

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY.
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12 1/2 cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.
BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The most potent ally of peace at the present time is the deplorable financial condition of Russia.

Civilization seems to consist too largely in the expensive conservation of many useless lives and the wanton destruction of many useful ones.

After forty-seven years a fortune has come to an Ohio veteran for saving a woman's life. Bread will occasionally get a little water-soaked before returning to the caster.

A school teacher in Nebraska recently saved thirteen of her pupils from drowning. This is one of those little things that the superstition monger never remembers long.

Considering the immense number of failures that occur in the attempted assassinations of European royalties, one must conclude that either the assassins are bad shots or the royalists are poor targets.

The recent census of India shows that Bengal, which has an area of 203,473 square miles—one-quarter less than the area of Texas—has a population of 74,712,000, which is equal to that of the United States.

Attention has been drawn to the fact that the British Foreign Office is in the way of talking about "American subjects." Not since the time of King George III. have there been any "subjects" in these parts. So there is little excuse for the slip.

Some fifty years back Bohemia was leading in nearly all kinds of glass-ware, from the cheap grades up to the very best and finest, and it was hardly thought possible that these products would ever have to fear a competitor. To-day Germany has almost surpassed her rival.

One of the most perplexing positions in which a criminal jury ever finds itself is when the jurymen really believe that the prisoner is guilty, but are not sure of it. In a recent case in Georgia the jury solved the difficulty by bringing in this verdict: "We, the jury, find the prisoner almost guilty."

It is the history of all navy building in modern times that a ship has been already commissioned before it begins to be old style. The style in battle-ships changes almost as rapidly as in the cut of dress sleeves. The thicker and tougher armor is made the greater becomes the piercing power of projectiles. The two things constantly lap and overlap one another—offense growing as fast as defense is perfected. Hence the enormous expense, not so much of building a modern navy, but of keeping it up to date.

For many years painstaking physicians have sought diligently to get at the secret of the origin of cancer, that frightful and malignant scourge of humanity. It is reported with reasonable ground for belief that this mystery has been unveiled at last by persistent researches with the microscope and by the most exhaustive of tests. And there are stories also of successful treatment of cancer by the use of the Roentgen rays. If this revolting malady is to be made amenable to treatment at last, as the mortality of diphtheria has been diminished so extensively by the use of antitoxin, great will be the rejoicing.

SOME ONE BLUNDERED.
Jack's father and mother were having a very heated discussion at the table one day. They entirely forgot him, and, as the argument waxed fiercer, he looked from one to the other with real concern on his chubby face. Presently, during a lull, he cleared the air by asking, pointedly: "Papa, did you marry mamma, or did mamma marry you?"—Brooklyn Life.

THE RICHEST PRIZE.

Manifold is human strife,
Human passion, human pain;
Many a blessing yet is rife,
Many pleasures still remain;
Yet the greatest bliss in life,
And the richest prize we find,
Is a good, contented mind.
—Goethe.

Senor Tuk-yoo.

Vividly do the terrors of prison solitude appeal to the imagination—the rarely broken silence, the long, dragging hours, the anxious waiting for the footsteps of the attendant who brings the scanty meals, and the nameless dread as night approaches, and fainter grow the feeble rays of light straggling in through the gratings of the window.

Although a year has passed since my release, I shudder even now as my memory wanders back to the time when those horrors were no matter of imagination to me, but grim reality. Amid the gloom of those recollections, however, there shines out brightly one little gleam that still leaves a grateful warmth in my heart. It is with a regretful longing that I fancy seeing him now, my little prison comrade, standing before me, and sweetly warbling his name: "Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo-o-o." God bless him!

But I forget—you have not the pleasure of his acquaintance (all the worse for you), and an explanation is necessary.

Over a year ago it was my fate to be a captive in the hands of the Filipino insurgents, and an unsuccessful attempt at escape had brought upon me the punishment of solitary confinement in an out-of-the-way room of an old Spanish convent. Hardly large enough to pace up and down in, my cell offered no other amusements than staring at a blank wall outside the window, or lying on a small iron bedstead, gazing at the ceiling, contemplating the spiders at work weaving their webs. Down below echoed the never-ceasing "tramp-tramp" and "shuffle-shuffle" of the barefooted sentry, with an occasional "Alto!" as he challenged some passer-by. My God! the torturing inactivity! Only a book, or even a pencil, with which to scribble on the walls—yes, even a child's top to play with!

The misery of that first night will never be forgotten. Sometimes I fell into fitful dozes, only to awake again with a weight upon my chest, as if some goblin in the darkness sat there. At last I slept. Suddenly I awoke with a violent start. I seemed to have heard the unearthly shriek of some demon of the spirit world, and springing up into a sitting position, I listened, my forehead wet with beads of perspiration. Again came the voice, fearfully loud and distinct, "Tuk-yoo, tuk-yoo, tuk-yoo-o-o-o-o," ending up with a low purr.

With a long sigh of relief, I reached for my matches, for the voice, if voice I may call it, was familiar; I had heard it before. Who in the Philippines has not? Striking a light, I beheld the midnight vocalist sitting on the table, glaring at me with indignant eyes. Evidently he regarded my presence in this long-deserted room as an intrusion upon his privacy.

In aspect he was far from prepossessing, seeming to be, in fact, a cross between a dragon and a crocodile, and quite as terrible to look at, poor fellow, until you learned to know him and he you. His one redeeming feature was his size, which scarcely exceeded that of a mouse, and this seemed in a measure to mitigate the ferocity of his appearance.

"Hello!" I cried; "who are you?"
No answer; he only advanced a step or two and glared at me menacingly. Either he failed to understand English or my familiar tone displeased him. Again I addressed him, this time in Spanish, and with a pronounced air of respect:

"Buenas noches, senor; will you honor me with your name?"
These words produced some effect. His throat swelled until it seemed ready to burst.

"Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo!" he shouted, explosively, with a final whirr that seemed to say, "That's my name; how do you like it?"

As so we continued conversing until my supply of matches was almost exhausted, when, with a loud good-night "tuk-yoo" and a whisk of his scaly little whip of a tail, he disappeared.

Next morning, as I sat eating my breakfast, wondering if I should ever again see my little midnight visitor, he suddenly appeared on the window sill with a loud shout, which I interpreted as "Good morning."

"Ah, good morning, Senor Tuk-yoo," I cried; "how do you find yourself this morning. Will you join me at breakfast?"

No, he wouldn't join me—had already had his breakfast, he gave to understand quite expressively in his native dialect of "tuk-yoo." He seemed now to accept my presence with equanimity; perhaps it was even with a shade of interest that he listened to my conversation, for the volley of "tuk-yoo's" that emanated from his little yellow breast seemed distinctly to say:

"Well, you're not such a bad chap, after all, and, demme, I rather like you. You're sociable, at all events, and I guess I'll let you stay here. Well, so long, old man—I'll be back about dinner time." And off he went down a crack in the wall.

And so we came to know each other. The hours no longer dragged, and

night had for me no more horrors, for it was then that my little friend would often call on me:

"Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo-o. I say, old man, how are you?—sleep, eh? Go away; you shan't sleep when I'm around."

"Come, come, my friend," I would answer playfully, not in the least meaning what I said, "it's time all respectable lizards were asleep."

"Tuk-yoo! do you call me a lizard? I am Tuk-yoo—Tuk-yoo—that's my name, and don't you forget it. Tuk-yoo-o-o—that's the correct pronunciation."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Senor Tuk-yoo-o-o of course I meant no offence, and then he would crawl up into my hand, laughing boisterously at the joke.

Often, during the day, especially when eating my meals, he would bounce up from apparently nowhere, and seat himself on the end of his tail beside my plate.

"Hello, old chap, what you got for dinner? Rice, eh?" nibbling a few grains from my hand—"rice again, eh? Why, how can you sit there eating rice, with the window full of nice fat flies!" and off he would scurry to the window for his dinner.

One day I missed Senor Tuk-yoo. Evening came, and still he failed to show up. My anxiety was great. Next morning, as I sat mourning the loss of my beloved little companion, he suddenly made his appearance on the sill with a loud, joyful shriek of greeting. God! how happy I was! I would have embraced him at once had our respective sizes permitted it.

But he was not alone.
"Allow me to present to you Madame Tuk-yoo, my lady," he said.

I bowed very respectfully, and Madame, a demure little thing in green and yellow, received my salutation with a low, gurgling "Tuk-yoo."

"We were married yesterday," he observed, with a sly wink at me of his off eye from Madame, "and we think of setting up our household in the neighborhood here—in fact, we three should be as one family. Well, by, old man lots of work now and less play, but we'll make you a regular call this evening sorry you can't return our calls, you big, hulking fellow!"

And so they left me to take up their new duties. Sly little Madame Tuk-yoo!—the way she took the gay jumps out of her rollicking mate, and didn't know how she did it!

"Great responsibilities—hard on a gay young fellow like me," he would often remark to me. "Here I have to catch the flies for both of us, and later on when the family comes—oh, don't say a word!"

So time passed—minutes, hours, days and weeks. Of nights I would lie in bed conversing with my two little friends—they sitting on my shoulder or on my arm, and sometimes crawling up into my hair. Then the officer of the guard, hearing the sound of a voice, would sometimes open the door, strike a match, look around, shake his head, and withdraw again, muttering: "Esta loco ese—loco—loco" (mad—mad).

But one day a crisis came. "Brr-o-o-m, brr-o-o-m!" roared the guns of the bombarding warships; shells cracked overhead, crashing into roofs, and the town fell. Liberty! Hurrah! Liberty at last! and, with the insurgents fleeing and the Americans entering, what wonder if, for a short time, I forgot my two little comrades?

Not for long, however. After the tumult came the calm, and then I thought of my little cellmates. But—where were they? I was to go to Manila. Closing the door of the room—no longer a prisoner—I softly called: "Tuk-yoo—tuk-yoo-o-o."

In a moment came an answer, and I held them in my hand.
"Good-by, little comrades; you have been dear friends to me, but now we must part. Good-by!"

Softly I pressed them to my cheek, and then set them gently down in their own little corner by the window. They were as motionless as stone.

"Good-bye," I whispered again, as I held the door, about to close it—"good-by."

Still no answer.
Then, as I softly closed it, I heard them:

"Tuk-yoo-o-o-o-yoo-o-o-o-o-o-o," faintly, barely audible, like the cooing of doves.—A. Sonnenchen, in Harper's Weekly.

Racing Autos
"It is a curious thing to see a racing automobile in full career, its chauffeur arrayed in leather cap and jerkin, with black goggles over his eyes, bent forward so as to offer the least resistance to the wind. While rounding curves at top speed he may be seen leaning far inward so as to offset the effect of centrifugal force. The automobile, it must be remembered, is unprovided with any means of counteracting the effect of centrifugal force. When a railway rounds a curve the inner rail is slightly raised, so as to incline the cars with in that curve. The wheels are held on the trucks by their flanges. With automobiles running around curves without inclines, as they mostly do, the centrifugal force tends constantly to throw the carriage from its true course. This force is counteracted only by the friction between the tires and the ground. When the centrifugal force overcomes this friction, as is bound to happen on slippery roads, the equilibrium is destroyed and the carriage, while sliding on its wheels, is thrown without the curve. To apply the brake in such cases would only make matters worse. There is nothing to be done but to correct the equilibrium by counterbalancing devices."—Edward Emerson, Jr., in Ainslee's.

Hippocrates's grave was discovered in the course of recent excavation at Larissa in Thessaly.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There can be no victory without an enemy.

The social card table is the college of gambling.

He who injures his brother draws his own blood.

One can do what he cannot do if he does what he can.

He shall go before his enemy who can forego revenge.

Love is the larger law that will succeed of that of liberty.

If there were no listeners there would be no gossip.

Some men rise in the world because they are light weight.

Education has never yet saved a man from being a fool.

The consciousness of duty dispels the dread of consequence.

He who shuts his eyes when it rains will never see the rainbow.

The thermometer is a poor thing at which to warm your hands.

No man does his duty till he has forgotten duty in the joy of love.

The best way to overcome error is to emphasize the truth it ignores.

A brave retreat may show greater courage than a foolhardy advance.

It is a poor plan to reprove a man for walking lame by knocking him down.

He who would win in a race must reckon only with the road yet to be run.—Ram's Horn.

SNAKE, EGGS AND A JUG.

The Moccasin's Appetite and His Lack of Sense Led to His Death.

A party of Jacksonville mechanics were at work on the Matanzas river some months ago raising a sunken dredge boat. They lived on board of the big lighter on which they worked in a small house on the deck. One noon their bill of fare was somewhat strengthened by some wild turkey eggs which had been found by some of the party while hunting on shore. After the hungry engineers had destroyed a heavy dinner they left their dining-room and returned to work. The doors and windows were all open, and the cook did not clear off the table for some time.

In this interval a large water moccasin of near six feet crawled on board the lighter and wriggled into the dining-room through the open door. In his prospecting tour he climbed the table leg, and here, with a snake's fondness for eggs, he went in for a feast. One of the turkey eggs lay alone by a plate, and the rest were in a dish on the other side of the table. In the centre stood a large water jug, and right here the wily serpent slipped up. After swallowing the lonesome egg, he started for the main supper, and in his artless manner crawled through the handle of the jug. It was a rather tight fit, and he had to stop about half way through on account of the egg, which enlarged him somewhat. So, stretching forward, he bolted another egg, and thereby fastened himself.

On each side of the jug handle was an egg on his inside, and he could move neither backward nor forward, practically riveted in position. He was soon found in this peculiar position by the cook, who speedily killed him.

The reporter was shown the skin of the snake with a crease still in the middle from the tremendous pressure, and he was also permitted to gaze on the jug whose handle proved so fatal.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

Prospects of the Farm.

As to capital, there must be no shortage. The farm is to be purchased and stocked. Manufactured fertilizers are bit temporary expedients—the upturned acres must be fed solidly with composted or green manures, for one must be generous with Mother Earth with so many rotating crops, and after these the timothy and red-top for the haymows. Then, there is the farm machinery, and the best is the cheapest. Moreover, no draft implement should be used that does not provide a springy riding-seat for the operator—planting machines, perhaps, excepted. The work will be better, more easily and quickly done, enabling the farmer to husband his energies as well. And not the least among these provisions and precautions is the choice of the scene of operations. The farmer should select his farm in much the same mood as a general with a small force at his command chooses his place of giving battle to a superior, having view to abundance of water, good drainage, sunny exposure, friable soil, ample pasture and woodland. These acquired, average intelligence and robust health with a pair of willing hands and an active brain should meet with some degree of success, barring the advice of enthusiasts whose hobbies constitute probably their larger possessions.—Rev. Herbert M. Sylvester in Donations.

Coconut Butter.

A large factory in Mannheim, Germany, is making coconut butter on a large scale. This is distinct from cocoa butter, which is the oil constituent of the cocoa bean and which is liberally present in chocolate. The coconut butter is derived from "copra," or dried coconut, brought from the tropics. It is a wholesome fat, free from the objections of the animal fats used in cooking, and the moderate price at which it is sold—16 cents a pound in Germany—is bringing it into common use abroad. It has the texture of butter, the color however being white, as the German law prohibits coloring it. Compounds of cocoonut that for shortening are also produced to a limited extent in this country.

HOW TO KEEP EGGS.

The Last Word on the Subject from a British Authority.

Eggs are best when stored in a cool, but not very cold place—about 50 to 60 degrees is best—and with the large end down. We gave this advice as far back as 1872, after considerable testing of it to that time; all our subsequent experience has corroborated its soundness, says a writer in the London Book of Poultry. There is a distinct percentage of better result every way when eggs are stored in this position, if the other circumstances are equal. The air chamber is less expanded when so stored, and even for eating after some weeks there is a perceptible difference in the "freshness" of eggs thus kept. Eggs may be stored in this position either in bran or in a board pierced with holes; and if the board, or the bran case, be covered over by a cover of blanket or sacking made to fit, and a cool and quiet place is available, the very best will be done for the eggs. The covering over is not to keep them warm, but to prevent draught, which increases evaporation of the fluid contents and enlarges the air chamber. This process we want to retard as much as possible. It is often desired to preserve summer eggs for winter use, and there are several methods of doing so. Some housekeepers smear them all over with butter, and in France they similarly use olive oil in which a little beeswax is dissolved or melted. The latter is the better of the two, butter becoming rancid. Others bed the eggs in dry salt, packed tightly round and over them; kept this way they do fairly, even for boiling, up to six or eight months. Bedded in bran alone they will keep well several months, draught and evaporation being prevented.

Another plan is to pack them in saturated saltbrine; this way they keep quite "good" a long while, but become rather hard and the white perceptibly saltish. For eggs to be kept any length of time, however, there is no doubt that the best preservative medium is a solution compounded of lime, salt and cream of tartar. Different people use slightly different proportions; a very good recipe is as follows: Carefully slake and then pour the rest of two gallons of water (other quantities being in proportion) upon one pound and a half of quicklime; then add 10 ounces of salt and two ounces of cream of tartar. Stir at intervals and leave to temper together for a few days; then pour off the clear liquor, and imbue the eggs in it as closely as possible, keeping always well covered with liquid. A jar of spare liquid should always be ready to fill up as required. Whatever process be used, it is important to store or treat the eggs the same day as laid, if there is no doubt at all, and it has been proved by many experiments, that sterile eggs, laid by hens without a mate, keep considerably better than fertile ones.

The Dispersal of Animals.

The manner in which animals may be conveyed from one area or region to another by what may be called chance agencies has always formed a subject of much interest in the eyes of naturalists. The same opinion may be expressed of the dispersal of plants. Darwin found over 80 seeds in a little clod of earth attached to the leg of a migrating bird, and we can readily imagine how such agencies serve to widen the distribution of life. Sir C. Lyell gives an instance of a pig—an animal popularly believed to be anything but an adept at swimming—being found far apart at sea, bravely making its way toward some haven of rest. Such animals as tortoises may easily be conveyed on driftwood over long tracts of ocean. A recent report of the Indian Marine Survey gives a case in point. A female leopard was brought down the Moulmein river, and came aboard a cargo steamer. Then she swam to land and was thereafter dispatched. Snakes were also found on the floats of the paddlewheels of the surveying steamer, having been carried down by the flood. A lucky settlement in a new territory thus implies the extending distribution of a race. It is interesting to note how greatly what we may call chance may influence the extension of life over the earth's surface.—London Chronicle.

His Thoughtfulness.

Rev. Leighton Parks, relating many anecdotes illustrating the unvarying sympathy and kindness which Phillips Brooks showed to all humanity, notes in particular his thoughtfulness and consideration for the humbler classes. At one time a workman was told at the hospital that unless he would consent to undergo a dangerous surgical operation his life would probably pay the forfeit. The evening before the operation was to be performed the man and his wife went to see Phillips Brooks, whom neither of them knew, and were received by him as kindly as they had expected. He talked soothingly to them and promised to be with them the following day at the hospital, and he kept his word. "All that their imagination had conceived of what he might be to them in their emergency," says Mr. Parks, "was more than realized. What mattered it to him that they were not of his church, that they were strangers? They had come to him in their hour of trial, and he would not fail them."—Youth's Companion.

Sorry Outlook.

First Office Boy—Goin' ter de ball games dis sezoon?
Second Office Boy—Naw, de boss knows I ain't got any relashuns ter git sick er die nor anything.—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The conflict between sea and land is going on all over the world. On some coasts the sea gains steadily, on others the land. In still other regions the issue is wavering or doubtful, but the sea is easily victor on the west coast of France.

The whole of the west coast of France suffers greatly from the fury of the waves, which make continual encroachments on the land. In some districts the shore recedes as much as a yard per year. At Annis, where there is a more resisting limestone formation, the recession is only a foot a year. Even the frowning granite cliffs of Brittany are gradually being undermined by the breakers and toppling into the sea.

Loss of fertilizer from rains cannot be estimated. The water courses carry millions of tons of plant foods to the sea. The Nile alone pours over a 1000 tons into the Mediterranean every 24 hours. The annual loss from the earth's soil is greater than the entire deposits of guano, even before they were exhausted. Unless a large portion of the fertilizer is reclaimed from the sea a time may come when the world's average yield of crops will be exceedingly low.

All snakes lay eggs. Some snakes hatch out their eggs before depositing them. Thus there is a distinction. The egg layers are said to be oviparous, the others viviparous. Viper, indeed, is derived from that reptile's supposed habit of producing its young alive, but no matter what the species, every snake egg, as soon as formed, begins to hatch. Thus it matters little as to when or how they are extruded. Barring accidents, there is very sure to be a fine brood of young snakes at a very early date. While the young snakes are very small the mother reptile guards them vigilantly. Upon the approach of imminent danger she opens her mouth and lets her young run down her throat.

The United States coast and geodetic survey has organized a special bureau charged with a magnetic survey of the whole country, including Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico. Some 500 stations have been already occupied and the magnetic elements—declination, dip and intensity—have been determined. Other special stations have been established at which these observations will be repeated from time to time in order to determine the secular variations of the elements. Magnetic observatories of a permanent character will be established at Cheltenham, Md., Sitka and Honolulu. A new edition of tables and charts of magnetic elements is in course of preparation, and the whole field of a magnetic survey will be covered within a reasonably short period.

A scientific party sent out by the United States geological survey will travel by dog sledge over Alaskan ice bound for the Koyukuk river, 700 miles long and one of the two largest northern tributaries of the Yukon. Some miners in 1898 found pay dirt up this river on the gold belt that runs through Alaska. A large camp is there now, and the miners are doing well. Some distance below the mining camp the Alenakak tributary joins the Koyukuk, and here a large supply of provisions was cached last summer for the use of the exploring party that is just starting out on its journey. This party is to travel from the mouth of the Alenakak to the shores of the Arctic ocean. It is a virgin field for explorers. The main purpose is to look for new gold fields, which, it is believed, may exist in the unknown region. The geology of the country will also be studied and geographic features delineated. The results are likely to be very interesting and valuable.

An Automobile for Inventors.

A Colorado man has invented an automobile for the use of farmers, and, it is said, it will do the work of several teams of horses, says Electricity. The motive power for this machine may be either gasoline or electricity. It is adapted to plowing, cultivating, seed planting or harvesting. The engine or motor is at the forward or drive wheels, which are joined by a long reach to the smaller rear wheels, over which the seat of the driver is placed. A large transverse bar, about six feet in length, crosses the reach-bar at its centre. To this transverse bar the plowing, cultivating and other appliances for farm work may be attached.

A very important feature of the invention is a mechanism that allows the operator to apply the whole power to any one of the wheels, thus making it easy to get the wheels out of any rut or hole in which they may get stuck. The wheels may be operated entirely independent of each other and by an ingenious steering device the farm "auto" can be turned within a very small compass.

Remarkable Well Boring.

A piece of work in boring a well is reported from England that has no many parallels, if it is matched elsewhere at all. The place where it was done is Gainsborough. The hole was begun nearly six years ago. Down to 321 feet it was lined with 36-inch pipe, and then for 286 feet more with 30-inch pipe. When the hole had reached a depth of 724 feet (in April, 1897), an accident happened. The boring tool, weighing two and a half tons, and secured to a tow and a half of cable, got stuck. In trying to loosen it the rope broke, and 500 feet of it sank down over the tool, filling up fully 300 feet of the well.

The self-made man never apologizes for himself.