murmured the crocuses. Yet they could not forget the words of the snowdrop, and they became very sorrowful, for they wanted every one to love them. And next morning, when the angel of the flowers came, there was a frozen tear in each little pale cup. It was very cold that morning, but the crocuses did not mind the cold.

"Why do you weep, children?" asked the flower angel.

"Because snowdrop has been telling us we don't belong to spring, but are only a bit of winter that's left over, and people will be glad when we are gone."

"Snowdrop is very vain of her green markings," said the angel. "But be patient, children, and we shall see."

It was still dark, for it was very early. Just a faint glow showed in the east, where the morning stars shone brightly, and below the star, as if swung from it like a pale, golden censer, hung the slender crescent of the old moon. High up Arcturus flashed, and northward, clear among the lesser constellation, gleamed the dipper, while still further north, following the "pointers," the eye came to the great white star that never sets.

The angel flew straight east until she found the sun, whose messenger she was, and told her story.

"Great king," she ended. "They are very sad—the poor white crocuses. I would some new gift might be granted to cheer them."

"And because they are sad," asked the king, "do they droop and fade, refusing to live the life I have ordained?"

"They lift their heads quite bravely," said the angel, "and await your coming. Only the frozen tear lies at the heart of each."

"It is well," said the king. "Go southward now, for the peach trees bloom and the magnolia begins to bud. They need your care."

The angel bowed and went. Then sunrise came to the great garden. In the east the sky grew brighter. Now it was soft rose, blending to gold toward the horizon. In the midst of the rose glow still hung the moon and planet, tinged with faintest golden green. Southward violet clouds were turning gold and saffron at their edges.

As the color grew in the sky what was happening to the sad little crocuses? They were surely growing tall-

er and more exquisite in shape, and—was it a reflection from the violet clouds that tinted some of them? But it stayed when the clouds burst into flame.

Then the sunbeams came, and, as they touched each cup-shaped flower, they dropped jewels of gold within. Even those that had stayed white received the jewels, an those that had caught the tinge of violet deepened; while one whole family, where the sunbeams came last and stayed the longest, turned to gold all over.

What a show they made—the gold and the violet, and the white streaked with gold at the heart of them! And how they shouted and sang!

"The sunbeams, the sunbeams, are painting us! Oh, shall we be always thus?"

"Yes," whispered the sunbeams, "it is because you were humble and obedient."

When the pert snowdrop heard that she hung her head ashamed to look the great sun-father in the face. And as she gazed at the glowing crocuses, she grew very meek and said: "I was wrong; and, oh, you are more beautiful than I can ever hope to be."

"Nay, not so!" cried the generous crocuses. "Never before were you half so lovely as now, with your sweet bended head."

And the little sunbeams caressed the snowdrop gently, bidding her be of good cheer, for the kind sun-father loved to forgive his children. But snowdrop never raised her pretty head. All the other snowdrops hung their heads, too; for had they not applauded their sister?

As, by the by, as the years went on, people grew to love the snowdrops for their meek and lowly spirit, as much as the crocuses for their gay colors; and always the two flower tribes dwell close together, in most perfect harmony.—From the Christian Register.

Cactus Sealed in Glass.

One of the commonest of cactuses in gardens is the Echinopsis multiplex, a small sub-globular species, with five or six sharp ribs, and sparsely sprinkled with a few clusters of long black spines on the sharp edges of the ribs. It sends up, occasionally, a large white tubular flower, which, like so many of the family, opens at night and soon withers away. In Germany a druggist, Ludwig Rust, placed a specimen under a sealed glass case seven years ago, and it is said to be up in a "thriving condition," to the surprise of the scientific men of Berlin, who are puzzled to know where it obtains its carbonic acid. Meehan's Monthly says that many suggestions are advanced as to the source of this element. So far as the published account goes, however, there is no indication that the specimen was weighed before it was encased, or weighed after its seven years of entombment—no evidence, it may be said, that any carbonic acid was absorbed. It is just as likely to be a case of dormancy. It is now well understood that in the absence of exciting causes, dormancy in vegetation may be retained indefinitely.

Girls Must Chew Hides.

When a Smith sound Eskimo chooses a wife he apparently has regard only to housewifely qualities. She must be able to do the cooking and to sew, and to chew hides. This last is a sine qua non. Furs are the only possible dress, and of these they must have an abundance, else they will perish with cold. When the sun is above the horizon, the women spread the skins of seal and reindeer and bear, pegging them out hide up and allow them to dry thoroughly. Once dry, they are, of course, as stiff as boards, and before they can be made into garments the fibers must be broken. Accordingly, the women bend the hide double, making a crease through its length. Beginning, then, at one end, they chew steadily to the other.

An Experiment in Parlor Magic.

Soak a piece of thread in strong salt water, dry it, and repeat two or three times. When thoroughly dry tie one end to a chandelier or on the other, or lower end, tie a ring or some small but not too heavy article. It is now ready for the experiment. Set fire to the thread, and behold, the ring does not fall to the floor nor does the thread break. The explanation is: The thread has in reality been burned, but the salt with which the thread was saturated forms a solid column, and that supports the ring. Varied experiments can be made, using several threads for one article, and, in fact, many others which may suggest themselves to the readers.

Making Prints of Leaves.

The following is an easy method of making permanent prints of leaves. Rub olive oil with the finger evenly over a sheet of paper, hold the paper over a lamp until it is black with soot place the leaf on it under side down, lay upon it a paper and press down hard (especially over the thin parts of the leaf, and close up to midrib); then place the leaf on the paper that is to receive the print, and press every part.