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A Chicago inventor claims to have developed an airship that will fly. If so he has surely produced a novelty.

Time has brought it about that more than half the entire American crop of cotton is raised west of the Mississippi River.

The school children of the country did noble work rehabilitating the schools of Galveston. Their contributions amounted to \$54,270.58.

The highest testimonial to the excellence of American boots and shoes is contained in the threat of official bodies in Austria to interfere with the sale of them. It shows what a high place they have in the public estimation.

The cry has been raised that the succulent clam of the Atlantic Coast is in danger of extermination. Certainly the market supply is decreasing. Scientists say that the depletion of the clam beds can be prevented by comparatively simple means.

The use of submarine torpedo boats is bringing to the front the question of submarine searchlights. During the recent experiments at Spezzia, says the Pall Mall Gazette, in which the Italian submarine boat *Delfino* was subjected to a complete and severe test, an apparatus was used which enabled the commander to obtain a clear view under water for a distance of 100 yards.

The Agricultural Department is about to publish a soil map that will enable the farmer, wherever he is located, to determine just what crops will bring him the largest returns in money. The map is to cover the whole of the United States, and will be on such a scale that every ten-acre patch will be represented by one-eighth of an inch square. But each farmer will be able to procure a chart of his own neighborhood on a larger scale, so that he can arrange his planting in accordance with the suggestions which it conveys.

"There is always a scarcity of pennies in the West," says an official of the Philadelphia Mint, "and a superabundance of them in the East. Every little while the banks out there set up a hoot and cry for pennies, but our banks here are ever glad to rid themselves of their surplusage in these coins. It is difficult to see why such a state of things should be. I'm sure a penny is just as dear to the Easterner's heart as to the Westerner's, one would no more throw a penny away than would the other, yet here we always have too many pennies; there they never seem to have enough."

The annual report on savings banks for Paris, France, for 1900 has just been published. It shows that at the end of that year the number of deposits was 10,316,000, the amount of deposits being 4,336,000,000. In 1882 there were 4,045,000 depositors, with deposits amounting to 1,802,000,000, and the increase has since been uninterrupted. In 1882 123 Frenchmen out of every 1000 were depositors. The proportion is now 267 per 1000. Of the depositors, twenty-eight per cent. are minors, sixteen per cent. artisans, fifteen per cent. owners of land or persons without a profession, eleven per cent. day or agricultural laborers, and ten per cent. domestics.

A thousand graves in the church cemetery, Luton, England, have been dug by a one-armed man named Allen, who became grave-digger in 1871 after a mill accident.

Phoenix, Ariz., once a sagebrush desert, has 25,000 inhabitants and an assessed valuation of \$10,000,000, all due to irrigation canals brought from distant streams.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Some people fear the bridges far beyond they may not be strong. And even, as they move ahead, keep dragging woe along. Some people cast their glances back where shaky bridges sway, And worry over troubles they have passed upon the way.

In the Little Hospital.

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly of their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating room, or when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white-clothed trays to the sick rooms, and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and their kind voices.

Now one beautiful bright spring afternoon, at the railroad junction in the town, two trains, filled with pleasure-seekers, smashed together, and the doctor and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the scene of the accident and left to the care of the girls many people sorely hurt. And among them was a very little boy, about six years old, whom nobody knew anything about, because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were, except that they were poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the woman's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the woman's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big, brown-bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of money and whose few papers went to show he had been a sailor. He was a very rough-looking man, indeed.

The man came to his senses first, and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite frightened at the man. He was in pain, and great allowance must be made for that, but never, in all her life, had the little nurse to listen to such words as came from the big-brown-bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, and he found he could not move his great, massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate, and the railway and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter-mouthed man indeed. The little nurse, by the light of the night lamp, did her best to soothe him, because he aroused other patients, and there was a terrible groaning and wailing in the small ward. And all at once the little boy came to his senses, too, just for a minute, and his face was turned up to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's face. He was not quite sensible yet for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

"Good-morning, dad. How are you this morning?"

The sailor, looking into the little fellow's eyes, was abashed and stopped his swearing, and was silent for a moment, and then muttered clumsily:

"That's nice," said the boy, and became unconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and then when the little nurse slipped by in the shadows, he called to her softly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap."

The nurse nodded and smiled, and the sailor smiled back and, until morning came at last, he only groaned and watched the child, and did not nurse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow or give him drink, he whispered to her to look at the boy.

"Pretty boy—he thought I was his dad," he said, and would have laughed, only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand.

"Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't he?" and then his face twisted in pain.

But neither could the sailor rise from his back, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big brown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by himself, and that frightened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he fell into one of his rages and say:

"Oh, John, that's not nice." And John would bite his lips at once and be patient. Then the child would say:

"How do you feel, John?" And the sailor would answer:

to see the other patients, but he learned all their names and as soon as he heard them moving, he always asked very politely:

"And how do you feel, Mr. Smith?" And Mr. Smith would always answer, because it pleased the child:

"First rate, Joe." "That's nice," said Joe, and so he would ask each in turn, and to each answer, always the same, he would reply cheerfully: "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went with him, he always said, though sometimes with an effort, "I'm pretty well, thank you." Then everybody would say, with real pleasure: "That's nice, Joe."

So the summer went on, and very few patients came to the hospital, and John and Joe were alone, save for the nurses who grew to dread the time that was soon to part the friends.

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him—a clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very calmly, but instantly whispered:

"And the little fellow, Joe?" "Don't tell him," said the minister; "he is so innocent he needs no preparation. But you?"

For days the poor sailor was in much trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion:

"Joe, say you were rich as Vanderbilt, and was going a long sail, would you leave me behind?"

"No, John," said the child very earnestly, "I would want you to come too."

"Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away and leave me on the wharf, or— or if you was safe on a big fine ship, see me busted to pieces on the rocks?"

"John!" said the child, "I would jump out and pull you to my ship, I would."

"Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said nothing more until prayer time, when he squeezed Joe's hand and whispered:

"Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

The little Joe prayed for two. The two used to watch for the searchlight of the big night boat which ran between two great cities on the river. Its light flashed for an instant full on the front of the little hospital. Joe and John, hand in hand, very, very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they were there and smiled in on purpose to say "Good night." Always he piped "good night," in return, and John also. Then Joe, squeezing the once powerful hairy hand, would feebly ask:

"How do you feel tonight?" "First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan.

"That's nice." And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep.

And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor, in a very low, husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night, John,'" he whispered, and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'good-by.'"

The sailor tried to rise in bed, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river, but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed round the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel tonight, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very softly and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry.

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said the child. And the little nurses, running in found the friends had gone together.—P. Y. Black, in Los Angeles Times.

Canaries as Weather Prophets. "I have heard of all sorts of barometers, or rather weather signs, but I know of no more reliable weather prophets than my birds," said a Baltimore lady who owns several canaries. "I can almost always tell when it is going to rain by the distinctness with which I can hear the trains at night, but the birds are even more reliable than that. If I hear them singing in the morning early before I take the coverings of their cages off I know that the day will be a good one, no matter if it is raining at the moment. But if they do not sing I am sure there will be bad weather before the day is over. I have never known them to fall, and I never think of going shopping or calling unless the birds sing in early morning. That is why I never get caught in the rain, as many of my friends do. That poor weather bureau man who makes so many mistakes in his prophecies ought by all means to get himself some canaries."—Baltimore Sun.

Japan's Up-to-Date Postal Service. There is one little exhibit in the postal museum which illustrates the degree of perfection to which the postal service of Japan has been brought. It is a missive pasted over many times with "forwarding slips," showing the efforts made by the postal authorities to deliver the letter to the addressee. There are about 25 of these "forwarding slips" on the envelope, and these make it clear that the letter followed the addressee all over the island of Japan. There is a law in Japan which directs that a citizen, upon reaching a determination to change his abode, shall notify the postal authorities of his new address.—Washington Star.

A MEMORABLE SUMMER.

CALLED "EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND STARVE-TO-DEATH."

American and European Data Record the Season of 1816 as Having Been Phenomenal in Almost Every Particular—The Sun's Rays Destitute of Heat.

There are few persons now living who recollect the year 1816, but European and American data represent it as having been phenomenal in almost every particular.

In New England the year went by the name of "eighteen-hundred-and-starve-to-death," and the summer months are known in history as "the cold summer of 1816," so remarkable was the temperature.

The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat and all nature was clad in a sable hue. Men and women became frightened and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished, and that the world would soon come to an end.

Ministers took the phenomena for the text of their sermons, and pseudo-scientific men talked of things they knew not of, while the fanatics took advantage of the occasion to form religious organizations.

The winter of 1815-16 was very cold in Europe, but comparatively mild in this country, and did not in any way indicate the severe weather that soon prevailed.

Even the almanacs were silent, and although the usual indications, "about now look out for cold weather," or "this is a good time for snow" were entered in the regular portions of the book devoted to the winter predictions, those used for chronicling the pleasanter months had no such alarming warnings.

January was mild, so much so that for days the people allowed their fires to go out, as artificial heat made the buildings uncomfortably warm. This pleasant weather was broken by a severe cold snap in February, but this low temperature passed in a few days and a warmer condition, similar to the month previous, set in.

March "came in like a lion, but went out like a lamb." There was nothing unusual in the climatic conditions of the month which differed from those generally found in this windy season.

April was the advance guard of this strange freak in temperature. The early days were warm and bright, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased until it ended in ice and snow and a very low temperature.

To those who delighted in balmy May days and loved to watch the budding flowers the May of 1816 was a bitter disappointment. True, buds came, but so did the frost, and in one night laid all vegetation a blackened waste.

Corn was killed, and the field had to be made ready for another planting, but the people's astonishment was complete when they found ice formed to the thickness of half an inch in the pools.

June, "the month of roses," was this year a month of ice and desolation. The "oldest inhabitant" was surprised, for never before had the mercury sunk so low in the tube in these latitudes in the last month of spring.

Frost, ice and snow were common. Almost every green thing that had taken advantage of a few warm days to develop was killed, and various kinds of fruit were nearly all destroyed.

One day the beautiful snow fell to a depth of 10 inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine and three inches in Massachusetts and Central New York.

Matters were beginning to be interesting. People were undecided whether to spend the summer in the south or at the seashore and mountains. One day the latter resorts were desirable and the next would decide in favor of the former, but on the whole the southern climate was preferred.

July was accompanied by frost and ice, and those who celebrated the glorious Fourth "not wisely but too well" found an abundance of ice handy for immediate use the next morning. It was not very thick, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch, but it was ice, and it caused the good people of New England, New York and some sections of Pennsylvania to look grave.

That month Indian corn was destroyed in all but the most favored locations, and but a small quantity escaped.

Surely August would put an end to such cold weather, but the farmers as well as hotel proprietors were doomed to disappointment. The mid-summer month was, if possible, more cheerless than the days already passed. Ice formed even thicker than it had done the month before and corn was so badly frozen that it was cut for fodder and almost every green plant in this country as well as in Europe was frozen.

Papers received from England stated that the year 1816 would be remembered by the generation then living as a year in which there was no summer.

What little corn ripened in the unexpected states was worth almost its weight in silver and farmers were compelled to provide themselves with corn grown in 1815 for the seed they used in the spring of 1817. This seed never cost so much, being difficult to get even at \$5 per bushel.

The last month of summer was ushered in bright and warm, and for two weeks the now almost frozen people began to thaw out. It was the mildest weather of the year, but just as the inhabitants got fairly to appreciate it old Boreas and Jack Frost came along and whitened and hardened everything in their path.

On the 16th ice formed a quarter of an inch thick and winter clothing that had been laid away for a few

days was again brought forth and wrapped round shivering humanity.

By this time the people had given up all hopes of again seeing the flowers bloom or hearing the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard winter.

October kept up the reputation of its predecessors, as there was scarcely a day that the thermometer registered higher than 30 degrees.

November was also extremely cold and sleighing was good the first week of the month, but strange to relate, December was the mildest and most comfortable month of the entire year, a condition which led many people to believe that the seasons had changed about.

Of course the cold spell sent bread-stuffs to an unheard-of price and it was impossible to obtain for table use many of the common vegetables as they were required for seed.

Flour sold in 1817 in the cities for \$13 per barrel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.—Boston Globe.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

French syndicates in Normandy and Brittany use the parcels-post for sending table butter and cheese to customers. Parcels weighing 20 pounds can be mailed for 30 cents.

In Lake Minnetonka, Minn., there is a picturesque island which takes its name from the fact that it is uninhabited by man, and given over to the cranes. Generations back these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As time went on and the surrounding islands populated, no man had the heart to disturb them.

Speaking of rare and beautiful pottery, seekers after curiosities, while delving in the earth near Lampaski, on the Dardanelles, uncovered a beautiful vase. It is made of burned clay, incrustated on the exterior with gold. It has three golden handles and golden reliefs representing hunting scenes. The date of the vase, which contained human ashes, bones and pearls, is estimated at about B. C. 400.

A remarkable picnic took place not a very long ago near Chicago. Every guest was "made up" as an animal—lions, tigers and foxes being predominant in this unique gathering, while there was a fair sprinkling of sheep, dogs and cats. When luncheon was served the "animals" proceeded to squat upon the ground, each after the manner of his or her kind, and the eatables were then devoured with much gusto. This picnic, which was described as a "Noah's Ark" banquet, certainly deserved its name.

The trial of the pyx, or the testing of the money of the United Kingdom, took place at Goldsmith's Hall in London the other day. The ceremony is a very ancient one. The first known trial for which a writ was issued took place in 1281. Edward III in 1345 formally established the ceremony, which, down to 1870, took place at uncertain intervals. An act passed in 1870, however, stipulated that the trial of the pyx, which is a box or chest in which are deposited specimen coins, shall be held at least once in every year in which coins have been issued.

Very peculiar was the picnic to which a New York resident recently bid his friends at Narragansett, R. I. Every guest was requested to drive to the meeting place in a donkey cart, and to be attired after the manner of a "dead-beat," or tramp. Some 200 picnickers turned up in the said guise, and for their amusement cocoanut "shies" and such like sports were provided by the host. To enhance the realism of the affair every lady and gentleman in the company affected ungrammatical speech and rowdy behaviour, and it was difficult to believe that the guests were made up of the most wealthy and refined members of New York millionaireshood.

At a Mexican Hotel.

The dining room is scrupulously clean, and the mozos are in attendance in their spotless white blouses (which resemble our shirtwaists, with the gathering string let out at the bottom), the corners tied in a hard knot in front below the waist. The first meal of the day is called *desayuno*, and consists usually of different kinds of bread, some very fancy and sweet, with coffee or chocolate, also fruit and eggs, if you desire them. After a very slow canter about the country on the back of a burro, through banana groves, to sugar plantations, etc., you return promptly at 12 o'clock, ready for your dinner (*comida*). This is a full course meal, beginning with soup and rice. All the dishes are novel and are generally liked. Some of them are rather hot, but after a few meals you find that your taste for chile con carne has become cultivated, and you enjoy the piquancy of the delicacies set before you. I have learned to be very fond of the Mexican favorites, such as chiles stuffed with cheese and roasted; a very delicious combination of peas, pineapples and banana boiled together; meats dressed with chile; salad of the alligator pear (butter fruit), onions, tomato and chile, and the standby of all Mexicans, tortillas (corn cake) and frijoles (beans). These last are always served after the meat courses. Then we have the juices (preserved fruits) and coffee. The *cena* (supper) at 7 is of the same number of courses as the dinner and very much like it.—International Magazine.

A man, walking day and night, without resting, would take 428 days to journey round the world.

PURE FOOD LAW VIOLATED.

Interesting Facts Concerning the Hoasting of Coffee Brought Out by Scientific Experts—Presence of Bacteria.

TOLLEDO, August 10th.—The jury in Judge Meek's court in this city has found James White, a local grocer, guilty of selling adulterated coffee. The prosecution was based on a package of Ariosa coffee.

The State of Ohio, through the Pure Food Commission, prosecuted White. The case was on trial for nearly a month, and attracted national attention.

The manufacturers of Ariosa coffee conducted the defense for Grocer White. Attorneys of eminence were retained to defend him, but after a short consultation a verdict of guilty was returned by the jury. The State of Ohio considers this a big victory. Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn has been waging a warfare on spurious food articles and the department has been successful.

The complaint of the State of Ohio was that Ariosa coffee was coated with a substance which concealed defects in the coffee and made it appear better than it is. The State charged this coating or glazing was a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria.

Prof. G. A. Kirchmaier, of this city, a well-known chemist, was the principal witness for the State. He testified that he had made scientific examinations of samples of Ariosa purchased from Grocer White in the open market, and found that each berry contained an average of 300 bacteria. Mr. Kirchmaier further testified that other coffees he examined contained few bacteria or none at all. He declared that the glazed coffee was not a wholesome food product.

Chemist Schmidt, of Cincinnati, corroborated the testimony of Prof. Kirchmaier. The State did not present further testimony.

The defense secured some of the most eminent chemists and scientists in the United States to give testimony in their behalf. Prof. H. W. Wiley, of the United States Agricultural Department; Prof. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor University; Prof. Bleile and Webber, of the Ohio State University, were called to defend Ariosa. Dr. Wiley made a careful examination of the method of manufacturing. He told of the 19,000,000 eggs used yearly in the preparation of this glazing. On this point, in cross-examination, the State's attorney deftly drew from him the information that these eggs might be kept in cold storage for a year or two at a time.

The experts who heard Dr. Wiley's testimony were pleased to listen to so famous a chemist. The doctor at one point in his testimony explained very clearly how it is that the egg put into the coffee pot by the housewife settles the coffee. He said that the heat coagulates the egg, and as it sinks to the bottom of the pot it carries the fine particles of coffee with it, and thus clarifies the drink. It is the act of coagulation in the coffee pot that does the work. Later on in his cross examination, he admitted that when the egg was put on Ariosa coffee at the factory it became coagulated, and as egg cannot be coagulated but once, that the coating on coffee was practically no value, as a "settler" when it reached the coffee pot.

Professor Wiley acknowledged that the glazing might be a favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria, although he would not testify positively either way because he was not a bacteriologist.

Professor Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, also a witness for the defense, said he found bacteria on Ariosa coffee.

Professor Bleile, another witness for the defense, testified he found a number of lively bacteria on Ariosa coffee he examined, and agreed that glazed coffee surely was a more favorable medium for the propagation of bacteria than unglazed coffee.

Pure Food Commissioner Blackburn says: "The State is very much elated over its victory. We are now considering the advisability of informing every grocer in the State of Ohio that it is an infraction of the laws to sell Ariosa, and at the same time give warning to consumers that the coffee is an adulterated food article."

The verdict of the jury in this case is of national importance because a great many other States have pure food laws like that of Ohio, and it is natural to suppose that similar action will be taken by other Pure Food Commissioners to prevent the sale of glazed coffees.

Huge Atlas Is Being Prepared.

The largest atlas ever printed in the United States is being prepared by the census bureau. It will not be merely a big book of maps showing the outlines, cities, rivers, lakes and mountains of the country, but will enable the examiner to see at a glance the density of population, the value and extent of various crops and products and the state of industrial activity in any locality. To the layman the books of statistics issued by the department meant but little. Anyone can understand the charts and diagrams that will make up this atlas, which will not be issued until after all the other publications of the census are completed and handed to the public. It will contain special features embodied in all the other works and therefore cannot be completed until all the rest are finished.

Two thousand of the 30,000 books on the French Revolution which have been presented to the Bibliotheque Nationale by the British Museum will be kept there. The remaining 28,000 will be sent to the Bibliotheque Se-vigne.