TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

ered at the Postoffice at Freeland. Pa.,

The census returns show that as a whole the cities are not increasing their population so fast, as compared with the country towns, as they were in 1880 and 1890. Thus is the work of the electric trolley car in connecting the cities with the rural districts made

Commissioner General Peck's report to the authorities at Washington tells a brief but flattering story of the suc-cess of American exhibitors at the Parks expession. Paris exposition. He announces that the United States received 2475 awards, as against 1823 to Germany, 1727 to Great Britain and 1493 to Rusawards, as against 1823 to Germany, 1727 to Great Britain and 1493 to Rus-sia, and that we lead not only in the grand total, but also in all grades of awards from highest to lowest. This showing is even more creditable than had been hoped for, and it constitutes a magnificent tribute to American ge-bits and enterwise. hius and enterprise.

A careful survey by experts from the Department of Agriculture of the hurricane-swept section of Eastern Texas shows that the farmers lost 1,000,000 bushels of corn, 300,000 bushels of rice, 68,000 bales of cotton, 2,500,000 pounds of pecans, 3000 trees, and farm animals worth \$450,000—in all an irreparable property loss representing a value of \$3,400,000. The damage thus sustained will be lightened by no percentage of insurance and no dole of charity. In insurance and no dole of charity. Texas, as elsewhere, the tiller of the soil takes the buffets or favors of fortune as they come, and trusts to benig-nant nature for future redress and

A correspondent of the London Times—H. Seymour Trower, writing by order of the Executive Committee of the Navy League—declares that this is a critical moment in the history of Great Britain, because for the time being she has lost command of the sea. For the first time since 1814, he says, a coalition of foreign powers could dispute with England the control of the ocean highways, and do it with a cliance of success. The British Admiralty, he declares, has not ordered the building of enough ships, and it has dangerously delayed the completion and equipment of those laid down, while other nations have been actively carrying on the work of naval concarrying on the work of naval con-struction and a new and resolute claimant for sea power-Germany-

has arisen.

Effect of Rain on People.

Have you ever noticed the effect of rain upon people in our busy streets? The slightest drizzle seems to addle their brains. In clear weather they manage to keep to the right, passing without discomfort and dodging; but as soon as the water begins to fall they lose the sense of direction, and you will find them swerving all over the sidewalks as a tired horse swerves in the homestretch. They will bump into you in spite of all you can do. Truck drivers go mad in a slight downpour, and even the horses are affected. Gripmen and motormen become fit candidates for insane asynums. The streets become congested for no apparent reason. In crossing them men and women rush, dodge, spring this way and that, stoop, back and fill until confusion is worse than confounded.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

What He Did.

A small boy recently visited a church
r the first time, where the pews
ere very high. Being asked on his
turn home what he did in church, he
plied: "I just went into a big cup
ard and sat on a shelf."—Boston
aveler.

The Chicago Historical Society has a fine new building that cost \$180,000, and a library of over twenty-six thousand bound volumes and 60,000 unbound volumes, besides many busts.

ne-fourth of the laboring popul of Colorado is said to belong r organizations. The State Feder of Labor claims that Colorado hest organized State in the Unic

MR. DODSON'S HAND-MIRROR.

Slade & Co's immense dry-goods store was crowded.
Charmingly-attired ladies swarmed about the counters; harassed sales-women pulled down innumerable boxes and answered unlimited questions; and the little baskets chased one another along the wires to the cashier's desk.

At a further counter, where pretty toilet articles held sway, Aanie Rogers stood gazing at her own fair image in a plate-glass hand-mirror with Russia-leather back.

"He'll be sure to like it," she said, looking up at the young man who stood waiting at her side. "I'll take it," she added, turning to the girl behind the counter and producing her purse. "It's his birthday, you know," she went on, as the hand-glass went flying down a wire. "We always make birthday presents to each other. Dear old Unele Dodson!" "Uncle Dodson the has always been to her, though she was only an orphaned relative of his dead wife, adopted in her infancy. "He's a lucky person, with you to care for him," said Howard Cauby, taking charge of the hand-mirror as it reappeared in its neat wrappings. "You'll let me walk home with you?" he went on, as they stepped out into the crowded street.

More than one hurrying shopper noted them admiringly as they walked slowly down the avenue together—the graceful girl, in her soft, light dress, her cheeks grown pink and her eyes bright in the fresh air, and the tall young man, not far behind her in personal advantages, bending to talk to her.

But they were not aware of these approving glances; they were not conscious of anything heavend their conscious of anything heavend thei

young man, not far behind her in personal advantages, bending to talk to her.

But they were not aware of these approving glances; they were not conscious of anything beyond their own absorbing conversation, a hint of which may be gathered from their parting words. For, as they mounted the broad steps of the big Dodson house, Annie was murmuring:

"What will Uncle Dodson say?"

"He'll give us his consent and blessing, of course, my dear girl," said Howard, cheerfully.

And he gave Mr. Dodson's birthday present into her possession, pressed her hand with a whispered word, and went down the steps reluctantly.

A large valies stood in the hall, and an unfamiliar hat hung on the rack. Annie looked at them sharply. Probably it was some friend of Uncle Dodson come to see him—he was something of an invalid.

But the hat—a smart, speckled straw, with a blue hand—hand an unmistakably youthful air. She ran up the stairs wonderingly.

Mr. Dodson was sitting in a large arm-chair before the window, where most of his time was spent. A young man of two and twenty, or thereabouts, noticeable for nothing unless for the cheerfulness of his rather boylsh face, sat near him.

Mr. Dodson looked up with a welconing smile, as Annie entered.

cheeriumess of his rather boyish face, sat near him.

Mr. Dodson looked up with a welcoming smile, as Annie entered.

"My nephew, Dudley Howard, my dear," he said.

The young man rose and bowed-rather constrainedly, Annie thought.

Mr. Dodson regarded her anxiously.

"Sit down," he said.

Annie sat down at his side, feeling that something unpleasant was coming; and the young man quietly withdrew.

"He is my nephew—my only relations."

ing; and the young man quietly withdrew.

"He is my nephew—my only relative," Mr. Dodson began. "He will
inherit my property, my dear."

"Well?" said Annie, cheerfully.

"Well," Mr. Dodson repeated, stroking her hand, "he will inherit my
property, but you must be provided
for, too. There seems to me but one
way. I have thought of it much; but
the best way seems to me—that you
should marry. So I have sent for
him." said Mr. Dodson, going on hurriedly. "And—we have been talking
of it, my dear."

Poor Annie had listened—silently.
Was this kind-hearted Uncle Dodson
who was saying these dreadful
things?

"A little too business-like to suit you,

things?

"A little too business-like to suit you, eh?" said Mr. Dodson, noting her distressed face, "Yes, of course. I expected that, Young folks nowadays have an idea that their elders shouldn't pected that. Young folks nowadays have an idea that their elders shouldn't have a word to say about these things—not a word! But don't you see, my dear," he went on, kindly, "that it's all the same thing? Suppose I had got Dudley here without mentioning my little plan? Well, you'd have been pretty sure to fall in love with each other. He's as nice a fellow as you'll find, Annie, and he knows a pretty girl when he sees one, I magine. Well, then, why should you hold back, either of you, merely because I give a little push to a sureenough affair?"

The girl at his side turned her troubled face away hastily.

It was a very simple thing, surely, to put an end to all this. The mere mention of Howard Camby would do it, she was sure, for Uncle Dodson was not an ogre.

And yet, how could she meet his possible displeasure and his certain disappointment?

The words died away on her lips.

"A bashful pair of youngsters you are, I vow!" said Mr. Dodson, with a laugh. "If Dudley didn't behave the same way! Oh, well, you'll get over it!"

Annie opened her lips, hesitated,

Annie opened her lips, hesitated,

osed them again, with a weakness and cowardice of which she was ainfully conscious, and rose, with elpless tears dropping. Her recent purchase was still in her

hands,
"I have brought a little present for your birthday, Uncle Dodson," she said, chokingly, and she laid it on his knees.

knees.
It was not until a rather late hour
that afternoon that Annie found courage to visit Mr. Dodson's room again,
She had carefully avoided Mr. Ho-

bart.

Hobart! It was certainly the ugliest name she had ever heard.

She had taken lunch in her room, and she had not been out of it since. At 4 o'clock a messenger-boy had brought a very small parcel, addressed to herself in Hobart's well-known writing, which, when she had opened it eagerly, had found to contain a little band of gold, set with a glittering stone.

tain a little band of gold, set with a gilttering stone.

It is a most unnatural proceeding for a young lady to burst into tears at the first sight of her engagementing; but that is what Annie did.

For the pretty, shining thing seemed only the symbol of her trouble and perplexity.

She knew perfectly that her right

only the symbol of her trouble and neerplexity.

She' knew perfectly that her right rourse was to put the ring on the proper finger, go boldly to Mr. Dodson and explain its position there. She did, indeed, get as far as putting it on, and gazing at it fondly and admiringly, and tearfully, from every conceivable point of view; but there her courage failed her.

Dear old Uncle Dodson! how could she dash his well-meaning hopes to the ground with a cruel word or two? He was so far from strong, besides, Sudden disappointments always did him harm.

Staden disappointments at these de-him harm.
She dried her eyes, as these de-spairing thoughts came over her, and started for Mr. Dedson's room.
Mr. Dodson sat facing the window, as usual. His head was thrown back and his eyes were closed.
Annie drew a sigh of relief; he was

Annie tiew a sign a sleep.

Dudley Hobart was sitting in a back corner of the room, with a newspaper in his hand, and his feet disposed comfortably, if not gracefully, on a second chair. He rose hastily as Annie entered.

"He is asleep." he remarked, after a finid nause.

a timid pause.
"I had observed it," said Annie, shortly, not delgning to look at the speaker.

snorty, not degraing to rook at the speaker.

The young man looked confused. He haid down his newspaper, and passed his hand over his closely-cropped head in a troubled way, and finally offered her a chair.

There seemed to be nothing else to do, and Annie sat down stiffly.

Mr. Hobart took the other chair, if Annie had glanced at him, she might have seen that a pleading look filled his boylsh face; but she looked coldly over his head at the wall-paper.

There was silence for several moments.

Then the young man, with a nervous latch of his chair-back, and with a isible effort, began desperately: "He said he had told you this—his

Annie was cruelly unresponsive, "May I inquire what you think of ?" said Mr. Hobart, with a face rown pale with agonized embarrass-

ment.
Annie rose sharply.
"Words would not express what I
think of it!" she said, flashing an in
dignant glance toward the young man.
"It can't possibly be!"
The occupant of the arm-chair moved
restlessly; he was waking up.
Annie lowered her voice as she weat

Abhie lowered her voice as she wear m, severely: "I am already engaged. I—" She paused in bewilderment. The ace of her listener had been suddenly "ansformed with unmistakable rel'e", and joy. He seized her hands warm-

"Engaged? Well, if we aren't in the me boat! So am I!" Annie's severity vanished. Her cold aze gave way to a quick smile of ympathy.

mpathy.

Are you, Mr. Hobart?" she cried,
m so glad!"

lon't call me Mr. Hobart, said the
ung man, impetuously. "Call me
id. Everybody calls me Dud."

kunie laughed; and they sat down

Annie laughed; and they sat down agam, in a friendly way.

'I have only been engaged since this morning," said Annie, confidentially "880? as [lust sent the ring around. He's the infect fellow in the world! you'll think so when you see him."

They had lowered their voices carefully, further than that Mr. Dodson's all the way knowed.

The ring I gave Genevieve was comething like it." Dud continued, oriskly. "Pretty name—Genevieve—

en't it?"
"Very pretty!" said Annie,
"Yle's a pretty girl, too!" said Did,
rarmly, "I just wish you could know
er. She's only 17; but you wouldn't
hink it. Here, I'll show you her picure."

He took it out carefully from an in-ner pocket, and held it out triumphant-ly.

"She is pretty," said Annie, looking own approvingly at the fair young

down approvingly at the fair young face in the picture.
"I knew you'd think so," said Dud, looking gratified.

"I have Howard's picture in the album down stairs," said Annie. "I'll run down and get it."
She tripped away softly, and cause hurrying tack breathless, with the plush covered book in her hand.
"He looks as though he had some get-up to him," was Dud's masculine comment.

comment.

"Well, he has," said Annie with a proud smile. "Of course," she went on, hesitatingly, "we must tell Uncle Dodson?"

On, near Dodson?"
Dodson?"
"Of course!" said Dud, rather faint-

ly.

Their eyes met; they smiled guiltily,
"To tell the truth,' said the young
man, candidly, "I'd rather be shot!"
"My case exactly," Annie responded,
"You see," said Dud, looking anxlous, "he means it all as a favor, a
benefit to us; and to go and knock all
his plans endways in that style—I'd
just as lief be let out of it for my
part!"
"Precisely as I feel," muruned.

just as lief be let out of it for my part!"

"Precisely as I feel,' murmured Annie. "What shall we do?"

"Don't ask me," said Dud, entreatingly.

An uneasy pause ensued, filled by a helpless contemplation of each other with wrinkled brows.

"Of course we must tell him," Annie repeated, irresolutely,
"Of course," said Dud again.

But that was as far as he went.

A rustling sound from Mr. Dodson's arm-chair roused them to a sudden sense of his presence.
"Are you awake, Uncle Dodson?" said Annie, getting up slowly to go to him, Dud following.
"Wide awake, my dear," said Mr. Dodson, promptly.
"Does your head ache?" said Annie.

laugh.

Annie and Dud exchanged startled glances. Could he have overheard them? No; it was impossible.

But he turned upon them abruptly. "So you've gone and encouraged that good-for-nothing young Canby, have you miss?" he began, fixing Annie with humorously-stern gaze—"thrown yourself away on that young upstart, eh?"

Poor Annie could only stare, bewildered.

Poor Annie could only stare, bewildered.

"And you, sir," Mr. Dodson went
on, turning to his nephew—"you've
tied yourself to some little chit of a
school-girl not out of bibs yet, I suppose? A nice pair you are!"

His listeners stood speechless.
"Did you—overhear us?" murmured
Dud, at last finding his volce with an
effort.
"Not a word, sir—not a word!" said

enort.
"Not a word, sir—not a word?" said
Mr. Dodson, coolly.
"You're a clairvoyant, then!" ejaculated the young man, half believing it.

culated the young man, half believing it.

Mr. Dodson laughed again, in evident enjoyment of their confusion.

"And you were afraid to tell me, eh?" said he. "You were going to deceive a poor, helpless, old man?"

"No, no!" said Dud, in weak protestation.

But Annie's face expressed only a growing wonder.

"How did you know, Uncle Dodson?" she said, beseechingly.

For answer, Mr. Dodson took up the hand-mirror—Annie's birthday present—from its satinlined case, held it before his eyes, and motioned the two look into it.

It reflected, with wonderful distinctness, the entire rear of the room, including the chairs in which they had sat.

"When I saw you my dear" said Mr.

had sat.

"When I saw you, my dear," said My, Dodson, looking up with twinkling eyes into Annie's astonished face—"when I saw you exhibiting a diamond ring which appeared to be a recent acquisition, and bringing up the album to show—well, let us say old Mrs. Presley's picture—and when I saw you, sir, whipping out an absurd litte tin-type and actually talking about it as though it were something worth looking at—I drew my own conclusion."

"You aren't angry, dear Uncle Dod-son?" said Annie, timidly, a queer mix-ture of relief and apprehension in her

what "we" Means.

Sold Twe Land Wight a fine and the face.

"But I am," said Mr. Dodson, with a smile which refuted his words, "and I think I shall leave my money towell, say to a Home for Destitute Dogs. Neither of you deserves it!"

"But neither of is want it," said Annie, tenderly. "You'll enjoy it yourself for a long time yet."

Dud echoed her words.

"I suppose I shall divide it equally between you," said Mr. Dodson, musingly, "but you don't deserve it!"

Mr. Dodson was among the liveliest of the gay gathering at Annie's wedding, a few months later.

He gave away the bride: he made a stirring speech, and he led a quadrille. But his word of congratulation to young Mrs. Canby was a puzzle to the bystanders:

"You owe it all to the hand-mirror, my dear!"—Saturday Night.

What "We" Means.

What "We" Means

What "We" Means.

Somebody has explained the significance of the editorial "we." It may
have a variety of meanings. For example, when you read "We expect our
wife home today," "we" refers to the
editor; "We are a little late with our
work" includes the whole office force,
even the devil and the towel; in "We
are having a boom," the town is
meant: "We received over 100,000
emigrants last year," embraces the
nation; but "We have hog cholera in
our midst" means that the man who
takes our paper and does not new for

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

It is a much-mooted question among entomogolists whether or not mosquitoes can breed in mud. Dr. Howard's experiments and investigations tend to show that the larvae will live in wet mud for some little time and that they will even transform after water has been added. In no cass were larvae revived after the water had been drawn off for more than 48 hours.

hours.

A petroleum spray is used on the Missouri Pacific line for lighting the fires of locomotives. The reservoir for the oil is mounted on wheels. Compressed air is used to spray the oil. In using the apparatus, the bed of coal is first placed on the grate, and directed on to the coal, being moved over the surface until the whole is ignited, which usually requires about 15 minutes.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and therefore are not suitable for casting.

suitable for casting.

A new telephone fire-alarm system has just been patented, the whole system being operated by magneto currents and dry batteries. After the system is once installed the only thing to get out of order is the burning out occasionally of a fuse, which may be quickly repaired. A separate wire is used for each fire district, and any number of telephones may be connected with any district wire. By means of this system every house and factory along the line of the wires can be connected with the alarm wire, and thus protection may be had at a low cost. The wires can also be used to connect with the long-distance telephone for other uses.

phone for other uses.

The large amount of heat generated by aluminum in taking up oxygen from an oxide has attracted attention to the fact that this property might be used advantageously, with the result that its metallurgical services have been used in the welding of rails where it is desired to obtain an electrical connection. For this purpose a crucible is used, containing aluminum and iron ore. The ends of the rails are placed in this and when properly adjusted the charge is ignited. According to the American Machinist, the heat produced is sufficient to make an excellent weld, especially as the expansion of the rails, due to the heat, causes the ends to press together forcibly.

ART OF BREATHING PROPERLY.

Few People Understand the Philosophy of Respiration.

of Respiration.

"It may seem strange enough," said a doctor the other day, "but really over 90 per cent, of the population do not know how to breathe. Nature kindly enough adapts herself to imperfect methods or respiration, as she adapts herself to the unnatural qualities of tea, coffee or alcohol a man floods his system with during his lifetime, but all the same she does not approve. Why, one of the first things an actor or a singer has to do is to

floods his system with during his lifetime, but all the same she does not
approve. Why, one of the first things
an actor or a singer has to do is to
begin to learn to breathe before they
can learn how to produce the voice
properly. The first point is to fill the
lungs. Very few people take the
trouble to do that. As a rule
they distend them until the lungs are
about three-quarters full and then
they stop, leaving the base of the
lungs unemployed, and naturally
ready for any mischief like most idle
things or persons.

"If people would only take the
trouble to breathe properly consumption would no longer be heard of.
Why is exercise so beneficial? Simply
because in running, rowing or cycling
people are obliged to fill their lungs
to their utmost capacity to breathe—
in short, as nature meant them to
breathe. I have frequently recommended those whose business will not
permit of any outdoor exercise to practice breathing for an hour in the morning and at night; exercise is not a
necessity—breathing properly is. How
to go about it: Watch an infant lying
on its back if you want to see breathing done as it ought to be; or if yon
have got out of the habit of proper
respiration, one of the first points to
remember in learning to breathe is to
keep your shoulders down; they are
inclined to go up before the lungs are
filled. Another part is to get control
over your lungs; fill them slowly, lying
on your back of possible and feeling
them fill; then empty them at will—
sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly.
Unless the mind has control of the
muscles which distend and empty the
lungs, then it is no use trying to
breathe. An hour's practice daily will
do you more good than all the gymnasiums in the world. Yes, breathing
is undoubtedly a lost art, if we are te
remain a healthy nation, it must be
recovered.—Boston Transcript.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



or sin.

The modesty of true worth is called by the worth of true

Getting Christ into the people will solve the problem of getting people into the church.

A blank cartridge will make the most noise.

A blank carrrage will make the most noise.

Fidelity to old trutus demands hospitality to new ones.

A man's wealth may be measured by his capacities, not by his coin. There is only one single step from the level rock over the precipice of ruin.

when we think to thank God for our pleasures it will be easier to bless Him for our burdens.

Him for our burdens.

Ie needs no courage to choose evil in the face of good.

If you would escape all censure, do not walk with Christ.

When you open your heart to lust, love will leave your life.

Not man, but the Cbrist-man, is the crowning work of creation.

Modern murmurers are bitten with the flery serpents of their own tongues.

gues.

If men put more sense into their sacred service the world would put more faith in their sanctity.

It is mockery to pray that your children may be gathered home in eternity while you do nothing to keep them at home in time.

INSECTS ARE USED.

INSECTS ARE USED.

Lac Industry in Assam is a Carious Business.

A report of the assistant director of agriculture in Assam deals in detail with the lac industry there. Lac occurs in its natural state in the various parts of the forests of Assam, as well as of Burma, but chiefly in parts of the Khasi and Garo hills, and the export in recent years has averaged 16,900 maunds, or something over 500 tons, but in some of the Koslazar epidemic and depopulation, the production in declining. The production in Manipur is not sufficient for the local needs, and quantities of the lacare sent there from the Kubo valley of Assam. The lac is all sent away from Assam in the crude form, or stick lac; shell and button lac are made, to some extent, but lac dye is not now prepared anywhere in Assam, and lacquer wares are only produced in two places, so that thus once considerable industry would seem to be dying out. The black laquer of Manipur is really not a lac preparation at all, but only the juice of a tree sent from the Kubo valley. In Assam the lac is usually collected twice a year, first in May and June, and then in October and November. The first is mainly used for seed purposes, while the second forms the export. A few days after the collection. A few days after the collection. The first is mainly used for seed purposes, while the second forms the export. A few days after the collection. The first is mainly used for seed purposes, while the second forms the export. A few days after the collection of the trees on which the next crop is to be grown. The usual plan is to place the lac in small bamboo baskets and tie these on the twigs of the trees on which the next crop is to be grown. The usual plan is to place the lac in small bamboo baskets and tie these on the twigs of the trees. The inaects soon crawl out, and spread over the young branches, on which they promptly begin to fed, and secrete the resin. This is allowed to go on for about six months, when the lac is colk-cted; but if the secretion has been defective or ins

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—Herbert.

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