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Accidents will happen even to the best-regulated airships.

The world of science will make great progress this century if all is accomplished that Tesla is going to do.

The news that the Maine sardine crop is not a failure helps to ease the effect of distressful intelligence from elsewhere.

Now that a mail coach has been held up in New York State, the Wild West may be regarded as having entirely surrendered a very picturesque monopoly.

With public opinion as the greatest power in Europe, according to Frederick W. Hollis, the "federation of the world" may have been one of the dreams that held a prophecy.

Are the Alps being vulgarized? Some one asks. Certain small places of Switzerland are cheapened by the trolley cars and electric light; but five miles away from the crowded resorts, where dancing and table d'hôte are the chief attractions, the lover of nature may find himself alone in the most beautiful scenery, with not a tourist in sight.

The abuses inseparable from hangings in public have become so revolting that the Governor of Arkansas has decided to ask the Legislature of the State to pass an act which will require all executions in the future to be carried out in the presence of a few official witnesses, and not in the view of a morbid host of brutal and turbulent spectators.

Some years ago readers of the newspapers were regaled with medical treatises concerning the "bicycle face." It was then reported that the amateurs of the wheel were haggard and wan because their chariots needed a lot of watching. The "automobile face" is much talked about in these days. Self-motors are often erratic, and do strange things to those who put their trust in them.

Those who recall the stories of hardship and danger which attended the voyage of the argonauts to the Klondike are reminded by publications made almost daily of additions to traveling facilities in the North that there is a great difference in the conditions now existing in Alaska and those encountered three or four years ago. The latest news of this kind is that a line of sleigh coaches have been put on the Dawson route. The trip to Dawson is now made with such comparative comfort that it is no unusual thing to meet men who go to and return from there once a year.

Protection of property and life from lightning flashes has been a subject that has entrained the attention of natural philosophers since Franklin tent up his historic kite. The net result of more than a century of attempt to secure protection has been the lightning rod, in its more or less inefficient forms, and the discovery that buildings of modern construction having metallic roofs, and often metallic frames as well, are practically immune from attack by lightning. The total number of deaths due to lightning in any given summer is comparatively very small—in the ratio of about one to each 200,000 population in the United States.

What It Costs to Light Paris.
The lighting of Paris is a work of magnitude to which the ordinary wayfarer perhaps seldom gives a thought. There are no less than 50,000 lamps, and it takes 6,000 men to attend them. The cleaning alone occupies no fewer than 3,753 men, and the cost of this army of lamplighters, cleaners and attendants is nearly 25,000,000 francs a year.

THE CLIMBER.
How should he know, who hath not won
Sure victories from sun to sun—
How can he know, who hath not tried
The perils of the mountain-side.
What strength of arm is his—what zeal
In combat with the brave to deal?
What prowess and what skill he hath
To find his footing on the path—
To cling, and cling, and always keep
His hold of faith along the steep?
Who tries is also tried. Who dares
To scale the heights, their danger shares.
But on the cliff's uneven face
He finds each day a higher place.
His strength expands; he thrills to know
How broad the breathing-places grow;
And every hour some gain is found,
Some view from wider vantage-ground.
—Frank Walcott Hunt, in The Chautauquan.

—THE—
BISHOP'S BEHAVIOR.

It has been announced in several of the best-read society papers that Sir Archibald and Lady Crowley would entertain a house party on Saturday, the 6th, till the following Thursday at Crowley hall, Berkshire. Among the guests would be Lord and Lady de Rigger, the bishop of Barleyston, Miss Harborton of the Poppers, Hampstead, and other distinguished people. Miss Harborton liked these paragraphs. She had been undistinguished all her life until six months ago, when she had gained celebrity by inheriting a large fortune and a quantity of famously valuable jewelry from an uncle. But she was of an aspiring turn of mind, and when she heard from her friend, Lady Crowley, that the "charming bachelor-bishop of Barleyston" would be her fellow-guest, she resolved to wear all her diamonds at him and beguile him into letting her rule his diocese as his lawful spouse.

She was rather a fine looking woman—as she stood on the platform looking for a nicely peopled carriage in which to travel down to the Gunter's Road Junction.

Her maid was already settled in a second class carriage with her mistress' dressing case, but the jewel box, containing £20,000 worth of diamonds and pink pearls, she took into an empty first class with her, when finally the door was slammed and locked, but just at the starting a bishop with faultless legs rushed up, put a shilling in the guard's hand and stepped hurriedly into the carriage where the single lady sat.

He was a fine looking man, clean shaven and with a remarkably open and benevolent expression of face.

Younger, too, than Miss Harborton had dared to hope the bishop would be. She had no doubt of it from the first.

He must be, he could be, none other than the bishop of Barleyston. Lady Crowley was right. Distinctly he was charming, very charming.

She came to this decision even before he addressed her; but he was not long in doing this.

In courteous tones he inquired if she could tell him when this train would reach Gunter's Road. She blushed with pleasure as she told him the time, and added that she, too, was going to stop at Gunter's Road to change for Crowley.

His pleasure at hearing this was flattering and unfeigned.

"That capital fellow, Crowley, and his charming wife will be astonished to find we have made each other's acquaintance, for when I last saw him we were speaking of you and I had to confess that I had not the pleasure of knowing you," he said gallantly, and Miss Harborton's eyes danced with pleasure as she mentally decided on her wedding dress and resolved that she would keep the wives of the country and city clergy in their proper places and only know the cathedral people.

He was really a fascinating companion. "I am quite at home in the house," he said. "Crowley and I were at Eton and Oxford together. We're like brothers. He has shown me a thousand kindnesses and this, of asking me to meet you, is the crowning one."

"Dear man! I shouldn't wonder if he proposed to me before I leave on Thursday," Miss Harborton thought, and as she thought it she took off her right hand glove, on which blazed two or three superb diamond rings.

She was not in the habit of displaying her jewelry as a rule, but on this occasion she wished her fellow-traveler to become acquainted with some of her splendor.

"That's a nobby ring," he exclaimed fixing his eyes on the finest with unerring discrimination, and though Miss Harborton was rather startled at hearing such an odd phrase from Episcopal lips, she was gratified at his judgment.

"They are rather fine stones," she said, drawing a huge marquise ring off her finger and handing it to him for inspection. "My poor uncle, from whom I inherited my diamonds, was a great connoisseur. But I suppose you care little about such baubles."

He laughed and if he had not been a bishop she could have sworn he winked. As it was, she attributed the movement to a nervous affection.

"I admire jewelry, especially old-fashioned jewelry, immensely," he said, slipping the ring on to one of his fingers, and examining it critically. "My cloth prevents my ever wearing it," he went on, seriously, "but I have acquired a good deal in my time and parted with it to a relation."

as she saw her ring on his finger. She hoped he would forget to remove it until they reached Crowley. His being seen with her ring on would show the Crowleys at once what intimate terms she and the bishop were on already. Perhaps Lady Crowley would make her lordship take her (Miss Harborton) in to dinner that night, when she would give him an opportunity of studying more of her diamonds.

They had unbent towards each other immensely by the time they had reached Gunter's Road.

He had smoked a cigarette and facetiously offered her one. If she had not feared that it would make her sick she would have taken it.

At Gunter's Road they had to change trains. The bishop was delightfully attentive. He sprang out, assisted her to step on to the platform with tender solicitude, pressing her hand warmly while. Really he was going very fast for a bishop.

He relieved her of the weight of her jewel box as they stood waiting for their train to run in. When it came he started off to look for a carriage, having first given her the whispered assurance that he would bribe the guard to give them an empty one.

"I hope Crowley will have sent the dog cart," he added; "then I shall have the pleasure of driving you myself. Will you trust yourself to my care?"

"Gladly, gladly," she said with effusion, and a brief spasm of emotion convulsed his manly, ingenuous countenance for a moment.

The little platform was very much crowded and as he walked along in search of an empty first class carriage Miss Harborton soon lost sight of him. But she felt a good deal of elation in the thought that he was putting himself very much indeed at her disposal, carrying her jewel box and trying to keep her all to himself for the remaining short bit of the journey.

Presently his man servant ran up to her with a request that she would get into a carriage he pointed out to her, and as she hesitated he explained respectfully:

"His lordship told me to say that he would be with you in a few moments."

She held her head higher than ever. Even his servant must notice how hard hit the bishop must be by her.

She experienced a terrible shock when the train, after an abrupt snort and shriek, went off without the bishop having rejoined her. Poor, dear man. He must have miscalculated the time and had been driven into another carriage at the last moment. How disappointed he would be at having been deprived of her society.

There was no bishop at the Crowley station, but there was a good deal of confusion and Miss Harborton was hurried into a close carriage before she had time to make inquiries about her fellow-passenger.

She reached Crowley hall just in time for dinner. When she was ready she sent a note to her hostess asking if the bishop had arrived and if he had would Lady Crowley kindly request him to send Miss Harborton's jewel box to her room.

The answer that came back nearly made her faint.

"The bishop thinks you must be joking, as he never heard of you or your jewel box before."

"The bishop's behavior is unpardonable," she cried angrily, as soon as she met Lady Crowley. "He traveled down with me, was marked in his attentions and took away my jewel box when he went away to look for an empty carriage at Gunter's Road that we might travel alone together."

"The bishop, dear old man, has never left the house today," Lady Crowley was explaining, "but here he is to answer for himself," she went on, as an elderly, wizened up little man came into the room.

"I have been cheated and robbed," Miss Harborton cried; and she was right, for she never saw either her fellow traveler or her jewel box again. —Waverley Magazine.

Too Many World's Fairs.
The industrial exposition is fast becoming an overgrown country fair, a catch-penny spectacle without dignity or value as a record of human progress. What is needed to restore it to its real dignity and usefulness is to give it a needed rest. Let sufficient time elapse for some progress to show between them. Wait for a really important occasion and then make the exposition a feature of its celebration, not the occasion an excuse for an exposition. Let it be gotten up under public auspices, as a public event, not by private speculators as a money-making proposition. Fill the spaces with the representative products and apparatus of the world, in process of operation; let somebody who knows and is bold enough to determine which is the most worthy in the various departments and crown it so that the grand prize or the gold medal shall mean something. This would put several professional projectors and a quantity of peddlers and showmen out of a job, but it would make an exposition mean something.—Power.

Trolley Lines.
Interurban trolley lines, with facilities for carrying both passengers and freight, are gaining a strong hold in many states. Detroit and Pittsburgh will soon have electric railway connection by way of Cleveland, which will provide 375 miles of road under one management. New York state has been a little tardy in its trolley connections, but it is predicted that soon one will be able to travel from New York City to Buffalo by trolley. —Springfield Republican.

FEEDING BABY BIRDS.
QUEER WAYS IN WHICH FLEDGLINGS TAKE NOURISHMENT.

Industry of Feathered Mothers in Caring for and Schooling Their Young—The Pigeon's Breakfast—Learning to Fly—Birds Are Some-what Like Children.

If you get up very, very early in the morning—long before breakfast—so very early, indeed, that the sun has not yet risen, you will hear the birds. You hear them through the day, of course, but they do not sing nearly so much nor so sweetly after the sun has risen.

And if you are very gentle and quiet, and know how to go where the birds are, you may see the little birds going to school or having their breakfasts. For birds have to go to school just as boys and girls do, only they learn different things.

They have breakfast shortly after sunrise. And it is very interesting to see the different ways and the different things they eat.

If you watch a nestful of young robins—queer, blinky, bald things, with great thick yellow folds of skin around the edges of their wide mouths—you will find that they eat worms. There is a little chuckling call, and a hard working mother checks in the air and comes softly down on the edge of the nest she built earlier in the spring.

Five wide mouths stretch up blindly. Two only get anything; the mother robin snips her worm and pokes the halves into the red throats so hard one would think it might hurt. Then away she goes with a reassuring "twit," after a careful look round to see that no boys, cats or snakes are near enough to get her little children before she can return again.

Now half a worm is no more than a spoonful of porridge in a young robin's breakfast, and so mamma has to make trip after trip to feed her brood.

But a pigeon's breakfast custom is even more curious, for the birdlets get their meals out of mamma's throat. The fuzzy heads go poking into her stretched mouth—one would think the down must tickle her—and get the grain that has already been chewed by the sharp pebbles in the mother bird's crop.

After breakfast school time comes for birds. The two things they never have to learn are the two things over which little girls have most of their troubles—they don't have to be told to wash their faces and comb their hair, because they know by instinct that when this is done they will be more comfortable. And they are not taught to brush their teeth, because they haven't any.

But they have to learn to fly, to follow, to talk, to hunt good food, and not to eat what is bad for their little tummies, and follow the seasons, if they are migratory families. People used to think that young birds needed no training, but came from the egg with heads as wise as their dad's heads.

But when people began to get acquainted more with the birds they found this was not so. There are certain birds who are very wise, of course. You may have seen the bird called the fly catcher—Lay's fly catcher. It is a bird common in Colorado. A whole nest full of little fly catchers has been known to stretch wings for the first time and fly away together the width of the street—to a tall cottonwood tree. And this was without any lesson or assistance from the mother bird. The instinct of the little creatures was all that guided them. And weren't they proud.

Once a man tried to be a mother bird. That is, he tried to hatch out bird's eggs by heat and to find out whether the young bird would know as much as other birds who had mothers. And he found that they really did know a good deal, but some things they never did learn. They were not afraid of people as the other birds are, and they could not understand the calls of their own mother.

Sometimes a mother bird, when she thinks it time for her babies to fly, will drive them away from their homes or push them off the nest into the world. But more often the little folk fall from the nest when rocked too hard by the breeze or the home grows too crowded and one little one is pushed out. Then the mothers and fathers show great anxiety for the little ones and they do all they can to help them back to the nest or to teach them how to use their wings. Mother birds love their children just as any mother loves her child.

One time a happy little family of robins lived in a tree just beneath a window where a little girl watched them day after day. The bird children grew very fast, just as all children do, and as there were five of them they soon quite filled the nest. One day an unusually heavy hail-storm came up, just as they sometimes do in the spring. The little girl worried a great deal about those tiny birds, for she was very fond of them and was afraid they would be hurt by the hail. She went to the window to see if they were safe in the nest. And there was the dear mother robin hovering over them with her wings stretched out just as far as she could reach, trying to cover all her babies and protect them from the storm.

The hail came down hard and pelted her on the head and wings, but she shook it off and never stirred from her little home until the storm was over. Then she fluttered to the ground all bruised and quite exhausted.

Young birds grow very fast and eat a great deal of food just as you young children do. It keeps the mother and father birds busy all the time to find

enough to fill the hungry little mouths.
Did you ever see a bird hunting worms for her babies? It is really quite amusing. When the earth is soft and damp the bird's know it is a good place for worms, and they dig with their beaks until they find a tempting, fat worm.
The other day I watched a robin collecting a meal for her young ones, who were safe at home. She dug along the edge of a lawn until she found a worm she thought her babies would like. Then she took it in her mouth and hopped further to another spot that looked nice and wormy. Here she put down her one prize and dug in the cool earth for a second. She did this over and over again until she had six lovely big worms.
Then, with her mouth quite full of the dangling morsels, she flew away to feed her hungry birdies.

A blackbird does a very queer thing sometimes. She will lay her pretty little eggs in some other bird's nest and will leave them for the other mother to hatch with her own. And the other bird will care for the little black orphans just as though they were her own children.

Some of the birds that you see about now are the mountain bluebird, the house finch, the western meadow lark, the western robin, the western house wren, the catbird, the lark bunting, redwing blackbird, Bullock's oriole, the yellow warbler, the desert horned lark, red-headed woodpecker, mocking bird and the western sparrow.—Denver Post.

JOLO ISLAND.

Major Sweet Says He Finds Life There Quite Agreeable.

Major Sweet, commanding officer of Jolo, gives some interesting news regarding his island in the tropics. The report has been filed with the war department and a copy of it has been received at army headquarters in Denver. Miss Sweet, daughter of Major Sweet, is well known socially in this city. Her father has many friends in Denver.

Jolo, which, with the exception of Tawi Tawi, is the most remote island belonging to the United States, lies in the Sea of Jolo, in longitude 121 degrees east of Greenwich and on the sixth parallel north from the equator, about 100 miles due west from the easternmost point of Borneo, 735 miles S. E. from Manila and 8681 miles from San Francisco. The island was first occupied May 19, 1899, when companies B, C, D, E, F, G, H and L, 23d infantry, under command of Captain E. B. Pratt, relieved the Spanish general Huertas, who had with him a garrison of 24 officers and 800 men. The village of Jolo is thus described by Major Sweet:

"It is hardly more than a good-sized military post, beautifully laid out, with broad, clean streets lined with flowering trees and gardens and surrounded by a loop-holed wall about eight feet high and one and one-half feet thick. The population is estimated at 400, mostly Chinamen, one German, no other Europeans. Four male Moros live within the walls. The public buildings are in a dilapidated condition. The governor's residence and office is one small building. There is one group of barracks (four buildings) which will accommodate one battalion. The theatre will accommodate one company and outlying block houses two companies. A commissary postoffice, schoolhouse, a hospital for about 100 beds, a market and some few small structures compose the remainder of the public buildings."

The commanding officer of the United States troops reported the day after his arrival that the situation, in so far as determined from our experience, was as follows:

"Spain possesses the small walled town known as Jolo. The governor has complete control within the walls. There are no civil courts, no civil officers. Outside the walls the Sultan of Jolo and Borneo is the ruler. Spain pays him \$200 Mexican per month. At present he is not on the island, but is visiting one of the neighboring islands about 20 miles south. He has recently returned from Mecca and now dresses in European costume. Spanish soldiers seldom go beyond the range of the outlying blockhouses. The relations between the natives (Moros) and Spain are not altogether harmonious."

The Sultan of Sulu is addressed as "His Highness Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram Sultan of Jolo Archipelago, North Borneo and Palawan."—Denver Republican.

Underground Roads in South America.

Buenos Ayres is to have a system of three underground electric railways. The first is to be 4.88 miles long between terminals, and is to be built at once. The equipment of the road will include cars similar to those on the New York elevated roads, with seating capacity of sixty. Each car will be equipped with two electric motors of between fifty and sixty horse-power. Contrary to the commonly accepted practice for tunnel work, the line will not have the third-rail system, but the overhead trolley will be used. The reason for this deviation is said to be as follows: Sufficient head-room for trolleys in the tunnels, no expensive insulators or heavy bonds, elimination of any danger or inconvenience in track inspection or repairs, and no auxiliary locomotive required to switch cars at the terminal yards and shops. The company expects to have the road in operation in 1902.

Save Butterflies Bring High Prices.

About 20 butterflies and nearly 600 moths are supplied by Wicken Sege Fen in Cambridgeshire, England, but only a few of the rare and more valuable specimens are sought after by the entomologists. Their value, from a monetary point of view, is somewhat difficult to gauge; for instance, a scarce and inconspicuous brown moth, called Hydrilla palustris, which is only taken at long intervals, several years intervening, is worth \$10 to \$15, while a swallow tail butterfly, although found nowhere else in England, is worth but 10 cents. A good specimen of the large copper butterfly is worth from \$30 to \$40, but this butterfly is now extinct.—Pearson's Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.
The British war office has devised a new use for bullets expended upon target practice at rifle ranges. The present market price for spent cup-nickel bullets is about \$90 per ton, and contracts have been made for the recovery and removal of these used bullets from the various ranges.

According to English correspondence, an automobile battery has been evolved abroad which threatens a revolution in horseless travel. In going down hill the motor is reversed and the battery recharges itself, so that it is much stronger at the bottom than at the top. A trip of over 94 miles was made on an American-built wagon equipped with this motor and battery, with no stop for recharging.

As a consequence of the increasing demand for superior grades of sugar in Japan, attention is being turned toward improving the very primitive methods of crushing now employed at Tainan, and turning out a cleaner and higher grade sugar, says The Engineer. As a first step in this direction four iron mills—grushers—were introduced during the year to replace old stone crushers, but as the same motive power—bullocks—is used as before, this improvement is limited only to the extraction of a larger percentage of juice, and the quality of the sugar produced remains much the same.

Commercial agent Johnson, of Stanbridge, Quebec, has sent to the state department a report on the discovery of a new wood preservative. He says: "The sap is removed from timber and at the same time it is impregnated with chemicals to render the wood either fireproof or impervious to attacks of insects or to decay in salt or other waters. Beechwood can be made suitable for railway sleepers or for boat and shoe lasts. If necessary the impregnating plant can be used at the felling ground. The cost of impregnating is about two cents per cubic foot. The cost of the plant is about \$1000."

The product called "electroverre" according to the Moniteur Scientifique, is made as follows: The materials in fine powder are fed into an electric furnace in several compartments; in about 20 minutes a clear liquid glass is obtained, which can be run into moulds or worked as usual, for finer kinds of glass the compartments are placed over one another, as the refining takes place more quietly. Fifty volts is sufficient with the Becker furnace, and the current can be either alternating or continuous. It is claimed as an advantage that the furnace can be easily started or stopped within a short time, and that the expense of pots will be saved. The trials are being made by a company at Cologne.

The geodesists are still measuring the earth, with a view to determining its exact size and shape. People that do not follow closely the work that scientists are doing are under the impression, perhaps, that these points were determined long ago, and so they were approximately. But an approximate conclusion is not satisfactory to science, and so the task of measurement goes on, and will go on until an accurate result is obtained. One of the most important steps recently taken in this direction is the remeasurement of the meridian arc in Peru, which is being done by French geodesists, the original measurement having been made by their countrymen in the early part of the 18th century. The new arc is nearly twice as long as the old one, and covers about six degrees of latitude, crossing the equator near Quito. The great peak of Chimborazo rises not far from the middle point of the new arc.

Gutta-Percha is Not Rubber.

Many persons think that gutta-percha and India rubber are substantially the same product, but, while they resemble each other in some respects, they are distinctly different in others. A writer who was formerly a forester in the Dutch East Indies has recently called attention to these differences. So far as the qualities of the products are concerned the most noticeable difference is that rubber is elastic, while gutta-percha is not. Gutta-percha is obtained from one plant only; rubber from upward of 60 different plants. The gutta-percha tree is cultivated with great difficulty, and the natives of the countries where it grows cut it down to get its sap. Three-fourths of this product comes from Sumatra and Borneo. The total annual production is only about one-twentieth that of rubber, which is estimated at about 99,000,000 pounds, two-thirds of it coming from the Amazon valley, one-third from Central Africa and one-twentieth from Asia.

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