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NOAH WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Quaint Old House Still Standing Near West Hartford.

The old house is still standing, one mile south of West Hartford, on the Newington road, in which, in 1758, was born America's great lexicographer. His father, a descendant in the fourth generation from John Webster, who previous to 1690 was governor of Connecticut, was militia captain in the time of the revolution, and the son, who had already begun his studies which were to fit him for his role as a linguist, abandoned them for a time and served in his father's company. The house of the Websters is on the west side of the way, and "fronting sunrise" and the city of Hartford, commands a fine view of the surrounding country. It is shaded by maples and an elm, which latter tree, as the easily believed tradition runs, was planted by Capt. Webster when his scholar-son was a boy. The house stands with the side to the street, and the front door, in keeping with the style in vogue of yore, is ornamented with a knocker. Two stories high in front, the house has two large front rooms on the first floor, one on each side of the front entry. In keeping with the old style, these rooms show the large wheathed beams lower than the plastered ceiling. In the story above are two bed rooms, corresponding to the square room below. The back of the house is but one story high, the roof sloping down unbroken from the ridge. A huge chimney in the center of the house affords three fireplaces, one for each of the front rooms and one for a large room on the west side of the house. This latter was the "living room" of the Websters. North of it is a pantry, and south of it a sleeping room. Projecting to the westward is an "L" in which there is another large chimney with the fireplace and brick oven that was considered indispensable to the kitchen of old-time housekeepers. The traditions do not mention which room of the Webster house it was in which the country's dictionary maker was born, nor do they give the exact date of the death of his father, Capt. Webster, nor the time when the farm passed from the Websters to other hands. The encyclopedias say that Dr. Webster was born in Hartford, which statement was true, for Hartford once included the territory which is now West Hartford. The highway on which the Webster house stands is one of the finest for a drive to be found in the state of Connecticut. Though a valley road, it is for some of the distance so far above the lands on either side as to give the traveler a fine view of the landscape for miles around. It is a wide way, and one that was laid out when people liked room and had it.

MME. PATTI'S GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

Great Prima Donna Lays Down Some Reasonable Rules.
The following is printed as the famous prima donna's code:
"To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess.
"Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth which we squander. Every recovery, whether from headache or pneumonia, is accomplished by the strenuous effort of vitality, and is therefore a waste of your capital of life.
"Therefore, don't let yourself be ill. The best plan to avoid illness is to live regularly, simply, with a frugality that stupid persons alone will seem painful or eccentric.
"Sleep eight hours in every twenty-four.
"Ventilate the rooms in which you work and sleep. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation means. Even when my voice was the only thing I had in the world I slept with my windows wide open, summer and winter, and never caught cold in that way.
"Examine seriously into your list of social obligations, have the good sense to recognize that there is neither pleasure nor profit in most of what you regard as essential in that line, and simplify your social life—simplify it all you can.
"Make your home a pleasant place—cheerful, but well within your means.
"Drink nothing but water or milk—especially drink lots of water. You can never drink too much of it.
"On the other hand, remember that alcohol is a poison which does untold damage within you; that beer, wine, coffee and tea are poisons, too. Shun all of them as would diluted vitriol.

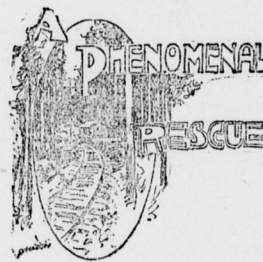
THE DAY'S WORK.

Do the work of the day as well as you have the wit to do.
Try for the best—for the best will tell.
What was the end in view?
Always your best—it is cheap to shirk;
The best makes the worker glad;
And people remember the better work,
Forgetting the weak and bad.

They remember the careful tool
As well as the perfect song.
Scant is the memory for a fool,
Or him who is idle long.
People remember the honest few
Who gave of the best they had—
They will remember the good you do,
And always forget the bad.

Do the work of the day as well as you have the wit to do.
As though it would close your toil,
He who a sermon in stone would tell
Must chisel and carve and mold.
Weak and lifeless, or firm and true,
The work of the day is set.
People remember the good you do—
The bad they will soon forget.

Yesterday is a record made.
Changeless, for good or ill;
Hands-to-day must be unafraid,
Ready to work your will.
Unless, tomorrow, to sadly rue
Plans that were far from sure.
People remember the good you do,
And they forget the poor.
—W. D. Nesbit, in Baltimore American.



Ralph Masson was a consumptive. You knew it by the bright hopeful eye, the dull pale skin, and the nervous irritable cough that accentuated his slightest speech and racked his attenuated frame. And his temperamentally vivacious was due to the same dead disease that while consuming life dazes the senses with golden visions of longevity.

Masson was night telegraph operator at a small station on the Illinois Central Railroad between Chicago and New Orleans, in a locality where pine forests modified the air with a tonic of balsam for hurt lungs and the dry, sandy soil furnished a chance for open-air exercise. Masson owned a good horse and at hours when he was duty-free he rode his race for life with zest and satisfaction. Like all consumptives his spirits increased as his health declined, and he saw with feverish intensity a long vista of future prosperity.

Something peculiar in the mental make-up of the young operator was both interesting and baffling to new acquaintances, but it was merely the expression of a cult which is not yet one of the exact sciences, but which has immense undeveloped possibilities.

Ralph Masson was a student of psychic phenomena, a firm believer in telepathy and an ardent investigator into every new occult theory. He was himself a hypnotist, possessing a natural gift, cultivated and developed by study and practice. At Harvey Station he had small opportunity to improve this faculty, but there was one family living a few miles down the line where he found a willing convert to his peculiar views, and what was more important a valuable subject to carry them out successfully.

Margaret Lansing, a girl of eighteen, became infatuated with the strange new power and gave Masson her intelligent co-operation when at an evening entertainment at the little district schoolhouse, before he went on duty, he gave an exhibition of his skill and easily sent her into a profound hypnotic sleep. Her family and friends were present and gave their consent, looking upon it as a part of the evening's entertainment and seeing nothing serious in the performance. They were merely amused and incredulous when, laying his hand on her forehead with a light touch, he said:

"Go over to the station, go into the office, and tell me what you see there."
He did not know that she could or would submit to the test; she had doubtless been there at some time and might describe it from memory, and the test would be of no value. She did not respond quickly, and he repeated the command. After a moment she began to shiver as with fear.
"What do you see?"
"Two men who look like robbers. They are breaking open a desk."
"Can you describe the men?"
"One is young and one is old. They wear caps and have handkerchiefs tied over the lower part of their faces."
"Look through the handkerchiefs and tell me what you see."
"The one who is young has a red mustache and one eye is gone. The



other has white hair and a smooth face. They are working in a hurry. Ah-h, they are caught!"
The girl's breath was in drawn with a sob. The hypnotist made a few passes over her and she came to herself weak and exhausted.
"Some of you fellows go over to the station and see if she is right," suggested Masson, who was deadly pale and much excited.

The investigating party soon returned, for they had met a posse which had surprised the robbers at their work. The men they had captured were two tramps who were exactly as the girl had described them. No one was more astonished than Masson himself, or more overjoyed, for it demonstrated as a fact the power that he feared might be fiction.

When on other occasions Ralph Masson followed up this feat by others quite as wonderful, employing Margaret Lansing as a subject, her family objected. They argued that it would injure her health, possibly wreck her nerves, and that nothing good would result from dabbling in mysteries. Masson was greatly disappointed, for he felt that the success of a great discovery depended on the girl. What might he not accomplish by her assistance? He might teach her to read the stars, to fathom the secrets of intuition! And here he found himself unable to cope with the first edict of parental authority.

"The parents were undoubtedly right. They saw on their daughter's part another kind of infatuation, a growing fondness for this young man whose days were numbered. Science was nothing when put in the scales with their love for their child. Masson appealed to Margaret Lansing as a sick man always appeals to a healthy, sympathetic woman. First, pity, then love. He who has brutal health can never know the sweet recompense of weakness. Your robust man has no charm compared to the pleading love of an invalid. Ralph had said to Margaret that he could hypnotize her at a distance.

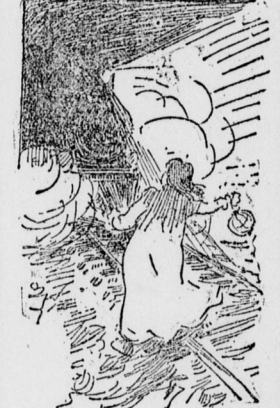
"I can bring you to me at any time by calling you and willing you to come. It will be impossible for you not to obey me."

She had smiled into his bright, compelling eyes with a faith and belief that were sublime, and held herself in readiness to go like a bird of the air when he called her, but nothing came of it, for he had tried—and failed. His mind could not control hers by any distant treatment, and he had never been able to reach her by either telepathy or hypnosis.

One night when Masson was on duty at his station he received a telegram from Rawlins, ten miles down the line.

WASHOUT AT BRISCOE!
COE; WAIN 2.20 EX-
PRESS, THIS OFFICE;
CANNOT REACH THEM!

It was signed with the name of the night operator at Rawlins, and there was hardly a half hour before the train was due at Briscoe. Margaret's father was station agent at that point, but the express did not stop there, and he probably knew nothing of the washout, and no other train arriving until morning, he would be at home



THE NIGHT EXPRESS CAME RUSHING ON.

and asleep. It was five miles to Briscoe and raining hard; no horse could make the distance in time to give the alarm. And hundreds of sleeping men and women were speeding to certain death.

The young operator felt an uncontrollable weariness and lethargy creeping over him, but he pulled himself together with a desperate effort that made every nerve tingle and vibrate. He was speaking aloud, although alone in his office.

"Margaret! Margaret! Margaret! Get your father's red lantern; go down to the Briscoe River and swing a danger signal for the 2.20 express. Go at once, I command you, my dear love! Go, go, go! In God's name rise from your sleep, Margaret, and go!"

The night express came rushing on to Briscoe station when Engineer Preston saw far ahead of him a tiny red spark glowing. Instinct in the man read its meaning before it had grown to proportions that signaled danger. The train slowed up with such unwillingness of steam and driving wheel, such a mighty growling and grinding of the whole outfit, that the throbbing, shrieking engine to a standstill on the very brink of destruction where a white-robed figure with unbound hair swung with persistence and monotonous repetition the red lantern that had averted death.

The train men wrapped Margaret in blankets and carried her bewildered, distraught, almost lifeless to her home, where she fell unconscious into her mother's arms, while the grateful passengers filled the hours they must wait with plaudits of her brave deed and talked of the medal she should have some day.

And Ralph Masson? When his assistant relieved him at the office at early morning his hand was on the key, but his head was bowed and he neither moved nor spoke. In that supreme effort he had found release.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

AUSTRALIAN SEA FISHING.

Angling For Schnapper, Nannygai, Morwong and Shark.

Sea fishing is the Alpha and Omega of most fishing in Australia. We leave Sydney harbor about midnight in a small tug, so as to be on the further fishing grounds at daybreak. Now we are out between the heads, and at last a chilly dawn breaks over the sea. We are at rest, too, broadside to the rollers, and it is good to go up the narrow companion and on deck and find the lines we left neatly coiled in corners over night. The two deck hands are busy cutting up the bait, a score or so of mullet, yellowtails and squid. We are ready, and our eight leads go almost together over the side, all on the same quarter, so that the lines may stream clear of the tug and of each other. Down they go, and still down, a good forty fathoms, and the moment the lead touches bottom we hold on. A moment or two passes and some one is into a good fish, which is hauled and played on the thin line with great care and patience, and proves to be a silvery morwong of six or seven pounds weight—a handsome enough fish to the stranger, yet dubbed, with a sneer, "wrong color" by his captor and his Australian friends.

The disconcerted one seems in luck's way, for no sooner has he gained bait his hook—each line, I ought to have said, carries two and a heavy lead—that he is once more fighting with an even larger fish, but the line sheers away ominously near the surface, and there is a general cry of "Shark!" as it is indeed seen that one of these white-bellied, shovel-nosed brutes has both his hooks. But the tackle is strong; there is nothing in reason to part so long as the shark cannot get the line between its teeth, and it is at last lifted bodily on the deck, five feet and more of it, and soon clearing breathing space with the great sweeping strokes of its tail.

The first fish that I am destined to catch in these strange waters is as curious in name as in appearance. "Nannygai" it is called, which irresistibly, though doubtless good aboriginal, reminds one of nannygoat, and it is of a brilliant scarlet, with huge protruding black eyes. Very good eating is this same nannygai, but more valuable on account of its invariably indicating the presence of a big schnapper. No sooner, indeed, have I hauled my nannygai than one or two of the party instantly haul in their lines to see that the baits are right, and that a good opportunity may not be lost. For we are not anchored in one spot. The Pacific is too deep, the ground too rough, the swells from the south too sudden and violent to admit of such a plan. On the contrary, we drive with the tide over the reefs, a kind of schnapper bait, and are thus enabled to go to the fish when they will not come to us. Good schnapper are now caught on all sides, and I must say that my first really heavy schnapper warrants all the hopes that I had based on a somewhat long and intimate acquaintance with his feebler cousin, the red bream of the English channel.—London Traveler.

Men Cheered Florence Nightingale.

The late Sir John Steele, sculptor to Queen Victoria, was modeling a bust of Florence Nightingale, when an officer of one of the Highland regiments which had suffered so cruelly in the Crimea, heard that the bust had just been completed, and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hospital at Scutari, and he obtained permission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the big studio and stood in line.

"They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. Without a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then, as by one impulse the men broke rank, and with cries of "Miss Nightingale! Miss Nightingale!" surrounded the model, and with hats off cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang.

So spontaneous and hearty and so inspiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steele declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.—Sunday Magazine.

Don't Spare All the Trees.

There is no slight ignorance in the cry that is so often raised with regard to the removal or cutting down of trees in the parks, and it has recently been displaying itself with certain trees that have been already, or are to be, got rid of in the course of carrying out the Piccadilly widening. As a matter of fact, most of them were so close together, that their branches intermingled, and any one acquainted with the subject knows that this is most injurious to the proper growth of the individual tree. The truth is that in the public parks, as in most private properties, plantations require, from time to time, to be thinned out. It is rumored that it has been found necessary to remove some 120 odd trees from the gardens of Buckingham Palace, and in Lord Rathmore's time drastic measures had to be taken with the overgrowth in the Chestnut avenue in the Regent's Park with splendid results that are now abundantly apparent on Chestnut Sunday.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Blessed is the peacemaker, for he always gets the worst of it.



Are Worth Paying For.

The Good Roads organization of the State of New York has at last reached the conclusion that good roads cannot be achieved except by paying for them, and has therefore decided to press for an appropriation from the Legislature of \$1,000,000 for the current year, the full amount to be expended upon the highways of the State.

As a starter, and in the absence of securing anything better, it is to be hoped the efforts of the organization may prove successful. If the appropriation of a million dollars per annum could be made continuously for a sufficient number of years, undoubtedly in due time the State would find itself in possession of first-class highways. Continuous appropriations, however, cannot be counted upon, and in the meantime the sporadic millions appropriated will be so spread out over the State as to really accomplish no practical or permanent results.

The great State of Ohio years ago solved the good roads problem, when its Legislature passed a law dividing the State into districts and making it compulsory upon each district to build its own roads and keep them in repair, the lands themselves being taxed for the cost in proportion to the benefits received. The owners of the lands put up an energetic kick against the scheme, but the law stood the test, with the result that Ohio to-day has the most perfect system of public roads of not only any State in the Union, but of any equal area in the world.

The roads cost the farmer a good round sum, and for several years the burden upon the land seemed almost too heavy to bear, but the end justified the means, and now no farmer would be willing to surrender the roads and take back his proportion of the cost.

The good roads have more than reimbursed the lands for their cost, and they are there for all time to come, the keeping of them in repair being to a very large extent a labor of love.—St. Louis Star.

Bituminous Macadam.

By the use of carefully and scientifically prepared bituminous cements, skillfully mixed with crushed stone under the direction of men who have had years of practical experience in handling bituminous materials suitable for street pavements, a great improvement is made over the ordinary method employed in constructing macadam roads.

The advantages of bituminous macadam properly constructed are its durability, its being impervious to water, frost proof in winter, and preventing mud, dust and loose stones in summer. It makes a clean, comparatively noiseless and attractive roadway, while the ordinary macadam road in general use in this country soon wears badly under traffic, making mud or dust, and soon allows the stones to loosen.

A bituminous macadam road is waterproof. It does not absorb the filth of the street, and prevents the washing by heavy rains to which the ordinary macadam road is subject.

Good and uniform results cannot be obtained by the use of common coal tar obtained from gas works in different sections of the country. In fact, it is impossible to secure a bituminous cement from the products of the average gas works which will produce good result.

The construction of this form of roadway demands the services of experts in this line of work. The ordinary coal tar has been tried repeatedly during the last thirty years. With a very few exceptions it has been a total failure.

The crown of a road when finished may vary on different roads, or even on different grades of the same road, from one-half inch to one inch to the foot. Of course, no inflexible data can be given until the requirements of that special road are known.

Where the travel is light a good road can be built with six inches of gravel and a light coat of crushed stone placed on top. This works well on a steep grade.

A New Emergency Brake.

A new emergency brake for electric cars is described in a recent issue of the London Electrical Review. It consists of four shoes, of oak or beech, two being placed between the wheels just over the rails on each side of the car. A small compressed-air cylinder is maintained by a pump run from one of the car axles. When it is necessary to apply the brake suddenly the motorman simply touches a lever; instantly all four of the brake shoes are jammed strongly down against the rails. It is claimed that this brake has stopped a trolley car going at the rate of twenty miles an hour down a steep grade, within two of its own lengths.

Chiefly by Advertising.

A London journalist tells the business men of that community that the surprising success of Americans in placing their products among the English people is chiefly due to the skill and courage with which the Americans advertise. "They prove," he says, "the tremendous influence of advertising in its effect on the success of an industrial nation." The article is a striking tribute to the importance of publicity to business.—Philadelphia Record.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

Dull Routine and Poor Fare of His Daily Life.

The newly-drafted Russian soldier, when his corners have been knocked off, is drafted into a regiment and prepared for the severe training he will soon be forced to undergo in camp. If he is in the cavalry he will have to rise at 4 in the morning to look to his horse; if in the infantry he must be out and about by 6 a. m., cleaning and mending his clothes as the first duty of the day. Early morning inspection is followed by a call to prayers, and then the soldier, hungry enough by now, eats his morning black bread and rusks and drinks his tea, in preparation for the real work of the day.

Every morning and every night the Russian soldier is summoned to prayers. The services are as much a part of the every-day routine as breakfast and supper. No other army observes so many religious ceremonies.

With drilling and riding, gymnastics, fencing and shooting, according to his regiment, the soldier works hard until the time for dinner arrives, between 11 and 12. Afterward, until 2 o'clock, he may sleep or rest. Two hours' drilling is followed by tea. Between 6 and 7 the illiterates of the regiment study the arts of reading and writing in large classes, for in every regiment they form a goodly company. The teaching is undertaken by officers, and considering the simplicity of their pupils their duties are hardly enviable. At 7 o'clock comes supper; at 9 o'clock the men are again summoned to prayers, and afterward may seek their hard and by no means luxurious beds.

The Russian soldier's diet is largely vegetarian. Favorites' dinner dishes include "stiche"—a cabbage soup—potatoes, peas, beans, macaroni and various kinds of porridges, eaten with onions and lard. Only half-pound of meat is allowed each man daily, and the Russian pound is ten per cent. less than in this country. Mushrooms are consumed in great quantities when in season. Three pounds of black rye bread are included in the daily ration, and if any is left over, the men are at liberty to sell the remains. As the soldier's bread is very nourishing and purer than the ordinary baker's, the extra ration sells well. In the way of drink beer is too great a luxury for Ivan Ivanovitch, so quenches his thirst with "qvas," a cheap substitute, made from fermented black bread, and very wholesome. On high days the soldiers are regaled with vodka, often at their officers' expense.—Pearson's Magazine.

Baggage Rights of a Corpse.

A dead man has the same rights as a live one. This question has been passed on by the chief baggage master at the Union depot, and it was done in a hurry, too. There were five live persons and a dead man waiting for the decision. The coffin was placed in the baggage car and then the trunks of the five persons were weighed.

The weight exceeded the 150 pounds for each, but if the dead man were allowed baggage, this would solve the difficulty. The clerk had never heard of such a thing before. He refused to check a trunk on the dead man's ticket.

The train was ready to start. The five persons did not care to pay for the excess baggage, neither did they like to allow the body to go alone. The whistle of the train tooted its first warning.

Just then the chief baggage master arrived. He took in the situation at a glance.

"Check the trunks," he exclaimed, and the five hurried off in time to catch their train.

"Then he explained to the clerk that the General Traffic Managers' Association had passed on the question. This organization decided that when a full fare ticket is paid for, for the transportation of a corpse, the ticket carries with it the regular baggage privilege of "not to exceed 150 pounds."
—Denver Post.

British Navy Better Than Ever.

"I have known the inner workings of the navy intimately for ten years now, and I unhesitatingly affirm that the modern men of to-day are better than the best men of ten years ago. In energy, thought, zeal, brain power, resource, individuality, in all these and kindred things the navy is on a decided upgrade, and the personnel of the navy of the past is simply not to be compared with the navy of to-day.

"In all the rot around us, the British Navy is the one thing healthy yet. The whole aim and object of modern naval warfare is to make the enemy lose his head. The officers and men of the British Navy will keep their heads longer than any—that is the object of all their training. In the navy, if a man has distinguished himself, he is ashamed of it rather than otherwise, he feels no pride in it, and keeps quiet for fear of having the sailing epithet, 'ero' applied to him. To do his job is the beginning and end of things with him."—Fred T. Jan., in Fortnightly Review.

He Had the Best of It.

Professor Blank is something of a crack in the matter of correctness of speech, and occasionally makes himself unpleasant, not to say disagreeable, to those about him by calling attention to their lapses from good English.

"What is the use, Cornelius," said his wife to him on one occasion, "of your trying to reform people's way of speaking? A language is like a great river. It takes its course, and you cannot control it."

"Ah, but you can!" replied the professor. "You can—at the mouth. Look at the Mississippi jetties."

This effectively closed the mouth of his good wife.—Youth's Companion.