

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.

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The reckless youth on the bicycle is now taking his turn at being terrorized by the danger of being run down by an automobile.

George McDermott, a comedian, who died in England the other day, is credited with introducing the word "jingo" to the language by means of a song which he sang in 1877, when the British fleet went through the Dardanelles.

A movement has been started in Georgia to perpetuate the memory of Eli Whitney by converting into a country club the scene of his labors near Augusta, where he perfected his cotton gin.

We have a strong conviction that the time is not far remote when the apple will be recognized to be a staple of life quite as important as any of the cereals, and when its market quotation will create as much interest in the affairs of nations, observes the New York Independent.

Domestic servants in Switzerland are becoming scarce, as many of them emigrate to the United States. The labor bureau has applications for 1021 servants, but only 492 could be found.

The report which Senator Mitchell makes of his observations of public feeling in Europe during a two years' residence there, from which he has just returned, is not pleasant. In substance it is that while the English respect Americans and are much more friendly toward them than they used to be, the Continental peoples, and especially the Germans and the French, manifest a positive and rather bitter dislike toward us.

"Clocks are certainly queer things," said the man who was tinkering at the hall clock in a suburban house the other day. "They get cranky spells, just like people. Sometimes they really act as though they were bewitched. A friend of mine had a little clock that had behaved itself and kept good time for years. One day it took a notion to lay off for a while, and they couldn't get it started again. My friend's wife was cleaning the room several days afterward, and she took the clock and laid it down flat on its back on a chair. It started to go at once, and ticked away at a great rate, but as soon as she placed it on end it stopped again. Well, they set it, and for a time it acted all right as long as it remained on its back. But it soon got cranky again and refused to go. The other day, just for fun, they turned it upside down, and would you believe it, that crazy clock started off again. Now it only runs when it is standing on its head, and they are wondering what new foolishness it will develop next."—Boston Record.

Howitzers are steel breech-loading weapons, weighing 2500 pounds, and having a length of six feet ten inches.

Roughly speaking Britain produces for export a little less than twice as much per head of her population as the United States, France or Germany.

Ninety-six per cent of all deaths from whooping cough and 90 per cent of deaths from measles occur in children under 5 years old.

AN ADAPTATION OF EXODUS.

Why There Were Many Plagues in the Captain's Quarters.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

To a certain sort of mind a saint is only to be known as a saint by the halo above his brow, and the Prince of Darkness himself would be devoid of identity without a pitchfork and cloven hoof. To such as these the knight-errantry of Drayton and Bartlett may seem problematical; but a knight-errant is one who succors beauty in distress, and who rides abroad redressing human wrongs.

"I wish you would get a horse," he complained. "If you could just realize the figure you cut on that old elephant!"

"That's a mule," corrected Bartlett, his arm around a pillar and letting his heels dangle as he perched on the railing. "It's also a very nice mule. It is no longer a shave-tail, but has reached years of discretion. The moment man or animal does that, his appreciative country straightway has him inspected and condemned. Horses may do for some, but not for one who has the duties of post quartermaster to perform. And, besides, I believe in the infantry and scorn a horse."

"The scorn," observed Drayton, "of the fox for the grapes." "Don't rub it in," said Bartlett, dejectedly; "I'm miserable enough as it is."

"Thought you looked rather triste. I'm all sympathy. Go on." Bartlett released his hold upon the pillar and folded his arms on his breast in an attitude combining stern endurance and precarious balance. "The Collinases are going to rout the Lawrences out."

Now, the Collinases were the family of Captain Collins—wife, mother-in-law on both sides, and three small children. They had that morning arrived in the post. Collins was in command of Troop L, which had been moved on some weeks before. If he had been well-disposed his entry should not have put the whole garrison, below his rank, in the throes of fear of a progressive "turning out." For there were empty quarters into which he might have moved exactly as well as not, and no one had been any the worse off.

"But Collins won't see it that way," Bartlett went on. "He ranks Lawrence, and his wife, ranks him, you bet, and it's the wife and the mother-in-law who are going to have the Lawrence's set or bust."

"Throw them a few buckets of paint and calamine, by way of soap," Drayton ventured to suggest.

"Did," said Bartlett, briefly. "Offered them half the quartermaster's department and a carpenter, and a blacksmith, and a farrier, too, if they happened to need one. Told them they could have any or all of the colors of paint in the rainbow, if they'd just be good—but those three Graces are going to have the Lawrence's house."

Drayton opined, with a little of the placidity, nevertheless, with which we all bear one another's burdens, that it was a very great and very profane shame. "There's that poor little woman with those little bits of kids, and just moved into those quarters, and got them all fixed up so prettily, and her garden started, too. Then, those Collinases; They're a mean lot of cattle, anyway." He made a gesture of disgust, which turned the visor around over his left ear, and was silent for a minute through sheer wrath.

"I told Mrs. Lawrence they would be serpents on the wood cutter's hearth."

raising Cain, and the abode of peace was transformed, so I lit out."

"Well, I guess she's sorry now—if that's any comfort to you. For the Collinases are not only going to have those quarters, but they're going to have them quick. Even the C. O. got at Collins. But it wasn't any use. My wife likes the quarters," says he. And that's all."

They sat in meditation for some time. Then Drayton spoke. "I like those quarters, too. I'm going to have some of them myself," he said.

Bartlett did not understand, and Drayton undertook to explain. "Well—see here. He took his feet down from the rail, in his earnestness, and straightened his cap. 'It's like this. You and I have got one room each in this house, haven't we, same as the most of the other bachelors? Such was the case. 'And we're entitled to two rooms each, aren't we?' Bartlett agreed that they were. 'And we've been keeping these ones because we've been too lazy and good natured to ask for more, haven't we? Well we won't be lazy and good natured any more. If the Collinases move into the Lawrence's set, I'll vacate my room—turn it over to you—and I'll apply for the upstairs floor of the Lawrence's house. Oh! I'm entitled to it, all right,' he chuckled. 'I know my rights as a citizen of these United States and as a first-lieutenant of cavalry. The Collinases, the whole sweet seven of 'em, may have the lower floor. It's all they can claim under law. That's four rooms, including the kitchen. I dare say they won't mind living like that any way. They're pigs.'"

"Pigs, too?" asked Bartlett. Drayton went on unfolding his plan. "Once I have that top floor, you watch the interest in life I'll provide for them. I'll make their days pleasant and their nights—particularly their nights—beautiful. I'll have suppers up their every evening, and do songs and dances until reveille, if I have to hypothecate to pay my commissary bill, and if my health breaks down. You watch!" He stood up and began to button his blouse. "So you are warned. If the Collinases move in, such is my devotion to them that I'll move in, too. And I'll put in my formal application for those two rooms. No other two in the post will suit, either, you understand."

And it all came about exactly as he said. There was a heira of Lawrence, and great was the latter's wrath when they found Drayton taking possession of the upper floor. They protested to everybody in general, and to the commandant and the quartermaster in particular. And the commandant and the quartermaster said they were sorry, but that Drayton was certainly within his rights. He had applied for the quarters in virtue of the general turning-out that D troop was causing the post, and he was entitled to occupy them. There was nothing more to be said.

"I can't pretend to be sorry for them, exactly," Mrs. Lawrence confided to Drayton, when he advised her not to try to settle in her new quarters very elaborately; "I'm only human, after all, and my house did look so sweet, and my garden— But I'm sorry for you. I think those children are the very imps of evil."

Drayton nodded. "There are others," he said. It was emigmatic, but Mrs. Lawrence looked doubtful and ready to be hurt. "You don't mean mine?" she said.

"No, my dear lady," Bartlett reassured her, "he doesn't mean yours. He thinks yours are all that tender infancy should be. I don't know what he does mean, however. And probably he doesn't know himself."

"Don't I?" queried Drayton, enigmatically still. "Don't I just?"

"Perhaps," said Bartlett, "you mean Jimmy O'Brien. I saw you hobnobbing with him today. Would it be Jimmy now?"

Drayton would not commit himself. But it was Jimmy and one other, nevertheless. Drayton had come upon him when he was playing duck-on-a-rock all by himself, near the sutler's store. The duck was a beer bottle, and Jimmy was pitching stones at it, with indifferent aim. The father of Jimmy was first-sergeant of Drayton's troop, and so the lieutenant felt they had enough in common to warrant a conversation.

It began by a suggestion as to a better way to throw a stone, and it ended with a bargain struck. "Then," said Drayton, "if I promise to pay you two bits for every centipede, four bits for every tarantula, ten cents for every lizard, a nickel for every toad and a cent for every big spider, you will catch all you can and bottle them for me."

There was a centipede, two lizards and three toads. Jimmy's pockets bulged with bottles. There were also five large and unpleasant spiders.

"Good boy," said Drayton, and paid as per schedule. Mrs. Colline and the mother-in-law's nerves were not calmed, any way, by the wakeful night. It was the harder for them when they found three large toads in their rooms that day. To have a toad hop at you from a dark corner is not nice. It is still less to step on one and crush it. It gives a peculiar sensation. Mrs. Collins found it so. There was a lizard in the milk bottle, and another on the back of a chair, whence it climbed into a mother-in-law's hair. Big spiders infested the place.

Toward noon Drayton came downstairs carrying on the end of a pin, and examining it critically, a centipede. "Large, isn't it?" he asked, with some pride; "I killed it myself at the top of the stairs. They always come in families of three. The other two will be along pretty soon, I suppose."

The mother-in-law shuddered. "You and Mr. Bartlett made a great deal of noise last night, Mr. Drayton," she reproached. Drayton looked concerned. These government quarters were so thick-floored, he explained.

"Did he always stay up until 2 o'clock?" He admitted being of a restless disposition and given to insomnia. "All right," he reported to Mrs. Lawrence, shortly after. "You just rest on your oars. We'll have you back in those quarters before the kids have had time to do much damage to the place. I should say that a fortnight, at the very outside, should see Mrs. Collins suing for another set—any other set, Bartlett will let her have them. He's an exceptionally obliging Q. M., as Q. M. go. That's his reputation."

It did not run as smoothly as Drayton might have wished. The women of the Collins family did not surrender without giving fight. They attacked Drayton himself first, but were met with an urbanity which parried every thrust. It was the thinness of the walls and floors, and that was manifestly the government's fault. As for his insomnia, the blame of that lay with the doctor, he should think. He did not like staying broad awake until nearly dawn any better than they did. Of course, however, he would try to control his restlessness. The attempt met with failure, though, and the women appealed to the commandant. The commandant was urbane, too, but the insomnia of his officers was evidently not a matter to be reached officially.

It was plain that the insomnia aroused the suspicions of the Collinases. But the insects did not. They had never—not even in Texas—seen a house so overrun with reptiles. There were lizards in everything. There were frogs and toads in dark nooks. They hopped into your lap when you were least expecting it. They were always getting under your feet and—squashing. Spiders spun webs and dropped from the ceiling and the walls. And as for more venomous things! A day hardly passed that Drayton did not kill a tarantula or a centipede somewhere around. They seemed to emerge only when he was near. The wrath toward him was tempered with unwilling gratitude to a saviour. There had also been a garter snake on the front porch. And one terrible day they had come upon Drayton, sabre in hand, standing in the front hallway beside the decapitated body of a rattlesnake. They neglected, in the excitement, to notice that the body was not wriggling.

Jimmy had that morning produced a newspaper package. "Here's a dead rattler," he had said. "I didn't know as you could use him. But I found him, and you can have him for a dime."

And the rattler had proved the best investment of all, as well as the last straw. Captain Collins had carried him on a stick into the road. Then he had gone to the commandant and Bartlett. He was heavy-eyed for want of sleep. The whole family was that way; and Drayton was, too. In all humanity he asked the favor of being allowed to change his quarters. Any other quarters would do, provided there were fewer insects. He was not particular at all. He asked so little, in fact, that Bartlett took pity on him. He renewed his offer of paint.

"Now," he said to Mrs. Lawrence, "you can come back to your own. They'll move out tomorrow. I've just been inspecting the premises, and there hasn't been much harm done. They are still the best quarters in the post. The kids have knocked a few holes in the walls and the woodwork's a little scratched. But I'll give you some paint, too."

Paint was Bartlett's idea of the panacea for all earthly ills. He had not much else in the world, being a second-lieutenant; but he had paint, and he was liberal with that. The Collinases moved next day. Drayton waited until the last load of furniture was gone, and the three women were taking their final look around. Then he came down the stairs holding out, at the length of his arms, two centipedes on the point of two large pins. He exhibited them.

"These quarters are too much for me," he said, "I'd rather have a corner of a house out alone, than a wide upper floor with crawling things. I'm going to go back to my own room." A fierce light of suspicion broke in on Mrs. Collins' mind then. "I believe, Mr. Drayton, that the whole thing was a put-up job." "Do you? Do you really?" asked Drayton, smilingly, deprecatingly. "But consider, my dear lady, consider the centipedes."—San Francisco Argonaut.

DEFICIENT EDUCATION.

I'm really sorry for the man Who's bred to idleness. He passes through life's little span A picture of distress. Alas, he may not even know What joy it is to shirk. He is indeed a man of woe Who hasn't learned to work.

But sadder is the busy one Who hurries through this life And never stops to think of fun Amid the bustling strife. He is the mournfullest of men— You see him every day— Who feels like loafing now and then, But doesn't know the way. —Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Riter—Have you read my last poem? Reader—I hope so. The Photographer—But this picture doesn't look like her. Astute Assistant—Of course not, but it looks like she thinks she looks.

Wigg—Young Gotrox is an imbecile. He hasn't even horse sense. Wagg—He doesn't need horse sense. He rides in an automobile.

"Some people say," remarked the talkative barber, "that barbers are too fond of conversation." "O! that's all wrong," replied the man in the chair; "it's soliloquy they're fond of."

"What does the teacher say when you don't know your lessons?" asked Willie's father. "She says I must be a chip of the old blockhead," replied Willie. And then something happened.

"I know all the tricks of the trade," declared the loud-mouthed lodger. "You don't suppose I've been boarding 20 years for nothing." "No," said the landlady icily. "I'm positive you haven't."

"For a man who doesn't work," said the housekeeper, "you have a pretty good appetite." "Yes, ma'am," replied Hungry Higgins; "dat's why I don't work. If I did, dey wouldn't be no satisfyin' me."

Smith—I suppose you are one of those who claim the world owes you a living. Laziman—Yes; and the trouble is collections are bad. It's as much as I can do to scrape together a bare existence.

Two bulls were once in love with the same heifer. In the midst of their dispute a man was seen approaching. "Aha!" exclaimed the heifer, who played no favorites. "Here is a way out of the difficulty. You may toss up for me." Thus is feminine wit always equal to an emergency.

"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mawning," said young Mr. Sissy to his pretty cousin; "and just for a joke, y' know, I awked Snipe if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah."

"You are the sunshine of my life!" he exclaimed. She smiled encouragingly. "You reign in my heart alone!" he continued. She frowned. "I could not wed a man who mixed his metaphors like a weather prognosticator," she said, haughtily. He realized at once that his case was hopeless, and, putting on his mackintosh, he staggered out into the moonlight.

NO MORE BIG CITIES.

Improved Rapid Transit Will Be the Municipal Solvent.

In an effort to picture the future of great cities as afflicted by the development of rapid transit, Mr. H. G. Wells contributes to the London Fortnightly Review a fascinating article on the England of 200 A. D. It is the second of a series of serious scientific anticipations, the first of which placed the speed of railway journeys for the near future at 100 mile or more an hour, and of omnibuses, cabs, etc., at 30 miles or more.

Mr. Wells believes that the influence of this rapid transit will be not to condense population, but to spread it out all over the land. Huge towns and cities will all but disappear, and the inhabitants will betake themselves to the country again. Hitherto the great cities have been confined, he points out, within a radius of about eight miles from the centre; horse traction and bad train services have compelled it. Soon the radius will be 30 miles.

"And is it too much," asks Mr. Wells, "not expect that the available area for even the common daily toilers of the great city of the year 2000 will have a radius very much larger than that? Now, a circle with a radius of 30 miles gives an area of over 2800 square miles, which is almost a quarter that of Belgium."

The social equivalent of the season ticket holder, he suggests, have an available area with a radius of over 100 miles, or almost the size of Ireland. "Indeed, it is not too much to say that the London citizen of the year 2000 A. D. may have a choice of nearly all England and Wales south of Nottingham and east of Exeter as his suburb, and that the vast stretch of country from Washington to Albany will be all available to the active citizen of New York and Philadelphia before that date."

Mr. Wells' picture is indeed delightful. He gives Englishmen a London city of a sort, a Lancashire-Yorkshire city, and a Scotch city, consisting chiefly of business premises, while the whole of Great Britain will be dotted over with houses very different from the modern "villa" each in its spacious garden. It will be much less monotonous, Mr. Wells says. There will be more life and more character, and each district will grow in its own particular way. The postoffice will deliver nearly everything that every household wants.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A haggling woman is nearly as odious as a mean man. It is better to be called proud than to be named a sycophant. A woman may overcome a man's dislike, but his contempt never.

The best friend a young girl can have is a level headed, loving father. Health is a touchy possession; dis-obey one of its commands and off it goes.

Nothing makes a vain old man so wroth as to pay him the respect due his age. Keeping one's grievances to one's self is an excellent proof of mental equipage.

Adversity is a less severe test than perversity, where domestic happiness is concerned. Until you are sure a stranger will not bore you, brace you or babble, tell her no secrets.

It is not what we see, but what we remember perfectly that helps to widen our mental vistas.

There is ever a battle waging between an idler and time, the object being to kill each other.

It is wiser to speak one's own language correctly than several others badly, as so many smart persons do.

Doing all we can to promote our friend's happiness is better than to continually drink to his prosperity.

They build better than they know who marry upon the basis of genuine respect and camaraderie. Love burns out, friendship increases.—Philadelphia Record.

LETTER-COLLECTING MOTOR CARS.

A Dream Into the Future Which May Be Realized.

"In the postal service the government annually appropriates \$510,000 for horse hire, and by horse hire it is meant that the department allows carriers \$300 a year each for what is called mounted carrier service," said a postal official to a Star reporter this morning.

"There are 29 mounted carriers in Washington and they may be observed riding around the streets in their little wagons collecting mail. Whether this is a satisfactory way of solving this problem is a matter of opinion, but it has evidently been found to be as economical a system as could be devised for the money, and on the score of economy it may be indorsed. For other reasons, however, it cannot be commended, and it is antiquated and scarcely befitting the great system it represents.

"It would probably cost twice the amount to maintain a uniform system as to carriage and horse service in the cities where mounted carriers are utilized; but if it cost \$2,000,000 the present high standard of the administration of postal affairs would be materially increased as to appearance and undoubtedly as to service performed by these carriers. The little wagons are of better appearance than those in use some years ago, but out of a sum of only \$300 a year a carrier cannot be expected to supply much of a rig as to vehicle and horse.

"The idea of collecting mail on foot belongs to a past generation. It must be collected now by men in vehicles to meet the demands of the times. A decade hence it will be collected, in all probability, by men in automobiles. The system is so extensive, and the specters of a deficit so ever present in the minds of the officials in all branches of the service, that reforms and measures affecting thousands of men and involving the expenditure of millions of dollars are necessarily considered and experimented with before adoption.

"Nevertheless, deficit and economy to the contrary notwithstanding, when the day is rapidly approaching when Washington will see the last of the little jaunting cars with their little horses driven by the men in gray, going from hotel to hotel, postbox to postbox in the street and hasten the day. In their stead will be automobiles, or some form of artificially propelled carriages, which will skim over our smooth streets, especially adapted for that kind of vehicle, and the mail will be collected and deposited in the postoffice in half the time at present consumed. The change will be decidedly radical and decidedly welcome, but it will probably not be realized in the very near future unless the price of these vehicles is materially lowered."—Washington Star.

The Windsor Dwelling Rooms.

It is a popular error to suppose that the dwelling rooms at Windsor are very sumptuous. The private apartments are scarcely worthy of an ordinary country gentleman's seat. Queen Elizabeth is responsible for a great number of them, and they were built rather hurriedly, by her orders. She had taken refuge at Windsor from the plague which was raging in London, and her maids of honor and attendants revolted at the uncomfortable condition of their rooms, which were low, dark and cold. The Queen herself was furious because her dinner was invariably served up stone cold, but being of an inquiring mind she discovered that the kitchen was nearly half a mile from the dining room, and straightway built the present kitchen, which is very large and commodious. Elizabeth built the Octagon library, where she is still said to haunt, and which she was frequently seen, it is said, last year.—London Chronicle.

Graphite, of which lead pencils are made, was first discovered in Siberia in 1842, where one mine has since 1856 yielded 33,000 hundredweight of graphite.