

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 12½ cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Tennessee has a law prohibiting the employment of children under 14 years of age in factories, mines and shops.

Uncle Sam has a foothold in Japan. That country has just executed a lease in perpetuity for the site of the new American hospital at Yokohama.

There is a German movement against pessimism. A society has been formed to look for the real things in art, science, literature and life, and inspire people with the joy of freedom.

The succession to the Italian crown is governed by the Salic law. Hence the newly born daughter of the Italian King cannot inherit it. It must follow the male line. The Salic law prevails in Austria and Russia as well as in Italy.

Cattlemen in Greenwood county, Kansas, are making hard times for lawyers. They have established a system of arbitrating differences. Three men are chosen as an arbitration committee. They investigate the trouble and make a decision, which is final. A fuss involving \$60,000 was settled in Eureka the other day by an arbitration committee.

Consul Mahin, of Reichenberg, in a communication to the state department at Washington, says that a Belgian engineer has discovered a method by which smoke can be turned into light. The inventor collects the smoke from any kind of fire and forces it into a receiver. It is then saturated with hydro-carburet and a brilliant light results.

The disciples of Isak Walton will be interested in knowing that the dolphin is credited with a speed of considerably over 20 miles an hour. For short distances the salmon can outstrip any other fish, accomplishing its 25 miles an hour with ease. The Spanish mackerel is one of the fastest of food fishes, and cuts the water like a yacht. Predatory fish are generally the fastest swimmers.

London is a variable term; its boundaries being different for different administrative bodies. "Greater London," the district under the Metropolitan and City Police, has a population of 6,578,784 according to the new census, an increase of 961,552 since 1911. The district is made up by adding to the London of the administrative county, 17 populous suburbs which between them have 2,042,750 inhabitants.

Parsee Maharajah, mill-owner, millionaire and philanthropist—Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit—has just died in western India and his name and memory deserve to be perpetuated. He spent a large part of his fortune in the establishment of hospitals and in the erection of drinking fountains in the cities of his native country. The sick and women, without respect to sect or race, and dumb brutes were his special beneficiaries.

Chinese Take to Cigarettes.
In the Foreign Office report on the trade of Chefoo (Northern China) for the year 1909, which has just been issued, a rather novel item appears in the shape of the import of aerated waters to the value of \$100,000, and cigars and cigarettes to the value of nearly \$50,000. Large quantities of these luxuries found their way to the north for the use of the foreign troops. The ordinary native looks with a certain amount of awe on a bottle of explosive water, and does not indulge. Cigarettes, however, are now to be found on every hawk's stall. They are largely made in Shanghai from American tobacco. The pictures of female beauty enclosed in each packet enjoy much favor, and they have been seen adorning the stand of a vendor of religious articles at the door of a native place of worship.

FROM SUFFERING.
The most beautiful songs that ever were sung.
The noblest words that ever were spoken.
Have been from sorrow and suffering wrung.
From human lives heart-broken.
The harp is meaningless and dumb
Till the strings are strained; then the pure notes come.
—Home Magazine.

Sir Jasper's Generosity.

The band was playing "A Summer Night in Munich." Out on the terrace colored lights hung like globes of fire, and seats, cunningly placed in secluded corners, invited repose to the dancers. There, in the quivering moonlight, stood Rosemary Maitland. Her companion looked at the sweet face half turned away from him. Presently he spoke.

"It may be a long, long time," he said, softly. And the music died away into a distant echo—it seemed of pain. "Will you spare a thought for me sometimes?"

"I shall often think of you," she answered simply.

"Will you give me a flower?" he said, and turned to the flower-border, filled with quaint, old-fashioned plants—lavender, "boy's love," "balm" and a host of others.

"What would you like?" she asked. And then with a sudden impulse she picked off a piece of an old-fashioned plant, and offered it to him.

"There's rosemary, for remembrance," she said, a little unsteadily. And as Jim Duncan took the little pungent-smelling sprig he kept the hand in his. Surely the hour was come!

"Rosemary," he said; "Rosemary, will you remember me? I love you, Darling, won't you speak to me?"

"What do you want me to say?" she whispered, and the light in her sweet blue eyes was quite enough for Jim Duncan, for he took her in his strong arms, and murmured all those sweet things which come with all the force of first love.

"It may be only a year," he said, "or it may be longer. Can you wait so long, Rosemary?"

Her answer, spoken softly enough, was distinctly "Yes."

I shall keep this, he said, putting the little green sprig carefully away in his pocket. "And when I am far away, darling, that will tell me of 'Rosemary' for remembrance."

"Rosemary! Rosemary! Where are you, child?"

A tall, dark-eyed woman stood beside them, her shabby satin train sweeping over the grass, diamonds glittering in her hair.

"We are going now, dear," she said, looking keenly at Rosemary.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Duncan? So you are really going abroad?"

"Yes, for a year; I hope not more. I shall hope to come and see you before we sail, Mrs. Maitland."

"We should have been delighted to see you," she said, "but I am afraid I leave town tomorrow for the country. Come, Rosemary."

She swept away, followed by her daughter; and as they stood in the brilliantly lighted hall, Jim found time to whisper a last good-bye in Rosemary's ear.

"Good-bye, darling!" he whispered, as he put her soft, furry cloak over her shoulders. "I shall write to the colonel and you, too. Tell me that you love me, dearest."

"You know I do, Jim."

Mrs. Maitland glanced curiously at her daughter as she sat still and silent in the corner of the brougham.

"Silly child!" she reflected. "Thank heaven, I was in time to nip the thing in the bud."

She said nothing, however, to Rosemary on the subject and they parted in silence.

It was a week later.

Rosemary still watched feverishly for the postman, happily unconscious of the fact that Mrs. Maitland had had also a deep interest in the post-box and its contents, for one morning she had, on carefully examining the post-box, selected two letters, one addressed to Col. Maitland and the other to Rosemary. These she put in her pocket for further examination, after while they found a last resting place in the fire.

"H'm! Troops sailed yesterday for the Cape," observed the colonel one morning at breakfast. "Hallo! Young Duncan went out, I see. Did you know he was going, Grace?"

Mrs. Maitland opened the Morning Post indifferently.

"Young Duncan? Yes, I knew he was off very soon. Rosemary, you are pouring the cream into the sugar basin."

The June sun beat down fiercely on the green meadows of Padstow court as Rosemary walked slowly down the avenue to meet the postman. He gave her one letter—a thin, foreign letter, with a blurred-looking postmark. Had it come at last? With trembling fingers she tore it open. There lay, dry and discolored, a sprig of rosemary. A mute reproach.

"Dear Miss Maitland," the letter ran—"My dear old chum Jim Duncan asks me to write these few lines, which he cannot write himself. His hours are numbered, and, stricken with fever, he has not long to live. He begs to enclose the sprig of rosemary, and to remind you—though without reproach—that it was given for remembrance. He has never forgotten you. I am, yours sincerely, Rupert Moore."

A little gasping sob escaped her lips. He was ill—dying—dead!

What did he mean by reminding her of the rosemary for remembrance? He had not remembered—and now? With vacant, aching eyes she looked again at the little withered sprig and took her way homeward.

In the hall Mrs. Maitland met her, and in horror at the sight of the white, agonized face, she exclaimed: "Rosemary! What is it?"

The girl held out the letter with shaking fingers.

"Don't speak to me!" she said, hoarsely. "I can't bear it yet. Mother—with a wild cry—"mother, my heart is broken."

Time, the great healer, had laid a gentle hand on Rosemary's wild sorrow, hushing it to rest, soothing the dull agony. Still, there lay in a little drawer of her bureau that envelop, with its sprig of faded rosemary, and the faint odor never failed to bring back the old, sad memories.

Sir Jasper Carew was very tender in his honest devotion. One day he told her of his love; very gently, very tenderly, all the devotion, silent and strong, of years' growth he laid at her feet.

"I have always loved you, dear," he said. "Is there no hope for me at all?"

Rosemary looked away into the sunshiny garden regretfully.

"Listen to me first, before I answer your question," she said, softly. "I know I can trust you, and I should like to tell you all. There was—some one else—and he went away. I never heard anything of him till last year, when—"

—one day—I heard from a friend of his—that he was dying—dead. I thought he had forgotten me—but—"

—he had not. I loved him—and I can never love in the same way again. But—"

She paused, and Jasper took her hands in his.

"Rosemary," he said, and his voice trembled, "Rosemary, I can be content with a very little love, if you will only let me take care of you. Will you be my wife?"

Rosemary looked at him stealthily.

"If you can be content," she said softly, "I will do my best to make you happy."

It was a strange, an almost pathetic, wooing, but Jasper Carew felt amply rewarded for his years of faithful devotion and patient waiting.

It was September when they were all at Padstow Court again. The wedding was to take place in December, and Mrs. Maitland, quite in her element, was very busy arranging all those hundred and one details which must attend the marriage of an only daughter.

Jasper felt that his cup of happiness was full to the brim as he and Rosemary sauntered slowly homeward one glorious evening.

Passing along a green lane they heard footsteps behind them, and a voice at their side said, courteously: "Could you kindly tell me the nearest way to Padstow Court?"

They turned and faced the speaker. At the sight of him Rosemary staggered back, pale to the very lips, while he started forward with a cry: "Rosemary!"

"Jim!"

With all the deadly rapidity of a flash of lightning Jasper Carew realized what had happened, and he saw at once that all his dreams of future happiness were at an end. He turned away for a moment, for at first the sight of his (alas! his no longer) Rosemary lying sobbing in Jim's arms was too much for him to witness, till at last Rosemary remembered all, and she turned pleadingly to Jasper.

"Jasper," she pleaded, "Jasper, forgive me—forgive me!"

"Dear," he said hoarsely, "I see it all. And now"—he turned to Jim and held out his hand—"welcome home, Duncan," he said, "you see, I know who you are. Rosemary, you can do one thing for me; make him happy."

"God bless you!" said Jim, as he wrung his hand. "I can never repay you for this act of more than generosity."

"Take her in," said Jasper, abruptly, glancing at Rosemary. "We shall meet again presently."

He left them abruptly, and the lovers, left alone, found time for mutual explanations. Jim had almost miraculously recovered. And, having been sent up country, had been detained abroad for some time longer.

"Rosemary," he said, "you never answered my letters."

"Letters?" she echoed. "I got none, and I thought you had forgotten me."

SCIENCE & MECHANICS

A Paris newspaper announces the invention of an instrument called the topophone, which registers sounds too faint for human hearing, and which will enable navigators to determine the exact position of other vessels in a fog.

One of the simplest, cheapest and best sterilizers is sunshine, and it is important to allow as much sun in a sick room as possible. The same rule is applicable to the rooms of healthy people. The good effects of "sun bathing" in the treatment of convalescents is ample proof of the utility of the rays of the sun for therapeutic purposes.

One of the professors at the Pasteur Institute in Paris has discovered a microbe that breeds a pestilence among rats. Specimens of it have been tested on farms and in warehouses with success. In one-half the cases the whole colony of rats were destroyed; in other cases, the number was greatly reduced. Thus science will take the place of nature, and the occupation of the cats will be gone.

An instance of the transformation by scientific means of a deleterious into a useful substance is furnished by a process recently invented in Germany, in connection with the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizer where apatite is used. The large volumes of hydrofluoric acid that are given off seriously contaminate the atmosphere, but by the new process these gases are recovered in the form of fluosilicic acid, which is used in the manufacture of artificial stone for hardening soft limestone and sandstone, and for other purposes.

Under certain conditions there may be seen in the night sky, exactly opposite to the place where the sun may then be, a faint light, rounded in outline, to which the name "gegenstein" has been given. It has always been a mystery to astronomers, but Professor Pickering has suggested that it may be a cometary or meteoric satellite of the earth. He thinks it may be composed of a cloud of meteors, 1,000,000 miles from the earth, and revolving around it in a period of just one solar year, so that the sun and the ghostly satellite are always on opposite sides of the earth.

Professor Standfuss, of Zurich, has been studying the effects of solar heat and temperature on butterflies. More than forty thousand butterflies were subjected to close examination. Some degrees more or less change the nature and looks so much that they take on every appearance of having been born in a warmer or colder climate. On one occasion, it being very cold in Switzerland, a butterfly common there suddenly began to look like a butterfly from Lapland. Others subjected to a higher solar temperature changed and looked like butterflies from Corsico or Syria. The experiments, which are to be continued, led to the production of butterflies of an entirely new type, some being of a very beautiful description.

Soda as Fire Extinguisher.

"Druggists generally realize the value of soda fountains in extinguishing fires," said Chief Musham, of Chicago, the other day to an Inter-Ocean reporter. "They have not, however, carried the idea very far. If each drug store which has a fountain were supplied with a slender line of hose, which could be attached, many small fires which afterwards grow to large ones could be extinguished promptly. An average soda fountain can force a small stream of water ten or twelve feet. It carries a pressure of 125 to 150 pounds, which is enough for fire extinguishing purposes.

"Many an incipient blaze has been extinguished by the use of a soda siphon. The great point is to get at the flames at the beginning. If hose were provided, with attachments by which it could be coupled to the fountain, a saving of thousands of dollars in small fires could be effected each year."

Amusement of Boer Prisoners.

The Boer prisoners at St. Helena amuse themselves in many ways. They are very fond of cricket and football. They have a recreation hall, in which their musical club frequently gives concerts. They have among them a musical composer named Schumann, who claims to be a collateral descendant of the great composer. He has written a Boer hymn since his captivity. There are many tradesmen among them, and they are constantly encouraged to ply their trades. They carve napkin rings from beef bones, and make fine walking sticks, for which they are granted material from the Government forests.—The Photographic Times.

"Thackeray Street."

Another new Kensington street name, says the London Chronicle, has literary interest. The improved street between Charles street and Kensington Square has been named Thackeray street, in honor of the author of "Vanity Fair," who lived for eight or nine years in Onslow Square, close by. At the house which he had built for himself at No. 2 Palace Green, Kensington, he died on Christmas Eve, 1863. Apparently there is no other street in London bearing his name, though a large temperance hotel in the Bloomsbury district has been named the Thackeray, and has been followed by a Kingsley.

GOVERNOR EYRE STILL ALIVE!

His Great Journey Through the Almost Impenetrable Australian Desert.

The death of Commander Brand, just announced from Bath, will not be noticed among those who knew him, but his decease reminds us of one of the most stirring events in the history of the last fifty years. Commander Brand figured in the Jamaica rebellion, as commander of the Onyx. Governor Eyre still lives in a quiet country house in Devon. His name is unfamiliar to the present generation, but there are many people now alive who remember when it was in every newspaper in the world. The world rang in the early '60's with the name of Edward John Eyre. He had become Governor of Jamaica in 1862, and soon after the negroes began to agitate for reform. They may have been right or wrong, but every humane man must deplore the terrible sequel.

The suppression of the Jamaica riots is horrible reading, even now. Four hundred negroes were executed, six hundred were flogged, a thousand houses were burned to the ground, and at the end of it all Governor Eyre was recalled. England was divided into two camps. John Stuart Mill could not rest until Eyre had been tried for murder. Carlyle and Charles Kingsley set up a defence fund, and the Governor was acquitted. A year or two afterward, when the excitement had subsided, Parliament refunded the ex-Governor the cost of the trial and pensioned him for life. And to-day, strong and well at eighty-five, he enjoys his pension far from the maddening crowd.

Jamaica is not the only scene of Governor Eyre's activity. He has faced all the perils of the Australian desert. Nobody had ever penetrated the depths of the desert when Edward John Eyre, the Yorkshire clergyman's son, who had set up as a sheep farmer on the Lower Murray River, made up his mind to leave his sheep and make discoveries. Sixty years ago, in 1840, the Government of Australia selected him to lead five Europeans and three natives into the interior. The journey proved to be impossible, and the party turned back after finding two lakes which had never been known before.

Again Eyre set out; he determined to reach West Australia by the coast. That dreary stretch of a thousand miles was a quite untrodden path when the Victorian era began, and it was Edward John Eyre who told us what we know of it to-day. It is a long and painful story—a story of tragedy and horror, lit up with bright gleams of heroism; a story of pathos and treachery, and peril. Again and again Eyre and his four companions—Baxter and three blacks—were face to face with death by starvation; they had killed their very horses, which they had loved as friends in solitude. Baxter pleaded to be taken back, but Eyre went on, and one night he came to his hut to find Baxter murdered and two of the blacks gone. He was alone in an unknown desert with a black boy as his only companion and a dead Englishman whose murderers had escaped.

With the aid of his faithful servant he laid the body of the Englishman in a blanket on the rocky ground; to dig a grave was impossible. Then, leaving the dead between the desert and the sea, the two went on and on. King George's Sound was reached at last, and a French whaler lay off the coast. It was heaven to the weary travelers, and for eleven days they rested and lived on decent food. Three weeks more took them to Albany, and from Albany they reached Adelaide again by the sea.

Such was the end of one of the most perilous exploring feats on record. Edward John Eyre and the boy Wylie, whose name should be set down among the heroes, were the first human beings to set foot on a thousand miles of our empire at the other side of the world. For twelve months they were unheard of, and when they emerged from the desert to tell their stories to the world, they were not quite the same men who had left Spencer's Gulf the year before. They had passed through twelve months of agony almost unrelieved. But they had added one more page to the book of human knowledge, and it is for this that the world owes some gratitude to the brave old man who is living quietly down in Devonshire to-day.—St. James's Gazette.

The Cinematograph Foretold.

The Photographic Chronicle recalls the fact that over forty years ago Sir John Herschel predicted animated photography. "What I have to propose," he wrote in 1850, "may appear a dream, but it has the merit of being a possible and perhaps a realizable one. It is the stereoscopic representation of scenes in action—a battle, a debate, a public solemnity, a pugilistic conflict, a harvest home, a launch, anything within a reasonably short time which may be seen from a single point of view."

All that Sir John demanded was to be able to take a photograph in the tenth of a second. His dream is realized in the cinematograph, for which the tenth of a second would be unnecessarily long. The provision was noteworthy, even for so clear sighted a man as the younger Herschel.

Nut Sauces.

Vegetarians have been attending the annual congress of their Federal Union at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon street, London, and hoping fervently for the reclamation of the carnivorous millions outside. In accordance with the custom at these annual gatherings, there was an exhibition of preparations from which every vestige of the hateful meat was rigorously excluded.

A hardened unbeliever who visited the exhibition was a little astonished to discover at one of the stalls a plate of what looked like cutlets. It was reassuring, however, to learn that they were absolutely innocent of meat, and that, like the rissoles on another dish, they might be eaten without a blush by the truest disciple of the turpie.

POVERTY OF ENGLISH CLERGYMEN

Many of the Benefices Said to Be Worth Less Than \$750 a Year.

The lot of the clergy in the Church of England to-day is said to be so wretched that even younger sons have given up the career which for so many years was looked upon as their chief resource. It may easily be understood that this calling has ceased to appeal to them when the fact is known that out of about 14,000 benefices in the church more than 7000 are worth less than \$750 a year, and that nearly all of them are decreasing in value.

About 1500 benefices are worth only \$500 a year and less than \$250 annually is the return from 300 livings which have been recently described as more nearly "starvings" to the unfortunate who are assigned to them. In the diocese of Peterborough there are sixty-one livings that are worth no more than \$225 a year and this is not yet the worst as there are in Newcastle benefices that are valued at only \$125 a year.

The wives of the clergymen in these parishes are, of course, unable to employ servants, and all the drudgery of housework falls on their shoulders. The luxury of meat is denied to them except on alternate days, and their children—of whom the number is always in inverse ratio to the amount of the living—are prepared by education in the elementary schools, or by the teaching their parents can give them at odd times for their descent to a lower social sphere. These clergymen as a rule come from good country families. Their wives are from the same class and are in few cases fitted by their training for a life of drudgery and hard work.

The actual return from these livings is frequently much less than the figures quoted here since their value is dependent on the price of corn and this has declined until in many cases what used to be a living worth \$500 is now in reality not worth more than two-thirds of that sum.

Various exactions make life hard for the rector who is trying to struggle along on the meagre incomes mentioned here. If his predecessor happened to be a man of private means and chose to enlarge the rectory by the addition of wings or drawing rooms, the poor incumbent must keep all this up; and the Bishop's chapter, who receive fees from the rector and not from the Bishop for their work, are careful to see that the church and the rectory are kept in condition. There is thought to be no hope of improvement in the lot of the priest so long as the representation of this body is so small in the synods of the church in which the Bishops are represented by eight out of ten delegates. It is to this injustice that most of the present evil is attributed and the remedy is expected to come from the lack of candidates for holy orders. They are decreasing so rapidly in number that it will soon be a problem to find enough to fill the vacancies made by death. No greater evidence of the present miseries could be found than the fact that the over supply of clergy of a few years ago threatens to become a memory and be followed by an absolute scarcity.—New York Sun, absolute scarcity.—New York Sun.

A Baby Canary's Music Lesson.

In the account of a pair of canaries and their offspring, which is published in the Ladies' Home Journal, Florence Morse Kingsley tells how the oldest baby bird, as soon as he learned to flutter from one perch to another and to reach for a seed and crack it, was put into a cage by himself and hung out on the veranda near the father bird, who was named Wee Willie Winkle, and was a superb singer. Then the baby bird's education began. First, he learned to jump fearlessly into his china bathtub and flutter his wings and get himself gloriously wet, just as father did. Next, he cuddled himself into a delightfully comfortable little bunch on his perch and listened attentively while Wee Willie Winkle sang his wonderful song. The second week we heard a funny, sweet little chirping and gurgling. It was the young canary; he had begun to study his profession in earnest. Hour after hour the little fellow practiced, happily and patiently. One day he trilled a little trill, and the next day he had learned three new gurgles, and the day after that he wove the trill and the gurgles together and added a longer trill on a higher key. In three weeks' time we were asking, "is it Wee Willie Winkle who is singing, or the baby?"