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FACED DEATH MANY TIMES.

Lad Who Has Been in Peril Frequently But Still Lives.

Edward Dempsey, son of a once noted oarsman, has been near death's door thirteen times, but the portals are still closed to him. He is thirteen years old and has walked hand in hand with death for every year of his life and never flinched. Saturday morning he met with his thirteenth accident, but that he has passed the hoodoo number in safety is affirmed by the physicians at the Jefferson hotel. The boy was riding his bicycle down Chestnut street when he ran into a trolley car at Eighth street, striking his head against the iron part of the fender on the rear of the car. Leading his wheel to be walked to the hospital, not knowing until he arrived there that he had received a fracture of the skull as the result of the accident. The doctors say he will recover. He cheerfully bears his confinement and seems concerned only in the baseball scores. Edward's father, Patrick Dempsey, who is now employed in a hotel on Eleventh street, below Chestnut, was prominent years ago as an oarsman and coach. When the family lived at Falls of Schuylkill some years back the boy was concerned in more accidents than a hospital ambulance. Once he shot the falls of Wissahickon creek in a frail rowboat and was a common occurrence for him to fall overboard while rowing and swim ashore. This remarkable lad has been the victim of a gasoline accident, was hit by trolley cars galore, chased by the angry subjects of his practical jokes and in many other ways made the hero of incidents of which he was too modest to keep account. But the boy survived his thirteenth accident, probably the most serious of all, and the physicians are certain that he will be ready for another one next year.—Philadelphia Press.

FAILURE OF SILK CULTURE.

Attempts to Introduce It in Virginia Were Unsuccessful.

In parts of Virginia, especially in the vicinity of Williamsburg, there are many mulberry trees—the result of a fad introduced in the colony in the early days. For a century and a half the people made ineffectual attempts to produce their own silk in order to escape the commercial tyranny of the French merchants. Charles I and Charles II both favored the enterprise, and encouraged it by promising rewards. By the direction of Cromwell the House of Burgesses passed a law requiring the planting of one mulberry tree in every ten acres of land in the colony. There was also a law permitting only counselors and heads of families to appear in gold lace and forbidding everybody to dress in silk clothing unless the silk was grown in Virginia. The experiment was fully tried, but was unprofitable. In 1655 400 pounds of silk were sent to London; in 1668 300 pounds were sent as a present to Charles II. These are the largest shipments known in the records. Occasionally a few pounds went along with a cargo of tobacco. The worms did not thrive. The industry languished and was finally abandoned. In 1730 it was revived, when a colony of French Huguenots came over, but the only result was a lot of picturesque old trees with knotted trunks and gnarled branches.

Keeping a Boarding House.

It would be difficult to cast a stone in New York without striking a boarding house or lodgings. Some exceptionally tony people are engaged in the business of providing food and shelter for homeless individuals of the human race. Among the keepers of swell places are numerous widows of Southern soldiers, the destruction of whose property in the civil war burdened their families with distressing poverty. They managed to come here and get a start, and many have made comfortable fortunes. The widow of a noted general opened a house in Twenty-first street, near Broadway, some twenty-three years ago, and offered Southern beds and board for \$6, \$8, and \$10 a week. Notwithstanding she had been born in the purple, she worked like a slave, and after ten years of drudgery had saved enough money to buy a house in a cross street east of Central Park. Here she raised her prices to \$25, \$30 and \$35 a week, two meals a day, and had as many boarders as she could accommodate. She is to-day a rich woman, with a son and daughter in high society.—New York Press.

Population of the German Empire.

Includes 3,000,000 who use the Polish language.

Rush Travers' Caprice.

BY BELL BLOSSOM.

"Thirty years of age, possessor of a handsome fortune and a handsome face, and already become cynical! Seriously, Rush, I would advise you to become a hermit. I think a few months so spent would raise you to the appreciation of your blessings. Take it into consideration, old fellow. An revoir!"

And Harry Withers, touching his hat, hurried off at the corner of the street the two friends had approached together.

Rush Travers walked on alone. The words to which he had just listened had been lightly, jestingly spoken, but somehow they had hurt. Was it true that he was ungrateful? Did the heart never cry out, in its emptiness, even when filled with the favor of fortune, the good will of men, the caressing smiles of women? Did not the two latter hang upon the former? What man, what woman cared for the man and not the outward surroundings which he owed to chance? The one true heart on which he might have leaned was stilled forever.

Ten years before, in the first flush of his young manhood he had lost his mother. There now remained for him but a cherished, idolized memory. His father had died in his infancy. He had neither brother nor sister.

At 25 he had fallen in love with a woman whose falseness he had discovered in time to save the wreck of his life, though scarcely of his happiness.

He stood alone in the world—alone on his richly-freighted bark. Could all its treasures atone for the realizing sense of desolation the world imparted?

"Will you buy my violets, please, sir? Only a dime, sir."

It was a sweet, pitiful, pleading voice—a sweet, little pitiful face, looking at him from beneath the brim of a tattered hat, thrust on to a mass of bright, chestnut curls.

Children were Rush Travers' weakness. At any time he could take into his arms a crying child and hush its sobs.

He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew therefrom a piece of silver, which he placed in the tiny, outstretched palm; then, from very idleness, he walked on, questioning the little girl, who ran beside him.

"Poor little wail. How singularly pretty she is," he thought.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Pansy, sir," she answered. "Mamma used to say it was the color of my eyes."

He looked down with a smile in the purple depths, half shaded by the long lashes, upraised from the brown cheeks.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"In heaven, sir."

"And your father?"

"He is dead, too."

"With whom do you live?"

"With a woman who is kind to me, and whom I pay by selling my flowers. I am all alone in the world."

Alone in the world! Who can realize as he, the pathetic eloquence held in the simple avowal? But if to him the world meant so much—to him in the pride and strength of manhood, and position, and wealth—what new meaning did it gather when it included dependence, and poverty, and womanhood?

A sudden thought came to him. It was almost an inspiration. He looked once more, earnestly, searchingly, into the little, upturned face.

The child was beautiful; the eyes were large and truthful; the mouth showed character, which might be molded for good or evil.

"Pansy," he said, scarcely conscious of his own intention until the words had escaped him, "you say that you are alone in the world. So am I. Suppose I make you my little girl? Do you think that you would be happier?"

"Do you mean that I am to live with you, and bring you the money for my flowers? Oh, I should like that very, very much."

"I mean that you should live with me, yes; but you will not sell flowers here, though you shall have all that you want."

The child looked up in wondering amazement. She could not comprehend the words, but Rush Travers had not uttered them lightly.

What he should make of the little wail's future he had not determined. It should greatly depend upon herself; but while he lived she should never again be friendless.

It was an easy matter to gain the consent of the woman with whom she lodged. The sum he put into her hands would more than requite her for any loss she might suffer through Pansy's flower selling. From the woman, too, he learned something more about the child's history. Her parents were artists; the mother had eked out a scanty living by painting flower pictures on wood, after her husband's death, which had occurred before Pansy's birth. Then, when the little girl was about six years of age, two short years before, she, too, had laid down the weary burden of life, and the child was left alone.

Of his new whim Rush Travers said nothing. It leaked out, however, among his fashionable acquaintances that he was interested in a little child, but all supposed it some relative, and looked upon it as a passing caprice. He wished that it should be so. He

did not want curious eyes prying into the past of one whose future he intended to make his care.

The world saw little of him in these days. It almost seemed to him like coming home, now that he knew little feet would run to welcome him, little arms clasp themselves about his neck; or later, a little curly head rest on his shoulder, while the lids drooped over the pansy eyes, in happy, careless slumber.

The old housekeeper alone shared his secret. She had abused him roundly at first, as was her privilege. Was he not to her as her own boy? Pansy had crept into the kind old heart; and in the night she had risen from her own bed, and stolen into the room adjoining hers, to see that the clothes were carefully tucked about the little form.

It was a new thing to the child, this watchful care, but she grew and expanded under it like some beautiful flower.

No one detected her in an untruth. She avowed her faults boldly. She laughed, she sang, she cried, as other children; yet about her was a singular charm, a half-sadness, strangely unlike the carelessness of childhood.

Thus two years rolled away, and again Rush Travers determined to go abroad. Pansy must be educated, too; but he knew now what he meant to do with her future. The child was dear to him as his own, and his own she should be. He would give her such an education as his own daughter should have had, had he possessed one. He would make her a brilliant woman. She should be worthy of some man whom he would choose for her husband. She would never know loneliness more, and in the fullness of her life's promise he would forget the emptiness of his own.

"Uncle Rush," she called him. The past was already to her like a dream. She parted from him in bitter tears when he left her at her new home, the school at which she was to be educated.

Little did Mrs. Arnaud dream that she was receiving among her select and fashionable pupils a street flower girl. Was this girl not the niece and ward of the aristocrat? She had never welcomed a pupil with greater pride, nor did she years, as they came and went, lead her for one moment to suspect the truth.

Among all this fair bevy of girls none so fair as she who owed the smooth outer current of her life to Rush Travers' passing caprice. The deep blue eyes had borrowed even more of the pansy's purple tint; the bright rose flush of health was on her cheeks; the rich carnine nature's blush alone can paint was upon her lips. In the sunny waves of the chestnut hair played gleams of rippling gold. Her hands and feet were small, and dainty. Her figure had developed into exquisite grace.

The eight years of study had marked themselves upon the lovely face in its bright expression and sparkling intelligence. Rush Travers might well be proud of her to whom he had given his proud old name. In all this time he had seen her but once—but once he had returned to his native land.

In the twilight he stood awaiting her in Mme. Arnaud's private room; but, when the door opened he started at the radiant vision which entered.

She threw herself upon his breast, with a glad sob, then started back.

"Uncle Rush," she said questioningly, "you are not glad to see me?"

He had recovered himself by then, and welcomed her warmly; but something had arisen between them her womanly perception was first to recognize. Already this meeting, to which she had looked forward with such gladness, was marred.

From all sides, that night, Mr. Travers was met with congratulations on the beauty and brilliance of his ward, who had received the first honors of her class. Was the old cynicism growing on him, that he turned from it all as though weary?

For the first time, glancing casually in a mirror, he discovered that the thick, brown hair was streaked with gray, and the sight hurt him. Why? He neither asked the question nor answered it.

There was no doubt now of Pansy's future, he told himself, as, having thrown open his hospitable doors, the world flocked there to welcome this new aspirant to its honors; but, almost to his surprise, he found that he could not remain quietly in the background, a spectator. Women still smiled upon him, still murmured sweet nothings in his ear, or uttered gentle reproaches at his obduracy.

Was he never to be lured from his solitude? Some one soon would steal from him the bright new star which now lighted him home. Would he be content to leave it in darkness? Thus they whispered in his ear.

Why should he resent it, rather than welcome it? Had he not planned for her a brilliant marriage? Already it was assumed to her if she would accept it. Why, then, did he rejoice as one and another retired, heavy-hearted, from the lists?

He grew to hate the world anew. Now and then would come a quiet evening, when, sitting alone in his library, she would steal softly in, as she had done so often in the old, childish

days, and sitting on a stool at his feet, lay her soft, velvet cheek upon his hand.

Would she come to him thus, one day, and tell him that at last she had given away her heart? And would he be strong enough to give her his blessing?

Ah, he had learned his own secret now.

One evening they went together to a brilliant gathering. A murmur of admiration ran through the room as she entered it, but something in it all wearied her tonight.

She refused the many eager claimants for the dance, and stood watching the gay scene, surrounded by a little court, when, looking up, she saw Rush Travers' eyes fixed on her face. With a sudden impulse she moved swiftly to his side.

"I am tired, Uncle Rush," she said. "The garden is thrown open. Will you take me there with you for a little while?"

He drew the little gloved hand in his arm and together they passed through the French window into the lantern-lighted space beyond. Neither spoke, when, as they were in the shadow, voices reached them.

"A beautiful girl—yes. 'Rush Travers' caprice' they call her. There is some mystery about her. For my part, I don't believe she's any relation, and I think the man's in love with her. You know the old story about him?"

But they heard no more. Pansy felt the strong quiver which ran through him as he drew her away.

"Oh, Uncle Rush," she murmured, "I am so, so sorry."

"Sorry for what?" he answered, almost harshly. "For keeping my secret so poorly that it is a football for the world? For selfishly gloating when other men were unsuccessful in gaining the treasure I so madly covet for my own? It is true what they say, Pansy—true, but it shall be so no longer!"

"True, Uncle Rush! You mean that you love me?"

"Yes, my darling. But do not let it frighten you. I have not forgotten that I am almost an old man, while you are on the threshold of your young life. You shall marry some good, noble man, Pansy, and I shall be happy in your happiness."

"I shall never marry," the girl answered, softly, "unless—unless—oh, Uncle Rush! I never guessed my own secret, but I know it now. Whom could I love but you? When other men have wooed me, I have thought of you; and beside you they seem so powerless to win the beat of my heart. How could they, when already it belonged to you? Was the gift so small that you would not claim it?"

But he sealed the sweet, questioning lips with the first lover's kiss which had ever rested there.

"Rush Travers' caprice," they called it, darling! he whispered. "But they were wrong—it was Rush Travers' inspiration!"—Saturday Night.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A curious criminal law exists in Greece. A man who is there sentenced to death waits two years before the execution of the sentence.

Saddles, in some form, are of the greatest antiquity. Under Tiglath-Pileser III., the Assyrian cavalry was provided with them and the early Romans used a cloth, hide or skin, which was, no doubt, very similar.

The largest tree in the state of New Jersey is a white oak situated three miles north of Mickleton, Gloucester county. Its dimensions are: Height, 95 feet; diameter of trunk three feet above the ground, 7 feet 10 inches; spread of branches, 118 feet. This tree antedates the settlement of the colony.

A monster lathe has just been made in Philadelphia. It is 86 feet long, and its total weight is 135 tons. It has been constructed for preparing the 32 huge granite pillars to be used in building a new cathedral, each pillar weighing 160 tons. It has eight cutters, and the granite block is reduced 24 inches in diameter at one pass over its length.

A new hotel which is to be built in New York City will have many interesting electrical features, among which will be a system of electric service elevators, or movable pantries, fitted with electric heating tables. They will be run through every apartment, thereby insuring rapid service and hot food to guests taking their meals in their rooms.

A remarkable contrast to the map in precious stones which lately astonished Paris is the railway map on tiles put up at York station by the Northwestern company. It is made of white tiles, the lines being marked in black and burnt sienna. It is about six feet square, and each tile is eight inches square. The company intends to have similar maps at all important stations on its own system.

A curious instance of the way in which two or three long lives can bridge over the chasm of several centuries is given by Muller himself in his lately published autobiography. He relates that he met at Oxford the centenarian scholar, Dr. Routh of Magdalen college, who had known a lady who had seen Charles I. walking in the "Parks," which derive their name from the disposition of the royal artillery during the civil war of 1640. Three lives thus served to connect two periods separated by some 200 years.

CHEESE - MAKING FACTS

LITTLE KNOWN DETAILS ABOUT THE FAMOUS BRANDS.

Even the Prosaic Subject of Dairying Has Interesting Features—Rochfort is Not Made of Cow's Milk—A Peculiarity of the Edam Cheese.

We have a cow in this country for every four of the inhabitants. This liberal allowance makes us the largest producer of dairy products in the world, in spite of the fact that we do not seem to have the average European's appreciation of the food value of milk and its products. We produce more than any other country in the world simply because we have a very much larger population than any other important dairying country, but in some of the older European lands two or three times as much milk and cheese are consumed per capita as in the United States, says the New York Sun.

We import large quantities of foreign cheese. It is probable that many of our citizens who are fond of imported cheeses with world famous names are not acquainted with even the broad, general facts concerning their manufacture. Some of these facts, collected here, may show that even the prosaic subject of dairying has interesting features. It has also its secrets that are very carefully preserved. Imitations of a number of famous cheeses are made in various countries, but are very imperfect as well as spurious. The broad facts of the manufacture are known, but there are essential details that are not understood by outsiders who try to reproduce them.

Few people who have not been to Switzerland understand that one of the greatest resources of the country is the Alpine pastures where hundreds of thousands of cows are driven every summer after the grass is well started. Far up among the mountains the herders live, tending their herds and producing tons and tons of cheese. There are nearly 2,111,101 acres in these Alpine pastures. All winter the cows are fed on hay in the valleys with no change in their diet till the sun warms the grassy slopes into life. Then they begin to climb the mountains. At first they graze in the pastures of the "mittenalpen," in the cooler and higher altitudes, are not ready for them till the season has considerably advanced. Gradually they are driven to the higher pastures, where they graze all summer; they do not leave these heights, watered by the melting snows from the glaciers, till frost compels them to seek lower altitudes; then they descend as slowly as they had climbed the slopes in the spring, and finally find their way into the stables among the valleys, where the farmers were cutting hay for them while they were feeding on the uplands.

While on the pastures they are tended only by the herdsmen hired by the cow owners in some hamlet to take care of the animals and make cheese from the milk they yield. At each of the stages on the slow journey up the mountain there is a hut in which the senn or herdsmen lives. It contains the cheese-making apparatus; most of the milk is made into cheese, though butter is also a considerable product. As soon as the senn steps out of his door in the morning he blows his Alpine horn, usually made of birch bark, and his little herd, obedient to the accustomed call, come up to the hut to be milked. The senn leads a solitary but very industrious life, for his time is fully occupied in milking, keeping the cows on the range and making the cheese and butter. About once in two weeks supplies are sent up from the village and the butter and cheese are taken down the mountain to be divided among the owners of the cattle.

A good deal of cheese is also made in the valleys, but a large part of the Schweizer kase, known and relished all over the world, is made by these herders during their solitary life in the mountains.

Perhaps many of the consumers of Rochfort cheese imagine that it is made of cow's milk. The fact is, however, that genuine Rochfort is made entirely of ewes' milk and is a distinctive product of a very small district at Rochfort, among the limestone mountains of the Cevennes in the south of France. The art of making Rochfort cheese was perfected there at least nine centuries ago and it has been handed down through many generations. The most peculiar feature of its manufacture and the one which accounts for the distinctive qualities of the cheese is that it is "ripened" deep under the surface in natural limestone caves with which this region abounds and in which the temperature is low and equable the year round. In no other place can the cheese be made to take the real properties of the Rochfort. Caves have been excavated in other places for the purpose of making cheese identical in characteristics with the real Rochfort, but the real article has never yet been produced away from its native home. In some years about 10,000,000 pounds of Rochfort cheese are made from the milk of 400,000 ewes.

The round Dutch product known as Edam cheese has one peculiarity that is shared by few other cheeses in the world's markets. The factory methods of cheese-making have been so far perfected that, as a rule, factory are regarded as superior to home-made cheese in the same district. Practically all the cheeses exported from Canada, the largest cheese exporting country in the world, are factory products. Enormous quantities of Edam cheese are made both in factories and at the homes of the Dutch peasant farmers, and nobody can detect any difference between the factory and the home-made product. It is Edam cheese wherever it is made in the district that produces it, this district is con-

lined to the region north of Amsterdam and west of the Zuider Zee, a region of polders or reclaimed lands, rich in grass and noted for its dairy farms and its famous milkers. Somebody who was much impressed with these cows yielding seven gallons of milk a day called them "ambulating milk springs"; the compliment seems to be well deserved. Edam cheese is made from their bounteous yield of milk; tourists who visit the Dutch market town of Alkmaar may sometimes see as many as 200,000 of these little round cheese ready to be shipped to various parts of the world.

A Grave Mistake.

"Here," said the widow, rushing into the office of the man who dealt in tombstones. "I refuse to pay you for the old monument you want to palm off on me. My poor, poor husband! He had picked up a stick of dynamite and was trying to find out whether it was any good or not when the accident happened. Ah me! All we ever found of him was the left leg. That we placed in the grave with due ceremony. Oh, William! William! It isn't much, but what there is of it is sacred to me."

"But, madame," the dealer in marble said, "what have I to do with all this?"

"What have you to do with it?" she cried. "Haven't your men gone out there and put a slab with 'He Rests in Peace' on it over that leg? People who know anything about the circumstances would wonder whenever they saw the inscription why I didn't have it made 'He Rests in Pieces'? You take that down before to-morrow or I'll hire somebody to do it."

An investigation showed that the workmen had made a mistake in graves.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reluctant Statesman.

"Young man," the rising statesman said to the reporter, "newspaper notoriety is exceedingly distasteful to me, but since you have asked me to give you some of the particulars of the leading events in my life, I will comply. I do so, however, with great reluctance."

Here he took a typewritten sheet from a drawer in his desk and handed it to the reporter.

"I suppose, of course," he added, "you will want my portrait, and although I dislike anything that savors of undue publicity, I can do no less than comply with your wish."

Here he took a photograph from a large pile in another drawer, and gave it to the reporter.

"When this appears in print," he said, "you may send me two hundred and fifty copies of the paper."—Chicago Tribune.

Where Gotham's Nabobs Live.

We have our "Peacock lane," "Millionaires' row," "Millionaires' walk," "Highlands of Fifth avenue," "Riverside terrace," "Vanderbilt corners" and "Astor court" already mapped out and squatted on, and now we are to have "Steel Trust alley." Only lucky men will live in the alley. By and by there will be "Railway lane," for the nabobs of the trunk line consolidation, where no ghost or goblin will ever dare to stroll. Do you remember the superstition about a lane? No evil thing that walks by night, blue meagre or smart fairy of the mine, has power to cross a lane. A lane is a spur from a main road, and therefore forms with it a sort of T, which is near enough to the shape of a cross to arrest such simple folk of the unseen world as care to trouble the peaceful inmates of the world we live in.—New York Press.

No Linnet Like His.

A certain collier possessed a linnet which he always said was the finest warbler and cleverest bird that ever grew feathers.

"Enter him in the show," said a friend to the proud owner one day. He acted on the advice, but the wonderful bird was passed over by the judges.

"He can't be so clever as you thought he was," said the friend.

"Oh, but he is," said Jack; "in fact, he's a deal too clever. You see, it's this way. One of my lads at home is a—what d'yer call 'em?'—a ventriloquist; well, that bird listened to my lad till he can do as well as him. At this 'ere contest instead of opening his mouth he sung w'f I shut, as he had learnt, an' then idiots of judges thought it w'f other birds. See?"—The But.

Country Cousins Do Not Figure.

Turks have no family names, writes General George B. Williams in the New York Telegraph. For example: A man named Mohammed has a son named Ahmed and a daughter named Sophia. The son will always be known merely as Ahmed and the daughter merely as Sophia, in the latter case even after marriage. The result is that members of families after one or two generations become lost to each other. In fact, the sisters and the cousins and the aunts' business is not much exploited in Turkey. One may be talking to two brothers or two sisters without the fact being made known. There being no family ties—no aristocracy. The grand vizier-to-day may have been a camel driver or a servant. His rise is not due to any family influence or connection.

Vesuvius's Deadly Breath.

The "pine tree" of Scoria, which has continually erupted from the Vesuvius crater, is seriously damaging the harvest in the adjoining district, writes a Rome correspondent. The weather has been remarkably windy and rainy and the "pine tree," lashed by the elements, has spread an immense quantity of powerful acids on the fields and vineyards of the mountain slopes and the neighboring plains, burning or otherwise damaging the growing crops.