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We presume that it is not for publication, but merely as an evidence of good faith, that the czar supplements his proposals for universal disarmament with a loan of \$150,000,000 to be expended on his artillery.

It is becoming more and more probable that the British invasion of the Sudan will open up a large and fertile region to the cultivation of Egyptian cotton, and this article is soon to be grown in India on a larger scale than ever before.

The town of Pullman, Ill., as organized and established by its founder, whose name it bears, is soon to give up its distinctive character and become in fact as well as in name a part of the municipality of Chicago.

Samoa shows signs of progressing toward civilization. The old method of electing kings by the club and spear seems to have been abandoned in favor of the more intricate and less bloody arbitration of the ballot box and the courts.

The salvage system of the Salvation Army is to be introduced into San Francisco. This is an idea of General Booth, the basic principle being that idleness leads to evil, and that the man whose material wants are satisfied is more amenable to spiritual influence.

The gold chain dangles from the hat pin, and makes a pretty bit of finery for the woman who likes fripperies. The band may match the hat pin, and be of any jewels or plain gold.

Working among the poor of London, an English author searched out the life career of an apple woman. Her history makes the story of kings and queens contemptible. Events had appointed her to poverty, hunger, cold, and two rooms in a tenement.

Governor Northern has been doing good work for several months in the direction of having the gold fields of the States worked. He has succeeded in getting some mining experts from Colorado to visit the gold-bearing sections, and these experts are well pleased with what they have seen.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

White Broadcloth For Bridesmaids. White broadcloth is much used for bridesmaids' gowns. At a recent fashionable church wedding such costumes were worn with large purple velvet picture hats.

Poplin a Favored Fabric. Poplins of various qualities and in many new effects are one of the favored fabrics for the season. They have a silky finish, and in dainty stripes, checks and dots of soft, delicate color the spring patterns are exceedingly effective.

Lace Tea Gowns Popular. A lace tea gown is the height of many a woman's ambition. The most beautiful and costly are made of guipure woven to form the garment without cutting. The long, gracefully shaped negligee is worn over a satin model of its exact shape and either white or of some light, delicate tone.

Have You a Pretty Arm? It is quite the rage in New York if one has pretty arms and hands, to leave one arm unengaged. The artlessness of arrangement is captivating. Men marvel at the beauty and women less blessed at the "boldness" of the fad.

A Hint For Girl Writers. If young girls with literary aspirations would devote their energies to writing for children, they might succeed beyond their widest imaginings. They are not sufficiently removed from the period of childhood to have forgotten all their youthful fancies, while they have not yet learned the bitterness and sadness of lost illusions.

Correct Hat Pins. It is modish now to show more of the hat pin than its mere head, so the pins themselves are made ornamental.

The finds of inventive geniuses are turning toward a pin that will stay in the hat without any danger of falling out. Recently there was a patented split that was provided with a little spring which worked by pressure.

A very nice hat pin, with a head of amber, had an amber fastening accompanying it. The "fastener" was stuck in the hat, so that to lose the hat pin you must lose the hat also.

The gold chain dangles from the hat pin, and makes a pretty bit of finery for the woman who likes fripperies. The band may match the hat pin, and be of any jewels or plain gold.

Hat chains are seen on some of the French toques. They are only pins in another guise. One of fine gold and pearls pretented to clasp a huge nosegay of violets upon a chenille toque.

There are fashions even in baby carriages. This statement is prompted by the fact that along the streets of Philadelphia the babies of the rich are seen in a new sort of turnout.

The old-fashioned baby carriage, with its pillows, lace and satin, its flounced parasol and its ribbons, is doomed. The rich baby will no longer be trundled in one of these. For this baby carriage what is known as the English baby coach is being substituted.

Severe Training Which Nurses Take. For hospital nursing a woman's age must be between twenty-three and

thirty-three years, as younger than twenty-three she is not capable of judging for herself, and over thirty-three the habits and characteristics are too firmly fashioned. A perfect physical condition and a successful examination in reading, writing, spelling, simple arithmetic and English dictionary will admit her to the training school for two months, during which time she receives free board and lodging.

If the two months' probation is satisfactory the candidate becomes a member of the busy school, dons the uniform and works in earnest. If ticketed as day nurse her hours will be from six a. m. to six p. m., with a short time holiday for open-air exercise, one half holiday each week and half of Sunday.

The two richest prima donnas are Adelina Patti and Sibel Sanderson. A bill making women eligible to the office of notary public has been rejected by the Tennessee Senate.

Women preachers are more popular in the Universalist and Unitarian Churches than in other denominations. Mrs. Leonard Wood, with other ladies in Santiago de Cuba, is organizing a branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The wife of the Rev. Dr. Lovejoy, an applicant for a pulpit in Mount Vernon, N. Y., took his place the other Sunday and preached for him when he suddenly became ill.

Mrs. Margaret Black, of Glasgow, Scotland, is a member of the City Board of Education. She is also an officer of the school of cookery, and is active in other lines of valuable work.

An insurance company in Warsaw, Russia, recently discharged all its male solicitors and agents and appointed women in their places on the ground that they were better qualified for the positions.

The Countess of Meath, well known in this country through her interest in and practical help to various charitable and philanthropic movements, has given the sum of \$50,000 toward establishing in Dublin a home for workhouse girls, where they are to be instructed in the arts of domestic service.

The three prizes of \$250 each in a well-known magazine competition for the best story, poem and essay, open to students who received the degree of B. A. in 1897, have been won by three young women, although more than women entered the contest.

Gleanings From the Shops. Safety veil pins. Cotton goods for shirt waists. Hats made entirely of grebe. Yak lace for flannel petticoats. Taffeta cross-striped with chenille. Hatpins of jewels, pearls and silver. Muslim nightgowns with rever effects. Chiffon embroidered with silver beads. Ostrich tips white with a colored center.

Plain band bracelets without an opening. Flannel dressing sacques with flossed edges. Remnants of black and colored dress goods very cheap. Embroidered handkerchiefs with scalloped edges finished with lace.—Dry Goods Economist.

A Japanese Peculiarity. There is a peculiarity about the Japanese that does not attach to any other people, and it is this: The average Japanese are very suspicious of small wares that are not backed up with fancy trade marks.

There is a peculiarity about the Japanese that does not attach to any other people, and it is this: The average Japanese are very suspicious of small wares that are not backed up with fancy trade marks. They buy goods much more readily that carry a device or an emblem, or that bear a seal, and many a good article would be in danger of rejection because not put up fancifully. They also attach importance to small neat packages, not too many of a kind together; this is more in keeping with Japanese tastes.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Little Cayuse. After the big rush for gold in California in 1849, a firm in St. Louis established the Pony Express, to carry mail over the plains and mountains from St. Joe to Sacramento. At White Horse Station, in Wyoming, which was particularly subject to Indian raids, an old trapper by the name of Whipsaw was placed in charge.

One night, according to Cy Warman, who tells the story in his new book, "Frontier Stories," the Pony Express was two hours late, and the two men keeping the station were growing very anxious.

"Presently the Pawnee crawled out, put his ear to the ground, came back, and shook his master. 'Cayuse?' asked Whipsaw. 'Heap cayuse,' was the boy's reply, and they understood.

"The clouds were breaking, and in the starlight they could see the Sioux, six of them, near the cabin door. They listened—one of them pushed the door open. Now an Indian went in, came out a moment later, and they all fled in, at the very moment that Whipsaw was about to open fire.

"The greatest exhibition of courage I saw in the big Santiago fight was by a Spanish officer," said Trooper Charles R. Leaming, late of the Sixteenth Regulars (Kent's division). "It was on the 2d of July, when the desperate fighting occurred before San Juan Hill. At the extreme south end of the third row of Spanish trenches there was a little mound of fresh dirt on which stood an officer looking through a pair of field glasses and shouting encouragement to his men.

"The first was from a piece of shell which struck some entrenching tools stuck in the mound, less than a yard away. It tore the tools all to pieces, and the splinters killed several men, but he was entirely untouched. A moment later a couple of men jumped up, one on each side of him. He seemed to be directing their attention to something, and while doing so dropped his glasses. He stooped to pick them up, and before he could rise both men were cut down by a sweep of machine-gun bullets which probably took them on about the line of the head. In almost less time than it takes to tell it his sugar-loaf straw sombrero flew into the air, and when he picked it up it was a total wreck.

"The ardent seeker after big game is often in peril of life and limb, but he rarely counts the danger, or if he does, the excitement and glory strike the balance in favor of the risk. Colonel R., an English officer stationed in India, met with a singular adventure while tiger hunting, in which he lost an arm.

The Colonel had wounded a tiger from an elephant's back. The tiger charged, and the elephant, taking fright, bolted through the jungle. To save himself from being brained and swept off by overhanging branches, Colonel R. seized a stout limb, and raising himself, left the elephant to go on alone through the forest. To his dismay, he found he had not strength and agility sufficient to swing himself up to sit on the branch. In vain he strove to throw a leg over, and so raise himself.

Looking down, the sportsman discovered that the tiger had spotted him and was waiting below. The horror of the situation can be imagined—the enraged tiger, and the helpless, dangling man knowing he must fall into those cruel jaws.

How long he hung there he never knew. He shouted and shrieked in an agony of fear. He eased one arm a little, then the other; then hung despairingly by both—till at last tired nature gave way and he dropped!

He remembered thrusting one arm into the tiger's jaws, and then consciousness left him. His life was saved by the arrival of a friendly rifle-barrel held close to the tiger's head, and through the subsequent amputation of the mangled arm by a skillful surgeon.

In 1870 there were only 1700 newspapers published in all Spain, and today the number is still smaller.

day, but won the admiration of all who witnessed the display."

Before he was eighteen young Porter was in command of the gunboat Ellis, and took an active part in the reduction of Fort Mason. He became an ensign, and in 1863 Admiral Dahlgren selected him to explore Charleston harbor, and learn its obstructions and channel ways.

This difficult and delicate task had to be done at night; sunken torpedoes and an ever-watchful enemy had to be faced. For twenty-four consecutive nights this eighteen-year-old boy groped his way in the darkness, while during the day he was on duty on his ship's gun-deck—she was in action sixteen of these days.

He found the passage-way of the blockade-runners, passed the enemy's forts again and again, and actually skirted the wharves of the city of Charleston. On one occasion, when a boat from the fleet was run down by the Confederate steamer Alice, that daring, chivalrous boy flashed his lights and rescued eight of the drowning men, although he thereby made himself the target of guns from land and sea.

The brave young ensign was at times so harassed on his return to his ship that his men had to lift him from the boat.

In the night attack on Fort Sumter young Porter was taken prisoner, and sent up to Columbia, where Chaplain Trumbull was his fellow-prisoner for several months. The boy side of his nature showed itself in prison; he was the life of the party. In a room adjoining that of the naval officers there was confined in irons a Captain Harris, of Tennessee, held as a hostage for some Confederate prisoner under special charges. It was the delight of Porter to put his mouth to the keyhole of the door and whistle a lively tune, while the captain danced to it with the accompanying clanking of his chains.

Released from prison, Porter passed an examination for promotion, was commissioned as lieutenant at nineteen, and put in command of the Malvern, the flag-ship of the squadron. While leading an assaulting party against Fort Fisher, he fell at the head of his men. "The most splendid fellow I ever knew," said Admiral Porter of this youth, who, in years a boy, had done a man's work.

A Spanish Hero. "The greatest exhibition of courage I saw in the big Santiago fight was by a Spanish officer," said Trooper Charles R. Leaming, late of the Sixteenth Regulars (Kent's division). "It was on the 2d of July, when the desperate fighting occurred before San Juan Hill. At the extreme south end of the third row of Spanish trenches there was a little mound of fresh dirt on which stood an officer looking through a pair of field glasses and shouting encouragement to his men.

The air all around him was simply alive with projectiles, but he paid no more attention to them than to flies. In less than five minutes I saw him have three almost miraculous escapes.

The first was from a piece of shell which struck some entrenching tools stuck in the mound, less than a yard away. It tore the tools all to pieces, and the splinters killed several men, but he was entirely untouched. A moment later a couple of men jumped up, one on each side of him. He seemed to be directing their attention to something, and while doing so dropped his glasses. He stooped to pick them up, and before he could rise both men were cut down by a sweep of machine-gun bullets which probably took them on about the line of the head. In almost less time than it takes to tell it his sugar-loaf straw sombrero flew into the air, and when he picked it up it was a total wreck.

At that the men around where we lay all burst into a laugh, for the figure he made looking at the tattered hat was irresistibly funny, in spite of the horrible tragedy in progress. After that I lost sight of the officer, and can't say whether he came through or not. He was certainly insensible to fear."

Adventure With a Tiger. The ardent seeker after big game is often in peril of life and limb, but he rarely counts the danger, or if he does, the excitement and glory strike the balance in favor of the risk. Colonel R., an English officer stationed in India, met with a singular adventure while tiger hunting, in which he lost an arm.

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HORTICULTURE

The Amateur's Orchard. Everyone likes good fruit, and but few gardens, however small, are thought complete without it. But notwithstanding the appreciation for good fruit, it is seldom found perfect in small gardens or orchards.

The fault lies in too much dependence on the trees, or rather a lack of interest in cultural methods. Trees are planted out in perhaps the most careful manner, after which they are expected to care for themselves and produce good fruit abundantly. They fail in, they need continual attention just as much as we do. This need not develop into a burden if regularly and properly attended to.

Now one of the most important conditions to insure thrift is a soil mellow and cool in hot and dry weather, yet how frequently may trees be seen growing in sod or together with some crop that does not require cultivation. Such trees quickly outlive their usefulness, and their stunted branches can only produce undersized and immature fruit.

Then old trees are expected to live on a small allowance of food. It is forgotten that the roots of a tree have to get their food from nearly the same soil year after year, and in the case of sod land, even this food must be divided.

To have good fruit, health and vigor must be encouraged—not rank growth, which might be induced by overfeeding, for this is opposed to fruit bearing. For most moderate-sized orchards or gardens it would be desirable to commence cultivating by plowing between the rows in late fall; but in light soils summer harrowing is sufficient. Judgment must be exercised as to the extent of cultivation, depending on the condition of the trees. Experience must teach how far from the tree trunk the roots extend, for care must be taken not to disturb them during the summer or feeding time.

Good stable manure may be spread on the surface of the soil after the latter is frozen, provided the ground is comparatively level so the fertilizing constituents may not be washed away. As the feeding roots are principally on the outside, the manure need not be spread at the base of large trees, but in a circle several feet therefrom. Another, more laborious method, is to dig shallow trenches running towards the base of the tree, and fill in well-rotted or composted manure.

Root pruning, to make too vigorous trees more productive, and top pruning to thin out old wood, letting light and air amongst the branches, are also good subjects for the amateur to look into.—American Cultivator.

Spraying the Currant. The varieties of the red and white currant, Ribes rubrum, usually shed their leaves very early—often before the end of summer. This early dropping of the leaves has not been recognized by all as the result of disease, and currant bushes often fruit well in spite of it. Some years ago the experiment was made at our station of spraying currant bushes with the Bordeaux mixture and ammoniacal copper carbonate solution in early spring, and the applications were repeated at intervals until June 1. The result showed that the sprayed bushes retained their foliage considerably longer than those not sprayed, but the fruit was so badly soiled that the treatment was not considered practicable and so it was abandoned.

The last season the experiment was made of a single spraying with Bordeaux mixture after the harvesting of the fruit, and the result was striking. The early dropping of the leaves of the red and white currant is due to an attack of a fungus, Septoria ribes, and our experiment the last season seems to show that this disease may be very largely prevented by spraying the bushes after the fruit is harvested. The premature dropping of the leaves reduces the vigor of the plant, and doubtless tends to the production of inferior fruit.—E. S. Goff, in Country Gentleman.

Renewing Old Seed. Very interesting experiments are being conducted at the Amherst (Mass.) station in bringing to life seeds which are too old to sprout well. It is hoped that tests will eventually lead to results of great commercial value. Nothing has yet been published on the matter so far, and the following is the result of an interview with Messrs. Stone and Sharp:

Old seeds have been treated with a two per cent. solution of asparagin, a vegetable extract obtained from German chemists, and the result has been to increase the germinating power greatly. Seed which before treatment showed only fifty per cent. of germination with one-half without, after treatment showed ninety-eight per cent. of germination and only two per cent. which failed to sprout. Since asparagin at present costs \$1.50 per ounce, the method is not profitable for ordinary seeds. But seeds of new varieties and certain flower seeds which are actually quoted at more than their weight in gold might be treated this way with profit. Experimenters are in hopes of finding a cheaper way of making this article for treating the seeds.—New England Homestead.

According to railroad statistics for the past year, one passenger was killed for every 2,250,000 carried.

There were 41,816 arrests in Boston last year, a decrease of some thousands from the record in 1897.

THREE WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

I. One said, with a smile on her proud young lips: "I have brothers three; they are far on the sea, For they serve on the decks of the fighting ships! Is it strange that war comes home to me?"

II. "And I, had I father, brothers or friend, I would give them all at my country's call! My sorrow is, I have none to send, And my share in the glorious war is small!"

III. But the third arose with face aglow: "Mine are a hundred thousand strong—Wherever my countryman meets the foe—And my heart's in the war the whole day long!" —Edith M. Thomas.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Edna—"I believe that young Mr. Simson is half-witted." Marie—"As much as that?" Tommy—"Maw, I don't git enough putter for my bread." Mrs. Figg—"All right. I'll give you less bread." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma, what kind of a bear is that?" "That's a cinnamon bear, dear." "It doesn't smell a bit like cinnamon." —Chicago Tribune.

"We are terribly cramped for space in our flat." "That so?" "Yes; we even have to use the family skeleton or a batrack." —Chicago Record.

"Buckles seems to be making money out of his degenerate poetry." "Yes, he might be called wise in his legeneration." —Indianapolis Journal.

Man gazes on the mercury. And still his soul is vexed, As, all alert, he waits to see Which way it's going next. —Washington Star.

Teacher—"Thomas, can you tell me which battle Nelson was killed in?" Tommy (after a moment's reflection) —"I think it was his last." —World's Jomic.

Miss Gush—"Oh, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?" Captain Storms—"Yes; he charged me \$11 a lay for a half bedroom on the fourth floor." —Indianapolis Journal.

A pessimist is one who views the world through glasses that are blue; who, if he finds a dollar, stewes. And kicks because it wasn't two. —Chicago Daily News.

Moth—"I overheard some callers saying this room is furnished in excruciating taste." Other Moth—"Why, he idea! I never ate more palatable upholstery in my life!" —Detroit Journal.

She—"Have you noticed that Mr. Shortleigh is paying a good deal of attention to Miss Cleverton?" He—"Yes, and it's the first time I ever knew him to pay anything." —Chicago News.

Askins—"How did young Pokelock take his rejection by Miss Brisk?" Teller—"Oh, he was as badly broken up as a compound word is after a tuttering man gets through with it." —Judge.

"Yes," she said, bitterly, "you owed me then—and now!" She sighed and sighed. "It is merely a raised passion," he calmly replied. "I still love you now and then." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How many passengers a day do you handle?" asked the platform bore. "Only the young and good looking ones," the car conductor explained, dully watching an old woman with a big basket struggle from the car. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Small Boy—"Mamma, was General Washington blind?" Mamma—"Of course not. Where did you get that idea?" Small Boy—"Nurse took me to th' Old Ladies' Home to-day, and showed me a woman that he kissed." —New York Weekly.

"Did she ask you if she was the only girl you had ever loved?" "No; she said she wouldn't insult me by intimating that I had so neglected my opportunities. And besides—"

"Well?" "She said she didn't have to ask; she could tell." —Chicago Evening Post.

Modest Requirement. The surgeon of a military station during the Civil War was noted for his flowery language, which never failed, even under the most trying circumstances. He was not popular, and the officers treated him at times with scant courtesy.

On one occasion the Colonel appropriated the surgeon's tent for a mess-table, without the formality of stating his intentions.

The surgeon sent a complaint to the general in command, in which he said, "I have not so much as a fly to interpose between my head and the star-decked heavens above me."

This document went through the usual routine, and was at last returned to the surgeon with the following endorsement: "Colonel R. will cause a fly to interpose between the head of the complainant and the star-decked heavens above him as soon as possible."

A Colony of Outlaws. Writers of fiction have frequently pictured the idea of an unknown tropical paradise being turned into a general asylum for outlaws and criminals. In the Bonin Isles, not far from Japan, such a refuge has actually been discovered. Men of every nationality, who have made civilization too warm for themselves, have decamped to this ideal rendezvous, leaving the police to record the unsatisfactory result of their investigations as "gone abroad." No rates or taxes have to be paid, and government seems to be entirely dispensed with. The discovery was made by a Japanese vessel which called at the island. In future the aliens will have less freedom and consequently less happiness, for the Japanese dominion will have to be recognized. The dream is over.—Western Morning News.