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The Story of a Mean Man. This is the story of a mean man. He may not be the meanest on record, but he carries a very fair brand of close fistedness. He had a contract to sup-ply a certain amount of crushed stone. The machine he used could turn out all the work he could get by running eight bours a day. The mean man had an engineer who

actures a day. The mean man had an engineer who ras a gentus. The genius went to his mployer one day and said be thought is could make some improvements in hat machine so it would do more work a less time. The genius was paid by be month.

the month. He worked on the machine for sever-al days, taking it apart and putting it together again. When reconstructed, it proved to have greater efficiency than before, so much so that it did the same amount of work in one minute and a haif that it used to take four and a haif to do.

and a haif that it used to take four and a haif that it used to take four and a haif to do. The mean man, however, could get no more contracts than before. He could fill all his orders by running about three hours a day. The mean man then went to the genlus and said: "See here, Henry, I've been paying you by the month, but there isn't as much work as there used to be-not enough to keep you busy. I shall have to pay you by the hour after this." Henry demurred. He had been too faithful, but he didn't think that ought to reduce his earnings over one-half. Hienry denis entry of the source on the source of the sourc

An Experiment In Journalism. An Experiment In Journalism. Once there was a really radical pa-per, in London it was, but the man who made it now lives here and tells the tale. It was one of those papers which are a tragedy. They represent the wreek of the enthusiasm of strong men who must find the outlet for their spostolate. This paper began by being at odds with all that was established, and it had readers. But as time went on the man who made the paper drove off singly and in groups all those who had begun by being his supporters. It was found a little too radical for them, and the no longer kept step with its newest march. "Of course I now can see that such a

off singly and in groups all those who had begun by being his supporters. It was found a little too radical for them, and they no longer kept step with its newest march. "Of course I now can see that such a paper was foredomed to failure," the editor said after he had recited the ear-y history of his venture. "I confess it was pretty strong even for British radicals. After the circulation had dwindled down to the extremists I suc-ceeded in allenating about half of them by denouncing social democracy as feu-dal oppression, and the other half left me when I attacked athelsm on the score of its superstitious tendencies. After that I ran the paper as long as I could without any subscribers. But I had to give it up. Nobody would read it except myself, and toward the end I had to give up reading it myself. I found it too unsettling. So it stopped." -New York Commercial Advertise.

The Longest Word. "Rob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?" "Don't know, unless it's a swearing word."

word." "Pooh!" said Tom. "It's 'stumbled." because you are sure to get a tumble setween the first and last letter." "Ha, hai" said Rob. "Now, I've got ne for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word a the English language?" "Incomprehensibility," said Tom wromptly.

mptly. sir; it's 'smiles,' because there's ble mile between the first and

"No, and "No and" "No and "No

"What's that?" asked Rob faintly. "Beleaguered," said Tom. - Pear-

bon's. His Accent and His Country. To one occasion during a visit to America Michael Gunn, who assisted Gilbert and Sullivan in bringing out many of their operas, was trying the voices of some candidates for the cho-rus. One of them sang in a sort of affected Italian broken English. The stage manager Interrupted. "Look here," he said. "that accent won't do for saliors of pirates. Give us a little less Mediterranean and a little more Whitechapel." Mer Gunn turned and said: "Of who that nationality are you? You don't sound Italian." The other suddenly dropped his Ital-ian accent and in Irish said. "Shure, Mr. Gunn, I'm from the same country as yourself."

LOVE'S MOODS. I thought of my love in the distance; Silent and wild was the place. In a moment her voice lent its music, And around shone the light of her face-Her face, and hers only!

I stood in my love's sweet presence. But a mood wrapped her soul from all view, We spake, but on flowed the silence And deeper the solitude grew-How deep and how lonely! --Edith M. Thomas in Harper's Bazar.

Anne Bede's Debt. Her Sister Would Obey the Law, Though She Was Innocent.

By Koloman Mikszrath. -----

The judges were in their places. Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering. In the hall itself the air was thick and stidling. It smelled of sheepskins, peasants, eau-de-vie, and the leaden ventilators in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and slothfully. The jurors, too, leaned wearily against the backs of their chairs. One of them had closed his eyes and let his hand fall inert, luiled to somnolence by the monotonous scratching of the clerk's pen. Another tapped and softly beat the ratapian with his pencil on the table. The president nushed his spectacles

beat the ratapian with his pencies of table. The president pushed his spectacles to the tip of his nose and mopped his damp brow, his stern gray eyes, with a glacial stare, bent fixedly upon the door whence' would issue the culprits in course of trial and on whom they walted to pronounce sentence. "Is there not still another one?" de-manded he presently of the sleepy look-ing tipstaff at his elbow in a harsh, res-onant volce.

ant volce. "One," responded the other: " a girl." "Eh, bien! Bring her in then," said

The president. The crier called, the door opened, the girl entered. A current of fresh air glided in with In cincrea. A current of fresh air glided in with er and softly fanned the faces and tic-led the lashes of the curlous assist-nts. At the same moment **a** ray of unlight pierced the shrouding fog and anced between the frostly etchings of he panes across the dusty walls and urniture of the Hall of Audience. "A girl," said the tipstaff—a child, ather, scarcely more than on the verge f maidenhood and so pretty in her lit-le furred jacket embroidered with creaths and blossoms and fitting like the skin the rounded waist, straight nd slender as the stem of a young alm. Her black eyes were lowered to he floor, but her white brow was clear nd unclouded. "What is it that you have done, my

and unclouded. "What is it that you have done, my child?" questioned the president indif-ferently. The girl nervously rearranged the handkerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then an-swered, sighing: "My affair is sad, M. President; very, very sad." The voice, soft and dolorous, went to the heart like good music that even when one hears it no longer seems still to vibrate in the air and change every-thing by its mysterious influence. The faces of the jurors were no lon-ger so morese. The portrait of the king and farther away still of the Ju-dex Curle appeared to make to her from the silent wall benignant signs, encouraging her to bravely recount the affair, "so very, very sad." "But see you." said she, "this writ-ing, it will tell you better than I can." Only she had first to seek it, to un-clasp the buttons of her corsage and draw it from her bosom, a piece of signed to begin today a pundshment of the features. It sought perhaps to shield them from the gaze of the propele, for if she was white as a lily availed here from the kaze of the goother for upstack hair all unbound vietes of herefors, it-o to begin today is sub-toshuid them from the gaze of the propele, for if she was white as a lily availed here from the kaze of the goother for upstack hair all unbound vietes of herefors, to-to begin the six monts!" The president wiped his glasses, then whyed fagin, his cold, stern gaze seek-indows, the foor, the great iron stove, through whose grated door flery eyes seared to sparkle and threateningly re-surd him. "The law," murmured he, "the law is the law."

"The law," murnured he, "the law is the law." And he read anew the summary be-fore him, the black, serawling scratch-es across the white page, declaring, "Anne Bede condenned to six months" imprisonment for the receiving of stol-en goods." Meanwhile the leaden ventilator had quickened its pace and spun furiously. Outside the wind had risen, and now it shook the windows, whistled through the crevices and seemed to hiss re-morselessly about the ears of the gap-ing crowd:

morselessly about the ears of the gap-ing crowd: "The law; yes, the law is the law!" The head of the president bent af-firmatively before this importunate voice. He dropped his eyes and touch-ed the bell for the tipstaff. "Accompany Anne Bede," said he, "to the house of the inspector of prisons." The man bowed, the child turned obe

the l Tr

diently, but her little rose red lips open-ed and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not speak. "Perhaps, my child," said the presi-dent, noticing her distress, "perhaps you still have something to say to us." "Only that I am Lizette-Lizette Bede, M. le President. Anne Bede was my sister, and we burled her, poor girl, a week ago." "Twas not you then that was con-demmed and sentenced?" cried the pres-ident, surprised.

demmed and sentenced?" cried the pres-ident, surprised. "Ab, bon Dieu, no! Why should 1 have been condemned who have never done harm to a fly?" "Then why are you here, mad child that you are?" "Because, if you please, it is because Anne died while this business was be-fore the royal table (the lower court of Hungary). "It was when she was lying in her coill all coid and white that this order concerning the six months ar-rived certifying that she must submit. Oh, how she had waited and prayed for it and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, M. le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf forever, my mother and I told our-selves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her fance, Ga-briel Karloney. It was for him and without knowing it that she sinned, and we though?"-"That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes and that no one should say she owed them anything, that we must do as I said, repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the amende for the goods, and I have come, M. le President, to serve in her place for six months in the county prison." To serve in her sister's place! "What innocence, what simplicity! The jurors smiled broadly. The face of the president was no longer coid or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the mois-ture with a large yellow handkerchief. "It is well," sait he. "You were right, my child; but-but, now that I think of it'--The stopped, frowned and seemed to reflect intently. "Now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document, M. le Presi-dent?". The wrong document, M. le Presi-dent fingeif was no less moved. "The wrong document, M. le Presi-dent fingeif was no less moved. "The wrong document, M. le Presi-dent hims of it." Continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document, M. le Presi-dent hims if was no lens moved. "The wrong do

lated From the Hungarian For St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The Early Rising Fad. Early rising has been inculcated as a wholesome practice from time imme-morial, and to those who can contrive to get to bed also in good time is unob-jectionable in every way; but, on the other hand, if the employment is of such a nature as to prevent the occupa-tion of the bed at a proportionately ear-ly hour it is absurd to recommend the one without the other. Some persons require six or seven, some eight or nine hours in the 24, but if we all made a practice of getting up as soon as we would be sounder and more wholesome and that it would be seldom extended beyond seven or eight hours. The plan of rising a long time before breakfast and taking a walk on an empty stomach is undoubtedly a bad one, and though it may be adopted by some people without injury, yet if at-tempted by those of delicate constitu-tion it will do a vast deal of harm. Half an hour or an hour before that meal may well be passed in a short walk, but beyond that time the stom-ach becomes weakened in tone, and the meal when taken is followed by a dull and heavy sensation of fatigue and listicssness instead of the sprightly readiness for the day's occupation, which it ought to be the ambiliton of every one to possess.-Health. Balvet Browning and Joachim met

every one to possess.-Health. An Amiable Violinist. Robert Browning and Joachim met one ovening at a friendly gathering in London. The violinist had "obliged" without satisfying certain ladies, who entreated the poet to obtain from him another solo. Browning, feeling the delicacy of his task, discharged it dip-lomatically and spoke, as sometimes he wrote, so as to conceal his thoughts. while the violinist, not understanding, bowed and smiled and did not play. As they left the house Joachim ask-ed, "What did you mean just now?" "Oh," said the poet, "I wanted you to give us some more music." "Then why did you not come and say, 'Joe, old boy, give us another tune?" returned the amiable violinist. Haleyon Days.

Haleyon Days. Haleyon Days. The term "haleyon days" is derived from a pretty little fable of the Sicili-ans, who believed that during the sev-en days preceding and following the winter solstice, Dec. 21, the haleyon or kingfisher floated on the water in a nest in which her young were deposited and that during this time of her brood-ing the sens were calm. Our Indian summer corresponds to the haleyon of the Sicilians.

In 1845 the postage on a letter from New York to Wisconsin was 25 cents. People wrote long letters in those days in a fine copperplate hand on thin pa-per to gyet the worth of their money, but they wrote seldom.

SHORT NEWS STORIES. The Frince Reproved the Count. Her Wish Gratified—A King Oscar Story.

He Jokes No More. "Jake," inquired one of the younger of the knights of the road of an old drummer, "what made you lame?" "Overexertion at practical joking." "Teil that to the hambs." "That's dead right, souny. Cracked one too many, and it left me lame for life. Ask any of the old boys. That same of cinche came in when I was travellag to what were then the new silver mining districts in Colorado. "Well. I had a reputation for Joking those days—sort of an advertisement, you know. There was a good deal of shouting and shooting through the cell-ing that is donoting through the cell-ing that night, but everybody was good natured and Jolly until five hands were played without a pedro being caught. The bidders did nothing but go in the bole and were getting uglier every deal. "At last I could contain myself no hordrous laugh that I had abstracted traves friend of mine and promptly thow. But they are great wing shots out line chen the lobe of an jeft arise spots. The general storekeep-vision of the vigilance committee. I have been an ex-joker ever since."--but they are spots. The Storey of APICENC. Benjamin West's picture of the

Told at the Club. "Tt's this way," said T. Willie Rock-from Saturday to Monday. Want to go and 1 go. Haven't seen B.J. for months; not since he got married to sight and took another observation in la glas. "Find B.J. looking well. Seems a bit nervous, though. You know his deeps you from thinking. Mrs. B.J.-well, I can't help seeing she bites her her for thinking. Mrs. B.J.-well, I can't help seeing she bites her hyper from thinking. Mrs. B.J.-well, I can't help seeing she bites her hyper her from thinking. Mrs. B.J.-well, I can't help seeing she bites her hyper her for bound her bough-not yet-and I begin to forget. Niee yet-and I begin to forget. Nier her her herses. Begins to crack on a bit as we stand in the window his place' and this plans.' Mrs. B.J. bets on about his 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout this 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'quadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I like so hout the 'guadrupeds. Trans-merent bluff. What do I care? I

"B.J. turns pale. Then he canned ens up. "Yes, your horses,' he says. 'You own them. You own this place and all that goes with it. You own me. Will you assist Mrs. Brown-Jones, Willie?" T. Willie Rockingham shuddered. "Marry money?" he guiped out. "Ex-cuse me, I'd rather work."-New York Sun.

A starty money' ne guiped out. "Ex-cuse me, I'd rather work."-New York Sun. A Surgical Operation. The Army and Navy Journal tells this story about the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre of New York etty: "When a young medical student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, one of the operating phy-sicians was about to cut off an Irish-man's leg, but before baginning the op-oration gave a long talk to the students on amputed. The Irishman lay on the discourse he grew whiter and whit-er. Finally he jumped from the oper-ating table, crying: 'Get me me breech-es, be gob! I'll die with me leg on? "Dr. Sayre found him several days later with his knee badly swollen. The young doctor promptly cut open the knee, but saved the leg. One day he used the to wand, but would not only disinfect a wound, but would not only disinfect a wound, but would not only disinfect a wound, but would not only disinfect a stiffactory. I'was the means of introducing into the army the use of thred hemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wounds." "I'ft its not true that we Americans

Introducing into the army the use of targed bemp, or oakum, as a dressing for wonds." Our Race For Money. "It is not true that we Americana freqard money making as the work for which life was given to us, why, when we are unillons, do we go on arrug-gling to make more millions and more?" writes "An American Mother" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "It is not so with the older races. The London true as a small income or aponda the races are in the suburbs and lives on a small income or aponda the race of his life in losing it in poultry or fancy gardening. The German or Frenchman seldom works when past 60. He gives his inst years to some study or hobby-music, a microscope, or it may be dominos. You meet him and his wife, joily, shrewd, intelligent, jogging all over Europe. Baedeker in hand. They tell you they have a cuclest you they share a cuclest you are set of his life on the field of battle: "They had a personal encounter, in which the soldier received a bulter would and the burgher a baynet the bospital, they exchanged friendly when their respective to the option, when their respective the solution, when their respective the soluter. "What a blessing it is we met and the works, "Goody, mate," add the soluter "."

each other!" A Feiching Compliment. She was not from Chicago. "Do not anger me," she said. "How am I to know when you are angry?" he asked. "I always stamp my feet," she an-swered. He looked down at her dainty shoes. "Impossible." he said. "There isn't room for a stamp on either of them." That fetched her.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That retened user, --Orevenue Fram Dealer. Pat's Retort. An Irishman passing a store in Lon-don saw nothing inside but a man at a table. The thing struck him as being very odd, so he went in and inquired what was sold there. "Asses' heads," said the man at the table. "They must be in great demand," said Pat, "for I see you have only your own left."

A Brawback to Amity. Judge-Well. Mrs. Jopps, what fault isve you to find with your husband? Mrs. Jopps-Now, Jedge, it's this way: de's awful good an kind, but he's so pesky unfinanshul.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Wish Gratified-A King Dear Story.
Italy's new king manifesis the same horror as his father for everything that is in the least degree shady or unquestionable and has driven out of the army a number of officers who had rendered themselves guilty of unsavory transactions. A short time before his father's death he happened to be obliged to receive in audience a Roman count who he knew had been sneering at the late king's democratic ways. Just as the count was about to take his leave the prince, with a smile, exclaimed, "By the bye, I hear that you are the president of the ______ company." Somewhat embarrassed, the count replied, "Certainly; one must find some outlet for one's activity."
I's there no other outlet for your activity than that?" inquired the prince. "Surely for a man like yourself, the head of a family such as yours, there is the army, a political career or philant thropy. One of your ancestors. I remember, fell by the side of my ancestor, Emmanuel Filiberto." And then the prince went on to enumerate the names of a number of the count's forbars who had played a glorious role in the military, political and administrative service of Italy. He added, "When one bears such a name as yours, one has no right to serve anyuting are one's country and humanity."
But I am not serving anybody." The source of a reving nothing but your own interests." And with that he turned his back to him.
Her Vish Was Gratified.
Go on the Center of a family but that the turned his back to him. Detroit Free Press. The Story of a Picture. Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson" is closely connected with an anecdote of the great sailor. Just before he went to sea for the last time he was present at a dinner, dur-ing which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton. Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not, in his youth, acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on, "Why have you painted no more like it?" "Aner are no more subjects." "An," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that." "But my lord," continued West, "I am arraid your intrepidity will yet urnish me with another such scene. Her Wish Was Gratified. Going abroad on the Oceanie Mrs. Sarah A. Dailey, a Denver woman, made the acquaintance of Paderewski, relates the Denver Post. She had nev-er seen the pianist before and did not recognize who he was. Sitting upon

au, said the sailor, "I didn't think of that." "But, my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your intrepidity will yet furnish me with another such scene, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson--"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battie!" A few days later he sailed, his strangely expressed aspiration was re-alized, and the scene lives upon can-vas.

vas. Worse Than His Own. A gentieman who owns one of the finest estates in the north of Ireland, while in his gardens one morning, no-ticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked bim:

SHE CREPT UP DENIND HIM. The deck one day beside another femi-hine passenger, she watched with im-patience the famous Polish chrysanthe-mun as he paced the deck. "Dear me," exclaimed Mrs. Dailey to the woman sitting near her, "I should ke to run my fingers into that man's har." "Would you?" replied the other. "Well, you may do so. That is Mr. Pacerewski, my husband. I am sure the would not object. Come; I'll intro-duce you." Mrs. Dalley was at first taken aback, but when Mrs. Paderewski explained the ircumstances to her husband the planist laughed heartly. A day or two langt Maged the state, causing her fingers through his hair, causing him a great deal of amusement.

when in its gatering over horing, normality of the of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:
"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"
"No, in troth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.
"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman.
"I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butter for you."
A few days later, when showing a party of visitors through the gardens, if possible, more a scarcerow than ever.
"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.
"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.
"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.
"Indeed, an I did, thank yer honor kindiy," replied Mat; "but, sure, I had to lave them at home to be mended."-London Tit-Bits.

her angers through his hirt, clusing him a great deal of anusement. Trying to Find a Compliment, Among other accomplishments Charles Battel Loomis, the humorist, recites. He imitates Dr. Talmage, says The Saturday Evening Post. "The only time my imitation of Dr. Talmage real-ly goes for anything," said Mr. Loomis, "is when there are a lot of clergymen in the audience. There were 17 on shipboard during a recent transatiantic voyage, and they wanted me to recite it three times a day." One of the 17 clergymen on board was a silent man from New Hamp-shire. He did not speak to any one. He did not even speak to the humorist who was turning the ship topsy turvy with his droll verses, his imitations and recitations. After they landed at Amsterdam, however, the silent clergy-man came up to Mr. Loomis on the dock and held out his hand. "T'e just learned that you are Mr. Loomis, the humorist," he said gloom-iy. "Some time I hope to know you better." That was all he said. He went away with his usual melancholy dignity, and London Tit-Bits. How the Artist Was Called. When Henry S. Watson, the illustrat-for, landed at Naples, he did not know much about European travel. He had to make some sketches in the villages about Naples, and his experiences have lide him with wonder enough for a lifetime. His deft pencil helped him a bit. At one little village inn he tried to get it through the landlord's head that he was to be called early in the morning. He couldn't make himself understood. At last he drew a picture of himself lying in bed, the sum peep-ing through the window, the clock at the hour of 6 and the chambermail knocking at the door. Then it was quite plain, and they woke him on the tek—Saturday Evening Post.

tick.-Saturday Evening Post. Conldn't Imagine. Uncle SI, from Upcreek, had just left an aching molar at the dentist's and stopped at a lunch counter for a sooth-ing beverage. "Gimme a cup of cawfee," he said, sitting down on the first vacant stool. "Draw one!" called out the girl be-hind the counter. "That's what he did!" responded Un-cle SI, with a delightful grin. "How'd you know it?"-Chicago Tribune. Mr. Loomis is getting gray hairs try-ing to find a compliment in the remark. **A ting Oscar of Sweden**, who is an ac-omplished scholar more interested in books than in the affairs of his king-dom, inherits a gift for oratory from his French ancestry and is nothing both to atr it when occasion demands. He even seeks the opportunity to prove his modern conception of a king's obli-gations and, with several languages at this command, often addresses learned bodies as well as political assemblages. Quite recently, since the present out-break in China, his majesty, in address-ing the members of a society for the vultivation of foreign languages, em-ployed during the evening no fewer than five different tongues. One of the members, after the address, saild to the king: "Your majesty is a splendid lin-guist. Can your majesty speak Chi-nese?" "Sit," replied the king, with dignity, "I have many fullings, as I myself well know, but heaven forbid at crime as that!"

better." That was all he said. He went away with his usual melancholy dignity, and Mr. Loomis is getting gray hairs try-ing to find a compliment in the remark.

The world is patiently waiting the advent of the man who can explain why a baby never wants to play in the coal scuttle until after it has been dressed for company.—Omaha World-Herald.

You will never know what it is to be sick and tired of good advice until you have run a newspaper 20 or 30 years.— Atchison Globe.

Literary Note. Literary Note. She was a bright girl at Mount Hol-yoke college. It happened that day that they had hash for supper and meat balls the next morning for break-fast. "Yes," she said as she glanced at the table; "Review of Reviews this morning."-Boston Journal.