counties—a point for advertisers. VOL. XXV.

GRAHAM, N.C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

hard tone

in silence.

quired timidly.

ner on their last day.

the bow of the ship.

for my wrongs?"

he said firmly.

"So I will with you."

fully kept her eyes averted.

no other Priscilla at all?"

as it rested on the railing.

"You can give me one now,"

she faltered.

side her.

"Only three," replied Priscilla depre-

"Aren't you coming down?" she in

"Thanks; no. I've food for thought,"

The next days were gloomy enough.

when he did he was taciturn. As Mrs

"Gibraltar tomorrow!" called some

The girl involuntarily glanced at

Her heart felt lighter. She had suf-

fered these past days from remorse.

The air was soft and summer like;

sound of footsteps. Towner stood be

you going to make me any reparation

"How can 1?" she inquired faintly.

"You have taken away one Priscilla

from me. I loved her. I was engaged

"I know you as well as I knew her,"

"But you corresponded with her,"

There was a pause. Towner looked

"But how can I make amends," she

exclaimed at length, "when there was

plied, fondly laying his hand on hers

"Perhaps it's my duty," she mur-

"I'm sure it is," he replied, and kiss-

ed her.-Woman's Home Companion.

Some of Our Wonders.

"Returning to this country on a

News, "an American found himself

besieged by a young Englishman, who

was determined to find out as much as

the steamer landed. He had been

warned to keep a sharp lookout for

streets looking for a chance to pounce

upon and kill unsuspecting foreigners

and then make their escape by running

around the corner and posing quietly

before a cigar store until the crowd

"He then asked about crocodiles and

if they could be found in large num-

bers. The unsophisticated Britisher

was solemnly assured that they were

the most of them are found at Ningara

falls, where the water falls 175 feet.

It is a very interesting sight, he was

and watch the powerful animals swim

Pitching the Voice.

singer. "I shall have to use a cough

"Use only tar sirup," spoke up the

"Yes; everything depends on the patch of your voice."—Chicago News.

Colonel Atkinson's Wit.

One of the judges of the Wayne cir-

cult court tells of an incident in the bar

practice of the late Colonel John At-

kinson that illustrates his quickness to

burl a Parthian shaft and the biting

He was opposed in the case on trial

by all the power and resources of

James H. Pound, and they were fight-

ing like giants for every point of ad-

vantage. Pound had won a majority

of the jousts, the colonel was nettled,

and was lying low for a chance to de-

"It came," says the judge, "when I

decided a point against Pound. It had

been fiercely argued by both attorneys,

and in deciding it as I did I stated my

reasons at length, giving authorities.

I saw Pound shake his head at one of

my conclusions, his lips moved, and I

supposed be had made some comment,

so when I concluded my decision

"'What did you say, Mr. Pound?

"Quick as a shot and in his most cut-

ting tones of intense sarcasm the colo-

honor. He merely shook his head. There

Did He Grasp Her Meaning?

you here! I thought you were gone to

Captain Ridley-Haw! Little pessi-

the Chart Tetcher

fight those horrid Boers!

mist!-Punch.

Miss Vavasour de Paynk - Captain

is nothing in it." - Detroit Tribune.

sarcasm of his irony.

liver a swinging blow.

nsked:

nel replied:

"Does it make any difference?"

rushes on.

up over the falls."

hostile Indians, who sneaked about the

anxiously at the girl, who again will-

to her. The least you can do is to give

me another Priscilla in her place."

"But you don't know me"-

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ing, Pamphlets, Posters, &c., neatly and promptly executed at lowest prices.

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bargain getters, don't fail to see us.
A nice line of Christmas Furniture and novelties on hand.

DAVIS FURNITURE CO.,

Main St., Burlington, N. C. őoooooooooooo

A Cuckoo Caught In the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural

distory books how the ungrateful

oung cuckoo makes room in its foster

nother's nest by evicting the rightful

occupants, hatched and unhatched. As,

however, few people have had the

good fortune to see a young cuckoo, it

has been rather difficult to understand

exactly how the ingrate managed to

A patient naturalist, John Craig, has

now solved the mystery, and in The

Feathered World there are two photos,

taken under his auspices, of a young

cuckoo in the very act of murdering a

stepbrother. When the outline of the

young cuckoo in the two pictures is

once grasped, one can see how well

suited for its fell purpose is the posi-

tion it takes up. Head well down, legs

wide apart gripping either side of the

nest, wings outstretched to prevent

any slipping back sideways, the un-

which serves to steady it—the attitude

pense of the family of its foster par-

What Is Science?

"Trained and organized common

sense" is Professor Huxley's definition

The popular mind persists in thinking

that there is a wide difference between

science and knowledge in general. Yes,

there is a wide difference, but it is just

the difference that there is between a

trained and organized body of men for

the accomplishing of some great work,

and a crowd of men unorganized and

edge has accomplished may be roughly

The Longest Swim.

Holbein, an English "long distance

cyclist," swam three miles farther, al-

Taking the water at Blackwall pier

in the early morning, says the London

Chronicle, Holbein went down the riv-

er on a strong ebb, which ran until

he had progressed two miles beyond

Gravesend. Turning then with the

tide, he came back on the flood to

Blackwall. He falled to reach the pier

by a mile owing to the tide failing him,

and he left the water quite fresh and

strong, willing, had his friends so ad-

vised, to turn again and complete 50

The distance he had thus covered-

43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours

27 minutes 42% seconds—is the great-

est ever known to have been covered

by a swimmer, although it has been

assumed that Matthew Webb, when

he crossed the channel, must have

been borne almost as far by the chang-

The Waiter Knew 'Em.

A down town restaurant was in the

turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Care-

worn business men rushed in and

depended on their haste. Waiters bal-

anced steaming platters on the tips of

their little fingers with the case of

Japanese jugglers, and everything

seemed confusion. Yet there was a

certain degree of discipline among the

waiters, and they seemed to know

their customers and their usual choice

of dishes. For instance, when a pair

of lantern jawed actors without an

engagement entered, the walter that

listened to the order yelled out to the

cook, "Two supes and a Hamomelet!"

The Benefit of Gargling.

mouths twice or thrice daily with an

antiseptic, there would be far less dis-

ease than there is now, since most dis-

ease germs are taken into the mouth

and from thence into the system. One

of the best and simplest of antiseptics

is carbolic acid and water. There is a

difference in the strength of carbolic

acid purchased at different chemists,

much of the solution should be put into

this mixture in the mouth, and if you

can do so gargle the throat three times

a day, and all disease germs that may be lurking there will perish.—Home Notes.

How Are Your Kidneys !

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free: Add. Sterling Hemedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

tumbler of water. Hold a little of

If only people would wash out their

-Detroit Free Press.

though he made no such time record.

undisciplined. What unscientific knowl-

triffing.

Monthly.

ing tides.

of science. There is probably no bet-

turn out eggs and squabs.

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Do you see sparkling eyes, a healthy, inted skin, a sweet expression and a grace-ul form? These attractions are the result good health. If they are absent, there a nearly always some disorder of the disincily feminine organs present. Healthy nenstrual organs mean health and beauty werywhere.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

akes women beautiful and healthy It strikes at the root of all their trouble. There is no menstrual dis-order, sche or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the order, sche or pain which it will not cure. It is for the budding girl, the busy wife and the matron approaching the change of life. At every trying crisis in a woman's life it brings health, strength and happiness. It costs \$1.00 of medicine dealers.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. 

MRS. BOZENA LEWIS, of Ocusarille, Ceras, superior with terrible pains in my head and last, but have been contently suffered by Wise of Cardul.

Rubber Stamps

Rigid and cushion, daters, numberers, inks, pads, and all kinds of rubber stamp supplies. Stamps so one should ask the chemist how 10c up. W. P. EZZELL, Burlington, N. C.

And have so many years gone by since she and I were young, And skies were blue, and earth seemed new, and

SALLIE'S KISS.

Love its rondels sung? t seems today I hear her sing as plain as once I heard Sweet "Afton Water" and "Ben Bolt" and "Mag-

The plaining of the whippoorwill yet rises through And I suppose that lovers like to linger there as

Their eyes filled with the light that ne'er shone on the land or sea; But is their love as strong as ours when we would

Where life was bliss for Sallie's kiss down by the

The world is filled with prosy things; there's little Yet something of my youth returns when think-

were young;"
And, little one, how much I'd give to take from

time and fate
One night of bliss with Sallie's kies down by the farmstead cate!
-Will T. Hale in New York Times.

A PRISMATIC COURTSHIP.

Nemesis Takes a Hand In a Vas-

The Fuerst Bismarck was just leaving the dock at Hoboken. Up and down the gangplank surged a moving throng-stewards laden with hand baggage, trucks piled with steamer trunks, girls in sengoing costume, with their arms filled with roses and faces bright with anticipation; older women with sober countenances, speaking se riously to grown sons and daughters who were to be left behind; business men looking important and college graduates still care free and intoxicat ed with their newly found liberty. It was a motley crowd, pushing, chatting, laughing in the bright June sun-

The gong sounded for the last time fortunate victim well poised on its the stewards rushed about; shouting broad back, the curious depression in "All ashore!" and the final messages arose in chorus. Slowly the great ship is perfect for accomplishing the final swung around, and the cable loosened. act in the curious tragedy of nature by The faces on the dock were gradually which a cuekoo is reared at the exlost in a confused sense of color. "We are really off, auntle," said a

girl's voice gayly. "Now, don't cry, for you know you are delighted to go: Uncle Tom will be all right without you. Indeed, I've no doubt he will enjoy himself hugely." She laughed Taking her silence for consent, he bemischlevously and put her arm around gan; her portly companion, who sniffed audibly behind her handkerchief. John Towner, who was standing by,

glanced at the pair as they disappeared in the cabin. "Pretty girl," he murmured as he we would have." He sighed pensive-"However, there's no use wasting wishes over that, and I suppose I'd was Hal Somers. better be getting my seat at the table." Priscilla turned her head still further

seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in dining saloon the same pretty girl stood | fringe of her steamer rug. near him. She stood so near, in fact, that as he gave the steward his card enlarging the sum of knowledge, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are voluntarily at him in evident distress. It will be profitable for us, in order Towner stared back at her in astonto get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the her composure, drew herself up haughhistory of science and the development tily and turned away. of the scientific idea.—Popular Science

What in the name of common sense was the matter with her?" he muttered as he sought his stateroom. "I never Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once me, or, rather, on seeing my name, swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A.

passes me." used to the ways of the world, still he new one to him. He felt strangely flattered by the unknown's mysterious knowledge of his name.

"She will probably sit near me," he thought, "and I will find out what the

trouble is." It was with undue haste that be sought the table at the first sound of the gong, but his eye searched in vain the faces of those nearest him. Evidently she had given the steward particular instruction to put her seat as far as possible from the one labeled "Mr. John Towner, Biloxi, Miss.," for he finally discovered her at the ex-

treme limit of the room. The third morning was bright and sunny, and the decks were crowded. "Where shall I put your chair?" said a despairing voice at Towner's elbow.

The steward has disappeared, and there isn't an empty inch of room." "Allow me!" he exclaimed, inwardly rejoicing as he seized the steamer "There's a nice sheltered place swallowed a lunch as though millions chair.

just around the corner." And he led the way. "Thank you so much," said the aunt. sighing, as she dropped heavily into the comfortable seat as he settled it. "I still feel the effects of yesterday's illness. Priscilla, dear, can't you find

a place too?" The girl flushed again and turned abruptly away. "Thank you, auntie, but I am going

for a book," she called back over her Towner tucked the rug snugly around the elder lady's feet. "Might I bring my chair, too?" be inquired, with becoming meekness. "It

is so pleasant here." "By all means," was the gracious reply, and in a moment the two were engaged in conversation. "That's a most charming young mat,

my dear," said Mrs. Hunter complacently as she smoothed her hair for "His name is Towner, and he is from the south. He has graduated from Cornell and is going abroad on a business trip. He is engaged to a Vassar girl, a Priscilla somebody. I told him you were at Vassar and must know her, as she is a junior too."
"Oh, you told him I must know!" re-

peated her niece. "Certainly 1 did. He is anxious to meet you, and as he is engaged of course it is all right for you to know he suggested the plan to the others." him. Indeed, I told him I hoped we

should see a great deal of him. He la really delightful, and it's so convenient to have some one to fix your chair and rangement?" inquired Towner in a

run errands, you know." Priscilla groaned. "Well, nuntie. you've done it this time. Mr. Towner catingly. "You see, Hal suggested that is the one man in all the world I would you needed to be educated to a knowlhave avoided. I can't tell you the edge of women and from more than story-it's a secret-but it's about the one side. Most men know lots of girls, girl he is engaged to, and it is going to you see, and you knew none, so these be very embarrassing to me."

three said they would form a sort of "Dear me, Priscilla, how I do wish prism, and you should see three sides you had only told me before!" said her of the ewig-weibliche, you know." aunt complainingly. "Your habit of reticence is most annoying. I've asked grimly, "I know more of women than him to change his seat to the one next I ever dreamed." you at table, and he is going to. Indeed, he rather suggested it. So we pleaded Priscilla, "and we never meant will have to see him all the time." "Never mind, auntie; it's Nemesis, really be amused when you knew"-

that's all," said her niece, with calm despair.

That Towner felt the frigidity of the a man's best feelings and expect him atmosphere as they met at luncheon to be amused! Those girls must be was inevitable. But with a cheerful specimens of the 'new woman' I heard resolution he set himself to overcome Miss Barton's open dislike. His tact. learned to be a gentleman." Upon the words of Sallie there-"when you and I his gayety, his avoidance of all difficult subjects and, above all, the utter absence of questions from his conver. Priscilla humbly, and then there fell a long silence. sation gradually thawed the chill of the girl's manner, and by the next day Towner rose and helped her to her feet she was almost her own bright, easy self once more. A light rain now set in, and Mrs.

Hunter was kept in the cabin for several days by fear of rheumatism. Priscilla, however, and Towner sat in their he replied, lifting his hat formally. cozy nook on deck and enjoyed it after youth's reckless fashion. Suddenly the Towner seldom appeared at meals, and moment came so dreaded by the girl.

"Mrs. Hunter tells me you are from notice his silence, but Priscilla felt Vassar, Miss Barton, and I want to ask you about Miss North. As she is in cowed by it. our class you must know her, and, as your aunt has probably told you, I am one as they stepped on deck after dinengaged to her.'

"In that case, Mr. Towner, you mus Towner, who stood near, and caught know her far better than I," replied his eyes fixed on her with a softer light Priscilla, smiling constrainedly. than they had known.

"Miss Barton, please don't think it queer, but I want to tell you a secret. You have been so kind to me and have such a-well, almost a sisterly way of treating a fellow, if you will excuse my-saying so that I know you will advise me what to do. Indeed, it seems as if my meeting you were really prov idential."

"Don't you think, Mr. Towner that ou would much better not ten me. You see, I am a stranger to you, and in a week we shall separate and probably never meet again, and then you would regret having confided in me. Oh, I am quite sure you would better not!" "I know it would seem foolish under

when I tell you the story you will understand my anxiety, if you will allow me?" He leaned engerly forward, and I'ris cilla dropped her eyes in confusion.

other circumstances, Miss Barton, but

"You see, it was this way: I'm an only child, and I've seen little of young people. I had a tutor and never went to school until I came north to college, and you can imagine it was rather an ordeal to be thrown suddenly chose a cigarette. "If she were only among so many men. I kept rather to Priscilla, now, what a heavenly time myself and didn't meet many fellows. There was one man there, however, who was very good to me. His name

As he took his place in line in the away and picked nervously at the

"One day," continued Towner, "he brought me the photograph of a prether eye fell upon it as it lay on the ty girl. It was one of those soft, rathtable. A look of bewilderment and in- er indistinct pictures, like a composite tense embarrassment crossed her face; you know, only it wasn't one. It had she flushed painfully and glanced in- such deep, beautiful eyes and such a way of seeming to look a fellow right through that it made a strange imshment. In an instant she recovered pression on me. It was of Hal's cousin, a girl at Vassar, Priscilla North. Well, before I knew where I was he got me into a correspondence with her by sending messages first and then notes. I never wrote to a girl before, but if laid eyes on her before, and why she all girls write as she does they are a should be so awfully upset on seeing bright set. Why, Miss Barton, her letters fairly scintillated! And no two were alike. There was the charm of it. He sat down on the edge of his berth | They were 'from grave to gay, from to think it over. He was perhaps un- lively to severe, only all were simply exquisite. No wonder I fell in love had had four years at college and flat- with her! Well, to make a long story tered himself that he knew something short, we became engaged, and then of society. But this experience was a naturally, I wanted to see her. And here the strange part begins. I cannot meet her. I am never to see her." "That is-rather peculiar"- mur-

mured Priscilla. "Peculiar? It's unaccountable! She says she is forbidden to make acquaintances by her grandfather, with whom she lives, so I can't go to the college. At the end of the term she rushes off west-she lives in Wisconsin. And in vacation she travels! And here I am in the ridiculous position of being engaged to a girl I've never seen. Now, Miss Barton, I beg you to tell me all about her. You know

her, of course." Towner leaned his head on his hand and gazed earnestly at the girl. She slowly turned her eyes from the horison and bent them on him with a troubled expression. How handsome he looked with that eager face; how his hair curled in the little damp rings about his temples! She turned away again. "Mr. Towner," she began after a pause, "I cannot say that I do know Miss North. I I would rather

not talk about it," she ended abruptly. Towner stared at her. "Why, what can you mean?" he said incredule "Surely you must know her! What ly. possible reason can there be for your silence?

Priscilla still besitated. Then, suddenly turning impetuously to him, she said, with little gasps between ber sentences: "Mr. Towner, you will never,

forgive me, but you ought to know the truth, and I suppose I must be the one to tell you Hal Somers is my cousin. That was a composite photograph, touched up so it looked like an ordinary one. And there is no Pris-cilla North! I've been dreadfully ashamed of the part I've had in it all, though it was only lending half my name and copying the letters for the girls, so they would all be in one handwriting. After all, I'm glad of a Ridley! Why, I never expected to see chance to end it. I don't ask you to forgive me, for I suppose you can't, but I do want to say I'm heartily ashamed and sorry."

Towner had turned very white. "I don't understand," he said, slow ly, at last. "Somers is your cousin, but you did not write the letters," "He knew any number of the girls at college, but it was in coming to see me "How many were in this pleasant ar-

METHODS HE USES TO PUT THE PO-LICE ON THE WRONG SCENT.

wo Cases Where Coolness and Pres ence of Mind Were More Effective Thun Fleetness of Foot In Evading the Officers of the Law.

"The crooks of Chicago don't believe "I do know indeed," said Towner in the running game in attempting to escape when caught at work," said a Chicago detective who was in Wash-"It was only a schoolgirl trick," ington last week, "and I'm rather inclined to believe that they've got the sensible end of it. A man who starts to run away from one or more police-"Amused!" exclaimed the man with men, no matter whether he is swifter an unmirthful laugh. "You play with of foot than a deer, is bound to be col lared nine times out of ten, whether he makes his dash at midday or in the middle of the night. He has to take defined the other day. 'One who had the big chance of being headed off by forgotten how to be a lady and not other cops, and he has to take chances on the blind alleys that he's liable to "I don't wonder you feel so," said run into. The crook, caught red handed, who keeps longest out of the clutches of the police, is the man who When the gong rang for luncheon, uses his head and who doesn't run. To

Illustrate:

"A few months ago a well known Chicago housebreaker, who has put in numerous hefty stretches at Jollet, decided to crack a crib on Prairie ave nue, one of the swagger houses of the town. He found that the whole family occupying the house were going to the theater on a certain night, and he figured on all of the servants remain- It Requires Much Education and Hunter talked incessantly she did not ing below stairs after the family's departure. He made a second story job of it, climbing up a porch, and he got in without a bit of trouble. It was really something easy, and the fellow simply got pockets full of jewelry. The thing was possing off beautifully when a maidservant walked in on him while he was ransacking the dressers in one of the ladles' boudoirs. She down the steps to where the menserv-Mrs. Hunter went to her stateroom to pack, and Priscilla stood alone near ants were. The crook sloped for the front door on the second floor and slipped down the same porch stanchion the moon shone bright and clear from that he had used in climbing up. He a deeply purple sky. She turned at the was pretty quick, and he was a couple of doors away, on the sidewalk, before a lot of servants burst out of the house "Our voyage is over," he said. "Are and began to yell for the police.

Now, if that crook had started to run there is no manner of doubt that he to sweep the heavens for lost comets. would have been headed off, and he would have stood more than an even chance of being shot into the bargainnot by a cop, then by some citizen or other, for since the reign of footpad terror in Chicago a few years ago a majority of the citizens who stay out late o' nights pack guns around with them. Well, this thief didn't do any running stunt at all. There was an of a house about five doors away from atmospheric changes until now the the one he had robbed. No one was in art of observing, forecasting and tabuthe wagon. The crook saw his chance. He stepped aboard the wagon in a leisurely manner, gave a cluck to the horse and started to drive off at a lazy trot just as a couple of officers charged around the corner. He pulled the vagon up to talk to the cops.

"'I guess somebody's been killed down in that house, the way they're yellin,' he said to the cops.

e? the policeman asked him. "'Well, just as I hopped aboard the wagon there was a duck chased out of steamer recently," says the Chicago that house and screwed down the other way,' replied the thief, and the policemen took up their lope and started for the robbed house. The thief drove down Prairie avenue with all the leipossible about the new world before sure in life. He abandoned the wagon after going a mile, and took a down town car. I natled him a couple of months later when he was drunk, on suspicion of having a hand in a certain job, and he was boastful enough to own up to it and to tell me how he'd got away on the occasion I've told you

"Still more recently there was another well known Chicago second story man caught in the act of going through a house on one of the prominent boulevards. The butler came in on him, not so numerous in the Hudson river and he punched the butler a swift one as they were some time ago and that and backheeled him. Then he walked swiftly out of the house and down the steps, a number of the other servants told, to stand on the high rocks above meantime appearing at the basement door and howling. Down in the next block a big gang of all night men were engaged in putting in new sewer pipes. The crook didn't take up any sprint, but he just made for the scene of the "I have a severe cold," said the sweet sewer pipe operations at a good walking clip. He was got up pretty roughly, and he jumped into the first ditch he came to, after having caught up a pick that was lying on the brink, and started in to work.

"There was a Swede in the pit there with him, but the Swede had the proper Scandinavian stolidity, and he didn't pay any attention to his new digging companion. The crook plied his pick there for an hour, while cops plowed around all over the street looking for the robber. When the excitement had all died down, he dropped his pick and stole silently away. There was rum in this one's head, too, when one of my sleuth pals got him, and he told chestily of the neat way he had given the cops the slip. So many of the Chicago crooks are adopting similar tactics nowadays that it is rare for a Chicago policeman to get a run for his money, in the half literal sense."-Washington A Pig For an Emblem.

The emblem of the county of Sussex, England, is a pig-a pig with amazing ears and long legs. The peasants have a way of making little pigs out of clay and seiling them for 2 shillings to the ever straying tourists. I have one before me now, standing on his tall, apparently trying to swallow half a box of matches. Across his forebend is written the Sussex motto, "He won't be druy." So, you may have inferred, a pig in the county is not looked upon "'Mr. Pound did not speak, your as a particularly desirable citizen.

> Mr. Gibbs went to an entertainmen and by mistake sat on his neighbor's silk hat, reducing it to a shapele mass. The owner of the hat was naturwengeance. "Sir," said Mr. Gibbs calmly. "I am very sorry and must admit that I was awkward. But," he added complacently. "it might have

"I don't see how it could have been,"

roared the victim.
"Ob, yes, it could," said Gibbs. "I might have sat down on my own hat."

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## THEWEATHERSHARP

FORECASTER MUST BE A MANY SIDED SORT OF MAN.

Training and a Wide Acquaintance With Scientific Subjects to Serve Uncle Sam In That Capacity.

A weather bureau man serving on station, whether he ranks as local forecast official, section director or observer or revels in the three combined, to be a credit to the service must be a man of education and training and, in let out a scream and went a-kiting addition to being. like Benjamin Franklin, a "philosopher, philanthropist and printer," should be a statistician, a geologist and a farmer. He must be able to prophesy of weatherevents to come and keep an accurate and comprehensive record of those past. He should be an electrician, too. and an astronomer, unaided by any

star gazing pagaphernalia with which That a weather observer should be a philosopher is almost too evident to discuss, as the science he represents is based on natural laws, many of which teachers. yet remain to be discovered, and the wenther bureau of today, with its remarkable achievements, would not be in existence had not thinking men turned into account their knowledge of physics and applied it to the various importance close on the heels of the science from which it sprang. It would not seem that philanthropy

could enter into an occupation where cold blooded calculations, facts and figures play so important a part, but it should be remembered that an observ er is at all times ready to brave every climate for the benefit of mankind "Have you seen any one running by and science; that his stations are scatin Alaska to the tropical Jungi South America; that he should be equally competent to foretell a change of weather to the weary gold seeker on the Yukon, herald an approaching cold wave from his bleak post in the far northwest or recognize the incipient symptoms of a West India burricane as it coils for a spring at our commerce in southern waters.

Although a printer is furnished to wenther bureau stations whose publientions are printed, yef there will often arise occasions when a knowledge o typesetting would greatly increase the value of an observer and prevent many a temporary break in the records of his station.

Statistics play no small part in weather observer's work, and in order to compile useful data from which to deduce important facts in the future i is obvious that much depends upon records being intelligently as well as accurately kept. It is a popular belieamong some that one day is the exact counterpart of some other; that back in some period of the world's history the atmosphere varied in pressure, the temperature rose and fell, the winds backed and veered and the clouds formed, changed their shape and melt ed away, each in their turn, with un varying regularity, again and again, to be repeated in regular cycles as the unceasing mill of time grinds out the years. While many facts tend to prove the fallacy of this theory, climatic rec ords do not yet extend far enough back to positively controvert it, and it rests with the weather observer in th future, with his accumulated data of

centuries, to establish the truth. The relation between climates and crops is so close that a knowledge of the latter is indispensable to the proper performance of an observer's duties and he should also be geologist enough to study the soil in his state or territory with a view to determine its special adaptability to the various products. The success of the ploneer, the enjoyment of the tourist and the recovery of the health seeker depend not only upon the climate of a place, but upon its productions as well. The up to date farmer is no longer a creature of mere brawn and muscle. He relies as much upon the science of his occupation for success as he does upon the sweat of his brow, and the official who represents the climate and crop service of the weather bureau should be alive to all his needs and an unfailing source for any information he may require. Many of the most important records

of the weather bureau are now made by self registering machines which do their work with the aid of electric contacts, and, while it is not necessary to be an Edison or a Tesla in order to understand the few principles of electricity involved, an observer should at least be master enough of the science of this subtle fluid to account for and remedy any defects in the workings of his instruments.—Monthly Weather Re-

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