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Enormous quantitie of agricultural implements are going to South America, where farming is expanding rap-

A Michigan banker has run away. leaving a surplus for the depositors The other missing bankers have prob decided unanimously that the poor man is crazy.

A tour of the agricultural districts of England and Wales reveals the fact that scores of farms are absolutely abandoned, and that hundreds more are in a semi-derelict condition.

The idea of establishing a course in the study of the Chinese language as a university feature is not a bad one It will enable us to see what the Mon-golians are calling us on our laundry

The common cockroach has spread throughout the civilized world by means of ships. This disagreeable bug comes and goes on ships almost as freely as the rats. The two seem to live together amicably, and they monopolize the hold of the ships which carry foodstuffs.

It is stated by an authority that the weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. The colder the climate the greater size of the brain. The largest heads of all are those of the Chugatches, who live very far north, and next come the

The Philadelphia Times remarks that the experience of a century has established beyond question that vaccination, properly performed at reasonable intervals of time, confers substantial immunity from smallpox, and that the one way to exterminate this disease in any community is by gen eral and systematic vaccination.

It is pointed out that the French sol dier, with the abundance of marma-malade, chocolate, figs, licorice and caramels in his rations, has a larger allowance of sweets than the soldiers of other nations. Sugar now ranks high in favor with military authorities as fighting food. An allowance of pure candy was added to the rations of American soldiers in the Philippines last year.

British service papers have noted that the Prince of Wales is the first heir apparent to the British Crown to an actual commission in the navy, the senior service on their side of the water. Hitherto the heir ap parent has been put into the army and any naval rank he may have held has been purely honorary. The same rule was followed in the case of the sons of the present King; Prince Edward was made a soldier, and died while Major in a hussar regiment; Prince George was made a sailor and has commanded his own ship on a regular cruise. Now, by the death of his elder brother, he becomes Prince of Wales, the first of the line to be a sailor. Hitherto he has been promoted rapidly, but with a decent period of service in each rank, until he now holds the commission of a Captain. Hereafter his promotion will be very rapid, and his : ew grades will be honorary, as it will no longer be advisable for the heir to the Crown to go to sea in command of a fleet or to take the risks of a nava! officer. says the New York Sun.

Mr. Carnegie Brings Scotch Oats.

Mr. Carnegie Erings Scotch Oate.

"Some people bring in funny things in their bagasae," said the inspector on the dock at New York, meditatively, "and it surprises us at time. There's Andrew Carnegle, for instance. The last time he arrived at New York among other things he declared was 400 pounds of oats from Scotland. What do you suppose he carries oats about with him for?"

THE OLD WORLDLING

shambles by each sunny afternous portly form is shrunken as a face is vacant as the morning passed is his nectar.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone; Out of his blood the wanton warmth that thrilled it; Out of his air the charm that conquests

When fancy willed it. Proud was his port and tasty his array;
His days and nights o'erflowed with song
and laughter;
He never dreamed that these would pass

And this come after.

He courted pleasure and secured it still; He asked for friends, and loves, and these were given; He craved all worldly good and had his fill; He sought not heaven.

His friends have vanished never to return His pleasures, treasures, all his heart' desire:

desire; His passions only in their embers burn;
Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventime has brought no light;
Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him;
The dark will bear him to the wastes of night;
Earth will not miss him.

Alas, the life that has no upward look, No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor Its taste becoming like the seer's book, Bitter forever!
-Edward N. Pomeroy, in Boston Tran



OR years he had been a familiar figure in the neighborhood. Everybody called him Jim, and, until the event which we are about to relate occurred, doubted if he possessed any other name. Twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, he made his round with a step-stone and proceeded to make the front descent to each dweiling shine with dazzling whiteness. Jim knew his business and gloried in it, but no effort of his or any one else's could raise him a step higher than the top one of the flight. He had tried to wash windows on the earnest entreaty of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, who thought any work about should be child's play for a great, able-bodied man. But it didn't agree with him, and he went back to his steps with renewed vigor and pride. His whole reason for being seemed to be centred in these steps, and fi cost him many a pang to see the first black footprint mar their purity. OR years he had been a famil

ty. There was, however, another objec



in Jim's life, and that object lived on the street back of all the fine folk whose entrances were kept so immaculate. Whatever romance may have been his in the past there was no evidence of it now. No locket-eneased photograph lay next his heart never to be parted with in this life. He did not need a photograph of her. She was present in the living flesh, adorned with multifarious curl-papers every morning when he dragged the hose out of the little shed and with the cool water made the tiny garden green and fresh. "She," still enjoying the comforts and delights of single blessed-ness, lived all alone in the house, possessed of just enough income to provide the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life. How Jim ever dared fing illimmer of former respectability combined with the longing to be comfortably settled urged him on. "Her" steps were cleaned oftener than twice a week, and they were always spotless, for she had some of the propensities of old Aum Betsy Trotwood, and at the first click of the gate could be heard, not the cry "Donkeys, Janet; donkeys!" but the sharp admonition, "Go round to the back door, please." It was doubtless this very quality in her that first won Jim's heart, for combine his beloved steps with such a woman and what more could be desired on this earth. But in spite of his daily attention and devotion she seemed perfectly satisfied with the services he could render outside the family, and even took occasion to show her superiority and indifference to men in general in no doubtful way.

But Jim played his cards like an old hand. He suddenly disappeared from her world. Her surprise on the first morning of his absence was followed

But Jim played his cards like an old hand. He suidenly disappeared from her world. Her surprise on the first morning of his absence was followed by dismay when the next man she hired came staggering into the kitchen one morning to ask for the "wather and the sthep-sthone," and his successor presented himself with the garden hose and left for parts unknown.

One morning, after a month of such annoyance, she poked her curl-updreed head out of the window and saw the steps shining in their old accustomed whiteness, the hose playing gayly in the garden and the figure of a man the garden and the figure of a man plimentary.—Boston Transcript.

wildly striding after a stray dog that had inadvertently set one dirty paw on the forbidden ground. She heaved ad inadvertently set one dirty pay a the forbidden ground. She heaved sigh of relief and made her way

"Well, Jim," she called from the oor, "wherever 've you been this long

time?"
Jim came shambling in.
"Miss Capen," said he, "I been gittin' my legacy. "I ain't goin' to work
out no more, but I just thought I'd
like to take care o' this little place.
It's so kind o' purty an' homelike, you
know."

like to take care o' this little place. It's so kind o' purty an' homelike, you know."

"A legacy, Jim! When did you get a legacy, and how much is it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said Jim. "You see, I happen to be one of the heirs to an old chap over in England. That's 'bout enough to support a wife on, ain't it? (with a sidelong glance). But the girls nowadays they air too giddy for me, an' what's more they take no kind o' pride in their front steps. All they want is purty clothes. I got to have a woman as is settled down, but they aln't no such woman wants the likes o' me."

"Well, Jim, you did a good job on those steps this morning, and I'm glad to have you back again. Why, such a time as I've had! Say, Jim, you haven't had your breakfast, have you? You just go out and pull those weeds out of the tomato bed and I'll have it ready in a jiffy. How much did you say you got, Jim? Ten thousand dolars? That's a pretty little sum, Jim. A pretty little sum, Jim. A pretty little sum, Jim. A pretty little sum yand from head to heels in new apparel and they had taken a trip to St. Joe and got "spliced," as Jim put it.

"She" thought it rather beneath the dignity of the husband of Miss Capen and the possessor of \$10,000 to clean the front steps, but blood will tell, and one morning she was awakened with the sound of scrubbing in her ears. She crept to the window. There was James Carrington Doyle, possessor of a legacy of \$10,000 and husband of Mrs. James Carrington Doyle, owner of a house and to, down on his knees with a pail of water and a step-stone washing the ascent to the front door of the family mansion as white as the fallen snow. He looked up as she onened the window. washing the ascent to the front door of the family mansion as white as the fallen snow. He looked up as she opened the window. "I'm gittin' it done before the neigh-bors are up," was all he said.—C. E. Corbett, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Realization of Age.

Two attorneys, who had slipped past the meridian of life without hardly observing the fact, were talking about ages while eating a deliberate luncheon in the Lawyers' Club a couple of days ago, when one of them told a story which embodies the experience

of more than one man.

"It really came to me with a little shock," he said. "I took a sleeper at Buffalo for New York, and there were only half a dozen men aboard when I retired for the night. In the morning, while in the toilet room brushing my hair, I saw in the mirror, the reflection of the back of an old gentleman I did not remember seeing before. He appeared much older than any man I had noticed on the car the night before, and I made up my mind that he had come aboard after I had gone to bed.

"I watched the reflection while ar "I watched the reflection while ar ranging my hair, and then turned, in tending to speak to the old gentleman You can imagine my surprise when if found that I had been looking at my own back."—New York Herald.

A woman who has recently returned A woman was recently recurrent from a trip across the continent, is preparing a souvenir which will be a novel and interesting reminder of the trip. She collected, en route, menu cards and samples of stationery. One sheet of paper and one menu card from each hotel and the same from ach train and dining car were pre erved. Now the crests and letter heads are being carefully cut out and will be pasted on a plain white picture frame. The picture to go in the frame was also brought along. It is a lovely view of Pike's Peak taken with the view of Pike's Peak taken with the sun shining on its snow capped heights and showing the Garden of the Gods in the foreground. Sufficient crests, etc., were secured to make the frame pretty without introducing anything foreign on the trip. The maker ac-knowledges that she borrowed her idea from a young woman who went abroad some time ago and brought back a collection of monograms, crests and such things from the hotels, the trains and the steamers.

Fish Protection in a Noted Lake. The Fish and Game Commission has emporarily prohibited fishing in Lake

Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggachau-ounagungamaugg. Just why fishing nas been prohibited there is not publicly stated. It is rumored that eckless sportsman drew the lake's name through that body of water sev eral times (after the manner of a se and that this reckless practice resulte in catching nearly all the fish that were too large to slip through the "au's" or the "gg's." If the orders of the Fish Commission were necessary to preserve the beauties of the charming lake, they were justifiable. As the town poet of Webster has forcefully

SCIENTIFIC INDUSTRIA **公司**

The Government of India has just completed a concrete dam on the Peri-car River to conserve its waters for the irrigation of 100,000 acres of land. the irrigation of 100,000 acres of land. It is 176 feet in height, 138½ feet in thickness at the base, twelve feet thick on top and 1200 feet in length. It is forty-six feet higher than the Assouan dam across the Nile. It has cost the Indian Government \$2,009,600.

A chief merit in acetylene lies in it true rendering of color shades at night. One of the recent large installations designed to take advantage of this characteristic is that reported from Muhlbach, in Alsace, in a cotton mill employing 500 hands. Between 800 and 900 jets of acetylene are now in operation daily. Naturally enough it is reported that all operatives are highly pleased with this and other qualities of acetylene.

A kite for signaling from a wrecked vessel, and also to be used as a mean of sending a line ashore has been in vented by Captain Brossard de Cor bigny, of the French Naval Reserve bigny, of the French Naval Reserve. It is collapsible and readily packed when not needed for use. When flown in the air it can be deflected at an angle of forty-five degrees from the direction of the wind. By this means a line may be flown over almost any destred spot. The line is dropped by sending aloft a little cutting device, which travels along the cord and is put into operation automatically when it touches the kite.

A new screw propeller, for which various advantages are claimed, has been brought out in England, and its merits were discussed at the meeting of the International Congress at Glasgow. Mr. Mumford said that he had experimented for twenty years with screw propellers of various pitches, but had never found one to give higher efficiency than a true screw. Also, that in propeller designing no reliance whatever could be placed upon theory alone; the only course was to obtain better knowledge by actual practical tests; so far as he could see, there was not much hope of improving upon the screws now in use.

The diamond drill has added millions of dollars to the mineral wealth of the world. Its inventor, Ashel J. Severance, recently died poor at Denver. Col. In 1870 he and his associates sold the patent on the diamond drill for \$100,000, and Severance lost his part of the proceeds by ill-advised investment. At the time of his death he was about to realize considerable money on the sale of a patent for the manufacture of Damascus steel, which he secured a long time ago, but on account of the great number of persons who have claimed to rediscover this secret, he found difficulty in interesting any one in his process.

It is surprising what a number of camphor eaters there are among the well-to-do classes in India. The idea seems to prevail that this gum, taken in small and regular does, gives a peculiar clear creaminess of complexion, and scores of young women buy it for this purpose. The habit is, moreover, very difficult to cast off, for camphor produces a mild form of exhilaration and stupefaction, and in many instances, where very large does have been swallowed, the habit has become a sort of slavery. These camphor-eaters all have a dreamy, dazed and very listless air, and in most of them there is an ever present longing to sleep, or, at least, to rest. Extreme weakness generally follows the taking of regular doses, and cases have been seen where it has been almost difficult to tell the effects from those of alcohol. As to the complexion, if a ghastiy pallor be an improvement camphor certainly produces it.

Fighting Cancer.

In improvement campior certainly produces it.

Fighting Cancer.

It is stated in Nature that Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, has been enabled to devote himself to a special study of the disease of cancer in consequence of a bequest of the interest for three years of a sum of 500,000 marks, dedicated to this purpose by a Frankfurt banker, the late Herr Theodor Stern. Other sums contributed by private individuals will bring up the amount to be devoted tathis special investigation of cancer by Dr. Ehrlich to 40,000 marks, or \$10,000 a year. In Berlin there exists a special committee for the investigation of cancer, which studies pathological accounts of cases and collects statistics and medical literature on this subject. Professor von Leyden is at the head of the committee, and Professor von Kirchner, of the Medical Department of the University of Public Instruction, is one of its members.

Smart Postal Work.

A few days ago, says a Geneva special in the Paris Messenger, a letter arrived from America at Berne bearing the following inscription: "To the person who is on the other side." On the other side of the letter was a small photograph of a man whose dress showed him to be a postoffice employe.

showed him to be a postoffice employe.

The day after the receipt of the letter the annual meeting of the postoffice employes was held at Lucerne, and the letter bearing the photograph was forwarded there for identification. On the letter being passed around one of the postmen said that he thought the photograph was that of a postman in the Canton of Soleure.

Sure enough the next day the owner was found in r small village named Beberist, in Soleure.

FROM DIPLOMAT TO LONGSHOREMAN

The Sad Story of a New York Laborer Who Has Interviewed Half Europe's Kings. "There is no city in the world with so many foreigners as New York," writes the Rev. David M. Steele in an article on "The Other Side of the Town," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Nor is there any class of persons in the city among whom there are so many 'queer cases.' I met a man in the Bowery one cold, wet, winter night selling shoe laces. He looked so hun-gry that I took him to a restaurant, where, after I had given him somewhere, after I had given him some thing to eat, he gave me his confi-dence. He talked five languages— Italian, Spanish, German, French and Arable—with equal fluency, but did not know a word of English.

"But who was he? A man of thirty-five, well educated, well connected and well bred. For five years after graduating be ating he taught Sanskrit in a great university, and for the five years fol lowing acted as the foreign diplomatic correspondent of a Berlin daily. had in person interviewed half crowned monarchs of Europe, crowned Europe, and when this work grew commonplace he enlisted in the Secret Information Service of the German Army. on a mission into Russia, he committed a most serious blunder, and he sud-denly found himself wanted by two armies at one time to be shot as a spy His father cursed him, his patrons serted and his friends derided him. He escaped with his life in time to flee the country. To-day this son of a Russian Count is rolling salt barrels on a New York dock."

Clever Blind Men.

Clever Blind Men.

John B. Herreshoff may justly be called one of the wonderful men of the age, but it must not be forgotten that he was an expert sailor before he went blind. James Holman was another wonder. Though totally blind, he traveled around the world and wrote a vivid narrative of what he "saw." England's ablest Postmaster-General. Henry Fawcett, was totally blind. When Gladstone appointed him it was with the understanding that he was not to be in the Cabinet, the Premer holding that his affliction would render it impossible for him to guard Cabinet secrets with the requisite jeal-ousy. Mr. Fawcett had long been professor of political economy at Cambridge and was a Member of Parliament.

Smelloy, blinded Kleinhaus, the

bridge and was a Member of Parllament.

Smallpox blinded Kleinhaus, the "Blind Sculptor of the Tyrol," at the age of five, and a few years later the death of father and mother left him destitute. The boy began to whittle images out of wood. His first efforts were most pittable, but he persevered until he was able to "see with his fingers." At fifteen he was so expert that he could engrave from memory the features of a face upon which he had pressed his fingers. He lived to be nearly ninety, and his art kept him in comfortable circumstances in his modest bachelor home.—New York Press.

comfortable circumstances in his modcomfortable circumstances in his modrelephones on Fast Trains.]

On some of the best railway trains
of the day telephones form a part of
the equipment. The system is so arranged that when the cars stop in
large stations connections can be made
with the regular telephone circuits of
the cities. This service, it is announced, is to be improved and extended. It is one of the notable features of modern railway progress.

In these days when even the ship
far out at sea holds communion with
distant shores and with unseen companions on the deep, it seems almost
an anomaly that a train, always on
solid land and always within view,
should be even for a moment cut off
from the field of converse. Undoubtcelly, a development not long to be delayed is that which will bring into telphonic range the express speeding as
well as the express at rest.

What a marvel of comfort and convenience will be worked when the
tourist for pleasure or business can
'ring up' from his parlor-car seat the
home, the office, the club, for such
communion as the impulse or emergency of a moment may dictate!—New
York World.

Mutton as a Motor.

Green, the English historian, one day

Mutton as a Motor.

Green, the English historian, one day asked a friend which of all the inventions of their day had done the most for the people as a whole. His friend guessed this and that, but the answer

was:
"Beyond doubt, six-penny photograph

graphs."

A reply involving quite as great an absurdity as that was made by Cecil Rhodes in answer to a lady who seeking to draw him out, suggested that he owed his phenomenal rise to the impetus of noble sentiments. "Madam," returned Mr. Rhodes, "I owe my fortune simply and solely to cold mutton."

"Cold mutton!" gasped the lady. "O Mr. Rhodes, what do you mean?"
"When I was young," continued the
South African millionaire, "I was so

dosed with cold mutton, and I hated it so cordially, that I resolved to grov rich in order to put it on one side for the rest of my life. Yes, madam, cold mutton was at the root of my success: noble sentiments had nothing to do with it."-Youth's Companion.

Where a Fortune Waits.

A correspondent of the Lewistown (Me.) Journal suggests that some en-terprising individual could get abundant wealth by starting an angle worm farm. In the height of the season at Rangeley these worms sell at \$1 a quart, and the supply is never equal to the demand.

If Riches Were Universal.

Some people don't seem to realize that if we were all rich we shouldn't have the fun of planning what we would do when our ship came in.

New York Press.



n Trouble

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"
So sighed the immortal poet,
Standing beside the servouble
And few of us sigh such sighs;
Our tongues are ready to utter;
But we have no thought to arise.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

He-"You are truly the first girl I ever loved."

She-"That isn't the point. Are you sure I will be the last?" — Chicago News.

Not So Brave.

Blobbs—"He says he would rather fight than eat."

Slobbs—"Pugnacious, eh?"

Blobbs—"No; dyspeptic."—Philadel-

phia Record.

Couldn't Help It.
Customer—"Say, waiter, why do you allow such an unpleasant, iil-bred creature as that to dine in this cafe?"

• Waiter—"Why—er—that's the proprietor."—Chicago News.

One of the Mourners.

Larry-"His lasht requist wor thot ivery wan shud look pilsant at his funeral. Cheer up!"

Denny-"How kin Ol? He owed me

tin dolers."-Chicago News.

"Smiggins has taken to riding horse-back for his dyspepsia."
"Any results?"
"None, except the horse looks as if it had it now."—Indianapolis News.

They Saw.

Jabbs—"Well, a fellow assaulted me the other day, and I said nothing, but saw stars!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Scasonable Petition.
Tess—"That beggar woman's a fraud.
What did she ask you for?"
Jess—"She said she wanted a few
pennies to get a chocolate lee cream
soda and some lobster salad."—Philadelphia Press.

He Went.

"Father, do all angels have wings?"

"No, my son; your mother has none."

And then she coughed—dropped a cup and saucer, and said sweetly that he might go to the club, if he wouldn't stay too late.—Atlanta Constitution.



"Hey, there! Old man, wake up and unwind."-Life

The Only Course.

"Why don't you challenge him .o prove the truth of his scandalous assertions?" said the American.

"That would be too casy a task for him," answered the European. "I'll have to challenge him to fight."—Washington Star. ington Star.

He Wouldn't Care.

"Did it ever occur to you," said the thoughtful person, "that the number of matches used each day reaches the stupendous sum of 'steen billions?'

"It never did," replied the thought-less one, "and I'll be blamed if I would have cared a straw if it had."—Detroit Free Press.

He Must Try Something Else. "It seems to me that English doctor who wants to increase the number of children by having dowries set apart for poor girls when they become brides is very short-sighted." "Why so?" "It's only the poor that have lots of bables."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Business-Like.

"When I get a new job I want a boss who can take a joke."

"Was your recent employer too ser-

"Well, he sneaked in on me when I was giving the boys a humorous imtation of his strut;—and then—to make a long story short—I got fired."—Puck.

Recriminating.

The society woman flashed as to her eyes, and the reporters pressed about her with earn satrain.

"So they say my refreshments were stingy, do they?" she exclaimed.

"Well, you may quote me to the effect that my refreshments would have been ample, had these critical ladles worn gowns that fitted them anyhow at all. So, there."-Puck

Self-Approval.

"You want more cast-off clothes!" exclaimed the woman of the house.
"If ye got 'em to spare, lady," answered Menndering Mike.
"But the clothes I gave you last

week—you are not wearing them. Have you pawned them?" "Lady, whatever else my faults may be, it can't be said I am one o' dem people dat puts every cent on me