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rregular or the control of the contr

Entered at the Postoffice at Freeland. Pa., as Second-Class Matter,

The City of Detroit, Mich., tried standard time for just one week.
Then the astute common council
voted to abandon it and returned to
local time, regardless of railroad timetables.

geological survey has been in the neighborhood of Ann Arbor, Mich., for about six months making a study of surface geography for the government.
He finds that the site of Ypsilanti was
at one time the bottom of a lake, which
was connected with Lakes Huron and

The prosperous condition of Nebras-The prosperous condition of Nebras-ka is shown by the state treas-urer's latest report. Four years ago there was \$7,000,000 due the state on back taxes; now there is only \$3,000,-000 due, and this is mostly from people who left the state during the hard times. In the last two years the float-ling indebtedness has been redweed by ing indebtedness has been reduced by

are beginning to be developed, the first shipment from the White Horse belt having been recently dispatched to This belt, which traverses

Tacoma. This belt, which traverses a tributary of the Yukon, is 25 miles long and four miles wide. There is from 25 to 75 percent of copper in the ore, and each ton carries from \$6 to \$10 worth of gold.

Gifts and bequests for public purposes are an item of increasing value in the account of American progress. During last year they aggregated \$62,461,304, of which nearly \$35,000,000, or considerably more than one-half, went to universities, colleges and other educational institutions. Of the remaining \$27,000,000 a little more than a half went to charities, while nearly \$3,000,000 went to churches. The remaining \$5,000,000 went to churches. The remaining \$5,000,

"Gradan!" Mrs. Seely repeated, maining \$27,000,000 a little more than half went to chartties, while nearly \$3,000,000 went to churches. The remaining \$27,000,000 was divided about evenly among museums, art galleries and libraries. Andrew Carnegie was the largest public giver of the year, his benefactions footing up \$4,225,000, of which all but \$625,000,000 went to Pitsburgh's institute and library. The next largest public benefactors were Samuel Cupples and R. A. Brookings of St. Louis, who gave \$5,000,000 to Washington university. But the list of these public givers of millions includes less than 20 names, and is quite short when the number of our muiti-millionaires is considered.

All the wonders of this age are not found in the inventions that annihilate time and space, create conveniences and luxuries, soothe suffering, protect health and prolong life. The chemist is achieving things as remarkable in their way, although not always so desirable, as the inventions of the electric'an and the machinist' imitation of many common articles of food? Our ancestors have thought, for instance, of the chemist's imitation of many common articles of fold? Our ancestors used to ear real honey; we consume a substitute made of glucose, corn and sulphuric acid. Our olive of lis often extonosed oil; our butter and lard beef fat; our coffee peas, beans and molasses; our pepper tharcoal, red clay and ground coconnut shell. Even the milk we drink is sometimes under suspicion. A fluid closely resembling it can be made of caustic soda, saleratus, salt and water. Dur forefathers of 1801 certainly had an advantage over us here. The chemist were not in league against them. But, on the other hand, we are vastly more in debt to the chemist than our ancestors for the remedies which bring the proper divide the present day.

Their Daughter-in-Law.

"Your last day? Dear, dear, must you go today, Harvey?" said Mrs. Seely, looking across the breakfast table at her son, with affectionate concern. And her daughters Kitty and Margery echoed her words. "Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said, his father, breaking a hot roll carefully. "Now that you're partner, though—"
"Now that I'm partner, it's hard

you're partner, though—"
"Now that I'm partner, it's hard
work getting off." responded Harvey
Seely. "It was all I could do—"
He paused suddenly.
"What was all you could do?" inquired Kitty.
"Well," said Harvey, laying down
his knife and fork, with a beaming
smile, "here goes; Here's the news
I've been saving up for you till the last. and fork, with a beaming smile, "here goes: Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married.

Kitty's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Seely dropped his roll hastily. "Married!" said Margery breathless-

with a ciatter, and Air. Seely uroppes, bis roll hastily.

"Married!" said Margery breathlessly.

Mrs. Seely alone remained calm. She rolled up her napkin, put it in its ring and looked at her son through her gold-bowed glasses composedly. She felt, however, that this was an iportant crisis.

When Harvey—their only son—had, with commendable independence, le't his pleasant home to "get a start" in the neighboring city, they had ultexpected great things of him.

He would be rapidly successful; be vould distinguish himself in the prefossion he had chosen and amass a fortune; and he would woo and win some sweet girl, with a long row of ancestors—the Seelys, being themself expecters of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Harvey had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly, and had recently exceeded their wildest ambitions by being made a junior party of his firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the becutiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and substantial inheritance.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eugeness; that Mr. Seely fumbled with his warde chain in nervous usservers.

Harvey rose from his seat, with an energy which set the bell in the castor jingling.

"This is absurd" he said indignantly.
"It is more than absurd; it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people." Harvey corrected, rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen, that "it could not be worse," is past my comprehension."

seen, that 'it could not be worse,' is past my comprehension."
"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Seely, holding up a restraining hand "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

month?"
"On the ninth," Harvey rejoined.
"Of course you will all be there?" he
added, rather dubiously.
"By no means!" said his father,
chortly.

"By no means!" said his father, rhortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Seely, reproachfully.

"Very well; "if Mohammed won't come—' You've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Dora."

When he left the house, an hour latar, he had the required permission. His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-by, in an injured and reproachful way; and his father had shaken hands, coolly.

But his ears still rang with that odious assertion, "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

II.

The Seelys were in a state of sub-

The Seelys were in a state of sub-

tued excitement.

Harvey's wedding tour was completed; and they had received a teletram that afternoon to the effect that
e would be "on hand" tonight, with
dis new wife.

The dining-room table was set for
linner; and Mrs. Seely wandered
rom one end of it to the other, nercounsly.

from one end of it to the other, nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandeller with his evening newspaper; but he was not reading it. Kity and Margery fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the carriage from the railroad station.

"I hope," said Margery, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely, dismally.

we're prepared to see her."
"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely, dismally.
There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the door, and the bell rang sharply.
Kitty and Margery clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mr. Seely dropped his newspaper and arose; and Mrs. Seely advanced toward the hall door with dignity.
It opened wide before she could reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles. "This is my wife," he said, proudly. "My mother, Dora; my father; my sisters Kitty and Margery!"
And, with a caressing touch, he took by the hand and led forward among them.—

took by the hand and led forward among them—
What?
Mr. Seely gazed with startling eyes;
Mrs. Seely dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy, and Kitty and Margery gasped.
For what they saw was a woman of apparently 40 years, with a face

fected, mincing gait and a simpering smile.

"This is my wife," Harvey repeated.
"Have you no welcome for her?"

The bride tittered.
"Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed, tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Harvey responded; and patted her falsely-blooming cheek affectionately. "Besides, if you were but a shadow—a caricature of your beautiful self, they were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.

He looked at his horrified relatives eaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over

The fluid of his words hashed over them.

Yes, they had all said, repeatedly, this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamed of this?

Harvey watched them with an un-disturbed smile—his father, turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly; Mrs. Seely, gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Wall pather" said Hanway light.

girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Harvey, lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that ! have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, Kitty:"

Kitty came forward with a set face and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvelous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak,

Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner came down presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed, looking round the table with a girlish

smile; "ain't nothing I admire so:
Just pass that celery, father-in-law.
Delicious! ain't it, darling?"
"Extremely, my dear," said the
bridegroom, complacently.
Ignorant and vulgar! What dread-

bridegroem, complacently.
Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful things would they discover next?
It was an evening they never forfoot. The unfortunate parents sat with
pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking
at each other with fresh horror at
each simpering, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

r-in-law.

Kitty and Margery excused thomelves during the second course, and
ew to their rooms to cry themselves
a sleep, in an agony of dismay and

serves Juring the second course, and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep, in an agony of dismay and mortification.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle, and with the last of her dessort held aloft. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—o' course everybody'll call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em tomorrow. Come on, dear!"

And she tripped up stairs, with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Seely wrung her hands despairingly.

ingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said, faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it!" said her husband; his face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing tomorrow, and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down on the

He brought his hand down on the table threateningly.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife, miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced; and everybody will know it.

There was a silence.
"I had pictured her to myseif," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor, misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because she had not wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgment upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband, grimly.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room, next morning, for the appearance of the newly-wedded couple.

couple.

There were marks of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—and a general gloom prevailed.

Mr. Seely stood in front of the fireplace, watching the half-door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour,

"Please get them away before anybody comes, papa!" said Kitty. "It would be dreadful if anybody were to see her!"

her!"
'Dreadful!" Margery echoed, with a

groan.

There were footsteps on the stairs.

Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and
the girls caught their breath.

The hall door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, simpering horror?

ble in the broad daylight—that artificial, simpering horror?
But it was not the sight they were prepared to see which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted powdered semblanee of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young lady, with shining brown hair crowning, a charming head, peachy cheeks, in which the color came and went, and soft, dark eyes, which studied the carpet in pretty timidity; with dainty, slippered feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect form.

slippered feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect form.

"Good morning," she said, gently. Harvey had followed her closely. "Well, Dora," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives, quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Margery had come toward her hastily, and seized both of her hands. "Was it you all the time?" cried Margery, joyfully. "And the gray hair was false, and the wrinkles were put en, and all that dreadful powder? Ch. Harvey, how could you?"

"I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh! Shall you ever forget us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Seely, incoherently.

And she hurried forward, with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughterin-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Harvey, gaily. "I felt like a villain when I

to by Jay, and embraced her daugh-ter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Harvey, gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd demonstrate to you that it could. Dora is 19 instead of 40; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can heart-ily recommend her for a 'willing and obliging,' good-tempered and thorough-ly capable girl—the sweetest in the world."

world."

Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her cfinsively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I am afraid we needed it, my son."—Saturday Night.

BUILDING THE CANADIAN PACIFIC. THE MAN WITH A HAPPY SMILE.

How Van Horne Met 200 Miles of Engl-neering Impossibilities.

"Students of latter day Canadian story like to dwell upon the Cana-un Pacific story. To them it means copic of individual provess, the wel-ce of a strong man—strong mentally

epic of individual prowess, the welopic of a strong man—strong mentally
ophysically—against almost insuruntable obstacles.
Within six weeks of his appointtt William Van Horne made his
sonce felt. When the enemies of
road began to deery the building
he north shore section—that along If the north shore section—that along the upper end of Lake Superior—Van Jorne promptly advocated the retenon of the original pian, and insisted that an all-Canadian line was absortely necessary. His opinions, backing the extraordinary influence he and already commenced to exercise over his associates, were accepted, and he plunged into the work with all the strength of his fron nature. His rest task was to attack the wilderess on the north of Lake Superior.

"Twelve thousand railroad navyies.

the strength of his iron nature. His first task was to attack the wilderness on the north of Lake Superior.

"Twelve thousand railroad navvice, and from 150 to 2000 teams of horses were set to work, involving the use of a dozen steamers for the transport of material and provisions. It was a small army in number, but its motive, creation instead of extinction, made its work of wonderful interest. The problem boldly faced by the new general manager was one calculated to daunt the most venturesome and daring spirit. In his preliminary and personal survey he had found what he afterward characterized as 200 miles of engineering impossibilities. The country it was necessary to cross was a waste of forest, rock and muskeg (bog), out of which almost every mile of road was hewn, blasted, or filled up, and in places the filling-up of muskegs proved to be a most difficult task.

"There were moments during the work when even William Van Horne's stout heart almost failed him. Discouraging reports from surveyers and engineers, the discovery of unexpected obstacles, and the varied phases of weather, rain following cold and floods followed rain, made the task hard beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. But there was that in the old Dutch stock of the Van Hornes, and perchance, in the American spirit of the Illinois-born man, which caused him to hammer away at the problem until he finally succeeded. It is well to say in passing, that if William Van Horne had accomplished nothing else, his victory over the engineering difficulties afforded by the line along Lake Superior's north shore would give him fame enough for one man. While the work of constructing the Lake Sunerior north coast line was progressing other portions of the great systems were receiving the attention of the tircless general manager and his assistants. The Rocky mountains, that formidable barrier of interminable snow peaks, had to be pierced.

"To those who have traveled over the Canadian Pacific from Montreal

mountains, that formidable barrier of interminable snow peaks, had to be pierced.

"To those who have traveled over the Canadian Pacific from Montreal to Vancouver the feat of building even a single track railroad under such conditions and through such a marvelous country is almost past under standing. The obstacles presented along the north shore fade into insignificance when compared with those encountered after entering the majes tie Rockies. Every conceivable engineering problem was encountered and overcome. Trestles, bridges, cuts and fills without number were employed, and to achieve all this money was spent with a liberal hand. It was like campaigning in a hostile country. To rout the forces of nature called for a vast army of men, and this army required a commissary corps as efficient as one accompanying a military body. Pick and shovel, dynamite and blasting powder, formed the weapons of offense; temporary ralls and engines the transportation; great hordes of Chinese and Indians the rank and file; intrepid and skillful Canadian, English and American engineers the staff, and at the head of it all, the general-inchief, was William Van Horne, the Illinois boy, who, 20 years before, had started in his railroad career as a cub telegraph operator."—

H. H. Lewis, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Overcrowded London.

Overcrowded London.

At the present moment, writes Sir Walter Besant, those parts of East London inhabited by the workingmen of all kinds, from the respectable artisan in steady employment down to the casual hand and the children of the street, are suffering from the dearth of houses. There are not enough single rooms for the familles which would gladly occupy them, if they could. The rents of the lowest tenements are going up higher and higher. The working people compete with one another for rooms. The landlord has only to put up his house, or his rooms in his house, to the highest bidded. A room that used to be let for four shillings a week can now command six, while the fine, or the sum paid on taking the key, which was formerly a few shillings, now runs up to a pound or even two.

The houseless used to be considered the very poorest. Among them now are familles where the head is in good work. They are houseless because there are no houses for them. The vast increase of population has a good deal to do with this. For instance, the outlying suburb of East Ham, 20 years ago a mere hamlet with a few houses and an old church in the fields, now numbers 90,000 people, all of the working class; while its neighbor, West Ham, which 20 years ago consisted of two or three scattered hamlets, is now a great town of 270,000 people, all of the working class.—Century Magazine.

the way,

He sought to make the world a better
place;
In spite of disappointments he went on

place;
n spite of disappointments he went on from day to day
With a happy, cheery look upon his face.

He kissed the little children, he stroked their sunny curls, He tried to fill the toiler's breast with cheer;
He had gallantry for ladies, he had smiles for all the girls—
He was trying to bring heaven nearer here.

He tried to scatter sunshine, be sought to be polite.
He tried to follow out the golden rule, And, so people got to thinking that he wasn't balanced right—
They voted him a nuisance and a fool.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Professor—What kind of iron busi-bess is your father in, Mr. Freshman? reshman—Why—er, I think it's me-tallic iron, sir. "What makes you think he has had his salary reslead?" and a Chick

"What makes you think he has had his salary raised?" asked Cheerful Mug. "He's taken up golf," replied the Wise Guy, convincingly.

Tommy—Pop, what is a fatalist? Tommy's Pop—A fatalist, my son, is a man who knows he's going to get the worst of it, and doesn't care.

"Which is the head barber?" in-quired the customer. "We're all head barbers," replied the artist. "What did you suppose we were,—corn doc-tors?" Mr. Youngwife—My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken! Mrs. Youngwife—What a mercy you've got your checkbook at home, love!

home, love!

The two old friends had met after a long time. "And your daughter?" said one, "is she married?" "No," replied the other; "I have never felt that I could afford a son-in-law."

Blobbs—It's only a question of time before all important documents will be recorded on phonographs. Slobbs—Great Scott! Then what's to become of the handwriting expert?

A teacher had folds a class of income.

of the handwriting expert?

A teacher had told a class of juvenfle pupils that Milton, the poet, was
blind. The next day she asked if any
of them could remember what Milton's
great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied
one little fellow. "He was a poet."
Angelina—That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night,
dear; but what do these initials "E.
C." mean on the inside? Edwin—Why
—er—that is—don't you know? That's
the new way of stamping eighteen
carats!

carats!

Little Edith had been to church for the first time, and on her return her grandma asked her how she liked it.

"I didn't like the organ very well."
was the reply. "Why not?" asked the old lady. "'Cause," answered Edith, "there wasn't any monkey with it."
"I suppose" caid they with it."

"It suppose," said the visitor, "It's like pulling teeth to get any money out of your husband these days." "O!" chipped in little Tommy, before his mother could speak, "ma don't have any trouble pulling teeth. She just takes 'em out and puts 'em in a glass."

The Hygiene of High Altitudes.

The Hygiene of High Altitudes.

The Lancet says: "It is well known that the chemical composition of the atmosphere differs little, if at all, wherever the sample be taken; whether it be on the high Alps or at the surface of the sea, the relation of oxygen to nitrogen and other constituents is the same. The favorable effects, therefore, of a change of air are not to be explained by any difference in the proportion of its gaseous constituents. One important difference, however, is the bacteriological one. The air of high altitudes contains no microbes, and is, in fact, sterile, whilst near the ground and some 100 feet above it microbes are abundant. In the air of towns and crowded places not only does the microbic impurity increase, but other impurities, such as the products of combustion of coal, accrue also. Several investigators have found traces of hydrogen and certain hydrocarbons in the air, and especially in the air of pine, oak and birch forests. It is to these bodies, doubtless, consisting of traces of essential oils, to which the curative effects of certain health resorts are ascribed. Thus the locality of a fir forest is said to give relief in diseases of the respiratory tract. But all the same, these traces of essential oil and aromatic products must be counted, strictly speaking, as impurities, since they are not necessary constituents of the air. As recent analyses have shown, these bodies tend to disappear in the air as a higher altitude is reached, until they disappear altogether. It would seem, therefore, that microbes, hydrocarbons and entities other than oxygen and nitrogen, and, perhaps, we should add, argon, are only incidental to the neighborhood of human industry, animal life, damp and vegetation."

New Varieties of Apples.

For all the great number of varie-

New Varieties of Apples.

New Varieties of Apples.

For all the great number of varieties of apples that have been named and distributed very few in comparison have proved general favorites. There is still room at the top, as they say of the learned professions. Those who have large apple orchards and have still a little ground to spare, might well let a dozen or two seeding apples grow up to bear fruit. If they proved of less importance than others already thought worthy of a name, they could goon be turned into profit by top-grafting with desirable kinds.—Meehans' Monthly.