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There will be only eighty-six new members in the next Congress, 270 of the old members of the House having been re-elected.

Americans whose daughters marry titles have discovered that there is not much difference between the aristocratic debt and the other kind.

One of the problems that confront the modern civilization lies in the fact that nothing of importance can happen without having poetry written about it.

The latest town seal, devised by a Kansas man, represents a large hornet's nest with the sentiment inscribed round the outer edges: "Don't monkey with this community."

By living a useful and industrious though unostentatious life as an American citizen, the late Benjamin Harrison did much to efface the perplexity over what shall become of former Presidents.

"The prime secret of my success," declares Mr. Charles M. Schwab, President of the great steel trust, "is loving my work—loving it for its own sake." It ought to be an easy matter to get stuck on one's job—at \$1,000,000 a year.

The Justices of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have donned black gowns. The judicial wig is not yet in evidence, but it may come. The decisions are not, however, expected to be any sounder because of this outward Old World display of dignity.

One of the big English transatlantic steamship lines has decided hereafter to purchase all its table supplies in the United States. This means that the company proposes to save money and also to feed its passengers on the best that can be obtained.

Lord Salisbury's latest question of privilege should be disquieting to pessimists who pretend to see the British Empire at its last gasp. It has resulted in permission to take his daily bicycle ride in the Buckingham Palace grounds. The throne does not totter while the Premier rides his wheel.

Japan is rapidly becoming an important market for the American horse. That country is rapidly increasing her cavalry, and has very recently decided to add forty field batteries to her military equipment. Not much danger of there being a surplus of horses in the United States for some years at least.

Two more little ones have been added to the long list of children burned to death because left locked up alone in a room when the house caught fire. Yet thoughtless parents keep on turning the key on their little ones and "taking chances." No child is thus left without risking its life and it is hard to understand how parents can continue the practice.

"Man's best friend" is beholden to the automobile for some slight favors, despite the fact that the latter is steadily but surely ousting the erstwhile four-footed favorite from his proud position. In Boston the other day a horse which had fallen into a street excavation was pulled from his uncomfortable quarters by an electrical conveyance driven by a kind-hearted operator.

About 48 miles from Deadwood, S. D., is a mountain of good size which prospectors say is almost solid copper. A company capitalized for \$5,000,000 has secured control of the mountain. The men interested say it will be the richest copper mine in the world.

The space between a man's ideal and the man himself is his opportunity.—Margaret Deland.

**KISMET.**  
BY BEATRICE STURGES.

Half a minute before the Riverdale express was to pull out of the Grand Central station, a cab dashed up to the entrance, a tall, athletic young fellow leaped out, handed the driver a bill, grabbed his suit case and rushed to the ticket office. He had barely time to run down the long station to his train, for as he swung himself up the steps the engine slowly pulled out with its heavy load. The forty-fourth for Riverdale generally was crowded, and this particular day was no exception. As the young man passed through car after car not a vacant seat was to be seen. Finally he stopped by the only place left in the whole train. Next the window sat a remarkably pretty girl of about 20. Chic was written all over her, from the folded Persian scarf on her little traveling hat to the perforated tips of her jaunty Oxfords. For the rest there was a brown skirt—short, of course—a white waist, with scarlet belt and butterfly tie.

The young man hesitated a moment. She glanced up with a pair of brown eyes in which contended mischief and demureness. The young man gave a little start, but the girl straightway looked out of the window again, so said nothing and sat down. She appeared to find the landscape of cobblestoned streets and Harlem flats extremely interesting for she gazed at them intently. Once she turned and glanced at him, but finding his eyes—frank, blue eyes they were—fixed on her, she turned away with a little toss of her curly, brown head, and he could see the red blood mount in her tanned cheek.

"Hang it," he said to himself; "I am sure that it is."

Which remark, though not clear to an outsider, was full of meaning to him. For this same brown-eyed face was fixed in his memory; he had seen those same brown curls under vastly different circumstances, and had thought of them more than is deemed consistent when a man is engaged to some one else. Richard Madison was a young man of some wealth, nominally in charge of a fine old estate, but the lifelong friend and lawyer of his late father attended to the business so well that the young man was only too glad to leave it entirely in these hands and enjoy himself traveling. The past 15 months he had spent abroad with several friends, and he had but that very morning stepped off the fleetest of modern ocean greynoses.

His first thought was to run up to Rose Hill and see Helene Cary, his fiancée. She did not know he was coming, for their correspondence of late had not been very spirited. Helene had been at Newport, and yachting a good deal. She was a favorite socially, as she was rich, and more amiable than clever. Their engagement had never been announced but it had been an understood thing between their families for several years. From a social standpoint it was an excellent match, but Madison had often found himself wishing that Helene was—well, "different." He could not exactly define what he meant. "Since that idiot Morris told her she looked like Eames she has been colder than ever," he had said to himself savagely. He thought now of Helene's placid eyes and smooth hair.

"Now, if it only curled, like—like—"  
His eyes wandered again to the brown curls so close to his shoulder, and he thought of the time he had seen this same pretty head dripping wet and the small face very white. It was just six months ago. With two chums he was steaming along the Thames in a launch, between the beautiful green banks and picturesque homes of which the English are so justly proud. Suddenly they heard a shriek and a splash and turned to see a white dress disappear into the water. Madison sprang out and swam toward her; missed her the first time, but when she next came up grabbed her, and in a moment's time was rolling her most unromantically on the grass, while the people of the house came rushing down with restoratives and thanksgivings in the usual incoherent jumble. He remembered how he broke away from them as soon as she opened those brown eyes, and many times since he had groaned inwardly at his idiotic remark when she looked into his eyes and murmured some words of thanks. And now, after all these months, here he was sitting in the same seat with her—on the way to see Helene.

"Thank you ever so much," said a small, sweet voice, when he had resumed his seat. He raised his hat.  
"Don't mention it."  
She turned now and looked straight into his eyes, while an amused expression danced in her own.

"Do you always say that?" she asked.  
"So you have consented to recognize me," he replied. "Awfully good of you. No, I have a few other phrases at my command if I only have a chance to show them off."

"Why did you run away?" she demanded.  
"Why—er—you know I had to go after my hat—it was floating down the river, you know."  
The last part of his sentence was lost in her burst of laughter.  
"How perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed, and laughed again. "But if that isn't just like a man—to save a girl's life, and not stay for thanks, and introductions because his precious hat is gone! We tried and tried to find you, but we only had that place for the season and left in about a month afterwards."  
"We?"  
"The aunts I always travel around with. They have been ready ever since to fall on your neck with gratitude and tears."  
"Oh," protested the young man, on whose brow the laurels of life-saver did not rest easily; "it didn't amount to anything."  
"Oh, of course not," she answered quickly, with exaggerated politeness; "but you needn't lay such stress on it."  
"But, I—" he began. Then their eyes met and both laughed.  
"Your eyes are brighter than ever," he said.  
"And you've shaved your mustache."  
"Why, I haven't worn a mustache for a year. That's another rescuer you are thinking about. Is it a habit of yours to fall into the river when a young man happens to go by in a boat?"  
She flashed a scornful glance in his direction.  
"I never forget anybody or anything, though that is more than some people might say. You wore a mustache in the fall '99 going up the Nile. It shows in the picture."  
"So it was you who took that snapshot of me from the stern of the Silver Sall?"  
"I was photographing all the funny things I saw." Another smile danced in the brown eyes.  
"To think," said he, addressing the plush-backed seat in front of them, "that I have known you more than a year, and this is our third meeting—and I don't know your name yet."  
"I don't know yours."  
"It is Dick."  
"Mine is Dolly."  
"Then my other name ought to be long to you, too, for it is Madison, and that combination would just suit you."  
They were out of the tunnel long ago.

"Open the window please, now," said Dolly. "It is getting a little close don't you think?"  
He obeyed silently.  
"Where are you going now, Dolly?"  
She looked out of the window, absorbed in the spectacle of a black dog chasing a yellow one across the field.  
"I am going to Riverdale—Mr. Madison."  
"Do you live there—Miss Dolly?"  
"Miss Seymour," she put in.  
"Not Dorothy Seymour—Harvey's sister?" he cried.  
"Yes," she cried. "Why not?"  
"Why, he used to blow about you until we were all crazy to see you, and then you never did show up at commencement or anything and we decided you were a myth."  
"There!" she exclaimed. "That explains it."  
"What?"  
"Why, your face being so familiar. You are the one with the banjo sitting in the window-seat of Harvey's room at college. He has a picture at home of his den, with half a dozen of the boys in it."  
"Oh, I remember that picture. Well, isn't it all strange? Miss Seymour, do you believe in fate?"  
"What do you call fate?"  
"Well, sometimes I think that you are destined to do a certain thing or meet a certain person, and fate acts as a sort of a conductor, you know." Here he stopped rather confusedly. He had just thought of Helene for the first time.  
"Possibly," said Miss Seymour.  
"Where do you think fate is taking you now?"  
He gave himself an inward shake.  
"I am going to Rose Hill," he said.  
"Oh, do you know people there? I spent a few days last week at Rose Hill. I didn't know many people there, and they say that nothing happens there in an age; but we had at least one exciting event during my stay."  
"What was that?"  
"Why the beauty of the place—let me see, what was her name?—elooped. Her family was terribly shocked. My friend says they are very proud, and that the girl was tired of society. Cary—that was her name—Helene Cary. Why, do you know her?"  
"I have met her," replied Madison, whose heart was thumping violently.  
"Perhaps that was an illustration of the fate you were talking about," she went on. "Love is a curious thing, isn't it?"  
"Rose Hill!" called the conductor from the end of the car.  
"Why, this is your station!" exclaimed Miss Seymour. "You will have to hurry."  
But Madison sat still, though he kept the little hand she had held out to him for good-bye.  
"I think," said he, "if you don't mind, I will go on with you to Riverdale."—Waverley Magazine.

**Mikado as a Sportsman.**  
The Mikado of Japan is a man of much energy and endurance, in spite of the fact that he is a great cigarette smoker. He is fond of outdoor sports, and has warmly encouraged the introduction of football into Japan. He is a hunter and fisherman of no mean reputation, and is a good shot with a rifle. His devotion to lawn tennis is marked, and he is clever as a wielder of the racket.

**Prince O' Dimple Chin.**  
My mighty Prince o' Dimple Chin!  
High on his throne sits he,  
And by his footstool here I wait,  
His serving-maid to be.  
My learned Prince o' Dimple Chin!  
With wisdom all his own,  
He muses on affairs of state  
There on his wicker throne.  
—St. Nicholas.

**Base Ingratitude of an Oriole.**  
The oriole, it seems, had tumbled out of its swinging nest and was picked up by a lady. When the lady attempted to put the bird back in the nest the bird objected. His little whim was respected and he was taken into the house. A diet of worms was furnished, but Mr. Oriole soon showed a taste for the things that human beings eat, and bread, boiled eggs and sugar took the place of the worms. He developed a fondness for candy, and that also was supplied.  
While he was very charming, he was also a very determined little autocrat. He had a way of waking up his mistress in the morning and demanding his breakfast of bread and water. After he had been fed he would take an after-breakfast nap on his mistress's pillow. He was full of fun and enjoyed nothing better than to get hold of and tangle his mistress's hair. In consequence, while the combing process was going on, this small, fluffy creature had to be put out of the room.  
When autumn came and the rest of the birds began to get ready for the winter trips southward the oriole began to get restless. One morning he was seen hopping on the window ledge. The next instant there was a flash of yellow—and he had gone back to his own people and his own ways. His experiment in civilization was over.—Baltimore Sun.

**Seen through a Stereoscope.**  
When you look at an ordinary picture all the figures in it appear flat, but when you look at a picture through a stereoscope the figures appear solid, and stand out from their surroundings, just as they do in life. Comparatively few persons, perhaps, understand how the stereoscope produces this effect, but the principle is very simple. When we look at an object, say the trunk of a tree, each eye sees it differently, the right eye seeing the front and a part of the right side, and the left eye seeing front and a part of the left side. In other words the right eye receives one image of the trunk and the left eye another, and it is the union of these two images that makes the trunk appear solid instead of flat.  
Now, if two photographs of the tree trunk be taken, one from where the right eye sees it and the other from where the left eye sees it, and an arrangement be made by which they can be united, so as to come to our eyes as one picture, precisely the same effect will be produced as if we looked at the object itself, and it will of course, appear solid.  
The stereoscope accomplishes this perfectly. Every slide used in the instrument bears two pictures. They seem to be exactly alike, but they are not, for one of them is for the right eye and the other for the left, and the lenses are so adjusted that they bring one of the pictures over the other and make them form a single image in our eyes. That is why the object appears solid, for in looking at the two pictures of it through the stereoscope we see it exactly as we do when we look at the object itself.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Helpful Robin.**  
One evening recently, while lying in my hammock, I noticed a wounded robin fluttering and hopping across the lawn. It was making its way toward a maple tree in which I knew a pair of robins had their nest. Having reached the foot of the tree, it made several futile efforts to fly up into the branches, but only succeeded in fluttering around in a circle near the ground, as one wing was broken. It seemed to be a hopeless struggle, and I wondered how it would end.  
I had recently been reading "Wake Robin," and these words of John Burroughs came to my mind: "One may go blackberrying and make some discovery. Secrets lurk on all sides. There is news in every bush. What no man ever saw may be the next instant revealed to you."  
The repeated efforts of the bird to reach its nest attracted the attention of its mate. She soon flew down beside him, emitting piteous little notes. After hopping anxiously around him for a few moments, she flew away, and the wounded robin settled quietly down in the grass.  
In three or four minutes the mate returned with a large worm in its bill, which it deposited by the side of the sufferer. The worm was eagerly devoured by Mr. Robin, who then again rested in the grass, his mate meanwhile having returned to her nest.  
Presently the robin, having apparently regained some strength, began to chirp, and was answered from the branches above. His mate again flew down to his side, and now the robin made a desperate attempt to fly or spring up; his mate, with outstretched wings, got under him, and by their united efforts they gained the branches and their nest.

**Children's Column**  
I heard them chirping for quite a while, evidently trying to find a comfortable position for the wounded bird, and then as it had grown dark, I ceased to watch them.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

**Mosquitoes and Their Ways.**  
The department of agriculture recently printed a little pamphlet on "The Mosquitoes of the United States," compiled by Dr. Howard from information gathered last summer. In the first place, the doctor found that the insect is native in every part of the globe; that he thrives quite as well in Lapland as in South America and Africa—somewhat more vigorously, in fact—and that he is scattered over Uncle Sam's possessions from Maine to Alaska and from Washington to Porto Rico.  
Heretofore it has been thought that the mosquito could breed only in water, loving stagnant ponds and streams above all other nurseries, but Dr. Howard finds that immense swarms of them live in dry prairie districts, miles away from all water. While some scientists believe that this proves that the insect can breed away from pools and ponds, the doctor is inclined to hold that the hardy little torment lives from one rainy season to the next.  
Adult mosquitoes sleep through the winter like frogs and toads, but they very quickly die when confined under glass in summer. Without food they will thrive in a closed glass jar about eight days, but when provided with a ripe banana, renewed twice a week, they have lived thus for two months. The doctor also finds that, contrary to the general notion, mosquitoes do not require blood for food. There is a wide difference between the mouths of male and female mosquitoes. The males can live a long time without nourishment of any sort, and the female does not absolutely need the blood of living animals. The females are evidently natural plant eaters, while both sexes thrive in great swarms far from animals which form their usual prey. Potatoes and water-melon rinds are food for both, and they sometimes attack fish and other cold-blooded creatures.  
Railroads play an important part in distributing them to new localities, and, though they cannot fly in strong breezes and generally take shelter in trees during gales, they have been known to travel surprising distances in the suction created by a railway train.

**Awkward Johnnie.**  
There was once a little boy who met with so many dreadful accidents that he was called Awkward Johnnie.  
He was always getting bruises and cuts, tearing his clothes and being carried home half-drowned or with his bones broken. The family got tired of pitying him, and on such occasions only remarked:  
"What an awkward boy Johnnie is!"  
Once he went to pay a visit to his grandmother. She felt somewhat nervous about Johnnie's visit. But she had always declared that if she had charge of him he would not be so troublesome. So when his mother begged her to try Johnnie, she could not very well refuse.  
When he arrived his grandmother said anxiously:  
"I hope you will be a good boy, Johnnie."  
"Why, of course," replied Johnnie. "You don't think I'm awkward, do you?"  
"No, Johnnie, I'm sure you are not awkward," answered the kindly grandmother.  
But the first day Johnnie caught his leg in the reaping machine. His grandmother was glad when he was safely in bed.  
The second day he tore his best jacket to pieces among the gooseberry bushes.  
"Did your mother say she would come for you tomorrow, Johnnie?" inquired his grandmother.  
"Yes-um!"  
"I'm afraid you're too old for me to begin to cure you of your awkwardness now, Johnnie."  
"Yes-um!" said Johnnie, from the bed-clothes.  
The next morning there was a slight shower.  
"But it will clear toward night," said Johnnie's grandmother. "Sit down and keep out of mischief, for if anything should happen you won't have a suit of clothes fit to go home in!"  
Johnnie sat in the parlor, reading all the morning. His grandmother's heart was quite softened by his good behaviour, and after luncheon she gave his permission to go out on the porch.  
The rain had stopped. Andrew had dug a trench along the road to drain the garden, and the water was beginning to rush through it in a stream. What a charming place to sail boats.  
A half hour later, while Johnnie's grandmother was dozing peacefully in the parlor, she heard Johnnie open the door.  
"Is that you, Johnnie?" she said.  
"Yes-um," answered Johnnie. "You don't think I'm awkward now, do you, grandmother?"  
"Oh, no, Johnnie; I think you have improved very much since you have been here. I am sure you will become a very well-behaved child."  
Then Johnnie stepped around in front of his grandmother's chair, and when she saw him she said:  
"Good gracious!"  
Johnnie was covered with mud from head to foot. The streams of water ran down into little pools all over the carpet!  
And Johnnie's smartness did not save him from the spanking he deserved!—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Household Hints**  
**Tufted Upholstery Fasse.**  
Tufted upholstered furniture is no longer a mode. Mahogany of good design simply covered is much better form.  
**Upholstered in Red Leather.**  
Red leather is the newest color tone for the seat coverings of dining room or library chairs. This has been brought about by the vogue of the darker toned oaks with which it harmonizes better. Green was better with the light oaks in style several seasons ago, with which red would look just as out of place as the green does with the more sombre tones used now.  
**Sandwich Suggestions.**  
Use wheat bread, rye bread, "kim-mel-brod," "pumpernickel" or salt water crackers.  
For filling use thinly sliced cold meat, fowl, cheese, eggs (hard boiled), sardines or caviare.  
Slice the bread thinly, and have the butter soft enough to spread evenly.  
Sandwiches should not be over three-quarters of an inch thick nor more than three and a half inches square.  
**Woodwork Finishes.**  
Wood stains are entering more and more into the artistic composition of the modern home. Exclusive designers nowadays consider the tint of the woodwork in relation to the wall and floor coverings as much as the hanging and the furniture. The variety and beauty of the colorings given the woodwork is very effective. Dark green woodwork with yellow walls is one of the latest schemes that is very fashionable. There is a light sage-green tint that is stunning in a dining room, too.  
**Luncheons and Breakfasts.**  
A breakfast and a luncheon are similar, but not identical; one is given at twelve o'clock and the other at one half after one, in the first place; then a luncheon may or may not begin with fruit, but it is imperative that a breakfast should do so. The final course of a luncheon, before the coffee, is a sweet, usually an ice cream with cake, while a breakfast may or may not have this course, but it must have cheese and crackers with the coffee. The arrangements of the table, however, the dollies or elaborate cloth, the flowers, the cards, and favors are the same in both meals.—Harper's Bazar.  
**To Clean White Ostrich Feathers.**  
Dissolve into two quarts of rather hot water four ounces of white castile soap cut into small pieces. Make the solution into a lather by beating it with a stick. Introduce the feathers or boa and rub well with the hands until they are quite clean. If necessary renew the solution, but this will not be essential unless the feathers are very much soiled. After the soaping wash in clean water as hot as the hands can bear. Shake until dry and when entirely dry curl by taking a few strands of the feather at a time and drawing them firmly and quickly over a strip of whalebone. The curl should be very loose.—American Queen.  
**Laws of Health.**  
Reading aloud is conducive to health.  
Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.  
Young people and others cannot study much by lamplight with impunity.  
The best beds for children are of hair, or in the winter of hair and cotton.  
Children should sleep in separate beds, and should not wear night caps.  
Children should be taught to use their left hand as much and as well as their right.  
Sleeping rooms should have a fireplace or some mode of ventilation beside the windows.  
The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use is a fine stream of cold water frequently applied to them.  
From one to one pound and a half of soda food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocation of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one-third of their food and they will escape dyspepsia.  
**The Care of Cage Birds.**  
Cage birds require a good deal more attention than they get, and many people, though devoted to their pets, are thoughtless in this respect.  
Green food is as necessary for our little feathered friends as it is for us, and they should have some daily.  
A lettuce leaf will be greatly appreciated, the succulent mid-rib will be eaten voraciously. Groundsel will occasionally find favor, and can be varied with chickweed and apple, but it will generally be found that lettuce is best liked.  
A little hemp may be given, but it is heating and should be only given when the bird will come and take it from the hand.  
A spray of millet should always be in the cage, besides a glass of mixed rape and canary, three parts of the latter to two of the former being the right proportion.  
While on the subject of our feathered pets, let me remind my readers to remember the daily bath, which should be attached to the cage and not laid on the floor, for in this way the sand is made wet and the cake unhealthy.