

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY,
BY THE
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited
OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTER
LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
FREELAND.—The Tribune is delivered by
carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate
of 12¢ cents per month, payable every two
months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance.
The Tribune may be ordered direct from the
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advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods.
The date when the subscription expires is on
the address label of each paper. Prompt re-
newals must be made at the expiration, other-
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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa.,
as Second-Class Matter.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable
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SHE LOST NOTHING.

Omission in the Wedding Service That
Didn't Count.

A distinguished naval officer was
telling this story on himself the other
evening to a gathering of his friends.
At the time of his marriage he had
been through the civil war and had
had many harrowing experiences
aboard ship, through all of which he
kept his courage and remained as
calm as a brave man should. As the
time for the ceremony came on, how-
ever, his calmness gradually gave way.
At the altar, amid the blaze of brass
buttons and gold lace marking the
full naval wedding, the officer was all
but stampeded, and what went on
there seemed very much mixed to him.
Fearing the excitement of the moment
would temporarily take him off his
feet, the officer had learned the mar-
riage ceremony letter perfect, as he
thought, and he remembered repeating
the words after the minister in a me-
chanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was all over and
all was serene again, including the of-
ficer's state of mind, the kindly cler-
gyman came up and touched him on
the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you
didn't endow your wife with any
worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bride-
groom with something of astonishment
in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With
all my worldly goods I thee endow'
several times and, despite my efforts,
you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed
for a moment and then a beaming
light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "she
didn't lose a blessed thing by my fail-
ure."—Washington Star.

Wanted His Share.

"The treasury department runs
across many funny things in the
course of a day's business," said an
official of that department. "The mails
are full of curious epistles, but, as a
rule most of them receive polite atten-
tion and answers are returned. Just
before the close of the year that ended
with December 31 Secretary Gage gave
an interview, showing the splendid
condition of the country in a financial
way, and the full purse of Uncle Sam.
In his statement he showed that four
years ago or a little more the per-
capita circulation throughout the country
was only \$23.14, but that although the
population has increased the volume of
money has more than kept pace, so
that the per capita at the first of the
year was \$28.73. A man named Schmidt
in New York saw the statement, and
the day after New Year wrote a letter
to the treasurer saying that if the per
capita was so much he certainly did
not have his portion of it. He inclosed
a draft on the treasurer for the amount
that he considered he was entitled to.
The draft was presented to Treasurer
Roberts with great solemnity, but he
declined to honor it, and directed that
no answer be sent to Mr. Schmidt,
whose letter was well written and the
handwriting good."

CHAUFFEUR MEANS STOKER.

Good Joke on Millionaire "Mobilists"—
Fads in Pronunciation.

The pronunciation of the word
"chauffeur" provokes the Great Round
World to an examination into the au-
thority of pronunciation fads. It says:
"Where polite usage gets its authori-
ty nobody knows. Now, it is saying
that 'valet,' the final syllable of which
we have learned to give off-hand with
a high-bred 'a,' shall be Anglicized just
as 'parquet' was a few years ago, and
shall appear in polite society in its
plain English stubbiness. It is likely
that we shall all stumble and stutter
and make mistakes at first, but eventu-
ally fall into a line of 'ets.'"

"There are those who claim that a
polite 'suburb' should have a long 'u,'
that 'tapestry' should be 'a' long, and
that the sun never 'shone' politely
with a long 'o.' The same authorities
are busy with the new automobile im-
portation — 'chaffeur' (shofeur),
which has been called everything that
is polite. It might be called something
more, for it is not a truthful term. It
means, when interpreted, 'freeman,'
'stoker,' and is innocently a good joke
on our own millionaires who speed
their own 'autos.'"

A new tapeworm described by a Japa-
nese physician is of gigantic size, be-
ing more than four inches broad and
about 35 feet long.

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss!
Such love of the birds in the solitudes
Where the swift wings glance, and the
treeps toss;
Spaces of silence swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in His guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in,
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer
drinks;
And fearless and free comes the gentle
fawn
To look at herself o'er the grassy brink.
—Margaret E. Sangster.



"I was at Colonel Trevelyan's
smoker in Piccadilly that O'Brien
of the Royal Irish told his story
about the horse he rode at Omdur-
man and how the beast insisted on
galloping rough-shod over every heath-
en corpse on the plain. Grafton, who
had been there, too, said such a horse
was a treasure and that two of his
subaltern surgeons had been knifed
by the heathens at the very moment
when the Christian sawbones were
ready to minister to the wounded.
Most of the yarns were dreary enough,
for they related to the passage of the
Tugela, the siege of Ladysmith and a
lot of recent passages in British
military history that make poor enter-
tainment for an officer of his majes-
ty's army. The talk was getting a bit
scandalous. Dunlevy was railing at
the war office and Trevelyan himself
had let fall a few hot ones at the
Sklar, when Blakely of the Rifles—they
call him "Monster" Blakely in the
army—started off on a tangent about
cross-country hunting that gave the
smokers a chance to forget their griev-
ances. You can't express Blakely's
way of telling a story in print because
he's as full of gestures as a French-
man and has a way of talking "horse"
that nobody can remember quite as he
gives it. For a roystering chap, he can
get as serious as any man, and, with
a laugh in between his frowns, can
carry a grave tale with conviction.
Anyway here's the story he told at
Trevelyan's:

"O'Brien's Omdurman horse reminds
me of the queerest thing that ever hap-
pened me, and that's saying a deal,
for 'tis every one here knows I've
been in many. 'Twas just before Bobs,
God bless him, went down to the

"I am," says I, suspicious like, and
thinking he would put me up on a
cart horse. But 'twas too late for
choosing. He called old Frinzie and,
says he: 'Frinzie, saddle O'Shanter for
Captain Blakely, and lead him 'round
behind the dairy till the captain is
ready.'"
"And then he told me, 'O'Shanter
may suit ye, and then he may not,
but, anyhow, he's the speed of a ghost
an' the spirit of forty imps. Kape
him away from the dogs, and if ye
value ye's life kape him out o' the
timber. And whatever ye do, Munster,
don't try t' lead ye'r field. If ye do-
mind what I tell ye—they'll be a impty
commission in the Rifles.'"

"Well, with that he left me and I
got into th' buckskins and went out
behind th' dairy, where, sure enough,
Frinzie was walking up and down be-
fore the finest bit of thoroughbred
horse-flesh I ever saw in Ireland or
out of it. I didn't like the way he
was bitted—curb and snaffle like a
lady's saddle-cob—and I didn't like
the saddle, a deep seat with a horn like
a new moon, fit only for a curate go-
ing to mission, but Frinzie swore that
horse and trappings was the last in
the stable, and so there was nothing
for me but to throw a leg over O'Shan-
ter and try his mettle.

"By the Rock o' Cashel, Trevelyan,
'twas like riding Aelus. He hardly
touched the ground. He'd the mouth
of a vestal and the manners of a lady
in waiting. In two minutes I was
telling him what to do, and he did it
like a soldier of twenty battles. I stood
him before the five-barred gate lead-
ing into the meadow, and he took it
like a cat over the rung of a chair.
I didn't see how big he was till I was



"I WONDERED IF I COULD LIFT HIM."

Transvaal and the Rifles were on six
week's waiting orders at Queenstown,
that I got five days' leave and went
down to Kildare for a farewell chance
with the hard-riding gang that rides
with Phelim Ormonde once a year. He's
my uncle, you know, though he isn't
any older and hasn't a haporth o' sense
more. But he's a demon for
hunting and keeps as many dogs as
would send many a man to the poor-
house.

"Well, down I goes to Ormonde
house without so much as 'by your
leave.' I didn't mistrust his welcome,
mind ye, for 'twas I knew he was the
game sportsman and a rare Irish gen-
tleman in everything but his dislike
for me. Well, sirs, never such a howl-
ing hallooing, swearing, snarling mob
of dogs and hunters ever was seen as
that I saw when I got down at his
front stoop. The lawn was alive with
the knowings hunters in Kildare. Old
Jimmy Fair, the Galway whipper, with
a pack of fifty keen imps—he's come
sixty miles—was sitting in a window
plaiting a lash and talking to his dogs.
The house was full of dogs and men
and not the sign of a petticoat about
the place. I found me uncle at the
breakfast table, red at the face, all
in his corduroys and swearing away as
natural as life.

"Have ye a mount for me, Phelim?
says I, grabbing his hand and grinning.
'I have an' I haven't,' says he,
looking at me kind of mysterious. 'Are
ye bent on folleying the hounds this
mornin'?"

noticed that the dogs had vanished
across the crest of the hill and were
mouthing away into the dark thicket
before us. My horse was for fol-
lowing them in, but I fought him across
the slope till my arms were sore, and
I wondered if I could lift him at the
stone walls that stopped the road to
our right. He was furious, but needed
no lifting, for he took both walls in
his strides and was out on the moor in
time to see the hounds racing south
and away from the timber.
"It was then a queer thing happened.
I felt as if two arms were thrown
around my waist and heard in my
ears a woman's voice, sweet and low,
say, 'Ah, O'Shanter! Ah, O'Shanter!'
He pricked up his ears and trembled
as if he heard the voice too, and I
turned in my saddle, half afraid that
some woman was riding behind me.
As I turned he bolted again for the
timber, but I fought him back into the
open ground and gave him his first
touch of the steel. Then he flew as
no horse ever flew. The voice came
again, but O'Shanter raced till the fore-
most horn died and I could feel the
hot, back-blow breaths of the mouth-
ing pack.

"I turned to check him now, for he
was dashing full tilt into the pack.
The trailers fell away in terror. He
went through the Galway hounds like
a ghost and they quit like curs and
scattered. Every dog we passed quit
baying and howled as if he'd seen a
banshee, and then the leaders, in full
view of the racing fox, turned tail
and slunk away silent or mourning in dis-
mal, evil yelps, as if their blood had
frozen with some sudden terror. I
had not time to wonder at them then;
the voice of the woman was in my
ears; O'Shanter, his eyes on the fox,
his ears aslant, his muscles quivering
and alert with the ecstasy of battle,
was bearing full upon the quarry.
At the top of the hill he was abreast
of the game. My gorge rose as I
saw his head dart down and heard his
teeth click as he snapped them at the
fox. As we flashed down the hill his
speed increased, and in a hard peat
bed at the bottom the fox, no longer
hearing the dogs, tired and yet de-
fiant, came to bay. O'Shanter leaped
upon him with his steel-shod feet, and
before I could dismount was shaking
him aloft between his bared teeth.
It was five minutes before I had the
courage to take the brush. The laugh-
ter of a woman and the 'Aha, O'Shan-
ter!' fretted me like an echo in the
night, though it was early daylight.
But at last Phelim and a few of his
rivals came over the hill scowling,
sullen and silent. Nobody spoke to me
all the way home, and half of the
company quit Ormonde House that
night.

"I told my uncle I'd leave at day-
light, but I insisted on knowing more
of the horse. 'I bought him from Lady
Farleigh of Farleigh, or rather I
bought him from her estate,' said
Phelim. 'She was the best horse-
woman in Kildare, but O'Shanter
killed her in Ramsey's thicket last
Whitsuntide. There isn't a dare-devil
in the county would ride him now.'"
—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago
Record-Herald.

The Land of Lamas.

Tibet is the land of lamas, says Wil-
liam Carey, in "Adventures in Tibet."
What that means is not very easy for
us in our Protestant environment to
understand. The lamas are monks.
A hundred, or a thousand, or even five
thousand of them may be herded to-
gether, if not exactly under one roof,
yet in one great building, whose ramifi-
cations root themselves like a for-
tress in the rocks, and whose walls
and windows frown upon the sur-
rounding fields.

The rest of the timid Tibetans huddle
in huts at the monastery gates, or
till the soil and tend their flocks that
the lamas may live at ease. Deeper
than the roots of the lamasese sink
in the rocks has the power of the la-
mas lodged in the hearts of the people.
Every family has at least one repre-
sentative in the cloisters. Often there
are two and not seldom three. It has
been reckoned that every sixth person
in the entire population is either a
lama or a lama novice.
The only education is monkish; the
only architecture that of the temples
and monasteries which seem to grow
out of the craggy heights on which
they are perched; the one universal
and unceasing religious rite the twirl-
ing of a "prayer wheel" and the mum-
bling of a meaningless sentence. The
lama holds the people in the hollow of
his hand and many forces meet in that
magnetic and masterful grip.

Troubles of the Billposter.

New York is the billboard's paradise,
there being practically no restriction
of the business. Other cities, however,
throw various obstacles in the path-
way of the billposter.
In the home sections of Chicago bill-
boards may not be erected without the
consent of the residents.
San Francisco restricts the heights
of the boards, and will have no dis-
figurement of telegraph poles.
Buffalo and Cleveland have ordered
the destruction of towering bill boards.
Glasgow and Liverpool forbid adver-
tisements in street cars.
London is removing signs from piers
and railway stations.
Berlin allows posters within certain
limits only.
Paris will have no advertisements
on trees, and placards are rigidly cen-
sured.
Even Jersey City has been drawing
the line at offensive theatrical adver-
tisements.
Baltimore has forbidden big signs
on house-tops.—Profitable Advertising.

Jupiter is one and one-half times
larger than all the rest of the planets
put together.

NATURE'S SEED-POCKETS

PROVISION FOR THE SPREAD AND PERPETUATION OF VERDURE.

The Magic Ease With Which She Re-
stores a Desolated Region—Birds as
Ministers of Her Fecundity—Winged
and Arrowed Units of Life.

"Nature," says the Autocrat of the
Breakfast Table, "always has her pockets
full of seeds and holes in all her
pockets." Certain it is that nature
spares no pains in providing for the
perpetuation of plant organisms. Every
wild plant furnishes myriads of
seeds, full allowance being made for
waste and loss, and so effective are
the means used in their distribution
and planting that a very few years are
sufficient to spread a new variety over
wide areas.

During the glacial period the ice
masses which plowed the continents
bore with them seeds and roots. The
rivers and ocean currents took up the
work, bearing abroad the seeds of dif-
ferent latitudes. In Louisiana and
Mississippi the flora peculiar to the
Rocky Mountain heights, where the
Missouri has its source, 4000 miles
away, find lodgment on the shores of
the Mississippi River and flourish un-
der the beams of the glowing semi-
tropical sun. On the western coasts of
Ireland and England are found the
plants of the plains of the Amazon and
the Orinoco, the West Indies and Flor-
ida, borne across the Atlantic by the
current of the Gulf Stream.

The volcanic eruptions in the Island
of Java in 1883, furnished a remark-
able illustration of the facility with
which nature is able to replant with
vegetable life a desolated region. The
centre of the disturbance was the isl-
and volcano of Krakatoa, which sent
forth floods of molten lava and burning
ashes, so that every living thing,
whether animal or vegetable was de-
stroyed. The island, in the words of
an observer, was "red hot." Only four
years after this event, a naturalist, visit-
ing this spot, found that nature, un-
assisted by man, had stocked the isl-
and with 246 varieties of plants. The
winds, the waves and the birds had
been the only agents.

The birds do a great share in this
work. Mr. Darwin found by examina-
tion that particles of earth adhering to
the feet of migrating birds generally
contain seeds. From a ball of earth
carefully removed from the leg of a
wounded partridge he raised eighty-two
plants of five different species. From
six and three-quarter ounces of earth
gathered from the feet of birds which
frequent the shores of lakes and ponds,
he raised, under glass, no less than 537
plants. The plumage of migrating
birds also contains many kinds of seed
which adheres to them as they stop to
feed or to sleep on their way to distant
lands. Many seeds are carried in the
stomachs of herbivorous animals, and
thus make long journeys.

Some years ago, after an unusual
prevalence of high winds from the
north, the Canada thistle made its ap-
pearance in localities from the Dakotas
to the Gulf of Mexico. The wheat
fields of the Northwest and the cotton
and sugar plantations of the South
were all planted by the winds with
this most unwelcome immigrant.

There are many seeds which, like the
thistle, depend almost entirely upon
the winds for transmission and distri-
bution. Some of them, as the maple and
the ash, have wings, and literally fly
on the wind. The seed of the maple
tree has an elaborate arrangement for
aerial transportation. It has wings
like those of a locust or large grass-
hopper. When the seed is detached
from the tree, even if there is no
breeze, it does not fall directly to the
ground, but, by its peculiar construc-
tion, it acquires a spiral motion which
carries it at least some yards from be-
neath its starting point. When a wind
is blowing these seeds often twirl
through the air for miles before they
finally sink to the ground to find a new
home and to found a new maple grove.

Some time ago appeared an account
of maple trees growing to the height
of twenty-three feet upon the summit
of a tower 197 feet high in Greensburg,
Decatur County, Ind. A grove of
maple trees surrounds the Court House,
of which this tower forms part, and
the winged seeds, borne aloft by the
winds, have taken root and flourish
upon the roof of the tower.

All varieties of asters have seeds fur-
nished with soft, feathery pinions. The
gentlest zephyr is sufficient to waft
them over field and meadow, and plant
them by every stream and pathway,
but the storm-wind lifts them to the
clouds, and they fly to far-off regions.
Millions fall into waters, which do
their share in planting them on dis-
tant shores; other millions perish, but
nature's pockets never become empty.

The dandelion shows an almost hu-
man intelligence in the sudden growth
of the flower stem, when the seeds
begin to ripen, to exactly the
height which enables it to rear its
crown of feathered arrows above the
surrounding growths, so that the
breeze may bear the seed away and
plant it. Borne high upon the wind,
it sails point first, arrow-like, and falls
into the earth in the most favorable
position for taking root. The country
children blow the seeds from the stalk
to see whether "mother wants me." If
the seed all fly away at one breath,
the child must hurry home.

The jewel-weed, or wild touch-me-
not, growing luxuriantly by every
stream and pond, has at this season
the ripened seeds in little round pods,
which, when the breeze shakes the
branches, explode like tiny popguns,
scattering the seed to a considerable
distance around.

The Spanish-needle, all the burr-tribe
and the "Beggars'-lice" have hooks or
claws which catch on every passer-by,

whether man or beast, and so find
means to distribute themselves. We
bring these hangers-on, clinging to our
clothing, from every autumn walk
through woods and fields. Sometimes
we pause on our way to free ourselves
from these encumbrances, sometimes
we bring them home with us; in any
event, some of them find lodging in the
earth, and next spring there is a new
group in a new place. Animals and
birds do their share in planting these
varieties in the same manner. It is
strange that these are all troublesome
weeds which one would gladly see
perish. Nature seems more persistent
in her efforts to plant them than many
more favorite plants.

It seems, indeed, that only those
plants which do not serve to nourish
either man or beast are supplied with
these ingenious devices for transmis-
sion and self-planting. In the case of
plants used for food, there is security
that the seed will be planted and
cared for.

A writer on this subject speaks of
the "Rose of Jericho," which is an
Eastern variety of our common "tumble-
weed," belonging to the botanical
family of "cruciferae." When the seeds
ripen the plant bends in its branches,
forming a ball with the seed inside.
When quite dry the lightest wind sur-
fices to break it from the parent stalk,
and away it goes, rolling and tumbling
over the ground, scattering its seed in
its progress.

In the great valley of the Amazon,
when the wind breaks off the massive
plumes of the tall pampas grass, they
roll up in great white spheres, several
feet in circumference, and go bounding
over the vast level plains, distributing
the seed in the same manner. It was
in allusion to this device that David
wished that his enemies might be made
"like unto a wheel, as the stubble be-
fore the wind."

The flora of the Azore Islands is said
to be exclusively such as is adapted to
be planted by these agencies of nature.
The only trees and shrubs of these
islands are such as bear small berries,
and are indigenous to the southwest
of Europe, while the oak, chestnut,
apple, and others growing in the same
latitudes, but not adapted to convey-
ance by such means, are entirely ab-
sent. The flora of these islands com-
prises 439 species; 45 have winged seed,
65 very minute, hard-shelled seed, 35
have such seed as are eaten by birds,
and 84 others are well adapted to con-
veyance by wind and water. There
is probably no better example of nature's
seed-planting than in the Azores,
which are 900 miles distant from the
nearest land.

When one considers the subtle, silent
ways in which the clothing of the earth
in robes of verdure is accomplished, the
mind is filled with wonder and admira-
tion of the ceaseless forces which con-
serve the life and care for the contin-
uance of those creations which are en-
tirely independent of the care and notice
of mankind.—Francis M. Butler, in
New York Evening Post.

Gypsy Methods of Communication.

The ancient root-signs of the Rom-
any, the "patteran" takes the place
of sign-boards or maps. The "patteran"
is a little, carefully arranged pile of
sticks, grass or stones, placed at cross-
roads, where none but a Gypsy would
notice it, any more than any one but a
Romany could read it; but to him it
is as plain as the noonday sun, and by
it—a succession of such wayside tokens
—one family or company can follow
others who may be days ahead of them
for hundreds of miles.

Though the Gypsy has uses for other
methods of communication besides the
mysterious "patteran," he is not a
letter writer. He rightly cares first
for his own immediate family circle;
the closest "in-laws" do not travel to-
gether unless perfectly congenial or
unless it is convenient for them to do
so, and as the roving life is not con-
ducive to letter writing, even the near-
est relatives do not usually hear from
each other directly more than once or
twice a year at most.

In the city livery stables and pawn-
brokers' shops opportunities are af-
forded for the exchange of news, but for
those who roam in small groups and
rarely strike a large city or the great
bureaus of information, summer camp-
ing grounds, where all the gossip of the
year is retailed, communication of per-
sonal family news is uncertain.—Frank
Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Steam-Heated Kitchens.

The Brookside Kennels, at Kenosha,
Wis., consist of rows of small, low
buildings, built especially for their
Angora occupants. The houses are con-
structed in such a manner that they
are kept at the same temperature from
one end of the year to the other. In
order to make this possible a steam
plant has been placed in the house near
the kennels and hot water is used for
a heating power. The quarters for the
cats are well arranged, one whole side
of the building being built of glass in
order to give the cats plenty of sun-
light. The walls are painted in soft
tints in order to prevent any injury
to the eyes of the kittens, and the
rooms are catined so that the sunlight
may be shut out if necessary. Every
one of the fifty cats now in the kennels
has an apartment of its own.

From the time the kitten is born un-
til it finds a permanent owner it has
every care that would be given a babe.
It is tenderly fed and washed daily.
When it is old enough to have the
air it is allowed a certain amount of
exercise in a little inclosure adjoining
the kennels, and at the close of the
evening it is tucked to bed in a com-
fortable couch.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Ancient Egypt guests at a great
house were anointed with perfume oil
by the servants of the establishment
as a mark of respect.