

THE WEATHER MAN.

How He Knows When It Is Going to Storm or Clear.

General Map Made Up from Reports from Observation Stations in Cities and Towns of the Country.

Strictly speaking, our weather bureau is made up of a great many buildings scattered all over the United States, and the one at Washington is the central station that governs and directs the smaller ones, and to which they send in their daily reports; for it is by getting reports from all the different sections of the country that Uncle Sam's weather-makers are able to make their predictions. There are 300 towns and cities in the United States where there are observation stations, having the same instruments and apparatus as the Washington bureau. Now, the observers at these 300 stations do not spend their time waiting for spiders to crawl out of their holes or looking at the sky to see whether it is red or gray in the evening. They look at their thermometers, barometers, anemometers, and so on, which are far better guides than all the other signs put together.

At 5 o'clock in the morning and at 9 o'clock in the evening of every day the observer at each one of these weather stations from Maine to California looks at his different instruments, and carefully notes what each of them marks. Then he takes a look at the sky, to see whether it is fair or raining or snowing, and to see what sort of clouds may be sailing about. According to the weather bureau there are seven different kinds of clouds, and it is important that the observer should see what particular kind is hovering around, for each kind means some special kind of weather or some particular state of the atmosphere. When he has finished his observations and noted all the indications, he telegraphs his report to Washington.

In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy recoding the messages that come pouring in soon after eight o'clock. As each message is received in the telegraph room it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast room, or room where predictions are made, and handed to the translator. As the translator reads aloud the weather reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the 130 stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get his bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines and the other with black lines, and if you will look at the weather map you will see these red and black lines wriggling and twisting all over the country.

When the reports from the north-west show a great fall in temperature, he knows that a cold wave has started on its journey through the United States, and he keeps a lookout to see how fast it reaches the different stations in the west. Then he calculates how rapidly it is moving and what kind of weather it has to encounter, and perhaps, when he has worked out the problem, he will telegraph the following bulletin: "Heavy cold wave flag; thermometer will fall 30 degrees in next 24 hours," and, sure enough, by next day Jack Frost has got hold of our noses and toes, and the cold-wave flag is almost wearing itself to pieces with delight. But sometimes the cold wave does not come as was expected—it is switched off on a sidetrack or it melts on the way—and then the cold-wave flag droops in shame.

GREEN-CORN DANCE.

An Annual Celebration of the Seneca Indians in the Hills of Their Reservation.

The annual green-corn dance of the Seneca Indians was recently held in the hills of their reservation, 25 miles east of Vinita, I. T. The Senecas number about 200 people, and they hold many different celebrations during the year, among which are the strawberry feast, supper for the dead, dance for rain, war dances and the green-corn dance.

The dance occurs every year at the drying up of the corn, and the time is fixed by the Seneca Indian council. The chief and six members of the council meet and make preparations for the green-corn dance by appointing a medicine man and a number of hunters to secure wild meat for the occasion. A hunt is made, and when the hunters return the dance takes place.

The Indians meet under their large shed or arbor and early in the morning the leader of the band or medicine man makes a speech, standing in the center of the shed, and talks in a slow and solemn voice. At intervals he puts small bits of ground leaves from a plant sacred to the Senecas on a slow-burning fire, and as the smoke and the fumes rise he makes his prayer, believing that the smoke conveys the words to the Great Spirit. After these proceedings are over dinner is ready and the meal is served by waiters under the shed. In the afternoon the dance commences in the old-fashioned Indian style and continues for several days.

DAINTY NEW TRIFLES.

Beauty and Novelty Attracts the Customers of Followers of the Fashions.

Large purses and handbags are the order of the day. Those small leather affairs which have been popular for more than a year are no longer considered the correct thing. To be thoroughly modish now you must carry a bag about ten inches deep and eight inches broad. This should be of soft English morocco, in black, green, dark red, tan or blue, and have elaborate mountings of Burmese gold, with a short chain of the same metal by which to carry it, says the New York Herald.

A handsome bag in this new shape had two golden lizards, one each side of the clasp, and set in the beautifully wrought bodies were pale amethysts. The bags are lined with moire to match the shade of the leather.

Card cases, too, have increased in size, and the prettiest of those intended to be carried this autumn are made of soft suede in pale gray, flaming red or golden brown. Sometimes there will be a border to the flap of reddish gold, highly polished, and again, say, on a pearly suede case, a mermaid design in gray silver, the figure occupying one corner, while the tail and draperies swirl across to cover the other end.

A genuine novelty in the way of leather goods is shown in a portfolio or case to be used as a memorandum for telephone numbers. The case is shaped like a screen, having the outside covered with soft red, black or brown morocco, and the inside arranged so that between the narrow strips of leather there are bits of white Bristol board just the right size on which to jot down names and numbers of those you are apt to want often on the telephone. The case holds slips enough for about 40 names.

There are desk furnishings in a beautiful glossy red metal called golden copper ware. A large inkstand of this rich material is supplied with a pen rack made from small brownish red antlers. Picture frames in this golden copper with plain polish surfaces make an effective background for carbon and artist proof photographs.

These simply afford a pleasant change from the elaborate jeweled ones. Besides the frames there are fancy powder boxes, smaller ones for stamps and pins, as well as all manner of pretty trays, suitable for the boudoir or library.

The ware gets its name from the beautiful blending of the copper hue and pale dull gold.

Tortoise shell combs are going to be worn as much as ever this fall and the usual set includes three or four, the extra one being a pompadour comb, which is placed in the hair entirely for service, as it does not show when the coiffure is completed.

The newest combs are certainly designed with some idea of comfort, for the rims are rounded down in the center to fit about the flat knot on the top of the head. Even the larger comb, intended to keep up stray "soothing locks," is curved after the same fashion.

This, by the way, is narrower than formerly, and does not give the head so broad a look as the heavily rimmed ones that have been the correct thing.

For evening wear there are jeweled tortoise combs, in sets of three and four, but for the street nothing is quite so pretty as rich ruby shell, plain and polished until it glows.

COLD WEATHER ADVICE.

Avoid Sudden Changes of Temperature—Treatment for Person Numbbed by Cold.

Whether only an extremity or the entire body is affected the treatment of freezing is the same. In all cases avoid a sudden change of temperature. If a person is found overcome and benumbed with cold and you take him at once to a fire or warm room you are likely to kill him. Take him only to a sheltered place or shed, which still feels very cold to you. It will be amply warm to him. Remove any wet clothing and rub the body till dry; wrap him in a dry blanket and give a stimulant, such as hot, strong coffee. Remove to a somewhat warmer room and raise the temperature very gradually, advises American Queen.

When frost attacks the fingers or toes, ears or nose, stay where the air is cold and rub them, or have them rubbed with clean snow or, if that is not obtainable, cold water. Rub constantly until the parts become soft and their natural color. Do not lose patience or let your patient complain, but keep him in the cold and keep rubbing until the frost bitten parts are natural. If he goes too soon into the warmth, great suffering and perhaps troublesome sores will result. When rubbing has restored circulation and flexibility anoint the parts with oil, lard, or a mixture of lime water and oil, and wrap in flannel. If sores are formed, treat them the same as burns, by covering with lint or linen soaked in oil, or, in the absence of oil, cover with vaseline or with flour or powdered starch and bandage with cotton wool.

Recipe for Glaze.

To make a glaze for ornamenting cold meat take half an ounce of gelatin and soak it in a quarter of a pint of water. Boil a piece of onion in two tablespoonfuls of water to extract the flavor and put in a good pinch of salt. Add the soaked gelatin, and when this is thoroughly dissolved stir in a spoonful of soy and enough of the rich brown gravy which is left from a joint to make the glaze a deep, rich brown color. Stir the glaze over the fire till it is smooth and very thick; then put it in a jar ready for use. It will keep for several weeks.—Washington Star.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are 870 newspapers in Japan. Thirty years ago there were only three or four.

Spitzbergen belongs to no country, and since the cessation of whaling, it is deserted, even in summer. There are deposits of coal and phosphates, but it does not pay to work them.

At Hammarfest, Norway, the sun does not set for 78 times 24 hours. During that time the natives have only about four hours of sleep out of 24, and do not seem to want more.

When the Warsaw police recently raided a forged bank note factory they found a cabinet organ stuffed with counterfeit notes. One of the forgers was playing the instrument, and its defective music attracted suspicion.

There are about 335,000 Germans in Canada, mainly in the eastern frontier districts. There are 3,000 Germans in British Columbia. In several Canadian towns the German element amounts to from 60 to 85 per cent. of the whole population.

The free lunch habit is much in vogue in Egypt. In one barroom at Cairo the purchaser of a glass of beer, for three cents, gets seven little plates with bread, olives, potato and green salad, beans, liver and mussels in them. These are replenished with every glass of beer.

In 1901 Argentina received immigrants to the number of 90,127 persons who came: 33,343 from Italy; 25,046 from Spain; 7,758 from France; 2,742 from Austria; 2,159 from Syria; 2,065 from Russia; 538 from Germany; 439 from England; 471 from Roumania; 243 from Switzerland; 173 from Denmark.

For many years Russia has been deporting to Siberia its men of the most active intellect and turning them loose in a new country to make a livelihood for themselves and for their families. It is not strange, then, to note that universities and museums are springing up in Russia's eastern possessions, nor that many of the staff are exiles. There is scarcely a town of 10,000 inhabitants in all Siberia but has a public museum, under the care of a learned and competent curator.

TREES DRINK LIKE HORSES.

Plan to Irrigate by Capillary Attraction Is Being Agitated in Colorado.

Irrigation on the capillary attraction principle is now being investigated by the state board of horticulture, and the government experiment station at Fort Collins, with a view to recommending it for adoption in this state. Fruit growers who have experimented with the scheme declare it to be entirely feasible and much more effective than the old way of feeding moisture to trees by way of the roots, says the Denver Post.

Flage Carter, of Park county, the first person to try the plan in this state, wrote Gov. Orman some time ago explaining the method of irrigating a tree by capillary attraction. He takes a vessel, a pan, or a bucket, or anything that can be tied to a tree limb and will hold water. He fills it with water and then bends a twig about the circumference of an ordinary lead pencil into the water. The liquid will be rapidly absorbed by the twig, and in turn the water will enter the limb and soon permeate every part of the tree. The problem of keeping the vessels supplied with water is not a difficult one, for the reason that a half gallon of water will do as much irrigating as many cubic inches under the present plan, the adherents of the scheme claim.

"Capillary attraction is the future of orchard irrigation," says the originator of the proposition. "I took up the matter two years ago, but did not put it to a final test until this spring. Then I had two trees that needed attention badly, and I experimented with each. One young tree had been rubbed thoroughly by a horse and was wilted badly. I applied my method of watering it and within one week it completely revived. I next treated a sick apple tree, and now it is all right, thanks to the capillary attraction principle."

Missing Coronation Oath.

Strange things happen in the world in spite of the best-laid plans of men, but nothing more curious has happened in connection with the crowning of our kings than the mislaying of the coronation oath at the coronation of William IV. When the moment arrived for the king to swear to govern the people lawfully, the copy of the oath which had been specially prepared for his use, was missing from the altar, where it should have been placed, and the only way out of the dilemma was for the king to sign the oath printed in the book containing the order of the service. The fact that he did so is recorded in an interesting note by the prime of the time, which is historic as explaining a remarkable omission in the coronation roll which is stored somewhere in the national archives. The book in which King William signed his name is still to be seen in the manuscript library at Lambeth palace.—St. James Gazette.

Three Yards of Art.

It is said that his name was Dudley Dunn, but authentic history is silent on that point. At all events he had sought the house of Dauber, R. A., and held conversation with him.

"Anvases?" said the artist, flattered by the presence of the millionaire in his studio. "Yes, sir; I shall be happy to show you my best canvases. Something allegorical? Or do you prefer a landscape?"

"What I want," said Mr. Dunn, the eminent contractor, with decision, "is something about a yard and a half long and a ward wide, to cover some cracks in the fresco."—London Answers.

TRANSPLANTING A BONE.

Extraordinary Surgical Success of Recent Date Which is of Scientific Interest.

The transfusion of blood from one person to another to revive a feeble patient is an old expedient. Surface wounds that would not readily heal are often covered with patches of skin taken either from another part of the patient's own body or from other people. Bits of nerve have been transplanted from a dog to a human being. Fairly good results have been secured with tendons. According to American Medicine, the transplanting of bones from animals to men is recommended by A. W. Morton, who describes what is probably the first successful case of the kind.

The patient was a man of 45 years. He had fallen and received a compound comminuted fracture of the right tibia and fibula, the two bones of the leg below the knee. The fibula united, but the tibia did not. The end of this bone became dead, and five inches of the lower end was removed. Improvement followed, and a few days later the surface was healed and the end of the bone was freshened, so there was free hemorrhage. A medium sized dog was prepared, and the left fore leg amputated just above the wrist. The ulna was left one inch longer than the radius; the skin and muscles were divided by a longitudinal incision for about four inches and left attached, except about three inches at the lowest end. The cut ends of the ulna entered the cavity of the tibia one inch, and were united with silver wire to the same; the fibula was wired to the end of the tibia.

The upper part of the incision in the patient's leg was closed by stitches; this placed the dog's leg nearly on the same plane as the man's leg; the wounds were drained; all the stronger tendons in each leg of the dog were cut by a subcutaneous incision. The other three legs of the dog were incised in plaster of paris separately; the entire dog and the man's leg were incised in a plaster cast extending to the knee of the patient. The patient's condition gradually improved, and his temperature and pulse remained about normal after the third day. Five weeks later the man was placed under the influence of anaesthetics and the dog under ether; the plaster cast was removed, the skin and muscles were separated from the dog's leg, and the two bones were divided near the joint and placed in contact with the astragalus; the skin and deeper structures were united, except at the point of drainage, which slowly closed by granulation. The man now has a very useful leg.

CLOTHES AND NATIONALITY.

Peculiarities of Dress of the Men of Different Countries Are Indefatigable Indexes.

There is no mistaking the American when he wears the clothes he brought with him. He almost always wears a jacket of the lounge type, which somehow seems cut with the special object of making him appear to have very round and uncommonly fat shoulders. The jacket hangs away at the waist, and this, together with his singular fondness for straw hats, which, both in shape and texture, suggest the idea of a carving from a corn-cob, gives a dumpyness to the figure which is still further accentuated by the closeness of the fit in the trouser legs, says a London tailors' journal.

The Frenchman favors fancy vests of wonderful elaboration. He wears a frock coat with short skirts and is fond of a lot of trimming on the collar and lapel. The coat grips at the waist like a belt, and the skirt springs out like an infant crinoline over the baggiest part of his very baggy trousers, which, by the way, come in suddenly at the foot and look not unlike knickerbockers which have been left growing too long and have reached to the ankle instead of to the knee. His hat is usually a silk one, but it is flat-brimmed and of a pyramidal shape, such as is traditionally supposed to have been once worn by Welshwomen and Irish gentlemen of the Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cregan period. He also wears an extraordinarily ample black silk tie which of itself would be a sufficiently distinguishing nature.

The Germans are more bulky as regards physique than most of the continentals, and carry themselves with an uprightnes which suggests military training. They are broad of shoulder and deep of chest, and they favor the morning coat suit which English tailors, if they are wise, recommend to those of their customers who are stoutly made. The cut of their clothes follows English lines; in fact, were it not for the prevalence of Prussian blue as the dominant color of the material it would be difficult to say in what respect any decided marks of distinction could be found.

The Danes and Swedes are fond of blue cloth, and most of their suits the evidence of real good, old-fashioned tailoring is noticeable. Their garments appear to be mostly hand-sewn, and though the cutting in most cases is indifferent, it is easy to understand, when looking at the garments, how it is that so many of the West End worksheds, especially in the ladies' trades, employ workmen who learned their tailoring in Denmark and the adjacent peninsula.

A Fine Lot of Colonels.

On the staff of Gov. Candler, of Georgia, there are 69 colonels and one brigadier general.

CROSSING THE LEGS.

Cause Pressure on the Arteries Which May Result in Serious Injury.

The back of the knee, as well as the front of the elbow and wrist, the groin and the armpit contain important nerves and vessels which are not so well protected against direct pressure as similar structures in other parts of the body. The space behind the knee, bounded above by hamstrings, or tendons of the plantar muscles, and below by the heads of the great calf muscle, is called the popliteal space and contains two large nerves, the external and the internal popliteal nerves, which are the divisions of the great sciatic, together with the large popliteal artery and its vein, which carry the blood to and from the leg. Besides there are numerous branches supplying the joint, and also a number of small lymphatic glands. These structures are beneath the skin, embedded in fat and connective tissue, and the pulsation of the artery can often be felt, while of the nerve the external can be made out just inside the external hamstring, says the Troy Times.

Now, it is the pressure upon these vessels and nerves, brought about by improperly crossing the legs, that often gives rise to serious trouble. Fortunately most of us throw the crossing leg so far over the leg crossed that the thigh of the first rests well up on the other, and popliteal space is left free. But very often the legs are crossed in such a way that the knee-pan of one fits accurately into the popliteal space of the other, thus throwing the weight of the leg upon the vessels and nerves which it contains. The leg and foot become numb or "go to sleep," as we say, and the foot is seen to jerk up and down with a definite rhythm. This means that the nerves are compressed and the artery is constricted. If the jerking of the foot be watched, one will see that it beats in time with the pulse, which means that besides the hydrostatic pressure in the blood vessels the heart is overcoming, to a certain degree, the weight of the leg, and the walls of the compressed artery are strained. The vein, too, is constricted, and our feet feel big and swollen, and the superficial veins on the back of the leg often stand out in black lines.

That these symptoms are unfavorable is beyond a doubt. A compressed nerve, if long subjected to such conditions, is bound to rebel. Sciatica, ascending paralysis, chronic numbness and cramps have often been traced directly to the pressure caused by crossing the legs. Many men "go lame" in one leg, or "have a bad knee," and it is found that they very often habitually cross their legs in a definite way. Constrict an artery or a vein and you are sure and often swift. Thrombosis, or a blood clot in the vessel; aneurism, or a morbid dilation of the vessel; improper venous return and varicose veins, to say nothing of swollen feet and poorly nourished muscles, are some of the graver ills.

Fortunately not all or necessarily any of these afflictions are inevitably entailed by crossing one's legs. However, if the danger signals of numbness, swelling and jerking of the foot appear, we may rest assured that if long kept up we may and probably will suffer from one or more of these troubles.

HERRING WITH EGGS.

An Appetizing Dish That Will Be Found Very Palatable for Breakfast.

Some morning when you are to have for breakfast just an appetizing bit of broiled salted herring try cooking some eggs in this way, suggests the Albany Journal: Put half a pint of cream in a saucepan and let it boil. Stir into it five well-beaten eggs, seasoned with salt and pepper. Let this mixture curdle, then turn it out into a hot dish and brown it quickly with a salamander and you will wonder if it is the herring that make the eggs taste so well or the eggs that make the herring so palatable.

Another delicious way of serving eggs for breakfast is to take, say, one dozen eggs and boil them till hard; take off their shells, cut them in halves, and rub the yolks through a fine sieve; put one ounce of butter and one cupful of cream into a saucepan, season it with salt and white pepper, and thicken with a very little flour; when it is quite hot (but not boiling) stir into it half of the whites of the eggs, chopped, and the yolks. Arrange the remainder of the whites on a dish, pour the mixture over them and serve piping hot. You see the eggs may be boiled and prepared the day before, so there is very little to be done to get them ready for breakfast.

Now, if you should want to make this into a "savory" you could easily add a little minced ham, the juice of an onion, of some minced olives and a few mushrooms, and by so doing have a nice luncheon dish that would go admirably with cold, sliced tongue or pickled lamb's tongues.

Oriental Covers for Pianos.

Covers of oriental weave come for the backs of upright pianos, but they are by no means inexpensive. An experimenting housekeeper who wished, but could not afford one of these bought as a substitute and at much less cost one Japanese portiere. This was too long and too narrow, but a piece taken from the bottom was fitted at the side, and a second piece was added at the top to go over the lid of the piano. A pattern in shades of gold in a striped effect was chosen, which lent itself readily to the piecing scheme, and the new cover is extremely effective.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD-STYLE MILLERS BEST.

Like This One in the Hecker State, Who Has Been Grinding Meal for Forty Years.

Mack Lincolnum, the gristmill man, nine miles southwest of Nashville, declares that this has been the most prosperous year he ever enjoyed, for Providence has sent rains in greater abundance than ever before in his memory and his mill has been running every day since the spring thaw, and many times late into the night, says the New York Sun.

The miller is now 85 years old, and his mill has been in operation for 45 years. It is the only overshot water mill in the state, but apparently possesses as much energy as it ever did, and certainly is in as great favor with that class who love an old-fashioned corn "pone" as it was when first established. Notwithstanding the age of the miller, he is daily at his work, and says that he has not lost an hour from business, except on Sunday and at night, since early in March.

The mill house is built of logs and covered with boards riven from native oak. Everything about it, except the burrs, are wood. The wheel is put together with wooden pins, after the style of 50 years ago, when nails were scarce. The power comes from two large springs.

Patrons of the mill come 30 miles to get some of Uncle Mack's cornmeal, and frequently four counties are represented in the people who stand around the mill waiting for their grist. Housewives in Greene, Brown, Monroe, Morgan, Owen and Lawrence counties are proud of the pones that are made from Uncle Mack's meal, and so is he.

"The reason why I have all I can do at my mill," he said a few days ago, "is because you can't make a good corn bread out of steam mill meal. The stones turn too fast to make good meal, for they get heated and the meal is doughy before it leaves the mill. The heat generates moisture in grinding and the bread is sure to be soggy. Then, too, they grind too fine and the dough perks in baking, no matter how many eggs and how much soda and milk you put in it. The burrs in this mill never overwork themselves, for nature does her work steady."

FEW IRISH SECTION HANDS.

The Passing of a Once Familiar Character on the Railroads Generally Regretted.

"The day of the Irish section hand has almost passed," said an old railroad man, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. "Time was when three-fourths of the men on the section hailed from the 'ould sod,' but now it is different. The Italians, Greeks and Huns are coming in, and in the west the Japs are crowding out the Irish, although the sons of Erin form a large percentage of the employes in higher grades."

"There are still some of the old-timers left on the section, however, and as a rule they resent this invasion of 'furriners.' There is a man on our road who is a typical old Irish section boss, and we think a great deal of him. He has difficulty to express his contempt for the new class of help, and I am afraid he makes it a little hard for them sometimes."

"Not long ago he was superintending the repairs on a culvert. About ten Italians were struggling with a heavy timber, but they could not move it to suit him. He stood over them and swore for awhile, but it didn't seem to do any good."

"Get away from there, all o' yez!" he finally shouted. "The whole crew o' yez ain't fit to move a piece o' kindlin' wood."

"Here, Mike, an' Tom, an' Pat, an' Jerry, an' Pete," calling to the sole other representatives of Ireland present; "come on over here, b'ys. Come an' show these dogos how to lift a bit o' timber. Put it over here. Now, lay to. Yeh-o! yeh-o! Ho-heave-o!"

"With national pride at stake it didn't take the Irishmen long to put the timber where it belonged. Pat stood there looking with pride at his countrymen. Then he cast a look of supreme disgust in the direction of the Italians and ejaculated: "An' thim's the kind o' devils they makes popes of!"

Glove Cutters of Belgium.

The cutters of the great glove-houses at Brussels and in France earn even higher wages than the cutters of the most fashionable tailors of London and New York. So difficult is the art of cutting gloves that most of the principal cutters are known to the trade by name and by fame, and the peculiar knives which they use in the business are so highly prized that they are handed down from generation to generation as heirlooms.—Chicago Chronicle.