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The Philadelphia Times says: 'The Nicaragua Canal must be built as speedily as possible, and the question of making it free under all conditions, whether in peace or war, is one for the statesmanship of the country to decide.'

John Ruskin, who, when he died the other day, had passed his eightieth year, was among the great Englishmen of the nineteenth century. He broke down the wall of British Philistinism in art and for a generation was listened to with as great respect as was Emerson before his circle in this country.

Beyond a doubt, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in the Atlantic, the Mormon church is, considered purely as a political economist's scheme, 'to-day nearer to being a successful effort to inaugurate the Brotherhood of Man than anything ever tried.'

Patrons of the Topeka street cars have been variously impressed of late by a framed placard conspicuously placed in every one of the vehicles and reading as follows: 'Passengers must not leave or enter the car while in motion.'

Words Often Mispronounced. Carnegie (Andrew), Kar-NEGe ('e' in second syllable as in ebb).

E-ther and ne-ther are preferred to i-ther and ni-ther by Webster, Walker and Smart.

Room, root, roof, broom and soon have long sound of oo, as in food; many give incorrect sound, as in foot.

Decollete da-kol-TA ('o' as in 'old'), not da-KOL-ta.

Bap-tis-ter-i, not bap-tis-tri.

Canton—in China, Kai-TON, in the United States, KAN-ton.

Krapp is pronounced as Kroop (oo same as in 'ooze').

Nicaragua is pronounced Ne-ka-RA-Ewa.

Irrevocable—Ir-REV-o-ka-ble, not ir-re-VO-ka-bl.

Patriotism is pa-tri-ot-ism, not pa-tri-ot-ism.

Figaro is fe-ga-RO, not FE-ga-ro.

Herculaneum is properly her-ku-LA-ne-um ('a' in accented syllable same as 'ask').

Vagary is va-GA-ri, not VA-gari.

Wilhelm is pronounced Vii-helm,—Indianapolis Press.

The Central Spot of England. On the village green at Meriden, in Warwickshire, there is a large stone cross which is supposed to mark the central point of England.

Great Insect Man. While nothing seems too good to promise the men who are going to South Africa, the London newspapers chronicle that a former officer of the Crimea, the Indian mutiny and the fights in the Northwest provinces, being specially mentioned in dispatches for bravery, and whose life is unblemished has been allowed 5 shillings a week at outdoor relief by the Lambeth poor guardians.

The Rev. Dr. W. K. Richard, of Plainfield, N. J., was married recently. When the bride cut the cake she found in the bottom of it a bag containing \$1,500, which had been contributed by the parishioners.

THE BOER'S PRAYER.

My back is to the wall, O Lord! white'er befall, I love this land! The land that I have till'd, This land is mine, Would, Lord, that Thou hadst will'd This heart were Thine! Thy servant, Lord, of old Smote down the men Whose images of gold They worshipp'd then!

The Man Who Ran at San Juan Hill.

By Albert Bigelow Paine.



ON a moment's notice the night express came to a full stop. There was a prolonged sound of escaping steam, then silence. Even the rain that had been dashing against the panes for the last

hundred miles or so had ceased. In the day-coach one or two passengers who were awake looked out and found deep black woods that looked straight up to where a few stars were showing. The drowning rain that had continued here for a week or more was at an end. Presently the moon appeared.

The fresh air in the coach awakened others. A few began to talk in low voices, as if fearing to disturb the sleepers who breathed heavily about them. Some one began peeling an orange, and the pungent, sweet odor filled the coach. A baby woke up and cried grievously.

Half way down the coach a man in a seat by himself leaned forward against the next seat, his head in his arms. A few seats ahead of him sat two men in soldier dress. These had awakened and were talking. One, who was slim and rather dark, said, sleepily:

'What d'y s'pose they're stoppin' for, Bill, anyway?' The other, a stouter, light-haired man, yawned.

'Dunno; washout, likely.' The conductor entering just then with a lantern confirmed this opinion. A small bridge had been weakened—it would require an hour to repair it. He lingered a moment to talk with the soldiers. 'I suppose you fellows are anxious to get home now,' he said.

The slim, dark man nodded. The stout soldier laughed.

'Of course!' he said. 'But we can take our time. When a fellow's been up San Juan Hill and come out alive he can afford to wait a little for other things.'

Behind them the man leaning forward in his arms started. Perhaps he was just waking. Other passengers awoke, too, and sat up to listen. The conductor was interested. 'So you were at San Juan?' he said. 'Pretty hot there, wasn't it?' 'Hot enough for me.' This from the slim man.

'How did it feel, anyway, to have the bullets coming right at you? Didn't you feel like you wanted to get out o' there?' The man behind moved uneasily in his arms. No doubt he wanted to sleep, and was not interested. The stout soldier laughed again as he answered:

and by the soldiers stalked in again, laughing. The train moved on slowly through the deep woods. The warm summer air came in, and the smell of wet trees. Those who had awakened slept. Only the man with bowed head moved now and then uneasily. The train ran very slowly through the night, coming now and then almost to a standstill. Then at last it increased its speed a little. Then a little more. By and by a roar as of a waterfall came in at the open windows. Almost at the same instant a rending, tearing crash—a scream of some one waking—a falling away of all beneath, and then about, above and below—from every side it came—the choking, drowning water.

A moment later there were struggling forms on the surface of the moonlit river. A few with presence of mind were dragging themselves through the open windows to air and life above the flood. One man, a strong swimmer, reached the shore and helped two others up the bank. They were the two soldiers. The man who aided them plunged back to save others. He caught another man just on the point of exhaustion and pushed him to where the soldiers could reach him. Then he seized a woman by the hair and dragged her to the bank. A babe's white dress floated to the surface just then and he struck out for it. The current dragged it under for an instant, then threw it once more into the moonlight. The swimmer pulled toward it fiercely. He seized it just as it was being dragged under again. Then he turned toward the shore, but he was very tired, and the current was resistless. The soldiers watching him saw how he battled for life—his own life and the babe's. They ran down the flood, calling to him helplessly. When he disappeared they stood watching the water.

It was daylight when they found him below the rapids. He was still holding the babe. The river was tired of them. The slim soldier turned the drowned man's face to the light. He stared an instant, then he said:

'Bill! Lord God, Bill! Look!'

'The stout soldier leaned forward. 'Lord God! Yes!' he echoed. 'It's him!'

It was the man who had run at San Juan.

WISE WORDS.

To be alone in one's appreciation of beauty is like striking chords only in the bass or treble. To perceive such things in harmony with another, is to be in touch with the very principle of nature. It is the face of man answering to the face of man in the waters of the spirit.

We often pass by the souls that would best reflect our own, because at the time some turmoil has troubled the depths of our nature, and all images that fall upon it are distorted.

The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, what aim it has. When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another, the practical man relies on the language of the first.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes—these are the secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.

Many a failure to do one's duty might be traced to a failure to realize that there is never but one duty to be done at a time.

Philosophy triumphs easily enough over past and future evils, but present evils triumph over philosophy.

Let each man make himself as he teaches others to do. He who is well subdued may subdue others.

Necessity may render a doubtful act innocent, but it cannot make it praiseworthy.

A crack in the wall may be very small, but you can see a great deal through it.

It is easier for a philosopher to stand tribulations than vexations.

Carelessness in Addressing Letters. One of the greatest troubles we have to contend with is the careless way in which most persons write the letter 'P' in an address, said an old letter carrier the other day. 'Washington is, perhaps, more apt to cause us bother in this regard than any other city, because lettered streets are not so common in other localities, but it seems to me that for this very reason the people of the capital should be more careful. Of course we have the same trouble with those who send letters here from outside places, but the greater part of our extra labor in this regard is on account of careless writers right here in our own city. It is so easy to mistake an 'I' for a 'J' that I should think most persons would fall into the habit of writing 'Eye' street when they wished a missive to be delivered in that particular thoroughfare. Many stores follow this rule in sending out their goods.'

Pneumatic Tire Troubles. Investigations in England show that the greatest trouble to be met in the use of pneumatic tires on heavy vehicles is not from puncture (which accounts for only seven per cent. of the cases) but from the internal wear of the material of the tire itself. Examinations showed that the fibrous foundation and the rubber covering were reduced in some cases both to a powder by the frictional action. It is well known that the 'life,' even of the best rubber, is limited; and the material breaks down completely after a certain average number of millions of hingeing vibrations.

Baldness and Red-Haired People. Baldness is far less common among red-headed people than among their dark-haired neighbors. The ordinary crop on the head of a red-haired person is about 29,200 hairs.

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

Fought to the Death.

R. J. ARMSTRONG, of Denver, went to the Philippines, not to fight, but to take shoes on the feet of the regimental horses supposed to accompany the First Colorado. Judging from the scarred and battered appearance of that gentleman it is presumed that he saw more fighting than horseshoeing during his stay abroad.

Among the volunteers who returned was Armstrong. He marched in one of the companies, but with the conclusion of the welcoming ceremonies hastened to his home and there donned a civilian dress, in which he wandered downtown to shake hands with his numerous friends. In reply to a question from one of them as to whether or not he had seen any fighting he pointed with some pride to his right eye, over which it to be seen a scar fully an inch long.

'That is a relic of one of my fights,' said he, 'and this is another.' At the same time he rolled up his sleeve covering his left arm, displaying what was once a deep gash about three inches in length on his forearm.

The worthy man of brawn went on to relate that the strip of white skin taking the place of his right eyebrow came as the result of one of the regiment's early engagements. His place was in the rear, where he would be accessible should his services be needed for the tightening or removing of any of the shoes belonging to the officers' horses. A Mauser bullet penetrated to fly high in the air and to return to the earth in Armstrong's immediate vicinity. Had he not thrown his head back suddenly just at the moment that the ball whizzed by he would have been returned. As it was he lost his eyebrow.

It was the forearm scar that elicited the better story. Armstrong was following the regiment on one of its active days when Irving Hale was still a colonel and in command. The colonel's horse was sent back to have a shoe tightened, and the regimental shoer dismounted from the steed which he was riding, leaving his saber against the back of a bamboo shack near which he had stopped. Taking his hammer and nails and pinners he went after the refractory shoe to the tune of a little Irish profanity, but had proceeded only a little way with his task when he was startled to see a 200-pound Filipino, almost naked and brandishing a heavy sabre, coming toward him in a war-like attitude.

Armstrong took in the whole situation at a glance. The native was between him and his horse, where his pistol had been left, and his sabre stood some feet distant on the other side. As quick as thought, and just as the Filipino was about to strike a heavy blow, the Colorado man hurled his hammer in the direction of his foe and bounded toward the shack to recover his saber. The hammer did not hit the mark at which it was aimed, but the Filipino's weapon did. It struck the horseshoer on the left forearm, cutting to the bone. This did not deter the American from making things interesting for his adversary, however, for as soon as he could unsheath his trusty steel he was brandishing it in the face to the black man. The battle that followed in that dismal solitude was fierce and to the death. When both combatants had been worn almost to exhaustion Armstrong struck the Filipino a blow that split his skull from forehead to neck.

Then he tightened the colonel's horse's shoe. The orderly had to wait for a few minutes when he returned for the steed, but Armstrong made no excuse for the delay.

Heroic Hand to Hand Conflict.

Expeditions from India still go up through the Khyber pass and the other passes along the Indian frontier, ostensibly to punish rebellious chiefs, and actually to keep the boundary line between Russian dominion and English dominion from edging over any nearer to India than it is now. Of such a nature was the famous fight fought with the Kanjait tribes of the Kashmir in 1891, when a small expedition sent to Hunza found itself confronting a narrow gorge with precipitous sides through which the road to Hunza ran. The sides of the gorge were as steep as stone walls and everywhere at points the face of the rock were little nests of natives, protected by some breast works. The Englishmen went patiently to work to take the Nilt fortress, which was on a flat rock half way up the side of one of the cliffs. Pushing breast-works before them, they got so near the fort that Captain E. J. Aynley was able to make a wild dash at the rear gate and blow it up with slabs of gunnecott before the natives could collect themselves sufficiently to take good aim at him. He was wounded by a shot fired so close to him that it burned his uniform. The British worked from the fort to the top of the ridge surmounting it. From that point they kept up a sharpshooters' fire on the breastworks on the other side of the ravine, 400 yards away. The Kanjait were not able to look over the edge of their breastworks or to roll rocks down from them while the sharpshooters kept up their fire. Thus protected, a column of fifty picked climbers worked their way up the face of the cliffs and drove the tribesmen out of their roost in hand to hand conflicts. This exhibition of nerve, muscle and skill completely terrified the Kanjait, and they fled before the British from the whole Kanjait Valley.

A Shark Adventure.

A fisherman, Charles Cox, accompanied by one of his sons, aged eight, went to Governor's reef to fish for squid, and anchored in twelve feet of water. They were half a mile from the shore, when suddenly the squid darted away, and a huge shark, fully twenty feet long, came to the surface and rushed at the keel of the boat. It seized it in its jaws and shook the boat with such force as to send one of the gunwales under water. A moment later the teeth of the monster were crunching into the bottom boards of the boat. The shark then stood off and charged from astern. It missed its mark and shot its head some two feet over the bows of the boat. Cox then heaved the anchor and cleared away, reaching the shore without further trouble. An examination of the boat showed that the shark's jaws were two feet long, with an opening capacity of fully eighteen inches. A portion of one of the teeth had broken off in one of the boards, and when drawn out measured two inches.—Perth (Australia) Chronicle.

Girls Not Liked in Korea.

When a girl is born in Korea she is not even dignified by a name. Several names are written on slips of paper and placed in an urn before some favorite deity, and when it is necessary her godfather selects one without seeing it, and she is known by it until she reaches womanhood among the members of her own family. Strangers designate her as the wife, mother sister or daughter of such or such a man. This is not merely the result of custom. The laws are strict in this matter, and hold a woman of little more consequence than a domestic animal. In the higher classes of society the girls are separated from the boys of the family at the age of 7 years. They occupy the apartments of women and are forbidden to communicate with anyone outside.

Stone of Gratitude.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record the following legend from which the

I followed the tracks early in the morning, and before I got half way round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead and could not speak. Close to him was the loup crevier frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a cleft of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the lynx and when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he felt the lynx sprang upon him and tore off part of his scalp. He killed it with his knife but could not get out of the hole in the rock on account of his broken leg. Nor could he reach his gun to fire it off and let me know. There he must have remained and died alone if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen.

A Skipper's Heroic Wife.

Captain John Kelsey and nine sea men of the big New Haven schooner W. Wallace Ward owe their lives to the inspiring bravery of the skipper's wife. For five weary days and nights the men had battled with waves that almost wrecked their vessel. Worn out with loss of sleep and food, the pumps choked, the cargo listed and the rigging torn, the men were in despair.

'Cap, we give it up,' said the sturdiest of the lot when his exhausted companions had abandoned the pumps and were climbing into the rigging. 'It's no use; we're done for.'

The captain, weak from anxiety and equally discouraged, shook his head and begged the men to work a little longer. They refused and lashed themselves to the rigging. Then Mrs. Kelsey rushed out of the battered cabin. Waving a hand to the men, she cried:

'For God's sake stick to the pumps! Help will surely come. I know you're not cowards. Come on, now!'

She went to work herself, and her courageous example gave the men new life. They sprang to the pumps and worked with superhuman energy, but even this was unavailing, and the Ward was settling when the Norwegian steamer Themis hove in sight. Captain Anderson saw the distress signals flying on the Ward and ordered a lifeboat out. It was stove in at once. Then he called for volunteers and had another boat launched. Five of the best men he had clambered aboard.

For two hours they strove to reach the schooner and take off Mrs. Kelsey and the others. When they finally made fast to the schooner the captain's brave wife lay limp in the cabin, her strength gone. She was lifted aboard and the perilous trip back undertaken. After hours of labor all were rescued and cared for on the steamer.

Had Bird Friends.

There are many instances in which an author made a pet of a bird. In Mrs. Gordon's biography of her father, there is a story told of how he found a hapless sparrow one day on the doorstep, scarcely fledged and quite unable to care for itself. He carried it into his room and cared for it, and from that day it became his protege. It became perfectly domesticated, leading a life of peace and prosperity with its kind patron for nearly eleven years. That gifted and lovable woman, Mrs. Somerville, kept herself surrounded by birds, and her fondness for them was so great that even when engaged on the most abstruse problems, she thought she could work better and with a mind more at ease if she had one of her favorites for a companion. In her letters she writes of her "dear old parrot, Lory, who is still alive and merry," and later speaks about the tamed sparrow that always sat on her arm when she wrote. She tells of the nightingales and other birds that she had rescued from dogs, and of her favorite long-tailed parrot, Esmeralda, which lived with her many years.

Loved All Animals.

Charles Kingsley seems to have loved every living creature around him, and he taught his children to respect even the most loathsome insects. Mrs. Kingsley tells how a family of runaway toads made their home in a hole on the green bank at Eversley, and the scythe was never allowed to approach their retreat. He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps, which lived in a crack of the window in his drawing room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a basin of water, and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their young, which came out of, or returned to, the same crack. He petted the white stable cat and the black house cat, and set up with a sick dog during the last two nights of its suffering life. Whenever he went he was followed about the parish by his faithful little Dandy Dimont, whose intelligent face was always to be seen at the lectures and school lessons, and was known to every cottager in the place, being almost as much esteemed by them as the Kingsley children, whose attached friend he was for ten years.

Cruel.

'How can you object to my fiance? He is chivalry itself. The first time he met me he told me I was the most beautiful and most interesting girl in New York.'

Retrospection generally shows us that we took a good deal of trouble to go around obstacles that we could easily have pushed aside.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Life of Tennyson, as Told by Herself—Mind Your Manners—Stone of Gratitude—Pretty Legend of the Topaz and the Emperor's Snake.

Some Points.

The pencil heaved a weary sigh, And murmured to the pen, 'I haven't felt so out of sorts Since—oh, I don't know when!

'The penknife treats me very ill, It cuts me in the street, And really is extremely sharp When'er we chance to meet.

'And when I broke the other day Beneath its bitter stroke, It said 'it didn't see the point,' Neither did I the joke!

'With many troubles I'm depressed, My heart just feels like lead.' The pen mopped up an inky tear— 'I weep for you,' it said.

—Cassell's Little Folks.

The Life of Tennyson.

[As told by herself.]

I am going to tell you my history, but before I go any further I will tell you that I am a cat, for you might not know it if I did not tell you. Before I opened my eyes I heard some one say, 'We will have to drown these kittens; we cannot keep so many.' That made my blood run cold. I knew but little about the water, and I had a perfect horror of it, but still I hoped the people would change their minds. One day a girl came down and said that her sister had said if they would not drown us, she would take all six of us. That made me feel a little better, so I slept as soundly as a healthy kitten could sleep. And one day I opened my eyes and saw what was to be my home. One day the people moved away and took us with them. I was afraid the little girl that wanted us would not come, and we would be drowned. But one day she came and got me, but did not take any of my brothers and sisters. I heard one of the people say they wanted the rest of the kittens. So I had to go alone. I thought I would be lonesome, but when we got to my new home there were two or three other cats. The little girl's mamma came out to see me, and they tried to think of a name that would suit me, but they could not, so when my mistress's big sister came home she said to name me Lord Alfred Tennyson, but her other sister wanted my name to be Dwight Moody. But every one but her calls me Tennyson. Sometimes my mistress has company, but among all her friends I like the one she calls Bertie the best. I like her almost as well as I do my own mistress. I have a very pleasant home. I have three children now. They are not as big as I am, though. So this is my history as far as I can remember.

Mind Your Manners.

A very successful business man was telling me of the number of young people he had met with in his career, and he said that the successful man or boy had always something attractive in his manner. 'It might be a kindly disposition, or the result of good breeding, but if a boy was to succeed in the present day he had to be thoughtful of the feelings of others, and very tactful in his bearing. Nothing,' he said, 'would more certainly ruin a lad's career than the critical disposition. If a boy came into the office and began to criticize everything he saw, and was cold with the clients, he was destined to failure from the beginning.' I had often noticed this myself, but was very much impressed with the decided opinions of this man with a very large knowledge of the world of business. We might say of success in life what Demosthenes said of oratory when he was asked what was the secret of successful oratory: 'First, action; second, action; third, action.' So, first, manner; second, manner; third, manner. A friendly, courteous manner attracts people. They want to be made to feel comfortable—"at home," as it is called—even in a store or an office. There is a store in the neighborhood of my home that I avoid as much as I can, for no other reason than that the clerk makes me feel mean and uncomfortable every time I go in. The goods are all right; the prices are reasonable, and the location is convenient. But I find that I am not the only person who has been made to feel mean and uncomfortable in that store, and so I can say with truth the owner of that place of business loses many dollars a year from the bad manners of his clerk.—Young People's Weekly.

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Stone of Gratitude.

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Sheep in Massachusetts represent only one per cent. of all domestic animals in the State.