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**Shifts of Arctic Seals.**  
Lake Baikal is a remarkable body of water lying in a longitudinal trough on the edge of the central Asiatic plateau, whose surface is 1,600 feet above the sea with which it is connected by the Yenisei river after flowing across the northern plains of Siberia for a distance of 2,000 miles. A most curious fact, long known to scientific men, is that this lake is occupied by a species of seal almost identical with those found in the Arctic Ocean. The same species, with slight variations are also found in the Caspian sea, but not anywhere else along the 3,000 or 4,000 miles which separate these bodies of water. The most probable explanation of this fact, and the one usually accepted by scientific men is that these species of seal were thus widely distributed during a continental subsidence in which the waters of the Arctic ocean covered all of northwestern Siberia and extended up to the base of the great Asiatic plateau which we followed for such a long distance on elevated shore lines of Turkestan, says McClure's Magazine. When this depressed area emerged from the sea, it left the seal isolated in the two great bodies of water which still remain on its former margin. So lately has this taken place, that there has not been time for any great change to be effected in the specific characteristics of these animals.

**BREACH OF THE CONTRACT.**  
How a Man Got the Best of a Subscription Book Scheme.

A citizen of Buffalo has just won his case from a subscription book concern. He subscribed for a set of Balzac's works with the understanding that the edition was to be limited to 1,000 sets. He thought he was to be just one of a thousand out of seventy-odd millions in the United States to be envied the possession of the Balzac sets. He learned afterward that there were two other "limited editions" of the same work, that all three editions were printed from the same plates on the same quality of paper and differed only in the illustrations and the color of the binding. The Buffalo purchaser contended that the publishers had violated their contract with him and refused to complete his payments for the set. Whereupon the publishers brought suit to recover. The case has just been tried in the municipal court in Buffalo and has been won by the defendant, the court holding that a mere color of the binding did not constitute the victim of a breach of contract. This was good law and a correct result. The tricks of the subscription book publishers and their agents are many. When a man finds he has been cheated he should resist. The courts will protect him.—Ulrica Observer.

**The Manufacture of Writing Pens.**  
"The manufacture of pens in the United States is confined to only four companies, although one might suppose there were many more," said a Connecticut man who is engaged in that line of work, the other day. "That does not include the making of gold pens, which is a separate industry, but pens of steel, brass and German silver. The steel for these pens is brought chiefly from Sheffield, Eng., as is the best blade steel. Many experiments have been made with steel manufactured over here, but it never has sufficiently stood the test. The imported product comes in sheets about three or four inches wide and from sixteen to twenty feet long. The impression would be that such little articles so universally used as pens would be entirely machine made. Not so. From the moment the sheet steel is started on its way into pens till the finished goods are boxed and labeled it is handled by employes seventeen different times. The points, even, have to be ground twice—ground and cross-ground, as we style it in the factories."

**A Necessary Precaution.**  
A couple of fishermen went out from El Dorado, Kan. They had a jug of pretty good whiskey and a six-shooter, with which they intended to shoot at a mark in case the fish might not bite. They left their equipment on the bank of the creek while they went away to hunt a boat. When they returned they found this note pinned to the grub basket: "Dear Gents—We have taken your jug and pistol. We didn't want the pistol, but thought you might be thirsty enough to follow us up and shoot for the drinks."

**IN ANY CARB.**  
In olden times when a girl grew up, They tied her with ropes of gems. They shackled her ankles and wrists with ore, And they crowned her with diamonds.  
They soaked her tresses in perfumed oil, They rubbed her with paste and things, Then brought her forth, as a queen, befit To rivet the gaze of kings.  
But now—a dip in the tumbling waves, With a rest on the sands between, A linen skirt, and a sailor hat— And—she's just as much of a queen!  
—Madeline Bridges, in Life.

**FAST FRIENDS.**  
By Alvan F. Sanborn.

ONE of the largest and best-appointed cages of the menagerie of the Paris Jardin des Plantes is shared by a beautiful, full-grown Abyssinian Lioness named Imperatrice and a small shepherd dog named Coco. The intimacy between Coco and Imperatrice began far back, when the one was a roly-poly puppy and the other a tumbling whelp on the after-deck of a Nile River steamer. They have never, from that time to this, been separated, except as Coco has been sent out for an occasional promenade beyond the cage's limits, and their friendship has never for an instant faltered.  
Every day, and several times a day, they give a voluntary performance which compares favorably with the performances given by regularly organized troupes of trained animals, and which invariably draws to the cage a number of eager, tiptoeing spectators.  
The dog begins by circling with provoking barks about the lioness, exactly as he or any other dog might circle about a cow in a pasture. The lioness receives the affront cow-fashion, with lowered head, creeps toward her challenger stealthily, cat-fashion, halts and crouches as if to spring—but does not. Then the two beasts, eye to eye, zigzag comically around each other like a pair of pugilists watching and working for an opening; the lioness self-poised and supple, but ungainly from lack of space; the dog nervous, nimble and alert.  
This capering is kept up for several minutes, at the end of which the dog, tired of futile manoeuvring, attains the lioness with a single flying leap—and grips her by the skin of the back, side or chest, or by the ear—wherever, in fact, his teeth happen to close—and tries with all his little might to throw her. The lioness, with the adorable restraint and infinite gentleness of a considerate father making a show of wrestling with his small boy, or of a great, loving St. Bernard dog playing with a baby or a puppy, allows herself to be toppled over on her back.  
As she lies thus, prostrate, in feigned defeat and helplessness, the victor plants his forefeet solidly on her silky white stomach, and with nose well in air, proudly awaits the applause that is sure to be accorded by the people beyond the bars; after which—is it that, for the moment, he believes the monster is really slain?—he seizes the lioness's tail in his teeth and tugs lustily thereat, just for all the world as if he were dragging a carcass off the field.  
This sham fight is now and again supplemented by a sort of hide-the-thimble game in which a hunk of the lioness's dinner meat serves for the thimble, and such holes as muzzles can poke in the straw with which the cage floor is strewn serve for the hiding places.  
When they are not engaged in either of these ways, the pair may be seen softly fooling and toying, licking each other's coats and faces, or sleeping cuddled together with their fore paws around each other's necks—veritable models of gentleness, self-forgetfulness and good-fellowship, and above all, past masters in the difficult art of taking a joke.

Imperatrice is always docile and contained, except when some one of the crowd of gazers does something to annoy her little comrade. Under the slightest injury or insult to Coco she becomes another creature; growls ominously, switches her flanks with her tail, and assaults the cage bars in a way to make one tremble for their firmness, while her chops drip foam and her soft, velvet eyes flash flame. She loves Michel, her keeper, who is kind to her, although firm and masterful, and would defend him doubtfully, in all likelihood, if she beheld him in distress, but she loves Coco more. Of this, her preference for the dog over the man, she gave a striking, almost tragic, proof a year or so ago when an occasion arose which forced her—at least to her limited animal intelligence it seemed to force her—to choose between them.  
The three, Michel, Coco and Imperatrice, were in the cage together. Coco, in a sudden fit of perversity, did a thing he knew very well he should not do. Michel, with never a thought of the possible effect upon Imperatrice, gave him a richly deserved whiplap which sent him into a corner yelping and ashamed. Thereupon, with a spring there would have been no such thing as eluding, even if it had been foreseen, Imperatrice set her teeth in Michel's right shoulder and bore him to the floor.  
Had he grappled, unarmed as he was, with the infuriated beast, tried to appease her with soft words, or swooned from fright, Michel might never have left the cage alive. An ordinary man would have done one or the other of these things and perished. But Michel was not an ordinary man. Sure and swift as was the

spring of the lioness, his thought was scarcely less swift and sure. It was as if the cause for the creature's rage was flashed through his brain by lightning. He understood instinctively, as well as he could have understood by reasoning for hours about it, that Imperatrice was rebelling for Coco's sake, not for her own, and that the sole way to save himself, if way indeed there were, was to display instantly and unmistakably his affection for Coco. And so he forced himself by an incredible, almost superhuman, effort to ignore the raging lioness and to flatter the dog.  
Although the lioness's jaws were fairly crunching his shoulder bones and her paws lacerating and oppressing his chest, the resolute fellow called out, in a perfectly natural voice, quite as if nothing at all unusual were occurring: "Coco! Coco! Viens, mon Coco! Viens donc mon cher! La bonne bete! La bonne bete! Le beau garcon! Qu'il est beau, qu'il est gentil ce Coco-la! Oh le bon chien qu'il est!" And then, as the dog, his mood transformed from shame to joy by the caressing tones of his master's voice, approached, Michel stretched forth the hand which the lioness's fierce embrace left free and patted him kindly on the head.  
The effect on Imperatrice was instantaneous. Her eyes grew gentle, her teeth and her claws relaxed, reluctantly, it is true—for the savor of the warm human blood was probably sweeter than anything she had hitherto known outside her dreams—but surely, and sliding to the floor, she licked affectionately the face of the dog and the hand of the master by turns.

Because it was plain as daylight that the lioness had offended not from savagery, but from excess of love, she was not punished for her outbreak. Nor did Michel, after his return from the hospital, where his ugly wounds sent him, attempt to read her any lesson. Rather he read himself one, and it will be many a long day, you may be sure, before he disciplines Coco again in the presence of Imperatrice. Coco, the rascal, thoroughly appreciates the situation, and conducts, or misconducts himself accordingly. There are two very different Cocos since Imperatrice's memorable defence of him; a Coco in the cage and a Coco out of it.—Youth's Companion.

**FOREST FIRES.**  
The Indians Managed the Matter Better Than We Do To-Day.

A correspondent of the Bedford Inquirer, "an old mountaineer," makes the following novel propositions for the prevention of destructive forest fires: First compel all owners of woodland under heavy penalty to clear their woods of all leaves and small underbrush by burning the same or otherwise removing at such times as the owners may select during the months of November, December and January, holding them responsible for any damage done to the property of others, so that proper care and judgment may be used. Of course the first clearing of mountain and other timber land on which there may be an accumulation of leaves and brush (the product of many years) will be attended with some expense and great care, but when once cleared nearly all care, expense and trouble will end in case all owners of woodland each and every year be compelled under heavy penalty during the aforesaid months to burn all the leaves which may have fallen from the season's growth. If this be done there can be no forest fires during the nine succeeding months; there will be nothing to burn.  
After the forests and groves are once cleared of all leaves and small underbrush, the cost of each year of burning the leaves of one season's growth will hardly exceed the cost of a box of matches. Furthermore, if done properly, there can be no harm to any young growth, as farmers know from experience that burning stubble off a field will not kill the roots of grass. The ashes of the leaves, being left on the ground, will prove a good fertilizer, and more than enough uninjured acorns and nuts will be left to take root, where it is impossible if there be a heavy carpet of leaves. Fall fires, simply from the flash of a coating of one season's leaves, will be so light that birds and game of all kinds will scarcely be frightened, and in the months named there are no young birds and nests and no helpless animals. Nuts, too, of all kinds could easily be seen and gathered when wanted.

Let us learn wisdom from the Indians and the hunters of 100 years ago. When the leaves were burned each fall in West Virginia and Maryland the ridges were covered with a dense growth of bluegrass, affording pasture for deer and cattle. This annual fall burning had much to do in producing the smoky atmosphere which was called "Indian summer."—Bradford (Penn.) Era.

**Reward of Vice.**  
We read in the daily papers that a Frenchman left 10,000,000 francs to the city of Rouen for the purpose of giving a prize annually as a marriage gift to two giants, the design being to improve the physical stature of the race. This seems the silliest of all "rewards of vice," which much modern philanthropy is. Giants are usually diseased, the most certainly so the larger they are, and they are of less service to the world than people of ordinary size. Indeed, gigantism is itself a disease. Then, too, the law of inheritance doesn't always work as planned by the foolish count. His marriage prize would very likely have the very opposite result from what he wished.—American Medicine.

The peace strength of the Russian army is 896,000, the war strength 3,500,000.

**THE LAW OF LIBEL.**  
Points With Which Publishers of Newspapers Should Be Familiar.

Every man has a right to whatever character belongs to him in his person. He has the same right to whatever business standing he may have justly acquired. This is a property right, and includes the fruits of his industry or professional or trade character as well as the right to a good title to real or personal property. The same principle of law will apply to libels as to the person. The following will serve to illustrate what language is actionable as to the business:  
It was held to be libelous to state of an attorney that he had abandoned his client's cause in the midst of litigation by a failure to prosecute the case.  
A publication charging a brewer with filthy and disgusting practices in preparing his beverages was declared to be libelous.  
Representing the Lieutenant-Governor of the State as being in a beastly state of intoxication while in the discharge of his duties in the Senate was declared to be libelous both as to the person and to his occupation. The law recognizes officeholding as a legitimate calling.

To state that Squire A. after the manner of dispensing justice converts the cause into assault and battery and discharges the offender \* \* \* and to add, "We presume that A. had an eye to the costs and rendered his decision to suit himself," was declared to be libelous.  
A publication which charges a weighmaster with tampering with or doctoring such weights and measures for the purpose of increasing his fees was held to be libelous as to the business of the weighmaster.  
A publication purporting to give information as to the credit of a mercantile firm, charging one member thereof with dishonesty, was held to be libelous as to the firm in its business. It was also libelous as to the person of the member of the firm thus accused of dishonesty.

It was held to be libelous as to the employment of a clerk to publish of him, "I am sure you will not be persuaded from doing justice by any little act of your clerk, whose consummate malice and wickedness toward me and my family will make him do anything, be it ever so vile."  
It was held to be libelous to state of a physician of a hospital that he had been thrice suspended from practice for extortion.  
To state of a newspaper man that in advocating a certain cause he was an impostor, anxious to put money in his pocket by extending the circulation of his paper, that he had published a fictitious subscription list for the purpose of inducing others to contribute to the cause, was declared to be libelous.  
It was held to be libelous to state that a newspaper had a separate page devoted to usurers and quack doctors and that the editor offered cheaper rates if the advertiser would consent for his advertising to appear on that page.  
To publish of a bookseller that he publishes immoral or absurd poems was declared to be libelous.  
It was held to be libelous to publish of professional vocalists that they had advertised themselves to sing at certain music halls songs which they had no right to sing.  
To publish a statement that a hotel is unsafe on its foundation or that horses or vehicles that are kept for hire are unsafe would be libelous as to the business of the person operating such hotel or keeping such vehicles or horses for hire.  
It has been repeatedly held libelous to state of a person or firm engaged in business that such individual or corporation is a bankrupt or insolvent or tottering or about to pass out of business.  
To state that a merchant was in the hands of a sheriff was held to be actionable.  
To make a false statement concerning a person engaged in business which falls short of charging total insolvency or bankruptcy would not ordinarily be libelous per se, but libelous only on proof of special damages.  
A newspaper by mistake published as a heading connected with the name of a firm, "First Meeting Under the Bankruptcy Act." This was declared libelous. The heading should have been, "Dissolution of Partnership."  
It was held to be actionable to state of a newspaper that it is "the lowest in circulation, and we submit the same to the consideration of advertisers." It can readily be seen that such a statement would affect the sale of the paper and the profit to be made by advertising.  
Ordinarily comments on facts admitted or which can be proved are privileged as a fair comment on matters of public interest. The various defences to a libel suit can, however, be considered at a future time.—D. M. Butler, in the Western Editor.

**Our Love For Sweets.**

Americans are a sugar loving people, and our taste for sweets is increasing. We not only increase our consumption with the increase of population, but individually we consume more each year.  
Last year we consumed 2,210,847 tons of sugar, which was 141,779 tons more than we ate the year before. This does not mean that our sugar devouring population had increased, but it means that while each man, woman and child—if he got his or her proportion—consumed sixty-one pounds of sugar in 1899, he or she consumed a little more than sixty-six and a half pounds in 1900.—New York Herald.

**The Reflection of a Bachelor.**

Any man can get the best of a woman if he only knows how to make her too mad to cry.—New York Press.

**LOST MISSOURI ISLAND.**  
"He de Vache"—How It Got Its Name—Its Disappearance.

One of the most noted localities on the Missouri River in the palmy days of steamboating on that stream was Cow Island, an island located in the river about seven miles above Weston and opposite the old town of Iatan. It then contained about 1000 acres and was densely covered with a primeval forest of cottonwood. It acquired its peculiar name from the fact that at an early day—some time in the last century—a French trader, in ascending the river, found here a solitary cow, the first ever seen so high up and the only one then within hundreds of miles. She had been stolen, doubtless, by the Indians from the white settlement on the Mississippi near St. Charles, driven up the river and placed on the island to prevent her escape. The French gave to the island the name "He de Vache," the English meaning of which was "Cow Island."

The island was in former days a place of historic interest, and was a noted landmark, not only among the early voyagers and steamboatmen, but the early explorers as well. Lewis and Clark landed here and replenished their larder with several deer on July 3, 1804. They found at the head of the island a large lake, now called Bean Lake, containing beaver and many water fowl. It was the first beaver they had seen. Captain Martin, another explorer, wintered here with a detachment of troops in 1818-19. And here Major Long, on his famous expedition to the Yellowstone, held a council with the Kansas Indians on August 24, 1819. In fact, the principal village of that tribe was located on the island, and they had been seated there from time immemorial. They had their councils there with the Pawnees, Iowas, Sacs and Foxes and other tribes from the north side of the river.

The island was first owned by Major John Dougherty, of Liberty, Mo., the father of the present Congressman from that district, who in his day was a famous trapper and a member of the American Fur Company, and spent many years among the Indians. The fur company had a number of trading posts on the upper Missouri, where they kept merchandise which they exchanged with the Indians for furs. Major Dougherty laid off the town of Iatan, named for an Indian chief. It then had bright prospects, and was located on the banks of the river, but is not as large now as it was forty years ago. It died with the navigation of the Missouri. Cow Island, too, is gone. Like many smaller islands in the river, it has been swept away by the rapacious current of that stream, until now not an acre is left, and the fact that such an island ever existed is unknown to the present generation. The old Missouri has cut some high capers within the last half century, and the channel is not where it once was. At the foot of the bluff at Weston, where stood Warner's warehouse, from which the bales of hemp were rolled directly on to the bows of the boats, is now an immense willow sand bar, and the river is a half mile away. Iatan, the once promising city, is now an inland village two miles from the river bank. Such have been the changes in this part of the river in the last fifty years that should one of the old river pilots return to-day he would not recognize a single landmark.—Kansas City Journal.

**Folly of Century Runs.**

It is hard to see how even the greatest advocate of the bicycle can find anything to commend in the practice of holding century runs on every convenient holiday. The ability to ride a bicycle rapidly for a short distance may often be extremely valuable, and nothing can be more delightful than an easy spin along the pleasant country roads. But when a lot of men start out at 5 o'clock in the morning and race like mad fifty miles in the morning and back again the sport of bicycle riding degenerates to the same plane with the snake and torture dances of the Moqui Indians and other similar tests of endurance.  
Bicycle riding, and even bicycle racing, under proper conditions, is to be approved, but these free-for-all century runs should be stopped. They furnish amusement to an extremely small number of people, and they serve no good purpose of any kind.—Chicago Tribune.

**Primitive Trephining.**

The natives of New Britain, according to Professor Victor Horsley, are well acquainted with the surgical operation of opening the skull, known as trephining. The surgeon is the medicine man of the tribe. His only instrument is a flake of obsidian or a piece of shell. With this the bone is exposed and a hole the size of a fifty-cent piece made. As a rule the operation is resorted to in cases of fracture and about eighty per cent. of the patients die. In New Zealand some form of insanity and even headache are treated in the same way, and there are cases in which the same individual has undergone the operation five times.

**Interesting Facts About Presidents.**

Nine Presidents of the United States have been elected for second terms. Not one of them has ever had a third term, or even a nomination for such a term. Only one ever tried to get such a nomination and he failed. Now that Mr. McKinley, with his great popularity and the absence of effective opposition, has added his example to that of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson and Cleveland, and to the warning of Grant, future Presidents will be less inclined than ever to challenge the tradition.—New York Journal.

**RURAL HYGIENE.**  
The Possible Influence of the Country Doctor on Public Health.

Prevention rather than cure is the great object of medical science to-day, and while the city has its peculiar perils, so has the country. In a recent essay in the New York Medical Record, Dr. George M. Kober, of Washington, D. C., said:

When we consider the fact that over seventy per cent. of our population reside in rural districts, that the "home and sloop" of these are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and that they do not enjoy the benefits of enforced sanitation by local health boards, we see at once the desirability of the family physician extending useful suggestions on healthful building sites and homes, disposal of house wastes, the importance of a pure water supply and wholesome and properly cooked food. As it is now, the diet is faulty, especially the hot biscuit and greasy fried dishes, while wells and privies are often dangerous neighbors. The undue prevalence of typhoid fever in rural districts could be materially checked by disinfecting excreta with three times the volume of boiling water and the adoption of the earth closet system. This is all the more important since infection is often spread through the milk supply, and many of our urban population contract disease in the country during the summer months. While prompt disinfection of the excreta is the only rational method, we should also make an effort to get rid of the flies by prompt disposal of the horse manure in which they breed, the abandonment of open privies and surface pollution, removal of garbage and other fly breeding matter.

**A Korean Prisoner.**

In an entertaining article on Korea—the country which Russia covets and which Japan must have—the Rev. Robert E. Speer has this to say upon the prisoners of that half-barbarous land: "The gate was wide open and the courtyard was full of prisoners, and the surrounding buildings were old and tottering. I asked the chief, whom one of the two or three listless attendants called for us, why the prisoners did not run away. 'Oh,' he replied, 'they would be caught and beaten again and kept longer. Now they will get out soon.' But as I looked at them I saw that they did not run away because they could not. The life was beaten out of them. The keepers brought the heavy red cord with a brass hook at the end and trussed up a man with it to show how the beating was done, and then brought us the stiff rods with which victims were pounded over the shins and thighs until the beaten spots were simply masses of festering rotteness. There was a room, black, foul, leprous, in which the men were fastened in the stocks. The Black Hole of Calcutta was scarcely less merciful than this."—Leslie's Monthly.

**The Coming Engineer.**

The engineer of the twentieth century will have need of all the knowledge education can bring. The nineteenth century skimmed the cream of invention; what was on the surface has been appropriated. James Watt made it impossible any one else should have quite so brilliant a record as himself, and yet his master-stroke of invention, the separate condenser, did not need abstruse scientific attainments, although Watt was essentially scientific in his methods. So each successful worker in the field of invention does something to exhaust the soil, and render needful higher fertilization for further productiveness. New vistas, however, are constantly being opened out, and, to continue our analogy, we have something like the rotation of crops in the changing instruments by which the engineer attains his ends. It is becoming more and more evident that the day of the uneducated engineer, the man who by mere force of genius accomplished results which have changed the face of nature, is being replaced by the epoch of the skilled master of methods in applied science.—The Engineer.

**The Scheme That Failed.**

"I say, Gaddesby," said Mr. Smith, as he entered a Peebles fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand. "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they've been caught to-day, will you?"  
"Certainly, sir. How many?"  
"Oh! you'd better give me three or four—barbel! Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."  
"Yes, sir. You'd better take salmon, eh?"  
"Why? What makes you think so?"  
"Oh! nothing, except that your wife was down early this morning, and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a generally woebegone look, I was to persuade you to take salmon if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."  
Mr. Smith took trout.—London Answers.

**Hats For Horses.**

The Humane Society of Washington has been agitating the question of hats for horses, and its efforts are bearing some fruit. The society is intending to have made several dozen straw hats of the kind used for horses in the West Indies and in Europe, and will distribute them to the hackdrivers in order to place them where they will do most good. The hats are provided with holes in the top through which the ears of the horse protrude. The bonnet is tied neatly under the horse's chin, and as it is two feet and over in breadth, casts a shade that is ample to protect the whole head and face. A place in the top of the hat above the horse's crown is made in order to keep his topknot moist.—Washington Times.