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Our exports to China are now three times as great as they were ten years ago.

The automobile accident has taken its place among the casualties of civilized life.

The Marion Clark mystery has proved an easy problem, and Philadelphia still holds the record, with the Charley Ross case, for a kidnapping which defies investigation.

A correspondent of a Paris paper, writing from Manila and describing our army, says the volunteer regiments are named "for the provinces in which they are raised." He enumerates the "Tennessee-Texas" and the "Vancover-Washington" regiments as illustrations.

It is now demonstrated that an automobile vehicle can be driven over long distances and all sorts of roads at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour, and over good roads at a speed greater than that of the fastest freight trains. It is also demonstrated that this work can be done at a power-cost so small as to be scarcely calculable. One dollar has furnished the power necessary to make a journey of 707 miles. This is less than it would cost to feed and care for a pair of wagon horses for a single day.

It is news indeed, after Sir Thomas Lipton's flat declaration that everything about the "Shamrock" should be purely British, to hear from such excellent authority as the Manufacturer that the yacht's mast is to be made of American timber—good Oregon pine, at that. There surely must be some mistake here. It cannot be that Sir Thomas, in charitable blindness born of his certainty of victory, is anxious to give us the consolation of being able to say after the event: "Well, it was an American mast, anyway!"

Dr. Carlos Macdonald is recognized as a most learned insanity expert. In a public address just reported he has declared that the legal test of sanity or insanity is false and dangerous. The law holds a man responsible for his acts if he is capable of distinguishing between right and wrong. Dr. Macdonald insists that very many certainly insane persons—particularly those with "fixed delusions"—while perfectly able to distinguish between right and wrong, are hopelessly incapable of choosing right and avoiding wrong; that while they are capable of reasoning soundly and perceiving facts clearly they are utterly unable to resist their insane impulses to do the wrong.

The people of this part of the world have a way of talking about America as though it were all contained in New York State, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Argonaut, who has just visited the State. They say, "We Americans are too nervous, too high-strung; we rush about too much," when there is a great, calm, cheerful, easy-going West that is not included in these statements. They say, "We Americans care too much for the opinion of England, or try to imitate the manners and customs of the Old World"—and never think of the wide, wide area of Western country that is absolutely untroubled by any thought of foreign manners or customs, and quite content with its own way of life.

Not Amusing to Him. Jones—It's very amusing to see those women across the street looking at the bonnets in that window. Brown—Amusing? Why, that's my wife and daughter.—Harlem Life.

STOLEN GUARDS. How Two Texas Boys Saved Their Father's Cotton. BY LEWIS D. MILLER.

One evening in November my father, at supper, remarked: "Jim Williams told me to-day that he's had about four hundred pounds of cotton stolen. Our wagon is in a pretty good place to be robbed, away up there at the back of the field."

My brother Dape suggested that he and I sleep in the wagon, as we had often done earlier in the season, just because we liked it; but this evening a norther was blowing, and we expected a night of rain and storm. We could, however, be comfortable enough by covering ourselves with cotton.

That's a good idea," said my father. But another idea, I suggested. "Thieves could steal half the load right out from under you two sleepy-heads, and you wouldn't know it." "No matter how sound they sleep," said father. "Sneak-thieves would skeddadle the instant they found somebody there."

So, not long after supper, Dape and I went back to the wagon. We found it just as we had left it, packed full of seed-cotton ready to be hauled to the gin, and covered with the white canvas sheet, which was spread over bows and fastened along the sides of the box, and tied down over the end boards. The two end bows of the cover were missing, and the sheet, there unsupported, slanted down in front and behind.

The night was dark. While not severely cold, the wind, like all Texas northerners, had a penetrating chill that made our teeth chatter. Standing on the sheet, I untied the sheet at the side, then put my head under it and climbed upon the cotton. Dape crawled up after me, after tying the sheet again.

"Dape, thieves are running clear off with the cotton, and us, too!" This I repeated several times, until he sat up suddenly, and his first whispered question showed that he understood the matter. I told him what I had learned.

"We've got to get into our clothes," he said. "Then we'll untie the wagon-sheet at the hind end, drop out and follow the road back to where somebody lives."

"That's easy, but if we do, why, then the thieves get clear away with father's cotton and wagon." "Well, then, we'll keep in hearing of the wagon till it stops. Let's get dressed right away."

"But the men are on the front end, and they must be sitting on our clothes. You know we put 'em right against the sheet." "Here was a predicament. If we got out into the cold wind and rain, bare-headed, barefooted and in thin shirts, we must suffer fearfully, and might be chilled to death."

What if we should stay in the wagon? We shuddered as we asked each other what would happen then. Murders are often committed to conceal robbery, and if we did not get out, the thieves must find us on stopping. After discussing various plans, we decided to wait till we came to a house, and then jump out and run to it. So we untied the sheet at the hind end, and kept poking our heads out to look for a house. At this we soon got so cold that we had to bury ourselves partly in the cotton.

"Think I can get it out by noon. Only one lot ahead of you." "Can't you give me first show? I'm in an all-fired hurry." "No, I can't. I've started the other already."

"Oh, well, I s'pose I got to stand it," and in he drove. "Now's our time!" said Dape. So I raised the sheet at the back end of the load and beckoned to the ginmer, who was closing the gate after us. He looked surprised, but seeing from my mysterious manner that something was wrong, he soon overtook the wagon.

"This isn't his cotton at all!" I whispered down. "It's my father's. That fellow stole it last night." "Stole us, too," put in Dape. "He doesn't know anything about that, though. And he's sitting on our clothes."

The ginmer looked incredulous, but soon saw from our manner and dress that we were speaking the truth. "Keep still till I can send for some guns! We'll arrest the scoundrel!" he said, and hurried on to the gin-house, while the wagon continued its way through the yard among scattering cotton-bales.

This gin-house stood on posts six or eight feet high. At the door was a platform about even with the top of a wagon-bed, where cotton was unloaded. When the wagon was against this platform, our driver stopped and threw on the brake. Then we heard him step off upon the platform.

"Now for our clothes!" whispered Dape. We began to dress, sitting on the cotton, but I had only jerked on my shirt and pantaloons, and was tugging at a boot, when the sheet, or wagon-cover was suddenly thrown up, and the wind carried it off the bows.

There stood a tall, shaggy-bearded man, in a slouchy black hat and a yellow "slicker," or rain-proof coat, reaching to his heels. The consternation on his face, when he saw what he had stolen, was ludicrous. His mouth flew open, and he stood staring at us stupidly.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

The Golf Jackets. Golf jackets are made of bright green cloth, with revers, collars and cuffs of red.

Dirty-Carrying Skirts. Woman is not the only sufferer from dust-laden skirts. A shoe-fitter says that women do not know, themselves, how much dirt they carry about. He says: "If I take off and replace a pair of laced boots, I have to wash my hands immediately to remove the dust that is whisked in by the skirts, and held by the tongue and lacings of the boots."

New Designs in Waists. Among the newest designs in waists for home wear is the charming and comfortable garment called the tea jacket. It is made of silk or brocade in bright colors, and thus has a tight-fitting back and loose fronts. Chiffon, lace or crepe de chine daintily arranged in front and fastened at the waist-line with ribbon bows complete the effect.

The Girl With Thin Arms. Thin arms should be carefully concealed. They have an impoverished look that robs their owner of some of her dignity. If the arms are unduly long, as they occasionally are, the effect may be neutralized by wearing wide bands of black velvet fastened with pretty buttons or clasps or buckles. This reduces the apparent length of the arms.

The New Silk Petticoat. The silk petticoat is a thing of great importance in these days when so much depends on the fit around the hips and exactly the correct amount of fullness at the bottom. The new skirt is cut circular at the top and fitted as carefully and smoothly as a dress skirt with no gathers at all at the back. A deep circular or bias flounce is added at the knee, and this is trimmed with picked, tucked or corded ruffles. Accordion pleated ruffles are very pretty finished with a narrow pinked ruche, and lace insertions and frills are applied in every conceivable form in the more elaborate skirts.

Highly glazed or polished silks are not permissible in the present season. Among the startling innovations are parasols in bright green silk. Wedgwood blues and brilliant reds have, as usual, a large representation among the sunshades designed for general use or among those made to go with outing costumes. The new parasols, whether of five or eight gores, have the tips of the ribs finished with ivory or finely polished bone. This fashion also extends to the small shades designed for carriage use.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland does not inherit her mother's love of plain clothes. On the contrary, she is fond of handsome and brilliant materials, and it is the choice of these that costs her most perplexities in the state of life to which she has been called.

Queen Margherita of Italy holds twice a year at the Quirinal a sale of her old dresses. The sales are said to be a requisite of her head maid, who receives them from the Queen.

Miss Emily Yznaga has followed the example of various members of the English aristocracy and "gone into trade." Miss Yznaga and her two sisters, the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Lister-Kaye, were American girls, but have been exceedingly popular in English society.

Wash suits, prettily trimmed, and separate pique, duck and linen skirts for girls. Feather boas in all the light shades to accompany foulard and other summer costumes.

Natty styles in golf bonnets made of colored dimity or organdie combined with fine lace. Dressy capes of black taffeta showing complicated braidings and jet passementeries.

such universal attention. She was wholly unaffected in its adoption, having done so as a protection when as a young girl she wished to study animals in the slaughter-houses of Paris. Finding it far more convenient than skirts, she continued to wear it at home throughout her life, but she never appeared in this guise in the public streets.

The following amusing description of her appearance and manner was given by a newspaper writer who paid her a visit some years ago and sought to obtain what the artist most dreaded and avoided—an interview: "A funny-looking man came toward me knitting his brows. He wore an enormous straw hat. Under it was a soft, beardless face, browned by the sun and lighted by chestnut-colored eyes; a small nose exaggerated the size of the large mouth, with rows of superfluous teeth, and there was a breezy flip of long hair."

"Who are you? Where do you come from and what do you want?" he said sharply, stopping and thrusting his small hands in the pockets of gray, ribbed trousers. "This sharp questioning disconcerted me for a moment, but, recovering, I answered, 'I am a journalist, and wish to see Miss Bonheur.'"

"Well, look at her," said the little peasant, taking off his great hat. "You must excuse me; I am obliged to keep intruders away." It is interesting to note that Mlle. Bonheur had no patience when she was at the head of an art school with attempts on the part of her girl students to imitate her peculiarities of dress. With her these oddities had come about naturally and for sufficient reasons; with them it was affectation, which she would not tolerate.—New York Tribune.

Gossip. The Florida Legislature has made women eligible to appointment as notaries public.

Of women chemists, assayers and metallurgists in the United States there are two-score lacking one. An entire block of houses in New York City was recently papered by a young woman who takes the contract for such orders from builders.

The women of Alabama are raising a fund for a testimonial to Miss Annie Wheeler, the war nurse and the daughter of General Wheeler. Miss Kuehne Beveridge, the sculptress, has been selected by the Hawaiian Club of Honolulu to mold the bust of the late Princess Kaiulani.

Wollesley College is to introduce discussion-throwing into the athletic curriculum, thus being the first students of a girl's college to play the game in America.

The will of the late Mrs. Thankful A. Price, of Cortland, N. Y., bequeathed \$5000 and a valuable farm in Cortland County to Syracuse University for scholarships.

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Mrs. Jane Stanford, widow of Senator Stanford, in donating \$10,000,000 to the Leland Stanford University, stipulated that the number of women students must be limited to 500. In explanation of this she states that her husband's intention was to found a university for men.

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THE NEW HONEY. Some Bees Not Now Allowed to Sip the Nectar of Flowers of Their Choice. Honey is enjoying renewed favor. Men of wealth and leisure are testing and experimenting with the different kinds of honey, and wrinkling their brows over the problem of producing what seems to them the most desirable flavor during the coming summer.

For the bee is no longer allowed to pursue his own sweet peregrinations and sip of the nectar of flowers wherever he chooses. Honey made in this promiscuous way is much too ordinary. His actions are restricted and guided. As a result, such honey as never was tasted before is tickling the palates of many. If it is the white sweet clover flavor that has gained favor with the epicure, he goes systematically to work to produce it, and plants a large plot of ground, perhaps half an acre, with this particular kind of clover. He has it carefully kept from weeds, or any other variety of clover that might endeavor to find a footing there. The whole bed is enclosed and roofed with a fine wire netting, and the bees are then placed within the inclosure. From the bee's life, therefore, the species of variety is plucked, and try as he will he can produce none other than white sweet clover honey. In flavor it is very delicate and almost white in color.

Yellow sweet clover honey is preferred by others. The flavor is slightly stronger than that made from the white variety, and its color is a deep yellow. Then there is the honey that is made from thistles and milkweeds; it is amusing to hear producers of such flavors tell of their tribulations in making these wayward plants grow within their restriction. Some of the wild flower honey is almost black in color, and the flavor is certainly very different from what it was in the days when honey was honey and that fact settled the question. It is almost verging on the indiscreet to mention buckwheat honey nowadays, although it is still acknowledged to have wonderful "staying properties."—New York Sun.

One Instance. The bearded man who was asked to speak at the Women Reformers' Convention on the subject of "Corsets—Their Injurious Effects Upon the Human Frame," had spoken at considerable length, and closed by saying, "In short, the corset is the abomination of abominations. It serves no good purpose whatever." He sat down amid loud applause, and the professor, who happened to be present, was called on for a few remarks. He said:

"My friend who has just preceded me has said the corset serves no good purpose. In the course of a life now well past the middle age, I have known just one exception, which, indeed, may be considered as proving the rule. A California cow had become so emaciated that when she ate grass it dropped out through the spaces between her ribs before it could be acted upon by the stomach and assimilated into her corporate system. In this emergency, and as a last resort, a large corset was strapped around the cow. This kept the grass in, and thus the cow's life was saved. Still, she was not a valuable cow, and I should not mention her case here were it not that in the pursuit of science we must be rigidly exact. I thank you, ladies, for your attention."—Chicago Tribune.

Two old sailors have started from Portland, Ore., for a coasting tour around the world. Their course is down the Oregon, California, Mexican and South American coasts, thence across the Pacific to New Zealand and Australia, round the Cape of Good Hope to Cape St. Roque, thence across the Atlantic to Sierra Leone, thence along the European coast to Great Britain. The return trip will be through the Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Indian Ocean and China Sea, and by the Russian coast to Alaska, and thence home. Their boat, built by themselves, is thirty feet over all, seven feet beam, with center board and will carry three sails. Provisions for four months can be carried, and the men expect to be gone two and a half years. Both men have been more than ten years at sea, and singularly enough, they met in a gold mine in California, and in a log cabin concocted the scheme of this adventurous voyage.—Atlanta Constitution.

This Male a Calf Killer. John Debo, a prosperous farmer of Indiana, has lost several valuable calves, and although each would be found in the fields or in the barns in a badly mangled condition, it has taken him some time to discover the cause. While passing a field he saw an old mule walk up to a calf, seize it by the nape of the neck and shake it vigorously. Although the calf bleated at the top of its voice, the mule did not let go until he saw the farmer. Then the mule gave the calf a swing that landed it in a heap several feet away. Its back was broken and it died in a few minutes.—New York Press.

Babies Named After Dewey. Since Admiral Dewey swept Montenegro's fleet into the sea at Manila, a perfect epidemic of Dewey babies has appeared in every quarter of the globe where Americans are to be found. The percentage is almost beyond computation, but the Admiral himself estimates that at least 12,000 written notifications have reached him on the flagship Olympia. To many of these he has replied in writing, thanking the proud parents as modestly as possible. Just as soon as the news reached America that he had achieved the greatest victory of modern times in marine war, the christenings with his name began.—New York Journal.