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FREELAND, PA., MAY 23, 1908.

Reported Calls for More Soldiers.

From the Philadelphia Times.

While war is as uncertain as life, or politics, and the nation that engages in it has no assurance what the final outcome will be, it will be entirely safe for the present to class the often repeated statement that a new call for troops is about to be made with the stories of the everywhere prevalent Spanish spy and the numerous Spanish warships off the New England coast.

When the first call for 125,000 volunteers has been filled, the regular army recruited to 61,000 as provided for by law, the 3,500 mounted riflemen, the 3,500 engineers and the 10,000 yellow fever immunes mustered into service the active military force of the country will be 202,500 men. The government will hardly call for more soldiers until this very respectable army has been given a chance to do something or demonstrate that it cannot do anything. Even the unexpected necessity of sending an army to Manila will hardly furnish a reason for increasing the army above the 200,000 men already called for. The various calls will doubtless soon be filled, over 100,000 of the 125,000 volunteers having been already mustered into the service of the United States.

With 200,000 well drilled and well equipped men we should be able to occupy Cuba and send an effective force to the support of Dewey, and until it has been demonstrated that this force is insufficient, it is not worth while to enlist more men to be paid, clothed, fed and armed at a large and unnecessary outlay. It is hardly probable that the reports of further calls for troops have any official basis whatever, and until a call is actually made it will be well to assume that no more troops than those already called for will be required.

Bryan Breaks the Record.

Colonel William J. Bryan's new regiment has probably broken all records for speedy formation. His only task now is to select the twelve companies that shall compose the command. He was authorized on Wednesday to raise a regiment, and by Thursday afternoon he had tendered the service of fifteen companies, who are anxious to respond to the next call for volunteers under his leadership.

All sections of Nebraska are represented. In most of the localities the Bryan Guards, organized during the campaign, form the nucleus of the new companies, although it is stated that free silver political sentiment will form no ground for preference.

Colonel Bryan does not intend to merely wear the honorary title and delegate his authority to some one more conversant with military affairs, but will take personal charge of his regiment and go to the front.

Wanted immediately at the war department: A few more sons, nephews and brothers-in-law of politicians with a "pull," for commissaries of subsistence, quartermasters and inspectors general of the volunteer forces of the United States. Knowledge and experience of military affairs not necessary. Officers of the regular army and veterans of the civil war need not apply. For further information, apply in person or by letter to the Hon. Russell A. Alger, secretary of war. — Philadelphia Record.

Newspapers which ought to know better are printing a lot of rot about bonds of blood, language and interests between America and England, thereby trying to smooth the way for an alliance of some sort between the two governments. Not 25 per cent of the American population is of English descent, and outside of our aristocracy not 10 per cent of our citizens wants an alliance with a government that has been equally as bloodthirsty and inhuman as Spain.

Manila was captured by the British in 1762, but it required thirteen ships and nearly 7,000 men, 1,000 of whom were lost in the assault upon the fortifications, to accomplish what Admiral Dewey did with a smaller numerical force and with no loss save that of the ammunition used. That illustrates the difference between old and new naval methods and machinery.

A MOST FAMOUS MODEL.

The Woman Who Posed for Millet's "The Angelus."

Mere Adele, Millet's model for the "Angelus," has for the first time had her fine features reproduced in the plastic art. She has been painted, sketched, photographed and posed for painters and students, but it remained for Mr. Brooks of Boston to complete a half life-sized bust of the famous model in wax. It has been cast in plaster, and is soon to be reproduced in bronze and marble.

This will probably be Adele's last appearance among the artists. She has long since given up posing and it was not an easy task for the sculptor to get her to pose. Though poor and almost in want, the old woman was sensitive about having her pained, careworn and wrinkled features reproduced. She knew that portraits which will immortalize her, taken in all her strength, vigor, health and beauty, had been sent out to the world years ago, and on the laurels which they have brought her she was contented to rest. Besides, she is now too feeble to pose, for though only 58 years of age, Mere Adele is a confirmed invalid and unable to move from her easy chair without assistance.

In her simple-mindedness Mere Adele is unconscious that her beauty now, though another type, is far beyond what it was when she was Millet's



MILLET'S MODEL FOR THE "ANGELUS," favorite model. The very beauty for which Millet chose her has become intensified by her life of struggle, poverty and care. The face is more tender, more enduring, sweeter in expression and bespeaks a life of honest toil, supported by undying faith.

She was born within a stone's throw of the little thatched cottage where she now lives. Her father was a deserter from one of Napoleon's regiments. He hid in Barbizon and later married Adele's mother.

Her earliest remembrances are of her life in the fields, helping her father to gather potatoes and turnips. At the age of 15 she was taken into the house of Mme. Millet as a domestic. She took almost entire charge of the painter's children and in her spare moments posed.

The story goes that while she was one day assisting her father in the fields, Millet watched her from his studio window and made several sketches of her in his sketch book. Just as he was about to leave the window he saw the father and daughter bow their heads in prayer as the Angelus bell pealed from the little Barbizon church tower. It was then that he conceived the idea for the painting which made his reputation, and which incidentally made that of his model.

Boying Drinks With Vails.

There is an endless number of tricks resorted to by the man with the fearful and everlasting thirst to get a drink after his financial means have become exhausted. A new one comes to the front, and a Pittsburg saloon-keeper was the victim. During the early morning the German proprietor of the place seated himself at one end of the bar and read his morning paper while waiting for trade. A glass worker who was known to the proprietor rushed into the place on his way to work and threw something on the bar. It rolled off into the rinse tank back of the bar.

"I threw a dime over there, S—," he said, "but I guess you can find it."
"Oh! that's all right, Jack. What will you have?"

"Give me a 'jigger,'" the man replied.

"The glass of cheap whiskey known by that name was served and the man hurried to work."

The same thing occurred twice again during the week, and on Saturday the tank was cleaned out.
"You will find three dimes in that tank," said the proprietor to the woman who was doing the cleaning; but when the bottom of the tank was reached a half dozen ten penny nails were found. The man had been working the night bartender in the same fashion.

Cycling Members of Parliament.

The bicycle is now so freely used by members of the British Parliament that a special storeroom will have to be erected for their accommodation at Westminster.

MUZZLED DUCKS.

Not Because They Might, But to Silence Their Quacking.

A baggageman on the Santa Fe, who runs into Kansas City from out in the western part of Kansas, has lost lots of sleep. It is doubtful if he can ever catch up with it. He leaves Hutchinson at night and reaches Kansas City in the morning. Nearly every night he brings in his car two or three coops of live domestic ducks. During the night, when he has no baggage to deliver at small stations, it has been his habit and privilege to lie down on an improvised couch and doze. With the advent of the ducks the dozing stopped. The almost constant quacking of the ducks, who could not understand their strange environment, would not permit of sleep.

For many nights, as he lay awake, he planned relief. He thought of strangling the ducks or chloroforming them. But neither expedient seemed good. One night a bright idea came to him. After he had put it into execution the ducks were silent.

The next night he had two coops of unusually vociferous ducks. As soon as it came time for sleep he wrenched a slit from one of the coops, reached in, and pulled out a duck. From his pocket he took a small rubber band, which he slipped over the duck's bill just back of the nostrils. The duck tried to quack, but the rubber band, while it stretched a little, would not permit the duck to open its bill far enough to use its tongue. Only a murmur came from it. One by one the ducks were muzzled, and the baggageman rested comfortably.

The commission men were surprised next morning when they received a lot of ducks with rubber bands around their bills, and when the bands were removed the shouts of protest from the ducks were deafening.

"Klondike Freight-Cars."

A young man who is in charge of a party of gold-seekers on the route to the Klondike sends a full account by letter to a companion in Spokane of the means by which he has been transporting his supplies northward. One of these means was a pack-dog which has been denominated, on account of his importance, a "Klondike freight-car."

"He is not a large dog, either," says the letter-writer, "but he will pack seventy-five pounds through the snow after the snow-shoes have made the trail. Dogs that will pack forty or fifty pounds are common."

"The Indians at Madison Creek move everything with dogs. They handled something like a million feet of logs in that way last season. Some of the logs were forty feet long and five feet in diameter. They use no horses in this country in winter. The dogs are fed only at night, and then but half of a dried salmon. The natives live on the same food."

"The priest is the high ruler among them. It was he who caused this year's extra supply of fish to be kept; he told them to put up enough for two years. Now they eat the fish they caught the summer before last. It is not uncommon to see fish piled as high as twenty-five to thirty feet, all dried. It rests on posts set in the ground, and on the top of the posts are kettles to keep mice and squirrels from getting at the fish."

Another Klondike "freight-car" which this expedition came across was a "klootchman," or Indian woman, who did not weigh more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, but who would, nevertheless, carry a barrel of provisions, weighing not less than one hundred and fifty pounds, nailed to a board and the board strapped out on her back. With this burden she marched thirty miles between daylight and dark, making camp at night, and keeping it up.

The Americans who have taken the Klondike trail need no convincing that the notion that "an Indian won't work" is a fallacy. By for Indian packers, male and female, no gold would have been brought out of Alaska, for no supplies for the miners could have been taken in.

Camp Outfits of Aluminum.

Among the new things which are being made of aluminum are camping sets of culinary utensils, advertised as Klondike outfits, which are marvels of lightness. An outfit for six persons consists of thirty-nine separate pieces and weighs complete but thirteen pounds. It comprises four cooking pots, a coffee pot, two frying pans, six cups, six knives, six forks, six spoons and six plates, a salt shaker and a pepper shaker. The pots are oval in form. The biggest one measures 10 1/2 inches one way by 7 1/4 inches the other and the whole set is made so as to pack into this one. An outfit for three persons, consisting of twenty-one pieces, weighs 6 1/2 pounds only, and an outfit for two persons, containing fifteen pieces, weighs only 4 pounds.

It Is a Mistake.

To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season; to imagine that whatever remedy causes one to immediately feel better, as alcoholic stimulants, for example, is good for the system without regard to the after effects; to eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied to gratify the taste; to give unnecessary time to certain established routine of house-keeping, when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

Longest Canal.

The longest artificial watercourse in the world is the Bengal Canal, 900 miles, the next is the Erie, 363.

MONEY FOR A DEAD MAN.

Old Mother's Love for the Erring Son Faithful Even to Death.

"Queer things happen at funerals," said a clergyman recently, who has officiated at many, "and I remember one occasion which impressed me greatly, on account of the standing of the family in which it happened, as well as from the peculiar circumstances surrounding the incident—the bestowal of money on a dead man."

The narrator was urged to relate the story, and on the promise that no names should be mentioned he continued:

"It was a funeral at the house of one of my parishioners, and I was greatly surprised when I received notice to attend and conduct the services. I had not heard of any member of the family being ill, nor had I been summoned to the death-bed, but I jumped to the conclusion that it was an old servant who had perhaps died suddenly.

"It proved to be a bad son—the black sheep of the family—whose shadow had not darkened their doors for years, but who, it was always believed, had been supported at a distance far enough to prevent him from disgracing the family by his misdeeds. "Now he was brought home dead, and I was expected to give him as little blame and as much praise as was consistent with the dignity of my office and his relation to the family.

"I need not go into that part of the ceremony, but come to what I consider the real expression of feeling which consecrated the memory of the dead man as nothing that I said could have done. "Just before the casket was closed his old mother rose from her seat with the mourners, and approaching the dead, slipped a silver dollar into his hand. "Jim never liked to be without money in his pocket," she said in a low, tremulous voice, "Many's the dollar I've slipped into his pocket unbeknown to him, but he always found it and was thankful. I don't expect he's going to need it now, and maybe he'll never know that mother put it there, but somehow I shall feel better if he has it."

"And I felt that the woman who had loved much and forgiven much had preached a sermon of forgiveness and mercy before which I with my platitudes must remain dumb."

The Oldest Tortoise.

A tortoise weighing 500 pounds and measuring twenty-seven inches from the tip of its tail to the end of its nose has just crawled into the light of publicity from the island of Mauritius, its sponsor being Walter Rothschald, of the Zoological gardens in London.

The Mauritius owner of the tortoise is the authority for the statement that it was in the possession of his family for one hundred and fifty years, and expects who have examined it declare that it is not less than three hundred years old. Think of the events that have occurred during the life of this tortoise!



Like the rest of the genus, these large tortoises appear to be totally deaf. Although popularly known as the "Aldabra tortoises," from their sole

habitat, a small group of uninhabited islands between the most northerly point of Madagascar and Zanzibar, the name is somewhat misleading, as popular nomenclature is likely to be. The number still surviving on the low, bush-clad islands of Aldabra is very small, and the fact that there is no permanent population on the islands leaves the creatures at the mercy of passing crews. That they continue to exist is chiefly due to the difficulty of penetrating the tangled thickets in which they conceal themselves.

But for man, the lives of these tortoises would be tolerably secure. When they attain a weight which places them beyond the strength of birds of prey and wild pigs, they have only human enemies to fear; but, unfortunately, the last are the worst.

Bicycling Birds.

Members of the feathered world have proved apt pupils in cycling, and there are at least two cockatoos whose command of the bicycle is as perfect as it is wonderful. One belongs to the Bellonis, the owners of a very talented family of birds, and, besides ordinary riding, it gives an aerial performance, riding a tight wire. The other clever cockatoo was trained by Mlle. Irma Orbanon, and rides a tricycle. These birds use their beaks for the purpose of steering their machines and pedal with their claws.

Land and Water Birds.

A naturalist of eminence finds that land birds make their journeys in the daytime and water birds by night.

SOUTHERN FIRE FIGHTERS.

The Savannah Fire Department Has Undergone Many Changes of Late.

Old citizens are commenting on the change the Savannah Fire Department has undergone since the ante-bellum days. The recent fires have given rise to many recollections of former methods of checking flames.

The eyes of one man, who was posted in a glass house in the City Exchange dome, constituted the alarm system. He was a sort of sentinel, and while keeping watch over the city cried out the hours and whether things were well or no. There are a few members of the police force to-day who served in the old glass house and recall the days when fire alarms were sounded by ringing the old bell.

Hand pumps formed the apparatus to drive water, and the effective work they did is well remembered. All firemen before the war were volunteers and with the exception of the chiefs of divisions, were composed entirely of colored men. They were strong, hardy, and to get to a fire was a sort of pastime which was thoroughly enjoyed by them. While working the pumps they would strike up a tune, keeping time with the movements of the pump handle and ringing out their song in such harmony and fulness as to catch even the ear of the critic. Then, too, there was fun for the negroes getting to their respective station houses. It was a standing rule that the first man to place his hand on the lock at the station received a dollar, and all were wild to earn it. It was as much an honor as a gain—a sort of trophy held until the next fire. The station houses were built of brick and located in the squares at different parts of the city.

Proof Against Footpads.

When the timid-looking man got out of the barber chair after being shaved he fumbled in one pocket after another while the porter dusted his clothing.

"Well," he said, with a note of astonishment in his voice, as he plunged his hand for the fourth time into his right trousers pocket and felt around. "That's funny. I thought I had a quarter in that pocket."

He repeated the search of his other pockets, while the barber who had shaved him leaned his elbow on the back of the chair, crossed one leg over the other and eyed him suspiciously.

"Guess I must've lost it," said the timid-looking man as he put his right foot up on a chair and began to roll up his trousers leg. The barber winked at the artist in charge of the chair next to his and moved nearer the razor case. The man rolled and pulled his trousers leg above his knee, and by that time every one else in the shop was watching him with intense interest. They saw that he wore a woman's black stocking. Just above his knee he wore two garters, one about four inches above the other. He slipped the upper garter down, rolled down the top of the stocking carefully, and there were several Treasury notes lying spread out flat against the underclothing that covered his leg.

"What do you carry money in that way for?" asked the barber as he handed the man change for the \$5.

"Footpads," was the laconic reply of the stranger.

Patagonian Giants.

The tribes to the east of the Cordilleras in Southern Patagonia belong to Araucanian stock, and are a superior race. The Tehuelches—as they call themselves—of Southern and Eastern Patagonia are the people whose unusual stature gave rise to the fables of early days to the effect that the natives of this region were giants, averaging nine or ten feet in height. It is a fact that they are the tallest human beings in the world, the men averaging but slightly less than six feet, while individuals of four to six inches above that mark are not uncommon. They are in reality by no means savages, but somewhat civilized barbarians. They are almost unacquainted with the use of fire-arms, notwithstanding some contact with the whites, but they have plenty of horses and dogs. Unsurpassed hunters, they capture the guanaco and the rhea, or South American ostrich, and from the skins of these and other animals they make clothes and coverings for their tents. They make beautiful "capotes," or mantles, of fur and feathers, which are highly prized by Europeans and find a ready market, most of the proceeds being spent for bad whiskey, which is brought into the country in quantities by traders.

Singing on the March.

All the military authorities of Europe are now paying great attention to singing on the march. The French army has of late permitted its soldiers to sing while marching. A little book of soldiers' marching songs was published in London, with Gen. Wolseley's words printed big on the cover to the effect that men march better and arrive fresher when they sing than when they don't. Curiously enough, most of these songs are American, words and all.

Kind of Pipe to Smoke.

A soft clay pipe is the best. It gives a cool smoke, and the nicotine is easily and generally absorbed. Briar pipes and meerschaums are satisfactory for a while, but get clogged with tobacco oils in the bowl and become bitter. A hooked pipe—one with a curved stem—is the best shape. Ebony stems spoil the flavor of good tobacco. Nothing is better than real amber or bone. Celluloid is dangerous.

One thousand tons of soot settle monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a cure, simply because they don't as men can ascertain for themselves. Simply fill a bottle or glass tumbler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often—if there is a pain in the small of the back—if the urine stains linen—look out! The Kidneys are diseased.



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