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

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

According to the American Association of Opticians it is the strenuous life that is to blame for the alarming increase in the use of eyeglasses.

The Monroe doctrine is solely responsible for the keen desire of certain European Powers to purchase islands in the American hemisphere, and it is also responsible for the fact that this craving is not satiated, remarks the Kansas City Star.

The death of the Empress Dowager of Germany will lengthen the period of English court mourning and defer the inauguration of that social activity which the London shopkeepers have been expecting to follow Edward's accession to the throne.

Denmark utilizes the milk of 1,733,735 cows in her dairy industry. In 1898 she exported 121,418,431 pounds of butter; in 1899, 122,412,593 pounds, and in 1900, 124,623,363 pounds. The steady increase in exports is the best testimony to the inherent value of the product.

The large number of educated men who are applicants for positions as warrant machinists in the navy and the rigid examinations to which they are subjected afford an illustration both of the growing popularity of technical education and of the higher standards demanded in the naval service, observes the Baltimore Sun.

The Australasian Commonwealth has introduced a bill in Parliament which prohibits admission into Australia of any person "unable to write a fifty-word test from English dictation." It is already provided that no immigrant shall be admitted who is likely to become a burden on the public purse or who within three years has been convicted of a nonpolitical offence. The educational qualification is designed to effectively exclude Chinese and other undesirable immigrants.

Our own Congressional Record must look to its laurels and hurry up if it is not to be surpassed by the parliamentary record of the youngest State in the world. In the first five weeks of the session of the Australian parliament enough speeches were made to fill 580 closely printed pages, and as the Australians have not learned the trick of "leave to print," this means that every word in those 580 pages were spoken during the sessions. We can fancy some enemy of the speaker saying:

God of the southern winds, call up Thy gales  
 And whistle in rude fury 'round his cars.

The Klondike is already feeling the evil effects of forest denudation. Since the discovery of gold there the sparsely timbered hills of the district have been stripped of all tree growth to fill the extraordinary demands for fuel in mining operations and other purposes. The hills for many miles around all of the productive creeks are now bare, and the ground being thus exposed the snow accumulated during the winter quickly melts in the early summer. This year there has been an early and prolonged drought in consequence and the prospective output of gold has been reduced from \$30,000,000, the original estimates, to \$20,000,000, because of the lack of water to wash the auriferous earth.

The position of head coach of the Yale football team is still open. It is thought that Walter Camp, who lives in New Haven, and has advised and helped to coach many of Yale's victorious teams, will gradually drift into that position.

Rock Nach, an employe of Jamison's coal works, near Greensburg, fell down the shaft and was fatally hurt.

**AN AUTUMN SONG.**

Again the old heraldic pomp  
 Of autumn on the hills;  
 A scarlet pageant in the swamp;  
 Low lyrics from the reeds;  
 And a rich attar in the air  
 That Orient morn distills.

Again the tapestry of haze  
 Of amethystine dye  
 Encircling the horizon ways;  
 And from the middle sky  
 The herald, reverent call  
 Of wild geese winging by.

Again the viol of the wind  
 Attuned to one soft theme—  
 Here, every burden left behind,  
 O love, would it not seem  
 A near approach to paradise  
 To dream and dream and dream!  
 To stroll and dream in the Woman's Home  
 Companion.

**The Annexation of Cuby.**

An Episode in the Life of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

NEW humorist, Miss Alice Caldwell Hegon, contributes to the Century a short story about the physical salvation of a horse.

The Wiggses lived in the Cabbage Patch. It was not a real cabbage patch, but a queer neighborhood where ramshackle cottages played hop-scotch over the railroad tracks. The Wiggs family consisted of Mrs. Wiggs and five children. The boys were named Jim and Billy, but it was Mrs. Wiggs's boast that her three little girls had geography names. First came Asia, then Australia. When the last baby arrived, and Billy stood looking down at the small bundle, he asked anxiously: "Are you goin' to have it for a boy or a girl, ma?" Mrs. Wiggs had answered: "A girl, Billy, and her name is Europa."

Hard work and strict economy were necessary in the little household. Mrs. Wiggs took in washing, Jim worked at the factory, and the others helped as best they could. The direct road to fortune, however, according to Billy's ideas, could best be traveled in a kindling wagon, and while he was the proud possessor of a broken-down wagon, sole relic of the late Mr. Wiggs, he had nothing to hitch to it. Scarcely a week passed that he did not agitate the question, and as Mrs. Wiggs often said:

"When Billy Wiggs done set his head to a thing he's as good as got it." Consequently she was not surprised when he rushed breathlessly into the kitchen one evening about supper-time, and exclaimed in excited tones: "Ma, I've got a horse! He was havin' a fit on the commons, an' they was goin' to shoot him, an' I ast the man to give him to me."  
 "My land, Billy! what do you want with a fit horse?" asked his mother.  
 "'Cause I knowed you could cure him. The man said if I took him I'd have to pay for cartin' away his carcass, but I said all right, I'll take him anyway. Come on, ma, an' see him!" And Billy hurried back to his new possession.

Mrs. Wiggs pinned a shawl over her head and ran across the commons. A group of men stood about the writhing animal, but the late owner had departed.  
 "He's most gone," said one of the men as she came up. "I tole Billy you'd beat him fer takin' that ole nag off the man's han's."  
 "Well, I won't," said Mrs. Wiggs, stoutly. "Billy Wiggs's got more sense than most men I know. That hoss's carcass is worth somethin'. I s'pect he'd bring 'bout \$2 dead an' mobbe more livin'. Anyway, I'm goin' to save him if there's any save to him."

She stood with her arms on her hips and critically surveyed her patient. "I'll tell you what's the matter with him," was her final diagnosis; "his lights is riz. Bill, I'm goin' home fer some medicine. You set on his head so's he can't get up, an' ma'll be right back in a minute."  
 The crowd which had collected to see the horse shot began to disperse, for it was supper time, and there was nothing to see now but the poor suffering horse with Billy Wiggs patiently sitting on his head.  
 When Mrs. Wiggs returned she carried a bottle and what appeared to be a large marble. "This here is a colic pill," she explained. "I jest rolled the colic in with some soft roll bread. Now you prop his jaw open with a little stick, an' I'll show it to you; then hold his head back, while I pour down some water an' turkentine outen this bottle."  
 It was with great difficulty that this was accomplished, for the old horse had evidently seen a vision of the happy hunting ground, and was loath to return to the sordid earth. His limbs were already stiffening in death, and only the whites of his eyes were visible. Mrs. Wiggs noted these discouraging symptoms, and saw that violent measures were necessary.  
 "Gather some sticks an' build a fire quick as you kin. I've got to run over home. Build it right up close to him, Billy; we've got to get him hot up."  
 She rushed into the kitchen, and taking several cakes of tallow from the shelf, threw them into a tin bucket. Then she hesitated for a moment. The kettle of soup was steaming away on the stove, ready for supper. Mrs. Wiggs did not believe in sacrificing the present need to the future comfort. She threw in a liberal portion of pepper, and seizing the kettle in one hand and the bucket of tallow in the other, staggered back to the bonfire.

"Now, Billy," she commanded, "put this bucket of tallow down there in the hottest part of the fire. Look out, don't fly it—there! Now you come here an' help me pour this soup into the bottle. I'm goin' to get that ole boss so hot up he'll think he's havin' a sunstroke. Seems wiser bad to

keep on pesterin' him when he's so near gone, but this here soup'll feel good when it once gets inside him."  
 When the kettle was empty the soup was impartially distributed over Mrs. Wiggs and the patient, and a goodly amount had "got inside," and already the horse was losing his rigidity.  
 Only once did Billy pause in his work, and that was to ask:  
 "Ma, what do you think I'd better name him?"  
 Giving names was one of Mrs. Wiggs's chief accomplishments, and usually required much thoughtful consideration, but in this case, if there was to be a christening, it must be at once.

"I'd like a jography name," suggested Billy, feeling that nothing was too good to bestow on his treasure.  
 Mrs. Wiggs stood with the soup dripping from her hands, and earnestly contemplated the horse. Babies, pigs, goats and puppies had drawn largely on her supply of late, and geography names were scarce. Suddenly a thought struck her:  
 "I'll tell you what, Billy, we'll call him Cuby! It's a town I heard 'em talkin' 'bout at the grocery."

By this time the tallow was melted, and Mrs. Wiggs carried it over to the horse and put each of his hoofs into the hot liquid, while Billy rubbed the legs with all the strength of his young arms.  
 "That's right," she said. "Now you run home an' get that piece of carpet by my bed, an' we'll liver him up. I am goin' to get them fence rails over yonder to keep the fire goin'."  
 Through the long night they worked with their patient, and when the first glow of morning appeared in the east a triumphant procession wended its way across the Cabbage Patch. First came a woman bearing sundry pails, kettles and bottles; next came a very sleepy little boy leading a trembling old horse, with soup all over his head, tallow on his feet and a strip of rag carpet tied about his middle.

Thus Cuby, like his geographical namesake, emerged from a violent ordeal of reconstruction with a mangled constitution, internal disension, a decided preponderance of foreign element, but a firm and abiding trust in the new power with which his fortunes had been irrevocably cast.

**Prehistoric Bones Found.**  
 The Carnegie Museum at Pittsburgh will shortly receive a consignment from one of its collectors, a Mr. Petersen, which will probably cause important discussion in the scientific world. Mr. Petersen has discovered in and about the bed of a creek running near Harrison, Neb., six skeletons, perfectly preserved by petrification. These are the bones of horses, beyond possibility of scientific refutation, but from their size they prove conclusively that the pre-historic horse was much smaller than the animal as it appears nowadays.

Although the skeletons have not been set up by Mr. Petersen, they are complete. From the measurements taken it is apparent that the horses of the time when these were alive were about the size of a two-month-old colt of the present day. Mr. Petersen found the skeletons while prospecting for relics for the museum. A small bone, seemingly an ordinary stone, gave him the first clue. Following up his find, he arrived at a point indicating to his scientific discernment that more bones were to be found by digging. Three of the skeletons were found one above the other, though a short distance apart laterally. The other three were in different parts of the creek bed.—New York Times.

**A Musolino Craze.**  
 The seeming impossibility of catching the brigand Musolino, for whose capture a large price has been offered by the Government, has led to a considerable "Musolino literature." Professor Bertolini, of Bari, says that in that town alone three "lives" of the brigand have appeared, and that in all he is described as a "perfect gentleman." Boys in the street play at "Musolino," armed with knives, marionette theatres perform plays, of which the brigand is the hero, to applauding audiences and generally in South Italy he is considered the victim of society.

Not long ago the Syndic of Africo, Musolino's native place, went to Rome to petition the Government in favor of his countryman. Musolino promised to give himself up to the police if the Government would guarantee an inquiry into his first trial, when, as he says, he was condemned wrongfully, being then an innocent man. This was refused, and the bandit is still outlawed and still uncaught.—London Daily News.

**More Canals, More Households.**  
 The household will become gradually the greatest factor in solving the problem of what to do with one's summer. It does away with the rent of a building site. Change of scene can be had without the discomfort of travel and packing. Wind and tide or a cheaply hired mule will bring your modern palace where you will. Health and comfort—the maximum luxury at the minimum cost—these the household places within the reach of everyone.—Cosmopolitan.

**No Further Use For the Log.**  
 A singular dispute has arisen between the officials of the Miners' Association of Essen and the widow of a deceased member. The latter some years ago lost his leg in an accident, and was supplied by the association with an artificial one. When the man died, his false leg was buried with him, and now the association is calling upon the widow to have it exhumed, the limb not having been sold, but left.—London Globe.

**Where the Drought Will Pinch.**

When drought destroys or reduces crops everybody pities the farmers on the mistaken supposition that they are the sole losers. As a matter of fact it is the rest of the community that suffer most from a crop shortage. In many cases the farmers gain rather than lose in the higher prices they get for the crops which they do harvest.

The longest drought rarely affects all crops disastrously. The recent drought in the great corn belt did not affect the wheat at all except to insure its gathering in the best possible condition. The unprecedented wheat crop will command a ready sale at advanced prices because wheat must be substituted in a limited degree for corn. The corn that comes to maturity will command a high price because of its comparative scarcity. Hay, oats and potatoes will all be high in price—have, in fact, already advanced far above the average prices at this season of the year. The consumers pay these advances all along the line and the farmers profit by them. There are few American farmers in this day who stake their entire year's prosperity upon the corn crop. The up-to-date farmer puts his eggs in a good many baskets. The upsetting of one of them doesn't leave him without eggs to carry to market.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Snake Experiment.**  
 Professor Dixon, of Yale, who has been camping on Indian Creek, in Colorado, has demonstrated the possibility of welding two snakes together so that their bodies will unite and continue to grow as one.

While it is admitted that human parts could be made to grow together, it has been contended that the sluggish circulation of reptiles would militate against such a process in their case.  
 The rattler was extended with an iron hook circling his head. An adder was obtained and cut in two. The rattler was treated in the same way. The tail of the adder was then sewed to the rattler with a strong thread, and after twenty-four hours the iron collar was removed and the composite reptile was put into a cage, where he squirmed around with every evidence of vitality.  
 Although the customary warning rattle was absent on its new tail, the supply of virus was not diminished by its curtailment, for when he struck a rabbit the latter began to swell, and in an hour was dead. The metamorphosed rattler will be kept under scientific scrutiny for the next few months.—New York Times.

**Immense Activity in Automobile Patent.**  
 By all odds the automobile section is the busiest of all divisions of the Patent Office these days. Since all the fashionable world has taken to automobile, and this sport is no longer a fad, the inventors of the country seem to have turned their attention to bringing out improvements in motors, carriages and other parts. The number of applications that are being received for patents on devices for automobiles is so great that it has been found necessary to have five special examiners on this work. Four separate divisions have been organized to which are referred patent papers, according to the specific kind of patent that is demanded. One division handles electric motors, another steam motors, another gas and acetylene motors, and another looks out for the compressed air motor.—American Automobile.

**Indian Coins.**  
 The Indian families have afforded coin collectors many opportunities to acquire rare and old coins, which have lain buried for a great number of years. The native has always shown a very grave suspicion of banks, and has usually preferred to bury coins in what was considered a safe spot. Those hiding places are revealed by father to son, and the accumulations sometimes go on for generations. In dire extremity the hoard has to be trespassed on; coins which have long since become exceedingly rare are thus brought to light, and are eagerly snapped up by collectors. Many of them are being sold in London at the present time.—London Chronicle.

**A New Era in Printing Offices.**  
 Dirt, disorder and general carelessness has always been associated with the public's idea of the appearance of a country newspaper office. This idea has been fostered more or less by the would-be humorous articles and pictures of newspaper offices and newspaper editors which appear, and have been appearing for years, in current publications. It is about time to correct this impression, as it is no longer true of the majority of newspaper offices. A new era of order and careful, clean management has been inaugurated. It does not pay to be a sloven, and newspaper publishers have found it out.—The Journalist.

**St. Helena as a State Prison.**  
 It is not generally known that since its discovery in 1502 St. Helena has been destined to be a state prison. In 1511 the Portuguese banished a nobleman, named Fernando Lopez, to this island. Later on the East India Co. sent a rajah to be interned there, but he died on the voyage; then came the memorable exile of Napoleon, which brought St. Helena into prominence, and, recently, when the question arose what should be done with the Boer prisoners of war, St. Helena naturally suggested itself as the safest and most suitable place.  
 The oldest monkish order is the Basilians, having been established in A. D. 332. The next, the Benedictines, dates from 529.

**IF NEWSPAPERS STOPPED.**

Result Would Be as if the Eyes of the World Were Put Out.

In the United States the newspaper is a necessity; in all other countries it is a luxury. Newspaper reading in Europe, while not exclusive to the upper and middle classes, is sufficiently so to be a generality. The poorer classes of newspaper readers either borrow the paper or buy it because they cannot get the racing results elsewhere.

Buying and reading a newspaper in Europe are a serious business, naturally so when the European style of paper is considered. Sometimes there is an item in it; oftener only speeches. Americans abroad miss their daily paper more than they do their pie, or, in case of Pittsburghers, their tables. Of course every one knows that the apotheosis of the press has been reached in America mainly because this is a free country. Still, what sort of a life would this be if all the printing presses were suddenly to slip a cog between days and staid slippers?  
 The man of the house arises in the morning, unlocks the front door, stoops to pick up the paper, falls to find it, mutters a hasty adjuration, steps out on the porch, cranes his neck over all sides, looks in the next lot, swears surprisedly, glances next door, expresses a fervent hope for the eternal future of his neighbors and goes into the house with a slam that wakes three blocks. The breakfast tastes oddly, the coffee has an unwanted twang, the clock is slow and everything is out of gear. On the way to town he finds all the other passengers equally grouchy. The car seems strangely quiet without the customary rustle of the morning papers and the chatter of comment upon the day's news. The weather exhausts the conversational topic until some one wonders what has become of all the papers. Meanwhile the lady of the house, remembering that this is bargain day, vainly seeks the paper for news of the sale and the costumes worn by the Brown-Whites at the Smith-Jones wedding.

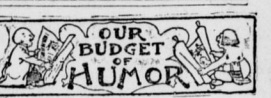
As the weeks and months drag along without resumption of the presses, instead of softening the daily disappointment becomes more acute. News travels tortuously. One man hears that Bryan and Hanna met in a Chicago hotel and pummeled the life out of each other. A later version states that they merely waved hands as their cars passed. Other rumors have Sampson apologizing to Schley, the Boers besieging London, the Sultan paying his debts, the Pirates winning the pennant, the steel strike settled, a Chicago university professor talking sense and other equally astounding occurrences.  
 The big stores are at their wits' ends to get news of the bargains to the customers, and the women are bargain hungry, with no knowledge of the hour the dinner bell will ring. They go to town to-morrow and find the sale was yesterday. They don't know style, whether the pulley belt has been revived or the kangaroo has gone out of date. Each is a fashion plate unto herself. They are frantic half the time because the woman two doors below bought something at a special sale for \$3.89 that they paid \$3.98 for an hour later.

As election time rolls around the candidates are scarcer than in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Every man mentioned, except a few who had their reputations made by the newspapers before suspension, is unknown to the vast majority of the voters. Congressmen, representatives and councilmen, even governors, cabinet ministers, mayors and the presidential candidates, can no longer be judge upon their record, because there is no record. Politicians who have spent half their public career publicly cursing the press and the other half privately trying to sneak in a free puff find themselves greeted with blank ignorance of their doings, sayings and general importance.  
 All manner of people who detested newspaper notoriety find life without it spiritless and dead. Confidence games are reported ad libitum. Even the gold brick man is rejuvenated out of side of politics. The peach crop, the corn crop, the wheat crop and various other crops fall with their usual regularity, but whether true or not the public never knows as it goes down a little deeper in its pocket to meet the market. The nation does not know whether it is a world power or a third class township, and China is farther away than Mars.

Through disuse people forget to read and the schools are closed. The Carnegie libraries are the resort of ascetic students. Families sit around the fires in the winter evenings or on the porches in the summer and yawn and yawn and yawn. Life is getting up in the morning, working, eating and drinking and going to bed again.  
 The world gropes with hesitating hands, for its eyes are out.—W. T. Anderson, in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Ancient Anatomy.**  
 The statues and plaques, carved in stone and wood, that are to be seen in the Gizeh Museum, prove beyond a doubt, says Sir Norman Lockyer, that the priest-mummifiers of Memphis 6000 years ago thoroughly understood anatomy. Science, he thinks, therefore, is as old as art, and the two have advanced hand in hand. Another noteworthy proof of the antiquity of medical science is the fact that scores of finely-finished surgical instruments have been excavated, in Italy, which are, in almost every detail of form, precisely like those devised in modern times and used by the most advanced surgeons of to-day.

It may appear strange, but a broad-minded man is not the one that has the big head.



**A Bad Break.**  
 Philosopher in petticoats,  
 Her face no wrinkles carried;  
 No graven lines of discontent  
 On her fair features carried.

She bought some exposition plates,  
 And here my story ceases;  
 She broke one and her troubled face  
 Now carries all the pieces.  
 —Chicago Record-Herald.

**Plenty of It.**  
 "He seems rather proud of his ignorance."  
 "Yes; well, he's got a good big lot of it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Art.**  
 "Is it true that Daddlesly has good taste in art?"  
 "Well, if you call choosing a few fruit pictures for his dining-room good taste, he has it."—Detroit Journal.

**The Secret.**  
 Ella—"Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her."  
 Stella—"She's a mean thing—I told her not to tell you I told her."  
 Ella—"Well! I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."—Brooklyn Life.

**One Point Ahead.**  
 Jones—"The big newspapers beat the magazines."  
 Brown—"How's that?"  
 Jones—"Well, when you buy a big newspaper you get a lot of magazine news; but when you buy a magazine you don't get any newspaper news."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**An Exchange of Compliments.**  
 Man on Bridge—"Time can't be very valuable with you, my friend. I've been watching you for two hours, and you haven't had a bite."  
 Man on Bank—"My time's worth too much, by gum, to waste two hours of it watchin' a man fish that ain't ketchin' nothin'!"—Chicago Times.

**No Cause For Complaint.**  
 Mr. Ferguson—"Did you have a good time at Mrs. Highmore's tea, Laura?"  
 Mrs. Ferguson—"No; I was miserably lonesome."  
 Mr. Ferguson—"Lonesome?"  
 Mrs. Ferguson—"Yes; I was the only woman there who hadn't been having trouble with her help."—Chicago Tribune.

**Beauty's Advantage.**  
 "I wouldn't be so concerned about my looks, Ethelinda," said the homey husband, crossly. "Beauty is only skin deep."  
 "I know it, Melchior," snapped the pretty wife, still inspecting the effect of her new hat in the mirror, "but ugliness goes clear through."—Chicago Tribune.

**Not Over-Elated.**  
 "I suppose," said the offensive lady who was visiting the Meektons, "that your wife is sure that she has the best husband that ever lived?"  
 "Yes," answered Meekton, with something like a sigh; "but at the same time I don't believe she thinks that is saying much for me."—Washington Star.

**Has His Approval.**  
 She—"Oh, Fred, you are so noble, so generous, so handsome, so chivalrous, so much the superior of every man I meet, I can't help loving you. Now, what can you see in plain little me to admire?"  
 He—"Oh, I don't know, dear; but you certainly have very good judgment."—Tit-Bits.

**Plain People.**  
 "The pappie O! lived wid before," said the new cook, "wor very plain, ma'am."  
 "Well, are we not plain here?" asked the lady.  
 "Troth, ye are so, ma'am, but in a different way. The others wor plain in their way o' livin', not in their looks, ma'am."—Philadelphia Press.

**He Really Did.**  
 "My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better-half, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?"  
 "Indeed?" replied the delighted Mrs. H.—, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?"  
 "Certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago."—Tit-Bits.

**Couldn't Do It.**  
 "Unhand me, wretch!"  
 The tense tones of the heroine floated out over the auditorium, and the people in the boxes stopped right in the middle of their conversation.  
 It was, indeed, a crucial moment. The villain gazed at her with a cold, cruel sneer on his greasy paint. Then he hissed:  
 "I am no surgeon."  
 But next performance the stage manager made him cut that out.—Baltimore American.

**How He Lost It.**  
 The boy in tears naturally attracted the attention of the sympathetic man.  
 "What's happened, my boy?" the latter asked. "Perhaps I can help you."  
 "I lost a quarter," answered the boy, "and when I go home I'll get licked for it."  
 "Oh, well, don't cry," returned the sympathetic man. "Here's another quarter. How did you lose the first one?"  
 "Matching," promptly replied the boy. "I have no luck at all."—Chicago Post.