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The fenderless car continues to swell  
its long list of victims.

A titled Englishman is going to marry  
an American girl who has no rich  
father. She must be really attractive.

It has been decided by the Kansas  
Supreme Court that opening a win-  
dow-screen constitutes a "burglarious  
breaking" within the meaning of the  
law.

American life is certainly leaning  
toward the luxurious when a jail is  
so handsome architecturally that two  
thieves break into it under the impres-  
sion that it is a private house.

After torpedo boats were invented  
torpedo boat destroyers were devised,  
but Great Britain has found it un-  
necessary to provide for a machine  
to overcome the latter. Old ocean  
does that.

A buried forest has been uncovered  
in Alaska, at the mouth of Turner  
Creek, which represents indisputable  
evidence that our northern territory  
once possessed a tropical, or, at least,  
a semi-tropical climate.

In the sixteenth century the average  
of human life was eighteen and twenty  
years. At the close of the eight-  
teenth century it was a little over thirty,  
while now it is over forty years,  
thus showing that within 300 years  
the average has been doubled.

Some doubts are expressed as to  
whether a woman who has been  
through college is as likely to marry  
as one who has not. Such questions  
are insidious blows at the cause of  
higher education. Every right-minded  
man should desire some learning in  
the family, even if he has to marry it.

A German professor has been figuring  
on the matter and finds that it  
takes a person a fourteenth part of a  
second to wink. Now that this fact  
has been established will the professor  
still further demonstrate his use-  
fulness to mankind by settling the ques-  
tion of the hen and a half, the egg and  
a half and the day and a half?

Edward VII. has drawn the class  
line sharply in the regulations for the  
coronation ceremonies. The widows  
of peers who have remarried men of  
inferior rank in the peerage are "not  
entitled to receive a summons to at-  
tend the coronation." This delicate  
hint to keep away will doubtless cause  
heartburnings among many noble  
dowagers who have remarried beneath  
their rank.

Afghanistan is a country of Central  
Asia containing about 215,400 square  
miles and a population of about  
4,000,000. The government is theo-  
retically a despotism, the monarch  
bearing the title of Ameer. Practically  
the nature of the government depends  
on the personal qualities of the reign-  
ing Ameer. If he is an able and mas-  
terful man he holds the turbulent  
chiefs well in subjection and main-  
tains a fair semblance of order. If he  
is weak and irresolute he has little real  
control outside the vicinity of his cap-  
ital and is reasonably certain in the  
end to meet a violent death. The popu-  
lation is of mixed races, mostly of no-  
mandic disposition, although practic-  
ing agriculture to a considerable ex-  
tent wherever water is available for  
irrigation.

Bucher's Opera House at Massillon  
was bought by Sylvester Bird, who  
will book no more plays but will con-  
vert the theater into a public assem-  
bly hall to be used free by churches  
or educational societies.

The new First National Bank of Col-  
umbus was the successful bidder for  
the \$5,000, 5 per cent electric light  
bonds of Caldwell, at a premium of  
\$273.

## INDIRECTION.

Ambition swift and eagle eyed;  
A will that does not bend;  
A comprehension deep and wide;  
Courage unto the end;  
A faith tried even as by fire;  
Taste inborn and select;  
Morals that yield to no desire;  
Manners that win respect;  
All faculties of mind complete;  
The feelings warm and true;  
A soul unconquered by defeat;  
A man who gets his due;  
Yes, having all, and lacking this  
Amid the worldly strife,  
He is a failure, who shall miss  
The single aim in life.  
—Charles W. Stevenson.

## LOVE IN SLEEPY CAMP.

It was too hot for work in "Sleepy  
Camp," so nearly all the men had  
given it up for the day and lounged  
into Zeb's saloon to have a smoke and  
a drink.

Though it was getting well on in the  
afternoon the sun was still blazing hot  
and there wasn't a breath of air to  
move the red dust. In a little shanty,  
not far from the saloon, sat two young  
diggers, both tall, well-built men, but  
one handsome, the other ugly—hence  
their nicknames, Bob the Beauty and  
Ugly Sam. Sam sat in the corner near  
the window, through which could be  
faintly heard the laughing and singing  
at Zeb's; Bob sat on the table,  
swinging his legs.

"It's a treat to get out o' that scorch-  
in' sun," said Ugly, pulling a pipe out  
of his pocket, and knocking the ash  
on the floor.

"Yes," agreed Beauty, stretching  
his arms and yawning fearfully.  
"We've had a grand day, haven't  
we, Beauty?" asked Sam, striking a  
match on his boot.

"Yes," answered Bob, shutting his  
big mouth with a snap.

"You seem to take it awful quiet—  
you don't seem to grasp that we—we  
two pards—have found the biggest  
nugget ever dug up in 'Sleepy Camp.'"  
"Oh, yes, I do," replied Bob, kicking  
so hard at the table leg that it seemed  
more than likely the rickety old thing  
would give away.

"Let's have another look at it!"

So saying, Sam jumped to his feet  
and took a key out of his pocket,  
crossed to a large chest that was  
standing up against the wall, fitted  
it in the lock and threw back the lid  
with a bang.

It was a nugget—goodness knows  
how much it was worth.

"Isn't it grand," cried Sam, falling  
on his knees and patting it affection-  
ately with his hand.

"I should just say it was," said Bob,  
slipping off the table to have a look  
over Ugly's head.

"Another find half as big as that,  
and we're made for life," and Sam  
closed the lid and locked it, putting  
the key carefully back into his pocket.

Bob crossed to the table and took  
up his former position.

"Ours has turned out a trump of  
'er claim," he said.

Sam nodded his head and replied:  
"Rather!"

"What'll yer do when yer have  
enough—give up work?" asked Bob.

"I might think o' doin' so," answered  
Sam, relighting his pipe.

"Might git married, eh?"

"Maybe."

Bob slipped down off the table once  
more and went to the door—opened  
it and looked out. Two or three min-  
ers were passing on their way to  
their shanties; they greeted him with  
"Good evening, Beauty," and walked  
on. Bob kicked the door to and strode  
across to Sam, who was still puffing  
at his pipe.

"Look here, Ugly," said Bob; "it's  
no good us two goin' on like this, is  
it?"

"No," replied Sam, rising from his  
seat.

"What's ter be done?"

Sam shook his head.

"Bout Lili, I mean," explained Bob.

"I know what yer mean, 'Beauty,'"  
and Sam looked intently at the door  
as if thinking.

"Who does she like the best o' us  
two?" asked Bob.

"Can't say—the one she's takin' to  
at the time, I guess."

"Look here, Ugly," said Bob, "we've  
always been good pals, we've not had  
rows like Hackett and Black George,  
and it's a pity we should start now,  
especially 'bout a woman."

"Yer right enough there!" agreed  
Sam.

"Now, we both love Lili," continued  
Bob, and there was a perceptible catch  
in his voice at the word "love," "and  
we think she cares for us both just  
the same."

"Yes."

"Well, if one were to go, the one left  
would most probably have 'er—eh?"

"Yes," from Sam, with a nod of the  
head.

"Who's to go?" asked Bob.

The two men looked at each other—  
there was silence for a moment except  
for the distant laughing—then Sam  
felt in his pocket for something and  
said:

"Yer see this dollar piece? Well,  
it may sound a bit wrong to spin for  
her, but listen, Beauty, one of us two  
has ter go. I'll throw this coin up,  
ye call, and if yer right I'll pack,  
but if yer wrong I'll stay."

Bob bit his lips.

"Is it a go?" asked Sam.

"And the one that goes, does he  
take his share?" Bob asked.

"He takes that," answered Sam,  
pointing to the chest. "If yer call  
right yer have Lili—and I take the  
nugget, but if yer wrong yer go with  
the nugget and I stay with the gal."

"It seems a bit funny—"

"But," interrupted the other, "it's a

way out of the wood; if we both stay  
there'll be shootin'."

"All right, Ugly, it's a bargain,"  
Bob drew a long breath. "We'll stick  
by the spin of that there dollar."

"We will. Shall I throw?" asked  
Sam quietly.

"Yes," came from Bob in the same  
tone.

"Call while it's high," said Sam, and  
up it went—spinning round and round  
in the air.

"Women!" cried Bob.

Down it came with a ring on the  
floor and rolled into a corner of the  
room.

"See what it is," said Sam.

Bob crossed hesitatingly and peered  
down into the corner.

"It's heads," he cried, "I've lost."

"And I've won," cried Sam, rushing  
over to the place and picking up the  
dollar, my dear old lucky coin," and  
he put it to his lips and kissed it—  
then went to Bob who was looking  
out of the window.

"Shake!" he said, holding out his  
hand.

Bob turned and took it, gripping  
hard.

"Here's the key of the chest—you've  
got the nugget," said Ugly Sam.

"Yes—that's right enough," replied  
Bob the Beauty with a choke; "I'll be  
off in the morning."

It was early when Bob got up next  
morning—so early that there was  
only a very faint tinge of light in the  
east—but he hadn't slept a wink, so  
it was as good as tossing about for  
another hour or so.

He unlatched the door of the shanty  
as noiselessly as he could, for fear of  
waking Sam, who was snoring away  
on his back, and slipped out into the  
open. He wanted to have a last look  
around, and straighten things up for  
his going—he'd have to make some ex-  
cuse to the boys, he thought, they'd  
think it strange, and so he walked  
down to the claim.

Although he had gone out so quietly,  
the click of the latch had been enough  
for Sam, who woke to find himself  
laughing, positively laughing, he was  
so happy.

He didn't get up immediately, but  
lay there planning out his future hap-  
piness. He was sorry, very sorry, for  
Beauty, but perhaps the nugget would  
be some consolation to him; besides,  
he didn't think Bob liked the girl as  
much as he did.

Quite an hour passed before he  
dressed himself, a bit smarter than  
usual, and went out. He even picked  
a little yellow flower that was grow-  
ing among the grass by the side of the  
track and put it into his buttonhole.

He had been walking for some time,  
now and then breaking into song in  
his deep, rough voice, and hardly no-  
ticing where he went—till he looked  
up and found himself by Peep Hollow,  
some way out of the camp; so he sat  
down with his back against a big  
pine and lit his pipe.

"As happy as a king I'd be," he  
started to sing between the puffs of  
smoke, when he stopped suddenly, for  
coming along the path toward him he  
saw a slight figure in a big straw hat.  
His heart gave a bound. It was Lili!

Ugly sat very still as she ap-  
proached, and she didn't see him, be-  
ing very interested in something she  
was talking to—he strained his ears  
to listen.

"You dear, dear, old fellow—how I  
love you—better than all the world—  
Sleepy Camp thrown in."

It was a photo-picture she addressed  
these remarks to, Sam could make  
that much out.

"There, back to your little hiding  
place and nobody knows nothing about  
yer." So saying she kissed it and  
slipped it into the front of her blouse,  
then, turning from the path, cut off  
through the pines.

Sam had stopped his song to listen,  
and it was some moments before he  
thought of getting up to follow her,  
but he did after a time, and tried to  
make out the way she had gone.

He had been breaking through the  
undergrowth for a few minutes when  
he saw something on the ground a few  
yards ahead.

"It's the picture she had," said Sam  
to himself, so he forced his way  
through the spot where it lay. It was  
face downward—he picked it up and  
turned it over—it was the Beauty's.

Sam let it fall with a half stifled cry  
and put his hand to his throat, then  
kicked his way out to the track again  
and made for the shanty.

He met two or three of the boys  
who were off to work, but never raised  
his head to their greetings. Reaching  
the hut he pushed the door open and  
stumbled in. Bob hadn't returned (his  
things were still unpacked); he took  
a long time to say goodby to his  
friends.

Sam dropped into a chair, and  
stared hard at the door—then he  
jumped up and rummaged in the locker  
for something and returned to the  
table with a dirty piece of paper and  
a little stump of a pencil.

He sat down and then, with his  
great heart like a lump of lead, wrote,  
in a very illegible hand:

Dear Beauty—Yer sure ter be  
knocked when yer see this, but you'll  
be glad. We tossed fair and square  
for the gal, and I won, well—I were  
a fool ter think that a gal would like  
me in pref. ter you. Anyway, I soon  
found out my mistake, so I'm goin'  
instead of you.

The arrangements were that if one  
had Lili, the other had the nugget—  
so being, it belongs ter me, but I ain't  
goin' ter take it—you'd ave ter wait  
a time 'fore yer found another—'praps  
never—I don't want it. Yer stay—I  
go.

Still always yer mate and pard.

Ugly Sam.

Leaving this scrawl upon the table  
Sam put a few belongings into a

bundle and went out—slamming the  
door.

As he threw the bundle over his  
shoulder he noticed the little yellow  
flower in his buttonhole. He took it  
out and threw it away. It hit his pipe  
and turned his back on Sleepy Camp.  
—Mainly About People.

## LUXURIOUS DYING FOR \$15.

How an Italian Street Vendor Played It  
on His Compatriots.

The Italian colony of New York sup-  
plies this anecdote to a paper in the  
Century, entitled "Humor and Pathos  
of the Savings Bank."

An old Italian street vendor, a con-  
sumptive, feeling that his end was  
drawing near, prepared a scheme for  
ending his days in comfort. Observe  
the originality and delicacy of the  
scheme that he successfully worked on  
Little Italy. He had only \$75 in the  
bank and of this he drew \$70 and re-  
deposited it in a few days. He drew  
it again and again redeposited it, con-  
tinuing the operation at brief inter-  
vals, until on the credit of his pass-  
book he had entries of all those vari-  
ous sums footing up \$800, and on the  
opposite page drafts to the amount of  
about \$785—balance \$15. After care-  
fully cutting out the page showing  
the amounts drawn and leaving the  
long line of deposits, he took to his  
bed and called in his friends. He was  
dying; they could see that, the old  
man told them. They were good fel-  
lows, and he loved them all, and he  
wished Pedro the banana peddler, and  
good Giovanni the boot black, and Ar-  
turo the wine seller, to know how af-  
fectionately he regarded them. What  
he had to leave them was not much—  
would Edgardo, good old Edgardo,  
kindly find, between the mattress and  
what used to be the springs, his bank  
book? Yes; that was it. Take it to  
Lae window and tell him how much  
was there. Eight hundred? Ah, well,  
thanks to God that it was so much;  
but oh that it were more, for such good  
fellows as they.

Dottore Bartollo had told him that  
he might live three months, till spring;  
would his good friends put back his  
book under the mattress, and when  
he was gone—no, they mustn't cry—  
would they take it up to the bank,  
draw the amount and divide it be-  
tween them? Meanwhile, as his lov-  
ing friends of the present, his heirs  
in the future, would they kindly at-  
tend to his little wants?

Would they? Did they? That old  
fellow was fed on the fat of the land  
while he lay there in bed. He drank  
more Chianti in a week than he had  
swallowed in five years. It was even  
hinted by some that Arturo the wine  
seller was hastening the end by the  
vile Chianti that he constantly pro-  
duced from his stock, while the push  
cart man was so generous of unripe  
bananas for the sick room that there  
was a division of opinion in Mulberry  
street as to whether he was cheering  
his friend's finale with fruit, or en-  
deavoring to complicate consumption  
with other ills.

At last he swallowed his last flagon  
of Chianti and through Little Italy  
came a decent pretense of sorrow, it  
was really on feet—at last the \$800 was  
to be drawn. I was in the bank when  
the principals in their holiday clothes  
and with a few chosen friends, arrived.  
They stated the case, and asked for  
the amount, from which the push cart  
man was to receive some \$40 for fruit,  
the wine seller \$100, and the others vari-  
ous sums invested for the invalid and  
his funeral, leaving some \$350 as the  
"dividend." I need not describe the  
small sized riot that followed when the  
abstraction of the page from one side  
of the book was explained to the swear-  
ing mourners, and a tender was made  
to them of the \$15, all that the de-  
ceased had in bank.

## Fire Among the Redwoods.

Perhaps the most startling phenom-  
enon of the fire was the quick death  
of childlike Sequoias only a century  
or two ago, says John Muir in  
the Atlantic. In the midst  
of the other comparatively slow  
and steady firework, one of  
these tall beautiful saplings, leafy  
and branchy, would be seen blazing  
up suddenly all in one heaving, boom-  
ing, passionate flame reaching from  
the ground to the top of the tree, and  
fifty to a hundred feet or more above  
it, with a smoke column bending for-  
ward and streaming away on the up-  
per free-flowing wind. To burn these  
green trees a strong fire of dry wood  
beneath them is required to send up  
a current of air hot enough to distill  
inflammable gases from the leaves  
and sprays; then, instead of the lower  
limbs gradually catching fire and ig-  
niting the next and next in succession,  
the whole tree seems to explode al-  
most simultaneously, and with awful  
roaring and throbbing a round taper-  
ing flame shoots up two or three hun-  
dred feet, and in a second or two  
is quenched, leaving the green spire  
a black dead mass bristled and rough-  
ened with down-curling boughs.

## Russia a Land of Uniforms.

If anything Russia excels even Ger-  
many in the matter of uniforms, writes  
a correspondent in the Chicago Tri-  
bune. On the sidewalks of any of the  
large cities and more especially at  
railway stations, it is safe to assert  
that at least 25 percent of all male  
adults are in uniform. It is a puzzle to  
the tourist to identify the bearers of  
such distinctive garbs, consequently  
the different branches of the govern-  
ment service are often wrongly in-  
terpreted. The gaudy uniform does not  
always indicate a high official, as an  
officer of high rank may appear in a  
plain uniform and one of low rank not  
infrequently parades the streets with  
more fuss and feathers than his com-  
mander.

## PAPER IS WIDELY USED.

NOW EMPLOYED IN A GREAT DIVER-  
SITY OF WAYS.

Ten Years' Improvements—Glass Ceilings  
Made of Paper—Cars Which Roll on  
Paper Wheels—Paper Vests and Paper  
Underclothing—Household Articles.

Paper manufacturers have devel-  
oped their industry in two ways in re-  
cent years, and the results justify all  
the labor and experiment carried on  
through the application of science and  
chemistry, claims the Scientific Ameri-  
can. The application of machinery to  
cheapen the process of converting the  
raw material into different grades of  
paper has enormously stimulated pa-  
per production in this country, and the  
various processes employed have  
often been described.

But a no less important expansion  
of the paper industry has been in in-  
creasing the manifold uses to which  
paper can be put. Here, too, science  
has been the chief agent, and it has  
brought remarkable changes and im-  
provements. Chemistry has been la-  
boring in this field for two decades,  
and from the laboratory have come  
discoveries that have made possible  
the enormous side products of the pa-  
per trade that are now manufactured  
on a large scale.

One of the things in the paper in-  
dustry that seemed almost incredible  
a number of years ago was the manu-  
facture of car wheels. It seemed in-  
comprehensible to the lay mind that  
wheels made of compressed paper  
would stand the strain better than  
wheels made of steel. But the manu-  
facture of paper wheels is no longer  
a novelty, and they are made in a  
great variety of sizes and shapes for  
use on roller skates up to heavy car  
wheels. After the car wheels made  
of paper were announced somebody  
applied paper to the construction of  
hollow telegraph poles, which were de-  
signed to take the place of those which  
had heretofore disgraced our streets  
and highways. But paper telegraph  
poles have never proved of any great  
value except to illustrate to the skepti-  
cal what can be done with paper.

There have in recent years been  
made of paper, water and sewer mains  
which promise to be of value. These  
are hardened and treated chemically,  
so that they are more impervious to  
water than some of the iron and earth-  
enware mains. It remains to be  
proved by actual test whether they  
can outlast some of the latter. The  
announcement was made a few years  
ago that paper window panes had  
actually been made and used, but these  
were much like the oyster-shell win-  
dow panes of the Filipino huts. They  
may admit a certain amount of light  
to brighten up the interior, but they  
could never be looked through with  
any degree of satisfaction. Still, a  
semi-opaque glass is often needed for  
the ceilings of public buildings, where  
the light admitted must be dimmed  
and diffused in passing through the  
substance. Paper window panes have  
been used in this way with more or  
less success.

By means of improved machinery  
and new chemical processes wood pulp  
can be drawn out into the thinnest  
imaginable sheets. In this spinning  
and squeezing the paper does not lose  
its toughness. Thus thin paper nap-  
kins and tablecloths are produced and  
printed with fancy borders and pat-  
terns. Some of these articles are al-  
most as tough as linen in resisting  
the attempt to tear them. Of course,  
they will not stand wetting and soon  
lose their toughness when moistened.  
But otherwise they make serviceable  
substitutes for table linen. Likewise  
the paper vests and paper undercloth-  
ing and lining of winter suits are pre-  
pared for practical use, and they ac-  
complish nearly all that is claimed for  
them. The paper vests and linings are  
practically nothing, and yet they keep  
out the wind and cold. They are  
chemically treated so that they will  
last a long time. They are also man-  
ufactured so that they do not make  
the rusting sound usually character-  
istic of paper, and they are pliable  
enough not to stand out or bulge the  
cloth in any way.

Waterproofing and, more recently,  
fireproofing of paper have occupied  
the attention of chemists and practical  
papermakers. Paper made waterproof  
and as fine as the ordinary napkins  
and tablecloths would prove a boon  
to many lines of industries, especially  
at restaurants and hotels. It is said  
that public eating houses are waiting  
anxiously for durable paper napkins  
and tablecloths. Waterproof paper is  
made today, but not in such a way as  
to be valuable for table use. Water-  
proof paper sheets are frequently glued  
to cloth, and in this way the latter is  
rendered impervious to moisture. This  
waterproof paper is good, however,  
only for limited lines of articles.

Lately the paper pulp mills have  
been experimenting with fireproof  
paper. In fact, the experiments in  
producing fireproof paper paved the  
way for making fireproof wood. The  
wood pulp that is compressed into  
molds for general household uses,  
such as for wainscoting, dadoes, ceil-  
ings and moldings, can be made fire-  
proof in the same way as the paper.  
The fireproofing material is introduced  
and mixed with the wood pulp when  
the latter is in a soft, pliable condi-  
tion, and when hardened through hy-  
draulic pressure the chemicals remain  
in the wood.

This is one of the most interesting  
lines of experiments yet attempted by  
the wood pulp mills, it opens up a  
world of new possibilities. Should  
they succeed in producing perfect fire-  
proof wood pulp there would be noth-  
ing to prevent them from furnishing  
our builders and marine architects

with nearly all the interior wood trim-  
mings in pressed material. The de-  
mand for such fireproof wood pulp  
products would be extensive. Our  
Navy Department is demanding such  
material for their battleships and  
cruisers, and the builders of the great  
skyscrapers in our cities are just as  
anxiously looking around for the same  
thing. If fireproof wood pulp could  
be produced satisfactorily it would en-  
ter into our daily lives in innumerable  
ways.

When we consider the great number  
of household articles already made of  
wood pulp, it can readily be under-  
stood that a fireproofing process for  
paper and wood would be immediately  
of great value to all. The interior  
trimmings of railroad cars, public  
halls and hotels are nearly all made  
of hardwood treated with oil, so that  
it is more inflammable than in the  
natural state. All this trimming of  
wood forms a daily menace to thou-  
sands of people, and should a fire oc-  
cur it would sweep irresistibly through  
these handsome steamship saloons  
and parlor cars. The whole trade is  
merely waiting for the proper fire-  
proof wood to make revolutionary  
changes in its methods.

There are innumerable smaller  
trades built up in recent years as  
the result of improvements in manu-  
facturing paper. Thus in the electric  
light business compressed paper,  
chemically prepared, is of great value,  
and it is employed for insulating pur-  
poses on a large scale. Paper is in  
increasing demand for packing perish-  
able goods. Butter, cheese and similar  
products packed in waterproof oiled  
paper will keep twice as long as  
when wrapped in any other substance.  
This packing paper is rendered abso-  
lutely air-tight. Druggists use large  
quantities of it for wrapping around  
the corks of their bottles, and even in  
sealing up boxes of medicine which  
need to be kept from the air as much  
as possible. In this way results are  
obtained which cannot be approached  
by any other cheap material. Filter  
papers are also articles of consider-  
able commercial value. Thousands of  
tons of fine filtering paper are used  
every year in the drug trade.

## JACKSON'S TACTICS.

He Wasted No Time at Drills but Had  
Good Marksmen.

"The battle of New Orleans was the  
first occasion in history," said an ex-  
officer of volunteers, "in which highly-  
disciplined troops working together  
with machine-like precision, were pitted  
against individual marksmen, and it  
is a curious fact that the tactics ad-  
opted by the Americans in that en-  
gagement are just now, after the  
lapse of nearly a century, being recog-  
nized by modern military authorities  
as the proper way to fight. Our Brit-  
ish cousins are a little slow to learn,"  
continued the ex-officer, "and history  
has to repeat itself a few times before  
it attracts their attention. Neverthe-  
less, it seems very strange that the  
lesson they received at Chalmette in  
1815 should have been duplicated in  
almost every particular only two years  
ago at the Tugela river. On both oc-  
casions they were confronted by earth-  
works manned by civilian sharpshoot-  
ers and attempted to rush them with  
compact masses of splendidly drilled  
professional soldiers, and on both oc-  
casions they were frightfully and ex-  
pediently heeded. After the Tugela  
river disaster they began to do a lit-  
tle hard thinking and finally came to  
the conclusion that one skilled rifle-  
man who fights on his own hook and  
brings down a man every time he pulls  
the trigger is worth 20 fancy drilled  
soldiers who fire in squads and never  
hit anything except the landscape. But  
they might have acquired exactly the  
same information 86 years ago at New  
Orleans, and when I read the ac-  
counts of that remarkable battle I am  
filled with admiration for the genius  
of Andrew Jackson. The majority of  
his troops were rough back