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Japan has now advanced far enough along the lines of Western civilization to begin having her statesmen assassinated.

A newspaper prints an advertisement, according to the New York Press, that deserves a response. It reads: "If John Smith, who twenty years ago deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

Great statesmen, poets, novelists, soldiers and sailors pass away and their services to the world are much talked about. At Frankfort, Ky., Benjamin F. Meek, the inventor of the fishing reel, died the other day. Though little fuss is made about him, it must be admitted that he has conferred more real benefit on the race than many a greater man, as the world counts greatness. The gentle philosophical race of anglers is under an obligation to him. Peace to his ashes!

One of the features of the Louisiana Purchase World's Fair Exposition at St. Louis will be a heroic statue of Napoleon Bonaparte and the devotion of a day of festivity to his memory. The sale of Louisiana to the United States was Napoleon's conception, and it was carried out against the wishes of his ministers. The promoters of the exposition, therefore, consider that Napoleon did the American Republic an inestimable service which is worthy of distinguished recognition, for the acquisition of Louisiana by England, as one of the fruits of the Napoleonic wars, might have changed the whole current of American history.

What a wonderful era of generosity and goodwill to institutions of learning is that of the present! The ambitious boy or girl who desires a college training in these days in any part of this country experiences far less difficulty in obtaining it than did the generation of thirty years ago. If there are any Abraham Lincolns at humble firesides at the dawn of this century they need not confine their studies to borrowed books painfully coned by the flickering and uncertain light of pinpoints. May there not be some little danger that to some extent, here and there, the higher education may be made too luxurious and too facile? queries the New York Tribune.

The Garbage Problem.
The older countries, in spite of the rapid strides we have made in invention, are a good deal ahead of us in many ways. There is the question of the disposal of garbage, for instance. It is said that it costs the city of New York about \$500,000 a year to get rid of it, while many English cities, by burning it in special furnaces, not only destroy it in the most effective way, but actually make a profit out of it. The furnaces dry it out so that it may be used as fuel, and this fuel is used in making steam for pumping water, running electric plants and for grinding up such parts of the refuse as may be converted into cement, tiles and paving blocks. This plan is in use in seventy or eighty of the smaller cities of England, and a million dollar plant is being erected in London.

One of Life's Ironies.
There is something horrifying in the way in which the city takes its annual toll of victims from the public schools, dumps them down on a high stool and sucks their blood. Why is it that the flowers of school athletics are born to bluish unsex and waste their sweetness on an office stool?—London Public School Magazine.

Culture Must Follow Industry.
There can be no prosperity in industry unless that prosperity is felt in what may be called the highest culture, writes Carroll D. Wright in World's Work. The man who works for wages must feel that his condition is improved. He must play his part as a social and political factor. If social and ethical improvement does not follow industrial improvement, then industry has failed in its great purpose.

THE BATTLE OF MANZANILLO.

By H. E. Smith, Master-at-Arms of the Hornet During the Spanish-American War.

The fact that perhaps the fiercest of what would be called small engagements, which took place during the late war with Spain, and was fought the 30th day of June, 1898, in the harbor of Manzanillo on the southern coast of Cuba, was but slightly brought before the public notice on account of its being so shortly followed on July 3d by the decisive naval engagement in front of Santiago de Cuba, which resulted in the complete destruction of Cervera's formidable fleet, has led the writer to give to the public a description of the memorable battle of Manzanillo. I say memorable, because I am confident it will ever be remembered by many and especially by the crew of the "Little Hornet," of which by chance it was my fortune to be one. As a volunteer in the navy, I was serving on board the U. S. S. Hornet (formerly Mr. Flagler's yacht Alucia, under command of a brave and able man in the person of Lieutenant J. M. Helm, U. S. Navy. During the latter part of June, Admiral Sampson learned through Mr. Dent, the U. S. Consul at Jamaica, that many vessels were sailing from that port to Manzanillo, Cuba, carrying provisions probably intended to reach the Spanish forces at Santiago by an overland route from the former place; in order to put a stop to this traffic, the Admiral immediately ordered a blockade established west of Cape Cruz, and despatched several of the lighter vessels of his command to this duty; much to the displeasure of all on board the "Little Hornet" she was ordered "to proceed to and take up station on blockade off Cape Cruz"—this point being about 100 miles to the westward of Santiago. This was indeed much to the displeasure of the crew of the Hornet, for they all longed to remain in front of Santiago in hopes of being able to have a hand in the great conflict which took place there later on, but our likes and dislikes were not to be taken into consideration, and the order must be obeyed; so there was nothing left for the Little Hornet to do but to steam off to the westward, and, if my memory serves me correctly, and I think it does, it was on Saturday evening, June 25, that we reached our station off Cape Cruz. Early the next morning, as day dawned, we discovered a two-masted schooner had succeeded in passing us under the cover of darkness, and was boldly sailing on towards Manzanillo; she was beyond the reach of our guns, and paid no attention to one or two shots which we fired in her direction. Owing to the peculiar location of reefs and shoals in this vicinity, it was unsafe for us to attempt to steam after her, and was about to abandon the idea of her capture, when the writer of this narrative vehemently appealed to the captain to allow him with a volunteer boat's crew undertake the task with a ten-oared cutter. The captain, realizing the danger of being fired on by Spanish soldiers from the beach, which the schooner was hugging closely, did not at first approve of the idea, and only with reluctance gave his consent to the attempt being made. The cutter was soon lowered, and the volunteer crew, armed with rifles, started in pursuit of their prize, and, after a hard and tedious pull of five hours against wind and tide, they succeeded in overhauling the schooner, but not, however, until they had sent whizzing through her rigging several rifle balls, the music of which was not congenial to the ears of the crew of the schooner. She proved to be the "Emanuel Roaul," loaded with provisions from Jamaica for Manzanillo, being one of the vessels referred to by Mr. Dent. She was held as a prize, and with a prize crew on board was sent two days later to Key West in company with the steamer "Benito Estenger," which we captured on the following day. Early in the morning of the 30th day of June, while we lay alongside of the two-masted schooner "E. B. Nickerson," which we had held up, and one of our officers was overhauling her papers, we discovered smoke on the horizon to the southeast. Without waiting to take on board our officer and boat's crew, which were alongside the schooner, we steamed with all speed in the direction of this smoke, thinking it, of course, another prize, and all jubilant over the fact that they were coming "thick and fast," and, no doubt, we would all have a fortune in prize money before the war was over. This smoke, however, proved to be from the U. S. S. Hist (a converted yacht), under command of Lieutenant Lucian Young, U. S. N., accompanied by the U. S. S. Wampatuck, commanded by Lieutenant Jungen, U. S. N. Lieutenant Young was bearing a sealed dispatch addressed to the "Senior officer present on blockade off Cape Cruz," and expected to find the U. S. S. Dixie, but on learning that the Dixie was cruising off Cienfuegos, some distance to the westward, and finding himself to be the senior officer present, he decided to open the Admiral's communication and called Captains Helm and Jungen, of the Hornet and Wampatuck, on board the Hist for consultation. The Admiral urged upon the officers the necessity of leaving nothing undone in order to put a stop to this traffic in Manzanillo; also ordering that a reconnaissance be made in the vicinity of Manzanillo as early as practicable, stating that he had information that there were three or four small Spanish gunboats in the harbor. Lieutenant Young having on board the Hist an excellent Cuban pilot, it

was decided to make the suggested reconnaissance at once, and by 8 a. m. the three small members of Uncle Sam's Mosquito Fleet were in column formation, with the Hist in the lead and the Hornet in the rear, heading for Manzanillo. After steaming about twenty-five miles and on approaching Neucero Bay, which lay on our right, we discovered a Spanish gunboat laying at anchor behind a small island; the Wampatuck, drawing too much water to enter the bay, remained in the channel to prevent an escape; the Hist and Hornet headed into the bay and uncovered the Spaniard, who, seeing that escape was impossible, boldly steamed out and gave us a running fight; but fortunately for us her shells all passed over us. The Hist grounded and thus interfered with the range of the Hornet. We succeeded, however, in striking the plucky little Spaniard several times, and in a crippled condition she sought shelter behind a small island on the opposite side of the bay, which, however, did not conceal her, and the Hist having floated by this time, and clearing the range of the Hornet, the latter vessel soon landed a six pound shell fairly amidships, and the little Spaniard blew up. The water being so shallow, it was impossible for us to maneuver with ease, and no more of the enemy at this time being in sight, our vessels renewing their former position in column, moved on towards Manzanillo, everyone in our little fleet joyous that in less time than it takes to tell it, we had succeeded in destroying one of the three or four gunboats which we had expected to encounter later. This unexpected resistance proved to be but the "curtain raiser"; the battle was yet to come. Perhaps during the interval here, and before our little fleet reaches the Harbor of Manzanillo, it might be well for me to give my readers an idea of the armament of the three members of the Mosquito Fleet, the actions of which I am about to relate. The Hist mounted one three-pound rapid fire and four automatic one-pound guns. The Wampatuck, an armed tug, mounted one six-pound rapid fire, and two three-pound rapid fire guns. The Hornet (a well named ship) mounted four rapid fire six-pound, two rapid fire one pound, two automatic 6 mm machine guns, and one 47 mm revolving cannon; thus it will be easily seen our armament was light, and, had we any idea of the surprise that awaited us, no doubt there would have been no battle of Manzanillo to go down in history as fought on that day. Our approach had evidently been wired or otherwise signalled from Negueron, and on our opening Manzanillo Harbor, which lay on our right, instead of the three small gunboats we had been looking for much to our surprise we found a crescent formation of nine vessels stretched across the harbor close in shore; a large torpedo boat on the right in entering, and a large gunboat (the guardship of the harbor) on the left, with three smaller gunboats between them, armed with four and six-inch and three and six pound rapid fire and machine guns; on the right of the line was flanked by a big smooth-bore gun on Calmanero Point, and on the left by four large pontoons armed with six inch smooth bore guns. To the rear the line was supported by a mortar battery of six pieces, and a heavy battery of three pound field artillery pieces on the water front and two forts on the hills, one to the right and one to the left of the town, and the shore for nearly two miles in length was lined with soldiers who kept up a fusillade of small arms during the entire engagement. When within 1000 yards of the large torpedo boat the Spanish gunboats opened fire, followed closely by the shore batteries. Instantly we realized the overwhelming odds we had to fight, but with the courage and determination of the true American, the fire was immediately returned with every gun that could be brought to bear. The channel being narrow, it was not safe to turn around for fear of grounding, thus we were obliged to fight our way directly across in front of the enemies' entire line, and as they were firing twenty shots to our one, it seemed as if our chances were slim of ever escaping; but if fate was to doom us, we were determined to do some damage before we went, and, with careful and deliberate aim, we kept up a hot fire, while the air shrieked overhead, and the water around us boiled with the shells of the enemy. Our shells were beginning to take effect and they had discovered the fact that the Hornet was doing the work, whereupon their entire fire was concentrated upon the little craft to destroy her, and soon succeeded in landing a shell which severed the main steam pipe and thus rendered her unable for further movements. She was crippled and lying at their mercy, the target of over 100 guns, and enough shells were fired at her alone in the space of a few minutes to sink a hundred such craft; many on board thought the ship in a sinking condition, but not a gun ceased firing, the men remaining at their stations like men of iron, some suffering from the escaping steam, yet determined not to miss a chance to fire a shot so long as their gun remained above water and a Spanish flag in sight. On the opposite side of the vessel, and distant some ten or twelve hundred yards was an island on which were stationed Spanish soldiers, who, having noticed the crippled condition of the Hornet, and believing her to be easily

captured, had set out some thirty or forty of them, in a small sloop and were fast approaching, firing upon us with small arms. A few men returned the fire with small arms from the Hornet, but with apparently no effect, and when they were within 500 yards of the Hornet, one man throwing down a rifle on the deck, crawled on hands and knees across the deck in the midst of escaping steam, and returned with two six-pound shells (the sloop in the meantime getting nearer, few on board the Hornet noticing her, nearly all hands being busily engaged handling the lines of the Wampatuck, which had been signalled for assistance, and was at this time making fast on the opposite side of the ship), single-handed and alone he cast adrift and loaded the six-pound gun in the gangway, and, with cool and deliberate aim, landed a shell fairly amidships of the sloop, which exploded, making a perfect hash of boat, sails, masts and Spanish soldiers; those who escaped with their lives could be seen swimming back to the island. Modesty prevents the writer from mentioning the name of the man, but he might state that the case of the six-pound shell which hashed the sloop of Spaniards is in his possession, held as a souvenir of the war.

After lying helpless for fully half an hour, within 800 yards of the enemies' guns, completely at their mercy, but fighting as gallantly as ever a vessel fought, the Wampatuck succeeded in towing the little Hornet out of the enemies' range of fire. Much has been said throughout the length and breadth of the land, and many glowing tributes have been laid at the feet of "Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac," but had not the battle in front of Santiago happened so soon after the battle of Manzanillo, the names of Lieutenant Helm and Jungen, of the Hornet and Wampatuck, would have been heralded broadcast throughout the United States as the heroes of Manzanillo.

I was never in my life more impressed than in the bravery displayed by Captain Helm, as he stood upon the open bridge of the little Hornet, while shells were flying thick all about him, as calmly directing the firing of the guns as though engaged in target practice, and the sinking of the Merrimac by Lieutenant Hobson was no more heroic than the act of rescuing the Hornet that day, under the most galling fire imaginable, by Lieutenant Jungen, of the Wampatuck. Although an hour and fifteen minutes elapsed from the time the first shot was fired until we were out of the enemies' range, during which time it seemed as though their sole ambition was to see how many shots they could fire during a given time, regardless of where their shells landed they succeeded in doing little damage. The Hist was struck a few times, and the Wampatuck once, with no more damage than a little shattered woodwork. The Hornet was struck four times, and had the shot which severed our steam pipe been four or five inches higher or lower, it would have passed through, and we would never have known it until the fight was over. The casualties were but three men scalded by the escaping steam in the fire room of the Hornet. The superior marksmanship of Uncle Sam's gunners will be seen from the fact that the little Hornet, though crippled as she was, succeeded in sinking two gunboats and a sloop loaded with soldiers, while two other gunboats were so badly injured they were obliged to run on the beach to keep from going down. Even the Spanish press, notwithstanding their tendency to make light of, and poke fun at the damage done by Uncle Sam's guns, admitted in their Havana papers the following day that "All of the Spanish warships were more or less injured." About twenty miles distant we anchored for the night, and then, realizing far more the danger we had been through, than we did when shells were shrieking all around us and the roar of our own guns nearing deafening, the crew of the Hornet talked over the events of the day, all agreeing to one thing, that the 30th day of June would live forever in their memories and be celebrated by them as "Jungen Day," for had it not been for the heroism of Lieutenant Jungen, of the Wampatuck, they would have all been at the bottom of Manzanillo Harbor, or fighting yet—Richmond Hill Record.

A Joke on the Doctor.
Going into the free dispensary of the New York Medical College and Hospital for Women one afternoon a physician found three or four little girls who, while awaiting treatment, had evidently made friends, and were huddled together on one bench, eagerly discussing something of great interest, which, on investigation, proved to be a much-handled "chunk" of candy. In astonishment he inquired what they were doing. Some questioning finally elicited an explanation from the biggest girl, who shamefacedly explained that "de one what tells de biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the doctor, "I am ashamed of you. When I was little like you I never told lies." A slight pause, then from the smallest girl, "Give him de candy!"—New York Tribune.

The "Charming" Sultan.
The character of Abdul Hamid must obviously have many facets. The latest of his visitors is Dr. Herzl, the Zionist leader, who reports to the London Daily Mail that he is perfectly enraptured.
"The Sultan spoke to me with the greatest kindness. I found him a courteous, charming gentleman—once almost forgot he was this mighty potentate. He has kept himself in touch, I found, with all the latest developments of modern life, and evidently is far from having those mediæval notions which one somehow associates with the Ottoman Empire."

IT'S CHEWING GUM TIME

THE SALES ENORMOUSLY INCREASE IN WARM WEATHER.

Scientific Justification For the Habit—Millions of Pounds of Gum Used in the United States—Effect of the Discovery of Chicle.

The chewing gum season has begun, and the sales of the various chewing gum companies have varied upward. Holiday makers include chewing gum in their festive equipment. Bicyclists are abroad in the summerland, and the bicyclist is your gum chewer extraordinary. Then, too, there is a serious and scientific justification for gum chewing in warm weather, though it is to be doubted whether many mortals chew in order to fulfill a duty toward their physical mechanism. The chewing of gum in hot weather excites the saliva, moistens the throat and relieves thirst. Natives of tropical countries know this, and often chew pure chicle, which is the basis of all good chewing gum, or even raw, while working in the heat. Chewing gum is often recommended for soldiers' use on long marches, and last summer officers in the Philippines reported that the gum habit was of great benefit to the men, because it lessened their drinking and enabled them to go without water longer than possible under other circumstances.

So hot weather and chewing gum are affinities. Nevertheless the sales of gum at any time of the year are tremendous. Even a statement of them is enough to appeal to the imagination of the individual chewer and make his jaws ache. Within recent years a number of the most successful chewing gum companies have consolidated, and now most of the best brands of gum are manufactured and controlled by one large company. This one company sells on an average 135,000,000 packages of chewing gum every year, and the sales are constantly increasing.

When to these 135,000,000 packages of good gum one adds the tremendous quantity of cheap and inferior gum that is in the market the sum total wakens a feeling of awe in the breast of the investigator. About 2,600,000 pounds of chicle is imported by the United States yearly and, though chicle is the fundamental principle of chewing gum, it is mixed in manufacture with many times its weight of sugar, paste, essential oils, etc., so that the 2,600,000 pounds is but a small fraction of the weight of the chewing gum manufactured in the United States each year.

This tremendous demand has grown up within comparatively few years. The chewing gum industry did not begin to assume much importance until about fifteen years ago, but after it got a start it struck a surprising pace. Its first great impetus came with the discovery of the possibilities of chicle as a basis for the gum. Before that chewing gum was made, but it was poor and unsatisfactory in quality, the old-fashioned spruce gum being perhaps the best of the assortment.

A New York man with an eye open to good things went down to Mexico and met some other men who dreamed about getting rich in quick fashion. Later these friends heard of chicle gum and believed that they had dreamed true—not that they had a nightmare vision of 135,000,000 packages of chewing gum. They weren't really dreamers of the first magnitude. That was reserved for the New York man. But the men in Mexico believed that chicle at a few cents a pound could be profitably used for the adulteration of rubber.

They sent a consignment of chicle to their New York friend. He wished they hadn't. He tried the rubber idea and found nothing doing. Just as he had about decided to throw away the rest of the stuff he had an inspiration. The very qualities that spoiled chicle for rubber might fit it for gum. He boiled some of the chicle, cut it into sticks and originated the old-time New York snapping gum. It was pure chicle with no sweetening and no flavor. Chewing it was a good deal like being condemned to hard labor, but it sold like hot cakes. The demand ran far in advance of the supply, and from that small beginning the present great industry was evolved.

Chicle was used for various things long before its chewing gum apothecosis. It is said that mention was made of it in New World reports in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. However, its use was purely local, and the American demand for it has fairly revolutionized the districts from which it comes. So far, it has been found only in Yucatan, and the entire supply is shipped from the various ports along the Yucatan coast. Its name is Mexican for the Achras sapote, the tree from which it is procured.

These trees are found only in the interior, and the work of obtaining the gum and transporting it to the nearest shipping point has always been troublesome, though it has been much simplified in recent years. There are many exporting firms in the Yucatan coast towns, many of them under the management of Northern men. Mexican peons are taken into the interior and work for a five months' season, at wages ridiculously small. The pay is, however, fairly well proportioned to the quality of the work, and the wear and tear of handling the workmen, who are as hopeless a proposition as any manager might expect to meet. Strikes and rows of all kinds are a regular thing, and murder is common enough to lose its picturesque quality; so the peaceful and tranquillizing chewing gum has its birth in storm and stress.

The largest chewing gum company in America has recently acquired 2,500,000 acres of land in Yucatan, and is working it as a source of chicle supply. The company's managers take the workmen in from Vera Cruz,

and the reports of those managers are enough to move the obelisk to tears. Troubles of their own? They haven't anything but trouble, and their opinion isn't fit for publication. Still, the experiment is proving successful and insures a steady supply at a rational price, although the company does not expect to obtain from its own land enough chicle to fill its requirements.

The quality of chicle varies according to the district from which it comes, the geological formation of the soil affecting the elasticity and purity of the gum. According to the quality used, the care expended upon purifying it, and the proportion of it used, chewing gum is good or bad. The cheap grades are necessarily inferior, for, though good gum could be made cheaply in earlier times, that is impossible now. The cost of chicle has risen from two or three cents to thirty cents, and there is a ten per cent. duty upon it.

The best chewing gum manufacturers test all chicle carefully and reject all that is not of the best quality. They employ expert chemists, and, under their supervision the gum is refined again, until it is free from all impurities. The best gum when chewed may be pulled out into very fine threads before it will break. If it will not do that, or if there is a rubberlike recoil when the tension is lessened the gum is of inferior quality.

Paste, sugar and essential oils are added to the chicle in the making of the chewing gum, the different manufacturers have their own formulas and processes which are jealously guarded. The one company referred to has factories in several cities and pays out \$3000 a week to its employees.—New York Sun.

Police Intelligence.
The intelligence displayed by some desk sergeants frequently excites the awe and wonder of the operators at Police Headquarters in Brooklyn, whose duty it is to receive reports of police happenings over the telephone from the various station houses.

The other night a sergeant in one of the South Brooklyn precincts was sending in a report about a slight accident in which a man was injured. The ambulance surgeon who attended the man had described the nature of his injury to the intelligent patrolman on the post, and the latter jotted it down in his book while returning to the station house. The intelligent sergeant, reporting to Headquarters, described the man's injuries as follows: "He received a precise wound of the alteration."

"A what?" asked the astonished operator.

The sergeant repeated the description of the wound.

"Say," said the operator, "you don't expect me to enter any such fool report as that, do you? You'd better study the thing over."

The sergeant consulted with the patrolman, and then returned to the telephone.

"I made a mistake about that, old man," he admitted to the operator. "The officer says it's a splined wound of the abandonment. It's dead easy to get mixed on them medical terms, you know."

The operator the thing was now shrouded in impenetrable darkness. Despairing of obtaining any light from the sergeant or patrolman, he called up the ambulance surgeon at the hospital.

"Say, doc," he asked, "what kind of an injury has that man got whom you just brought in?"

"An incised wound of the abdomen," explained the surgeon.

Having the air wildly and proucting like a whirling dervish, the operator made for the electric fan, turned it on, and flung himself, limp and perspiring, back into his chair.—New York Times.

Twelve Hours in a Submarine.
The Naval returned to port, a London Express telegram from Cherbourg says, after its experiment of twelve hours' continuous work under water. According to the paragraph distributed for insertion in the French press, the "trial succeeded without incident," but from the official report furnished by Naval Surgeon Gibrat, who represented the Ministry of Marine, it is clear that life under the ocean wave scarcely comes up to the sailor's ideal of a jolly existence. After six hours under water the inhaling of artificial air became difficult, the long exclusion of natural atmosphere caused a painful irritation of the nerve centres, which even the coolest of the officers could not resist; and anaemia set in, accompanied by cerebral compression and sick headache that became absolutely cruel. Finally the manufacture of electricity under water liberated among the crew salts of lead and sulphur that generated digestive and intestinal troubles, which the constant distribution of milk could not counteract.

Children Killed at Fires.
At the conference of Coroners of England and Wales, held at the Holborn Restaurant, the loss of juvenile life by burning came up for discussion. The Home Secretary had requested the society to inform him as to the statistics of the deaths resulting from this cause. A partial investigation had taken place, which showed that within a brief period there had been in round numbers 1700 children burned to death in English houses, 1300 fatalities having occurred in houses where no fireguard was in use to prevent this kind of accident. In only one case had criminal negligence been proved, and the person guilty had been convicted and punished. This exceptional case occurred at West Herts. The Coroners' Society resolved to make a special representation to the Home Office on the subject in terms to be settled by the council of the society.—London Review.