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England's latest naval plans indicate a disposition to convert her battleship links of defence into an endless chain.

The Belgian hare is becoming a pest in Missouri. This is very ungrateful after all the prominence that has been given him.

Carnegie says he always wanted to be a newspaper man. There are one or two reporters who might be persuaded to swap jobs with him even now.

If China is indeed what she looks like, namely, thirty cents, the concert of Europe, also, will have to be regarded as an artistic rather than a financial success, observes Puck.

One of the deadfalls of the Kentucky fens has been settled, the parties to it having signed an agreement to stop shooting one another and behave themselves. It is significant, however, that all hands insisted upon retaining their rifles.

A Vassar girl saw through the telescope the new star in Perseus the night before the Western astronomer did who is to receive the credit for its discovery. But she was thinking of her back hair, while he registered the stellar demerit.

A new province is to be formed in India by placing the four districts of the Punjab that lie beyond the Indus, under a government of their own. They are the extreme northwest districts that have been the scenes of the recent petty wars, Peshawar, Kohat, Bannu and Dera Ismail Khan, with the political agencies of Dir, Swat, Chitral, the Kharbar, the Kurram, Tochi and Wana.

The work-a-day world in great cities is served largely by high speed engines and high pressure boilers, and the terrible explosion at Chicago the other day, affords distressing evidence of the calamitous results of giving the mastery even for an instant to the invaluable servant of industrial communities. Perfect construction and rigid inspection afford almost absolute guarantees of public safety; yet none the less is eternal vigilance the price of security.

Recent details of exports show that Great Britain is buying more boots and shoes of American make every year. The British manufacturers have been addicted to ponderous footwear built to last, but generally too thick, heavy and clumsy for easy wearing. Brother Jonathan taught John Bull long ago that in carriages and wagons and all sorts of things on wheels he could combine lightness with strength and safety. And now he is giving him lessons in leather.

This is assuredly the generation of the specialist in all professions and all lines of business. One of the latest additions to the ever-swelling ranks is the photographer who makes a specialty of women's photographs. And while he is most successful in his chosen line, strange to say he is not an adept in the art of flattering the sitter to the point that the picture bears scarcely any likeness to the original. Rather, he produces a series of portraits, each one depicting some passing mood or characteristic, so that one's friends can choose the one which seems to each most natural.

The recent disappearance of an employe of a store in Wilmington, Del., is attributed, in part, to anxiety as to his employers' business because they did not advertise. A new danger for the backward merchant. Not only does he jeopardize his business by neglect of printer's ink, but he may be responsible for crowded asylums, husbandless wives and fatherless children.

PROTECTED.
I've built a wall about me,
To keep all foes without—
Anxiety, with all her train,
And the grim monster, Doubt!
You ask my name? 'Tis Happiness,
With which no foe can cope!
The wall I've built cannot be scaled—
Its quarried blocks are hope.

—THE—
FOOT OF THE LADDER.

"Now, Reub, you don't mean to say it took you two hours to find those cows, and one of 'm with a bell, too! Cows are bigger than grass-hoppers, and I'll venture to say you found enough of those."

Having a choice collection of bugs of various sorts in his handkerchief at that moment, Reub did not stop to argue the point. And, indeed, no argument that he could muster would change his reputation for a heedless, blundering fellow. So looked Reuben Clay to the world; and how looked the world to Reuben, fatherless, motherless, fed and clothed by Mr. and Mrs. Brown for charity's sake till such time as he could take care of himself?

Ever since he could remember, the boy had had an eager interest in everything that crept or flew. Though his zoological tastes were frowned upon, they thrived under opposition, and when one summer a college professor came to the village and encountered Reuben in some of his collecting excursions, Reub's vague wishes grew to a resolve. Some day, if he lived, he would know birds and insects as the professor knew them; and as a necessary step to that end, he would go to college.

After his district school days were over Reuben lived on at Mr. Brown's, helping in the regular farm work, and doing, besides, such odd jobs as fortune sent in his way, laying up money for the future, and reciting Greek and Latin to Mr. Alison, the minister.

Reuben had had one cruel accident that would have turned many boys in despair from the chosen path. On a spring morning he had gone in his boat to the village to deposit the first \$50 of his savings, and on the way he lost his pocketbook. Whether he had dropped it in the water or elsewhere, or some clever thief had taken it from him, remained a mystery. It was discouraging work beginning at the foot of the ladder; but there was no other way. Abandoning his purpose never entered his mind.

The years came and went, and Reuben was 18, when one morning in June, to Mr. Alison sitting in his study, a visitor was announced. In the parlor he found a sunburned gentleman in white flannels, who held out his hand, saying:

"I'm here, George; and I've come to ask a favor of you the first thing. My coachman gave me the slip at the last minute. Can't you tell me of some one down here that would do?"

And so it came to pass that, almost before he knew it Reuben was established as coachman and general helper to Mr. Courtenay, owner of the beautiful cottage on the hill, who chanced to be also a college friend of Mr. Alison.

"He is a boy with a career before him, I think," Mr. Alison had said. He had not told all Reub's secret, but had felt it right to say that he was an orphan, working hard for money to start in life.

Reuben's skies had never been so bright. Courtenay took the whim to offer him exceptionally good wages, and he had large margins of leisure for study. What he liked best was getting to know Courtenay, who had taken a liking to him, and let him enjoy for the first time in his life the familiar companionship of a gentleman. Sometimes he felt as if Courtenay were inviting him to speak of his future hopes, but this he shrank from doing.

One morning they were out in the yacht together. Reuben had improved wonderfully in his new life. He stood straighter and seemed more manly than ever before, and there was a happier look on his face. As he stood by the mast in his blue yachting suit, Mr. Courtenay looked at him with something like envy.

"If I weren't so fond of myself, I'd like to try being you for a while," he said at last.

Reuben laughed.

"You'd soon get tired of it. I'm a born plodder, and shall be to the end of my days."

"Plodders sometimes come out best in the end," said Courtenay, wistfully. He sat silent for a moment, with a look that suggested not entirely cheerful memories. Then he said abruptly, "My mother and sister are coming tomorrow. We will meet the boat."

"With Dick?"

"No, with the pair. Why do you ask?"

"We have never tried the new horses on the steamboat wharf, but we know they are restless," Reuben answered hesitatingly. "I think Dick would be safer."

Courtenay was on the verge of an impatient reply, but he suppressed it.

"My mother likes spirited horses, you and I will be on the front seat, and I think we can manage the blacks between us."

Clearly Reuben's only course was to obey. Morning came, and the faultlessly groomed horses were brought punctually to the door. Courtenay took the reins, and the horses trotted steadily over the road to the wharf, and stood quietly while the steamer swung slowly up to the pier.

"You see they are lambs," said Courtenay, as he handed the reins to Reuben, and went to find his guests. He soon returned with the ladies and put them into the carriage.

"I'll hold them while you look up the luggage," said Courtenay, taking the seat and handing the checks to Reuben.

Reuben turned away and was busily searching for the trunks, when suddenly the shrill whistle of the steamboat sounded. With one fiery leap upward the frightened horses started at full speed, cleared the wharf and tore down the road, Courtenay's utmost strength being powerless to control them.

The hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle is often a great convenience. Reuben sprang from the end of the wharf and dashed up the bank just in time. He flung himself at the horses' heads and allowed them to drag him while he clung to the bits. They swerved, but soon slackened, and finally stopped at the summit of a long hill, down which neither Mr. Courtenay nor the ladies would have greatly relished driving just then.

It was a poor limp creature that dropped by the roadside when the horses stopped, and one foot dragged helplessly as Courtenay put him in the carriage. The next time Reuben opened his eyes he was in his room, with the doctor bending over him.

And now came a long time of lying still, waiting for the injured ankle to grow strong. This was a new experience for Reuben the hardest he had known. But for Courtenay's sake he tried to make light of it and keep a cheerful face, though it seemed as if all his dreams and hopes were hanging in the balance. The doctor would not answer for the result unless the injured foot had perfect rest for an indefinite time—a sober outlook for a boy with Reuben's plans; and, in spite of his efforts, he grew dull and listless, and lost the elasticity so necessary for a speedy recovery.

Courtenay's remorse and uneasiness were increased by this state of affairs. One evening, as he stood by Reuben's sofa, he said:

"There's no use denying it; you have something on your mind, young man, and you must tell me what it is."

Reuben could not easily tell his plans, even to so kind a friend as Courtenay had proved; but, having made a beginning, it was a relief to go on, and he told all, from his boyish dream of an education down to the present moment, not omitting the loss of the \$50.

"So that is all that troubles you," said Courtenay. "Why, that is a matter that a stroke of a pen can set right. I was afraid it was something serious."

"But I don't want to borrow," answered Reuben. "It is easy and interesting laying up for by and by, but a debt fastened round your neck is a different thing."

Courtenay sat down by Reuben.

"Nobody said anything about borrowing," he said. "But you are just going to college as soon as you can possibly fit; and you are going to be man enough to let me help you, and throw your scruples to the winds. You know why you are lying here. You are something to me."

In a few days a college tutor took up his residence in the house; and when he had examined into Reuben's acquirements, he said there would be no difficulty about getting ready by October. Greatly to Reuben's satisfaction, the doctor thought the ankle would be strong by that time if all went well.

So Reuben worked on his sofa in good cheer. The hope and will that had been wanting before were now thoroughly awake, and from the day of his opening his heart to Courtenay he seemed a new creature.

One sultry afternoon in August, Mr. Brown appeared at the Courtenay cottage. He had with him a queer bundle wrapped in a newspaper, which he handed Reuben, saying:

"Perhaps you can throw some light on this. I can't. I was harvesting potatoes this morning and I found this in one hill. It doesn't belong to any variety that I'm acquainted with, and I brought it over as a curiosity to show you."

And there in a nest of potato rootlets lay the lost pocketbook. With eager fingers Reuben opened it. The stout leather had guarded the treasure well. Discolored and damp the bills certainly were, but quite recognizable and fit for redemption.

"Come out very well this time, Reub, and no mistake," said Mr. Brown, when he had heard the story of the loss. "But I wouldn't risk it again. Next time you have \$50 to take care of, I wouldn't deposit it in the potato field, for the chances are you might not always be so lucky."

Courtenay walked down the avenue with Mr. Brown as he went away, and they spoke together of Reuben's plans.

"I'm glad you're going to give him a lift," said Mr. Brown. "It'll save time for him; but Reub would have done it himself somehow. It's in him. When he once made up his mind it was never any sort of use to contend with him; whether 'twas a tough stump in a pasture or a contrary horse or what not, he never gave up till he'd mastered it. I've seen considerable many sorts of boys in my time," he concluded, "and Reub is the sort that gets there. You mark my words, the world will hear from Reub one of these days."—Christian Register.

Proud of His Ancestry.

First Chicken.—Mr. Speckles is very proud of his ancestry.

Second Chicken.—Yes, I hear he claims he is descended from one of the first incubators in America.—Brooklyn Eagle.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. The style of ornamentation denotes that the young woman is of marriageable age.

TROPIC FRUIT PROCESS.

A NEW SYSTEM OF EVAPORATION RECENTLY PERFECTED.

Authorities Think It Will Revolutionize the Fruit Trade—May Give to Dwellers in the Comparatively Unproductive North Blessings of the Tropical South.

The decline of the tropical regions of America has of late years been a fruitful topic of discussion. Well provided as the public has been with statistics as to the condition of those once favored countries, no one who has not seen with his eyes the present state of affairs can fully realize the change. In a land where nature is so prodigal that almost the casual thrusting of a branch into the earth insures a tree, desolation and poverty are everywhere found. The reason is plain enough; it is only the remedy that has remained a problem. The products of the tropics are gratis, and the exportation of these involves a greater risk and a larger knowledge of the subject than has been at the command of these countries. On every side there is a waste of food fairly maddening to the student of economics; but how to utilize this superabundance, how to convey it in proper shape to the millions who win only a bare sustenance from overworked soils in other countries, is the great and hitherto unsolved problem.

The solution now suggested is one which has the sanction of Australia, and this means more than appears on the surface. Whether it be because Australia has fewer lives to care for and finds them more precious, or because the authorities have less to do, cannot be now debated; but the fact is that Australians are not permitted to poison themselves with adulterated food, as is the glorious privilege of free citizens in this country. The government watches with a never sleeping eye the food which supplies the tables of the people. When, therefore, the Australian government indorses a process and gives it medals galore, it means that science has set her seal on it. The new system of fruit preservation which is now being introduced into the West Indies and Central America has and vegetables are not dried on the countries of Australasia.

The new system is one of evaporation, but the process differs from others in that it is quickly done and insures absolute cleanliness. The fruit and vegetables are not dried on the ground for days together, like figs, prunes and similar preserves. Five or six hours is all that is required to change the fruit into an article that will keep for months and years, and still preserve the original flavor—in some cases actually improve it. It is not, however, so much the mechanical process as the effect on the tropics which interests the ordinary observer, and it is in this direction that it is at present being developed.

There is no fruit in the world so easy and cheap to raise as the banana, or which contains more nutriment and can be served in a greater variety of ways. Yet there is no fruit which is so carelessly exported and the general value of which is so little understood. The banana is the main object of attack under the new evaporation system. The exporting companies use only the largest bananas, and every year thousands and thousands of bunches rot on the plantations in the tropics. The new evaporation process takes these smaller bananas and makes them into a dozen different marketable commodities. There is banana flour, to begin with, a delicacy which is used for the making of cakes, fritters and the like. There is banana prepared as a substitute (an excellent one) for citron and raisins in fruit cake. It also makes a delicate preserve not unlike and quite as delicate as figs and prunes. Banana butter is another product; this is a sort of jam, which is not unknown in tropical countries as a great delicacy rather difficult to make by the old-fashioned process. All these products can now be marketed at a small cost. The machinery is not elaborate, and the original cost of the fruit is almost nothing. It is estimated that the banana butter, for instance, can be put on the European market and sold there at less than half the price of any native condiment. To the poor of Europe, whose list of delicacies is so limited, this will be no small blessing.

The banana is not the only tropical fruit which is being treated by the new process. Any one who has lived in tropical countries knows that the negroes who are out of the track of civilization make from the cassava a kind of flour which is extremely wholesome and cheap. This is also being put up for exportation. The extremely nutritious okra (the value of which is fully realized in the tropics, where it is constantly in use as a food for invalids) is being prepared in quantities for exportation. In its canned form the okra necessarily falls to retain all its value as a food, but the evaporated vegetable has been proved by analysis to contain all the nutriment. The man who makes okra soup a standard food among the poor of any country is bestowing a permanent benefit. Sweet potato flour is also made for exportation.

The British government is just now unusually keen as to the condition of its West Indian possessions. As long as fruit is the chief product of those countries, and as long as old methods of exportation prevail, so long will the decline of the West Indies continue. Once save the enormous waste by finding a market for the innumerable products of the south, and the islands will regain their old prestige. The government of Jamaica has been interested in the evaporation question, and a favorable outcome seems probable. In Central America the process is now fully appreciated. From Santa

Tomas, Guatemala, the British army is now receiving supplies of evaporated food. The republics of Central America have all indorsed the process and are beginning to experiment on their own account. From a trade point of view the innovation is important. Fruit authorities think that it is likely to revolutionize the tropical fruit trade. Be this as it may, there is great interest in watching the attempt to give to dwellers in the comparatively unproductive north some of the blessings of the prodigal south.

A DOG'S DEVOTION.

When His Master Died He Refused to Let Any One Go Near the Body.

Another striking instance of the love of a dog for its master was given recently when preparations were made at Mount Washington for the burial of Mr. Henry Wolfe, who was found dead sitting at his table.

Mr. Wolfe lived alone and kept two watch dogs and a lot of chickens. One of the dogs was very savage and no one dared venture to the house by day or night for fear of the dog. Mr. Wolfe's chicken house needed no burglar alarm and he could retire for the night and feel perfectly easy about anything he might have about the place.

After Mr. Wolfe's death one dog—the savage one—gave every evidence of intense grief and became even more ferocious than usual, so much so, in fact, that it had to be killed before the body could be removed from the house.

A brother of Mr. Wolfe was the first caller at the house after his death, and the animal, with a terrifying growl and jaws wide open, made a leap for his throat, and would have injured him had not Patrolman Scott of Mount Washington been near by. He was finally driven off, but seemed constantly on the alert for an opportunity to attack the man. A close watch was kept on him. He was loath to leave the kitchen door and tried hard to get into the house where the lifeless body of his master was lying.

The undertaker arrived later, and about the same time Patrolman Kelly reached the place with papers from Justice Bevan of Arlington, giving authority for the removal of the body.

The presence of the undertaker's wagon seemed to work the animal up to an intense state of excitement and he got so wild that the brother of the dead man asked the patrolman to shoot him. When they went into the yard to kill him he seemed to understand their mission, and with a snarl of defiance made for his box. Patrolman Scott followed him and tried to kick a hole in the roof of the box in order to get a shot at him. The dog, apparently realizing that his end was near and that he and his friend were to be separated forever, made one final effort to take a last look at his beloved master.

He dashed out of the box, across the yard and into the kitchen before the man could realize what had happened. Patrolman Scott had hardly turned around before he was gone. Patrolman Kelly was in the kitchen and grabbed a chair, and, standing upon another chair, gave him all the room he wanted.

The animal made straight for the room in which his master was being prepared for burial by the undertaker.

The undertaker dropped everything but a hatchet and jumped upon a chair. The animal ran several times around the lifeless form of his master, whining piteously, paused awhile beside the body, as if trying to attract his master's attention, and then, with a deep growl, dashed out into the rear yard. Patrolman Kelly in the meantime had gotten out of the kitchen and was making for the road. The dog saw him and promptly made for him. The policeman turned and shot the dog in the body. Patrolman Scott was nearby with a club in one hand and his pistol in the other. He took good aim. There was a sharp, whip-like crack as the bullet sped through.

The dog fell over lifeless.—Baltimore Sun.

A New Source of Rubber.

A process for extracting rubber from the hule plant has been discovered by a Mexican living at Sierra Mojado, and a factory for this purpose has been established at San Luis Potosi. This plant is a species of sagebrush, with small leaves, which grows to a height of about three feet and is found not only in Mexico, but also in Texas, Wyoming and Nebraska. It grows in mountainous regions, and is said to contain 40 percent of rubber. The plant is first cut up by machinery and then mixed with certain chemicals in a steam jacketed tank. The product is then submitted to hydraulic pressure and run into a setting tank, where the chemicals and other waste substances are drawn off from the heavier gum, which settles at the bottom of the tank. The accounts furnished do not mention the quality of the rubber produced, but they state that while the cost of production is slight the high cost of transporting the material is a serious difficulty.

Spiritualists in France.

The first chamber of the appeal court has just given a decision which is of considerable interest to spiritualists. Madame Rivall, widow of Allan Kardec, left a will bequeathing her considerable fortune to a Spiritualistic society and persons connected with that belief. The will was attacked by Madame Rivall's natural heirs, and the court has given a verdict in their favor, annulling the will leaving the money to the Spiritualistic society because it is a society which has been effectively declared null and void in the eyes of the law.—Paris Correspondence London Standard.



Domestic Pets.

Once a pet has been admitted into the house somebody must be entrusted with its care. Bird, cat or dog, if it be under the roof, its meals, its bed, its bath, its drinking water and its daily comfort are matters as essential as the comfort of the children. We are not obliged to have pets, but if we adopt them we have a right to our thoughtful care.—Collier's Weekly.

A Clever Woman's Idea.

A clever and resourceful woman, who objected to the woodwork in her bedroom, desired white paint in place of the highly glazed pine, but, alas! it was too expensive so she determined to have the woodwork painted leaf green. She faced the walls with a white paper bespangled with purple lilac, calcimining the ceiling white. The furniture, save the bed, which is brass, she painted green, two shades lighter than the woodwork. The dressing bureau, which is constructed from a kitchen table, is all in white, white dotted muslin over white cambric. The floor is covered with a matting and in it is placed a square rug made of ingrain carpet in soft greens, with a narrow border in the same tones. Muslin curtains screen the windows, which are furnished with cushions covered with dark green satin. This same woman has just re-decorated the dining-room in her small apartments. The woodwork is stained to look like antique oak. On the walls is a plain yellow cartridge paper. A shelf runs around two sides of the room on a line with the tops of the doors. On this are placed blue and white plates, mugs and tankards. At the windows are blue linen draperies embroidered, or rather appliqued, with a 12-inch band of openwork linen. A blue and white cotton rug almost completely covers the floor.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Care of Chamois Leather.

Chamois leathers are really almost everlasting if properly treated. If they are carelessly put away, after being wrung out, for instance, without being stretched, they will naturally harden, and soon wear out, but if laid or hung flat, and only used for one particular purpose, they will never prove an expensive item in housekeeping. The smallest amount of grease makes a leather useless for window (or plate) cleaning.

The best way to wash them is as follows: Dissolve a little soda in warm water, and after rubbing some soft soda well into the leather soak it for two hours, covering up the pan. Move the leather about, and rub it very gently; when it is clean, rinse with a slight lather of soap in a weak solution of soap and warm water; wring tightly in a rough towel, and dry quickly in the sun, or not too near a fire, pulling the leather about in all directions at first and stretching it into shape; when it is dry brush it well on both sides. Or make a hot lather with soap, and when it is lukewarm wash the leather in which a little soap has been previously dissolved; squeeze the leather gently, without really wringing it, pin it on to a clean towel, spread it on a rack, and then dry it quickly before a fire, rubbing it softly every now and then with the palms of the hands to prevent it hardening.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Cottage Cheese—Take sour milk and let it get scalding hot; strain through a fine sieve; season the curd with butter, pepper and cream.

Okra and Tomatoes—Stew together equal quantities of okra and tomatoes, sliced, and half as much sliced onion as you had of okra. Add green peppers if liked, and season with butter, pepper and salt.

Spaghetti With Tomato.—Plunge the ends of a handful of spaghetti in boiling, salted water. As it softens bend and coil it round the kettle. Cover and cook 20 minutes or till tender. Drain, return to the kettle, add one cup tomato sauce or enough to moisten the spaghetti, one-third cup grated cheese, a dash of paprika and one tablespoon butter. Let it simmer till sauce is about absorbed, then serve.

French Rolls.—One quart of sifted flour loosely measured, a little salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder; mix thoroughly together while dry; then add enough sweet milk, or milk and water, to make a slack dough. Roll out thin and cut into circular pieces with teacup or cutter; then put a small lump of butter into the centre of each piece and fold the dough over it like turnovers. Bake immediately.

Cream Puffs.—One-third cup of butter melted in one cup of hot water; put in a small tin pan on the stove to boil; while boiling, stir in one cup of flour; take off, and let cool; when cold, stir in three eggs, one after the other, without beating. Drop on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven 20 to 30 minutes. Filling.—One cup of milk, one egg, one-half cup sugar; thicken with cornstarch and flavor with vanilla.