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Tesla's latest discovery seems to be nothing more nor less than the fact that electricity can be kept on ice.

Good news from Galveston. The biggest cargo ever shipped from that port has started for England. Its value is nearly \$1,500,000. Galveston's future is assured.

Chicago is to have a symbolical weather-vane on a tower 300 feet high. It will be a female figure sixteen feet tall, representing "Progress Lighting the Way for Commerce."

The Medical Record says: It is better to confess ignorance than to assume false knowledge. In spite of the careful study that has been given to the subject of gout, it must be admitted that we are yet uninformed as to its exact nature.

Ever now and then some millionaire arises to assure the world that money cannot buy happiness. This seems to be one of the great sad truths of life which can only be learned by experience, and everybody insists on doing his best to make a personal test of the matter.

Material for rebuilding the South African railroads damaged during the Boer war is to be supplied by the United States. The announcement has caused great dissatisfaction in English commercial circles. It is sorrowfully admitted that the American manufacturer is gradually beating the Britisher on his own ground, and complaint is made that Englishmen are to have no part in the business that is to follow a war fought and won by them.

The Prussian Government is making systematic inquiries with a view to increasing knowledge upon the subject of cancer. Every registered physician has received a paper asking questions relative to experience in cancer cases. An attempt is being made to find out if cancer is hereditary, if it is contagious, and whether it is connected with any particular habit, such as over-indulgence in alcohol, tobacco, etc., and whether it is more prevalent in one district than in another.

Is the query, "What shall we do with our girls?" to become a serious economic problem in the United States? It is declared that the excess of women over men in New York City is 25,000. There has long been, from a matrimonial point of view, great numbers of superfluous women in New England. But the surplus of women in the East, it has always been pointed out, is offset by a surplus of men in the West. Now, however, comes word from Colorado that men are declining there. Recent statistics show that women outnumber the men.

The extension of the free delivery of mails to populous rural districts in which the service promised to be distinctly advantageous and feasible has been the most notable recent achievement of the Postoffice Department. Over 2000 routes have been established and nearly 1,500,000 families are served with a daily meal at their doors. Free delivery makes practicable the abolition of many small postoffices, with resultant saving, and at the same time leads to a larger use of the mails for the quick dispatch of parcels as well as of letters and newspapers.

South Carolina negroes have started a new industry by the hand-picking of phosphate rock. During the summer they anchor boats on the Coosaw river, which is from 17 to 25 feet deep, and dive for the fertilizing rock, sometimes bringing up a fragment weighing 100 pounds. The phosphate from the river bed is the most valuable known.

A burglar stole \$500 from a resident of St. Paul, Minn. The next day he returned that sum and \$250 to boot.

An Awkward Blunder.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"Miss Mildred Brewster requests the pleasure of your presence at a small musicale at her house Wednesday evening, June 5th."

The girl to whom the note was addressed read it with flushing cheeks and a cry of delight.

She started to her feet, dropping Miss Floy Parmenter's wedding-dress in a billow heap on the floor, and ran to the door of the fitting room of the dressmaking establishment.

But her mother was busy trying a dress on Mrs. Commodore Skreene and could not be hurried, and the girl turned back, impatient to announce the news.

She whirled about in a little dance before the cheval-glass in the privacy of the inner room. Catching up Miss Parmenter's wedding-dress, she held the shimmering folds before her.

"How shall I look in an evening gown?" she wondered, ecstatically.

"Oh, I suppose I am too silly, but I have been so hungry for good times of my own kind! They are my own kind, those girls of Mildred Brewster's set, though I didn't suppose they'd ever acknowledge it. They never took the least notice of me when I went—so frightfully shabby!—to the high school with them. And Mildred Brewster seemed especially proud—although she was kind to get us the naval people for patrons. A musicale, too! I wonder how she knew I should like that. It may be that her brother Stanley has heard me singing in the garden when he has been canoeing on the river.

"O mother, dearest!" and she turned to her mother, who had finally got through with Mrs. Commodore Skreene and now stood in the doorway. "An invitation for me from Mildred Brewster to a musicale! When I opened the envelope I thought, of course, she had only written about the chiffon for her pink waist."

"I don't know why she shouldn't invite you," said the little worn woman, her seamy cheeks growing red with pleasure.

"They are very aristocratic—very proud of their old family. They live in a colonial house a hundred years old, with family portraits and old silver and things; and you and I, mother, dear, are nobodies. I trim Mildred's pretty gowns and she sends us her father's checks. Those are the only relations that are to be expected between her and me."

"She hasn't seemed to think so," said her mother, quietly, but with a thrill in her voice. Mentally she vowed that, whether money were plenty or scarce, Betty should go to the musicale in a lovely gown. For she knew all about the hunger for good times and girls, although never a word had been said. Mother eyes are sharp.

Meanwhile the postman had left a missive in Miss Mildred Brewster's handwriting at one of the old colonial houses, "with family portraits and old silver things." It was addressed to Miss Frances Penhallow, and that young lady, who was Mildred's dearest friend, said she knew without opening it that it was an invitation to Mildred's musicale. She opened it, nevertheless, and drew her brow into a frown as she read:

"Dear Miss Martin: Will you be so kind as to take the very greatest pains in matching the pink chiffon to my waist? I am sure I can trust your exquisite taste, but I should feel it to be such a calamity if that delicate shade of pink silk were to be spoiled by a deeper shade of trimming."

"Hastily," "Mildred Brewster."

"Just like Mildred! She has 'mixed those children up!" exclaimed Miss Penhallow. "This note was meant for Betty Martin, the dressmaker's daughter. And she has probably got my invitation! I'll drive round there and carry this note, so that Mildred's waist may be sure to be all right. She has more faith in those people than she has in Madame Pontenelle. I think I'll get mamma to try them. I remember that the girl looked poor and forlorn when she went to school, but she is really effective now, she wears such good gowns. And there is something quaint about her, with her high forehead and her little peaked chin and her corn-dover-blue eyes. If she could manage to make me look as she does—"

Frances critically surveyed the image of the descendant of the Penhallows in the long mirror, and deliberately "made up a face" at it. It is true that the figure was stocky and the nose thick, and those discouraging points struck the owner of the figure more forcibly than did the honest clearness of the gray eyes, or the sympathetic sweetness of the mouth.

It was Betty herself who opened the door of the reception-room, and her "quaint" face lighted up at the sight of the visitor. A friend of Mildred Brewster's bore with her a "charmed atmosphere."

Frances, smiling a little in response to the shy radiance of the girl's face, said: "I remember you at the high school, and I think you have such lovely taste!" She felt that Betty's attitude demanded something more kindly than an immediate plunge into business. "I have seen all the pretty things that you have made for Miss Brewster."

"Miss Brewster has been so very kind to me!" said Betty. "With a thrill

in her voice. "She has sent me an invitation to a musicale at her house!" She displayed the card with childish simplicity. "I think some one must have told her that I love music," she added, with a doubtful, questioning glance at her visitor's face.

For a shadow had fallen upon the honest-eyed face, as Frances understood, in a flash, that it would be difficult to explain the mistake.

Difficult! It was impossible, she said to herself, as she caught a quiver of the chin that was cleft at its peaked tip by a childish dimple. There was a suspicion of mistiness about the corn-dover-blue eyes. She did not suspect the blunder. How should she?

"I—I want to ask you about your disengaged time," faltered Frances. "I have been trying to bring my mother here for a long time."

Betty became businesslike at once and brought her mother, who, on consulting a thick engagement-book, found that she should have a few days to spare in the course of the month.

"Of course, I might have given the message about the pink waist," reflected Frances, as she flicked a fly off her fat pony's back, "but I was afraid she would suspect how things were. She was so pleased! To keep her from knowing that it was a mistake seemed the one important thing."

The pony was forced to go at a pace which shook his fat sides and caused him to turn a questioning and reproachful eye upon his young mistress, whose views of life generally coincided very satisfactorily with his own.

Out on Paradise road, just where the air begins to be sweet with the locust-trees, Frances met Mildred setting out with her brother Stanley and his friend, Lester Wyman. Mildred sent the young men on ahead, in obedience to an imperative private gesture from Frances, and then heard the story of the dreadful blunder.

"It was stupid of me," said Mildred, with a pucker of her serene brow. "But I don't see how she could have thought I meant to invite her! How awkward for you to have to explain!"

"Awkward! I simply didn't explain. She was so pleased about the invitation! She thought you must have heard how fond she was of music. And I don't think that good times have ever come much in her way. I didn't say a word about your pink chiffon. I thought you would rather leave it to Providence than to run the risk of hurting her."

"Why of course, anything would be better than to hurt her," said Mildred, slowly. "So far as the pink waist goes, I could write to her about it now. She is perfectly presentable, but I wish it could have happened some other time, if I had got to make such a blunder. I did want Lester Wyman, who is a diplomat's son and accustomed to the nicest people everywhere, to meet the very cream of Old Harbor society!"

"She's the very creamiest thing in the town, so far as looks go, and he need never know that a dressmaker sign hangs out over her door! Give the girl a good time, and don't take it so hard," said Frances, sagely, as she touched the fat pony with the whip.

"Hey, Betty Martin, tiptoe fine!" The little hard-worked mother gave her girl a playful push toward the long mirror, and the mirror reflected the prettiest gown that its experience had known. It was of pale blue silk muslin over pale blue silk, and to its girlish simplicity was added the indefinable quality known as "style." The scale of a girl, her blue eyes wide with half-incredulous delight, looked like a princess—or rather as a princess ought to look and is no more likely to look than any one else.

But as Betty turned away from the mirror—also from her mother's eyes—the delight faded suddenly, as a candle is blown out by the wind, and the sensitive little peaked chin quivered with a haunting recollection of the expression on Frances Penhallow's face and the forced tone of her congratulations. There had been a mistake made, somehow! It was not likely that Miss Brewster had meant to invite her.

She said that to herself at one moment, and tried to think the next that she had grown morbid and fanciful by much brooding over Frances Penhallow's look of surprise—a look of surprise, that was all. She had not known of the invitation. Betty had not breathed a hint of her suspicion to her mother, whose delight had been even greater than her own.

"I would go, for her sake, over red-hot plow-shares!" Betty said to herself, giving a little kick to her beautiful, shimmering, light blue train.

That train was gracefully carried on the night of the musicale, and so was the small, ash-colored head—only a trifle too high. And "a red and a restless spark" burned on Betty's cheek. But when she found, among all the throng of young people, no stare of surprise, or anything but the friendliest courtesy, she gradually put away even the suspicion that their minds had been prepared, and was gay with the rest.

Her heart grew warm toward Mildred Brewster and Frances Penhallow, who, without singling her out in any embarrassing way, constantly took pains that she should not feel herself a stranger. It grew so warm that when Mildred showed her chagrin that Madame D'Almati, the charming sing-

er of English ballads, had failed to appear, she threw her shyness to the winds and said, with evidently a simple eagerness to be of service: "Oh, I can sing ballads—if you think anyone would care to hear me! I have not a large voice, but it has been trained. I have an uncle who is a musician."

"If—if you will be so good," faltered Mildred, polite, but as she afterward confessed to Frances Penhallow, feeling "an awful dread."

But the "awful dread" was quite unnecessary. Betty had not, as she said, a large voice, but it had the thrilling, pathetic quality, the "wild, weird sweetness" found seldom except in an Irish voice, and most effective of all in simple ballads.

Betty made a success. Before she went home, in a carriage from the livery-stable that was only a few doors from the dressmaking establishment, she had promised to sing at another musicale in another of the old colonial houses.

"Now we shall know what to do for her!" said Mildred, joyfully, to Frances, whom she had kept for a private conclave. "Every one will take her up! She can give parlor concerts, and she can get pupils by the score! We can get her to give up the dressmaking."

But when the plans were matured and laid before Betty Martin, she was grateful, but unobdurate.

"I couldn't teach, it isn't in me!" she explained. "Mother tried it before she married, and had a dreadful struggle. And father was a lawyer, when he ought to have stayed on the farm. We think, mother and I, that when we are born our work is born with us. We're like the old milkwoman—you've seen her—who took her husband's route when he died. She says it's the work she was born for, whether it's proper work for a woman or not. She says she is like the kings and queens—a milkwoman by the grace of God. That's the way mother and I are dressmakers. I want her to put 'Dressmaker, Dei Gratia,' on the sign. If I had the voice for a great career, I don't know, it might be different. But as it is, I like to earn my living by the commonplace work that I know I can always do thoroughly well."

"There is another little reason—" Betty hesitated and drew a quick breath—"which I'm afraid you will think fantastic and foolish. My little singing gift seems sacred because it was my father's only solace from pain in his long illness; it was our one cheer in the dark days. I can't bear to take it to market!"

"It's a little disappointing," said Mildred to Frances, when they were alone, "but I am not sure that she isn't right. There are so many struggling artists of every kind, and never enough good dressmakers! My pink waist is a dream! Betty Martin, dressmaker, by the grace of God! I really believe she is."—Youth's Companion.

QUANT AND CURIOUS.

Elephants have only eight teeth—two below and two above on each side. All an elephant's baby teeth fall out when the animal is about fourteen years old, and a new set grows.

Cinders from the forest fires on Cape Cod were carried by the wind as far as Boston, a distance of almost 50 miles, falling in the streets and in the waters of the harbor in considerable showers.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract falling eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

In bread-making on an expensive scale less than a third of the time is now taken. One thousand pounds of dough for biscuits is rolled, cut and prepared for baking in three hours and 54 minutes, as against 54 hours by hand.

At a gathering of old folk in the town of Claremont, Mass., the other day the chairman called upon all present who were over 70 years of age to arise, and 72 responded. He then asked all those who were over 80 to stand up, and there were 12 who had passed that limit. A similar call for all over the age of 90 brought four members of the gathering to their feet.

Perhaps the busiest time of the year in old Colonial days was November, called "killing time." When the chosen day arrived, oxen, cows and swine which had been fattened for the winter's stock were slaughtered early in the morning, that the meat might be hard and cold before being put in the pickle. Sausages, rolliches and head cheese were made, lard tried out and tallow saved.

The Hebrew child in the age of the captivity in Egypt wore only caps. The Spartan boy wore a little coat, as he dragged his rude wagon at play, and other Grecian lads wore simple slippers, much like their elders. Then, during the long intervals that elapsed, customs changed, and in the middle ages far more care was devoted to the clothing of the little girls and boys. There was a constant approach from that time on to the garb of the grown folks, until with the adoption of the rococo style, the boy was as elaborately dressed as his father, in wig and silks and satins.

Quoth the Tramp.

"Why don't you go out and hunt for work like other men?" "I never was a good sportsman, mum."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



A Daily Caller.

All the good wives in the neighborhood say: Dear little Dimplekins rings every day. Smiling he greets them with, "How do you do?" I'm pretty well, and my mama's well, too. Laughing and whistling, he's off with a bound: So they have named him their "merry-go-round."—Clara D. Cowell, in October St. Nicholas.

The Career of Henry Wilson.

The life of Henry Wilson, who rose from the position of cobbler to vice-president of the United States, should be an encouragement to every poor boy in America. No one has ever climbed to greatness through more discouraging circumstances than he. Born at Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812, the son of a poor day laborer, his real name was Jeremiah Colbatch. For some reason when he was 21 years old he had his name changed by act of legislature to Henry Wilson. When he was 10 years of age, the future vice-president had to go to work as a farm laborer. He was fortunate enough to have access to books, and he did a great deal of reading. When 21 years old, he walked to Natick, Mass., learned the trade of shoemaking, and by means of it supported himself while he took a course of study in Concord academy. After establishing a good business as a manufacturer of shoes he entered public life. Soon he became favorably known as a political speaker. For ten years he was sent to the legislature and in 1835 was elected to the United States senate, where he remained until 1873, when he was elected to the vice-presidency with General Grant as president. He died at Washington, November 22, 1875, before the end of his term. Although Wilson had exceptional opportunities for becoming wealthy dishonestly, he died a poor man.

Charles Sumner said that so poor was Wilson that when elected vice-president he borrowed \$100 from Sumner to pay the expenses incidental to the inauguration.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Smart Horses in Fire Departments.

"If there is any animal that knows more than a horse," remarked a member of the fire department the other day to a writer for the Washington Post, "I'd like to see it. I mean one that knows more than a smart horse, for there are fool horses as well as fool people and once in awhile we get one of these fool horses in the fire department. But I will say that our horses as a rule are pretty smart and knowing."

"I remember one we had in this company some years ago that actually could count. George was his name, if I could remember rightly, and George was one of those horses that never did any more work than he was obliged to. Not that he couldn't, but just because, like some people you run across, he was opposed to looking for work. Well, every company in the fire department has a certain district to cover on first alarms. That is every company responds to certain boxes on the first alarm and doesn't go to others except on special or general alarms. Well, sir, we didn't have George many months before that horse came to know our district just as well as any one of the men. He knew the boxes we went out on to on the first alarm, and it is a fact that that horse got so that he'd wait and count the first round before he'd budge out of his stall. If the box was not in our district George would walk leisurely to his place, but if it was one we were due to on the first alarm he would rush down to his place. In those days we had to hitch up on every alarm that came in, whether it was in our district or not, and stand hitched for 15 minutes. George knew this, of course, and that was why he'd always take his time going to his place when the box wasn't in our district. And it's a fact that if he was eating when an outside box came in he'd just keep on eating until the foreman yelled out to bring him down to his place."

"Of course, now and then George would miscount the box and rush down to his place on a box not in our district. But when he did make a mistake like that, which was precious seldom, that horse would get so mad and feel so bad about it that he wouldn't get over it for a day or so."

The Adventures of a Gray Cat.

Did you ever hear of a cat playing scarecrow and a stuffed pussy, too, at that. Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies, and picked up all the little grass and flower-seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy, little fellows, not easily frightened away; and the lady was in despair.

"Why not have a cat?" some kind friend suggested. But no, a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind; and, to her family's amusement, a sleek-looking, gray flannel pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained! But not one of them dared brave that fiery-looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden. But late in the afternoon she mysteriously disappeared; and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence, so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring perch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, from a door opened, and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile on her face.

"I must tell you how completely I have been deceived," she exclaimed. "You know how very much afraid of cats I am? Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying 'Shoo! 'Scat!' to that very life-like animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!"

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another fancy story came to the garden lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past, carrying in the neck a large gray cat, shaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby, and started in pursuit, crying: "You shall not kill that cat! You shall not!" Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of gray flannel and stuffed with cotton?

Wonders of the Fair.

Two of the more peculiar features of the Paris Exposition are thus described by a writer in St. Nicholas:

The wreck of a ship is so arranged that it extends from before our feet into the ocean depths which are separated from us by sheets of glass. This wreck is one which was raised from the harbor of Cherbourg and reconstructed here. Fish swam contentedly in and out among the cordage and broken spars; crabs patiently crawl up the sides of the sunken hull and explore the mysteries of port-holes. But these inhabitants of the ocean do not constitute the chief attractions. Far in dim, shadowed recesses may be seen, disporting themselves, those water-sirens of sea-fairies whose undulating dances below the waves, legend tells us, cause the disturbances of the surface so menacing to mariners. Gliding, twisting, and bending, they rise and fall while a weird music fills the air, as of rippling waves swelling to surging tempests and resounding through deep-sea caverns. In another compartment, the tranquil fish are startled by the swift appearance of two pearl-divers or fishers for coral and sponges, who, holding their breath, or letting it slowly escape in silver bubbles which rise upward, tread the sea-bottom in search of treasures.

There are times when we long for nature pure and simple, and then it is that the Exposition visitor hastens joyfully toward the Swiss village. Out from the hurry and bustle, the glitter and confusion of brilliant Paris and the dazzling splendors of the Exposition, in a moment's time we may step into the peace and quiet of a pastoral village set in the hollow of an Alpine valley. Mountains tower above us. Part way up their sides stretch grassy pasture-slopes. On a high, distant rocky ledge clusters a group of rude homes of a band of mountaineers, with a tiny chapel in the midst. From another lofty height a mountain stream leaps over the crags, and after pausing a bit to lend its aid to the water-wheel of a mill below, gurgles and prattles over the stones beyond, and finally goes whispering between grassy banks bordered with wild flowers till it reaches a placid lake on whose further bank protected by an overhanging crag, stands the chapel of William Tell.

The houses and shops, with their projecting eaves, carved balconies and doorways, and curiously shingled roofs, are wonderfully executed copies of real ones. In another part of the village is a group of mountain huts, brought from Switzerland and reconstructed, timber by timber, some with thickly thatched roofs, others covered with overlapping stone slabs, while there are still others whose shingled roofs weighted down by timbers and stones suggest to us something of the violence of the mountain storms.

Not a detail of the village has been neglected nor of the natural scenery. All along the side of the brook grow the flowers and plants of Switzerland—the blue and white Alpine violets, the mountain pink, clothing in bright dress rough patches of rock, the edelweiss, low purple asters, and masses of the Alpine rose. The wild poppy brightens the landscape with its orange and gold, and in sheltered spots below the dripping waterfall ferns peep forth.

An opening in the side of the mountain invites us to explore within. Advancing through a rocky passage, we seem to come out upon some upper height, with a view of the majestic Alps spread before us. Sunlit valley, wooded mountain-side, distant, sparkling lake, and towering, snow-clad peaks are there. It is only a panorama, but so well and artistically painted that we come away with the sense of having been for a brief half-hour really among the mountains.

The most agreeable people in the world are those who never have any opinions of their own.