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The perpetual lamp invented by a Chicago man will perhaps enable variable people always to see things in the same light.

When the Anglo-Boer war began South Africa was sending gold in large quantities to England. Ever since England has been sending large quantities of gold to South Africa.

The 10 principal items in the agricultural export trade of the United States are: Breadstuffs, cotton, meat products, live animals, tobacco, oil cake and oil cake meal, vegetable oils, fruits and nuts, dairy products and seeds.

The reindeer problem is to again be taken up by the government. Twelve thousand of the animals are to be shipped from Siberia to Alaska. Climatic conditions are so similar that it does seem that success ought to attend the effort.

An international scientific clearing-house has been established in Switzerland for receiving new ideas in every branch of zoological and physiological research. But the institution has been burdened with the jaw-breaking name of Bibliographicum Convallium.

The late drought has brought irrigation to the front as one of the live and vital issues of the day. Nebraska gives an exemplification of the cost and benefits: \$4,775,984 has provided water with which to irrigate 2,000,000 acres, and the land itself has already been enhanced \$17,000,000 in value.

The old tradition that the Eskimos are a people of small stature is without foundation. On the contrary, in Labrador, Baffin's Land, and all around Hudson Bay, the height of the men is probably above, rather than below the average of the human race, but, as a rule, the women, although very strong, are considerably shorter than the men.

Experts who have looked into the matter carefully say that the consumption of oatmeal is falling off in Scotland in proportion to the population, and that it is no longer the distinctive national dish in the country of Burns and Scott. But whatever our Scotch friends may be eating in these days, they are holding their own in the world quite as well as their forefathers held theirs. Brains will tell with any diet.

A strike instituted by the boy caddies in a Chicago golf club recently was promptly settled by the employment of a lot of girls, who are said to be giving good satisfaction. The striking boys would have promptly boycotted or fought other boys had they been appointed to fill the vacancies created by the abandonment of their bags; but as the girls are unsalable the strike has proved a miserable failure.

Australia Wants a Navy.  
Sir John Forrest, the Minister for Defense, for Australia, is engaged in framing a federal naval policy. He announces the eventual formation of an absolutely Australian navy, which he looks upon as being speedily necessary. The existing system of paying Great Britain for her naval defense he deems unsatisfactory to the aspirations of the Commonwealth. Meanwhile he proposes to maintain local brigades and to encourage the seafaring elements on the coast.

Kummel, a sweetened spirit imported from Russia and Germany, derives its title from the German name of the herb cummin, with which it is flavored, though caraway seeds are also used for the same purpose.

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 capacity of the huge draft horses of London, it is about twice the average power of a horse.

**WHO? WHERE? WHAT?**

BY ERNEST NEAL LYON.  
Ah, had some happier star shone o'er my birth,  
Had I awoke to purple and to gold,  
I would have wrought some star-bright deed of worth,  
In silver sentences forever told.  
So runs the ditty of an idle brain,  
But wisdom crieth, in a stater strain,  
Who art thou? But an accident of chance,  
Where art thou? The caprice of circumstance.  
What art thou? Destiny doth only ask,  
What may thou be? Thy heaven-entrusted task.  
To win or falter in an equal strife;  
To carve the myrtle of a marble of a life  
To gorgon or to angel—as thou please,  
Arouse thee from the lotus-land of ease,  
The melancholy midnight of despair,  
From indecision's heart-numbing chill,  
Like wispen straw will wither "Who?"  
and "Where?"  
Before the flame of an enkindled will!  
—Collier's Weekly.

**The Red-Winged Duck**

WEST of old Fort Abercrombie, and yet still in the Red River Valley, there are various wild rice marshes where the birds from the North linger in the late fall, feeding, and over which they fly in the early spring on their return to British America. These wild rice marshes were more attractive eighteen and twenty years ago than they are today. Hunters were not so frequent then, water more plentiful and the fowl not so wary. It was no unusual thing for a chance sportsman lingering in the vicinity of Abercrombie to visit the marshes and from a morning's shooting to return laden with a score or more of birds. The Indians had much favored the marshes before they were driven out of the valley. Early settlers sought them for the fresh meat of the ducks, a welcome change from the canned and salted goods carried in the few general stores.

How many acres these marshes covered probably was never determined. The lanes which ran through them, lined on both sides with roads, if stretched out one after the other, might have extended to the Canadian line. They were treacherous lanes, one looking just like the other, apparently without outlet, ever twisting and turning, wickedly misleading in the dusk of the evening when the hunter sought to bring his flat-bottomed boat to land.

"I wouldn't go out in 'em without I had a guide," said one of the farmers whose land ran down to the edge of the marshes to one of the surveyors of the Fargo Southern Road, who had taken a couple of days from work and intended hunting ducks. The hunter regarded the advice as superfluous. It was the night before he was to go out, and he sat at the west approach to the shack looking out over the marshes. They seemed to stretch away to the very horizon's edge, yellow-crested now in the light of the setting sun.

"I'll bring you back the red-winged duck to show you I can go it alone," he said, with a laugh. The farmer shook his head.

"There ain't no man ever chased the red-winged duck in there," he said, "that ever come out alive. You let that bird alone if you see it."

Now there was nothing more to the "red-winged duck" superstition than this: The first settlers on the edges of the marshes were familiar with the Indians, and these told them that the rice fields were sacred to the red-winged duck and must not be hunted over. They said that the red-winged duck was a special diety of the entire duck family, that the red wing was its distinguishing mark made by the spirits of the marshes, that it had the power of taking human life and of enchanting enemies. It is more than probable that the tale was told for the purpose of keeping white men off of Indian hunting grounds, but as the years passed and fatalities became numerous among the marsh hunters the story grew in proportions until the red duck became a reality in the minds of many.

Many professed to have seen the strange bird, but their descriptions varied, and if the fowl really existed there was no exact data at hand with which to identify it. So the surveyor, whose name was Frank Adams, laughed when warned and sought his bed quite unconcerned about anything but getting an early start. He left the farmhouse at 3 the next morning, just before sunrise, and when he could hear the wild fowl moving restlessly in their hiding places, preparing for flight with the rising of the sun, Adams arranged his two guns in the scow furnished him, secured his paddle and pole, and with the first sign of light in the East pushed away from the land and was lost to sight among the reeds. He took no bearings, made no mark as to where he was going or how he would return. The retriever he had with him laid cold and quivering in the bottom of the scow. Ahead there was game; back, nothing but the blinding reeds.

For the first hour Adams had good sport. His guns spoke often, and by the time he began to feel a bit tired over a dozen plump birds had been conquered by him. He poked in and out the reed lanes, heard the whirring of wings and the startled cry of the fowl, reaped a rich harvest, and finally made up his mind to paddle in from where he had started from. He stood high in the scow, but a million reeds and bushes obscured his view. Water also opened in every direction. One ran into the other. Where they led it was impossible to determine. He could only settle down to paddling

and the hope that prolonged effort might bring him out safe. He did paddle for an hour or more, but no solid land appeared, nor did he seem to have changed his original location much.

He tried to see above the reeds and get a glimpse of the farmhouse, but the rank vegetation was far above his head. He broke down a bunch of reeds and marked them with his handkerchief. Then he paddled for another hour. At the end of that time he was startled to see the handkerchief before him. He had been traveling in a circle. He paddled again and again he came back to the handkerchief, thoroughly exhausted. He fired his gun repeatedly, hoping he might attract attention, but no other hunters were out, and if he was heard on land the people thought he was still after game.

The noon came and the hot, fall afternoon of the prairies. The retriever slept by the dead game and Adams drowned in his seat. The night settled down, the fog howled, the awful silence of the marshes came down from the star-lit sky and rested heavily upon the dark waters.

Did the red duck come upon Adams? Who shall say. Did the deified bird placed in the marshes to guard all its kind lead him on in the circle his boat traveled hour after hour? Did he reach out his hands to grasp it as it circled fatefully above his scow? Did he have it once within his grasp, this bird of the gods? No one will ever say.

But some time during his long stay in the marshes one of the guns of Adams burst itself and in the flying of the metal took his life. When the searchers found him at last he was down in the boat dead, guarded by the retriever, accompanied by the game he had killed. When they opened his clenched right hand to compose his body they found in the palm a tiny red feather, not long from the wing of some fowl.

So perhaps the red duck was with him after all.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

**Connection Between Heat and Crime.**  
Summer after summer comes, and some among us are still wondering, as they wondered years ago, as to the connection between heat and murder. Why is the revolver so near and the hand so prone to the billy on a hot night, especially after there has been indulgence in a picnic or other cup festival? Why do homicides coincide with heat and mosquitoes? The question is easy. Heat, mosquitoes, whisky, beer, stifling bedrooms, swarming and unclean fire-escapes, asphalt smells, too little cold water inside and outside—these, and lurking jealousies which possibly might go hang in the winter, nourish passions. The remedy is simple—that is, an emollient may readily be devised. Less poverty would help greatly, but we can't diminish that by public action, because so many people have acquired the habit of poverty and persist in it, while so many others are defeated by poverty and are unable to recover. Less of the rum habit would help, but we can't do much here, for the rum habit is not conquerable by law. But the community can lessen some of the evils of heat by insisting upon better tenements, more cleanliness in them and the street, more small parks and recreation wharves, more free chairs in the parks, and many, many more bathing places. Comfort, coolness, mental and moral placidity, which would accomplish all that is possible to the municipality or to humanitarianism to disarm the victims of wrath-compelling sun, alcohol and discomfort.—The Observer, in Harper's Weekly.

**Mr. Carnegie as a Gift Horse.**  
The gift horse, which it was one thought not quite civil to look in the mouth, has been having its teeth rather unsparsingly examined of late, so far as it has taken the shape of free public libraries. In fact, a general largess, of more than royal, of more than imperial munificence, to the Scotch universities from the same lavish hand which has scattered its peculiar benefactions broadcast over our own land, was critically studied by the authorities before a grateful acceptance closed the incident. The acceptance was not indecently delayed, however, and the gratitude was of much more apparent reality than the misgiving, so that he might well believe the Scotch universities had never the serious question which seems to have beset some American thinkers respecting our gift horse, or horses, at a somewhat later stage of events. They may have been more used to gift horses in Scotland; at any rate, they know how more gracefully to manage them, and they at least do not continue the inspection of their mouths after they have got them in the stable. To be sure, the Scotch beneficiaries were not pledged to such terms relating to the care and keep of the gift horses as the American communities, which, in the process of time, may find them eating their heads off.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

From New York to St. Petersburg.  
An observing and progressive Alaska pioneer says that he expects to live to see the day when there will be a continuous line of railway from New York to St. Petersburg by way of Bering Strait. One link in the line is from Port Valdez on the sea to the Yukon River, at the mouth of the Tanana, and another link will be from the Yukon to Nome. When those roads have been completed a line across the Strait to Siberia will, in his opinion, be sure to follow. If expanding commerce demands such a road plenty of money will be supplied, and all the engineering difficulties will be overcome.



**The Modern Author.**  
His pen that never lacks for ink  
He drives with eager clutch;  
If he should ever stop to think  
He couldn't write so much.  
—Washington Star.

**A Definition.**  
Little Elmer—"Pa, what is an opti-mist?"  
Prof Broadhead—"A person who is constantly expecting the unexpected to happen."—Leslie's Weekly.

**A Paternal Indiscretion.**  
Mr. Jones—"Our boys don't seem to respect me as they should."  
Mrs. Jones—"Well, you oughtn't to have let them find out that you couldn't fly a box kite."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Neighboring Call.**  
"Have you called on the new neighbors next door yet, Mrs. Glibbins?"  
"Yes, I have. Their boy threw something and hit my Willie, and I called on them for an explanation."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Benny's Hedge.**  
"Benny Bloomhammer, how do you know that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth?"  
Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner) replied, "Y-y-you said so yourself, sir."—Tit-Bits.

**Would Die Hard.**  
"I am sorry," said the physician to the ossified man, "but you cannot live long."  
"Well," replied the ossified man, "when the time comes I will die hard."—Ohio State Journal.

**Difficult to Please.**  
Dribbles—"Is it true that the editor of Blank's Magazine is a particular friend of yours?"  
Scribbles—"Yes, very particular. He rejects everything I send him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Slight Repairs Needed.**  
Aged Beau—"William, are my eyebrows on straight and my ears properly crimped?"  
Valet—"Yes, sir, but your left shoulder has slipped down a little. There, sir, you are quite correct."—Chicago Tribune.

**Within Limits.**  
"Money is like blood," said the Spendthrift Nephew, "it isn't any good unless it keeps in circulation."  
"Yes," answered the Wise Uncle, "but you shouldn't let either of them get away from you."—Baltimore American.

**A Genius.**  
"You say he has an inventive turn of mind? What has he devised that is so wonderful?"  
"Nothing; but he has six new excuses every week for being late at the office in the morning."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Real Cause.**  
Miss Gabby—"I suppose it was the kisses he stole from Mrs. Gidday on the porch that evening that started all this scandal."  
Mr. Short—"Not at all. It was the gossip who saw the kisses stolen."—Philadelphia Press.

**Dropping.**  
Church—"I must go and drop a line to my wife."  
Gotham—"I thought you said she was up in the mountains?"  
Church—"So she is."  
Gotham—"Well, how can you drop a line upward?"—Yonkers Statesman.

**The Way of the World.**  
Horton—"You used to think Bember was a great friend of yours. I notice he never offers to help you now that you need help."  
Snob—"No; but then, you must not forget how free he was to offer me assistance when I didn't need it."—Boston Transcript.

**Evidence Still in Sight.**  
"You oughtn't to complain, ma'am," the busy grocer said, "if only one basket of those peaches turned out bad. Three dozen boxes of 'em rotted on my hands last Saturday."  
"I believe him, mamma," said Tommy, in a loud whisper. "His hands look like it."—Chicago Tribune.

**Then He Gave Up.**  
"What is your age?" asked the great coarse business man of the applicant for the position of cashier.  
"Well—I can't tell you that," she replied.  
"Do you know what day you were born on?"  
"Oh, yes; I was born on a Sunday."—Philadelphia Press.

**A Boy of Promise.**  
"Johnny," said the teacher after reading the youngster's "note from his father" excusing his absence from school the day before, "it seems to me your father's writing is very like your."  
"Yes," replied Johnny, unabashed, "you know they say I take after Pop in everything."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**None Here.**  
Tired of the long-winded oratory of the attorney for the defense, the judge interrupted him.  
"Mr. Sharke," he said, "may I ask you a question?"  
"Certainly, your Honor, what is it?"  
"Language," said the judge, "we are told, is given to conceal thought, or words to that effect. Inasmuch as you don't seem to have any thought to conceal, I would like to know why you are talking?"—Chicago Tribune.

**THE CHRONIC LEANERS.**  
A Class of People Who Never Make a Success.

A large proportion of the failures in life are to be found in the ranks of the chronic leaners, says Success.  
Everywhere we go we meet earnest, conscientious workers, who are amazed that they do not get on faster. They wax eloquent over their fancied wrongs, the injustice that confines them to inferior grades, while persons with no more education, ability or perseverance than they possess are advanced over their heads.

To the casual observer they seem to have cause for grievance; but when we analyze these people we find what the trouble really is. They are incapable of independent action. They dare not make the slightest move without assistance from some outside source, the advice or opinion of some one on whose judgment they are wont to rely. They have no confidence in themselves—do not trust their own powers. They have never learned to stand squarely on their feet, to think their own thoughts, and make their own decisions. They have leaned upon somebody from childhood, all through the formative period of character-building, until a habit of leaning is chronic.

Any faculty which is unused for a long time loses its power. It is a law of nature that we must use or lose. If a man ceases to exercise his muscles they soon become weak and flabby. The same inexorable law governs man's mental powers. So, the men and women who have never learned the fundamental lesson of self-reliance, who have never used their God-given faculties in reasoning with themselves, making their own decisions, and being their own final court of appeal, grow up weaklings, parasites. God intended them to stand alone, to draw upon His inexhaustible power without stint. He meant them to be oaks, but they have become vines. Not realizing that all growth is from within, they have reversed this fundamental truth, and endeavored to draw their strength from the outside.

But the price we pay for this shifting of responsibility is a very heavy one—the loss of our kingdom. We voluntarily abdicate the throne of personality, resign the priceless privilege conferred upon every human being in this civilized land—the right to think, and speak, and act for himself.  
It is useless to try to help a person who leans, who cannot stand alone. Andrew Carnegie says that, if you help a young man to climb a ladder on evil days and the castle was alienated to some millionaire, to prevent the said millionaire taking his seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Arundel.

One of the most curious spectacles ever seen in the Emerald Isle took place at Limerick some years ago. A young lady named Helen Brocks had, in consequence of her personal attractions, a large number of suitors, but she rejected all their addresses until length her affections were fixed upon a man double her own age. She, therefore, invited many of the unsuccessful suitors to attend her wedding, and to their credit be it said that the majority took their defeat in good part, and not only formed a procession to the church, but congratulated the lucky bridegroom into the bargain.

**Big Man Played Childhood Games.**  
Persons walking through City Hall Park the other day stopped to gaze curiously at a hulking Italian laborer who sat on the curb of the plaza engaged in an odd pastime. He was so intent on what he was doing that he failed for a time to notice the attention he was attracting.  
The big fellow was evidently waiting for the loading of a wagon. He had selected a half dozen pebbles from a heap of earth which had been hoisted out of the subway excavation and had adopted one of the games of his childhood to help him pass away the time.  
He would arrange five of the pebbles in a row several inches apart and would then toss the sixth in the air and swiftly picking up one of the stones from the curb deftly catch the other in its descent. It was much like the game of jacksstones, except that there were no "onesys," "twosys" or "upsy-catch," with which children of to-day vary the sport.  
The very incongruity of the picture made it attractive—that great, strong chap amused by such a simple pastime.

**Music Drives Flies Away.**  
"While listening to an open-air concert the other day," said a young man, "I was greatly annoyed by the flies, which were so persistent that I could hardly drive them away. I wondered how the musicians, with both hands busy playing, stood them, and I drew near the shell in which they sat to see. To my surprise I found that there was not a fly in the shell, and then, to my greater surprise, I discovered why this was. The sound waves of the music, rolling with tremendous volume from the shell, kept out the flies. The insects could not fly against the waves, though they tried hard. Hundreds of them were struggling frantically to reach the shell, but they might as well have tried to fly against a tornado as against those sound waves. This protected, inclosed by a magic curtain made of their own music, the musicians played Wagner, unmolested by the sticky and pestering flies."—Philadelphia Record.

**Watering-Pot For the Babies.**  
Passengers on a Third Avenue elevated train on one of the recent hot days saw how one tenement house mother kept her babies well and, perhaps, comfortable. She watered them like plants.

There were two babies and they were sprawling on a piece of straw matting on the fire escape balcony. If they had clothes on that fact was not noticeable from the car windows. As the train went by the mother was leaning out over the fire escape giving her children a shower bath from an old fashioned watering pot with a spray nozzle.—New York Sun.



Women in Austria are never put in prison. A female criminal, no matter how terrible her record, instead of being sent to jail, is conveyed to one of the convents devoted to that purpose, and there she is kept until the expiration of the term for which she was sentenced.

The body of an Indian was recently discovered in an ancient disused copper mine in Chile. It was in a state of perfect preservation, owing to the antiseptic action of the copper salts. The style of the dress, etc., indicated that it had lain there probably since about the year 1600.

One of the freaks of nature has recently been discovered close to the immense tunnel that is nearing completion on the line of the Southern Pacific running along the boundary line of Los Angeles and Ventura counties. Some workmen employed by the company discovered an immense rock that is a perfect image of a man's head.

Curious markings are left upon the victims of lightning. Often trees and shrubs to the minutest twig are outlined in purple upon the body. Formerly it was believed that this was due to some natural photographic process. It is now known to be the vivid outlining of veins underneath the skin due to the instantaneous molecular change in the blood. The effect is indescribably weird.

Mortuary relics found in Mexico indicate that human life was held cheap there, and that the sacredness of the dead was little regarded. Towers built of skulls and mortar have been found in the burial vaults of the ancient temples, and rooms decorated with symmetrical figures in skulls and bones. In one of these ghastly burial places more than 100,000 skulls were found.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel Castle is that its owner by mere right of ownership is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions in the kingdom, for apparently there would be no legal obstacle, supposing the house of Howard fell on evil days and the castle was alienated to some millionaire, to prevent the said millionaire taking his seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Arundel.

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**Mayors and Chains.**  
Lord Cadogan's gift of a chain of office to the Mayor of Chelsea recalls a story which has been current lately. An alderman of one of the new boroughs, meeting a friend who occupied a similar position of dignity and usefulness in a neighboring district, said: "We have provided our mayor with a splendid chain; what are you doing for yours?" "Oh," replied his friend, "we are going to let our boulevard run loose."—St. James's Gazette.

**A Fast-Growing German Town.**  
Nuremberg holds the record for growth among German towns. It has increased sixty per cent. in the past five years.

**Hedges Thirty Feet High.**  
The biggest hedges in England are at Hall Barn, Buckinghamshire. They are of yew and box, and are thirty feet high.