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On Pitcairn Island in the South Pacific ocean mail is delivered only once a year. That must be a pleasant place for the man whose bills come by the post.

Every country is disposed to put the construction on the Monroe doctrine that suits its interests. It should be remembered, however, that no interpretation is valid until it receives the indorsement of the United States.

The swamping of the submarine boat Fulton at her wharf in New York City does not necessarily reflect upon her qualities as a diver. She went under because a workman negligently left a hatch open while her stern was being hoisted out of water for repairs. Naturally the water entered the hold and the craft foundered. The carelessness of an individual has spoiled many an elaborate scheme before now. One man's inattention to orders brought two trains into a head-on collision the other day in Michigan, and caused the death of many people. Yet the railroad is not to be condemned as a worthless institution. The Royal George was lost because somebody blundered, and yet she was the finest vessel of her type afloat at the time. When some ingenious fellow invents a device which will be proof against human carelessness or error, he will have scored the greatest of all successes.

The Proof.

Then the defiant, militant spirit took possession of the devoted missionary.
"You think I'm a pudding!" he cried. "I'll show you I am not!"
"The proof of the pudding is in the eating!" rejoined the savage dorkily.—Detroit Free Press.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

In China the year begins in February.

A crusade against adulterated milk has been started in Paris, France.
A half million of Eastern capital is to be invested in Oregon timber lands.
Since last September the savings deposits of Michigan have increased \$1,476,000.

The People's Party in Idaho has voted not to disband in favor of the Democrats.

Workmen have unearthed \$3400 in \$20 gold pieces in a coal shed at Jeffersonville, Ind.

Pittsburg is now building much of the machinery which is to electrify London tram lines.

Efforts are being made to form a consolidation of Illinois and Indiana bituminous coal companies with a capital of \$100,000,000.

Legislative action will be sought by citizens of Beaver Falls, Penn., to suppress the practice, common among the women of the place, of playing cards for prizes.

The French cruisers, built ten years ago at Bordeaux, having proved utterly unseaworthy, the naval authorities have now decided to repair and modernize them.

The Legislature of Kentucky is considering preliminary legislation looking to the erection of a new State Capitol at Frankfort at an estimated cost of \$1,000,000.

An Ohio town, Bucyrus, having issued \$50,000 of bonds to buy a factory, and then meeting a check in the form of an injunction sued out by local parties in interest, has confessed bankruptcy and applied for a receiver.

Phosphate rock mined in South Carolina in 1901 amounted to \$2,656 tons, as compared with 119,208 tons in 1900. The State, however, got \$23,108 in royalties on the shipments, a decrease of but \$1823 from the previous year.

Life-Saving Police Dogs in Paris.

For some time past a section of the Paris police, known as "agents plongeurs," has done valiant service in rescuing drowning persons from the Seine. They have been reinforced lately by two Newfoundland dogs, bought for \$200, which have been trained to pull people out of the water. They understand their humanitarian business thoroughly and wear collars with the inscription, "Perfection of Police, River Brigade."

AT ELECTION TIME
By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

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It wasn't a very pretentious building—just a neat, white cottage that stood on a small elevation at the bend of the road. In the rear, an orchard stretched down to the creek, the trees fragrant with the apples waiting to be gathered. To the south, a cornfield reached as far as the cross-roads, the yellow leaves rustling in the evening breeze, and on the north, a strip of green pasture land met a wider strip of yellow stubble.

The door behind him stood open, and the light from within fell softly upon the man's silver locks.

A girl came and stood in the doorway, her trim figure, like a silhouette, against the glare of the lamp. The man turned his head and saw her. Slowly he took his pipe from his mouth.

"You haven't heard from town, have you, Gene?" he asked.

"No, pa," she answered, softly. "I'd kinder like to know how the election come out," he resumed after a pause. "They ought to have the returns in by this time. Don't you think so, Gene?"

The girl did not reply, but stood gazing silently down the road that stretched away through the dusk towards the town.

"Pa," said the girl, timidly, "Wilbur asked me to marry him, last night, and—Can I, pa?"

"No!" he growled. "No, he can't marry no daughter of mine! Why, he's a Republican, Gene—a d—d, rascally Republican!"

"Why, pa!" cried the girl, staring at him with wide open eyes, "why, pa!"

"And more than that," resumed the man, angrily, he's a candidate for township trustee—a candidate on the Republican ticket."

The girl walked softly to his side, and placed her arms around his neck.

"But I love him, pa," she said; "I love him with all my heart, and—I want to marry him, pa; I want to marry him."

"There, there, Gene," he said tenderly, "I'll think it over, my child; I'll think it over."

Both lapsed into silence and listened to the chirping of the crickets in the grass and the baying of a hound down by the creek. And after awhile the old man said:

"I wish I knew how the election came out; I wish I knew."

The girl arose. "I'll walk over to Chadmore's, pa," she said. "Perhaps they have heard something."

She went into the house and came out, presently, with a shawl over her head.

"I'll be right back, pa," she said. The man made no reply until she had reached the gate. Then he shouted after her:

"If Chadmore's hasn't heard nothin' you might go over to Dickenson's, Gene. I'd kinder like to know how badly we licked 'em."

Then he relit his pipe and sat quite still gazing after the girl until she was lost to view in the darkness. For a long time he smoked in silence, gazing at the stars that shone above the trees across the road. And after a while he leaned forward and, resting his arms on his knees, looked absently down at his feet.

"Gad!" he murmured, "the daughter of old Jim Billings in love with a Republican—with a Republican candidate! Gad!"

He rose and paced the porch impatiently, stopping frequently to gaze anxiously up the road. But the girl did not return. He filled his pipe and hobbled out into the road, watching, listening. The dampness made his bones ache and he puffed vigorously at his pipe as though to gather warmth therefrom.

"I'd kinder like to know how the



"No," he growled. "I'd like to know."

Then he retraced his steps and sat down again on the porch.

"She loves a Republican!" he said to himself. "Old Jim Billings's daughter loves a rascally Republican!"

He paused to listen. The sound of voices came to him through the darkness. The voices were low and pleasant but, although he strained his ears, he could not understand a word. Presently they ceased altogether and a moment later he saw Gene coming through the darkness alone.

She turned in at the gate and came slowly up the walk and stood silently

before him as though reluctant to speak.

"Well, Gene," he said finally, "how bad did we beat 'em?"

She looked into his face, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Pa," she said, softly, "the Republican ticket was elected."

She expected an outburst of anger, but the man remained silent and rigid, as though suddenly turned to stone. Then his head dropped suddenly and his hand, holding his pipe, shook as though he had the palsy. Presently he raised his face and she saw the starlight glint on a tear in his eye.

He looked at her helplessly, and she knelt beside him and put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I'm so sorry, papa, dear," she said. He glanced inquiringly into her face.



"Timber Creek went Republican."

"Are you sorry, Gene," he asked; "are you sorry that—that he was elected?"

"Yes, you dear old pa," she answered, "of course I'm sorry, if it gives you pain."

He reached up and rested his thin hand upon one of hers. And then he asked:

"Who was that with you, Gene?"

"It was Wilbur," she stammered. "Why did he turn back; why did he not come as far as the gate?"

"Because—because—" she hesitated. "Because he thought you would be disappointed about—the election, that—that you would not want to see him—just now."

Again the man lapsed into silence, and the girl arose and walked into the house. An hour later she again came to the door and glanced out. The man was still sitting upon the porch, gazing down at his feet.

"It is getting late, pa," she said. As one suddenly awakened from a dream, the man started, then arose unsteadily and leaned against the post.

"Gene," he said, "I'm goin' to sell out and move away from Timber Creek. I can't live under no rascally Republican officers, Gene; I jest can't do it!"

The evidence of a sleepless night shown plainly on the old man's face the following morning, and in his eyes the dull light of sorrow slumbered.

Bright and early he hitched his team to a light wagon and drove out into the road. At the gate he drew rein and shouted to the girl, who was standing on the porch:

"I'm goin' to town, Gene, to see when they're goin' to hold the funeral."

He laughed hoarsely at his joke and drove on. Gene watching him until he was out of sight. To the girl it hardly seemed he had had time to reach the county seat before he was back again, driving slowly into the yard, his head bowed, his hands lying motionless in his lap, a look of pain upon his face.

Mechanically he unlatched the team and put it in the barn, then slowly he walked to the house, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"It was a clean sweep, Gene," he said, pathetically. "Even Timber Creek went Republican, Gene; even Timber Creek went Republican from top to bottom."

He paused, gazing as one bewildered at his daughter.

"Gene," he continued, "they used to say that hell would freeze over when Timber Creek went Republican. I reckon," he smiled sadly, "I reckon we'll have a pretty severe winter, Gene."

He hobbled aimlessly through the house and out upon the front porch. Presently he called to her, and the girl hastened to his side.

"Isn't that Wilbur Jenkins comin' down the road, Gene," he asked.

A young man, driving a fine team of sorrels hitched to a farm wagon, was approaching them.

"Yes, pa," the woman replied, a flush mounting to her cheek.

"Tell him to come in here, Gene," her father commanded. "I want to see him."

The blood left the girl's face and her limbs trembled, but without a word, she walked down to the gate. She spoke a few words to the young man, and he drew rein and climbed down from his wagon. Side by side, the girl's pale face, the man's defiant, they walked to the porch, where the old man stood watching them, a queer look in his eyes.

"Wilbur," said the elder man, pathetically, "Timber Creek went Republican, Wilbur."

"Yes, sir," replied the other, smiling. "I believe so, sir."

"Wilbur," resumed the old man softly, his voice trembling, his eyes shining with unshed tears, "I'll give up. 'Tain't no use for me to be obstinate, I reckon. I'm gettin' old and things are changin', and since Jim Billings's daughter has fallin' in love with a Republican office-holder, I reckon it ain't for me to object to her marryin' him. Timber Creek's gone Republican, Wilbur Jenkins, an' I—I guess that Gene Billings might as well go Republican, too!"

TOYS OF VARIED DESIGN.

Paris Shops Contain Many Novelties Not Seen Elsewhere.

The world's greatest depot for Christmas toys is Paris, and in the shops of that city are found some of the most remarkable products of man's ingenuity that can be seen anywhere. Not only are these toys of interest to the children, older people take great delight in inspecting them.

At each yuletide an exposition of toys is held in the French metropolis. The island opposite the tribune of justice is the place usually selected. On one side of the stairway leading to the toy exposition you are confronted by a tablet telling that this place was built by order of "Napoleon III, emperor of the French;" on the other by a tablet commemorating his first visit to it in company with the empress; over the door is the old, unfaded yearnings of the people, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and these playthings and a number of unformed gens d'armes lead appropriately to the room full of smaller toys which form the real exposition.

Only toys costing from one to sixty cents are admitted. But between these values a long range of wonders is displayed. One sees few toy kitchens, or doll houses, or carpenter boxes. Instead are toy toilet sets, with little mirrors and powder puffs, for the embryo coquette, soldier suits a-plenty, and gens d'arme uniforms, and, above all, mechanical toys. A butcher who, being wound up, chops the meat on the block before him into hamburger steak, a gens d'arme who holds up his club as if to stop a line of carriages; an orange vender, who will walk across the floor wheeling her handcart before her; a "bonne" with long-streamered cap on her head and a baby in her arms; the whole population of Paris in miniature; in short, all of whom will act in becoming and Parisian fashion, if you will turn the keys in their backs.

There is a clever little aquarium made like a picture of the ocean bed, with wrecks and seaweed on the sand. It is framed and hung against the wall, but the fish in this marine painting are alive and swim about in real water.

The main interest in the exposition is not, after all, in the toys, clever as these are; it is in the fact that such crowds press to see them—crowds of "grown-ups," not of children. Hardly one in ten of those who go is even accompanied by a child. The other nine are simply big children, breathlessly interested in every one of the toys, gasping with delight over the little mechanical men, laughing at everything, watching open-mouthed the Santos-Dumont balloons—great children, some of them evidently men of place and cultivation, but all equally "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw"—great children who can ordinarily be controlled like babies by a word—there never was so orderly and tractable a crowd as a French crowd—but who can yet fly into ungovernable rages, past all self-control or reach of reason, and make unnecessary revolutions.

The Use of Stamps.

When a stamp is placed on a letter it represents one of sixty made for each man, woman and child in the United States. Enough stamps will be issued this year to supply each individual in the United States with at least sixty stamps each. Distributed among the population of the entire globe, they supply each person with postage for not less than three letters. Placed side by side in a continuous line the total issue would girdle the entire earth three times, forming a variegated ribbon around it nearly three inches in width. If spread out in the same manner across the United States, the stamps would form a paper sidewalk from New York to San Francisco over three feet wide. Pasted into a stamp collector's book of the conventional size, the issue for the year would half fill 1,000,000 volumes, which placed upon another would form a solid column over twenty-five miles high. If it is true, as Edward Everett Hale says, that the United States postal system is the greatest of popular educators, these figures will serve to show the extent of Uncle Sam's present service as a school teacher.

Kindly Ways of a King.

In Denmark many odd little stories are told of King Christian and his kindly ways, above all of the friendly interest he takes in the doings of his subjects. Until within quite recent days, when his strength has begun to fail him, he used to spend much of his time in Copenhagen walking about the streets; and nothing pleased him better than to stop and have a chat with any workman he chanced to encounter. Whenever any Dane makes his mark in the world, no matter what his station in life may be or what his views, the king always sends for him, at the first opportunity, that he may know what he is like and have a talk with him. Little wonder that he understands his people or that they understand him!

MUCH THINKING.

If I tho't she tho't the tho't I think, I wouldn't be so fearful; But to think my tho't she may not think, Makes me most mighty fearful.

I never tho't I'd think the tho't I think I'm ever thinking; Eat, think and think, and think I must And wonder what she's thinking.

I think she thinks I think I love her, And that helps me a little; She thinks I think she thinks she loves me, But she is non-committal.

I think I'll think the tho't I've tho't, And then approach her boldly; If she thinks what I think she tho't, She will not treat me coldly.

Oh, I've tho't and tho't and tho't and tho't! What Jane thinks of the matter, Till my heart that once went pitty pat, Is going pitty patty.

So I must learn the tho't's Jane thinks, For tho't I can not longer; Of tho'ts I wonder if she thinks— My love is growing stronger!

Oh, I tho't she tho't the tho't I tho't, And now, what I know it, oh! For I told Jane the tho't I tho't, And Jane said, "I think ditto." —W. F. Hovis, in Indianapolis News.



Father—"How is it you never have any money?" Son—"It's not my fault. It's all due to other people."—Philadelphia Press.

Ned—"Clara says you are a perfect gentleman." Fred—"Why, she doesn't know me!" Ned—"That's what I told her."—Smart Set.

This world it is a busy place, Each has his task to do, And every man's seems easier Than that which falls to you. —Washington Star.

She—"I think you're prejudiced against him!" Her Father—"Oh! I admit that! I don't see how anybody could help being prejudiced against him!"—Puck.

She—"Are you as good a Judge of horses as you are of—wives?" The Widower—"Well, I can't say I am. I've only lost one fortune through horses."—Life.

Lawyer—"When I was a boy, my highest ambition was to be a pirate." Client—"You're in luck. It isn't every man who can realize the dreams of his youth."—Puck.

"Why is it that powder factories pay such high wages?" "Because the employees are likely at any moment to be blown up and thrown out of employment."—New York Sun.

He—"You might as well acknowledge that from the first you intended to reject me." She—"Oh, nonsense! Why, half the time I didn't know whether you were going to propose."—Judge.

"There's one of my faults that I'm free to admit," said the convict who always managed to break jail. "What's that?" "I've never lived up to my convictions."—Philadelphia Press.

An epigram is always sure to please. And yet this secret I would fain confess; A platy worn baggy at the knees, May scintillate when garbed in evening dress! —Philadelphia Record.

First Guide—"I was out with a dude sportsman from the city to-day?" Second Guide—"So? Did you have any luck?" First Guide—"Sure. Ain't I home again safe and sound?"—Philadelphia Press.

"Now, Julia," said the teacher to a small kindergarten pupil, "suppose I divide this apple into four equal parts. What would one of the parts be called?" "A piece of apple," was the prompt reply.—Chicago News.

"Yes, I've got a little money put away," said the talkative speculator; "I've managed to get in on the ground floor once or twice." "Me, too!" whispered the burglar, who sat next to him in the train; "shake!"—Philadelphia Press.

Hindu Sword Marriages.

At the last general monthly meeting of the Anthropological Society of Bombay, a paper prepared by Mr. Sarat Chudner Mitter, of Berar, was read by Mr. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi, showing how many different roles a sword plays in Hindu manners and customs. There are certain warlike tribes among whom oaths taken over a sword are binding—while, taken otherwise, they are not. A similar sentiment prevails among some predatory classes of Europe, where oaths taken over the weapons of offence—a dagger, a poniard, a rapier—are considered binding. The idea with these classes seems to be that perjury committed after taking oaths over their weapons recoils, that they die by the weapon against which they perjure themselves.

In certain parts of India, when a Hindu is about to marry a third wife—which marrying is considered an ill omen—he marries a tree, for obviating the ill omen, before he marries the third lady. In Kathiawar there is still the custom for Rajput Princes, who are much married, to marry in person only the first wife, and to marry other wives by means of a sword. They send over their sword to the bride's people; the bride is married to it with all the required pomp and splendor, the only difference being that the Prince's sword becomes a substitute for him—the bridegroom. The legality of this marriage to a sword is indisputable. The bride married to it enters the Rajput zenana as a lawfully married wife.—The Lahore Tribune.

Recent observations seem to indicate that the incubation period of malaria is about eighteen days.

CARE OF INJURED MINERS.

Medical Rooms in Mines and Instruction in Treatment.

The next annual report of the mine inspectors of the anthracite coal districts is expected to show that scores of lives have already been saved by the installation in mines of the medical room, required by a recent act of the Legislature, which went into effect on November 30. All the mines, however, have not yet complied with the law. Heretofore it has been the custom, when a man was hurt in the mines, to get him to the surface by the best means at hand. There he would have to wait for the company ambulance, some times for hours, and often men have died from loss of blood or shock. The mine hospitals now installed are rooms about ten feet square, placed in some convenient and easily reached passage of the mine. Most of them are furnished with cots for four persons, although the law only requires two. There are at hand linseed oil, to be used in the numerous cases of burns, bandages, linen, woolen, and waterproof blankets, splints and other handy appliances. Most of the large companies have engaged physicians to show their mine foremen how to use the appliances, and schools of instruction in methods of treating injuries are being established, with sessions once or twice a week. As there is an average of more than one man killed and six injured every day in the mines of the region, the appliances and foremen's knowledge will often be tested.

In most instances the mines are several miles from the nearest hospital, and the journey of an injured and unattended man for that distance, over the rough roads, is sometimes the cause of frightful suffering. Under the new system a couple of his mates, will go to the injured man, at the place of the accident, with a comfortable stretcher, and he will be carried to the hospital and there treated and made comfortable until the ambulance and the regular physician arrives.—Evening Post.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The fool promises more than he can perform.

One's life toil teaches us to prize life's treasures.

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.

Friends, though absent, are still present; though in poverty they are rich; though weak yet in the enjoyment of health; and what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive.

The profit of leisure lies in the combination of interest and amusement, of occupation which does not require too much thought, and pleasure which does not demand too much effort, physical or mental.

Multitudes of us are fuming in a false sense of poverty when close at home are faithful hearts that, if taken from us, as they might be next week, would leave a void that the wealth of Indies would not fill. We are poor only by thinking ourselves so. It is, in fact, our perverse thinking that every day makes fools of us.

All men need taskmasters. Fortunate are they who know how to get the most out of themselves by acting as their own taskmasters. They plan each day in advance, and do not toil haphazardly. Carefully estimating what they can do, and should do, they hold themselves rigorously to the tasks they have fixed, and so avoid the necessity of having overseers. And they are the sort who rise to be the overseers of others.

Our Conquest of Foreign Markets.

There is another phase to our conquest of foreign markets, and that is its effect upon the other Nations of the world. If a much larger share of the world's manufacturing is to be done in America, it means a lesser share will be done elsewhere. The picture which some enthusiastic observers of our foreign trade delight to draw, of a time when our exports have so increased and our imports so diminished, that we will not only make everything we want for ourselves, but a very large part of what the world wants besides, is a picture which offers neither a probable forecast nor a desirable result. Naturally we cannot go on selling to the world a great surplus of food products and manufactured articles without buying from the world in return. Statistics indicate that we have for the last two or three years been sending Europe annually something like \$800,000,000 more than we have been buying. Europe has not been paying for this in gold. During the six years in which we built up a surplus foreign trade balance of \$2,744,000,000, we have received from the rest of the world a net balance in gold of only \$132,000,000.—Frank A. Vanderlip, in Scribner's.

In Line With Instructions.

A commercial traveler well-known in the cycle trade on both sides of the Atlantic adds this to the collection of jokes on newly-made-happy fathers: The hero is the manufacturer of the wheel which the narrator sells. Being compelled to go away on a business trip about the time an interesting domestic event was expected, he left orders for the nurse to wire him results according to the following formula: If a boy: "Gentleman's safety arrived."

If a girl: "Lady's safety arrived." The father's state of mind may be imagined when, a few days later, he received a telegram containing the one word "Tandem."—Rocky Mountain News.