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No less than twenty-four of our States and two of our Territories are now iron-ore producers.

London is to be electrified underground with true Yankee electricity as a motive power. Gog and Magog will be all agog.

It will surprise people to learn that Scotland has the largest number of criminals in the United Kingdom. Last year 1386 persons were convicted in the court for every 100,000 of the population. In England the ratio was only 581 and in Ireland 830.

"We are now," said Secretary of Agriculture Wilson the other day, "succeeding admirably in the production of tea in the United States. It is only a question of a short time when we will be able to raise all the tea demanded for use in this country."

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt has patented a number of inventions that may revolutionize railway rolling stock construction and, incidentally, bring him in a larger fortune than his father left him. It would seem that this youth who had heart enough to risk being disinherited in order to marry the girl of his choice has a well-developed brain in the bargain.

The farmers of Kansas figure that what they lose through the drought will be offset by the higher price they will get for their grain, so that the real sufferers from the drought will be the consumers, many of whom live in Europe. This is the reason, according to one farmer, why so many farmers took no interest in the prayers for rain. They felt that they had nothing to pray for.

Great were the hopes of the benefits to be obtained from liquid air. Not a great while ago the newspapers published long articles showing the inestimable advantages which would certainly be scattered abroad in a short time, when large quantities of the atmosphere were compressed and condensed. Unexpected obstacles and delays appear to have been encountered since the first glowing announcements were made public.

The Canadians never took kindly to Kipling's designation of their country as "Our Lady of the Snows." There was a chilliness about it that they resented. And now the Montreal Star states that the people of that pleasant city are going to quit spending money for grand winter carnivals, ice palaces, snowshoe processions and such, and set up business instead as a summer city of unsurpassable attraction, surrounded by water and sylvan loveliness and full of grateful coolness and restfulness.

The London Spectator, in discussing the standard of wealth in recent years, remarks that fifty years ago an income of \$50,000 was accounted sufficient to maintain a good place in society, but now one must begin with an income of \$100,000 yearly if the same relative position is to be maintained. The Spectator does not think that the truth of this is based upon luxury or wastefulness peculiar to the present, but the increase in the number of rich men has caused an increase in the price of everything rich men seek. Hence the necessity of an income double that of fifty years ago to maintain equal social vantage ground.

The pashuta saka, or Indian conqueror's rattle, formerly used among the Sioux Indians, was always prepared with great care by the conqueror himself. It was made of rawhide and covered with feathers.

The wages of Italian cotton spinners were only 11 pence for a 14-hour day in 1852. They have since doubled. In England cotton spinners average 20 shillings a week.

THE DEER-TRAPPER.

At sight of him the birds berate; The blackbird points him to her mate, The blue-jay screams a scathing word, Even the thrush is anger-stirred— Stealthily his step by wood-path dim, Yet they know and jeer at him.

His coming makes the fields less gay; The men who work there look away, No welcome, only a half-hid sneer, For Paul who loams—and traps the deer!

When night-time softens clearings rough, And men who work have worked enough, Around the shanty doors you hear Laughing girls make music clear; Just answers jest, heart's near to heart— But Paul Fineife still keeps apart!

Sleeping he dreams and seems to hide Close by a spruce-tree's shadowy side; A slender doe through the mosses stepped, Under her foot a deer-trap leapt And fastened on her, biting deep, Biting deeper at each wild leap! She is no stolid, brutish bear!

To crouch and wait the trapper there; Frantic she lunges, crazed with fright, Bruised and broken, a piteous sight— Paul sees and shudders and would away, But something holds him—he too must stay!

Such day-time joy, such night-time cheer, For Paul Fineife who traps the deer! —Francis Sterne Palmer, in Harper's Weekly.

A Perfect Little Paragon

By Elton Harris.

"I LIKE you well enough, Jim, and always have," said Mrs. Hale, as she plinned out her curtains in the little garden behind the creeper-covered lodge at the park gates, "and I mean no disrespect when I say that you are but second keeper, for Ellie's father was only second coachman when he came by his accident and died, and my lord puts me in here. But she is terribly clever, is my girl; 'tis just wonderful what she knows of book learning, and that; and she ought to wed some one similar, to understand her, like. Why, even my lady notices her learning. 'A perfect little paragon she is, Mrs. Hale,' says she; which you know what that means, I suppose?"

Now this was a clever move on the good woman's part, for personally she had not the least idea, beyond that it was something flattering to her own ewe lamb, nor, it is to be feared, had Jim Quest, the handsome young game-keeper, much greater knowledge. But he did not display his ignorance; he only leaned his broad shoulder against an apple tree and stood thoughtfully rubbing the muzzle of his gun with one brown hand, a picturesque figure enough, in his rough shooting coat and leather gaiters.

"What is that Morris, the schoolmaster, doing, always coming for a walk in the park?" was the result of his reflections.

"Mr. Morris is a most superior person, Jim, any one can see that by the way he looks at you through his glasses," and Mrs. Hale's rosy, tell-tale face showed some elation. "And my lord has no objection to respectable people, known as such, walking here."

"He had better mind that I don't break his superior neck for him, that's all," was Jim's unchristian rejoinder, as, after a last fruitless glance at all the neat little curtained windows, he shouldered his gun to depart.

All through the past summer the rivalry between the sober schoolmaster and the young keeper had been growing. Both wanted Elizabeth, Mrs. Hale's lovely daughter, and only one, in the ordinary course of things, could win her. As Jim whistled to his dogs and set off across the park he turned over the word "Paragon" in his mind. It was an outlandish word, he concluded, and evidently meant that he was not good enough for Ellie, while old "Reading, Writing and Arithmetic," as he called his rival, was a person of consequence in the village, and it would be regarded as a great rise in life for Elizabeth to become his wife, even though she was so vastly clever and a paragon, whatever that meant, to boot.

He little knew that Ellie, sitting sewing behind those curtains, had been listening with a mischievous smile, or that when he had gone her pretty head was cautiously advanced to watch him; while, when William Morris came for his evening stroll later on, and stopped to discuss the weather with her mother, she did not take the trouble to look out, and gave a little sigh.

There were great shooting parties up at "the house" that year, and Jim was so busy that he had neither time to brood over his troubles nor look in at the lodge except once, and then he found Mr. Morris there, drinking tea.

"One of the—er—under keepers to speak to you, I think, Mrs. Hale," quoth he, blinking viciously at Jim through his glasses; and from that day war was declared.

It was really hard upon Jim, but if he were sometimes a trifle morose, the poor dear fellow behaved very well on the whole; and when he was out with the guns one day, and William Morris, in one of his strolls, got right into the firing line, and received a dose of small shot in his scholarly shoulder, it was Jim who dashed to his rescue.

"Great Scott! if it ain't poor 'Reading, Writing and Arithmetic!'" he cried, raising the hurt and frightened schoolmaster. "Well, learning don't keep you out of mischief, that's clear!"

And it was Jim who helped to carry him to a cottage near, found a doctor and heard that the injuries were not serious, and then he brought him of the inmates of the lodge at the great gates—if indeed one was ever absent from his thoughts—and set off across the park toward it. If Ellie cared for Morris—and he drew a deep breath at the thought—he would save her a fright; she should know the truth at

once. But he had still some way further to go when Ellie herself, her curly head hatless, her face white, came flying toward him, then stopped with wide, incredulous eyes.

"Oh, Jim!" she gasped, "is it really you? They said you were shot. Oh, dear!" and she broke into tears. Nor did she pay any attention to his tale about William Morris, for when it was finished she merely repeated, "And you are sure you are not hurt?"

"What could it matter to a paragon if I was?" said he gruffly, but with beating heart.

"I don't want to be a paragon, and it is not my fault," she sobbed, feeling for her handkerchief. "All I want is to be—happy, and I am not."

"No more am I, sweetheart, but I am only second keeper," he said honestly. "Morris is a rare learned chap, though—but no matter. And if 'tis best for you, I mean to bear it," and he set his teeth hard.

Ellie had found her handkerchief by this time, and was fiercely dabbing her eyes, but she paused to cast a frightened glance up into his bronzed face, while, as those blue eyes met his, the scales seemed to fall from them, and both forgot all about William Morris, schoolmaster.

"So you are going to be married," said my lady, meeting the handsome pair in the park one day. "And you, Jim, are to have a perfect paragon of a wife, I hear."

And as Jim touched his cap and said, "Yes, my lady," and Ellie blushed and smiled, it is to be presumed that they had both overcome their objection to the other—American Queen.

BIG LIZARD WAKES UP.

Comes Out of a Two Months' Sleep and Make Things Lively.

The reptile house at the Zoo, usually the quietest and sleepest place in the gardens, where the huge anacondas and lazy-limbed batrachians slumber away their days in an atmosphere of untroubled lethargy, was recently thrown into a state of violent excitement.

The cause of the trouble was an attack upon his keeper by the Egyptian monitor, the largest lizard in the world. The reptile is five feet long and colored a dingy brown. His coat is rough and scaly and his claws and teeth give him a fierce appearance. He arrived at the Zoo one very cold day last March in a half-frozen condition and until a few days ago remained in a semi-comatose state.

The keepers had begun to despair of arousing him from his prolonged lethargy until the expedient occurred to them of procuring a mate for the sleeping monster. A female was accordingly brought from Africa last week and placed in the cage with him. Next morning the keeper was astonished to find the rocky floor of the den all torn up and the dirt beneath heaped in great piles against the sides of the cage. The two lizards were sleeping innocently by side in the corner and the keeper did not disturb them. The same activity went on every night for a week, and it soon became plain that the monitor was building a house for himself and his new wife.

The house has just been completed, and when the keeper opened the cage the other morning the female monitor was tucked away snugly out of sight inside it. Her husband was curled up over the entrance to the cave, guarding it.

Keeper Hess thought nothing of the matter until he entered the cage to feed the monitor, and then began a fight, which ended in the keeper being driven through the doorway and narrowly escaping with whole skin. The food which Hess took into the cage was thrown in all directions and the reptile remained in a violent state all day.—Philadelphia Press.

Quaint Wedding Ceremonies.

The marriage in Constantinople of an Englishman and a Greek woman entails three wedding ceremonies. To be legal it must be performed at the consulate. The couple are legally married the first day, and on the next a church ceremony is performed in the English church, while the Greek religious ceremony which follows is commonly held at the bride's home. The last is the only legal form of marriage as far as the bride is concerned. In the Greek ceremony no ring is used, but the best man places a wreath bound with white satin ribbons on the heads of bride and bridegroom. Then, while the priest is pronouncing the words of the service the couple walk around him in a circle three times, holding candles, the best man at intervals changing the wreaths from one to the other. When all is over, the friends throw small coins or little tokens of gold and silver over the wedded pair, and a general scramble ensues among those present to secure the tokens.

An Episode of the Biograph.

A pathetic incident in connection with a biograph sketch occurred in Detroit, Mich., recently. A view made at the occupation of Pekin was being flashed across the screen. It presented a detachment of the Fourteenth United States Infantry entering the gates of the Chinese capital. As the last file of soldiers seemed literally stepping out of the frame on to the stage there arose a scream from a woman who sat in front.

"My God!" she cried hysterically, "there is my dead brother Allen marching with the soldiers!"

The figure had been recognized by others in the audience as that of Allen McCaskill, who had mysteriously disappeared some years before. Subsequently Mrs. Booth, the sister, wrote to the War Department and learned that it really was her brother whose presence she so strangely had been confronted with.—Everybody's Magazine.

AGRICULTURE



To Intensify Color.

Shrubs growing in a poor soil seldom produce bright, high-colored flowers. Iron filings and scales collected about a blacksmith's anvil have a tendency to intensify the color of many plants, if dug into the soil about their roots.

Early Spraying.

Every one who has fruit trees to spray should remember that the easiest and most effective application of fungicides which can be made during the year is that made before the leaves appear. A pure solution of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) is usually recommended for this spraying, though we are inclined to think that the liberal addition of this solution is very much worth while. To make the copper-sulphate solution, dissolve six to eight pounds of the vitriol in fifty gallons of water, thus making it considerably stronger than ordinary Bordeaux mixture. The trees will stand the strong mixture when they have no foliage. This early spraying given to apple and pear trees does good work in preventing scab and some lesser maladies. On peach trees and Japanese plums it prevents leaf curl, and on all kinds of plums and peaches it helps to prevent the ripe-fruit rot. It ought not to be omitted.—The Country Gentleman.

Growing Forest Trees.

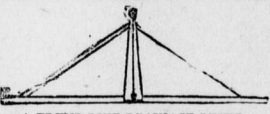
Those who desire to grow forest trees of any kind for shade or ornamental trees should remember that there is no better time to gather the seed than when it ripens upon the tree, and no better time for sowing it than when it would be self sown by falling from the tree. That is, if the tree is a native of the place where it is to be grown. If from a warmer climate it may be necessary to start the seed under glass, and protect it in some way during a few of the first winters while it is small. At the Arnold Arboretum by this method they have acclimated and grown in this way some trees and shrubs that are not native here, and seldom found north of Mason and Dixon's line. The seeds from these plants are more hardy than those from Southern plants and thus they can be made to endure our colder northern climate, and the northern limit of their growth is gradually being extended.—American Cultivator.

Plants Need a Soaking.

If it becomes necessary to water the plants in the vegetable or flower garden, or seems desirable to do so, remember that what they will receive the best results from is not just a sprinkle, that will lay the dust and moisten the surface of the soil so that it may bake up hard and dry, and be worse than before, because it cannot absorb moisture from the atmosphere during the night, but they need a soaking of the ground that will wet down to the lower roots, and even tempt them to strike down deep after more moisture and more fertility. We never found better results from water than when we put a tile drain down about two feet in a raised mound in the flower bed and turned our water into that. While before it had been the first place to dry up in summer, after that was done the plants always grew luxuriantly. It was an example of sub-irrigation. While we were doing this we could see other gardens where the sprinkler ran for hours every day, seldom wetting an inch below the surface, and the plants dying or falling to produce, because the soil never got well saturated with moisture. When a rainy day came the surface was usually so baked up that it soaked up no more water than would penetrate the shell of a turtle. When the garden is to be irrigated give water enough to cover the surface about an inch deep, allow it to soak in, and when the surface is dry stir it enough to give a dust mulch all over it.

Drainage Made Easy.

One of the greatest drawbacks to successful farming operations on thousands of farms in Western New York is the absence of a thorough system of tile drainage, consequently the early preparation of ground, and the planting of crops, is not only greatly retarded, but the season for growth being also comparatively less, makes



A PLUMB-LINE DRAINAGE LEVEL.

them more susceptible to early autumn frosts before maturity. Drain lowest depressions first, and continue the work as circumstances permit and never attempt to do a perfect job without the constant use of the level whenever any doubt exists as to the required grade of the ditch. The accompanying illustration shows a very simple, accurate and practical level, working on the principle of a plumb-line. It is sixteen and a quarter feet long, so that by raising either end one inch and marking the variation in the plumb one can easily tell when the grade is one inch to the rod. The level can be slid along in the bottom of the ditch, thus keeping a uniform grade of any desired fall.—Irving D. Cook, Genesee County, New York, in the American Agriculturist.

The cocoon production in Greece has increased so much within a few years that silk is now exported to France.

"WHITTLING SI."

Si Bartholomew—he can Whittle anything, you bet! He's about the smartest man That I guess I ever met. Onet he whittled me a boat, An' I sailed it in the drain. An' there wasn't room to float, So I'm waitin' for a rain.

Si's knife's never dull a bit; My, you ought to see him hone! For he mixes in some spittin'— Yes, sir!—on the whittlin' stone! An' the other day he said, 'When I asked his knife to use: "Sakes alive! You'll cut your head Clean off, right above your shoes!"

An's he's made a bully bow, An' some arrer, an' a gun, An' a windmill that'll go If you hold it out an' run; An' a dagger an' a sword, An' a teemy drinkin'-cup— He jes takes a common board! An' he whittles it smack up!

He sits 'roun' all day, Si does, Whittlin' shavin's in his lap. Pa, he says there never was Such a lazy, shifless chap, An' he jesn't earn his keep— But I think he does, you see, 'Cause he has to work a heap Makin' handy things for me. —Edwin L. Sabin, in New Lippincott.



"I saw a girl with four sets of teeth in her head yesterday." "No." "Yes, she wore side combs."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mathilde—"Mr. Hungerford is a man who thoroughly believes in himself." Elaine—"How very glib he must be."—Town and Country.

A very even temper My wife possesses. I'm Quite certain nought can change her— She's cranky all the time. —Philadelphia Record.

He—"One cannot always tell whether a girl means what she says." She—"And one cannot always tell whether a man cares whether she means what she says."—Puck.

"What a debt we owe to medical science," he said as he put down the paper. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "haven't you paid that doctor's bill yet?"—Chicago Post.

If every man fulfilled his plan 'I would work extreme distress, For he would doom posterity To utter idleness. —Washington Star.

Housekeeper—"You needn't ask me for any cold victuals, for I haven't any." Wary Willie—"All right, ma'am—a couple of soft-boiled eggs, a broiled steak and a cup of coffee'll do."—Philadelphia Record.

Poetic Bridegroom—"I could sit here forever, gazing into your eyes and listening to the wash of the ocean." Practical Bride—"Oh, that reminds me, darling; we have not paid our laundry bill yet."—Brooklyn Life.

Wife—"I somehow just feel in my bones that we will go to Europe this summer." Husband—"In which bone do you feel it most?" Wife—"Well, I don't exactly know, but I guess it's my wish bone."—Boston Traveller.

He—"Do you believe in love in a cottage?" She—"No, indeed, I don't." He—"How about love in a palace?" She—"Oh, George, this is too sudden!" He—"Well, it won't be if we've got to wait till I earn the palace."—The Smart Set.

Mrs. Newbride—"How much are your spring chickens?" Poulterer—"Dollar a pair, ma'am." Mrs. Newbride—"Well—er—I've got to be very economical, so just give me the very smallest pair you have."—Philadelphia Press.

"What is that breed of rabbit that multiplies so rapidly?" inquired the forgetful man. "The Welsh-rabbit, I guess," remarked the despectic. "One of them taken just before bedtime will generate a whole menagerie."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Nebb—"I am going to an observation party this afternoon, dear." Husband—"An observation party? What sort of a party is that?" Mrs. Nebb—"Mrs. Quizzer's next door neighbor is moving, and Mrs. Quizzer has invited a few friends to watch through the windows and see what they have."—Boston Traveller.

Fresh Hope For Poleseekers.

It has been suggested that wireless telegraphy may play an important part in future arctic explorations. The conditions surrounding arctic travel are such that the principal difficulty is found in maintaining communication with a base of supplies. It is believed that wireless telegraphy has now reached a point where, at least, it promises such development that future exploring parties will be able to carry along apparatus and keep constantly in touch with their base camps. If this proves to be the case much of the terror of the arctic will be removed and exploration will be made both easier and safer, with the possibility that this added instrumentality will enable the discovery of the pole at no far distant date.—Electrical Review.

Vipers in England.

The case of death from the bite of a viper reported from Cumberland is the first for several years. The bite of a viper is always intensely painful, but is much more rarely fatal than most people imagine. This, we believe, is only the seventh case on record in England for the past forty years, and here, as in most other cases, the victim was a child. It should be carefully noted that vipers rarely bite except by way of retaliation. They can be safely observed at close quarters if they are not touched; though in the cases of most bites the creature is irritated by accident.—Westminster Gazette.

FARM TOPICS

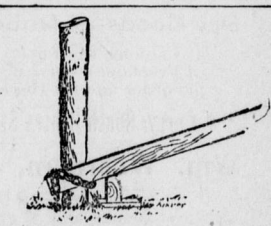
Producing Lean Meat on Hogs.
The production of lean meat on hogs is not necessarily a loss of weight. To secure lean meat the animals are fed on a variety, which consists largely of nitrogenous food, which promotes increase in growth and weight, the variety enabling the hogs to consume more food, which increases the production of meat.

Shredded Corn Fodder.
The Western farmers who have begun to use shredded corn fodder are now declaring that a ton of it is worth more than a ton of hay for milch cows. We came to the same conclusion years ago in regard to corn fodder well grown, cut when fit, and fed dry or moistened with warm water, was better for the milk and butter products, producing a better article at less cost. We never tried the shredded fodder, but can imagine there would be less waste to it.

The Clover Hay Worm.
It is reported that the clover hay worm, which has never been very troublesome in the Eastern States so far as we have learned, is proving a decided pest in the West. Those who buy Western clover or alfalfa should take care that they do not take this worm home with them, or if a few are found should shake them out of the hay, sweep them up and burn them. It is not the amount of the hay that they eat which causes the loss, but the fact that they foul the hay with their excrements until cattle reject it unless starving, and even when eaten it is unwholesome for them or for their milk. Looking mouldy and as if full of spider webs or long threads, every lock in which it is seen should also be burned.

Running Farm Machinery.
No man can be considered an expert in running farm machinery unless he attends to certain points in managing the machines. First, keep every joint and bearing well oiled. Next see that all parts which are liable to collect dust are brushed clean at least every time the team is unhitched, and see then that every nut and bolt is in place and holding the parts snugly. Not only that, but if a rattle is heard when at work, investigate at once and stop it, even if it is necessary to unhitch the team to make it safe to work on it. Keep all cutting parts clean and sharp, and see that the draft is just right to be as easy as is possible for both team and machine. The man who does all this will accomplish good work and not injure team or machine.

Pulling Up Old Posts.
Old fence posts have to be taken up occasionally, and the easiest way to do it is shown in the cut. Use a lever sufficiently long so that lots of power can be exerted. If the post is smooth



or slippery, so that the chain slips, drive a staple over the side of one of the links on the under side, driving it in just far enough to hold the chain to the wood.

The same device is often of service in taking up small trees in the fall or spring. Dig around the tree, getting loose all the long roots possible. Then work a chain under and around the ball of earth that holds the fibrous roots below the trunk, and, setting a long, stout lever, gently lift the tree and earth out of the ground.—New York Tribune.

A New Idea in the Pig Business.

You have all heard of people hatching chicks by means of incubators and selling them to people who wanted to raise poultry and of those who have calves and sell them to feeders who in turn prepare them for the block. Well here is a new idea along this line which I have never before heard of. It is the business of raising pigs to sell to farmers who want to grow pork.

About a year ago the editor of the Seneca, Missouri Dispatch having a couple of blocks of ground entirely remote from the residence portion of the town, began as a side line the industry of raising pigs and selling them to feeders. The record of one animal out of several will suffice to show possible results. It must be taken into consideration that this experiment has been carried out on a limited area of ground, and that all feed required for the brood stock was purchased at market rates and pasturage of only a limited amount was available. Within one year one brood sow has brought and raised to a marketable age two litters, respectively nine and eight head of young porkers, which when sold at an average of about three months brought \$47. The total cost of keeping the dam, also the young porkers, until disposed of, on a very liberal estimate, has not exceeded \$22, showing (not including labor of caring for them) a net profit of \$25 upon the operation.

A herd of twenty or twenty-five good brood sows, properly cared for, should yield a very respectable income for the time of one man devoted to the business. Yet many farmers give little or no attention to this industry.