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KIEL CANAL.

So Far the Enterprise Comes Out with a Deficit.

The administration of the Kiel canal, Germany, has lately published a report for the year included between April 1, 1898, and March 31, 1899. The number of vessels which have passed through the canal during that period reached 25,816, of which 11,005 represent steam vessels and 14,811 sailing vessels, etc. The total tonnage is estimated at 3,117,840. These figures show an increase over the preceding year of 2,708 vessels and 648,000 tons. The receipts of the canal during the year amount to about \$400,000, which is an increase of \$80,000 or 20 per cent., says the *Scientific American*. As to the different nations using the canal, Germany naturally takes the lead with 87 per cent of the total number of vessels, and 68 per cent of the tonnage; England has about 9 per cent, which is an increase over the preceding year. Denmark and Sweden have respectively 6.9 and 5.7 per cent, showing a slight diminution. Russia, whose proportion was 2.54 per cent in 1897-8, has now 2.29. From a financial point of view, the situation is considerably better than for the preceding period, the deficit being but \$108,000 against \$245,000. The receipts have increased about 26 per cent and the expenses diminished 9 per cent. The report brings out the fact that as the Kiel canal has been constructed mainly from a strategic point of view it is not to be expected that it will give any considerable profit; nevertheless, the constant increase in the revenue leads one to expect that the receipts may in time come to equal and even exceed the expense of maintenance.

BIG SCHOONERS LAUNCHED.

How Britons View Our Latest American Ventures in Sailing Ships.

America has just turned out from the ship-building yards of Maine the two biggest schooners ever launched. One is a five-master and the other creates a new record by carrying no fewer than six masts—each of them with over a hundred feet of Oregon pine in the lower mast alone. The six-master is more than three hundred feet long, has 12,000 square yards of canvas and can carry 5,000 tons of coal—a species of freight mentioned by our Boston correspondent with a keen appreciation of England's present interest in transatlantic coal supplies. Most wonderful detail of all she can be navigated by a crew of 14 men, whereas our correspondent claims, a square-rigged vessel would require twice as many. This is a point on which sailing experts may differ with him, but the main point is that a crew small in numbers can handle a large carrying machine deriving its motive power from the inexpensive breezes of heaven.

Most ordinary people thought, and think, that the day of the sailing vessel is past. Sentimental folk with an eye for picturesque marine effects may be heard on any excursion steamer admiring the casual barque or brigantine encountered in the lower reaches of the Thames (full-rigged ships are less often met with), and deploring the crowding out of the graceful sailing vessel by the ugly and workmanlike steamer. It seems that the plaint is quite uncalled for. The steamer has displaced the sailing ship for all time as a carrier of mails and passengers and of perishable goods that need rapid transit for the market; but there is plenty of work for the good ship with stout wooden hull and fluttering wings of canvas. Her day is by no means over. Possibly a new era of activity is before the sail-driven vessel. With the price of coal ever rising and the difficulty of obtaining sailors and firemen ever on the increase, it may be found better economy to use the slower sailing vessel than the hurrying steamer, with great saving of the initial expense of powerful engines and the current expenses of crew and fuel.—*London Express*.

England at War, Everything Dear.

Needless to say, because the income tax has risen, because coals are dear, everyone else thinks it right to increase their charges. Washerwomen, invariably had, are now proposing to become dearer. Some of the most amusing war pictures show us officers washing their dirty linen in biscuit tins, and doing laundry business themselves under difficulties. The Japanese soldiers are wiser—they wear paper shirts, said to be exceedingly light, soft and as serviceable as cotton, which after use they can be thrown away. Soon we shall be reduced to the same. Paper collars are already with us, but paper shirts, tablecloths and pocket handkerchiefs may soon follow suit.—*London Graphic*.

It has been estimated that from 90,000 to 100,000 deer feed in the forests of Scotland and that 4,000 stags are killed annually.

A LITTLE WHILE.

It is so natural that we fall asleep
Like tired children when the day is done.
That I would question why the living
When death has kissed the laughing lips of one.
We do not sigh when golden skies have dawned
The purple shadows and the gray of night,
Because we know the morning lies beyond,
And we must wait a little while for light.

So when, grown weary with the care and strife,
One loved one finds in sleep the peace they crave,
We should not weep, but learn to count this life.

A prelude to the one beyond the grave;
But thus be happy for them, not distressed,
And lift our hearts with love to God, and smile,
And we, anon, like tired ones will rest,
If we will hope and wait—a little while.

—Ella Bentley.

KENNEDY.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

A pretty cove making in from the ocean, a strip of white sand, and some tall, gray cliffs for a background; and such a bright, breezy morning! The cool waves leaped joyously in the June sunshine, and caught a thousand glittering rays in the golden light.

Kennedy was just pushing off for the yacht, as Beatrice Grant, accompanied by her friend, Miss Lizzie Fulton, came down to the pier.

Kennedy was the new skipper. The last one, Dawson, had been discharged for drunkenness, and this man put in his place.

Kennedy was dark and handsome, of magnificent build, and had a decidedly picturesque look, in his red shirt and white straw hat.

Beatrice, who was quite an artist, looked at him approvingly with her great, calm, innocent eyes, as, seeing that she wished to speak with him, he brought his boat about, and stepped out upon the pier.

"Is the Spray nearly ready, Kennedy?" she asked, graciously. "Our party arrived today, and papa says we are only waiting now for you and the wind." A little smile revealed the tips of her white teeth.

"If the wind is fair, we can start tomorrow, Miss Beatrice," said Kennedy, with an answering smile, which held an underlook of tenderness, as his gaze rested upon the girl's fair face.

"Very well," she returned, in calm unconsciousness that the handsome skipper had presumed to admire her.

She turned away, and as she did so, a darning gray silk glove fell upon the pier.

Lizzie Fulton who was rather near-sighted looking back, whispered hurriedly to Beatrice:

"I believe that man has picked up your glove."

Beatrice turned back.

Kennedy was standing quietly, with folded arms, looking after her.

"Kennedy," with a sort of cold staterliness, "did you pick up my glove?"

"Your glove, Miss Beatrice?" he said, imperturbably. "Oh no!"

And then, as the young ladies moved on, he threw himself once more into the boat, and pulled swiftly for the Spray, riding gracefully at anchor just off the shore.

Once on the deck of the dainty yacht, he drew from an inner pocket or his loosened shirt a small, crumpled, gray glove. This he smoothed gently in his strong brown palm, tenderness and amusement both struggling in the smile which crept into his hazel eyes.

"A proud little lady," he said softly, as he put the glove back again.

It was a jolly party which left Grand Ledge on the following morning, for a cruise along the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Grant was the reputed possessor of a handsome fortune; and his motherless daughter, lovely, talented, and just 19 had invited most of her own particular set, with one or two elderly ladies, for propriety's sake, and now they were off for a month or two of delightful sailing.

Among the party there were one or two would-be lovers of the girl, and occasionally, to escape their sentimental speeches, she would find Kennedy, and talk to him about the weather, and the course of the yacht, etc., and Kennedy, thoroughly understanding her maneuvers, would aid her with only half-repressed amusement in his eyes.

But one time, as she approached the wheel where he was standing a lurch of the vessel threw her forward, and as he caught her upon one arm, he brushed his lips lightly over the bright brown waves of her hair. A delicate, bright color flooded her cheeks instantly, and the small head crested itself with the stateliness of a queen.

"Kennedy!" she cried, indignantly; "you forget yourself! How dare you presume so?"

Kennedy's dark face smiled down at her with a conscious strength and manliness.

"I dare to 'presume' in many ways, Miss Bee, if I cared to," he said, calmly.

"You must not call me Miss Bee," the girl corrected, haughtily, fire flashing from her clear brown eyes; "that name is only for the friends in my own station. And do not smile at me in that way, Kennedy! Your very look is presumptuous."

Kennedy bit his smiling lips under his heavy moustache, and turned his gaze seaward.

"Miss Beatrice," he said gently; "you are a very fortunate lady, as proud as

you are happy. Pray heaven that you may always love as royally in your kingdom as you do now. You think me presumptuous. Your father's skipper daring to touch a tress of your lovely hair! I am quite innocent of presumption. Except in a pecuniary way. I am the peer of any man on this vessel. Proud as you may be, my little queen, Kennedy dares to love you with a love that will never die!"

Turning his eyes once more upon her, he saw that she was trembling, and that she seemed powerless to move, with her wide eyes fixed upon him in a sort of fascination.

The night breeze was blowing up cool. Kennedy let the wheel slip about, and taking a wrap from the seat, folded it deftly about her.

"There," he said soothingly. "It is cold here; go back to your friends. Kennedy will trouble you no more—do not fear."

And he returned to his post, not again looking toward the slender figure which moved slowly away from him.

The next day Beatrice, with a great assumption of carelessness, inquired of her father where he had found Kennedy, and who the skipper was.

"Why, I thought you knew," was the ready response. "Kennedy is the son of old Lady Kennedy, down at Birch Landing, two miles below our place. She is a reduced gentlewoman, and her son is a fellow—very much above his present position. He was a wild boy, however; ran away to sea, and learned navigation in a hard school. He might have sailed master of a large steamer to China, but his mother, to whom he is quite devoted, is growing old and feeble, and he would not leave her, although he could find no employment suited to his capacity. He applied for Dawson's place, and I was glad enough to get him, for he is a thoroughly good sailor."

Beatrice was very quiet all the rest of that day, and watched Kennedy shyly from the corner of her long-lashed eyes. But to all appearance, she had quite forgotten the little episode of the preceding night, meeting some chance remark of hers with a gravely respectful salute, and immediately after requesting her in the most matter of fact manner to step aside, as the great boom swung about.

There were no more cozy chats with Kennedy. Beatrice was angry with herself to find that she missed them, for the man could be a most delightful and entertaining companion.

Somehow his passionate words, so different from any she had ever listened to, haunted Beatrice. The senseless compliments of the young gentlemen on board the yacht wearied her. Kennedy had told her wonderful stories of the sea and strange countries. She longed to be again on the old, pleasant footing with him, but she was too proud.

At last, when they were nearing home, came a terrible gale, when the heavens were black above them and the sea black beneath, and all pandemonium seemed to be let loose, as the storm shrieked about them.

Beatrice, half dead with terror, felt the Spray crash upon rocks, and was conscious presently of Kennedy's voice in her ear, and Kennedy's strong arms bearing her across the deck.

She clung close to him, not too proud now to hide her wild, white face against the coarse blouse.

"The others first," she said, when she became conscious that he was making preparations to send her ashore in one of the boats with the rest of the party.

So she remained with her father and Kennedy. Then a line was rigged to help them over.

"You go first Mr. Grant," said the skipper, "and I will bring Beatrice. Go," he insisted, gently, as the old man hesitated; "I will surely bring Beatrice," and he smiled a strangely grand, fearless smile into the father's eyes as he drew the girl toward him.

"Yes, papa," said Beatrice. "Do not fear; I know Kennedy will save me."

She clasped her hands about the man's neck, and stood so, looking back at her father as he swung himself over the side of the vessel.

And Kennedy did save her. They came ashore, Beatrice half senseless in his arms, but alive and unharmed.

They were all saved, and a week later saw them in their own home.

Beatrice was quite ill for a day or two, but when she was able to come down stairs, she sent for Kennedy.

He came in, dark and handsome in his splendid young manhood, and smiled at the slender figure in its white wrapper.

"I sent for you," she said shyly, "to ask your forgiveness for my foolish treatment of you. Papa," laying a white hand on her father's coat-sleeve, "you told me not long since, to choose a husband. I have chosen!" and she made a swift gesture toward Kennedy, which brought him to her side.

"Bless my soul!" cried papa Grant, laughing a little, and growing very red in the face, "perhaps Kennedy doesn't choose you!"

"Mr. Grant," said Kennedy, framing the girl's sweet face in his strong, warm hands, and kissing, tenderly and reverently the drooping white lids and the red lips. "I love her, and I do choose her above all other women. I would give my life to make her happy."

Not a word about his poverty and her riches—no cringing semblance of self-destruction. Kennedy was quite as proud in his way as Beatrice herself.

"Well, well," said Mr. Grant, winking a tear out of his kindly eyes, "you deserve her, if anybody does, Kennedy. You saved her life. Be good to her, Kennedy, if you don't want me to make your life a burden to you!"

Kennedy smiled, without an answer,

and took a crumpled glove from his pocket.

"I couldn't help it," he declared, as Beatrice caught it from him with a little stamp of her dainty foot. "I couldn't, and wouldn't, have given up that precious little glove if my life depended upon it!"

And he kissed her again with an audacity that was refreshing to behold.—Saturday Night.

KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS.

English Soldiers' the Lightest Because They Rely More Upon Transports.

When the Germans heard of the recent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins.

As a matter of fact, any body of troops under identical conditions would have had an equal casualty list; but the Germans do not realize these conditions, because in their maneuvers they, and indeed all the crack continental armies, without doubt, "do these things better." But the Germans can march and so can the Frenchmen and Russians, and, moreover, the two former in "marching order" carry a bigger load on their backs than the British soldier. Marching with them is an important accomplishment, and one not to be taken for granted.

The German recruit, after he has had his parade-drill ground thoroughly into him, is taken out to stretch his legs. First, he marches in uniform only, then he is given a rifle to carry, next his knapsack, and so on until his marching order is at full weight.

During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his 20 miles regularly twice a week, and he may be called upon to do a 30 mile march occasionally, and, fit as he is, he accomplishes it "on his head."

That Tommy Atkins can march, too, nobody will deny, but when comparing his comparatively spasmodic pedestrian efforts with those of the foreigner, general conditions must be taken into account and here he does not, as a rule, compare too favorably except after a fortnight or less in the field.

Then, again, though some of our authorities differ on the point, he must have a breakfast to march upon, and a small amount of food every five hours or so, and an occasional mouthful of water to wash the dust out of his throat.

They get all these things on the continental maneuvers, as a matter of course. In ours it is not always so—in fact, an officer writing from the front has said that so far as hardships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was.

The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and no matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll himself up in his blanket.

When in heavy marching order Tommy Atkins carries a coat and cape, mess tin (comprising plate, frying pan and kettle), a valise holding spare uniform, shirts, socks, boots, brushes, etc., a canvas haversack for small articles and a water bottle. This weighs complete, with rifle, pouches, bayonet and 100 rounds of ammunition 66 pounds.

The German is provided with a great coat, one blanket and good sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe. His valise contains a spare pair of boots, three pairs of socks or foot rags if he is a Bavarian, spare uniform and fatigue dress brushes etc. The whole equipment, with bayonet, rifle, and 150 rounds of ball cartridge, weighs 72 pounds.

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or haversack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men. A drinking cup and spade completes his rig-out, which weighs, with rifle, bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, 72 pounds.

The Russian carries only 68 pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or waterproof sheet. He is only burdened with 75 rounds of ammunition, which is fastened about him in somewhat clumsy fashion.

So far as food is concerned the red-coat, for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than his conscript comrades. With them biscuit and coffee or chocolate at 5 a. m. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, and consists—and this is on maneuvers, too—of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad, bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole.—*London Express*.

American Lace Curtains.

There is a general impression that all lace curtains are imported, but it has been stated recently by a dealer that 4,500,000 pairs of curtains are made annually by the dozen large mills now operating in the United States. It is only within 15 years, however, that this has become the case, the first mill having been opened in 1885 in this state. It was thought at first that the lace produced here could not equal the English in quality, but in a few years the American manufacturers were making lace curtains of as fine quality as the imported.—*New York Tribune*.



CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Clock.

Our little clock, mamma's and mine,
High on her mantel dwells,
And when one knows just how it goes
Such pleasant things it tells.

Thus when it points for tea at four
It says of us, "Just two hours more!"
Gladly at five it chimes this song—
"One hour is not so very long."
We understand its ticks,
Then, settling in the window seat,
We hark for footsteps on the street,
For father comes at six.

—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Facts About Postage Stamps.

Hardly more than 50 years ago Uncle Sam began to use postage stamps. At that time they were sold in solid sheets and the letter writer who didn't have a pair of scissors handy frequently spoiled several stamps and his temper in the bargain in his effort to get one whole stamp for postage. Loss and inconvenience from this cause were so great that the government offered a liberal prize for a device which would overcome the nuisance. The first machine submitted cut the stamps entirely apart, but the perforating machine was soon after adopted by the postoffice department and has been used ever since.

Years ago, before people learned to use a sponge instead of licking a stamp, great care was used in providing exceptionally good paper and mucilage. The government has since saved money by adopting cheaper materials. The annual disposal of postage stamps in the United States is enormous. During the year ending June 30, 1891, the government received \$41,432,129.50 income from letter postage. It is safe to put the total number of two-cent stamps used each year at over 2,000,000,000.

She Was Scared.

It was in the kitchen of a small flat. The occupants, in the order of their importance, were a little girl three years of age, her loving mother and doting grandmother. The two latter named were engaged in an animated conversation on some interesting topic, when the grandmother suddenly discovered that the teakettle was steaming away and needed replenishing from the hydrant.

She took the kettle from the stove, but had scarcely taken two steps when she collided with the child. There were two almost simultaneous shrieks, and then the mother, uttering a third one, darted forward and caught the cherub in her arms, her frantic exclamations mingling with the agonized wail of the child and the hysterical sobs of the grandmother.

In about two minutes the child's face was covered with layers of sweet oil, white of egg, sanitary cotton and flour, and the grandmother was speeding round the corner on the way to the family doctor's.

The doctor came and removed the layers of emollients. Then he laughed heartlessly and asked the women why they had called him. "There's nothing the matter with the child's face," he said.

"It must be her arms and shoulders," said the mother. "Tell mother where you are hurt, darling."

"I ain't hurt," said the child, "but grandma screamed so she scared me."—*Chicago Record*.

The Career of William Penn.

William Penn, the founder of the state of Pennsylvania, was the son of Admiral William Penn, an English naval officer who served during the rule of Oliver Cromwell and Charles II. He was born at Tower Hill, London, Oct. 14, 1644. His childhood's home was Wanstead, in the county of Essex, where he was brought up amid the strong Puritan surroundings that characterized England while Cromwell was protector. After the death of Cromwell Admiral Penn entered the service of King Charles II. He was knighted and entered parliament. When parliament was in session, the family resided at Tower Hill, in London, and the life of the youthful William was not different from that of other boys of good family and fortune. In 1660 he entered Christchurch college at Oxford and there came in contact with many of the men who declined to conform with the usages of the Church of England. The elder Penn tried the effect of travel in France upon his son's Quaker tendencies, and young Penn is said to have been not altogether unappreciative of the gayeties of the court of Louis XIV. He traveled in Italy, and, to his father's delight, returned to England in 1664 quite a court gallant in manner and garb. Until the outbreak of the plague he was a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, London, but that terrible epidemic again turned his mind to serious thoughts and made him an unwavering and devout Quaker. When Admiral Penn died, in 1670, William was put in possession of his father's estate, worth \$7500 a year, and a claim of \$75,000 against the government. Both before and after his father's death Penn was several times arrested and imprisoned for preaching and acting in accordance with the Quaker doctrines. The persecution of the Quakers in England made him long to afford them a home free from persecution in the new world. Penn asked the king to grant him land lying west of the Delaware river and north of Maryland. This was obtained in payment of the king's debt. The Duke of York, who afterward became James II, made a gift of what is now Delaware. Here Penn planted his colonies, which in religious free-

dom were largely the inspiration of the liberal spirit which characterizes the American constitution. Upon the death of Penn in England, July 30, 1718, his son became heir to his property.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Story of the Sun.

When I was a little girl I wondered where the sun went after it disappeared in the evening skies, and whether it might possibly forget to return in time again next morning to give us light, but I soon learned that sunset and sunrise are due to the earth turning round once every 24 hours, so that first one side, then the other, enjoys sunlight and day.

When the side of the earth on which we live turns away from the sun the sky grows dark, and the stars which are always overhead, but fade in the sun's bright light, begin to make their appearance. Birds seek their nests, flowers fold their petals, and little children grow sleepy and tired and close their eyes. Meanwhile, the children in China and Japan, and in the far away Philippines, will soon be opening their eyes on the glories of a new day. They are all wide awake when we are fast asleep.

It is the sun that gives us light and heat, makes the flowers grow, painting them with pretty colors, and brings the roses to our cheeks. We are just at the right distance from the sun, for it is neither too near nor too far away from us. But have you any idea how far away the sun really is?

It is millions of miles away, so that if a railroad track could be made from the earth to the sun, a train rushing along at the rate of a mile a minute would not reach the sun for 175 years. Supposing one of you had gone in that train, you would have become old and wrinkled and gray before the train had traveled half the distance.

The great American astronomer named Professor C. A. Young once told us a story about a little boy he knew who would play with a spirit lamp. He wanted to find out if the alcohol flame burned, and when the professor was not looking put his finger in it and howled with the pain. The professor did the best he could for the little sufferer, and at the same time said to himself:—"Supposing the boy had burned his finger by touching the surface of the sun, how soon would he have felt the pain?" His arm would have to be nearly 93,000,000 miles long, and he would never know that he had burned his finger, because the pain would take no less than 150 years in traveling from the tip of the child's finger to his brain.

The size of the sun is so great that more than 1,000,000 globes as large as the earth could be made out of it, and were it weighed in the scales it would take 332,000 globes as heavy as the earth to make the scales even. If a tunnel were made through the center of the sun and a railroad track laid down, a train going at the rate of a mile a minute would take 600 days in going from one side of the sun to the other.

The central part of the sun is made of copper, iron, tin, lead and many other things we find on earth in the solid state, but the heat of the sun melts them and makes them soft like molasses candy. Outside the central part of the sun is a shell of bright clouds and that which takes the place of the air that surrounds the earth. In this case, however, the air around the sun is intensely hot and made up of the gases of iron, copper, and so on; the clouds that form are masses of glowing iron, and the rains that fall are drops of burning metal.

The sun is also surrounded with an ocean of scarlet fire, in which form great whirlpools thousands of miles in size. Out from this ocean dart flames reaching to a distance of hundreds of miles and thousands of miles beyond the surface of the sun. The flames are of a rosy color, and when the sun's light is hidden by the moon coming exactly between the sun and the earth we can see them outlined against the dazzling white of the inner corona. This is a crown of glory surrounding the sun, and fading away into the silvery streamers of the outer corona, which reaches to a distance of millions of miles from the sun.—*Miss Mary Proctor, in New York Herald*.

Facts About Cowbells.

"One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was a hundred or more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clanking sound as ever," said a bell manufacturer to a Washington Star writer recently. "Cowbells are made some of copper and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; but it is cut from a sheet of metal, which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal cap at the top, through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to us and by selection among bells of various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

"There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among other things. Cowbells are sold all over the country, just the same as ever, but the greater number is sold in the south, the southwest and the west, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence and cattle are more apt to stray. American cowbells are exported largely to the various countries of South America and also to Australia."