TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE; MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE, LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

SUBSCRIPTION RALES
FREELAND.—The TRHUME is delivered by
carriers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate
of 12% cents per month, payable every two
months, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance.
The TRHUME may be ordered direct form the
carriers or from the office. Complaints of
irregular or tardy delivery service will re-

fregular or tardy delivery service will receive prompt attention.

BY MAIL—The TRIBUNE is sent to outof-town subscribers for \$1.50 a year, payable in
advance; pro rata terms for shorter periods.

The date when the subscription expires is on
the address label of each paper. Prompt newals must be made at the expiration, otherwise the subscription will be discontinued.

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland. Pa.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., paya to the Tribune Printing Company, Limite

According to the State Entomolo New Jersey, its native mos quito is a much maligned bird.

Expositions are becoming so numer ous as to afford a constant means of diversion for people who have abund ant leisure.

Kansas has a compulsory school law but the State Superintendent of Pub lic Instruction asserts that of the 400, 000 children of school age in the State 120,000 do not attend school.

The credit men of the world are put ting funny marks opposite the name of the Sick Man of Turkey. He is so utterly bankrupt that if he were an ordinary merchant he would be closed

Can the sea be fished out? is a ques tion asked by the Chicago Inter-Ocean There would have been no difficulty in answering the question if it had been phrased to read: Can the sea

A large number of people have com to feel that nothing extraordinary is occurring in the Southern Republics so long as the fighting continues. A peace proclamation might cause a ripple of excitement.

Torpedo tubes set in the sides and bows of battleships and cruisers above water line have been declared worthless by the British Admiralty, and they have all been ordered taken out. Only the above-water torpedo tubes set in the stern will be retained.

The importance of roads for military and commercial purposes was early recognized in the United States, and great system, or rather, three great systems, were projected. One from New York through New England, an other west through Pennsylvania, Ohio. and Illinois and another Indiana through the South.

The Lincoln Park Commissioners of Chicago have authorized the erection in the park of a monument in memory of David Kennison, who is declared to have been the only soldier of the Revolution who went from Illinois, returned to Illinois, and lies buried in Illinoisin fact, in that park. A boulder, properly inscribed, will probably be placed over his grave. The Sons of the Revo-lution will bear the cost.

Some classes of wood appear to be even more durable than iron. of old water pipes of cypress that had been under ground and in use for nearly a century were recently exhumed at New Orleans, La., and to the surprise of all the wood was perfectly preserved and as hard as when laid. were part of the first water works of the city, and it is thought the wood was from trees 100 years old

Interest is added to the anti-mor quito war in Hawaii by the possibility that the little pests spread leprosy as well as malaria. However, many scientists are pointing out that, if mos-quitoes were responsible for the spread of leprosy, the disease would afflict white residents in the same proportion with natives. A lack of sanitary pre-cautions is the more probable cause of the communication of the disease of the same dish, smoke the same pipe and wear one another's clothing.

Farmer Swackhammer—I lost my wife yesterday. Farmer Pildecker—
To: Bead? Swackhammer—Naw!
Kun away with a lightini-rod peddler! "Wall, Josh, I offer ye my sympathy! I'm mighty sorry fer ye."
"Yes: I never did have any luck allosin' things. Why! I lozt a yalle dog fourteen times before he stayed lost."—San Francirco Bulletin.

REST SOMETIME.

The torrent rushes with frenzied might
To rest on the quiet plain;
The avalanche roars in its downward
Will The life we live and the race we re The sorrrow and doubts that resone day—the victory lost or won Will come to a quiet end; the avalance roars in its flight,
Then a century sleeps again.

Then a century sleeps again.

The eagle that sweeps with a tireless wing O'er the dome of a brassy sky, At last must droop to the pines that cling To the crest of the mountain high.

For mad the torrent and strong the wing And fearful the headlong flight. Yet time the end of the day will bring, And after the day—the night.

Lowell O. Reese, in San Francisco Bul letin.



ANNOGA, an Indian boy of the tribe of the Cocury d'Alenes, was sitting one evening with Aakloo. his little sister, at the edge of the forest on the shore of Cocur d'Alene lake, and was telling her a favorite story, when at one of her interruptions he laughed and leaned carelessly back and looked straight into the eyes of a cougar. "If I were drowning you would swim out into a great lake, too, like Grandfather Gray Beaver did, wouldn't you?" the girl asked. She spoke indignantly, for that day she had heard an old man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation instead of into the forest, could never the brave Indians, and she was sure that her brother was very brave. It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back. She waited, but he did not answer. With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the log on which he was sitting, he stared into the great prestless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was full grown, with a body dry-looking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching Aakoo and that its interest was still centred in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. He was seized with sudden fear that she might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her, lyet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the girl. Her voice broke the fascinat

"Walk as slowly as you can—with your eyes shut," he said.

She started slowly enough, but the fierce eyes overhead began to watch her intently again and to grow rest-less, while a yellow foot advanced uneasily along the limb and broad tawny jaws stretched farther and farther downward as she moved away.

But Kannoga sllently held up his hand and waved it in the air. At this the panther's attention attracted by the unexpected and rapid movement, was withdrawn from the girl.

"Go faster," said the boy; "go faster."

She was out of reach now; be could

was withdrawn from the girl.

was not man say that boys like Kannoga, who went to school in the reservation instead of into the forest, could never be brave Indians, and she was sure that her brother was very brave.

It was her show of indignation and her eager confidence that caused him to laugh now and to lean back.

She waited, but he did not answer.

With both hands clasped over his copper-colored shin, and one bare foot raised slightly above the log on which he was sitting, he stared into the grent restless eyes that looked down at him from the nearest limb. He was without a weapon of any kind, and the cougar was full grown, with a body drylooking and gaunt with hunger.

Although its glance was for the moment fixed on him he could see that it had been watching Aakoo and that its interest was still centred in her, as if it had chosen her for its victim. He was seized with sudden fear that the might move unexpectedly and thus cause the creature to spring upon her, yet he sat there seemingly unable to speak or to think what ought to be done.

"You would, wouldn't you?" asked the first had been watching and her of the winding track of sand beside the still satured his head and looked after her. Down the winding track of sand beside the still each the girl. Her voice broke the fascinating spell of those terrible eyes. Kan-



noga knew that she would turn in a had crept nearer and its long tail had moment to see why he had not answered, and in order not to direct her side to side.

swered, and in order not to direct her attention to the panther he lowered his glance and met hers.

But there was something in his face that made her afraid, and he looked with startling intentness far beyond her, down the long, darkening stretch of deserted shore, toward the skin-covered tepee by the spring, where Mar-tala, their mother, and Sis-sos-ka, their father, lived during the hot sum-mer.

Kannoga saw no hope of escape, bu

Kannoga saw no nope or escape, on with every sense alert he studied his desperate chances.

The panther lay crouched with its head toward the forest, while he sat facing the lake. When he had carefully measured the space between them and the distance to the water he immed away from the log and ran distance.

covered tepee by the spring, where Mar-tala. their mother, and Sis-sos-ka, their father, lived during the hot summer.

"Stand still" said Kannoga, as calming as he could. It cost him a great effort to remain quietly there, without looking up, when he knew what was voverhead, but the effort caused him to think more clearly.

"Shut your eyes!" he said suddenly. "Shut your eyes!" he said suddenly. "What for?" asked Ankloo, frightened still more at the unaccountable change is his voice.

For a moment his fingers tightened convulsively over his shin, then grad-discovered its dripping head little more

the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers only plowed

the end would be if he reached the shore, but his fingers only plowed through the sand.

The sharp point of a rock that tore him as he was dragged over it gave him hope; he grasped it with both hands and clung with all his strength, but in an instant his fingers were digging vainly in the sand again.

At last he raised his head for air. The panther at once let go of his leg and came at him with open mouth, but it moved slowly in the water, and Kannoga, by a great effort, stood up. Then the beast sprung upon him.

The boy had nerved himself, however, and fell as far out from shore as he could.

When the feeling of dizziness that followed the shock had passed he found that the panther held his arm in its mouth and was swimming—that

its feet did not touch bottom.

Then, in spite of the terrible pain it caused him, he pulled his arm down until the cougar's head was sub-d. Very soon it released its hold.

Then the Indian boy stood up again, and this time he became the aggressor. Grasping the slick, wet head with both hands he forced it deep into the water. The panther's feet touched and its violent struggles bottom, threw him down, but he got up again and held the glaring eyes and the red mouth with its white teeth more care fully-just under the surface of the

lake.

Kannoga became very weak and his legs trembled feebly under him, but he was thankful that they were long, for he could stand with his head in the cool evening breeze while the cougar was drowning.

At first the panther made fearful sounds as the water filled its lungs, but these presently ceased, and at last it hung a dead weight in the boy's hands. He let it sink then and loosened a stone from the lake bed to roll upon its head. pon its head.

upon its head.

His wounds were slight, but painful, and the terrible battle had so weakened him that when he reached the shore he fell exhausted, with his face

shore he fell exhausted, with his face toward the tepee.

He could not see Aakloo now, nor even the canoe that came in a moment to where he lay.

Gray Beaver and an old friend, padding out from camp, had called to the girl as she ran on the shore, and had laughed when she told them why she could not turn her head to leak after. could not turn her head to look

them.

Then they had seen the boy and the cougar in the edge of the lake, and their paddles had swung faster and with stronger strokes than they had used for many a year. When Kannoga opene ened his eyes Grav

Beaver leaned over him and sp tly:
"Aakloo will understand that game
hetter when she is older," he said.

"Ankloo will understand that game better when she is older," he said. And across a narrowing stretch of water the boy saw her waiting with Mar-tala. — Robert W. McCulloch, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Paris Postal Stories.

Paris Postal Stories.

Some Paris postal stories are going the rounds just now, says the Paris Messenger. One of them has reference to a letter posted at a little country place in France to the Minister of Public Instruction, Paris. The sender did not put a stamp upon it, knowing that Government officials' letters are conviced from

carried free.

The provincial lady official, however, The provincial lady official, however, evidently not knowing this, put a stamp upon the letter and sent the postman to collect the fifteen centimes from the sender, whose name by some mysterious means, the secret of which is in the possession of her sex, she managed to discover.

Another amecdote relates that a well-known Parisian lawyer sent a letter to M. Millerand and put a fifteen centime stamp on it, evidently forcei-

letter to M. Millerand and put a fifteen centime stamp on it, evidently forgetting that a stamp was unnecessary. Now, the letter was over weight, and the postoffice people, apparently thinking only of the stamp and not of the Minister's privilege, claimed thirty centimes excess. This, of course, M. Millerand declined to pay, and the letter was sent back. The unlucky sender was forced to take it back and pay the thirty centimes, making in all the thirty centimes, making in all forty-five centimes out of his pocket, whereas had he put no stamp at all it would have been safely delivered.

There has been a great deal of dis cussion as to whether the Irish sham ock of old times was the plant that is now known as the clover, many persons contending that it was the ox alis acetocella, and that it could not have been the clover, because, they say, the last named plant was intro-cuced into Ireland from the Continent at a period subsequent to that when the shamrock was originally known and used. According to a correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle, of London, who has made a painstaking search through all the literature of the subject, reaching back hundreds of years, the shamrock is clover, and al years, the shamrock is clover, and al-ways was clover, and nobody ever had any doubts on the subject until they were raised by Mr. Bicheno, in 1830, who was Secretary of the Lin-naen Society. This cearch, however, has shown that Mr. Bicheno was wrong, and that the clover leaf, long before St. Patrick's time, was used as an emblem of the Truity.

ations is the more probable cause the communication of the disease to graph into order to find the communication of the disease to graph into order to make the communication of the disease to graph into order to make the communication of the disease to graph into order to make the control order to make

FOLLIES OF EARLIER FASHIONS. Men Who Starched Their Beards and Wore Shoes a Yard Long.

Wore Shoes a Yard Long.

It is a little gratifying to reflect that, however the man of to-day may compare with his ancestors of bygone centuries in physique or morals, his dress is much more mederate and inexpension of the property of the statement of the property of th sive, even if it is less picturesque than

heirs.

It is true that here and there one may find some foolish young man may find some foolish young man whose taste in dress is as extravagant as that of any "buck" of the days of the Georges. There is, for instance, a son of a well known peer who has the reputation of never wearing a suit twice. He has a wardrobe of waistoats of all the colors of the rainbow coats of all the colors of the rainbow, ranging from a light blue spangled with silver stars to a deep green satin with buttons of eighteen karat gold, each of which is adorned with the painted face of a beautiful woman.

Another wealthy aristocrat is cred-ited with having as many suits and uniforms as there are days in the year and with spending on his tailor's bill a sum which would pay the yearly salary of a minor cabinet minister.

But such men are modestly arrayed, compared with the dandies of many a past century. The Earl of Northum-berland, who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century, boasted no fewer than sixty suits of cloth of gold alone, and the Bishop of Ely, of that time, had a change of raiment for every day of the year. Much later, in Queen Mary's time, the wardrobe of a bishop might have been the envy of Solomon for the verlety and costillness of its contents, and even a simple ss of its contents, and even a simple village priest, according to Fuller, wore
"a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stole and
fanon set with pearl, gowns faced with

iffetas," etc.
In the days of Chaucer fashionable
nen wore clothes as many-colored
s Joseph's coat, so that "while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be tricked out in green or blue or yellow, without any regard to harmy or contrast.

Even as late as the middle of the Even as inte as the mindle of the eighteenth century a dandy would deck himself in "a vivid green coat, a waist-coat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings," and the gentleman of a few years later wore, among similar sarterial vagaries, a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in their pockets, clouded silk stockings; a club of hair behind, larger than the head that carries it a larger than the head that carries it a larger than the symptoms.

ries it, a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing." At one fashionable epoch our an-cestors, to quote the words of a quaint chronicler, ""would weare clothes are cestors, to quote the words of a quality chronicler, ""would weare clothes so tighte to ye skin that it might well be conceived they wore no clothes at all;" and at another time they would wear them "so voluminous that a single suite might well have afforded rayment for a whole famillie; and so stuffed out with feathers that of a well-

suite might well have afforded rayment for a whole famillie; and so stuffed out with feathers that, of a verity, their wearers resembled nothing so much as walking sackes."

At another period it was the grotesque fashion to combine on one person the dress of all the countries of Europe; the hat would be Spanish, the coat French, the trousers Turkish, and so on; so that the wearer was a "walking epitome of the dress of a continent."

At one time shoes would be worn

At one time shoes would be worn with square toes of such width that a royal proclamation was issued limit-ing the width to six inches, and these shoes were succeeded by others that came to the finest of points at the

In Henry II.'s time shoes with points In Henry II.'s time shoes with points two feet long were worn by the fash-ionable, and in the reign of Herry IV. these points had grown to such an in-ordinate length that, in order to be able to walk at all, it was necessary to attach the tips to the knees by claims, which were of gold or silver, while the tops of the shoes were carved with all kinds of fantastic designs.

In the early near of the emptyment

with all kinds of fantastic designs. In the early part of the enghteenth century it was a common thing for a man of fashion to spend several hours a day with his valet; among the nany quaint operations being "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, quintessences, and pomatums." It is even said that some of the dandies of the time bathed in wine and milk, "for the preservation of their complexions and the rejuvenation of their energies."—Tit-Bits.

They Have Long Courtships in Norway

Norwegian weddings are almost al-ways celebrated at the close of a short Scandinavian summer, a season which the industrious Norsemen find too short in which to work, and from which they would never dream of takwhich they would never dream of taking the days that are necessary for
the long-drawn-out festivities of the
Norse wedding. So the maidens who
are wood all the year round are usually wedded at the beginning of winter. Norwegian woodings are very
frank and very long a-doing. On summer Sundays the lanes, the highways
and byways are ateem with lovers.
Each couple saunters slowly along, not
to the least shy. his arm about her in the least shy, his arm about her shoulders, her arm about his waist. Nor do they untwine their arms if they pause a little to chat with friends, not even if they stop to speak with casual acquaintances. Ten or a dozen years often clapse between the first day of couriship and the day of marriage, while a seven-years' betrothal is considered of very moderate length.—Woman's Home Companion. in the least shy, his arm about her

The membership of fraternal organizations in the United States and Can-ada, according to a compilation of last reports, is 5,722,916.



The Important Part of It

He said: "I'll write my name Upon the scroll of fame— The world's applaue I'll claim In cycles yet to be. and as he turned the same I'll world his sleeve! "How much will you receive For doing this?" said she. —Chicago Record-fierald,

His Diplomatic Reply

"Its Diplomate Reply.

"Is a diplomat ever justified in using prevarication?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the diplomat, "he is certaily not justified in calling it by that name."—Puck.

The Loss.

The Loss.

Harry—"Well, yes, I suppose I was rather hasty in proposing to her, but the fact is, she looked so charming I lost my heart."

Dick — "You mean you lost your head."—Boston Transcript.

Disciplinary Detail.

He (desperately)—"You have ruined

The (despending of the latest of the latest

His Explanation.

said a certain small "I am afraid," said a certain small boy's mother, "that you are overeat-ing. Aren't you a little apprehensive?" "No," was the answer, after due de-"No," was the answer, after due liberation. "I'm not afraid. know ladies are naturally timid."

Willing to Try. Harold—"Could you learn to love

me?"

Amelia — "No; but I'll try awful hard. Papa has promised to send me abroad if my health breaks down from overstudy, you know!"—Puck.

Self-Depreciation.

"You oughet to marry a good sensible girl," said the friend.
"Your advice is paradoxical," answered Willie Washington. "How am I to find a sensible girl who is foolish enough to marry me?" — Washington Star.

"Don't you love children?"
"Some children." answered the manwho is slightly bald.
"But don't you love children as a rule?"

rule?"
"No. I once taught school. I don't love them. I fear them."

Admiration.

"You admire your grandfather very much, don't you, my little man?"

"Yes," answered the youth.

"You think he could do things that no one else could, don't you?"

"I know he could. He used to punish father whenever he felt like it."



Mr. Bruin-"Doctor, I suffer so terribly with insomnia that I gan't sleep more than two months at u time dur-ing the winter."-Life.

"Does you farming?" say he does," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He says he reck-ons he'll go to town an' make about a million dollars, an' then cum back an' run this farm proper."—Washington

An Artistic Achievement. Ethel-"Why, Aunt Emily, this is a lovely photograph of you! What were you thinking of to get such a charm

ing expression?"

Aunt Emily—"Well, when the photographer got me properly posed he forgot himself and said: 'Now, look stupid, piease.' "—Detroit Free Press.

Varying It.

The Damsel—"But this is such a queer, unromantic way to propose to a girl, Mr. Wellup. In the daytime, and on the way to a suburban train."

The Widower—"I know it, Miss de Muir. I've generally proposed whilst takin' a moonlight ride with the gal, but I thought I'd'yo and do it different this time."—Chicago Tribune.

Disappointment.
"I suppose you are disappointed beause the critics condemned your

"I suppose you are disappointed because the critics condemned your book."

"Yes. I don't mind what they said so much as the mean way in which they said ft."

"They seemed disposed to be mild."

"Yes. None of the denunciations were sufficiently violent to attract any attention whatever to the book."—

Washington Star.

One Reason For Marrying.

Vera is five years old. As a rule
she is a very joyous little maiden, but
one day she came home from school looking exceedingly pensive. by she voiced her w

she said, "I do wish I 'Oh, dear," didn't have to get married. "Well, you don't have to," said her

work, you don't have to, san her mother, consolingly.

For a moment Vera's face bright-ened, but soon the clouds gathered more thickly than ever.

"Oh, yes, I do," she said. "If I stay single everybody will look down on me."—New York Times.