

THOMAS COUNTY CAT.

JOSEPH A. GILL, Editor.

COLBY, KANSAS

A SONG OF REST.

O weary hands: that all the day
Were set to labor hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray;
The bells are rung for evensong;
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor weary hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet: that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the resting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze,
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary eyes: from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder-rain—
O weary heart: that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain—
To-night forget the stormy strife
And know what Heaven shall send is best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!
—Florence Tyler, in *Christian at Work*.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

The Extent to Which It Is Believed in To-day.

How the Business of Fortelling the Future Is Carried on in Boston—General Review of the Subject from Early Times.

On the front of a house on Washington street, near the corner of Common, is a modest sign bearing the inscription "Card and Cup Reading," says the Boston Herald. One is loth to believe that in this age of enlightenment fortune-telling is carried on to any extent—that there are any persons living who

"Can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which
Will not."

Yet there are plenty of fortune-tellers in our midst who practice their calling by the aid of cards, the sediment of tea or coffee in a cup, by astrology, by clairvoyance or what not, and who find plenty of dupes anxious to woo the "fickle fortune," who, if they do not find fortunes themselves, contribute largely to the fortunes of those charlatans. It is the curse of man that he never is contented with his lot. It is to be doubted if a Vanderbilt, an Astor or a Jay Gould is for one consecutive sixty minutes perfectly content "with that station of life into which it has pleased God to call him," as the church catechism hath it.

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

The present is always good enough, and bad enough, for that matter, and why any one is desirous of lifting the veil of futurity to ascertain what it may have in store is something beyond the writer's comprehension. Dickens, in his "Barnaby Rudge," causes Sir John Chester to say: "All men are fortune hunters, are they not? The law, the church, the court, the camp—see how they are all crowded with fortune hunters, jostling each other in the pursuit. The stock exchange, the pulpit, the counting-house, the royal drawing-room, the Senate—what but fortune hunters are they filled with?" It is even so; but it is yet to be learned that the position of a fortune hunter has been bettered by the aid of necromancy, no matter what shape that necromancy may take. As Master Ford says: "We are simply men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling. She works by charms, by the figure, and such daubery as this is beyond our elements. We know nothing." Fortune telling has been practiced from the earliest ages, and there have been dupes and gulls for all time. The fortune teller can well say with honest Iago:

"Thus do I ever make my foot my purse."

The majority of those who consult the oracle of the cards are females, and of these shop girls, or to speak it more politely, salesladies, make up the greater part. They have a peculiar penchant for prying into their future, and are especially interested in the question of their loves, and whether or no their lovers are faithful, and if they will make a good marriage. The majority of them believe in the cards with an implicit faith, and, for the matter of that, so do those that humbug them.

Almost commencing with the introduction of card playing, cartomancy, as it is called, or the art of divination by means of playing cards, had an existence. The earliest work known to exist on the subject was written by Francesco Marcolini, and printed in Venice in 1540. In William Rowland's "Judicial Astrology Condensed," which was published in London in 1652, is related a singular story, which runs as follows: "Cuffe, an excellent Grecian and secretary to the Earl of Essex, was told twenty years before his death that he should come to an untimely end, at which Cuffe laughed, and in a scornful manner entreated the soothsayer to show him in what manner he should come to his end, who condescended to him, and calling for cards, entreated Cuffe to draw out of the pack any three which pleased him. He did so, and drew three knaves, and laid them on the table by the wizard's direction, who told him if he desired to see the sum of his bad fortune, to take up those cards. Cuffe, as he was prepared, took up the first card, and looking on it he saw the portrait of himself cap-a-pie, having men encompassing him with bills and halberds. Then he took up the second and saw the judge that sat upon him; and taking up the last card he saw Tyburn, the place of his execution and hanging, at which he laughed heartily.

But many years later being condemned, he remembered and declared this prediction." It must be confessed that this was a pitch of refinement—this changing the pictorial character of the three knaves—to which the art of the fortune-teller by cards does not extend at the present day.

The method of having one's fortune told by the cards is simplicity itself. The individual who is desirous of drawing aside the curtain covering the picture of futurity, after shuffling the cards to his or her content, cuts the cards into three parts, equal or not, as suits the fancy. The fortune-teller then takes up the cards, and lays them out upon a table face up, sometimes in a circle, but generally in rows of nine cards each. Nine is a mystical number, and has domination over all charms:

"Three to thine, and three to mine,
And three again, to make up nine,
Peace! The charm's wound up."

Every nine consecutive cards forms a new and different combination, and every card is in sympathy with the ninth card from it. After the general fortune is completed, a separate manipulation of the cards is made, to learn if the client will obtain his or her wish, and from the position in the pack of the nine of hearts, which is the "wish card," the required answer is adduced. Sometimes the wish card is made to represent the person of the individual consulting the oracle, and whatever fortune is cut and dealt out to this is regarded as the same as having been dealt to the suit of the individual.

So much for the system of fortune telling by cards. It is all humbug from beginning to end. There is no law against it, and if there was it is extremely doubtful if the practice could ever be suppressed. The world is full of dupes, they bristle upon every corner, and it is much to be believed that man is never so perfectly happy as when he is being fooled the most. What says the old song?

"Quack, quack, nothing like quackery.
"Quackery my friend of the day is the order,"
and we have it practised in our very midst to the fullest extent.

The following anecdote is related of a fortune teller of the past century: Isaac Tarrat was a man of some literary attainments in London, and was a contributor to the *Ladies' Diary* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He was originally a linen draper, and a thriving one, but from various causes he proved unfortunate, and in his seventieth year knew not where to turn in order to provide his bread. In this extremity he was reduced to become a fortune teller. In a mean street near the Middlesex Hospital there was an obscure shop kept by an elderly woman who had long made a livelihood by means of oracles maintained on the premises. It now became the office of Mr. Tarrat to sit in the upper room in a fur cap, a white beard and a flowing worsted damask nightgown, and by the cards tell the fortunes of all who might apply, receiving for his labors a shilling a day and his meals. The woman sat in the front shop and received the company and their money. Tarrat admitted that his mistress treated him kindly, always giving him a small bowl of punch after supper; there was no great discomfort in his situation, beyond the constant distress of mind he suffered from reflecting upon the infamous character of his occupation. He had occasion to remark with surprise that many of the customers were of less mean and illiterate appearance than might have been expected. At length, after having scraped together a sufficient amount of cash, Tarrat gave up the place, and, as it appears, just in the nick of time, as his successor had not been a month in office when he was taken up as an impostor. Tarrat found a retreat in the Charter house, where he lived till his eighty-eighth year, dying in 1789.

Cup reading does not obtain to the extent of divination by cards, and from inquiries made by the writer the only information he has been enabled to obtain leads him to believe that it is practised only to a limited extent. But where two or three old cronies are gathered together for the purpose of taking tea, be sure that one of them at least will endeavor to steal a look into futurity by aid of the grounds left in her teacup. An old writer says: "Oh, the bright conceit, that our horoscope should be revealed to us in a cup, and our fate be prefigured in the hieroglyphical writings of coffee grounds and tea leaves, or shuffled out to us in the oracular demonstrations of the four suits. The practice of paganism long survived its belief, so has that of divination, unless we are to suppose that the young persons of the fair sex, and the old women of both, are serious proselytes to its efficacy, when they interpret the cabalistic writing of coffee or tea grounds in a cup, or determine their destiny by the casual upturning of the cards." Perhaps all of us are more or less tainted by superstition, and a faith in divination will never want converts so long as it affords us a scapegoat for our follies, and it may be, our crimes. If we meet with success in our undertakings we assign the merit of that success to our own prudence and forethought, and if we fail, our bad luck bears all the blame of our failure. King Lear says: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behavior, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, moon and stars, as if we were villains on necessity, liars by divine thrusting on, adulterers and drunkards by an enforced obedience to planetary influence."

"Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Fortune-telling is all a humbug, but perhaps an excuse may be found for it on the principle set down in these words: "There is one sense in which, without the inspiration of prophecy or the charge of imposture, one may reasonably and beneficially venture to indulge in the mystery of fortune telling. Knowing that, in the established succession of human affairs certain causes will produce corresponding effects, one may read the future in the past, and boldly predict that the spendthrift will come to want, the debauchee to premature decay, the idler to contempt, the gamester to bitterness of soul, if not to suicide, the profligate to remorse and the violator of the laws to punishment." And all this without money and without price, and without the aid of tea or coffee grounds, cups or cards.

SAVED BY HER MOTHER.

A Wealthy Matrimonial Adventurer Nearly Marries His Own Daughter.

"It happened about eighteen or twenty years ago right here in this city. A certain man, whose name you think of whenever you read about sewing-machines, because he was one of the first and most generally known inventors of that useful implement, paid very little attention to the laws of this country bearing on marriage," said a New street man.

"Never mind what his name was; you ought to know who I am talking about, for his matrimonial vagaries attracted even more attention to him than did his valuable inventions in connection with the sewing-machine. When he died, in 1875, he left nine recognized widows, and no one knows how many children, for some of his 'widows' did not make sufficient of a fight for a share of his estate—which, by the way, amounted to thirteen million dollars—to reveal their identity. Well, as I started to tell you, this old fellow was the father of so many children by his half a score of 'wives' that he didn't know more than one in every ten of his offspring when he saw them. He had to be introduced to them."

"In order the more successfully to humbug these deluded women to whom he sustained the relation of husband he gave a different name to each of them, and he used so many names that I guess he forgot some of them. He was always a great admirer of pretty girls, and would spend a small fortune to win the favor of any handsome female of whom he became enamored. One of the employees in the salesroom of his sewing machine company told him one day of an extremely pretty girl, who was playing in an amateur dramatic society over in Brooklyn. She was so pretty that all the young fellows were talking about her."

"Well, the old codger, he was about fifty-two years of age, found out when she was to make her next appearance, and secured front seats for the performance. He fell up to the top of his gray hair in love with the girl before the evening was over; and in a few days managed to secure an introduction to her. Then he offered her diamonds, dresses, a furnished house, horses and carriages, and, in fact, all those things which a rich person can procure, and almost all women yearn for, if she would marry him. Her meetings with the ancient swain were held in secret and without her mother's knowledge. She used an assumed name when she appeared on the amateur stage, although more than half the persons in the audience knew her by the name she was addressed by in the vicinity of her residence."

"The girl listened with both ears to what the old man said, and finally asked him to call at her home to receive his answer. He went there, sir, on the appointed evening. It was a cheaply-furnished and small house in a rather poor neighborhood. The old fellow hadn't been in the house five minutes before his former 'wife,' the girl's mother, came into the room where he was. They recognized each other, and then the old man had a mauvais quart d'heure, or no mistake. He had not given his right name to the woman when he married her, and she did not know that he was the wealthy and widely-known inventor."

"What was the upshot of the affair?"
"Well, the old man made a handsome yearly allowance to the mother, sent the girl to boarding-school, and when he died he left the daughter he wanted to marry a half a million dollars. Strange story, isn't it? But it's a true one, and lots of the old-timers who read it will remember the man. What's his name? Well, call him Hummer; that's close enough."—*N. Y. Telegram*.

Mole-Hill and Mountain.

"I tell you, my friend," exclaimed the gentleman, vehemently, as he unfolded his napkin, "that a country that tolerates and encourages brutality will never be allowed to prosper. Look at Spain. Look at Mexico. We have not their bull-fights, it is true, but we have prize-fighting, cock-fighting, pigeon shooting matches, and in the fate of those countries—"

[Interposition by waiter]—"What will you have, sir?"

"Broil me a live lobster. In the fate of those countries, my dear sir, we may see the history of the United States foreshadowed," etc.—*Chicago Tribune*.

—The Bishop of Carlisle declared in a recent speech that men were kept from religion by the character of modern sermons. He added that a sermon was very often a text floating about in a quantity of weak soup.—*The Churchman*.

—E. P. Roe wrote the last chapter of "Miss Lou" on the day of his death.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

Some of the Advantages of Setting Out Plants in the Fall.

Many farmers at the close of the strawberry season resolve that they will never go another year without a supply of this most desirable fruit. They keep on forming good resolutions on the subject during the fall and winter, but when spring comes they find that they have too much to do to allow them to prepare a plot of ground for setting out strawberry plants, for procuring them, and for putting them out. The truth is that in the Northwest putting in field crops employs all the time the average farmer has. The season for planting and sowing is very short, and the success of crops of corn and small grain depends on getting the seed into the ground in season. Every day's work counts. A farmer may calculate that he has sufficient time in which to do all his planting and sowing, but in making his estimate he does not allow for rainy days, which will greatly delay his work. Seed can not be planted and sown while rain is falling or while the soil is saturated with water. The "seed time" which is promised is reduced by rainy days.

Strawberry plants may be set out in a damp soil in the spring to advantage, but if the roads are bad, as they usually are, there will be difficulty in obtaining the plants. It is accordingly best to obtain and set out in the fall. If plants are placed in well-prepared ground in September they will become well-established and will make a large growth before the soil freezes. If the plants are large and thrifty and they are placed in rich soil many of them will bear fruit next summer. If the ground between the rows is covered with old manure the roots will be protected during the winter and the plants will commence to grow as soon as the frost leaves the soil. In localities where the surface of the ground is generally covered with snow during the winter the plants themselves require no other protection. In places where the ground remains bare during the winter the plants may be covered with straw to the depth of two or three inches, and it can be kept in place by throwing a little dirt over it. Early in the spring this straw should be removed. It can be taken to the barn-yard, burned, or spread between the rows of plants.

If plants are set this fall they should be those produced from runners that took root this season. Those that were first formed will be the best, as they will be the largest and the most likely to produce berries next year. Plants grown on rich land kept free from grass and weeds are worth more than those that rooted on poor soil among weeds. The land on which the plants are to be set should be prepared before they are obtained. A garden trowel is the best implement to use in taking them up and in setting them out. If there are dead leaves on the bottom of any of the plants they should be cut off with shears. If the roots are very long they should be shortened with the same implement. In putting the roots in the hole prepared for them the leaves should be pressed together in one hand. The hole should then be filled with fine dirt and firmly pressed down with the foot. It is never necessary to water strawberry plants set out in the fall, as the heat will not be sufficiently great to cause them to wilt. If the ground is moist the plants will commence to grow immediately.

The largest amount and the finest berries can be produced from a given area of land by setting the plants eighteen inches apart each way, removing the blossoms that appear the spring after they are set out, and preventing the growth of all runners. One square rod in strawberry plants set out and tended as suggested will produce for two years as many berries as any ordinary family will use. The large, strong plants that have not had their strength exhausted by feeding runners will furnish berries a longer time than plants that are crowded and are allowed to produce runners. Many, however, will wish to raise plants in a way that will require less labor. They have all the land they need, so that a saving of it is of no consequence to them. They are long on land, but short on time and labor. They are advised to set strawberry plants in rows three feet apart, there being a space of a foot between the plants. Set in this way the ground between the rows can be worked with a horse cultivator.

Strawberry plants need to be renewed frequently. Only two good crops of berries can be expected from the same plant. A plant that produces so much fruit will soon lose its vitality. A new bed or a new row of strawberry plants should be set out each year. If there is only a bed of plants for supplying it may be propagated on a piece of rich ground at some distance from it. A few strong plants can be set in it a yard apart, and prevented from producing berries by cutting off the blossoms that appear. They will throw out numerous runners, which will produce many fine plants. If a single row of strawberries is planted and the ground is kept in good condition on each side the runners will take root on it and the plants will produce berries without being moved. This is the easiest way of raising strawberries, as it requires hardly any labor.—*Chicago Times*.

—It is rumored that certain women in Minnesota are attempting to have a law passed compelling a man to declare his intentions within four weeks after paying his first visit to a young woman. Courtship by law would be a new social difficulty.

SPAIN'S FAIR DAMES.

The Ways of Maids and Matrons in the Land of the Troubadours.

When a Spanish woman is beautiful she is beyond compare; but this transcendent beauty, contrary to what travelers would have us believe, is the exception rather than the rule in Spain, and the common type of woman-kind is not prepossessing, whilst, sad to say, a Spanish woman's good looks last but a brief span, and as she puts on years she invariably puts on flesh, whilst long before she arrives at the age when we in America consider a woman has a right to be both "fair and fat," the symmetry of her form is certainly not of the character that an aesthetic poet would rave about. In fact, one of the chief reasons why so few foreigners marry Spanish women is, I believe, on this account. A man must be very much gone on the senorita of his choice and be possessed of a Bayardian loyalty if he does not desire to escape from the engagement on seeing his mother-in-law elect. It is really a tax upon any man's chivalry and devotion to be suddenly confronted with mamma and the senoras of the family, and to know that the syphilis-like Venta by his side will inevitably become every whit as bulky and unwieldy as they.

Chaperoning is rigorously exercised in all parts of Spain, a country where it is not respectable for a female to go out alone. Every young woman, even unto them who are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, has her chaperone when she takes her walks abroad.

Argus may have been 'cute, but in a trial of vigilance I would, I think, be inclined to put my money on the Spanish materfamilias, who not only keeps her chicks under her wing with a care equal to that of the most devoted mother hen, but she can sight a possible poacher long before he is visible to the ordinary eye. But then, in justice, it should be added that it would not be safe for any young girl to walk in the streets unattended, for Spaniards, although exceedingly punctilious and formal, are not in reality courteous, and their views in regard to women in general are embraced in cynical Talleyrand's three golden rules: *L'opportune, l'opportune, l'opportune*. Then a Spaniard's every-day language, even in the presence of his women folk, is of the most free-and-easy description.

Spanish women have fewer vices than those of many other nations. They are naturally voluptuous, but they are scrupulously loyal to those whom they love, making devoted, obedient wives, without bothering their heads about woman's rights, or any of those questions which vex the souls of their more masculine-minded sisters in this country. They have all the curiosity and but little of the intuition common to their sex in European countries. They have all the Moslem woman's hatred of physical exercise. Whilst the majority of the lower classes can hardly read or write, the education of the middle classes is practically limited to a grounding in matters appertaining to the rights and usages of the mother church. Their literature is almost entirely of a religious character, interlarded with vulgar accounts of the doing of the bull-ring. Of the works of foreign authors she knows but little, even by name, whilst her acquaintance with those of her own countrymen is, as a rule, confined to trashy productions of a questionable character.—*Madrid Letter*.

SPHACTALIS MINOR.

A Jamaica Insect Which Kills Off the Cotton Planter's Plague.

The greatest bane to the cotton planter is the coco grass. Where it once gets a foothold, from the time the cotton is planted until it is harvested, it is one steady fight against this active enemy; and if a rainy spell should happen to come up, and the plantation work be seriously interfered with, the coco will gain such headway that it can not be stopped and will smother and kill the young cotton. F. L. Maxwell, of Killarney plantation, Merdon Point, in this State, thinks he has solved the coco problem. A West Indian planter told him of a bug in Jamaica which showed a great predilection for the coco. Mr. Maxwell obtained from Jamaica several hundred eggs of the bug which is known scientifically as the *sphactalis vulgaris minor*.

Only twenty of the eggs hatched. He began operations with these. He planted the eggs in a box, raised several crops of them, and, when he thought he had enough, began planting them in the worst coco patch on his plantation, scattering them three feet apart just as though he was planting seed. After some weeks some of the coco began to wilt. An examination showed that the worm had burrowed down two or three feet in the ground to the nut from which the coco springs, eaten it, and thus killed the plant. Since the first crop was hatched out about the beginning of May, five crops of worms have been hatched, have laid their eggs and died, and each crop has been many fold larger than its predecessor, until the twenty *sphactalis* have grown to many billions.

In one place they have destroyed ten acres of the coco, cutting it level with the ground, burrowing to the roots and annihilating it, but not injuring the cotton in the least. It is not yet known whether it will attack other plants than coco. In Jamaica it is said not to injure other grasses of any kind. Mr. Maxwell is already shipping the worms to planters in other portions of the South.—*N. O. Cor. N. Y. Sun*.

HOME AND FARM.

—Sprinkle salt immediately over any spot where something has boiled over on the stove, and the place may be more easily cleaned. This also counteracts the bad odor.

—It is always preferable to preserve tomatoes in glass jars. No injury may result from the use of tin cans, but those who put them up in glasses are on the safe side.

—Printed fabrics and colored stockings are injured in color by soap, freezing and sunshine. Flannels shrink and lose their soft texture by being subjected to the same processes used in cleansing cotton goods.

—One reason that there are so many mortgaged farms is because so many farmers sell corn, oats and hay early, and then have to buy the same class of articles before the next crop is raised. Be sure and save enough for home use when selling a crop.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

—At house-cleaning time the man should either move or get moved the heavier articles of furniture; he should attend to the cleaning and putting down of carpets; the sitting up of stoves, and the like; in a word, he should assume the responsibility for all the heavier and more disagreeable duties connected with good house-keeping, and be willing, on occasion, to take a hand in those which are lighter.—*Good Housekeeping*.

—The peach and plum are nearly enough related to be budded or grafted on each other. The plum endures the cold better than the peach, and the latter fruit grown on plum stocks can be much more easily protected than when grown on its own. The head of a tree of bearing size may be enveloped by a covering to protect it from the winds, while the harder trunk remains exposed to the cold.

—Glass dishes crack when suddenly placed in hot water on account of the unequal heating of the glass. It is a very poor conductor of heat, and the part first placed in the water expands before the heat can reach the other parts, thus causing a strain which results in its fracture. Very thin glass is less likely to crack from this cause, as the heat is more quickly transmitted.

—Perishable articles of food are left to stand in a warm kitchen, which, perhaps, came directly from cold storage, and should have a small interval between that and the ice-box or cellar. Meat, milk, fruit and vegetables are quickly sensitive to such treatment, and taint, sour, wilt, or, as in the case of garden products, lose their crisp freshness, so that disappointment instead of satisfaction is many times the outcome of careless and generous marketing.

—Jelled Peaches: Soak an ounce and a half, or three-quarters of a package of gelatin in half a pint of water in a warm place. Peel and stone five ripe peaches, boil the peaches in water to cover them, stew for an hour gently, strain the sirup thus made, mix it with the gelatin while boiling hot and stir until it dissolves; pour this sirup over the cut-up peaches, stir in a cup of sugar, pour into a mold and set on ice. A few peach kernels cracked and mixed with the fruit is a great improvement.

—A discriminating writer pertinently says that well-equipped farmers who have lands adapted to potato-growing will grow them by the hundred acres and with profit, even though prices should be low, while those who can not afford to own an outfit of machinery will quit raising for market. The man who plants and harvests by hand labor can not compete in raising for the market with the one who plants and harvests with machines any more than the wheat-grower who sows by hand and harvests with the cradle can compete with the grower who runs a seeder and a self-binder.

The Condition of Cotton.

The August report of the Department of Agriculture shows a small reduction in condition of cotton in the Carolinas, Alabama and Louisiana, and an advance in Florida, Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee. The averages of Georgia and Mississippi are unchanged. The general average is 87.3, against 86.7 in July and 93.3 last August. The figures by States are: Virginia, 84; North Carolina, 82; South Carolina, 84; Georgia, 90; Florida, 92; Alabama, 90; Mississippi, 92; Louisiana, 90; Texas, 79; Arkansas, 93; Tennessee, 93.

Cotton is almost without exception reported in sound health and vigor, with as little shedding of leaves and forms as is mentioned in the most successful seasons. There is a little rust, but not serious except in a few counties, mostly in Georgia and Alabama, where the "black rust" prevails in certain localities.

The caterpillar is present very generally in the southern half of the lower tier of States, but is doing no injury except in a county or two of Florida. The boll-worm in some places in Texas.

Her Frank Acceptance.

"Yes," said she, "I will accept your proposal this time, and we will be married before winter."

"O, delight!" exclaimed he. "Your sudden change bewilders me."

"I know it must," continued the sweet thing, "but the fact is, I have just learned that I didn't pass in my examinations last spring, and rather than go back to the seminary and stand the disgrace of being put down, I'll—I'll even marry you."

No cards.—*Chicago Tribune*