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Some one has discovered that the
 grip is no respecter of persons—like
 gout and appendicitis.

To furnish the people of the world
 with bread, more than 2,300,000,000
 bushels of wheat are consumed each
 year.

Perhaps the next step of the big
 trans-continental railway syndicate
 will be to arrange a transfer system
 that will enable a traveler to ride any-
 where on the map for one fare.

The oldest European sovereign now
 is Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria-
 Hungary, and when he dies much more
 trouble is likely to ensue than has been
 caused by the passing of Victoria.

A new feature has been developed in
 the game of golf. A player on a West-
 ern link drove a ball square against the
 back of a caddy's head, and out of the
 unfortunate boy's mouth came a
 bawl.

An old fellow in Missouri had lots
 of fun recently. He nailed a stuffed
 squirrel to the limb of a tree, and he
 says something over a hundred sports-
 men each took from one to half a doz-
 en shots at it.

The legal rate of interest in Canada
 has been reduced by act of the Domini-
 on Parliament from five per
 cent. Gilt-edged paper in the United
 States has no difficulty in commanding
 money at from three and a half to four
 per cent.

Down in the beginning of the nine-
 teenth century smallpox carried off
 perhaps a greater percentage of the
 people than consumption does to-day.
 Jenner succeeded in robbing that
 dreadful scourge of its terrors, but to
 the layman it does not seem too much
 to hope that a second Jenner will final-
 ly conquer consumption, reflects the
Baltimore Sun.

The footpad business has been re-
 duced to a science in Chicago. Two
 members of the fraternity in that city,
 having despoiled a helpless woman of
 her purse, fled, pursued by a dozen
 citizens. When the highwaymen had
 lured the pursuers to a comparatively
 deserted street they turned at bay and
 held up the entire dozen, not leaving
 a nickel in any of their pockets.

*Minnesota is one of the State which
 are constructing new capital buildings
 of elaborate design and large cost.
 The Minnesota Capitol is to be built of
 white marble, to be ornamented with
 sculpture and to cost \$2,000,000. When
 completed it will bear some resem-
 blance to the Treasury Department
 building at Washington, but will have
 a very much finer approach and be-
 sides a picturesque dome with six sup-
 porting figures of marble, each nine
 feet high. The State capital of Minne-
 sota is St. Paul.

It is not objectionable, but grateful
 to hear that the American fighting man
 is not of the machine brand. Ordinary
 obedience to orders is of course indis-
 pensable, and good marksmanship is
 highly desirable. But let him keep up
 his individuality and his politics, with-
 in bounds. From civil life as an in-
 dividual and a free man he will re-
 turn. With us the good citizen makes
 the good soldier, and the good soldier
 ought to hold his self so as to become
 again the good citizen, observes the
Washington Star.

Eight teeth suffice the elephant for
 munching purposes. The giant animal
 has two below and two above on each
 side.

—Mr. H. M. King of Hopkinsville,
 Ky., has in his possession a twist of
 well-preserved tobacco raised in Vir-
 ginia in 1848.

A LOWLY LIFE.

So uncomplainingly she bore the toil
 Of housewife care and unremitting toll,
 And, he it said, throughout her length of
 days
 Her womanly reward was stunted praise.
 She lived a life as lowly as the loam.
 Yet just her patient smile suggested home
 And mother-love that watched often un-
 der-bed.

Till 'e'en th' praiseworthy husband often said
 She made his home-life happy.
 So, when the friends had crossed upon her
 breast

Her tired hands, that she might better rest,
 And noted th' angelic smile of peace
 She wore at labor's end and toil's sur-
 cease,
 An epitaph to mark her grave they
 framed.

And, while no deed of martyrdom was
 named,
 The lines told all of wife and mother
 strife—
 They wrote beneath her name: "A Farm-
 er's Wife."
 She made his home-life happy."
 —Roy Farrell Greene, in *Good Housekeep-
 ing.*

Why Mrs. Parker Was Worried.

WOMAN who lives on the
 south side relates a horrible
 experience that she had the
 other day with one of her
 husband's debtors.

The debt had been of long standing,
 and the man who owed the money had
 been paying it off in regular install-
 ments by mail, sometimes inclosing a
 postoffice order and sometimes a bill.
 The last time it had been a bill and the
 letter never came, so he wrote to say
 that he would make a trip to Chicago
 and bring the money himself. The day
 appointed the woman's husband
 had to be out of town, and he asked
 her if she wouldn't for once forego the
 joys of shopping and stay at home and
 act as cashier, and she agreed to do so
 in consideration of a reasonable com-
 mission on the payment.

"You can give him a receipt for it,"
 said the man, whose name is Parker.
 "I'll fill it out before I go, and it won't
 be any trouble to you at all. Treat him
 nicely, although I needn't tell you
 to do that—only he's an odd sort of
 genius and has peculiar little ways.
 Some of the people out at Waukegan
 have got the idea that he is a little out
 of his head, but he isn't, and I will
 say that there isn't one man in a mil-
 lion that would act as square as he has
 done. Ask after his son in New York
 and how he is getting along with his
 corn-shucking machine. That will
 please him. Well, good-bye; I've got
 to hustle."

The Waukegan man arrived on time.
 He was large, loose-jointed and eld-
 erly, with a wild eye and a timid, hesi-
 tating manner. The fashion of his
 clothes was decidedly rural and he
 wore heavy cowhide-boots. As he ex-
 plained the object of his visit he
 fingered his long, wispy beard nervously
 and seemed unwilling to look
 the lady in the face. She invited him
 in, and after carefully rubbing his
 boots on the door mat he followed her
 into the sitting room, where he seated
 himself on the extreme edge of a
 chair and gazed earnestly at a crayon
 portrait that hung over the bookcase.
 "Mr. Parker told me to tell you how
 sorry he was that he couldn't be here
 to see you," said the woman, with an
 engaging smile, as she seated herself
 opposite her visitor.

"Yes'm," coughing behind his hand
 and transferring his gaze to the clock.
 "But he thought as far as the busi-
 ness was concerned that I could attend
 to it just as well as he could."

There was an embarrassed silence.
 Mrs. Parker felt the contagion of the
 man's nervousness. She thought that
 he certainly was odd—almost alarm-
 ingly so. She caught his eye in the
 course of his wanderings around the
 room and noticed that he colored
 slightly. She coughed and he coughed
 a rasping echo.

"He left me the receipt," she said,
 at last.
 "Yes'm."

Another silence. The man shuffled
 his feet uneasily and the woman began
 to feel desperate.

"It was too bad that your last remi-
 tance was lost, but Mr. Parker told
 me to say that he would give you
 credit for half the amount, or all of it
 if you thought that he ought to."
 "That wouldn't be right," said the
 man. "I don't want him to lose any-
 thing by accommodating me. But
 you've got a pack of darned thieves
 here in Chicago—a lot of rascals that
 ought to be hung. I would help hang
 them if I had the chance." He spoke
 with great vehemence and looked at
 her so angrily that she quailed and
 wondered if her servant was within
 call.

"A man's money isn't safe," he
 added. Then in a gentler tone: "Have
 you got a bootjack?"

"A bootjack?"
 "Oh, well; may be I can manage
 without, but they come off a trifle
 stiff." He pressed the toe of one of
 his boots against the heel of the other
 and pushed with it; it slipped and his
 right heel grazed his left instep, and
 he uttered a cry of pain. The woman
 started up from her seat with an ex-
 clamation of alarm, but her eccentric
 visitor was between her and the door
 and she feared that he would jump at
 her and strangle her before she could
 reach it. She was, moreover, con-
 scious of sudden weakness in her
 limbs. Perhaps, she thought, he
 wasn't really dangerous, and she could
 humor him. It would most likely ex-
 cite and anger him if she should cry
 out.

He looked up and said: "Excuse
 me," then took his boot in his hand
 and pulled at it violently. Mrs. Parker

had heard of the power that a calm,
 steady look has over the insane. She
 looked at him calmly and steadily,
 though her face, she felt, was growing
 white with terror. The trouble was
 that he would not look at her, but con-
 tinued to wrestle with his boot.

At last an energetic wrench brought
 the boot off and the madman thrust
 his arm in it up to the elbow. Then
 he said: "By jinks!" and smiled in an
 imbecile, self-proachable sort of way.
 "How's your married son in New
 York?" inquired Mrs. Parker, in a
 flash of aspiration, moistening her
 parched lips with her tongue.
 "Him?" replied the maniac. "Oh,
 he's all right—bestways he was when I
 last heard from him."

He bent down and tackled the other
 boot, and Mrs. Parker once more rose
 and tried to edge her way round the
 table to pass him. He stopped and
 looked up and she retreated to the
 window and seated herself, with an
 assumption of carelessness, on the sill.
 If the worst came to the worst she
 might throw herself out and risk the
 injury that she might sustain from
 the broken glass and the fall. It was
 not more than eight or ten feet to the
 ground, and anything would be prefer-
 able to the horror of being in the
 clutches of a madman.

Then another thought came to her.
 Perhaps she could attract the atten-
 tion of some passer-by and dumbly
 summon assistance. She looked quickly
 out.

A man was passing—a young man
 with a quite noticeable dark must-
 ache, fashionably attired and holding
 his arms gracefully bowed out from
 his body. Mrs. Parker, who is a good-
 looking young woman, threw her
 whole anguished soul into an implor-
 ing look and beckoned stealthily but
 imperatively to him. He smirked en-
 gagingly at her in return and raised
 his hat, hesitated, then smirked again,
 crossed his little mustache and passed
 on.

"There!" exclaimed the lunatic.
 Mrs. Parker started. He had got the
 other boot off, and standing in his
 stocking feet, was groping inside of it
 as he had in the other.

"Good joke on me," he said. "I
 clean forgot which one I put it in,
 and I couldn't tell nothing by feel."
 Withdrawing his hand he drew out
 a thin, flat package, and then, moisten-
 ing his finger, separated from it a \$10
 bill, which he extended to Mrs. Par-
 ker, who looked at it wonderingly for
 an instant and then dropped into a
 chair and began to sob hysterically.

It appears that this is not the end.
 The man from Waukegan who had
 made a safety-deposit vault of his boot
 tried for some minutes to soothe and
 calm the agitated woman, but his gen-
 eral ministrations only seemed to make
 her worse. He stood and tugged
 helplessly at his beard and then
 rushed from the room in search of
 help. Going down stairs he suddenly
 came upon the servant, who, in conse-
 quence of his bootless condition, had
 not heard his approach. Before he
 could explain his mission screamed and
 fell over against the gas stove in a
 dead faint, and, as Parker says,
 there was a dickens of a time generally.

Another thing, there is a young man
 with a slight, dark mustache who
 passes the house quite frequently and
 annoys Mrs. Parker by raising his hat
 to her and sometimes kissing his hand.
 Parker has not caught him as yet, but
 he is biding his time, and has ex-
 pressed his intention of breaking that
 young man's darned neck.

As for the Waukegan man, he called
 at Parker's office for his receipt, and
 hesitatingly inquired after Mrs. Par-
 ker. "You'll excuse me, Henry," he
 said, "but ain't she a—well, just a lit-
 tle, you know?"
 "Hey!" said Parker.
 The Waukegan man tapped his fore-
 head significantly with his forefinger.
 —Chicago Record.

Matrimonial Brides of the Rich Young Men.
 Three cases of marriage between the
 elite of New York where the brides
 were several years the senior of their
 youthful mates may not betoken more
 than accident, but it looks as if a pre-
 cedent had been inaugurated which in
 time might be made a fashion. Women
 age so much faster than men that
 these five years or less should be on
 the other side of the family. If the
 moneyed aristocracy of this country
 adopts a social custom it goes. "When
 we were twenty-one" will read some
 day when he was twenty-one and she
 was twenty-seven, and the inequality,
 in spite of beauty doctors, in a decade
 will be too apparent for the lady's hap-
 piness. Lady Randolph Churchill and
 her young husband are not yet dis-
 contented with their match, but Mrs.
 Langtry, who wedded a comparative
 juvenile, has already found her doll is
 filled with sawdust. However, mar-
 riage is a lottery anyhow, and it is a
 question if rich young men are not
 safer with women older than them-
 selves.—Boston Herald.

English Song Birds For India.
 Darjeeling, the mountain sanatorium
 of Bengal, is getting tired of talking of
 the tornado that wrecked the station
 a couple of years ago. So the improve-
 ment committee have thought of some-
 thing else. They declare themselves
 dissatisfied with the cuckoo, hitherto
 Darjeeling's almost sole feathered
 warbler, and are trying to import En-
 glish song birds, at a pound apiece, to
 plant in the woods, says a Calcutta
 correspondent. It is a bad lookout for
 the songsters, as the woods are full of
 Himalayan ravens, and Himalayan
 ravens feed on young birds. But the
 improvement committee are sanguine,
 and the lieutenant-governor of Bengal
 is alleged to have made the suggestion,
 so nobody protests. The ravens, by
 the way, are said themselves to have
 been imported some years ago by the mah-
 arajah of Darbhanga.

WOMAN'S WORLD
 ENGLAND'S NEW QUEEN.

The Personal Characteristics of the Con-
 sort of Edward VII.

Millinery is one of the many accom-
 plishments of the new Queen of Eng-
 land. In early life she and her Dan-
 ish sisters were brought up upon de-
 cidedly narrow incomes, and had to
 make the most of a scanty provision
 for the wardrobe. The consequence
 was that Alexandra learned to trim
 her own hats and bonnets, as well as
 to make her frocks. This talent was
 not neglected when she came to Eng-
 land as the bride of the young Prince
 of Wales. If the court milliners sent
 home hats or bonnets which were not
 to her taste—if they were clumsy or
 unbecoming the Princess's scissors
 were at hand to take off the trimming
 and remodel the offending piece of mil-
 linery.

Very few women of her age con-
 tinue to look well in the so-called
 straw sailor hat. Numerous pictures
 of the "Princess of Wales" show her
 fondness for this headress. But it is
 not to be supposed that as Her Majes-
 ty she will be photographed in the
 sailor hat. Many of the recent photo-
 graphs taken in England lately of
 Alexandra show the little straw hat
 in all informality. But, no doubt, as
 a Queen she will forego wearing it.

The story is told by a lady of the
 household of the late Queen Victoria
 that on State occasions the dressing
 of Her Majesty was an affair of mo-
 ment. As it sometimes happened,
 the Queen's bonnet did not prove be-
 coming or look sufficiently regal for
 the forthcoming function. Then it is
 said the Princess of Wales was sent
 for in haste to operate with her scis-
 sors, needle and thread or long pins
 upon the "impossible" bonnet.

Queen Victoria, it seems, had im-
 plicit faith in the good taste of her
 daughter-in-law, and in her capability
 for transforming an unbecoming bon-
 net into a suitable and becoming head-
 dress. The new Queen of England
 has always displayed conspicuous
 good taste in her own dress and in
 that of her family.

"Mus. Doc." is an affix not many
 women have to their names. Her Ma-
 jesty Queen Alexandra has been from
 early girlhood an accomplished musi-
 cian. Some years ago she went to Ire-
 land to receive her degree of Doctor
 of Music from Trinity College, Dub-
 lin. A London photograph shows the
 Princess in the crimson robes and
 "Oxford" cap of a Doctor of Music, as
 she appeared on the occasion, which
 was rendered so memorable by the
 fact of being lame, the new Queen of
 England has always been considered
 a graceful ornament to society. It
 used to be said in the early days when
 her lameness showed itself that the
 court ladies adopted a slight limp,
 called the "Alexandra limp," to show
 the imitation of their royal model,
 which is the sincerest form of flattery.
 The Queen's beautiful figure and erect
 carriage she still preserves in her
 grandmotherhood.

As daughter, sister, wife and mother,
 Alexandra has filled all the duties of
 her position conscientiously, but in no
 other relation of life does she shine
 with more radiance than as a grand-
 mother. There are numerous pictures
 showing her with Prince Edward of
 York or one of the other children of
 her son George in her lap. A photo-
 graph somewhat rare in this country
 shows Alexandra with her little grand-
 daughter, Lady Alexander Duff,
 daughter of the Duchess of Fife. This
 picture gives the four generations in
 the maternal line. The Queen of Den-
 mark is seated in an armchair, holding
 over her knee little Lady Alexandra,
 her fair head partly covered by a large
 white cambric sunbonnet. Behind the
 chair stands the then Princess of
 Wales, with one hand on her mother's
 shoulder. The Duchess of Fife, now
 Princess Royal, stands beside her
 mother, supporting her hands on the
 chair in which the Queen of Denmark
 is seated. This is a good picture of a
 clannish family group.—Philadelphia
 Record.

The Chatelaine Ornament.
 It is a revival of an eighteenth cen-
 tury fashion that is seen in the use
 of a small jeweled hand mirror worn as
 a chatelaine ornament. In the old
 days of powder and patches and wigs
 and rouge, a mirror at hand was a ne-
 cessity. The troublesome war paint
 often needed a touch of repairs which,
 in the frank days of Queen Anne, was
 always unobtrusively supplied. Now
 the tiny mirrors are worn only for
 ornament, so their owners say, and
 very pretty ornaments they are.

There is no limit to the price one
 can pay for one of these little mirrors,
 for they are most exquisitely enameled,
 set with semi-precious stones and
 made of gold, silver, ivory, gun
 metal and gold, or have tortoise-shell
 backs, on which, in gold, a floral pat-
 tern or the proprietor's initials are
 wrought. The finest art of the French
 goldsmith is lavished on the frame-
 work of many mirrors, and a small
 chain and hook at the end of the han-
 dle makes the trifle fast at the belt of
 its wearer.—New York Sun.

A Modish Fastening.
 The pretty new under waists, com-
 monly called corset covers, are made
 of white cambric in the plain old-fash-
 ioned shape, with a little insertion of
 needlework or embroidery around the
 throat and down the front. The new
 fashion has no buttons, but is provided
 on both edges with three worked stud
 holes, and is meant to fasten with gold
 studs. Have these studs properly con-
 nected with a chain if you do not wish
 to lose one or more, and so break the
 set.

Three studs are the correct number.
 They are small, but fortunately have
 flat heads. Studs with small round
 heads are of very little use, because
 they will not remain fastened, but are
 apt to come undone when one takes a
 long breath. The studs commonly
 used are chained like the gold studs
 used to fasten the little waist of a
 "long-clothes baby's" frock.

Dainty and Simple.
 Though it looks very plain this little
 dress represents in reality a goodly
 amount of labor. It is made of finest
 Swiss embroidery deep enough to give
 the entire length, but actually em-
 brodered only to a depth of a few
 inches.

The dress, or rather the cloth part of
 the embroidery, is tucked very finely
 down to within seven inches of the
 edge. Then it is made up just as if it
 were plain cloth, and in saque shape.
 Lest the fine, closely-set tucks should
 not give sufficient fulness an inverted
 coat pleat finishes each under arm
 seam, being let in about seven inches
 from the lower edge.

The sleeves are of finest tucking, and
 are edged with narrow embroidery, as
 is the neck. For a child of two or
 three years nothing could be daintier
 than the little French dress, which fits
 down well, and has the fulness all
 sticking out so prettily at the lower
 edge.

The Art of Conversing Agreeably.
 There are comparatively few people
 who talk well and agreeably, though
 there are many who talk constantly.
 If you would speak well, speak dis-
 tinctly, neither too rapidly nor too
 slowly, and with a properly modulated
 voice; enunciate clearly; dispense with
 superfluous words; avoid affectation,
 conceit and laughter which is not nat-
 ural and spontaneous; never interrupt
 a conversation and never introduce a
 subject that is not of general interest.
 It is a common idea that the art of
 writing and the art of conversation are
 one. This is a mistake. A good writer
 may be a poor conversationalist, and
 vice versa.—American Queen.

Sewing Hints.
 Always use double thread for a gath-
 ering.

Always use as fine a thread and
 needle as the garment will allow.

When threading your needle make
 the knot on the end broken from the
 reel.

The rule for frilling is one and a
 quarter the length of the edge to be
 trimmed.

In facing a sleeve turn it and place
 the facing inside the sleeves before
 sewing it on.

Gathers should always be set on the
 right side, but never with a needle.
 Use a large pin.

In sewing a seam put the stitches
 closely together, but lightly into the
 cloth, being careful not to pull the
 thread tight, as this causes the seam
 to draw.

Women as Station Masters.
 The head of the Rippon-Railway
 in Russia, recently asked the
 Minister of Communication to allow
 the women who have passed their ex-
 aminations at the Railway School at
 Saratoff to hold places as station mas-
 ters, baggage inspectors and telegraph
 superintendents. The reason assigned
 for the request was the scarcity of ed-
 ucated and trustworthy men. The
 permission was granted by the Minis-
 ter.

There are many handsome gowns of
 various thin, black stuffs.
 The prettiest cotton shirt waists
 have bishop sleeves with narrow band
 cuffs.

A black grenadine sprinkled with
 crystal dots is very effective, made up
 with touches of color.

White dresses are much in evidence
 and white costumes trimmed with
 black are deemed even more stylish.

French knots in either black or
 white silk beautifully some of the nar-
 row gold braids. They are done by
 hand, and one row through the centre
 is sufficient for the narrow widths.

Very fashionable stock collars are
 made of white satin ribbon, with tiny
 lines of gold braid put on at intervals,
 or those of black bebe velvet ribbon
 standing vertically, and ending on a
 little loop, held with a small gold or
 jewel button.

The Raglan shirt waist seems to be
 one of the new varieties. The sleeve
 sets in from the collar band like a
 man's Raglan coat, and there are small
 stitched pockets at each side of the
 bust. Both flannel and washable shirt
 waists are made on these lines.

Pale old-rose chiffon and a very
 beautiful shade of dark pansy velvet
 are combined on a shirred round waist,
 with very drooping front, and an ex-
 tremely short bolero jacket, trimmed
 with a tiny edge of outer fur and very
 fine gold passementerie designs en ap-
 plique.

The so-called "lingerie sleeve" con-
 tinues to increase in favor, so that now
 even tailored gowns show the dainty
 undersleeve of silk or velvet. A new
 idea is to make the sleeve full length,
 but slash it half way to the elbow in
 narrow sections, through which the
 undersleeve forms puffs.

Pretty belts, suitable for wear with
 either a flannel or silk waist, have a
 foundation of black velvet; though
 the centre is sewn a bias band of col-
 ored satin about an inch wide, and
 over this are three bands of very nar-
 row gold braid. The whole belt is
 scarcely two inches wide. It is pointed
 front and back, fastening by hook and
 eye at the side.

HABITS OF THE POLAR BEAR.
 Not as Dangerous as the Walrus or Hooded Seal.

The following description of the life
 and habits of the polar bear from the
 pen of the eminent naturalist, Kerr
 Muller, is from the *London Field*:
 "The character of the polar bear is a
 curious mixture of cowardice and dar-
 ing, for it will fly at the sight of man,
 but will often come close up to the
 huts and sometimes even try to enter
 them.

When met with in the water bears
 are killed with harpoons. On receiving
 the first wound the animal utters loud
 roars, seizes the weapon with its teeth,
 pulls it out of the injured part and
 hurls it far away; sometimes, but by
 no means invariably, it will turn upon
 its assailant. Quickly it receives an-
 other spear or bird-arrow from a sec-
 ond kayakman, against whom it turns
 after treating his weapon in the same
 manner and sometimes breaking it;
 and in this way the struggle is contin-
 ued until the bear is overcome. The
 most important precautionary rule
 which the hunters have to observe is,
 when during the fight the animal had
 been driven, to keep a sharp lookout down
 into the water, in order that it may
 not come up unawares right under a
 kayak; its white gleam can always be
 seen when it approaches the surface,
 and there is time to get away if it
 comes too near. When a bear is en-
 countered in the water, or amid some-
 what scattered ice, its capture is con-
 sidered a certainty, for, although an
 excellent swimmer, it cannot get away
 from a kayak. In the northern col-
 onies, where they are seldom seen, the
 Greenlanders appear to be afraid of
 them; but such is far from being the
 case in the Julianshaab district, where,
 in the water, at any rate, they are
 considered as much less dangerous
 than the walrus or hooded seal.

The food of the bear consists mainly
 of seals, which, however, they cannot
 seize in the water, but only when
 lying on shore on ice; but as the seal,
 when in such positions, is extremely
 watchful and wary, the stalk is often
 fruitless, and the bear is obliged more
 frequently than suits him to depart
 with an empty stomach. Carrion they
 take at any time; in summer they rob
 birds' nests of their eggs and young
 ones, and appear to be partial also to
 berries. Probably, too, they live upon
 sea fowl, seizing them from below
 while resting on the water. According
 to Brehm, their ordinary food is fish
 and they even capture salmon in the
 sea; this, however, I have never had
 confirmed by the Greenlanders, who
 all consider that the bear's powers of
 swimming would not be equal to it.
 According to the same authority,
 neither reindeer, foxes, nor birds are
 safe from the polar bear, but this, I
 think, is a mistake. Nature has intended
 that it should seek its prey in the
 water and on the ice, rather than on
 the land.