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The board of education of Louisville, Ky., has forbidden women teachers to wear short skirts while in the practice of their profession. The exact length of skirt required is not stated, but presumably not only bicycling costumes but those designed for use on rainy days are banned.

The downward tendency in street-car fares is illustrated by the proposition of a syndicate to Columbus, Ohio, to take all the franchises at the disposal of the city and make a three-cent fare. The fact is very good evidence that there is money in the business with a charge as low as three cents.

A tidal wave on one of the Molucca Islands has killed its thousands, and the news occupies a paragraph in the papers. The east is prodigal of life; its thousands die and hardly a ripple marks their engulfment. If ever the development of the individual comes in China what a power it will be. But the very superabundance of life seems assurance that the unit there will always keep his place of unimportant atom.

The tourist will now be afforded an opportunity to penetrate well toward the interior of Africa, the new Sudanese railway being open as far as Khartoum. To roll through the Dark Continent in sleeping cars will soon be an achievement of the average globe trotter, and in a few years it will be as commonplace a performance as it now is to traverse the "Great American Desert." Science, enterprise and adventuresomeness will cause the darkness of Africa to vanish as rapidly as they converted the so-called desert of the United States into a highly productive region.

Money is an excellent thing in so far as it enables one to command health and power and education and opportunity, and promotes one's usefulness, but children are a power and an unceasing entertainment, and constitute usefulness immediate and prospective. Writes E. S. Masten in Harper's Weekly. While money tempts to idleness, children are an incentive to industry; where money makes for self-indulgence, children make for self-denial; where money is an aid to vagrancy, children necessitate a home and some adherence to it. Money in superabundant quantities is a recognized demoralizer, but every good child is a moralizer to its parents.

The London school board, by a decisive majority, twenty-seven votes to five, has refused to entertain the proposition to provide dinners for hungry school children, on the ground that the scheme is far too Socialistic in its character, and would only be a prelude to feeding all children in the public schools as well as educating them. The original proposition came from a special committee which reported that many of the poorer children came to school too hungry to learn, and that although some of them were fed by voluntary charity, this was but an uncertain resource, and that the matter was one that called for official supervision.

The temptations which lead young men to leave farms and go to cities should be resisted and combated by every influence that can be brought to bear against it, states the Atlanta Journal. For one such youth who makes a hit in town, who gets a good grip on the skirts of happy fortune, ten discover too late their fatal mistake and go to wreck. There is no substantial encouragement to the country to be drawn from the rapid growth of its cities, but rather the reverse. The average boy who is making a good living in the country, who is becoming a better farmer every year and therefore a larger and more economical producer takes his big chances when he leaves the old homestead and goes to town to make a name and a fortune. He is far more apt to make a failure.

A VICTIM OF STRATEGY.



H. X. papa, I thought Fanny Ives was a great favorite of yours? "Clara, I really believe you are trying to raise my temper. You would try the patience of Job. It's a pretty how do you do if a man of my time of life must be enticed by his own children. I've told you before that I have no fault to find with Fanny. I've known her from childhood, and I think her a sweet, gentle girl; but that doesn't help the case any. Alfred can never marry Fanny, for George Wilbur and I promised, years ago, that Alfred and Belle should marry when they became of proper age. Now, my dear, it's no use of your saying anything else about it. Hush, that will do," said Mrs. Austin, as Clara was about to speak. "Run along now, and see that supper is served a little earlier this evening, as I wish to go out on business."

Clara rose to obey her father's command with a pout. "Come back here this instant! What are you putting about? Now, Clara, I wish to give you a final warning. There is to be none of this putting, or acting like a hoiden, as you usually do, before Belle. Remember, she has spent the last year and a half in Europe, and I wish you to mark how she conducts herself and try to follow her example." "Poor Clara Austin was a hoyden in her father's eyes, although a more gentle, ladylike girl could not be found. The whole trouble was, Mr. Austin was a little irritable, excitable old gentleman, who always imagined all in his household were doing their best to annoy him.

"Alfred," said Clara to her brother, next day, "Belle has answered my letter, and it is just as I expected. She is in love with Allen Brinton, and he with her. Allen accompanied them to Europe, you know, and stands in high favor with her mother, but she says she must humor her father's whim and accept papa's invitation. She says also for me to tell you and Fanny not to be alarmed, that with a little assistance from you she can manage it so that papa will be very glad to get rid of her before a fortnight is at an end."

"Clara, you're an angel! I wonder how Belle is going to manage it? Does she mention how she wishes me to assist her?" "Yes; she says Alfred must pretend to be satisfied with the arrangements made by our far-seeing parents, ages ago, and he must be all attention to me, even in the presence of his beloved Fanny."

"Clara, Clara, I say! Where are you? Come here! Do hurry, the carriage is coming up the road!" shouted Mr. Austin, as he stood, on the following day, gazing out of the parlor window. "Why, what's the matter, papa?" said Clara, hurrying in from the hall. "Now, my dear, Belle is coming, and don't disgrace me by rushing at her as if you were a wild animal and ready to devour her. Wait and see how nicely and quietly she does every thing. That is one thing I admire about New York girls; they take every thing as a matter of course, and never set one nervous by getting excited over trifles," said Mr. Austin, who was all excitement himself.

The carriage stopped before the gate; Alfred Austin stepped out and assisted a young lady to alight. "Is Papa Austin in here?" said a voice in the hall in a very loud key, and a young girl, with sleek black eyes and cheeks and lips of coral tint, burst into the room, and before Mr. Austin was aware of it threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Why, bless me, Isabelle, you've taken my breath away," cried Mr. Austin, struggling to regain composure. "Taken your breath away? I beg pardon, sir; I really didn't mean to do it."

"Poor child! she's very glad to see me," thought Mr. Austin. "Sit down here, my child, and let me look at you," said the old gentleman. Belle opened her English walking jacket, sat down, sideways, on the chair indicated, threw one arm over the back of it, and with the other hand pushed back her jaunty hat, with the scarlet wing, and revealed her jet-black hair, parted on the side and combed in waves low over her forehead. "Why, Isabelle, what a woman you've grown in the last two years! I would scarcely know you. How are all the folks at home, my dear?"

"Oh, they're all lovely. Clara, you little angel, just run upstairs and see that my trunks are unpacked, will you?" Mr. Austin's red face grew a shade redder as Clara rose to obey Belle. "Wait a moment, Clara, I think I'll go with you; I wish to select a dress to wear this evening. Am I to have my dear old room once more?" "Certainly, dear," said Clara. "By-by, for a while, Papa Austin," cried Belle, hurrying after Clara. "Well, to be sure! Did anyone ever see such a strange creature? She is half crazy with delight for being with us once more," thought Mr. Austin. Belle came down to supper, looking charming in a rose-colored silk

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Household Affairs! Fudge! Clara, take my advice, the sooner you get over attending to household affairs the better for yourself. That's the way women are made slaves of. Now, I never attended to household duties in my life; and what's more, I never shall. Well, I'm sorry, Clara; Fanny and I will have to go without you."

Mr. Austin, his face livid with passion, rose from the table and left the room without a word. "By Jove, Belle!" said Alfred, "you've put your foot in it this time." "I know it, and, take my word for it, before many hours I'll receive my counce."

Belle was right. Before dinner she received a summons from Mr. Austin in his cozy little library. "Belle," said the old gentleman, as that young lady entered the room, "be seated, my dear. There has been something in my mind since you came here which I think it is my duty to tell you. "I am ready to hear what you have to say, sir."

"Well, my dear, I think it is right that you should know that Alfred is in love with Fanny Ives. Now, my dear, don't feel bad about it, and you know Alfred is not to blame; he has been Fanny's companion from childhood." "What! Alfred in love with that milk-and-water blonde. Humph! There's no accounting for some people's taste. Well, I don't care. You know 'there's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught; but what will father say? I know he'll blame me; and you know I'm not to blame, Mr. Austin."

"Now, my dear, don't let that trouble you. I'll write a letter to your father and tell him Alfred is to blame." So Belle started for New York next day, leaving happy hearts behind her, especially Mr. Austin, who was congratulating himself for having hit upon such a good plan to get rid of that outrageous girl. About three months after Mr. Austin and family were invited to attend the marriage of Miss Belle Wilbur. "Heaven help the man that takes that girl for better or for worse; without a doubt it will be for worse," groaned Mr. Austin.

But before the year was at an end Belle, accompanied by her husband, paid another visit to Mr. Austin's. "My dear, did you ever know of marriage making such a change in anyone?" said Mr. Austin to Fanny, who was now Alfred's wife, the day after Belle's arrival. "She makes an exemplary wife, I can tell you." Of course, Fanny didn't tell him how he had been victimized by Belle's strategy.

Old Army Mule Executed. Through an order of the War Department Jack, the old army mule, known to every visitor at the army post at Willets Point, L. I., for some years, has been executed. Jack was about thirty-five years old and had a good record. For many years he was used in the service, and was finally turned over to the engineers who had charge of the work of removing the rocks in the Hell Gate Channel. For three years Jack worked underground, drawing in and out the cars of stone and powder. When Hell Gate was blown up he was turned over to the post here, and it was almost a year before anybody could drive him. Jack could not get used to the light, and many a private who thought he knew how to conquer him came to grief after a short trial. At last the mule became accustomed to daylight and performed his labor faithfully until three years ago, when age showed itself and he had to be retired. The Government finally got tired of feeding Jack, after waiting three years for him to die a natural death.

Jack was placed in charge of some privates, who formed in line and marched slowly to the beach. Once there, Private Mason spoke a few encouraging words and then led the mule to a pile of wood. Placing a rifle to the animal's head, Mason pulled the trigger, and the career of the mule was ended. The body fell on the wood. A match was applied and wood and Jack burned together.

Down Went Mr. Goddard. Harold Goddard, of East Harpswell, had a very narrow escape from death recently while taking up his lobster traps, which had become badly water soaked. He had four traps in his dory and was taking in the fifth when the traps slid into the water, taking Harold with them with a turn of the rope around his ankle. He was carried to the bottom, but after a severe struggle managed to kick himself free; but when he came to the surface his boat was some five or six rods away. Mr. Goddard is an expert swimmer, and although very much chilled and exhausted he managed to reach the boat, climb into it and reach the shore.—Portland (Me.) Daily Press.

The Girl He Married. There are many Joneses in this world, but perhaps not quite so many as people think. Not long ago two friends met who had not seen each other for ten years, since their school days.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Clean a Plaster Statue. Make a thin paste with cold water and fuller's earth and spread it on the statue, using a soft brush. Fill a tub with soap-suds and wash the statue in this. Rinse quickly and dry with a sponge or a soft cloth. All the work must be done speedily and carefully.

A School Luncheon Sandwich. A spoonful of scrambled eggs or omelet left from breakfast and spread between slices of buttered bread or biscuit makes a school-luncheon sandwich that is usually found acceptable. A spoonful of creamed codfish, also, is not to be despised as a savory "filler" for the omnivorous sandwich.

A Convenience in the Laundry. A dredging box filled with powdered borax is a great convenience in the laundry. Many stains sprinkled with borax and soaked in cold water before being washed in the usual way are easily removed. Even fresh tea stains can be thus done away with; though if allowed to remain through a washing or two, they become too obstinate for this treatment. Cocoa and chocolate stains, after being powdered with the borax and soaked in cold water, will usually disappear when clear boiling water is poured over them.

How to Keep the Cellar Sweet. Be lavish in the use of lime. Charcoal, also, is an excellent disinfectant and purifier. An open box of it makes a good cellar ornament. Admit a draft of fresh air daily, whatever the weather. Do not let rubbish accumulate. If your desire for hoarding old things is irresistible, gratify it anywhere but in the cellar. If you have a furnace in the cellar, insist upon its having a cold-air box. The heated air which fills the upstairs rooms is more healthful if drawn from out-doors into the furnace, than if supplied from the cellar, however clean and well ventilated the latter may be.

What an Afternoon Tea Really Is. Afternoon tea as an entertainment is only an extension of the home functions. More of everything must be provided, but over-elaboration should be shunned. Serve, if you wish, chocolate or coffees with tea. Let the bread and butter be cut thin as a wafer, and either rolled or divided into tiny squares or triangles. Have the sandwiches delicate and appetizing, expending ingenuity in their filling, and skill in cutting them into fanciful shapes. Choose small or fancy cakes that are a trifle unusual, and, if you wish, supplement them by bon-bons or salted nuts. Then stop! When bouillon and oysters, salads and ices, are served at an afternoon tea, it ceases to have any right to the name. It is no longer a kettle-drum, but an evening party given in the afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

School Lunches That Nourish. The subject of lunches for the little ones attending school is not generally given the thought and care it deserves. In "putting up" the lunch aim at variety; use more fruit and less meat, is a good rule for most lunches, especially for the children. The following, according to Good Housekeeping, is an arrangement for one week: Monday—Cold tongue, "patty" cakes, bread and butter, fresh fruit. Tuesday—Cheese sandwich, cake, custard, bread and butter. Wednesday—Egg sandwich, canned fruit, wafers, tea cakes. Thursday—Meat sandwich, buttered crackers, Graham bread, fruit. Friday—Sliced meat, bread and butter, pickles, cookies, custard. To each of the above add a small flask of milk.

Recipes. Oysterplant Balls.—Cook until tender in unsalted water one pint of sliced oysterplant; press through a sieve, and work into the pulp one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper; form into balls, roll in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot lard. Tongue on Toast.—Put the beaten yolk of an egg in milk or cream, a sufficient quantity of the latter to moisten the minced boiled tongue. Mix thoroughly. Let it simmer for five or six minutes. Meanwhile toast some bread, butter and place it on a hot platter. Pour over the tongue and garnish with thin slices of lemon.

Novelties Seen in the Shops. Manicure sets in silk-lined leather cases. Much white and tinted stationery in fancy boxes. Pure silk mittens for women's wear neatly boxed. Guard chains in ropes, coils and woven effects. Infants' carriage boots in fine felt trimmed with fur. Japanese pottery in the form of vase lamps prettily decorated. Silk handkerchiefs and mufflers in plain and brocade patterns. All sorts of leather boxes for stamps, odds and ends, pins and jewels. Driving coats of Russian and Hudson Bay sable, mink and other furs. French twilled flannel wrists with plaited and tucked fronts, in all plain colors and polka-dotted varieties. Monkey, seal and antelope pocket-books mounted in gilt, sterling or gun metal. French novelties in garters made of ribbon, silk and lace tastefully combined. Traveling bags, exquisitely equipped with silver, celluloid, ebony and ivory toilet fittings. Children's lined and unlined gloves of fine ribbed wool, kid and mocha in a complete range of shades. Hand-embroidered glove and handkerchief cases, fancy boxes, picture frames and daintily lined baskets. Perfumed silk and satin ribbons in narrow widths for lingerie and trimmer various articles for infants' wear.—Dry Goods Economist.

High Collars Spoil Beauty. Artists assert that the high collars now worn by young women have destroyed the pose of the head and the