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It requires pluck to succeed in Wall
street, and the most successful man is
not particular as to whom he plucks.

And now the X-rays may tell us
whether old masters are genuine or
not. The only thing that has nothing
to fear from science is truth.

The farmers of Southern Wisconsin
are being rapidly supplied with tele-
phone service at \$12 per year; and in
some cases electric cars stop at their
front gates.

It must be confessed that, at the
present price of those vehicles, the
man who insists on buying an automo-
bile is bent on running through with
his money.

If you want to be really interested
read the dictionary. It will tell you
how very badly other people spell our
language, and, incidentally, what a
tiny cupful of words we each dip up
out of its ocean.

Thirty years ago the entire capital
of the Standard Oil Company was \$1-
000,000. Now it pays dividends of
\$20,000,000 for three months, and you
could not buy it out for \$800,000,000.
How'd you like to be the oil man?

Professor Hayes, of Wellesley Col-
lege says that unlike the men of Mas-
sachusetts those of Patagonia make
equals of their wives. Yet, we have
never heard a Massachusetts woman
express a desire to exchange places
with her sister of Patagonia.

The Washington Humane Associa-
tion has adopted a resolution declaring
against the clipping of horses in win-
ter as cruel. One member expressed
the opinion that in some peculiar cases
the effect was beneficial, but he said
that as a general thing he was opposed
to it.

A man in New Jersey has had a
young woman arrested because she
kissed him on the street against his
will. What is a man worth, anyway,
who has to be kissed "against his
will"? And what is a woman worth
who can't make the man dream that
he is doing the insisting?

In the section where irrigation pre-
vails the people are independent touch-
ing crops. The rainfall is immaterial
to them. Old Mother Earth will al-
ways respond when her thirst is sat-
isfied. There is water, water, every-
where. Why should not humanity ex-
ercise its ingenuity to discover and
disseminate it?

A short time ago it was stated that
black hair was all the rage, and that
fair hair was no longer the fashion.
Now matters have progressed a little
further. At a fancy-dress affair in
New York City hair artistically gray
was much in evidence. In certain
cases the wigmakers had done the
needful, while in others the effect was
produced by a dye. The question
arises—What next?

Wireless telegraphy is expected to
render valuable assistance in the
search for the pole. Communication
with a series of supply bases may be
kept up in that way—a most impor-
tant consideration in all exploration.
Whether the North Pole is worth dis-
covering or not it is going to be visited
by white folks before this century is
many years old, optimistically predicts
the Minneapolis Tribune.

Exp'd Transit Preserves the Peace.
Electricity has brought us many
blessings. Its latest benefit is found
in the falling off of applications for
summonses in the City Court, which
hitherto has rejoiced in the settling
of cases arising out of street obstruc-
tions, and quarrels of cabmen, bus
drivers and carters. The relief of
the street traffic consequent upon the
opening of the underground electric
railways is given as the cause for this
happy state of affairs.—London
Sphere.

WHEN SLEEP SHALL COME,

When sleep shall come,
And lips are dumb
To hopes and fears that proved me;
If dreams may be
That day for me.
Be this the dream: You loved me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Cinderella's Reward.

By Hannah B. MacKenzie.

It was only Elpie. Elpie came into
the big, empty drawing room in her
usual noiseless way, and sat down on
a footstool before the fire, embracing
her knees with her hands. Elpie's
task-mistresses were all out at some
social function, and Elpie was quite
alone and idle for once in her poor
little life.

What castles, fair and grand, did the
big brown eyes see in those glowing
embers? Who can say? "The
thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts," and, much as her task-mis-
tresses might try to crush the youth
and romance out of Elpie, they could
not quite succeed. But presently the
big eyes grew smaller, Elpie's little
brown head began to nod, and she fell
sound asleep.

What awakened her? Elpie did not
know; but suddenly with a great start
and shiver, she started up to find the
fire burning very low and the room all
in complete darkness. She sat
quite still, her heart throbbing so vio-
lently she was quite sure some one in
the room must hear it. And there was
some one in the room. A dark figure
was moving in the opposite corner to
her.

Wild thoughts of burglars and mid-
night assassins rushed through Elpie's
mind; but she was a brave little crea-
ture, and she did not scream. The ser-
vants were down stairs, in the kitchen,
and she was the only living being in
the house besides. It came into her
mind that she must stealthily reach
forward to the bell and ring; but, just
as she was moving, the figure turned.
He advanced swiftly towards her, and
though Elpie tried to speak out brave-
ly and ask him what he wanted, she
could not; her tongue seemed to cleave
to the roof of her mouth.

"Hush!" said the man, and his voice
sounded quite pleasant and friendly.
"Don't scream, please, I'm not a bur-
glar, though my mode of entrance may
seem like that of one. The truth is, I
—I came through a window down
stairs and made my way up here."

Elpie could see him indistinctly. He
was a young man, well dressed, and
the face looking down at her was
frank and friendly.

"First, tell me who you are? You
can't be one of my—"
"I'm Elpie—that is, I am Elspeth
Grey. Mr. Kemp was my mother's
cousin, and he took me to live with
him when my father died; and since
Mr. Kemp died I have stayed with Mrs.
Kemp, and her daughters and helped
them."

"Helped them? How?"
"Oh, with dresses, and—and other
things," faltered Elpie, frightened by
the fierceness of his tone.

"Well, they are all out tonight,
aren't they? and the servants are en-
joying themselves down stairs, so we
needn't be frightened. I am going to
tell you a tremendous secret, little one.
But first, tell me, are those people kind
to you? Do they treat you as one of
themselves? Do they give you plenty
of nice food, pretty clothing, amuse-
ments?"

"Juliana—Josephine is—is nice
sometimes," faltered Elpie. She was
a loyal little soul, and anxious to hide
the faults of her relatives.

"And Matilda—Jane, and the rest of
this well-principled household?" asked
the young man, satirically.

"I can't tell you any more," cried El-
pie, driven to bay, "till I know who
you are."

"That's easily told, little one. I am
Mr. Kemp's nephew, therefore a kind
of cousin of yours." Elpie started and
turned pale. "My name is Norman
Kemp. My father founded Uncle
John's business, and helped him to buy
this house on condition that it should
be left to me. When my uncle died
these infamous women stepped in and
took everything; and yet I know Uncle
John left a will in my favor. I have
been away; that is why I have not
come forward sooner. But Woods, the
lawyer, drew up the will, and I have
reason to suspect it is hidden some-
where in this house. I shall not leave
here till I have found it. Now, are
you going to show me the way to my
uncle's library?"

Elpie indicated it in fear and trem-
bling and returned to her seat. In
about a quarter of an hour Norman
Kemp re-entered flushed and excited.

"I have found it! There's nothing
like determination, little cousin. Con-
cealed—where do you think? In the flap
of the cover of the old family Bible. Of
course, Mrs. Kemp will say she knew
nothing of it." He began to read it, then
uttered an exclamation. "And here's
mention of you, little one. 'And where-
as, I have undertaken to provide for
my cousin's child, Elspeth Grey, I do
hereby bequeath to the said Elspeth
Grey the sum of \$10,000, to be kept in
trust by my wife until the aforesaid
Elspeth shall reach the age 18.' How
old are you, Elpie?"

"I was 18 in July," faltered Elpie.
"Then you can claim your rights at
once. I shall see after your claims as
well as my own. Now I am going, lit-
tle cousin, straight to the lawyers,
Goodby, Elpie."

Elpie's heart thrilled strangely as
her companion's black eyes looked into
her face. He took her hand, then sud-
denly raised it to his lips.

"Forgive me; I couldn't help it. I
am your cousin, you know, and you are
a brave and true little girl. Goodby,
Elpie; I shall soon see you again."
And this strange burglar was gone.
A year later they met again. Nor-
man Kemp was in full possession of
his property, and Elpie, who had the
modest income of \$600 from her well
invested inheritance, had been spend-
ing some months abroad with friends.
The Kemps, discovered in what had
really been a fraud, had disappeared,
none knew where. No one but little
Elpie, who was a tender hearted little
girl, cared where they went.

She was no longer the little neglect-
ed girl he had first seen; she was more
womanly and experienced. But she
still blushed, and then paled a little as
Norman took her hand.

"I have been making changes in my
home," he said, after a little desultory
conversation.

"Yes, I've heard so," Elpie an-
swered, and somehow her head
drooped, and so did her sweet, childish
lips.

Norman sat looking at her silently.
"And have you heard, also," he
asked quietly, at last, "that I wish a
mistress for it?"

Elpie's heart beat very low and dully.

"Yes, I've heard that, too. Miss—
Miss Grant of Washington, isn't it?"

Norman started. "Who told you
that?"

"Oh, I don't know; every one thinks
it."

"Then every one is wrong," said Nor-
man; and he suddenly came very close
to her and laid his hand on her little
fingers.

"Elpie, there's only one mistress in
all the world I want for it; can't you
guess who it is? The little girl I've
loved since I looked down at her sleep-
ing, a poor, little, tired Cinderella, in
Mrs. Kemp's magnificent drawing
room; the little girl who trusted me
from the beginning, though appear-
ances were so terribly against me. El-
pie, will you consent to be a burglar's
wife?"

And he must have heard an answer
that satisfied him, though no one else
could have done so; for the next mo-
ment Elpie's little brown head rested
on her burglar's breast, and then and
there he bent and kissed, not her hand
this time, but her lips.—American
Queen.

AUTOMATIC POST OFFICE.

Convenient Means of Communication at
Public Places.

The very latest thing in penny-in-
ter-slot machines, says the London
Graphic, is an automatic post office,
and in a few weeks' time the machines
will be at work at railway stations,
restaurants and the larger shops in
London. The automatic postoffice
does not fulfill quite all the duties of
the usual official, but on receipt of a
penny it will do some of the work with
neatness and despatch. If you ask it
for a half-a-crown's worth of penny
stamps it will not look bored and con-
tinue its conversation with a much
nicer young man than yourself,
neither will it eat chocolates, nor wear
his button hole, nor get cross with an-
other machine. Suppose, for instance,
that a machine is at Charing Cross,
and that you have promised to meet
someone at that station at 10 o'clock.
You find at the last moment that you
cannot keep the appointment, so you
wire to your friend, care of "Automat-
ics," Charing Cross. The telegraph
boy drops the telegram in a slit in the
machine; the slit has a glass front,
and therefore, after your friend has
formed his opinion of you for not keep-
ing the appointment, he goes to the
machine, sees his telegram, puts in a
penny, presses a knob, and gets your
message. Perhaps the message is:
"See you 12—leave reply machine."

Your friend then puts in another
penny, takes out a sheet of note paper,
an envelope and pencil, and leaves
your reply in another little glass-
fronted slit in the machine. Each ma-
chine will hold about three dozen let-
ters at a time. Telegrams left in the
machine and not called for in two
days will be sent back to the post-
office, and other letters will be taken
care of by the company owning the
machine. If, however, you have left
a message in the box and you wish
to have it returned to you if it is not
called for, you can scribble a note
to that effect to the company and
leave it in a box provided for the pur-
pose.

There is no doubt that when we do
get the automatic postoffices we shall
wonder how we ever managed to do
without them. Take the case of a man
and his wife who come to town one
morning—the man for business, his
wife for a round of shopping. They
wish to meet in the evening for a din-
ner and theatre. At present the ar-
rangement for that meeting would
have to be made early in the day, and
perhaps the man finds his business
prevents him from keeping the ap-
pointment. When the new machines
come into use that man will telegraph
to his wife, care of "Automatics," at
one of the shops she is visiting.

It will also be possible to commu-
nicate with a man who is traveling.
Telegrams sent to "Automatics" at the
stations his train stops at would be
ready for him on his arrival. He
would know just where to go for them,
and would be able to get them easily
and quickly. Indeed, there seems to
be no end to the uses to which the
automatic poste restante will be put.

A Curious Paper Weight.

The Prince of Wales is said to have
the most curious paper weight in ex-
istence. It is the mummied hand of
the daughter of one of the Pharaohs,
and he keeps it on his private desk in
constant use.

ARIZONA'S MONSTER.

INHABITANT OF THE DESERT WHOSE
BITE CAUSES QUEER SYMPTOMS.

A Deadly Reptile That Is as Thick as
Your Arm and Twenty Inches Long—
A Bite from This Terrible Monster Is
Almost Always Sure to Prove Fatal.

Professor Myron P. Kirk, formerly
of the Smithsonian institution, has
come in from a year of scientific ex-
ploration and collection out across the
Cocopah desert—in the most desolate,
forbidding and blasted region in the
union—where Arizona, California and
Sonora, Mex., come together at the
mouth of the muddy Rio Colorado,
writes the Los Angeles correspondent
of the Chicago Record. He has a mar-
vellous collection of specimens of rep-
tilian and insect life on the desert
wastes, and as soon as they are cata-
logued and made ready for museum
uses he will ship them to Harvard
university.

"I have found three new varieties of
the Gila monster in the Cocopah desert
region," said Professor Kirk the other
day, "and I believe I have some scien-
tific information about the most veno-
mous reptile in North America. For 20
years I have been traveling up and
down the country, across the deserts
and in the mountains, getting the
strangest specimens of animal life.
And among the oddest in all my expe-
rience is the Gila monster. Now, to
this day many people think there is no
such thing as the Gila monster. And
yet, throughout the Colorado desert,
especially along the Gila river, you
may encounter thousands. On the
contrary, too, you may scarcely see
one. The Gila monster is almost as
thick as your arm and 18 or 20 inches
long. It has a head which is pretty
near all mouth and opens clear back
to its ears. The head is about as big
as a common teacup, set with little,
vicious eyes, and the mouth is power-
fully muscled and set with four sharp
fangs and a lot of grinders. The color
of the monster is reddish, with brown
spots. It has a blunt tail, as nearly all
poisonous lizards have.

"I found these monsters living in the
hot sand. They are not good to fool
with, and a man who is in the Gila
monster business must know what he
is about. One day last June I pulled
up from the hot desert to a little ranch
on the Colorado river. The man who
owned the place had a pet Gila mon-
ster which he kept in a barrel. He
stooped down to get him out to show
him to me and some friends of his who
were there, and the monster shut
down on his thumb. He gripped it so
tight in his awful mouth, which was
like a vise, that his jaws had to be
pried open with an iron bar. The man
lived only a few hours, and died in ter-
rible spasms. Another man bitten
while I was down there has ever since
been paralyzed in the side. Hardly
anybody ever gets over a bite from
this terrible animal.

"What physical effects come to a
man who has escaped death from poi-
son by a Gila monster? Why, I have
seen several different results. For in-
stance, there was the case of a bar-
keeper in Benson some years ago. He
had a pet Gila monster that he kept
in a box on the bar, and sometimes
he would let it out and play with it.
He ridiculed stories the cowpunchers
told about the poison of Gila mon-
sters. He would put one finger in its
mouth and drag it up and down the
bar, and the thing seemed to enter
into the fun, and would hold back and
wriggle its tail and appear as pleased
as a dog. I told him once that he was
taking terrible chances, and that some
day the monster would bite him, just
as sure as fate. But he only laughed
at the idea of its biting him—it knew
him so well—and even if it should he
didn't believe it would be poisonous.

"Well, one day he put his finger into
its mouth when it didn't happen to feel
good-natured, and it sent its teeth to
the bone. Its jaws closed down like a
vise, and the men in the saloon
couldn't pry them open. It just sat
there and blinked its wicked eyes at
them and held on, and they had to
cut its head off before they could make
it let go. That poor fellow's arm soon
began to swell, and he suffered intense
pain in his arm and hand and in his
back. And after awhile the flesh be-
gan to shrivel and the muscles to be-
come weak, and inside of three months
the whole arm from the shoulder down
was as shriveled and helpless as a
paralytic's. That was some four or
five years ago, but his arm remains
in that condition to this day, and
there's no prospect that he'll ever have
the use of it. There was no perman-
ent ill effect, nothing but the tempo-
rary pain in any other part of his
body.

The postmaster at Nogales (on the
boundary line between Arizona and
Mexico) told me of a little Yuma In-
dian girl who stepped on a Gila mon-
ster one night in the dark along the
mud banks of the Colorado river sev-
eral miles below Yuma. She was
bitten in the ankle. Two army
physicians were called at once, and
by the use of powerful drugs they
managed to save the girl's life, but
she was crazy with pain for two weeks.
Her leg and foot from the knee down
have been so tender that now, some
seven years since the bite, she cannot
bear the least pressure or weight on
those members without excruciating
pain. She always sleeps on her stom-
ach, with the injured foot in the air,
and has not walked for several years.
Externally the leg and foot look as
well as ever. Doctors don't know
what the poison did to affect the in-

dian girl so, and they have tried hard
to find out. It's a queer case.

"Then there was the case of Walter
Vale, one of the wealthiest and best-
known cattlemen in Arizona. He saw
a big Gila monster when he was out
on horseback, and thought he would
capture it as a present for a friend.
He beat it over the head until he
thought he had killed it, and then
strapped it on behind his saddle. But
these reptiles are as hard to kill as a
cat. They have a queer habit of com-
ing to life again after you are perfect-
ly sure you have killed them. That is
what this one did. By the time Vale
got home he had forgotten all about
the Gila behind his saddle. He put
his hand back to dismount, and the
thing's jaws closed down on his fore-
finger. He called to some men, and
they ran to him and tried to pry the
monster's jaws open, but they couldn't
make it let go, and finally they had
to cut its head off and pry its mouth
open with iron spikes.

"The first thing Mr. Vale did, even
before he got his finger loose, was to
send one of his men on a fresh horse
to Pantano, the nearest railroad town,
30 miles away, to telegraph to Tucson
for a physician to come on a special
engine to Pantano, where he himself
would meet him. Then he bound his
wrist and finger with leather thongs
and with his penknife cut the flesh
around the bite. By that time a fresh
horse had been saddled for him and
he leaped upon its back and darted
off on that terrible 30-mile ride for his
life. He rode the whole distance at a
break-neck gallop, suffering much all
the time from the tightly tied thongs.
He had not gone more than half the
distance when the poison began to
make itself felt. Darting pains shot
all through his body. He felt sore and
weary, and the pains in his back soon
became excruciating. But he finally
reached Pantano, and the doctor was
only a few minutes later. His first
question was: 'Have you taken any
whiskey?' and when Vale said he had
not the doctor assured him he would
pull him through. For all physicians
and the best-informed people in that
region believe that whiskey or any
alcoholic drink aggravates the Gila
monster's poison. Vale soon became
delirious, but the doctor pulled him
through. But from all that I can hear
no man could suffer more than he did
for several weeks. He has had a weak
back ever since, so that he cannot ride
horseback about his ranch.

"Now, a tarantula makes a bad sore,
but it doesn't kill a man. I have got
awake frequently in the morning
while camping out and found taran-
tulas curled up on the edge of my
blanket. They do that to keep warm,
but if you are careful about disturb-
ing them they won't bite you.

"The horrible reptile called the vina-
groom by the Mexicans, and meaning
'smelling like vinegar,' ranks next to
the Gila monster in vicious and poi-
sonous characteristics. The vina-
groom (thelepholis exubiter) is found
in the Organ mountains. There is
nothing like it but itself. It is a
kind of compound of scorpion, lobster
and three or four kindred animals. It
is four or five inches long, with long,
stout claws, and is of mottled-brown
color.

"Talking about strange features of
animal life, we have on the Mojave
desert a turtle that eats grass. It
lives in holes in the sand, which it
makes to escape the intense heat of
the sun. You may take a stick and
get them out. They are the Xero-
betes Agassizii, just lately named for
the great naturalist, a very pretty
turtle, that gets on good feeding to be
about 10 inches long and to weigh six
to eight pounds. A woman down on
the desert last summer, where I was,
had eight or 10 of them in an open
pen, which she was fattening to eat.
They eat grass like horses. When
these turtles get fat, as they quickly
do on the grass, they beat all the
roast turkeys you ever ate. An ordi-
nary one of these turtles is worth
\$3 to \$4."

Hungry Exposition Visitors.

Those who were visitors to the Paris
exposition will be interested to learn
a few telling facts and figures con-
cerning the meat which the French
capital consumed daily on an average
during the month of September, when,
it should be remembered, a larger
number of visitors came to see the ex-
position than at any other time dur-
ing the summer.

The slaughter house at Villette,
which supplies Paris, dispatched dur-
ing the month a daily average of 5044
oxen, 1041 cows, 23,384 sheep, 3725
pigs, and 2099 calves. This compares
as follows with the average daily re-
quirement at ordinary times: Paris
eats then 1210 oxen, 450 cows, 13,929
sheep, 4398 pigs, and 1425 calves.
But, of course, it would be impossible
for France alone to supply the stom-
ach of Paris with meat. Germany,
Austria, England, and even Russia
send cattle supplies to the French mar-
ket.—Westminster Gazette.

Preserved by Pressure.

The common, cheap and criminal
way of preserving milk is by the addi-
tion of injurious chemicals. Steriliz-
ing by means of subjecting to heat has
long been known and practiced. A
new method has just been found,
namely, subjecting to a high pres-
sure. A German chemist has been
experimenting with the following re-
sults: Milk which was subjected to a
pressure of nearly 100,000 pounds
per square inch, remained fresh for
from 24 to 60 hours longer than that
which was untreated. The pressure of
135,000 pounds for 24 hours kept the
milk fresh for from four to six days.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A German scientist recently declared
that the age of fishes can be told by
their scales. When placed under the
microscope these show stripes similar
to the bands in the cross section of a
tree, which indicate the age of the fish.

The communal council of Amster-
dam, Holland, has voted \$2,000,000 for
the construction of an electrical power
plant, to include a central power sta-
tion, 30 miles of tramway, the electric
lighting of the city and a supply of
motive power. The power will be con-
veyed in an underground conduit.

From the following analysis it would
appear that there is even less waste in
a cord of pitch pine wood than in the
carcass of a steer under the modern
way of handling it. Under proper
manipulation a cord of this wood will
produce of charcoal, 50 bushels; illu-
minating gas, about 1000 cubic feet;
illuminating oil and tar, 50 gallons;
pitch or rosin, 11-2 barrels; pyroline-
ous acid, 100 gallons; spirits of tur-
pentine, 20 gallons; tar, one barrel;
wood spirits, five gallons; and, so far
as the charcoal is concerned, when con-
sumed it scarcely leaves an ash.

The advantage of the use of nickel
steel in the construction of instru-
ments of precision was the subject of a
paper read before the recent Paris
congress of the International Geodetic
association. It was stated that a cer-
tain alloy, with 35 to 36 percent nickel,
possessed an expansion 10 times less
than platinum and 20 times less than
that of brass. This property renders
it especially serviceable for measuring
rods. A description was given of a
"base bar" of this metal, four metres
in length, which is being constructed
for the geographic service of the
French army. Including its alumin-
um case, it will weigh 110 pounds.

A great family of flowering animals
is that including the "sea cucumbers."
These animals have long, flattened
bodies of a dark color that ranges from
brown to reddish purple, and their
most active movement is a slow, creep-
ing along the bottom. At one end is
the mouth surrounded by the petal-
like tentacles that push into it the
mud and sand on which the organism
lives. The mud of the bottom is filled
with tiny things that really furnish the
food, but it appears to subsist on the
inorganic mud itself. The most curi-
ous thing about the "cucumber" is that
it takes lodgers in a way. It has a
large cavity within its body that is
filled with water, and into this cavity
a little fish called the flowerer works
its way, and then lives within the help-
less host. It is not a parasite, for it
leaves its lodging to seek food, but it
merely lodges in the holothurian for
shelter, as the power of stinging that
sea cucumbers possess to a high degree
renders them fairly safe from molesta-
tion. The little lodgers do not seem
to do any harm to their landlords ex-
cept when several take quarters in the
same one, and they may inflict fatal
damage by overcrowding.

Lightning-Arrester for Trolley-Cars.

A new kind of lightning-arrester
has been attracting attention in Europe.
It is designed for the purpose of pre-
venting accidents occurring on trolley-
cars from sudden discharges of atmos-
pheric electricity in districts crossed
by extensive networks of electric wire,
a common form of accident resulting
in injury to the instruments and some-
times loss of life. The intent of the
new system is to prevent the flash
from reaching any part of an electric
system, or, if this should take place,
to insure that the current is invariably
deflected so that no harm can result.
The system has been introduced in a
number of cars of the Berlin-Charlot-
tenburg Electric railway in Germany,
and so-called "horn arresters" are at-
tached to the upper part of the car
in the same way as the trolley. A num-
ber of these instruments have also
been placed at certain intervals along
the line, fixed on the top of the orna-
mental iron posts that carry the con-
ducting wire of the railway. The first
cars on which the system was tried
worked so well that the lightning-ar-
resters have been generally adopted.
In some instances the "horn arresters"
have been applied in the form of a sec-
ond trolley, and in others they have
been installed on the roof of the car
in connection with the trolley itself.

The Acid in Lemons.

According to the New York Journal
of Commerce a New York firm has
made tests to ascertain the compara-
tive citric values of California and
Sicily lemons. The following is the re-
sult:

Ninety-one and one-half California
lemons would yield one United States
gallon of juice.

One hundred and twenty-eight and
one-half Mediterranean lemons would
yield one United States gallon of
juice.

The specific gravity of the juice in
each was 1.041.

Three hundred California lemons
would yield 450 ounces, avoirdupois,
juice, containing 26.64 ounces, avoirdupois,
crystal citric acid.

Three hundred Mediterranean lemons
would yield 325 ounces, avoirdupois,
juice, containing 19.70 ounces, avoirdupois,
crystal citric acid.

The value of this test has been ques-
tioned by the importers, who claimed
that it was unfair, in that it compared
Mediterranean fruit, which was among
the first of the season, and which had
not matured, with California fruit at
its best stage.

Florida people are going more and
more into the small fruit and orange
business.