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Last year the farmers of the United States received \$185,000,000 more for their products than in 1899.

If the habit of making these colossal bequests continues, private fortunes will become more and more a public snafu.

An attempt to prove war impossible will never result in the abolition of war. There is, however, a growing belief that war is always impolitic.

The convict who has been released because of his claim that he has discovered the lost art of hardening copper has probably mistaken that metal for brass.

Many a woman would possibly feel discouraged did she realize that she carried from 40 to 50 miles of hair on her head and that some of them are burdened with the task of dressing over 70 miles of hair every day of their lives.

An international congress is projected, to be held shortly at Berne, Switzerland, at which an amendment is to be offered to the Geneva convention, to provide for the immunity from capture of surgeons and their attendants serving on the field of battle under the Red Cross. Common humanity suggests its adoption.

One of the results of the South African war has been the organization of rifle clubs in Great Britain on the Boer plan, to teach every man capable of carrying arms how to shoot at long range and to detect objects at long distances. These clubs are organized by field cornets, and all members are on an equal footing in service, irrespective of their status in society.

The success of the recent experiment made by a Philadelphia tug master in towing two loaded coal barges from the Delaware to Havana promises a growth of the export coal trade to the West Indies which is encouraging. Hitherto the chronic swell off Cape Hateras has deterred a venture of this sort, but the trip once easily made, many other towns may be expected to follow in the wake of this courageous Philadelphia captain.

According to the Journal of Commerce the growth of the cottonseed industry has been in such a ratio that now the aggregate investment is very large, and the progress bids fair to continue. Twenty years ago, in 1880, the cotton seed oil mills of the south numbered 40, with a capitalization of about \$3,500,000. The investment had increased in 1890 to about \$12,500,000. Today the mills number about 500, with an aggregate capital of about \$50,000,000.

The growing importance of commerce on the Pacific is indicated by the charting of "lanes" for steamers crossing that ocean. Such lanes have been established for many years between Europe and America and have greatly diminished the risks of collision. There is still danger of collision of steamers with sailing ships, especially in the foggy region off the Newfoundland coast, but such vessels know when they are in one of the steamship lanes and take extra precautions to avoid danger. Hitherto the steamers on the Pacific have been so few that no official action has been deemed necessary, although the courses usually taken have been fairly well understood by all shipmasters.

An old dining table at which Prince Charlie died when he marched into England was exposed at a sale of household furniture at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, recently and was knocked down at 30 shillings.

During the last half of the year 261 textile mills were built, of which 133 were cotton, 52 knit goods and 76 miscellaneous.

Needless is Worry
It is An Easy Matter to Drop It.

"What is worry?" Annie Besant in the Theosophical Review asks this question and then dilates upon it somewhat as follows: "It is the process of repeating the same train of thought over and over again, with small alterations, coming to no result and not even aiming at the reaching of a result." He who is given to worry has dwelt on a puzzling painful subject, wishing, but failing to find the solution of some problem until, held in this anxious and uncertain condition, he becomes dominated by the fear of the anticipated trouble. His thought current has made for itself a channel and his mental energies flow along this track as it is the line of least resistance. Held as it were in this brain-track by the fascination of fear, his mental vitality is sapping itself away and poisoning the blood cells in his brain. As Elmer T. Gates has proved by his chemical analysis of perspiration of the man who is depressed, low-spirited and despairing, he is actually producing a ptomaine of a certain kind which enters into the circulation of his blood, and often physical disease follows. Now how can we get rid of this worry channel? By digging another of an exactly opposite character, made by definite persistent regular thought of the kind opposed to worry. Let a man who is given to worry give a few minutes every day to some noble and encouraging thought. Let him picture the Divine Self within as a fountain of strength and peace from which he may drink refreshment at any moment of need. Let him turn and listen to the message of his Innermost Divine nature and he will find himself enfolded in peace that swallows up fear. If he will persist in this with regularity the thought will dig a new channel and the old one will disappear. Ere long he will find that whenever his mind is free from labor, his thoughts will flow unbidden into the channel of peace and power which will shed a restful atmosphere around him, felt though perhaps not seen by all who are near him. Mental energy will flow into healthy nourishing channels, increasing not sapping his vitality and

worry is a thing of the past. Thus may we learn the secret of rising above troubles and pain until they silently steal away.

Georgia's Giant Sycamores.
 Dougherty county now lays claim to the champion big tree of Georgia. It was discovered several weeks ago by employes of the Red Cypress Lumber company who were engaged in cutting timber. It rears its head from amid a thick swamp where hardwood trees abound, and to this is due the fact that it was not discovered sooner. It is a giant of the swamp is a sycamore. It is on a little knoll, and except in seasons when a great deal of rain has fallen its trunk is not reached by water. A foot from the ground its trunk is forty-four feet in circumference. For twenty feet above the ground the body of the great tree is round and symmetrical, but at that point it branches into four sections, any one of which would make a giant tree if standing alone. The four arms of the big sycamore do not spread out as would seem natural, but reach skyward, almost perpendicularly. The tree is pronounced by all who have seen it a curiosity, and places "In the shade" all the known trees in Georgia.—Atlanta Constitution.

Washington Swore at the Senate.
 John Quincy Adams under date of November 30, 1824, wrote in his diary: "Mr. Crawford (secretary of the treasury) told twice over the story of President Washington having, at an early period of his administration, gone to the Senate with a project of a treaty to be negotiated and being present at the deliberations upon it. They debated it and proposed alterations, so that when Washington left the Senate chamber he said he 'would be damned if ever he went there again.'" There has never been a President present at such deliberations since, and this incident probably largely determined the dignified forms of communication now existing between President and Senate.—National Magazine.

The Care of Gloves.

Nothing looks worse than soiled gloves, and as they are an expensive item in dress they require careful management. A first-class glove outwears half a dozen pairs of cheap ones, and at the same time looks well until it is finally discarded. Cheap gloves, however, have their uses; expensive ones should never be worn in wet weather or in hot rooms or in theatres, where the heat will cause the hands to perspire, for when a glove is once stained by perspiration no amount of cleaning will make it look well again. For such occasions cheap gloves are far more serviceable. To clean chamois gloves put the gloves on your hands, and wash them as if you were washing your hands, in warm water and white castile soap; wash until they are quite clean; then take them off and hang them in a warm place to dry. Kid gloves may be cleaned in the following manner: Put a little fresh milk in a dish, and a piece of white castile soap in another, and have convenient a clean cloth folded three or four times, and a small piece of flannel. Place the soiled glove smooth and neat upon the cloth, and dip the flannel into the milk; then rub off a good quantity of the soap on the wet flannel and commence to rub the glove downward toward the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks a dingy yellow; if colored, until it looks dark and spoiled. Then lay it aside to dry, without rinsing out the soap, and the glove will, when dry,

look nearly new. It will be soft, glossy, smooth and elastic.

The Horse is Still Useful.
 The application of electricity to municipal transit service were released from one form of service a myriad of horses, and it looked at one time as if the price of that useful quadruped were going down almost to zero. But the Boer war created a new demand for horses and mules, no less than 125,000 having been shipped from this country alone, the export still continuing. With all the forces of competition, urban and extra urban arrayed against him, there is always something left for him to do, and he is a live asset in the world's market, at least till further notice.—New York Tribune.

Graduates of American Colleges.
 "The graduating lists of the American colleges this year show an increase of 25 per cent," says a well-known Philadelphia educator, "and it seems probable that the institutions of learning will have more than their usual quota of students next fall. Education is beginning to make itself felt in the commercial world. In other words, it is now on a practical, everyday basis. The demand for college men in all branches of business, as well as professions, is gradually increasing. The notion that college education unfits men for business is no longer seriously considered by the up-to-date man of business."

Water Keeps Men Alive

It is no secret to medical men and physiologists that there is a great deal of nourishment in water. Even that which is sterilized contains enough of solids to keep a human being from death for a long time. During a prolonged fast the loss of weight is unusually rapid at first and decreases as time goes on. Death ensues when a certain percentage of the loss has been reached, and this percentage varies according to the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths, a man or woman of rather spare build, weighing 143 pounds, might, therefore, lose about fifty-five pounds before succumbing. Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted fifty days when water has been taken. A German physician reports the case of a woman aged 47 years, who fasted for forty-three days, taking water freely. She lost forty-four pounds of 143 pounds and died from exhaustion.

at the whim of a terrifying head waiter, to be company for people one does not care for; and especially where the bill at the end of a week would not take away one's income or his breath. There is, in fact, a chance, especially at our summer resorts, for a new innkeeper, who shall be the old innkeeper in a modern and friendly guise.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Sigh for the Old Innkeeper.
 There are times when the frequenter of the great caravansaries would, for a little, step out from the glare and bustle and take his ease in the old way, in some place where there would be no crowd, no obsequious servants, no extravagance in dress, no gilded furniture, no office encumbered with bags and trunks and choking with cigar embers, no gaudy bar no arc lights, no clanking steam pipes or grassy furnaces, no dining-room where one is supposed to eat in state, and,

Almost Married to Wrong Man.
 What would have been a rather serious complication was averted by the presence of mind of a bride at Towson a night or two ago. To the best man was given the honor of escorting the bride to the altar, while the groom followed with the bridesmaid. Whether the groom and his best man forgot their positions or both went into a trance is not known. They did not exchange places, but stood, the best man with the bride and the groom with the bridesmaid, as the clergyman began the ceremony. Then the bride realized that she was about to be married to "the other man" and objected. In a moment or two she got things straightened out and the ceremony proceeded. It was a narrow escape.—Baltimore Sun.

Forest Lands of America.
 For nearly three centuries an increasing army has been chopping away at our forests. Yet more than one-third of the area of the United States is classed as woodland—over 1,000,000 square miles.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.

GOOD POPULAR SONGS SCARCE.

Great Hits Few Nowadays, Although Music Publishers Are Hustling.
 "It is singular, but true," said a music publisher, "that there are very few big hits in popular songs nowadays, that is, songs that have reached the million mark in sales, such as 'After the Ball,' 'Annie Rooney,' 'Daisy Bell,' 'Down Town McGinty,' 'Two Little Girls in Blue' and 'Comrades.' Many songs published since then have been very popular, to be sure, but they cannot be compared with the old-timers.
 "Many dealers have asked me the cause of this, but thus far I have been unable to explain it satisfactorily. It is all the stranger when you take into consideration the fact that there are more singers and better facilities for pushing songs than in former years.
 "Years ago a good song would force itself upon the market. At present a publisher has to humor the singers and do a lot of hustling. Some of the top-liners require pay to sing songs. In the old days they were only too glad to get a good ballad. To cater to the whims of the singers a publisher must have at least three pianos in his establishment, employ expert players and vocalists to teach the songs, print professional cards and do a thousand other things. You see the competition is keen, and if you should hurt the feelings of any singer, especially a man or woman of reputation, you will have considerable trouble in making your songs popular.
 "Publishers have to take a lot of chances, too. For instance, to popularize a song you must have slides made for stereopticon views. This costs quite a sum. One publisher spent \$400 to take pictures for a set of slides for the song 'Sing Again That Sweet Refrain.' He had to employ a troupe of colored minstrels, a band and a hall. Fortunately the song made money and he did not lose anything. There are other things to contend with, too, such as lawsuits, etc. There was a dispute over the ownership of one song, for instance. After fighting in the courts for some time one of the firms concerned compromised by paying the other \$2000 in cash and the costs of the suit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Girls Who Sing Over Hard Work.
 Young girls in Japan are employed to perform a task which cannot be done in the same time and with the same ease by any other body of work-folk in the world. They are engaged at the different ports in loading the large steamers with coal. The coal barges are swung alongside the vessel, from stem to stern of which are hung a series of platforms, the broadest nearest the base and diminishing as they rise. On each of these platforms a girl stands. Men on the barges fill baskets containing about two buckets of coal each, and pass them to the girl standing on the lowest platform. She passes them to the girl above her, and a continuous and unbroken line of baskets pass into the vessel from 10 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon.
 The girls will handle from sixty to seventy baskets of coal per minute, and over 1000 tons of coal a day. This really arduous toll they perform as if it were mere play, for they keep up a running fire of jokes, and their laughter is continuous. They often break into a song, the notes of which are clear, melodious and stimulating.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Eating Locusts.
 The Filipinos in Manila are having an unexpected feast. It came to them like the manna to the Israelites, being furnished by a swarm of locusts, which recently flew over the city. To these people the locusts are a great delicacy. The insects are served dry or in a pot-pourri. They are also made into pies and cakes, and in some instances ground into powder and steeped in liquid so as to make a beverage. At times catching the insects becomes a very profitable business. In Manila and the other large cities they sell at \$2 a sack, gold. These sacks hold about a bushel. When dried the locust can be kept indefinitely. The natives never eat the grasshoppers green, but they eat them in every form, dried or cooked. They even carry them in their pockets and eat them as they would candies and other confections. When dried the locust is nice and crisp, and tastes something like gingersnaps. Some confectioners dress the grasshoppers in various ways, serving them up occasionally with chocolate trimmings and coats of sugar.—New York Post.

Have You Met This Woman?
 Her husband is all right—but he is so fat!
 Her little boy is all right—but he is growing so spindling!
 Her home is all right—but the paint is too light!
 Did she like the last lecture at the club? Liked what he said very much—but his hair was cut so short—like a prize fighter!
 Her new tailor suit is all right—but Mrs. Zyz has her coat a trifle, the bridesmaid, as the clergyman began the ceremony. Then the bride realized that she was about to be married to "the other man" and objected. In a moment or two she got things straightened out and the ceremony proceeded. It was a narrow escape.—Baltimore Sun.

An Immigrant's Progress.
 Fifteen years ago Joseph Haaga arrived in Buttes County, Kan., with five cents in his pocket. He went to work for a farmer, with whom he remained five years, saving something from his wages each year. At the end of that time he started farming on his own account. To-day he owns five hundred acres of land, and has it stocked with a fine herd of cattle. A short time ago he went to El Dorado to bid on another half section of land, which he had the money to buy.



The Sweetest Thing.
 Beneath a small window
 A dear little bird
 Kept singing this song—
 (And I heard every word):
 "Oh, sweet are the berries,
 The red and the white,
 And sweet are the crumbs
 That you gave me last night;
 And sweet to the squirrels
 Are nuts in the wood!
 But there's nothing so sweet
 As a child that is good!"
 "Oh, jam is much sweeter!"
 "And dear little Nell;
 "And there's treacle and honey
 And jelly as well.
 Here's a big piece of bread
 And some crumbs for your tea.
 Don't you think these are sweeter
 Than Maggie or me?"
 But Robin made answer
 As loud as he could,
 "There's nothing so sweet
 As a girl that is good!"
 —Round the Hearth.

The Cat and Rat.
 The following incident I was eye-witness to. I came into one of the work-rooms where a plate of food for the cat had been left on the floor. Upon the plate of food was a large rat, seated upon its haunches, eating squirrel-fashion. Lying with her nose almost against the plate was the cat, with eyes fastened upon the rat. When I made a slight noise the rat went away from the plate and walked slowly to an opening under the door and disappeared. The cat, with eyes fastened upon the rat, paw under the door, came back to me and mewed. This seemed strange, as the cat is one of the finest ratters I ever saw, and has destroyed many a rodent since I saw the foregoing. Was the rat a hypnotist? Or did he tell the cat something?—Good Housekeeping.

Place the Button in the Right Place.
 Mrs. McLean, a young Scotch mother, had great trouble to keep her two-year-old boy from running into the streets of the village. The little woman was greatly terrified lest he should be trampled by horses.
 She had just returned from an exhausting run after him and was closing the front yard gate when the old teamster, Donald McTavish, a good home disciplinarian, by the way, drove along on his way home.
 "Oh, dear," said the little woman, "I have such a time to keep this boy out of the streets. I am discouraged. What shall I do, Mr. McTavish?"
 "What have ye been doing, Mrs. McLean?"
 "Oh, I first buttoned the gate, but he soon found out how to open it. I put the button higher out of his reach, and in a day or two he found how to climb up to it. I hid the box he climbed upon, and he found another. I then put the button as high up as it would go on the fence, and now he gets a stick and opens the gate. What shall I do?"
 "Ah! my laddy, ye dinna know how to do it. Put the button on the boy," replied the old Scotchman.

Two Kinds of Ears.
 Aunt Hetty had a way of looking into the children's rooms after the folks had all gone to bed. She did this to see if the little ones were comfortable.
 It was summer time, and one night her nephew, Charlie, who had come from the city on a visit, was tucked away in one of the little beds upstairs. Charlie was not asleep, and the sight of Aunt Hetty coming in with a lighted candle in her hand made him open his bright eyes wide.
 "I hope you are not ill, my dear?" asked aunt, going close to the little white bed.
 "No, indeed," said Charlie, smiling.
 "I'm listening to the noise. It's a nice noise, though," he added, thoughtfully, for fear his criticism of his surroundings might offend. This, by the way, was Charlie's first visit to the country.
 Aunt Hetty looked a little astonished. "Why, it's as quiet as can be," she said. "Perhaps you have been dreaming. What kind of a noise did you think you heard?"
 "It goes whiz, whiz, cheep, cheep, cheep-ty, cheep-ty, and buzz, buzz-z-z, all the time," said Charlie, imitating the sounds that he heard.
 Aunt Hetty smiled. "Ah, these are country noises, Charlie. Numberless little insects live in the trees and shrubbery, you know, and they are all astir now. You will get used to the sound after a while, and not notice it."
 The next day some one referred to the noise that had kept Charlie awake, and this made Cousin Mabel laugh.
 "To think of a city boy talking about the noise of the country!" she said. "I'm sure where you live it's rattle, rattle over the stony pavements from early morning till late at night—but his hair was cut so short—like a prize fighter!"
 "I don't believe I ever hear the big noises," said Charlie, with a puzzled air.
 And then Aunt Hetty explained something that no one else had thought of. "Charlie has city ears," she said. "He is so accustomed to the rattling, loud noises of the streets that he doesn't think of listening to them, but here in the country quietness he hears everything. Mabel and the rest of us have country ears, so we don't hear the noises of the insects at night; or rather, we don't notice them because we hear them so constantly. Yes, there are two kinds of ears, and it is good for those with country ears to be told how many noises there are for them to listen to. Some of these noises are musical, and all of them are interesting. Suppose we try for a while to hear country noises with city ears."—Youth's Companion.

CATCHING TIGERS.

Powerful Steel Traps Which Securely Imprison the Beasts.
 Capturing tigers by a novel method is now being adopted in Sumatra and is proving almost invariably successful. As soon as a tiger's hair has been found, natives are employed to construct a wooden fence nine feet long and four feet wide a short distance away from it, and in this inclosure is then placed as a bait a dog, which is tied to one of the fence posts. A narrow entrance leads into the inclosure, and, there, deftly concealed under earth, leaves and boughs of trees, is placed a strong steel trap, which is so designed that any animal that places its foot on it is certain to be held captive.

The trap is of recent invention and consists of strong steel plates and equally strong springs. When it is set the plates form a sort of platform, and as soon as the tiger which has been lured thither by the dog sets his foot thereon the springs are released, and the cruel steel grips the legs and holds it fast.

Powerful as a tiger is, he cannot free himself from such bondage, and as those who have set the trap are never far away he is in a short time either killed or securely caged. At the same time the dog is released, and, indeed, he could not be removed from the inclosure as long as the trap was set, since this instrument, strong as it is, nevertheless is so delicate that the pressure even of a dog's foot would release the springs and cause the animal's leg to be crushed in a twinkling.—London Telegraph.

The Tonic of Success.
 The exercise of the highest faculties of the mind is not only stimulating, but creates the highest character.

Perhaps there is nothing else which has such a magical effect upon the brain, the nervous system, the whole man in fact, as the consciousness of achieving that on which his heart is set. There is a wonderful uplift in feeling that things which we take hold of will move. Achievement acts like a tonic on the whole system, it quickens the circulation, stimulates the digestion, and enlarges hope. People who have been invalids for years, whom no medicine or physician could help, have frequently been entirely restored to health, by suddenly hearing some good news, or unexpectedly coming into some good fortune.

This shows that the mind is master, that the body and its functions are good servants, and that the thoughts are reflected in the physical man.—Success.

Swiss Town to Abolish Fuel.
 The town of Davos, writes a Swiss correspondent, is considering a bold scheme for the abolition of all the ordinary forms of fuel. It is proposed to erect an extensive electric plant at the confluence of two large mountain torrents, whose united waters will supply the necessary motive force. A large firm of Swiss electricians has been studying the problem for over a year and has obtained the concession of the forces of the torrents alluded to. The same firm has bought out new electric heating and cooking apparatus especially designed for the scheme. The first cost of the installation is estimated to be \$5,500,000 francs. Already electricity is not only used for lighting and motive power, but is adopted in many villas for cooking and heating and in one of the largest bakeries. The idea is to do away with all contamination of the air by the use of fuel.

Hooted Monkey-Faced Owls.
 Three owls that appear to be part monkeys have been found near Red Bud, Ill. Two of the birds are now in possession of Phil Offending, a hotel keeper, and are viewed with great curiosity. The owls are two months old now, and so far have shown no signs of feathering, and this adds to the monkey likeness. They have large, staring eyes like the owls, even the beak being depressed, but the forehead runs back like that of the monkey. The hoot which has made the owl well known is absent. The vocal powers of these monkey-faced beings are somewhat impaired. They remain silent unless disturbed, when they let out a hiss like that of a snake. They were taken from a nest in the woods near Red Bud by George Carpenter.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One Pair of Gloves For Two Men.
 Mr. A. E. Randle, of Congress Heights, visited the District Commissioners, escorting General Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi.
 "General Hooker," remarked Mr. Randle, "was a gallant Confederate officer. At Vicksburg a cannon ball cut off his left arm and at the same time blew off the head of his servant, who was kneeling by his side. A Union officer in the same battle, who shall be nameless, lost his right arm during the same siege. In after years the two officers became close friends. As one of them lost the right arm and the other the left one, they send each other the odd glove every time either purchases a pair of gloves."—Washington Post.

Paid \$25,000 For a Rug.
 Every time J. Pierpont Morgan goes abroad, says the New York Times, he makes it a point to acquire a number of valuable souvenirs of the trip. This time, besides a number of rare paintings, including the famous Gainsborough portrait, he has purchased for himself a Persian rug, probably the rarest of its kind in existence, for which he paid \$25,000. The rug measures ten feet six inches by nineteen feet, was made of Persian silk in Tabriz, Persia, and was woven by Mohammedan friars 150 years ago for a shah. The time required to weave the rug was sixteen years.