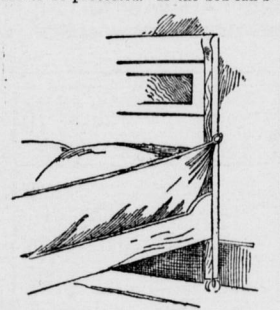




**TO PREVENT TUMBLES.**  
A Simple But Effective Device for the Children's Bed.

When little folks graduate from the crib, with its safe, close sides, and come into the dignity of sleeping in a "grown-up" bed, there is apt to be many a tumble upon the floor in the darkness, particularly if the time be summer, when the bed clothing cannot be "tucked in" closely. Little people are apt to be restless at night, after a hard day's play, and in tossing about, it is small wonder that they often fall out of bed. The possibility of this catastrophe has made unnumbered hosts of mothers sleep "with one eye open," ready to spring up at the sound of unwanted stirring in the next room.

Such nervous apprehension is wearying and altogether unnecessary, for there are a number of simple devices for making the children's bed un-fall-out-able, if I may so express the idea. One of the best is shown in the accompanying illustration. A strip of stout linen denim or some other serviceable material is cut to the length of the bed, and hemmed about the edges, having a broad hem at the bottom, through which to tuck the strip to the inside of the side pieces of the bed, if both sides are to be protected. If the bed can be



placed against a wall, only the outer side will require a strip tacked to it. In the upper corners of the strip sew metal rings, and insert hooks in the head-board and foot-board, as shown. When the bed is made up in the morning the strip can be folded in under the quilts, to be removed and hooked up into place at night. With such a device, the mother can sleep in peace, quite certain that the little folk will be found in the morning where they were placed at night—on the bed instead of under it, where one mother whom I know found her restless little girl, some hours after she had put her to sleep.—Country Gentleman.

**LUMINOUS COMPLEXIONS.**

Striking Effects in Illumination Seen at a Paris Afternoon Tea.  
Electric lights are out of date at Paris society functions, and gas, candles and lamps have likewise been superseded. Phosphorescent furniture is the latest fad, and formed an interesting feature of a unique "five o'clock tea" which took place the other day in the Rue de Longchamps, Paris. It was not evident where the light came from, but every object in the room was luminous. The ceiling sparkled as with diamonds. Chairs, carpet, pictures, flowers, teacups—all emitted luminous rays. Nor were these fascinating gleams limited to the room and its furnishings, but the gowns of the women were also brilliantly phosphorescent, while their complexions gleamed like pearls flooded with moonlight.

As this idea threatens to become a fad of no small proportions, it should be known by women who long to emit this spoonlike radiance that there is a luminous face powder which is said to fulfill its mission admirably. There is also in the market a luminous starch with which the clever housewife can give laces, muslins and all the dainty articles of feminine attire a perpetual source of radiance. The idea of an invisibly lighter room, its atmosphere charged with luminous rays, is a very taking one, though it may be questioned whether phosphorescent complexions and self-luminous linen collars would be becoming to all types of women.—N. Y. World.

**How to Wear Your Handkerchief.**  
There is always a right and a wrong way to carry one's handkerchief, as to do everything else. Just now the only proper way is to tuck the little square of linen and lace in one's sleeve at the wrist, allowing it to fall and partially conceal the hand, somewhat after the manner of the pretty wrist flounces on the new sleeves. Do not commit so marked a breach of good form as to tuck your handkerchief in at any part of your bodice, but if you want to get the full ornamental value from its pretty border of point de venise or Irish lace, no more effectual method could be devised than this newest fashion. The single consideration, however, that it is a new idea is perhaps having most weight with the majority of women, who are rapidly converting the fashion into a fad.

**Good for Sore Throat.**  
Tincture of myrrh dropped into water is an excellent wash for the mouth and the throat. The proper proportions are ten drops of myrrh to a glass of water.

**DOMESTIC ECONOMY.**

**Ripping Up a Garment Is a Task Requiring Some Skill.**

There is a general impression that it is an easy enough matter to rip up a garment. Almost anybody can do it, and it is an undertaking that requires no special skill or care. Acting on this idea, clothing is pulled, torn, cut with knives, snipped with scissors and, finally, taken to pieces after this unprofitable fashion, and the operator comes and declares that everything is ready. A dyer who handles a large quantity of black goods says that he long ago gave up expecting anybody to rip a garment up as it should be done. If the seams are ripped, they are full of threads; sometimes there are buttons on; hooks and eyes are not uncommon; the fronts of them are stuck full of pins of various sorts, and linings, facings, braids and the like remain, in whole or in pieces, just as the individual who had charge of the disintegrating process happens to leave them.

To rip up a garment properly there should be no pulling, tearing or dragging apart. If one cannot take the end of the thread and pull it out, the stitches should be cut with a sharp knife. Very few persons can rip a garment with scissors without doing it great harm; indeed, many find it impossible to cut stitches with anything without making holes that render the goods absolutely worthless for the one who originally wore it. When it is done the edges are so ragged that a much smaller pattern must be used. In preparing goods for the dyer or to be made over, every stitch should be taken out. It seems scarcely necessary to say that fastenings, braid and hooks and eyes must be removed, but this is imperative. In view of the condition in which the garments come to the dressmaker and the dyer. Many dresses, capes and jackets are perfectly wearable after being carefully ripped, brushed, sponged and pressed. It is a wonder that some one does not set up an establishment for ripping clothes and putting them in order for the dressmaker. The owner of them frequently has not time to do them properly, or is too careless and understands too little the requirements of them. To do it, had she all the time in the world. Some semi-invalid in every community might get a tolerable living, or at least add to a limited income, by preparing garments for remodeling.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**PRETTY SPONGE BAG.**

**How to Make One of These Useful Bathroom Accessories.**

Procure some thin waterproof sheeting. Cut a piece nine inches wide by half a yard long. Make this into a bag by folding it in half and stitching it around the edges with liquid India rubber, sold for this purpose at any mackintosh shop. Take a piece of linen, white or colored. Cut off a piece nine inches wide by one yard. Trace or iron off a transfer spray on one side, and on the other, with a pencil, write in a bold hand the words: "Sponge Bag." Work this all on in flourishing thread. Now make a narrow hem at each end, fold



the material in half and fasten up the sides to the depth of ten inches. Turn right side out and tuck with firm stitches the top of the mackintosh bag to the narrow hem of the linen bag. When the former is pushed down into place in the latter you will have a four-inch frill standing up above the mackintosh. This must be turned in at the ends and sewed up, leaving half an inch open for a drawing string. Make a casing by putting a running from side to side at each of these openings and insert two pieces of cord, one coming out of each side, so as to form a double drawing.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Remains of a Roast Dinner.**

Remains of a roast of lamb or mutton can be served in a variety of dainty ways. For instance, cut the meat in long, thin slices and heat them in a buttered baking dish with wine, preferably sherry, and a seasoning of salt, pepper and a little mustard. Serve very hot with a garnish of fried tomatoes or of mushrooms and a highly-seasoned tomato sauce. Or the slices may be well heated and served with a very rich white sauce and fried croutons of bread thickly spread with anchovy butter. Cold lamb chops are nice if trimmed, dipped thickly with a puree of onions, spread in egg and bread crumbs and fried; then garnished with parsley and served with tomato sauce.

**Strawberries in London.**  
The price of strawberries in London is now three to eight shillings per pound.

**FELINE FAITHFULNESS.**

**Pierre Sacrificed His Life to Avenge Jeanne's Death.**

Some time ago in a quiet little corner way down on the Rue Royale, I chanced upon a quaint little creole creature whom the neighbors call "Mam'zelle." If there was ever any name attached to most have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bakeshop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cozy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty creole patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidences of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would lie dozing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his outstretched paws.

When Mam'zelle was busy, so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety, she would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And we betide any strange cat that wandered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if a cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne hustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened recently for the thousandth time, probably, but for the first time on record, grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big brindle stranger appeared on the banquet without. Straight as a die Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in hot pursuit of the brindle. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers, and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course, that Pierre had returned, she took no further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion out on the banquet, she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent.

Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence, an ugly tortoise shell from the next block strolled to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about unprotected, he began siege at once, nodoubt, Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement. Before either of us could interpose the deed was done, and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing around the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a brief moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell he was too late.

Then, letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw, he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, but when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—Chicago Journal.

**NO JOKE FOR THE JOKER.**

**When the Boot Is on the Other Foot Laughing Ceases.**

The practical joker was sauntering along in the dusk. The inoffensive citizen was sauntering along in the same dusk, unmindful of the presence of the practical joker. The practical joker, recognizing a friend in the inoffensive citizen, chuckled to himself and quickened himself to overtake him. The inoffensive citizen was thinking of a story he had read about footpads and wondering whether anyone would ever try to hold him up. The practical joker suddenly tipped the inoffensive citizen's hat over his eyes. The inoffensive citizen wheeled instantly and landed a fine, large blow between the practical joker's eyes. The practical joker went down. The inoffensive citizen promptly sat on him and hit him again. The practical joker yelled: "For heaven's sake don't hit me again, John! Don't you know me?" The inoffensive citizen said: "Great Scott!" The practical joker said, in an injured tone: "Hang it all, John, it's only a joke." The inoffensive citizen looked at the practical joker, who now had one eye closed, and laughed. The practical joker angrily asserted that it was no laughing matter. "But you said it was a joke," returned the inoffensive citizen, "and I think you are right." And he laughed again. But the practical joker hasn't been able to see the point of it to this day. Still, it was unquestionably a good joke.—Tit-Bits.

**Banana Pie.**

Slice raw bananas, add butter, sugar, allspice and vinegar or boiled cider or diluted jelly; bake with two crusts. Cold boiled sweet potatoes may be used instead of bananas, and are very nice.—N. Y. Ledger.

**Lettuce Sandwiches.**

Nothing can be more crisp than lettuce sandwiches. Spread buttered slices of bread with salad dressing and place between small lettuce leaves.—Housekeeper.

**Proposals in Boston.**

Mr. Beacon Street (Boston)—I presume, Miss Tremont, you are cognizant of the continuation of the symposium on the interrogatory: "Is Marriage a Failure?" and I beg the privilege of testing the question with you.

Miss Tremont—Since the only way to understandingly embark in the discussion is by practical experiment, I will relinquish my individual freedom and genealogical cognomen to immolate my identity on the altar of metaphysical investigation.—N. Y. Weekly.

**A Literary Preference.**

"The trouble is," said the man with the loud voice and the positive manner, "that women read too many novels nowadays."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Meek-ton, as he put his dyspepsia medicine in his vest pocket. "Sometimes I kind o' wish that Maria 'ud take her Ouida an' the Duchess, an' let the cook book alone."—Washington Star.

**He Wouldn't Be Popular.**

If William Shakespeare, matchless bard, Were on the earth to-day, Just lots of men would try real hard To keep out of his way. This statement may seem fetched too far. And out of reason till You think how many men there are Who hate to meet a Bill.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**A NEW AMUSEMENT.**



Herr Old Clerk spends his Sundays walking past the office windows. The thought that he is not slaving at his desk affords him inexpressible pleasure.—Fliegende Blaetter.

**His Burden.**

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "And may I go too, my pretty maid?" "You may carry the chalk, kind sir," she said.—Up-To-Date.

**The Powers That Be.**

He—I had such a delightful trip out to California. It happened that I made the acquaintance of the president of the road, who was in the same car, and I was very well treated. She—What did he do for you; anything special? He—Oh, yes, indeed. He personally introduced me to the porter.—Bay City Chat.

**The Reason.**

Helen—I understand that Ethel got her hair bleached in Paris. Agnes—Yes, she tried to, but they were unsuccessful. Helen—But I notice that it is white as snow. Agnes—Yes, it turned so when she got the bill.—Town Topics.

**Harold's Compliment.**

"Harold, our new girl spends all her time talking with agents." "That comes of her being so good looking." "Well, I can't afford to have her fritter away her time like that." "Then, my dear, why not see those people yourself?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Horrible.**

"My girl gave me the marble heart last night," said the single man. "Your wee is naught to mine," said the married one. "It has not been two hours since my wife gave me the marble cake of her own making."—Indianapolis Journal.

**One Way to Account for It.**

"Chicago claims an enormous population, but it did not seem to me to be such a large city." "But, you see, so many of the people out there live double lives."—Town Topics.

**Happy Woman.**

Absent-Minded Party—Why, how do you do, Barker. How is your wife? Barker—My wife? Why, my dear doctor, I never married. Absent-Minded Party—Really! Congratulate her for me.—Tit-Bits.

**A Powerful Mind.**

Brown—Jack was noted for his memory when he was at college. Smith—Was he? Brown—Yes; he carried all the athletic records in his head.—Brooklyn Life.

**Her Brilliant Scheme.**

"Smart woman, Jones' wife." "Why?" "Found she talked in her sleep; studied awhile, and now she lectures him all night without disturbing her own slumbers!"—N. Y. Weekly.

**Customs Reversed.**

"The Chinese always break a plate before they take the oath." "How droll; when we break a plate the oath comes afterward."—Chicago Record.

**Light on the Subject.**

"How is it that Watley has so many new suits? He gets a small salary." "Oh, he is an electrician, and his clothes are all charged."—Detroit Free Press.

**They Amuse Each Other.**

"What is the basis of friendship between Mrs. Dash and Mrs. Rush?" "Each thinks the other is so flighty."—Chicago Record.

**He Knew Himself.**

She—This road is very steep. Can't I get a donkey to take me up? He—Lean on me, my darling!—Tit-Bits.

**COLUMN OF POETRY.**

**The King's Couriers.**

When the Sun King in his journeys Leaves the myrtle and the vine, And comes riding bravely northward Through the land of snow and pine Over the meadows and the forests How the sunny heralds fly, Brightening the very shadows With their shining livery! Up the valley and the hillside, And across the spreading plain Swinging, swaying, nodding, playing, Comes the fair and smiling train.

There are buttercups and daisies In the fields of early spring, And the cowslip bells of yellow All along the meadow ring, While the marguerites in June time Mid the grasses shyly peep— Loyal little hearts of sunshine That the snowy petals keep! And the stately black-eyed Susan Flaunts her fluted yellow frill Down the river's rippling borders— Up the crowning of the hill.

Then the goldenrod comes riding, Doughty guardsman, in the rear, When the king his steps retraces In the waning of the year. How the plumes of yellow, floating, Mingle on the sunny breeze, With the gold and crimson mantles Of the pines' livery! One by one they pass before us, Until all the smiling train, Sweeping slowly to the southward, Passes from our view again. —Mildred McNeal, in Youth's Companion.

**Please Let Us Go and Play.**

While working at my desk to-day, Striving to put my thoughts in rhyme, I heard my little children say What I oft said in olden time, Before my hair had turned to gray, Before time's wrinkles creased my brow: "Please, mother, do not keep us now, But let us go and play!" Their plaintive voices came to me From the adjoining chamber, where Both wife and children I could see When seated on my easy chair. She kissed them tenderly, and they With joyous shouts went to their game; They could not hear my heart exclaim: "Oh, would that we could play!"

Oh! God, I pray that Thou wilt leave Their mother here until my boys Can comprehend that they but grieve Themselves when they leave her for toys. Oh! they'll remember when they pray, For their dear mother when she's dead, How often they to her have said: "Please let us go and play!"

**Aye, in this life from day to day.**

Unknowingly, we oft disdain Our blessings, but we wish for pain When we scorn sacrifice for play. —Doone F. Lemmy, in Washington Star.

**A Glorious Fourth.**

First we bought a lot of rockets, With an extra lot of whizz; Then we emptied out our pockets, Buying squibs and things that fizz, Serpents, snakes and roman candles With a dozen colored balls, And some blue things on long handles That they called "Niagara Falls." Half a gross of cannon crackers And a dozen monster bombs— Regular old Barnum whackers, Fit to use when Gabriel comes— Half a hundred double pin-whoops, Showers of sparks in every one, And a set of wheels within wheels, Warranted to dim the sun; Red lights, green lights, blue lights, flashes In profusion and a box, Things that sizzly burn to ashes, Things that flame like Martyr Knox— Just the dandiest miscellany! One no carping crank could scoff At—then, by George! the night was rainy, And we couldn't set 'em off. —Somerville Journal.

**Independence Day.**

Bang! Boom! Rattle and sizz! By signs like these we know it is Dear Independence day! A smell of powder in the air, A small boy present everywhere, Engaged in mimic fray! A trumpet's blare, a drum's loud beat, A quaint procession in the street Of little "minute men!" A cheer, a shout, a proud huzza, And patriot "Young America!" Applauds the past again!

A bright, bewildering array, Of "kiddosers" in ribbons gay, The colors of the free! A nation's honored flag full-mast, And in the heart, thank God, a fast, Firm love for Liberty! Applauds the past again!

**An Achievement.**

He was an artist, whose wondrous skill Made many with admiration thrill, For he painted landscapes whose every hue Seemed blended as colors in nature do, His tints seemed captives from sunset skies And his foliage to shake in the breeze that flies; And he who knew him declared his life Would be crowned with fame—all except his wife.

And even his wife confessed at last, His abilities ne'er could be surpassed— "Twas the day when he started, with mood In tune, And hastened the roof and the back-yard fence. —Washington Star.

**Clarinda.**

The winter with its ice is gone, And fair the spring sun rise; But there's no morning like the dawn In sweet Clarinda's eyes. And, by God's grace, He finds it sweet To spread His roses at her feet. Fair flows the sap in spring, and fair The flower bends to the bee, And melody is in the air When thus she speaks to me. And, by God's grace, her red lips rare Tempt me to steal the honey there!

Lean, lilies, to her loyal lips, And roses, blush and blow! The bee's blood's in her fingertips— That's why they thrill me so! Sing birds, bees, winds, in one sweet tone: Clarinda is my love—my own! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

**Then and Now.**

Once I wrote a charming sonnet To my lady Mary's bonnet, And I called it smart and fetching, and I called it highest art; And I vowed each time I met her With it on I loved her better, And I ended by affirming that it simply touched my heart.

We are wed, but Mary's bonnets Never move me now to sonnets; If they did I'd spend in rhyming of my life the greater part. True, her millinery's charming, But the bills are most alarming, And they touch my pocket deeper than the bonnets touch my heart. —Mary C. Huntington, in N. Y. Sun.

**A Happy Jangle.**

Though pockets grow lighter, Sing tunes that are brighter— Might as well sing as be sighing; There's no use to double The measure of trouble, For time beats the best bird at flying! The world and all in it Worn't made in a minute; Its flowers are blooming and dying; No use to upbraid it, It's just as God made it, And time beats the best bird at flying! —Atlanta Constitution.

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