

#### Forecasting the Weather.

Of all the scientific departments the weather bureau was started with the least amount of knowledge of its particular subject. Independent observers had gathered a small amount of disassociated facts and based conclusion as it suited them upon the facts. But meteorology was a very indefinite thing, strongly fibered with bad guesses, myths, traditions and theories. It was like the German grammar of which Mark Twain complained. For every page of rules there were forty pages of exceptions. When the weather bureau was started it was with little worth while. It had to map out a campaign of study, and there was no way of telling how long it might be before the study would permit of the laying down of rules. Every one knows that the bureau is far more efficient than it was. It is getting the hang of the weather, learning its multitudinous tricks, its coyness and treachery. It is in the nature of the case a slow affair.—Toledo Blade.

#### Not to Be Deceived.

"John," she asked after she had finished packing her trunk, "will you remember to water the flowers in the porch boxes every day?"

"Yes, dear. I'll see that they are properly moistened regularly."

"And the rubber plant in the dining room. You know it will have to be sprayed about three times a week."

"I'll remember it."

"I'm afraid you'll forget the canary and let the poor little thing starve."

"Don't worry about the bird, dear. I'll take good care of him."

"But I feel sure you'll forget about keeping the curtains drawn so that things won't all be faded out when I get back."

"Don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about the curtains. I'll keep the house as dark as a tunnel."

"John, I'm not going. You have some reason for being anxious to get rid of me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### The Druids.

The Druids were evidently of very great antiquity, for there cannot be much doubt that it was one of their customs that Virgil had in mind when he wrote in the "Aeneid," vi. 142, that the "only means of access for a living mortal to the world of spirits was the carrying of a golden twig which grew in a dark and thick grove." The resemblance of the story to the Druidical rite is perfect. The Druids practiced their rites in dark groves. If a mistletoe was discovered growing upon an oak a priest severed it with a knife, and a festival was held under the tree at which two milk white bulls were offered as a sacrifice. This was a sacrifice to the sun god, and the mistletoe, from its pale greenish yellow tint, was regarded as a kind of vegetable gold and was accordingly looked upon as being a fit offering to the sun.—New York American.

#### Catching Speed.

Two wild eyed horses, wearing dilapidated harness and drawing a battered delivery wagon, stopped at the stable door.

"Just had a runaway!" panted the driver.

"Then, for heaven's sake, don't put those horses in with the other horses that will soon go out on a trip," said the head hostler. "If you do they'll run away too. They always do. Before I learned as much about horses as I know now I brought on a dozen runaways by doing that fool trick. The horses that have just been on a spree are still worked up to fever pitch, the rest of the horses catch the spirit of the devil from them, and as soon as they get out they take a header."—New York Times.

#### Patience.

Patience is the most important factor in making a success of life. No great work was ever accomplished without a wholesome amount of this attribute practiced by the achiever.

#### Eager to Go.

"My good man, how did you happen to be thrown out of work?"

"I got out," replied Weary Wombat, with dignity. "I didn't hafter be thrown out."—Washington Herald.

#### Hope Deferred.

Singleton—I understand your mother-in-law is very rich. Does she enjoy good health? Henpeckke—Enjoy it? She positively gloats over it.—Exchange.

Conscience is harder than our enemies, knows more, accuses with more nicety.—George Elliot.

#### Deep Mourning.

The manager of the theater racked his brain in vain.

"We must do something," he repeated bitterly. "People will expect us to do something to show respect to the proprietor now that he is dead."

"Shall we close for the night of the funeral?" suggested the assistant stage manager.

"With this business? You're a fool, laddie, a fool. No; put the chorus in black stockings."

And it was even so.—Sporting Times.

#### A Virginia Dish.

In a baking dish place alternate layers of sliced apples and sliced boiled sweet potatoes, each layer sweetened and flavored with nutmeg. Add a lump of butter, pour over a little water and bake slowly until the top is nicely browned. Serve in dish in which it is baked.—National Magazine.

#### Friendly Candor.

"Is he a friend of yours?"  
"Well, he seems to think he is. He never meets me without feeling that it is his duty to tell me something that will leave me unhappy for the rest of the day."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Loyal.

"I have no patience with Dubbins. He sneers at Velasquez."

"Well, I don't care much for foreigners myself, but if Velasquez is a friend of yours I don't blame you for getting sore."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

#### Too Willing.

Tramp—Mister, would you give me a nickel for a meal? Pedestrian—For a glass of beer, more likely. Tramp—Whatever you says, boss; you're payin' for it.—Exchange.

#### Mislaid.

"I mislaid \$50 last night."  
"Hard lines! Can't you think where you put it?"  
"Yes. I put it on the wrong card."—Toledo Blade.

#### Two of a Kind.

Polite Neighbor—Everybody says your husband is such a wide awake man. Mrs. Jobbles. Mrs. Jobbles (with a sigh)—Yes, and the baby takes after him!

There is no utter failure in trying to do what is good.

#### The Retort Caustic.

Artist's Friend (patronizingly)—I think those thistles in your foreground are superbly realistic, old chap! 'Pon my word, they actually seem to be nodding in the breeze, don't you know? Ungrateful Artist—Yes. I have had one or two people tell me they would almost deceive an ass!

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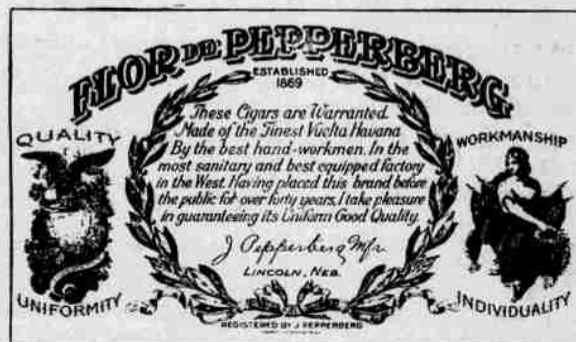
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