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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.
Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

The tests made on the German military electric railroad between Berlin and Zozzen have already produced speeds exceeding 100 miles an hour, and that within the limit of apparent absolute safety in the opinion of railway engineers.

Because a pert telephone girl in Seattle, Wash., refused to connect a subscriber with the fire department when he wanted to give notice of a fire a loss of \$60,000 was incurred, and now the telephone company is being sued for damages by the person thus served and by the insurance company which suffered the loss.

Carefully compare statistics of the population of the British Empire, published by a trade paper, bring out the rather startling fact that out of a population of nearly 400,000,000 about 48,889,000, or less than one-eighth, are of British birth or descent, nearly 4,000,000 are non-British white men, and the colored races number 343,000,000.

In 1880 there were seven pulp and 12 paper mills in Maine, having a capital invested of about \$2,500,000. At the present there are 20 pulp mills and 28 paper mills, with a daily capacity of about 2165 tons of pulp and paper. The amount of capital invested in the business is not far from \$30,000,000. These mills consume about 350,600,000 feet of lumber each year.

Statistics issued by the British Indian department of revenue show that the mineral production of the British Indian empire is not very promising. Of salt about 1,000,000 tons is annually produced; of saltpetre, about 20,000 tons, and coal to the extent of 6,000,000 tons, while the gold was valued at about \$10,500,000, mostly from Mysore. Burma and Assam have yielded 33,600,000 gallons of petroleum.

In the competition for coronation honors in England it has been decided that no knight in armor shall throw down the gage of battle as champion of the king against his enemies, that the ancient office of herb strewer shall be allowed to fall into innocuous desuetude, and the bearing of the royal bows and arrows in solemn state may be pretermitted. But even with these old-time features of display lacking it cannot fail to be a memorable and wonderful pageant.

The St. Louis Republic remarks that Emperor William of Germany will unquestionably be amply repaid in practical knowledge for the close and searching study of American naval developments to which he is now devoting so much of his time and august attention. In all probability the German kaiser is witnessing the building of the greatest navy yet known in the world's history. The supreme teaching of world politics is that the prestige of a nation depends upon that nation's sea power.

An ingenious time-saving appliance for trans-shipping mails and baggage in connection with the cross-channel service has been brought into operation at Dover, England. The appliance is in the form of an endless traveling platform and is worked by electricity. It brings packages of any weight ashore at the rate of one in 15 seconds. Some of the packages unloaded recently weighed seven hundredweight, and required four men to lift them, but they were brought ashore as easily as a handbag. The trans-shipment was performed in less than half the usual time.

It is planned to gather all the good portraits and photographs obtainable of Wendell Phillips and place them in an album at the Boston Public Library.

Nearly all the royal personages of Europe are cousins.

"FAREWELL"

(Provoked by Caverley's "Forever.")
"Farewell!" Another gloomy word
As ever into language crept,
'Tis often written, never heard
Except
In playhouse. Ere the hero flits—
In handkerchiefs—from our pitying view,
"Farewell!" he murmurs, then exits
R. U.
"Farewell!" It is too sighful for
An age that has no time to sigh.
We say, "I'll see you later," or
"Good-by!"
When, warned by chattering, you go
From her to whom you owe devotion,
"Say not 'Good-by,'" she laughs, "but Au
Revoir!"
Thus from the garden are you sped;
And Juliet were the first to tell
You, you were silly if you said
"Farewell!"
"Farewell," meant long ago
It crept, tear-spattered, into song,
"Safe voyage!" "Pleasant journey!" or
"So long!"
But gone its cheery, old-time ring;
The poets made it rhyme with knell.
Joined, it became a dismal thing—
"Farewell!"
"Farewell!" Into the lover's soul
You see fate plunge the cruel iron.
All poets use it. It's the whole
Of Byron.
"I only feel—farewell!" said he:
And always tearful was the telling,
Lord Byron was eternally
Farewelling.
"Farewell!" A dismal word, 'tis true
(And why not tell the truth about it?)
But what on earth should poets do
Without it?
—Chicago Tribune.



MELEN MARTIN lived with her widowed mother in a little Lake View cottage. Helen tapped the fender before the crackling wood fire a bit nervously with her tiny foot. Then she turned to her mother and said: "Well, dearie, I've answered it."
"Oh, Helen, you ought not to have done it. There must be something sinister, perhaps a crime, behind an advertisement like that."
Helen laughed. "Criminals don't have first-class references, dearie, and then you know we need the money."
"Read it to me again."
The girl took up a morning paper and read this: "Wanted—by a man thirty years old, comfortable room in suburban residence, where there are no visitors; absolute seclusion the first consideration. Applicant will refer to people of standing; highest price paid. Seclusion, box 85, Breeze office."
There was a step on the veranda. Helen exclaimed: "Dearie, there's the answer." A moment afterward a man with a tall, well-knit figure stood in the little parlor. One side of his face was shrouded in the folds of a scarf. This side he kept away from the lamplight. The voice had in it a ring suggesting that at times its keynote was command.
"Is this Mrs. Martin? I have called in response to an answer to my advertisement."

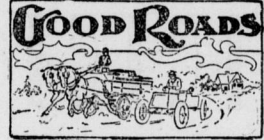
reasons of his own he works only at night. He is a soldier and a gentleman."
For two months the members of the Little Lake View household saw George Sidney infrequently. He left for his work after nightfall and returned just before daybreak. At 1 o'clock every day a closed cab was driven to the doorstep. The recluse drove away in it, presumably to his breakfast. When ever Helen caught a glimpse of their mysterious lodger she saw the ever-present scarf concealing the greater part of his features. One morning her surprise almost overcame her when she heard his voice calling from the upper floor. Lieutenant Sidney was standing in the doorway of his room with his head averted. "I am sorry to trouble you, Miss Martin," he said, "but I wish you would ask the cabman when he comes to go for Dr. Girard, the headquarters surgeon, at once."
The surgeon came. He saw the Martins' lodger, and then going to the little parlor said to Helen: "Mr. Sidney is suffering intensely. I have expected this trouble and have urged rest. Now he must take it. He must keep his room and on no account is he to use his eyes."
Thus it was that Lieutenant Sidney became the patient as well as the lodger of the Martins. For weeks he sat in a darkened corner of his room while



tisement. My name is George Sidney. I know, Mrs. Martin," he continued, "that my advertisement may have seemed strange. I do desire absolute seclusion and freedom from callers. My reference is General Nelson, army headquarters, Pullman Building. I should like to see the room, and if you find my credentials satisfactory, I think other details may be arranged readily."
Helen led the way up a winding stair to a well-appointed room. Lighting the gas she turned to look at her follower. He was in the act of drawing still more closely the folds of the scarf about the right side of his face. What she could see of his countenance was strikingly handsome. "Mother and I live here alone," she said. "After my father's failure and death we came here from a distant city. We have few friends and no visitors."
"I like the room," said the stranger; "kindly look me up and let me know if I shall make a satisfactory lodger." Then he said good night and left the house.
"Well, mother, what do you think of him?" asked Helen. "And why does he cover up half of his face like the talent that was buried in a napkin?"
"What I saw of his face, Helen, had something of nobility in it. As for his hiding one side of it, I suppose that has something to do with his seeking seclusion."
Helen called on General Nelson in the Pullman Building. Did he know Mr. George Sidney?
"Yes, well. He is an officer in the army, retired for disability received in line of duty. Mr. Sidney is now working on some ordnance plans, and for

ing to be cheerful, but the mother knew.
At the end of the month General Nelson called. Mr. Sidney had not returned to his work as expected after his recovery. Did Mrs. Martin know of his whereabouts? No. Well, for years Sidney had been a man of moods. "You see," said the general, "when Sidney was in active service he risked his life to save a brother officer. It's an old army story. It's enough to say that Sidney jumped between his friend and a shell the fuse of which had become accidentally ignited. The shell exploded. Sidney received a fearful wound and was marked for life, but he saved his fellow. Marked for life, did I say? Yes, marked worse than Hugo's 'Man Who Laughs.' That shell fragment gave to the handsomest man in the service the half-face of a fiend. He was to be married, poor chap, but the girl saw his face and fled. She was the sister of the man whose life he saved. What a world it is! The face of a devil and his life a hell. That is George Sidney's fate."
It was the anniversary of the day that George Sidney left the Martin cottage. Helen was standing at the gate looking down the moonlit road. A bush partly hid her. She heard footsteps. Leaning forward she saw a figure approaching. Her heart gave a sudden throb, and she muttered the half-mothered cry, "Mr. Sidney." The man heard and turned as if to hurry away, but there was something in the tone of the cry that held him. He saw the girl's face in the moonlight, and in a moment he was at her side.
"Helen," he said, "I left because I loved you."
She looked up. "Then stay because you love me," she said, and saying it she drew the scarf from the side of his face, and, kissing him gently, said: "It is God's mark of manhood."—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

LI WROTE TO BOTH MEN.
But They Compared Notes and Spoiled His Effect.
Many tales are told of the dealings of Li Hung Chang with his diplomatic subordinates, and there is a characteristic story about with regard to his relations with the present Minister to England, Sir Chih-chen Lo Feng Luh. The time was that of the siege of the legations in Peking, when all the civilized world was in fear as to the fate of the beleaguered, and when China, with her emissaries and all pertaining to her, was looked on with no very friendly eye. Li Hung Chang was the virtual ruler of China, and it was from him that the various ministers and ambassadors received their instructions. There had, apparently, been some fresh manifestation of European displeasure, when one day the minister in England received from Li a message, the purport of which was as follows:
"We are not satisfied with your efforts in London. The English are hostile, and you must do something to alter matters. You are not energetic enough. You are neglecting to influence the Government. The man who is doing all the work is your colleague in Washington, Wu-Ting-fang. He is the man you should imitate."
Unfortunately for Li's little game, Sir Chih-chen and Wu-Ting-fang happened to be close friends, and the Minister here confided what had happened to his friend in Washington. Wu-Ting-fang was, to say the least of it, surprised.
"This is very extraordinary," he replied. "I also have had a message from Li Hung Chang. This is what he says to me:
"Your efforts are not giving satisfaction. We feel you should be more energetic, and that you should try to influence the American Government to take our side in this affair. You are not doing half enough, and if you want an example, you should turn to Sir Chih-chen Lo Feng Luh, the minister in London. He is the man who is doing all the work."—The Candid Friend.
Young Cannon and the Old Judge.
Representative Cannon began his political career by running for State's attorney in his town. His opponent was another young lawyer, who, like Cannon, had not made much headway in the practice of law, but both candidates went upon the stump and promised to do great things if elected.
One day as the rival candidates went down the street together they were joined by the judge of the court. He stepped in between them taking each young man by the arm.
"What are you boys making all this fuss about?" he queried.
"We want to be State's attorney," they replied in unison.
"Well," said the judge laughing, "I ought to take some interest in the matter, but I don't. No matter which one of you is elected, there will be no criminals sent to jail."
Cannon, telling the story, says that he was elected, but whether it was because he was the best or the poorest lawyer, he has never been able to tell.—Washington Post.
"Coronation" Clubs.
It is a sign of the times to find "coronation" clubs are being instituted throughout the busiest of London districts. The one has been taken up by the clothiers and linen drapers of the poorer parts. By entering at once and punctually paying sixpence or so a week, either a man or woman can insure new garments for wear on the eventful day of the approaching coronation. Some one or two have a provisional rule to the effect that should a member desire to withdraw from the club he is at liberty to do so, and have the privilege of securing goods to the amount he has already subscribed, but no cash will be returned.—London Chronicle.



GOOD ROADS.
Steel Tracks.
We wonder that more notice has not been taken of the system of steel tracks as devised by Martin Dodge, the State Highway Commissioner of Ohio, first advocated by him in 1891, and of which he built a section near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1898, also small sections on the Exposition Grounds at Omaha, and other sections have been built by the road expert of the office of road inquiry at the agricultural experiment stations at St. Anthony's Park, Minn., and at Ames, Iowa.

We take his description of them from the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture:
"The road thus laid consists of two parallel lines of steel plates, eight inches wide, laid at a sufficient distance apart to receive the wheels of vehicles of standard gauge. These plates have a slightly projecting flange upward on the inner edge, to prevent the wheels of the ordinary vehicles which have no flanges, from easily leaving the track. At the same time, these flanges, being only about one-half inch high, are not of a height to prevent the vehicles from leaving the track for the purpose of passing other vehicles when so desired. These plates are not supported by wooden cross ties or by longitudinal stringers of any kind, but are provided with flanges projecting both downward and outward. These flanges are imbedded in the concrete of the roadbed, so as to form a substantial part of it, and the steel plates are supported by a superstructure of cement or other enduring material."
The claims made for it are that it can be built without greater cost in many cases, and probably less cost, in many cases, than any other hard and durable road; that it will last many times as long as any other known material for road purposes and with much less repair; and that the power required to move a vehicle over the steel track is only a small fraction of that required to move the same over any other kind of road.
The last point was shown by a load of eleven tons which required twenty horses to draw it over a common road. A load of the same weight was easily drawn by one horse with light harness over the steel track, though twenty-two times the weight of the horse, and if it had been fifty times the weight of the horse, or twenty-five tons, he could still have started and moved it without difficulty.
In wet and clayey soils there should be a substructure of broken stone a foot deep under the rails, and macadam between them and a foot on each side of them and the joints should be connected by cross ties. The cavity in which the plates lie should be filled with cement to give a continuous bearing at every point. For a grade of three feet in one hundred, special rails would be needed, corrugated or ribbed transversely.
The experimental sections which have been laid have cost about \$1 a foot, but when rolling mills are equipped for making suitable plates of, say, one-fifth of an inch thick and weighing thirty pounds to the yard, the steel would cost about \$1500 a mile, and perhaps it might cost as much more to prepare the roadbed and lay the track, including bringing the surface of the roadbed even with the surface of the rails.
Mr. Dodge thinks the adoption of this method would lead to the use of vehicles much lighter in proportion to the load carried than those now in use, thus reducing the power needed, and the lowering of the wheels, now made high to overcome the inequalities of the road.
The development of the bicycle since they were made with low wheels, so that each now carries several times its own weight, is instanced as what can possibly be done. Now vehicles for the purpose of strength are made about as heavy as the load they are to carry, and some of the older ones often exceed that, and the power required to move them was thus doubled.
For distances over five miles some other power could be substituted for the horse, increasing the speed and lessening the cost of the power, saving much time and expense in travel and transportation.—Boston Budget.

PEEPS INTO PERSIA.
Some of the Strange Sights Seen by a Traveler.
Sir Clements R. Markham presided over a largely attended meeting of members of the Royal Geographical Society at Burlington Gardens, when an interesting paper, describing his fourth journey in Persia, and illustrated by lantern views, was read by Major P. Molesworth Sykes. As the journey lasted three years and three months, and the paper was practically a diary of the whole period, with notes on the people and their country, nothing like a complete summary can be given.
Major Sykes was in the Government service, and was employed chiefly about the frontier of Persia, and our own sphere of influence in Baluchistan. Now he was engaged in pursuing the handi-murderers and helping to spread the "pax Britannica"; now in surveying new trade routes and giving them a send-off by organizing caravans of Oriental carpets and silks; now in improving the postal and telegraph services. Much of the ground he covered was on the route taken by Alexander the Great, and Major Sykes had been able to identify many of the spots visited by that monarch. He also found frequent relics of Rustum, the legendary hero of Persian romance, who was so strong that when his enemies started an avalanche down the mountain against him, he turned it aside with his foot.
Many strange and weird sights were encountered by Major Sykes in his travels in this little-known Eastern land. Once he saw on the barren coast of the Persian Gulf a place where some subterranean sulphurous eruption had so poisoned the water that the fish had flung themselves out on the shore, and a pathway had to be made over them or it would have been impossible to land. He scaled a great mountain 12,000 feet high, where all was ice till near the summit, when the ground grew so hot as to burn the boots, and was full of holes blowing off steam and sulphur with a noise like a huge locomotive. He surveyed valleys full of the ruins of ancient civilizations, which had vanished because some giant river had waywardly changed its course. In another mountain, named Chihilshik, he entered a winding cave miles in length, guarded by a deformed dwarf, and with skeletons in perfect preservation ranged along gallery after gallery. He passed through waterless deserts of unbearable heat, where the wind will obliterate the tracks in a few minutes. The lecture and lantern views showed in striking fashion what important work is now being done to render trade and travel safe and to foster the production and exchange of wealth where formerly all was given up to robber bands and the pitiless desert.—London News.
The Wedding Reduced to Figures.
A statistician in New Jersey, with the lack of delicate feeling common to his kind, has gone into the question of the marriage process from a purely economic standpoint. He finds that the 15,875 Jersey weddings celebrated during the year have cost about \$2,985,000 in outfits, social functions, honeymoon trips, fees, presents, etc. This is an average of \$188 and a few odd cents per wedding. The expenses of the courtship period are classed as incidentals, and they range from \$20 per courting up into the thousands, making an average of something like \$22.
It is doubtful whether the marital cause is benefited by such tabulations as this Jersey man has made. One likes to feel a differentiation of cents from sentiment. The bringing of cold figures into the nuptial field seems to carry a suggested argument that marriage may be more than a failure—even a bankruptcy. "For," the financially timid bachelor may reason, "if it cost almost \$3,000,000 to get these events past the altar, what will it not cost afterward when there will be roast beef to buy, the rent to pay and perhaps several janitors to fee at Christmas time?"—New York World.
A Dead Disappointment.
Even into a Coroner's duties there are times when gleams of humor penetrate the gloom, although they be as sepulchral and as growsome as the wit indulged in by the two gravediggers in "Hamlet." Coroner Leland tells the following story which occurred at the morgue a few weeks ago. The body of a woman had been found in a lodging house, where she had committed suicide by inhaling gas. The only thing that pointed to the identity of the woman was that her name was Jones. This was made public by the newspapers. The next day two stylishly dressed women came to the morgue and asked that they be allowed to see the body, one of the ladies further stating that her sister-in-law was named Jones, and that for certain reasons she did not care to make known feared the suicide was her relative. They looked at the body, but they could not identify it. As the ladies were going away the one who proffered the last bit of information said:
"Oh, I am so disappointed. I was so sure it was Mary."—San Francisco Wave.
Their Love Eternally Buried.
Before the Empress Frederick's coffin was finally closed, all the love letters she received from her late husband, the Emperor Frederick, together with his last written messages, inscribed after he had lost his power of speech, were placed in the coffin over her heart.
Washington hotels are said to be the only ones in the United States that serve four regular meals every twenty-four hours—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper—the latest being served in some cases as late as midnight.