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British Navy League has ar-

The British Navy League has arrived at the conviction that Great Britain does not rule the sea any longer. The conviction has been slow in coming, but it seems to be there to stay.

Notwithstanding the activity of the seal hunters in Bering sea, it is stated that the catch of seals this season will be 6000 less than that of last Beason. There is something, however, in the consideration that the fewer the seals the greater will be the supply of salmon and other four fish in the waters of Alaska.

It is rumored in Europe that Kins Victor Emmanuel of Italy desires to introduce the American cabinet system into his government, in addition to the European system of responsible ministries, and is determined to have a privy council which shall be answerable to him alone. In order not to violate the Italian constitution, which makes the ministry the sowerigm's sole official adviser, King Victor will make his new council a which makes the ministry the sov-ereign's sole official adviser, King Victor will make his new council a sort of "kitchen cabinet."

The first deed conveying property to the proprietor of Pennsylvania, William Penn, is written in old Dutch, and is now preserved in the city hall. The property was what is now known as Lemon Hill, including the mansion and the Schuylkill river front, where the old Fairmount water-works are located. There Penn kept his barge and some rowboats, the barge carry-ing an admiral's pennant. It is said that there is only one man in Phila-delphia who can now read this deed.

The bad reputation of the mosquit The bad reputation of the mosquito is increased by the conclusion of a board of army medical officers sent to Cuba to study the yellow fever, that this infection, as well as that of malaria, is probably carried by the bite of a mosquito. But here we have our own more common mosquito in our own more common mosquito involved, the Culex, while malaria is volved, the Culex, while malaria is caused by the spotted-winged Anopheles. If this conclusion is correct it will force on us the necessity of doing something. Massachusetts has a bureau to kill the gypsy-moth; it would be quite as easy a task practically to exterminate the mosquito in New Jersey.

The impossibility of delimiting or defining the suburb, as its extent becomes more and more indefinite, is due no less to the influence of trolley petition than to its direct facility this competition must be largely attributed the fact, discovered by Professor Commons in his recent investigation of railway rates in Massachusetts, that while fares for long distances have fallen but little below what they were 50 years ago, commutation fares for short distances have fallen early 50 per cent. in 10 years—that is, during the period of trolley extension. It is by no means a case merely of cheaper suburban living. For the opportunity of a country home for those whose work calls them daily to the city keeps pace with a new devotion to all that now attracts to the country, the love of the fact, discovered with a new devotion to all that now attracts to the country, the love of sport and any interest or diversion that calls one out into the open. Sub-urban living has thus come to mean something far different from what it used to be thought when a suburb was merely nearness to a great city. And with every increased remove the as merely nearness to a great city, and with every increased remove the burban city worker is brought seer to the genuine country, while eattraction of the city life to the untry worker is distinctly lessened, serves a writer in Scribner's. So, then, as the census shows a latively arrested rate of increase city population it justifies a new patification of suburb with country, d is a sign of a healthy reaction the may some day reach even the the attraction of the city life to the country worker is distinctly lessened, observes a writer in Scribner's. So far, then, as the census shows a relatively arrested rate of increase in city population it justifies a new identification of suburb with country, and is a sign of a healthy reaction which may some day reach even the which may some day reach even the now abandoned farm.

MY PRAYER.

Again to far, shead!

My prayer I sav
Through all the day—
The words are few
And simple, too:
"God, let my faith in thee
And in thy people be
Forever strong and true!"
This is the simple prayer I pray—
If it be answered, I
Alone shall find the way
And confidently die.
—S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago T
Herald.

Little Lace Maker.

Mdlle. Noemi Verdier, a lacemaker of Valenciennes, was as good as she was pretty and her modesty and simplicity commanded the respect of all.

Left an orphan at 13 years of age she lived with her brother, three years her senior, who, having suddenly become the head of the house, labored for his little sister and himself at cabinet making.

war-cloud had burst all at once; armed France rushed to the frontier of the East.

The dreadful war began.
From the letters of her beloved Louis she learned the successive defeats of the French army, Woerth, Rozenville, Saint-Private, Gravelotte, Sedan. Then silence followed—no more letters, no more news, nothing.
Noemi, who never read the papers, hastened now to the office of the Guetteur de Valenciennes and of the Echo de la Fontiere, seeking there some little ray of hope. She listened to the talk on the street, she mingled with the groups of people commenting on the news, she gave ear to the painful accounts of the war and she learned, with a sinking heart, that her brother's regiment had met with severe losses.

Meanwhile the wounded soldiers were sent, through Hirsan and Avesnes, to the towns and cities on the northern frontier. Every day fresh convoys arrived in Valenciennes.

All the hospitals were full, and still they came. Then private ambulances were organized everywhere, churches and factories opened their doors to the unfortunate wounded soldiers.

One morning the report was circulated that a convoy of wounded from her brother's regiment had arrived during the night.

To the poor girl a glimmer of hope returned.

She ran from one to the other, asking of the nurses, bending over every

She ran from one to the other, ask-ing of the nurses, bending over every cot; but the hope of the morning van-

All at once she remembered that the day before they had opened in Saint-Saulve a hospital intended especially for the officers. Was there any possibility that an unknown sergeant might have been brought there? Surely not. Yet, notwithstanding, she found strength to go thither.

An army surgeon came toward her. "What do you wish mademoiselle?" "Oh, monsieur! Pardon! I am looking for my brother, Sergeant Louis Verdier.

"You mean Lieutenant Louis Ver-

y ing for my brother, Sergeant Louis V Cerdier.

"You mean Lieutenant Louis Verdier." And pointing with his finger down the long row of mattresses on the floor, there he is in the sixth hed." To the poor girl it seemed as if the parth vanished from beneath her feet. She choked back an exclamation of joy, tottered forward a few steps and with an outburst of infinite happiness knelt before the bed of Lieutenant Verdier, who, with his head wrapped in linen, was lying in a heavy stupor.

"Louis! Louis! It is I." she exclaimed, trembling, with clasped hands, ready to fall.

At this appeal the wounded man recovered his consciousness, opened his eyes and perceived his sister, but not being able to raise his head he stretched forth both his hands, which she seized in hers and covered with tears.

In the meantime the surgeon approached and here

tears.
In the meantime the surgeon approached, and, half unwillingly, led her

proached, and, half un.... away. "You must not cause him any emo-we cannot guarantee anything

cent lace for a wealthy English house I began to work on it last night and I hope to finish it in ten days. For this work they will pay me a very high price. Do you know what I am going to do with the money?"

"Speak, my darling," answered the young officer.

"The surgeon says that you will soon the Quahaug is to the Gennine Clamber of the Gennine Clamber of the Cooker is to the Gennine Clamber of the Gennine Clamber of the Gennine Clamber of the Cooker is to the Gennine Clamber of the Gennine Clambe

speak, in daring, has wered the young officer.

"The surgeon says that you will soon be able to get up. I am going to take you home to our little nest and take care of you day and night. You shall see how happy we will be and how quickly you will be well."

"Dear, dear sister! Oh, what a good idea and how I shall hasten to get strong, so as to be able to go with you."

strong, so as to be able to go with you."

One morning, when she came in, radiant with gladness, her brother bade her speak low and pointed with his eyes to a new wounded officer, whom they had brought in and placed on a mattress beside his own. The wounded man was M. de Lauterac d'Ambroyse, lieutenant "aux chasseu.'s a pied" and had been struck in the shoulder by a bombsheil.

"Poor young man!" said Noemi, compassionately. "He has no sister to take care of him." And she became interested in this man, whose death seemed certain.

In the meantime the days went by and Louis' convalescence progressed rapidly. Had he not promised to hurry? On the morning of the tenth day Noemi arrived, joy in her face bringing a precious package wrapped in tissue paper.

She, too, had kept her word; her maryellous work was finished and she

in tissue paper.

She, too, had kept her word; her marvellous work was finished and she brought it to show her brother before carrying it to the merchant who ordered it, and in her joy at being able to take her brother home she forgot about the poor, wounded man lying beside her.

about the poor, wounded man lying beside her.

"See how beautful it is!" she said, displaying the delicate masterpiece upon the bed—proud of it, not because of it's overwhelming difficulties, but because it enabled her to realize her most ardent wish, to bring her dear convalescent into their little nest in the little street, into the small lodgings where happiness would come back at the return of her beloved brother.

And they were both happy. With hands clasped, they contemplated the delicate lace.

All at once a piercing shriek drew them from their cestasy.

In making an effort to rise M. de Lauterac d'Ambroyse had disarrangel his bandages, the wound reopened, and the unfortunate man fell back on his bed covered with blood.

At the scream the surgeon was on the spot and in a twinkling had removed the handage.

"Quek, quick! Some lint!" he cried.
"Hurry, hurry!"

And while the nurses, beside themselves at the cries of the patient, searched everywhere for what was at hand, the stream of blood kept flowing and the anxious surgeon multiplied his appeals.

The brother and sister, motionless, pale with fright, exchanged one glance. Noemi seized her precious lace, tore it in pieces, and gave it to the major, who applied it to the wound.

The hemorrhage was stopped Louis and Noemi, trembling with "See how beautful it is!" she said,

in pieces, and gave it to the major, who applied it to the wound. The hemorrhage was stopped Louis and Noemi, trembling with emotion, looked at each other. "Dear sister, thanks—," That was all that Louis could say. "It will make but a few days' delay," lisped the young gir! keeping back the tears just ready to flow. "I will begin my work again." Lieutenant de Lauterac d'Ambroyse is today colonel; he is the father of three children; one a big, pretty girl, almost as beautiful and sweet as her mother, whose name she wears, Noemi; and two fine-looking boys, who are "terrors," as their uncle assures us, the brave commadant Louis Vernier.—Waverly Magazine. Noems, who are "terrors, as sures us, the brave commad sures us, the brave commad conier.—Waverly Magazine.

the Mississippi.

One hundred years before Illinois became a territory and 111 years before it became a state there was a town at Kaskaskia, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. Fifty years before there was a white settlement at St. Louis or any military post at Pittsburg, and 96 years before the foundations were laid for Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, Kaskaskia was a thriving village.

the Goober is to the Actual Peanut What the Quahaug is to the Genuine Clam— Vines Are First-Class Fodder for Mules -5,000,000 Bushels a Fair Year's Crop.

This is peanut time in the South. Going through eastern Virginia and North Carolina the traveler can see through the car window row after row of what appear to be round bushes. They are the stacks or shocks of peanut vines hung around sticks waiting to be placed upon wagons and carried away for stripping. Some of the larger fields will contain 1000 of these stacks, yielding from 50 to 75 bushels of nuts to the acre. Most of the nuts grown in Virginia and North Carolina are the goobers. The goober is to the actual peanut what the quahaug is to the genuine clam. The shell usually contains but two kernels. This is the nut with which the Italians load their wagons and sell in paper bags on the street corners. The real peanut which answers to the Rhode island clam is smaller than the goober. The kernel is about the size of a large pea and its flavor is sweeter than the other variety. It is grown principally in North Carolina and Tennessee. Occasionally a few get into a bog of goobers, but very seldom, as they are shelled and sold for from 10 to 15 cents a peck more than the others. They go into candy paste and to the oil factories of Europe.

The peanut farmer begins planting as soon as the frost is out of the ground in the spring. The shelled nuts form the seed and about two bushels are required for an acre. In a few weeks the plant gets above the earth and begins to leaf out. A field of peanuts looks much like a field of clover, and during the war many of the Northern soldiers mistook clover fields for peanut patches, while hunting for something to vary their rations. The plants grow in rows, very much like potato vines, and are cultivated in the same way. Weeds will soon choke their growth, and the pickaninnies on the farm are kept busy during the summer in weeding out the patches with their fingers. Nowadays the harvesting is done by what is called a plow, made especially for the purpose. It is drawn by one mule and cuts the plants off close to the roots. As soon as enough has accumulated on the plox to form a s

viñe, so that the pods are ready to be picked.

The picking is the most expensive operation of all and takes the most time. Whether in the barn or on the field, all the work has to be done by hand. The nuts are thrown into large baskets and the vines made into large baskets and the vines made into large stacks or stored away in the loft, for they make a hay which is really more nourishing for the average mule than timothy. The vine is a little too rough for a horse's throat, but it is a luxury to the average southern mule, who will grow fat on peanut hay, and nothing else. In all fields some of the vines will be blackened and the nuts of poor quality. These are left on the ground and later the pigs are turned into the field. They eat everything that is left except the roots. The nuts are not very fattening, but they give the porker a very sweet flavor. The famous hams cured in some parts of Virginia owe most of their quality to the fact that the pigs have lived partly upon nuts before being fed the sour mik and garbage from the farmer's kitchen.

In half a dozen towns most of the peanut "factories" are located. The

that the pigs have lived partly upon the Mississippi.

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As early as 1710 there were in the town three miles for grinding corn. As early as 1765 the town contained 55 familities of whites. In 1771, five years before the Revolutionary War, it contained 36 houses and had a population of 560 whites and 560 negroes. In 1809 it was made the capital of Illinois Territory. It was the capital of Illinois Territory. It was the capital of Illinois Territory. It was the capital of commerce in the Northwest Territory.

On Thursday the last vestige of this historic settlement was swept away by the Mississippi river. The work of destruction that began with the great flood of 1844 was completed, and the home of the early Illinois governors—the first state capital—ceased to exist. Its destruction was complete. Not a stone was left to mark the place.

Chicago, that was built in a swamp, is the second city in America. New Orleans, Ictated in was be lieved an unsafe and unhealthy district, is the commercial metropolis of the southwest. But Kaskaskia, which was et on a spot chosen from the boundless variety of the virgin west, is merely a memory.

very striking. Digging down six of eight feet, however, the farmer generally comes to a) doam which retains the rain and other surface water. This nourishes the plant, which requires a very light and porous soil. It also needs as hot weather as corn to properly mature. After raising several crops the average peanut field needs to be heavily fertilized with lime or marl, as the plant exhausts the soil.

During a fair year the American peanut crop will average nearly 5,000,000 bushels, estimating 22 pounds to the bushel. This is but a small proportion of the world's crop, however, which aggregates fully 550,000,000 pounds. It is calculated that we eat about \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly, or 4,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly, or 4,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly, or 4,000,000 bushels of the nuts, either in candy or the original kernels. The shucks or shells form also good food for pigs, while, as already stated, peanut vines are a first-class fodder for mules.

Very few peanuts are eaten out of the pod in Europe, although fully

peanut vines are a first-class fodder for mules.

Very few peanuts are eaten out of the pod in Europe, although fully 400,000,000 pounds are sent to Great Britain and the Continent every year from Africa and Asia. They are converted into oil and a sort of four at factories at Marseilles and several English cities. A bushel of the genuine peanuts shelled can be pressed into about a gallon of oil, which is substituted for oilve and other table oils very frequently. It sells at from 60 cents to \$1 a gallon, and the meal or flour left after pressure is used for feeding horses and baked into a kind of bread which has a large sale in Germany and France.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MOUNTAINS OF SALT.

A New Industry Which Will Help a Part of Australia.

A New Industry Which Will Help a Part of Australia.

Immense salt gardens have recently been established in the neighborhood of Geelong, along the bay of Stingaree, in Queensland, Australia. The site was, until recently, a barren waste of swamp and samphire scrub, and thought good for nothing whatever. The present proprietors, however, have converted it into a place of interest, employing a large number of men, and turning out a valuable commodity, with the sea water as their raw material.

The works, or salt gardens, present the appearance of a chess board of shallow tanks. About 300 acres are cut up in this way by miles of walls, the tanks, or "paddecks," condensers and crystallizers vary from one to 50 acres in size, and there are about 100 of them. The whole area under use is cut off from the sea by a large wall containing sluice gates to admit the sea water as required. The dividing walls keep the water uniformally spread over the ground, presenting all the surface possible to the evaperating action of the sun and wind. The rainfall is an important item. The average is the lowest at the site chosen of any point on the whole coast.

When the water enters through the sluice gates it is held in the largest

When the water enters through the sluice gates it is held in the largest paddocks until the evaporation raises its density considerably. It is then by smaller sluices run into or pumped up on to higher levels, called condensers. Here it remains until the evaporation raises the density to that of brine, and by this time it has lost many impurities (such as lime) which, as the water gets dense, are deposited. Then the manager knows by testing with a hydrometer that the brine is ready for the crystallizers, and it is pumped up into them. By regular pumping the brine is let into and kept in the crystallizers, which have already had their bottoms levelled at a uniform depth, and as the evaporation goes on the water becomes too dense to hold the salt and deposits it in beautiful crystals on the bottom, forming a layer several inches thick. Again using the hydrometer the manager knows when the water has lost all the salt it will give up in a pure state, and when this point is reached the remaining water is drained off. This residue is called mother-liquor, and contains magnesium, sulphates, chlorides, potassium, etc. These impurities would be deposited on top of the salt and make it impure if the mother-liquor were not drained off at the right time. Thus pure salt only is obtained.

The salt is then harvested by shovelling it up into cocks, which give the crystallizers the appearance of a miltary camp. When the salt has drained in the cocks it is barrowed out into stacks of severalhundredsoftons each. The stacks are then thatched, to prevent the rain from dissolving them. The company has also a refinery, at which the salt is dissolved in water, and again evaporated in iron pans by artificial heat. In this way a beautiful white and superior salt is obtained. A grindery has also been erected to dry and crush the crude crystals; it is here that the fine table salt is made.

Just as it is, as bay salt, it is used largely for packing meat for export and preserving meat and rabbits, sheep, cattle; tor glazing bricks and pot

Heartburnings About Bonnets.

The distinguished lady writer whom we know as Mrs. Letth Adams (Mrs. de Courcy Laffan) has another good London bus story for her friends. Her usual place on a bus, it may be premised, is in front "Yes, lady," said the driver on one of these recent hot days, 'Baby' and 'Smiler' is a fine pair of 'osses as you'll see anywheres. But 'Smiler' has a jealous mind—an' t'other day he thought as 'Baby's' 'at was a bit tastier than his'n. So when we left 'em standing he'd ate hers 'alf orf her 'ed afore we could get back. That's 'Smiler' all over, that is—but he's a grand 'oss all the same!"—London Chronicle.

VALUABLE FISH SKINS.

os Use Them for Clothing and Similar Uses.

The United States fish commission has, it was stated by one of the attaches to a Star reporter, discovered that several varieties of fishes have skins that make an excellent leather for some purposes. Salmon hide, for example, it is said, serves so well in this way that the Eskimso of Alaska make waterproof shirts and hats out of it. They also cut jackets out of the codfish skins, which are said to be very serviceable garments.

Frog skins, it is asserted, are coming into use in many parts of the country for the mounting of books, where an exceptionally delicate material for fine binding is required. There are certain tribes of savages who make breast-plates out of garfish skins, which will turn a knife or a spear. A builtet will, it is said, pierce the breastplate, but it is declared to be impossible to chop through the material with a hatchet at one blow. Together with such breast-plate these savages wear a helmet of the skin of the porcupine fish, which is covered with formidable spines. Fastened upon the head this helmet serves not only as a protection, but in close encounters it is used to butt with.

A northern firm recently manufacturned some shoes of the skins of the

serves not only as a protection, but in close encounters it is used to butt with.

A northern firm recently manufacturned some shoes of the skins of the contish and cusk. On the lower Yukon, in Alaska, overalls of tanned fish skins are commonly worn by the natives. Whip handles are made of shark skins, and instrument cases are commonly covered with the same material. Whale skins make admirable leather for some purposes, while porpoise leather is considered very superior for razor strops. Seal leather dyed in a number of different colors is used for many purposes. This leather is obtained from the fur-bearing species, and is used to a considerable extent in the manufacture of pocketbooks. The hair seals are still very plentiful in the north Atlantic ocean, and it is not difficult to kill them. They afford a very promising source of leather supply. Walrus leather has come into the market recently, but as the animals are being exterminated rapidly it will hardly amount to much commercially. Another kind of leather now seen on sale is that of the sea elephant. Up to a few years ago a species of sea elephant was found on the Pacific coast ranging as far north as lower California, but the animals have been so nearly exterminated that they are now rarely seen. Another species is to be found in the anarctic seas, chiefly on Kerguelan Island.—Washington Star.

Island.—Washington Star.

A Trick Played by the Coyotes.

The coyote challenge sounded close to the Chimneypot Ranch after the sundown. A dozen dogs responded with the usual clamor. But only the bull-terrier dashed away toward the place whence the coyotes had called, for the reason that he only was loose. But his chase was fruitless and he came back gowling. Twenty minutes later there was another coyote yell close at hand. Away dashed the terrier as before. In a minute his excited yapping told that he had sighted his game and was in full chase. Away he went, furiously barking, until his voice was lost afar and never more was heard. In the morning the men read in the snow the tale of the night. The first cry of the coyote was to find out if all the dogs were loose; then, having found that only one was free they laid a plan. Five coyotes hid along the side of the trail, one went forward and called till it had decoyed the rash terrier, and then led him right into the ambush. What a chance had he with six? They tore him limb from limb and devoured him, too, at the very spot where once he had worried Coyotito. And next morning, when the men came, they saw by the signs that the whole thing had been planned and that the leader whose cunning had made it a success was a little bob-tailed coyote.

The men were angry and Lincoln was furious, but Jake remarked. "Well, I guess that bob-tail came back and got even with that terrier."—Ernest Seton-Thompson, in Scribner's.

on the Scent for Bribery.

A Primrose Dame, canvassing a London constituency, called upon a Mrs. Smith and asked for her husband's vote. Mrs. Smith and asked for her husband's vote. Mrs. Smith expressed regret, but was afraid her husband would vote for the Liberals. "The fact is," she said, "he has been promised a new suit of clothes if he votes for the other side. The Primrose Dame was in an ecstasy of curiosity. Who had made the promise? Mrs. Smith mustn't tell. Half a sovereign was offered for the information; but Mrs. Smith was of opinion that she couldn't tell for that. "Well, look here, I'll give you a sovereign if you tell me," said the lady at last. Then Mrs. Smith succumbed to the tempter. Having received the money she revealed the secret. "If you will know, ma'am, it's me as told him that if he'd vote for the Radical I'd give him a new suit of clothes—and thank you for helping to pay for it!"—London Chronicle.

A Queer Coincidence.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, whose latest novel is appearing in serial form, is the most recent victum of the long arm of the story took place at a house in a certain square at Daiston, the number and name of which the author regarded as fictitious; but the editor of the paper in which the story is appearing has received an indignant letter from a solicitor, writing on behalf of a client who resides at that identical address and objects to having it associated with murder and other crimes. Novelists should include a directory in Chronicle.