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if the United States, exclusive of Alaska and island territory, were as densely populated as Belgium, it is stated that the number of inhabitants would be 1,776,060,000.

A Russian writer discusses the origin of the Finns, whom he believes to be the remains of the aboriginal inhabitants, and not, as is generally held, a branch of the Ugrian race who had migrated from the east.

In discussing the development of the automobile attention has been largely directed to its possible displacement of the horse in vehicles used for urban purposes. The possible competition of such vehicles with the present street cars, however, appears to have received little attention. It is plainly obvious that the perfection of a small but powerful storage battery for automobiles, such as Mr. Edison is now engaged upon, and the consequent introduction of smooth pavements in city streets, must necessarily affect the traction question in all the larger cities. Will the perfected automobile, with smoothly paved streets, drive the tram car with its fixed tracks from a city thoroughfares?

The publication in England of such little incidents as the following will do more to turn the English against any possible scheme of conscription for her army than columns of scientific and economic arguments. In Paris there lives a widow who had two sons. One of them was a cripple, and the other, a capable workman, supported the family. Last fall the latter was taken away to serve his term in the army, and the mother, who was nearly blind, was compelled to make out as well as she could. During the recent cold spell she broke down completely, and she and her cripple son nearly starved. One day she complained more bitterly than usual against the conscription laws which compelled the younger son to serve, although so far as supporting the family was concerned he was really the elder, who, in the case of having a widowed mother, is exempt. She went out to get some work, and when she returned she discovered that the cripple had killed himself in order that his brother might take his place as the head of the family and support his mother.

Dangerous Mattresses.
When the Health Department of the large cities are searching for the unsanitary it would be well to look into the methods of the cheap mattress makers. An excelsior mattress, which is the cheapest thing on the market to-day, has usually an outer layer of shoddy, an dith shoddy is about the worst possible material that can be found, produced by a rag-picking machine which grinds up about the filthiest rags that the dirtiest ragpickers may gather. Imagine its character when it is sold for one and a half cents a pound. These rags possess the disease germs of nearly every complaint that can be found in our large cities. To be sure, in the manufacture of other fabrics a great deal of shoddy is used, but it is thoroughly dyed and disinfected, but the stuff used in many of the cheap mattresses is invariably in its natural and most virulent state and a crying menace to life. It is the opinion of a man closely identified with this trade that it is a subject for the health authorities to investigate.—New York Upholsterer.

The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot and one-half inch, and the average height is five feet five inches.

The Kolost volcano at Batavia, Java, is in eruption. It is reported that a large number of natives in the Bitar district have been killed by the lava. A heavy rain of cinders fell, covering six districts, including Samarang, Kediri and Surakarta.

Last year the Pacific Coast salmon pack reached 3,215,860 cases, the largest pack on record.

A Modest Man's Heroism.

Story of the Rescue of Seal Hunters Lost in an Ice Pack.

When we had come to anchor in Trinity bay and all the sails were safely stowed, the captain of our yacht proposed that we should go ashore and see the celebrated Comeau fish. Bob, my companion asked, "Celebrated for what?" "Oh! for several things," replied the captain. "He is a most extraordinary man in his many acquirements and knowledge. Born and brought up on this coast, he has passed all his life here, with the exception of the three years his father was able to send him to school, but those three years he made use of to lay the foundation of a wonderful store of practical knowledge. His schooling, as I have said, was but the foundation; by reading and observation he has added to it a marvelous way.

From his early training and the life of every one on the coast, it would go without saying that he knows how to shoot, but he is more than a good shot, he is a "deadly" shot. Anything he aims his gun at that is within shooting distance is dead. As a salmon fisher, no crack angler who visits these rivers can hope to compete with him. "As a linguist he can speak, read and write in French, English, Latin and Indian; besides this, he can talk rapidly in the dumb alphabet. He holds the position of telegraph operator at Trinity, also of postmaster and fishery overseer, and besides, when anything goes wrong with the lines for 200 miles east or west, the department immediately wires him to go and fix them up.

"He has more than a fair knowledge of medicine for one who derived all his insight from reading alone. Last summer all along the coast, among both whites and Indians. Here with a population of 150, two-thirds of whom were down, Comeau, who attended them, did not lose one patient, while at Bersimis, where the department sent a full-fledged M. D., there were 39 burials out of a population of 450.

"You may be sure the poor people all along the coast love him." So the boat was lowered away, and the captain, Bob and I rowed ashore to see this paragon. From the outside look of the place I could see the man was one of good taste and orderly. The knock at the door was answered by Comeau himself. The captain was personally acquainted with him and introduced us before we entered. I must say I was disappointed. One always is when he has pictured a person in his mind's eye and finds that in reality he is quite a different kind of person.

I had looked for Comeau to be a large man and a boisterous one from his position of superiority over others. On the contrary, I found him below the medium, a quiet, low-voiced man, reserved almost to shyness. I saw at once he was a great observer, one who would make deductions from specks invisible to ordinary people; or, in other words, he could put two and two together and dovetail them better than most men.

We were ushered into a large, clean, airy room, in the middle of which sat a very good-looking lady in a roomy rocker, with a child on each knee. If Comeau himself is reserved and not inclined to talk, his wife can do enough for both. She excused herself for not rising when her husband introduced us. Nodding down at her babies, she said: "You see, I am fixed." One could see she is a proud mother—they were twins; this she told us before we were seated, and she further informed us that they were the only twins on the Labrador. So she is celebrated also.

When we got fairly settled in Comeau's den, the conversation naturally drifted into hunting and fishing. Bob made some inquiries about the pools on the Trinity. To make his explanations clear, Comeau pulled out a drawer of photographic views of the river. In rummaging these over, he cast aside a gold medal. "Excuse me," I said, reaching over and taking up the medal. On it I read engraved: "Presented to N. A. Comeau by R. H. S. for Bravery in Saving Life."

Upon my asking him to recount the circumstances, he blushed and looked quite confused, and said: "Oh! it was nothing worth speaking of, but I suppose people talked so much about it that they gave me that token. It was nothing more than any man would have done, and this was all we could get from him unless we carried persistency to an ungentlemanly degree. After having spent a very pleasant hour we returned on board, and the captain told us the story that the hero himself would not.

Two years before, one day in January, Comeau arrived home from the back country to find that two men had that day while seal hunting off shore been driven off the coast toward the ice pack in the gulf. One of the men was Comeau's own brother-in-law and the other a half-breed. In spite of the supplications of his wife and the persuasions of the other individuals of the place, Comeau set about preparations to follow them out to sea. He asked no one to accompany him.

The wind all the afternoon had been steadily off shore and was now moderately calm. He took with him some restoratives, provisions, a lantern, a couple of blankets, his rifle and ammunition and what else useful he could think of in his hurry. The ice pack was then about 10 miles off the land, and he reasoned the men must be on the ice, if large and strong enough, or

in among it if in small cakes, the latter being much more dangerous.

From Trinity to Matane in a direct line the distance is 45 miles, and to push out in a frail, wooden canoe alone and the darkness coming on in the back gulf in mid-winter required a brave man with extraordinary nerve to dare it, and this Comeau did.

Three minutes after pushing out from the beach, canoe and man were swallowed up in the darkness. The next the people of Trinity heard of him was a telegraphic message on the second day after. It read: "Matane, All three alive. Joseph, hands frozen; Simon, both feet frozen badly."

This message was to his family, but the Matane people sent a much longer one to the government, giving the facts, describing the hardships these men had come through, and a special train was sent down with the best surgeon from Quebec. On the surgeon's arrival at Matane a consultation was held with the country practitioner, when it was decided that the man, Joseph, would have to lose two fingers on each hand and Simon both feet.

The amputation was successfully carried out next day, and shortly after, when Comeau saw both men well on recovery, he started for his home, not, however, by the way he had come, but up to Quebec by the south shore and down the north shore from Quebec, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The last 100 he made on snowshoes.

The captain told us that the description of this very venturesome trip he had heard from Comeau's own brother as the elder one had described it in the heart of his own family. He had reached the ice pack, to the best of his judgment, about 15 miles from the land, and had remained on his oars and hallooed once or twice without receiving an answer. He suddenly perceived himself of the lantern. This he lit and lashed to the blade of one of the oars, and erected it aloft. Immediately a faint cry was heard to the eastward, and he lowered his light and pulled away in the direction whence the call appeared to come. After rowing for a short time the lantern was waved again above and this time an answering shout came from close at hand.

The two poor fellows were some distance in the pack, and had got on the largest cake they could find. They were sitting there helpless, holding on each by one hand to the rough surface of the ice, and with the other to their canoe to keep it from being washed off.

By the aid of the lantern held aloft, Comeau saw there was a much larger cake of ice some distance farther in the pack. To this they made their way with laborious trouble. Pushing one canoe as far ahead among the ice as possible, they would all three get into this, shove the other in advance in the same way, and so repeating the process till they reached the solid field. Once safely on this, for the meantime, secure place, food was partaken of and daylight waited for.

Soon, however, the intense cold began to make itself felt, and drowsiness was first taking hold of the two men, and their great wish was to be left alone and allowed to sleep. This Comeau knew if indulged meant death, and it took all his efforts to keep them awake and moving about. Once, while attending to the half-breed, his brother-in-law dropped down and was fast asleep in an instant. Comeau boxed him, kicked him, without having the desired effect of rousing him from his stupor. At last he bethought him of what an old Indian had done to him under somewhat similar circumstances. He caught the man's nose between the thumb and finger and tweaked it severely. This brought him to his feet and mad to fight.

Day was now breaking and they could see the south shore at a computed distance of 10 miles. Comeau also saw that the ice pack was drifting steadily east, and this, if they remained on the ice, would carry them past Cap Chat, the most northern point of the south coast, and this meant death to a certainty.

A rapid train of thought went through Comeau's brain. He decided that if saved they were to be, it must be by passing over that 10 miles of moving, grinding ice. He forced some food on the others. They abandoned the roll of blankets, which had been of no use to them, and started, using the canoes see-saw fashion, as they had done the night before. They left the cake of ice upon which they had passed the night at 8 a. m., and only got ashore at the extreme point of Cap Chat at daylight next morning. At times they would come across narrow lanes of water, but these lanes always ran at right angles to the direction in which they were going. Several times, when stopping upon what was considered a strong piece of ice, one of the party would be immersed in the cold, cruel water, and be rescued with great trouble and danger to the others.

What a picture of heart-felt prayer offering it must have been to have seen those men kneeling on the ice-bound shore, pouring out their thanks to the ever-watchful Almighty who had brought them safely through such dangers.

Eol, who had taken down the captain's narrative in shorthand, gave me his notes and I give the story of adventure and heroism to the public. Comeau is well-known by most of the members of the Forest and Stream clubs of New York and Montreal.—Martin Hunter in Forest and Stream.

ROUEN'S OVERHEAD FERRY.

How a French City Solved a Rapid Transit Problem.

Just now, when so much is being said of bridges and tunnels between Manhattan and Brooklyn, it is interesting to note how the city of Rouen, in France, has solved for itself, at least, the problem of trans-river communication. The city lies on the Seine, but a short distance from the sea, and many of the conditions there are similar to those prevailing in the North and East rivers here. In the first place, the Seine is very busy with shipping, and the chief aim of the engineers was to build a bridge that would least interfere with navigation. A draw was considered impracticable because of the delay that would follow its frequent opening and shutting, and a bridge 150 feet above water, so as to clear all shipping, was held to be too costly on account of the approaches.

So the engineers planned an overhead ferry, or, as they call it, a "pont transbordeur," which is described in a report just made by the American vice-consul at Rouen. The structure is of especial interest as being the first of its kind, though the principle has been used before in some very small bridges. The essential part of the system may be described as a horizontal railway supported by a bridge spanning the channel and built up at such a height as will allow the tallest-masted vessels frequenting the channel to pass beneath. The platform of the bridge carries the lines of rails over which a carriage on small wheels rolls, the number of wheels varying with the weight to be carried. The rollers are connected with a movable frame under the line of rails, which may freely move in a longitudinal direction quite close to the platform and from one end to the other of same. In order to make this vehicle of practical use, iron rods or cables are attached to the frame above mentioned, the object of these being to carry a platform or carrier from shore to shore, hanging at the same level as that of the quays on each bank but in any case above high water and the reach of waves.

There is thus a little railway for crossing the river, with this difference, that the body of the vehicle, instead of being above the rails and wheels as usual, is some 140 or 160 feet below these. It possesses, nevertheless, the speed and regularity of motion which can be obtained on any straight and horizontal railway line, with the advantage that, thanks to its long suspension, this new kind of wagon enjoys a smoother motion than the best railway coaches.

Any kind of motive power may be used to move the car, cable driven by steam, compressed air, gas, or, better still, electricity. But in the last case the dynamo, instead of being erected on shore, as the steam-engine, is preferably placed on the movable frame, which it carries along with itself by means of a pinion working into the teeth of a rack fixed to the bridge.—New York Post.

Our Crowd Civilization.

Our civilization is a crowd civilization, says Gerald Stanley Lee, in the Atlantic. The only beauty of art or life that such a civilization can produce must be produced by making the crowd beautiful. The crowd can only be made beautiful by the great man in it. A man can only be great in it by being a two-world man, an artist. He can only be a great artist by possessing and expressing the New Testament temperament, the temperament of the great novelist, making the crowd beautiful by being a crowd in himself. In its last analysis, the solution of the crowd is the practical man in it; that is, the diviner, the interpreter of persons. He sees so much that he makes us all see. He is the lifter of the horizons in which we live our lives. He is the man whose seeing is so deep a seeing that it is a kind of colossal doing—which goes about amongst us, world-making with his eyes. He gazes on each of us through the world's heart. He is the eye of a thousand years. It takes a thousand years for the world to make him, and when he is made, he makes the world for a thousand years. Men shall be born, through their days and die, that the visions of a man like this may be lived upon the platform of the earth. History is the long slow pantomime acted by all of us—now in sorrow, and now in joy—the dreams of a man like this. We cannot escape him. He is universal. Only by being out of the universe can we escape him. The stars are his footlights. We are born in the cast of his dreams. He is the playwright over us all.

How Chicago Does It.

"Say, pal, me name's Clety Donahue from St. Louis, an' I want de price for a sun'wich."

The tramp, named Micky, was the dirtiest ever, and looked hungry, so the reporter "dug down."

"Dis is a heap diffrent town dan Chicago," continued Micky, "an' de hoboos don't get such a heap here. Dere's so many of 'em down in Ch' dat a man like dis guy can't get room to sleep. I can't go dat town, dat's a fac'."

"De coppers in Ch' is wise in one ting, dough. Dey don't trouble dereelves wid de hoboos. I got to de Halstead street police station one night, an' dey had a hobo lodgin' house an' dere. Dere was about 300 of de tramps dere. De wise coppers got one easy hobo to do all de work. Dey gives him one meal a day, and fur dat he has t' scrub out de point, and write down in de hotel register de names of all de boys dat comes in dere to sleep. Dat's a great hotel. He gets lots of fellows in dat joint of his'n, but he has t' hustle fur two meals a day like de res' of us."—Milwaukee Sentinel.



To Soften the Hands Quickly.

First wash them in tepid water till every vestige of dirt is removed. Then, before drying, well rub in glycerine and lemon juice mixed in equal proportions. Thoroughly dry with a soft towel, then quickly wash again with cold water and any good soap, keeping them in the water as short a time as possible. Again dry thoroughly and powder with oatmeal.

The New Frames.

Photograph frames of old brocade and embroidered silks are usurping the place of the long-loved gold, gilt or Dresden frames. One intended for a little child's portrait is worth describing. It is a large panel size in pale blue satin. Up the right side is a tall, dark pine, of which the long trunk, the cones and branches are existentially embroidered in natural colors, and right across the other side is a flight of doves in white silk and silver thread with tiny ruby eyes.

Newest Bed Sets.

The very newest wrinkle in bed sets is to match the chintz or cretonne window hangings and furniture covering, a regie for bedroom use at the present time. This is done by cutting off the largest and most prominent blossom of its huge floral design and applying them in border fashion to a white centre of a material like plush or velvet. As the cutting must be done by hand its attendant expense keeps the idea desirably exclusive, the nearest approach to it being a printed border which much of the original effect is lost.

To Brighten Carpets.

When a carpet begins to lose its colors, if warm water and ammonia are at once applied they will restore them. Apply as follows: Into a pailful of warm water put about three or four tablespoonfuls of ammonia, and with a soft flannel cloth dipped in this ammonia water go over the entire carpet, rubbing vigorously. As each portion of the carpet within your reach is washed, rub it dry with another cloth. When the entire carpet is gone over, open windows and doors and let the carpet dry and air thoroughly. This treatment will be found to have effectually renovated the carpet, except it contains shades of green which will not bear ammonia (it is well to try a small portion of the carpet first), in which case dry salt well rubbed in and then vigorously swept out will freshen and help its appearance.—American Queen.

How to Buy Beef.

Among meats beef leads off as the most expensive; but it is also the most nourishing for people in good health. Porterhouse and sirloin steaks and the rib roasts are the choice for general family use. Fillets for roasting and steaks cut in a special way are much higher in price, and are not seen on the average table. Hotels and restaurants have them always on hand, and they really are not so expensive in such cases, where all the buying is done on a very large scale, thus reducing the price of every pound. If the housekeeper of small or average means will adopt this perfect plan of purchasing her meats in fairly large quantities she will reduce her butcher's bill perceptibly, and at the same time give her family better cuts and more. If this is bought from what is known to the butcher as "the best part of the small of the back" the housekeeper will have the best cuts for her table at a very moderate cost.—Mary Graham, in the Woman's Home Companion.



Orange Fritters—Peel and quarter the oranges, remove the seeds and all the extra outside skin; make a batter of two eggs, one tablespoonful of olive oil, one teaspoonful of sugar, one cupful of flour, half a cupful of cold water. Roll the oranges in sugar, dip them immediately into the batter and fry in hot fat.

Coffee Cake—One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter and sweet lard mixed, one cup of clear, strong coffee, five cups of flour. No eggs. One cup of stoned raisins, one cup of dried currants, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and beaten in very thoroughly the last thing. No spice.

Ox Eyes—Cut off pieces of bread two inches thick from a long loaf, round, trim off crust, scoop out a portion from the centre of each piece and then place in a deep buttered dish. For each three pieces beat well two eggs, three-fourths of a cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Baste the bread with this liquid until it is all absorbed then break an egg into each cavity and bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle each egg with a pinch of salt.

Apple Salad—Shred very fine one good sized sweet apple, removing the core and ends. Break a head of lettuce into a salad bowl and slice over it six crisp, tart apples. Long narrow slices are most attractive. Sprinkle the chopped pepper evenly among the apples. Dress with two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, six tablespoonfuls of oil and one tablespoonful of salt. Mix well, pour over the salad, stir lightly and serve.

FAIRLY EAT QUININE.

Foreigners in Mexico Who Keep Full of the Drug All the Time.

"The quantity of quinine taken by foreigners on the southeast coast of Mexico is something simply incredible," said a resident of this city who is interested in coffee culture in the sister republic. "There is a general belief among the American and English all through that region that the drug is necessary for the preservation of life, and they keep full of it from one year's end to another. The first time I visited the coast I stopped at Frontera, the first port east of Vera Cruz, and as soon as our ship docked it was boarded by a tall, sallow man, who turned out to be an American engineer, in charge of a big sugar plant up the country. He made a bee line for the purser, 'Hello! Billy!' he said: 'did you bring that quinine?' 'Sure,' replied the purser, and diving into his cabin he came out with an armful of tin boxes, about the size of tea canisters, and japanned green. Each of them held a pound of quinine. I never saw it put up that way before and, naturally, I was surprised.

"I soon scraped an acquaintance with the engineer and made bold to inquire what in the world he wanted with such a supply. 'Are you getting it on a speculation?' I asked with a vague idea that it might be intended for some Mexican army contractor. He laughed heartily. 'Speculation nothing!' said he; 'this all goes to our little colony of Americans back in the interior, and it won't last very long, either.' With that he drew a pen-knife from his pocket, opened a blade that had been ground off round, like a spatula, and thrust it into one of the cans. He brought out a flaky, white mass—enough to heap a teaspoon—put it on his tongue and swallowed it like so much sugar. 'Have you any idea how many grains you are taking?' I asked in amazement. 'Only approximately,' he replied carelessly; 'a man quits weighing quinine after he has been down here a few months.' That was my first encounter with a bona fide quinine-eater, the coffee planter went on, 'but I met plenty of them afterward. They generally keep the stuff in rubber tobacco pouches, to protect it from perspiration, and when they feel like taking a dose they dig in, with one of those spatulated knives that they all carry and swallow as much as they see fit. As they go entirely by guess, it is hard to say how much will be eaten in the course of a day, but I have weighed the amount that can be lifted on the ordinary knife blade and found it to range between 25 and 50 grains. You see, quinine is as compressible as cotton, and two wads of it that look about the same size will vary a 100 percent in weight. One would suppose, as a matter of course, that such enormous quantities of the drug would produce an intolerable ringing in the head; but, strange to say, they do nothing of the kind. The average white man down there who keeps under the influence all the time, experiences nothing except a slight feeling of exhilaration—at least so I was assured by dozens of habitués. Whether the use of the stuff is of any real benefit is something I am sceptical about. I never took a grain of it myself, and I was the only man on our plantation who didn't have a touch of fever.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Chessmen of Human Bones.

Living chess lost its novelty years ago, and men have played the Royal game with pieces carved from most inanimate objects, mounted and adorned with the jewels of the world; but it has probably been left to the close of the 19th century for a set of men to be carved out of the bones of a devotee to the game, and to be finally offered as a prize to the world at large. It occurred to a Herr Bredwitz, who being bequeathed of his bones to a Parisian maker of chess figures, to be converted into men with the most elaborate carvings it was possible to execute, the bones of the arms and hands being utilized for this purpose, a sufficient sum of money being left. In his disposition he arranged that the set should become the property of one who was making an unusual stir in the chess world at the time, and two friends were named to see that the strange bequest was duly executed. At the time when the set was completed, Mme. Antoinette Trebelli, the well-known prima donna, demonstrated that she fulfilled the conditions indicated, and the judges were at last compelled to admit the peculiar set had been won by the popular singer. Mme. Trebelli is exceedingly proud of her latest acquisition. She permits her personal friends to inspect the treasure, but one must have an international reputation as a chessman to be permitted to handle the set. Each man is provided with a special velvet pocket where he reposes when not in use, the complete set forming one of the most cherished possessions of the prima donna.

Has Eaten 200,000 Hot Biscuits.

Emporia, Kan., is proud of one of its citizens, Jess Powell, because he worked on the farm owned by President McKinley's father and labored many days with the president cutting weeds, pitching hay, plowing corn and chopping wood. Mr. Powell is 70 and is in the best of health. He attributes this to a hot biscuits, which he has eaten once a day all his life. He sat in a grocery store in Emporia the other day and figured out that he had devoured 200,000 hot biscuits in his life. He insists that doctors who inveigh against hot biscuits don't know what they are talking about.

Idleness quickens the perception. The man out of work will grasp any situation.