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A Vassar girl has jumped 13 feet seven and a half inches—and it wasn't at a man either.

Senator Hoar, in his estimate of great orators that he has heard, in Scribner's, places Edward Everett at the head of all American orators.

The United States government gives its sailors only 30 cents a day each to live on, but the American navy is better fed than any other navy in the world.

A young Iowa lady saved her escort from drowning the other day. There ought to be no question about her reward. She should have the escort—that is, if she wants him.

Another French duel has been fought in Paris, and this time with results. The duel lasted for two and a half hours, and the results were that both the combatants were tired. French duels used to make other people tired.

Prominent women in various cities are organizing themselves into societies for the inspection of streets and alleys. Affairs have not yet come to such a pass that neglected husbands feel called upon to organize societies for the inspection of homes.

Civilization advances in some directions at a compound-interest rate, so to speak. For instance, the population of the United States increased a little over 50 percent in the 20 years from 1880 to 1900, but in the same period the business and revenues of the postoffice increased 300 percent.

The views of Massachusetts and Texas on the subject of railroad taxation are at variance. In the former state taxes are collected on both the tangible property and the franchises of the railroad companies, in the latter, the supreme court has held that this is double taxation forbidden by the state constitution.

A woman minister who married a couple in Pennsylvania recently (and it is said to be the first marriage ceremony ever solemnized by a woman in that state) at once turned the marriage fee over to her husband. Ministers' wives have so long been accustomed to receive the wedding fees that the act seems to be quite just to the sterner sex.

The woodpeckers are friends of the farm and should be protected, observes a writer in the American Cultivator. They have remarkable tongues—probes they are. The bird has a keen ear and locates his prey by this sense. When he hears the chipping of a wood-boring beetle in an apple or other tree, and dislodges it with his sharp chisel bill and probe, it is likely that on his next rounds he will find a colony of ants enlarging the burrow of the dead grub. The bird now brings into use the same tools used in catching the beetle, and the ants are drawn out and devoured. Both insects are injurious to the tree.

A recent report from the census bureau shows that Rhode Island is still the most densely populated state in the Union. "Little Rhode" has 407 inhabitants to the square mile. Massachusetts comes next, with not quite 349 inhabitants to the square mile. New Jersey is third, with a little more than 250 inhabitants to the square mile, and Connecticut is fourth, with a little more than 187 inhabitants to the square mile. The other states which have more than 100 inhabitants to the square mile are New York, with 152.6; Pennsylvania, with 149.1; Maryland, with 120.5; and Ohio, with 102. Nevada has only four-tenths of one person to the square mile; Alaska, one-tenth.



Milkweed

Thousands of beautiful rosy stars came tumbling down from the sky. And dear Dame June she gathered them up In a clustering family.

The sun fell hot, and the world was strange To the little frightened things. Until August came to enfold them With a pair of sheltering wings.

You will shine again with brighter rays, Sweet wanderers from the skies; The days are bringing you sure reward In a wonderful surprise.

For Autumn carries the magic key To unlock a milkweed pod. And thousands of starry angels will Fly about their home with God.



An Effect in Rosemary

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALIZ.

Author "The Spread of Fire." (Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) The maid tied the last knot of ribbon and adjusted the last fold of gauze. Contrary to custom they were a quarter of an hour too early.

Milly Ellis, on the programs Miss Millicent Devereaux, laughed a little sarcastically.

"No flowers? We are, indeed, in a strange land. Run out the call boy—anybody—there is yet time. There should be a florist near."

"And the flowers, madame, what shall they be?"

A second's thought, then a rush of memory. For the sake of the past, Milly Ellis said, hastily:

"Lilacs—white or purple. There will be plenty this time of the year. See, they will suit my gown!"

The maid snatched a cloak from the wall.

"I will go myself, I will not trust a youth. It is a matter of taste."

Then Miss Devereaux went up the steps that led to the green room and to the stage in front. She wished to see the audience before the play began. She walked slowly and haughtily through the laughing, impatient throng of chorus girls and villagers and took refuge in the wings until she saw an opening in the curtains through which she could look. There was a sea of faces, a great audience, but nowhere one familiar face, although Milly Ellis had been born and grew up in this great city and now returned to it, the star of an opera troupe.

The bran new chandelier of electric lights threw its beams over the clean paint and gay draperies of the summer theater. There were rows upon rows of heads and faces, but nothing familiar to respond to the fond longing in her heart.

A voice sounded beside her.

"A great audience—a real triumph—and you are quite at your best to-night, Miss Devereaux."

Beside her, bowing low enough, was the new tenor.

"Surely a success—but perhaps Miss Devereaux will accept the flowers she can so well carry in the ballroom scene."

He held a splendid armful of hot-house roses, red and glowing. Miss Devereaux flushed somewhat angrily. It would not be politic to refuse.

"I will carry them in the one scene," she said coldly, "but they are too sumptuous for the village maid. I must wear or carry a simpler flower with this gown."

In the wings Felice waited with an odorous bunch, white lilacs with the

"Lilacs—white and purple."

most delicate perfume, with the subtle wood scent, with the message of eternal hope of springtime.

"Thank God, there is something left," whispered the woman's heart, "something sweet and unchanged."

She stood apart with the flowers on her breast until her call, stood absorbed in the dreams of an old house in the grove, of flashing waters, of old and gnarly lilac bushes, of silent stretches of field and meadow, of peace—for Milly Ellis, with her clear bird voice, had been only a simple country maiden ere she went away to learn to sing.

Gone were the days of her training, her struggle in grim New York; vanished the Paris life where her voice had been perfected; like a dream were the tours in small Italian towns to test her powers and to become confident in her work. Gone, gone, nothing left, nothing worth while save the spring mornings in front of an old wooden house in a grove, the odor of lilacs, the calls of birds answering her own clear notes, mild and sweet beyond belief.

No one knew—for she was ever reserved as to her personality. No one knew that tonight she sang before her home audience. It was twelve years,

and a girl is forgotten in twelve years, when her friends have passed away into the silence of the hereafter.

She went onto the stage with a pensive loveliness in her face and when she sang there were those tears in her voice that she dared not shed, the tears of the heart for the days that were gone.

A girl again in her simple gauze gown and hanging hair, she carried away her audience because she seemed one with them. In the ballroom scene she was alien to the time and place. They resented the attitude, the hour, the glowing crimson roses. Breathlessly they watched the mimic escape as a drowsy girl longing for her home, joyously saw her return to her wildwood haunts and her lover. Then the audience rose in applause, and the hour of a great triumph had truly come to Milly Ellis.

Her heart swelled when she went, with her jubilant manager, before the curtains. She longed to cry out:

"I am little Milly Ellis, who was born and brought up here, obscure enough

door of her heart. She clutched at his hand. She wet it with her tears. "It was art or life," she said, brokenly, "and life won, John, life has won."

HISTORIC TREES.

Washington Has Many That Were Planted by Famous Americans.

It was the custom of the late Charles A. Dana to visit this city occasionally, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Times, and to spend the entire day that he gave to sight-seeing in looking over the trees of the city with William R. Smith, in charge of the botanical gardens. Mr. Dana said of Mr. Smith that he knew more about trees than any half-dozen men of Mr. Dana's acquaintance. Mr. Smith has in his gardens a number of historically interesting trees. There is a Kentucky oak grown from an acorn planted by John J. Crittenden, and a story goes with this information about the intimacy that existed between Crittenden, Robert Mallory and John A. Bingham of Ohio. Not far from the elm grown from one planted by George Washington at the time he laid the corner-stone of the capitol. Workmen killed the tree while excavating for the architectural terrace at the west front. Mr. Smith propagated the new elm from the old roots, and the new tree was planted where it is by Senator James E. Beck of Kentucky.

While Jefferson Davis was secretary of war his wife gave Mr. Smith some seed of the Monterey cypress, from which was produced a fine specimen near the end of the greenhouse. Two specimens of the bald variety of cypress are named "Forney" and "Forrest," one planted by John W. Forney, an editor, and the other by Edwin Forrest, the actor, 35 years ago. A Chinese tree was grown from seed obtained at the grave of Confucius, and was presented to the garden by Charles A. Dana and planted by Representative Amos J. Cummings fifteen years ago. Among other well known tree planters who have left their names are Thaddeus Stevens, the late Senator Bayard, who planted an English oak; Proctor Knott, Daniel W. Voorhees, J. S. C. Blackburn, Lot M. Morrill and Justice Morrill, who planted winged elms thirty years ago; Senator Hoar and Senator Everts, and some more recent arrivals in Washington. There is a Carolina poplar that is interesting as the parent of 80,000 other poplars, living in many states of the Union.

STRANGE IMPS IN THE SEA.

Capt. Moody Caught One Off Cape Charles Lightship.

Capt. William Moody of Baltimore believes there are strange imps in the sea, because he caught one recently while fishing off Cape Charles Lightship. Capt. Moody is commander of the lightship, and it is his habit to keep a baited hook, attached to an extremely long line in the water at all times. Occasionally this persistency is rewarded with cod or other toothsome fish of deep water. The captain happened to be near the line when the "imp" fish was hooked. He started to pull it in, and then ensued as pretty a battle as ever warmed the heart of fisherman. Several times the creature was brought to the surface, and on one occasion it leaped ten feet in the air. After a battle lasting fully an hour the monster was harpooned and pulled on deck. The fish weighed about eighty pounds. The "imp" has wings, which are of the thickness of sallow, and are mottled with blue checks or squares. The mouth is filled with parallel rows of conical teeth, the rows varying from two, in the back part of the upper jaw, to eight in front, with twice these numbers in the lower jaw. The tail has three rows of spines, resembling the teeth running its whole length. The "imp" has no scales, creature has been shown to government experts, but as yet remains unclassified.

Badges of the South and West.

It is not difficult to tell by their clothes from which section of the country senators hail. Perhaps not so much by their clothes as the way they wear them, one should say, to be accurate. All the string ties, for instance, come from the west and south. Eastern senators wear stylish scarfs almost without exception. Eastern senators button their frocks and cut-aways; westerners and southerners leave them open. The western and southern members have low-cut vests, usually with one or two buttons unbuttoned. Two finely groomed senators are Platt and Depew, whose clothes are made by the best tailors in New York and London. Where will you find a more neatly dressed man than Aldrich of Rhode Island? And Westmore—oh me of the 400? His clothes cost him the larger part of his salary.—New York Press.

"Buffalo Bill's" Amiable Weakness.

"Buffalo Bill" once allowed himself to be put to shame by failing to shoot a couple of deer at an easy distance. "Every one has his little weakness," he exclaimed; "mine is a deer's eye. I don't want you to say anything about it to your friends, for they would laugh more than ever, but the fact is I have never yet been able to shoot a deer if it looked me in the eye. With a buffalo or a bear or an Indian it is different. But the deer has the eye of a trusting child—soft, gentle and confiding. No one but a brute could shoot a deer if he caught that look."

Expedition to Study Fish.

The German Antarctic expedition, which will start for Kerguelen island in a few months, will give special attention to the study of sea life and its economic aspects. None of the useful varieties of fish is yet known to exist in Antarctic waters.

TONSorial Economy.

Dry Shaving Responsible For the Beardless State of Most Chinese.

"Dry shaving has been a blessing to China, and in less than 300 years has almost removed beards from the faces of the men of the empire," observed an intelligent Chinaman to a Star reporter. "Originally the Chinese had heavy beards. This is easily verified by an examination of any of the old prints of Chinamen, for all of them show long-bearded men. In time the people found out that there was no particular use for a beard and that the wearing of it was expensive, outside of the time actually occupied in trimming or shaving it. How many Americans of to-day are forced to spend several hours a week in a barber's chair? Many men that I know, Americans and Europeans as well, spend twenty minutes in a barber's chair every day.

"The Chinaman of the olden times—the kind of Chinaman who figures as a pirate in your prints, for the good Chinaman never seems to have got his picture in your books at all, until within the last fifty years at most—always wore a long beard in reality as well as in the pictures. But even he found out that there was no necessity for it. The learned men of the empire were asked to consider the matter, and they arrived at the conclusion that dry shaving was to some extent a remedy. Anyhow, official edicts were issued giving this information. The old fellows who had beards, of course, were not in it, and they lived out their days and passed out of existence with full beards, but the young were asked to 'dry shave.' Thus the reform started, and in five or six generations of people the beard has practically disappeared, so that the average Chinaman of to-day does not have to devote over one-half hour in a month to keep his face hairless. In the next two generations beards are expected to disappear absolutely. It took time to bring this about, but in the life of a nation such a thing as a century should not be allowed to count much. I think beards would disappear from Americans and Europeans in five generations of people if the people wanted to have them disappear."—Washington Evening Star.

Holding Up a Truck.

One of the most amusing incidents imaginable was the hold-up of a truck in lower Broadway. It was one of those stout vehicles that are provided with a windlass and rope for elevating heavy merchandise. The rope had escaped from its moorings and was trailing fifty feet behind the tailboard, as the giant Percherons lazily poked along. Pedestrians crossing the street stepped over it and said nothing, except to themselves. Presently two able seamen from a United States vessel lying in the Wallabout came rolling along with their sea legs on, and one, espying the rope, made a dash for it. Near by was a hydrant. It took him but the fraction of a minute to make a round turn and half-hitch, stepping forward to get some slack. Then, with his messmate, he stood aside to see the fun. The consequences came near being serious, for the giant grays, feeling a tug, laid their weight against the obstacle and probably would have pulled it out of the ground had not the sleepy driver aroused himself and stopped their progress. And what a "cussin'" and "swearin'" there was when he found himself anchored to a fire plug! The crowd yelled and chaffed and the sailors discreetly disappeared.—New York Press.

Five Generations in One Family.

Representative Livingston, of Georgia, is one of the few men who can boast of belonging to a family that has living representatives of five generations. Mr. Livingston's father, aged ninety-eight years, is now living in the South in good health. Between the age of this oldest member of the family and the youngest there is a difference of ninety-five years, the baby and sole member of the fifth generation being a lively boy of three years who is living in this city. This young American is the son of Mr. Livingston's granddaughter, who in turn is the child of his eldest daughter. The five generations have been photographed in a group and the picture is cherished by every member of the Livingston family.—Washington Star.

Mere Opinion.

The man who elbows past women for the purpose of getting a seat in the car never crowds a lady out of her pew in church. Woman was created out of one of man's ribs, and in a good many cases she seems to have his backbone too. Some people keep so busy looking out for the rainy day that they don't know the sun ever shines. Woman will never be able to have herself placed upon an equality with man as long as her letters are delivered at the house. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." A rich man can see many advantages in being poor.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Controller Coler's Shave.

Controller Coler believes in the adage "To save time is to lengthen life." When busy in his office he will say to an attendant: "Bring me a shave." In a few minutes the attendant will appear with razor, shaving cup and brush ready. In his private office Controller Coler dashes the lather over his face, and without looking in a glass, shaves one side of his face with his left hand while signing checks with his right hand. "I had to get used to this way of shaving while traveling in Western railroad trains," said Controller Coler, when asked for an explanation of his hirsute feat.—New York Times.



Lawndale, Kan., a town of 2000 inhabitants, boasts of a police department that has not made a single arrest in the last eight years.

A single sturgeon was recently captured in the Volga by an Astrakan fishing firm, and it was valued at \$400. The fish weighed 1700 pounds, the head alone counting 400 and the roe 220.

A camel can carry 400 pounds weight forty miles a day, and work from the age of five years to thirty. An ox cannot carry more than 200 pounds on his back, nor travel over twenty-four miles a day.

A runaway horse in Denver, Col., the other day finished his flight by landing in the interior of a rapidly moving trolley car, where he rode for nearly a block before the vehicle could be stopped.

Snails are not only regarded as a great delicacy in Paris, France, but are reckoned as very nutritious. Hygienists say that they contain seventeen per cent. of nitrogenous matter, and they are equal to oysters in nutritive properties.

A tank holding forty thousand gallons of water became too weighty for the beams which supported it on the roof of the Galbrath building, in Chicago. It crashed to the cellar, making a hole of about forty feet square through six stories of the building.

The first teapot made in England is still in existence and shows the London hall mark, 1697. Most of the early teapots seen in England were melon shaped and fitted with feet. Such a one is worth \$125. Tea caddies a century or more old are also valuable possessions.

The phrase, "He's a brick!" meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a King of Sparta four centuries B. C. A visitor to Lacedaemonia, the Spartan capital, was surprised to find the city without walls and asked the King what he would do in case of invasion. "Sparta has 50,000 soldiers," replied the King, "and each man is a brick!"

A Naval Haven of Rest.

Lieutenant-Commander William H. Schuetz, United States Navy, the officer who traveled the desolate delta of the Lena River with the party that went to Siberia to bring back the bodies of De Long and his unfortunate companions of the Jeannette expedition, has recently returned to Washington after a tour of sea duty extending over the Santiago campaign, in which he participated, and later taking him to the Asiatic station. He is one of the most robust officers in the service, and comes back from Asia bronzed and vigorous and full of admiration of the climate and the attractions of the station. "It is the ideal station," he says, "with no hard blows and just enough occupation to keep up an appreciation of a naval haven of rest. Good fortune sent me to Samoa, and the island over which the Government of the United States has been extended. While Apia, on the German island of Upolu, continues to be the port of call, and Tutuila, the American island, has fewer people on it than Upolu, the popularity of our management is drawing the inhabitants to Tutuila, and if it was big enough it would probably get them all in time. Pago Pago, which the natives call Pango Pango, will become more important when the Spreckels steamers begin to stop there instead of at Apia. We have only about fifty-five square miles of territory there, while there are 550 square miles in Upolu."—New York Times.

How Birds Hide Their Eggs.

Some curious photographs reproduced in Pearson's show in a remarkable manner the difficulties of egg collecting on the seashore, where eggs are laid so cunningly that they can hardly be distinguished from the shingle. "In photographing birds' eggs in situ," says the author of this article, "all kinds of precautions have to be taken. To obtain a picture of a Little Fern setting, the camera was covered by a khaki-colored cloth, set up within a yard or two of the nest, and then the setting bird was photographed from a distance of 120 feet, with the aid of a pneumatic tube. Unless these precautions had been observed the bird would have been too frightened to approach her nest."—Pearson's Magazine.

Kare Chinese Books Burned.

During the siege of the legation at Peking vast numbers of Chinese books were burned. Professor Giles, author of "The History of Chinese Literature," who tells the story in the Nineteenth Century, deprecates above all the destruction of the unique copy of the Yung Lo Ta Tien, the great encyclopedia of literature or history and science composed in the fifteenth century. Professor Giles describes this work, the composition of more than 4000 scholars, as extending to 11,000 volumes, each half an inch thick. By the side of an encyclopedia which would require a shelf 450 feet in length, the Britannica is dwarfed into insignificance.—Current Literature.

The French Minister of War has ordered that all French troops employed on foreign or active service are for the future to wear khaki.