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Although all deserving officers should be recognized officially, it is to be hoped that the distribution of brevets may be made conservatively, so that it may not become an honor for an officer to be without a brevet. "Mentions in dispatches," which in the British army are about the same as our system of brevet, have become so common in the last year owing to Lord Roberts' extreme generosity, that they have practically lost all value. Our brevets should not be made similarly cheap, remarks the New York Herald.

In Denmark many odd little stories are told of King Christian and his kindly ways, above all of the friendly interest he takes in the doings of his subjects. Until within quite recent days, when his strength has begun to fail him, he used to spend much of his time in Copenhagen walking about the streets, and nothing pleased him better than to stop and have a chat with any workman he chanced to encounter. Whenever any Dane makes his mark in the world, no matter what his station in life may be or what his views, the king always sends for him at the first opportunity, that he may know what he is like and have a talk with him. Little wonder that he understands his people or that they understand him!

In spite of the intervention of man, Nature generally works out her own scheme. Here, for instance, is a peculiar state of things in Australia, where the farmers have for many years suffered from a regular plague of rabbits. Finding it impossible to kill them off in any of the ordinary ways, they imported cats and scattered them around the country, in the hope that they would aid materially in abating the nuisance. But the cats soon turned their attention away from the rabbits and sought daintier and more natural prey—the birds—so that the cat importation has become a sort of boomerang, for not only has it failed to help the farmers by reducing the number of rabbits, but has done them an injury by destroying insectivorous birds. And the foxes that were imported to help the cats kill the rabbits are waging a regular warfare on poultry yards.

Rice culture is regarded as no longer an experiment in Southwest Louisiana and Southeast Texas. Although all records for drought and heat in those sections have been broken this season, more than an average crop of rice has been saved by the irrigation systems. The average yield per acre has been increased, the average quality has been greatly improved, and new varieties have been developed. Many yields are phenomenal, while a product of ten to twenty barrels per acre is common. Domestic Japan, the outgrowth of sowing imported Japanese rice in local soil, developed an improved seed, taking the first place in the American market. Lands two years ago were selling slowly at \$5 to \$15. Today such land is selling much faster at \$20 to \$50 per acre, and immigration to the rice belt is quite active. The growing of rice is regarded as the safest and surest cereal production, as it is also the most profitable, rice having the largest use and market of all the grains.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

King Edward is sixty years old. Horseback riding is President Roosevelt's favorite exercise.
The Brazilian Congress has voted \$25,000 to M. Santos-Dumont, the aeronaut.
Brigadier-General Henry C. Merriam, U. S. A., has been placed upon the retired list for age.
Lord Roberts, it is believed in British military circles, will resign his office before next April.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.
Under our comrade's name
Lo, this legendry!—
Gone on a pilgrimage
Into a far country.

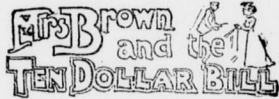
Never a word to say
If he will come again,
Treading his buoyant way
Over the paths of men.

Never a clue to guide
Whither his footsteps fall;
Back from the parting tide
Never an answering call.

But there shall dawn a time
We shall be pilgrims, too;
Then we shall know the clime,
Then we shall find the clue.

And they will grade for us
This same legendry!—
Gone on a pilgrimage
Into a far country.

—New York Independent.



MRS. CALEB BROWN reached her little North Side apartment, after a round of calls to find her mother there looking somewhat faint and more than somewhat worried. The mother lived in a southern suburb and the daughter was not expecting a visit from her that day.
"What's the matter, mamma?" said Mrs. Brown anxiously. "You are looking all used up."
"Oh, there's nothing, Phyllis. I'm always unfortunate; never seem to be able to do anything right, and then just because I'm near-sighted everybody imposes upon me. I came in to do some shopping at Meadow's. Clara wanted me to buy some lace for her and she gave me a \$10 bill. You know George has been out of work for a month and we've had to economize dreadfully. I didn't bring another cent with me; just a bill. I had my computation railroad ticket. When Clara put the bill in my purse she told me it was a ten and said that she'd rather give me something smaller, but that she didn't have it. Well, I reached Meadow's and went straight to the lace counter, where I bought a collar for Clara. It cost \$1.50. I gave the clerk my \$10 bill and in a few minutes he handed me the lace collar and fifty cents in change. Just think of that!
"I told the man that I had given him a \$10 bill. He declared that I had given him a \$2 bill and nothing else. I



I TOLD HIM I KNEW BETTER.

told him I knew better, and that it was impossible there was any mistake about it. He was almost rude and looked at me as though he suspected me of trying to rob him. People began to gather about and I got weak and nervous, and so I came away. We can't afford to lose that \$8 and I don't know what to do. Clara will scold me and will say that I ought to have impressed on the man that it was a \$10 bill. I feel absolutely ill over the matter.

Mrs. Caleb Brown is the wife of the head of the advertising department of one of Chicago's great dailies. Her husband knows the controlling spirit of every department in every big store in the city. Mrs. Brown knew that if she introduced herself to the manager at Meadow's he would take her word for the \$10 bill matter.
"Never mind, mother, I'll fix the thing up for you in a jiffy," she said. "It's a perfect outrage. You go to sleep till I come back." Then Mrs. Caleb Brown put on her bonnet and went scurrying downtown. Arrived at Meadow's she went directly to Mr. Highbridge, who holds the store's destinies in the hollow of his hand. Mrs. Brown told Mr. Highbridge who she was. Then she explained the \$10 bill matter to him, waxing indignant at the carelessness, if it were nothing worse, she said, of the clerk who could cause an elderly and near-sighted woman to lose \$8, which meant so much to her under the present condition of household affairs.

Mr. Highbridge was politeness itself. He said that the affair was truly unfortunate, but that it was not barely possible that Mrs. Brown's mother was in error herself.
"Not a bit of it," said Mrs. Brown. As a matter of fact, she almost snapped it, for she was so indignant that she was half ready to believe that the whole store had entered into a conspiracy against her mother. "Mr. Highbridge, my sister Clara put the money into mother's purse, and said that it was a \$10 bill, and that it was all the cash that there was in the house. Mother knows of her own knowledge that there was just \$10 left last night after they had paid the coal bill. It is utterly impossible that there should be any mistake. The fault lies here."

Mr. Highbridge looked at Mrs. Brown and smiled a little indulgently. "I am very sorry that you have had this trouble, Mrs. Brown. I will give you an

order for \$8. You can get it cashed at the window there. Let me say, however, for the sake of the establishment that it is utterly impossible under our system of change making that a mistake of this kind should occur."

Mrs. Brown's eyes snapped. "It can't be impossible, Mr. Highbridge. Here is a perfectly plain case of error. You study up your system a little, and you will find that there is room somewhere for lots of mistakes." Mrs. Brown's temper was making her forget herself a little, because she was so absolutely certain of the ground upon which she stood.

Mr. Highbridge made out an order for \$8 and handed it to his visitor. She forgot to say "Thank you," because his last words were, though given in a tone of kindly consideration, "Mrs. Brown, I assure you that under our system of change making mistakes are impossible."

Phyllis Brown shot one indignant look from this district, cashed her order and went home.

The look of relief in her mother's face as she handed her the \$8 amply repaid Mrs. Brown for the unpleasant ten minutes she had spent at Meadow's. That afternoon the mother went home.

Two days later Mrs. Brown received a letter that sent a flush of blood up into her face, and then left her feeling as ill as did her mother two days before. This was the letter:

"Dear Phyllis—You can't imagine my mortification and almost horror when, on arriving home and telling them of my city experience and of your visit to Meadow's, when Clara broke in with 'Well, mother, it was a \$2 bill and not a \$10 bill that I put in your purse. I was certain that it was \$10 myself until after you had gone. Then Geraldine told me that she had taken the \$10 bill about an hour before you left, and had paid the butcher's bill with it, receiving a \$2 bill in change, which she put back into the drawer."

"Clara did not look at the bill when she put it into my purse, and of course thought it was \$10. Isn't it awful? How can you ever face Mr. Highbridge? But, of course, it must be done. Take the \$8 back right away, and I will repay you the next time I come in. Your loving and mortified MOTHER."

Phyllis Brown put on her bonnet and went downtown again. She walked around Meadow's store three times before she finally screwed up her courage to go in. She went to Mr. Highbridge. He saw her coming, and a half amused smile spread over his face.

"I am sorry, Mr. Highbridge. I can't express my mortification in words sufficiently strong. It was a \$2 bill and not a \$10 bill that my mother gave your clerk." Then Mrs. Brown explained matters, and gave back \$8 into Mr. Highbridge's hand.

He thanked her, and, as she was about to leave, a twinkle came into his eye and he said: "I assure you, Mrs. Brown, that under our system of making change mistakes are impossible." And then when he saw the tears which had gathered in Phyllis Brown's eyes Mr. Highbridge whispered he hadn't said it.—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cougar's Thick Hide.

The fighting dogs were the ones that enabled me to use the knife. All three went straight for the head, and when they got hold they kept their jaws shut, worrying and pulling, and completely absorbing the attention of the cougar, so as to give an easy chance for the death-blow. The hounds meanwhile had seized the cougar behind, and Jim, with his alligator jaws, probably did as much damage as Turk. However, neither in this nor in any other instance, did any one of the dogs manage to get its teeth through the thick skin. When cougars fight among themselves their claws and fangs leave great scars, but their hides are too thick for the dogs to get their teeth through. On the other hand, a cougar's jaws have great power, and dogs are frequently killed by a single bite, the fangs being driven through the brain or spine; or they break a dog's leg or cut the big blood-vessels of the throat.—From "With the Cougar Hounds," by Theodore Roosevelt, in Scribner's Magazine.

A New Arizona Industry.

"A new industry has recently been started in Arizona that promises to become tremendous in a few years," said a man on his return from Buffalo. "The industry is the growing of dates, and at the exposition I saw a box of this fruit, the first that had ever been grown and cured here. They were excellent dates, very plump, very sweet, very juicy. The Arizona man who raised them told me he had a date farm near Phoenix, that the climate there suited the date palm admirably and that he had no doubt all the dates eaten in this country would be grown here in a few years. He gave me one from his box to taste, and I found it to be sweeter and tenderer and fatter than the imported dates I occasionally eat."—Philadelphia Record.

Invention to Bar Intruders.

Nervous travelers who dread sleeping in unknown houses will welcome the so-called "vigilant dragon" which is not unlike a small brass shelled tortoise. It is, in fact, a dome gong table bell, with spiked legs and with a spiked dragon's head. When a bedroom door is closed the spikes are placed in the floor and against the door and then the dragon's tail just touches the floor. This tail is connected with the bell clapper, so that if anyone endeavors to open the door from outside an obstacle is met with, and the alarm given. When the anxious watches of the night are over the "vigilant dragon" becomes a repository for the writing table.—London Express.

WONDERFUL SALT FARM

THE MEN WORK UNDER TERRIFIC CONDITIONS OF TEMPERATURE.

An Old Colorado Industry at Which Men Work in a Temperature of 140—A Thousand Acres of Solid Salt—Most of the Laborers Are Indians.

One of the most curious pieces of real estate in existence is now the subject of a suit brought by the Government to recover the property. It is a salt farm—1000 acres of solid salt, which is plowed and hoed and hilled up like so much earth. It lies in a depression 264 feet below the level of the sea, in the midst of the great Colorado Desert, just north of the Mexican line, in the State of California, and the town which has grown up on its border takes its name, Salton, from the crystal deposit.

For many years salt has been taken from this district, but on a small scale. In 1892 a temporary stoppage was put to the local industry, the overflow of the Colorado River, forming what was known as the Salton Sea. In time the water receded, evaporation followed, and there was left a residuum of almost pure crystal salt, a vista of unimaginable and almost unbearable brilliance and beauty. From a distance the effect was that of a sheet of the purest snow, glittering in the sunlight; but when the first explorers ventured upon the newly formed crust they were unable to endure for long the fierce refraction of the light, and fled blindly with aching eyeballs from that insufferable radiance. Equipped with colored glasses, they returned, and soon a company was working the richest salt crystal field in existence.

All that was necessary was to plow out the salt and grind it up. A salt plow was devised and built. It has four wheels and a heavy and powerful steel beam, or breaker, and the motive power is steam. Then a grinding mill and drying plant were put up, a dummy line run up to connect with the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the work of taking out five and a half tons daily at from \$6 to \$35 a ton began. The great difficulty, however, was to get labor. Probably nowhere else on the earth's surface do men work under such terrific conditions of temperature as at the Salton salt farm. The normal heat of the Colorado desert, which is such that few white men can live in that region, is enormously increased by the refracted and reflected rays of the sun. For weeks at a time the temperature of the field reaches 140 degrees every day. Under these conditions, of course, no white man can work. The salt plowing is done by Japanese and Indians, mainly the latter, who seem to endure the rigors of the climate without evil effect.

To watch the steady, stoic performance of the red-skinned toiler, as he hoes, shovels and scrapes the field, or operates the engine that propels the plow, is to appreciate the qualities of the Indian as a worker under the most trying conditions. Some of the Indian laborers even work without glasses, but all the Japs protect their eyes from the baneful glare with the darkest of spectacles, and even so they are often laid up with optic inflammation. In addition to the other discomforts of the salt fields the flying particles generate a particularly irritating and persistent thirst. The workers drink great quantities of water, and this serves as a safeguard against sunstroke, as it keeps them perspiring freely.

The deposit of salt varies in thickness from one to eight inches. It forms in a crust, and the plow breaks this salt covering by throwing a broad but shallow furrow of salt lumps up in parallel ridges on either side of the machine. Here and there underlying the crystal plain are springs of water. When this crust is broken the springs seep forth their dirty, brackish water; and the Indian lads follow the plow with hoe in hand, knocking to and fro the clumps of salt and mud in this water, until the earth is dissolved, and then the crystal salt is stacked in conical pyramids to await transportation to the mill.

The salt crystals do not dissolve during the washing, doubtless on account of the quantity of salt already in the water. No sooner has the plow gone over the field than the crust begins to form again; therefore, it would seem that the salt fields of Salton are inexhaustible. The salt is allowed to remain in the pyramids until complete evaporation of all water takes place, when it is transferred to the flat cars and carried to the mills at Salton.

The factory is a structure about 600 feet in length, and consists of a mill and drying plant. When the salt arrives at the mill it is thrown into a bulkhead breaker and reduced to uniform particles, which are run through a burr mill and thoroughly ground. There is an almost imperceptible portion of carbonate of soda mixed with the native salt, and this simply aids in the cleansing process. When thoroughly ground the salt is sifted like flour through bolting cloth, put through an aspirator, which removes all foreign substances, and is then ready to sack. Aside from the refined or domestic salt there are tons of hide salt shipped annually from Salton. This grade is only sold for commercial and industrial purposes.

The most delightful time to visit the crystal lake is upon a moonlight night. The spectacle is magnificent, but weird. The rows of glistening pyramids, the glitter of the moonlight from the facets of millions of crystals, the distant background of low, black hills, the expanse and stillness of the shadowless plain strike one with awe and wonder that can never be forgotten. Last December the United States

Land Office unearthed some records which seemed to indicate that the salt farming company had no right or title to the valuable property it is now working. Owing to the peculiar geographical conditions consequent upon the overflow of the river forming the Salton Sea and the subsequent subsidence and disappearance of the sea, the legal points involved are quite intricate.—Washington Times.

Life of a Lock.

A railway mail clerk in one of the railroad stations of this city gave the lock to a mail pouch a snap as he tossed the bag into his car.

"There are a half million of these locks in use on mail bags in the United States," he said to a reporter. "They are made right here in Washington on C street, between Four-and-one-half and Sixth streets, in the mail bag and repair shop of the Postoffice Department."

"The Government employs about sixty machinists there, and about 250 other employes on mail bag making and repairing. If the fire in the rear of this building on Indiana avenue a few days ago had extended to and consumed the shop and its contents the service would have been seriously interfered with for a time.

"The locks which hold the mail so securely in the pouches are very strongly made, and are called 'eagle locks,' because each has an eagle in bas-relief on the face. By a new process they are tinned inside and out, and the old disagreeable feature of rust will be removed. These locks stand the hardest kind of usage and all kinds of weather, yet their average life is ten years. They turned out of the C street shop 12,000 locks and 7500 keys last year, at a cost of about \$43,000. In enumerating the industries of Washington in the future the lock, key and mail bag manufacturing industry must not be omitted, as it is considerable.

"The department has a special lock for its valuable registered packages, and also a special key. Each of these locks and keys is numbered and recorded and carefully guarded and traced. Many thousands are in use."—Washington Star.

Electricity in the House.

Not every man who airily claims that his house is equipped with modern improvements has any idea of the extent to which these improvements have been developed.

Not so long ago a steam radiator, a gas jet and a bathtub constituted all the known improvements that even the owner of a modern palace would dream of coveting.

But the marvellous application of electricity to every existing domestic institution has made the present list of improvements a burden to count.

To be quite up to date, for instance, you must equip every room in your new mansion, especially the sleeping rooms, with hand lamps which light at the touch of a spring. Equally convenient is a pocket lamp and battery made like a folding camera—obviously a great convenience to burglars—something, indeed, that nobody in the world of graft can afford to do without.

There are also ornamental candles with miniature lights at their tips; a tiny lamp attaches to the front of a clock, and small lamps for decorative purposes.

A current is introduced in a house to supply power for flat-irons, curling-irons, coffee mills, ice cream freezers, and sewing machines and heat for chafing dishes and tea kettles. Telephones are replacing speaking tubes in most of the new mansions and also to connect with stables and other out-buildings. If power from a waterfall or windmill is available the owner of a house can install an electric plant of his own at small cost. In many large country houses the dynamo is run by a gasoline engine.

The Azores.

The Azores are volcanic islands, piled up masses of lava. But the sea bed around is now proved to be far more irregular than was formerly supposed. If the ocean were lowered by 1000 fathoms, they would form two distinct groups; but a further sinking of 500 fathoms would unite them into one. The great island thus revealed, of which the present Azores are the culminating summits, would, however, be largely extended toward the north, and on this mass also several conspicuous hills would be seen to rise. Even among the existing islands the surface is diversified by submarine eminences and rather deep basins. But everywhere beneath the ocean the process of rock building is going on. Slowly, but surely nature is "sowing the dust of continents to be," not only with the material of Aeolian hills, but also with that which has once been alive. In every part of the North Atlantic this work is proceeding.

When to Use "Shall" and "Will."

"At what time shall you be at liberty?" is the correct form when you "desire information, not consent or a promise." "At what time will you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you willing to be at liberty?" It implies that being at liberty is dependent on the will of the person spoken to. "At what time shall you be at liberty?" is equivalent to "At what time are you going to be at liberty?"—being at liberty is regarded as simply a matter of the future, not dependent on the will of anybody. "Will you?" expects the answer "I will;" it denotes willingness, consent, or determination. "Shall you?" expects the answer "I shall;" it denotes futurity and nothing more.—Elizabeth A. Withy, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS



Burlap For Walls.
In using plain burlap for a part side wall covering a lighter shade of the same color in paper is often used above it with disastrous effect. The tones of the burlap and paper do not seem to harmonize somehow. A two-toned effect in a little darker tints of the same color is preferable to finish the walls, with a plain ceiling above, or the two-toned paper may run up on the ceiling a little way also.

Removing Ink Spots.
Ink spots on furniture may be removed by an application of nitre. Mix together one teaspoonful of water and six drops of nitre and apply to the stain with a feather. As soon as the ink disappears rub the spot with a damp cloth to remove the nitre which will otherwise leave a white spot behind it. A saturated solution of oxalic acid is sometimes used in the same manner to rid furniture of ink stains.

Beef Made Tender.

A way of cooking beefsteak that is a wee bit touch was accidentally stumbled upon one day. Company came when it was too late to order, and the contents of cupboard and refrigerator were very slim. Two ends of porterhouse steak were hastily run through the meat chopper, using the medium knife. A coffee cup of rice was put on to cook in salted boiling water, then the rest of the dinner was prepared and ready to serve before the meat was cooked. Have skillet smoking hot and grease with just enough butter to keep from sticking, stir in C-copped meat and stir until meat is cooked through; one or two minutes is long enough. Heat meat platter and place meat in centre of plate, heaping it up with lump of butter in top, then salt and pepper to taste. Make a border of the rice around the plate and serve together. Sometimes I serve macaroni with the meat instead of rice. None of it is ever wasted, and twice a week is not too often to serve it to my family. Round steak is a good steak to buy to chop if you have no odds and ends to use.—Good House-keeping.

New Edges For Curtains.

Many new edge finishes are observable upon the cretonne curtains so much used as overhangings for lady's bedroom or boudoir at the present time. One simple idea for a portiere had both sides of the same material to match. The edges had a good deep three-quarter-inch turn in and then were machine stitched about three-eighths of an inch back from the edge.

Another effective finish is a binding of braid about three inches wide, not unlike a Hercules braid in weave, combining all the varied tints of the blossom bestrewn cretonne. Cotton fringe combining all the colors of the pattern is another popular edge finish.

These cretonne hangings are effective in the extreme, and grow in favor every day. For windows over muslin curtains, where the inside does not show, they are often left unlined. Again, they are lined with a harmonious plain shade of silk or satin. For portieres, as has been mentioned above, they are made double of the same pattern, or when between bedrooms, where cretonne is used in each, one side one pattern, the other side the other.—Philadelphia Record.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Curry Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter; add same amount of flour, one teaspoonful or more of curry powder and one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt. When frothy stir in gradually one cup of milk or white stock and let cook five minutes.

French Straws—Beat four eggs until very thick; then add five ounces of sugar, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg mixed and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll into a sheet half an inch thick; cut into slips the width and length of a finger; give each one a twist and cook in deep fat like doughnuts. When cool sift sugar on them.

Tomato Chutney—This is delicious with cold meats, chops or steaks. Slice one peck of green tomatoes, sprinkle with one cup of salt and let them stand all night. In the morning pour off the liquor and put the tomatoes into a granite pan with vinegar enough to cover them; add six peppers and four large onions, chopped fine, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of scraped horse radish, cup of chopped celery, one tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, four apples, chopped, one teaspoonful each of red and white pepper. Boil slowly four hours, and put in air-tight jars.

Fried Rolls—Soak one-half cake of yeast in one-fourth cupful of warm water. Scald one cupful of milk and add to it one heaped tablespoonful of butter, one rounded teaspoonful of salt. When the milk is cool add the yeast and stir in flour enough to make a smooth batter. Beat the white of one egg stiff; turn it into the batter, and when well mixed stir in enough more flour to make a stiff dough. Knead it until smooth. Let it rise in a warm place till light, then knead it down; take out pieces as large as an egg, make them first into balls, then into finger rolls. Let them rise some distance apart, and when light drop them into hot fat and cook brown.