## FREELAND TRIBUNE.

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FREELAND.—The TRIBUKE is delivered by striers to subscribers in Freeland at the rate 12% cents per month, apable every two tonths, or \$1.50 a year, payable in advance. He TRIBUKE may be ordered direct form the arriers or from the office. Complaints of regular or tardy delivery service will recive prompt attention.

The United States now stands at the ad of the world's exporting nations. The complete figures for the calendar year 1900, when compared with those of other nations, show that our exports of domestic products are greater than those of any other country. The total exports of domestic merchandise total exports of domestic merchandise from the United States in the calendar year 1900 were \$1,453,013,659; those from the United Kingdom, which has heretofore led in the race for this distinction, were \$1,418,348,000, and those from Germany \$1,050,611,000.

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A young and lovely woman committed suicide the other day under circumstances the most heartless in their origin, the most piteous in their outcome. Several months ago the victim's sweetheart died, and her grief and longing, by some process inconceivable to normal minds, seemed fit matter to several of her girl companions for a practical joke. With a refinement of cruelty, cunningly utilizing a speaking tube, they imitated the dead man's voice. "Come with izing a speaking tube, they imitated the dead man's voice. "Come with me!" it said to her, and she (God pity her!) did her best. Not so much in the passing agony of her quick response as in the pitiful unpromise of the life whose ending shows it might have been so true, is there a memory whip for those who made an unseemly jest of a love within whose shadow they should go bent and penitent through their days.

Certain defects in our present methods of punishing crime are pointed out in the Nineteenth Century by the London Assistant Commissioner of Police. Dr. Anderson finds that the short sentence for thieving and burglary has no deterrent effect, being reckoned by the offender as a regular chance of the business. So far his study confirms the growing fayer of study confirms the growing fayer of chance of the business. So far his study confirms the growing favor of the indeterminate sentence. Not entirely, however, for he finds no effective method for checking the alarming increase in the number of professional criminals short of a life sentence on the second offence, and proposes only this mitigation that the few cases of assured reform should be discharged. He argues that we should not try to punish crime already committed, but look to the safety of society for the future, and he does not see how this is to be assured short of the permanent detention of the incorrigible criminal.

Tiny Anvils.

The anvil that rings to the sturdy blacksmith's sledge may weigh 200, 300 or 400 pounds, but there are anvils whose weight is counted in ounces. These are used by jewelers, silversmiths, and various other workers.

criticismins, and various other workcris. Counting shapes, sizes, styles of finish, and so on, these little anvils are
made in scores of varieties, ranging
in weight from fifteen ounces up to
a number of pounds each. Some of
these little anvils, weighing perhaps
two pounds, are shaped precisely like
the big anvils. Others have shapes
adapted to their special uses.
All the little anvils are of the finest
steel. They are all trimly finished,
often nickel plated, and those surfaces
that are brought into use are finished
with what is called a mirror polish,

# MRS. SWAN'S \$20 GOLD PIECE.

TY LOUISE MARTIN HOPKINS.

Mrs. Swan lifted the end of the long strip of linen which lay across Althea's lap and looked admiringly at the open-work embroidery with which it was adorned.

Althea smilled assent and went on snipping and drawing out threads. It was a hot June afternoon, and, for the sake of the slight breeze, Althea had brought her work out on the porch. For companionship Mrs. Swan had followed her, and sat nursing her arms on the top step. Every few moments Mrs. Swan would arise and hurry into the kitchen to stir something that was bubbling and bolling on the stove. Every time she moved her clean, crisp calico dress rustled.

"Althea," she gasped, as she sank down and wiped her face on her apron after one of these hurried journeys to the hot kitchen, "Althea, I'm going to ask a queer favor of you."

"Yes?" questioned Althea, in surprised interest. She had never known Mrs. Swan to ask a favor of any one.
"I want you to loan me a dollar." Mrs..Swan made the request with evident reluctance. She went on quickly before Althea could reply, "You c'n take it out of your board money."

"Why, certainly," said Althea, in amazement, "I owe you more than that. I wish you.—"

"No," interrupted Mrs. Swan, "one dollar is all I shall need. I want to get

"Why, certainly," said Althea, in amazement, "I owe you more than that. I wish you—"
"No," interrupted Mrs. Swan, "one dollar is all I shall need. I want to get a piece of linen like this. I want to get a piece of linen like this. I want to get a piece of linen like this. I want to get a piece of linen with caressing fingers. "Long's haven't the right kind. I want the dollar to go to Went's and get a piece just like this."

Althea drew out a long shining thread and wound it around her hand. "I know you think it strange that I should ask you for the money instead of Hiram," continued Mrs. Swan, looking suspiciously into Althea's face for some sign of inquisitiveness. But Althea bent placidly over her work.

"I did ask Hiram for it last night. But instead of giving me what I wanted, what do you suppose he did?" Althea bent placidly over her work.

"I did ask Hiram for it last night, but instead of giving me what I wanted, what do you suppose he did?" Althea bent placidly over her work.

"He took a piece of money out of his pocket, laid it on the corner of the mantel and went off to bed without saying a word. This morning when I looked at the money I saw that it was a \$20 gold piece. I thought of course that Hiram had made a mistake; you know a \$20 gold piece and a silver dollar are about the same size and heft, and it is rather dark in the room; for, since daylight lasts so long we hardly ever have a light. But at noon when I asked him about it, he said no, it was all right; he hadn't made any mistake, and kind of grinned, and that was all I could get out of him."

Mrs. Swan paused and Althea knew that some response was expected from fier. A person unacquainted with the intricacies of Mrs. Swan's mind would have been consumed with curiosity as to what happened next, but seed of light have been consumed with curiosity as to what happened next, but seed of light have been consumed with the intricacies of Mrs. Swan's mind would have been sonosumed with curiosity as to what happened next, but she only threaded her ne

reat deliberation and remarked casually: "Well?"

she only threaded her needle with meat deliberation and remarked casually: "Well?"

What actually did happen made Althea catch her breath and shrink away from Mrs. Swan as if her friend had struck her.

"It's just Hiram's meanness!" exclaimed Mrs. Swan, bitterly. "And it's just like him. He thought it was foolish extravagance in me getting the linen. He thought if he gave me one dollar I would spend it for something that didn't amount to anything, but if he gave me twenty dollars I would put it in the bank and save it. Save, save; I get sick and tired of saving."

Althea's eyes sparkled with indignation at what she thought to be an unjust accusation. She opened her lips to speak, but thought better of it and closed them again.

Mrs. Swan, blind to everything but her own grievance, went on with her tirade. "It's just stinginess. He knew I wouldn't break into a \$20 gold piece just to get a little piece of linen. It wouldn't be over 60 cents, and I counted on getting the thread besides with the odor of burning fruit juice, came from the kitchen, warning Mrs. Swan that her supper needed immediate and the stove, emoty the contents and

that her supper needed immediate attention.

Althea heard her lift a basin from the stove, empty the contents, and carry them to the ice-box. It was stewed cherries, and the delicious spley odor filled the air.

When she came back Mrs. Swan seemed a little ashamed of her anger. She sat silently gazing at the horizon for a few moments with haunted, burning eyes. When she spoke gain it was with moderation.

"Now I've made such a fool of myself," she said, "I suppose I might as well tell you the whole story as to the way Hiram and I fell out on money matters. It began five years ago last spring, when we built this house. See that wire fence out there by the side of the barn?"

Althea was well aware of the exist-

ence, but to the sharpness and tenacity of its barbs.

"Well," continued Mrs. Swan, "the spring we built this house the 40 acres of land enclosed by that fence was for sale. Hiram wanted to buy it, but I wanted to build a house. We had money enough to do one of these things, but not enoughfor both. Hiram thought the house might wait a year, but if we didn't buy the land at once Rube Thornton would.

"I had my heart set on the house. The old shanty that we'd lived in ever since we kept house wasn't fit to house cattle in. It was leaky and dirty, and the walls were full of mice and roaches and bugs unmentionable. I didn't feel as if I could live in it another year. So we built, and before the summer was out Rube bought the land and run was out Rube bought the land and run was out Rube bought the land and run his line fence within ten feet of ex-

was out Rube bought the land and run was out Rube bought the land and run his line fence within ten feet of err barn door.

"Hiram was mad, and, of course, blamed me; although the next year, when we got ready to buy, we got better land for less money on the other side—good smooth farm land, while while Rube's 40 will never be fit for anything but pasture. But, somehow, the site of that fence so near has always seemed to rile Hiram.

while Rube's 40 will never be fit for anything but pasture. But, somehow, the site of that fence so near has always seemed to rile Hiram.

"I said then that I'd never ask him for another thing that I could possibly get along without, and I never have until I asked him for that dollar last night. I've paid for all that we've caten and most that we've had to wear with butter and poultry, and I'm six months ahead at Long's now."

Mrs. Swan rested her chin in her hand and relapsed into a moody silence. Althea folded her work and went up-stairs to get the money. A great many things that had puzzled her before were made plain by Mrs. Swan's confidence. She had often wondered why Mr. and Mrs. Swan treated each other with such studied coldness. She had also wondered at the meager furnisaings of the house. The house itself was a handsome and commodious farm-house, but the furniture was the same that had been used in the old log shanty. And Mrs. Swan loved pretty things.

Althea liked both Mr. and Mrs. Swan. In the eight months that she had made her home with them she had, in spite of ars. Swan's peculiarities, come to esteem them highly. Mr. Swan a director of the school district in which she had taught, had especially won her respect.

He had seemed to her almost an ideal officer, entering heartily into all her schemes for the improvement of the school, and showing no sign of the parsimony of which his wife accused him.

him.

As Althea opened a drawer to get her purse, a photograph lying face upwards confronted her. She lifted the velvet case and looked long into the pictured face. The clear eyes seemed to gaze back at her with a new signifi-

to gaze back at her with a new significance.

It was Hugh, dear Hugh, who was working so hard and so patiently to prepare the little home for her companies. Althea saw the dear face through the mist of an almost overwhelming desire to see him at once. She wanted to lay her arm around his neck and listen to his heart beat, while they made their vows all over again.

Would they, could she and Hugh ever come to be to each other what Mr. and Mrs. Swan were? The suggestion was altogether abhorrent to Althea. She had not presumed to hope that their united lives could be all sunshine; sickness would come, and troubles and worries common to humankind; aye, even death itself might for a time separate them. But not this other—Althea laid the little picture down.

other—
Althea laid the little picture down on the bureau and bowed her face upon it. "Not that," she murmured; "oh, anything but that." It was almost a

prayer.

Althea walked slowly down stairs and laid the dollar in Mrs. Swan's

and laid the dollar in Mrs. Swan's hand.

"I guess Hiram's afraid we'll all die in the poorhouse," Mrs. Swan remarked facetiously, as Althea resumed her work.

But Althea could not make a jest of it. To her it was a very serious matter. She tried to see her own future from Mrs. Swan's point of view and it frightened her. She looked up quickly, almost defantly. She must speak.

"Mrs. Swan, you are mistaken. Your husband want's you to have that \$20 gold piece." Althea's voice was very stern.

"Wha-wha-at did you say?" gasped Mrs. Swan.

that her supper needed immediate attention.

Althea heard her lift a basin from the surface being made as smooth as glass.

These little anvils are made up to five pounds and some of them up to five pounds and some of them up to five pounds in weight. They are made some in the United States and some in Germany.—New York Sun.

Miss Getaman Got One.

She succeeded. Miss Getaman was married at Oak Grove, Mo., a few days since.

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One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Yeddo in the year 1703, when 190,000 people were killed

he Province of Austrias, Spain, has no fewer than 2S centenarians in a total population of 690,000.

England's rainfall is equal to 3,000 fons on the acre each year.

that her supper needed immediate attention.

Althea heard her lift a basin from the stove, empty the contents, and agreys have cheries, and the delicious spicy door filled the air.

When she came back Mrs. Swan and he wants to make it up in some stewed cherries, and the delicious ploy our very own. He's sorry that be was cross with you about the house, seemed a little ashamed of her anger. Swan seemed a little ashamed of her anger. Swan was cere with haunted, burning eyes. When she spoke gain it was with moderation.

"Now I've made such a fool of my-said with moderation."

"Now I've made such a fool of my-said with moderation.

"Now I've made such a fool of my-said with moderation."

Althea was well the ashamed of her anger. Althea was getting incoherent. The she would have given worlds to have recall them. Mrs. Swan was very angers. It began five years ago last spring, when we built this house. See that wire fence out there by the side of the barn?"

Althea was getting incoherent. The she would have given worlds to have recall them. Mrs. Swan was very angers. It began five years ago last spring, when we built this house. See the store of that fence. She skirted it twice once of that

wouldn't care one bit if you spent every cent of it for bureau scarfs."

Althea laughed a little nervous laugh at her own absurd suggestion, and the awful lines about Mrs. Swan's lips relaxed a little. Althea's hopes arose. After a long pause, during which Mrs. Swan seemed swayed between the two extremes of anger and remorse, she said abruptly: "But \$20 is a great deal of money. What could I do with so much?"

Althea felt that the battle was won. If she could only be discreet now all would be well. To say the right thing in the right way was what she must do. The \$20 gold plece was a peace offering, and the success of its mission depended upon herself. Wellington marshaling his hosts at Waterloo was not more circumspect than she.

"Oh, you can get rid of it," she said brightly, "never fear as to that part of it." She picked up her work, and wen on in the most matter-of-fact tone. "You can get your linen for one thing, and you can get one of those gingham dress patterns that you thought so pretty. Then you might make Mr. Swan a present of an arm-chair with part of it. Hasn't he a birthday or an anniversary of some sort coming soon that you can remind him of in this way?"

Mrs. Swan vouchsafed no reply te these bold suggestions. She sat stift and unyielding, but Althea saw that she was interested in spite of herself, and went bravely on.

"You ought to subscribe of a couple of good periodicals for Rob. He needs them. It would help keep him away from the saw mill, and by his association with more or less disreputable characters who frequented the mill.

"Then there is always the library from the saw mill, and by his association with more or less disreputable characters who frequented the mill.

"Then there is always the library from the read of the saw mill, and by his association with more or less disreputable characters who frequented the mill.

"Then there is always the library in the foundation of a library in the Swan district. And lightly as she spoke of the project its success, was very near her heart.

"We

gold piece lay in serene purity metal.

On the fourth morning she

gold piece lay in serene purity of metal.

On the fourth morning she caught her breath with a little gasp of nervous uncertainty when she saw that the yellow disc was gone.

Mrs. Swan was cutting thin slices of ham for Althea's lunch. She glanced quickly at Althea when she came into the room. Her cheeks were quite pink, and her eyes were suffused with a new, soft light.

Next Tuesday's our wedding anniversary," she said in a low, joyous tone. "We've been married just 15 years. I'm going to get Hiram one of those arm-chairs at Duffey's. I'll hitch up and come along by the schoolhouse this afternoon about 4 o'clock, and you can come along and help pick it out. Which do you suppose he'd like best, the leather or the plush?"

"The leather, of course, you dear little woman," said Althea, as she walked around the table and kissed Mrs. Swan on the forehead.—The Ladies' World.

Mrs. Swan on the forehead.—The Ladies' World.

Animals in Fable.

Every one will recall the Aesopic story of the lion and the mouse; how the life of the mighty monarch was saved by the small creature whom he once had spared, says George S. Hillman in the Atlantic. To our recognition in this story of a truth universal in its human application is due, almost entirely, our interest in the mouse and the lion. In our eyes they are not a mouse and a lion, but two men teaching the lessons that the mighty shall be humbled, that nothing is too insignificant to be of some service, and that it is good to cast bread upon the waters. We do not stop to consider whether a lion understands the mouse language, or whether a mouse is given to gratitude. They are merely convenient forms, essentially human, and they show animal characteristics only very secondarily, when at all. In the Indian tales where animals figure as chief characters, the method is the same, though there is often the added purpose of doctrinal instruction, feasible because of the Buddhistic belief in the transmigration of men's souls into the bodies of beasts. The Bible shows a similar use; and perhasis in all iterature there is not a nobler instance of the introduction of animals to teach ethical truth than is to be found in the parable of the lost sheep.

National Telephones in Norway.

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The Norwegian government has purchased the private telephones of the country and the telephone service of the kingdom is now in the hands of the government.

MUSIC FOR HAND-ORGANS

What the Organs Cost and Where the Money is Made.

What the Organs Cost and Where the Money is Made.

There is a little shop on Elizabeth street, the owner of which has a factory in Brooklyn, where most of the new hand organs are turned out, and the old ones repaired, and this is the season when times are busiest. "For hand organs," said the head of the shop, "seem never to get too old to be used. They can be patched and patched again, and passed from hand to hand and from town to town, until every part of them has been renewed over and over again. The voyages and adventures of a hand-organ are as varied as those of a tramp steamer. They take in every side of life, from the beginning, in the swell quarters of the metropolis, to the end, knocking around the country in company with a monkey and his owner."

The choice of the music for the hand-organ lies with the manufacturers. The publishers of songs send him the popular songs as soon as they have been marked success, and the manufacturer uses those which he thinks are the most por lar. The particular tunes which are chosen for any one instrument, though, depends on the quarter of the city through which lies the beat of the man who turns the crank. Every city organ-gringer has a definite beat, and covers a certain round of streets more or less regularly every day.

If the beat lies through the German or the lies the part of the German or the lies the part of the German or the lies the part of the German or the lies the lies the part of the German or the lies the lies the lies the German or the lies t

every day.

If the beat lies through the German or Italian quarter, then German or Italian national characteristic airs are added to the repetiorie of the organ. If the organ is to travel through upper Fifth avenue in the region of the Fifties (and this is the best beat in New York, for if the man gets any-thing at all there he gets a good deal, and the pay for "moving on" is higher than elsewhere), some opera airs and a "romance" are used. In the Bowery region it is rag-ume and waltzes that bring in the most money.

"If a man will tell us the beat he wants to travel, in the city or out, up the Harlem, back in the state, or any-where in the whole country." said the maker of the organs, "we'll give him the proper set of tunes to fit his trip. Hand-organs are kept more up to date now than in old times, and the airs in the barrel of an instrument can be changed easily enough to fit the popular taste, though, of course, not without any expense."

There are about 300 licenses issued in New York City, mostly to Italians, and that is a conservative estimate of the number of performers on the streets. The work of this particular variety of cigale gives the lie to the proverb, for two men on a good beat will make as much as \$1.50 apiece a day, or ever more in the best months. August and September are the best months for the city, and for the country too, though in that part of the world any summer month is a profitable one for the organ grinders. The factory, of course, is busiest just now, getting ready for the summer season. Hand-organs are not cheap. A good one will cost as much as \$200, though the price varies a good deal, according to the quality of the instrument. There are organs made with additional instruments, such as drums and cymbals, and these are more expensive. Some of them are made with arrangements for turning the crank mechanically. One kind in particular, which is a good deal used by women who want to have their hands free to do a tambourience at while the music is going one, is run by a spring, which

Problem of the Photographer - Stereo-scope Not Dead.

TODAY.

ullied comes

new-horn,
To-morrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.
Be carnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hops, and peace. Thy duty-heed
"to-day."
—John Ruskiis,

-John Ruskin

HUMOROUS

e for it

Wigg-D'Auber, the painter, says he wedded to his profession. Wagg-bachelor of art, eh?

Muggins—There goes a fellow who ticks up for his employer. Buggins—Vho is he? Muggins—A bill poster.

DuBrau—There goes a man who has a good many drawbacks. Forge—Who is he? DuBrau—A peddler of mustard plasters.

lasters.
"Do make yourselves at home, la-ies," said the unfortunately careless ostess one day to her visitors. "I'm t home myself, and I wish you all-ere." were."

Hoax—Did you ever notice that trolley motormen always give funerals the right of way. Joax—Certainly. Why shouldn't they observe the funeral rites?

shouldn't they observe the funeral rites?

"You have a keen sense of humor," said the phrenologist, "and a great reverence for old age." "What a great joke writer I would have made," murmured the subject.

Smith—Say, Sappy, what's the trouble between you and Bragg? He says the next time he sees you he'll knock some sense into that head of yours. Saphead—Huh! He can't do it.

Mr. Askit—And how do you like keeping a diary. Miss Gabbeigh—Oh, it keeps me so busy writing about what I have been doing that I do not have any time to do anything to write about.

Bluffer—Why did you pull that tooth before I was ready? Dr. Dent—Weren't you ready? Bluffer—Naw, I wasn't. Dr. Dent—Oh, very well; I'll pull another just to give you one more chance.

Mrs. Newrich—Now this here ball

chance.

Mrs. Newrich—Now this here ball dress o' mine must have a train to it. Modiste—Yes, madam, what sort of a train? Mrs. Newrich—Why, suppose you put on one o' them vestibule trains you read about so much in the papers.

Woods of Maine.

W. P. Oakes, who has just returned to Dover, Me., from a surveying expedition in the Moosehead Lake region, brings back a story of a fight between two hungry eagles and a deer, which was related to him by an eye witness of the affair, S. D. Rice of Guilford, a lumberman.

One morning Rice started from camp One morning Rice started from camp with a sled. In following the toteroad he observed some distance ahead of him a fine deer, which disappeared on his approach. Continuing on to a bend in the road he again saw the deer, which again withdrew as the sled advanced.

In the road he again saw the deer, which again withdrew as the sled advanced.

Not more than five minutes later Mr. Rice was astonished to see, stretched out dying in the snow near the roadside, the identical deer that had fled on seeing him, and perched upon its side were two large black white-headed eagles. The birds flew away on seeing Rice. He thinks they must have weighed 40 or 50 pounds each and have had a spread of wings of from six to eight feet.

He thinks the cagles had been watching the deer for some time and waiting until it had reached an open spot in the woods so they could attack it. Then they hurled themselves upon the animal with terrific force and laid him low with blows from wings and beaks.

Mr. Rice picked the deer up and placed it upon his sled, intending totake it back to camp and save its life if possible, but before he had driven half a mile further the deer breathed its last. The sharp beaks of the eagles had severed a number of arteries in the animal's neck and it bled to death on the sled.—New York Sun.

Froblem of the Photographer – Sterees cope Not Dead.

"A curious popular delusion about photography," remarked the proprietor of a big Broadway studio, "is that we are worrying ourselves to discover a method of color work; for—this year's illustrated Nature-books to the contrary, notwithstanding—it hasn't been discovered yet. Now, very few of us waste any thought on that at all. When the process is originated, it will come from some scientific laboratory. "Frankly, we are all after the 'stereoscope effect.' We want to make the lenses 'see double,' like the eyes, you know, so that the object photographed may stand out as it does in real vision. Our constantly having to limit ourselves to 'seeing black and white,' may keep us from thinking overmuch on the potentialities of color; but the unified stereoscope, 'perspective in photography'—well, we can't help feeling that ought to be within the range of practical optics. Certainly, there are as many cranks pestering us with its discovery as there are perpetual-motion inventers encolled in the books of the Patent Office. When it does come, though, it will call for another Col. Sellars to reckon up the "millions in it."

"And, speaking of the stereoscope, do you know that the sale of that dear old standby of the front parlor what not has really everal firms making the ancient yellow-mounted views of Niagara, the Yellowstone, and the Battle field of Gettysburg. No blasphemous present-day scoffing has touched them. More curious than that, too, a young friend of mine, who travels for a photosuply house, has just discovered in a little, back-country Ohio tow an old fellow who is still making the genuine and crisinal daguerrectype. He is putting that gentle of the derivative of the cheeks, is gidliag the ladies' brooches and earrings, and is framing his little art-works in their insevarable satinline leather-cases."—New York Post. Home Life in Japan.

In Japan the higher class ladies never go to market; the market comes to them. That is, the dealers call and offer wares for sale at their customers' doors. The fish merchant brings his stock, and if any is sold prepares it for cooking. The green grocer, the sake dealer, and nowadays the meat man all go to their patrons' houses. In the morning the ladies are frequently engaged in the characteristic occupation of doing harimona; that is, in starching eld clothes and spreading them on large boards to dry in the sunshine. This is the first step to making over old garments, and is done in the open air. Nearly all Japanese women make their own clothes; at all events, even the very richest embroider their garments themselves. They are very economical little dressmakers.—Woman's Home Companion.