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A vaudeville trust has just been organized, but there is little reason to hope that it will throw out any of the old jokes.

James Defoe's death in London removes the last male descendant of Daniel Defoe. "Robinson Crusoe" is now a classic unlinked with the present.

If fish is a brain food then the residents along the Nile should not be short on brains. Not only are fish plentiful in that river, but there are 2200 varieties.

England's coal supply, it is estimated, will be gone in 1900. But a majority of the present generation of Englishmen will be keeping warm enough about that time not to worry over the fact.

Australia does not propose that her light shall be hid under a bushel. The lighthouse at Sydney is served by electricity, with 180,000 candle power, and the light itself can be seen for fifty miles at sea.

Mr. Carnegie gave away \$3,000,000 last year, and a large number of people would be tickled half to death if his profits should not be sufficient to make him feel like giving away more than about thirty cents during the present year.

"Could France invade England?" is the title of a ponderous article in one of the newspapers. "I see," said Wellington to one of his Irish officers at the battle of Waterloo, "that some of the French broke into your lines." "Yes," answered the Irishman, "but you never saw them get out."

"The boy without a playground is the father of the man without a job," says Mr. Joseph Lee, of Boston. It is a notable saying—almost as good as Wellington's about Waterloo and the Eton boys. The playground is the best possible kindergarten for the rough-and-tumble scramble of making a living—the little Waterloo of individual existence.

What explorer of royal blood ever displayed more indomitable energy and determination than the Italian Duke of the Abruzzi? Not satisfied with the fame already won in his effort to reach the North Pole, he is now fired with zeal for discovery in the cold Antarctic, and has already begun his preparations for a great expedition to the south two years hence.

That there is more smallpox in the country than there has been for forty years shows that it is less important to determine whence it comes than to take vigorous measures for its extirpation. The means of prevention— isolation and restriction—should be promptly and thoroughly resorted to everywhere until it is finally wiped out, asserts the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The information is vouchsafed by a firm of fashionable tailors in London that "every practical cutter and tailor who has had anything to do with the clergy all agree that they are particularly about their clothes." It is not unlikely that a well-cut coat might inspire a better sermon than a suit of rusty black. The consciousness of being well groomed stimulates to activity some of the highest faculties of the mind.

In consequence of the insufficiency of cooling stations for the Russian men-of-war the ministry of marine is having a large steamer constructed for supplying the squadrons with coal. A first payment of £50,000 has been made on account of the building of the vessel, which is to have a displacement of 7,200 tons.

Thirty thousand people in the United States make their living from the growing silk industry.

TRIUMPH.

My greatest triumph has been won— I never shall do a fairer thing! My rival prospered yesterday; I heard of it and didn't saun Him, fearing smiles that he might bring, But from my heart I put away The jealousy that had begun To spring up there, and tried to see The good in that which he had done— To feel that all was earned which he Had gained—and I succeeded, too! I saw how that in passing me He had but won what was his due— I choked down hate and strove anew! —S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PROMOTION OF PATROLMAN WAGNER.

A TRUE STORY.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

Wagner was so new to brass buttons that he still ran to fires. There are those in the police who do not run after one year's experience; Wagner, being ambitious, had been running nearly three years, and nothing had happened. Wagner is a gymnast as well as a policeman, and he is as proud of his big right arm—it feels like a new hemp hawser—as he is of his drab helmet.

On a night in April, some years ago, Wagner was patrolling his beat in Lexington avenue, New York, up as far as Seventy-fourth street and back again to Sixty-sixth street, a leisurely tramp of half a mile, although dull from being familiar. A few minutes after 2 o'clock in the morning, as Wagner records in his little book, he saw a fire engine coming up the avenue with horses in full gallop. In the daytime a fire engine is an incident; at night it is an event. This engine turned into Sixty-ninth street and raced to the eastward.

An engine in full steam leaves behind a broad, bright pathway of burning cinders. Wagner followed this path, and it led him straight to the edge of the park. Smoke was already rising in a dim, gray cloud above a brownstone house. It needed a keen eye at that hour of the night to see the building was on fire. In the middle of the street two scantily clad men were gesticulating oddly and pointing upward.

On a narrow ledge that ran just below a fourth-story window stood a girl in a white wrapper. She was crouching, with her hands feeling out along the smooth brick wall and over the edge of the steep mansard roof. She had crept from the open window, and the smoke was now reaching out behind her along the wall. It was about 50 feet down to the stone steps of the arseway, and the ledge was not as wide as a man's two hands.

As Wagner came up, he saw the girl look down as if intending to jump.

"Wait!" he shouted. "I'll help you!" Then he ran up the steps of the adjoining building, and when the door was opened he dashed up four flights of stairs and ran into a front room. The window was already open. Two men were leaning out and holding the end of a knotted sheet. The ledge ran only the width of the burning building; consequently, although the girl was near the end of it, she was still separated from the men by more than five feet of bare brick wall; and she was two feet below them. They were dangling the sheet ineffectually in her direction and shouting:

"Take hold! take hold!"

The girl made feeble passes at the sheet, but she could not catch it; if she had caught it they would, with the best possible intentions, have dragged her from the ledge, and she would have been dashed to death on the flagging below. She was silent and all but dazed.

Wagner leaned out of the window, his right hand clutching the casing and his left extended in her direction. He called to her to jump.

She glanced down at the gathering crowd in the street, and clutched again at the smooth wall. Wagner knew that the frantic advice of the men below, the hissing of the engines and all the other din of the fire were fast unnering her.

Fitzgerald, a fireman, now came up the stairs two steps at a time. When Wagner saw him he said, "Hold on to my leg."

Then he straddled the sill, with his right leg in and his left one out. Fitzgerald and one of the citizens grasped his ankle and braced their feet against the sill.

Then Wagner leaned forward, with his left foot pushing on the wall below the window until he stood straight out in mid-air as stiff and firm as the hickory shaft of a hoisting crane. He did not once look below him, or count on the chances of falling. He was facing the girl; slowly he swung toward her.

"Here, reach out!" he shouted. But she did not hear him. She was trying blindly to turn on the ledge, feeling that escape in this direction was cut off. She was groping for the window that she had come through, not knowing that the room was now in flames from floor to ceiling. Just as she faced about, a sudden gush of fire drove the glass outward from the sashes and shot half a hundred feet in air. The girl shrank back before the heat, looked down, wavered, and then deliberately stepped from the ledge. Her hands were thrown out above her, and those below turned away in horror.

But Wagner had thrown himself violently forward. As the girl shot past him he grasped her arm near the

elbow with his right hand. At the sudden checking of the fall her right arm slipped swiftly through his fingers, but at her wrist he held her with a grip of steel. His own body was borne heavily downward; his leg, held by the two men within the window, was violently wrenched over on the sharp stone sill and drawn down with a snap as the girl's body was stopped short in its flight at the length of his arm. And there the two hung, the man holding by one leg, with his head down and his back to the wall, and the girl dangling by one hand far below him. She was a dead-weight of 130 pounds.

For a moment Wagner did not move; what with the pain in his leg, the wrench of his arm and the blood in his head, he was convinced that he must let her fall. But his wavering lasted only a second. By sheer strength he lifted her up until he could grasp her arm with his left hand. And then again he lifted, every straining lurch cutting into the leg which Fitzgerald and the citizen still held with grim determination.

The girl was limp and scantily clothed; he could not get a firm hold, and yet slowly and by sheer strength he succeeded in getting his hands under her arms. Then again he lifted, pushing her up across his body, until one of the men above, reaching down, could grasp her arm. Then they pulled her in, unconscious and more dead than alive.

After that, they lifted Wagner and drew him across the sill. They thought his leg was broken, but after a moment Wagner took the girl in his arms and carried her down four flights of stairs to the ambulance.

When Wagner reported for duty the next evening, the sergeant read an order from the chief of police requiring his immediate presence at headquarters. Wagner went with trembling not yet having awakened to his deed. The secretary of police seemed to know him and greeted him familiarly; so did the men of the central detail. Wagner thought it odd. At the midnight roll-call, the chief brought Wagner out and shook him by the hand before them all. Then he conferred upon him the two gold chevrons of a roundsman. Never before in the department had courage won promotion so promptly.—Youth's Companion.

A WOMAN'S EXPEDIENT.

Clever Scheme to Enable a Prisoner to Cut His Way Out of Jail.

"Whenever I see that particular brand of canned peaches," said a New Orleans grocer, indicating a row of tins on the top shelf, "I am reminded of something very queer that happened here several years ago. One day in the summer of '96, if I remember rightly, a refined looking woman of about 30, dressed in deep mourning, came into the store and bought a couple of cans of California peaches of the brand I have just pointed out. She had a cab and took them with her, and I thought no more of the incident until she returned next day, carrying the tins in her hand. 'I have a sick brother at —,' she said, naming a small town in Alabama, and was intending to send him these peaches, with a bundle of other things, yesterday. But, on second thought, I believe I will buy a few more delicacies and get you to ship them separately. There was nothing peculiar about the request and I assured her I would be glad to attend to the matter. She ordered four or five dollars' worth of different articles—jellies, olives, marmalade and so on—paid the bill and gave me her brother's name, directing the things to be sent to him in care of captain somebody or other, at the Alabama town which she mentioned before. As soon as she left, I got out a box and began to pack up the consignment; but as soon as I came to the peaches I noticed that the two cans which she had returned were both slightly 'blown,' as we call it in the trade. In other words, the tops bulged outward a trifle, indicating that a little fermentation had been going on. Not wishing to send a sick man anything but the best, I set them aside and put in two fresh cans from the shelf. The box was shipped by the first express.

"Nearly six months after this episode," continued the grocer, with twinkling eyes, "we were cleaning out our old stock and ran across those two cans of peaches. I picked up one of them carelessly, and, my hand being wet, a piece of the label came off. You may imagine my surprise to see a lot of small saws soldered to the side of the tin, and on further examination we found that they completely encircled the can, and that the other was in exactly the same condition. At that I began to have a faint inkling of the truth and lost no time making a few inquiries. I found that the Alabama captain was the sheriff of his county and the invalid brother had been one of his official guests. He was a burglar and had since been sent to prison for ten years. The scheme was pretty shrewd. In the first place, the sheriff would not be apt to be suspicious of a package of goods coming direct from a reputable business house, and even if he opened the cans before giving them to the prisoner, there would be nothing wrong inside. The crook must have been bitterly disappointed when he examined the substitutes that I sent. The saws, as we afterward found out, were highly tempered and could cut steel bar like yellow pine. Who was the woman in black, do you ask? I have no idea; probably a sister, or wife, or sweetheart. I never laid eyes on her afterward."—The New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EYESIGHT OF SAVAGES.

NO DOUBT THAT IT IS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF CIVILIZED MEN.

But Whether the Superiority is Innate or the Result of Training Under a Wider Horizon Is Another Thing—Differences Are Not All on One Side.

That men who can see well will learn to shoot better than men who do not see well is a fact so patent that we do not wonder Sir Redvers Buller's remark about the superior eyesight of the Boers attracted public attention. He thinks, it is said, that the Boer has the "eyesight of a savage," and sees two miles further than the Englishman, and of course that fact, if it is proved, furnishes sufficient explanation of many British mishaps in the South African campaign, and accounts for losses of life which might otherwise be attributed to a reckless disregard of necessary precautions. But we do not quite understand the deduction so generally drawn from Sir Redvers' statement that savage eyesight is naturally better than the eyesight of civilized men. Why should it be better? There is no difference of structure in the eyeball, and the difference in health is rather in favor of the civilized man. The latter no doubt very often loses something of the keenness of his sight from much reading and the use of artificial light, but Tommy Atkins is no philosopher, reads little more than the savage, and burns no midnight oil.

The truth is the Boer, like the savage, habitually trains his eye, as the sailor does, to look into the far distance, and acquires from that training, and the habit of close attention to all signs of movement on the part of his quarry, a power of quick perception which seems to those without it almost miraculous. He sees game or an enemy minutes before Tommy can, just as the sailor sees a sail or a smoke minutes before a landsman can, but there is no difference of original or natural powers. Tommy could be trained, if we took sufficient trouble to train him and allowed sufficient time, just as well as the Boer, and very often is trained when he is a gamekeeper, or in any other way dependent upon the acuteness of his sight. Let any one who doubts this just take a walk with an ornithologist, and remark what the latter sees, and at what distance, when compared with himself.

The matter is of some interest, not only because the private soldier has to be taught to shoot as well as any enemy, but because it bears upon the very large question whether civilization necessarily diminishes the physical powers of the average human being. If it does, that is a great drawback to civilization, because it precludes the hope of man ever developing a kind of aristocracy with the powers of both body and mind increased to a point far beyond present experience. That is the dream, the rather lofty dream as it seems to us, of the dons who foster athletics as well as reading in their pupils; but if the reading spoils physical as much as it develops mental power, that is a dream impossible of realization. But does study necessarily have the effect of spoiling senses? That it does so is a very natural idea, because the savage seems so much more agile, and is, besides, trained by his mode of life, which the civilized man is not; but we do not know that there is any solid evidence for the notion.

The "big, black, bounding beggar," as Rudyard Kipling called him, can outrun the citizen, or outwalk him in a long march, or throw him in a wrestle for life, but the trained runner will outstrip the savage, the gamekeeper will walk with him till he drops from fatigue, and the Cumberland wrester will like nothing better than to throw him over his head. The whole difference is that the savage is always, from the habits of his life, in a condition which the citizen only reaches after weeks of careful training have restored him to the full exercise of his natural powers. Just give a savage who has never been accustomed to carry weight, say a red Indian of the North American forest, the weight to carry under which the British soldier habitually marches, and see which of them will give out first, though the savage has even then the advantage of having walked every day to his full power all his life. If it were not so, man as an animal would differ from all other animals, for it is notorious that no wild horse can keep pace with a racer and no wild dog can escape a hound. The Kanaka, it is true, of the South Seas, can usually swim much farther than any civilized man, but then what civilized man passes half his life in swimming in water just warm enough to give his lungs fair play?

There is, we admit, one faculty in which the savage appears hopelessly to distance his rival. He retains, or appears to retain, the superior sense of smell, which belongs to so many animals, or perhaps, in different degrees, to all, detecting, for example, the odor of water or of land from a great distance; but then smell is the one sense which the civilized man, it may be from an instinct of self-defense, never cultivates at all, but permits to die unused. It is of course possible that in a clear, dry air like that of South Africa the eye acquires a certain keenness which is wanting to the eye used for generations to a humid atmosphere; but that, if it occurs, is not due to any defect imposed by the conditions of civilization. It is more like the extra thickness of skull which enables the negro to resist the

direct rays of an African sun without discomposure or brain disease.

The truth is, we believe, that civilization when cultivated up to a certain point acquires a latent spite against civilization as essentially based upon a system of rather wearisome restrictions. He longs for more freedom, or, as he calls it, simplicity of life, and, being half inclined to revert to savagery, wishes to credit the savage with all the attractiveness he can. So strong was this feeling in the last century that the "state of nature," which is really the state of the brutes, was represented through an entire literature as worthy of admiration. Serious thinkers, in France especially, actually believed in the "noble" savage, and even in some instances ventured to paint him as the "greatest" of human beings. He is, as a matter of fact, neither gentle nor noble. Allowing, of course, for a very few individual exceptions, he is more capricious, revengeful, listful, and cruel than the lowest of the civilized tribes, with the addition of a callousness like that of Fiji King Thakombau, who used to launch his new war boats by running them to the water over the bodies of his slaves, whom the weight of the boats dismembered as they passed. He is usually treacherous, partly, it may be, from incapacity for continuous thought, and always greedy, while he is almost without exception more inclined to drunkenness than the least abstinent of the civilized races.—London Spectator.

A RACE FOR A MINE.

A Midwinter Dash to Locate the La Fleur Mine.

"An exciting race for a mine took place in February, 1896. For many years it had been known that the Colville Indian reservation was rich in minerals, and prospectors had slipped in, eluding the vigilance of the Indian police, to explore the mountains in northern Washington. But long before white men had entered the Indians knew that the top of a low mountain near the nation's border line was covered with bright blue stones, so gaudy that many were carried off and placed in the wigwams. The prospectors knew that these gaudy stones betokened the existence of copper veins, and many a hungry eye was cast at that rock-strewn patch of ground before the government lifted the ban that kept out paleface intruders.

"But congress passed a law opening part of the reservation to mineral location.

"Waiting for the president to sign the formal proclamation, two parties quietly entered the forbidden territory and camped alongside the promising vein. At Marcus, the nearest telegraph station, two young men waited with tense nerves for the first tick that would tell that the president had signed the proclamation. It was a cold, gray winter day, and the snow was piled high. Late in the afternoon the word came, and there was a simultaneous dash for the horses that were waiting outside. Then the race began. Plunging through drifts, tumbling down declines, toiling desperately up steep hills and bounding at full speed over the level stretches, these two horses bore their riders. Sometimes one was ahead and sometimes the other. The sun disappeared and the hurrying pair blundered along through the deepening twilight, and then in the light of the stars reflected by the glistening snow. Spurs were plunged so deep that flecks of blood stained the snow. Almost side by side they scrambled up the mountain. The yells of the riders were heard in the distance by the rival watchers, who did not wait a further hint, but drove the stakes that were to locate the La Fleur mine.

"Then followed wordy disputes, fist fights and the flourishing of Winchester, but before the mine was christened with blood, one party concluded to withdraw and fight its battle in the courts."—Eugene B. Palmer, in Ainslee's Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In bread-making on an expensive scale less than a third of the time is now taken. One thousand pounds of dough for biscuits is rolled, cut and prepared for baking in three hours and 54 minutes, as against 54 hours by hand.

There is in Paris a hotel which has 4000 employes. The smallest kettle in its kitchen contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of 50 roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of fare 7500 eggs are used at once. For cooking alone 60 cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges.

At a gathering of old folks in the town of Claremont, Mass., the other day, the chairman called upon all present who were over 70 years of age to arise, and 72 responded. He then asked all those who were over 80 to stand up, and there were 12 who had passed that limit. A similar call for all over the age of 90 brought four members of the gathering to their feet.

Three weights not long ago found on the site of the ancient Forum at Rome supply an accurate record of the Roman standard for two centuries before our era. The weights, which are of dark green marble with bronze handles, represent respectively 20 3/4 and 100 Roman pounds, and show that the ancient Latin pound was exactly 325 grammes, or a little less than three-quarters of a pound avoirdupois.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The fuse wire used in electric lighting systems and trolley cars is a composition of lead and bismuth. The proportions are varied somewhat to alter the hardness of the wire.

It is asserted that the electric furnace has been adapted to glass manufacture. The raw materials are fed through a funnel to an electric arc in the highest part of the furnace. After being reduced to a molten condition it is successively passed between two other electric arcs lower down in the furnace, finally issuing in a purified condition.

Drs. Mactayden and Rowland in their experiments on the influence of low temperatures on bacteria have found that though a certain degree of heat is destructive to bacteria they flourish vigorously and show no alteration in their appearance after being subjected to the very low temperatures attained by the use of liquid air and liquid hydrogen, even though exposed to them for a week. The selection of micro-organisms experimented on included germs of typhoid, cholera and diphtheria.

An interesting exploration of Lake Tanganyika and the country north of it, finished recently, revealed the fact that while certain sea mollusks are found in the lake, it is the only one of all the large African lakes in which such phenomena are observed. This lake is only a short distance, some 80 miles, from the great Congo basin, much of which, without doubt, was once covered by the sea. The halobiontic fauna appeared to extend into the Congo valley, and it is believed that the lake at one time extended considerably to the west. Lake Nyassa, on the other hand, has every characteristic of a fresh water lake, and the geological fauna does not indicate that this lake is of any great age.

The discovery has just been made that camphor, known only as a vegetable product, or made synthetically, is produced by a small worm-like creature known as a diploped with the scientific name of polyzonium rosabium. The animal is found in this country, and by careful examination it has been found that the substance which gives the odor of camphor is a milky fluid which is exuded from the dorsal pores. This fluid, in addition to possessing the odor of camphor, has a similar taste. Enough of the camphor has not as yet been obtained for chemical analysis, but it is considered a physiological substitute for the prussic acid secreted as a means of defense by a species of myriapod.

The changing of certain growing flowers from red to blue on applying alum, etc., to the roots of the plants has been long known; but it has remained for the late systematic researches of Miyoshi, a Japanese botanist, to open up remarkable new possibilities of coloration by the florist. The experimenter prepared watery extracts of 73 different flowers of lilac, purple and red colors, and of a number of red leaves, treating these solutions in turn with acids, alkalies and salts. What seemed to be the same coloring matter in different solutions gave greatly varying results. In most cases alum turned lilac to blue, pink or deeper lilac; hydrochloric acid changed lilac or pale red to deep red, seldom producing lilac, green or brown; and caustic potash changed lilac to green, or sometimes yellow. In practice these color transformations should follow the application of the chemicals to the plant roots, of course in extremely weak solutions.

VALUE OF TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

Many Firms Pay Heavy Mileage Rates to Retain an Old "Hello" Address.

"Telephone numbers have an actual money value," said an officer of the telephone company. "The assertion has a strange sound, but if you think for a moment of the advantage a business house derives from having its location well known, the thing seems only natural.

"In the course of time people's minds begin to associate a firm with its telephone number, and if, when they start to call up an old friend, they find masquerading under a new number, it is as much of a shock as if they had called at a house with whom they were in the habit of doing business and found it had moved away. It all comes under the legal head of 'good-will,' a very elusive commodity, but one which has its market value.

"So much is this fact appreciated by some of our old patrons that they are willing to pay heavy mileage, if they move away from the neighborhood of their exchange, in order to retain their old telephone address. Many important houses have followed the northward trend of business in the last few years, and there are several cases of a firm's office address being in the uptown district, while its telephone number remains so and so Cortlandt or Broad. The firm's line to the exchange may be several miles long."—New York Mail and Express.

Russian Bells.

The manufacture of bells has for centuries been carried on in Russia. On account of the immense number of churches throughout the empire, the demand for bells has always been great. As far back as 1653 the celebrated bell, called "Tyr Koiokol," was made. It is the largest bell in the world, being 16 feet in diameter and 19 feet high. No less than 17 tons of copper were used in its manufacture.