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In his fast day proclamation Governor Llewellyn Powers, of Maine, styled this "the sunset year of the nineteenth century."

The word "ineircumscriptibleness" has been included in the new Oxford Dictionary, where it is explained "as the quality of being incapable of limitation."

The "policeman's lot" in Boston appears to be a "happy one." A veteran member of the force died the other day, leaving an estate of \$53,000.

Munkacsy, the famous painter, whose "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the immortal triumphs of art, died in an insane asylum. One more verification of the familiar saying "between genius and insanity there is only a thin partition."

There seems to be an excellent chance for paper making in the South. Every Southern State has one or more varieties of trees suitable for paper making, and there is almost an inexhaustible supply of wood in the South. Paper is made out of bagasse, or sugar cane, in Texas, and out of poplar and spruce in Virginia and West Virginia.

The technology of the automobile has been enriched by a new word, namely, "bubbling," meaning to ride an automobile. The word has been derived from "automobubble," a corruption of "automobile." To be in good form in automobile circles one must not speak of riding, driving, conducting or operating these new vehicles, but must describe the act as "bubbling" in them.

An Iowa young man not long ago proposed marriage to a young woman and was accepted. But hearing that her hair was false he declined to fulfill his engagement. She brought suit against him for breach of promise, and, being put on the stand, admitted that she wore a wig; whereupon she was non-suited on the ground that she had won the young man's affections under false pretences.

Invention is essentially continuous and progressive. It grows partly by development from within of the original idea, partly by the incorporation of various modifications and improvements from without. There is practically no such thing as finality in invention—no stage at which the inventor may fold his hands and say, with absolute certainty, "it is finished." The recognition of this truth has been the foundation rock upon which the majority of the epoch-making inventions of history have been built up.

Something in the nature of a bill of rights has been granted to the Filipinos in the new system of procedure which has been put in force in the islands. The feature of secrecy in the Spanish procedure is abolished, and in place of it the American system of a public trial of the accused, with the right of confronting witnesses and cross-examining them through counsel is substituted. There is also exemption from unreasonable searches, a novel degree of liberty for the islanders. All residents accused of crimes are tried before the ordinary tribunals, and the American rules of evidence are put in force throughout the islands.

An Effort to Explain.
A gentleman who had engaged an Intelligent French maid was at work in his library at one end of his house, when it struck him, from certain sounds, that something must be wrong in the drawing room, at the other end of the house. So he rang his bell, and the maid came. "What are those cries that I seem to hear in the direction of the drawing room, Marie?" he asked. "I do not precisely know, monsieur," she answered. "At one time I stank it is Madame who sing, and at another time I am sure it is ze cat and ze dog who fight, monsieur!"

Sheets, blankets, pillows and covers or counterpanes were frequent subjects of bequests in the middle ages.

THE LIVING VISION OF THE GARDENS.

And leave you left me like a dream that fading
Leaves sweet, uncertain memories behind?
And are the dusk wings of the Twilight shading
Your sad, sweet eyes—your lips with kisses kind?
Oh, then, to Twilight be my soul's upraising,
Since 'neath her wings no rosy rest I find,
And O the Night, whose darkness bands and bars
All save the answerless and toy stars!

But now you stood with dew, lifted lashes
And saw the soul in Love's unguarded eyes;
But now, tumultuous as a torrent dashes,
I saw the red blood to the dimples rise!
For Thought was Love, and as the lightning flashes
And swift-illumes the darkness of the skies,
So flashed Love's thought—beyond the heart's control—
Fair face to face, and unveiled soul to soul.

To-night the light from your dear windows streaming
Makes all the gardens beautiful; to-night
Soft eyes with love beneath your glance are beaming
And lips are fast to kiss your hand so white.
But who without, in darkness there, is dreaming—
Cast like a lost soul from the Gates of Light?
The red thorns know him, for their spears are prest
Over the wild heart in his wounded breast.

The red thorns know him—brow and breast entrancing,
And yet the rose-leaves all their anger well
The crimson legend of the Nightingale?
For song tells how, when Twilight shades were falling,
It hymned the love tender of repeated tale,
Where bloomed one wild and wondrous rose apart,
Singing while sank the thorn-spears in its heart!

Fair grace to you, O lady, of the lashes
That vainly veil the utterance of your eyes!
The thorn lives reddening o'er the rose's ashes,
And song is sweeter when 'tis set to sighs.
The bright light lingers from your window flashes:
Mute is the music and the laughter dies.
Life is not all in laughter and in light,
For weariness must weep and wish Goodnight.

And so, Goodnight! Yours are these gardens gleaming
Beneath the mystery of sun and dew.
Sweet be your dreams! But in my lonely dreaming
Comes ever your tender thought of you,
Soon will the sunlight o'er the gray walls streaming
The promise of the rosy morn renew.
When I shall see your face—no morn so bright!
I drift to dreams of you. Goodnight! Goodnight!

THE END OF THE STORY.

BY JULIA TRUITT BISHOP.



VERY few minutes, during the past hour, she had peeped out of the window to see if he were coming. Twenty times she had trailed her beautiful robe up and down the room, and had looked at her reflection in the tall mirror, turning her pretty head and posing with a childish delight.

"Think of it, Kitty! Think of it!" she had cried to the white cat, watching her with lazy surprise from the rug. "He has been away two years! Dear old, honest, stupid, loving Bob!—and I was so poor when he went away—so wretchedly poor and hard-working in that awful school. Why, he always saw me in shirt waists and skirts, Kitten! I never had a whole dress—never! And now look at this!—and my beautiful, beautiful home—and money enough to make any number of people happy. I was almost sorry that he had grown rich, Kitty-Cat, but what does it matter? He liked me when I was poor—and that is the best, after all. How glad he'll be—how very glad—"

And thought of it had set her musing, so that she did not even hear the bell when he rang, did not know that he was coming until he was standing at the door, big and strong and sunburned, and holding out both hands. She flew to him then, forgetting the pretty home and the dress and all the rest of it. There was such a flame in her cheeks, such a shining delight in her eyes that he might have been pardoned if he had kissed her. Her face was uplifted—there was a tremulous smile on her lips. He might so easily have kissed her, for old times' sake if for nothing else, and because they had been companions and chums in poverty and misfortune. But he did not. He held her away from him by both hands, instead, and looked over her with astonished scrutiny.

"Jupiter, Nell!—but you have come out!" he cried. "If I had met you anywhere else I wouldn't have known you—on my word, I wouldn't—especially in that dress. I never saw you wear anything like that," he added, apologetically.

"Well, of course not!" she replied, gaily, giving him a seat near the fire, and bringing her own chair opposite. "Fancy an underteacher at Madame Tully's wearing crepe de chine! But, oh, isn't pretty, Bob? Isn't everything pretty. And weren't you glad?"

"Wasn't I!" cried the man, cordially. "It was just like a story, you know. Do you remember how we used to pretend you and I were living a story, and that everything that happened was part of it?"

A brighter color had flamed up into the girl's face. Bob paused a little while to admire it, and to recall slowly that in the old school-teaching days she had been a little pale.

"When it turned around that I had to go out to the mines, you know," he went on, genially, "we talked it over—do you remember that night? and then after a while we laughed because we were only in a story, and the story was bound to come out right, and no matter how bad things looked I was dead sure to come back in a year or two with loads of money."

"Just as you have," murmured the girl. She had turned her chair around a little, and was looking at the fire.

"Weren't we foolish youngsters?" he asked, with honest amusement. "I suppose we had to have a lot of fun to keep us from losing heart with all that confounded poverty and hard times. But it was you that got it up—you mustn't forget that. I'd never have thought of it myself."

"To pass away the time," said the girl, softly, with the firelight making a flickering gleam in her eyes.

"Oh, of course!" he responded, heartily. "The only part of it that I

support surely? "But I was always selfish, Bob; and the passion for travel is on me. You can't expect me to remember friends when I have worlds of money and am my own mistress. I am off to California—Japan, perhaps—I haven't decided yet."

"And I had been planning such a lovely continuation of our story," he said, dejectedly. "You might stay awhile for my sake, Nell. Away out there in the mines I have been thinking what jolly times we'd have together—with her—and how we'd laugh over old times—and over that story of ours—"

"Yes, they have been so amusing," she said lightly, yet with a thread of agony running through the note of gaiety. "I shall never think of them without laughing. You can always picture me wandering around the old world—always with my chaperone—and laughing to think of the old times. But the story is at an end, Bob."

She shook hands with him, and he went away with a puzzled frown on his brows. She stood where he had left her, white faced, and yet with a smile on her lips. She sat down to her and rubbed against her delicate dress. She took the animal and pressed her cheek against its soft fur.

"The end of the story, Kitty," she said, desolately. "The end of the story."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The brilliant sunsets due to the dust from the great volcanic eruption at Krakotoa are still a vivid memory. Mr. Horace Darwin suggests that dust from the Leonid meteors may have been a cause of recent striking sunsets.

The lung differs from all other structures in having two separate circulations, the nutritive, supplied by the left side of the heart through the bronchial arteries; and the functional, supplied by the right side of the heart through the pulmonary artery. This double circulation underlies all the phenomena of pneumonia, and must be recognized in any definition of the disease, as without it the disease itself cannot exist.

Sir James Sawyer, M. D., writes in the Lancet that he has studied cancer for a third of a century, and has come to the conclusion that one of the predisposing factors is the excessive consumption of meat. He thinks "it is among the men of the masses in England and Wales, that the progressive increase in cancer in the period under consideration is mainly to be found. Steam appears to have brought us cheap food, and cheap food has multiplied our cases of cancer by two."

The twentieth century will have about 380 eclipses, according to Mr. B. F. Yannery, the solar being to the lunar in about the ratio of four to three. For the first time in any calendar year since 1823, the year 1935 will have seven. The total solar eclipses visible in the United States will occur in 1918, 1923, 1925, 1945, 1954, 1979, 1984 and 1994. There will be twelve transits of Mercury, the first in 1907, but the more important transit of Venus will not occur, its next date being June 8, 2004.

The early history of appendicitis cannot be traced, but Dr. George M. Edebohle believes the first reference to it to have been in 1642. The first recorded operation on the appendix was performed August 24th, 1883. The first successful removal of the appendix was carried out on May 8th, 1886, and since that time the percentage of successful operations has been slowly increasing. The obstructing bodies found include a great variety of articles, pins being very common. About four per cent. of all women are said to have appendicitis, the male victims being fewer.

What life in other worlds may be is an ever fascinating theme for speculation. Two English biologists, Geoffrey Martin and Dr. F. J. Allen, have been considering the matter, and agree in the conclusion that vital processes depend on the existence of an element whose compounds are in a condition of critical equilibrium at life temperatures. Mr. Martin, however, looks upon carbon as the fundamental life element, while Dr. Allen finds nitrogen the essential substance. Mr. Martin thinks that in the high temperatures of complex and instable silicon compounds may be formed and that in warmer worlds than ours silicon life may be possible. Possibly our silicon-secreting diatoms and sponges are a link connecting us with a silicon fauna of a hotter age on earth.

The Motto of the Successful.
"Do it now," is the motto adopted by a more than usually successful man of affairs, a man who, while he actually gives less time apparently to business, public or personal affairs than many men I know, of a certainty does accomplish more in every way, "all owing to my doing a thing the very moment it is thought of, that is, if it is possible. If I should wait, a thousand petty hindrances would arise, and so I take advantage of things as they come, whether it be to see a man on business, to look up an address, to write a check, or to order my spring suit. There is no time like the very moment at hand for keeping even with yourself. This is a bit of philosophy evolved from many years of the working of my plan works like a charm in circumventing the rush of things."—Detroit Free Press.

An Infallible Test.
Put up a sign, "Fresh Paint," anywhere, and nine out of every ten men that pass it will dab their fingers on it and ask surprised to find out it is.—New York Press.



WOMAN'S REALM.

SUMMER NEEDLE-WORK.

The Way to Provide Your Autumn Wardrobe During the Warm Months.

The summer months are often associated with thoughts of relaxation—vacation times, not to say idling. As a matter of fact it is the time par excellence in which the woman of domestic taste naturally turns to needle-craft. This may take the form of fancy embroidery, the development of new ornamental stitches, such as now figure so largely in the dress-making domain or the making-up of fancy underwear. Every branch has its own quota of interest and delights. Art embroidery, such as is to be seen upon the handsome centrepieces and bed-linen of the present, includes a great deal of raised work, together with fancy open stitches, the making of which is one of the most fascinating employments for the needle-woman whose tastes run only to the decorative; but the varied trimming of gowns of the present season is of an equally high order of workmanship, and the clever needle-woman during the summer may, if she will, provide her autumn wardrobe with any number of beautiful accessories, such as handsome embroidered scarfs, ruffles, or yokes, which continue to be plentifully used. Where the needle-work laid out for the summer is to consist of the decoration of dresses, the intending worker should prepare herself by a little knowledge of the cutting and fitting of a garment she contemplates ornamenting. Nothing "takes" embroidery with handsome results than crepe de chine, yet scarcely any material is more difficult to handle. Generally speaking, the best effects can be secured by purchasing or embroidering separate figures and applying them to the crepe with regular applique stitch. Where this is done the garment may be made complete before adjusting the trimming. Where the crepe is still in the piece this latter should be basted to a firm sheet of paper and the design embroidered through both crepe and paper. When the chosen garment is complete the paper may be cut away and carefully picked out so as to leave no inartistic stiffness.

Ribbon embroidery is reappearing on handsome gauze gowns. This is a style of decoration which may be accomplished very rapidly. It consists in forming petals of gauze, thin taffeta, or unstiffened gros grain ribbon, and working centre pistils in seed stitches that secure the imitation petals in position, while leaving the outer edges comparatively loose. A handsome dinner gown of mousseline de soie, which is designed for elaborate summer functions, shows this style of embroidery in fine effect. Large primroses of silk gauze form the figure of the motive, the petals being slightly raised by means of an interlining of cotton. Elaborate trimmings of this kind, however, are worthy only of materials which make a great display. A simpler trimming and one that gives an "air" to simple silk waists or skirts, consists of lines of herringbone stitches, from beneath which the material is cut away.—Harper's Bazar.

As to Drapery.
The threatened *bonne femme* skirt was bad enough, but now there seems to be a movement towards crosswise fullness.

Yes, one or two of the imported evening dresses show this very effect which we were wont to call draping. Now, draping sounds well, and indeed, it is very lovely and graceful, especially for curtains and canopies. But for our ourselves—well, if it's just the same to the designer, we'd rather not.

It is man, dear man! who usually gives himself the trouble of thinking out these elaborate nuisances for poor, incapable femininity. And right here we'd like to know what he has against us. If he really thinks draped clothing so altogether admirable, why doesn't he put in a bit of his valuable time conjuring up puffed waistcoats, plaited coats and draped breeches with dust-catching ruffles for his own sex? It really isn't fair to load upon us all the wondrous children of his gigantic brain.

Really, we are not selfish; we'd delight to share our loveliness with him!

Especially the draped part of it. Drapery, you know, while possessing a string of virtues, gets even by also possessing even more vices. Outside of the fact that it's always becoming disarranged, there's the gentle little way it has of sagging down until the fair wearer catches her foot in it.

Being thrown down by graceful drapery is so more consulting than a less of picturesque tumbling. If you break your eye, it's broken, and that's all.—Philadelphia Record.

Health First, Then Talent.
"What is a year of study or the loss of standing in the class compared to the woman's Home Companion of 'The Handicap of Ill Health,'" and further declares that "during the period of the child's growth the parent's authority should be supreme, and the child's health should outweigh all other matters. When the child begins its studies a new factor is introduced into its little life. Nature takes on an additional burden.

The mind is awakened, and the nerves begin an activity that must be kept within certain well-defined limits. Let the child show the first serious symptoms of nervous disorder or over-study, and the duty of the parent suddenly overtops that of the instructor. There is only one safe course to pursue. The child should be taken from the school until the physical balance has been recovered. It is better to let him grow up without a systematic education than to continue in his sickly course acquiring all the accumulated wisdom of the ages. Let the child reach maturity without a break-down and with but few days of sickness scored against him, and he will attack the problem of life with a zest and earnestness that will half-win the battle. Rear him in sickness and indifferent health and he will stand fearfully handicapped in the race."

Picture Coiffures Are Coming.
An artistic coiffure says that the hair will be worn in a low coil at the back of the head this summer, if only to give the crown of the head a rest. The front tresses are to be worn in a pretty way that is novel and very becoming to many faces. It is a mode seen in paintings of fair dames in the days of powder, and from one of the picture galleries the idea has probably been borrowed. It is very much the fashion to make picture gowns "after" Romney and Sir Joshua, David and other court painters, and it is only natural that the wonderful puffs and curls and ringlets that these gentlemen loved to depict should be revived by the ambitious modern hairdresser. In this new coiffure there is, just in the centre of the forehead a little to the left side, a big, loosely built curl, rising erect from the brow, and the hair at the side is puffed up very softly and fluffily to meet it, all the becoming qualities of the pompadour being thus preserved without the sameness and stiffness of the mode to which we have become so wearily accustomed. With so much height no high ornaments are needed, and a clump of flowers will take the place of upstanding sprays. In Paris, however, a very thick bunch of aigrette plumes is the correct and favorite ornament.

Gauzy Trimmings For Limp Hats.
Gauzy flowers and gauzy ribbons and gauzy rosettes or pompons are the natural trimming for one of the new hats of limp horsehair, "yodda" braid or soft silky straw. These have no appreciable weight and are a relief in hot weather, which makes a heavy hat a species of torture. Double-faced satin ribbon, bows and fans of velvet, jetted wings and crowns, to say nothing of birds' plumages, make a hat or bonnet incredibly heavy to press upon the brow on a warm day.

The Fashionable Figure.
The reign of the woman who is at all stout is entirely past. Just now, to be really correct, we must be very straight and thin and tall. Indeed, our bodies are being sent home to us so incased in whalebone that it feels like getting chain armor to put on a new frock. But, as we have to be straight and slim to be correct, we have, of course, to take steps to become so at whatever cost of personal discomfort.

Valenciennes lace will be very popular for trimming the thin summer gowns.

Fine designs in Cluny lace appear on new summer toilets, waists and linen lawn and cambric lingerie.

Silk-warp gypsy cloth and silk-warp eolienne are new and fashionable dress fabrics that appear in all the beautiful pastel colorings of the season.

The very high choker is no longer deemed elegant. Collars of all kinds are lower. In fact, many of the latest afternoon toilets are cut out in the neck.

Among the most stylish parasols for the beginning of the season will be those of satin trimmed with velvet polka dots. The handles are of natural wood and are very short and thick.

The new embroidered batiste is a charming material for summer gowns, as it comes in a variety of pretty tints, embroidered both in white and colors, and in white, embroidered with different colors.

Taffeta and crepe de chine are trimmed with cloth applied in stitched bands. They give weight to the skirt, which is desirable, and when they are used it is unnecessary to weight the skirt with lead.

The length of the stitchings on killed or side-plaited skirts varies from a few inches below the hips to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the skirt; and on some of the imported cloth costumes the kilts or side-plaits, reaching the entire length of the skirt, are stitched from belt to hem.

The great diversity in the ways and means of manipulating lace, insertion, edgings and appliques is certainly an expressive tribute to the versatile and artistic dress designers this season. Everything which has ever been used for this purpose seems to have been revived and added to the novelties of the summer season, which are already being shown.

Among the dainty things in the shops are offered Japanese striped silks, said to be easy to wash and difficult to crush; crepe de chine of medium heavy quality and fine lustre, and double width etamine grenadines, all wool, double width, in cream white, gray, tan, fawn, marine blue, and black, and a fresh importation of vigorous satins in dove color, reseau, navy, lead brown and antelope.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



Novel Fruit-Piece For the Table.

Here is an idea that may appeal to an entertainer. It is an evident fact that the time-honored fruit-dish, with its assortment of fruit, no longer has any place on a modern table; each kind of fruit is put by itself on a separate silver dish artistically arranged. Any one who has a little taste can imitate the arrangement. Take four plates of equal size; put on them some green leaves—bay-leaves, geraniums, or whatever one happens to have at hand—and arrange the fruits to suit the different kinds. Make a pyramid of bright red apples, with four apples for a base, three on top, and one on top of all, with the leaves in between. Arrange oranges in the same way, but on the third plate lay bunches of grapes carelessly on leaves, and on the fourth put bananas. Lol with the four plates at the four corners your table is dressed at once. Nuts may be used instead of fruit on one plate, and figs and dates on the other, but beware of the old-fashioned fruit basket or dish if you wish your table to be up to date. —Woman's Home Companion.

When You Hang Your Pictures.
By hanging pictures low you increase the apparent height of the room.

Colored pictures should not be hung in hallways or on staircases unless there is plenty of light for them. In such places strong photographs, engravings and drawings in black and white go best.

A picture should not be hung from one nail; the diamond lines formed by the cord have a very discordant effect. Two nails and two vertical cords, or, what is far more safe, pieces of wire cordage, should be used instead of the single cord.

Picture cords should be as near the color of the wall upon which they are put as possible, so that they may be but little seen. When one picture is hung beneath another the bottom one should be hung from the one above, and not from the top; thus we avoid multiplying the cords, which is always objectionable.

A good hue for walls where prints or photographs are to be hung is a rich yellow brown or a leather color. Luster to the black of the print of the tone of the photograph is thus imparted. The wall paper should have no strongly defined pattern.

The centre of the picture, as a rule, should not be much above the level of the eye.

Cream of Barley Soup (Mrs. Rorer)
—Scald two table-spoonsful of barley, drain, cover with fresh water and boil three hours; strain. Put one pint of veal or white stock with one pint of milk to boil, add barley, a table-spoonful of salt, and one-fourth of a table-spoonful of white pepper. Beat the yolks of two eggs lightly, put them in the soup tureen, pour over the boiling soup and serve at once.

Cream Rhubarb Pie—Requires one cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful of flour and one cup of rhubarb, cut in very thin slices, the yolks of two eggs. Make a custard of these ingredients, pour into a shell of pie crust and bake. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, cover the pie with this, and return to the oven until slightly browned. The slices of rhubarb will be found floating on the top of the custard.

Escalloped Meat—Butter a baking dish. Put in it alternate layers of chopped meat, bread crumbs and sprinkle over each layer chopped parsley, salt, pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Pour over the top enough white sauce to moisten all. Melt a little butter. Add to it some bread crumbs. Mix them thoroughly in the butter and spread them over the meat. Bake in a quick oven and when brown remove. Any cold meat may be used.

"Moonshines," "Nothings" or "Trifles"—To one egg beaten add a pinch of salt and stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll thin as paper, cut with good-sized cake cutter and fry in boiling fat, as doughnuts. Mix sugar and spice and sift over them while hot. They will blister and assume various shapes in cooking. If you drop them into the fat sideways they will fold and curve. Then sift only sugar over them and call them "fairly shells."

Rice Croquettes—Plain, but nice and tender. For one cup of boiled rice use one table-spoonful butter, half an egg and no salt, if rice was well salted when boiled. Mix well warm and make into small balls, "retting" the hands slightly when necessary in cold water. Roll in beaten egg, then powdered bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat, about three at once. When golden brown skim out, lay on brown paper. Keep in warm place till all are fried. Then serve in hot dish.

An old engine driver, who has just retired from active service, has been an engine driver since 1853, and in the forty-six years has traveled nearly 2,000,000 miles on his engine.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES:

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

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