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SPORTING BRIEVITIES.

Yale is the basketball champion in the Intercollegiate League.

New York has released First Base man John Gauzel.

Automobiles can run twenty miles an hour in New York.

In New England there are 115 race tracks which are members of the National Trotting Association.

George H. Brooke and **Hugh D. Scott** have won at Philadelphia the racquet double championship of America.

The unbeaten **paer**, Dan Patch, record 2:04½, has been fought by M. E. Sturgis, of New York City, for \$20,000.

The women's golf championship will be at the Country Club of Brookline, Mass., beginning September 29 and concluding October 4.

Richard Croker has bought from Lord Clonmel two highly bred yearlings. The price for the pair is said to have been \$5,000.

August Belmont has placed the Constitution in commission the coming summer, with the view of having her ready for the next cup race.

Jack Haskell, who umpired for the American League last year, announces that he has signed a contract to umpire for the American Association during the coming baseball season.

The track record for the half-mile speedway on Lake Monona, Madison, Wis., has been broken by W. J. Gamm's paer, Diamond J., who won the half-mile in competition in 1:04½.

Both steam and gasoline machines require mufflers. In a steam carriage the muffler serves a double purpose—it reduces the sound of the exhaust and helps to render invisible the exhaust steam.

It is safe to say that at least 4000 young men will make a good living next season playing baseball, and out of this number there will be less than 100 first-class men—men who can hit, field and keep their heads.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

London has an army of 15,800 policemen.

Sugar duties have been abolished in San Domingo.

A street railway strike at Rome, Italy, has been averted.

The Indiana Democratic State convention has been called for June 4.

A new salmon combine of forty-five firms is contemplated in British Columbia.

Several German steamship companies have reported a large decrease in dividends.

General satisfaction has been expressed in Austria over the intention to send an Ambassador to Washington.

A Swedish Count will put 300 acres of land in Michigan into peat beds, an entirely new industry for the United States.

The Swiss Federal Council will contribute to Harvard's Germanic Museum plaster casts of representative Swiss sculptures.

A Referendum League has been formed in Chicago to further that feature of municipal rule all over the United States.

Harvard University will probably send an expedition to explore Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Palestine for Semitic relics.

Nearly \$10,000,000 was expended by Belgium last year in establishing new Government railroads and increasing traffic and transportation conveniences.

The proposed gigantic coal combine of Indiana and Illinois miners has gone up in smoke. The operators of the latter State demanded too high a price for holdings.

The San Jose scale has wrought great havoc in the orchards of Ohio, and it has been necessary to dig up and burn thousands of infected trees. Next season's fruit crop will be short as a consequence.

An Old American Gold Mine.

The oldest American gold mine is said to be the Calhoun mine in Lumpkin county, Georgia. It was discovered by whites in 1828. The Indians had known of it before that time. Senator John C. Calhoun once owned and operated it, and it received its name from him. It subsequently passed out of his hands and was donated to an agricultural college. From that time until recently it was worked in a desultory way. Lately it came into the possession of a Pacific coast miner, who has pushed the work and the placer deposit is returning him a clear profit ranging from \$200 to \$300 per month as the result of the labor of six men. A recent clean-up of 35 days run produced \$96,93 in fine gold and \$56 worth of nuggets, all of which cost \$376 for labor, leaving a net profit of \$64,93.

COMPENSATIONS.

He found success most sweet
Who, having tried and failed,
The lesson of defeat.
Upon his standard nailed,
Then straightway bade his soul
Take up the task begun,
Nor passed until the goal
Of his desire was won.

For joy the keenest seems
Where grief has been before:
After night's troubled dreams,
There, at the open door,
Thrice glorious she stands—
Down, with her roses gay,
And in her outstretched hands
The shining gifts of Day.
—Youth's Companion.

AT THE POINT OF THE UMBRELLA.

By Helen M. Palmer.

This was the second stop the train had made since leaving Trieste and no one had got into the carriage; Beatrix congratulated herself that Uncle George's fee to the guard had worked so well, and opened another roll of shawls and rugs in pursuit of a missing novel.

Suddenly an uproar of tongues arose on the platform; the door was jerked open and a stout woman stumbled through it, followed by another lugging a big basket; behind came a drove of children, all screaming, pushing, and smeared, as to mouth and fingers, with some sticky black compound which they were devouring greedily.

Beatrix gave one glance of horror and began to gather up her scattered belongings.

"You must find me a place," she said to the guard. "You were paid for this carriage."

"I cannot help it," he muttered; "it is a carriage for ladies alone; behold, there are ladies alone—the train is going, there is no time."

For answer Beatrix cast her rugs and bags upon him, and snatching up her umbrella, books and dressing case, made her way through the scrambling children, who were fighting for places at the windows, and dashed out upon the platform. The whistle was sounding; evidently there was no time to lose; the guard opened the nearest door, threw in the bags, and gave Beatrix an impulse that propelled her the entire length of the carriage. Another jolt and the train was off.

Beatrix was aware that she was being steadied upon her feet by a strong arm, the arm of the man whom she had caught a glimpse of sitting at the further window, and upon whom she and her traps had descended after the manner of a whirlwind. Stammering "Mille pardons, monsieur!" she sank upon the opposite seat, and endeavored to regain her composure, her natural color and the dignity which befitted a young lady traveling alone. There were three other persons in the carriage; two sleepy-looking women, past whom she had shot without apparently doing them any damage; and the gentleman opposite, who was now reading, holding a large book quite close to his face.

This gave her a chance to examine him. He was tall; not too young—Beatrix was nineteen—and distinctly "nice" looking, she decided. His gray tweed clothes looked English; the scarlet fez he wore by way of a cap suggested the East. His luggage? Yes, there was the bag of golf sticks and the folding bath-tub—he must be English.

Beatrix had just reached this conclusion when the book was dropped and the stranger said in a very agreeable voice,—

"I beg your pardon, it is—very warm here, don't you think? Perhaps you would like to have your window raised."

Beatrix assented with thanks, thinking she would like to ask him how he knew that English was her native tongue. She stole a glance at his face; it was a delightful face, with a grave, kind smile that showed very white teeth, and a nose that might have been supercilious but for a little irregular ripple in the middle of it. But what a pity that one of his eyes was injured! It was closed and the eyelid drooped. She wondered if he were in the army and had lost an eye—perhaps under "Bobs."

Presently she began to collect her belongings, scattered by her violent entrance; and again her vis-à-vis came to her aid so naturally and simply that it would have been impossible for the greatest stickler for the proprieties to take offense. Before her various parcels were recaptured and reduced to order, they had laughed heartily over her misadventure.

"Here's your umbrella," he said, fishing it up from the floor, where it had fallen. "It's not a bad weapon for a charge."

"Did I charge?" said she. "I'm so sorry!"

"Oh, well, you Americans are so impetuous, don't you know? One expects little things like that."

"You Americans! How did you know that I am an American? I thought I spoke beautiful English."

"Why, so you do, I assure you, but—there is something—I can't exactly tell what, but you have a quick little way with you, and you look different from most English girls I know—and—and you must be tired of hearing about your boots and your gowns."

"I don't know that we are ever exactly tired," admitted Beatrix, slowly. "I know what you mean; we have a great many faults—oh, I know it!" she sighed. "But we do not let our skirts hitch up in front or on the sides, and we always make connections in the back. How frivolous that sounds!" she thought. "He will think I am one of those dreadful free and easy Americans he has heard of who have no manners and will take up with any one."

She buried herself in a book, resolved to be very dignified in the future.

A shower had arisen; the rain was beating in and it was necessary to close the window; he seemed glad of the interruption, and seized upon it to make some remarks upon the country they were passing through. As she lay down her book and gave him her attention, she noticed that his right eye was no longer closed; it was almost as wide open as the other, although it still drooped a little, as if it had been hurt. It suddenly flashed upon her that she must have hit him when she made her violent entry—that was what he meant by his speech about the umbrella.

"Your eye?" she stammered, the image of remorse. "Did I? Did you mean, oh, I hope I didn't hurt you very much?"

"It was nothing, really nothing; I scarcely feel it now," he hastened to assure her for her eyebrows were drawn together and her lips were quivering, and altogether she looked as if she were going to cry.

"But I might have put your eye out!" she gasped.

"You might have done many things with that deadly umbrella. But you didn't—please don't think of it again," he pleaded.

"How good of you!" she murmured, gazing at him with admiration.

"May I ask," he resumed after a moment, "whether you were at Shepherd's some weeks ago with the Van Duzers?"

"Yes," she said. "Mr. Van Duzer is my uncle; I went up the Nile with him and my aunt, were you in Cairo?"

"Unfortunately I reached there just as your party was leaving. I met Mr. Van Duzer, whom I have often seen at home, in—England, but I only had a glimpse of the rest of his party. I was sure, though, that I remembered you. I am—Sir Hugh Chester," he added after a pause. "I don't suppose Mr. Van Duzer will have mentioned me."

"But of course he did!" she cried. "He talked a lot about you, and was so sorry that we missed you as we did. Isn't it odd that I should happen on you in this way?"

"It's uncommonly pleasant—for me."

"But supposing I had put your eye out with that wretched umbrella? Uncle George would never have forgiven me."

"Uncle George?" he queried with a quizzical expression, and they joined in a light-hearted burst of laughter.

"You see he thinks so much of you," she explained.

"Well, then you ought to feel that I am properly presented, and you'll let me take you out to get some luncheon. Here's where we stop for food—such as it is."

"And you won't think I'm one of those dreadful American girls who keep 'mommum' and 'popper' in the background and just stram around having a good time regardless? There are a few specimens left, but not nearly so many as your novelists would lead you to suppose."

"I won't tell you what I think," he declared, "but I shouldn't mind telling Uncle George."

The long hours flew by in discussions of books and people—for they found some acquaintances in common—and the exchange of what Beatrix called "views of life." Together they laughed over the queer dishes of their makeshift dinner, and when Sir Hugh returned from a smoke at the next stop, he found Beatrix pensively watching the rising moon.

"Please," when you next discuss Americans," said she—"you do discuss us now, you know; the time has gone by when you confounded us with the outer barbarians—do not say that the American girl on her travels is in the habit of talking a dozen hours on a stretch with the companions Heaven sends her. They are not all so spoiled as I am; I confess I am apt to do what I like."

"I don't think I shall judge the American girl by you," said Sir Hugh. Then, after watching her a moment. "Since you are speaking of yourself, don't you think you are rather a perverse little person? Even your dimple is in a place where no one else has dimples."

"Is it?" said Beatrix. "Do tell me more about that delightful Political Reform club; I am so interested in it!"

It was amazing how much they found to talk about; one stout old lady got out and another got in, but as no tourists appeared to interrupt their tete-a-tete, and as the night fell and the train climbed the heights of the Sommering Pass they were left alone. The full moon was flooding the deep blue spaces of the sky and filling the valleys with a mystery of silvery light and deathlike shadow. Sir Hugh drew the green silk curtain over the impertinence of the glimmering lamp, and lighted only by the soft radiance they gazed into the shadowy depths that unrolled below them.

At one station they seemed to pause high up in air, and from the platform beneath bouquets of wild flowers were lifted on poles to the level of the carriage windows, accompanied by a shrill announcement of the price. The biggest and sweetest of these, a great mass of white and purple rhododendrons, was selected by Sir Hugh, and together he and Beatrix detached the flowers from the spectral pole and followed the tinkling sound of the silver coin as it went dropping into space until it struck the rocks below.

"It seems like a dream," said Beatrix, with a sigh, rousing herself from the charmed silence in which they had hung over the beauty of the sleeping land, "and I shall feel like an opera singer en voyage when I arrive in Vienna with this." And she buried her face in the great disk of dewy petals, framed in a stiff rim of pierced and scalloped paper.

"Vienna? Of course; we shall soon be there, and your people will be meeting you and taking you away, and this journey will be a forgotten episode—you Americans run about so much," he added, as if to strike a less personal note.

"I never run about alone—at least over here. This is a great advantage, I assure you. And—I think I'm not likely to forget that umbrella, however good you may be about forgetting it. You're sure it doesn't pain you now?" And she lifted her brown eyes anxiously to his gray eyes.

"Oh, well, of course, there is the bunch of flowers, too," she rejoined, dropping her eyes to the rhododendrons, which she still held.

He stole a glance at her, and his voice was steadiest a little consciously when he next spoke.

"One never knows exactly how to take you—you are quicker than we are and you may be laughing at me—but I want to say I'm more glad than I can tell that I have met you, and I'm sorry the journey is over; but I am not going to lose you now, if it is over. May I come to see you in Vienna?"

"Yes," said Beatrix, softly.

"May I come tomorrow?" he urged.

"Certainly," she said, recovering the self-possession which his earnestness had shaken. "I shall be delighted, and so will mamma, I am sure."

It was midnight when they drew into the big, bustling station; they looked at each other and found it hard to leave the memories of the day crowned by the poetic charm of the moonlit night.

"They will be here in a moment," Beatrix thought, "the boys and Uncle Archie, and I shall be going home, and yet, in a way, it seems as if I belonged here, too."

As for Sir Hugh, he turned away when the door opened, and her people seized upon her with kisses and jocosities, but there was an instant when he caught her hand and pressed it, whispering, "Tomorrow," and they both knew that tomorrow meant "Forever and a day."—Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Wasps may often be observed detaching from fences, boards or any old wood the fibres which they afterwards manufacture into paper mache.

Matwatches, on the borders of Russia, is the only city in the world populated by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders.

The Hawaiian islands must be a damp place. It is reported that one Monday night at Pakaikow it began to rain and the next morning at 7 o'clock the gauge showed 13 inches. In five hours at Sanpahoeno the gauge measured 10 inches. At Papaaloo, in 24 hours, the gauge showed 40 inches.

In the city of St. Louis, Mo., there is a certain hairdressing saloon the ceiling of which is entirely covered by the photographs of stage and music hall celebrities. Every likeness bears the autograph of its original, and a step ladder is invariably kept in the shop in order that any patron may inspect the curious ceiling at close quarters if he so desires.

A street in Paris, France, that has been opened to the public is paved with glass. It was thought that the surface would be slippery, but on the contrary it has proved to afford an excellent foothold for horses, and will not become dusty or absorb filth. All kinds of glass debris was utilized in the manufacture of the pavement, and the inventor of the process is sanguine of its adoption on a large scale.

The Indians of America were generally Polytheists, or believed in a plurality of gods. Some were considered as local deities, yet they believed that there was one supreme God, or Great Spirit, the creator of the rest and all creatures and things. Him the natives of New England called Kichtan. They believed that good men, at death, ascended to Kichtan, above the heavens, where they enjoyed departed friends and all good things; that bad men also went and knocked at the gate of glory, but Kichtan bade them depart, for there was no place for such, whence they wandered in restless poverty. This Supreme Being they held to be good, and prayed to him when they desired any favor, and paid a sort of acknowledgment to him for plenty, victories, etc.

A slip on the ice may fracture a leg, but a slip of the tongue may fracture a reputation.

HOMES OF THE BEAVERS.

FAST DISAPPEARING BEFORE THE VANGUARD OF CIVILIZATION.

How the Little Fellows Build and Live in Harmony—Chief Title to Distinction Rests on Their Ability as Engineers—They Have Exceedingly Thrifty Habits.

The beaver is another of the animals which are fast disappearing before the barbarian vanguard of civilization. From a common and widely distributed animal, he has become rare and local, and in most parts of the United States he is already but a faint memory, kept alive by such names as Beaver Falls, Beaver Dam and Beaver Brook, given to places which he formerly inhabited. His beautiful fur coat was coveted by man, and according to the universal law of nature he died because it was to the immediate interest of a more powerful animal to kill him. Perhaps he has fulfilled his mission; at any rate, few animals have gone more toward forming the contour of the country. Wherever he has been he has left lasting monuments to his industry in the form of meadows, ponds and waterfalls, and his name will always be associated with peaceful, intelligent labor.

In appearance, the beaver reminds us somewhat of a muskrat and somewhat of a woodchuck, though he is larger than either of them. In length he measures something over two feet, from the tip of his blunt nose to the root of his tail. His body is roughly cone-shaped, being largest in the rear, and covered with the rich, shining fur, which is at once his wealth and his death warrant. This fur is of two kinds, one composed of long, coarse, glossy chestnut hair, which is short, thick, soft and silky. The nose of the animal is blunt, the eyes small, and the ears short and rounded. The fore feet are short and slender, but the hind feet are large and webbed to the toe nails. The former serve the animal in place of hands, while the latter are the propellers which urge him through the water. But the most peculiar part of a beaver's anatomy is his tail. This appendage is flat and broad, and its horizontal outline is almost a perfect ellipse, about a foot long and three and a half inches wide. It is about an inch thick and covered with angular scales. It is used by the beaver as a ruder to guide him while swimming, not as a tray on which to carry building materials, nor as a trowel to plaster the walls of his dwelling, as some old writers would have us believe. The beaver also uses it to slap the water as a signal to his companions when there is danger in the wind.

The beaver's chief title to distinction rests on his ability as an engineer, which is perhaps unequalled by any other four-footed creature. When a colony of beavers take possession of a body of water, usually a small, clear river or brook, they first of all make a dam, which throws the water back, flooding the surrounding land and creating a pond, the site of a future beaver city. The dam is made of mud, small stones, moss grass and the branches of trees which have been cut down by the sharp and powerful incisor teeth of the beavers. The branches form the frame work of the dam, and the mud, stones, moss and grass are plastered in between the sticks, forming a strong water-tight structure. Such a dam is sometimes eight feet high and almost a quarter of a mile in length, extending far beyond the original banks of the stream. It is perhaps ten or twelve feet wide at the bottom, but much narrower at the top, as the sides slope toward each other.

In the pond thus formed the beavers make their lodges or houses, great dome-shaped structures, six or eight feet high, and some of them from twelve to twenty feet in circumference. The doorways are under the water, and in front of each the beavers scratch away the mud, forming a deeper channel that they may sink the wood intended for winter food without danger of its being frozen in, and that they may pass freely in and out, even when the ice is thick upon the pond. The tops of the houses are made of branches matted together and plastered with mud and moss, and when this is all frozen together it forms an almost impregnable fortress.

Sometimes as many as ten or twelve beavers occupy a single lodge, each with a separate bed near the walls, and each sharing the laborious work which is necessary to the welfare of every beaver community. When an accident happens to a dam or to one of the houses, the little animals are quick to repair it, realizing, apparently, the value of "a stitch in time." Hunters used to take advantage of their thrifty habits to work their destruction. After breaking down a portion of a dam they would sometimes hide in silence until the little citizens turned out to repair the damage, and then shoot the beautiful creatures in cold blood. At other times they would set steel traps under the water, and the swimming beavers would be caught by the leg. In the struggle for freedom which followed, the limb was frequently torn off and beavers with one or both of their front legs missing were of quite common occurrence.

The chief food of the beaver consists of the tender bark of young trees, particularly that of birches and willows, but he also eats aquatic roots and bulbs, and in captivity he has shown a liking for many of the common garden vegetables.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the beavers in the Zoological Garden at the Bronx Park, New York, where most of the animals are kept under conditions as closely resembling those of

nature as absolute safety to visitors will permit. Here these interesting animals have cut down trees, dammed the stream assigned to them, and built their lodges with as much confidence as though they had been free in the wilds of Maine or Canada.

Young beavers are usually born in April or May, but sometimes as late as July. There are generally from two to five little ones in a litter, and about a month after birth they begin to follow the mother in the water. I have not yet seen very young beavers, but I am told that they are born with their eyes open.—Hartford Times.

HOT HOUSE SPRING LAMB.

Mode of Raising a Delicacy That Sells Now at \$1 a Pound.

Spring lamb is for sale now at \$1 a pound or thereabouts.

"We don't sell much of it," said a butcher; "we pay wholesale from \$14 to \$20 a carcass for it, and a carcass weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds. That makes the cost to us almost \$1 a pound."

"Retail dealers do not like to handle much of it because we do not have much call for it, and the wholesale price being so high we are able to make only a few cents a pound on it. If by chance anything happens to what we have on hand the loss of one carcass knocks the profit of a considerable consignment."

"All spring lamb now in the market is known as hot house lamb. In the last dozen years sheep raisers have discovered a means of forcing their products just as the vegetable, fruit and flower growers have discovered how to give us strawberries, peaches, cherries and radishes and other delicacies in the midst of winter."

"The season for the hot house lambs is from about this time until the last of March. Before their introduction those who like good food and have the money to pay for what they want were satisfied to eat their first spring lamb about Easter time."

"How to raise hot house lambs was first discovered by raisers in New Jersey. They had a monopoly of the market for a while. Then the business was taken up by sheep raisers in Kentucky, Missouri and southern Kansas."

"Within the last two years several raisers on the eastern end of Long Island have started in, and I understand they have made money at it. But by far the greater amount of the lamb that comes into the market here comes from Kentucky."

"The natural mating time of the sheep in temperate climates is just after cold weather sets in. The lambs are then born in January and February. They are ready for market about Easter or a little before."

"But the Kentucky and Missouri raisers along in June and July pack up their breeding ewes and ship them north to Michigan and Canada to graze. The cold nights there hasten the mating, and the sheep are brought south about the first of December. Shortly after this the lambs are born."

"The sheep when they are brought south are kept in hot houses. These hot houses are usually long rambling buildings with a southern exposure having in most cases glass in the sides and roof."

"This glass permits the ewes and the lambs to get a good supply of solar heat on clear days. They are kept from the cold winds, and this helps fatten them."

"These buildings must be large, for you cannot confine sheep in a small enclosure or they will get restless. Did you ever notice how a flock of sheep ramble about when they are grazing? So in the hot houses the sheep must have plenty of room."

"The Kentucky raisers have also an interesting way of getting good food for the ewes. Wherever possible they have small streams on their places. These streams are banked up so that the water will overflow the grazing land."

"After the water has covered the land for a day or two it is run off, and then soon after the young grass springs up fresh, green and tender, just as in spring time. This grass is then cut and fed to the ewes. They are not permitted to graze on it or they would overeat themselves."

"This grass gives the ewes rich milk, and it hastens the growth of the lambs. The lambs are most suitable for market when they are three months old, though some raisers send them when they are a week or two younger."—New York Sun.

The South American Cowboy.

As the flight shows them in the darkness of the hour that precedes the dawn, they are swarthy of complexion, dark-eyed, slight of figure, clean of build. They remind you of Gypsies, also of Moors, and in their veins flows the blood of the Indians who once owned the pampa and lost it to the Spaniards. There is Spanish blood in them, too. The flourish with which he touches his hat, the grace with which he waves you to a stool made of a cow skull, the grave hospitality with which he hands you the teacup, the politeness with which he receives your remarks about the weather—everything about him when he is at his best has a Spanish suggestiveness. But still the gaucho is not a Spaniard. The pampa looks out of his eyes, is in his voice, his dress, his manner. The wilderness speaks to all who love it and teaches them things which make them different from other men.—William Bulfinch, in the World's Work.

It is calculated that in London alone there are discharged into the atmosphere daily 18,000 tons of unconsumed fuel.