

Subscription rates table with columns for One Year, Six Months, Four Months, Two Months and corresponding prices.

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrangements must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

According to the methods of the present day militarism, it costs the powers across the water about \$950,000,000 a year to "preserve the peace" of Europe. Peace is a good thing, but it should be possible one would think, to find some shorter and easier road to it than that.

The New Lutheran Church News, a religious paper recently started in Germany has just been discontinued for a curious reason. Its object was to defend the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Bible, and in his valedictory the editor says that he could not get any contributors to take that side of the question.

On European railways the practice of issuing free transportation is almost unknown. In England there is an interchange of passes between the chief officials of the road, but only to a very limited extent. On the continent of Europe even this practice does not prevail and cash payments are required for all forms of railway transportation.

A correspondent of the London Daily News notes the growth of the use of English on the continent. Wherever he went he was able to converse with statesmen and diplomatists in his native tongue. He found that as a rule the governing classes in Europe would understand and speak English. In the Russian royal family especially, English is the familiar language of conversation. The czar, for instance, invariably speaks English to the czarina and his little daughters.

Spain's protests, complaints and lamentations have pervaded the whole course of the negotiations with a persistency which curiously illustrates her utter misconception of her own defeat, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. She bows to our superior force, but deems it a cruel infliction; she disdains our greed, yet takes our money; she looks upon us as a conqueror without that nice regard for Spanish honor, which, forsooth, anyone familiar with its history ought to have, and manifestly suffers from a wounded self-love which refuses to be healed. So does the man who fails in business or cannot otherwise gain the respect and consideration for the lack of which he suffers. To him the mortgagee or bondholder or successful business rival are offenders against whom he bears a personal grudge. They have fleeced him, dishonored him, ruined him. That is the way Spain looks at it, not being aware, evidently, that her own sloth and corruption have put her out of the race of nations.

The inroads that women are making on those professions and industries that a few years ago were filled more or less exclusively by men offer an interesting problem to the sociologist. The puzzling question is: What did the elder sisters of these women do? Girls are now employed as saleswomen in many stores that a few years ago were served entirely by men and women have even intruded the editorial sanctum and read their effusions in other parts of the paper than on the "Woman's Page." The law, medicine, and even architecture offer new avenues for woman's endeavor. Le Figaro of Paris is astounded at this state of affairs in the United States, and says that the day is not far off when all positions save those of the most arduous toil will be filled by women. Possibly the most astonishing part of some statistics recently published on the subject has reference to women accountants and secretaries of firms and companies. There were none, it is said, in 1870; there are now 43,071. Of doctors and surgeons, there are 6882, compared to 527 ten years ago; and of women writers, 3163, compared to 159. As for women stenographers and compositors, they numbered 7 in 1870. The number today is 52,000.

Don't tender advice until you find out what particular kind is wanted.

WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNIN'.

When I wake up in the mornin', in the laughin', smilin' mornin', With my soul keyed like a fiddle an' my heart keyed like a lute, An' memory-mads come trippin' an' a-giddin' an' a-slipin'!

—John Trotwood Moore.

AN UNPREMEDITATED THEFT.

BY FRANCES A. SCHNEIDER.



In her front garden under the big willow sat Mrs. Spreadbrow. Behind her stood the trim cottage, and in the grass, almost at her feet, gambled Eddy, her youngest born, and the new black and white puppy.

From the gratings of the two young creatures on the grass, Mrs. Spreadbrow let her eyes wander dreamily across the bay to the irregular sky line of the big city, where she knew that Mr. Spreadbrow was busily engaged in converting bales of cotton into crisp bank notes.

Ah, thought she, happily, she had much to be thankful for, the best husband in the world, a promising family, a charming home on Staten Island and—but at this juncture her reverie was broken in upon by a sound of footsteps on the gravel walk leading from the front gate to the house, and looking up, she beheld the comfortable figure of her dear friend, Mrs. Townley.

There followed a scene, such as any lady who has been surprised by the sudden and unexpected arrival of a valued friend can readily imagine. In the course of it Mrs. Townley was conveyed to the parlor of the trim cottage, to sit and "cool off" before going upstairs.

"Take off your bonnet, dear," said her cheery hostess. "I will put your satchel and parcel and things in this chair. O, I have so much to tell you about and scold you for; why haven't you come down before?"

In the midst of Mrs. Townley's explanations as to why she had absented herself, there burst through the open French window, like the advent of a whirlwind, the puppy, Sport, in full cry, followed by Eddy.

Round and round the room they circled for some moments, and then, obedient to the oft-repeated command of his mother, the little youth turned and embraced their visitor with much heartiness. The peace that followed these demonstrations was rudely put to flight by the click of the front gate, and the cry from Eddy, who was stationed at the window, announcing "a lady coming."

"Somebody to call. How provoking!" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, with a pucker of her placid brow. "Come, Maria, let's go upstairs before Delia goes to the door. There goes the bell! Never mind your things."

In an instant the room was cleared of all save the black and white puppy, who shambled about for a moment, then trotted laboriously out into the garden by the same route he had come in.

"It's a young lady, Mrs. Spreadbrow, and she says she wants to see you on business," announced Delia, a moment later, thrusting her head through the door of the room to which Mrs. Spreadbrow and her friend had retreated.

"Dear me! what can she want?" The lady's voice expressed as much irritation as that kindly organ could embody.

As she entered the parlor, a tall, slim girl, who had been standing nervously in the middle of the room, advanced to meet her, and the icy tone and manner that Mrs. Spreadbrow had determined to assume toward the disturber of her seclusion melted quite away as the pretty young creature lifted a pair of sad dark eyes to her face and said in an embarrassed voice:

"Please pardon me for intruding. I have come to—to—"

"Pray sit down," interrupted Mrs. Spreadbrow, cheerily.

"Thank you," said the girl, and dropping into a chair. "I will not detain you long. I have here a children's history—" and from the depths of a roomy satchel she produced a small book—"that Catcham & Teasam are publishing—"

Ah! Now Mrs. Spreadbrow knew the worst. "But I don't want it," she said, gently.

"It won't do any harm—to look at it!" The girl spoke as if trying to repeat a lesson, and with a wistful look in her face.

"Yes, it will; because if I let you show it to me I may buy it, and I really don't want it."

"Nobody does; but you have put your rejection of it very kindly," said the girl, rising to go.

Her voice trembled, and the smile she managed to screw her pretty lips into was far from cheerful. Mrs. Spreadbrow was touched. There was something so pathetic about the voice and manner, and she was so very young and so very pretty. The motherly lady laid her hand on the girl's arm, saying softly:

"Let me give you a glass of lemonade before you set out again in the heat—O!" For the little book agent had turned away to hide the tears she could not restrain.

"Excuse me," she murmured. "It's the hot weather, and—and not being accustomed to the work. I—I began only yesterday, and it's a long trip and from New York."

"Sit down," urged Mrs. Spreadbrow, gently, "and I will go and get lemonade."

When she returned the girl had quite recovered and was sitting quietly at the window smiling at the gambols of the puppy. She apologized for having given way to her emotions, sipped her drink and then rose again to go.

"Thank you so much for your kindness," she said warmly, "and goodbye!"

"Stop," exclaimed Mrs. Spreadbrow. "I've changed my mind about the book, I'll take it."

"You really need it?" with a perceptible brightening of the eyes.

"I can't get on without a history for Eddy. I never thought of Sport's having destroyed the one he had."

When the necessary negotiations had been concluded and the pretty book agent had departed, Mrs. Spreadbrow returned to her guest with many apologies for her long absence and bubbling over with the pathetic romance she had woven from the materials furnished by the young girl's words and manner.

The two ladies talked over this and similar instances, until they were both in a tearful state, and Mrs. Townley, to turn the tide of feeling, proposed going into the parlor and opening the nubby little package she had brought, and which she said contained some trifles for the children.

This proposition was hailed with joy by Mrs. Spreadbrow. Mrs. Townley was in the act of untying the last string, when she suddenly behought her of her black satchel in which her bonnet and parasol in a chair in the corner of the room. With the precipitancy invariably displayed by her sex at such junctures, she rose and stepped over to get it. The parasol and bonnet were on the chair, but not the satchel.

"Are you sure you didn't take it into the library?" asked Mrs. Spreadbrow, after the parlor had been searched.

"I know I didn't," responded Mrs. Townley, with tremulous irritation. "But of course we can look."

The satchel was not in the library, the only room occupied by the ladies, since Mrs. Townley's arrival; nor did it turn up anywhere in the house, which with anxious inconsistency was searched from top to bottom.

Mrs. Townley had become very pale and Mrs. Spreadbrow trembled with excitement and chagrin.

"O, this is dreadful," she said at last. "I—I hate to think it possible, but it must have been stolen. How much was in the purse?"

"A hundred dollars," replied Mrs. Townley. "I brought it with me for safety. But who—who? There has been no one—"

"The little book agent," gasped Mrs. Spreadbrow. "She is the only person who has been in the parlor beside myself since you left it. Is it possible—can it be—that that innocent-looking—O, dear!"

But Mrs. Spreadbrow was a woman of action, albeit mild and gentle, and she sprang to her feet fiercely clenching her small soft fists. "I'll follow her!" she cried. "Do you go one way, Maria; I will go another, and Delia and the children shall go in other directions. O, we will run her down! The little hypocrite!"

In a few moments the house was empty of occupants, barring the cook, who stood with her elbows on the fence and watched the departing search party, and the black and white puppy, who, in his foolish way, growled at and worried something under the big willow.

With the hot August sun pouring down upon their heads, the pursuers scurried from house to house, while with what Mrs. Spreadbrow termed "the little intense cunning of a thief," the little book agent managed ever to elude them.

At last Mrs. Spreadbrow found a maid servant who said she had seen the girl enter the railway station, and that if Mrs. Spreadbrow hurried she could overtake her before the arrival of the train for St. George. Stationward the anxious lady sped, her heart palpitating with hope, fear and indignation, intermixed with a spice of uncertainty.

What should she do if the girl refused to give up the purse. Ah, she knew; she would get on the train, find a policeman at St. George, and intercept her as she stepped on the boat.

She reached the station just in time to see the book agent's skirt whisk through the door of a forward car; she herself was hauled onto the last car by an obliging brakeman just as the train moved off.

Arrived at St. George, Mrs. Spreadbrow hurriedly accosted a policeman, explained that the young woman in the gray linen dress, carrying the black satchel, had committed a theft, and urged him excitedly to detain her. The officer hesitated a moment, and then interposing his portly form between the young girl and the gang-plank, touched her lightly on the arm and said, pointing to Mrs. Spreadbrow:

"Do you know this lady?" "Yes—that is, I went to her house and she was—"

"Will you come out of this crowd?" said Mrs. Spreadbrow, her firmness suddenly forsaking her, "I—I want to speak to you."

"But I will miss my boat," expostulated the girl nervously. My mother will be waiting for me and—what can you mean by calling a policeman to stop me?" she concluded with frightened eyes, as if a full realization of the situation had just flashed upon her.

"The fact is," explained the policeman, "this lady wants me to arrest you for theft, but maybe you can explain certain suspicious circumstances."

The girl was white to the lips now, and the look of despairing fright in her eyes was pitiful to see.

"For theft—for theft?" she said with stiff lips.

"O, do come where it is quiet," urged the accuser, looking as distressed as the accused, and then the three went into the ferry house.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, weakly, when they had reached a quiet corner of the big room.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand," replied the girl, proudly. "And may I ask what you accuse me of stealing?"

"I—I," said Mrs. Spreadbrow, trembling before the pale "little thief," "we think you took Mrs. Townley's purse out of my parlor this morning; you were the only person in the room beside myself between the time she left it there and the time we found it gone, and—"

"My God!" murmured the book agent, dropping into a seat and covering her face with her hands. Presently she recovered herself, and, turning to the policeman, said: "Search my satchel, please. And you," to Mrs. Spreadbrow, "you may search my person; and may God forgive you!"

"O, my dear, I can't—I can't; when I look at you I can't be—be— But everything's against you," Mrs. Spreadbrow's eyes were full of tears, and her voice trembled.

"There are ain't no purse here but this one," remarked the policeman, who had been rummaging through the contents of the black satchel, holding up a slim pocket book.

"That's mine. Look through it; you will find just twenty cents." The book agent spoke very calmly.

"That's right," he assented, putting the purse back. "But, of course, the money may be hid on the lady's person," he added cautiously.

"Here it is! Here it is!" cried a panting but triumphant voice, and Mrs. Townley, flushed and excited, rushed toward the trio waiting a much-mauled Russian leather bag, such as some ladies are fond of carrying, their handkerchiefs and purses in.

"It was that wretched black and white puppy! He must have taken it out of the parlor, and Eddy found him chewing it to pieces in the garden. Why, what is the matter, Hattie?" for Mrs. Spreadbrow had dropped into a seat, and, regardless of curious eyes, was weeping copiously.

"I—I—I'm so sorry. But things did look so against you. Please forgive me."

The little book agent wavered a moment, indignation, scorn and pity chasing each other across her face. Then she slipped down beside the distressed little lady and taking one of her limp hands, said simply:

"I do forgive you. Pray don't cry. But please, next time you miss anything, be sure the black and white puppy hasn't taken it before you decide that anybody else has."

She could not refrain from the mild shot, and though it was tremulously aimed, it did not miscarry but went straight to Mrs. Spreadbrow's heart, where it has lodged ever since.

And so it was the black and white puppy! He is a sedate dog now and a great favorite of Miss Amelia Banks—ex-book agent—who declares that if it had not been for him she would never have obtained her present lucrative and congenial position in Mr. Spreadbrow's office, where the painful memories of her experience as a book agent—and other painful memories as well—are fast fading into oblivion.—Boston Globe.

Miniature Oxen.

The sacred oxen of Ceylon are described by a recent writer. The largest specimen never exceeds thirty inches in height. The Marquis of Canterbury has one presented to him in 1891, which is now about ten years of age, and only ten inches tall. Notwithstanding their smallness they are very useful in Ceylon, where, it is said, four of them are able to draw a two-wheeled cart with a driver and 200 pounds of merchandise, sixty or seventy miles in a day.

A Medical Spoon.

Medicine can be measured very handsily by a new spoon which has no handle and is attached to the bottle by a wire bracket clamping the neck and provided with two rings in which the spoon is pivoted to retain its position when the bottle is tilted.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TREATMENT OF WORN SOILS.

Rational Methods to Maintain the Fertility of the Farm Lands.

The greater part of the farm land of this country has been under cultivation a comparatively short time. The soil was very productive, as a rule, when cropping was begun, indicating the presence of an abundance of available plant food. Notwithstanding the brevity of the period of cultivation, especially west of the Alleghanies, we already hear much about "worn" and "unproductive" soils. Now land, after a few years of cropping, ceases to produce as well as it did at first, and no farmer is of more general interest to problems than that of maintaining the productive power of the soil.

Many people have jumped to the conclusion that, as we draw hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, corn, oats, rye, potatoes, etc., from the farms to meet the demands of our markets each year, the depletion of our soils must be an unavoidable result until we are willing to buy and return to our land all the phosphoric acid and potash that these crops have removed, and, in addition, all the nitrogen that has not been replaced from the stores in the air by the use of plants like clover. The theory is a pretty one on its face, and it only needs truth to make it valuable. The three elements named are not the only ones removed from the soil by crops, but the other elements are not considered because they are available in most soils for the full requirements of plants. Science points out the fact that the phosphoric acid and potash are in great present abundance in all naturally fair soils, but we do not find these elements in available form to the extent required by plants. If we can make some of these stores available, it is just as irrational to depend upon outside sources—commercial fertilizers—for all the phosphoric acid and potash required by plants as it would be to buy all the other minerals needed by plants, and of which we hear nothing because the soil nearly always contains an available supply.

Usually a worn soil is unproductive because it does not have a full supply of available plant food, and because its mechanical condition is bad. Constant cropping has used up the available supply of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash—the three elements furnished by a complete fertilizer—to such an extent that with poor mechanical condition of the soil a full crop is out of the question. A few years ago we were taught by some writers that rational treatment of a worn soil meant the purchase of these three elements for the mechanical condition, which affects the supply of moisture, was ignored. Now that it is generally known that the legumes, such as clover and peas, furnish cheap nitrogen, it is insisted that we must buy the phosphoric acid and potash. The great unavailability of stores in the soil are ignored, as is the moisture question likewise.

But science is coming forward with explanations of what the practical farmer already knew, viz.: A rotting sod in the soil secures to a crop planted in it a supply of available elements, and the physical condition of the land is such that good yields can be obtained.

The constant cropping of new land exhausts the organic matter in it rapidly, and then comes a state of partial soil "exhaustion." The plowing-under of sods and manurial crops results in the freeing of mineral plant food in the soil, and in such improvement of the mechanical condition that a supply of moisture may be controlled. A clover sod cannot add a pound of phosphoric acid to land, but careful experiment showed that there was twice as much available in the soil after crimson clover had been turned under as was the case before it was grown. In its growth, doubtless, and in its fermentation, some of the original supply in the land was made available. A rational system of maintaining fertility means the maintenance of the original high percentage of humus by the plowing-under of sods and manurial crops, with the certainty that where the percentage of vegetable matter in the soil is kept high, there will stores of mineral elements be made available sufficiently to afford a cheap and valuable supply.

The soil whose percentage of humus has run low as a result of constant cropping without the incorporation of sods, stable manure or other organic matter with it, is in an almost helpless condition. It cannot free the mineral elements for its use as fast as needed, and it loses control of the moisture. Becoming hard-packed, it is sodden after a rain, and then very dry after a short drought. By the application of costly available plant food in the form of chemicals, such land will produce a good crop in a moist season. Influenced by specious reasoning, not a few farmers have supposed that no other way of securing and maintaining productivity is practicable, and that there is a nearly total dependence upon outside sources for the three valued elements of fertilizers. The necessity of humus is lost sight of. When a soil is in this helpless condition, fertilizers are necessary for the growth of a heavy sod, and herein is a sensible use of them; but the sod should be used to enable the soil to begin helping itself. When the humus content is kept large, productivity remains without the use of fertilizers. The natural strength of the soil becomes the main source of plant food, and it is a cheap source in general farming.

To the supply of organic matter, affecting the inert minerals and the moisture in the soil, there may be added available minerals for securing maximum crops, if local conditions justify the expenditure.

TO TELL HARMLESS SNAKES.

How the Poisonous Reptiles Inject Their Venom Into the Flesh.

Harmless snakes generally have two rows of teeth in the upper jaw and one in the lower, these teeth being slender, sharp, comparatively short, and not set in sockets, as these animals do not tear or mutilate their food. The teeth are simply used as hooks by which the food is drawn into the snake's throat. The bones of the jaw being movably joined together, the teeth are advanced on one side, securing a hold on the prey, and then on the other side, in which way the swallowing is accomplished. Poisonous snakes have two long, sharp fangs which appear to be flattened out like a knife blade and then bent up, forming a groove, in some cases forming a closed tube, open, however, at both ends, the upper end of which is fastened to a bone in the cheek, which moves with ease, so that the fangs when not in use can be folded or packed away. The saliva of all animals, even man, contains poison; though in man it is greatly diluted and of use in assisting digestion. In the poisonous snakes it is collected into sacs or glands placed on each side of the upper jaw, says the New York Sun. A delicate canal extends from the poison gland forward under the eye to the edge of the jaw and there opens into the fang, and to use the poison the snake has but to strike the prey; as the fangs enter the flesh the muscles of the jaw press upon the poison glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow of the poison fang in the wound. There is a most ingenious arrangement in the fang. The opening is not at the very tip, where it would be liable to get plugged up with skin and flesh, but it is a little way up in front of the groove, so that the sharp point goes in first and makes a little hole into which the poison flows.

Light Fare.

Parents of growing boys have been heard to say that there was practically no limit to the amount of food their sons could devour. It is doubtful, however, whether one of these parents could read with any feeling of pleasure the account of the boyish experience of Leigh Hunt, the English author. He was sent to school at Christ's Hospital in 1792. In his autobiography he tells of the schoolboy fare of that time:

Our breakfast was bread and water. The bread consisted of the half of a three-penny loaf, according to the prices then current. This was not much for growing boys, who had had nothing to eat from six or seven o'clock the preceding evening.

For dinner we had the same quantity of bread, with meat only every other day, and that consisting of a small slice, such as would be given to a child three or four years old. Yet even that, with all our hunger, we were very often left half eaten—the meat was so tough.

On the other days we had a milk porridge, ludicrously thin; or rice-milk, which is better. There was no vegetables or puddings. Once a month we had roast beef; and twice a year (I blush to think of the eagerness with which it was looked for!) a dinner of pork. One was roast, and the other was boiled; and on the latter occasion we had our only pudding, which was of peas.

For supper we had a like piece of bread, with butter or cheese; and then to bed, "with what appetite we might."—Youth's Companion.

Invitation on an Umbrella.

During the afternoon of the recent snowstorm a young woman of Philadelphia dressed in the height of fashion, started to walk down Chestnut street under the protection of an umbrella. At the time the snow was coming down in soft clinging flakes, and the umbrella's surface was soon covered with a white coat. The young lady stopped in the course of her promenade to admire a beautiful window display of art ware, and while standing there attracted the attention of a group of young men, among whom was the practical joker. He reached over and with the tip of his finger lightly traced on the snow-covered umbrella the words "Kiss Me."

The owner of the umbrella, all unconscious of the fact that she was the object of much attention, walked slowly on down the street. Several rude young men, who saw the inscription on the umbrella, peered rather boldly at the pretty face beneath it as they pushed by. This annoyed her so much that she suddenly closed her umbrella, and took refuge in a store, still unable to even guess what people were smiling at.—Philadelphia Record.

Do It Again, Please?

The story is familiar of the little girl who, while in charge of an infant brother, saw a cyclist "cropper" heavily from his high bicycle, and approached him as he sat on the ground, wondering if he were still in this world, and said: "Please, sir, will you do that again? Billy didn't see yer."

A parallel to this yarn comes from the Irish Cyclist, which says that an old farmer quietly watched a wheelman lose control of his mount and go over a wall, machine and all, and then remarked: "Well, well; and so they can make them leap now."—London Telegraph.

A Dragon in the Rock.

Among the most wonderful monsters of the Age of Reptiles was the ichthyosaurus, or "fish-lizard." Last summer a very perfect specimen was uncovered in a quarry at Stockton in Warwickshire, England. The creature is twenty feet in length, its head alone being almost four feet long. The ichthyosaurus possessed gigantic eyes, whose lenses could be focused at will for different distances. It hunted its prey in the sea.

Snakes Vary in Color.

Snakes vary greatly in color, some being very beautiful, and in many cases their coloration is highly protective, green snakes occurring among a luxuriant vegetation, while gray snakes generally frequent rocky districts. The skin, which consists of a coat of scales, formed from the epidermis and generally overlapping each other, is shed during the summer months. The eyes have no lids, being covered with a delicate film or membrane, giving to them that stony glare with which we are more or less familiar. The poisonous snake has a large flat head and a short, thick body, and as a rule possesses a vertical keel along the centre of the scales, while the non-poisonous snakes have small heads, long bodies and no keel on the scales.