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The young man in business is a distinctly American institution, and accounts for the rapidity of our progress, observes Profitable Advertising.

A procession of whales three miles long is reported from Alaska. This helps sustain the impression that Alaska is one of the most imaginative countries on the map.

A prune promoter offers to give away a book showing how the fruit may be cooked one hundred different ways. He offers no guarantee, however, that the flavor will not be the same in each case.

Dr. A. M. Gardner, a famous San Francisco specialist, recently delivered an address in which he assumed that pauperism, crime and insanity are largely the indirect results of nervous disease, and that nervous disease is largely the direct result of the competition and over-refinement of modern society and civilization. As civilization becomes more and more refined it becomes more complicated and its demands increase. The result is minds overtaxed with study, emotions strained to a dangerous tension, digestion ruined by worry and anxiety, and a gradual breaking down of nerve force, the whole system, mental and physical, being called on to endure more than is proper for a healthy mind and body. Dr. Gordon proposes no remedy for this diseased condition of society.

Recent news from Europe has convinced every reader that the wearers of crowns overseas are taking the philosophical view of King Humbert of Italy with regard to the perils which beset thrones. When attacks on his life were made he coolly remarked that risks of that kind were a part of the business of royalty. Reports from Constantinople say that the Sultan, when he was holding a council of his ministers, was not affrighted when the palace was shaken by an earthquake; in fact, he was the most serene and undismayed of all present in the chamber. The German Emperor is known to possess the highest type of personal courage, and he assures his people that he is not in the least intimidated by any plots against him. But there is so much uneasiness, so much turmoil in the Old World that the peaceful American citizen rejoices that his New World sovereignty is not troubled by dynamite alarms or threats of murderous discomfit.

The American Journal of Insanity recently published a paper presenting the statistics of suicides in various countries and among different professions, and the percentages of increases during the last half century. Among those classed as paupers, only one out of every 2500 committed suicide forty years ago, one out of every 1430 servants, one out of every 2000 professional men, one out of every 1250 soldiers, one out of every 7615 carpenters, masons, etc. There was only one suicide to every 92,000 of population in Sweden, while in Russia there was one to 85,000, and in the United States one to 15,000. In the cities of London and St. Petersburg the ratio of suicides to population was about one to 21,000. The increase of suicidal mania in France is shown from the figures given for that country during the last fifty years. In 1845 the ratio was nine suicides to every 100,000 of population, while in 1894 it had increased to twenty-six suicides for the same number of inhabitants. In eighty years the suicides in Belgium have increased nearly seventy-five per cent., in Sweden about the same, and in Denmark about thirty-five per cent. In Prussia it has more than quadrupled, in France it has more than tripled, and in Austria and Saxony it has more than doubled.

LIMITATIONS.
Could we grasp life in all its stark and stern Reality?
How could we live? Or, living, whither turn?
For remedy?
Not to ourselves dare we in silence breathe
What things are done,
Making each day's dark history, beneath
The punctual sun!
'Tis well we can not see them all-com-
pact,
Or we might fall,
Brain-dazed, heart-sick, before the awful
fact,
Blaspheming all
That love has dream'd of faith, and faith
has sought
In love to find.
So were the larger vision dearly bought!
The goals are kind.
They laid their limits on our mortal pow-
ers.
And this confessed,
To live our life as best we may is ours—
Be theirs 'twe rest!

The Phantom Headlight.

By Susan Garret.

THE holiday was over, and the tired excursionists trooped back to the depot, where Number Eight, patient and strong, stood waiting to bear them to their homes.
"Ready to start I suppose, Billy?"
"Yes, sir. Got on good steam."
"Be pretty dark by the time we reach Jacksonville."
"Yes, sir. Looks like it was going to fog up some."

The fireman and the engineer were talking together in the cab, just before Number Eight pulled out from the depot with its heavy load. Phinney Kilpatrick, the engineer, was a broad shouldered young fellow of middle height, blue eyed and light haired, with an honest, open face. He had a well-bred air, which was to be expected, for Phinney was the son of a North Carolina gentleman.

He had been sent by his father to the university, where he soon won a threefold reputation—as a thorough gentleman, a jolly good fellow, and—a failure.

When he failed for the second time on the last Latin examination, and had been made doubly sure of the fact by the receipt of his report, Phinney said to his father:

"Dad, I'm not going back to Chapel Hill."

"I'm! Rather emphatic. What do you intend to do then?"
"I'm going to work—going to work, on the railroad."

"And my son will be a common engineer?"
"Well, it's no use returning to college, and I'd rather be a 'common engineer' than an uncommonly stupid college boy."

So that is how Phinney came to be an engineer. He worked two years as fireman and then was given an engine. He had been changed from one engine to another, and at the end of four years on the road was making this trip from Jacksonville to Wilmington. Forty miles of the run had been made in safety. The sun had set in a lazy fog.

"Awfully foggy, isn't it, Billy?"
"Yes, sir. Mighty foggy, sir," answered Billy, who, in ten years' service, had never risen above the post of fireman, and seemed to have no ambition for anything higher than shovelling coal, and supporting his wife and five children in what they considered comfort. "It's on nights like this we see the ghost headlight, sir."

"Ghost headlight! Well, I've heard of phantom rickshaws, but never of a phantom headlight."

"I didn't say it was a phantom, sir. I just said it was a common ghost."

"I'm! Not at all common, I should say. Well, what do you think it is?"
"It's the ghost of some old engine that's got wrecked; and I think it's about here they see it sometimes."

Just then Phinney blew the danger whistle loudly, slowed down and stopped the engine.
"Look at that fool engine yonder!" he said, pointing to a light that was coming rather slowly down the track, and now stopped.

"Why, it's this fantum!" cried Billy. "I s'pose it's the fog that makes her light look so low."

"I don't believe any such trash. I'm going to see what the fellow means by coming down the track when he knows the excursion train is due." And Phinney, in spite of Billy's protests, got out of the cab, and started down the track with a lantern.

He had gone only a few yards when, finding the centre of the track very wet, he mounted the rail and walked on the iron, an art in which he was expert, but after walking successfully for a while, he suddenly lost his footing. He stooped to find out what had caused him to stumble. The rail was gone! Forgetting the phantom headlight and the other engine in his surprise, he hurried back to Number Eight.

"Billy, the track's gone, not fifty yards ahead!"

"Gone, sir? Gone?"
"Yes, gone, vanished, left out! Don't stand there like a—er—we must fix it right now you know," for Billy was standing staring at him in perfectly vacant astonishment.

After the hands, under Phinney's supervision, had replaced the rail, he suddenly remembered the other headlight.

"Why, where's that engine gone?" he asked. For it was nowhere to be seen.

"God bless the ghost headlight!" said Billy, with devout irrelevance. At which Phinney only laughed. But afterward, when the trembling women and frightened men had become calm, and Number Eight was speeding safely down the track, almost at the end

of her run, he again wondered what had become of the mysterious engine, and wondered greatly.

As Phinney walked down the track before dawn the next morning, to board the freight which was to carry him to his own Number Forty, he suddenly saw a light about forty yards behind him. He stepped off the track to let the engine pass. Instead, however, the light resolved itself into a brilliant bicycle lamp, and a tall young fellow swung off his seat to speak to him.

"Hello, Phinney!" he exclaimed, and Phinney recognized Tom Slocum, a college chum.

"Hello, Tom—glad to see you."
"You came near not seeing me. Do you know you almost ran over me in the fog last night? I was riding down the track. I got off in a hurry when I saw your headlight. You thought this was a danger signal, I guess," he added, tapping his lantern.

"No," answered Phinney, "I thought it was a ghost!" And he told the story of the phantom's timely appearance.

"And so I unconsciously acted the part of a life saver! Strong says he often rides down the track at night—says it's cool. I don't see the fun of it myself, especially when it's foggy. Well, here comes your train. Good-by, Phinney. Glad you didn't get wrecked, old boy!" And Tom stood leaning on his wheel as his friend swung himself upon the moving freight cars.—Waverley Magazine.

REGULATIONS ON DRUMMERS.

What the Commercial Traveller Encounters in British Colonies.

American manufacturers will be interested in a pamphlet issued by the British Board of Trade, giving particulars of the regulations for drummers and their samples in India and the different English colonies. In British India there is no tax on commercial agents, and they are also free to enter the native States to sell their wares, but in Kashmir all foreigners, other than civil or military officers of Great Britain, are required to have a special pass. Wherever the octroi is levied on merchandise brought into town, the duty applies to samples as well as to goods generally—that is, if the samples are of taxable value.

In the Bahamas, Barbados and the Bermudas, no special regulations touching agents are in force, and samples are not subject to taxation. In British Guiana commercial traders bringing goods into the colony are required to take out a soap license at a cost of \$18, unless they transfer their goods, by instrument in writing, for sale to some one holding a shop license. The Canadian law provides that during regular warehouse hours and subject to such regulations as the collector sees fit to adopt, the owner of any warehoused goods may take therefrom moderate samples without payment of duty on entry. The laws are slightly different in some provinces, but, as a general rule, every part of Canada maintains the open door. British Honduras requires every commercial trader on entering the country to pay a license of \$50, but gives a free entry to all samples, under certain conditions.

A Tree Which Produces Treasure.

On one of the islands in Lake Manab, called Adulo, there is a tree which enjoys a curious reputation. It is an aged fir stump, standing quite alone on high ground, far from any dwelling, and is an object of superstitious reverence to peasants and woodcutters. There are three holes in the stump near the ground, and in one of these holes treasure of some kind is constantly to be found. Sometimes it is a few copper coins, sometimes a piece of jewelry—nothing perhaps of any great value; but if you put your hand into the sawdust and rake about you are certain to find something. The person who sends me this information went in October, 1900, with the owner of the property, to look at the tree, and found four pieces of money in the hole. It is well known to the peasants that if money or jewelry is taken away there is certain to be more a few days after. How do these things get into the hole? According to the peasants, the thing is very simple; they are put there by spirits. The island and those adjacent to it are covered with old grave mounds, sepulchres of forgotten chiefs, and ancient valuables are often discovered. Quite recently a woodcutter was felling a tree, which fell over on one side with half its roots sticking out of the ground. On one of them glittered an old snake armband. The man received a large sum for it from the National Museum of Stockholm, where the jewel may now be seen.—London Globe.

World's Longest Stairway.

The Philadelphia City Hall contains the highest continuous stairway in the world, and tourists who have boasted of their muscular ability in climbing the stone steps of the Bunker Hill monument at Charlestown, the Washington monument, or the monument to General Brock, near Queenstown, Ontario, will tell their friends of their feat of ascending the 598 steps which lead from the seventh floor of the City Hall to the landing about the feet of William Penn's statue. It extends from the seventh to the sixteenth floor, and contains 598 steps of iron arranged about a square central shaft, in which runs an electric elevator. To reach the lower stairway the climber may mount 245 granite stairs in the stairways at the northern end of the building, thus making a total climb of 743 steps.

Tower climbing is one of the fads of tourists. Hitherto the Bunker Hill monument, with its 400 odd stone steps, and the Washington monument, which has a few more, have represented the acme of opportunity for tests of physical endurance in this country.—Philadelphia Press.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



To Cleanse Water Cress.
Water cress should be soaked in salted water before being sent to the table, for even the most careful washing in water alone is not enough to rid it of all insect life.

Dainties to Serve With Tea.

Dainty orange wafers are exceedingly nice to pass with tea. A ginger or cinnamon wafer should be served with chocolate, and a plain unflavored one with coffee. You may, if you like, pass some little bonbons, like chocolate wafers, but you should not have any other refreshments at an afternoon tea. Remember that in these days elegance tends toward simplicity.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rose Geranium Flavoring.

The next time you are making crab-apple jelly try this recipe with a few glasses: Wash some geranium leaves carefully to free them from any possible parasites. Then, just before pouring the hot jelly into the glasses throw a small leaf into the bottom of each glass.

It may be allowed to remain until the jelly is used, and will not spoil it in any way. The result is an indescribable flavor, which improves the jelly immensely.

Sometimes when baking a cake line an earthen plate with the geranium leaves and turn the hot cake out upon them, leaving it there until quite cold. The steam absorbs the fragrance from the leaves, giving the cake the daintiest possible flavor, that suggests nothing so much as the odor of a La France rose.—What to Eat.

To Utilize Egg Yolks.

"We love angel cakes at our house, and yet I hesitate about making it because I never know what to do with the yolks of the eggs." I said to a cooking teacher. "There are all sorts of dishes they can be used for," she said; "yolks of eggs work in well to a boiled mayonnaise dressing; added to milk they can be used for dipping German toast. Some pudding and custards are as good made from yolks alone as from the whole egg. Add one entire egg to three yolks and you have good scrambled egg or omelet. Gold cake is made from the yolks of eggs, and a number of fillings and a frosting call for yolks. There are ice creams, puddings, soups and egg balls for serving with cookie which are made from yolks alone; if one sets common sense to work she can use the eleven yolks left from an angel cake in all sorts of ways."—Good Housekeeping.

Cold Puddings.

One of the most delicious of inexpensive cold puddings is a boiled custard. This may be made into novel form by seasoning with orange extract and serving it with caramel sauce. Five yolks of eggs, a scant quart of new milk, sugar, a seasoning of orange extract and a pinch of salt make an ideal boiled custard. It must be boiled in a double boiler until the mass has become very thick. It must be stirred all the time it is boiling, and after it is taken off the fire until it has become partly cold. If it is left a moment without being stirred it may curdle. Caramel sauce is made of three large tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of water stirred in a sheet-iron saucepan until it is a dark brown. Add now a boiling syrup made of half a cup of sugar and a cup of water boiled together for ten minutes. Add also an inch of stick cinnamon, a dozen thin snips of yellow lemon peel and about a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Let the caramel dissolve in the syrup until all the lumps are gone, and let it boil ten minutes. Skim out the cinnamon, but leave the bits of lemon peel in the sauce.

No Livery Stables in Mexico.

The livery stable, as it is known in the United States, is practically unknown in Mexico. There are stables in the City of Mexico, the capital, where it is possible to hire riding horses and secure coaches with drivers by the hour, but no single buggies are kept for hire for persons who want to drive themselves. Very few persons drive their own carriages in Mexico, those who do owning their private traps and tally-hos. Public coaches are to be found upon every street corner and charge from fifty cents to \$1 Mexican money per hour, according to the grade of the hack, which is indicated by a colored tin flag beside the driver's seat. The prices are for the coach per hour, regardless of the number of persons occupying it. Electric automobile victorias are now in the public service at \$2.50 per hour.

A Lesson From the Clam.

Attention was recently called here to the fact that engineers have taken a hint from the clam in building a dam with an arch facing the current. It is said that they are indebted to the clam for the idea of using a water-jet in sinking piles in sand. The story is that the jet was first used in 1852, and by the advice of George B. McClellan, afterward the well-known general. It seems that he was walking on the seashore one day when he saw a clam close its shell and squirt a little stream of water into the sand, by which means it was able to bury itself more easily. This gave him the idea of the water-jet in pile-sinking.

A Future Great One's Shoes.

When a mother puts away her baby's first shoe it is with the half-expressed belief that some day the State Historical Society will send for it.—Athlison Globe.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

In 1899 nineteen factories were started in the United States for the manufacture of silk by steam, and thirteen others for producing ribbons and other silk goods.

One Yarmouth mussel of deteriorated character contained no fewer than 3,000,000 of harmful bacteria, while the water in the shell was certified to contain 803,200 bacteria of the colon bacilli type, the forerunner of typhoid.

Aluminum has the peculiarity of softening while considerably below the temperature at which it fuses. The big aluminum concern at Hanau, Germany, takes advantage of this property in a process for welding the metal. The parts to be joined instead of being hammered together are kneaded together in such a way that the material is made homogeneous, so the joint is as strong as the rest of the metal.

A factory will soon be erected at Niagara Falls for the manufacture of nitric acid by a new process, which it is said will be quite startling from a scientific point of view. It is understood that the plant will manufacture the acid from air. This assures the factory of plentiful supply of raw material. The company has a capital of \$100,000. If the process is a success, undoubtedly the factory will be an immense one.

The sizes of anthracite coal and the screens through which they are made are as follows: Coal which runs through a screen having a mesh of three-sixteenths of an inch is called barley; three-eighths, rice; nine-sixteenths, buckwheat; seven-eighths, pea; one and a half, chestnut; two, stove; two and three-quarter, egg; four and a half, grate; seven, steam. Coal beyond this size is known as lump coal. Bituminous lump coal passes over bars one and a half inches apart; bituminous nut coal passes through bars one and a half inches apart; slack coal passes through bars three-quarters of an inch apart.

An extremely unfortunate occurrence is reported from Milan which is certain to seriously interfere with the growth of the serum treatment of disease. Eight persons suffering from diphtheria died from tetanus (lock-jaw) after being treated with what was supposed to be anti-diphtheric serum. The institute where the serum was made was immediately closed by the authorities, and the use of the serum prohibited throughout all Italy, pending an investigation. All of the serum that could be found was called in and destroyed. No one seems to know yet just what caused the trouble. But it seems probable that the serum was either accidentally contaminated with tetanus microbes or else that through some unaccountable mistake an experimental tetanus serum was used instead of an anti-diphtheric serum.

Vaucluse, in South France, is a centre of the ocher industry. Sometimes the ocher is excavated direct without mining, but often shafts are sunk. The material when brought to the surface is transported to the valley below on carts and is then washed. Mining is only done in the winter season, as the water-courses are dry in summer. By means of successive settling basins various degrees of fineness are secured in washing the ore. At the end of the winter these basins are filled with ocher in the form of mud, which dries hard during the heated term, and is then cut into blocks of regular size and dried in the sun. It is then either cut into blocks or crushed into powder for shipment and is sorted for color; the yellow shades command the highest price. The total production of these mines last year was about 180,000 tons, and of this amount 3000 tons were shipped to the United States. Although the mines have been worked for many years they are not exhausted.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Groppling-Irons of Success—Progress—Common Experience—Jogging His Recollection—Highly Probable—Peculiar Tendencies, Etc., Etc.

Life is up-hill all the way—
If you climb, and wish to stay
Where you are, you'll have to use
Like all line men, well-spiked shoes.
—Detroit Free Press.

Progress.

"It takes a lot of money to carry on a war nowadays."
"Yes. After a while the check-book will be mightier than the sword."—Puck.

Common Experience.

Dix—"Is your income sufficient to supply all your needs?"
Hix—"Yes; but it isn't sufficient to supply half my wants."—Chicago News.

Jogging His Recollection.

"Jones, you haven't said anything about that \$2 you borrowed of me."
"Well, suppose I say that you have since borrowed \$3 of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Highly Probable.

Borrower (at public library)—"Have you any works on microbes?"
Lippant Attendant—"No, sir. But we've got lots of microbes on works."—Chicago Tribune.

Peculiar Tendencies.

"Do you feel nervous after you have had your dinner?"
"No; but I'm sometimes nervous until I know where my dinner is to come from."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Botanical Enthusiasm.

"I believe Professor Bin is out of his head."
"Why?"
"I asked him if he knew any news, and he said that chickweed and peppercress were in bloom."

Method in Her Stupidity.

"How sweet she looks in her wet-weather costume. And yet they say she is dreadfully stupid."
"Stupid? Why, she doesn't know enough to go in the house when it rains, actually!"—Puck.

Over the Back Fence.

First Woman—"You've got to retract what you said about me."
Second Woman—"I won't. I never take anything back."
First Woman—"Indeed you don't, but you borrow everything your neighbors have if you get a chance."—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Pawn It.

Mr. Straits—"It may seem a strange thing for me to do on such a short acquaintance, Miss Slasher, but I have called to pledge you my love."
Miss Slasher—"You have made a mistake, Mr. Straits. Miss Eisenheffer, the pawnbroker's daughter, lives in the next block."—Boston Courier.

A Heavyweight.

"And then," she said in telling of the romantic episode, "she sprang to his arms."
"She did?"
"Of course. Do you doubt it?"
"Oh, no," he replied, "but after seeing her, I can't help thinking that it must have jarred him quite a bit."

Philanthropy.

"How you must enjoy being a philanthropist!" said the sprightly young woman.
"I don't quite understand you," replied the man of earnest manners.
"It must be such a pleasure to feel that you have plenty of money and can always be going good."
"Yes. But the only difficulty is that one can't always be sure whether he is doing good or being done good."—Washington Star.

He Writes For Them, All Right.

"He says he writes for the magazines."
"Nonsense! He hasn't had a story published in a single one of them."
"Ah! but he didn't say that he sold stories to the magazines—merely that he wrote for them."

Thus it will be seen that the number of men who "write for the magazines" may be far in excess of the number who do more than a postage stamp business with the editors.

Turning Point in His Career.

The third magazine publisher to whom he had sent an article entitled "Recollections of Phrygia, with Some Facts Concerning the Slave Trade in Athens," having declined it with thanks, Aesop threw the manuscript into the fire.

"Truth may be stranger than fiction," he said, "but there isn't any money in it."

So he began writing fiction, and shortly afterward, as you remember, he had lied himself into a soft place at the court of Croesus.

Cheerful View of It.

"Yes," said the Gentle Optimist, "I confess I am superstitious enough to wear a lucky stone."
"And do you really think it gives you luck?"
"Oh, I am quite sure of it."
"Did you have it with you yesterday?"
"Certainly."
"And in spite of it you lost a five-dollar gold piece out of your pocket, tore your coat by catching it on a nail, sprained your ankle and failed to close the business deal of which you expected so much."
"True," replied the Gentle Optimist, "but think of what might have happened to me if I hadn't had my lucky stone."—Chicago Post.