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In the Chinese theatre at Shanghai the allied Powers are symbolically represented by a soldier with an enormous mouth, who does nothing but talk until his career is cut short by decapitation. Aristophanic comedy seems to flourish in China, and the Chinese are evidently not devoid of the sense of humor.

An end-of-the-century Ananias the other day put in print a pleasing tale to the effect that he has been feeding the hens in his New Jersey poultry yard on a sort of asbestos diet, and that the faithful creatures are now laying fireproof eggs. The author of this narrative will hereafter call in vain upon his incombustible fowls to help him.

The successful use of Niagara Falls as a generator of electrical powers on an extended scale set the pace in the matter of utilizing water courses in that line, and many successful experiments have been made in other sections of the United States, as well as in Europe, and led to the investment of vast amounts in water power plants. The time may come when, through the power of water and electricity, coal can be reserved for cooking and heating purposes alone.

Germany apparently has not that success with her African colonies that was expected by the friends of a colonial policy. West Africa is a barren country which can only be prosperous by irrigation. East Africa, though rich, is suffering under a mismanagement which has driven all trade to British Zanzibar. In both east and west the natives are revolting without the Germans being able to suppress the disturbances or to establish permanently their authority. Criticisms such as never were permitted against the Indians in the early days of American history are the order of the day. Of late the conditions, especially in West Africa, seem to have taken a very serious turn. Attempts were made to enlist British subjects from the neighboring colonies for the German colonial guard, but the Britons do not seem to be willing to do Germany's bloodwork. As a result a considerable number of troops will be sent from the fatherland to the revolting colonies.

Gutter-Snipe.

The word snipe, as expressive of contempt with an intimation of priggishness or pettiness, especially impertinence, was very common in Philadelphia as far back as 1835, as I can well recall my indignation when called by it. There can be no question that it came into use from the German schnipp or schnippisch—snappish, pert, saucy. "Gutter-snipe" began to appear in newspapers some years later. It would, however, be curious to ascertain whether the term does not exist in some form in old provincial English. "Gutter" was very naturally added from its association with mud. It was generally believed in New England, and I dare say elsewhere, that the stipe lived by sucking mud.—Charles Godfrey Leland, in Notes and Queries.

A Vanished Dream.

Mrs. Bramble—"Don't you remember, Will, how you used to thapsodize over the thought of just you and I living together, far from the madding throng? You used to say that would be paradise, but you don't seem since we are married to hold the same opinion."

Mr. Bramble—"No, I gave up the idea the week you were without a girl. You see, if we lived that way you would have to do the cooking for us right along."—Chicago Times.

Last year the price of unbound French books was raised from 50 cents to 55. Recently another 5 cents was added, in consequence of the increased price of paper.

FROST.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.
An Arctic silversmith is he,
Tracing in finest filigree,
With fragile loop and slender line,
Figures fantastic in design.
The hollow night his workshop is,
Wherein, to heaven's harmonies,
With tools no mortal may behold,
He bends above his forge of cold.
Yet, at the arrow touch of dawn,
The fairy magister is gone,
Like shadows cast upon a wall,
As subtle and ephemeral.
—Youth's Companion.

HAPPY AT LAST

REBECCA STONER was regarded as the typical old maid of Kingstown. People said she had "soured on the world," and, assuredly, judging from the sharp, bitter remarks which often passed her lips, one would not imagine that she found the world full of sweetness and light. The Kingstown people would have opened their eyes could they have seen the old maid one winter evening, when, having returned from a walk, she threw herself on her couch and shed a flood of tears.

"Can I never forget him, or learn to despise the man who spurned my love?" she murmured. "Ah, Dick, Dick! I never will cease to love you!" Suddenly she rose and dashed away her tears and a bitter, mocking smile played about her lips.

"There is no man in the wide world worth a tear—but he, at least of all," she said fiercely; "and I will never think of him again!" Alas, poor Rebecca! She knew too well how little she could keep her promise to herself, for the very sight of Dick Waldron, white-haired and stooped though he was, was enough to set her heart strings to tingling.

Her story was one not uncommon in New England village life. When preparations were going on for her marriage to Richard Waldron, Rebecca's mother, who was a widow, fell ill. Richard, who had been waiting for a long time for Rebecca, insisted upon the marriage being performed without delay, for, as their new home would be within sight of their stony place, Rebecca could still be with her mother and oversee a nurse. But the mother selfishly objected. "She knew that Rebecca would not be the same to her after marriage; no one else could nurse her as well, and she would not be in their way long. She would go gladly as soon as she was called up higher," etc.

So Rebecca, sick at heart, but not daring, raised as she had been, to resent parental authority, offered Dick his freedom.

He stormed angrily at first, but seeing her pain and distress at last said to her: "Rebecca, you are spolling two lives, I fear, by your mistaken notion of duty, but I must submit. But when you are free you have only to write me—for I cannot stay here—and call me back. Whenever you send I will come, for I will never love any woman but you, and will be faithful to you always."

All might have gone well had it not been that Mrs. Stoner again selfishly interfered. "Rebecca and Dick must not write to each other, it would only keep Rebecca's mind in a tumult, and she would not stand in their way long. She was ready to go to heaven at any time, she had never harmed a living creature, she would gladly free them of her presence," and more cutting talk like this, which did nothing to heal Rebecca's sore heart.

As a matter of fact the old lady held on to life with a tenacious grasp and lived five more years of helpless invalidism, selfish to the last.

When at last Rebecca was free she hesitated about recalling Dick, whom she still fondly loved. What if he had married since he had left her; men were inconstant by nature, she argued. Yet the remembrance of Dick's face and his words as he bade her good-by forced her to believe in his constancy. Another doubt assailed her—she had changed during five years' attendance in the sickroom, and had lost much of her girlish charm; perhaps he would not care for her.

Finally her love conquered, and she wrote him a letter which would have brought him, a happy, eager lover, to her side. But in some unaccountable way the letter was lost in transit. Dick never received the message calling him back to Rebecca, and she supposed, as he did not return, that he spurned the love she offered. Naturally she was almost heartbroken, lost her faith in man and never wrote again. He, on his part, receiving no word after the death of Mrs. Stoner, supposed Rebecca's love had cooled and railed at the inconstancy of woman. But he never wrote, even to uphold her. Years passed and he finally returned to live in his old home, but, though he and Rebecca passed each other daily, there was never speech between them. They were now middle-aged and each lived alone.

struggled to rise, but fell back. But he knew her. "Ah, Rebecca, you have been cruel to me," he murmured. Then, almost under his breath, he said: "When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou." "I fell and broke my leg and crawled to the door for help," he began to explain, but fainted away.

When Richard Waldron recovered consciousness he found the doctor beside him instead of Rebecca. "Miss Stoner saved your life, I firmly believe," the doctor said. "I know she did," echoed Dick. But he meant something the doctor could not understand.

The next day Rebecca received an urgent note from her old lover begging her to come to him. She could not refuse, for, as she told herself, he might be dying. When she saw him, pale and suffering, but smiling gladly because she had come, the sharp eyes softened and the hard lines about her mouth seemed to disappear, and her heart beat with a wild hope that after all a new day of happiness was about to dawn for her.

All that had seemed so incomprehensible to them was now cleared up, although the missing letter was never traced, and the village people were shocked the next day to learn that Rebecca had married Dick Waldron when he was sick in bed. "Took advantage of his helpless situation," some openly declared. Others derided, but some sympathized.

Rebecca heard this statement, but she did not care. Dick had begged her to marry him at once, and she felt she owed it to him—as well as to herself—to comply, and so she nursed him back to life and the happiness they came so near missing, and it was still sweet, although it came so late.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FLAGSTAFF'S ICE MINE.

An Inexhaustible Underground Supply For a Town in Arizona.
Flagstaff, a comfortable logging town on the Santa Fe Pacific Railway in Arizona, has been provided by nature with the queerest ice-making plant known, declares the New York Sun. During the past summer a large part of the town's ice supply has been secured from caves in the pine wood, nine miles to the southward.

The caves are in lava formation, the geological capping of the entire country. Entering to the main cavern, through a narrow slit in the malapal rock, necessitates a vertical drop of ten feet to the floor of a passage that runs further in, till blocked by ice barriers. The temperature in the cave, even in the height of summer, is about the freezing point. Many visitors have been prostrated by the cold after making too long a stay.

The ice, which is as hard as ice can be, fills every nook and cranny beyond the short black hallway that leads inward from the entrance. When dug away in whatever quantity it seems to grow again from behind in the manner of the creep of glaciers. The depth or size of the deposit is not known. It is even believed that there is an underground ice lake of immense dimensions.

How the deposit was formed is a puzzle that has not been solved by geologists or ice miners. The region is almost destitute of surface or well water, and the mean temperatures are far above the thermometric figure that would appear to render such a deposit possible. But the ice is there, and the product of the unique mine has been sold daily in Flagstaff.

An Impossible Attempt.

An English country gentleman who prides himself on having one of the best-stocked farmyards of England is known throughout a large district for the many ingenious devices he has invented for improving the condition and providing for the comfort of his poultry. A short time ago he remarked that he saw no reason why ducks and geese should not perch as well as other feathered bipeds. He had his hen-houses enlarged and fitted with broad perches for the accommodation of the aquatic fowls. At evening he drove all the ducks and geese into their new quarters and disposed them on their perches. As fast as he stood half a dozen up on the elevated structures they fluttered down again. He kept at them until they were so exhausted and frightened that they remained where they were placed. Thinking that he had succeeded he left them for half an hour and returned. They were all down again. He thereupon ordered them all to be killed. Even the ingenuity of a genius cannot devise a plan whereby chickens may be taught to swim or ducks and geese to perch.

Veteran Car Driver and Motorman.

Among the few "eight-stripe men" working for the Boston Elevated Railway Company, and longest term motorman on the Cambridge division of the road, is Alexander Cox, of the Harvard Square and South Boston line, who has piloted the company's cars continuously since 1859. Although the old man, now nearly sixty, has acted as driver and motorman for more than forty years, many a man of forty is far less active and energetic than he. He has but twice during all his service missed a car which he was intended to run. On each occasion the accident happened on a day following his absence from work, and was owing to a change of time table of which he had not been notified.—Boston Globe.

Ants and the Weather.

Ants are credited with an instinct for the weather of a whole season when they are observed at midsum when enlarging and building up their dwellings it is said to be a sign of an early and cold winter.

A CANINE MAIL CARRIER.

How a Brave Maine Dog Died While Performing Its Duty.

There are about 20 dwelling houses, a blacksmith's shop and a small store on the east side of Long Pond, Me. In 1898, when Shafter and Sampson were pounding away at the south side of Cuba, the citizens could stand their isolation no longer, and sent a petition to Senator Hale asking for a postoffice, and requesting that it be named Santiago. The demand was granted so quickly that everybody wished he had thought of such a plan 25 years before. Santiago is four miles distant from Dedham, from which place it is only two miles to George's Corner, on the line of the Bar Harbor railroad. On the south side, however, it was only three miles from East Bucksport, where a railroad connects with Bangor. John Hubbard, of Santiago, had been carrying the daily mail to East Bucksport, crossing on the ice in the winter and making a wide detour around the pond during warm weather. An aged Newfoundland dog, who had earned retirement in a bear fight years before, was Hubbard's attendant on every trip. The dog was in the habit of following the mail wagon down in the forenoon, and then if the day proved warm he would swim back home, allowing Hubbard to go his roundabout course alone. Hubbard noted the actions of the dog, and came to the conclusion that he could make some profit by cultivating the habit. He was making two trips a day, which was a waste of good time, when he could make the dog perform one trip alone, and thus have the whole afternoon left for hunting bears. The next morning he forgot to feed the dog before starting out. On arriving at East Bucksport he took the postmaster aside and confided his plan for carrying the mail by dog power.

"Here's a water-tight bag," said Hubbard. "I'll chain up the dog before I go home. I want you to keep him fast until the mail comes up from Bucksport. Don't feed him or go near him. As soon as the mail gets in tie the bag to his neck and let him go. I'll warrant he'll get the mail to Santiago ahead of time."

Hubbard's idea worked splendidly all summer. The dog was at home and the mail was distributed inside half an hour, while it had always taken Hubbard more than an hour to go round the pond. He was saving time and money and giving perfect satisfaction. Along in the middle of October there came a day that was cold, so that shell ice formed on the pond. Later the wind grew to a gale. When the stage came to there was a big bundle of mail for Santiago, consisting of political documents for the voters and a score or so of official reports from Washington. The mail route fight at Santiago had made the place famous. Postmaster Hewey tied the heavy mass to the dog's neck with many misgivings. Then he fed three links of new sausage to the animal and cut it loose.

That night the neighbors waited until 9 o'clock for the arrival of the mail, which was due two hours earlier. Then Hubbard harnessed his horse and drove furiously to East Bucksport to look up his dog. He did not return until nearly midnight. Patrons of Santiago postoffice knew what had happened as soon as they looked at Hubbard's face. The dog had attempted to swim the pond, carrying a heavy load in the face of rough water and high wind and had been drowned while in the performance of his duty. They dragged the pond two days before the body was found. The mail was unharmed. They buried the dog under a big apple tree.—Boston Transcript.

At the Bottom of the Ocean.

One haul of a trawl in the Pacific brought up from a depth of nearly three miles many bushels of manganese nodules, 1500 sharks' teeth and 50 fragments of the bones of whales. But beyond these, all other objects which might be expected to drop from the surface are wanting. It is not surprising, however, in view of the terrible pressure of the water at these great depths. Nothing not especially adapted for it could withstand it. It is calculated that one mile beneath the surface the pressure of the water on all sides of an object is one ton to the square inch. In view of this it was formerly supposed that the pressure at the lowest depth must be great enough to turn the bottom to stone. But the dredge shows this to be untrue.

The fish that live in these deep holes are soft and gelatinous, the only condition in fact which would save them from the effects of the pressure. The water permeates their soft structure and counteracts its own pressure.

Aaron Burr as a Father.

Aaron Burr was himself an ornament to many a drawing-room, and no man ever had better opportunities for estimating the deficiencies in the system of educating the women of his day. Theodosia he brought up like a young Spartan, with few or none of the feminine affectations then in vogue. Courage and fortitude were his darling virtues, and so instilled into her from her infancy that they formed almost the groundwork of her character. "No apologies or explanations, I hate them," he said, reproving her for some fault of omission when she was a little child. "I beg and expect it off you," he wrote to her from Richmond, where he was awaiting trial for treason, and whither she was hastening to him, "that you will conduct yourself as becomes my daughter and that you manifest no signs of weakness or alarm."—New Lippincott.



Children's Column

The Generous Giraffe.
The generous giraffe
Gave his muffer to a calf,
And as might have been expected caught
A cold.
"Put a compress on your throat,"
Counselled good old Mother Goat,
"And drink all the pepper tea that you
can hold!"

So that generous giraffe,
With a long, good-natured laugh,
Gave himself to all the coddling of his
neighbors:
And they took such pleasure in it
That he came to dread the minute
When his health would put a stop to all
their labors.
—Youth's Companion.

The Rise of a Boy.

This boy goes to business and as his business begins by simply doing the things he is told to do and doing them in a common and ordinary way. If he stops here he remains all his life long a drudge. But if he begins to see that business has a significance; that his life is not merely sweeping the store, not merely writing letters, not merely selling goods; if he begins to see that business is a greater instrument of beneficence than what we call beneficence, that trade is clothing thousands of men where charity feeds ten; if he begins to see how the whole history of the world is linked together and is God's way of building humanity and serving humanity, as he gets a larger view and enters into it, life is enriched and becomes itself the minister where love is enlarged and conscience is strengthened.—The Weekly Boquet.

The Saw in the Mouth of a Snail.

It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom that no larger wild animal has a mouth built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for such an animal could devour anything that lives. Any one who has noticed a snail feeding must have wondered how such a soft, flabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in a leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been cut with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The small teeth with his tongue and the roof of his mouth.

The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his mouth. This tongue is in reality a bandsaw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as 30,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp, and only a few of them are used at a time. Not exactly one of a few of them, but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have 4000 or 5000 of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his mouth is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance, and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight.

By use the teeth wear off or become dulled. When the snail finds that his saw is becoming dull he uncoils another section and works with that until he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions—the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak—and while he is using them the teeth in the back coil are renewed.

The Baby's Nurse.

"Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed, "oh, yes! I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of children."

"Take care of the children! How could it be? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the colonel's little child was playing about; and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great clumsy feet on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. The elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then, and helped me up; and, when I told him about it, said he: 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in his charge. I have you to know that he is that baby's nurse.'"

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk, as though it had been a cradle. And the great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then!"

"He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The colonel's lady would come out and mount and her cushioned seat in his back; and, then, one by one, the children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother

nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach, and knew how to do it. Oh, an elephant is an uncommonly handy nurse, when he is trained to the business, and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."—Pansy.

Dragons and Their Ways in China.

In China the five-clawed dragon is the emblem of royalty. Usually it is pictured as rising from the sea and clutching at the sun, thus expressing the idea of universal dominion. The emperor's person is called the dragon's body, his throne the dragon's throne. To see the emperor, a privilege allowed to but few, is to see the dragon's face. The emperor's crest is a dragon; a dragon appears on the Chinese flag.

The dragon is called "Lung" in China and symbolizes all that is imposing and powerful. The mass of the people believe in the dragon as an actual existence, and waste much time and money in attempting to propitiate the monster. The dragon has been described by Chinese writers as a most fearful looking monster, and they give it all sorts of extraordinary attributes.

There are three kinds of dragons, one of the sky, one of the marshes and one of the sea. The two former must remain in their habitat, but the latter, the most powerful, can rise to the sky and holds dominion over the rivers.

This dragon is greatly feared by fishermen, and they take great pains to treat it with due respect and courtesy. Every spring the fishermen gather and march in procession in honor of the dragon, each man carrying a pole with a lantern made in the form of a fish. A huge dragon, body, heads the procession. For a month during the early summer the fishermen set fire to joss papers and throw them upon the waters to appease the Lung Wang, as the water dragon is called. And at all seasons the fishermen throw over vast quantities of firecrackers from their boats in order to keep the Lung away. The Lung is supposed not to like the noise of exploding crackers.

All mandarins of high rank have a dragon embroidered in gold thread or colored silks on the front and back of their coats. This dragon is distinguished, however, from the imperial dragon by having but four claws. The dragon is also a favorite emblem upon plates and cups among the richer classes.—Chicago Record.

The Boy and the Monkey.

Mary E. Wilkins' animal stories in Harper's are something entirely out of her usual line. Here is a delightful bit from "The Monkey."

"The boy went as usual to the monkey's den, and the monkey came to the side of it, and the two mouthed at each other silently with perfect understanding. When the boy was leaving the shop the bird-fancier stopped him. He had been having a whispered consultation with his wife.

"See here," he said, "if you want that monkey you can have him." The boy turned pale and stared at him. "I will put him in an old parrot-cage," said the bird-fancier, "and you can stop and get him this noon."

"For nothing?" gasped the boy.

"Yes, for nothing," replied the bird-fancier. "I am tired of keeping him. Monkeys ain't very galenble."

"For nothing?" repeated the boy.

"Yes, you needn't pay a cent," said the bird-fancier, looking at him curiously.

Such an expression of rapture came into the boy's face that it was fairly glorified. It was broadened with smiles until it looked cherubic. His brown eyes were like stars.

"Thank you," he stammered, for he was ashamed of saying thank you. Then he went out, and to school, and for the first time in months learned his lessons with no effort, and seemed to see truths clearly and not through a fog. He had a great happiness to live up to, and for some minds happiness is the only dispeller of fogs, and the boy's was of that sort.

After school he ran all the way home to make sure that the monkey would be welcome, and that his mother would not refuse him shelter, then he went without his dinner to fetch him.

When the boy arrived at the bird-fancier's the monkey was all ready to depart, ensconced in the old parrot-cage. The boy went out of the store, dragged to one side with the weight of his precious burden, and for the first time in his life the ecstasy of possession was upon him. He had never fairly known that he was alive until he had come into the ownership of this tiny life of love.

The bird-fancier watched him going down the street, and turning to his wife, who was stroking the Angora cat, and the cousin, who was feeding a canary which had just arrived. The boy, going down the street, had his face bent over the monkey, and the two were mouthing at each other. "I am right, you may depend upon it," he said. "There goes one monkey carrying another."

He Had Just Gone Out.

A woman entered the elevator at the district government building and said to the boy in charge:

"I want to see a gentleman in this building. I do not remember his name and I do not know where he works. Perhaps you can help me find him."

"There is no use looking for him," replied the boy, "he has just gone out."

"Oh, thank you," said the woman absently. "I am sorry, but tell him I will come again."—Washington Correspondence in Chicago Record.