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United States, not counting those on stock farms and ranches. The largest number are found in New York state, where there are 302,271. Illinois ranks second, with 233,807; Pennsylranks second, with 230,301; Fellisyi-vania has 215,977; Ohio, 185,683; Iowa, 144,295; Massachusetts, 132,016; Mis-souri, 124,952; Indiana, 124,072; Texas, 106,819 and Michigan, 100,410.

Denmark is a small country, b has the great distinction among en-lightened nations of exporting the best butter in the world. A report of Frank H. Hitchcock, chief of the division of foreign markets in the agricultural department at Washington, says that, butter is the most valuable export of the Danes, "they import a good deal of butter of the cheaper sort from the United States."

make wireless telegraphy applicable to all the necessities of the telegraph business; and by the time that is done the function of the telegraph will probably be so enlarged that it will take all the wire lines and wireless lines together to do the business satisfactorily. And what of the possible application of wireless telegraphy to telephony? We may, after all, be only on the threshold of a wireless age, observes the New York Commer-

sub-marine boat is likely to make a new demand on our naval training sys-tem. With only one such boat now in existence, the Holland, the requirevolunteers; but when the half-dozen vessels of the kind now building are completed it will not be possible to rely only on volunteers, and a specially trained force of "submarinists" will be be also very hazardous. Our sailors have never hesitated to volunteer for dangerous work, as witness Cushing's crew and Hobson's; but the requiremet by merely personal bravery.

mensurate with its technicality and The matter has been br before the navy department already, and will be provided for shortly, in all probability, says the New York Sun.

Torrens land-registration law is etts, and in recent months the court has been doing about all the business which it has facilities. For the two years the record of fees paid r quarterly is as follows: January, \$191.60; April, \$511.58; July, ; October, \$688.91; January, \$350.02; April, \$908.85; July, October, \$1154.08. The entire value of the land covered by and those still pending, amounts to \$1,439,557. An illustration of the adantage of the system for business arposes is furnished by the Recorder.

man with real estate in the North End of Boston, which was valued at about \$10,000, had registered it under the Torrens law. He went to the bank and wanted to borrow on the certificate. The representative of the bank saw the property in the morning, and the papers were all passed and the transaction finished about 1 o'clock the me day, instead of covering two or ree weeks with the search of the

A bill is before the federal counci of Germany providing that the time o study shall be for medical students fiv-years instead of the present term of four years and a hair.

Faint hearts, who toil and pray, but doubt
If God will grant!
Theirs is the harvest who in trust
D sow and plant,
Nor ponder whether it will be
Or full or seant.

If once it fail, with diligence They sow again,
Another year will surely bring
The needed rain.
The needed sun, to fill the fields
With fuller grain!

The Lord of love may hear as tho
He heard us not.
But never yet the prayer of faith
Hith He forgot;
Some day His word will fruitful make
Each waiting spot.

We rise betimes, as if our zeal
That word could speed;
We eat the bread of carefulness,
That cannot feed;
Delaying rest, we only add
Sore need to need.

Sore need to need.

Oh, happy they who quietly
Anticipate
The blessing He will shower down,
They tool, they pray, aright; their faith
His will can wait.

-Harriet McEwen Kimball, in the New
York Independent.

IN PERIL

HE steamer swept on through a tranquil sea, throwing behind her a cloud of smoke, the furnaces glowing like fiery eyes in the night. A calmly beautiful sea, the moon ridirg high in the clear sky and the stars coming out one by one.

clear sky and the stars coming out one by one.

On the promenade deck stood two persons, a man and a woman, both young—one beautiful as an angel, and the other stately and strong—the man of all men to win a woman's love—a Saul among his fellows.

He had passed through a great civil war unscathed—on which side we will not say, for since under the shadow of Bunker Hill t'e "blue" and the "gray" have met, we can hope for peace in our broad land. This young man had done a man's part in the struggle which is over forever and a day, and then laying his sword aside he had gone out to the growing West to work out for himself a new fortune under the same old flag.

and they had been married but a few weeks.

She was a lovely girl, an orphan, whom he had met in San Francisco, and who had won his heart by her modest, shrinking ways, and he had made her his wife. Then he sailed in the Atlantis for Portland, where he had made his home, and meant to build up for himself a fortune equal to the best in that strong, young State.

build up for himself a fortune equal to the best in that strong, young State on the verge of the Western sea. The young wife, leaning on her hus-band's arm, looked out with mournful eyes across the sea. "What is the matter, Nina?" he said. "You look mournful; are you not hap-ney".

"Happy, Robert! I never was

"Happy, Robert! I never was so happy before. Mine has been a hard life—a life of toil, with hardly a bright spot in it until you came. It does not seem possible that this can last."
"Why not, dear one? Am I not strong enough to defend you from the troubles in the world? Trust in me, my darling; I will keep you safe from harm."

"I do trust you, Robert. When I

"I do trust you, Robert. When I cannot do that I will not care to live. But, dear husband, whatever comes to us, we have been blessed."
"I don't know what has come to you, Nina," he said. "Why have you spoken in that sad way? We shall have trouble in the time to come—human life is not all roses—but whatever comes we will bear it together."
"Robert." said Nina Denzil, sally, "we shall not kive together. Something seems to tell me that we have had our happy days. I cannot help this feeling, I do not know why it has rome upon me. It is weak and fooish, but I have the thought deep in my heart."

heart."
"Why, Nina, in a few hours, at most, we shall be in our new home, and then you will forget this feeling. Shall we go into the cabin?"
"No, no; the sea is so beautiful that I prefer to remain here, at least for the present."

oresent."
"As you like, dear one. But the air s getting chilly, and you must iet me wrap this plaid about you. This is air first sea voyage, and you mean to njoy it to the full."
"Have you noticed the."

it to the full."

ive you noticed the captain, RobI have noticed that he seems to
good deal under the influence of

quor."
"It is true, my dear. But he is a
oble fellow when he is himself,"
"Noble or not, he is not the man to
ave charge of so many human lives,
am glad that we are having such
eautiful weather, for when he left
he deck an hour ago he was not in a
ondition to take charge of a ship in
storm."

"Yes, sir."
"Are you sure he is right to have charge of the steamer, Dick?"
"A little fresh, old boy; but in such weather as this it doesn't matter. The fresh sea breeze will bring him round Record.

all right, I reckon. There is no better seaman than Isaac Frazer in the North Pacific." Robert went back to his wife, whom he had left for the moment to speak to

he had left for the moment to speak to the mate.

In a few minutes there came a change peculiar to those seas as the moon goes down. A gray haze seemed to creep on and enveloped the steamer from stem to stern, and they felt the vessel tremble beneath them as her speed was increased.

"Why is he running so fast?" said Robert, uneasily. "He ought to know that it is not safe in these sens."

Dick Bagley, the first mate, came hurrying up from the cabin and cast a look at the immovable figure above the wheelhouse.

"Rather thick, isn't it

heelhouse.
"Rather thick, isn't it, captain?" he "Rather thick, isn't it, captain?" he said, going half way up the ladder.
"I've relieved you, Mr. Bagley," replied the captain, in a thick tone.
"When you are wanted you will be called."

"Beg pardon, Captain Frazer, but I

thought.—"
"Go below, sir!"
The mate, who was a perfect machine in obedience, at once left him and went aft. On the way he spoke to the second mate, and a man was sent forward to hang out a heavier light on the port bow. But the captain saw him, and shouted to him:
"Come in there, you lubber, or I will have you keel-hauled. What are you doing with that lantern?"
"Second mate's orders, sir."
"The second mate has not got charge of the deck at present. Take away that lantern; I don't want to get up a torch-light procession in the North Pacific. When I do I'll let the second mate know."

The man retired with the lantern and Captain Frazer, with an angry growl. lifted the speaking tube and roared some order to the engineer. The steamer now fairly leaped under the increased speed, and Robert Denzil sprang forward.
"See here, captain," he said. "I don't like to interfere with you in the discharge of your duty, but this is a little too much. You are frightening the ladles by running so fast, and—"
"You are the third man to-night who has had something to say about this steamer, Major Denzil," said the captain, "and if you will take a fool's advice you will drop it."
"But, captain, we are right in the track of returning whalers, and in this fog we may be foul of one at any moment. There, what did I tell you?"
"Light on the lee bow, close aboard!" cried the lookout.
"I see her," said the captain. "Steady there, you at the wheel. Let another man interfere with me to night and he is a dead man. I'll cut that ship in two pieces!"
Robert saw that the captain was mad with liquor and that unless something was done quickly they were in great danger. The ship was coming down under a fair sailing breeze with the wind over her quarter, and unless something was done at once they must movitably crash together and perhaps send both ships to the bottom of the sea. Looking oven his shoulder, he saw the first mate looking at him with a white, scared face.
"Come with me," he whispered. "We must do it to save human life."

Both men sprang

From that hour Captain Frazer was a changed man. He still sails the Atlantic, and but only Robert Denzil. Dick Bagley and the wheelman knew why he no longer touches liquor. And he loves Robert Denzil dearly, and has often thanked him for that brave act. And Nina Denzil, that great danger past, no longer fears that they will never see happy days.—New York News.

More Cosily Than Gold.

"The most costly metal is gold, and solver comes next. That," said a chemist, "is what the average man would say if you should ask him, but he would be very far off the truth, indeed. Gold is worth \$340 a pound, and silver \$13; but there are a score of metals worth much more. Chromium and tellurium cost, for instance, \$700 a pound, and osmium and zirkon, which are used in the making of electric mantles, \$1420, Barium cannot be gotten under \$2100 a pound, and rhodium and niobium are worth \$2650. Strontium's market price is \$4500, didynium's is \$6800, and thorium's is \$8400 a pound. Rubidium is a metal worth \$11,200 a pound and vandium is worth \$11,200 a pound and these, however, gallium stands, a metal discovered in \$155, a cound of works. vandum is worth \$13,000. Above all these, however, gallium stands, a metal discovered in 1845, a pound of which if it were procurable, would be worth \$877,500, or 228 times as much as a pound of gold and 5961 times as much as a pound of silver."—Philadelphia



Be Carein, Girls.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
d the girl who sows good seed today
Will reap the crop tomorrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
And the girl who now
With a careless hand,
Is scattering thistles
Over the land,
Must know that whatever she sows tod
She must reap the same tomorrow.
—The Deaconess Visitor.

The Deaconess Visitor.

How to Learn the Alphabet.
The mother of a dear little boy taught him his A B C in a very agreable and effective manner. She first bought a box of bricks of all shapes and sizes; 'then, selecting 26 small cubes, she painted on each a letter. These she put into a box by themselves.

Calling her little son to her, she showed him the cubes and told him that they were a family, called the Alphabet family. They were Mother A and 25 children, and a father who had gone out to Africa to fight for the queen, and who would not be back for a long time.

The child entered heartily into the game of "pretend," and on the first day learned with ease the name of the mother and three children, says the Philadelphia North American. Afterward he learned two more names a day, till the number was complete. As each new number of the family was brought forward his mother built him a house of the other blocks, and made the ground plan of it just in his own shape, and then with a pencil, drew his sown history, and many were the games and adventures which he had in conjunction with other members of his family. Within a fortnight the child, not yet 4 years of age, knew all the letters of the alphabet, and with surprising ease began putting them together and learning the little words which often are such a trouble to small students of the art of reading.

Venomous Fishey.

Venomous Fishes.

Venom is invariably associated in the human mind with snakes, and never with fishes; yet the circle of poisonous animals has lately been extended by the addition, not only of a hitherto unsuspected lizard, but also of several fishes. There is a fish found in Central America the operculum of which is armed with a spine closely resembling the fang of a venomous serpent. The spine is hollow, and communicates at its base with a poison bag, the contents of which pass through the spine into the wound which it inflicts. The dorsal fin of the same fish ilkewise provided with two spines, each of which is similar in structure and function to that already described, and, together, they form the most perfectly developed poison apparatus yet found in this class of fishes. More dangerous, because more common, are two species of fish found in the Indo-Pacific seas. Each of their very numerous dorsal spines is as good (or as bad) as a poison fang, being provided in every case with poison bag and grooves for the conveyance of the venom into the wound. The fishermen of the Mauritian and other coasts on which they occur think no more of handling these creatures than they would the venomous sea snakes of the same region. Sometimes, however, they are trodden on unwittingly by people wading with naked feet, when they infired a wound which test infrequently proves fatal. Other fish, and even the sea spiders or weevers of British waters, inflict wounds, with stilleto like spines, so severe as to raise the suspicion that the dart is in some sense a poisoned one. If a few fishes are thus venomous when living, a great many more are poisonous when dead. The typical fish is a natore or less edibies creature; the eating of the forms here referred to, however, frequently proves fatal. These include many of those curious balloon-shaped fish known as globe fish and sea porcupines, also trigger fish and trunk fish. These may be readily recognized by the peculiarity of their forms, but less recognizable, although equa poisonous, are certain tropleal spec of herrings and parrot wrasses. The deleterious properties are said to due in most cases to the poisonous re ture of their food.

Mrs. Grey's Good Faitles.

Colin was standing by the pile of snowballs he had made ard rubbing. his hands to warm them. His sister Madge came running out of the house. "Look, Col, what I have!" she cried happily, holding up her basket. There are cakes in here, and butter and tea, and all sorts of nice things. We may take it to Mrs. Grey's cottage, down by the pond; so come along."

Colin ran indoors for his gloves, and then the pair started across the snowy park. Madge walked along sedately, with her hands tucked into her muff and her basket on her arm, while Colin kept running off to chast the birds or follow the tracks made by rabbits in the snow.

"Col, I wish you'd come here a minute," said Madge, presently. "I believe Mrs. Gray in out; there isn't any smoke coming from the chimney. Can we get in?"

"Yes; she never locks the door," an-

we get in?"
"Yes; she never locks the door," an-

swered Colin. He lifted the latch and they went in.

"Oh, how untidy it is!" cried Madge. "Look what that naughty Kittie has been doing—the stocking pulled out and the buttons all over the floor." "She's left the window open, too," sald Colin, "and the fire's gone out." Madge kneit down to pick up the buttons, while Colin shut the window. "It's the leaves that have made such a mess," he said. "I tell you what, Madge, let's pretend we're fairies, and get it all ready before Mrs. Gray comes back!" "The very thing!" said Medge as she "The very thing!" said Medge as she

"The very thing!" said Madge, as she put the workbox away. "I'll lay the tea while you sweep up and light the fire."

Colin was ready and soon the fire

she cried.

They had only just time to scramble into the cupboard when Mrs. Gray came in, and oh, she was surprised.

"Why, deary me, whoever did this?" she said. "Nobody's been here that I know of. It must be the two little fairies from the big house."

They burst out:

"I'm so glad your pleased," said Colin.

"I'm so glad your pleased," said Co-lin.
"But how did you know who it was?" asked Madge.

Mrs. Gray pointed to the basket which Madge had left behind, and they all laughed. Then Mrs. Gray kissed them, and said:

"Now you must stay and have some of the tea you have made ready so kindly."—F. M. H., in Cassall's Little Folks.

kindly."—F. M. H., in Cassall's Little Folks.

The Sad P'ight of Queen Victoria.

Brucie's papa sat at the desk in his office when the telephone bell went "tin-a-ling-ting."
"Dear me," he cried, impatiently, "can't I have one minute's peace?"
"Hello," he shouted. "Who is it?"
"It's me, papa," cried a small voice.
"It's Brucie. Come home. Somefin' awful's happenin'."
"What?" asked papa.
"Oh, somefin' awful'. I'm bweedin', an' I'm all alone. I'm terrible fwightened. Come home, papa, kick. It's in here again. Oh-h. Come kick, papa."
Brucie's plea ended in a shrick, then pape heard a crash, a wild howl, and Brucie's zeream. Something awful was happening in the dining room where the telephone hung. He dashed out of the office. Somebody called "Mr. Wilson," as he ran down the stairs; but Brucie's papa did not answer. He opened the door of the wheel room and lifted the first bicycle he saw, then effew down the crowded street just as fast as the pedals would go round. He dodged in among wagons and in front of trolley cars. Drivers shouted at him, and once a policeman tried to catch him; but he did not even turn his head. At last he caught sight of the little house in the big yard where Brucie lived. It looked very quiet and peaceful. He had expected to find it on fire or tumbled down by an earthquake, but he did not hear a sound till he opened the front door. His hand shook while he turned the latch with his key.
"What if I am too late to save Brucie!" he thought.

"What if I am too late to save Bruche?" he thought.

He was not, for it was Brucle who came rushing through the hall to meet him. He was a dreadful sight. His clothes were torn, and his face and hands were covered with scratches.

His pinafore was stained with blood, and his yellow curls hung like a mopover his tear stained eyes.

"Brucle, Brucle," cried his papa, "what is the matter?"

"It's Keen Victoria," said the sobbing little boy. "Come and see."

He dragged his papa into the kitchen. Somethin; was thumping and yowling frightfully, It was Queen Victoria, the big gray cat. She had squeezed her head into an empty salyowing frightfully. It was queen vic-toria, the big gray cat. She had squeezed her head into an empty sal-mon can and she could not get it out again. She was rushing about and banging the can against the floor or the stove or the wall.

banging the can against the floor or the stove or the wall.

Brucie's papa felt so relieved that he began to laugh. Then he led Brucie to the sink to sponge the blood off his face and hands.

"Now," said papa, after he had bathed Brucie's scratches with witch hazel, "now we will see what we can do for Queen Victoria."

The old gray cat was very cross. She tried to scratch papa, but she did not succeed, for wrapped a towel about her. Then he put her between his knees and held her head while he sawed away at the tin with a can opener. Queen Victoria screamed wildly, but Brucie's papa did not mind; and presently off came the old salmon can. When Queen Victoria was set free,

Re-ping Paris Clean.

Paris is said to be the cleanest city in the world. Every morning 2000 male and 600 female scavengers, divided into 149 brigades, turn out to perform the toilet of the capital. The men work from four in the morning till four in the evening less two hours off for meals, or ten hours a day. The women are engaged in the morning only.



To Clean Black Marble.

Spirits of turpentine will clean and polish black marble. For removing stains from white marble nothing is better than a paste made of one-quarter pound of whiting, one-eighth pound of soda and one-eighth pound of laundry soap melted. Boil the mixture until it becomes a paste. Before it is quite cold spread it over the marble and leave it for 24 hours. Wash it off in soft water and dry the marble with a soft cloth.

Furnishing a Small flat it is advisable to avoid massive furniture as much as possible, as it is inappropriate and far from artistic. Marvelousthings are done with the aid of a carpenter, a little ingenuity and a few pots of enamel paint. For instance, as every one knows, a round dining room table is a tax on one's pocketbook and is certainly too desirable to be dispensed with. One can easily be made of unpainted pine by a carpenter and painted in the new shade of forest green, or stained to imitate Flemish oak, which will be quite as pretty as one could buy, and the cost will gladden the heart. The legs must of necessity be plain and unadorned, but if the table is made very low the effect is rather quaint than otherwise, Hinged boxes, prim little seats and sets of irregular book shelves can be devised and treated in the same manner, and the effect produced by these creations of one's brain and the carenter's skill is far better than that ner, and the effect produced by these creations of one's brain and the car-penter's skill is far better than that obtained by the regular products of a furnishing house.—Good Housekeep-ing.

Tables and Table Linen.

It is the fashion to dispense with a tablectoth at breakfast and luncheon, when there is a handsome polished board, and to substitute in place of it thick mats, and for the tea or coffee pot a thick blue and white tile. When there is å large bouquet of fresh flowers or a jardinere of growing ferns and plenty of dainty mats, a breakfast table fifted out in this way may be and pienty of dainty mats, a breakfar table fitted out in this way may be very attractive. A plate doily unde-each plate worked in individual color and designs gives a characteristic fit ish to the table. Doilies and mats is pure white, however, are preferred to color in embroidery on the breakfar

When the cloth is used, as it always should be at dinner, a thick blanketing of cotton flannel should be used under it to deaden the noise, as well as to protect from the heat of hot dishes. The table linen should be spotlessly white. The table centre, which 's placed under the jardinere of ferns or cut flowers, is preferred in pure white embroidery, laid over the satiny finished damask. The only color used is that on the china.

A tablecloth may be kept spotless for some time if these simple directions are followed. As soon as a spot is discovered, put the cloth over a tiny covered board kept for the purpose and scrub it carefully with a little brush,

asing soap and warm water. It is appearance given by removing the glo will not be apparent. It pays to be tablectoths with a well covered patern. Such linen does not show marland wears better than table linen diplaying much plain surface.—Ne York Tribune.



Cherry Taploca—Wash one cupful of taploca, cover with cold water and let soak over night. In the morning put it over the fire with two cupfuls of boiling water, and simmer slowly until the taploca is perfectly clear; add one and one-half pounds of stoned sour cherries and sweeten to taste. Serve cold with sugar and cream.

cold with sugar and cream.

Chrysanthemum Salad—Shred a crisp cabbage and simmer ten minutes: drain and chill, then heap roughly into a bed of green foliage; mix two table-spoonfuls of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of salad oll, one tea-spoonful of celery salt, dash of paprike.

Repurer: Depurer propersed, carnier between the cold of the cold of

Pressed Chicken—Boil one or two chicken in a small quantity of water, with a little salt; when thoroughly done take all the meat from the bones, keeping the light and dark meat separate; chop fine and season. Put in a pan a layer of dark and light meat; add the liquor it was boiled in, which should be about a cupful. Press with a small weight. When cold cut in slices.

with short crusts and bake; fill when removed from the oven with this: Cook one quart of large oysters in their own liquor till edges begin to curl, own liquor till edges begin to curl, drain, then cut into pieces and add to one cup of boiling sweet cream. Add three-quarters of a tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter and a quarter-teaspoonful of pepper. Serve immediately on a hot platter, daintily garnished with lemon slices.