

# FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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It is an open question at times which  
will be smashed, the record or the auto-  
mobile.

Santos-Dumont has won the prize,  
but it will be a long time before his  
dirigible balloon is ready to take  
freight and passengers.

Great Britain with her colonies owns  
nearly one-half of the total tonnage  
belonging to the marine of forty na-  
tions, or 14,000,000 tons out of a total  
of 29,000,000.

The Gathmann gun did not realize  
expectations, but no doubt some other  
invention will realize the hopes of civil-  
ization for a more expeditious means  
of killing people.

No sooner was the automobile exhibi-  
tion closed in New York City than  
boxes for the Horse Show were sold  
to the amount of \$30,000, or \$5000  
more than last year. Hoofs hold their  
own against wheels.

The Postoffice Department no longer  
regards free rural delivery as experi-  
mental. The farmers have most en-  
thusiastically welcomed the service,  
the demand for it is widespread and  
Congress for several years has made  
very liberal appropriations to extend  
it.

W. T. Harris, United States Com-  
missioner of Education, says: "The  
excuse for the introduction of the school  
garden into the United States lies in  
the right of country children to get the  
benefit of the educational advantages  
embodied in their environment." That  
is, things are teachers as well as books.  
Book knowledge at best is second-hand  
information.

Referring to the difficulty of civiliz-  
ing Sioux Indians, Miss Annie B. Sco-  
ville, writes: "The Government tried  
to civilize these Indians by issuing  
wagons, and they used them to feed  
the ponies from; stoves, and they  
knocked off the tops and used them  
over the camp-fires; cows, and the In-  
dian saw in them what he had in the  
buffalo—meat—and ate them up."

A fact indicative of the great progress  
higher education in America has  
made within the last generation is  
that of 7969 persons named in "Who's  
Who" who furnished personal data,  
5486 were graduates of colleges or  
of like institutions and 808 received  
only common school education. We  
shall soon present a unique spectacle  
in history—a democratic nation led by  
men of learning.

The finding of great coal beds in  
Alaska and of extensive deposits of  
asphalt in Michigan is better than the  
discovery of new gold mines. Coal  
in Alaska is a measurable offset to  
the wintriness of the climate. Cheap  
fuel is the one thing needed to hasten  
the development of the mineral wealth  
of the Territory. The asphalt supply  
in Michigan, if it shall prove to be  
extensive, will hardly be a less wel-  
come contribution to the need of the  
country. The asphalt supply of the  
world that is readily accessible for com-  
mercial purposes has fallen largely  
into the hands of a few owners. If  
we can get it as near at hand as Mich-  
igan we shall care less for the output  
in Trinidad and Venezuela, and per-  
haps we can expect to have our streets  
paved at a more moderate cost, ob-  
serves the Philadelphia Record.

"It is a very unique but most valua-  
ble pamphlet, and is worth fifty times  
the selling price. Every Afro-American  
of race pride, and every patriotic Ameri-  
can should buy one," and retain it in  
their homes as an ornament, as the cause  
which it is sold for is a good one.

Stations on the Russian Railway in  
Manchuria are placed 18 miles apart  
without reference to the location of  
towns.

## THE TIME THAT'S LOST IN WISHING.

I hear folks keep a-wishin' from the early  
morn till late,  
A-wishin' they was wealthy an' a-wishin'  
they was great;  
If stout, they'd be more slender; an' if  
slim, they'd be more fat—  
A discontented army, wishin' this an'  
wishin' that.  
An' I've done a heap o' thinkin' on the  
subject, first an' last,  
Why people squirm an' fidget in the places  
where they're cast;  
Yes, an' wish for fields t' conquer when  
they simple duties shirk,  
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might  
be better spent in work.

There's wishin' in the country for position  
an' renown,  
For wealth an' place an' power there is  
wishin' in the town;  
While the city folks, inclinin' more t' lau-  
rel wreaths o' fame  
Than more prosaic objects, keep on wishin'  
just the same  
The malady's infectious an' it deals as  
hard a blow  
T' women gowned in satin as t' those in  
calico;  
It steals as many hours from the banker  
as from the clerk,  
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might  
be better spent in work.

Folks may spend an hour thinkin' an'  
some good from it may come,  
An' hour's nap at noontime may improve  
your feelin's some;  
An' hour spent in singin' may see sorrow's  
banner furled,  
But an hour spent in wishin' is a dead-  
loss t' the world!  
An' so I'd have the wishin'-hours gather-  
ed up an' spent  
For chunks o' perseverance, or, in other  
words, content;  
Since behind these idle hours lots o' lit-  
tle troubles lurk,  
An' the time that's lost in wishin' might  
be better spent in work.  
—Roy Farrell Green, in Puck.



AUNT CELESTE'S OLD FASHIONED STORY.

AUNT CELESTE is a quaint-  
looking, pretty little old  
woman, with white hair  
smoothed down over her  
ears, and strangely fashioned old  
gowns of antique pattern. A slim,  
blue-eyed, low-voiced, loving little  
spinster with the queer manners of  
an elder day and the appearance of  
one of those old-fashioned bisque  
court ladies that our mothers stood  
on the what-not till the rising genera-  
tion made dolls of them and put them  
out of fashion by the strong hand.  
Even so is poor Aunt Celeste, with her  
antique courtliness, her gently radiant  
soul, and her relics of lace and flow-  
ered silk, passing gracefully and swift-  
ly and perhaps sadly into the dim cor-  
ners of the old home, where already  
her grand-nieces and grand-nephews  
are sitting in the light.

When little Marie and her brother  
Tom came up from Boston last week  
Aunt Celeste made a great ado about  
them. She was always fond of chil-  
dren, never admitting that she had a  
favorite, but winning them all with  
the pretty old stories of her girlhood  
and fairy tales so unbelievable that  
the little ones laughed until they cried  
over her preposterous giants and ogres.  
Perhaps it was because she fancied  
in little Marie the reincarnation of  
her own childhood, perhaps because  
of the girl's singular gentleness and  
grave deportment; perhaps it was be-  
cause the poor old soul yearned at last  
to tell something of her own heart-  
aches, but for some reason that doesn't  
matter Aunt Celeste gave little Marie  
the only glimpse that ever found the  
gray, old, simple secret of her story.

They were searching her faded treas-  
ures for scraps of ribbon and lace to



THE OLD WOMAN PICKED IT UP TENDERLY

adorn a doll when the child came  
across an old daguerrotype of a curly  
haired soldier.  
"Who is the handsome soldier,  
auntie?"  
The old woman picked it up tenderly,  
wiping its surface with her little  
lace handkerchief, and smiling wan-  
ly.  
"And if I tell you, Marie, you mustn't  
laugh."  
"I promise, cross my heart, auntie."  
"It was ever so long ago, Marie, that  
I saw him first. We were at school  
then, your grandma and I, down at  
the old convent in Egremont. Our best  
friend among the pupils was Miss  
Hurlingham. Poor Edith, she married  
a soldier and died only a few years  
ago at Calcutta or somewhere her  
husband was stationed. She was an  
English girl, and her father was an  
earl or a baron, I forget which, but at  
any rate he was a minister at Wash-  
ington.

"It must have been just after the  
Crimean War that we heard Edith's  
brother Cecil, Cecil Hurlingham, was  
coming to visit her. He was only a  
captain then, but a viscount, and you  
may be sure the convent girls were  
silly enough to make a great ado about  
his visit. A little entertainment was  
planned and there was to be a lawn  
fete after it and though it was a most  
unusual thing, the good nuns finally  
agreed to let us have a dance in the  
parlors. As there were to be no gen-  
tlemen present but Captain Hurlin-  
gham and his father, of course most  
of the girls had to be content to choose  
their partners, and then

came the momentous question as to  
which of us the young soldier would  
select for his dancing mate. Ah, little  
one, we were all very giddy and  
silly in those old days.  
"I remember quite well what a gal-  
lant young fellow he looked that eve-  
ning when he came across the lawn be-  
tween the old lord and Edith. He  
wore the uniform of an English officer,  
such a merry, boyish gentleman that  
I'm afraid everyone of us fell in love  
with him."  
"You, too, auntie?"

"Ah, well, honey, I thought him the  
finest, handsomest, tenderest gallant  
possible, and perhaps my heart flutter-  
ed harder than anyone's when the  
time came for choosing partners. In-  
deed, he was a modest, winsome gen-  
tleman, Marie," continued the old  
lady, absentmindedly gazing at the little pic-  
ture, "and made a name for himself  
afterwards in the wars of his coun-  
try."

"But the dance, auntie?" asked the  
child. "Who was his partner in the  
dance?"  
"He chose me, dearie, he chose me."  
The little old woman was folding the  
picture away now into an old lavender  
scarf. "This was the scarf I wore  
that evening, Marie." He voice was  
low and tremulous with the new-old  
memories of girlhood. She fumbled  
deeper into her old leather trunk and  
pulled out a time-stained prayer book,  
within the pages of which withered  
flowers and scraps of writing and a  
few ringlets of hair made voiceless  
records of her youth.

"This is his hair, honey," she said,  
holding out a yellow curl tied with a  
ribbon of faded blue, "and this is his  
writing on this card."

In the nervous, thin hand was a bit  
of paper inscribed, "A heart taken for  
my Celeste from Cecil." It was in  
boyish scrawl, and little Marie read it  
over and over before she asked:  
"Is this the token, this card?"  
"No, no, dearie. The token was a  
ring, a gorgeous ring with a diamond  
and some rare pearls in the setting."  
"May I see the ring, auntie?"  
"Bless you, little sweetheart," smiled  
the old lady, putting away her treas-  
ures with reverent, trembling hands.  
"I wish you might see it, but I sent  
it back to him. You know I was only  
a schoolgirl, a child then, and the  
good nuns made me send it back. And  
so I sent it back; I sent it back, Marie,  
but I kept the little card. He was a  
good and gracious soldier."

"And is that all you know about  
him, auntie?"  
"That's all,"—John H. Rafferty, in  
the Chicago Record-Herald.

**Panic About Legs.**  
Another sensational scientist has  
sent out a wild alarm that means  
sleepless nights for the nervous. This  
reckless distributor of terror is Pro-  
fessor Yung, of the University of  
Guef, Switzerland, who announces  
that in a million years, or even less,  
we human beings will have no legs.  
He has discovered that men are de-  
veloping a marked disinclination to  
"personal locomotion"—or, to put it in  
plainer English, to walking—for the  
reason that trams, motor cars and  
trains take them about with greater  
comfort and rapidity.  
A man engaged in the manufacture  
of trousers has called upon us and ex-  
hibited symptoms of grief and alarm  
at the thought that soon there may  
be no leg for him to clothe, and a  
maker of boots panic stricken, has  
asked for the latest news about feet.  
In the meantime he has curtailed his  
personal expenses and thought out a  
plan to convert his business into a  
limited liability company and unload  
the risk of a legless era upon the lay  
public.

In a day not so very far distant, Pro-  
fessor Yung opines, man will be noth-  
ing but brains and arms. There will  
be neither trousers nor boots to him,  
nothing to which to attach them. He  
will resemble the monkey even more  
than he does now, if possible, and he  
will swing himself from house to of-  
fice on rings specially suspended for  
the purpose, his fast disappearing legs  
waving uselessly in the breeze nei-  
ther serviceable nor ornamental.—Lon-  
don Express.

**Roman Remains in London.**  
As a result of the extensive excava-  
tions which have recently been made  
in London Wall, says a London special  
in the Paris Messenger, several  
Roman coins were brought to light.  
They consist of two specimens of An-  
toninus Pius (second brass) who died  
in A. D. 161; one Trajan (also a second  
brass), who flourished about the same  
time; Postumus (first brass), who  
was assassinated about the year A.  
D. 238, and a Vespasian (second brass),  
the date of which would be between  
the years A. D. 70 and 79.

It is an interesting fact that a large  
number of the coins of Postumus were  
evidently struck, as they still retain  
on their surfaces some traces of the  
effigies of preceding rulers, a circum-  
stance which is believed by numis-  
matists to show that he hastily re-  
stamped with his own portrait a part  
of the current coin of the empire.

**Mere Opinion.**  
We can forgive a man for a good  
many other shortcomings if we know  
he is a slave to the bathing habit.

It is hard to imagine anything any  
more contemptible than the man who  
howls when he is beaten at his own  
game.

A woman will dress for three hours  
to appear for twenty minutes at a re-  
ception, and never notice the waste of  
time.

They say a bad boy may develop into  
a useful man, but most of us are will-  
ing to have good boys and hope for the  
best.

Anyone can be the foolish half of a  
genius.—Chicago Record-Herald.



**Winter in the Sierras.**  
The pines are black on Sierra's slope,  
And white are the drifted snows;  
The flowers are gone, the buckthorn bare,  
And chilly the north wind blows.  
The pine-boughs creak,  
And the pine-trees speak  
A language the north wind knows.

There's never a track leads in or out  
Of the cave of the big brown bear;  
The squirrels have hid in their deepest  
holes,  
And fastened the doors with care.  
The red fox prowls,  
And the lean wolf howls  
As he hunts far down from the lair.

The eagle hangs on the wing all day,  
On the chance of a single kill;  
The little gray hawk hunts far and wide  
Before he can get his fill.  
The snow-wreath sits,  
And the blown snows drift  
To the canyons deep and still.  
—Mary Austin, in St. Nicholas.

**Volunteers on the Ice.**  
During the severe frost of 1890 a  
number of Lincolnshire Volunteers con-  
ceived the happy thought of carrying  
out their drills on the ice, says an  
English magazine. Three companies  
of them accordingly put on each man  
his skates and met at Stamp End Lock  
on the Witham River, December 29.  
Here they performed the movements  
of their drill as firmly and precisely  
as on land. Then, rifles in hand, they  
skated in fours to Boston, keeping  
time and step with remarkable skill.  
Other masters took place, all success-  
fully carried through. The men could  
do the march past in line and in col-  
umn and at the double excellently, the  
only thing that troubled them being  
the "marking" of time.

**Habits.**  
Ned was watching grandpa put on  
his shoes. "Why did you turn 'em  
over to shake 'em before you put 'em  
on?" he asked.  
"Did I?" said grandpa.  
"Why, yes, you did; but I didn't see  
anything come out. I have to shake  
the sand out of my shoes 'most every  
mornin'."

Grandpa laughed. "I didn't notice  
that I shook my shoes, Ned; but I got  
in the habit of shaking my shoes every  
time before putting them on when I  
was in India."  
"Why did you do it there?"  
"To shake out scorpions or centi-  
pedes or other vermin that might be  
hidden in them."

"But you don't need to do it here,  
for we don't have such things."  
"I know, but I formed the habit; and  
now I do it without thinking."  
"Habit is a queer thing; isn't it?"  
said Ned.  
"It's a very strong thing," said grand-  
pa; "remember that, my boy. A habit  
is a chain that grows stronger every  
day, and it seems as if a bad habit  
grows stronger faster than a good one.  
If you want to have good habits when  
you are old, form them while you are  
young, and let them be growing strong  
all the while you live."—Mayflower.

**An Intelligent Poodle.**  
"Have animals reason?" was one of  
the questions raised by Lord Avebury  
in an interesting address given at the  
London Institution, and certainly it  
seems hard to deny to the intelligent  
poodle Dan, with whom Lord Avebury  
experimented, some glimmering of the  
faculty which is said to separate men  
from brutes. Dan was able after a  
time to distinguish between the num-  
ber of cards inscribed with such sug-  
gestive words as "Food," "Tea,"  
"Water," and when he required any-  
thing, to bring the right card. Lord  
Avebury thought it was hardly possi-  
ble to study closely communities of  
ants without allowing that they were  
possessed of reasoning powers in some  
degree and even of moral feeling. On  
the other hand, the professional cater-  
pillar appears to be an insect of a very  
low order of intelligence. Processional  
caterpillars when out for an expedition  
weave a thread, by which they find  
their way back, and a small party was  
lured by an ingenious scientist up a  
flower pot, and round the top. He  
then cleared away the ascending  
thread, and for eight days did those  
caterpillars walk round and round the  
top of the flower pot, following the  
circular thread which remained, until  
they dropped off from fatigue and ex-  
haustion.—London Chronicle.

**A Mean Advantage.**  
A story is told of a boy named Jack,  
who was quite naughty in school and  
was frequently punished. One day  
the teacher decided to ask the prin-  
cipal to whip Jack. So she gave Jack  
a note to the principal, written thus:  
"Dear Mr. Smith: Please give a  
thorough whipping to the bearer."  
It happened that a German boy, who  
had recently entered the school and  
knew very little English, was passing  
through the hall just as Jack was re-  
luctantly approaching the principal's  
office.  
"Hello, Fritz," said Jack, suddenly,  
as a bright idea occurred to him. "Say,  
Fritz, take this in there, please."  
"Yes," answered Fritz, who was  
glad to be of use to some one else.  
So into the office went Fritz with an  
innocent air. What was his astonish-  
ment to find himself collared by the  
principal, and to see a stout rod brand-  
ished over his head.  
"Ach, no, no!" cried he, but alas! he  
could not explain in English and the  
principal understood no German. So  
poor Fritz was soundly thrashed, and  
not until the next day did the prin-  
cipal learn his mistake.



**How the Ninth's Heroes Fell.**  
MONG the recent arrivals on  
the Empress of China from  
the Orient was Lieutenant F.  
P. Allison, of the United  
States Navy, who was on his way  
home from Manila.  
Speaking of the massacre of the  
members of the Ninth Infantry in Sa-  
mar, he said the natives had grown  
to like the negro troops, and when the  
Ninth arrived, it was thought the  
same friendly feeling would be shown  
to them, and the guard was not as  
strictly kept as it otherwise would  
have been.

The night before the massacre the  
village president went to Captain Con-  
nell and before the padre declared that  
it would take 100 more bombs (na-  
tive laborers) to do certain pioneer  
work, and he had not sufficient.  
Captain Connell said: "Do the best  
you can. Get any native who will  
work, but clear away the underbrush."  
"Just after daybreak," continued the  
Lieutenant, "natives with bolos to cut  
underbrush began coming into camp.  
Then the massacre began. The last  
underbrush man killed the sentry; the  
church bell rang; the soldiers were at  
breakfast below the floor that held  
their arms. The insurgents divided,  
half going upstairs and shooting down  
and the other half going into the mess  
room and murdering the unarmed sol-  
diers.

"Not one of the survivors turned his  
back upon the scene until all was lost,  
their officers fallen, their comrades  
slaughtered and a terrible vengeance  
executed upon the enemy. Then they  
saved themselves and their wounded  
mates.

"Captain Connell apparently was  
awakened in his quarters by the at-  
tackers pouring in. He jumped from  
the window, but his guards had all  
been slaughtered. He was struck down  
by many bolos almost as soon as he  
reached the ground. The assassins  
hacked his body into bits, severing the  
head, upon which they piled paper and  
wood, setting them on fire to render  
the face unrecognizable. The body,  
however, was identified by Lieutenant  
Drouillard's detachment, which came  
down from Basesy.

"The bodies of Lieutenant Bumpus  
and the doctor were found upon a  
bridge leading up to the quarters over  
a little stream. The Lieutenant had a  
bolo cut horizontally across the fore-  
head, almost severing the top of the  
head, and a deep gash down each side  
of the face. The doctor's body was  
not so badly mutilated.

"Separated from their weapons, most  
of the rank and file fought like heroes  
with table knives, stones, clubs and  
such rude weapons as chance threw in  
their way. It was a bitter fate that  
befell those who closed with the Ameri-  
cans before they received their death  
wounds. Some of the native dead  
were buried by their own crew before  
they fled, but Colonel Derussy or-  
dered 100 more to be thrown into a  
trench.

"A rifle in the hands of the first ser-  
geant of the company did terrible ex-  
ecution. The sergeant, who is now in  
the Tobolian Hospital, killed the faith-  
less president, who led the attack.  
With six men he fought his way to  
the headquarters building to try to  
rescue some of the men. Despite the  
mad rushes of the savages that sur-  
rounded them, they were able to se-  
cure the post colors. Then they cut  
their way back to the beach, where  
another little knot of comrades were  
defending the barots and their  
wounded companions."

**An Hour's Struggle For Life.**  
In 1818 Lord William Pitt Lennox  
sailed for Canada in the frigate Iphi-  
genia. Just before 8 o'clock one eve-  
ning, under a freshening breeze, there  
came the cry, "Man overboard!" "Clear  
away the cutter!" cried Lieutenant  
——. He then threw over a life-  
buoy, ordered the first lieutenant to  
take care of the ship, and in another  
instant went overboard himself after  
the drowning man.

The frigate was going rapidly and  
the wind was high. In a few mo-  
ments the heads of the struggling men  
were out of sight. The cutter dropped  
astern, shipped a sea, and disappeared  
in the darkness. For not July was  
night coming on, but a dismal cloud,  
which had been all day approaching,  
observed what twilight was left. The  
glass was falling, and it was evident  
from all signs that a dirty night was  
coming on.

The two men had not appeared. Every  
man on board was straining his  
gaze to windward. An hour passed,  
an hour that seemed like an age, when  
suddenly there came a voice from un-  
der the lee, "Stand fast! Heave us a  
rope!"

There was the cutter with the half-  
drowned sailor, the lieutenant, the  
crew, life-buoy and all. They were  
soon on deck, and there the lieutenant  
told his story.  
"The sea broke over us, and do what  
we would we couldn't reach the life-  
buoy. Simcoe was too much disabled  
to swim, for he had struck his head  
in falling, and besides that, the ship  
had gone clear over him. He never  
attempted to touch me, and when he  
got too weak even to struggle, he  
blessed me, and said, "Try to save  
yourself."

"I let him go, struck out for the  
buoy, reached it, and with the other  
hand grasped for Simcoe, for now he  
was literally sinking.  
"I caught his hair and pushed the  
buoy against his breast. He clutched  
it, and with my help got his head high  
enough for breathing. I strained my  
eyes for the boat, but I could not see  
it. Suddenly there was a sound of  
oars in carlocks. I cried out with all  
my might.  
"Where, sir, where?" I heard one  
of the sailors call from to windward.  
"Dead to —," but I was immersed be-  
fore I got out the word 'leeward.'  
"Where, sir, where?" came the  
voice.  
"Leeward!" I roared.

"They backed down on us, and we  
were dragged in. It seemed as if we  
had been centuries away from the  
ship."  
**Hitched Schoolhouse to a Tree.**  
A special from Harrison, Neb., says  
an extraordinary incident of the White  
River floods developed there when Miss  
Lizzie Cottman saved thirteen children  
from drowning. Incidentally it may  
be mentioned that the daring woman  
also saved Schoolhouse 19 for the  
Sioux County taxpayers.

The building, a small wooden affair,  
occupied a small glade 100 yards from  
the banks of the White River. The  
stream had reached the proportions of  
a torrent because of the melting snow  
and rain. Gradually the water backed  
into the ravine and when Miss Cot-  
tman arrived the school children were  
making merry in the building, which  
was nearly surrounded by a thin sheet  
of water.

An hour later Miss Cottman was  
frightened by hearing the water pass-  
ing under the house with a roaring  
sound, which gradually increased. The  
land was twenty feet away, and the  
water there was deep. The girl at  
first concluded to wait for some pass-  
ing farmer. None came, and in an  
hour she felt the building shaking. The  
supports were giving away.

Then she sprang into the water after  
making the children promise to wait  
inside. The little ones pressed their  
faces against the window and  
screamed as they saw their teacher  
battling with the flood.

Miss Cottman found the water nearly  
over her head but she got through  
to dry land. Then she grabbed a  
horse which one of the children had  
ridden to school. From a stable she  
took a rope and leading the horse  
back plunged again into the torrent.  
The rope she fastened around the  
horse's neck and the other end she  
made fast to the doorjamb of the  
building.

By this time the building was float-  
ing and ready to drift off into the  
flood. It required desperate work to  
swim the horse back to the shore and  
Miss Cottman was forced to hold its  
head above water to keep it from  
drowning. The animal dragged the  
building close to shore and it was tied  
to a tree and the children sent home.

**Adrift Two Days on a Capsized Boat.**  
W. J. Harper, a pioneer resident of  
Cockburn Island, now residing at Thes-  
salon, had a terrible experience last  
week.

He was crossing from Thessalon to  
Little Coburn in his sailboat, when a  
squall capsized the boat. He suc-  
ceeded in getting upon the bottom of  
the boat, and for two days and two  
nights drifted helplessly, the water at  
times washing over him, and once he  
fell asleep and fell overboard, losing  
his hat. After more than fifty hours  
the boat touched Grant's Island, and  
Mr. Harper crawled ashore. He lived on  
wintergreen berries, strawberry  
leaves, birch buds, etc., for several  
days, when a party of Indians coming  
from John's Island camped on Grant's  
Island, and found Mr. Harper almost  
exhausted. They carefully nursed him,  
poulticed his feet, which were blue  
and numb, and after twenty-four  
hours brought him to Thessalon the  
day of his departure. Meantime the  
people of Thessalon, fearing some dis-  
aster, had sent out two tugs and bands  
of men to scour the islands in the vi-  
cinity.

Mr. Harper carried the mail between  
Cockburn and Thessalon for some  
years, a most perilous undertaking,  
and on two former occasions nearly  
lost his life. He has come through  
this terrible experience very well, and  
will soon be around as usual.—Toronto  
Globe.

**Rode a Moose Into a Lake.**  
A party of prominent railroad  
officials, of St. Paul, Minn., while hunt-  
ing in the woods surrounding Cass  
Lake, a country abounding with deer,  
suddenly came upon a splendid speci-  
men of the moose, near the fringe of  
the wood. The moose emerged from  
a tamarack swamp, and as soon as he  
caught sight of the hunters, four in  
number, he charged them. They  
dropped their guns and ran pell-mell  
for shelter.

The only refuge was the braches  
above them, and up into a tree each  
climbed. H. Parkhurst, of the Minne-  
apolis office of the Great Northern, did  
not hide himself and the moose charged  
the tree, butting it furiously. In frigh-  
t Parkhurst dropped onto the back of  
the moose, clinging tightly. The moose  
was torn and his flesh bruised by the  
wild ride to the lake. He attempted  
to dismount, but was unable to do  
so. The moose dashed over the frozen  
edge of the pond and plunged into the  
water, which was icy cold. Parkhurst  
flouted off the animal's back and with  
difficulty swam to the shore, where his  
friends took him in charge.—Chi-  
cago Inter-Ocean.

Water sufficient to cover one acre one  
inch deep will weigh 101 tons.