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The absolute necessity of verifying
theories by the observation of facts is
beautifully illustrated again. A recent
issue of Science shows that the
sea lions, which have fallen into disre-
pute with California fishermen be-
cause of their supposed fish devouring
habits, do not, as a matter of fact,
endanger the fishing industry at all. A
critical examination of the stomachs
of twenty-five slaughtered sea lions
shows that they eschew fish alto-
gether and live mostly on squid and
similar food.

American owners, trainers, jockeys
and horses are getting many honors
and prizes in England, France, Aus-
tria, Germany and elsewhere. James
R. Keene, William C. Whitney, Pierre
Lorillard and William K. Vanderbilt
are conspicuous among American
owners of thoroughbreds who have
seen their colors borne in triumph on
the turf outside of their own country.
And there are others, observes the
New York Tribune. Yankee dash and
spirit and enterprise in racing, as in
many other things, know no ocean
barriers, no obstacles of time or dis-
tance. Few turfmen of any other land
have been bold and adventurous
enough to send great stables overseas
and to challenge the foremost foreign
breeders and owners on their own
grounds—in their own preserves, so to
speak.

Answering a correspondent who,
while not asserting that systematic
education is a bar to business success,
yet uses again the familiar—and wearis-
ome—argument that many of the
magnates of industry and commerce
are as short on letters as they are long
on money. The Electrical World and
Engineer sensibly remarks that before
making deductions from this phenom-
enon one should remember that "the
success of these men is rooted in the
conditions of thirty and forty years
ago—in a period when a college educa-
tion had for its object the fitting of
young men for the so-called 'learned'
professions or imparting to the sons
of the wealthy and well-to-do the
traditional academic culture having no
direct utilitarian object." The result
was that the college man of those
days, having been educated out of
sympathy with the industrial and com-
mercial spirit, was viewed askance by
men of affairs and was really handi-
capped in the few instances when he
turned his attentions to business.

Tried Both Ways.

Some of the inmates of a Yorkshire
asylum were engaged in sawing wood,
and an attendant thought that one old
fellow, who appeared to be working
as hard as anybody, had not much to
show for his labor.

Approaching him the attendant soon
discovered the cause of this. The old
man had turned his saw upside down,
with the teeth in the air, and was
working away with the back of the
tool.

"Here, I say, J—," remarked the
attendant, "what are you doing? You'll
never cut the wood in that fashion.
Turn the saw over!"

The old man paused and stared con-
tempuously at the attendant.

"Did ta iver try a saw this way?" he
asked.

"Well, no," replied the attendant.
"Of course I haven't!"

"Then hod thy noise, mon," was the
instant rejoinder. "I've tried both
ways, I hev, and"—impressively—"this
is t' easiest."—London Spare Mo-
ments.

England has one clergyman to every
610 people; Ireland, one to every 1270.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Life's opening voyage, Lord, Thou didst
safely keep,
O'er childhood's sheltered bays;
As now the tides of age around me creep,
Protect my shortening days.

Thou didst defend my youth when sped
my bark
Out toward the open sea;
As I approach the shore, unknown and
dark,
Still guard and care for me.

Recalled by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy Ajil did not cease;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink
from these,
Impart uplifting peace.

—Francis E. Pope, in the Boston Evening Transcript.

THE WRECK OF THE JOHN ANDREWS

BY ARTHUR WILLIS COLTON.

FROM the man who had done a
little of everything we heard
this story of the great lakes:
The John Andrews was a
lumber barge going back from Buffalo
to Duluth. She was dingy and stupid
to look at, as all barges are, and yet
not an old boat, but in good condition
and sitting high in the water by reason
of the small cargo. There were groc-
eries aboard, and some house furniture,
four men to run her, and not much need
for them when the weather was sleep-
y.

Barges do not often carry any mo-
tive power—only a bit of sail, you
notice, to help when the wind is aft, and
for the rest they potter along behind a
tugboat. As for me, I was going to
Duluth on business not connected with
barges, and was on a barge because
the business was not pressing, and this
method of travel seemed likely to be in-
teresting. It was so.

Now the groceries were stowed for-
ward, the furniture amidships, and there
was not much of either, as I said
before. The eastward traffic on the
lakes is the larger in tonnage at all
times, for the West sends raw materi-
als and the East the product of facto-
ries. You know all about that. Finally
the John Andrews came last in a tow
of three, so that there was nothing of
the tug to be seen; it was hidden by
the big stern of the barge ahead, draw-
ing so slowly that the tow-ropes sagged
in the water between.

Five men with less on their minds
than we, on the John Andrews, were
that day, you could hardly find—the
captain and the fellow who cooked,
two deck-hands named Harly and
Burns and myself, and three were
going to meet sudden death, and two
to be—

But never mind, that's getting ahead
too fast. It was all on a strip of blue
water, which looked as innocent in my
eyes that day as any water could look.
No water looks innocent to me any more.

We left Port Huron in the early
morning, and when it came afternoon
there were pudgy little clouds about
the lower sky. I noticed over the
Michigan shore that the clouds were
moving from both sides to a point in
the west, as if drawn by a magnet,
and at that point, too, there was a
spreading out of cloud into haziness,
and a banking up of thicker haze from
below. The breeze was moving west
lightly. I knew nothing of weather; I
merely thought it would rain.

You can't think how peaceful and
bright it seemed, the tug being too far
ahead to be heard. The deck-hand,
Harly, was at the helm as a matter of
course. The captain appeared to be
asleep. Burns and the fellow who
cooked loafed against the rail, and
didn't say a word.

When the wind is light and the sun
shining the lake puts up little water
hills with a diamond point on each,
and if a man is relaxed and lazy all he
needs for entertainment is something
to twinkle, shine and change before
his eyes. That's your true theory of
rest—to turn baby and be pleased with
any bit of glitter and jingle.

I remember that Burns took his pipe
from his mouth, and said he thought
it might blow. The fellow who cooked
allowed it might. I said, "Wind saves
coal and the tug gets the profit." Then
there was silence, and I fell to looking
at the glistening water again.

Burns jumped and dropped his pipe,
and said: "Well, I'll be shot! Cap,
look here!"

The captain rolled from his bench,
gave a glance at the sky, flung up his
hands, and fairly howled: "Get fore,
you blazin' idiots! Stow that canvas!
Don't you see what's comin'! Get
fore!" And he showed in other ways
that he was stirred up.

There was no more peace and com-
ment on that boat. The three men
pled down through the waist of the
ship. I clung to the rail and stared
westward. I tell you, there was
trouble collecting over there. To that
point in the west the clouds on either
side streamed like running water, and
the centre grew dark like the mouth of
a pit.

Darkness shot out from that mouth
higher and higher, darkness in rags
and streamers, darkness that thickened
and boiled; out of it came a low mur-
mur, a growl, an increasing roar. The
darkness twisted, whirled and folded
into itself; it became like a living
tongue that licked the ground, a thing
bulky above, tapering below; a wrig-
ling half-mile of thunder-cloud on
beam-end run mad, raging, crazy.

It bounded from the shore, struck
the lake a mile away and split it. The
water went up like dust. On it came,
and on and on. The sun went out.

Harly left the wheel and dived down
the galley stairs. I rolled under a
bench fixed to the rail, and lay there
afraid. One moment more and we

When Joy, bright-winged, poised lightly
on the prow
Thou gently didst restrain;
Though sorrow often voyages with me now,
My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies
were bright,
I knew Thy presence sweet;
As one by one they vanish in the night,
Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, Thou hast been companion, friend
and guide
O'er life's unresting sea;
Where Death, the gentle Pilot, stands be-
side,
Oh, make the port with me!

—Francis E. Pope, in the Boston Evening Transcript.

said: "Look here, Harly, if you float
on my raft, you help make her."
"Terrible lot of water below here,"
he replied, after a time. "There's a
dining-room table floating around right
side up under my feet."

Then I thought I had to do with an
idiot, and went on hammering planks.
It was no time to argue, for shortly
there came a forward movement of the
John Andrews, and I knew what is the
feel of a sinking ship—it makes your
stomach go into a knot.

I ran and caught Harly by the collar,
and cried, "She's sinking!"
"Sink nothing. Let go my collar!"
he said. "She ain't sinking. There's
water coming. 'Twill put out the fire!"
The calmness of him staggered me;
he might be right.

"Why won't she sink?"
"All wood. Wood don't sink less
it's waterlogged. Where was you
brought up? She's nothing but a raft,
this here John Andrews. What you
want to make another for? Why, look!
If she settles enough to put the fire
out, that's good. If she don't, let her
burn. She can't burn past the waist,
which is mostly under water, anyway.
Stands to reason, don't it? No, Fact,"
he ended, with heavy sarcasm, "you
might say it seldom does."

Now according to shipwrecks as I
had heard of them, when a ship settles
she goes down. Anyway, it makes a
man nervous to watch her settle, hold-
ing only to another man's theory that
she won't sink. Even if he knows she
won't, he's more or less afraid she will.

I went and sat on my raft. Harly
pretended he thought it all very ordi-
nary.

"There's canned things below," he
said. "Fact. There's deviled ham and
canned peaches and cold soup. Fact.
Here's what gets 'em."

He slipped over the side of the great
hole I had made in the deck, and I
heard him splash in shallow water,
grunting a little at that.

The John Andrews did not settle at
our end at first, but rose so far as I
could see in the mist she might have
been riding altogether.

Harly put his head up. "Sink! Sink
nothing. She's going up like one of
them Sunday-school angels," and
dropped again.

I could plainly hear the whistle and
hiss of steam, and knew that the fire
was being put out. I judged now that
it burned down from the port-holes till
stopped above water-line. After that
the water would come in but slowly
for a time, till as the stern sank it
would come in faster and faster, and
naturally as the stern sank the prow
went up, but she couldn't stay up
there forever like a forsaken old kite.

You notice that barges have high
decks fore and aft, and that the sides
run low between. So that when the
stem of the John Andrews sank deep
it began to pour into the waist in riv-
ers with a great noise. The prow
dropped, and the water rushing for-
ward spouted on the fore-deck. Harly
came up pretty wet and scared, but he
had his shirt full of tins.

The John Andrews settled slowly,
you might say inch by inch, the black,
tumbling water coming nearer us up
the side. It made me fidgy, that's
the truth. Down we sank till the
water lay over the sides of the ship's
middle, maybe two feet, and then
stopped.

Harly said, "I told you so. Fact, I
did," and began chiseling at tins with
his jack-knife. "That there raft of
yours, that's a fancy steam yacht, that
is. Fact." All the same, he was sit-
ting on my raft, and he didn't chisel
tins till the John Andrews quit set-
tling.

We felt better, of course, and ate
near a can of tinned meat apple, and
drank peach juice out of its natural
can, and some kind of cold soup.

"Trouble with you," said Harly—he
had a can of peaches in his hand and
his knees bunched up under his chin—
"trouble with you is them novels about
the Pacific Ocean. Land! I don't
read anything else myself."

The night came on very dark, with
hours a week long, and some hundred
or more of them. It's well enough not
to be drowned or burned, but to be
cold and wet and sleepless isn't real
happiness. We lay close together shiv-
ering, and told everything we knew or
remembered to make the time pass by.
Harly said the current set east, what
there was of it, and we might drift to
Canada in a day or two, if the mist
didn't rise before and let some craft
sight us, but we might not drift ashore
anywhere, and the mist might not rise.

Never mind about the rest of the
night. It wasn't a success. Morning
came and we looked longingly for the
mist to rise, but it didn't. We were
miserable, cold, discouraged, but in
time we felt the sun through the fog
gratefully, and I fell asleep at last,
stretched flat on the deck.

I woke to hear a low roaring and to
see Harly standing over me. "Going
ashore?" he asked, coolly.

I sat up and stared, and knew the
roaring to be the surf, although nothing
could be seen but the white mist.
"How?"

"Raft," said Harly. "Good idea of
yours. Fact."

The John Andrews was tilted so
that the lower side was a few feet
below the water. The lake was still
rough, the water dismal and black.

Harly fell to chopping a plank, and
made what might be called paddles.
We slid the raft along, heaved up one
side and over with it. It started away
on striking the water, but he jumped
on it and paddled it back, and we set
to work getting away from that weary
old wreck in silence. Only once Harly
stopped and pointed back.

"They were a decent sort," he said.
"The captain and Burns?"

"And the cook, and the John An-
drews. That was their luck. Fact.
This here's ours."

The surf wet us well, but the shore

was near, nearer than it seemed be-
cause of the mist. We touched sandy
bottom, waded out and saw dimly a
man bailing a catboat high on the
beach, who turned and stared at us.

"Well!" he said. "Now, where'd you
come from?" For no doubt we seemed
to come like ghosts out of the mist
which hid the lake, with nothing to ac-
count for us.

"Raft come ashore. Fact," said
Harly, and we went right on to Kin-
cardine, in Canada.

"No good explainin' things to folks,"
said Harly to me. "We'll be a man's jaw
out that way. Fact," and I know that
this true yarn of the John Andrews
was never told before.—Youth's Com-
panion.

MONUMENT TO A HORSE.

Granite Shaft Erected by a Grateful Man
to a True Friend.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says:
One of the highest spots in Lake
View Cemetery stands a granite shaft
which was erected by a grateful man
to mark the resting place of a true
friend. An inscription on the northern
side of this monument reads: "In Ad-
versity Faithful."

The shaft was erected by W. Irving
Wadleigh. It marks the grave of his
horse Buck. Few monuments have
ever raised greater controversy than
this. Passers by read the inscription
on the faces of the stone. On the
southern side is engraved:

"BUCK."
My Favorite Cattle Horse.
Died September 20, 1884.
Aged
18 Years and 6 Months.

On the eastern side is:
"For thirteen years my trusty com-
panion in blackness of night, in storm, sun-
shine and danger."
On the north side are the words:
Corralled
In Adversity Faithful.

There are those who criticize, and
some harsh words have been said by
a few. The greater majority, so the
sexton says, are touched by the sen-
timent. All wonder what the story
may be.

Mr. Wadleigh, who erected the
monument, is well known among Seat-
tle's pioneers. In 1871 he first saw
Buck in Portland. The horse was a
magnificent sorrel—a thoroughbred.
He stood fifteen hands high, and, ac-
cording to the story, was Mr. Wad-
leigh's constant companion for many
years, through prosperity and adver-
sity.

Pennsylvania Weasels.

Possibly few who read of "king's
robes of royal ermine" appreciate that
the rightful and first possessors of the
beauteous coat is sometimes a deni-
zen of the Keystone State. It may be
that some subtle force suggested to
turn-coat monarchs to choose the pelt
of this animal for their own. In fact,
during the greater portion of the year
the ermine is a plain egg-sucking
weasel. As winter comes on he as-
sumes a white coat, with a black-
tipped tail.

Putorius noveboracensis, as the sci-
entist calls the weasel or ermine,
ranges from North Carolina way up
into Canada. It is rare, however, to
take ermine or white-coated weasels
in Pennsylvania, although two speci-
mens have just been received at the
Academy of Natural Sciences from
Sullivan County. In fact, south of
Pennsylvania the weasel never
changes color in winter, and this fact
goes far to substantiate the theory of
protective coloration. Thus, when
snow covers the ground, the white er-
mine becomes nearly invisible, while
in his weasel's guise during the sum-
mer he is not nearly so conspicuous
as he would be did he wear his white
coat all the year round.

Another interesting fact is that,
while the animals that live in the
North always change color, yet those
in the South do not, the reason being
that their white color would net pro-
tect, but destroy, them, as there is
almost no snow in the South.—Phila-
delphia Record.

Ticked For Four Hundred Years.

A burgh that possesses a clock
four centuries old may fairly claim
a respectable measure of antiquity.
Such is the boast of Musselburgh, the
ancient and evil-smelling neighbor of
Edinburgh. This week, however, the
clock has ceased to go, and in due
course will find a resting place in the
town museum. It well deserves thus
to be preserved, for it told the time to
the Duke of Somerset and his army,
so far back as 1547, when on the
field of Pinkie, hard by, they tried
to force the Scots to give their young
Queen Mary in marriage to Edward
VI. of England. Prince Charlie and
his Highlanders, too, marched under
it in 1745 to do battle with Sir John
Cope at the neighboring village of
Prestonpans.—London Chronicle.

Bird's Nest in Cromwell's Cannon.

The gun which Cromwell placed in
the Curfew Tower of Windsor Castle
when he held the royal residence has
been turned to a peculiarly domestic
use. A pair of starlings have this
nesting season brought up a fine brood
of young in the old weapon. The gun,
which was put in its position to com-
mand Windsor Bridge in case of a
royalist attack from Eton, points from
the upper story of the tower, and peo-
ple walking in Thames street far be-
low have watched with interest the
anxious devotion of the old birds in
teaching their young to come out of
the mouth of the gun to take lessons
in flying.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Florida's Lovely Ladies.

Just after the fire the ladies of
Jacksonville had a woe-begone and
rumpled look. It is not the least
proof of our immediate recovery that
their smiles have come back, and they
shine like the rose with the dew upon
it.—Florida Times-Union Citizen.

REMARKABLE SALT DEPOSIT.

It is One of the Most Wonderful Sights of
California.

Few readers of the Scientific Ameri-
can had heard of the sea of Salton up
to 1892. At this time the Colorado
river broke its barriers and flowed into
the desert of California, flooding it
to an extent of hundreds of square
miles. In the vicinity of Salton was
one of the largest salt deposits in
America; the water encroached upon
it, and for a time threatened the in-
dustry, but after creating an excite-
ment which spread over the entire
west, it receded. The rumor was to
the effect that the new sea was so vast
that it would change the climate of
southern California.

The deposit of salt at Salton is
one of the sights of California. It lies
in a depression almost 300 feet below
the sea level, and was at some time
in the past the bed of a sea, or exten-
sion of the Gulf of California. From
the train, which passes near by, the
tract looks like a vast snow field, and
in the early morning is frequently the
scene of beautiful mirage effects. The
salt deposit, which is essentially rock
salt, covers about 1000 acres, and is at
present the centre of interest on ac-
count of the dispute of rival com-
panies over the possession of the
property. The company in possession
has shipped from this place annually
about 2000 tons of salt, valued at from
\$6 to \$31 per ton, according to quality.

The outfit of the salt mine consists
mainly of a crusher, a drying building
and a dummy line from the salt beds
to the Southern Pacific railroad, not
far distant. The work is carried on
mainly by Indians, who can withstand
the intense heat of the desert—150
degrees in June—and the glare better
than white men. The work is interest-
ing and novel. The drying house is a
building 600 feet in length, about which
hundreds of thousands of tons of salt
are heaped, having all the appearance
of snow. Here the salt is dried and
milled. The salt is collected at first
with a plow—a singular machine with
four wheels, in the centre of which
sits an Indian guiding it; the motive
power is a dummy engine some dis-
tance away, which hauls the plow
along by cables. As it passes, the steel
breaker is seen to cut a broad but
shallow furrow, eight feet wide and
three feet long, throwing up the ridges
on either side. Indians now follow
along, and with hoes pile up the salt
in pyramidal forms, which later is
transported to the mill. Each plow
harvests 700 tons of salt per day. A
singular feature of this bed is that
the salt is being deposited daily by
springs which run into the basin, and
as the water evaporates it leaves a
crust of almost pure chloride of sodi-
um, which ranges from 10 to 20 inches
in thickness, over the lake. It will
be seen that there is no danger of ex-
hausting the supply, which is form-
ing all the time; and, in point of fact,
the plows have in the past years
worked almost continually over the
same area, only about 10 acres having
been plowed.

The salt, when delivered at the plant,
is hoisted to the upper floor, and
placed in a bulkhead breaker, where
it is reduced to particles of the same
size. It then passes through a burr
mill and is well ground. After this it
is sifted and is finally passed through
an aspirator, which cleanses it of all
foreign material, when it is ready for
packing in bags. The salt is used for
a variety of purposes, and is of several
different grades, the lowest being un-
refined—a product called hide salt,
used in manufactories. Large quanti-
ties are sold for sea bathing purposes,
a certain amount producing a very
similar chemical equivalent to sea wa-
ter. Other grades are prepared for ta-
ble, dairy and for the use of druggists.
—Scientific American.

First Born Children Strongest.

It would seem that first-born chil-
dren excel later-born children in
height and weight, says Arthur Mac-
Donald, in Everybody's Magazine. This
may be due to the greater vigor of
the mother at the birth of the first
child. We are reminded of a fact,
mentioned later, that out of 50 great
men of this century, 30 percent were
the youngest sons.

In England it was found that growth
degenerates as we go lower in the
social scale, there being a difference
of even five inches in height between
the best and worst fed classes in the
community.

An investigation of 10,000 children
in Switzerland showed that children
born in summer are taller for their
age than those born in winter; as a
majority of children in the public
schools are poor, in winter their par-
ents are forced to economize more on
account of expense of heating; their
rooms are also liable to be small and
poorly ventilated, while in summer
they are out in the fresh air; food is
cheaper and more varied. The in-
fluence of unhealthy conditions on a
very young child would be much great-
er than when it is older and better
able to resist them.

The Appreciative Boston Lady.

Miss A—, who is a teacher of Eng-
lish in a school of high rank in her na-
tive state, Mississippi, and who, in
spite of her vivacity in conversation,
is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious
in her choice of words, was spending
the summer at the New York Chau-
tauqua. Her flow of spirits made her
delight of the dining table at
which she was first seated; but at
the end of a fortnight she was moved
by her landlady to another place. A
lady from Boston, who had been sit-
ting opposite the southerner ex-
pressed her regret at the change. "I'm
so sorry you are going to leave us,"
she said, with warmth, "we have all
enjoyed your dialect so much."—Har-
per's Magazine