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A California paper says that the men who live on the ranges are notable for their remarkable retentive memories.

Great Britain must now begin to face a period of declining trade. Her revenues are falling behind what was expected.

Former Secretary of State Sherman is said to have died of simple old age. In spite of an extraordinary busy career, with its incidental mental strain, he is said to have had no distinctly organic disease. The end was simply a general stoppage of the entire vital machinery.

A traveler reports Honduras as a curious mixture of jungle and gigantic forest, of cocoa and of rubber trees, of bugs, vipers, snakes and crocodiles—of all manner of things that creep and crawl and sting and bite. Here, in every hamlet and city, are to be found men from different lands, mostly outlaws from their own country. Chicago, Boston, New York City and Philadelphia all furnish their quota. England, France, Italy, and even faraway Russia have their share.

How quickly the huge herds of buffalo on the American plains were swept from the face of the earth! A recent careful count by a competent person places the whole number of animals of the kind living today at only 1024. Dr. William T. Hornaday says in his book concerning the buffalo that it would have been as easy to count the number of leaves in a forest as to calculate the number of buffaloes living at any given time during the history of the species previous to 1870.

The tramp question in the United States has been a most serious one ever since the introduction of railroads. It is estimated that no less than 10,000 are carried nightly on trains, and that 10,000 are waiting to steal a ride at the same time. One of the leading railroads has taken a firm stand in the matter, and has equipped a special police force for the purpose of preventing trespassing. Some of the farmers, however, do not approve of this action, as they obtain much of their extra help in harvest times from the drifting population.

There are valuable products in Alaska other than the minerals. F. A. Walpole, a special agent of the department of agriculture, has found there an immense growth of many kinds of woods which will make valuable timber. The principal trees he found were two varieties of spruce, two of hemlock, and one each of pine and cedar. There is a great deal of spruce. The pine is a rule is not of much value. It is rather small and grows in the marshes and bogs. The cedar is the most valuable wood to be found in southern Alaska. It grows in great abundance along the coast, and is called there the yellow cedar, but is known in all parts of the country as the Alaska cedar. There is some red cedar and it is very large. There is a good growth to be found about Wrangell. The yellow cedar is good principally for making moth-proof boxes and such like articles, and is especially valuable for interior finishing and the manufacture of furniture.

Half-size pianos are being made in Germany for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so the new pianos are made with keys half the usual width in order to prevent such injury.

A factory for liquid air is being erected at Los Angeles, Cal., for refrigerating purposes.

AN ARIZONA GHOST STORY.

A strange-looking little Arizona newspaper, in a wayworn wrapper, came with my mail a few mornings ago, and when I opened it, wondering why it had been sent to me and by whom, my eye presently fell on a blue- penciled paragraph:

"Marshal Catlin and posse got back late last evening. They had a lively chase—and there is one bad man the less. It won't cost this town anything to try him. Dive Tranchard needed a change. He was too fond of horse-flesh—other people's."

Probably Arizonians understood that paragraph perfectly at first sight, and it intimated even to a slow New Englander that "Dive Tranchard" had been sternly punished.

"Dive Tranchard!" Something in the name set the chords of memory vaguely vibrating all day, and when I waked next morning, the full, familiar name had come to me out of the past—Dive Tranchard! It must be he—the "queer boy" of the school where I first began as a teacher in Kennebec county, Maine, 20 years ago.

I was then only 18 years old, and the school agent who hired me and the good minister-member of the school board who gave me my "certificate" said that I might "pull through" if I could manage Dive Tranchard.

In the schoolroom, Dives did not appear formidable at first view, but I was not long in discovering the fertility of his mischievous ingenuity. The wits of the average schoolmaster could not possibly keep pace with the swift trickiness in which he indulged himself.

He was a somewhat sedate and distinguished looking youngster, with a clear-cut, refined face, and the inconsistency between his countenance and his conduct was such that I never was able to feel, during the whole time he was my pupil, that I quite understood him.

Dives was an orphan, who, while still very young, had been adopted by the storekeeper of the place, Mr. Mulhall.

His father had been a very intemperate and blasphemous man, whose dearest delight had been to rail at the Scriptures. In profane bravado he had named his three sons Judas, Tophet and Dives. The two former had died of croup while very young, and Dives, or "Dive," as he was generally called, was the sole survivor of the family.

Naturally, a teacher only 18 years old could not hope to assume the role of moral adviser to a youth of 17 with entire success.

When I attempted it with Dives, he grinned in my face, and the effort ended in a rough-and-tumble fight over the schoolhouse floor. In this conflict I established a kind of doubtful suzerainty over him, and afterward maintained it with a bold front, but the issue was always in some little doubt.

What the outcome would have been is far from certain. I have a feeling that Dives would have been too much for me, in time, had our relations as pupil and pedagogue continued long. But they lasted only three weeks. On the first day of January he ran away, in consequence of a curious prank.

District Number Eleven was the only place where I ever saw what was believed to be a ghost. The people there were not superstitious, but I found that many of them had seen an apparition that they could not account for. It had been seen three times the previous winter and once late in November, a few days before I arrived. More than 20 persons admitted that they had seen it during snow-storms, but all made light of it; the people were not ignorant, and the apparition puzzled them much more than it frightened them.

The mysterious thing, whatever it was, had always been seen at night, and seemed to be a kind of phantom on horseback, an equestrian ghost, so as to speak.

It had been discerned passing at great speed, but the hoofs made no noise, and it looked thin, or white, and was hardly distinguishable in outline amidst the falling snowflakes. That was about all I could learn regarding the phantom; and as the representative of education, I set myself to discountenance belief in the specter. My theories were received with respect the only difficulty in the way of their entire acceptance was that numbers of those who listened to me had really seen the ghost.

It was a place where the people retained many of the old customs of ancestral Puritan England, among others that "of watch-night," or watching the old year out and the new year in, on the night of December 31st. It was announced at the meeting-house the previous Sunday that there would be a watch-night the following Saturday evening, to last half past twelve, New Year's morning. There would be singing and prayers, but it was not to be an exclusively religious ceremony. Conversation and even story-telling would be allowed.

At the watch-night meeting there were 30 or 35 people, old and young, including the Methodist minister, Mr. Reeves, who had been settled there but a few months, a very young man, with whom I had already become intimate.

He was companionable, robust and jolly, a youth who still enjoyed snow-balling, for instance. After school, when I passed the house where he lived, he usually dashed out, fresh

from his theological studies, and we would go at a brisk trot for a mile together along the road to the post-office and back.

The early hours of the watch-meeting passed agreeably. We had all gathered about the meeting-house stove, for the night was cloudy and bleak, and after the usual hymn and opening exercises, we amused ourselves by relating our "good resolves" for the New Year. Many of these were admirable and some very humorous. Mr. Smith, the little shoemaker of the place, whose wife was very large and strong and active, rose to say, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had sadly neglected his duty for the past twelve months, but had now firmly resolved to beat Mrs. Smith more frequently during the year to come, to which Mrs. Smith responded with a breezy laugh, "I'd like to see you begin!"

At about 11 o'clock one of the boys, who had been to the outer door, returned to say that it was snowing fast and thick, and indeed, we could faintly hear the icy flakes driving against the window-panes. One of the young ladies was playing on the organ, the accompaniment to a hymn which many of the older people were singing.

Young Mr. Reeves sat near me, with a quiet smile on his face, pondering, as I fancied, something which he meant to say after the music. Suddenly I felt him start, and glanced at his face. His eyes were bent on some object, but he turned at once.

"Don't look!" he whispered to me. "I have seen that ghost. It is outside, looking in at the opposite window. Wait a bit, then cast your eye in that direction."

I did so, and saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything, a long, white, awful face looking in! Much to my consternation, it moved, and appeared to nod several times.

"Don't seem to notice it!" Mr. Reeves whispered. "Sit quiet a moment. When the people move back from the organ, we will steal out and see what we can discover."

Recovering myself in a moment, I stepped quietly to the door, and a few moments later was joined by Mr. Reeves in the dark entry.

We took our hats, and then, without waiting to put on our overcoats, opened the door carefully. Snow was falling fast and drove in our faces; several inches had fallen; but we dashed out, doubled the corner of the house and hurried toward the window.

A great, dim, indistinct object was standing there which appeared to melt away suddenly, with but the softest possible sound. It disappeared round the other corner of the house. Without speaking, we ran after it.

We could hardly see anything on account of the driving snow and darkness, yet we again discerned, dimly, the great, indistinct object moving toward the highway.

I confess I felt a shivery sensation, for the spectral appearance made hardly an audible sound; but I dashed on, side by side with Mr. Reeves.

We were good runners, and made a dash to catch the thing. In the road, a few hundred feet from the church, we came so near at one time that I reached out my hand in hope to lay hold of the apparition, but it glided away only the faster and I did not succeed.

And now we both heard a kind of regular muffled noise, as of great feet falling softly; and these audible evidences of physical substance stimulated us to continue the chase.

"Run it down!" Mr. Reeves said, in a low voice, and I settled myself to keep pace with him.

The snow hindered us little, but notwithstanding our efforts the effigy drew away from us. We had lost sight of it when we ran past the house of Mr. Mulhall, the storekeeper, but in the very moment of passing, we heard the large door of the stable creaking. This, at that hour of the night, seemed so strange that we both stopped short and turned back.

Entering the yard, we approached the stable door, but found it closed. There were slight noises inside, however, and soon a match gleamed through the crack of the door, and a lantern was lighted.

To our astonishment, we now perceived that the person inside was Dive Tranchard, clad in a white garment and white cap, and that he was untying what looked like snowy bags from the feet of Mulhall's old white mare. Having taken off these muffers, Dives next proceeded to withdraw a large, white, bonnet-like structure from the mare's head.

When these singular trappings were removed, he put the beast in her stall, stripped off his own white garment and cap, and made the whole outfit into a bundle. Then he extinguished the lantern, left the stable by a side door, and went to the house, which he entered cautiously by a door in the rear.

My first impulse had been to seize him when he came out and compel him to confess to the prank; but as he emerged from the stable, Mr. Reeves whispered, "Wait! Don't say anything to him. Don't let him know yet we have caught him!"

We therefore stood aside in the darkness and allowed him to go to the house unmolested, and then, hastening back to the meeting-house, joined the people there. Our absence had been hardly noticed.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, after Dives had gone to the school-house, we called at Mulhall's store and told the astonished storekeeper what we had seen. He did not at first believe us, and was inclined to resent the charge against his foster-son.

At last, when Mr. Reeves said that he might perhaps be convinced by being allowed to examine the room where Dives slept, Mulhall led the way up-stairs.

It was a large, open room, with many old chests, boxes and trunks, and a very brief search disclosed the bundle which we had seen Dives bring from the stable the previous evening. It contained not only his white shirt and cap and the gummy bags, with which he muffled the mare's hoofs, but a curious padded contrivance of white cloth and wire to tie on her head.

The front of it was drawn to represent a human face, with holes for the horse's eyes. It was this nodding white face which we had seen at the window.

Further search in the chamber revealed other things; plunder of many kinds; goods and trinkets from the store; not less than 50 letters, apparently stolen from the post-office; four articles; 15 silver spoons; a bunch of bristles which Dives could not have come by honestly.

By this time Mulhall, a rather simple man, was abusing his foster-son vigorously as a thief and wished to go at once with us to the schoolhouse and denounce him.

Mr. Reeves persuaded him to say nothing till evening, and we arranged to call at the house that night and endeavor to get the truth of the matter from Dives himself.

But before noon that day the youth had, in some way, learned or guessed that his thefts were discovered. He did not return to the schoolhouse in the afternoon.

He had run away, and I never heard of him afterward until I saw his name in the Arizona newspapers.—Youth's Companion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Chinese woman's shoe is often only three inches long. Naturally the Chinese lady does little walking, and when she does get about she leans constantly on her maid.

A marble statue of Apollo, with the head in a fine state of preservation, has recently been unearthed near Athens. Its workmanship shows that it belongs to the fifth century B. C.

When a rich Chinaman is so ill that he is likely to soon shuffle off this mortal coil, his thoughtful relatives hurry him off to an undertaker's, where he may rest his dying eyes on the coffin that is to contain his bones. This is to save time and trouble.

Numerous droves of cattle, each beast with smoke tinted spectacles fixed over its eyes, are in winter seen ranging the snow-covered plains of Russia. The glare of sunlight on the snow causes blindness, hence the resort to spectacles to protect the eyesight of the cattle as they pluck the grass which sprouts through the earth's white mantle.

What is the record price for a single flower? From Australia comes an answer to the query. A princess was president of a music exhibition on which a loss had been made. She accordingly organized a flower show, at which ladies of rank, including the princess, had stalls. One of her customers was the wealthy Baroness Reinelt of Trieste, who, in choosing a pink, asked: "How much may I pay for this flower?" "You, Baroness, may in your generosity fix the limit." "How much is wanted for the music exhibition?" Forty thousand pounds." "I will give that for the pink," said the baroness.

A curious fight took place a short time ago on the south branch of the Potomac. John Fisher, of Romney, W. Va., caught a 40 pound turtle. Just as he landed it, the hook broke, and the turtle chased him all around the boat. The fight lasted 10 minutes, Fisher defending himself with a paddle, when the turtle at last turned tail and flopped into the water.

A Paradise For Spinsters.

Queensland has been not inaptly described as a paradise for spinsters. The last census taken there showed 75,000 more single men than single women, and the efforts of the colonial government in the way of emigration are now chiefly devoted to making up the deficiency. Indeed, Sir Horace Tozer, the agent general for Queensland, may claim to be one of the busiest matrimonial agents in the world, for he is sending out large numbers of single women to that colony, and it is said that the objection entertained by the workmen of Australia to free or assisted emigration does not extend to the class exported by him, so long as he is careful to select them young and tolerably good looking. It is evident that the agent and his assistants must possess unusual powers of discrimination with regard to picking out attractive emigrants, for it appears that about 50 per cent. of the women marry within two years after their arrival in Queensland. When we are told that servants are always in demand in the Australian colonies, that wages average between \$100 and \$200 a year, and that in all probability within two years domestic service may be exchanged for matrimony, it is easy to understand why Queensland has been termed "a paradise for spinsters."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Where law ends tyranny begins.—William Pitt.

Delay always breeds danger.—Miguel De Cervantes.

Usually we praise only to be praised.—Rochefoucauld.

Patience is the best remedy for every trouble.—Plautus.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

Always act in such a way as to secure the love of your neighbor.—Pliny.

Some people are so fond of ill luck that they run half way to meet it.—Douglas Jerrold.

Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The winds and the waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Edward Gibbon.

Inconsistencies of opinion arising from changes of circumstances are often justifiable.—Daniel Webster.

Blot out vain pomp; check impulse; quench appetite; keep reason under its own control.—Marcus Aurelius.

It is always right that a man should be always able to render a reason for the faith that is in him.—Sydney Smith.

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Lincoln.

HAPPIEST CLASS OF PEOPLE.

Those That Enjoy Life Most Are Ones Who Have "Neither Riches nor Poverty."

In writing of "The Happiest Class of People" in the Woman's Home Companion, John Gilmer arrives at the following conclusion: "I have told you who are the unhappiest men, and now it is my pleasant duty to speak of the happiest state. Solomon indicated it in most of the proverbs, both definition and description. Neither riches nor poverty. I need say little more. We all know what the alternative is—that middle state where the income safely exceeds the expenditure. Then a man can be happy—and he has a good temper and a robust digestion—it does not make much difference what goes on around him. He is safe, and for the time being at least his family is secure. The best thing about this happiest state is that it has within it such a tremendously large class. It is not only a man here and there that belongs within it; the men are legions. In this country it embraces all of the great middle class. And the very great majority of them do not even know that theirs is the happiest state; they do not dream how well they are off. Some of them, being wrong-headed men, envy their richer neighbors; some others throw away their valuable sufficiency in the endeavor to get riches; some others get rich, and then are not happy as they were before. Let those who are in this happiest state continue in it if they can, for the world at large and the country at home has great need for them. They constitute the great conservative force—the force which prevents the democratic country from going pell-mell to smash; they represent the solid honesty which stands midway between the madness of a too rapid social reform and the insatiable greed of the unscrupulous who look upon the whole world as a goldmine that belongs to them by right of inheritance or purchase. Happy should be the land where this class is very great; and it is greater in the United States than anywhere else in the world."

Cupid and Business.

"Miss Florry," said the traveler, leaning over the counter of the village shop, where his samples were spread out for display, and speaking to the girl behind it in low, eager, passionate tones, "now that old Hunk has gone to the front to wait on a customer, I may tell you how I have looked forward for the last 30 days to the time when I should have the happiness of seeing you again, and hearing from your own dear lips that you have not forgotten me—may I not? While I have been on my dreary rounds from town to town, or passing the leaden hours in waiting for trains at little railway stations, the thought of your lovely face has thrilled me to the heart's core. You have been to me the beacon light of hope, the inspiration of every striped goods like these, Miss Baxter, are worth 21 shillings a dozen. I can't make them a penny less," he said, in a hard businesslike tone.

Old Hunk had returned to the back part of the shop.—Tid-Bits.

Not Personally.

The Antiquarian society of Smith-ton was holding its anniversary meeting, an occasion of much splendor and importance.

A young woman who acted in the capacity of society reporter for one of the morning papers of the city, in making her rounds for the purpose of securing the names of those in attendance, approached a somewhat elderly but well-preserved spinster, who was moving in her stately manner amid the throng.

"I suppose, Miss Bunham," the reporter said, jotting down the name in her note-book, "you are an Antiquarian?"

"I am a member of the Antiquarian society," responded Miss Bunham, with great dignity, evidently having an impression that an "antiquarian," objectively considered, was about the same as an antiquity.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Experiments carried on at the University of Illinois show that coal washing removes a considerable percentage of the slate and ash ingredients and 50 per cent. of the sulphur, rendering the coal more fit for gas-making and coking.

An immense dockyard is to be constructed at Antwerp to cope with the exigencies of the rapidly increasing shipping trade of that port. When completed it will cover no less than 67 acres. The scheme has received the financial support of the most prominent shipping owners in Germany.

It has long been known that there were iron ore deposits east of Biwabik, in the Mesabi Range, in Minnesota, but owing to their apparent small size and the large deposits discovered to the west, they have been neglected, and little prospecting has been done in this region of late years. Ten or 15 years ago, however, the region was carefully examined by a number of experts and passed by for apparently more promising mines. The Minnesota correspondent of the Engineering and Mining Journal now reports the discovery in this region of an ore body a mile long and a half mile wide under but 50 feet of surface, and that a large mining company has already secured an option on the property.

Workmen in steel works are occasionally poisoned by water-gas, of which carbon monoxide is a large constituent. A treatment for such cases has been the transfusion of blood, and now in its place M. A. Mosso, in the Comptes Rendu of the Paris Academy of Science, has suggested that the victim be placed in an atmosphere which contains oxygen at considerable pressure. In experiments on two monkeys, poisoned with carbon monoxide, it was found that the one subjected to this treatment, which involved being placed in an atmosphere containing oxygen at a pressure of 30 pounds to the square inch, completely recovered in half an hour, while the other animal, which had been left to its own resources, died.

A sawmill run by electricity began operations recently in Oregon and seems to have been successful. The electricity is generated by water power, the water being flumed from a small stream which runs a 50-horse-power water-wheel, in connection with which is a dynamo to generate the current to run the mill. Wires are strung from the power-house to the sawmill and are attached to the saws and other machinery of the mill. A feature of the electric sawmill is that the carriage is above the log and carries two saws, which are so fixed as to cut both ways, making two cuts at the same time. This arrangement allows the saws to cut going both ways, and obviates the necessity of having to bring the carriage back and begin cutting at the same end of the log each time. It is claimed that the mill will cut any lumber or logs at one-half the cost of other mills.

Up to the present there have been two general methods for operating railroad switches from a central tower. The most common and oldest of these is by means of manual levers in the tower, mechanically connected to the track switch by a system of rods, chains, or wires. The second system, known as the electro-pneumatic, consists of electro-magnets, controlled from the central tower operating valves which in their turn control the compressed air used to change the switches and signals. Now there comes a new system, the "all-electric" as it has been named, which consists simply of a small electro motor at each switch whose action is governed from the central tower. The only connection necessary is the two wires of the motor circuit. This system has recently been installed in several railroad yards in Chicago, and is giving satisfaction. The practical perfection of the whole apparatus, which in theory is so simple, and especially of the electric interlocking machine in the tower, is the result of several years' experimental work.

Honesty Developed by Mail Boxes.

"That naive trust in human honesty that one sees here is distinctly American," said an Englishman, pointing to a letter box. "I would like to see a Continental business man lay packages and large envelopes on the top of the post boxes. They would be taken before the glue of the stamps was dry. There is another reason why we can't do that at home. Our dear old London folks would wipe out the address in short order and unless the collections were frequent the paper would be reduced to a pulp. A dry climate makes you Americans talk with a dreadful nasal accent, but it shows up your honesty."

Texas Furnishes a Pictorial Snake.

Jim Newcomb of Caldwell, Texas, is in possession of a mouse snake about 14 inches long that is out of the usual order. On the back of the head and neck is a complete photograph of a woman, showing bust and face. Her hair is done up in a top knot and she has on a shirtwaist. The snake was killed near Milano Junction and is preserved in alcohol as a curiosity. The image is formed on the skin by the arrangement of the two colors of the snake—black and dingy white.—Galveston Daily News.