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

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**PETRIFICATION A FAKE.**

Scientist Who Claims a Real Case Has Never Been Found.

Prof. W. J. McGee of the Ethnological Bureau at Washington, is authority for the statement that no such thing as human petrification has ever been discovered. He does not claim that it cannot exist, but simply states that all cases of petrified human beings up to the present time are nothing more or less than fakes.

Recently a letter forwarded to the bureau stated that the head of a man, reported to be petrified, had been discovered somewhere in the wilds of New Jersey. Later came the mysterious head, and a convocation of learned scientists gravely held council over it. They were disappointed. The head turned out to be a limestone boulder, curiously fashioned, it is true, into features very like a human being's, but a limestone boulder nevertheless.

Another case which at the time looked as though it would explode all of the old theories and prove to be the real thing, was that of a body of a woman, which a company had been exhibiting throughout the West as the only petrified woman. She excited much attention and the notice of the scientists at the Ethnological Bureau was drawn to the case. "The only petrified woman" was forwarded to Washington and an investigation was held. The scene of the inquest was a gruesome affair. It was late on a winter afternoon, and one gas jet was lit. The body was laid out in the center of the room in its grave coffin, and Prof. McGee, with much gravity, proceeded to conduct the services. They consisted of taking from his pockets several little instruments and of boring a few inches into the foot. To the amazement of every onlooker, a small section of a gas pipe was struck. This ended the inquest. Mrs. Stone's reputation as a professional was forever spoiled, and she no longer went galavanting around the country posing as "the one and only petrified woman ever discovered in the history of the world."

There is a factory in California which manufactures petrified human beings by the wholesale. They cause them to be buried in different parts of the country, then unearthed and sold for exhibition purposes. Every kind of a petrified human being, men, women and children, Indians, giants, and what-not, has been unearthed in remote parts of the United States, and their finding has resulted in a big sensation for the immediate locality, and a gold mine for the fellow who took it up for exhibition purposes. More frauds have been perpetrated in this way than even in the dime museums. The bureau has suppressed more of these frauds within recent years than it has stopped to count, and there is not a year without its good sensation in that office itself.

**Areas of States.**

It appears from the geographical surveys accepted as a basis of the recent federal census that Texas is the largest state in the country. In the New England group the largest of the states is Maine with nearly 30,000 square miles of land surface; none of the other New England states has as much as 10,000. Two states which are most nearly alike in area are New York and North Carolina. Two others which correspond very nearly are Iowa and Illinois. Arkansas and Alabama are of almost the same size and Ohio and Virginia differ by only a few square miles. The land area of each is about 40,000 square miles.

**War on Posters.**

The agitation in France against the disfigurement of country landscapes by glaring advertisements still proceeds, but it appears with doubtful success, owing to vested interests. The country people whose land lies alongside the lines of railway are readily tempted by the offers of the advertising contractors from whom some of them reap quite a respectable income from displaying posters which puff soap, chocolate, drinks, etc. It is said that an agent of one firm is now starting on a journey through 36,000 communes, in each of which he is to arrange for the erection of a painted board. This is to be done in time for the tourist season. The notice boards already arranged for and erected by this agent cost him no less than 14,000 francs a year.

**THE CHILDLESS**

"I wonder why I shed those tears  
When they laid my little child away?  
After the lapse of weary years  
I am glad that I sit alone to-day;  
I can hear his laugh and his glad wild  
shout,  
I can see him still, as he ran about,  
And I know the prayer he used to say.

"I hold his picture to my face  
And I fancy I feel his hand again  
As it creeps into mine, and he takes his  
place  
On my knee, as he did in the fair days  
when  
The world and the fates were kind to me  
And the songs I heard were but songs of  
glee,  
And I stirred the envy of other men.

"His days were only days of joy,  
Happy, he shouted the hours away;  
He was glad with the glee of a careless  
boy,  
He laughed as only the innocent may;  
He never was doomed to wearily fret  
He never looked back with vain regret  
At the close of a sorrowful day.

"I keep the little clothes he wore,  
I treasure the shoes that encased his  
feet;  
The way was smooth that he traveled  
o'er,  
The flowers that bloomed at its sides  
were sweet;  
The winds that blew through his curly  
hair  
Had blown out of peaceful realms and  
fair—  
There were no grim foes that he had to  
meet.

"I wonder why I shed those tears  
When they crossed his hands and laid  
him away?  
After the lapse of weary years  
I am glad that I sit alone to-day!  
He knew life's gladness, but not its woe,  
And I have his memory, and I know  
The sweet little prayer he used to say."  
—S. E. Kiser.



**The Girl of Lamy.**

BY H. A. CALLAHAN.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)  
Just a handful of wooden houses in Lamy, thrown together as if by the haphazard hand of a careless God into the little pocket of the mountains that stand like priests around the city of Santa Fe. Here it is that the dust gray coaches which thunder in from Arizona on the west, meet their brothers from the east and exchange for a few brief moments the greetings of the way.

Of course, the red clap-board eating-house and station are the main attractions during these arrivals and present scenes of unwonted activity to those accustomed to the aching solitude of the place by day or its blinking dreaminess beneath the stars at night.

No one distinctly remembers just when or how the Girl became an institution at Lamy. However, they do remember that one September morning some years back there was a new face behind the counter in the eating-house; a face framed in dull gold hair and lighted by two blue-gray eyes, which seemed forever on the brink of laughter. The boys who made their home in the little clap-board affair used to call her Mollie; but it was a name of their own devising and she accepted it, as she did many other little things, with an inscrutable smile that puzzled, yet meant nothing. When the crews would come in from a heavy climb, soaked to the bone with rain and sleet, the Girl was there in a motherly way, with a stiff three fingers of whiskey and a supper that lifted them clear of their weariness. Or, if on a Saturday night,



**A New Face Behind the Counter.**

the sounds of a brawl would faint down on the still air the Girl would walk over to German Joe's in a business-like way and scatter the drunkard with a quiet word and an admonitory jerk of the sleeve that sent them sneaking out like coyotes. Then, perhaps, she would stand and smile in

the doorway with her hair blowing in the wind, her eyes speaking more plainly than words that a new era had begun in Lamy. Her way was absolute. And it was not long before every freer and throttle-man on the Division had had his own individual experience,



**"Where's Dan?"**

tamed by the graceful slip of a girl with golden hair, who seemingly came from nowhere—the Angel of the Grade.

This was all before Dan Beard happened in. Dan was from the Colorado hills and no angel. They had put him first on the little bunt line that runs crazily over the hills to Santa Fe. Then he was shifted to the main line for relay work and became a fixture at Lamy. Dan was six feet one, brown as leather and as tough, and incidentally could drink more whiskey than any man this side of Phoenix. He spent his mornings against the bar in German Joe's place, cursing out the road, from the president down. Then about ten minutes before his run began he would shuffle over to his machine and get his orders. When these were duly scanned Dan would open up No. 20 gently and sneak out of Lamy like a snake, but before the whistling post was passed he had her galloping over the rails like a frightened thing and bellowing like a bull. He became notorious as the most reckless devil on the road, and everybody said that sooner or later there would be a smash somewhere up in the hills and Dan Beard would get off the line forever. But the smash didn't seem to come, and Dan's mad way continued. Then a change came. It was almost imperceptible. But gradually Dan dropped away from the whiskey and bad fair to quit it altogether. He didn't take the grades so fast and slackened up to the curves almost like the rest. Some said it was "Mollie." Some said the Division Superintendent. Nobody ever really knew.

It was a morning in the early June the great event occurred. A dispatch had come over the wires saying that a special was coming from the east and

that a double-header would be needed to carry it over the grades. Dan Beard's No. 20 could climb a tree, and the big fellow got his orders to make the run. It was getting close to starting time, and Johnny Coleman, Dan's fire boy, was growing anxious. Dan had not shown up all morning. He was not at German Joe's, nor around the station. The dispatcher was standing in the sun looking at his watch and swearing softly to himself. He was just on the point of putting another man on No. 20, when something white caught his eye on the hill-path that runs above the cut. As it came nearer he saw it was Mollie, and right behind was Dan, clumsily picking his way over the stones. At the station Dan called out: "All ready," to the dispatcher, looking rather sheepish and strangely happy.

"Remember, Dan," spoke Mollie, as No. 20 began to move. "Not another drop, little girl. Not another—" and so waved a brown fist back at the girl, as the tender bumped over the switch to the main track. And not until the big machine dwindled to a mere bug in the distance did Mollie turn her back and disappear in the doorway.

That night the special from the east was late. It crept into Lamy with one engine and that engine was not No. 20. The little knot that gathered in curiosity on the platform felt in their hearts something was impending. Johnny Coleman limped up, his head bandaged in white cloth, and looking weak and sick.

"Where's Dan?" asked a little woman with a face very white.

Johnny Coleman did not answer, but looked uneasily away. They were lifting something very gently from the baggage car to lay it on the platform. Johnny told as briefly as possible the details.

"Making up time, we left the track at the culvert," he said. "I jumped clear, but Dan didn't get out in time. When we got him from beneath he was pretty bad. And—" (someone was crying very softly over where Dan lay.) Johnny continued: "I guess we could have pulled 'im through at that. But he wouldn't take the whiskey we give him."

"Ain't drinking, Johnny; not another drop," was all he said, and then he sort of turned over like a tired little kid and—"I s'pose that's when he died."

That night was a lonely vigil in Lamy and along in the early dawn they buried Dan Beard. He's up there near the hill-path that runs above the cut, and can hear the 100 tonners climbing up the grade. And sometimes when the boys give the long blast for the Junction they just pull a short one for Dan—the worst man on the Division.

If you are ever down that way, drop in on the girl at the eating-house. She's not very stylish, and I guess perhaps her talk is a bit western, but somehow or other they seem to think pretty well of her in Lamy. And, by the way, they don't call her "Mollie" any more. It's just Dan Beard's girl—the Girl at Lamy.

**"There's a Pipe."**

Do you know there is much fake business about the pipe-smoking and pipe-offering host? So long has the earth been flooded with rot and rubbish about "the pipe" that ordinary men must live fifty years before they can break away from the idea that a briar or cob, packed with long-cut or granulated at 20 cents a pound is the very quintessence of comfort and hospitality. Tut-tut! Who wants to put between his lips a gutta-percha stem that others have slobbered through? I have in mind several acquaintances who keep on hand from ten to a dozen rancid old pipes to hand around when friends call. Such men are practicing economy for economy's sake. They are too mean to offer you a 10-cent cigar, and pretend that their dirty old pipes are good enough for anybody. Catch 'em outside and ask if they'll have a smoke. Why, certainly. And they order quarter cigars. I have had much experience of these chaps.—New York Press.

**Advice to Girls Who Travel.**

The young girl who is traveling by herself should seek information from the train people rather than from her companions on the train. No girl in traveling should make confidants of strangers of either sex, disclose her name, her destination or her family affairs, or make acquaintances on the road. She may, however, show kind attention to a mother traveling with little children, amuse a wearied little one, and politely thank anyone who does her an unobtrusive kindness.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Ladies' Home Journal.

**A Cosmopolitan Army.**

The conflict between the Germans and Czechs in Austria-Hungary, which deserves Secretary Seward's appellation of "the irrepressible conflict," makes interesting a study of the elements composing the army of that country, which consists of 428,000 Slavs, 227,000 Allemands, 120,000 Magyars, 48,000 Roumanians and 14,000 Italians. The Slavs are made up of 174,000 Czechs, 76,000 Poles, 75,000 Ruthenians, 75,000 Croatsians and Servians and 28,000 Slavonians.

**New York, the Sunniest City.**

New York claims to be the sunniest of the large cities. The United States weather bureau has charts in light and shade showing, from 1870 to 1895, how many days have been sunny in each part of the country. Although Arizona has sometimes attained a percentage of 90 and other parts of the west have seen very clear skies, New York city follows closely with a mean percentage of 50.

**AGRICULTURAL HINTS**

**Summer Treatment of Milk.**

During hot weather the best means of caring for milk designed for the creamery is to run it through a separator a few moments after milking. Cool the cream as much as possible with the coolest well water available. Put the cream into eight-gallon cans and keep it at as low a temperature as well water will hold it. Deliver when convenient. If the well water is 54 degrees or less, the cream will keep in good condition.

**Capturing Squash Bugs.**

The old-fashioned squash bug is not as easy creature to destroy. It cannot be reached by the ordinary poison sprays, as it takes its food by sucking the plant and does not eat the foliage. Kerosene emulsion, soap solution and tobacco decoction have been recommended and used with some success; but hand-picking is most satisfactory. The bugs can be decoyed under pieces of boards, such as barrel staves, etc., if laid on the ground with one end slightly raised, among the vines. Clustering under these boards for shelter and protection, the pests can be collected and destroyed a couple of times daily, until their numbers are greatly reduced.

**Advice to Beginners in Farming.**

Beginners in farming, especially those with limited capital, should endeavor to produce early and late crops, so as to have cash coming in all the time, if possible. One of the essentials for quick returns is poultry. The hens should lay every day, with good management. One or two good cows will also be found serviceable, as milk, butter and eggs are cash at all seasons. Small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blackberries, soon give returns, but grapes and orchard fruit require more time. On a small farm it may not pay to depend upon the cereal crops. Stock, fruit and vegetables give better profits and bring in cash long before the harvest comes for corn. There is nothing that will give larger and quicker profits in proportion to capital invested than fowls, and as they multiply rapidly the number can be increased every year. The fowls will also consume much waste material that cannot be otherwise utilized.

**Cultivating Fine Tomatoes.**

Producing fine tomatoes is quite an art, and one that it pays the grower to master if he expects to make much money out of the crop. Professor Massey says that he formerly entertained the opinion, still held by some, that heavy applications of nitrogenous manures made the vines too rank and the fruit more crooked; but persistent efforts in improving the character of the fruit and the modes of culture have convinced him that with a good strain of seed no amount of manuring will make it any more irregular, while a poor strain will be irregular in any event, and that a rank growth of vine, induced by heavy manuring, simply indicates the need of more room for the plant and a heavier crop of big tomatoes, and that heavy manuring on the hill is the best way to insure a vigorous growth of vine and a corresponding vigor and perfection in the fruit.

I have also learned that small fruits grow from seeds of small fruits, and vice versa; that trimming and training the plant to a single stem leads to a smaller production of blossoms, less pollen and a smaller crop; that the largest crops are always on the plants which are allowed to take their full natural development and grow at their own sweet will on the ground; that healthy tomatoes lying on the ground are no more liable to rot than those trained off it. No fruit is more rapidly improved by careful selection, and none more rapidly deteriorated by carelessness than the tomato. Like Indian corn, the tomato is best when the seed is produced in the same latitude and climate where the crop is to be grown, and it seldom does its best the first season when taken far north or south of its native locality. The improvement of the tomato should therefore be carried on in the locality where the crop is to be raised.—Vick's Magazine.

**The Grasshopper Pest.**

Nature has ordained that an endless warfare should prevail among her creatures, to the end that one species should not increase too fast, and crowd others out of existence. The growth of microscopic plants in certain insects, causing their death, is an example of this. Most of these plants belong to a family that the botanists call empusa, from the Greek word meaning "ghost."

A striking peculiarity about the plants is that they can grow only on certain kinds of insects and always while the insects are alive. There is a kind, for example, called the empusa gryllid, that grows only on the grasshopper. One can find many dead grasshoppers, in the autumn, clinging to fences, tree-trunks or buildings, several feet above the ground. Break open the bodies, and you will find a white substance that seems to have burned up the living tissues, and turned the insects into mummies, which cling, life-like, long after death. This white substance is the spores of the empusa gryllid.

Now it is suggested that one of the best ways to get rid of the grass-

hoppers in the west, where they do so much injury to the crops, is to infect some of them with the empusa gryllid, and thus cause an epidemic among them. Those who have studied the question say that the plan is wholly feasible, for the spores of the plants are blown from the body of the dead insect in every direction by the wind, and if even one .... on a live hopper, it is likely to grow, and as surely as it grows, it will kill the hopper.

The way the farmers now try to rid themselves of the pest is to drag over the fields, by hand or by horse power, a broad wooden trough, partly filled with water having petroleum on the surface. Back of the trough is stretched a cloth, against which the grasshoppers fly, falling thence into the oil. This device, however, is only partially successful, and the empusa infection would supplement it, even if it would not render it wholly unnecessary.—Philadelphia Record.

**Preparing Wool for Market.**

To get the full value for our wool it must be washed. The difference between washed and unwashed wool is so great that it pays the grower every time to wash it. Good delaine wool will not shrink one-third, which prices quoted in the market seem to indicate. There are many ways of washing, however, which do not prove successful. I have seen some housed breeding ewes washed so that the discoloration which appeared only in patches before the operation was distributed all through the wool, practically injuring its quality to a considerable extent. By distributing the color all through the wool it was given a dingy appearance which immediately excited the suspicions of the buyers.

Nevertheless, the careful preparation of the wool for market is as essential today as any other feature of the business. In the northern wool-growing sections cold weather and cold water often make the work late in the season, and this sometimes proves quite a disadvantage. Probably what is needed as much as anything else in every good wool-growing section of the country is a co-operating scouring house. This would solve the problem and save to the farmers a considerable part of the profit that now goes to the commission men. It would cost little to send the wool to such a house and have it scoured ready for market. Scoured wool sells so much higher that the profits in some instances would be increased from 20 to 50 percent. Such a scouring house could be conducted in almost any good sheep raising district on the commission plan. It would pay both the farmers and the commission men. The two could agree on a fair commission for scouring the wool, and the farmers could easily keep such a house running. In fact, it would draw upon a wide neighborhood, for it would pay the growers to have their wool scoured at home on a fixed basis, and then ship it to market in this condition. As it is now, the unscoured, unwashed wool is always purchased at such low prices that there is a very wide margin of profit left for somebody to make before the wool is finally made up into cloth. There are too many middle-men who must get their pay. By disposing of a few of these the grower would receive more, and the consumer would actually be charged less for his manufactured product. A good scouring house would save washing, which is sometimes an expensive process, and also save loss in other ways. A house of this kind located right in the heart of a wool-growing country could easily calculate upon handling from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 pounds of wool annually.—W. E. Edwards in American Cultivator.

**Poultry Points.**

A poultry farm is a photo of the poultryman.

Low level roosts are preferable to high, sloping ones.

Plenty of fresh water placed in the shade is always in order in the poultry yards.

Camphorated balls are recommended for keeping lice from the nests of laying and sitting hens.

Keep the little chicks busy. If they are taught to hustle for a portion of their food they will grow fast and look thrifty.

Don't let cats and dogs worry the hen with young chickens. Many of the little fellows are permanently injured by being trampled.

As soon as the goslings are about feathered, put them out in a pasture with plenty of grass and water, and they will be no more bother until picking time.

A quart of corn, or its equivalent, is estimated as being sufficient for 10 hens one day. But some hens eat less and some more. Besides, it is hard to get the "equivalent."

Raw corn meal should not be fed to small chicks. If it must be given, mix it with one-third shorts and bake. Give the fowls plenty of cool, fresh water and keep the drinking vessels under shade.

There may not be anything in show but there is a whole lot in looking when it comes to poultry. A neat-looking egg basket is more apt to have good eggs than a dirty one, and the customer will have his eye on it, too.

Every conscientious poultry raiser will be careful not to send stale eggs to market. If the egg is doubtful do not sell it, for your neighbor to eat. Gather the eggs every day and use china nest egg. Leaving an egg for a nest egg should never be tolerated on any poultry farm.