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Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland, Pa., as Second-Class Matter.

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**HER TRIBUTE OF SYMPATHY.**

**Announcement That Called Out an Expression of Deep Sorrow.**

It was the turn of the Columbia law student who had figured successfully as an intercollegiate debater.  
 "True sympathy sometimes crops out where you least expect to see it," he said. "One cold day last December I was walking through a greenhouse in Harlem. As I passed down one of the walks near the outside I noticed a little girl with her face pressed against the frosty window looking wistfully at the flowers. The gardener's attention being drawn to her, he asked her in. She was crying, and the longing way in which she looked at the flowers touched us both. The gardener asked her if she would like very much to have some of them. The look of gratitude that came into her glistening eyes needed no words of interpretation. He gave her a bunch of carnations freshly cut that morning.  
 "We both took an Eighth avenue car down town. She sat near the door and as the cold wind blew in she would shake and the tears caused by the cold and her sad errand came unchecked. The affection she bestowed upon that little bunch of flowers soon aroused the attention and pity of most of those in the car. She would bury her face in the flowers and in her attempt to choke back the sobs her thin clad little frame would shake so that I noticed it from my seat at the front end of the car.  
 "I had to leave the car at Thirtieth street, and when I reached the curb I noticed that she, too, had left the car. By that time I was very much interested in her, and decided to follow her and see what she would do. She walked toward the North river, and then turned down the avenue and stopped before a barber's shop. I thought to myself this is a public place, and I'll go in and see what is the cause of her sorrow and to whom she is talking these flowers. She timidly approached the first barber, and between her sobs told him that she had brought these flowers for that poor man who had died. The barber looked up surprised and said:  
 "My child, you have made some mistake."  
 "'No, sir,' she sobbed, 'I want to give these flowers to him.'  
 "'But you have made a mistake,' he replied. 'There has been no death here.'  
 "With the utmost assurance she looked up at him and said, 'Oh, yes, sir, he did die here, and I want you to give him these flowers.'  
 "'You must be mistaken. What makes you think a man died here?'  
 "'Turning to the front of the shop she murmured, 'Please, sir, doesn't it say there on the window, 'Whiskers Dyed Here'?'—New York Times.

**A SPEAKING LAMP.**

**An Invention Which Reproduces Sound Miles Away.**

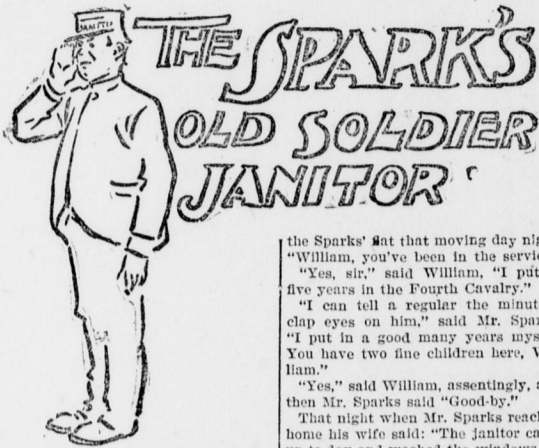
The "speaking light" is the latest novelty which has made its appearance in Paris. It is the invention of a German professor, improved and perfected by M. Charles Heller, an electrical engineer residing in France. The apparatus consists of an ordinary arc lamp, minus the globe; this lamp is placed on a table, and is connected on the one hand with a microphone, which can be placed at any distance, even miles away. On the current being passed and the lamp alight anybody singing or speaking in from or over the microphone board is immediately heard by every body in the room where the lamp is placed. The arc lamp reproduces every sound with startling clearness. It is necessary, however, for people looking at the lamp to wear smoked glasses, owing to its intensity. The invention is decidedly ingenious, but at present it is difficult to see what useful purpose it can serve, except as a substitute for the theatrophone, over which it possesses the advantage of allowing a hundred or more persons to listen to a concert miles away instead of only two, as is the case with the theatrophone. The inventor, however, is of opinion that at a later period, when more thoroughly developed, the speaking light may have great scientific possibilities for it.

The Chilean corvette Magellanes has been placed at the disposition of Sir Thomas Holditch, the head of the British Commission for the delimitation of the frontier between Chile and Argentina.

**PECULIAR.**

Oh, human beings are, in sooth,  
 A most peculiar lot.  
 By them a lady or a youth  
 Is kidnaped, like as not.  
 They love to turn to reckless fun  
 Which undermines the health;  
 And each feels happiest when he's won  
 Another's hard-earned wealth.

Each likes to talk about the way  
 He loves his fellow-man,  
 But you will notice, day by day,  
 He "does him" when he can.  
 The golden rule he quotes as truth—  
 'Tis instantly forgot.  
 These human beings are, in sooth,  
 A most peculiar lot.



"ELIZA," said Mr. Sparks on the night of the day that they moved into their new flat, "this apartment life is worse than one of Dante's circles. I'll make just one more move before I die, and that will be into a house in a suburb. Here we are just moved, everything topsy-turvy and no girl. Of course, the latest acquisition from the employment bureau had to leave us just to throw all the burden of the packing up and unpacking on us. Then again the janitors of all flats are nuisances. I'll bet the one in this building will prove to be worse than any of the others, and even a man accustomed to using strong language can't say anything stronger than that. Just look at this muss, will you, and no one to help us fix it up."  
 Just then the front-door bell rang. Henry Sparks stumbled over two trunks, his daughter's bicycle, barked his shin, bruised his toes and finally reached the door. There in the hall stood a young woman, comely and strong-looking. "Is this the place you want a girl?" she asked.  
 A sudden joy leaped into Henry Sparks' heart. "Yes," he said, "come in. We've just moved; we're all up-side down here. Look out for the boxes."  
 Then Mr. Sparks led the way into the dining room and turned the caller over to his wife. "Yes, we want a girl," said Mrs. Sparks; "we've just moved in, and may be you won't want to stay now; you see how things are and what cleaning is to be done."  
 "I'm not afraid to work," said the girl.  
 At this answer Henry Sparks, who stood in a corner, almost fainted. The girl produced a letter from a Lutheran



struck him, and turning, he said: "Didn't think it was part of his work, but he said it was all right and insisted. He told me that he used to be in the regular army and that he knew you had been in the service, too."  
 "That's it, Eliza," said Henry, "an old soldier likes to do things for another old soldier. He washed our windows because we had both done hard duty on the plains. Nothing like it. He must be a good, steady fellow, for he has a wife and two children. They have a flat in the basement."  
 Mr. Sparks met William quite frequently after this. William always saluted. If he happened to be standing still as Mr. Sparks passed, he would come to "attention," clicking his heels together the while and saluting like the old campaigner he was. Almost every night when he would reach home Mrs. Sparks would tell Henry of some new act of attention on the part of the janitor. "He came up and went all over the plumbing to-day," she said one night. "He said he wanted to make sure there wasn't any sewer gas in the place. I suppose he fears for the health of his wife and children. He spent an awful long while in the kitchen examining the pipes there. He



clergyman in a little country village. It happened that Henry Sparks knew the man. The girl was taken on the spot, as she declared she was ready to go to work then and there and would have her things sent right over from her cousin's.  
 During the whole conversation Mrs. Sparks' face had worn a rather puzzled expression. When the girl had volunteered to stay Mrs. Sparks said: "How did you happen to know we wanted a girl?"  
 "I saw your advertisement," was the answer. "Here it is," and the girl pulled out a copy of the morning paper. Mrs. Sparks took it. "Mercy," she exclaimed, "that's the advertisement of Mrs. Smithkins, who lives in the flat underneath this. You came to the wrong apartment."  
 "Well, I like the looks of this place, anyway, and I'll stay."  
 "Henry," said Mrs. Sparks, "won't it be a case of false pretenses if we keep her?"  
 "Not by a jugful. I'll send Mrs. Smithkins the price of her advertisement in an anonymous letter. 'To have and to hold' is a good motto in a case like this."  
 The girl Rosa, who stumbled into

the Sparks' flat that moving day night, "William, you've been in the service."  
 "Yes, sir," said William, "I put in five years in the Fourth Cavalry."  
 "I can tell a regular the minute I clap eyes on him," said Mr. Sparks. "I put in a good many years myself. You have two fine children here, William."  
 "Yes," said William, assentingly, and then Mr. Sparks said "Good-by."  
 That night when Mr. Sparks reached home his wife said: "The janitor came up to-day and washed the windows. I was a dream. She cooked things to a turn; she was willing; she didn't have a cross word in her vocabulary; she didn't care to go to balls on Saturday night, and she was plump and good-looking. The Sparks' family life was ideal."  
 One morning as Mr. Sparks was leaving the building to go to the office he met the janitor, who was coming up from the basement leading a child with each hand. Mr. Sparks had barely noticed the janitor before. This morning something in the man's bearing

crystal. Rosa was a pearl of great price. She anticipated every wish of every member of the family. There was little left for Mrs. Sparks to do but to embroider and to mend Frances' stockings. For some reason or other Henry Sparks, though he had always prided himself on his perspicacity, never noticed that whenever William found that something in the kitchen needed fixing the job was always one that required three or four days' time. He told his wife one day that he must give William another box of cigars, because, although he was an old soldier, he did not like the idea of leaving the man to do so much work for simply the sake of sentiment. "I gave each of his children a quarter this morning and I gave his wife a dollar the other day, but that's not enough to do for a man who spends most of his time making your life happy in a flat."  
 That night Mr. Sparks went downtown to do some work. He didn't get back till one o'clock. He slipped off his shoes at the door so as not to awaken his wife. He passed into the hall and, feeling hungry, he went back through the dining-room with a mind and appetite bent on exploring the kitchen pantry. The door leading into the kitchen was shut. In his stocking feet Mr. Sparks made no noise. He opened the door quickly. The kitchen gas was burning. From the far end of the room came a clicking noise. William the janitor was standing at attention with his heels brought sharply together. As the man jumped to the position of a soldier Mr. Sparks saw that one of his arms had just dropped from its position of embrace about the waist of Rosa, the maid.  
 Mr. Sparks was horrified. He went back to days when as a "non com" he had verbally lashed some bluecoat duty derelict.  
 "William," he said in a voice of thunder, "how dare you! You're a scoundrel, sir!"  
 William's hand went to his forehead in salute. "Rosa and I are to be married next week, Mr. Sparks," he said.  
 "Married!" was the gasping response; "how about your wife and two children down stairs?"  
 "That's my widowed sister and two little ones. She's been keeping house for me," said William.  
 Mr. Sparks groaned and went limply back into the front room. He waked his wife. "Eliza," he said, "our dream is over. Rosa is going to marry the janitor. It wasn't any old soldier sentiment at all that made him wash windows. I'll tell Hunt in the morning to look for a home for us in the country," and, sighing, Mr. Sparks went to bed.  
 At the breakfast table the next morning William and Rosa came in, hand in hand. "We're going to be married next week, Mrs. Sparks," said Rosa. "but my sister wants a place and I'll send her here. She's a better cook than I am."  
 At this bit of information Mr. Sparks' face cleared visibly. "You both have my blessing," he said; "send in your sister Rosa, and if William leaves here I'll get old Hightwater, the landlord, to send a good janitor in his place, but I'll take good care that he's not an old soldier." And then, forgetful of everything else, Mr. Sparks turned to his wife and said: "They can't resist an old soldier, can they, my dear?"—Edward B. Clark in the Chicago Record-Herald.

**Licking Envelopes.**  
 The task of "licking" 50,000 long envelopes is one which confronts the United States Pension Office once every three months, says the Helena Daily Record. At one time this was a Herculean undertaking, but the inventive genius of man has now made it easy. By means of an electric automatic sealer the envelopes containing the check and voucher which are sent to 50,000 pensioners each quarter, are "licked" and sealed at the rate of 25,000 a day. This daily capacity is not reached, however, as not so many envelopes are ever ready at one time. The daily run during the quarter's pay is from 8000 to 10,000.  
 This machine, which "licks" and seals envelopes as fast as they can be fed into it, is simple in design. The envelope is fed, flap open. It passes between two rolls, the under one of which is dampened by an automatic fountain. In its passage through another set of rolls the flap is dexterously turned over by means of a small catch, and a third roll presses it firmly in place.  
 All this is done in the twinkling of an eye, as fast as the operator can drop the envelopes into position to be caught by the first rolls. The machine, which is equipped with an electric attachment, is longer than a typewriter, but not so bulky. It also has a foot power attachment.

**Trip in a Unique Boat.**  
 Captain R. H. Greenleaf and a party of gentlemen are planning a novel trip by water from Albuquerque to New Orleans, and their boat is now under construction on the captain's premises on Silver avenue, Albuquerque. The boat will be about twenty feet long and four and a half beam, and will be well fitted with a stove, also compartments for cooking utensils, tents, blankets, guns and ammunition.  
 Ducks and geese are plentiful along the river, and the boat is to be fitted out with grass blinds and decoys, thus making a complete sportsman's outfit. This craft is designed for river protection, and will carry a heavy Hotchkiss steel swivel gun forward and two Gatling guns behind, with one torpedo amidships.  
 The craft will be under the command of Captain George Toffey, and Captain Greenleaf will act as pilot, he being well acquainted with the intricate channels of the river.—Albuquerque Citizen.

**Drinking Water on Farms.**  
 Drinking water on farms is given but little consideration as to its purity when it is derived from springs, but many farms are supplied with water from open wells, and its purity in such cases depends largely upon the mode of protecting the well and the surroundings. Wells being deeper than ditches or drains, and tendency of water being downward, much soluble matter goes into the well that is unknown to the farmer. The water may appear clear and pure, be free of odor, and yet contain impurities. Farmers who do not consider the matter have no conception of the many sources from which their drinking water is obtained. It comes from the clouds, of course, but it does not fall into the well, only reaching it after passing through the surface soil, and dissolving the impurities. Because the water passes through sand it is not filtered

**AGRICULTURAL.**

**Acquiring a Select Trade.**

It will surprise any farmer who has depended upon the dealer to take his milk how much can be gained by making good butter and feeding the skimmed milk to pigs. Consumers have faith in the farmers, and any farmer who will aim to secure customers by supplying the best will have no difficulty. Those who buy the choice articles are always willing to pay good prices whenever they are assured that the quality will be maintained.

**Result of Planting One Potato.**

An interesting agricultural item printed in the London Times is as follows: "A Mr. Vacher, of Heckford farm, near Poole, last year planted one potato, which produced him 335 in number, and there would have been still more had not a boy lost one of the eyes after the potato was cut in pieces. The farmer, having saved the whole of them, had them planted, and he has now dug the crop, and finds they have multiplied to the number of 9233, and weigh 13 cwt. 3 qrs., which certainly is a very great increase from one single tuber in two years."

**Destroying Foul Brood.**

At the annual meeting of the Ontario Beekeepers' Association, at Woodstock, Ont., Professor Harrison, of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, described a new and simple method of destroying the germs of foul brood. He placed combs containing larvae dead from this disease, capped cells of brood, and cells of honey, in a box which was air tight except for a small hole at top and bottom. Then a small alcohol lamp was arranged with the reservoir at the top containing formalin, and connected by a rubber tube with the bottom of the box. This conveys to the box the formalin vapor produced by the heat of the lamp. When the box is so completely filled with the formalin that the gas issues freely from the hole in the top, both holes are tightly closed for one hour. Professor Harrison has been unable to obtain any signs of life from foul-brood germs treated in this apparatus.

**Give the Cows Sunlight.**

The one thing that we think quite as important to cows as either fresh air or exercise is that of which they are most frequently deprived in the old-fashioned stables of those who believe in having them out of doors during the day, and it may be that it is so necessary to their well being that a few hours' outing may do them good enough to counterbalance the injury done by being out in the cold.  
 Sunlight is as necessary to the thrifty and healthy growth of animals as of plants. Every stable or place where they are kept should be well lighted upon the south side, not only by having plenty of glass, but that glass kept clean enough to allow the sun to penetrate it freely. We have seen glass so opaque with cobwebs and dirt as to admit only enough light to allow us to grope his way about in semi-darkness. The "dim religious light" of the ancient and some modern churches is not good enough for a barn. We do not care for blue glass or other stained glass, but want a clear, clean, transparent glass, that will let in the full rays of the sun. Even double sashes of glass now cost but little more for the space they occupy than the siding and painted clapboards, or a shingle sash with a curtain to shut out the cold at night.

Material For Manure.  
 There is always a large amount of coarse material in the barnyard that has little or no plant food in it, especially if it has been exposed. Such manure is not worth taking to the fields, and if turned under it will make the soil dryer in summer. Such material should be made the foundation for a new heap, so as to rot it down to less bulk, but also to use it as absorbent matter for fresh manure.  
 Personal interest, of course, has been a factor in all this, but genius and commendable desire for betterment and the accomplishment of good in the world have been great factors in this wonderfully advanced movement. American manufacturers lead the world in these great economic strides, and the demand abroad for their products, constantly increasing, verifies this claim for their skill and ingenuity. No other country in the world has been able to advance the price of labor fifty per cent., and yet reduce the cost of production more than 200 per cent. A people who can do that expand the area of their industry necessarily. The parts of the world that won't improve or advance in human betterment simply have to get out of the way of those who do. It is the order of inevitable law, not fate.—Indiana Farmer.

**Feeding Alfalfa Hay Economically.**

Every time alfalfa hay is handled there is considerable loss from the breaking off of dry leaves. Where it has to be forked over several times before it reaches the manger, little is left but unpalatable stems. I recently saw an alfalfa barn and feed lot constructed with an idea of preventing this waste. The barn was surrounded with feeding racks, the common V-shaped rack made of one-inch boards, slatted far enough from the barn so that a wagon can be driven between. The alfalfa hay is put into the barn through these doors and when wanted for stock a wide chute is used, reaching from the barn door to the rack. By these means the hay is conducted from the barn to the rack without loss. These chutes are movable and can be taken out when the barn is being filled or for any other reason. The work of feeding the stock is also greatly lessened, as it consists simply of throwing the hay into the chute and allowing it to slide down into the rack. —J. L. Irwin, in American Agriculturist.

