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Spain will manage to struggle along without a naval board of inquiry.

Uncle Sam has \$500,000,000 in gold in his Treasury—enough to give several of us a farm without any Oklahoma lottery.

W. T. Stead asks: "Is England selling out to America?" Not much. A glance at the books will show that the former is buying more than she sells to us.

This season's remarkably large number of deaths by drowning continues to increase. Can some scientific statistician assign a reason for this? asks the Buffalo Times.

Lady Henry Somerset takes the right view of impressing temperance upon the community at large. She has enlisted a number of beautiful girls in the cause, and they will deliver lectures all over England.

The Chicago ordinance for municipal supervision and encouragement of athletics has passed the council shorn of the provision for boxing exhibitions. The ordinance makes it the duty of a committee "to encourage the physical development of our people, and to educate them to a knowledge of the fact that indulgence in athletic exercises and sports will greatly benefit the physical and moral health of those who engage in such exercises."

Lord Selborne, outlining in the British House of Lords the plans of the Government for improving the navy, said that it was proposed to establish a school of naval strategy, such as existed in the United States. Lord Dudley, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, said it was clear that Great Britain would have to look elsewhere than to her mercantile marine for naval reserves, adding that the number of British seamen was now 5000 fewer than it was thirty years ago.

And so appendicitis is "catching," according to a story from Boston. It is not carried around by mosquitoes or fleas or flies, to be sure, but is transmitted by "auto-suggestion." Several weeks ago a young woman was operated on for appendicitis. Her fiancée was constantly at her side during her illness, and suffered almost as much as she did with very similar pains. Finally the young man was obliged to call a physician, who diagnosed his case as appendicitis, and said he had "caught" it by "auto-suggestion" from his sweetheart.

The schemes for cheap living may become interesting to a greatly increased number of families if the reports as to the scarcity of vegetables shall prove to be well founded. Indeed, it is a fact that the price of potatoes has gone up in most Northern markets, and there are solemn predictions of an almost complete failure of the crop. How far the cupidity of dealers is responsible for this advance in the price of potatoes has not been ascertained, but it is the part of wisdom for the people to keep in a hopeful frame of mind until the alleged scarcity shall have been placed beyond a doubt. From Virginia comes the cheering announcement that the potato crop of this year in that State has exceeded that of any past year. We may have the same sort of news from other sections before long.

One horse power, as established among engine makers, is the capacity to raise 32,000 pounds one foot per minute. As this estimate was based upon the ability of the huge draft horses of London, it is about twice the average power of a horse.

The world has 2,250,000 acres under tobacco cultivation, which produce \$20,000,000 tons each year.

IN THE HIGHWAY.
Two men gazed at the self-same star
That gleamed out through the night;
One saw a wondrous world afar,
One saw a point of light.
The wind blew through the swaying trees
And stirred the grasses there;
And one heard wondrous melodies,
One but the swish of air.
And one of them was rich and proud,
Whom people served for bread,
And one pale-featured whom the crowd
Will honor—when he's dead.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE LLAMA'S CURSE
A Story of Thibetan Magic.

THE waiter brought us the change out of Tom Morton's half sovereign. I pushed the latter over toward him with my left hand, and with my right raised the water bottle.
"Your change, Tom," said I.
"Yes, of course," said Tom, who was absorbed in the story he was telling me. He put out his hand as if to pick the money up, but seemed to remember something, for he drew his hand back suddenly.
"Good heaven!" said he, "and I had forgotten that!"

He took out his handkerchief and wiped it around the forefinger of his right hand, and then, with the forefinger so covered, gently scraped the money toward him, piece by piece, and earnestly looked at each coin.
"Now, look here, Tom," said I, "this is a very pretty story that you have been telling me, but don't try and give it an air of reality by a performance like that."
"You can believe it or not, just as you like," said Tom, "but I tell you, Fred, that piece of money is coming along this way some day. I have seen it once, and I left it on the table. You don't catch me touching any coin while I am certain that one is in circulation. But let me conclude what I was telling you."

"Urga is one of the most peculiar places you could think of, and one of our first duties was to present ourselves to the Grand Llama. We had to get a palanquin, for it was only meet that Europeans of our importance should go in state, and it was while en route that we suddenly came to the praying mill. This was a sort of 'round-about' with huge wooden posts sticking out at the side, which every Buddhist passing was supposed to take hold of, and push the mill round at least once.
"What caused Phil to do what he did then I don't know, but something seemed to impel him to get out of the palanquin, make a run over to the mill, catch hold of one of the wooden posts and commence to push it around at its topmost pace. The square where the mill was erected was pretty well filled with people, and when some of those saw what had been done they came rushing toward us, shouting and gesticulating. Phil had undoubtedly committed a sacrilege, and I was fearful for his safety. These fanatical Mongolians, once their religion is assailed in any shape or form, would certainly have no mercy upon the assailant.
"Phil came hurriedly back to me, jumped into the palanquin, and ordered the bearers to get on. The mob came to us, smashed in the doors of the palanquin, dragged us out, and for two minutes there was the liveliest fight on record going on. We got the worst of it, and bruised, bleeding and insensible, were carted off to prison.
"We were taken before the Grand Llama, and then and there he ordered us to be sent across the Siberian frontier with the utmost dispatch. The next day we were hurried along under an escort of soldiers, and it was not long before we arrived at the frontier, the town of Miamatshin, which really is the Mongolian portion of Kiakta. We were taken to the yellow posts which marked the actual frontier, and there the soldiers of Llama stopped. We were removed from the palanquin in which we had been carried, and were commanded to sit down a few yards from the posts. Not twenty feet away were the black and white posts of the Russians, and it was indeed something to gladden our eyes to see the brown coat and the astrachan fez of the Russian Cossack who stood there on sentry."

"Our guards spread themselves out, then there came forward a Buddhist priest, who began to talk to us in a jargon which, of course, we could not understand. He finished at length and produced from his robe a wire on which were threaded some hundreds of brass 'cash,' which the Chinese always carry. He took two of the 'cash' off the wire and laid them in front of us on the ground.
"Then the priest began waving his arms about, and the Mongolians took out their hand prayer mills and began turning them for all they were worth. The voice of the priest then rose on the air. He said three or four words and spat deliberately at each of the coins, which had been put on the ground before us.
"That was all. The priest departed, the soldier escorted us to the posts, the Russian sentry presented his rifle and we presented our passports. We passed over and breathed the comparatively free air of Russia. Our first duty when we were in Kiakta was to go straight to the Governor and lay our complaint before him. He was agitated when he heard of the ceremony at the frontier, and told us that the Buddhist priest had put into circulation two coins which had received the sun god's curse, and that these coins would circulate

throughout the world, harmless to everybody except the two they were destined for. The instant possession of either of these by the person cursed would mean immediate destruction.
"Nor was this all—the coins might not come to us as brass 'cash,' they might come to us as a kopeck piece, or as a rouble; as marks or pfennings, as francs or centimes, as anything, wherever we might be. We should never know when they were coming; we should take them in the ordinary way; we should handle them, but only for one moment; the next moment we should be dead."
One day Tom sent for me, and it was to tell me that he was going to be married. This struck me as something peculiar, for I had thought Tom Morton was one of the last men likely to fall in love. The wedding duly came off, everybody was pleased, and Tom and his bride went away to the south of France. A few more weeks rolled by and Tom returned. There was to be a reception at their London house, and the invitation which was sent me was one which I could not well refuse.
In the evening I had the opportunity of a chat with Tom. We had gone out on the balcony, which overlooked the garden, and there I purposely made reference to the superstition which he had for the Llama's coin.
"Perhaps," said I, "now that you have gone unscathed all these years, you are beginning to lose faith in the potency of that prophecy?"
"Well, to tell the truth," said Tom, "I am getting a little shaky about it, and when one begins to reason, superstition on any subject is likely to be knocked out. It has struck me that after all it may be but mere foolery."

"We entered the room once more, but I was dying for a smoke, and, making some excuse, I slipped away to the smoke room. I had been sitting there about five minutes when Tom Morton came in.
"What do you think?" he said. "My wife has got this Mongolian story into her head so much that she is perfectly ridiculous. She has been telling everybody about it, and, of course, they are all laughing, and the worst of it all is that she is laughing with them at me. But come, come, old fellow, I want to show you something."
I rose, threw my cigarette end away, and followed him. We went along the corridor to the drawing-room, which was crowded, and even as we entered I heard Mrs. Morton's voice. "I really do believe it will be such fun," she was saying. "Here comes Tom, and now we will try. A coin, if you please, from each of you. Let me see—how many are there here?—twenty-six, good! then I want twenty-six coins."
"Now, Tom," she said, "take off that wretched glove and let us demonstrate that you can touch money with your ungloved hand."
Tom was pale, and I saw his brow shining with perspiration. He muttered something, but what it was was lost in the laughter and banter which went around the room. With a quick, impulsive movement, he drew off his right glove.
"Well," he said, and I saw his lips wreath into a hard, unsmiling smile. "I will take the coins just to show you that I am not afraid."
Then, one by one, his wife counted out the coins into his hand. Twenty were already there, when, unable to control the impulse which came over me, I started up, and cried: "Drop it, Tom. Why challenge such a thing as that?"
He looked at me, and I saw how pale and how stern was his face. He said nothing to me, but merely turned to his wife with the whisper: "Go on!"
"Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven."
"Twenty-seven," I cried, "what is that, there are only twenty-six people here, there is a mis—"
But I could get no further. Tom had staggered back, his body shrunken in size. He fell to the floor. A death-like silence fell over the assemblage. I strode over to my friend's prostrate form.
Tom was dead and cold, and in his right hand there were twenty-seven coins. I looked at the top one; it was a German piece, value twenty marks. I took it to the light and gazed upon it. Across the profile of Emperor William II. I saw a mark which described a true square, and then I knew that Llama's curse at length had had effect.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Cologne's Great Cathedral.
Augustine Birrell waxes enthusiastic in the Century over the beauties of the cathedral at Cologne.
The first thing that strikes you about Cologne cathedral is its glorious profusion, its boundless wealth. There is so much of everything. Bricks and mortar were never so multiplied, magnified and glorified. I should like to see the original specifications. It is more than a building; it is a city by itself. The materials that go to compose the flying buttresses alone would build cottages for 10,000 men. The grinning gargoyles, the enchanting turrets, the forests of stone foliage, the poetry of waterspouts, the quaint humors of the wood-carving, the depth of the cornices, the twists and turns of the roofing, the great population of statues, the rich mosaics—who can pretend to charge his memory with more than a miserable fraction of all this detail, or to say he knows Cologne cathedral? A man who is bored with Cologne cathedral had better at once betake himself to another world; this one can provide him with nothing more interesting.



A Bridge of Life.
W ORD has come from Geowatosa, Wis., that Geo. Wells is critically ill. Who is there to-day outside of immediate relatives and friends to whom the name George Wells suggests anything? Yet the time was when the name of George Wells was upon every lip. George Wells was a hero, and the fact that to-day his name is nothing more than a name to all but a few people simply goes to show how fleeting a thing fame is and how quickly forgetful the people are of one whom they once delighted to honor. George Wells, with Herman Staus, was the hero of the Newhall Hotel fire, which occurred in Milwaukee, January 10, 1883.
When the fire broke out on that winter morning it might have been extinguished with a hand grenade. In five minutes' time the old trap was a mass of flames, and seventy-five people were doomed to death. The servants' quarters of the Newhall, as in nearly all hotels, were on the upper floor of the structure. Herman Staus, a city fireman, saw at a glance that there was one way and one way only to save the women then penned in by the flames. He cut loose from the department and from orders, and went to the roof of a building directly across an alley from the Newhall. The thought of the possibility of saving the servants had struck George Wells, an onlooker at the fire, the same moment that it had come to the department member. Wells and Staus met on the roof. They had secured a heavy ladder, almost too heavy for them to handle, but no other help at that moment was at hand. By a mighty effort they raised the ladder in the air, and then, directing its upper end as well as they could, they let it crash outward and downward through the sash, frame and glass of a window in the hall where the imprisoned and almost suffocated servants were. The end which rested on the roof had an insecure hold. The working of the ladder six inches outward would have caused it to fall to the pavement seventy feet below. Wells threw himself prone on the roof and, grasping a round of the ladder, made an anchor of himself, while Staus, with swaying body, walked across the precarious bridge into the burning building. There he grasped a woman who, crazed with fright, fought him who would save her like a tigress. Staus grappled with her and, pinning her arms, carried her back across the rocking bridge to safety.
Staus was exhausted. He threw himself on the roof and took Wells' place as anchor. Then Wells, without the training of the experienced fireman, and thinking only of the imprisoned and slowly perishing creatures beyond, made a perilous leap. He brought back a woman. She struggled from his arms just as he was about to reach the safety place. He fell to the ladder, and with an almost superhuman effort regressed his burden by the arms. She swung like a pendulum below the ladder held from above by a strong but slowly relaxing grip.
Staus left the end of the ladder to care for itself and crawled out to the rescue. The swaying of that frail bridge threatened every moment to lodge the end and precipitate two men and a woman to death. Neither of the heroes could afterward explain how it was that they succeeded in getting their helpless burden and themselves back to safety. They did it, however, and had reserve nerve and strength enough left to rescue five other women before the ladder burned away and their bridge dropped to the pavement.
It was only the work of a few minutes. It was done in the sight of thousands, but so rapidly that by the time other help had arrived it was all done. The fearful strain of those few minutes utterly broke the health of George Wells. With Staus, he was honored by the people with medals and with presents of value. It was said at the time that no such act of heroism marked the history of previous fires. The papers of the Old World told of the deeds of those two men. Yet, perhaps, were it not for what is written here none would know that George Wells, now lying ill, was ever a hero, for like all true heroes, the task of the telling of what he did he left to others.—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Human Toboggan Saves Life.
By a feat novel in the history of mountain climbing on Mount Hood the life of Miss Bethel Rawson, of Demoss, Oregon, was saved. She was one of a party of twenty-five that attempted the ascent of the mountain in the morning. Exhausted by the climb and succumbing to a blizzard at noon, when 300 yards from Crater Rock, she fainted.
In the thick of a driving storm, when the climbers could not see the length of their guide line, she was carried up the slope to the crater by men in the party. There efforts were made to revive her with stimulants and simple expedients, but they failed.
Borne between two of the party, while the others drove their alpen-

stocks firmly in the ice and marked out the steps of the precipitous way, the return trip was begun. Finally the snow field below the crater was reached. Progress was soon found to be too slow.
At the suggestion of Professor McElfresh, of Corvallis, Oregon, an effort was made to build a rough sled. A piece of board and some rough sacks in which Miss Rawson had been wrapped for warmth were the available materials. Professor McElfresh offered himself to be strapped to the sled and to carry Miss Rawson. Professor McElfresh permitted himself to be made a human toboggan by lying full length on the snow.
Miss Rawson's feet were tied to his, and she was held in his arms. To his feet ropes were attached and to his arms a steering strap. Down the mountain like a flash the descent was made, and in forty-five minutes the party was at the timber line with its burden. There the women of the Mazina Camp took the enfeebled girl in charge. Later a physician was called, and the young woman is rapidly recovering from her remarkable experience.—New York Times.

Caught by the Hair.
Lady Hodgson, the wife of Sir Frederic Hodgson, Governor of the Gold Coast, describes a perilous progress down an African river. She says:
"I found it a swirling torrent, moving at top speed. We were caught in the current, and hurried along at a tremendous pace. My cook, Henry, kept the canoe steady, and all appeared to be going well, when suddenly we landed on a snag, which turned us broadside to the stream.
"The canoe tilted over and began to fill, but righted itself when we threw the weight of our bodies to the opposite side. Still, there we were, stuck in midstream and broadside. It seemed as if nothing could save us. Henry was now working away with his paddle, and my husband, who was nearest the snag, assisted by pulling the canoe gradually forward. Then it moved slightly, and at last we were clear.
"Off we went again, at racing speed, but had gone only a few yards when we dashed into the branches of a mimosa tree, which had fallen more than half way across the river.
"I had my back to it, and knew nothing of the danger until I found myself crashing into the branches and myself lifted out of the canoe. The thorny limbs twisted themselves into my hair. To struggle would upset the canoe. I called to Henry to hold it still, but the current was too strong.
"Then instinct made me put up my hands and grasp the branch. I used all my force to break it. Fortunately it was an old one, and I did succeed. The canoe passed through, but my hands were torn and bleeding from the thorns they had encountered. However, there was no time to think of pain, for we were speeding on in our mad career. When we reached the next halting station I took a long breath of gratitude that we were to go on by land."

The Iron Man's Story.
"Do you remember the span over the South Channel at Cornwall, Ontario, in 1893. I can tell you exactly the time—it was almost noon, on the 6th of September, on a Tuesday—when the pier gave way. There were sixteen men killed in that. The bridge was almost finished, and was ready to turn over to the railroad people in a week or two. It had three camel-back spans, and its piers were supposed to be on blue hard pan. A coffer dam had been built over one of these and filled up with concrete and cement. Big, solid blocks of stone had been put upon that.
"We had been given the foundations for it all right, and we'd put our iron work on that. There was a big traveler up, and when the pier gave, and two spans crumbled with a crack, the traveler, of course, came down. One man on it never tried to jump, and rode the traveler as it fell, hanging on to a cord of steel. He was never hurt. That particular steel bar happened to stop ten feet away from the water, and he simply climbed off."
"Once," said Billy, returning to his reminiscences, "a man I knew, who was working on the ridge of an iron house roof, lost his hold and commenced to slide down the corrugated iron. It was a slide of about twenty-five feet to the edge, and then came a drop of fifty feet, as he knew, on some heaps of scrap-iron. Down he went and just at the edge a rivet caught his corduroys and held him there."—Leslie's Monthly.

Grave Mute Boys.
In the category of brave deeds the effort of eight mute boys, from the New York Deaf and Dumb Institute, to save a drowning comrade, on the Jersey shore of the Hudson near Fort Lee, deserves a place. Their companion, dumb, unable to call for help, the other boys silently signaling the word to one another to dive this way and that to his rescue, and all struggling, diving, waiting, till they were benumbed and unhappily snuff that all was over, make a pitiful picture. More cheering is the story of the safe rescue of Lester Bond from the tide eddies in Splyten Duvyl Creek by a human chain of his friends, composed of Dr. Deane and his wife and sister, hanging from the deck of a naphtha launch; or that of the Greek Catholic priest Kamirsky, who leaped at the head of a runaway horse in Yonkers, and undoubtedly saved two or three lives thereby.

A conceited person never improves, because he is always perfect in his own eyes.
The average value of milch cows last year was \$7 a head more than the average value of oxen and other cattle



Fairy Song.
It is the queen of fairyland,
The queen and all her elfin band;
It is not just the leaves that blow,
Nor just the winds that echo so—
Nay, but the folk of fairyland.
They come from out the Long Ago,
They come when winds are whispering low,
Good children hear their footfall still,
Across the valley, down the hill,
The fairy folk from Long Ago.

All clad in green and daffodil,
They ride athwart the moonlight chill;
But it is summer when they pass,
And waking birds, and sprinking grass—
With folk of green and daffodil.
—Lillian Corbett Barnes, in Churchman.

Names Indians Give to the Months.
The moon is the Indian's calendar. He reckons time by its changes, and long before the white man came to America the red man had a pretty clear idea of a month of time. The moon goes through four changes in four weeks. From full moon around to full moon again is, therefore, nearly one month, or as the Indian called it—moon. After all, the English word month means moon, and is derived from that word. So it seems the moon is responsible for the idea of month. But the Indian named his months or moons from the things that most appealed to him—the weather, the plants, the hunt, etc. Here are the names by which he knew them:
January.....The Cold Moon
February.....The Snow Moon
March.....The Green Moon
April.....The Moon of Plants
May.....The Moon of Flowers
June.....The Hot Moon
July.....The Moon of the Deer
August.....The Sturgeon Moon
September.....The Fruit Moon
October.....The Traveling Moon
November.....The Beaver Moon
December.....The Hunting Moon

All Indian tribes do not have the same name for the same month, however, as it varies according to the occupation or locality of each tribe. June to some was the Strawberry Moon, August the Ripe Moon, and so on.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Poetry Game.
Here is a delightful and interesting game for an older member of the family to play with a group of children.
Take as many sheets of paper as there are children, and the older person must then write on each sheet several stanzas of poetry, leaving a wide space between the lines. Then cut the sheets into strips of one line of poetry each. The strips containing the first line of each stanza are given to the children, who then leave the room, while all the other strips are hidden in mysterious places about the room. When they return the children proceed to hunt for the slips necessary to complete the stanza of poetry, the first line of which they hold in their hand. On the slip which is guiding them is a number indicating the number of lines which complete the stanza, so, for instance, if the stanza is of four lines, there will be the number four on the slip given to the child, which will tell her there are three more slips to look for.
It is desirable in the beginning to select very simple and familiar poetry, so that the game may not be too difficult, and the children may have the fun of fitting their slips together when they find them, and when all are found, each one reads her stanza aloud. But this is a game that will entertain old as well as young children, and will be found a most excellent way to memorize poetry.—Home Magazine.

The Automaton Chess-Player.
Tudor Jenks, writing of "A Modern Magician" (Robert Houdin) in the St. Nicholas, has this to say of a famous trick of one of Houdin's predecessors. This was the "Automaton Chess-player" that had once set all Europe guessing. Houdin explains this trick. The figure was a Turk, apparently too small to hold a man inside, and it played chess successfully against the best players in the world—being rarely beaten. But the whole contrivance was a mere deception. The figure was moved by a coach officer, a referee who had both legs in battle, and was therefore able to pack himself snugly into the hollow figure or into the chest upon which it sat. While the inside of the Turk's body was examined the officer was stowed in the box below, and he climbed up into the Turk when the box was inspected.
Thus hidden, the officer played chess against Catharine of Russia while that Empress was offering a reward for his capture. It is said the imperial player cheated, whereupon the mechanical Turk lost his mechanical temper and swept the chessmen from the board!
Afterward Catharine ordered the figure to be left in her palace, M. de Kempen being thus forced to carry off the real player in a packing-box. The next day (probably after the Empress had tried in vain to discover the "missing link") Kempen explained that the chess player required his own personal attention, and thus persuaded her to let it go.
A circumstance that helped to fool the public was the fact that the Polish officer wore artificial legs while out of the figure.
This chess automaton was once owned by Napoleon Bonaparte, came twice to this country, and in 1854 was burned in Philadelphia.
To maintain the public schools of the country costs every man, woman and child a little more than \$9.