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The record of the progress and history of the race from its lowest beginnings to its highest attainments is to be found in human nature. Every human being carries within himself, in his active powers and impulses, every propensity which has ever furnished the energy to maintain progress.

The way a state university can do good work for others than its regular students is illustrated by the University of Minnesota, which recently closed its ninth annual summer school, at which 1032 teachers were enrolled. Last year there were 3200 regular students enrolled. The state Legislature provides generously for this institution.

A paper by the Hon. Eugene Smith of New York City on "The Cost of Crime," which was read at the recent session of the National Prison association at Cleveland, was an attempt to complete the approximate cost of crime in the United States. Owing to the absence of reliable statistics only a relative estimate could be made. But the speaker thought he was within moderate bounds in estimating the cost of crime, including the expense of its prosecution and punishment, as not less than \$600,000,000.

According to a Belgian officer who has just returned from the Congo Free State, the river Uelle there is full of a species of octopus, called by the natives "miga." This creature is in the habit, it is said, of attacking native canoes, capsizing them, dragging its victims to its cave and making a meal of them. The Belgian tells some strange stories of the performances of these creatures which he professes to have witnessed. These stories strain one's credulity and read like a page from Rider Haggard's novels.

Mr. Thomas Moran, the celebrated American painter, speaking for the excellence of American art, declares that when the rich American gets over his desire for foreign paintings, the future of American art is assured; for when worthy work is in demand at home our art will develop itself to the requirements. There is not a line of endeavor in which we have not at home better talent than is to be found in any part of Europe. This is a fact which will make itself felt sooner or later, when the new-rich will become more conservative and not go off in a mad race after foreign rainbows.

The recent report of the department of agriculture, calling attention to the rapid destruction of the groves of great trees which have been one of the glories of California, points to the need of checking the activities of the relentless woodman and his ax. In spite of legislation, little enough has been done for the preservation of American forests, and in the case of the big trees of California there is absolutely nothing to prevent the thrifty wood cutter from enriching himself by the felling of trees which in their age and magnificence are not equalled anywhere in the world. That a tree should grow for many centuries, a living evidence of the greatness of the vital forces in nature, to be hacked down by the first thrifty person who may want to gather in a few dollars, seems a pity. If the destruction is objectionable for sentimental reasons, it is equally objectionable as depriving future generations of a feature of natural beauty. It would seem that the federal government and the state authorities of California with propriety might take joint action in this matter to save at least the greatest of these natural curiosities.

THE HALL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things,
 Are broken old betrothals, and old betrothal rings,
 And long-forgotten kisses, and old letters never sent,
 And heartstrings of young lovers that faithless ones have rent,
 And long-since burnt-out passions, and the fires of wasted loves,
 And cast-off maiden's ringlets, and pairs of maiden's gloves,
 And smiles that men have treasured, and sweet glances gone astray,
 And broken words of lovers, and hours of many a day.

Now with these I'd fain deposit some few trifles of my own—
 Some pithy, wasted trifles that some one has outgrown:
 This tiny, battered locket, and this bit of gem-set gold,
 And the love I've left unspoken, and the love I may have told,
 May they be forgotten, where the gray-robed angel sings—
 The Angel of Oblivion, in the Hall of Wasted Things.
 —Eugene Herbert MacLean, in Life.

The Two Fathers.

By Camille Bias.

THE mother was a widow, an industrious woman, who worked late and early in order to support her child, a little girl between four and five years old, pretty as a fairy, full of fun, affectionate and coaxing as any happy child could be.
 On the opposite side of the landing of the fifth floor on which Mme. Etienne and her daughter Lillie lived was the door of the apartments inhabited by two brothers—cabinetmakers by trade, and bachelors either by choice or chance, no one knew.
 One of those days when the intense heat necessitates the door being left open in order to get a current of air, the prettiness of Lillie attracted the attention of the two brothers, who were already past their first youth, and adored children in their quality of approaching old bachelors. From that sort of intimacy sprang up between the widow and her neighbors. Little reciprocal services passed between them; they sometimes made a party of pleasure on the Sunday; so well did they get on, indeed, that one day the elder of the two brothers said to the other:
 "That child would want a father badly."
 "That is my opinion also."
 "Would you have any objection to my asking the mother to marry me?"
 "Why should I? In fact, I was thinking of doing the same myself; but since you have spoken first, follow the notion up—but on the condition that you will let me see little Lillie as often as I like. I love that child as much as if she were my own."
 "Porsooth! You will live with us."
 The question agreed upon, the two brothers, dressed in their best, went to call on Mme. Etienne, whom, however, they found confined to bed. The evening before she had walked very rapidly in order to take some work back to the shop in time; on returning, she had caught a chill, passed a feverish night, and was not able to rise in the morning. She begged her neighbors to go for a doctor; it was no time to speak of marriage.
 Inflammation of the lungs carried away the poor woman in ten days.
 Thanks to the two brothers, she had not to go to the hospital; and until the last she was able to see her little Lillie, whom she earnestly recommended to them. They swore never to abandon the child.
 The funeral over, they took charge of the little one, kissing her. They said to one another, at the same time:
 "If you wish, we will never get married now."
 They went to live at Vincennes, so that Lillie might have plenty of good air and take walks in the wood. They were very proud of their adopted daughter. When people stopped to look at them, and asked in a casual way which of them was her father, they replied: "Both of us."
 Lillie seemed to like one as well as the other, and called them Uncle John and Uncle James.
 When she grew a little older they put her to school—to a young ladies' school, he is understood—talking her there every morning and calling for her in the evening; so Lillie grew up between these two affections without ever feeling the want of father or mother.
 She cost the brothers a great deal of money; but, bah! they went no longer to the cafe, and worked a little more than formerly. These supplementary hours were devoted to the pleasure and toilet of mademoiselle.
 When she was fifteen years of age she was the first to suggest that she should stay at home for the future, at which, of course, the brothers were enchanted. What a charming little housekeeper they had then, and with what joyful tenderness she greeted their return every evening! To say that the spoiled child never abused their goodness would be saying too much; but at least she seized every available opportunity of pleasing them.
 Two years passed over so quickly for all of them, that on the day the two men brought a cake and bouquet to celebrate Lillie's birthday, they exclaimed:
 "Seventeen years old! Is it possible?"
 But, yes, it was possible. And James and John thought so much about it that it made them anxious and unhappy.
 It was the younger who said one evening to the other:
 "Do you know that Lillie is getting more beautiful every day?"
 "Eh! Yes, I know it well. And others know it, too. There must be a good many admirers prowling about here after her."

"And it is certain one of them will take her away from us before very long."
 "Poor little thing!"
 "Yes, if she were to get a bad husband."
 "Oh, I should kill any man who would treat her badly."
 "There is only one way of escaping that."
 "Ah!" said the elder brother, without making any addition to the exclamation.
 "And then," continued the other, "think how sad it would be for us to part from Lillie. Never again to see her trotting about the house, never to hear her merry voice singing after we return from work of an evening."
 "I have been thinking of all that for a long time, my dear John."
 "It must be put an end to."
 "And your plan?"
 "It is very simple, if it pleases you. I shall marry her before she gets fond of any one else."
 "Zounds!"
 The elder brother stood up, almost threateningly.
 "Well, what is the matter?"
 "I also have thought of that plan. I was often going to speak about it, but always held back."
 "Why?"
 "Because I wanted to marry Lillie myself."
 The two brothers looked at each other far from amiably; then the younger said:
 "This is the same as with the mother formerly. Do you remember, James? I gave her up to you. It is your turn, now, to give Lillie up to me. You are three years older than I."
 "Which, nevertheless, does not make you very young."
 A song was heard ascending from below stairs. Lillie was coming back from her daily shopping.
 "Listen," said John, rapidly. "The child who has made our happiness up to this must not be a cause of disunion between us. Let her choose which one she likes best."
 "All right," said the other, "that is quite fair."
 Lillie entered, took the two men by the neck, kissed them, and drawing a chair between them, said:
 "I wish to speak to you seriously."
 The face of the young girl looked quite joyous.
 "I wish to get married."
 "John and I were just speaking about it."
 "But you have not found me a husband."
 "As a matter of fact, we have. You love us very much, you say?"
 "Like father and mother at once."
 "That is why we wish to propose to you to choose between us."
 "Why choose?"
 "Which of us you will marry."
 The young girl burst into a fit of laughter so joyous, so prolonged, that the two brothers remained quite dumfounded. Then brushing the tears from her eyelashes:
 "No nonsense, my uncles. I said I wanted to speak to you seriously. You mustn't joke. I have a sweetheart."
 Neither replied.
 "Now, you must not be angry, I am so fond of him; and he is coming tomorrow to see you."
 "Like that—all at once! And us, Lillie?"
 "You will always be my two fathers."
 —New York Weekly.

SWISS ARE EXPERT MARKSMEN.

Rifle Clubs Are Popular and Well Supported Among the Alps.
 Some of the clubs are rich and well supported and have funds invested, and the ranges, with their pavilions, bells, telephones and all modern improvements and appliances, leave nothing to the most fastidious to desire. In some places the shield-protected ranges are, I believe, in use, but these have not been visited by me. The town of Zurich has recently spent, as mentioned in Colonel Kinden's recent paper, 750,000 francs, or £30,000, in providing a range of 400 yards with ninety-six six-foot targets and 288 figure targets. This is used by the clubs, and also by the troops, but is over and above the extensive military ranges to be found at headquarters of divisions. At Zurich there is yet a second range of 400 meters, which, with every convenience for practice, and a large pavilion for functions at the annual fete, has cost £32,000. In the smaller towns, as at Lenzburg, within three miles of the old castle from which this is written, one well-appointed range serves several clubs, the days and hours for the practice or prize shooting of each being arranged by the committees in communication. The town population groups itself into clubs according to the means of the members, the less well-to-do using their military rifles and contenting themselves with a few off days when the obligatory course has been completed. The richer clubs meet regularly once a week, sometimes oftener, during the season, extending from the 1st of May to the 1st of October.

Match rifles with hair triggers are common, and excellent results are shown at thirty yards on the popular six-foot target divided into fifty rings, each ring having its value according to its proximity to the bull's-eye. The Swiss club shooting is, as a rule, save in the military exercises, limited to 300 yards. And nearly all shots are made standing. It is held that if a man can in this position steadily hit a small mark at longer ranges, and that this practice is quite sufficient to keep the eye and hand in training and to insure acquaintance with and confidence in one's weapon. The range is generally given up on Sundays to the workmen's clubs, and the chief club in Lenzburg meets on a Monday. In the villages, Sunday, for obvious reasons, is the day for practice and matches. It is not advanced that this arrangement would, as matters now stand, be suited to the conditions and prejudices of our own country, but it exactly fits in with the views and feelings of the population of even this strongly Protestant quarter of Switzerland. In these villages on Sundays there is no afternoon service, but nearly every one without exception attends divine service in the morning, generally at 9.30 o'clock. After service the day is given up to rational amusement, in which rifle practice is included.—Nineteenth Century.

The Murder of Sleep.

The question of city noises has come to the front of late and an endeavor has been made to restrain and regulate them in some degree, but there has been a good deal of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel in the matter. Organ-grinders and street hawkers are doubtless a nuisance sometimes, but their operations are a mere trifle compared with other noises that we have to endure, and, moreover, the disturbance they make is usually confined to the hours of daylight. When preventable noises invade the hours of sleep, the matter becomes more serious; for, in this busy, harassing life, sound rest at night is an essential to the maintenance of the working powers.
 One of the most alarming concomitants of modern civilization is the increasing prevalence of lunacy and other nervous diseases. The cause is doubtless to be found in the hurried, anxious lives that we lead, in the intensity of our studies, the fierce competition in business, and the general difficulties of life with most of us. How many breadwinners, whether professional men, business men, artisans or factory girls, return to their homes day after day utterly exhausted by their continuous labors! To such, undisturbed sleep is the best of all tonics, but this is often difficult to obtain, and its deficiency means impaired health, or even complete breakdown. The contrast between the health and development of the agricultural laborer and that of the average industrial operative is due, not alone to the out-of-door life and healthy occupation of the former, but in no small degree to early hours of retiring and quiet nights.—Westminster Review.

An Elusive Puzzle.

De Wet, the elusive Boer commandeer, has got to the penny-puzzle stage of popularity in England. Says an American, who purchased one of those "puzzle" cards from an itinerant vendor: "On it was an outline of the territory lately ruled by Mr. Kruger, with the wording: 'This is the Transvaal; find De Wet.' I turned the card about but could discover no outline suggestive of the ee-lee-Boer general. With a grin he answered: 'Ye ca't find De Wet, gov'nor? No more can anybody else find 'im.' 'E ain't there; 'e's sloped, as per usual. Now, ain't the sell worth a bloomin' penny?'—Argonaut.

Women Live Longer Than Men.

Statistics of the various countries are remarkable on this point. In Germany only 113 out of 1000 males reach the age of fifty, while more than 500 of 1000 females reach that age. In the United States there are 2583 female to 1298 male centenarians. In France of ten centenarians seven are women and only three men. In the rest of Europe of twenty-out centenarians sixteen are women.

Women Fede in Manila.

Manila is not a place in which to grow beautiful, it seems. A naval officer who has spent much time there says the women, and even young girls, seem to grow old and faded from day to day from the effects of the climate. In the northern part of the Philippines he found it very comfortable, but he had nothing to say of the advantages of living in Manila, and was constantly glad that his wife and family were not there to suffer from the ill effects.—New York Times.

Women and Wedding Days.

Even if a woman hasn't any superstitions about ladders and cats she has about wedding days.—New York Press.

Women and Wedding Days.

Paper shingles are used in Japan, and they are said to be as satisfactory as wooden ones and much cheaper. They are simply slips of tarred pasteboard.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

A Veteran Nurse.
 Mrs. Emily E. Woodley, of Philadelphia, is said to be with one exception the oldest surviving nurse of the Civil War. She was four years with the Army of the Potomac, and has a number of medals given to her for distinguished services.
 Mrs. Woodley has contributed a plot of ground for a monument to the nurses in the Civil War, that it is her strongest hope to see erected before she dies.

Breaks and Trains Wild Horses.
 Mrs. Ada Barcelona, of Denver, Col., breaks and trains wild horses. She owns two powerful black horses which she makes lie down, roll over, play dead, and do a "cakewalk." She is quoted as saying: "I think I always had a natural power over horses, and they seem to know what I want them to do. I never had a horse act really mean to me in all my life."
 When Mrs. Barcelona was thirteen years old she won a prize for being the best girl rider in the State of California.

A Woman's Fortitude in War.
 Lady Hodgson, wife of the Governor of the Gold Coast, is the first English woman who ever entered Coomassie, and who went through the terrible siege there with calmness and fortitude. Sir Frederick Hodgson found his wife an immense help to him in keeping up the spirits of the men and women during the siege, and quotes the words that Sir Owen Lanyon uttered at the close of the siege of Pretoria as being applicable to Lady Hodgson: "There are women whose conduct in a time of great difficulty and danger one cannot honor too much."

A Remarkable Old Lady.
 The Duchess of Cleveland, mother of Lord Rosebery, is one of the most remarkable octogenarians in English society. She can remember every incident of the Queen's wedding, where she officiated as bridesmaid and her memoirs, should they ever be published, ought to prove one of the most fascinating books concerning the social and political life of the Victoria era. As is natural in the mistress of Battle Abbey, she has long been a leading authority on the battle of Hastings, and some years ago she published a voluminous work dealing with all those families who can trace their descent from William the Conqueror's knights.

The Empire Touch of Gold.
 More fashionable than taffeta or velvet just now is the fine flannel shirt-waist. The empire touch of gold is desirable in small quantities, but the difficulty is not to overdo it. A little goes a great way. One is surprised by the variety of weaves and colorings and widths in gold tissue.
 One gold tissue band is patterned at intervals with a very small polka dot of black velvet. Another piece of gold shows the little Louis Quinze bow-knot in black velvet. A fleur de lys, also in black velvet, studs the surface of gold ribbon at intervals. Only one figure is used in a row, no matter how wide the gold ribbon may be. This looks better than if the entire surface was spotted into patterns.

A Chinaman on Lacing.
 Here is what one Chinaman says in the North China Daily News about "Corsets Against Small Shoes":
 "What is the use of binding the feet? It is of the same use as tightening the waist among you Europeans. Do you tighten the waist for comfort? No. Is it to make you look taller or shorter? No. Then what is it for? It is for beauty. It is to catch the eyes of men. So is foot binding. They are both for the benefit of men. Foot binding does not do as much harm as waist tightening."
 "When so many of your men have written against the harm of waist tightening and not succeeded, how can a few of your women think to put a stop to our ancient custom? You have many medical women. Why do they not loosen their waists before they ask our women to loosen their feet? Your enlightened Christian women should begin at home by forming an anti-waist tightening society; then we Chinese may follow your example."

The Athletic Girl's Rival.
 A certain type of women will be glad to hear that the "girly" girl appears to be coming again to the fore, and that there is quite a demand for the old article, the organdie-gowned, coquettish beauty who does not golf, or play tennis, or shoot, or sail a boat, who wears beautiful clothes all flounced and frilled even in the daytime, and curls, and all that kind of thing. She sits on the veranda looking too pretty for anything, her one form of exercise being to take a ride every day on a showy but gentle hack, clad in a perfectly fitting London habit, although it would seem more appropriate to her style to wear the flowing skirt and plumed hat of her prototype of fifty years ago. It is very obvious that the men quite like this sort of girl, that they feel it a pleasant change after the good comradeship that has for the last dozen years marked their intercourse with the fair sex. They like the soft beauty's exactions, her little ways and pretty tyrannies; they enjoy feeling, oh, so strong, beside her avowed weakness; they like to listen to her artless flatteries and bask in her admiration of their prowess. With such a one they feel that they have regained their ascendancy, that they once more are lords of creation. What wonder, such being the case, that certain clever young women have found this out, and that they have been the first to profit by this possible change in the trend of masculine taste.
 "Why is it?" asked an anxious

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS
 The face on the silver dollar is that of Miss Anna W. Williams, a Philadelphia school teacher.

A home for women students at Berlin University will be erected, following the general plan of college dormitories in the United States.

It is stated that Miss Caddick, the author and traveler, contemplates taking up the late Miss Mary Kingsley's work in West Africa.

The El Paso School Board has ordered the young women under its jurisdiction to wear short skirts while on duty "as a sanitary measure."

Mrs. Garth, widow of the late Col. John H. Garth, of Hannibal, Mo., has given \$25,000 to that city for the erection of a public library building, to be a memorial to her husband.

Mrs. Melvil Dewey, of Albany, N. Y., is endeavoring to establish, through the agency of farmers' institutes, courses of lectures to farmers' wives on household economics and similar subjects.

Isabella, the former Queen of Spain, who has for years been living in Paris, is now making efforts to be allowed to return to her native country, from which she was banished twenty-three years ago.

Three women, the wives of famous husbands, have been accorded the honor of burial in Westminster Abbey. They are Lady Palmerston, Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of Dean Stanley, and Mrs. Gladstone.

Lavender cultivation is becoming a popular industry with women in England. The English variety is the sweetest in the world and always in great demand. The plant is hardy and needs little cultivation. To prepare the young plants and lay out an acre costs about \$200, but it should yield \$250 a season. Deep, sandy loam overlaying chalk is the best soil for lavender.

New Orleans has an order of colored nuns founded many years since. It was instituted for the special purpose of giving education and moral training to young colored girls and to care for orphans and aged, infirm persons of their race. In its orphan asylum are children of all ages up to fourteen. The convent is a stately building more than a century old, in the old French quarter of New Orleans, and once was an opera house.

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GLEANINGS FROM THE SHOPS

Guy Gray is the newest color. Sealion-skin purses and pocketbooks. Very large gilt buckles for millinery purposes.
 Neck bows of liberty silk edged with cheville down the front.
 Sash and tie clasps in finely cut steel and gilt; also in old metals.
 Taffeta-silk petticoats, with frouture effects on double flounce.
 Umbrellas in plain taffeta silks, with mother-of-pearl handles trimmed with silver.
 Peacock's breasts on hats, and silk velvet flowers on the more elaborate toques.
 Buttons in gilt metal and imitation jewels made in star and diamond shapes.
 Walking gloves of very heavy white glace kid and having a very mannish appearance.
 Children's coats made of smooth-faced goods with three small capes and Pingat sleeve.
 Hats of black felt, with white cloth edged with black velvet covering the hat in a flower-like effect.
 Belt buckles of fine gilt metal, with raised figures of eagles on each side and the bust of Napoleon in the centre.
 Felt hats with a band of gold braid around the crown, braid of same width edging the flaring velvet bows placed in front.
 Robes of broadcloth, Renaissance net and lace, appliqued with fine silk cord, hand embroidered, with bolero to correspond.
 Ladies' hosiery in fine Hise thread, embroidered on the instep with bouquet of red carnations tied with blue love knots.
 Nightdress with elbow sleeves in flowing lines and low in the neck; others with sleeve made tight to the elbow by being gathered with baby ribbon.
 Black taffeta skirts with circular flounce of accordion plaiting and crinkle, which gives it the appearance of being composed of the old-fashioned piping.
 Flannel waists with applied velvet and tucked sleeves to the elbow. The applied velvet is one inch in width and looks like stamped-out leather. It—the velvet—is laid on in bands on the collar and cuffs, with three rows down the front.
 Shaped belts of black velvet covered with three rows of one-quarter-inch very heavy gold braid. On the braic are placed eight metal beetles with turquoise bodies, a large turquoise clasp completing the belt.—Dry Goods Economist.