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HISTORIC RELICS.

Characteristics in Men's Clothes Dating Back to Feudal Times,

The general lack of picturesqueness

The general lack of picturesqueness about the present day male attire is frequently lamented, yet how many people are aware that the average man carries on his coat at least two historical relics, one of which Jates back to feudal times?

This relic of the times of William the Conqueror consists of the two buttons worn at the back of a morning or frock coat. The buttons are, of course, useless for any practical purpose, and inasmuch as they are certainly not decorative, you may naturally ask what they are there for.

Sartorial historians now tell us that these two buttons come down to us from the sword bearing age, when they were placed at the back of the coat for the purpose of supporting a sword belt, which, together with the sword, has long since been discarded, save by military men, the sole remainin evidence of its existence being the two buttons. Thus to this day they remain on our coats as mute witnesses of the days that are gone.

The other historical relic which

of the days that are gone.

The other historical relic which still survives in our modern coats is

the nick in the lapel.

Though you have been wearing coats and waistcoats ever since childhood's early days you have probably never thought to inquire whether or not there is any reason why tailors should continue to make this nick.

It is now recalled by sartorial experts that when Napoleon first felt the sway of boundless ambition he tried to implicate General Morcau in Pichegreu's conspiracy.

greu's conspiracy.

As you will doubtless remember,
Moreau had been the man of destiny's
rival, and was an exceedingly popular
soldier, but in the circumstances, with
le petit caporal in power, it was not le petit caporal in power, it was not safe to publicly express sympathy with Moreau. So it came about that his admirers and supporters secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show their fellowship, the outlines of the coat after the cut had been made forming the letter M.

It would be interesting to learn if men carry any other marks about their dress which have historic origins or associations.

ins or associations.

Our dress, after all, has been evolved from that of those who have lived before us.—London Express.

Feards and the Romans.

In Cleero's time and after (possibly also before), many men wore beards, and only men over 40 were clean shaven. Spartlanus speaks of Hadrian as wearing a full beard (promissa barba) to cover sears upon his face. Dio Cassius also speaks of him as the first' to wear a beard. He is not the first emperor whose bust shows him to have allowed the hair upon his face to grow, but he is the first one represented as wearing a full beard. Evidently, therefore, Hadrian did not introduce beards, but only the custom of wearing them long and full. On Trajan's Column there is a representation of the emperor sacrificing at an altar; many of the men who appear in the seene are bearled, but by no means all of them. Again, we find a scene wherein the seated emperor is surrounded by attendants, some of whom are bearded. In still another group Trajan is standing with a roll in his hand, addressing his men, and again we see both bearded and beardless men among those who stand before him. On the rectangular reliefs of the Arch of Constantine we find that the men accompanying Trajan are bearded, even when he and they are clad in the toga. The The arch at Beneventum shows in the same group lictors and comites both as bearded and beardless.—

It is proposed to illuminate the Yo-semite falls, 2000 in height, by use of 20 arc lights in connection with means for producing color effects. Some of the roads are also to be lighted with electricity.

An ornithologist was killed in New Mexico while climbing a tree after a lird's nest. He was an eminent scientist, and his death is deeply deplored. If he had been a small boy instead of a scientist a great many people would be harsh enough to say it was a judgment for persecuting birds.

TO A GOLDFISH

What 2 wee world is yours, indeed, O fish
Of burnished-metal hue imprisoned
there!
How small the sea of your transparent
dish!

Yet would you have it larger at your wish? Or don't you care?

See! I can raise a tempest with my pen!
Thus, when you're rocked amid you
sandy lair
By two small fingers of my lady's ten,
The thought comes over me to ask again
Fish, do you care?

I don't suppose you do, there with you

I don't suppose you do, there with your lassAs rare to you as is my lady rareYour Liliputian mermaid of the glass;
Why, I could live in joy with Maud the fair,
And in a smaller world the seasons pass,
Nor would I care,
-Freeman Tilden, in Boston Transcript.

***************************** The Lost Miniature

By A. D. Lee.

ву А. Б. Сее. 66 T is rather a peculiar case," he

T is rather a peculiar case," he began.
I smiled wisely. Everyone thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.
My book was turned face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Alyn did not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:
"This 'peculiar case' certainly has

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine?"
"It has a heroine, yes."

Alyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look et it beek et it.

o look at him. Just now his expression puzzled me I could not fathom it, but it invited

me to continue.
"Have you her photograph with

"Yes."
He drew out of his breast pocket:

He drew out of his breast pocket a small rod leather case and opening it handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that for an instant."

Such a picture. A dainty little head covered with short curling hair; a delicate, loving, teasing face; dark, full bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauze ended the portrait.

"You must love her." I spoke with conviction.

conviction.
"I do," returned Alyn, "most sin-

"I do," returned Alyn, "most sincerely."
Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.
"And she?" I hesitated over the inquiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

year ago.
A gentle expression passed over Alyn's face.

yn's face.
'I think she is fond of me," he re

Alyn's face.
"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply.
I stretched out my rand and Alyn grasped it warmly.
"I do believe," he said, earnestly, "It do believe," he said, earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that man is I. Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a boy," he added, apologetically.
I pleked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and leaned back in my rocker.
Alyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face became grave.

"It was a year ago. One night, or morning, rather, I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car nor a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light, A slight fall of snow had whitened the pavement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength and sense enough left to pick it up, tumble up the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch."

Alyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

"Some time the next day I awoke, and the first thing that attracted my attention was this—open on the floor, and her eyes looking up at me—me in that condition."

An expression of disgust good to see came over the man's face.

"I quickly shut the case and put myself and my room in order. Then I sat down and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative Alyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph.

"I told you this was a peculiar case, and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. I carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her, until she became a living presence to me, a beautiful woman always with me. I became absent-minded. The fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when it they complained, but I came to have an engagement always when it was with this—the lady of the miniature. I had lost my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way. She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and, probably, here was the hard part of it all, by her low be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and, probably, here was the hard part of it all, by her lover. If I advertised it he would claim it and I should not meet her.

"I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I speut my spare pocket.—Tit-Bits.

"What I can question have deep replied the sexton, calmly, "is jest this: "Samiwell, is tips allowed?" And Samiwell allus answers, "Tips is alowed." "Samiwell watched the party leave with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket.—Tit-Bits.

hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opera and scanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her. I felt this afresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I hunted out the best detective in the city and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her. "Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this:
"I've found her at 320 Water ave."

the town suddenly. He wrote some-thing like this:

"I've found her at 320 Water ave-nue. Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return to-morrow. She is anxious to recover the minia-ture." ture

But I could not await the next day and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it to her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at

least.
"I went to 320 Water avenue that "I went to 320 Water avenue that evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, "The finder of the miniature." The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what

maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most—what shall I call it?—delleious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not hear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard, said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled, as I turned and took the hand of—"

Alyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing had fallen into my lap and I leaned forward listening breathlessly.

"The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curling hair. I was looking on it all, the same but—"

Alyn raised his eyes. The amusement had faded away.

"The hair was snovy white and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of fifty years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white-haired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature—some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Alyn abrunty.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and—"

Alyn broke in hastily.

"Ot hat is nothing. I couldn't carry

think that face has stood between you and—"

Alyn broke in hastily.
"O that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so, well, it's all right."
Alyn buttoned up his coat and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.
The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy.—St. Louis Star.

A Horseshoe in a Log.

A curiosity was disclosed at Work & Yeend's sawmill on Thursday. A large oak log was put on to be sawed. A slab nearly eighteen inches in thickness was cut off the butt. Then a plank one and one-half inches thick was severed and the saw started on a trip through the log for another plank of the same thickness. When about four feet from the butt there was a cracking, buzzing and flying of teeth. The saw was chocked down so that it stopped the engine. The log was run back and when the saw was free it had been stripped of all its teeth, thirty-eight in number.

The obstacle was dug out and found to be a horse's shoe. It was handturned and in a good state of preservation, probably having rusted but little since being covered. The supposition is that the shoe was nailed on the ree for hitching purposes, and the wood grew over it. It is said that the age of a tree can be ascertained by counting the number of grain rings, each grain representing a year. If this be true, the horseshoe has been covered over half a century, for fifty-eight rings were between it and the bark.—Revenna Republican.

Question Number Two.

Question Number Two.

The sexton of a certain country church usually makes the most of an opportunity, and is not above giving what he describes as "a gentle 'int' to the sightseer.

The other afternoon he had conduct

ed a party round the church, and de the casual dropping of more than

spite the casual dropping or more than one "gentle "int," it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded. In the porch the leader of the party paused a moment, thanked the old sexton profusely, and wished him "good aftermoon."

"I suppose," he added, "you've been

here many years?"
"Forty," replied the old man, "an'
it's a werry strange thing, as whenever I'm a-showing a party out o' the porch they allus asks me that ques-"Indeed." smiled the visitor. "And what may the other question be?" "What I calls question number two."

A PRICE OF PROSPERITY:

kers Are Broken Down and Useless Before They Reach Middle Age.

Workers Are Broken Down and Useless
Before They Reach Middle Age.

The great material prosperity in the
United States which has made the
whole world open its eyes in a wondering bewilderment has not come as
a chance gift, but has been achieved
through the hardest kind of work.
Every triumph costs something, even
though it be peaceful and in its winning there be none of the aspects of
war. The wise at this time rightly
attribute our industrial pre-eminence
not to our natural material wealth
alone, but to the fact that we put
into our work unusual skill and energy, and regulate both of these by a
mental quickness almost phenomenal.
But the wear and tear in this are
bringing into being social conditions
which will have to be dealt with seriously by and by, if not at once.

The efforts at cheapness of production and superiority of product are
lengthening one end of the labor line
and shortening the other. The young
are put to work too soon, and the older workers are retired too early. That
surely is a serious condition in a country where manhood suffrage prevails
and the majority rules. We do not
note any particular demand for men
and women. On the contrary, if we
inquire among those who work to assist and uplift the poor. we learn that
even in these "booming" times there
is much suffering, because men past
their first youth and not accomplished
in special branches of skilled labor
cannot find employment to which they
are equal.

Take one branch of work. Before

are equal. Take one branch of work. Before

Take one branch of work. Before the motive power was changed on the urban traction lines it was the commonest thing to see conductors and drivers whose heads had become whitened in the service. They were quite equal to the work they had to do in those slower days that have only passed. But now few are employed save youths. Indeed, because of its purely physical exactions none but youths can do the work—youths with the alertness and the activity of acrobats. But even the youths who now fill these posts will not stand still. Middle age comes surely, and old age presses closely on the heels of it. So what are these men to do in a few years when their first spryness is gone? So also with the clerk, who belongs a little higher up in the scale. He is at his best at thirty, and at forty he because rolled reference. gone? So also with the clerk, who belongs a little higher up in the scale. He
is at his best at thirty, and at forty he
begins' rapidly to go down the hill, to
be numbered among the old fogies. The
laborers, who frankly do manual labor, have assistance from their boys
and girls. Indeed, a laborer nowadays
counts a large family of children as
a valuable asset, a kind of savingsbank, for the children are early put to
work and trained in the idea of contributing their wages to the family
fund. And the all-round man, the
Jack-of-all-trades, what of him? He
walks superfluous on a darkened stage.
Nobody wants a man who can do anything—that is, everything. What is
wanted is that a man can do some
one thing with some degree of excellence. It is a time of specialization,
not only in the professions, but in the
trades, and even among the common
laborers, whose muscle and brawn are
their only means of earning.

The outlook for those not provided
with fortunes and not fortunate

laborers, whose muscle and brawn are their only means of earning.

The outlook for those not provided with fortunes and not fortunate enough to have laid by for the time of early retirement is not particularly bright. But much better provision may be made for the growing youth of the time if those responsible for their education will take into account the changed and changing conditions. Our young men must find out what they want to do, and learn how to do it. There will be the bright spot in the future—the realization that the education of the youth who are soon to be the men, and the controllers, shall be in the direction of their life-work, and not confined to a slipshod cultivation which unfits them for many useful employments and qualifies them to excel in none. excel in none.

excel in none.

There is always room at the top, the preachers and other wise men tell us. This is quite true; but it is also quite true that the geniuse's and men of uncommon force that are born into the world are not one in ten thousand. We need not bother about them. The commonplace and the ordinary, however, make up the great mass of the people, and their happiness or unhappiness is the measure of success or failure.—Editorial in Harper's Weekly.

Thousands of Wild Geese

Thousands of Wild Geese.

Wild geese, honkers and yellow less are arriving on Sauvie's Island by the thousand on their way North, and some of the farmers there are asing bad language because the law passed by the late Legislature forbids them to shoot these geese. They allege that the geese are destroying their crops and devastating their pastures, and demand protection. One irate rancher was assured that he could not be harmed for protecting his crops and was told to take a club and sail in and kill as many of them as he could. He had no idea of undertaking any such "wild goose chase" as that, but made threats of trying powder and shot on the web-footed birds. Probably he might be allowed to kill the geese to protect his crop and might be allowed to give away those killed, but if he undertakes to sell them the game warden will be after him. A thousand or two wild geese, hungry from a long flight, can soon play havec with a grain field or a pasture. In California the farmers shoot the wild geese which come on their farms by the wagonload. It is the opinion of most sportsmen that the Legislature overdid the matter of protecting game when they made is unlawful to shoot wild geese at this season.—Morning Oregonian.





wraps. Taffeta, tucked and plain, black and white, is much used for the wraps. Taneta, tucked and plain, black and white, is much used for the latter purpose, but etamine is somewhat newer and more durable, and is attaining great vogue. The May Mauton original, from which the model was made, is of the open mesh lightweight tucked material in black, with revers and applique of cream Cluny lace over white, but cream makes a charming warm weather wrap and is peculiarly effective over the much worn white gowns; and entire costumes are made from linen and duck as well as suitable silks and wools. The jacket is simplicity itself. The backs fit smoothly and the fronts hang from the shoulders, without darfs, in lox style, the upper edges being extended and rolled back to form revers. The sleeves are cut in coat style, but flare becomingly at the wrists.

To cut this Eton for a woman of

wrists.

To cut this Eton for a woman of medium size, three and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-eight

New York City.—The box Eton This summer preference is shown for thankes the very latest form of the Louisine silk sash, a pretty soft popular jacket and is much liked both for entire costumes and separate the children are not very wide.

Riowered Muslin.

A pompadour flowered muslin gown has a pretty finish to the sides of the front of the waist. There are box pleats of the muslin on either side of the white-tucked lawn vest, in which are three bread bands of cream lace insertion set across. The upper part of the vest is outlined with a broad collar, which has applications of lace. This collar is of sheer white musliz, which is particularly pretty over the flowered muslin of the waist.

A Pretty Pique Frock.

A pretty pique frock for a child has a coarse lace yoke of guimpe, a turndown collar edging it frilled with lace, and through the collar, which is cut in deer slits, buttonhole stitched, a ribbon is run and tied in the back. Similar slits are cut in the lower part of the waist of the little frock, which has the skirt sewed to it without a belt, and through this a narrow waist ribbon is run and also tied in the back.

ribbon is run and also tied in the back.

Charming Neck Chains.

Mexican opals make charming neck chains, pretty, limpid things. Some of the stones are deep red in tone, others almost white, as they show in different lights. Each stone is set in a gold band, and the whole necklace is a liquid rainbow of light. Quite different is the necklace of Australian opais. In the other the stones are almost flat, and in this the opalescent beads, showing charming soft green and blue tones in their milky depths, are, long and egg-shaped, with a line of rock crystal running through the centre of each, the whole very dainty and attractive.

Child's Wrapper.

Simple wrappers that can be slipped on when the room is cool or during convalescence are essential to the comforts and well-being of the children as they are to that of their elders. This pretty little May Manton model can be



WOMAN'S TUCKED BLOUSE.

yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with three-eight yard of all-over lace and two and a quarter yards of applique to trim as illustrated.

of applique to trim as illustrated,

Woman's Tucked Blouse.

Tucks not alone hold their place, but gain in favor mouth by month. Both for the odd waist and the gown made en suite they are held the smartest possible finish and are seen allike in thin diaphanous materials, silks and soft wools. The charming blouse illustrated in the large drawing is adapted to many uses, and is equally appropriate for the costume and the separate bodice. The original is of white lawn, and is worn with a tie and belt of blue Liberty sath; but fine madras, grass linen, Swiss and all similar fabrics, India silk, crepe de chine, taffeta and the like and all soft wools are equally suitable.

chine, taffeta and the like and all soft wools are equally suitable.

The back is smooth and snug, with two groups of tucks that are drawn together at the waist to give a becom-ing, tapering effect. The fronts are tucked in three groups and are ren-dered unique by the extension on the right edge, which is closed with small pearl buttons in groups of three. The right edge, which is closed with small pearl buttons in groups of three. The sleeves are in bishop style, tucked nearly to the wrists, where they fall free to form becoming puffs.

To make this blouse for a woman of

medium size, four yards of ma twenty-one inches wide, three three-eight yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

The Louisine Silk Sasn.

Nursery fashions are more permanent than the modes of older women, but still a few fleeting changes are perceptible now and then. For instance, the question of sashes is always of interest, for a little maid looks her sweetest in a white dress with a blue sash. Grosgrain silk, watered the same of the sam

made to serve such purpose and also as a bath robe when made from suitable material. The original is of dotted dimity, in blue and white, but Scotch and French flannel, flannellette, lawn and various fabrics are appropriate.

The back is seamless and laid in

The back is seamless and laid in four tucks that give a yoke effect and provide fulness below. The fronts also are tucked but open at the centre for their entire length, being closed by means of buttons and button holes when desired. The sleeves are in bishop style and a simple roll-over college fluidses the neck. lar finishes the neck.

To cut this wrapper for a child six years of age, three and three-quarter



yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, three and one-eight yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and five-eight