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A New Jersey man who stole a section of railroad bed has been held for court. In matters of this kind the only safe plan is to take all or none.

Professor Edward Sness calls Europe's attention sharply to the fact that she has been weighed in the American balance of trade and found wanting.

George P. McGrady, a Chicago man, nothing daunted by the perpetual motion "discoverer's" fate, says he has invented a device for producing perpetual light. His scheme is briefly a combination of chemicals in a vacuum. He has not elucidated it further.

The submarine craft is in effect a prominent factor in French naval construction and development; and if an efficient submarine battleship destroyer shall one day be perfected, there can be little doubt that France will own the first vessel of the new type.

British medical journals of high authority insist that ozone can be artificially produced at reasonable expense to purify the air in tunnels, sewers and other places in London in which the atmosphere is too often stagnant and foul. These journals assert that the liberation of ozone in considerable quantities would be beneficial to public health.

Jeffersonville, a little Indiana city on the Ohio opposite Louisville, does a great business in marriages. Thither many enamored Kentuckians betake themselves whose love is frowned upon by stern parents. There were 1500 marriages in Jeffersonville in the year ending June 30, and about 1200 of these were marriages of non-residents. The population of Jeffersonville is about ten thousand. In ten years 15,000 marriage licenses have been issued there. Naturally the Kentucky towns are envious of this prosperous rival.

Probably the most distressing calamity of the year has been announced in the failure of the crops of Russia throughout such an extensive part of that great empire as to make the task of preventing starvation practically insuperable. Five hundred thousand square miles of territory are involved, and 43,000,000 people. If the necessary food supplies to feed the hungry people were laid down at Russian outposts the difficulties arising from lack of suitable facilities of transportation would still baffle the effort for general relief.

Professor Mosso, of Turin, in a recent lecture delivered in the United States, said that physical education and gymnastics develop the brain as well as the muscles. As much time should be devoted to muscular exercise as to intellectual exercise. Children, he thinks, should not be taught to read and write till they are at least nine years old. Following up his comparison of muscular with intellectual fatigue exhibits phenomena identical with those of intellectual fatigue. It is probable that the various parts of the brain relieve each other; that only one part is active at a time. He states, as a principle, that the more mobile any animal's extremities are, the more intelligent the animal is, other things being equal.

**Graphophones for the Orient.**  
 The graphophone is beginning to figure as a considerable American export, and certainly it is one of the most curious and interesting. While its commercial uses are beyond the comprehension of the needs of the Persian, each of them is fascinated by an invention which reproduces the familiar sounds of the human voice and entertains him with grand and light opera and orchestral music.

**A REAL TEST OF NERVE.**

BY EDGAR WHITE.

Some years ago an eminent railroad man said: "They will build engines that will beat a mile a minute dash with a heavy train, but to operate them successfully you'll have to invent something besides flesh and blood."

And the tenderfoot who has clung to a fireman's "seatbox" while the machine under him was spinning out the miles at that rate will vigorously second the statement.

But that assertion was made back yonder in the 19th century. This is the 20th.

The Burlington had completed its eastern cut off to the Mississippi river, and one locomotive was covering the division between Brookfield and St. Louis, 175 miles.

The Northern Pacific express reached the mid-Missouri division 50 minutes late. The engine hauling it was sending aloft a geyser of steam from the safety valve and quivering all over as if enraged that in spite of its best exertions this dishonor had attached to it. And the engine driver was mean enough to slander it, by saying, "She just wouldn't make steam." If the machine could have talked it would have said something about "nerve."

A helper leaped into the cab as the engineer stepped off, and ran the engine down to the tracks leading to the round house. Then there was slowly backed up to the long line of vestibuled coaches that had come in from the Coast, a double compound, a type recently adopted by the road. The coupling was made so gently that the most sensitive passenger could not have told when the tender struck the front express car. The engineer, "Australian Jack," as the boys called him, walked over to the fireman's side and looked down the depot platform, where trucks of baggage and express were being noisily wheeled about. A tall man with an iron gray mustache emerged from the crowd and walked up to No. 850—Jack's engine. He was superintendent of the lines in Missouri.

"Jack," he said, "we're nearly an hour late. The president and two of the directors are along, and they want to catch the Iron Mountain at Union station in the morning. There's a big consolidation meeting of the Southern at Memphis tomorrow, and they have to be there. They won't wait for them if they're late. Blossom lost time out of the junction because he was afraid of the new track work, and the 'big uns' are most wild. You understand what this means to me."

Australian Jack touched his hat and inclined his head a little, but said nothing. As the superintendent turned away a messenger boy rushed up toward 850. The official stopped him and took the message from his hand. He said: "Never mind; Jack don't want that now. I'll give it to him at the station."

When 850 started there was no slipping of the drivers, no sudden jerk and shutting off of the steam. The engineer clasped the lever with a velvet touch and the wheels began to move. The start was so gradual that the great men, who were smoking their cigars in the rear compartment of the president's car frowned and wondered if the man at the throttle was of the sort that could gather up that 50 minutes out of a schedule that called for nearly 60 miles an hour.

"I think Jack will make it all right," said the superintendent; "but I'm afraid I played him a scurvy trick tonight, and one for which he will never forgive me when he learns the truth."

"What was that?" said the president.

"Well, his mother, who lived down the road a piece, had been unwell for several days, and just before starting the telegraph boy went toward the engine with a telegram. I knew it wasn't a train order because they were all in. It struck me that Jack had better not get the message just then, and I took it. It was from his sister and simply said, 'Mother is dead.'" concluded the superintendent, with a sigh. "It was too late to get another man, and I didn't tell him."

"And he is ignorant of his misfortune?" said one of the directors.

"Of course," answered the superintendent. "It might be dangerous to let him know while making the sort of run he has to make tonight." The speaker judged from sharp experience.

The men smoked their cigars in silence. The smooth rolling cars began to gather momentum, but there was no jerking, no swinging of the solid train—just an easy slipping along as a pneumatic tired buggy might run over a velvet carpet.

The superintendent explained the distances between the stations and the men who had thousands at stake on the success of the run got out paper and figured the rate at which the miles were being thrown behind. The 34 miles to Macon were made in 29 minutes—the numerous coal switches in Macon county being responsible for the loss of five minutes. This made 55 minutes behind, and the railway magnates gloomily shook their heads.

"Boys," said the president, "I'm afraid the jig is up. He'll never make it. It's queer they refused to postpone that meeting; guess they don't want us there."

The superintendent looked at the floor and said nothing. It seemed to the impatient men in the rear car

that the express and baggage men at Macon would never get through. At last the signal was given, and the train started out on the new St. Louis cut off. After creeping through the yards, it came into the open and plunged through the rich farming lands, where the early pioneers of the middle west had fought Indians, leveled the great forests, and made history. The rock ballast road bed was as level as a billiard table, and Australian Jack had struck the schedule gait before the officers realized it. At a tiny station, 10 miles northwest of Paris, the superintendent noted his watch. Within 10 minutes the roar of the rushing express train started the echoes in the drowsy county seat of Missouri's Democratic Gibraltar, Monroe county, and a minute afterwards the red lights on the rear car were disappearing in the direction of the Mississippi. There was but one more stop until the Missouri river was reached, and the superintendent knew Jack would make the run of his life to Old Monroe.

The next 10 miles was made in eight and one-half minutes. Then the engine settled down to work. The rate was increased to 10 in eight minutes; then in seven; then in six, which was the limit and which was held without deviation. The president dropped back in his chair. He knew the man in front was doing everything humanity could accomplish. Out of every 10 miles traversed he was placing four minutes against the 55 on the debit side, and if the gait was kept up to the city limits the train would back into Union station exactly on time.

As the early dawn of the June morning crept over the Mississippi, the limited crossed the line of Audrain and invaded the soil of old Pike, the starting point of so many of Missouri's worthy sons. Some of the passengers, scenting the approach to the river, walked out into the vestibules to look at the scenery in the twilight. Then they noticed something of which they had been unaware while lying in their chairs—that the mileposts and other objects were whizzing past them at a rate they had never before experienced in all their lives. It was hard to believe that gently rocking train was annihilating distance at the rate of 80 miles an hour, but that is the story the mileposts told.

At Old Monroe there was a wait. The dispatcher had calculated on a run of only 60 miles an hour out of Macon, and had permitted a north-bound train to leave West Alton on the limited's supposed lost time. The president and directors frowned and began to look anxious again. Ten minutes were placed on the wrong side of the ledger. The officials from their observatory gazed at the innocent freight engineer, and the president said something the Sundays schools books don't approve of.

It seemed so long this time before 850 struck the maximum that the president thought the engineer must have abandoned the task. He suggested that the superintendent go forward and see what the matter was, but that gentleman said:

"We are on a gradual grade, and have an unusually heavy train. He's doing the best he can. I think he'll make it."

Along the river before striking the bridge is a level stretch of road, about the best on the system. When 850 reached it she "jumped" like a race-horse. It was the first jar felt by the passengers during the trip from the central Missouri division. Along here the speed of the train was little short of a hurricane. The section was covered before the passengers hardly realized they were on it, and the train leaped over the bridge without diminution of speed. Then a smooth road, a few turns, and the heavy fog of the city obliterated the appearances of day. The officials looked at their watches.

"There's only one way he can make it," said the president. "Will there be much travel over the streets this early do you think?" he asked the superintendent.

"There'll be some," that officer replied, "but they'll open the bell valve and take the chances. If we don't strike anything you'll reach the station in the second."

Along the winding, wriggling track around the lumber yards, warehouses, glue works and factories the nerve racking race was held with death-like tenacity. At one crossing a team escaped annihilation by hardly a hair's breadth, and the men who looked out of the glass windows in the rear could see the driver and several people gesticulating and shaking the fists in their direction. A policeman standing in a saloon door scowled and wrote something in his note book. With a roar and a rush the train shot up on the elevated, flew past the ancient levee warehouses, around the tenements in the southern district, and then took one strand of the web south of Union station and followed it to a given point; then stopped and slowly backed into the sheds.

"Gentlemen," said the superintendent, "the Iron Mountain is over on the 10th track. You have three minutes to reach it." He then hurried to the front of the train. Australian Jack leaped from his cab and waited. His face was as pale as death and his lips twitched. Soldiers told us the bravest men lose their nerve after the battle.

"Jack, my boy," said the superintendent, "you've done me a good turn

tonight and I fear I've done you an ill one. I got this message for you at Brookfield, and wouldn't deliver it then because—because—because—" "For fear I'd flunk," said Jack. He took the paper mechanically. He didn't start, as the superintendent expected, but folded it and put it in his pocket.

"I saw the boy hand you the message," said the engineer, "and you read it and looked at me. That told me the story. I knew then my poor old mother was dead, because she had been very ill and my sister had agreed to tell me how she was just before we started. I knew the worst had happened when you did not give the message to me." And Jack sat down on the step of the tender and buried his face in his arms.

The superintendent reverentially took off his hat and looked across at the network of tracks and moving switch engines. He appreciated his subordinate's devotion to duty because he himself had risen through efforts of a kindred nature.—The Critic.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

The Saxons, whose original settlement is determined by the little kingdom of Saxony, derived their name from the sea, or short, crooked knife with which they armed themselves.

An old dining table at which Prince Charlie dined when he marched into England was exposed at a sale of household furniture at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, recently and was knocked down at 30 shillings.

The word rival at first meant a brook, then was applied to the persons who lived on opposite sides and quarrelled about the water, and still later it was understood as applying to contestants for any desired object.

When the King of England goes a-traveling he does not jump an ordinary train and take any vacant seat he can find. Instead of that he has his own business car, which has the right of way over almost any railroad in Europe. This car which is just being finished, has been under spasmodic construction for over two years. It is said to run very smoothly, and, as soon as the necessary trial trips have been held, it will be turned over to His Majesty.

A phenomenon attended an earthquake that visited a little town in Mexico recently. Having wrecked several houses in the town the tremor passed on to a lake in the neighborhood, the waters of which it put into violent agitation. The agitation ceased after a few minutes, and then the water gradually disappeared, leaving the bottom of the lake exposed, when it was seen that the earthquake had opened a fissure in the bottom, and thus drained it.

Among the various proofs of the relics brought to London from Toulouse being the relics of St. Edmund is the fact that when the shrine at Bury was defaced in A. D. 1539, no mention was made of anything having been then discovered inside it. Another important piece of evidence is that upon a verification of the relics at Toulouse in A. D. 1644, no bones were missing save the radius of the forearm, which was the identical relic alone mentioned in later records of Bury Abbey.

One of the most curious perquisites in connection with King Edward's coronation is the right of one of the peers to claim the bed and bedding used by the Heir-Apparent on the night preceding the coronation! In olden times this was a perquisite of considerable value, as the "bedding" usually consisted of richly embroidered coverlets of velvet or silk, with priceless hangings of cloth of silver and gold. Nowadays it is, of course, of less value, excepting from the point of view of the quaintness of the privilege.

In the village of Hirschbach, near Asbach, Germany, there is a peculiar garden gate. In the year 1820 Ludwig Marenbach, a farmer, planted at the entrance of his garden two beech trees, which he united in one arch. Over this arch the cultivator made several more small arches with all kinds of figures with some small branches. Today the whole in its blooming green dress seems like a living triumphal arch. The many years it has existed makes it look more like a work of nature than the work of a human hand.

**A Truck Farmer's Paradise.**

How great are the possibilities of Hawaii as a fruit and vegetable growing country will be understood when it becomes known that four crops of potatoes have been produced in succession on the same piece of land within 12 months. Radishes become edible 10 days after sowing. Strawberries are of the finest flavor.

Cabbage grows all the year and it apparently makes no difference whether it is planted in the spring, summer, autumn or winter. Parsley once sown grows forever, apparently. Lima beans continue to grow and bear for over a year, and they have to be gathered every week after starting to bear. Cucumbers bear the entire year and so do tomatoes, which, with proper attention, bear for years. Raspberries bear for six months.

Pineapples come into bearing when the plants are four months old and bear in abundance for years. Lettuce can be planted at any time and it develops quickly. The same is true of celery.—Fruit Trade and Produce Record.

**PEARLS OF THOUGHT.**

So-called honest poverty is often honest laziness.

Assininity and affinity are words badly misplaced.

A little pride is desirable, but arrogance is hateful.

To be light-hearted is often another manner of being light-headed.

There never was a truly wise person gloomy. Philosophy tends to cheerfulness.

The beauty who will permit age to fall prostrate at her feet has a flaw upon her soul.

Vanity is often the source of feats of heroism which may be proven by a keen observer.

Verboosity is the hall mark of illiteracy; yet to be taciturn is no proof of great wisdom.

Children are chided for faults possessed and displayed by both parents, and so embittered.

The truly cultured are never slow to express admiration; the vulgar only are afraid to be natural.

The woman who declares she hates flattery is the one who repeats every morsel of it vouchsafed her.

"If" and "but" are tiny words, but they can change the color of the sky and make the world seem a wilderness.

'Tis the petty worries, not great sorrows or joys, that criss-cross the face. Joy shows in the eyes. Sorrow whitens the head.—Philadelphia Record.

**SNAKES BY THE POUND.**

The Origin of the Industry in an Oregon Town.

"I'll take two pounds of snake, please."

That is what one may hear at certain stores in Klamath Falls, Or., where there is quite an extensive industry in snakes. Children gather their aprons full of snakes as they would of wild flowers, and little boys gather them in their pockets for pets.

The snake industry of Klamath Falls came about in this fashion:

Postmaster Castil some time ago received a letter from a concern in Minnesota asking the price of reptiles and inquiring if they could be shipped to Minnesota. Thinking it a joke the postmaster replied that he would furnish all the snakes desired at 25 cents a pound. Imagine his surprise when, by return mail, an order was received for 400 pounds of snakes. The Minnesota firm then informed him that next season they would place an order for 800 pounds.

That set the people of Klamath Falls to thinking, and the present snake industry of the town is the result of their cogitations. The species of water snake so plentiful at Klamath Falls is of a dark color and when full grown about three feet long.

So great is the supply that tons of the reptiles could be shipped annually if there were orders for them. The snakes are used for medicinal purposes, as a superior quality of oil can be manufactured from the variety found at Klamath Falls.—Denver Times.

**Her Eggs Were All "Whites."**

At a little family picnic over in New Jersey a few days ago the hostess noticed that the one guest, a city bred woman, who was spending a few days on the old farm, instead of eating the whole of the hard-boiled eggs, carefully separated the yolk from the whites. She ate the whites with a liberal addition of pepper and salt, but the golden globes remaining she fed to the children or the terriers who accompanied the party. Asked about it, the company replied that she was enjoying her meal very much.

"But do you know, dear," she continued, "I never could bear the yolk of eggs, and I could just live on the whites. I wish I could get eggs that were all whites."

The next morning at breakfast the company found three hard-boiled eggs at her plate. When she sliced them through, they were just what she wanted, for they were all white and hard, and there was not even the faintest trace of yellow in one of them. She was very much surprised, but was informed that it was just a little matter of feeding the hens. It was not, though, for the hostess had carefully selected the eggs for her friend and then "blown" the shells through needle pricks in both ends. Then she had cracked more eggs, carefully separating the raw whites from the yolks, and by a simple reversal of the blowing process obtained eggs filled only with white. The hostess was so minute that no one would ever notice them when the eggs were brought to the table.—New York Times.

**The Carving of Africa.**

The partition of Africa, which has been in progress for 20 years, more or less, and in which most of the more important European powers have engaged, is not yet complete, but it has gone far enough to give interest to a brief summary of the results to date.

Including the great island of Madagascar, the continent of Africa has an area of eleven and a half million square miles. Of this great total about one and one-half million square miles is comprised within separate states, which have not been definitely dealt with. The largest of these, the Congo Free State, with an area of 900,000 square miles, sustains relations to Belgium which make its formal annexation only a question of time. The next largest state, Abyssinia, is the hardest nut of all to crack, as Italy can testify, and it is likely that it will be let alone, or perhaps coaxed into a treaty of amity with Russia.—Boston Journal.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS**



When Purch Chairs Are Dusy.

It does not take long for the wicker and rattan chairs on the porch to have the crevices filled with dust unless they receive frequent attention. If tinted the willow furniture should be washed only in clear water, using a brush in the crevices and drying in the shade; but willow or rattan furniture in natural color may be thoroughly scrubbed with a stiff brush, warm water and white soap.

**Daring Effects in Furnishing.**

"In my country cottage," said a woman to a New York Evening Post writer, "I try all sorts of daring effects in furnishings. Those that are pleasing after use I often transplant with success to my city home. For example, two or three summers ago we rented a cottage in which the dining room was dull and dark. I got a pot of white paint together with the owner's consent, and painted the woodwork, the chairs and table white, with the effect that the room became perceptibly brighter. If I could have changed the wall it would have been lighter still. My city dining room had long distressed me because of its want of light, and that autumn I boldly transformed it. The walls I had papered in a striped white paper, painted the woodwork white, and put a white linoleum on the floor. The furniture was too handsome to tamper with, for it is mahogany, in a simple colonial design, but the white background efficiently did the work of brightening the room to the most delightfully cheerful point."

**To Make Furs Look Like New.**

When furs become worn or soiled at the neck they may be renovated by gently rubbing with cotton batting saturated with gasoline, which should not be used in a room that has artificial heat or light. Axle grease, tar, paint and pitch may be removed by rubbing first with oil of turpentine and then with ether. Dark furs may be cleaned with fine cedar or mahogany sawdust which has been heated in an oven. Alaska sable, seal, electric seal, fox, etc., should be beaten with a switch until free from dust, then laid with the fur side up, and the hot sawdust rubbed in. Be lavish with the sawdust and vigorous with the rubbing. After this place the garment upon feather pillows with the furry side down, and beat well until all traces of the sawdust have disappeared. Then hang out in a shady place. White furs may be cleaned in the same way, using white cornmeal instead of the sawdust, or if only slightly soiled, by rubbing well with magnesia in cakes. Wet furs should never be dried near the fire, but shaken and hung away in a cold room, then brushed.—Ladies' Home Journal.



HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Beefsteak with broiled green peppers—Beefsteak as a dinner course is delicious served with broiled green peppers. Half a dozen young green peppers should be cut into quarters, and the seeds removed. Broil over a very hot fire until the edges curl. Put a tiny bit of butter and a dash of salt on each piece, and serve on the steak.

Brazil pepper balls—To one cup white bread crumbs add half cup Brazil nuts chopped fine, scant half teaspoon of cinnamon and saltspoon nutmeg. Mix well and add one egg well beaten, saltspoon of salt and tablespoon orange juice. Take up by tablespoonfuls, form into balls and cook to delicate brown in hot fat. Roll in granulated sugar and sprinkle with chopped Brazil nuts and serve hot or cold.

Corn creams—Grate the corn from the ears, and for each cupful mix in the unbeaten whites of three eggs, one small teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of white pepper and half a cup of sweet cream whipped slightly. Dust buttered gem pans very thickly with chopped parsley, fill with the corn mixture and cook in the oven 25 minutes. On a round platter place a nest of parsley, and around it lay the corn creams.

Combination of fruit and savory salad—A satisfactory combination of fruit and savory salad is made with pineapple, celery and a bit of sweet red pepper. A small ripe pineapple is peeled and shredded, and a cup of finely chopped celery and dried red pepper mixed with it. Marinate this with a little French dressing, and set on ice for 15 minutes; then toss through it with a silver fork a little mayonnaise first, and afterward a cup of stiffly whipped cream. Arrange on lettuce hearts.

Cheese custard—Cut crust from half a loaf of bread, cut into very thin slices, and then into inch squares. Cut half pound cheese as thin as wafer. Put layer on bread in buttered baking dish, then layer of cheese sprinkled with salt and very little paprika. Use one-half teaspoon of salt in all. When dish is full of alternate layers of bread and cheese beat two eggs slightly, add pint of milk and pour over all. Bake half hour in moderate oven. When done the cheese will look delicate and wavy between the spongy bread.