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The young man who thought work more terrible than death never knew what makes life bearable to the great majority of men.

Berlin gossip has it that the Kaiser will be attended hereafter by a body-guard of wheelmen. Every one of them will, of course, ride a "safety."

Russian naval experts have been experimenting in the Finland Gulf with charged Whitehead torpedoes—a novel and costly method of scientific naval inquiry not likely to be imitated on an extensive scale. It has been demonstrated that a shot penetrating a charged torpedo tube would not detonate the explosive, but only destroy the motive power of the projectile by releasing the compressed air. A heavy charge of gun cotton exploded near the head of another torpedo caused wholesale destruction—the missile, shed containing it, and a number of sheep grazing near at hand having been wiped out. In a subsequent test a pontoon sheathed with heavy armor-plate was blown into the air by a single torpedo directed against the protecting armor. To this supplement theories of explosives by actual practice of \$1150 per torpedo is clearly a commendable feature of original naval research.

Dr. Gaylord, of Buffalo, N. Y., announces that he has discovered the organism or germ of cancer and is now to set about discovering a remedy to cure the disease. This follows the usual course of modern bacteriology, which works from effect to cause and thence to cure. The cancer germ has been among the most stubborn of all the bacterial roots of disease. Announcements of its discovery have been made from time to time for several years, but without being followed by sufficient proof to warrant a general belief. The present declaration from Buffalo may meet the fate of its predecessors, although it is made with a conservatism of statement and an abundance of references to warrant its provisional acceptance, thinks the Washington Star. There is less need for caution in such a case than though the alleged discovery were of the long-sought cure, which would demand the most exact proofs to lead the often fooled public to accept it as truth.

The Value of Tact.
A story of the wonderful tact, kindness and hospitality of one of the leaders of Baltimore society, who died recently, is told in the Baltimore Sun. At one of her famous receptions a rather awkward young man, with little social experience, accidentally knocked over and smashed one of a pair of beautiful and costly vases. Seeing his chagrin and embarrassment the hostess immediately put him at his ease by declaring: "Oh, Mr. —, I am so much obliged to you for breaking that vase. I never did like it, and I have been hoping that I could get rid of it somehow. Now that you have given me the excuse, I am going to give myself the pleasure of smashing the other one," which she accordingly proceeded to do, although she prized the vases highly.
It is said that to a shop girl or a theatre ticket seller or any one else who did her some favor or act of courage, her thanks were so charming that the person thanked fairly worshipped her thereafter.

Notwithstanding the length of time which has passed away since the famous wrecks of the Trenton and Vandalia at Apia, Samoa Islands, the marine divers of that harbor continue to discover objects of curiosity and interest at intervals. Under the arrangement between the United States and King Malletta such articles as may be recovered are regarded as the property of the rescuer.

Cincinnati has an organization of capitalists called "The Tropical Company." It has large land holdings in Honduras, on which the cultivation of bananas is conducted on an extensive scale.

THE TRAVELLED MISS TREE.

BY HENRY DICK.

Most little girls are fond of stories, and Annie MacFarlane was no exception to the rule; but then, she was the fortunate possessor of a grandmother who could tell the most charming stories in the world. Of these Annie's favorite was a really, truly, live story that had happened to grandmother herself when she was a little girl. Annie called it the "Lydia Tree Story," and twice a year, for a few days at Christmas and a for a good long time in summer, when she went to visit her grandmother, they began at once with poor Lydia.

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother?" Annie would call from the carriage door.
And grandmother always shook her head and smiled, it seemed a little sadly, as she said: "Nothing yet, my dear."

This was the story:
When grandmother was a little bit of a girl she did not have as many playthings as little girls have now, and the few she had were so plain and home-made that the children of to-day would consider them very poor affairs indeed; but to grandmother they were simply beautiful, never having dreamed of anything any finer than her simple toys, it never occurred to her that they could be thought ugly or ridiculous.

Grandmother lived on a large farm not far from the city of Boston. As she was the only little girl in the family, she was greatly petted by every one. In the long winter evenings, when there was little to do, some of the farm hands who were clever with their pen-knives used to employ their skill in whittling out toys for grandmother.

Sometimes they were rough block houses that came apart, which you fitted together puzzle fashion. Sometimes they were curious trick boxes made of countless small pieces of wood, which only those who were admitted to the secret could open. Sometimes they were wooden chains made of small links which had been cut from a long strip of wood, which grandmother thought made beautiful necklaces. Poor grandmother! You see this was long ago and she didn't know any better.

But the toy of toys which had simply filled her little heart with rapture was—what do you suppose?—a white-birch doll. Can you fancy such a thing?

Its head was made of a knot of white birch wood upon which eyes, nose and mouth had been painted with yellow paint. It had a little blue calico sunbonnet, from under which hung two long yellow braids made of braided silk. It had a blue calico dress like the sunbonnet. Its sleeves were stuffed with rags for arms, and it had two little pieces of wood for hands. Legs it had none; but then its dress was very long, and grandmother never missed them.

It must be that little girls who are intended to grow up into good grandmothers have grandmothers' hearts from the first. When this beautiful doll was given to grandmother, she took it without a word, and simply sank down on the floor and hugged it to her small breast with a rapture which made her speechless.

"Haven't you a word of thanks to give John, my dear?" said grandmother's father. He wished his little daughter to grow up well-mannered and not to be ungrateful. Grandmother simply could not speak; but she looked at John with such beaming eyes that he understood.

"That's all right, little 'un," he said, as he gave her brown hand a pat. John must have had a grandmother's heart.

Grandmother does not remember how the doll came to be called Lydia Tree; but Lydia Tree she was from the first. Never—until the terrible day which we are coming to—was grandmother separated from Lydia Tree day or night. From that day she forgot to be lonely or to feel sorry that there were no little girls with whom she could play. Lydia Tree filled all the empty places in her heart.

What secrets they shared! What plans they made! And they played together so happily! Lydia Tree was always thinking of new games—that is, grandmother pretended that it was Lydia Tree who thought of them.

One day in the early summer it happened that there was a great deal of work to be done for some reason or other, so grandmother was told to take Lydia Tree and go out and play in the front yard, where they wouldn't be "under people's feet."

So they went out and sat beside the horse-block, as it was called, for it was the place where the wagons always stopped and where people mounted their horses. The horse-block was the stump of an old tree with a smoothly planed top, which made the most beautiful place in the world to play store.

It was Lydia Tree's turn to be store-keeper that day. She was standing propped up against the side of the block, trying to persuade grandmother to buy some very expensive kind of calico, which grandmother was not sure she could afford. They were discussing the important matter of whether it would wash or not, when grandmother heard the clatter of horse's hoofs coming up the road. Both she and Lydia Tree forgot the excitement of driving a bargain in their interest in seeing who was coming at that hour of the morning.

It seemed to grandmother afterwards that at first the rider intended to keep on without stopping; but just as he came opposite the horse-block, his eye lighted on the little girl with Lydia Tree hugged tightly under arm. He apparently changed his mind and reined in his horse.

Grandmother was never able to give much of a description of the man. She always had a vague idea that he was much browned by the sun, that his blue clothes were of a queer cut, and that he spoke in some way differently from people she knew.

But he smiled down upon her very pleasantly as he asked, "Who lives here, little girl?"
"My father," said grandmother, promptly.

And then, as she was really a very polite little girl and wished to behave properly, she introduced herself, "An' I'm his little girl, an' this is Lydia Tree."

At the sight of Lydia Tree's interesting countenance held up for his inspection, the stranger seemed much affected. Probably he had never seen anything quite so beautiful. Grandmother was very much pleased; so when he asked her if she could get him a drink of water, as he was very warm and thirsty, and politely offered to hold Lydia Tree while she went to fetch it, she consented at once. It would be a pleasant and novel experience for Lydia Tree to be on horseback. She was not the mother to deny her child any reasonable pleasure or advantage. Lydia Tree was handed up to the stranger, and grandmother departed for the water.

It took her some minutes, for the drinking gourd was rather large for her small hands, and she had to walk very slowly to avoid spilling the water. When she reached the horse block she saw Lydia Tree's head sticking out from the top of the stranger's jacket. She looked very much distressed, grandmother thought, buttoned up in that way, with her arms inside. Grandmother felt half inclined to cry. She was just about to request Lydia Tree's return, when the stranger finished his long draught.

"I think I'll take Lydia Tree now, please," said grandmother, holding up her short arm.

The man cast his rapid glance over the yard. There was no one in sight. He gave his horse a sharp cut with the whip. It seemed to grandmother afterwards that in that one jump they were down the road, leaving nothing behind them but a cloud of dust.

It was several moments before her poor little brain was pierced with the terrible idea that Lydia Tree had also gone. For a moment she was simply paralyzed with anguish. Then, with a cry which brought her mother running from the house, she threw herself on the ground in a tempest of tears.

It was some time before any one could make out what had happened. Poor grandmother could only wring her hands and sob: "Lydia Tree! O, Lydia Tree!" When, finally, she had become sufficiently coherent to give them some idea of the tragedy that had befallen her, horses were saddled and several of the farm hands started in pursuit. Grandmother was a great favorite and everybody burned with indignation to think that a grown man should meanly rob a little girl of her treasure.

The man had too long a start. Never again had grandmother set eyes on him or Lydia Tree, although it was many years before she gave over expecting them both. She could not believe that he did not intend to come back. Her heart was sore at the thought of Lydia Tree compelled to live among strangers. They all decided that the man was probably a sailor who had stolen this odd-looking baby doll, perhaps to take to a little child of his own.

Grandmother's father tried to comfort her by promising that John should make another Lydia Tree for her. John somehow understood little girls as few grown-up people do. So he made her a playhouse instead, for which grandmother was secretly very grateful, although she did not think it right to say she didn't want another doll, as her father had suggested it. She and John became greater friends than ever. He certainly did have a grandfather's heart.

This story of Lydia Tree was Annie's favorite story. She never tired of hearing it. It was her secret conviction that Lydia Tree would return some day, although grandmother had given up expecting her. She never dreamed that she was to have any part in it.

When Annie was 10 years old, her father had some business that obliged him to go away over to Holland, to the city of Amsterdam. As he might have to be there for many months, Annie and her mother went with him. It was certainly a great experience for a little girl, and to say that Annie enjoyed all the wonderful things she saw on that journey and the quaint life in that curious old world city would not express it. It is only with the part of her journey that has to do with Lydia Tree that this story is concerned.

When Annie and her mother had been living in Amsterdam about a month there was a great fair held there for the benefit of some charity. Annie's father had been told that one of the chief exhibits was a collection

of all sorts of curious toys, which the children from all parts of the world are accustomed to play with. So Annie and her mother went one afternoon.

It would take too long to tell of all the curious things that made up that wonderful collection—of the tops from Iceland, kites from Japan, stiffs from the Marquesas Islands, and what Annie called "Noah's Arks," from Africa.

Of course what interested her most was the collection of dolls. Annie thought most of them frightful, and felt a great deal of pity for the unfortunate children who had nothing better to play with.

There was a very kind man there who explained a great many things to Annie and her mother in faultless English. He showed them the most primitive form of doll from Mashonaland, Africa. Simply a small lump of wood, polished and blackened with age, with a few scratches on top to represent features. The dolls of the Kafir tribes were a little better; they at least could boast of arms and legs. Then there were dolls from West Africa, made of hard brown wood highly polished. The strangest thing about these dolls was that their bodies were made bell shaped. Within the bell hung a bunch of clappers made of reeds, which were supposed to represent the voice of the doll.

"I do not think that the little girl finds these strange dolls very beautiful," said their guide laughing. "In one moment I will show you some that you will admire more, for they have come from the city of Paris. But first I will show you a quaint doll from your own America. She is not very beautiful, either."

As they walked on, Annie's mother stopped a moment to examine some object that had attracted her eye. She was startled by a cry of "Mother, mother, mother! Oh, do come here!"

She found Annie dancing up and down in excitement, waving something about, to the great astonishment of their new friend.

"It's Lydia Tree, I know it is, I know it is!" cried Annie, nearly in tears.

It certainly was. In every particular the outlandish looking doll baby answered grandmother's careful description. There was the knotted wooden head with the yellow paint features; the blue calico dress and sunbonnet, the yellow silk braids, the legless body. Annie's mother was nearly as excited as her little daughter.

With a few words of explanation she asked permission to take off the sunbonnet. She had suddenly remembered a part of the story that Annie had forgotten. If this really were the long-lost Lydia Tree, her name would be found cut in the back of her head where John had carved it so many years before; and there it was! The curator was very much amused and interested by of course Lydia Tree had to be returned to her shelf for the time being, as she was a part of the collection.

I do not know just how it was managed, but the curator and Annie's father laid their heads together and managed it; but first one of the Amsterdam papers published a long account of the "Travelled Miss Tree's" life and adventures. Annie could not read it, to be sure, as it was all in Dutch, but the paper is one of her most treasured possessions today. It tells how Miss Tree had been sent to the fair by the grand-daughter of a long dead Dutch sea captain, who had bought the queer doll from one of his sailors, presumably the very man who had robbed grandmother of Miss Tree.

At all events Lydia Tree crossed the Atlantic once more in Annie's own trunk. After landing in New York they went almost immediately to pay grandmother a visit. You can imagine how excited Annie was when, almost tumbling out of the carriage in her eagerness, she asked the old question:

"Haven't heard anything from Lydia Tree yet, have you, grandmother?"

"Nothing yet, my dear," said grandmother.

"Well, I have!" shrieked Annie, and waving Lydia Tree before grandmother's amazed eyes, she threw herself into her arms.

It was certainly a complete surprise; and when, after a happy day, Annie came to grandmother for her goodnight kiss, she received one of even more than usual tenderness. "It was the most beautiful present I ever received in my life," she said.

For many years afterward Lydia Tree, after her stormy and adventurous life, passed her time sitting in a low chair beside grandmother's bed.

Grandmother's glance was sometimes a little dimmed when she looked at the old companion of her childhood. So many things had happened while Lydia Tree was on her travels—
Youth's Companion.

General Bell in the Philippines.

Once when riding ahead of his column in company with 10 of his officers they suddenly came upon a 100 or more insurgents. Bell was cut off from his comrades and found himself alone in a clearing with seven Filipinos, who were armed with rifles. He had only a revolver and only one shell in it. He rode headlong into the group of Filipinos shouting, and he shot off his single pistol ball. It struck the captain, and the others ran. He caught them and commanded them to throw down their rifles. He captured a part of them and brought them back to their captain, who had only been wounded in the arm. When he rejoined his companions he was leading the captain and two other Filipinos as his prisoners. It was for this exploit that he received the medal of honor. It was Captain Bell who rescued Lieutenant Gillmore and his companions of the navy.—The World's Work.

A PROBLEM IN EMOTIONS.

The Nut to Crack Is the Color of the Lady's Hair.

The fair Lady Celestine of Castle Sagamore was yet unwed, and despite her vast estate, her wonderful castle, her legions of vassals and the flattery of all, there was a void in her heart which made all these things as naught to her. She was more beautiful than a goddess and as charming and accomplished, and her lavish entertainments had captivated society; but still there was something lacking to complete the perfection of her surroundings. Though the world be full and the heart be empty there cannot be happiness.

Poems had been written to the Lady Celestine's eyes, as blue as the skies; to her cheeks, as pink as the peach; to her teeth, like pearls; to her lips, as red as the cherries; to her chin, to her neck, to her forehead and to her hair—her magnificent hair—truly the crown of Lady Celestine's glory; and still she sought what was not yet come to her.

Suitors were numerous—too numerous; for the fair Lady Celestine could not choose among so many, and at last it was determined that upon a festival day all the knights who had hopes of gaining her heart should come to the castle and she would make her choice. It was a gala occasion, and sometimes on the morning of the day chosen the knights congregated about the closed gates of the castle. To the fortunate one the portcullis was to fall, and he was to enter and become lord of the castle and master of the Lady Celestine's heart. A seneschal was posted on the outer wall to herald the knight approaching to his glory or his doom. When all was ready, the first knight rode forth.

"The knight of Stepeney," cried the seneschal.
"What manner of steed rides he?" called the lady over the castle telephone, which hung above the golden dias where she sat in the great audience chamber.
"As black as the pitch of Pontum, fair lady," responded the seneschal. The portcullis did not fall, and another knight approached.
"The knight of Aberdeen, fair lady," announced the seneschal.
"What manner of steed rides he?" called the lady.
"As brown and as beautiful as the eyes of a houri, fair lady," replied the seneschal.

Again the portcullis did not fall, and another knight came forward.
"The knight of Windermere, fair lady," called the seneschal.
"What manner of steed rides he?" asked the lady.

"Sorrel, fair lady; as glossy as your own new russet shoes," replied the seneschal.

The portcullis did not fall, nor did it when others approached, until one came.
"The knight of Killemeal, fair lady," called the seneschal.

"What manner of steed rides he?" asked the lady.
"White, fair lady; as dazzling as the sunlight on Himalayas' snows," said the seneschal.

The Lady Celestine rose eagerly from her golden throne.
"At last, at last," she cried, with throbbing heart. "It matches my hair," and the portcullis fell with a crash.

Now, who can tell the color of her hair?—Washington Star.

Mr. Everts as a Lawyer.
It is a good thing to be a leading lawyer, and profitable in many particulars. Mr. Everts' abilities as a lawyer were several times of signal value to his country as well as to himself. His labors in the Johnson impeachment trial and in the Alabama case are felt to have been great public services. But he helped his generation in another way by affording it a great deal of amusement. A good part of his fame rests on his jokes, and to them is due, no doubt, very much of the kindly sentiment his generation—and ours, too—had for him. For years he was the foremost Yale man, and that was another source of his extended reputation. He worked very hard, he earned a great deal of money, he raised a large family, he was admired, honored, and esteemed, and he made some imperishable jokes. It is hard to spare such a man. But it seems that Mr. Everts felt that he had done all the work and had all the fun that were coming in this world, and was anxious to be off and about whatever concerns may follow those of earth. The last story that is told of him is of a minister who talked long to him, as he lay abed, about the Philippines? "Don't you care about the Philippines?" he asked him. "No," was the dry response. "I'm not going there, anyway." Men smiled when they spoke of Mr. Everts living; they will smile when they think of him now that he is gone; but the smile is a tribute, warmed and qualified just now with regret that we have lost him.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

Big Guard for the Zar's Jewels.
The Jewels of the Russian imperial family form one of the most valuable collections in the world. This collection is guarded in a fortified castle watched over by a special detail of 189 retired officers and a body of soldiers. For this service they are well paid. No officer who in his days of active service was addicted to gambling or to extravagance can ever hope to be selected as one of the custodians of the Imperial Jewels.

The Zar keeps a portion of his own private jewels in banks in London and Paris, so that in case a revolution should break out in St. Petersburg he would have an "anchor to windward" in the two foreign capitals.—Jeweler's Circular Weekly.



Colored Burlaps.

Colored burlaps is a splendid material for dining-room and hall portieres where durability, inexpensiveness and dust-shedding qualities, as well as rich hues, are desirable. The deep rich blue is very handsome, and the deep old gold pleasant and attractive to the eye. The solid, single color is best where the wall-paper is figured and the carpet also; but where the carpet is very subdued, that is, shows no vivid coloring and no pronounced pattern, some of the burlaps figured with shields and dragons is very harmonious.—The Ladies' World.

Cloth for Tea-table.

A novel cover for the afternoon tea-table is made of Japanese napkins. Four of the napkins, all alike, are joined together, side by side, to form a square, on a foundation of white cotton cloth. Around the edge is then sewn a fringe, also made of napkins of the same pattern. This fringe is made by folding each napkin once across the middle, and then slashing to within an inch or two of the crease. The cuts are hardly more than a quarter of an inch apart, and enough is left uncut for the seam and to make all firm below. The colors predominating in the cloth in mind were heliotrope and green, and the effect was very dainty.

The Kitchen-Garden.

Whether the "garden" be a two-acre plot or a city back yard 20x30 feet, there are certain things that should be planted for the infinite comfort derived through the summer from such provision. Herbs come first, that garishings and soup or sauce flavors may always be at hand.

If besides the place for herbs there be space for a fair-sized garden, let preference be given to cucumbers, which are good only when freshly picked; tomatoes, and about three plantings, two weeks apart, of lettuce and radishes, which are wholesome only when fresh. If more space still be at command, give the next choice to green beans of the stringless variety, and corn, both of which are so much better if freshly gathered; then peas, carrots (a most delicate vegetable when small), beets and okra.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in the Woman's Home Companion.

The Disposal of Kitchen Wastes.

In a village where there is no ashman the disposal of kitchen wastes as well as ashes is always a vexed question. Kitchen refuse which a pig will not consume cannot be burned or cremated by the quantity in the country as it is in the city, where refuse is carefully separated, and what is of no other use is burned. It is injurious to burn moist waste in the kitchen range or furnace. It requires an extravagant use of coal to do so, and it produces a very disagreeable odor. The odor of burning garbage is so intolerable that it is strictly prohibited in villages where the houses are near together.

In the country, where there is room, the best way of disposing of any waste, like bones, old woollens or anything that shows by its odor when burning that it contains nitrogen, is to bury it in a deep pit for fertilizer. Almost anything but metal can be treated in this way, and if each time a consignment of waste is buried it is covered with twice as much wood ashes as there is waste and garbage, and about five times as much earth, it gives no evidence of itself. It should be buried about a year, and when it is thoroughly rotted in this way it will make a good fertilizer. If there are not enough wood ashes about the premises, mix one part of quicklime and one part of common salsoda in every five parts of waste, and five times as much soil as there is waste. The amount of kitchen waste to be disposed of in a family is not large if dry "litter" about the grounds is burned. The wastes treated as we have said will make an excellent fertilizer for the flower garden, and yields wonders of bloom and fragrance for very little trouble. Soil must be very liberally mixed with this compost when it is dug up, for it is too rich for ordinary fertilization.—New York Tribune.



Salmon Loaf—Butter a bread pan; line it with warmed cooked rice seasoned with salt; fill the centre with cold cooked salmon, flaked; season with salt, pepper, lemon juice and grated nutmeg. Cover with rice and steam one hour. Serve with egg sauce.

Fruit Cookies—One and a half cupfuls sugar and butter worked to a cream, add three eggs, half cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little cold water, one cupful raisins seeded and chopped, one cupful currants, one teaspoonful salt and all kinds of spices.

Raisin Filling Cake—One cupful of sugar, one-third cupful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, two eggs, reserving one white; two cupfuls of flour, two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two-thirds of a cupful of stoned and chopped raisins. Bake in layers. Put together with a plain icing, which has one-half cupful of chopped raisins stirred in.