

FROM THE CLOUDS.

WEATHER SHARPS WILL STUDY STORMS FROM BALLOONS.

Combination Kite and Air-Ship—Prof Moore Hopes to Be Able to Make Charts of the Air from Two or Three Miles High.



Forecasting great storms by means of balloons is the latest scheme of science to enable the weather bureau to make its promises good.

Prof. W. L. Moore, the new chief of the bureau, will have the experiments in charge. To a correspondent he said: "We know that a thunder storm has its inception away in the upper regions, and begins there sometimes before we feel it here, and we know how to predict it, but as to the great storms of five hundred or a thousand miles in diameter, the main forces that cause them may begin to operate there a long time before we feel them down here. Our high-air explorations are going to be for the purpose of clearing up that much mooted question, and determining whether these great storms originate there, and to determine also whether or not we can see the very inception of the storm by this upper-air route and foretell its coming some three days before it arrives.

"Our experiments will be along a line that has heretofore been considered impracticable, because there have been no balloons created up to the present time that will carry our instruments up to the height we want to go. We propose to go somewhere between three and five miles, and we cannot use the balloons or kites as they are now constructed for the reason that when made captive they will not remain for a sufficient length of time in the air, but will fall to the earth.

"But I have some ideas by which I think we can erect an air-ship—a sort of combination between a balloon and a kite, combining the principles of both—that will not only carry our instruments to the height we desire, but which will remain there for a sufficient length of time, although made captive.

"We will have to have something that will be forced up into the air the same as a kite is, and yet a kite will not answer the purpose, for it is a hard thing to force a kite into the air much over 1,500 feet. In this air-ship, or whatever it may be called, we will place our instruments, which will be automatic. We have yet to perfect some of the instruments, although I am quite sure it will be simple enough, and the outcome promises to be fruitful enough to pay us to make the effort. Our object will be to improve the manner of making the predictions, so that a greater accuracy can be obtained.

"In the last twenty-five years we have been able to almost reach the acme of forecasting, as can be seen from our forecasts. We can even make better forecasts with our forces at work in the air. If we are able to reach the upper air regions—we can now make charts to show the condition of the atmosphere at the earth's surface—we can make charts to show the condition of the air at some place two or three miles high. If the experiments appear to be of no value, we will drop them and stop the expense.

"I do not know that we will be able to forecast by that means, and I am not sanguine, but we will strive to do so. I am now simply working in that direction. There is always a great deal of most valuable property lost by storms of great magnitude, and if we are able to foretell such a storm two or three days in advance of its coming, it will give the people ample time to prepare for it. If we can find a way by which we will be able to read the air in the upper regions, we can forecast such storms."

Domestic Life of the First Consul.

Much of the same policy was still displayed in the official receptions held in the Tuilleries. In the first place, the domestic life of the Bonapartes was carefully accented by the presence of the first consul's wife and sisters with their families. No mistresses were ever allowed to flaunt themselves in public under either the consulate or the empire. The same standards of conjugal fidelity were to be supposed valid in the first family of the land as in those of the masses. Then, too, there was displayed a genial familiarity, sometimes even brusque and rude, like that prevalent among the middle class—the good-fellowship which they admired above every other quality. Of course, there must be ceremonial, and on high occasions the great officers of state with the diplomatic corps were arrayed in a circle, like that ceremony in courts from immemorial times. But these latter personages, grand as they were, had to put up with much the same treatment from the first consul while making his rounds as that which his relatives, his state and military officials, and the plain people of France generally received at his hands.

Real Excitement.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in the west."
"I have indeed."
"Buffalo hunting—"
"Sure."
"And bear hunting—"
"Of course."
"Well, you just come around and let my wife take you house-hunting and bargain-hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what excitement is."
—Washington Star.

CARDINAL VIRTUES.

They Are Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance.

"Be thou vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry. Be sober." II. Tim. iv., 8. These cardinal virtues of Christianity are the characteristics of the true faith, and the source of all other virtues. The epistles of St. Paul are full of warning against the evils that surround us, as well as of admonition to practice justice, not only in dealing with our neighbors, but toward God and even toward ourselves, likewise they are teeming with words of encouragement to combat bravely all trials for the love of God, as also to be temperate in all things. By acquiring the virtue of prudence we are enabled to discern the evils of the world, to know God and to practice the duties of a Christian life. Justice enables us to "render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's," to act conscientiously toward our neighbors in all things, and "to God the things that belong to God," doing His will and in all things seeking His glory. Fortitude strengthens and encourages us in the path of Christian virtue, besides giving us strength to resist temptation, and to bear bravely all trials for the love of God. Temperance is an essential virtue, and by faithfully preserving it we are strengthened in life and blessed with many spiritual graces. "He that is abstinent, saith the wise man, shall increase in life." A practical Christian will not be satisfied with merely fulfilling the law of God, by discharging the duties required of him, but he will likewise endeavor to strengthen his faith by the practice of such virtues as will increase his sanctity and promote God's glory, in fact, it is as much a duty to emulate all true virtue as to profess our faith, inasmuch as "Faith without good works availeth nothing." Besides it is eminently meritorious, for by so doing we not only draw down great blessings on ourselves in this life, but we thereby store up rich treasures in Heaven, which will greatly increase our inheritance, toward which we are looking forward.—Francis S. Mitchell.

Father's Domestic Headship.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in November Ladies' Home Journal writes concerning "The Father's Domestic Headship." While, perforce of ordinary circumstances, the father's duties will hold him considerably apart from the contacts of home life, yet whatever successes he may achieve outside will not atone for any failure on his part to regard his home as the prime sphere of his obligation and the point around which his devotions will cluster in distinguished earnestness and constancy. Whatever he may have achieved in his art, trade, profession or other engagement, the man who stands at the head of a household has been in the broad sense of the term a failure if he has not been a true husband and a wise, strong and devoted father. It cannot be a successful home where the mother looks after the children and the father looks after his business. The most productive services rendered are always personal, and any amount of exertion expended outside in providing for the necessities of the home will not take the place of that tutitional ministry which comes only by the direct and continuous contact of father with child. However complete a woman may be as mother, there are qualities of character which the father will communicate to his children that the mother will be less able to do as well as less intended to do.

Only a Barber.

Philadelphia has a barber, with a considerable business, who has not spoken a word to a customer in ten years past, and he is neither deaf nor dumb. He shaves the prisoners in Moyamensing prison, and one stipulation in his contract is that he shall not speak to the prisoners or hold communication with them in any way. He is not even to ask whether the razor hurts.

CASUALLY OBSERVED.

Non-producers are the harshest critics.

Your weakness is the sum of your appetite.

Habit is not merely a hard master, but also a vigilant guardian.

People who think demand idealism; those who see want realism.

There are days when each of us is unable to see good in anything, and on those days, so far as is possible, we should abstain from passing judgment.

The bicycle is another of nature's safeguards against the human tendency toward excessive culture of the head and stomach at the expense of the legs.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Look out for rain if sea birds fly towards land and birds fly towards sea.

Partridges drum only in the fall when a mild and open winter follows.

Blackbirds flocking together in the fall indicate a cold spell of weather.

Rain from the south prevents the drought, but rain from the west is always best.

Chipmunks that disappear early are sure signs of cold and extremely ugly weather.

When the leaves of the trees curl, with the wind from the south, it indicates rain.

When the birds and badgers are fat in October, a very cold winter may be looked for.

An unusually clear atmosphere when distant objects may be easily seen means rain.

If the crow flies south cold weather will follow; if north, a warm spell may be expected.

Turkeys perching on trees and refusing to descend indicate that snow will shortly fall.

VERY SAD.

Royal Brothers Who Played a Tragical End.

New York World: There is something particularly sad about the news that a villa has been leased in Nice for the use of the Russian czarowitz during the coming winter. For if he lives to make a trip to the south of France it is well nigh certain that he will return thence a corpse, in the same way as that other czarowitz, the elder brother of Alexander III., who was likewise taken to Nice only to die. By a strange coincidence both czarowitzes will have succumbed to the same malady—consumption, produced by the same cause—namely, a blow in the chest inflicted during a rough and tumble play by a brother.

In the case of the Czarowitz Nicholas, the blow was struck by his younger brother, Alexander, who not only took his place as heir to the throne, but also married his betrothed, the now widowed czarina; while in the case of Czarowitz George, the blow was delivered by the present czar and not, as has been stated, by that young Anak, Prince George of Greece. Only a few months have elapsed since another Russian grand duke, Alexis by name, the 21-year-old son of old Grand Duke Michael, breathed his last at Nice, a victim of consumption, and the consort of Alexander II. likewise succumbed at Nice to the same fell disease, which had been permitted to progress beyond all remedy owing to her absolute refusal on the score of prudery to permit the physicians to examine her chest and back. When Dr. Botkine, the father of the young diplomat, recently secretary of the Russian legation at Washington, finally induced her to submit to a proper examination, it was already too late to do anything else than merely retard the fatal issue.

MYSTERY IS SOLVED.

Now It Has Been Ascertained "Who Struck Billy Patterson."

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin: A slang phrase of some forty-five or fifty years ago was embodied in the question of "Who struck Billy Patterson?" This was for a long time a famous phrase in America. It was used on almost every occasion, and on no occasion but was accepted as something funny. The origin of this phrase is known, and it is as follows: About fifty years ago in one of our medical colleges (probably in New York state) the students had a trick of hazing every new man who entered the institution—nothing new in college life, however. They would tie the man's hands and feet, and carry him before a mock tribunal, and there try him for some high crime with which they charged him. He would be convicted, of course, and sentenced to be led to the block and decapitated. A student named William Patterson came along in time and was put through the court and sentenced in the same solemn and impressive manner. He was blindfolded and led to the block and his neck placed in position. The executioner swung his axe and buried it into the block, allowing it, to be sure, to go nowhere near Patterson's head. The students laughed when the trick was at an end, but Patterson was dead. He had died from what medical men call "shock." All the students concerned in the hazing were put under arrest, and the question on the matter of supposed assault came up: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" On the trial it was shown that nobody struck him, but the medical students retained the impression, and it soon took its pace as a slang phrase, and held it, too, for a long long time.

Lowell's Greatest Defect.

In the same year, 1848, he sent forth also "The Vision of Sir Launfal," his first attempt at telling a story in verse. Perhaps it is the best of all his serious poems—loftiest in conception and most careful in execution. His habit then, as always, was to brood over the subject he wished to treat in verse, to fill himself with it, and finally to write it out at a single sitting if possible. He rarely rewrote, and his verse lacked finish and polish, though it never wanted force. It was at this time that he told Longfellow he meant to give up poetry because he could "not write slowly enough." His poetry also suffered from another failure of his. He was not content to set forth beauty only, and to let the reader discover a moral for himself. Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell all insisted too much at times on the lesson of the song. And Lowell knew his own defect, and wrote later in life, "I shall never be a poet till I get out of the pulpit, and New England was all meeting-house when I was growing up."—James Russell Lowell, by Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

The Healthiness of Yawning.

A celebrated Belgian physician says that yawning is an exceedingly healthy function generally, besides having a very salutary effect in complaints of the pharynx and eustachian tubes. According to the results of late investigations, yawning is the most natural form of respiratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory muscles of the chest and neck. It is recommended that every person should have a good yawn with stretching of the limbs, morning and evening, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the muscles of respiration. An eminent authority claims that this form of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and ear troubles, and says that patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived great benefit from it. He makes his patients yawn either by suggestion, imitation, or by a series of full breaths with the lips partly closed. The yawning is repeated six or eight times, and should be followed by swallowing. By this means the air and mucus in the eustachian tubes are aspirated.

HE SAVED THE WOODS.

PATHETIC STORY OF BILL SMITH'S LIFE.

His Beard Was Eight Feet Long—His Wife Died Forty Years Ago and Then His Heart Sank—Dogs Were Companions.



It is announced by telegraph from Saranac Lake, Bill Smith, the hermit of the North Woods, died a few days ago, and his body was found dressed in his regular mountain costume on his bed. Smith was a remarkable man, and the story of his life is an interesting one. From his early manhood, covering a period of nearly half a century, he had lived alone in one of the wildest and most desolate sections of the Adirondack wilderness. In his earlier years, Smith was a prepossessing fellow, madly devoted to his wife and children, and not afraid of work. But in later days he had become isolated from the world, was extremely careless in dress and habits, and for years looked more like a wild animal than a human being. Smith's parents removed from Ver-



BILL SMITH.

mont to the North Woods when he was a little boy. He grew up without seeing a school-house or a church, and at twenty was married to the daughter of a guide who lived several miles distant. This girl Smith saw but a dozen times before he proposed to her, and she was taken to the home of Smith's parents. But the mother-in-law made trouble, and the newly-wedded pair were invited to seek other quarters.

Smith used to say, "Liz was a good girl and a noble wife, but just as soon as mother thought Liz wanted to run the whole Oregon plains, there was trouble."

With a dollar and a half Smith bought a piece of land farther back in the woods, cut away some of the timber and erected a log cabin that sheltered him from the cold blasts of forty-five Northern winters. He hunted, and trapped, and fished, and was happy. And he was still happier when a boy and two girls arrived, to bring sunshine into the home. But the happiness did not last, for within six years the young wife died, and the children were sent away to friends.

Then Bill Smith determined to spend the remainder of his days alone, except for the company of his dogs. "My dogs are the most faithful friends I have," he used to say in recent years; "they are always with me, and have never deserted me, though my children have long since turned up their noses at the old man and don't care whether he is alive or dead."

After his wife's death, the hermit learned to read, and each day he spent several hours studying the Bible. "Yes," he would say, "I believe in God, but I don't believe in all this



BILL SMITH'S CABIN.

church business, and all this loud talking to the Lord. I don't see any place in the Bible where it says you must holler because the Lord is deaf."

Smith was a giant as well as a hermit, standing six feet six inches, and weighing about 275 pounds. He was as straight as an arrow and was a fine specimen of physical manhood. But his most remarkable features were his hair and beard, the former growing to a length of over eight feet and the latter reaching nearly to his waist. As he never devoted any time to arranging his toilet, his appearance may better be imagined than described.

He could not account for this extraordinary growth, and liked to attribute it to his splendid health. "For you see," he used to say, "Bill was never sick but once in his life, and that was nothing more than a scare, and I guess maybe he's good till he reaches 100."

Every one who saw Bill was interested in his great beard, and the question, "How did you come to let it grow?" was asked him many times. To this he would reply: "Oh, you see, one of the fellows of the road used to do my barbering. He didn't charge me anything, but I used to return the favor one way or tober. But one day he said: 'Look here, Smith, cut your own

whiskers or let 'em grow.' And so I just turned on my heel and did let 'em grow, and the Lord only knows how long they'll keep on."

For twenty years after the death of his wife Smith did not want to see a human face, and he was rarely troubled. But of late years he would talk for hours at a time with a visitor. He cooked his own meals, washed and mended his own clothes, and earned his livelihood by hunting in the dense woods that surrounded his cabin. On a little patch of cleared land near by he raised enough potatoes, corn and other vegetables to supply him the year around.

Smith was very fond of tobacco and attempted to raise it, but without success. He smoked almost constantly, and chewed a great deal, but he drank liquor only as an occasional visitor would offer it to him, and then very sparingly.

"Have I ever been to town? Oh, yes, but I don't like it, and never could make myself feel to home. Was at Bloomdale twice, and Vermontville half a dozen times, I guess, but there's too much noise and hurry to suit Bill."

He did not want to be called "Billie," because, as he used to say, "My wife used that name, and now that she is gone I won't allow any one else to use it." After such a speech the old hermit's eyes would fill with tears, and he would put fondly one of the ugly dogs that clung to him.

Smith was buried, in accordance with his well known wish, on a little hill about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, and a wooden cross made by himself was placed to mark his grave. He owed no one at the time of his death, and there was not a cent due from any source.

FAIR MEN STAND HEAT.

Natives of Colder Countries Endure Madagascar Heat Better.

Indianapolis Sentinel: The curious fact is reported from the French forces in Madagascar that the column which made the forced march that captured the capital was composed entirely of fair men who came from the colder climates. The dark men melted away in the ambulances. The French government proposes to send a scientific expedition to Madagascar. It will contain sixteen members, two geologists, two doctors, two mining engineers, botanists, surveyors, ethnographers, and so on. The flora and fauna, tribes, climates and dialects of the island will come within the scope of the mission.

England's Fear of Invasion.

The second preparation for war was the well known, yet curious and much discussed equipment of an expedition to invade England. It is a commonplace of history that British empire has ever been bound up with the separation of the kingdom from the continent of Europe by a narrow but stormy estuary. There had, of course, been repeated invasions and successful invasions of our soil from the days of the Anglo-Saxons themselves down to the expedition of William of Orange, but growing wealth had furnished ever increasing means of resistance in the superb armaments which under England's flag made access to her shores so much more difficult with every year that finally, after the Seven Years' War, it came to be regarded by her enemies as impossible. On the other hand, the people themselves are to this day skeptical, and fell into periodic panics on the question. Some clever fiction, like the "Battle of Dorking," or a revival of the project for a tunnel under the channel can awaken such visions of invasion as to insure the passage of any grant for strengthening the navy. This singular distrust was well known to the French.

An Empty Sentiment.

"I wish," said the man who indulges promiscuously in sentiment, "that I could be a boy again."
"And have to do your daily duties whether you felt like it or not?" inquired his practical friend.
"Ye-yes."

"And have to ask permission every time you go out at night?"
"Of course. Think of the freedom from responsibility; the—"

"Do you think you'd enjoy being told to your face that you should be told and not heard?"

"No, I can't say that I would."
"Or being licked every time you were caught in a prevarication and compelled to go to bed because somebody else thinks you are sleepy?"

"Of course not. I—er—you see—it doesn't do to take anything in this life too literally. I was quoting poetry, you know."—Washington Star.

The Latest Folly.

Two Parisians, accompanied by the wife of one of them, intend to try to go round the world with a big wheelbarrow. They are to start from the Place de la Concorde, and says a correspondent, each will take a turn at the machine en route. They first wheel to Switzerland, then to Italy, Turkey, Persia and China—that is to say, if nothing unusual happens to prevent them from covering all this extensive ground. At Canton they embark for San Francisco, and after having wheeled their barrow as far as Buenos Ayres, will there take passage on board a liner for Havre. These enthusiasts seem to think that the programme that they have mapped out for themselves comprises no difficulties, and talk of their wheelbarrow trip as if it were easy of execution.

Killed by a Pumpkin.

Jack Grisby, of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, was engaged in storing pumpkins in the loft of his barn and his 5-year-old girl was standing near by watching him. A large pumpkin weighing about thirty pounds, rolled from the loft and, falling, struck the girl in her upturned face, breaking her back and causing instant death.

MADE AN IMPRESSION.

Waiter's Stupidity Analyzes a Superior Feast.

Philadelphia Item: They sat at his favorite table in an uptown restaurant. Both were dressed in the height of fashion.

The attention of the guests in the dining-room had been attracted to the couple by the evident anxiety of the young man to make a favorable impression upon his fair companion.

He gave orders to the waiter with an air of self-styled superiority and his tone of voice was warranted to reach the ears of all present.

As the courses progressed the time for serving dessert came.

The young woman was heard to confess a weakness for huckleberry pie.

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, "so funny, you know; I, too, am passionately fond of huckleberry pie! I have it almost every day here."

"I say, waiter," he called, at the same time snapping his fingers above the table, "bring me two portions of huckleberry pie."

The waiter executed the order with haste, and as he set the plates upon the table, the final act of the little drama that was being enjoyed by the persons at the other nearby tables began.

The young woman frowned, then blushed, and leaning over the table complained to the young man in a stage whisper that the powdered sugar had been omitted.

"How stupid!" he cried, as he beckoned the waiter again. "Brooks," he said to that functionary, "what is it that I always order with huckleberry pie and which you have invariably forgotten?"

"I know, sir," replied the waiter, after a moment's hesitation. "Go at once, then, and bring it to Miss —," continued the youth.

By this time several new arrivals who had come in just in time to hear the last part of the conversation joined in watching the couple.

Everybody waited impatiently for the waiter's return.

In a few seconds he came back hurriedly, and walking to the young lady's side, laid beside her plate a—knife!

The young man's face was a study in chromatics of high tints as he saw the expressions of suppressed laughter about him.

He hastily paid the bill and left with his fair companion, who showed by her countenance that he had evidently made a lasting impression.

The Electrician at Play.

An electrician who amuses himself by devising odd applications of electricity, which may or may not have practical value, tells chemists that he has a much better plan for removing the glass stopper from a bottle than the usual holding of the bottle neck for awhile over a Bunsen burner. This method is open to the drawback that the bottle must be held in a horizontal position, and the fluid may easily be spilled out of the bottle. The up-to-date improvement is an adjustable clamp with coils of platinum wire embedded in a strip of asbestos attached. The clamp, which is connected to a battery, is put on the neck of the bottle, the current is turned on, and the glass is brought to any desired heat. This is, in fact, an adaptation of the electrotherm, or heating pad, which is now used in hospitals in lieu of hot water pads formerly in vogue. Another novelty of this resourceful electrical trifler is an electric annihilator of moths, flies and mosquitoes. It consists of an incandescent electric lamp placed inside a large globe, which is coated externally with a mixture of honey and wine, or any other seductive sticky mass. The windows and doors are to be closed, the blinds pulled down, and the room is to be made as dark as possible. The current is then turned on, and in an hour the insect life of the room will be found sticking to the glass globe. The final instructions are to "remove the victims with hot water and set the trap afresh."

PENCIL POINTS.

A patch is often the sign of poverty, but not when it is a strawberry patch.

"No news is good news," perhaps. But you can't make an editor believe it.

It is when "the world is mine oyster" that the greedy man wants the earth.

"James," said his father sternly, "I will see you in the stable this evening."

If you have any remarks to make about a mule, it is safe to say them to his face.

A young marrying man asks for the hand of his love, but he expects more than that.

It is all very well for an engine to have an eccentric rod, but it should not have an eccentric engineer.—Texas Sittings.

FASHION.

Changeable corded fabrics, both in silk and all wool, are in great use, and appear in new and attractive effects.

The dahlia, mulberry and reddish plum shades in velvet and cloth are much used for elegant fur-trimmed costumes.

Brilliant cherry, orange, yellow, green and other striking colors are used in velvet for stock collar and vest or plastron front.

Painted buttons, of French origin, and particularly those of Louis XVI. date, are eagerly sought after just now, and command a very high price.

Among the novel elegances in the shops of the city are coats of very light-colored cloth, the coat and shoulder-cape lined with richly plaided taffeta silk.

Ribbons or narrow galloons spanned a very little on the edge make an effective and inexpensive garniture which can be arranged for neckbands, belts, edgings and braces over the shoulders.