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By the census figures four states only have a larger population than New York City, and one of these is the state in which the city is situated.

It is of value, perhaps, to quote the opinion of an eminent eye specialist that 40 per cent. of all headaches are caused wholly or partially by eye strain.

It looks as if Count Zeppelin had really invented an airship that would do something more than go up and come down and that the rapid transit problems of the future may be much modified in consequence.

Scientists who have been investigating the matter have given out the information that the mosquito that carries the malaria is the *Anopheles maculipennis*. It will be well to guard against mosquitoes of that brand.

The recent outbreaks of "Hooliganism" in London have revived the agitation in favor of the restoration of the whipping post as a remedy for ruffianism and lawlessness. The police magistrates are striving to repress these murderous revels in the streets by stern rebukes and rigorous sentences for the leaders of the criminal gangs in Chelsea and South London.

Massachusetts reports an increase of 125 in its prison population during the past year. This proves conclusively either that crime is on the increase as the result of lax administration of the laws or that the stricter enforcement of the law has diminished crime by punishing the criminals. In the science of sociology every admitted fact admits of two different and irreconcilable explanations.

A few of the larger libraries in the country have added music to their circulation departments, and with marked success. The idea is spreading now to the libraries in the smaller cities. Seattle has just adopted it, beginning with 200 books of vocal and instrumental music. In the Seattle, as in the other libraries which have adopted this feature, the aim is to encourage the taste for good music.

Aside from the few scattered settlements on the frontier and possibly in some lumber camps, the ox team is no longer used. It is now rare to see even a four-year-old steer. The agriculture of the west has passed rapidly from the ox-team stage to the two-horse team, and on the level prairie sections the work is largely done with four-horse teams. The breaking teams of the pioneer days, when six yoke of oxen hauled a 26-inch plow, used to do great work though.

There seems to be something like a general revolt among the British farmers, whose condition has been growing worse or many years, owing to a combination of adverse circumstances, against the exorbitant charges of the railroads. A number of south Lincolnshire farmers, utterly unable to make a living profit out of their products, after paying railroad freight charges, are making arrangements with London dealers to establish a regular steamer service by which their goods may be conveyed quickly and cheaply to the British metropolis.

Ears of Wrong Size.
Justin McCarthy and some friends were talking once about a member of the House of Commons. A lady who was one of the company said it was a pity for the sake of his personal appearance that he had such very large ears. "Yes," said T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant parliamentary and platform orator, "and the worst of it is that while they are too large for ears, they are too small for wings."

The Cameo Brooch.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

A pretty girl was seated upon a vine-wreathed porch, darning stockings. Max Delaney's eyes brightened as they rested upon her, and a thrill stirred his usually unsusceptible heart.

"Have I traversed the wide world over, and gone unscathed all these years," he asked himself, "only to fall in love, at first sight, with a rustic divinity out in the wilds of Michigan?"

At the sound of his footsteps the girl looked up, with a startled air, the lovely peach-bloom color deepening and brightening in her velvety cheeks.

What Daisy Wentworth saw was a tall, dark young man, of eight-and-twenty, with a somewhat listless expression upon his face. He wore a tourist's dress of gray tweed, and carried a small pack slung across his broad shoulders.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" he asked, in a low, musical voice, that made the girl start, its refined accents were so different from the rough speech with which she was accustomed.

Before Daisy could comply with the request, the kitchen-door swung suddenly open, and a hard, strong-featured face, with beetling black brows and fiery eyes, peered out, the face of Mrs. Wentworth, Daisy's stepmother.

"Don't come in here!" she cried, in a shrill, acid voice, glowering angrily at the astonished young man. "You have nothing I want in that nasty pack. I never trade with tramps."

"Oh, mother!" cried Daisy, in dismay. "I am sure the man is no peddler."

"He's something worse, then, and had better go about his business." Mrs. Wentworth was about to slam the door, when, by an amusing coincidence, a peddler's cart drove into the yard.

She was one of those women who made "distinctions." Though unable to abide one who carried his pack on his own back, she had a weakness for peddlers who had arrived at the distinction of driving a cart.

The angry look instantly vanished from her face, leaving it bland and smiling. She decided that Max Delaney must be the avant courier.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon!" she said, humbly. "I took you for one of the sort that goes about with smuggled goods made right here at home, and cheap laces they try to palm off as genuine thread. I am disgusted with the whole tribe. And Daisy there has put me all out of temper with her trifling and idling. Just like her dead mother, they say. It's a dreadful trial to have another woman's child to bring up. I would never have married Silas Wentworth had I known he would up and die at the end of five years, and leave me to take care of his first wife's daughter. I have children enough of my own to look after."

Daisy was accustomed to these tirades, but they always brought tears to her eyes. She might have reported that her stepmother had seized upon the bit of property that was left, and used it all for the benefit of her own children, but she refrained.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Wentworth resumed, garrulously. "I've got lots of rags stowed away in the garret, that I've been keeping until the right person comes along. If you don't mind being hindered, I'll go and gather 'em up."

A roguish twinkle showed itself in Max Delaney's eyes, as the woman disappeared in the direction of the upper regions.

"My pack only contains the kit of a strolling artist," he said, smilingly. "But here comes the real Simon Pure," as a freckled-faced man, with a scraggy, sandy moustache, ascended the steps, bringing an armful of tinware and some old-fashioned steel-yards. "I shall abdicate in his favor."

Daisy's cheeks were burning hotly, but she caught up her print sunbonnet, and bringing a tumbler from the pantry-shelf, led the way to the well, in the shadow of some lilac-bushes at the rear of the house.

Max drank the cool water she proffered, as though it had been ambrosia. On returning the empty glass, his gaze happened to fall upon the pin that fastened Daisy's collar. It was a cameo of considerable value—a portrait finely and artistically cut; but it did not look out of place, though her dress was of common gingham.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, eagerly. "But may I ask where you got that brooch?"

"It was my mother's," Daisy replied; "that is why I like to wear it."

"Oh—an heirloom! Can you tell me anything of its history?"

"Very little. My mother prized it highly. The likeness is that of some relative—a great-aunt, I believe."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Ethel McLean."

Max gazed at the girl curiously. He would have said more, but Mrs. Wentworth's shrill voice sounded at that instant, calling sharply for Daisy.

"Don't be loitering there, you good-for-nothing child! You might try to make yourself useful occasionally. You've only been a burden to me ever since your father died. Go right up into the garret, and bring down the rest of them rags."

Daisy flitted away, a painful flush suffusing her face.

But she had not seen the last of the handsome artist.

That evening, as she stood dejectedly at the garden gate, wearied out with the labors of the day and trying to escape for a few moments from her stepmother's shrewish tongue, he came whistling along the lane, and paused beside her.

"You have been crying," he exclaimed, abruptly, looking into her pretty forget-me-not eyes.

"Yes," she admitted. "It was very foolish of me."

"That dreadful woman has been scolding you again?"

"I deserved it, no doubt. I am not strong, and cannot accomplish much."

Max Delaney muttered something under his breath, then asked:

"Why don't you leave her? Have you no relatives to whom you could go?"

Daisy shook her head.

"There is only the great-aunt of whom I spoke this morning—and I don't even know where to find her. It would make no difference if I did. She is very rich, but my stepmother says she hates girls, and could not be induced to give me a penny."

"Suppose you go away with me?"

The girl stared at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted.

"I—I don't understand what you mean, sir," she stammered.

"There is no occasion to look so frightened, little one, though it is very sudden. But I took a liking to you at once, and I cannot endure to see you abused. I want you for my wife, darling."

Daisy had had lovers before, but never one for whom she cared.

A thrill of tingling sweetness shot through her veins. She felt the spell of those magnetic, dark eyes, but Max Delaney was a stranger, and she dared not yield to it.

"No, no—you cannot realize what you are saying, or else you are only laughing at me!" she cried, running away and hiding herself, with emotions singularly blended of rapture and alarm.

Two weeks were on, Daisy saw no more of the handsome artist, but she was continually dreaming or thinking of him.

One morning, Daisy unexpectedly received a letter. It fell first into her stepmother's hands, who, in the exercise of a privilege arrogated to herself, immediately tore it open and possessed herself of its contents. It ran thus:

"I do not expect to feel proud of a grand-niece brought up in the backwoods of Michigan, but it is time you saw something of the world. You can come to me for a six weeks visit, if you like. But don't expect to become my heiress. My will is made already, and does not give you a dollar."

PATTY McLEAN.

"Bless me!" Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed, started almost out of her senses. "It is from that miserly old woman, your great-aunt. How did she learn your address, I wonder? And she has actually sent a cheque for one hundred dollars to buy a new outfit, and defray expenses. Well, I never!"

Daisy's heart beat high with hope and expectation.

"I may go?" she cried, in an eager, pleading tone.

Mrs. Wentworth frowned.

"I don't know how to spare you, just as harvest is coming on. But that crabbled old maid would be angry if I refused to let you go. She lives in Philadelphia, it appears. Twenty-five dollars will take you there, and you'll leave \$50 for me and my daughter Joanna. Yes, you might as well begin to get ready."

When Daisy's preparations were all made, and she was about setting out upon her journey, Mrs. Wentworth said:

"Now I want you to speak a good word for Joanna. She ain't no relation of Miss McLean, to be sure, but the old miser might send her a few dresses and jewels, and never miss 'em. Take everything that's offered you, Daisy, and when you come back I'll divide the things between you two girls."

Daisy was quite startled by the magnificence of the brown stone front where Miss McLean resided.

Her great-aunt, a wrinkled old crone in black velvet and lace, welcomed her with a kiss.

"You have your mother's face, my dear. I am glad of that."

"Oh," cried Daisy, eagerly, "do you remember my mother?"

"Certainly. I used to wish she was a boy, that I might leave her my money. But girls are not of much consequence in this world. I had lost all trace of poor Ethel. And so Silas Wentworth is dead? He was a good man, but sadly wanting in energy."

"How did you find me, Aunt Patty?"

"That's a secret. An odd twinkle in her beady eyes. 'By-the-way, I see you wear a cameo brooch that was your mother's. It was cut in Italy half a century ago. Do you know whose head it is?'"

"Yours, Aunt Patty."

The old woman laughed softly.

"Yes, dear; though it does not bear much resemblance to me now. One changes in 50 years. There were two

cut at the same time. I have always kept the duplicate."

It was a charmed life that opened for Daisy. The gay city, with all its attractions and novelties, seemed like enchanted land. She was thoroughly happy for the first time in her life.

Miss McLean appeared quite fond of her, and her sweet dreams were never interrupted by Mrs. Wentworth's sharp, rasping voice.

Six weeks went by all too quickly, and at last she was summoned to her great-aunt's dressing-room.

"The limit of your stay has expired," Miss McLean said, looking at her keenly. "I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"Very, very much!" Daisy answered, her voice choking a little. "It was very kind of you to invite me here."

"You are ready to return home?"

"Whenever you think I had better go, dear aunt."

Two or three great drops fell down the girl's pretty face. She wiped them surreptitiously away, but not before the cunning old woman had seen them.

"Daisy," she said abruptly, "what if I were to ask you to remain?"

The girl sprang toward her with an impulsive little cry.

"Will you, Aunt Patty? Oh, I would be so glad!"

"You can stay upon one condition. I have learned to love you, but my will is made, as I wrote you. It cannot be altered, even to please you. The bulk of my fortune goes to my half-sister's son, a very worthy young man. Daisy, you can remain as his wife! I have communicated with him, and he is very willing to consent to the arrangement."

Daisy grew very pale. Consent to marry a man she had never seen? No, that would have been impossible, even if Max Delaney's image did not fill all her heart.

"I must go," she said sadly. "There is no other way."

"Wait until you have met my heir. You might change your mind."

"Never!"

Poor Daisy dropped floods of tears into the trunk with the new clothes Miss McLean's generosity had provided.

At last, when the goodbyes had been spoken, she groped her way blindly down stairs. A gentleman stood near the drawing-room door. As she looked up, a startled cry broke from her lips.

"Max Delaney!"

"You here? How very strange!" She blushed furiously, but as the young man opened his arms, Daisy leaned her head up in his shoulder with a weary sigh.

"Are you glad to see me, darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, very glad!"

"Then do you love me a little?"

"Yes," she answered, unable to keep back the truth.

Just then Daisy heard a low laugh, and looking up, saw Miss McLean standing upon the landing, her kind old face beaming with delight.

"You might as well ring for the maid to take your wraps, my dear!" she called out.

Daisy glanced bewilderingly from the smiling woman to the handsome lover.

"What does she mean?"

"That you are never going back to be abused by your shrewish stepmother," Max answered. "Forgive me for trying you so sorely, but it was Aunt Patty's wish. I am her heir."

One week later, Mrs. Wentworth received a large box of clothing and nicknacks, but she had seen the last of Daisy herself.—Saturday Night.

Missing Italian Millions.

Italy is threatened with one of the most sensational scandals of the century, a scandal which will attract attention far beyond the borders of this country.

It has transpired that the late King Humbert set aside out of his civil list a sum of 150,000 lire monthly for distribution among the families of soldiers who died in the national wars. This amount in the aggregate to some 40,000,000 lire (about 1,500,000 pounds).

But it also transpires that not one of the societies which attend to the wants of disabled army veterans, widows and orphans of soldiers, etc., who received a penny of this money, while there are known to be many old soldiers and patriots in a state of absolute penury.

The explanations of those who have had to deal with the money are not considered satisfactory, and an inquiry will be opened into the matter.—London Mail.

Mexico Trying to Buy American Horses.

The Mexican government is the last to enter the United States in search for cavalry horses, and according to Manuel Alvarez of the City of Mexico, who is at the American House here, his government is too late to find such horses as are suitable for the purpose. Senor Alvarez is the agent of the Mexican war department. He has been through Arizona and New Mexico and a large part of Colorado. The horses he wants must be not less than 15 1/2 hands and not more than 16 hands high, and of all solid color, either black or dark brown. For suitable horses his government pays from \$95 to \$125. Senor Alvarez said that nearly all the horses which were suitable for cavalrymen had already been bought by Russian, German and English agents.—Denver Republican.

One of the most universal failings in regard to correct diet is the neglect to drink enough water.



Empire Modes of Coiffure.
With the Empire fashions in dress, it is natural and fitting that Empire modes of coiffure should prevail. The Josephine knot is one of the latest, and is made by waving the hair softly all around and carrying it to the top of the head, where it is twisted and coiled as high as possible. For evening a string of beads or a ribbon is fastened at the right, near the front.

Women Doctors in China.
We have heard much lately about the European medical men in China, but less about the European and American medical women. A writer in the *Allgemein Zeitung* gives an interesting account of the number and their work. The *Societe des Missionnaires de la Femme*, says he, employs five European women doctors in its hospitals and six Chinese nurses. He reckons the total number of European and American women doctors and surgeons in China to be not less than 100. In Tientsin there are two lady physicians from Chicago, two from Canada, and one from London. Only one Chinese lady has studied medical science and practice after the western manner, and she is exceedingly popular and useful among her fellow-countrywomen.

Half Mourning Costume.
One of the prettiest of half mourning gowns is made of finest black face cloth. The skirt has two bias bands two inches deep of black glace silk, piped with white round the hem, the lower one outlining it. A fitting vest of white silk, with white chiffon frilled jabot, sets off a very chic bolero, the edge of which, likewise the white silk revers, is skirted with a three-quarter inch band of white silk crossed in lattice design with black chenille. The collar, coming high at the back, is of black silk piped with white and has two white silk buttons crossed with chenille on either side, and similar to the other three which adorn the front. As a finish at the back are double loops and knots, two coming above and two longer ones below the waist, while the picturesque semi-bell sleeves are cut up at the back sleeve, finished with an inch band of the silk and Garibaldi undersleeve of black net. Such a dress could be quite inexpensively carried out.

Women's Emigration Society.
In Great Britain the Woman's Emigration society is a thriving organization, by means of which women are helped to find employment, and incidentally husbands in the colonies. During 1899 the society sent out to Canada, Australia and Africa 240 single women as nurses, teachers, governesses, helpers and domestic servants. Each one bore an excellent character, and was well trained, and many were, in addition, well educated. They are not sent out free of charge, but money is lent for traveling and other expenses, which has to be paid back by installments. In connection with the society, there is a training home in Shropshire, where for a small weekly sum would-be immigrants may become expert cooks, housewives, dressmakers and so forth. The Rhodesian government has recently placed the sum of \$2000 at the disposal of the society for the purpose of assisting women to emigrate to that colony.

The Rain Coat.
The new model for a rain coat is a welcome departure from the ancient model of a mackintosh with cape. This is a coat and not a cloak. It is cut as carefully as a driving coat would be, is slightly double-breasted and fastens with buttons down below the knee. The right "front" laps slightly to the left and is cut in a bias line. The loose front shows ornamental lines of machine stitching. The back shows a shallow yoke, and the requisite fullness is set beneath the yoke in two broad box pleats. The yoke back is outlined with ornamental bands of machine stitching. The rain coat is provided with the new sleeve, which is full both at the shoulder, where it is gathered into the arm size, and at the wrist, where it is gathered into the cuff, which is a strip of ornamental machine stitching. A pretty collar completes the rain coat, unless you select the other model with a brief shoulder cape and turn-over collar, both trimmed with rows of stitching. The rain coat is made of "cravenette," a tightly-twisted worsted, which repels moisture.

Allowances for Children.
Under the age of 12 few children receive an allowance. Whether they should or not depends somewhat on the child; generally speaking, an allowance is desirable only after a certain degree of maturity of judgment is reached. But if it is given it should not be the only source of income; every child should earn at least a part of its spending-money, in ways that are not too difficult.

But when the child has money, what

shall it do with it? A famous economist tells us that the three legitimate uses of money are saving, spending and giving, and this is a good basis from which to study the matter. A child's saving may mean nothing at all to it. Simply to fill a bank with pennies, to see it emptied, and hear that the money has been transferred to a larger bank downtown, conveys no idea and accomplishes no good purpose; there should always be a definite end in view. If its savings are small, still there is father's birthday present to be bought or Christmas to be remembered. If they are larger and amount to quite a sum in the course of a year, do not let the child become miserly and enjoy the piling up of its money for itself. Possibly the money may be spoken of as a provision for the future should a rainy day come to the family, or the outlook may be toward travel or special advantages in some way. Such a feeling of possession may be an excellent thing, giving the child a proper sense of power and responsibility.—Harper's Bazar.

Title of an Ambassador's Niece.
By a decree of Emperor Nicholas the adoption by Count Cassini of Mile, Marguerite Cassini, the grandniece of the Russian ambassador, has been officially recognized, and she will henceforth have the title of Countess and the full right and title of a daughter in the Ambassador's household, whether in St. Petersburg, Paris or Washington.

The young countess, who has been under the personal care of Count Cassini since babyhood, is a handsome girl of nineteen and took her place in society for the first time on the arrival of the Ambassador in the United States two years ago. The presence of an unmarried woman at the head of an embassy caused considerable annoyance in diplomatic circles. Mile, Cassini not having the relation of a daughter and yet doing the honors as if she were the wife of an ambassador. The closing days of last season were in consequence marked by many murmurs of discontent by the matrons of the corps, and this caused the virtual retirement of the beautiful young Russian, whose presence in Washington was said to be extremely distasteful to the wives of several of the European envoys.

The action of the Czar at this time is said to be in view of the promotion of Count Cassini to one of the European capitals where his family will naturally occupy a more conspicuous place than in our democratic country. The Russian embassy is socially one of the most delightful in Washington. Count Cassini is an exceptional host and very fond of society. He will entertain a good deal during the coming winter. The engagement of the young countess to a Russian diplomat in the Orient, reported some time ago, is authoritatively denied.—New York Times.

FASHION NOTES
Broad, shaped belts are the mode to wear with Etons and boleros.
The latest petticoats are made of satin foulards, glossy and soft.
The newest buckles have a downward point, which adds to the long waist effect now so much sought after.
Dainty little ties not more than an inch wide are made of insertion and narrow lace edging, with tiny tassels on the ends.
Rainy day shoes are growing more and more popular. Except in a very severe storm, no rubbers are necessary with them.
Chiffon is to be as popular for winter as for summer apparently. Many of the new hats are composed almost wholly of black, gray or white chiffon or tulle.
Another fascinating wrap is of white cloth "cut out" over white chiffon, which falls in billowy accented flounces below the cloth. Silver paillettes are scattered profusely over all.
Some of the newest gowns for house wear introduce a sash either at one side of the back or one side of the front. A black mousseline sash with bands of gold across the ends is very effective in some colors.
A number of the French costumes are made very close about the hips by the use of a yoke a quarter of a yard deep directly in front and rounding up to the waist line in the back. This yoke is decorated with machine stitching or braid.
The picturesque girl halls with delight the return of the velvet blouse, which certainly is one of the prettiest and most becoming of garments. One recently seen had a gold belt with superb matrix turquoise clasps, and an immense chinchilla collar and revers.
A smart little coat that illustrates the winter's likings is of sealskin, fitting as if woven to the figure. It reaches only just below the waist line, where it is finished with scalloped edged with stitched black satin. The pointed revers and storm collar are of Russian sable.
An evening wrap of pale blue cloth has an accordion pleated lining of white silk. Straps of the cloth interlace over a front of white accented chiffon, and embroidered gilt and black knots decorate the yoke. Sable tails fasten the high sable collar at the throat.