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## FAMOUS GOLD CITY.

How Ballarat, Australia, Has Been De-  
veloped.

One of the finest cities in the British  
empire is Ballarat, the famous gold  
city of Australia. It has the unique  
record of being the only place in Au-  
stralia where the people fought a bat-  
tle with the armed forces of the British  
crown. Its population consists of  
English, Irish and Scotch in about  
equal proportions. They live happily  
free from the race prejudices that often  
become manifest between the same  
races in the United States. For the  
first three years of its existence as a  
gold field the authorities harassed the  
diggers in the most despotical fashion,  
treated them more like dogs than hu-  
man beings, indulged periodically in  
"digger hunts" and collected, alike  
from successful and unsuccessful, an  
iniquitous monthly license fee at the  
point of the bayonet. This brutal  
heavier led to open rebellion at the  
beginning of December, 1854, the dig-  
gers running up a rude fort called the  
"Eureka stockade." At that time the  
Twelfth and Fortieth regiments were  
quartered in Melbourne, under the  
command of Maj. Gen. Sir Robert  
Nielke, one of Wellington's officers in  
the peninsula. They were hurried up  
to Ballarat and early on a Sunday  
morning they attacked the stockade  
and carried it by storm. The diggers  
were defeated in a military sense—  
there was inimitable loss of life on  
both sides—but the cause for which  
they took up arms was a speedy tri-  
umph. The hateful license fee was  
abolished, and the mining population  
was conceded Parliamentary represen-  
tation which had previously been de-  
nied them. The Ballarat diggers chose  
by acclamation as their first member  
the young Irishman who was their  
leader in the insurrection, who had  
lost an arm in defending the stockade,  
and who was for weeks a fugitive with  
a heavy price on his head. As Peter  
Lalor, he was destined to play an im-  
portant part in the political life of  
Victoria, to hold high office as min-  
ister of the crown, and to preside as  
speaker over three Parliaments with  
acknowledged distinction, and to de-  
cline the honor of knighthood on two  
occasions. His heroic statue in  
bronze, by Nelson Maclean, a London  
sculptor, is one of the ornaments of  
Ballarat's principal thoroughfares, and  
the site of the Eureka stockade, the  
great show post for visitors, has been  
converted into a handsome public re-  
serve and an historic heritage.

## Bids for Bridges.

General Holloway writes from St. Peter-  
sburg that the city of St. Peter-  
sburg has decided to invite bids for a  
bridge over the Neva river, near the  
Winter Palace, to replace the pontoon  
bridge so long in use at that point.  
Its length is 847 feet and width 91  
feet; the cost is limited to 3,500,000  
rubles (\$1,802,500). The specification  
will be ready September 1, 1901, and  
the bridge must be completed in one  
year from that date. There are now  
two permanent bridges over the Neva  
—one stone and one iron—about com-  
pleted.

## One of Tom Johnson's Reforms.

Among the radical reforms pressed  
by Mayor Tom Johnson of Cleveland,  
is the passing of an ordinance by  
which the cost of paving and main-  
taining Euclid avenue and other fine  
residence streets is to be borne entirely  
by abutting property owners. He is  
able to support the measure with the  
better grace since he himself lives on  
the avenue which every loyal Cleve-  
lander believes to be the finest street  
in the world.

## It is announced that the biological

station which has been maintained on  
Lake Baikal for a year by the East  
Siberian Geographical Society has  
been closed.

## LITTLE RAGTAG.

Say there, Little Ragtag,  
Whose sweet child are you?  
Teeth as white as ivory, eyes the shy's  
own blue,  
Lips like dainty rosebuds dipt in the  
morning dew;  
A face that is even finer than a face of  
Greek mold,  
Hair all matted, tangled, like tangled  
threads of gold,  
A voice that is softer than the song  
of an angel sing,  
Softer than the melodies that slumber in  
the strings  
Of harps and mandolins, softer than the  
Of meadowlarks and orioles, sung in the  
summer noon.  
Say there, Little Vagabond, tell me little  
shrew,  
Whose sweet child, I wonder,  
Whose dear child are you?

Tell me, Little Ragtag,  
Whose sweet child are you?  
Impudent the sunbeams that kiss these  
little rags!  
Naughty, scented breezes, when they  
touch these little tigs,  
These little strings and tatters that grace  
a form, I ween,  
That would arouse the envy of an Orien-  
tal queen.  
Are you a bit of daylight in the darkness  
of a life?  
A sunbeam in the fastnesses? A triumph  
in the strife?  
Are you cheering some poor fellow as  
down the way he plods?  
Are you mamma's child, or papa's, hu-  
manly's, or God's?  
Tell me, Little Vagabond, out here in the  
street,  
Smiling, winking playfully, at every soul  
you meet—  
God bless the little urchin! God save the  
little shrew!

## JIM'S DARLING.

It is possible to be in love with two  
girls at the same time? That was  
the problem which had been trou-  
bling Jim Harrison for the last  
six months or more. It was the ques-  
tion he asked himself nervously when-  
ever he happened to see May and  
Lucy Thompson together.

May and Lucy were cousins, or op-  
phans, who shared a home, an aged  
aunt who performed the duties of a  
chaperon and a dress allowance of  
\$250 per annum.

May was young and pretty. Now,  
youth and beauty being two of the  
surest of Cupid's darts, May's youth  
and good looks would surely have set-  
tled Jim, only, unfortunately, Lucy  
was young and pretty, too.

May was tall and dark, with a Greek  
profile, and masses of smooth, blue-  
black hair, arranged in simple coils,  
regardless of fashion's decrees.

Lucy, on the other hand, was a  
small, fair girl, with an aureole of  
fluffy hair and the sauciest nez re-  
trousse in the world.

Jim admired tall, dark women, and  
the contemplation of a Greek profile  
was to him a source of unceasing joy.

This would, no doubt, have led him  
to give the preference to May, had it  
not been for the fact that an equally  
amiable weakness for Lucy's type of  
loveliness drew him in the opposite  
direction.

Jim's friends spoke of May as one  
of the most accomplished and amiable  
creatures they had ever met.

They referred to Lucy in precisely  
similar terms.

May looked magnificent in white  
satin, and when Jim saw her in a ball-  
room he wondered how he could ever  
have given a thought to Lucy.

But, then, Lucy was altogether be-  
witching in blue linen, and no sooner  
did Harrison behold her thus attired  
in a punt on the river than the vision  
of May's charms faded into insignifi-  
cance. To make a long story short  
Jim's adoration of May was only  
qualed by his devotion to Lucy, and  
difficulties were in no wise lessened  
by the fact that both parties reciprocated  
his affection.

The chances are that Jim would  
have ended by remaining a bachelor  
to his dying day but for the advent  
of a fourth party upon the scene of  
action. The fates selected as their in-  
strument one Bertie Thompson, brother  
to May, home from school for the  
summer holidays.

Bertie, neat fourteen, was a smart  
lad, with somewhat decided views  
upon the respective merits and de-  
merits of his cousin and sister. He  
took in the situation at a glance, and  
having no particular objection to Jim  
as a brother-in-law, decided, for reasons  
to be hereinafter set forth, that  
May was the girl for Jim.

He pondered the subject at meal  
times and other odd times not occu-  
ped by weightier matters. After the  
lapse of seven days his youthful re-  
flections might have been crystallized  
into some such soliloquy as this:  
"Both the girls are dead nuts on  
Harrison, and Harrison is dead nuts  
on both the girls. But, then, Harri-  
son's only seen 'em in their best bibs  
and tuckers, stuck all over with com-  
pany manners. Suppose he caught  
sight of them mouching around the  
house—say, at 9.30 in the morning—  
would he go on being spoons on them  
both? I'd back May a hundred to one  
against Leo, any day. P'raps he'd  
chuck them both, though. But it's  
worth risking, anyway."

Thereupon Bertie hatched a diabolical  
plot.  
As the nearest relative of the ob-  
jects of Jim's affections Bertie was a  
privileged visitor at Harrison's room.  
Jim evinced no astonishment, there-  
fore, when Bertie burst into his den  
late one Saturday night and announced  
his intention of accompanying him on  
a long-projected bicycle trip on the  
following morning.  
"You'll have to pass our show, in  
any case," said the astute Bertie, "so  
you might as well pick me up on the  
way. Besides, the girls want to see

## HE BUYS SPOILED EGGS

A NEW JERSEY MAN'S PECULIAR  
BUSINESS.

New York Egg Dealers Can't Find Out  
What He Does With Them, But They  
Are Glad to Get Rid of the Bad Eggs  
—Known as the Rotten Egg King.

"Do you know what becomes of  
spoiled eggs?" asked a Harrison street  
dealer in butter and eggs, of a New  
York Commercial Advertiser reporter.  
"I don't mean the slightly stale eggs,  
but those that are gone beyond re-  
demption, the kind that could not be  
sold for a cent a hundred."

The person addressed said he didn't  
suppose anything was done with them,  
save to consign them to the garbage  
heap, but the dealer smiled in a  
superior way and continued:  
"Owing to the recent hot spell all  
through the great egg-producing sec-  
tions of the Middle West thousands  
and thousands of dozens of eggs have  
been lost. Out of an average daily  
receipt in this city of about 8000  
cases, each containing thirty dozen  
of eggs, at least two dozen in every  
case, or nearly a quarter of a million  
eggs, have arrived spoiled. Many of  
the eggs are pretty far gone at the  
time of shipment, probably, but a  
great deal of the deterioration un-  
doubtedly takes place while they are  
en route. The heat has been so in-  
tense and so general that it has de-  
fied all ordinary efforts of the rail-  
roads and the shippers to keep the  
stock cool and fresh until arrival.

This large percentage of bad eggs  
means a considerable financial loss to  
the Western shippers, and formerly it  
would have entailed some expense on  
the New York dealer, for at one time  
we had to pay to have them thrown  
away. There is very little waste about  
the egg industry as it is conducted to-  
day, however. Now all the 'rots,' or,  
in plain English, the rotten eggs that  
turn up in the New York market are  
sold to a man who has a factory in  
Secaucus, N. J., where they are con-  
verted, through some secret process,  
into products said to be valuable in  
several lines of manufacture. Just  
what use his peculiar output are put  
to in manufacturing, few persons  
know except himself and those who  
buy the stuff, but it is popularly sup-  
posed that one of the principal uses is  
in the treatment of certain kinds of  
leather or the manufacture of shoe  
polish.

"Another outlet for the Secaucus  
product, I have been told, is in the  
glazing of some of the very cheap  
brands of coffee. There are half a  
dozen uses to which the stuff is put,  
according to the gossip of the produce  
markets, but practically no one has  
any first-hand knowledge of the mat-  
ter and most of these reports are mere  
guess work. The important fact is  
that even the rotten egg is adding its  
modest share to the sum total of  
American wealth and prosperity, this  
being only another illustration of the  
principle of utilization of waste that  
has played so important a part in  
making this country pre-eminent  
among the manufacturing nations of  
the world.

"The Secaucus man has yearly con-  
tracts with the big commission and  
wholesale egg dealers in the west  
side district and in the other large  
markets in Manhattan and Brooklyn  
for all the 'rots' they find in their  
stocks in course of the twelve months,  
and in years like the present, when  
the heat hangs on for long periods in  
all the large producing sections of the  
country, he must get many millions of  
eggs. A big green tight-covered  
wagon goes through the district every  
day and makes the collections. His  
plant over in Jersey avenue employs  
a considerable force, I understand,  
and none of the workmen has ever  
been known to give away any of the  
manufacturer's secrets.

"I have never visited the establish-  
ment myself, and never expect to, but  
several produce men who went to see  
things and find out what was going  
on, came back and reported 'nothing  
doing.' They said that wild horses  
wouldn't drag them there again. Bar-  
ren Island, they said, isn't a 'circum-  
stance' to the Secaucus plant. In  
addition to this factory, its owner is  
said to have similar establishments  
in several other large cities, both in  
the East and West, and he has every  
appearance of a man who is making  
money. He enjoys a complete  
monopoly, and I don't believe any one  
would be likely to disturb him, even  
if the secrets of his processes and his  
commercial outlet were known. If his  
business were a very large one, I  
suppose he would be known as the  
Rotten Egg King and would be an-  
ticipated regularly by the yellow  
journalists."

Shocking the Fireman.  
With regard to the shocks which  
firemen are from time to time reported  
to receive by throwing a stream of  
water on a live wire, a series of ex-  
periments has just been made to de-  
termine the exact conditions under  
which this happens. It appears that  
in very few cases are the shocks  
serious. Ordinary incandescent light-  
ing circuits cannot be felt unless the  
nozzle of the hose is held within an  
inch or two of the wire. Even with  
voltages of 3600, alternating current,  
while a perceptible sensation is pro-  
duced at ten feet with a half-inch  
nozzle, a person of average sensibility  
can endure the sensation from this  
voltage without great inconvenience  
up to within about three feet. With  
a two-inch jet this higher voltage is  
quite strong at even twenty-four feet,  
while at thirteen feet it is quite in-  
tense. These experiments were made  
by a fireman standing in his rubber  
boots and well drenched with water  
and grasping the nozzle with his bare  
hands and playing against a grounded  
metallic plate.—Philadelphia Record.

## SUIT OF SNAKE SKINS.

A Man Who Has Survived Nineteen Repe-  
tite Bites.

A dispatch from Canandaigua, N. Y.,  
says: Peter Gruber, whose bad is  
rattlesnake, has a new suit made  
entirely of rattlesnake skins. The  
coat, vest, trousers, hat, shoes, neck-  
tie and gloves are all made of the  
skins of these reptiles. The buttons  
are made from the rattles; the carpin  
is a gold-mounted fang, and the watch  
chain and charm are of the vertebrae.  
The material in the suit cost \$600.

Mr. Gruber, or "Rattlesnake Pete,"  
as he is known, is convalescing at  
Canandaigua from his last rattlesnake  
bite, which came near proving fatal.  
"I always thought," he says, "that  
if I ever received a bite in an artery  
by a rattler it would be all over with  
me, but here I am yet. It is my nine-  
teenth bite so far, and the only one  
that has nearly proved fatal.

"I was raking skins that had been  
shed by my snakes out of the cage one  
day, and as I drew my hand toward  
the cage door a big diamond-spotted  
Florida rattler struck me on the wrist.  
I knew it was a bad bite, for two  
little streams of blood at once spur-  
ted out. From an ordinary bite the blood  
does not spurt. I could feel the venom  
beginning to creep through my veins  
just like this—(running his fingers  
lightly along his arms)—and my  
strength began to go.

"I grabbed the sharp knife we al-  
ways keep on top of the cage and  
slashed it across the artery in my  
wrist just as I was sinking on my  
knees. That was the last I knew—  
and the last I expected to know—until  
two days later, I had lost a gallon  
of blood, but to sever the artery was  
the only way to stop the circulation  
of the poison."

Gruber is just out of the hospital.  
The wound is kept covered with a  
poultice of rattlesnake skins to relieve  
the inflammation.

Gruber is the originator of the snake  
cure of gotche, having treated success-  
fully many cases.

## The Sins of the Fathers.

Midas lived in a palace, but his  
daughter caught a disease that grew  
up in one of the slums, out of which  
Midas "got his living."

The doctor said that it was scarlet  
fever, and when it looked like measles  
he said "measles had intervened."

So he gave her medicines till the  
digestion got hopelessly out of order;  
then he told the nurse to rouse the  
patient three times a night to give her  
sleeping draughts. He was a very  
wise doctor and knew that he must  
do something for his patient—and for  
his fee.

Later he "found" that Midas's  
daughter had developed pneumonia,  
and Midas believed it all, so the  
doctor administered stimulants and  
called another doctor in consultation,  
who said that he had done exactly  
right. Then they injected morphine  
into her arm, to quiet Midas and the  
patient; and they said that her death  
was due to heart failure. So it was.  
The Board of Health disinfected  
Midas' house—the slums took care of  
themselves.

The clergyman said that the girl  
had "faded like a leaf" and that "it  
was the will of God."  
So it was; for "whatsoever a man  
soweth, that shall he also reap."—  
Bolton Hall, in Life.

## Kumtology.

There is a new science, whose name  
is "kumtology" and whose scope is  
the study of all the waves and wave-  
structures of the earth. The main  
idea on which it is built is that from  
the higher limits of the atmosphere  
to the inner core of the earth, waves  
run through the entire field of  
geography. Mountain folds are earth  
waves—the clouds are often but the  
waves of the air made visible—and  
all around and about the earth, where-  
ever sought, are to be found other  
waves governed by laws that are  
mostly unknown, and that await  
man's careful study before their na-  
ture will be revealed. A vast, deep,  
and an absorbingly interesting science  
is this "kumtology"; yet it is to a  
great extent made up by the obser-  
vation of the commonplace. Opportu-  
nities for studying it abound on  
every hand; a man's lifetime would  
be required to solve the secrets of all  
the waves that await the light of  
knowledge.—Pearson's Magazine.

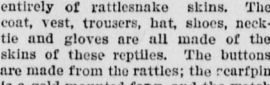
## A Self-Locating Foghorn.

A fog signal which is self-locating  
was recently tested at Falkner Island  
by the United States Lighthouse  
Board. It consists of a siren driven  
by a gas engine, and provided with  
eight megaphones pointing to the  
points of the compass. Specific signals  
are automatically given through  
each megaphone. For instance, if  
there is one long blast the signal is  
north of the observer; one long  
and one short blast indi-  
cate that the signal is directly  
east, etc. It has been found that  
when a vessel is within half a mile  
of the apparatus the signal pointing  
toward it can be heard very plainly,  
while the others are scarcely audible.  
At distances of from two to ten miles  
it is impossible to hear any signals  
except those from the megaphone  
pointed directly at the observer. A  
modification of the apparatus has been  
perfected for use on board ship.—  
Engineering News.

## Pigeon Returning After Three Years.

One of the most remarkable in-  
stances of a long-absent homing pigeon  
eventually returning to its loft recent-  
ly came to light at Wilmington, when  
a bird that had been liberated three  
years previously to the very day made  
its reappearance. Its identity was  
established by the racing ring round  
one of its legs.

## CHILDREN'S LEISURE HOUR.



The Four-Leaf Clover.  
A little maid in a gingham gown  
Went hunting the meadows over;  
Till the birds were tired, and the sun  
Went down,  
She sought for a four-leafed clover!

For four-leaf clovers bring luck, they say;  
And patchwork "stint" and dishes  
Were tireless duties of every day,  
She wanted some fairy wishes.

With dishes unwashed and "stint" un-  
done,  
She stramped back home in the gloom-  
ing;  
No four-leafed clover—no, never a one,  
Was there to be had for her roaming!

A little maid in a gingham gown  
Had washed her all the dinner dishes;  
Had finished her "stint" ere the sun went  
down,  
Undreaming of fairy wishes.

When just at her feet, as she raced in play  
The blossoming meadows over,  
She found what the other had sought all  
day—  
She found, yes, a four-leafed clover!  
Sunday-School Visitor.

## A Hen on a Pheasant's Nest.

A correspondent of the Field, who  
keeps a certain number of common  
barnyard hens for the purpose of  
hatching pheasants' eggs, states that  
about a month ago one of these hens  
suddenly disappeared and was given  
up as lost. She turned up again re-  
cently, accompanied by nine young  
pheasants newly hatched out. The  
keeper searched around and discovered  
in the same field, near the pen, a  
wild pheasant's nest containing five  
rotten eggs, and the shells of about  
nine others, lately hatched off. The  
hen must have either hunted the  
pheasant off the nest, or else taken  
possession while she was out feeding.  
—London Globe.

## Animals That Kill Themselves.

You often—more the pity!—hear  
about men killing themselves, but did  
you ever hear that animals take their  
own lives? There is a Florida beetle  
that dies in one's hand the instant it  
is caught, from excitement, maybe,  
and a sea cucumber, akin to the star  
fish, that gets so mad when you disturb  
it that it throws out all its digestive  
organs. The crab often throws away  
a limb, if in any way it is made un-  
less. It is easily done. In the crab's  
upper arm there is a little groove, and  
when he grows excited and wants to  
throw off his arm, he jerks it back and  
off it comes at the little grooved ring.  
There is a kind of lizard that drops its  
tail in the grass when the captor draws  
near. The tail squirms on to attract  
attention while Mr. Lizard slides off  
to release himself from a trap, and the  
"mantis," an insect, bites off its toes  
when captured. A dog will sometimes  
starve himself to death at his master's  
grave. Many wild animals refuse to  
eat when caught.

## Two Bits of Fun.

'Manda was perched up on the stone  
wall, a piece of Johnny-cake in one  
hand and a raw turnip in the other.  
The yellow leaves of the big elm  
came fluttering down around her.  
There was a sweet smell of ripened  
grapes from the wild vine near her.  
The air was warm and mellow and  
full of September haze. It was very  
still, only now and then one heard  
rattle of laughter and the sharp click  
of balls and mallets.

"Do you see 'em?" said 'Manda's  
twin sister 'Melia, reaching up so that  
her freckled forehead was on a level  
with the stone wall. Poor 'Melia  
couldn't climb up because she had a  
stone bruise on her foot, and it hurt  
her to put her toe in the crevices of  
the wall.

"Yes," replied 'Manda, peering  
through the yellow leaves. "Liza-  
beth Edwards has got a croquet party.  
More'n a dozen there! The girls have  
got on white dresses, and the boys  
have velvet jackets and ruffles on their  
shirt waists."

"I don't see why she didn't invite  
us," said 'Melia, pettishly.  
"Cause we're poor and out mother  
takes in washing and our best dresses  
are only gingham," sobberly.

"We can play croquet real well,  
though! My, don't I wish we had a  
set?"

'Manda took another bite of her tur-  
nip, crunched it between her eye-  
white teeth, and then said, earnestly,  
as she scrambled down from the wall:  
"I say, 'Melia! Let's make one!"  
"How?"

"Oh, pretty well!"  
And pretty soon slower-witted  
'Melia "saw."

Stout, yellow willow stems, with  
leaves stripped off, were bent hoop-  
like for the arches; for mallets 'Manda  
begged two large spoons from her moth-  
er, and long sticks made handles for  
them. Two sticks with strips of red,  
green, blue, black, orange, purple and  
white wound around them served nicely  
for stakes, while as for balls, what  
was better than the little hard apples,  
the windfalls scattered on the orchard  
grass? 'Manda took a red Spitzbergen  
and 'Melia a bright Rhode Island  
greening. And whenever the "balls"  
were smashed by lousy blows it was  
easy enough to get more.

Such a jolly game as they had! It  
was so funny that the girls never  
quarreled a bit—and I'm afraid I can't  
say that of the young folks over in  
Judge Edwards' yard.

"I tell you what, mother," said  
'Manda, as she went into the house  
for a new pool, "home-made games  
are the nicest, after all. One has two  
bits of fun with them! The first is the  
making them and the second is playing  
them!"—Youth's Companion.