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THE LOVE THAT LASTS.

"I liked a sleigh-ride, too, she said.
Dear grandmother, whose face is fair,
Though five and seventy years have spread
Their silvery snows on her hair.
"I liked a sleigh-ride, too," said she
"And there was one I used to know,
Who liked full well to ride with me."
"But that was long ago,"
I said.
"Yes; that was long ago."
"And I was fond of moonlight walks,
We'd pass the willow through and through,
And have such friendly pleasant talks,
Such friendly pleasant talks,
My eyes were blue and his were brown;
My tongue was quick and his was slow;
I always laughed his logic down."
"But that was long ago,"
I said.
"Yes; long and long ago."
"My looks were few, in those old times;
But such a world of sweet delight!
And I remember writing rhymes,
And thinking I was born to write.
The foolish verses! Yet 'tis true,
They flowed as fountains upward flow,
Free as the wind—as empty, too."
"But that was long ago,"
I said.
"Ah! long, long, long ago."
"Yet, first and last and best of all,
I loved great Nature's royal grace;
The stars that glow, the storms that fall
Across the beauty of her face;
The ripened fruit, the whirling snow,
The fresh grass springing by the way."
"But that," I said, "was long ago."
"Nay, that was yesterday,"
She said.
"Today and yesterday,"
—Mury Anne Le Verre, in N. Y. Independent.

READING SIGNS IN THE SKY.

Clouds That Foretell Storms and Others That Promise Fair Weather—Battles That Are Fought by Misty Squadrons in the Sky.

It's easy enough to be a weather prophet. All you've got to do is to keep your eye on the sky, and it will be a very slow storm indeed that steals a march on you.

The speaker was a gentleman living on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, who has done a great deal of sky gazing, but who says he has no desire for a public reputation as a weather-wise man.

"Look out of the south window. Do you notice those long, narrow, misty-looking clouds in parallel rows that seem to be advancing upward from behind Staten Island with the precision and steadiness of a line of battle? They are the advance guard of an approaching storm. The barometer has not given the slightest sign, and it probably will not until that skirmish line has reached the zenith, which may take hours, and yet I am as certain that a storm is coming as though I saw the rain falling."

"Do you mean that you can foretell a storm by the clouds sooner than by a barometer?"

"Anybody can. These winter storms, especially, announce their approach sometimes two or three days in advance. Whenever you see those parallel stripes of clouds rising in the southwest and moving in ranks slowly across the sky, you may be sure that wet or snowy weather is at hand. Why should not the clouds foretell the weather? There cannot be a storm or any considerable change of weather without clouds, and there is almost as much difference perceptible in clouds as in faces, if people would but notice them closely."

"Do clouds always foretell storms?"

"No some clouds give assurance of fair weather. A very little practice will enable anybody to read this language of the clouds. It is more like studying a language than you would suppose. You know in Latin a change in the termination of a word changes its meaning. Just so a change in the form of clouds changes their meaning. It is no mere chance work, but a certain change always means the same thing. If 'cirri' turn into 'cirro-strati,' every meteorologist knows what that means just as well as the boy at the head of the Latin class knows the difference between 'Hie' and 'Huius'."

"Then clouds are not all of one kind?"

"By no means. About eighty years ago Luke Howard, an English Quaker, whose business required him to take long walks in the open air, completed a classification of clouds that has ever since been in general use. One of the most wonderful phenomena ever witnessed in the sky led Howard to study the clouds. This was in the great dry fog of 1783, that overspread the whole of Europe and part of Asia and America, reaching to the summits of the Alps, and lasting from one to three months, according to the locality. The greatest terror prevailed and the end of the world was thought to be at hand."

Howard noticed that there are three principal kinds of clouds, which he called cirrus, cumulus and stratus. Anybody can see the difference between these clouds at a glance. The cirrus is the highest of all the clouds. You must have often seen it in the form of white filaments, sometimes called 'mares' tails' and 'cats' tails.' Stretched across the blue sky like delicate lace work, it is very beautiful. Travelers say that on the summit of lofty mountain peaks, from which they could look down upon the heavier clouds, they have seen these wispy cirri floating overhead, apparently as far away as when seen from the earth. In calm summer evenings, long after sundown, these clouds may be seen reflecting the most delicate tints of color from the last rays of sunlight that illuminate the higher regions of the atmosphere.

The cirri are composed of little crystals of ice. These clouds and their derivatives cause the halos that are sometimes seen about the sun and moon. It was probably cirro-strati that caused the great display of moon-dogs and circles the other day at Den-

ver. Cirrus clouds indicate both storms and clear weather, according to their appearance. If they appear in their most delicate forms after stormy weather, they are a sign that a period of settled weather is at hand. When they show themselves in parallel streaks after fair weather has lasted for some time, they are the first indication of approaching change. Cirri, when greatly tangled and knotted, show stormy weather close at hand. If their borders grow faint and indistinct, there is rain coming.

Cumulus clouds are characteristic of summer. The farmers call them thunder heads when they poke their smooth, white, rounded summits, glittering in the sun like silver, above the horizon. In that form they are the forerunners of local thunder storms. These mountainous-looking clouds sometimes actually exceed the greatest peaks of the Andes or Himalayas in size. When cumulus clouds appear in a warm, pleasant day, not very large, distinct though soft in outline, and resembling cotton balls, they indicate continued fair, dry weather. On the other hand, when they grow larger, darker and more formidable-looking they foretell storms. Just before a rain they sometimes seem to throw off little fleecy clouds around their edges. Goethe, the great German poet, who was fond of studying the clouds, said that as long as cumuli have sharply defined borders and a white color a continuance of good weather may be expected. Cumulus clouds often form soon after sunrise and temper the heat of a midsummer day.

If they gradually disappear toward evening the weather will remain serene, but if as the sun goes down they grow darker and more numerous, then look out for rain. The cumuli are the capitals, or condensed summits, of invisible columns of vapor rising from the earth. They do not attain nearly so great a height as the cirri. Cumuli are generally from half a mile to two miles high. Cirri vary in height from two or three miles to six or eight.

The stratus is most common at night and in winter. Those long ranks of clouds that I pointed out to you in the southwest, and which show a coming northeast storm, are a variety of stratus. They always appear in the form of stripes or broad, low curtains, covering more or less of the sky. The night stratus is formed of mists from swamps, rivers and moist ground. It generally rises and changes into small cumuli on summer mornings. The other kind of stratus, appearing at considerable heights in the fall, winter and early spring, is, as I have said, an invariable forerunner of stormy weather.

These three kinds of clouds do not always appear in their simple forms. They are frequently mingled together, and four varieties of these derivative clouds have been distinguished. The cirro-cumulus consists of little roundish white clouds, floating at a high elevation, and often resembling a flock of sheep resting upon the blue background of the sky. In winter these clouds frequently appear before a thaw. Between summer showers they accompany increased heat. They are common in dry weather.

The cirro-stratus commonly appears in shoals resembling fish in shape. Its popular name is the 'mackerel sky.' It is almost a sure indication of approaching stormy weather. When it settles down into a thin veil, covering the sky, and making the sun and moon look dim, it is certain to be followed by snow or rain. You will see it in that form following those streaks that are now rising in the southwest and covering the sky before the storm comes.

Did you ever see a battle in the clouds? The cirro-cumuli and cirro-strati are natural enemies. The first-named is a fair weather and the last a foul-weather cloud. When they meet, as they sometimes do after a summer storm has partially cleared, there is war in the sky. The cloudy squadrons encounter in mid-heaven to settle the question whether sunshine or storm shall prevail. If the cirro-cumuli succeed the weather will clear; if the cirro-strati are victorious, there will be more foul weather. It is a war of destruction, and the battle usually ends by the total disappearance of one or the other of the two kinds of cloud, all assuming the form of the successful party.

Cumulo-stratus is the grandest of all clouds, and so it is the appropriate forerunner of great storms. If you ever happened to go up the Hudson when a thunder storm was gathering in the Catskills you must have seen this cloud dropping on the mountain tops and hiding the great peaks like a vast curtain. Whenever you see these clouds looming up you may be sure that a violent change in the atmosphere is close at hand. The cumulo-stratus consists of a layer or foundation of dark-colored stratus cloud nearest the earth, surmounted by bulky piles of very dense cumulus, not white and smooth like the fair-weather cumulus, but rough, dark and threatening.

One of the grandest sights in the world is the majestic march of the cumulo-stratus clouds across a hilly country district in advance of a violent storm. Animals, as well as men, are intimidated by the fearful appearance of the heavens, and show their fear by trembling and hurrying to places of shelter. These clouds commonly make their appearance first in the northwest, rising black and threatening above the horizon. Soon the rumbling of heavy thunder is heard, and as the clouds approach the zenith, blotting out the sun, fitful gusts of wind arise, followed by periods of oppressive calm. Sometimes a whirling motion is seen in the clouds. Then look out! If a black funnel seems to drop from the cloud to the earth, it is a tornado, and nobody can tell what damage it may do. The cumulo-strati foretell a storm several hours in ad-

vance. The longer they linger near the horizon the more violent the storm is apt to be.

The last class, or rather sub-class, of clouds is the nimbus, or black rain cloud, which spreads over the heavens just as the storm begins. It is made up of a mixture of all the other kinds, and appears in every storm, but is seen in its most characteristic form in a thunder storm. Sometimes it approaches within a few hundred feet of the earth, and at other times it is 2,000 or 3,000 feet high. While it always appears black or gray from beneath, it is, in fact, surmounted by a snowy-white cap of cirrus or cumulus. I have sometimes, in the hills of Central New York, seen from an elevated station the passage of a storm through a distant valley. The glittering upper surface of the clouds then preserve a beautiful appearance, while underneath they are dark and forbidding, and the pouring rain hides the landscape.

On account of the mixing together of the various classes of clouds, it is sometimes difficult to accurately distinguish them apart. A little practice, however, will enable any observant person to detect the prevailing characteristics. Indications vary slightly for different localities, and some knowledge of local peculiarities is therefore necessary. Any one who watches the clouds can form many weather rules for himself that he will find at least as trustworthy as the predictions of Old Probabilities."—N. Y. Sun.

Keeping the Patient Quiet.

"He seems to be much worse today," said the doctor, as he contemplated the patient. "Did you keep him perfectly quiet, as I directed, nurse?"

"Sakes a massy! of course I did," replied the nurse. "Goodness gracious! he hasn't moved all night."

"Anything going on in the house to disturb him?"

"My sakes, of course not. They had a little dancing party in the parlor, and a fight up-stairs, and some burglars got into the basement, and the servant girl set fire to her bed, and the fat boarder fell down the second flight, and the man in the next room kicked his wife, and the water-pipe busted on the floor below, and the gentleman in the back parlor gave a little supper, and there was some music in the third story, and the cats got out upon the back fence, and the little girl up the third pair died in the night, but he never moved. Bless your heart, he was the quietest man you ever saw!"

"Quite right; quite right; did you give him the pills?"

"My gracious! I forgot the pills, but I gave him all the powders, eight sedlitz powders, four Dover powders, and all the quinine powders and the mixtures, three of 'em, and all but the pills."

"Just so. Did you change the bandages on his head?"

"It wasn't any use. He wouldn't keep 'em on. You never saw anything like him. I put four pillows on his head, and he kept still as mice after that."

"I see. Was he delirious during the night?"

"Oh! wasn't he? but he hasn't hollered much for two hours. He's been pretty quiet since he fell out of bed. Before that he was restless."

"Of course, naturally. Any of his friends been to see him?"

"There were ten or a dozen here all night, playing cards and enjoying themselves. But he paid no attention to them."

"I suppose not. Hasn't asked for anything, has he?"

"Not for a long time. He's doing well, isn't he, doctor?"

"Yes, yes, as well as could be expected. As near as I can judge, he has been dead about twelve hours. You needn't continue the medicines. Just keep him quiet, and don't let anybody talk to him. What he wants now is rest."

And the doctor certified to the reliability of the nurse, and departed.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

He Lived There.

"Are you the Tax Collector for this ward?" he asked, as they rode together on the platform of the car.

"No."

"Assessor?"

"No."

"Waterworks man?"

"No."

"Anything to do with the census?"

"Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?"

"Why, I saw you coming out of a house on Sprout street the other day with two chairs, a broom and an ottoman flying after you, and I said to myself that you were an official or agent of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman."

"No, I'm no official or agent," replied the man, in a lonesome voice; "I live there, and that woman was my wife. Savey?"

"You bet!" was the sympathetic response, and they crept closer together and took a chew out of the same box.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Private letters state that there was a scene recently at the meeting of the Privy Council at Windsor. The Queen said she would not give up Candahar, and Sir W. Vernon Harcourt very quietly pointed out that her Majesty must do what her constitutional advisers required her to do. Whereupon her Majesty began to cry, and declared that, like Mrs. Gummidge, she was a "lone, lorn creature, now." "She's a thinking of the old 'un," thought Sir William. "She'll be better presently." And she was better directly, apologized with dignity and feeling for her momentary weakness, and went on with business as though nothing had happened.

The Squirrel a Bold Leaper.

One reason, doubtless, why squirrels are so bold and reckless in leaping through the trees is that if they miss their hold the fall will not hurt them. Every species of tree-squirrel seems to be capable of a sort of rudimentary flying—at least of making itself into a parachute, so as to ease or break a fall or a leap from a great height. The so-called flying-squirrel does this the most perfectly. It opens its furry vestments, leaps into the air, and sails down the steep incline from the top of one tree to the foot of the next as lightly as a bird. But other squirrels know the same trick, only their coat-skirts are not so broad. One day my dog treed a red squirrel in a tall hickory that stood in a meadow on the side of a steep hill. To see what the squirrel would do when closely pressed, I climbed the tree. As I drew near he took refuge in the topmost branch, and then, as I came on, he boldly leaped into the air, spread himself out upon it, and, with a quick, tremulous motion of his tail and legs, descended quite slowly and landed upon the ground thirty feet below me, apparently none the worse for the leap. For he ran with great speed and escaped the dog in another tree.

A recent American traveler in Mexico gives a still more striking instance of this power of squirrels partially to neutralize the force of gravity when leaping or falling through the air. Some boys had caught a Mexican black squirrel nearly as large as a cat. It had escaped from them once, and, when pursued, had taken a leap of sixty feet from the top of a pine tree down upon the roof of a house without injury. This feat had led the grandmother of one of the boys to declare that the squirrel was bewitched, and the boys proposed to put the matter to further test by throwing the squirrel down a precipice six hundred feet high. Our traveler interfered, to see that the squirrel had fair play. The prisoner was conveyed in a pillow-slip to the edge of the cliff and the slip opened, so that he might have his choice whether to remain a captive or to take the leap. He looked down the awful abyss and then back and sideways—his eyes glistening, his form crouching. Seeing no escape in any other direction, "he took a flying leap into space and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle-dog, but quicker and quicker, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan. A rabbit of the same weight would have made the trip in about twelve seconds; the squirrel protracted it for more than half a minute," and "landed on a ledge of limestone, where we could see him plainly squat on his hind legs and smooth his ruffled plumage, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a good drink and scampered away into the willow thicket."

The story at first blush seems incredible, but I have no doubt our red squirrel would have made the leap safely; then why not the great black squirrel, since its parachute would be proportionately larger?

The tails of the squirrels are broad and long and flat, not short and small like those of gophers, chipmunks, weasels, and other ground rodents, and when they leap or fall through the air the tail is arched and rapidly vibrates. A squirrel's tail, therefore, is something more than ornament, something more than a flag; it not only aids him in flying, but it serves as a cloak, which he wraps about him when he sleeps. Thus some animals put their tails to various uses, while others seem to have no use for them whatever. What use for a tail has a wood-chuck, or a weasel, or a mouse? Has not the mouse yet learned that it could get in its hole sooner if it had no tail? The mole and the meadow-mouse have very short tails. Rats, no doubt, put their tails to various uses. The rabbit has no use for a tail—it would be in its way; while its manner of sleeping is such that it does not need a tail to tuck itself up with, as do the coon and the fox. The dog talks with his tail; the tail of the 'possum is prehensile; the porcupine uses his tail in climbing and for defense, the beaver as a tool or trowel; while the tail of the skunk serves as a screen behind which it masks its terrible battery.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner's.*

Paris and Its Filth.

The sewers of Paris discharge 262,646 cubic meters of liquid matter every twenty-four hours. It is estimated that the quantity discharged will be increased before many years to 300,000 cubic meters daily. Each cubic meter of liquid contains two and a half kilograms of solid matter, of which one kilogramme and a half is merely in suspension. This stuff, flowing into the Seine, causes an accumulation of 116,000 cubic meters of mud in a year at the mouths of the conduits, and makes necessary for its removal an annual expenditure of nearly 200,000 francs. Even this sum is not adequate for the purpose. Far from securing the removal of the obstruction, it is not even sufficient to prevent a continued accumulation, and the muddy deposits are constantly extending farther down the river, and at the same time becoming thicker. Since 1875 they have become about a yard thick, and occupy nearly a quarter of the bed of the river from Asnières to beyond Chatou. The Seine has, moreover, been made foul, and its waters have become unfit for domestic use, poisonous to fishes and a source of fetid emanations.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The cotton-spinning companies of Oldham, England, have resolved to make Garston a cotton-receiving port, instead of Liverpool, and two cargoes have already been disembarked at the former port.

An Awful Scene.

I have the same old, old story to tell. My conduct has been such again—at any rate, that's what father says; and I've had to go up stairs with him, and I needn't explain what that means. It seems very hard, for I'd try to do my very best, and I'd heard Sue say: "That boy hasn't misbehaved for two days; good gracious I wonder what can be the matter with him." There's a fatal litty about it, I'm sure. Poor father! I must give him an awful lot of trouble, and I know he's had to get two new bamboo canes this winter just because I've done so wrong, though I never meant to do it.

It happened on account of coasting. We've got a magnificent hill. The road runs straight down the middle of it, and all you have to do is to keep on the road. There's a fence on one side, and if you run into it, something has got to break. John Kruger, who is a stupid sort of a fellow, ran into it last week head first, and smashed three pickets, and everybody said it was a mercy he hit it with his head, or he might have broken some of his bones, and hurt himself. There isn't any fence on the other side, but if you run off the road on that side, you'll go down the side of a hill that's steeper than the roof of the Episcopal Church, and about a mile long, with a brook full of stones down at the bottom.

The other night Mr. Travers said—But I forgot to say that Mr. Martin is back again, and coming to our house worse than ever. He was there, and Mr. Travers and Sue, all sitting in the parlor, where I was behaving, and trying to make things pleasant, when Mr. Travers said, "It's a bright moonlight night let's all go out and coast." Sue said, "O that would be lovely Jimmy get your sled." I didn't encourage them, and I told father so, but he wouldn't admit that Mr. Travers or Sue or Mr. Martin or anybody could do anything wrong. What I said was, "I don't want to go coasting. It's cold and I don't feel very well, and I think we ought all to go to bed early so we can wake up real sweet and good-tempered." But Sue just said, "Don't you preach Jimmy if you're lazy just say so and Mr. Travers will take us out." Then Mr. Martin he must put in and say, "Perhaps the boys afraid don't tease him he ought to be in bed anyhow." Now I wasn't going to stand this, so I said, "Come on. I wanted to go all the time, but I thought it would be best for old people to stay at home, and that's why I didn't encourage you." So I got out my double-ripper, and we all went out on the hill and started down.

I sat in front to steer, and Sue sat right behind me, and Mr. Travers sat behind her to hold her on, and Mr. Martin sat behind him. We went splendidly, only the dry snow flew so that I couldn't see anything, and that's why we got off the road and on to the side hill before I knew it.

The hill was just one glare of ice, and the minute we struck the ice the sled started away like a hurricane. I had just time to hear Mr. Martin say, "Boy mind what you're about or I'll get off," when she struck something—I don't know what—and everybody was pitched into the air, and began sliding on the ice without anything to help them, except me. I caught on a bare piece of rock, and stopped myself. I could see Sue sitting up straight, and sliding like a streak of lightning, and crying, "Jimmy father Charles Mr. Martin O my help me." Mr. Travers was on his stomach, about a rod behind her, and gaining a little on her, and Mr. Martin was on his back, coming down head first, and beating them both. All of a sudden he began to go to pieces. Part of him would slide off one way, and then another part would try its luck by itself. I can tell you it was an awful and surreptitious sight. They all reached the bottom after a while, and when I saw they were not killed, I tried it myself, and landed all right. Sue was sitting still, and mourning, and saying, "My goodness gracious I shall never be able to walk again. My comb is broken and that boy isn't fit to live." Mr. Travers wasn't hurt very much, and he fixed himself all right with some pins I gave him, and his handkerchief; but his overcoat looked as if he'd stolen it from a scare-crow. When he had comforted Sue a little (and I must say some people are perfectly sickening the way they go on), he and I collected Mr. Martin—all except his teeth—and helped put him together, only I got his cork-leg on wrong side first, and then we helped him home.

This was why father said that my conduct was such, and that his friend Martin didn't seem to be able to come into his house without being insulted and injured by me. I never insulted him. It isn't my fault if he can't slide down a hill without coming apart. However, I've had my last suffering on account of him. The next time he comes apart where I am, I shall not wait to be punished for it, but shall start straight for the North Pole, and if I discover it the British Government will pay me morna-million dollars. I'm able to sit down this morning, but my spirits are crushed, and I shall never enjoy life any more.—"Jimmy Brown," in Harper's Young People.

—There are in the Cabinet three mustache, two pairs side-whiskers, one mustache with whiskers, and one goatee. No face is completely bare, and there is no bald-headed man in the group.

—By a strict enforcement of a new and rigorous law against opium dealing and smoking, Idaho is confident of her ability to crush the growing vice.