The Hermit.

Readers Are Invited to Send in Data and Have Their Indications Printed Free—Planets Indicate Events, but Do Not Cause Them.

THE horoscope of William McKinley made by Prof. Cunningham a year ago indicated that he would become president of the United States March 4, 1897. The astrologer visited the McKinley home at Canton for the purpose of obtaining exact data. He was cordially received by Major McKinley, Mrs. McKinley and the president-elect's aged mother. Prof. Cunningham is at present making a horoscope of the McKinley administration, beginning at noon March 4. It will be printed in March. Persons wishing to have horoscopes made should remember to give Christian name, place of birth and residence, date and year of birth, hour and minute if possible. If you do not know the hour, send two two-cent stamps for particulars. Correspondents should also bear in mind that the astrologer wishes it distinctly understood that he treats the position of the planets at time of birth merely as indications and not causes. A planet may signify an event, like the star of Bethlehem for instance, but of itself it has no other connection with it. Correspondents are answered free in these columns. Address Prof. G. W. Cunningham, Dept. 4, 194 Clinton street, Chicago, Ill.

Answers printed in order as received. Here are some for this week:

Frank, Notre Dame, Ind.

You have the zodiacal sign Scorpio rising, with Sagittarius intercepted on the ascendant, and Mercury, Venus and the Sun also there, consequently you have Mars, Jupiter, Mercury, Venus and the Sun for ruling planets. You are above medium height, and well proportioned body; medium to dark complexion, hair and eyes; the eyes have a peculiar sparkle and sharp sight. You are stirring and energetic, and will always have an ambition for a large business, with plenty of rush to it. You are fond of anything that has a mystery connected with it, and are very original and inventive in your ideas. You are also fond of anything pertaining to chemistry and pharmacy. You have good command of language, and you are also a deep thinker, and do not always tell everything you know. You have strong intuitions, and have a good knowledge of many things without ever having had to study to learn about them.

Miss Mary K., Galva, Ill.

You have the zodiacal sign Scorpio, which Mars rules, rising at your birth and therefore Mars is your ruling planet or significator. Scorpio usually denotes a person of medium height; well set and compact figure; rather short limbs; the complexion not very clear and oftentimes freckled; the hair dark and of luxuriant growth; you are reserved and secretive in your nature and keep your business secrets to yourself; you are ambitious, stirring and energetic and inclined to take the lead in anything in which you become interested; you are not very yielding in your disposition and when opposed are liable to lose control of your temper; you are fond of anything that is of a mystical character and easily become interested in anything relating to chemistry; you are a great admirer of surgeons, soldiers, firemen, etc., when they perform any operation that requires skill or any act of bravery, soldiers on dress parade, etc.; you also take quite an interest in war and navy news and all kinds of military affairs.

John M., Brooklyn.

You have the zodiacal sign Leo, which the sun rules, rising at birth and therefore the Sun is your ruling planet or significator. The sign Leo usually denotes a wiry, muscular, slender figure, with wide shoulders in proportion to the rest of the body; the complexion fair and ruddy; the hair and eyes light; the eyes are large and in some cases they would be called "popeyes." You are of a sunny, cheerful temperament; you are charitable and generous, too much so for your own good; you are very restless when not busy at something; you are very apt to borrow trouble in some way or cross bridges before you get to them; you are apparently quick tempered yet seldom get your deep anger aroused; yet when you do you become very fierce like the lion; when your anger is once aroused you will give somebody that was the cause of it the full benefit of your opinion regardless of their position or rank. You have more than average pride and ambition and have a natural gift of language.

A Towel of Blotting Paper.

Paper has been put to a variety of uses, but its most curious employment is foreshadowed in the recent patenting of a blotting-paper towel. The idea is that a person on stepping out of his morning bath, instead of rubbing himself dry in the orthodox manner, should envelop his body in a towel of blotting-paper, which will, without trouble, and in a few seconds, absorb all the moisture upon his skin. The idea is ingenious, but it does away with that wholesome friction which many believe to be so beneficial to the skin.

Maud Villars, a [illegible] pretty girl; Miss Rachel Horton, an ordinary girl; Mr. Dawson, a chap in the army; Mr. Hall, ditto; hockey playing; two laborers sitting on fence, etc.

Scene: A meadow laid out with flags and goal posts as an improvised hockey ground, where a number of fellows and girls are about to commence a game. Mr. Dawson discovered rolling up his shirt sleeves: Miss Horton flourishing a hockey stick knowingly; Miss Villars leaning gracefully against the wind, with her head on one side and thrusting out her chin very prettily in the direction of Mr Dawson, as though her veil tickled her.

Mr. Dawson—Well, Miss Horton, you are on my side, aren't you? And will you play on my side, too, Miss Villars? (Thinks how awfully nice she looks; thinks her trim skirts and her little felt hat just perfect. Remembers the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance; begins not to regret it. Feels glad he came.)

Miss Villars—Oh, on this side? All right. (Thinks how fresh and athletic he looks; thinks the way he does his hair so nice. Remembers the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance; begins to feel more pleased than ever about it. Feels glad she came.)

First laborer (removing pipe)—That's a fine young ooman in the yaller bib; she wouldn't fold up ef yer was to git yer arm round 'er, nudder.

Second laborer (without removing pipe)—You're right, gov'nor.

Mr. Hall (shouting up field)—Are you ready over there?

Mr. Dawson—Yes, all right! Will you play forward, Miss Horton? I shall stay here; and, please, Miss Villars, if you would keep forward, too, and on the left—thanks, that's it, yes. (Sees her pretty, neat boots; wonders why she wears such high heels. Remembers the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance, and how restless her feet were. Thinks it quite right of her to wear a veil.)

Miss Villars—Shall we win, Mr. Dawson, do you think? (Sees his calves; thinks they are just the right sort! think that she would always like him to wear knickerbockers.)

Mr. Dawson—Oh, well, we shall see. Well forward, please, Miss Villars. Look out; the ball's in play. Stop it, stop it, Miss Villars! (Wonders why he doesn't run. Remembers the Burnsides' dance and that she danced the polkas right through.)

Miss Villars (coming to him confidentially)—I couldn't get there in time, you know.

Mr. Dawson—No! All right! But keeps forward, Miss Vill—— (Dashes aside and returns ball.) I say! We mustn't stand talking, don't you know, else they'll get a goal.

Miss Villars—Oh, mustn't we? Turns away; remembers the Burnsides' dance, and how attentive he was; wishes she had put on her new tartan frieze; pulls down her blouse; touches her hair; hopes she is all right behind; remembers a pin, feels to know that it is in place.)

First laborer (removing his pipe)—Don't they run about a treat!

Second laborer (without removing pipe)—You're right, gov'nor.

Miss Horton (from a distance)—Oh, stop him; I can't!

AFRAID TO MOVE HER HEAD.

Mr. Dawson (runs round Miss Villars, tackles Mr. Hall, and returns ball)—Oh, would you mind going forward, Miss Villars? You see, I'm playing here—Oh, thanks, thank you. (Remembers the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance, and that she wished women could play polo.)

Miss Horton—Now, we've got it; come on, let's rush a goal!

Mr. Dawson—Oh, well played, Miss Horton! Well played indeed! Goal, by Jove! Well played!

First laborer (removing his pipe)—Now look a' that! she's a knocking of 'im down! Ef I catched any o' my gals at that game I'd learn 'em. Ef I knowed who they gals was I'd just take and let their fathers know, 'cose 'e oughter. With their trouser pockets, too! D'ye see 'em? It ain't perlite, that's what it ain't, it ain't perlite.

Second laborer (without removing pipe—You're right, gov'nor.

Miss Horton (returning up field very red)—Got it through that time; but some one landed me a frightful bang on the shin.

Mr. Dawson—No? Really? I'm sorry; hope it's not bad! Well, you've won a goal for us; please let me. (Helps her off with her jacket.) Look here, I'll try and pass up to you if you will keep a little more to the right. They thought they were going to win; I heard them.

Miss Villars (interestingly) Oh, can you tell me, Mr. Dawson, was that a goal, do you think? I could not quite see.

Mr. Dawson—Yes, that was a goal; and keep well forward, please, Miss—Thanks, yes, well up. (Remembers the conservatory of the Burnsides' dance, and that she said she wished she was a man so that she might be a soldier.)

Miss Villars (v[illegible]erly)—Very well. (Remembers [illegible]atory at [illegible] and that she ex[illegible] how she wished she [illegible] be a soldier," and fiddled with a feather of her fan, and how he replied that she could conquer armies without that, and reached out and fiddled with the feather next it. Ball comes towards her.)

Miss Horton—Hit it, Maud, over here; quick; they're upon you!

Mr. Dawson—Hit, Miss Villars.

Miss Villars (to herself, opening her eyes again)—Oh, I've missed it! How rough they all are; and how he shouts. (Remembers the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance, and that he took hold of the end of her fan and worked his hand down close to hers, and that she said to the fan, "Oh, hadn't we better get some super?" and that he replied, "You can give me the sweetest thing that shall touch my lips tonight"; and that he tried to make her look at him; and that she turned away her face; and that she felt his breath stirring her hair; and that she was afraid to move her head lest she should touch him; and that she suddenly got up and wished afterward she had not done so.)

Mr. Dawson (shouting down field)—Another goal? That's two!

Mr. Hall (approaching gloomily)—I say, you know, you're too strong for us.

Mr. Dawson—Oh, no! No; stuff. You'll pick up all right.

Mr. Hall—You are, indeed; we can't make any stand.

Mr. Dawson—Oh, well, let's see—well, I'll give you Miss Villars.

Miss Villars (overhears and starts)—Oh, how dare he! how dare he like that—and he said he never could—and he told me he should always—and—— (Goes on remembering the conservatory at the Burnsides' dance.)

Mr. Hall—Oh, Miss Villars? Well, we'll have a try.

Mr. Dawson (across field)—Will you play on the other side, Miss Villars? We are rather too strong for them.

Miss Villars—No, I think I won't play any more, thank you.

Mr. Hall (cheerfully)—Well, you'll have to give us some one else, then.

Mr. Dawson (solicitously)—Wont' you really play, Miss Villars?

Miss Villars—No, thank you—I'm tired. (Feels hurt; feels that men are faithless ever, decides she will never trust a man again—never; puts on jacket; sees the game continue excitingly; wishes she had not left it; wishes she had not said she was tired, but something else; wishes she had not come; wishes she could cry a little. Goes home.)

First laborer (removing his pipe)—Why, she's takin' of er' 'ook, d'ye see 'er? 'Er mother wants 'er. Ah, my gal, you'll catch it whin yer git whome, and well yer deserve it.

Second laborer (without removing pipe)—You're right, gov'nor.—Bulkeley Cresswell in London Black and White.

The Modern Old Maid.

The spinster of the past was depicted as thin and scraggy, sour of temper and disgruntled with the world. Heaven knows she had just cause to be. She was foredoomed to live with some relative, no matter how uncongenial, because she was supposed to have perpetual need of a protector. She was expected to have no opinions or tastes, to prefer to ride backward and eat the drumsticks of the chicken and to have an insatiable passion for teaching children the catechism. That was under the happiest conditions. When the old maid was poor and dependent, then, indeed, her bread was bitter and her drink was tears. Happily, modern progress has changed this. The bachelor maid is no longer scrawny and sour. She has discarded the meek and self-abnegating black alpaca for frills and frivols. She has a thousand interests. She teaches, she typewrites, she paints, she does a hundred things that are money-earning. She travels where she pleases and sees the sunny side of life, and the last thing she dreams of needing is the sympathy of preachers and laymen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Decidedly Cold.

It is a cold climate in which a flame cannot keep itself warm. Doctor Moss, of the Polar expedition of 1875-1876, among other peculiar experiences, tells of the effect of the intense cold on a wax candle that he tried to burn. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and its effects were felt, not only by the explorers, but even by the candle. It gave forth no cheery light such as might have been expected from it under other circumstances, and when Doctor Moss came to examine it, he found that the flame had all it could do to keep itself warm. The air was so cold that the flame was not powerful enough to melt all the wax of the candle, but was compelled to eat its way down, leaving a skeleton structure of wax in the form of a hollow cylinder. Inside this cylinder the wick burned with a tongue of yellow fire, and here and there the heat was sufficient to perforate the outer covering, and leave holes of odd shapes that turned the cylinder into a tube of lace-like wax, through the holes in which the light shone with a strange, weird beauty.

Germany's Secret Treaty.

At the opening of the German Reichstag, the government was interpellated regarding Germany's secret treaty with Russia. The chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, declined to give information on the subject, but he declared that the distrust occasioned at first in other countries by the recent disclosures had disappeared. The minister for foreign affairs denied that Germany had ever made any agreement inconsistent with existing treaties, and declared that she would faithfully adhere to the Triple Alliance, and would also cultivate friendly relations with Russia.

A TERRIBLE SAIL.

Two Thousand Miles in Open Boats in the Pacific.

On September 29, 1892, a native fisherman off Nanawalla, Hawaii, saw out at sea what he thought to be a drifting log, but on approaching it found it to be a ship's lifeboat. Lying in the bottom of the boat were twelve men so weak as to be unable to speak, with their tongues swollen and black, protruding from their mouths.

Their eyes were sunken and glassy, and they all, though conscious seemed as if demented. They were unable to move or give any account of themselves until brought to shore by the natives. The story of their voyage, as told by the mate, is one of horrible suffering. He said that when they left the scene of the wreck of their ship, the Campbell, from Port Townsend, Washington, he calculated that Hilo was about 2,400 miles away, and that with care and short rations they could make the land safely. All went well for a time, the lifeboat making, according to his estimate, about 100 miles for each twenty-four hours. The water gave out, however, some days before they were found, and the scene became a terrible one.

He and one of the sailors alone retained their senses. The rest became madmen, and at the last were fighting, shrieking, tearing their hair and clothes, and raving generally. The two managed, however, to keep them from either jumping overboard or drinking the salt water until they became too weak to do so.

Finally he and the sailor also gave out, and for two days and nights the boat drifted in a calm sea without any effort to guide or propel her. A friendly current carried them inshore, or they would have all died in the boat.

A Novelty in Portieres.

An agreeable change in the conventional portiere is to have for a door that is not constantly used a set of hangings, consisting of two side curtains and a deep valance, the former hung upon rods, so that they may be opened, if need be, but which are for the most part kept closed. These should be of some heavy material, of which there is a wide choice, running up and down the scale of cost. Among the more expensive fabrics velvets or some one of the thick, plain-surfaced goods of the broadcloth order may be satifactorily used.—New York World.

The Cause of Warts.

Mechanical irritation of the papillae is thought by Schaal (Archiv fur Derm. u. Syph., Bd. XXXV., H. 2) to be the cause of warty growths. In his own person, spiculea of glass seemed to lead to increased formation of epidermic cells and the development of warts. The exposed surfaces being those on which warts habitually develop would lend weight to this theory. The delicate tissues of childhood also favor easy penetration of foreign bodies.

An Aged Codfish.

The goldfish is not as tender an animal as is imagined, for in handling and moving them from one pond to another they are dipped in nets and carried about in baskets, much like corn or potatoes. Sometimes they are out of the water thirty minutes, and seldom is it that they are injured. How long they will live depends altogether on their treatment. In the government aquarium at Washington is a gold fish that is known to be fifty years of age, and it is not perceptibly larger than when first placed there. There is said to be in the Royal Aquarium at Romo, Italy, a fish that is more than 100 years. Its color is the same, except a slight change with the seasons.—Indianapolis Journal.

Consolation.

Mrs. Westside—So your husband is troubled with insomnia? How terrible!

Mrs. Eastside—Oh, yes; still he says he has much to be thankful for.

Mrs. W.—Yes?

Mrs. E.—He often shudders when he thinks how fortunate it is that it's him instead of the twins.—Buffalo Times.

Men who loaf do not have as good a time as men who work.

A Clock that Talks.

A hotel keeper at Breslau, Germany, has invented a billiard controling clock which automatically registers the exact time a billiard table has been in use, without the possibility of an error. The apparatus consists of an ordinary clock and a small box attached just beneath and large enough to admit the balls. While the billiard balls remain in the box the clock is stopped; when taken out the clock is started and continues to run until they are replaced.

Recovered His Conscience.

Clerk—Sir, I've joined the church.

Grocer—Right glad to hear it; I've been a member for some years. It's a splendid thing, and—"

"Yes, sir; and will you get some other clerk to sell those pure spices now?"—Adams Freeman.

Great Bargain.

"You'll save half your money by buying one of these patterns," said the clerk at the bargain counter.

"Then I'll take two and save all my money," sweetly smiled the newly married shoppe.—Detroit Free Press.

W. N. U., Omaha—1—1897

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