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Here and there canals are being abandoned as obsolete. But for every such one two new ones are being constructed.

At last the alleged bones of the late Christopher Columbus have arrived in Spain. The career of the great voyager may now be regarded as a closed incident.

Why not drop the fruitless controversy over the ending of the present century, and take up for discussion the far more lively question as to whether the coming year, 1900, should be written MGM or MDCCC? The bewildering number of C's in the latter would seem to make the former preferable, its brevity giving it the soul of wit.

One lesson of the war with Spain, not to be forgotten in a hurry, is the alarm that was felt along the Atlantic coast at the first outbreak of hostilities lest a fleet of the enemy might make a daring and costly dash into some exposed port. The elaborate plan of coast defenses is even now far from finished, although it is estimated that \$46,000,000 have been expended upon fortifications within the past four years. The work thus well begun should be vigorously prosecuted. It is the cheapest form of insurance to the enormous wealth of our coast harbors and cities. The continuance of this preparation should be accompanied by diligent instruction of the artillery branch of the enlarged army.

With the extension of American sovereignty to Porto Rico and Hawaii, together with the prospect of prolonged American control in Cuba and the Philippines, new social and economic problems have arisen to tax the genius of our native statesmanship. How to govern these new territories in a way that shall promote their own welfare and advance the cause of education and morals; how to imbue their people with the true spirit of free institutions and win them to the support of popular government; how to harmonize the complex elements of race, religion, custom and industry in all these islands, thus enabling them to flourish in amicable unity under the watchful protection of the United States—these, surely, are questions which deserve and must receive the most solicitous attention from the responsible public leaders of this country.

Governor Rollins of New Hampshire wants all the sons and daughters of the state to come "home" at least once a year. There are many of them in Boston, where they have a flourishing organization of the Sons of New Hampshire, and it was at a recent meeting of this association that the governor made his novel suggestion. His idea is to have a week in the summer set apart to be called "Old Home Week," and to make it an annual affair. He would have every town and city in the state make up lists of all its native-born sons and daughters living in other states, and send them an urgent invitation to be present through the week, which he would make a carnival week with all sorts of entertainments. In addition, he urged as a part of the program that every visitor should, during the week go to the place of his nativity, and see what he or she could do to assist in the improvement and beautifying of the place, and its general upbuilding and uplifting.

He Was That Brother.

Some time ago a well-known Irishman was dining with Lord Hampden, Governor of New South Wales, wishing to pay a compliment to his host, the Irishman commented upon the fact that his excellency's family had all been true to the cause of Ireland, with one exception. We Irish never could forgive that brother of yours who sided with Caine for the Unionists in the great division of 1886. We used to call him the Brand of Caine. "Ah!" observed the Governor, good-humoredly, "I was that brother."

A captive hen, striving to escape, has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing-strokes per minute in a recent test.

AFTER SCHOOL.

Always at four o'clock on days when the sun shines warm, He sits in his sheltered corner of the porch at the poorhouse farm—The schoolmaster, aged and feeble, unfriended and long forgot, In his afternoon dream revisits the places that know him not.

Once more he stands in the schoolroom, close by the open door, To say good-bye to the children when school is dismissed at four; When they merrily troop before him—the little ones fair and sweet—(How weary has been life's journey for some of those baby feet!)

Here's the youth, pale-browed and ardent, fame's hero beloved to-day, And the rollicking lad so early 'neath daisies hidden away; Here the little, mischievous nubbins—lovely, though so bad— And the master is glad of the doggings they missed, which they ought to have had.

Then the girls—oh, the dear girls!—their dear faces tenderly shine for him still, As he sits on his bench in the corner of the poorhouse under the hill. Will the paper no more remember these bitter and cruel years Of cold neglect and sorrow, their loneliness and their fears?

So, he smiles in his peaceful dreaming, this day when the sun shines warm, As they usher to him the stranger who visits the poorhouse farm—Who comes with a hurried footstep and eagerly glancing eye, Who kneels by the bench in the corner, and calls in a sobbing cry:

"Wake up, dear old prof., professor, it's one of your own boys—Hull! You haven't forgotten me—Donald—the laziest lot of them all! I've hunted you up, professor, from now I'm your own son Don; My wife and the kids are crazy to see you, so just come on!"

But the schoolmaster gives no answer, the silver head downcast, Gives never a sign or motion, though a strong man's tears fell fast: Over those shrunken hands, meek folded on his old staff, truly friend, Alone of all he had cherished, to stay with him to the end.

Yes, all is over, boy Donald, the love that has come too late Can only carry him sadly out through the paupers' gate. So passed the soul of the master to the land long gone before, To the "home and a hearty welcome," in life for evermore.

—Janet L. Orr, in Baltimore American.

BOB MANSSELL'S LION

By Jack Austin.

This plain, straightforward account of an exciting adventure is written from the point of view of the ordinary person, and without "heroics."



NOT whether had set in and we were trekking with a span of oxen from the Transvaal to Angola, and had reached the Okoranga River. Here our wagon had broken down, and whilst the repairs were in progress a lion had caught one of our oxen. One of our three Hottentot boys had just brought the news to us. The sun had barely topped the undulating horizon, and the clear-cut outline was fast emerging into the haze and shimmer which betokened a scorching day. We had finished our early coffee, and were now preparing to revenge the loss of our ox. As it was Bob's second lion and my first, he, by virtue of his experience, directed the process of vengeance. "Come on," he said, "Don't talk as if we were going to catch a train," I remarked, "Aren't you going to take more cartridges?" "I've got three, and there's only one lion," answered Bob.

I felt that a Maxim gun would have been a comfort; however, stifling this vain wish, I loaded myself with a dozen cartridges and the heaviest rifle we had, and announced myself ready. We had not far to go. The Hottentot had marked down the lion and its prey, and we hoped to be in time to spoil the enemy's breakfast, or at least to cause some interruption thereto. We soon entered the "elephant" bush, and cautiously followed our guide. There was a strained intensity about this walk, which may seem unaccountable to a good many, and ridiculous to the rest; it may have been a unique case and worth going into by scientists, or it may have simply been a case of fright disguised in a cloak of absorbing earnestness and sinking determination. However, we presently came to a grassy open space, on the edge of which the boy stopped and told us the lion was close.

"Shake him up," said Bob.

I thought this extremely silly. We were not driving partridges. I fervently hoped the boy would not upset or irritate the lion by shaking him up. It was not my idea of lion hunting at all, and I said in a low, impressive voice, "Don't spoil sport, Bob!" To which he replied, "Rot!" (He often used that rude word to me. He had been six weeks longer in the country than I had.) "Look here," continued he, "you shall have first shot."

"We've got to find him first," I murmured.

Just then the Hottentot crept back and told us he had located the lion about thirty yards off; that it was feeding on our ox, and refused to be shaken up. I thought it quite proper of the beast to object to this rat-and-terrier style of amusement; it seemed to me so undignified in lion hunting. But Bob was not inclined to hunt the king of the forest with much courtesy. "Lazy pig," he muttered, and straightway made for the spot indicated by the boy. The grass was knee deep, and formed a patch of about half an acre in extent. We went on for a couple of minutes, and I began to hear ominous rustlings all round. Then the boy stopped and pointed to a spot in advance of us. We looked in that direction, and whilst we stood listening, a grating kind of noise with a twang in it was distinctly audible. Going on a few steps we distinguished amid the grass the hind legs of an ox, hoofs underneath, waving in the air, and half a dozen paces farther disclosed the situation entirely. There was our dead beast extended on its back, and between its hind legs lay the lion feeding on the vital parts of the poor animal.

At first we only saw the lion's shoulders, on account of its head being low down; but Bob shouted, "Get up, you thieving villain!" I thought Bob was mad. Slowly the brute raised its head and looked at us. It was not a taking face, nor was it exactly a handsome one. It was reeking with blood, and from its jaws hung portions of torn flesh, which it was

hip, and every few seconds gave him a vicious shake.

I followed as quickly as possible like lion hunting, quite in accordance with the very best traditions of my youth. In a minute or two the beast stopped, dropped the man, and gripped him afresh by the upper part of the left arm, gnawing it and sucking the blood. We heard the horrid crunching of bone above the snarling and snuffing. Bob said, "I may hit the heathen, but he'd be killed anyway, so, 'Bang!' A rattling good shot, smashing its way into the lion's skull.

It was all over; the huge beast lifted itself up, its mouth half opened, and then the lifeless mass collapsed. We pulled the body clear of the poor Hottentot, and found him terribly mangled. Bob took him in hand, and managed, with odds and ends of garments, to stop the bleeding, after which we got him to the wagon. He lived three days, and spent most of that time telling the other two how it all happened. He seemed to feel no pain, and Bob said he was doing nicely. But the next morning, when we were at our coffee, we were told casually that he was dead. It appeared that he had somehow started the bleeding again, and had refused to allow us to be called; so the poor fellow lay there in the darkness and let his life's blood go from him till his life went too. Bob said he would have brought him through if he had been called, but I said I didn't think it possible, because the bones were so crushed, and one couldn't set crushed bones. Bob, as usual, when I ventured an opinion, remarked, "Rot!"

And so ended the adventure.—Wide World Magazine.

FACTS ABOUT SHOOTING STARS.

Question Whether or Not the Phenomenon is Losing in Richness.

The present state of science does not admit yet of our knowing whether the contact of the shooting stars and aerolites has had any effect at all on the earth's motion, says a writer in the Chautauquan.

But we can assume that in the process of time the amount of shooting stars and meteors will decrease. For any given group of the former it is almost certain that it is once more conspicuous than it is to-day, and that it is growing less as the periodic returns pass on. Of course in this assumption we must take into account variations of density at different parts of the steadily moving current, variations which can produce showers that are now more dense and now more sparse. For this reason the constant enumeration of shooting stars becomes quite important, since this alone will teach us whether or not the phenomenon is really losing in richness, and if it is to what degree and under the sway of what laws.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The astronomer, like other people, sometimes finds what he is not looking for. This is especially likely to happen in making photographs of the heavens. Many asteroids, and occasionally a comet, have been unexpectedly found in that manner. It now appears that a small comet, known as Chase's, was thus accidentally photographed on at least four plates which were exposed in November to catch the Leonid meteors. The comet happened to be near that point in the sky from which the meteors appear to radiate, and although it was invisible to the eye, the faithful sensitive plates took note of its presence.

A German medical writer thinks there is nothing improbable in Herodotus's story of the dumb son of Croesus who suddenly found his speech when he saw a soldier raise his sword, and exclaimed: "Do not kill Croesus." Medical records, he says, contain well-attested cases of dumbness cured by sudden fright. Hysteria and epilepsy also have been thus benefited. A physician in a lunatic asylum not long ago cured a hypochondriac by sending him a number of violently abusive postal cards. The anger at them and the eagerness to find out who wrote them diverted the patient's mind, and he improved rapidly.

At the time of the discovery of the Philippines in 1521, there were found in the islands the brown Malaysians, who are now in the great majority, and the small black Negritos, of which only about 10,000 survive. Dr. Brinton, of the University of Pennsylvania, believes that these two races are ethnographically distinct, and that their ethnic and historic relations offer some interesting problems in anthropology. For example, the Negritos believe that if one of their people dies it is due to the black art of these Malayan adversaries, and they endeavor to slay a Malayan in his place. The anthropologists and ethnologists of Europe are awaiting with interest the results of investigations which they expect that American scientists will prosecute in the Philippines.

One of the physical phenomena that is attracting considerable attention is what is known as "flicker" caused by the more or less rapid succession of illumination of different degrees of intensity. This phenomenon is being applied to photometry and the study of color-blindness, and one of the most important parts of the investigation is to ascertain under what conditions the flicker vanishes. In some experiments recently performed with a disc half-black, half-colored, placed in the different colors of the spectrum, it was found that the highest rate of rotation was necessary with the yellow, decreasing with the colors on either side; the rate being the same for the deepest visible crimson and full green. With a variation of the intensity of different spectra, it was found that an increase made necessary a more rapid rate of rotation.

Methods of rendering the nitrogen of the air available in agriculture are being considered on account of the theory held by certain scientists that the amount of this element found in the earth is being exhausted. A process to accomplish this end has lately been proposed by M. Moissan in connection with his recently discovered method of producing pure calcium. The plan suggested consists in bringing the calcium into contact with nitrogen at a high temperature, when the metal changes in color from white to yellow, until it takes fire at a low red heat and burns, forming a bronze-colored nitride. If this calcium nitride is thrown into water it decomposes with effervescence, producing ammonia and calcium hydrate. The metallic calcium is produced by means of the electric furnace, the nitrogen is free in the atmosphere, and the ammonia obtained can be used for any of the agricultural or industrial compounds in which it is desired.

What Causes Colds.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion that colds and coughs are due entirely to the severity of the climate, or to some unexpected change in the weather, they really arise, in very many cases, from pure carelessness and want of thought.

Colds are not inevitable, but could often be avoided if people would only use their ideas of common sense and be reasonable.

The custom of muffling the neck very closely with furs or similar protection is extremely dangerous. If thoughtlessly left off a severe cold is sure. A light wrapping, sufficient to exclude cold wind, while permitting ventilation, gives the best protection.

For instance, if one sits in a heated room while paying a visit, or during the services at church, without removing any of the many wraps which have been donned for the cold atmosphere out of doors, the result is almost sure to be a severe cold, contracted by the sudden change from the heated room to the cold air.

Sleeping in badly-ventilated rooms, wearing at night the underclothing which is worn through the day, late hours, loss of sleep, greasy food and irregularity of meals all tend to weaken the system to such an extent as to render it quite incapable of resisting the changes in the weather. While we all advocate cold and well-ventilated sleeping apartments, we at the same time must condemn the cold room for dressing in the morning. It is most unhealthy, and a delicate person might receive such a shock as to result in fatal injury.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Overcame the Obstacles.

When Mary Gregg's rich uncle died in St. Louis he left her his fortune on condition that she should never change her name. Mary had a neat heart whose name wasn't Gregg, but after the old man died the young fellow had his name legally changed to Gregg, and now Mary has her money, her sweetheart and her name.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

LADY CURZON IN INDIA.

What It Means to Be a Viceroy's Wife and the Social Demands of Vicereignty.

Under the title "The American Girl Who Leads an Empire," Edward Page Gaston writes interestingly in the Woman's Home Companion of the responsibilities undertaken by Lady Curzon.

"It sometimes devolves upon the wife of the Viceroy to give audience to a native Maharajah alone, when it is her duty to advance and meet him on the threshold, and duly wave him to a seat, after which her American tact prompts her to speak of the satisfaction it is to see him in her home, to inquire after the health of her distinguished guest and his family, and to pay him all the usual compliments of the season. As the ladies of the viceregency generally make it understood that they can accept no gifts of value from their subjects the exchange of tokens is confined to photographs.

"Two thousand guests are sometimes present at the state balls, when the viceregency party is conducted by an imposing procession to and from the assembly, which is opened by the quadrille of honor at about ten o'clock. After this Lord and Lady Curzon hold a reception, and the warm climate makes these wearing events upon the host and hostess. That the social administration of Lady Curzon will not fall behind those of her predecessors was evidenced by orders for thirty-five thousand invitations, programmes and cards of various sorts given in London previous to her departure for India.

"One of the delicate duties of the lady of the viceregency mansion is to learn the rules of management governing the native servants, for these have their places as unalterably fixed by caste as persons in higher stations. In the heddahamber service there is not one or two brisk chambermaids to do up a room as in America, but the various items in the almost trifling work are divided among seven or eight men-servants, and this is the rule throughout an Indian establishment. Lady Curzon's body-servant stands or sleeps outside the door to her room constantly, and when she goes to drive alone another attendant rides in the carriage with her, and at any time would give his life for her protection."

Our Brave Nurses.

The daughter of Secretary Long and three of her fellow students at Johns Hopkins Medical College spent their vacations nursing the sick and wounded. Mrs. Ennis, a colored woman from the Freedman's Hospital at Washington, went to Santiago with the army and has been there ever since nursing the colored soldiers. She is one of the humble heroines of the war and is just as much entitled to the thanks of Congress and a medal as Miss Barton or Miss Gould.

And what compensation is there for Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, of New York, who not only faced disease and death in the hospitals of Fort Monroe and Montank Point all summer, but gave her only daughter, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was still more precious to her than all of Miss Gould's millions? The National Society of the Daughters of the Revolution will erect a monument to commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of Rubina Walworth. Her mother was one of the three founders of that order and she was the grandchild of the late Chancellor Walworth, of New York.

Who will erect a monument or provide a gold medal in honor of Sister Mary Larkin, a sweet nun from Emmitsburg, Md., who died of yellow fever, or offer a similar tribute to the heroism of another brave volunteer nurse who died at Chickamauga?

Fifteen hundred contract nurses were employed by the medical corps during the war and there were about 150 volunteers. The exact number is not known, because their names were not upon the rolls. Twelve of the contract nurses sacrificed their lives and the three volunteers referred to died in the harness. This is a remarkably small percentage only fifteen out of a total of 1650 who endured the climate, the hardships and exposure to contagious diseases, but among the living as well as the dead are many yet unhonored and unsung whose services deserve special recognition.—Chicago Record.

The Tailor Made Suit.

Some of the smart tailors are making two coats for each suit and this the customers who give the orders consider an economical plan. One costume of Amazon mauve-gray cloth has a close-fitting skirt, which flares out at about the height of the knees into a dozen tiny flat flounces which at first sight might be taken for tucks. The edge of each one is ornamented by a piping of dark violet velvet. The coats are a directoire and a short sacque, respectively. The first is cut with a long-tailed basque, reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, but giving no indication of its existence in front. The broad revers are faced with violet velvet of the same hue as that employed upon the skirt, and this in turn is covered, or nearly so, with an application of white ribbon braids in the shape of true-lovers' knots; the gantlet cuffs and the tight-fitting sleeves are similarly faced and embroidered. The vest, cut in one with the coat, is of velvet, braided and adorned also with the smart and dainty cravat of lace and fur, mingled with violet velvet. The edge, pockets and revers of the coat are piped with violet velvet, the flaps of the pockets are of velvet, with a single application of the ribbon braid embroidery in the shape of a true-lovers'

knot in the centre. The sacque consists of cloth, intended for wear over a blouse, is very short, reaching only to the waist. It is double-breasted, has one of the new funnel-shaped collars and rather small revers; collar and revers are faced with violet velvet. A manish little outside pocket, high up on the left-hand side, shows peeping over its edged a pale mauve kerchief, edged with lace, and a cravat of purple velvet, shows at the throat when the high collar is turned down.

The Favorite Flower.

The reign of the rosebud has already commenced. Small as this crimson tipped flower is, it successfully dominates every new fabric for spring wearing. Challies, organdies, Swiss muslins, gingham and silks are wreathed and speckled, spotted and dotted with coquettish baby roses, from the romantic moss bud to the close-sheathed tiny button rose. All this, of course, goes only to prove that we are in for a pink spring instead of a lilac, violet or corn-flower blue one. There is, indeed, matter for a prolonged and undeniably thrilling tea-puff talk of coming modes already spread forth on the counters. Abridged information must make it known that the favorite organic pattern is that of a fine rose vine in bud, and creeping over a trellis pattern in faint green or pale yellow. In dimity and a beautiful new starchless muslin called Philipine the prim baby rose is placed formally inside a tiny check square, or regular narrow bands of green run in bayadere or perpendicular stripes between straight narrow trails of roses. The cloud-like silk muslins that promise to be the most fashionable summer ball gowns have full-blown roses in two shades of pink or in yellow and red on their faint blue, deep cream or lemon-tinted backgrounds, and for the Easter bridesmaids these are going to be the most fashionable possible habits.

Queenly Even in Prison.

The author of "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes" relates a very pathetic story of Marie Antoinette, told to her by an old man who had when a boy, during the days of the terror, to take some water daily into the room of the unhappy queen. The boy did not know the rank of the prisoner, as she was spoken of as Yvonne Capet, and her daughter as Citizenne Marie! The first time he was gruffly told by his uncle to put the pitcher down. On entering the room he looked up and saw a pale, cold, stern looking woman, with snow white hair, standing bolt upright, facing the three men and the boy as they came in. She started violently when the boy entered, but said nothing. No doubt he reminded her of her own unhappy son separated from her. "Some childish instinct made the boy reverently bow his head to her, and if he had dared he would have doffed his cap and bent his knee. In the guard-room he asked who this Yvonne Capet was, and was told a had, wicked woman, who had been the curse of France. Constantly he carried the pitcher to her, and one day, when his uncle was more drunk than usual, and not noticing him, he slipped three little primroses, which he had in his hot little hand, into hers. The queen took them, hid them in her dress, and burst into tears."

A Princess' Post Cards.

The Duchesse of York has one of the most interesting collections of post cards on record. It has been contributed to by the sovereigns of every land where post cards are used, the German relatives of Her Royal Highness supplying by far the greater number, many of which are very picturesque and artistic. Post card albums are for the moment outstaying both stamp and autograph albums from favor, and have the advantage in both respects, inasmuch as they supply the stamp of various nationalities as well as the autograph of some friend or distinguished individual, and, furthermore, a dainty bit of scenery.

Tempting Embroideries.

The summer display of open-patterned embroideries in lattice devices, in Honiton effects, Venetian point laces, edgings, and insertions in Hungarian stitch, etc., is very tempting.

New Fashion's Fancies.

Overshirts will be an Easter fashion.

Belts will be of metal extremely narrow.

Buttons will be extremely decorative.

Ostrich feathers will be a positive rage.

Coiffures will be more wavy than ever.

Ruffled braid will trim tailor-made suits.

Stocks will be of plain bands, not crushed silk.

Coats will be long in the back and short in front.

Ruffles will be more plentiful and fanciful than ever.

Golf capes will be made out of velvet and worn for calling.

Skirts will be fastened at the front right seam, and will hug the hips.

Wraps are cut away in front from the waist line and very pointed at the back.

Packet holes will be buttoned with large conspicuous buttons, instead of flying open.

Shoes will be less pointed and the mode will be for the heavy morocco and the calfskin.

Tight waists will be the fashion and the cutaway coats will replace the long double breasted ones.

Hats will come back toward the face instead of getting further away from it and will be very large.

Waists will button down the back and over on the right side in front without being double breasted.