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National legislation is now advocated to prevent the use of dangerous or deleterious adulterations in prepared articles of food. Among the agents employed to preserve food or to color it are some which, although they do not bring evil results at once, have a tendency gradually to break down the health of the consumer by interfering with the digestive processes. It is the use of such agents that is now being condemned. Abroad, too, people are regarding more anxiously than ever before the question of the purity of what they eat. In London an agitation is on foot against the insanitary cellar bakehouses in which much of the food of the metropolis is made.

It seems highly improbable that rice will ever be regarded as a very important food staple in the United States or in many of the countries of Europe, remarks the New York Sun. The most significant fact in relation to breadstuffs in all countries where wheat is important either as a product or an import is the rapid increase in the number of wheat eaters. We are the greatest maize growing country in the world, and we appreciate highly the value of maize for human food, but our consumption of the grain as a breadstuff is insignificant in comparison with our consumption of wheat. It has often been said in recent years that the opening of every new railroad in western countries increases the number of wheat eaters. The estimate in 1871 that the wheat eaters of the world numbered 371,000,000 has steadily increased for later years, and three years ago attainable data seemed to show that wheat was the bread staple of 516,000,000 souls.

This unusually good example of the retort courtouze comes from a German source: A distinguished traveler entered the railroad restaurant at Cassel, and waited patiently for his time to be served. Study of the bill of fare showed nothing appetizing. The waiter was taken into counsel and recommended, with enthusiasm, dish after dish, only to meet a shake of the head, and finally the discouraging answer: "Only that?" Wounded in his professional pride the waiter expostulated: "Pardon me, sir, but I have served the best people here, and they were satisfied with our bill of fare; you should be so, too." The stranger in his turn answered: "But do you know who I am and to whom you are talking?" "No," said the waiter. "Well, then, I am the Prince of Bulgaria." "Only that?" said the waiter promptly. And the anecdote concludes with the suspiciously conventional ending that the bold waiter was immediately taken into the princely service.

**An Anti-Malaria Mission.**  
The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, which several months ago sent Major Ronald Ross on an anti-malarial mission to the "Gold Coast" has just published a letter received from him, giving the result of his work up to date. He found the conditions not nearly so bad as he expected, and considerable headway has already been made in ridding several of the important towns of mosquitoes. He says: "The unhealthiness of the coast has been much exaggerated. Everywhere we have met men who have lived here for years in good health. I entirely agree with those who maintain that it is the young, reckless, improvident and sometimes intemperate newcomer who generally falls a victim to disease. The sober, sensible man can usually rely upon escaping. In nine cases out of ten if a man contracts malaria it is his own fault. The scrupulous use of mosquito net, attention to domestic cleanliness, exercise, temperance and an occasional strong dose of quinine are the things principally required. Intemperance is directly and indirectly a potent ally of malaria (and most other diseases as well)."

The first factory for the manufacture of cotton sewing thread was located at Pawtucket in 1794.

**HALF-WAY TOWN.**

By FRANK WALCOTT HURT.  
An easy road runs smoothly down  
To Half-Way Town;  
For everything that's but begun,  
And everything that's never done,  
Just rolls aside, and one by one,  
Goes into Half-Way Town.

Half-finished walls are tumbling down  
In Half-Way Town.  
Half-finished streets are always lined  
With half-done work of every kind;  
And all the world just lags behind  
In dreary Half-Way Town.

Keep straight along, and don't look down  
Toward Half-Way Town.  
They say, if every one should try  
To keep on moving, brisk and spry,  
We should discover, by and by,  
There'd be no Half-Way Town.  
—Youth's Companion.

**Stella's Summer Trip**  
By Ella M. Hess.

"I AM sick and tired of this life! I would rather die now than endure it year after year, without a hope of release!" Stella Monito threw her crochet work to the other side of the small room. "If I could go to the seaside like other girls I might make a suitable match—one that would save me from the bondage of poverty!"

Netta sadly looked up from her lounge. "You have much to be thankful for, dear Stella," she said softly. "Your health—a beautiful face—"  
"What is the good of my beauty? Whom do I see now? No one but Dr. James, and he is old and stout, and knows our poverty too well to think of me."

At this juncture Mrs. Monito, a quiet, ladylike woman, entered the room, and looked from one to the other of her daughters.

"What is the trouble?" she asked. "Mamma, Stella is tired and wants to go to the seaside," Netta said softly. "Poor Stella is weary of this life, and I think I had better give her Uncle Lucerne's gift, and then she can have her way."

"Netta!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "Yes; my money increases very slowly, and perhaps, after all, I may not get better."

At the girls' last birthday their mother's brother had given each \$100. Stella had bought some handsome finery with her money, but Netta, who had been for years crippled by a fall, laid hers aside, hoping to save enough to take her to some celebrated physician. Broved up with that hope she had painted little pictures for the stores, and saved each dollar carefully, but Stella's constant repining was wearing, and she determined to give up her hope and let her have her long looked for trip.

"Do you really mean it, Netta?" Stella questioned eagerly. "Yes."

"Then I will tell you what I'll do, you dearest sisters! I shall be sure to make a conquest, and when I am married I will take you to France, to the physician you wish to see."

At that moment some one tapped at the door, and a moment later Dr. James, a tall, rather stout man of about forty-five years of age, with a grave, kind face, entered.

Two weeks later Stella Monito was boarding in an aristocratic resort. Time went by, and her letters home were not very frequent. Finally one morning the postman brought one that ran thus:

"My Dear Mother and Sister—I am about to be married and bid adieu to a life of poverty forever. Mr. Leland, my future husband, is immensely wealthy. He owns a magnificent residence in the city and one on the Hudson. But there is one thing which I am sorry to mention—he does not wish me to acknowledge my relatives after marriage. Of course I shall not forget you, mother and Netta, and shall return the money which brought me here at the earliest opportunity. My face has been my fortune. Stella."

Mrs. Monito covered her face with her hands. "My child has forsaken me!" she cried.

Netta could hardly utter a word of consolation. What was there to say? She knew her sister worshipped at the shrine of wealth, and cared not how many hearts she broke if she only reached her longed for goal.

A few weeks later Dr. James made them a visit which was not strictly professional.

"Netta," he said, sitting down beside her, "your sister's summer trip has won her a husband. I read the marriage notice in the paper yesterday. Now, I have a favor to ask of you: I am tired of being alone in the world; I want a wife to take care of, and there is no one else who would please me but you. I have loved you ever since you were that high—with a motion of his hand—and if you will have me I will take you to France to the physician you have set your heart on seeing. If they cure you I shall rejoice; if they do not, I shall love you all the more."

Netta looked up in his kind eyes in surprise—his words were so unexpected.

"No, no," she cried. "I will not take advantage of your generous offer. I will never be a burden to any man."

And all the arguments he could use would not induce her to change her mind.

The days wore slowly on. A letter came from Stella:

"My Dear Sister—I am ashamed that I have not been able to return your money, but the truth is, though my husband is immensely wealthy, and I am dressed in the richest of

gowns, and waited upon like a queen, I have not a penny of money under my control. Everything I have is ordered and paid for afterward, but by-and-by I shall contrive a way to get it for you."

"Poor Stella!" the mother sighed. "I am afraid that in the end she will think her summer trip a failure."

"And her marriage, too," rejoined Netta, "as all marriages are based on true love prove."

"I have some good news for you!" Dr. James cried, as he entered the room followed by a strange gentleman. "Put away your letter, Netta, and listen."

Netta did his bidding, and the stranger introduced himself as a lawyer. He informed that an uncle of Mrs. Monito's had died and left her heiress to his wealth—a goodly sum.

Several weeks later found Mrs. Monito and Netta en route for England. Dr. James's nephew intended to cross the ocean, and the doctor had intrusted this to his care.

"God grant your dearest wish may be granted, Netta," he said to her when parting.

Months went by, and Netta was on the road to recovery. By degrees she found her old strength returning, and at the end of a year was able to walk about without assistance.

She was very happy, and to crown all, her sister Stella and her husband visited them. They were making a tour, and as her relatives were wealthy now, Mr. Leland had no objection to his wife's associating with them. They insisted that Mrs. Monito and Netta should be of their party.

"For Stella's sake," Mrs. Monito said, "Netta, I will consent. She is unhappy enough. She sold herself for gold, and only too late realizes what that bargain means."

Another six months passed away. Netta had a number of suitors, but to none did she give encouragement and Theodore Dunscombe, the doctor's nephew, interpreted that sign favorable to himself.

He wrote to his uncle that Netta's health was perfect, and her life was now a happy one; then he hinted that, in time, he dreamed of winning her.

"Theodore is a good boy," the doctor whispered, when he read the letter. "They will be a suitable pair, and I must forget my wild dream."

He went to meet them when they returned, and congratulated Netta on the fulfillment of her dearest wish. After that he called but seldom, and was grave and restrained when they met by chance.

Dunscombe's wooing did not prosper, and at last he begged of his uncle to use his influence for him.

"She thinks so much of your opinion that she will heed you," he pleaded, and the doctor at last consented.

He went to see Netta, and made his errand known. She looked at him with a flushed face.

"I cannot accept your nephew," she said decidedly. "I do not care for him as a woman should for the man she marries."

"But in time you might." "Never! I shall never love but one man, and he has had my heart since childhood."

"Netta, I never dreamed of this!" he said. "Who is he? Tell me!"

"Need I?" she asked softly. "Who cared for me when I was poor and afflicted, and would have burdened himself with me then? If he has changed, I—"

"Netta!" He opened his arms to fold her in his embrace. "I never dared hope for this moment!"

Theodore Dunscombe did not stay to his uncle's wedding, but Stella and her husband came to witness it.

"My God bless you, my unselfish sister!" Stella whispered to the bride. And to all appearances her prayer is answered.—Waverley Magazine.

**Packed in Plaster.**

The ingenious Germans have developed a novel method of packing and shipping butter, which may be of interest to American dairymen. A light wooden case or box is lined thoroughly at the bottom and sides with a layer of plaster of paris a quarter of an inch thick, on which pieces of common glass are laid before the plaster sets. The edges of the glass slabs are made perfectly air tight by means of gummied paper, and into the perfect-fitting box thus formed butter, wrapped in good water-proof paper, in pound-cakes, is placed. The glass top is now put on and made air-tight with strips of gummied paper. A layer of plaster of paris one-quarter inch thick is now run over the glass cover and the lid nailed on the box. Each case is made to contain about two hundred pounds of butter. The plaster of paris being a non-conductor, very little heat reaches the butter, which arrives at its destination in good condition.

**Weird Courtships.**

Touched with infinite paths, as well as with surpassing weirdness, was the courtship of a young Lancashire miner who wooed his cousin, a girl of nineteen, across the dying bed of the former's father. The girl, who had been summoned to nurse the old man, fell in love with the son through watching his tenderness to his ailing sire, and thus it came about that while the aged life was ebbing away two young lives were converging toward each other. The father in his final moments guessed their secret and joined their hands, and thus did this remarkable wooing wear to its end.

In Germany, where the mortuary system is far more complete than our own, and where both male and female attendants are employed, it is no uncommon thing for courtships to be carried on in these halls of the dead, and many marriages have been planned and arranged amid their surroundings.—Tit-Bits.

**BLUEJACKETS AT PLAY**

AMPLE TIME FOR SAILORS TO AMUSE THEMSELVES.

Boat Racing is a Very Popular Sport in the United States Navy—Firemen and Sailors in Boxing Rings—Field Days on a Warship's Deck.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is an adage that is duly regarded in the treatment of Uncle Sam's men in the Navy, writes C. A. McCallister, of the United States Revenue Cutter Service. Though the numerous and varied drills which go to make an efficient ship's company, and the work necessary to keep everything "shipshape" are onerous, ample time is given the sailors to amuse themselves.

Naturally, boat racing is a very popular sport, and one to which the officers give every encouragement. Each ship generally has a racing crew of from four to ten men who are ready at all propitious times to accept challenges from other vessels of our own and other nations. The naval method of issuing a challenge is for the challenging crew to row under the stern of the vessel from which a competing crew is desired and "toss oars"—that is, hold them vertically with the blades uppermost.

An international race is, of course, more interesting and exciting than one between the crews of American vessels only. Such races usually occur on a national holiday of one of the competing parties. Sufficient funds are raised by popular subscription to insure substantial prizes for the victors.

Should there be no other vessel lying in the harbor when the racing spirit runs high, rival crews are formed from the sailors and the firemen. These arouse fully as much interest among their supporters as do the races between different vessels. The sailors, as may be supposed, are more familiar with the handling of oars, but the firemen make up for their deficiency in skill in their superior strength. Exciting contests usually occur between such competitors, and the sailors do not always win.

Occasionally a race is arranged between firemen and sailors in balsas, or flatboats, which are used as floats while painting ship. Ten or twelve persons man each boat, and, instead of oars, shovels used as paddles furnish the propelling power. The length of the course is usually half a mile, and the attempts at speed are very ludicrous. Seen from a distance the splashing contestants resemble two perambulating fountains. As no rudders or steering oars are used, the course pursued is very similar to the trail of a garden worm. The firemen usually win in these contests on account of their greater familiarity with the shovel.

The "manly art of self-defense" is also much in vogue as an amusement in the Navy. When the weather is warm this pastime is indulged in nearly every evening after supper has been served. "Jacky's" profession is obviously a pugnaconic one, and he usually takes to boxing as a duck does to water. Many of the sailors develop into excellent boxers, and there is generally a keen rivalry among the different sets of men comprising the crew of a war-vessel. The firemen usually have a champion who is pitted against the leading fistie light of the deck force, and the marine guard are not at all behind in backing their champion against either of the others. While these contests are entered into with great spirit, and the blows exchanged are not of the feather-pillow sort, the utmost good feeling prevails, and it is seldom necessary to separate the contestants on account of slugging. Japanese and Chinese cooks or servants are found on nearly all war-vessels, and the scheming "Jacky" takes advantage of their natural antipathy for one another. After considerable cajoling they are often persuaded to put on the gloves. Spurred on by the encouraging shouts of the sailors, they pummel one another about with as much grace as might be expected of a pair of cart-horses in a waltz. The sponging down and fanning of the principals between the rounds is as comical a sight as can well be imagined. These Mongolian contests usually result in the simultaneous giving up of both parties on account of lack of breath, rather than from any punishment received.

In addition to the healthful exercise gained in boxing, the training thus obtained is of great value to the enlisted men in shore engagements, and as teaching them a means of defending themselves from attacks when they are unarmed.

Swimming is another sport much enjoyed by the average sailor. It not only provides considerable amusement, but is beneficial from a hygienic standpoint. This diversion can be indulged in on almost any evening, when the vessel is anchored where the water is sufficiently warm and where sharks are not too numerous. It is surprising to observe the alacrity with which the men can divest themselves of their clothing and plunge overboard after the swimming call is sounded by the ship's bugler. In one or two minutes after this welcome sound the water around the ship will be alive with muscular-looking men going through all sorts of aquatic antics. Impromptu races around the ship are entered into; and, in fact, some of the men appear to lack only scales and fins to make perfect fish in the water. During the swimming time, the officer of the deck always makes preparation for the rescue of any who may be attacked by cramps or overcome with fatigue by having two or three boats rowing around among

the swimmers, ready to give aid at a moment's notice.

On important holidays a sort of field day is arranged among the crew, and the officers contribute liberally for the purchase of prizes. An elaborate programme of sports is prepared, and if the ship is equipped with a printing press dodgers are issued calling the attention of all on board to the great event. These programmes include such sports as tug-of-war, obstacle race, sack race, potato race, climbing a greased pole, walking contests, running matches, high and broad jumping, boxing at different weights, and wrestling. Referees and judges are selected from among officers and men indiscriminately, and the bars of discipline are more nearly let down on these occasions than at any other time. Everybody in the ship is greatly interested, either as participant or spectator. The greatest good nature prevails, and applause and laughter alternate at frequent intervals. The sack racing and the greased-pole climbing always produce roars of laughter from the onlookers. The tug-of-war contests are sometimes participated in by almost the entire ship's company divided into two watches. A hawser is rigged through a snatch-block secured to the deck, and the men on each side heave and haul for five minutes as if their lives depended upon the result. The potato race consists in picking up potatoes which have been distributed along the deck at regular distances, and carrying each one by itself back to the starting point and placing it in a basket. Other contests not strictly of an athletic nature are included in the list. The grotesqueness of a competitive cake-walk adds much to the amusement of the day. Then, too, a pie-eating contest is not overlooked in the general festivities.

Though in the nature of the case "Jacky" must forego baseball, football, golf and similar diversions, he manages in his own way to provide himself with amusements which not only beguile his spare moments but contribute in no small degree to his physical well-being.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Males Fight Among Themselves.**

The general proposition may be laid down that among the hoofed animals only the males fight among themselves. Females are selfish and crowd and push and strike with heads and horns to clear a path for themselves or their young, or both, but they do not wage formal combats. The one attacked commonly makes way at once, or if she turns in anger the other promptly retreats. On the other hand the mother will fight in defense of her young. Not always, of course—since no doubt there is as much difference of temperament among four-legged mothers as among those who walk erect—but often. This, however, is but the courage of despair, since all ungulates trust for safety to their legs rather than to any weapons of defense with which they may be provided. The fawn or calf or colt running with its mother, and pursued, sticks as close to her as it possibly can, running almost under her belly and obviously depending on her for safety.

**What Boer Wagons Are Like.**

Referring to the large number of wagons which are reported as having been captured from the Boers, a gentleman of South African experience says that people had very little idea of what a South African wagon is. They are huge lumbering vehicles, each drawn by sixteen oxen. A wagon and its oxen extend for about 100 feet, and fifty of them would extend for a mile in a straight line. Of these wagons there is an abundant supply, for every country Boer had one or more. It is doubtful as to whether oxen have been taken with the wagons. A thousand wagons, for instance, would require 16,000 oxen. Many of the wagons have been taken without their teams. In any case, it seriously crippled the Boers to deprive them of their wagons, and so many have now been captured by our troops that there cannot be many left.—London Daily Express.

**A Stretch of the Imagination.**

Mr. Bacon gives one curious instance of the public tendency to credulity. He was once advertised to ascend from the Crystal Palace with a battery of fog signals which he was to fire electrically beneath the car. Observers of aerial sounds were invited to duly report their observations. Mr. Bacon ascended as announced. As soon as he was a few hundred feet aloft he suspended a carriage beneath the car and applied the voltaic current. Nothing happened, and not one of his bombs was fired. In due course of time came a flood of letters from correspondents who had heard them distinctly all over the country.—Mainly About Perple.

**A Snake in a Buffalo Horn.**

At Goodland the other day one of the McClure boys brought in from the prairie a big buffalo horn that he had found in his play. "It looks like a good place for a snake," said a younger brother, when the family in the parlor were inspecting the horn. "Oh, I guess not," responded the first boy. But a moment later, when he gave the horn a vigorous shake, out tumbled a rattlesnake big enough to have six rattles and a button.—Kansas City Journal.

**Unmarried Girl's Dream.**

The average unmarried girl who has been dreaming of a "cozy little home of her own," thinks that the responsibilities of housekeeping consist of buying cut glass and having a woman come to sweep out on Fridays.—Acheson Globe.



In the coldest parts of Siberia a rain-bow may sometimes be seen all day long in a cloudless sky. It is supposed to be due to fine particles of snow in the air.

Fifteen years ago Edward Cornish, of Lawton, Mich., was struck by a falling tree and suffered a broken back. Apart from paralysis of the legs, he was in good health until a few days ago, when he died rather unexpectedly.

An Elizabethan cup, parcel gift, of the year 1577, eight inches high, was sold in London lately for \$3687, or at the rate of \$295 an ounce. At the same time an old Irish potato ring, seven inches in diameter, was sold for \$167, and a William III. plain tankard for \$821.

Kew Gardens has lost one of its great attractions, the gigantic Victoria Regia water lily, which is now dead. There is one other left in London, in the Regent's Park. A few years ago the Secretary of the Royal Botanical Society was photographed sitting on a chair on one of the enormous leaves of the plant floating in the water.

Three years before the first public school in America was established at Dorchester the Massachusetts General Court had provided for the founding of Harvard College, only six years after the settlement of Boston, and soon after a law was passed requiring all towns with a specified number of families to keep a school which would fit boys for college.

Mr. Charles Richards, of Worthen-lewry, Flintshire, who died recently at that place, at the age of one hundred and two years and nine months, had spent his entire life in that village. He had seen the deaths of three Kings and one Queen, had taken part in three jubilee rejoicings, and had received a letter of congratulation from Queen Victoria on his one hundredth birthday. He left 182 descendants, of ages ranging from twelve months to eighty years, seventy of whom followed him to the grave.

In order to secure some evidence for use in a trial of a damage suit against a Western railroad company the father of two children who had been run over in Rooks County, Kansas, recently placed two dummy figures on the railway track at the point where the fatality had occurred, and awaited the arrival of an express train. His experiment nearly caused the loss of another life; for the fireman of the express saw what he supposed to be an obstruction on the track as the train approached at a speed of forty miles an hour, and attempted to jump from the cab. The cool-headed engineer seized him in the nick of time, and held him until the train had passed over the dummies.

**Japan Quick to Use Electricity.**

One of the modern Western improvements to which the Japanese have shown a most decided liking is electricity. In fact, the subtle force is so simple in its application and its results are so wonderful both in the fields of light and power that it has made its way to many parts of the world where the people are much more conservative than the active little people of Japan.

Electric lighting plants of the most complete designs have been erected in Japan, in Yokohama, Kobe, Tokio, Kanagawa, Shingawa, Osaka, Kioto, Nagoya and other places. The plant of Nagoya is the latest constructed, and it contains everything in the way of late improvements which ingenuity has produced.

Water tube boilers of a standard make, engines of the tandem condensing type and economizers to save the heat that would otherwise go to waste up the chimneys are among the new wrinkles utilized. In the generator room is a traveling crane capable of picking up and handling any portion of the machinery. There are some excellent water powers in Japan, and the people are beginning to use these for driving electric plants to furnish light and power. In Kagashima is a 200 horse-power plant run by a water power with an eight-foot fall.

**Strange Fascination.**

"Did you ever stand looking at a piece of electrical machinery, or a wire you knew was charged with a heavy current, and experienced a strong desire to touch it?" asked a well-known electrician of a group of friends. "Well, that is one of the most peculiar things about electricity, and one I have never heard explained. It is a fact, nevertheless, that almost every one, on seeing some bit of electrical apparatus exposed to view, wants to put a finger on it to see if it is loaded. Time and time again I have heard people say they have had a desire more or less strong to touch these electric switches in buildings lighted by electricity. There they are on the wall, within easy reach, innocent enough to all outward appearances. Every one knows there is danger in the touch and turns away, but the desire is there, just the same. You would think, however, that men who work with electricity and know its dangers would train themselves to overcome this strange attraction. But I have known instances where electricians have had to actually turn and run from a machine to prevent giving way to this peculiar influence."