THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

### HIS CRAZE-BONE.

[illegible]

### BULL-FIGHTS IN MADRID.

In Madrid crowd and cafe you see the tall, shapely, dark-faced, silent men with a cool, professionally murderous look like that of our border desperadoes, whose enormously wide black hats, short jackets, tight trousers, and pigtails of braided hair proclaim them rebels or members of the noble ring. Intrepid, with muscles of steel, and finely formed, they are very alternate, too. Just one of them gently taking his brandy at the Cafe de Paris, after a hard contest, while his friend road from encountering paper a report of the games in which he had just fought, the man's own adversary and enabling him to decipher print. But the higher class of these professionals are the idols, the demi-gods, of the people. Songs are made about them, their deeds are pasted on fans, and popular chromos illustrating their most famous feats are sold in the streets as if they were heroes or star magicians. Bitdog are named for the well-known ones, and it was even rumored that one of the chief swordsmen had severed the affections of a patrician lady, and would have married her but for the interference of friends. Certain it is that a whole class of young bucks of the lower order—"Arrys" is the British term—get themselves up in the closest allowable imitation of bull-fighters, down to the roll of hair left growing in front of the ear. The espada or swordsman (Gillem), who gives the mortal stroke, here exclaims he *couteaulo*—a corps of assistants, including picadors (lancers) and *peones* and *postiladas*. For every fight they receive five hundred dollars, and sometimes they lay up large fortunes. To see the sport from a seat in the shade, one must pay well. Tickets are monopolized by speculators, who, more than the fighters, have their eagle and gee layers at the bull-ring business. We gave two dollars apiece for places. Nevertheless, the route to the Place of Bulls is lined for a mile with miscellaneous fortunes, broken-down disgraces and whoever calls to convey the horde of intending spectators to the fight on Sunday afternoons. A long stream of pedestrians flows in the same direction, and the shows turn out of the rich and dignity to what is a becoming wild rush to the scene of action. The mule bells ring like a ram of metal, whips crack, the drivers shout with the and at full gallop, dash by aimless tilts of on lookers, to the foaming boulevard of the Prado, and up the road to the grim Colosseum of stone and brick, set in the midst of scorched and arid fields, with the faint peaks of the snow-capped Guadarrama range seen, miles to the north, through dazzling white sunshine.

Within is the wide ring, and in a circular tier of terraced granite crowned by galleries. The whole great round, peopled by at least ten thousand beings, is shaded exactly by the sun and the shadow *sol y sombra*, and from our cool place we look at the vivid orange and of the half-acre in sunlight, and the tiers of seats beyond, where swarms of paper fans, red, yellow, purple and green, are wielded to shelter the eyes of those in the cheaper section, or bring air to their lungs. No connected account of a bull tourney can impart the vividness, the rapid changes, the suspense, the skill, the picturesqueness, or horror, of the actual thing. All occurs in rapid glimpses, in fierce, dramatic, brilliant and often ghastly pictures, which fade and re-form in new phases on the instant. The music is sounding, the fans are fluttering, amateurs strolling between the wooden barriers of the ring and the lowest seats; hatless men are hawking fruit and aguardiente—when trumpets announce the grand entry. It is a superb sight: the picadores with gorgeous jackets and long lances on horseback, in wide Mexican hats, their armor-incased legs in buckskin trousers; the swordsmen and others on foot, shining with gold and silver embroidery on scarlet and blue, bright green, saffron, or puce-colored garments, carrying clarks of crimson, violet and canary. At the head is the mounted *alguacil* in ominous black, who carries the key of the bull-gate. Everybody is punctual, orderly, ceremonious.

Then the white handkerchief, as signal, from the president of the games in his box; the trumpet-blare again; and the bull rushing from his lair. There is a wild moment when, if he be of good breed, he launches himself rapt upon as the ball from a thousand-ton gun directly upon his foes, and sweeping around half the circle, puts them to flight over the barrier or into mid-ring, leaving a horse or two felled in his track. I have seen one fierce Andalusian bull within ten minutes kill five horses while making two circuits of the ring. The first onset against a horse is horrible to witness. The poor steed, usually lean and decrepit, is halted until the bull will charge him, when instantly the picador in the saddle aims a well-poised blow with his lance, driving the point into the bull's back only about an inch, as an irritant. You hear the horns tear through the horse's hide; you *feel* them go through *yourself*. Ribs crack; there's a clatter of hoofs, harness, and the rider's armor; a sudden heave and fall—disaster!—and then the bull rushes away in pursuit of a yellow mantle flourished to distract him.

The banderilleros come, each holding two ornamental barbed sticks, which he waves to attract the bull. At the brute's advance he runs to meet him, and in the moment when the huge head is lowered for a lunge he plants them deftly, one on each shoulder, and springs aside. Perhaps, getting too near, he fails, and turns to fly; the bull after, within a few inches. He flees to the barrier, drops his cloak on the sand, and vaults over; the bull springs over too into the narrow alley, whereupon the fighter, being close pressed, leaps back into the ring light as a bird, but saved by a mere hair's-breadth from a tossing or a trampling to death. The crowd follow every turn with shouts and loud comments and cheers. "Go, bad little bull!" "Let the picadores charge!" "More horses! more horses!" "Well done, Gallito!" "Time for the death! the matadores!" and so on. Humor mingles with some of their remarks, and there is generally one volunteer buffoon who, choosing a lull in the combat, shrieks out rude witticisms that bring the laugh from a thousand throats.

But if the management of the sport be not to their liking, then the multitude grow instantly stormy; rising on the benches, they bellow their opinions to the president, whistle, stamp, scream, gesticulate. It is the tumult of a mob, appeasable only by the speedier bloodshed. And what bloodshed they get! A horse or two, say, lies lifeless and crumpled on the earth; the others, with bandaged eyes, and sides hideously pierced and red-splashed, are spurred and whacked with long sticks to make them go. But it is time for the banderilleros, and after that for the swordsman. He advances, glittering, with a proud, athletic step, the traditional chignon fastened to the pigtail, and holding in his eyes sword, makes a brief speech to the president: "I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tourney." Then throwing his hat away, he proceeds to his task of skill and danger. It is here that the chief gallantry of the sport begins. With a scarlet cloak in one hand he attracts the bull, waves him to one side of the other, baffles him, reinvites him—in fine, he plays with and controls him as if he were a kitten, though always with eye alert and often in peril. At last, having got him "in position," he lifts the blade, aims, and with a forward spring plunges it to the hilt at a point near the top of the spine. Perhaps the bull recoils, reels and dies with that thrust; but more often he is infuriated, and several strokes are required to finish him. Always, however, the blood gushes freely, the sand is stained with it, and the excited crowd, intoxicated by it, roar savagely. Still, the "many-headed beast" is fastidious. If the bull be struck in such a way as to make him spout his life out at the nostrils, becoming a trifle too sanguinary, marks of disapproval are freely bestowed. One bull done for, the music recommences, and mules in showy trappings are driven in. They are harnessed to the carcasses, and the dead bulks of the victims are hauled heavely off at a gallop, furrowing the dirt. The grooms run at topmost speed, snapping their long whips the dust rises in a cloud, enveloping the strange cavalcade. They disappear through the gate flying, and you wake from a dream of ancient Rome and her barbarous games come true again. But soon the trumpets flourish: another bull comes; the same hooded science and sure death ensue, varied by ever-new chances and escapes, until afternoon wanes, the sun becomes shadow, and ten thousand satisfied people—mostly men, in fact—retreat, with some women, fewer ladies, and a sprinkling of children and babies—throng homeward.—*George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Magazine.*

### A Serious Case.

"Would Plato have acted that way?" queried his Honor, as Charles Gillem loaded the mark before him.

"I swan to Goshen if he would!" was the prompt reply.

The prisoner was a little old man sixty-two years old, bald as plate glass and not a sound tooth in his head.

"Would Cato have been such a dunce?" continued the Court, as he looked down upon that shiny pate.

"No, sir. I'll be darned if he would!" exclaimed the old man.

"You came in from the agricultural districts yesterday. You had several errands. You bought a pair of suspenders for twenty-five cents, a red handkerchief for half a dollar, a bottle of perfumery for a quarter, and then you slanted your hat over your left ear and went down on the Central Market."

"Yes, I did—swan if I didn't!"

"You saw a woman there who pleased your aged fancy."

"You bet I did! She was as purty as peaches and as plump as a pullet. Yum! yum!"

"Scarcely waiting to ask her the price of new potatoes, you let off with the statement that you owned a big farm, had money in bank, was a widower, and wanted to get married in time for a summer trip to the seashore."

"Fact—it that's just what I told her, Judge, and she acted jesky mean to me."

"You had not been acquainted with her above seven minutes when you asked her to be yours. In reply she bombarded you with cabbages and you knocked twenty-six bottles of horse-radish off a bench and was arrested while rushing through the streets bareheaded. Mr. Gillem, had Cicero conducted himself in that manner, what would you say of him?"

"Tuck it right to me, Judge, for I deserve everything but death for my foolishness! Judge, I wasn't drunk."

"Perhaps not."

"No, I wasn't. It was one glass of beer and no being a silly old goat that got up all this fuss. She was a mighty nice woman, though. I've been a widower for eighteen years, and I've had my eye on "leven thousand different women, but I never saw anything to beat her. Judge, how can I settle this case? I feel dared bad to think I've come to town and raised a row, and I want to do what's right. How much will kiver the damages?"

"It's a serious case."

"You're just right it is! I've been a tough old pill in my day, but this is the worst scrape I ever got into."

"Are you going home?"

"Goin' hum right away—to-day—this morning by the fust train. I hain't used to the ways of a town, and I've had trouble enough. Will you take fifty dollars and call it square?"

"I guess two will do. You are old and innocent, and we make allowances in such cases."

"Only five dollars! Great jeehittakers! but I don't see how you can pay rent and keep going! Here she is, Judge, and I tell you I'm a thankful man. I come within an inch of going to State Prison, and you bet I'll never forget your kindness. Can I go now?"

"Yes."

"All right—all right. I'm so happy that I'd like to give a yell and crack my heels together. Good-bye, Judge—good-bye, all—here I go!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Sharp Citizen.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* tells this story: A citizen of Glendale, having several acres of fallow land lying idle, determined to put it under cultivation. His hired man suggested that a mule be bought for such drudgery. The amiable citizen agreed, and went to a neighbor, who was something of a stock raiser, to buy the desired animal. The stock man, with the modesty characteristic of his kind, produced a mule which he warranted perfectly gentle in either single or double harness, all this for $100. The amiable citizen bought the excellent mule, and he was sent to his new home. The next evening, the amiable citizen having returned home, the hired man complained that the new mule would not pull a sound when hitched to a cart.

The next day the mule was sent with the hired man to Barney Fox, a seller of horses and mules on commission, who was instructed to dispose of the mule for not less than $125. In the meantime the amiable citizen had sought out his friend, the stock raiser, and told him he thought two mules were better than one. In this opinion the stock raiser coincided, and before the two friends separated the stock raiser was authorized to match the first mule at any price under $200. The delighted stock raiser went to Barney Fox's stable and stood in the door-way watching the boys riding horses in a more spirited and frisky way than the animals seemed capable of, until a mule appeared upon the scene that appeared as like the mule of the amiable citizen as two mules can. Without much haggling the mule was knocked down, figuratively speaking, to the smart stock raiser, who took him to Glendale and offered him to his neighbor at a "slight advance" on the purchase price. It is needless to add that the stock raiser is owner of the mule, having paid $125 for it, while the amiable citizen is $25, less Barney Fox's commission, ahead.

—"Cant," says Emerson, "is useful to provoke common sense." It is also useful, with an apostrophe, when a doubtful friend asks you to lend him five dollars

### HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—A screw that has "rusted in" may be easily started by applying a little kerosene all around the head.

—It is proposed to introduce the culture of flax into Southern Australia. It is thought that the seed and lint can be exported cheaper than any of the crops generally raised.

—An Illinois farmer cleared his orchard of canker worms by spraying the trees once with a solution made as follows, and applied with a force-pump: Boil six pounds of arsenic in sixty gallons of water to dissolve it, and then reduced it to one pound in 150 gallons.—*Farmer's Review.*

—If you begin pinning fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery while young, and follow it up each year, you can form just such a top as you want. If your trees need spreading out, cut the young shoots off just above a bud on the outside of a shoot, and if you want to train upward, leave a bud on the upper side of the limb where you cut it off.—*Chicago Journal.*

—One is sometimes troubled when frying cakes by a sediment forming in the lard, which darkens it and sticks to the outside of the cakes. To remedy this peel and wash raw potatoes, cut them in slices an inch thick and drop them into the hot lard. They will readily absorb the black particles, and you can easily take them out with a skimmer and not waste the lard.

—A good way to regulate a child's stomach and bowels is to give him a little bowl of oatmeal and milk every day for breakfast or dinner; see that it is well salted, as salt promotes digestion. The ailments of a child who is in a normal condition almost always proceed from the stomach, and much may be done for our children by paying some attention to their diet and so avoid giving medicine as much as possible.

—The Albany *Express*, in advocating the passage of the bill having in view the protection of sheep from dogs, states that where ten years ago in the town of Lansingburg there were $20,000 worth of sheep, there are now but $2,000 worth, the sole cause of the decline being the ravages of dogs. In the town of Brunswick and territory just adjacent to it, but lying in neighboring towns, sheep to the value of $3,000 were killed by dogs during the past season.

—A roast of beef can be greatly improved in flavor and made more tender if the piece of a large lemon is squeezed all over it after it is placed in the dripping pan. Cut the lemon in halves and squeeze out all the juice, removing the pips. Then peel off the rind as you pare an apple with a sharp knife, and put it under the ribs or sirloin of the beef. Let the beef roast for half an hour without any water in the dripping pan, as the lemon juice will be sufficient to keep it from burning. Then add the usual amount of boiling water and baste it very frequently. Pepper the roast when put in to the oven, but do not sprinkle salt over it until it is taken from the pan as it extracts the juices of the meat. Flour the roast with the dredging box half an hour before it is taken from the oven.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

### How to Get Apples on "Off" Years

The past season has demonstrated the fact that the value of an orchard depends very much upon whether it produces its crop in the bearing year or in the alternate of year. In 1881 an apple crop was of but little value. In 81 it would have been worth in very many sections of the country three times as much as the year before. And the difference in the quantity and price that has been so broadly marked in the two past years will undoubtedly continue for some years to come, and probably for as long a series of years in the futurenes it has in the past. Any one who will take the trouble to look over the price current for apples for the last sixty years will find that the price has almost invariably been higher in the odd than in the even years. Why it is that our orchards have so generally grown into the habit of producing their best crops in the even years and remaining so nearly barren during the odd years is one of the unexplained mysteries. It sometimes happens that a late frost kills the blossoms of an orchard and changes for a time the bearing year, the trees bearing a partial and sometimes a poor crop the next year. If no artificial means are used to encourage the new habit so as to render it permanent it usually works back into the old way. But if the trees have sufficient encouragement to enable them to get the new habit thoroughly formed they will have no disposition to return to the old, but will continue to produce crops as regularly in the odd years as they had heretofore done in the even ones.

To undertake to change the bearing year of an old orchard is something of a task, but not so great a task but that it would pay in the long run. With an old orchard the first thing to be done is to remove the blossoms or small fruit. A liberal dressing of manure should be applied to the ground to induce a vigorous growth, and it would be all the better if applied the fall before as the late fall and early spring rains will assist in carrying the fertilizing matter down to the roots. If applied late in the spring it will be of but little use the first year. Different varieties will require different treatment, or rather varieties that are not very profuse bearers will require more vigorous and thorough treatment than those that are. For instance, the Famuse or snow apple is a very profuse bearer, and if the blossoms are removed the coming spring, the tree well pruned and manure applied early so as to get the benefit of the spring rains, it will be very certain to bear a fair crop the next year, and very probably a full crop. But treatment for a single year will not be likely to fully established the habit. If the few blossoms that appear the following year are removed, it will be likely to get the bearing habit so thoroughly established that it will be likely to continue without further care. With varieties that are not so profuse in their bearing habit it is frequently necessary to resort to more heroic treatment. With such trees, after removing the blossoms or small fruit, some time between the middle of June and the 10th of July, if the tree is growing vigorously (but not otherwise), a cut should be made entirely around each of the limbs cutting entirely through the bark. A second cut should be made about a quarter of an inch from the first and the intervening section of bark carefully removed. A new bark will be formed in a short time but the downward flow of the sap will be arrested and the formation of fruit buds so encouraged that trees so treated will be very certain to be covered with bloom the following spring. To confirm the habit it may be necessary to repeat the treatment. With old orchards, containing large trees, few farmers will want to spend the time necessary to effect the change, but with young trees it is but little trouble to remove the blossoms, and by giving them the treatment above described for a few years thoroughly establish the bearing habit in the odd years, and thus double the value of their returns. If the ring of bark is properly removed no harm will be done to the trees, even if repeated in alternate years for a long time. It is a fact that the bark can be removed from the center body of a thrifty apple tree during the latter part of June or forepart of July without any injury to the tree. By taking one-half or any part of the top of a tree and giving it the above described treatment, the part so treated will have its bearing changed and the tree made to produce a crop of apples on one or the other part each year.—*Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

### Eddystone Lighthouse.

Perhaps there is no lighthouse upon the coast of Great Britain and Ireland to which greater and more widespread interest attaches than the Eddystone. It is, indeed, the most historical fabric of its kind in the world, and the fame of its chequered and stormy story has literally gone forth into all lands. It will, therefore, be heard with no common interest in all parts of the world that a new Eddystone, the successor of John Smeaton's successful fabric, has just been completed. Who can venture to estimate the number of lives or ships the Eddystone lighthouse has saved during its beneficent existence of rather more than one hundred and twenty years? The Eddystone rocks lie about ten miles south from the Ram Head at Plymouth, which is the nearest point of land in their vicinity. Ships running up and down the channel are exposed to imminent risks of striking upon the almost submerged and treacherous reef, whose name indicates the seething and boiling turbulence of the whirling and eddying waves.

The situation of the rocks with regard to the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic is such that they catch the swell of both. Sometimes, when the sea is to all appearance smooth and tranquil and its surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, the ground-swell smites upon the slope of the rocks with tremendous force, so as to make it impossible for a boat's crew to land there at all. Many a gallant ship, which had safely accomplished her homeward voyage across the Atlantic, has torn out her heart upon the Eddystone reef, and gone down in sight of hundreds of horrified spectators on land, who were powerless to rescue their brethren from an awful doom. Plymouth, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was England's principal port, sent up many a wail praying for some engineer or architect daring and cunning enough to fix a permanent light upon the monster of the deep which had caused such destruction, loss and misery. The same circumstances, however, which made the Eddystone rocks so formidable to the mariner, rendered the attempt to erect a lighthouse upon them a peculiarly difficult enterprise. At length Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury, in Essex, being a gentleman of some property, with a turn for mechanical invention, tried his hand, in 1696, upon the hazardous job. We all know the sad fate of the rough stone structure, with an open gallery at the top, in which its author expressed the hope that he might himself be an inmate during the most terrible storm that ever came out of the heavens.

The unhappy man had his wish. On November 26, 1703, he was in his seatower, superintending some repairs, when the worst storm ever known in those islands burst upon him. When morning broke, no signs of the stone polygon remained. Then followed a wooden structure constructed by John Rudyerd, a silk mercer on Ludgate Hill, who began to build in 1706, and finished his work in 1709. This building, contrary to general expectation, stood until December 2, 1755, when a spark from one of the twenty-four candles by which it was lighted set it on fire. The general impression of the neighboring landsmen was—in the words applied by Wordsworth to "Hart-leap Well," in Yorkshire—"the place is cursed." At length application was made to the Royal Society for an engineer capable of "tackling the Eddy-tone Reef, and Lord Macclesfield, its president, recommended John Smeaton. He began work in 1756, and on the 16th of October, 1759, the saving light streamed forth for the first time from its summit. For nearly a century and a quarter there has been no surface of that guiding ray, and had it not been that the rock upon which the structure of stands was undermined by the restless waves, who can say that the triumph of artistic design and skill which was due to his ingenious brain and daring conception might not have lasted until the crack of doom? A builder and man could follow him now assembled upon an adjoining rock, and we can but hope that it may be destined to save as many lives as the last Eddystone lighthouse has during its long existence been the means of preserving.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

May the good work begun by St. Jacobs Oil continue until rheumatism and neuralgia have been banished from the earth.—*Sheep N. Y.*

*Proceed And Indeed.*

The best time to pass multiplied after coin is to pass it when it is offered to you.—*Atlanta Railway Journal.*

GOOD! Inflammatory rheumatism, cured by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Iris Herald, Chicago Tribune.*

TWO young men were overheard conversing upon the important subject of dress as they stood in a theater lobby on evening. "Well," said one, "I don't like to be a wallflower by any chance. I want to be original and do nothing at all like the crowd." This was overheard by the speaker's wallflower, which resulted in full size. Then, a calico shirt, with bulging beads on it as large as the root plums; Prince, a yellow and brown plaid ulster, with a scarlet and blue handkerchief sticking out of the pocket, and a pair of tan shoes with red spots on it, then, striped light to users, so tight as to give the impression that the wearer must have skinned his legs to get into them; items very pointed shoes, with bull tops, then, a hat, with low crown and a broad rake. A joker set of Chicago Tribune by the watch had been successful in his efforts to appear original, and perhaps even this garb might be better than none at all, which he declared was his alternative.—*Boston Journal.*

**Valuable Information.**

As an appetizer, as a tonic, and liver regulator, as a pleasant and sure cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn, belching of food after eating, headache, biliousness, etc., there can not be found in all the vegetable kingdom better tonic properties than are contained in the ingredients of the compound of which Queen's Delight is composed. Unless known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla—a preparation of Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper Iron, Buchu, Celery, Calisaya bark etc. Where great work of the composition of that Queen's delight remedies known as Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla—a preparation of Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper Iron, Buchu, Celery, Calisaya bark etc. Where great work of the vital functions predominates, it quickly invigorates and strengthens the affected parts. Many attribute the saving of their lives to its healing and strengthening virtues.

"WHAT is a promise, my boy?" asked a school teacher, who was reputed for honesty was not of the best. "Some of his younger scholars. "I don't know, sir," timidly replied the youngster. "Well, suppose you should come to collect a bill of me, and I should tell you to call around the next 3rd and I should not pay, what would you call that?" "I think that would be a lie, sir."

THIS is the way that a Dublin farmer advertised for a lost calf: "Run away, or lost and vice calf. His to be third less too mark. he was a she calf. Enlipotti, red, pringe him back gets five dollars. Patrick Zuddhing, Clear Creek, three miles behind the prige."

"I DONOT a heap about poultry," said old Uncle Pete when they were discussing the question of the day up at the market, "but the sweetest chicken I ever eat was drawn. It was drawn fro the widow of a chicken-house in de dark of de moon."

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth a youth to fortune and to fame unknown, too much to mine recent underneath his girth and paved the mischief with his temperance sign.—*Wolf.*

A RETIRED pugilist, who disapproves of the brutality of the modern prize fight, has taken up his residence in Lawrence, because they have Pacific mills there.—*Somerville Journal.*

PEOPLE who stay away from church through fear of catching the small-pox may, in the sweet by-and-by, become familiar with a bottomless pit.—*Boston Courier.*

A CORRESPONDENT refers to Oscar Wilde as "a glucose disciple of the beautiful." This is the severest blow glucose has yet received.—*Norristown Herald.*

"THAT prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the Judge to the Sheriff. "Yes," said the Sheriff, "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"NO," said the Cincinnati man, "I can't become a Christian. I can't bear to give up reading the local papers."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE noblest thing in boots is a bunion.—*Denver News.*

### A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The Real Relation Between the Human Body and the Weather Scientifically Explained.

*Scientific American.*

One of the most valuable developments of modern science along the line of human benefit is the National Weather Bureau at Washington. Experience has shown that eighty-six per cent. of the predictions of the signal service are accurate, and these predictions are unquestionably of the greatest advantage to the farmer, the agriculturist and the entire commercial world. The service has proved its necessity in its first second decade, and the future for forecasting climatic changes is even brighter. Science is the acknowledged light of the world, and the fact has been made astonishingly of late years, when science has taken another step forward, and has demonstrated the fact that the human body is a barometer of all these changes, that the weather bureau has been placed on a firm basis. The theory because popular when the scientific world accepted the discovery and the fact was generally conceded that it was a perfectly reasonable theory. But the idea was found to be too far ahead, and so it was generally conceded that it was a very pretty theory, but it was not to be taken seriously. But it has come to be a fact, and what at first seemed a fanciful theory has become a reality. It often comes without warning and prostrates the system with agony. Again the beginning is gradual, and the pain is slight. In this case it is not the pain itself, but the unnatural sensations that it causes, that are the warning. Again and again it is remembered that a headache or a cold, or a toothache, or a terrible disease, has been preceded by a change in the weather