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Since the arrival of the automobile, the bicycle-hater is inclined to moderate his vindictive tone.

One of the American innovations in the city of Ponce, Porto Rico, is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which relentlessly prosecutes all violators of the law.

Boston adduces as further proof of her literary pre-eminence the fact that her people spent \$6 per capita for stamps last year, against \$2.87 spent by Philadelphians and \$3 by New Yorkers.

In four counties of western Massachusetts no less than 120 public libraries are in operation, containing 825,000 books. The towns where they are located have a population of 307,000. Some of the librarians give their time without salary. In several cases the pay is from \$5 to \$30 a year.

Xenophon de Kalamatiano, 19 years of age, a native of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been made a professor in modern language department of the University of Chicago, where he will fill the chair of Russian language. Kalamatiano will give the first course in Russian ever offered at the university.

The United States cruiser Cincinnati is the only all-steel vessel in the United States navy with an ornate life-size figurehead at her bow. A figure of liberty, in steel and wood, stands out from her graceful stem. A simple shield representation of the coat-of-arms of the United States is the only ornamentation of the prow of other United States warships.

Some of the professional beggars arrested in the shopping district in New York City the other day had only \$1 when searched, but some of them had so much more that it brought the average up to \$8 apiece. Since it is not to be presumed that any of them started out on the day's work with money, it would appear that the wages for such industry are better than supposed.

The Georgia legislature has authorized the erection in the capitol at Washington of statues of two of Georgia's notable citizens, the expense to be met by popular subscription. Twenty years ago, when the legislature of the same state was considering this matter, James Oglethorpe, the founder of the state, and Dr. Crawford W. Long, asserted to be the discoverer of anaesthesia were named as the two to be honored, but that was as far as it went.

Within the last two or three years the submarine torpedo boat has gained greatly in popularity. Since Cervera's fleet was penned up at Santiago the possibilities of that style of craft have been better appreciated than before on our side of the Atlantic. And the United States will soon have a round half dozen in commission. England, which has pursued a more conservative policy than some of the other European powers, ordered five submarines last year. Japan followed suit, on a smaller scale; and France, which has been a pioneer in this line of experiment, is likely to have a score of these boats afloat before the year closes.

Divers' Limitations.
Submarine divers have not yet succeeded in reaching 200 feet below the surface with all the advantage of armor, air supply and weights to sink them. The effort has been made to reach a wreck in 240 feet of water. The accounts state that at 130 feet the diver began to experience serious trouble. At 200 feet, after suffering terribly, he lost consciousness and was hauled up. Divers cannot work much below 100 feet.

International money order business is now transacted with 42 countries.

TA-TAT'S TRANSFORMATION.

The Grand Coup of an Indian Maid.

By JOHN HAROLD HAMLIN.

The languorous mists of a perfect Indian summer shrouded the purple peaks of the Cone mountains. Locusts sang shrilly from every grease-wood bush, and whole choruses of the same insects droned forth from the mahogany shrubs. The landscape had a peculiarly conical tendency; each individual hill was cone-shaped; the nut-pines, punctuating their gray-blue slopes, tapered to a dull green cone; and down at the base of a pyramidal mountain clustered a few peaked wickiups. A cloud of reddish dust floated skyward and mingled with the shimmering veil of autumn haze that blurred the hill tops. The reddish dust arose from a trail that twisted in sinuous loops up and over the Cone mountains as three ponies picked their way along its winding course. A roan pony led the trio; he was ridden by stern old Meloxi, an Indian of wide repute among the Washoe tribe. The second animal, a strange little pinto, bore the daughter of Meloxi, and bringing up the rear came Washoe Billy, mounted on his sturdy bay.

The riders were silent, but, being Indians, this seemed matter of fact; something might be learned from the expressions stamped on the countenances of the three redskins. Meloxi looked stern and dignified; Ta-tat, his daughter, rebellious and indignant; while Washoe Billy wore a victorious half smile every time he glanced at Ta-tat, which was not infrequently. The ponies were tired and dusty—the riders cramped and dusty, too.

Several dogs began to yelp as the tiny cavalcade approached the wickiups; half a dozen airy clad papooses skurried up from the trickling stream in the nearby arroyo, and stared at the sorry-looking party. By the time the ponies were halted before Meloxi's tepee, the whole village had gathered about them. Neither Meloxi nor Washoe Billy caused this unusual interest; Ta-tat, the rebellious countenance daughter of a chief, had returned into their midst; not willingly, but forcibly brought home by her father and future husband, Washoe Billy.

It was this maiden, the pride of the Cone mountain Washoes, that excited the curiosity of the villagers. Ta-tat, from mere infancy, attracted considerable attention. On her right temple grew a glistening wisp of white hair, which accentuated the raven dusks of her abundant locks. This splotch of white among the shining black resembled a magpie's plumage, and for this reason she was called Ta-tat, the Washoe word for the chattering magpie. Then Ta-tat was very clever, and one day Meloxi listened to the appeal of a home missionary lady, which resulted in his sending bright little Ta-tat away to the Carson Indian school. No other Cone mountain papoose had ever attended the school, consequently the relatives and friends of Ta-tat took a deep interest in her progress at the institution.

For five years she had been acquiring the book-lore of the palefaces; often Meloxi received letters that were carefully read to him by Rancher Bannion's wife, who lived not far from Cone mountain. All reports reaching Meloxi's ears were good, and quite creditable even to a big chief's daughter. So Meloxi spoke proudly of his clever Ta-tat, and deposited her letters in a dainty willow basket, from which he took them to demonstrate to every visitor the accomplishments of this Washoe princess.

But one day a startling revelation was made to the Cone mountain Washoes. One of their own villagers, while visiting Carson, saw Ta-tat walking with Horace Hop-Foot, and promptly reported the fact on his return home. Now the Washoes do not object to their maidens keeping company with young braves—far from it; but Ta-tat had long been promised to Washoe Billy, and to think that she could so far forget herself as to walk with another brave, and he a Plute at that, and one whose reputation was quite notorious, roused the wrath of Meloxi and Washoe Billy, and all the villagers besides. After a brief consultation, the old chief, accompanied by Ta-tat's intended and an extra pony, journeyed Carson-wards, intent upon conducting the fickle and disloyal girl back to the paternal lodge.

That his mission terminated successfully was clearly illustrated when the expedition returned to Cone mountain. Ta-tat defied not to greet with any show of cordiality the companions of her childhood days. She slid off the weary pinto, shook out her dusty garments, and walked with haughty indifference the gauntlet of inquisitive Washoes. She did not halt until the flag of her father's wickiup hid her from view. This was a far different home-coming than had been planned for Meloxi's famed daughter. Her disgrace assumed gigantic proportions; the villagers were amazed to think that Washoe Billy still desired to marry her. Washoe Billy understood matters better than his people. Ta-tat never pretended to care for him; Meloxi made the match. Even though he was a chief, the title proved but an empty honor, and Billy's numerous ponies and three guns appealed to his covetous nature; therefore, when Billy sued for Ta-tat's hand, Meloxi consented upon learning that two ponies and a shot-gun would be his portion of the wedding contract. In addition, Meloxi possessed his quota of racial pride, and never could lose his hatred

for the Plutes, so firmly had his father instilled in his mind the bitter details of the old feud existing between the two tribes. And to think of Ta-tat's professed partiality to a miserable Plute more than strengthened his desire for a speedy marriage between her and Washoe Billy. Ta-tat safe in his wickiup, Billy eager to claim her as his wife, and the ponies and gun withheld until after the ceremony—these facts prompted Meloxi to set an early date for his daughter's wedding.

The news had apparently no effect upon the sulky Ta-tat. She realized how little sympathy would be forthcoming from her people; yet she determined to be the bride of no one but Horace Hop-Foot, her noble Plute lover. Ta-tat's schooling had taught her to read and write; she had laboriously waded through a highly colored novel in her career at the institute, and from it had contracted romantic ideas.

With all Hop-Foot's glaring faults, she loved him madly, and was more than willing to renounce her connection with the Washoes, especially the possibility of being bride to that ugly Billy. Hop-Foot had acquired a little learning at the Carson institute; he owned a small shanty down near Reno, and was the best gambler among the Indians for many miles around. To be sure, he imbibed freely of firewater, but then that was not such a grievous fault, according to Ta-tat's reasoning.

With the instillation of white men's ideas, many of Ta-tat's superstitions were eradicated. For instance, she thought it wise to forget the old feud long nursed between Plute and Washoe; she also laughed at the Washoe's tradition that certain birds and beasts were the forms assumed by good and bad spirits. The magpie, for which she was named, could be either a wicked or a wise old man, so claimed the Washoe medicine-men; but the white teachers scoffed at those ideas, and Ta-tat agreed with them.

Hop-Foot's first gift to her was a scrawny young magpie (he thought it an appropriate token), which she tenderly cared for, and taught to say a few words, both in the English and Washoe languages. This bird, with the majority of Ta-tat's belongings, still reposed in her room at the institute. Meloxi had allowed her scarcely time to gather up a few necessary garments when he rode up to the school and abruptly carried her away.

Now, sitting in lonely dudgeon beneath her father's peaked roof, Ta-tat's mind worked actively, and she conjured up mental pictures—first of a slave's life with Washoe Billy; then a blissful vision of love in Hop-Foot's shanty on the outskirts of Reno. Prospects seemed decidedly gloomy for the dusky maiden.

Great preparations were gaily planned for the approaching wedding; the feast would eclipse any previous similar attempt since the grand barbecue of 30 years ago, when 10 fat horses were stolen from a dance hall at Washoe City, and nicely roasted ere the palefaces missed them. Invitations circulated freely among the Carson Valley Indians, barring, of course, the Plutes. The orgies would be appropriate for the nuptials of a princess, even though that princess was sadly disgraced; still her father commanded universal respect, and the Washoes were only too eager to seize upon an opportunity for a big time.

While the preliminary arrangements hummed merrily along, and the wedding morn but five days away, Ta-tat hit upon a brilliant scheme. She brightened up as a willing bride should, and for the first time since her return took a decided interest in the coming event. That afternoon, in company with Washoe Billy, Ta-tat tripped lightly over to Farmer Bannion's. Mrs. Bannion had always been extremely fond of the girl; and since the bride-to-be requested Washoe Billy's attendance, no one objected to the visit, and every one felt highly pleased at the happy turn of affairs.

Mrs. Bannion and Ta-tat carried on a very ordinary conversation, with Washoe Billy a close listener. He heard nothing to alarm him; but, just before departing, Ta-tat stepped into the kitchen, placed a letter in Mrs. Bannion's hands, and begged her to mail it that very day. Washoe Billy failed to observe this little side play, and grunted in serene contentment as the twain walked back to the village.

Shrill and sweet sounded the loudest choruses in the thick sagebrush; happy insects that could sing in blissful ignorance of slain comrades parching under the September sun at the Cone mountain village—daintiest of delectable Indian eatables—those parched locusts, Rabbits and fish and sageshen were also conspicuously abundant as preparations went on for the day's feast; and there, upon the coals, sputtered the elaborate piece de resistance—a great fat steer, purchased by the groom from Farmer Bannion.

The sun's rays lost their wonted fierceness as they filtered through the soft, misty autumn haze; the Indian braves glided here and there, veritable sun-gods, arrayed in scant breech cloths, their skins glistening like burnished copper, and their befeathered heads and painted faces resembling those of warriors of early days. Meloxi and Washoe Billy were untiring in their efforts to do full honor to this occasion, and the villagers felt equally

desirous of pushing things to a grand climax.

Ta-tat, in accordance with an old custom of the Washoes, sat in solitary magnificence within her father's wickiup, awaiting her lord's first command. Her dainty, beaded moccasins tapped the earthen floor nervously; there remained but a few hours ere the closing of the ceremonies, and her claiming by Washoe Billy. She cautiously peered through the loose flap and watched the festivities. Long shadows stretched out from the conical mountains; the sun hung like a blood-red disk just above the horizon; the feast had begun in earnest, and her people and the wedding guests were gorging themselves in barbaric Indian fashion. Three hours of feasting, two hours of dancing, and then the surrounding of her lodge by the revelers; the brief ceremony of the oldest medicine man, and she would be Washoe Billy's slave, and her dreams of love with Hop-Foot things of the past.

The molten sun rested on the apex of the loftiest cone-shaped peak; the feast progressed beautifully. A rim of fire, a sky of brass, and Sol sank on Ta-tat's wedding day, and the aggregation of redskins had all but removed the last vestige of the barbecue. Katy-dids chirped; an owl hooted mournfully; stars blinked in the high, darkened vault of heaven; fires lighted up the cluster of wickiups, and the wild dance was on in earnest. Two more hours and Ta-tat's fate was sealed.

The black-fringed, liquid eyes of the Indian girl flashed; her bosom rose and fell with suppressed emotion. "He has failed me! Hop-Foot has failed me!"

The words were but half-articulated, and Ta-tat held her breath as if her echoes startled her.

"Ta-tat, Ta-tat!"

The girl's heart throbbed painfully. "Oh, 'tis he! Hop-Foot, here I am!" Under the tepee's flap rolled a lithe body. It was Hop-Foot, the Plute, the favored lover of Meloxi's daughter.

The brave and his dusky sweetheart gazed at each other in profound silence for a moment. Ta-tat's beauty dazzled the dauntless Plute; her wedding finery, her magnificent eyes, her superb figure! Ah, she was well worth the risk!

"Quick, the moments fly!" breathed Ta-tat.

Hop-Foot gave her a closely woven basket. The young squaw raised the lid, and took from its shallow depths a small lump of black and white feathers—her magpie—Hop-Foot's first gift to her.

"You have saved me, Hop-Foot. We are saved!" gasped the girl.

"Goodby, Ta-tat, Goodby." With a farewell caress, the maiden placed the uncanny bird on a heap of rabbit skins, snatched up the tell-tale basket, and hurriedly slipped out of the wickiup at the heels of Hop-Foot. The katydids still chirped, the stars twinkled knowingly, and the dizzy dancers were almost exhausted, as Hop-Foot and the Washoe princess crept through the sage brush, around the base of the pyramidal hill to a nut pine tree, where two wiry ponies were tethered.

Tom-toms signaled the dance to cease; torches were lighted, and the procession, headed by Meloxi and Washoe Billy, advanced toward the bride's commodious tepee. The throng encircled the wickiup, torches cast a glare of light into every nook. Meloxi threw back the entrance-flap, and Washoe Billy rushed in to claim his bride.

"I'm Ta-tat, Ta-tat! Ta-tat's hungry! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

The laughter was demoniacal, the voice harsh and frightful. The eager groom fell back in terror; a frenzied yell curdled the blood of the encircling braves and squaws. Washoe Billy leaped sheer out the wickiup and fell in a quivering heap at the feet of Meloxi. The torches lit up the scene with the brightness of day, and there, in the doorway, the amazed Indians beheld that most terrible of all bad medicine birds—a magpie.

"I'm Ta-tat! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ta-tat's hungry. Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Away up on the last curve of the pyramidal mountain's trail two ponies halted, and their riders gazed down at the Cone Mountain village and chuckled as a frightful din rent the quiet of this beautiful Indian summer night. Ta-tat, the Washoe princess, enjoyed her romantic escape, for she knew full well that her people would forevermore look upon Ta-tat, the magpie, as the transformed daughter of Meloxi.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Valuable Food Product.

Fish powder is the very latest addition to the list of foods, and it is said by physicians to be the best and most nutritive food product in condensed form that has been discovered. It can be made in the home, with very little trouble and expense. Any kind of fresh fish will do. First steam them in their own moisture, then, after cooling and drying the mass obtained, expose it to the air for a short time.

The next step is to shred the fish and then treat it to a bath of alcohol and citric acid, that all fat, glue and mineral matter be removed. After drying, it must again be boiled, dried and ground. The result is a kind of meal or flour, which can be utilized in a great variety of ways, as, for instance, mixing in soups, frying oysters and making omelets. The flour has neither taste nor smell, and it will keep indefinitely.

Might Be the Explanation.

"She's such a matter-of-fact, business-like young woman that I'm surprised she married him. He's not very rich."

"No; but he's very old, and he carries a big life insurance."—Chicago Post.

NEW USE FOR ZEBRAS

To Replace Horses in African Transport Service

The British war department has determined upon introducing zebras into the army in Africa for military purposes to take the places of horses and mules of which there is an ever increasing shortage. Experiments which have been made with these animals show that they can be utilized to-day as satisfactorily as they have been in the past by the Abyssinian and others. They will fill the existing needs of the British transport and cavalry services in a way that it would otherwise seem impossible to meet them. It is extremely probable that in the breeding stations to be established in Mashonaland and Somaliland a hybrid animal will be produced for the purpose of cavalry mounts by crossbreeding with English hunting stock, it having been proved by experiments that good results can be obtained in this manner.

The imperial zebra, sometimes found as tall as fifteen hands, is a result of breeding the largest average for any of the native African breeds not being over thirteen hands. Zebra and zebra hybrids have been bred in Europe for

over a century and are quite common for harness purposes. In their tame state they are docile and industrious, some of them also being quite fleet, although they do not equal the horse for speed.

Both in his gait and attitudes as in his mode of fighting the zebra differs from the horse.

When reconnoitering, he moves at the trot, holding his head high and flexing his fetlocks.

When running away he canters or gallops, with his head hanging down in a line with his stretched neck. When charging he often carries his head a little to one side, so that he is ready to seize his opponent by the leg.

While the home of the horse was undoubtedly in America, its ancestors having reached Asia across the Behring strait and found a suitable home among the Himalayas, Somaliland was probably the original home of the striped, dun-colored ancestors of the zebras, and in the Somaliland zebra of to-day the principal plan of marking has been preserved almost unaltered.

How a Gusher Flows

Opening of a New Oil Well in Texas.

A man who is interested in one of the biggest gushers in the Beaumont oil fields of Texas thus describes how one of the big wells starts:

"We knew some time before the gusher was brought in that what we hoped for was coming. The drillers were prepared for it and had removed their tools from the deep hole. If they had not done that everything in the well would have been thrown into the air. We could hear the throbbings of a great force below. The noise was like the puff of a monster engine, dying away and then growing louder than before. The puffs soon increased to a mighty roar, and we knew that the climax would come soon. I was standing near the well with my watch in my hand. It was exactly 10:25 o'clock on the morning of October 25 when the first substance was thrown out. First there was only sand, as it is called in California, or oil rock, as they term it in Pennsylvania. Then

came a lot of perfect oyster shells, showing that at an unknown time the waters and an oyster bed had been there. It is the more remarkable on account of the fact that the oyster shells were thrown from a depth of 1,000 feet below the level of the sea. After the shells came mud and fragments that had been made by the drilling. We next saw soapstone, and this was followed by a strong flow of gas. Suddenly the action of the gusher died down, but only for a few moments. The same disturbing process was repeated, and then came the oil, shooting out almost horizontally a distance of 250 feet. The pipe was quickly changed to an upright position, and the column of oil, passing through an eight-inch pipe, was 275 feet high. We let the gusher have its own way for five minutes, to test it thoroughly, and then the two valves in the pipe were turned and the flow stopped."

SPANISH GYPSIES SEEK A HOME

If there is any city in the United States that would like to have a suburban colony of the "real" gypsies—about 4,000 of them—now is the time to bid. They are not of the type of roving vagabonds, "horse swappers" and chicken thieves, against whom Americans lock their stables and hen roosts, but genuine, blue-blooded gypsies fresh from the cave homes of the mountains of Granada, Spain.

Queen Stella, the "inspired" leader of the Gonzalez tribe of Spanish gypsies, is in Columbus, Ohio, on a tour of America in search of a future home for her band. Society folk, club folk, and college folk seem to take her at her word, notwithstanding that Queen Stella has no aversion to making a few honest dollars, offering a few choice Egyptian medical secrets for sale.

"I scorn the vagabonds who roam over America and call themselves gypsies. Our people at Granada do not beg, trade horses or steal," declares the sprightly little queen. "We live in

caves and in a climate where everything grows without care, and we are an indolent people, given to singing, dancing and delving into the mysteries of the occult sciences. I am looking for a future home for my people and have adopted this method of traveling over America in the hope of finding some suitable place for colonization.

"We must locate near some large city, into which we may go to sing, dance and practice our arts for a livelihood. But I never go to any city of my own accord. That city must invite me."

"No, I am not a real queen. The Gonzalez have no ruler and recognize none except God. But they have their leader, and I am she. The leader becomes such by sheer force of her recognized inspiration. The gypsy recognizes inspiration as essentially feminine, hence the sex of their leaders. I only call myself queen because the people of this country would not appreciate what leadership means with us under any other name than queen."

LIFE AT GIBRALTAR.

Interesting Description of the Picturesque Old Fortress.

The incoming steamer anchors in the bay half a mile from shore, passengers are taken off in boats, and before entering the city they pass a rigid examination by the police, who ask a number of pertinent questions. The name, nationality, occupation and mission of the stranger in Gibraltar are entered in a book.

He receives a card, which entitles him to the hospitality of the rock for twenty-four hours. If he desires to stay longer a bond of \$50 for good behavior will secure him immunity from molestation for not more than thirty to sixty days. This permission, however, can, with the proper kind of influence, be renewed many times.

The town is quaint, picturesque and quiet, with its 19,000 people, mostly English and Spanish, though the number of different nationalities represented makes it one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world—Jews, Turks, Levantines, the natives of Gibraltar, called "Rock Scorpions," Africans and refugees from all nations, jolting each other in the three badly built irritatingly narrow streets of the town.

The garrison numbers about 6,000 persons, making the population of the rock about 25,000. The soldiers are, for the most part, regulars brought home from foreign service for rest and recuperation. The governor of the rock lives in the government house, formerly an old convent.

"Everything is done by military rule; the hours of the day are announced by gun fire, the morning gun followed by the bugle reveille wakens the in-

habitants from their slumbers, and the bugle blast that follows the evening gun, telling the soldiers to turn in, has become a signal for the civilian to go home and go to bed. The average daily number entering the garrison for the purpose of trading and of bringing supplies is 30,000, the great proportion of these daily visitors being Spaniards.

The town contains forty-two schools and three good libraries. The dwellings are small, ill-ventilated, badly drained and not over clean. They are very crowded, as 15,000 people live in one square mile of low houses.

There are no springs of pure water, the great dependence being on rain water collected in cisterns or on water brought from the mainland and sold by pedlers. Prices are high, almost as high as the Sugar Loaf—the peak of the rock.—J. Ronald Wallingford in Ledger Monthly.

Gold in Kansas Shale.

Professor Ernst Fabrig, chief of laboratories of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, gives the result of a test made by him of the shale found in Ellis and Trego counties of Kansas, which is believed to contain gold in paying quantities. The test comprises three mill runs, in which gold was secured to the amount of \$2.35, \$2.56 and \$3.07, respectively, by the electrolytic process. Prof. Fabrig visited the shale fields and gathered the sample lots which were used in the above tests. He makes an official certificate of the above tests, and states that he has no doubt of the existence of gold in the great body of these shale lands, and the ore can be profitably worked upon a yield of \$2 per ton.