

FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

FREELAND.—The TRIBUNE is delivered by carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate of 25¢ cents per month, payable every two months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. The TRIBUNE may be ordered direct from the carriers or from the office. Complaints of irregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

BY MAIL.—The TRIBUNE is sent to out-of-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in advance pro rata terms for shorter periods. The date when the subscription expires is on the address label of each paper. Prompt renewals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

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

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Richard Croker is reported to be buying more land in England.

Abram Garfield, youngest son of the late President, has entered politics in Ohio.

King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra have been married thirty-nine years.

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson has returned to Washington from a Western speechmaking tour.

M. Santos-Dumont, it is reported, intends to visit New York City next summer and fly about the Brooklyn Bridge.

Congressman Chester I. Long has been renominated by the Republican convention of the Seventh Kansas District.

Senator Platt, of New York, has gone to Florida for a stay of several weeks. The trip is taken for the benefit of his health.

J. Pierpont Morgan thrives on corned beef and cabbage, Senator Marcus A. Hanna on corned beef hash and buckwheats.

James Dick, the Scotch rubber importer and manufacturer, who died a few days ago in Glasgow, left \$5,000,000 to charities of that city.

President Roosevelt has found time to prepare the manuscript of a new book on the deer of North America. The volume is one of a series, and will be issued in the early summer.

Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, sent to the library of Congress the other day for a Bible, which, one of the oldest employes says, in forty-two years is only the second time such a request has been made by a member of Congress.

Archibald Bard Darrah, a Congressman from Michigan, and Thomas Robert Bard, a Senator from California, great-grandsons of Richard Bard, a soldier of the French and English war of 1756-1760, met for the first time in Washington recently.

LABOR WORLD.

The iron mines in Germany give employment to over 40,000 men.

Blast furnace workers all over the country will ask for three eight-hour shifts instead of two twelve-hour ones per day.

Fall River (Mass.) manufacturers have agreed to raise the wages of employes.

The coal miners and operators of the Pittsburgh district have adopted the wage scale of last year.

A special commission has been appointed in France to codify the laws concerning working-class legislation.

Helena (Mont.) labor unions have appointed a committee to make plans for the erection of a labor temple in that city.

State Labor Commissioner McMackin favors a law in New York requiring evidence of legal age before a child can be employed in a factory.

The Conciliation Board of the North of England iron and steel trade has appealed to English workmen to support employers in the effort to recapture the world's trade.

The Southern Pacific Road has inaugurated a system of merit and demerit marks for the detention of freight cars. Train masters and train dispatchers will be held responsible.

After nine and a half months the great strike of the iron workers at San Francisco, Cal., has ended, and 3000 machinists, who have been idle since last May, have returned to work.

The Supreme Court of California declares unconstitutional an act passed by the State Legislature of 1889 regulating the sanitary condition of workshops, asserting that it is arbitrary and special legislation.

The American Tin-Plate Company and the Amalgamated Association of Metal Workers have harmoniously agreed upon a scale of wages for the coming year, thus preventing all danger of a strike or lockout.

The Same Race.

To-day we are the same race, with the same impulse, the same power, and because there is no longer a frontier to absorb our surplus of energy, because there is no longer a wilderness to conquer, we remember the old days when our ancestors before us founded the outlet for their activity checked and, rebounding, turned their faces eastward, and went down to invade the Old World. So we. No sooner have we found that our path westward has ended than, reacting eastward, we are at the Old World again, marching against it, invading it, devoting our surplus to its subjugation.

But though we are the same race, with the same impulses, the same blood instincts as the old Frisian marsh people, we are now come into a changed time and the great world of our century is no longer war but trade.—The World's Work.

MASTERY.

Let not Ambition master thee,
But be Ambition's master;
Thus will Power thy servant be,
And not thy soul's disaster.
—The Criterion.

Amy's Birthday Flowers.

By ELIZABETH MCCracken.

Mrs. Dale's fingers trembled, and her lips trembled, too, as she stood before her mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil. Amy had usually tied her bonnet strings and pinned her veil.

It was almost a year since she had done a year folded Amy's hands and slipped into them the last flowers that they ever would hold in the world, but she had not yet grown accustomed to doing for herself all the little things those once busy hands had done for her.

During the time that was almost a year she had missed Amy with that loneliness with which a mother does miss the daughter who goes away into the great, strange silence just when she is old enough to be her mother's best friend as well as her child. Mrs. Dale missed all those things that had made up Amy's life, and, perhaps most she missed the little things that Amy had done for her, and that now she did for herself.

Then, too, Amy had been her only daughter. Mrs. Dale's two sons were in college, and her husband was away from home all day. She had many interests and many duties, too, yet she was very lonely. She was much more lonely without Amy than even her husband or her sons could know.

As she stood before the mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil, her heart was even heavier than it usually was. The next day would be Amy's birthday, and instead of preparing gifts and surprises, Mrs. Dale was about to go into the city to buy the most beautiful flowers she could find to lay on the girl's grave. Amy had loved flowers, and the next day would be her first birthday in that other world, that world in which mothers are never left lonely.

Mrs. Dale was thinking all this to herself as she went into the city on the trolley car. It was September, and it was afternoon. The car went past fields beginning to turn brown, and between lines of trees beginning to show among their green sometimes a red leaf, or a leaf of bright gold. The sun made the leaves all the brighter, and it gilded the brown fields too, and made the trees cast long shadows. Amy had always been so glad that her birthday had fallen on one of the mystic days that come just before September slips into October.

Her mother thought of that, too. She thought of so many things about which Amy had been glad. She was a little less sad and lonely as she remembered some of them. She thought and remembered all the time that she was in the trolley-car, and even after she was in the city, and walking along the crowded street to a florist's shop on one of its corners.

When she reached the florist's shop she stopped, and stood looking at the flowers in the shop windows.

"What shall I get?" she said to herself. "Roses, white roses; Amy always loved them. Or violets—it is rather early for violets, though. Or lilies—I might get lilies."

For a moment she almost forgot that she was not buying them to give into Amy's eager hands. She was not very rich and she began to consider. She compared in her mind the number of roses with the number of lilies she might get. She decided upon the roses.

"They are sweeter and simpler for a young girl like Amy," she said to herself, gently.

She turned away from the windows, and was just about to open the door of the florist's shop when she saw coming up the street towards her one of Amy's girl friends. She paused and waited. She had always been very friendly with the girls, and now she felt even a greater interest in them. She had especially liked Eleanor Greer.

The girl was coming so rapidly up the street that she would have passed the florist's shop without seeing Mrs. Dale if that lady had not spoken to her.

"My dear Eleanor, you certainly are in a hurry," she said.

Eleanor came to a sudden stop. "O Mrs. Dale, dear Mrs. Dale, I am so glad to see you!" She took Mrs. Dale's hand and held it for a moment. Eleanor had loved Amy, and she, too, had been lonely without her. She, too, remembered that the next day would have been Amy's birthday. She said not a word, but she held Mrs. Dale's hand very closely, and looked into her eyes; and Amy's mother understood the unspoken sympathy.

"How are you, my dear child?" was all that she said, for she did not yet speak very often of the daughter who had died.

"I am very well," Eleanor said, "and I'm very busy. I read the history of music and teach children music—just as usual, dear Mrs. Dale." She smiled just a little wistfully. Mrs. Dale thought.

Prompted by the thought, she asked gently, "Are you happy, Eleanor dear?"

Eleanor hesitated for an instant, and then she smiled again and said, "Yes—usually I am. Just at present I

am sighing for the luxuries of life."

Mrs. Dale was relieved. She knew that Eleanor was too sensible to sigh very long for anything. "What do you mean by the luxuries of life, dear?" she asked.

"Now really, Mrs. Dale!" Eleanor protested brightly; then, with more color in her face, she added, "Just now they are the eight concerts that the Beethoven Society is going to give."

Mrs. Dale smiled in sympathy. "They are certainly the greatest of luxuries to music lovers," she agreed.

"And to music teachers who must spend their money for—other things," Eleanor added, with a laugh. "Please don't think I am really unhappy because I can't afford to go, Mrs. Dale. I'm not; I'm just croaking a little. It's such a help to any one to hear good music,—especially to a music teacher,—and such a joy! But I'm not unhappy about it; I'm glad I can do other things. I don't feel a bit like croaking any more since I've seen you!"

"You dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, warmly. She knew that most of the other things that Eleanor did were done for other persons, and done willingly and bravely. "You dear child!" she repeated.

Eleanor pressed her hand closely. I must fly to my next pupil, Mrs. Dale. May I come to see you tomorrow—perhaps late in the afternoon?" she whispered.

The quick tears came into Amy's mother's eyes. "Yes, do!" she said. "Good-by, my dear!"

Eleanor sped up the street to her next pupil, and Mrs. Dale turned to enter the florist's shop and buy the white roses.

"Eleanor is a dear, good child," she thought, "so brave and unselfish! It is a pity she can't go to those concerts. They would give her such help, and such happiness, too! I wish I could give her a ticket to them. Amy would be so pleased; she loved Eleanor. If to-morrow were not Amy's birthday, and I were not going to get the flowers for her grave, I should be able to do that for Eleanor. She would let me because I am Amy's mother. I wonder—"

She stood quite still. A pleasant new possibility came into her mind. She turned away from the florist's shop. In less than an hour she was going home, past the yellowing fields and sun-lighted trees. She had no flowers with her, but the look in her eyes was less sad and less lonely for Amy.

In the last few moments of daylight she wrote a little note to Eleanor. The girl wet tears, half-happy, half-sad, as she read:

MY DEAR CHILD: To-morrow, as you know, is Amy's birthday. If Amy were here I should give her something to celebrate it. Amy is not here, but you are dear; and you are a girl like Amy, and her friend. Will you not take the gift for her, and go and listen to the glorious music that you so love and can so well make helpful to yourself and others? Come to see me soon, and believe me, Your warm friend,

AMY SPENCER DALE.

Slipped into the note Eleanor found a ticket to the Beethoven society concert. Amy's mother had sent it very happily, but after it had gone she set alone in the gathering twilight, wishing that she had just one flower to take on the next day to Amy's grave. "Amy would have liked me to do that," she thought, "but still—on her first birthday—"

She did not finish the sentence, for just at that moment little Marjorie Williams, who lived next door, came running in.

"O Mrs. Dale," she cried, "I've been to the woods with father, and I've brought you some flowers!" She ran up to Mrs. Dale, and dropped into her arms a great mass of golden rod and blue autumn daisies. Then she kissed her and danced away home.

Mrs. Dale gathered the golden rod and daisies in her arms, and pressed her cheek softly against them. The next morning she took them and laid them on Amy's grave. Strangely her heart felt lighter than it had felt since Amy died.

She did not know why, but when Eleanor came, later in the day, and kissed her again and again, and thanked her with wet eyes for the gift, she began to know. Never after did she cover Amy's grave with costly quick-fading flowers.

Instead, at Christmas, and at Easter and on Amy's birthday, she did some lovely kindness for some other girl for Amy's sake. Sometimes it was small, sometimes it was large; but always it was something that made the girl happier and better, and consequently more valuable to the world.—Youth's Companion.

A Real Philosopher.

A Battersea workman was once possessed of a notoriously bad tempered wife, who did not scruple, when the fit seized her, to lay violent hands upon her patient spouse. One fine day he was observed by a friend, who saw him entering a crockery shop laden with an armful of cups and saucers.

"Hello, John!" he cried. "Selling up your home?"

"No," responded John, "but I really couldn't stand the expense any longer. These here ones break into little bits at once when my wife throws 'em at me, and so I'm going to change them for thicker!"—London Answers.

The plan of destroying hail clouds by exploding bombs among them was suggested nearly 100 years ago by Prof. Parrot of Riga.

FARMERS' CORNER

Feed for Profit.

Feeding animals only to keep them over winter is not profitable. Every animal should be so fed as to make a gain. It is a loss of time to feed in winter simply to hold an animal over until it can be turned on the pasture. There is no reason why the farmer should sacrifice the winter months. Warm quarters and proper food should make animals gain and pay in winter.

Feed Digestible Foods.

It is possible to give an animal an abundance of food and yet not supply its wants. It is the amount of digestible matter in foods that fixes their value. When hogs have a desire for coal, charcoal, rotten wood, etc., the indications point to a possible lack of something required, which may be the mineral elements, especially lime. The feeding of wood ashes or ground bone would no doubt satisfy the desires of the animals. The food should also be improved by the use of bran and ground oats.

Slipping Plants.

In taking slips from plants for rooting many persons take off the young branches from the sides and base of the stock, forcing it to expend all its energies in sending out new growth from the top, and the result is a "scraggy" plant. Try taking your slips from the very top of the plant, leaving all sprouts at the base and sides of the old stalk, and you will be surprised to find what nice bushy plants you will have in a short time. Geraniums, coleus, begonias and pelargoniums are benefited by such pruning. Long branches of wandering jew may be put into a bottle of water and hung behind a picture so that the vines will twine about it, making a pretty decoration while the roots are forming and the little branches are starting out along the stem.—The Epitomist.

Orchard Grass.

Those who have sown orchard grass along with clover on land adapted to its growth have usually been well satisfied with it, as the two are fit to cut about the same time, or much nearer together than either of them with timothy. They also should have the seed sown at the same time, that is, as early in the spring as the ground can be made fit. As its name indicates it grows well in the orchard or anywhere in the shade, and it likes a rich, sandy loam, deep and moist. On such soils it starts early in the spring and grows rapidly, thus it makes a good grass for a permanent pasture, but when the ground is strong enough it is more valuable for hay, as its rapid growth enables one to get two or three crops a year. It needs to be sown thickly, say three bushels when sown alone, or two bushels with 15 pounds red clover seed per acre when they are grown together, as if sown thin it makes a coarse straw, that is rather poor hay, especially if not cut quite early enough. It needs considerable curing, but if cured as we would cure clover, mostly by sweating in the heap, it makes a hay that is much relished by horses. Some sow the clover and orchard grass and add about five pounds of white clover seed to the above mixture, mix together well, and after cutting the hay one or two years make a pasture of it. This is a very good way, especially if the field is one that the blue grass and red top will come in naturally.

Winter Washing of Fruit Trees.

The winter season offers the fruit grower his opportunity for wreaking vengeance on the insect enemies which play such incalculable havoc with the fruit trees in the summer months. The insects are practically at his mercy in the dead season, for they cannot feed from the deadly poison he may wish safely apply for their destruction, and if the owners of orchards care to exercise their powers of quelling infestation at the proper time and in the proper way then can largely diminish if not entirely remove the risk of harmful insect attacks. The board of agriculture has prepared and is circulating free of charge a leaflet dealing with this subject which is deserving of thoughtful attention.

As is well known the insects hibernate in the broken bark of the trees, and the course of treatment proposed is the washing of the trees with caustic alkali wash, the use of which has been found effectual in removing the rough decaying bark under which the insects shelter, and at the same time in destroying the eggs of noxious insects. The directions given for the preparation of the wash are: First dissolve one pound of commercial caustic soda in water; then one pound of crude potash in water. When both have been dissolved mix the two well together; then add three-quarters pound of agricultural treacle, stir well, and add sufficient water to make up to 10 gallons. The best time to apply is about the middle of February, when the eggs are in a more susceptible state and the trees still safe from injury.—London Post.

Trained Buttermen Needed.

A feature requiring more attention on the part of buttermakers is that of cleanliness in their creameries. As this feature is so essential to making butter of the best flavor, it would seem that it would not be necessary to even mention it, but the fact that

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A Vienna medical paper states that an Austrian scientist has discovered that a cold in the head is due to the presence in the membrane of a special bacillus which he has called the micrococcus caparrhalis.

Mr. Berislawski, a Russian mining engineer, has recently discovered extensive deposits of ozokerite (mineral wax) in the extreme north of Finland. The deposits are situated along the bed of the Kemioki river, and the ozokerite is said to be extremely rich in paraffin.

Subterranean lakes have recently been discovered in the Eucla district, Australia. They lie about 30 feet below the surface and contain an abundant provision of potable water. This discovery is of great practical importance to this especially arid district. It is of scientific value also, as it affords an explanation of the disappearance of certain rivers.

The famous London medical journal, the Lancet, is authority for the statement that the essential oil that forms the base of all perfumes is a powerful antiseptic, and possesses disinfecting properties equal to those of carbolic acid. A perfumed handkerchief, therefore, may not only please the sense of smell, but prove a guard against infection, and the large number of people that dislike perfumes and think the use of them "vulgar," may become reconciled to their use, at least by other people, when they hear what science has said about them.

The United States collier Sterling was the first boat to be raised by the new floating dock at Algiers, near New Orleans. It took just 35 minutes to fill the pontoons and side walls to sink the dock to a 19-foot depth. At first the structure, went down slowly, but after it had gone down till the water was above the tops of the gangway openings in the sides of the descent into the sandy water was noticed very appreciably. The dock was sent down 20 feet 6 inches aft and 21 feet forward from the tops of the keel and bilge blocks to the level of the water over the lower deck. The Sterling entered the dock drawing 15 feet forward and 16 feet 6 inches aft. Exactly one hour after the actual pumping started the dock's lower deck was clear of the water and the Sterling was safely lifted high and dry. Naval Constructors H. G. Gilmore and J. G. Tawresey, United States navy, supervised the docking, which was successful in every particular.

One of the largest electrical concerns of Germany has for the past three years been experimenting with a system of purifying water by means of ozone. Experience gained during this time has demonstrated that such a system is eminently successful, the only question being in its commercial possibilities. The cost of treating one cubic meter, or about 35 cubic feet of water, however, is only 1-4 cents. In the system experimented with the water is first cleaned by a quick filter, the object being to remove the suspended dirt. This water is then passed through brick towers, filled with gravel. During its percolation through the gravel it is subjected to the action of the ozone, which is allowed to enter the bottom of the brick tower, the water flowing in from the top. Bacteriologically considered, the system is a pronounced success, as in every case the germs present have been reduced to far below the number permissible in practice, namely, 100 germs per cubic centimetre. Where the raw water contained as many as 100,000 to 600,000 germs per cubic centimetre, it was sometimes completely sterilized and in all cases the germs were reduced to from 2 to 9 per cubic centimetre.

Rules for the Preservation of Health. The following 10 rules have been compiled by a committee of eminent physicians as the best to follow for the preservation of health: 1—Don't leave your rooms in the morning with an empty stomach. 2—Never expose yourself to cold air immediately after you have partaken of a warm liquid of any kind. 3—Don't leave your abode in cold weather without warm wraps around your shoulders and breast. 4—Begin respiration in the cold by breathing through the nose. This will give the air a chance to get warm before reaching the lungs. 5—Never place your back near a heated oven nor against a wall, warm or cold. 6—Don't stand before an open window in a railway carriage, nor take a drive in an open carriage, after violent physical exercise. 7—Don't remain motionless in a cold room, and do not stand in an open space, on ice or snow. 8—Talk only when you must for the old phrase, "Speech is silver, silence is gold," holds good even in hygiene. 9—Don't put off your regular bath. When the skin is not kept fresh and soft the cold draws the pores together, and you are rendered susceptible to pulmonary troubles of all kinds. 10—Don't retire with cold or wet feet. Nothing prevents sleep with so much certainty as the neglect of your pedal extremities.

A Two-Fold Surprise.

"Miss Alice," said the nervous young man, "I think I will marry you."

"Indeed? Two very remarkable statements, sir!"

"Two? How two?"

"One that you will marry me; the other that you think."—Baltimore News.