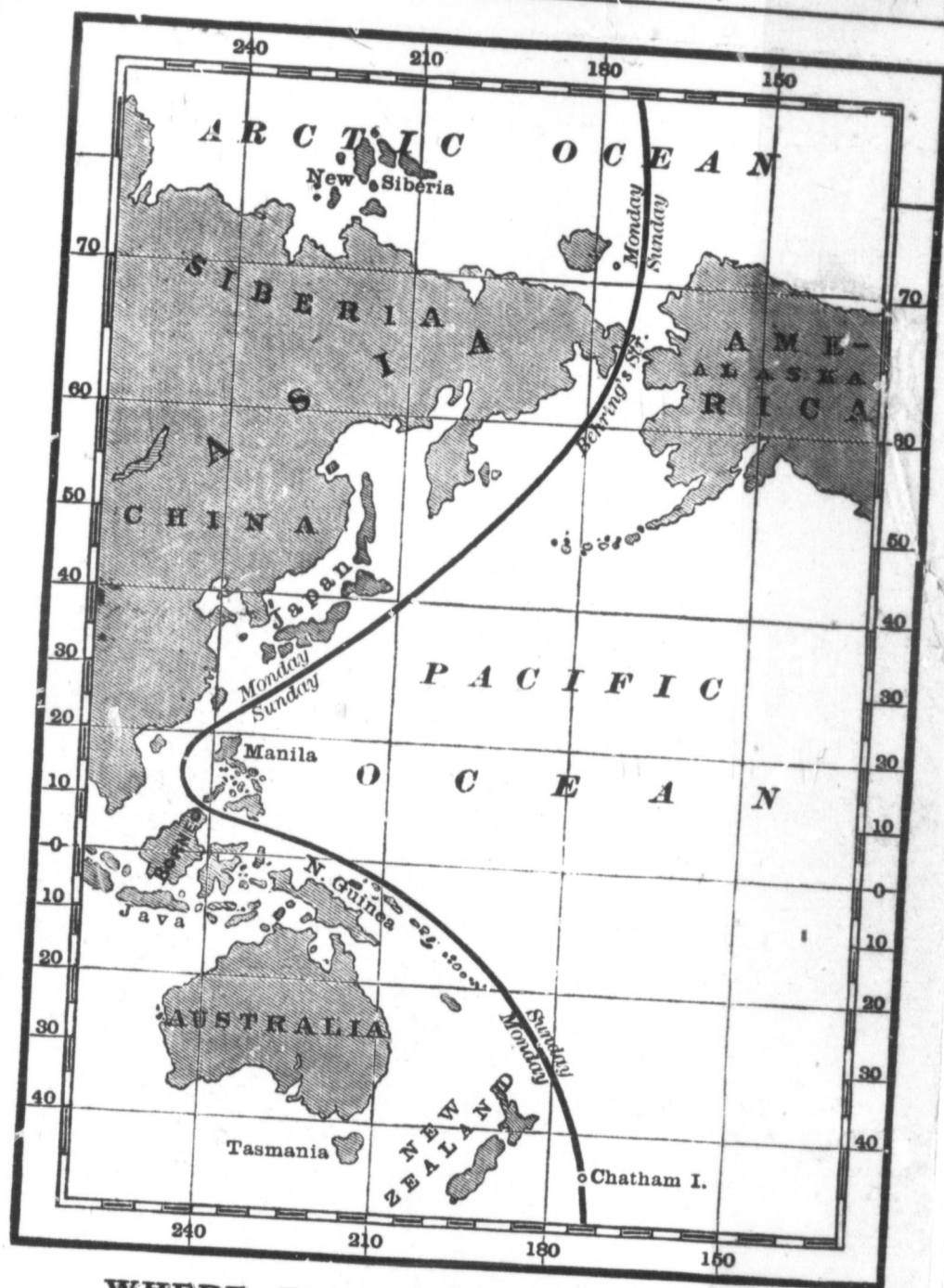




Fig. Co., Toronto



WHERE THE NEW-YEAR BEGINS.

(See page 58 for full explanation of Map.)

IT is evident that there must be some line on the earth, imaginary or real, where, in an instant, a jump is made from the thirty-first day of December to the first day of January. Now where is this line? It is shown very distinctly on the above map, by which it will be seen that the date-line starts from the South Pole and strikes pretty nearly direct north; then inclines east of New Zealand, bends gradually to the northwest, running on the eastern side of Australia, by the Hebrides and New Guinea into the Chinese or Yellow Sea, where it attains its most westerly projection. Now it makes a bending sweep to the east and north, which, leaving the Celebes and Borneo to the southwest, passes around the easterly lying Philippines, then takes a bend northeastward to the east side of the Japanese Islands, and up through Behring's Straits, then inclining a little westward, it takes the shortest road to the North Pole.

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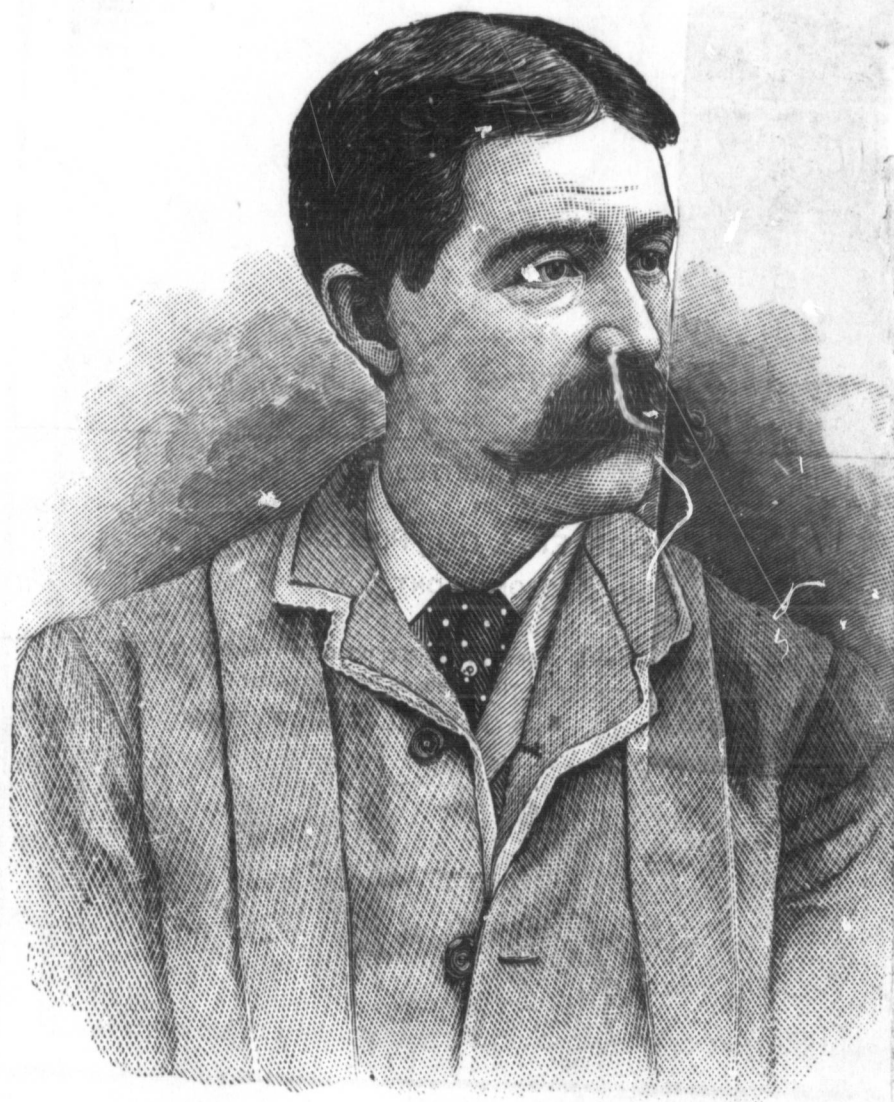
BY

A. VOGELER & CO., PUBLISHERS,
TORONTO, ONT.

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NT.



Henry J. Newmor

P319A-7a

VENNOR'S ALMANAC

FOR

→ 1883 ←



• BY

HENRY G. VENNOR, F. R. G. S.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

PUBLISHED BY A. VOGELER & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

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PUBLISHERS' REMARKS.

THE country has been flooded during the last few years with Almanacs of such a trashy character—the majority, indeed, but clumsy devices for meretricious advertising—that the public have naturally come to look upon publications of this class with suspicion, if not positive disfavor, and we had almost decided not to enter the field again in the face of such opposition, when a fortunate chance enabled us to secure—although at an enormous outlay—the absolute control for the United States and Canada of VENNOR'S WEATHER ALMANAC, the only work of the kind that has achieved an international reputation and commanded the approbation of all classes of readers. Its sale last year far exceeded that of any other Almanac, and the extraordinary verification of its author's predictions during the past season has excited an interest in the science of Weather Prognostication which has had no parallel in our history. As early as last June inquiries began to pour in upon Professor Vennor for his Almanac for 1883, and in anticipation of the universal demand for the book, we were compelled to go to press with it much sooner than was originally intended. Nothing, however, has been omitted that could add to its value or interest, and we feel justified in saying that it is in every respect a great improvement on all its predecessors.

It is, indeed, in its present form, an Almanac for the millions,—a fire-side companion which no family in the land, from the highest to the humblest, would wish to be without. We have concluded, therefore, to present it to the people. To accomplish our purpose in this respect, we have placed the Almanac with the druggists of the United States and Canada, for judicious and free distribution; or, where it cannot be so obtained, a copy will be sent to any address, by the undersigned, on receipt of a three-cent postage-stamp.

A. VOGELER & CO.

TORONTO ONT.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is the sixth time that I have had the privilege of addressing the public through the pages of my Almanac. The first years were years of doubt as to the manner in which it would be received,—the years of doubt have passed. There is a growing desire on the part of the many to learn all that is possible about the weather. The weather controls the crops, and the crops the country's financial and commercial history during the year. After the predictions my chief aim is to place before my readers known and well-established facts in respect to the laws of weather, of interest and value, in a popular form. In this I am assisted by my *Vennor's Weather Bulletin*, a popular weather monthly. I would request my readers to look at the date of this Introduction. It is being written after all my predictions in this volume are ready for the press. These predictions, therefore, must necessarily be at long range. Whether in previous years they have been near the mark or not, the thousands, ever increasing in number, who follow them carefully, year after year, are the best judges. It is safe to say they would not have been so closely watched as they have been if they were without value. My earnest wish is that the study of the laws of weather, and matters bearing on them, may prove of benefit to every reader.

Yours, very truly,

HENRY G. VENNOR.

MONTREAL, June 12, 1882.

HENRY G. VENNOR, F. R. G. S.

MR. VENNOR is one of those successful men who seem at first sight to be born to good fortune, but whose success is due entirely to hard labor and indomitable perseverance. He was born at Montreal, Canada, in 1849, and is an exception to the general rule, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." He was educated at the leading schools of his native city, and took the Zoological and Geological courses of M'Gill College under the celebrated Dr. Dawson. Later on he studied Land Surveying and Engineering, and took the honor course in Geology and Mineralogy. During all this time his spare hours were devoted to the study of birds, rocks, and, although in a lesser degree, the weather. He made a large collection of the birds and fossils of Montreal Island, to which work he devoted his early morning hours before business began. During this period he also contributed several valuable papers to the press. In 1865 he had the good fortune to obtain a position as assistant to Sir William Logan, the eminent founder of the Geological Survey of Canada, with whom he spent one entire season in the examination of Maintoulin Island, in Lake Huron. From there he contributed some exceedingly interesting letters to the *Montreal Witness*, while he also made a collection of the birds of Lake Huron, and prepared a list of all that bred on the island. In the following year he was placed by Sir William on the permanent staff of the Geological Survey and given a geological field north of Belleville to work. Here he fell into some disfavor with the general public because of his expressed opinion that the gold discovered that year in Modoc would not pay for mining, which turned out to be the fact. In 1870 he was elected Fellow of the Geological Society of England, to which he contributed a paper containing several very interesting discoveries and speculations. Up to 1875 he continued his survey of the field first given him, and in that year crossed the Ottawa River and carried his researches into that district lying between the Ottawa, Gatineau, and Lieveras rivers, which he finished two years ago, and then resigned his situation on the Survey to enter the profession of Mining Geologist. His latest work in the Survey brought him into special notice through the opening up of phosphate mining in his district, which has grown into very large proportions, and the discovery of gold and silver, although not as yet in paying quantities for mining purposes. During all these years he was an earnest student of the weather,—as why not,—when for some eight months of the year he lived in the open air? It was then that he began his elaborate system of weather mapping, from which he draws such accurate predictions. The public attention was first called to his predictions through a letter which he sent to the *Montreal Witness* in the Fall of 1875, in which, among other things, he predicted a green Christmas and rainy New-Year's. His predictions came true and he was requested to continue them, and, in the Fall of 1876 he issued his first Almanac, which has ever since been continued as an annual, and now has the largest circulation, it is believed, of any book of the kind in the world. Mr. Vennor, in 1875, published a valuable work, entitled, "Our Birds of Prey," which has added very largely to his reputation as an ornithologist, and he is now engaged on another work of the same description.

1883

THE SEASONS.

Spring begins	March 20	Autumn begins	September 23
Summer begins	June 21	Winter begins	December 21

CYCLES OF TIME.

Dominical Letter	G	Roman Indiction	11
Eoact	22	Julian Period	6596
Golden Number	3	Dyonysian Period	212
Solar Cycle	16	Jewish Lunar Cycle	19

MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

MORNING STARS.

Mercury from February 5 to April 16, and from June 7 to July 29; also, from October 6 to November 26.
Venus from beginning of year to September 20.

EVENING STARS.

Mercury from beginning of year to February 5, and from April 16 to June 7; also, from July 29 to October 6, and from November 26 to end of year.
Venus from September 20 to end of year.

PLANETS BRIGHTEST.

Venus, January 9. Mars and Jupiter, not this year. Saturn, November 28.
Mercury, January 22, after sunset; March 3, before sunrise; May 14, after sunset; July 2, before sunrise; September 11, after sunset, and October 22, before sunrise.

FIXED AND MOVABLE FEASTS.

Epiphany	January 6	Low Sunday	April 1
Septuagesima	" 21	Rogation Sunday	" 29
Sexagesima	" 28	Ascension	May 3
Quinquagesima	February 4	Whit-Sunday	" 13
Ash-Wednesday	" 7	Trinity Sunday	" 20
First Sunday in Lent	" 11	Corpus Christi	" 24
Palm Sunday	March 18	Advent	December 2
Good Friday	" 23	Christmas	" 25
Easter Sunday	" 25		

ECLIPSES IN 1883.

In the year 1883 there will be four eclipses,—two of the Sun and two of the Moon:
I. A partial eclipse of the Moon, 1883, April 22; invisible in the United States, except on the Pacific Coast, where it will begin at Sunset.
II. A total eclipse of the Sun, 1883, May 6, invisible in the United States.
III. A partial eclipse of the Moon 1883, October 16, visible throughout the United States, and on the Pacific Ocean.

TIMES OF PHASES:

Moon enters penumbra	October 15, 11 h. 32 m. P. M.
Moon enters shadow	" 16, 0 h. 50 m. A. M.
Middle of eclipse	" 16, 1 h. 46 m. "
Moon leaves shadow	" 16, 2 h. 42 m. "
Moon leaves penumbra	" 16, 4 h. 0 m. "

These times are given in Washington mean time, and for the Meridian of Washington.

Magnitude of the eclipse = 0.280 (moon's diameter = 1).

IV. An annular eclipse of the Sun, 1883, October 30; visible in the western portions of the United States, and on the Pacific Ocean.

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE ECLIPSE.—(Washington mean time).

Eclipse begins	October 30, 3 h. 45 m. P. M.
Central eclipse begins	" 30, 5 h. 0 m. "
Central eclipse ends	" 30, 8 h. 26 m. "
Eclipse ends	" 30, 9 h. 40 m. "

VENNOR'S GENERAL FORECAST.

What are the Probabilities for the Autumn and Winter
of 1882-1883?

SPECIAL NOTE.

[LAST year, by some unaccountable mistake, my predictions for the Autumn of the year (1881)—correctly given in my Almanac of the previous year—were not sent down to my publishers, in Philadelphia, and instead, an old copy of those for the Autumn of 1880 was inserted and printed before the error was discovered. But as every one, who had in his possession the Almanac for 1881, had therein the correct version for the Autumn of that year, describing its unusually open and mild character, the mistake was let go as one that would be patent to all. Thinking this brief remark and explanation due to myself at the commencement of this issue of my annual predictions, and thanking the public generally for the kind interest they have manifested and the encouragement they have given me in my past efforts, I pass on without further preface to the consideration of the weighty subject before us.]

THE AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1882-1883.

In attempting the forecast of this period, I labor under the great disadvantage of not having yet experienced the Summer weather of this year,—writing as I am from the tenth of June only. The cool, wet, and generally backward character of the Spring, however, has been closely observed, and as it is largely from this I deduce the general characters of the Autumn months, I must be content, since my book is demanded early.

SEPTEMBER.—Beautiful September is hardly, correctly speaking, an Autumn month, but it is in the month of passage to the Autumn, and its behavior, as regards the weather, is of interest to all, particularly to our tourists and travelers. It is in this month, in Northern sections, the forests first give indications of the approach of Winter. "Old Boreas," whose chilling breath begins to be felt in the evenings and nights, causes wraps, shawls and such-like to be very comfortable; yet the days are warm and brilliant; yes, and even hot, with mercury up again to very respectable readings (*vide* last September) over a large part of the United States and Canada. Such heat, however, in September, does not often occur,—it is exceptional.

This year I anticipate a glorious month for the *ninth* in the year. A brilliant dry month in the majority of sections, perhaps more particularly so in Northern sections,—but in general, fine. There will, however, be some sharp frosts experienced during the first and last week of the month; the latter, probably, immediately followed by wet weather—the commencement of the October rainy period. The month, on the whole, will be a favorable one, alike to the farmer, planter, and general traveler.

OCTOBER.—I do not care to think of your "probabilities." Look at the month as I will. It frowns at me. What do I see? Why, nothing at all agreeable. Stormy, wet weather; great and incessant precipitation, both as to rains and snow-falls; early and severe frosts. The general character of the month bids fair to be very generally unfavorable for those who have out-door work to do. Storms likewise appear probable for the Atlantic and British Coast, towards the middle or shortly after the middle of the month.

NOVEMBER will prove on the whole a better month than October; but there will be severe frosts and an advance belt of wintry weather, with heavy snow-falls reported in Western and South-western sections.

In the Dominion of Canada the weather will remain fairly open, with wintry weather in Lower Maritime Provinces. Towards the latter portion of the month a cold wave from the Northwest will travel eastward and cause low temperatures generally. This wave will embrace likewise the early portion of December, when probably the weather will be exceedingly wintry.

DECEMBER will enter frosty; but this cold will be followed by a comparatively open period, with wet weather in Southern sections. Winter will set in generally towards the twentieth, and, by Christmas, the country will be well snow-covered from the Lakes and St. Lawrence Valley to New York, if not farther southward. I look for heavy snow-falls in Northern, Northwestern, and Western sections, with blustering weather and drifts towards the close of the year, and expect the year 1883 to enter somewhat similarly to 1880 and 1881.

The predictions being given in detail for each month of the year 1883, in the following pages, they need not be further alluded to here.

The indications of stormy weather on the North Atlantic are marked, and these storms are likely to extend into and through a considerable portion of January. There will be one cold term in December, of unusual severity, which will be followed by the heaviest snow-falls.

Those observers who base their prognostications on the planetary conjunctions, on the contrary, express an opinion that the close of 1882 will be again mild and open. Let us wait and see.

June 16, 1882.

HENRY G. VENNOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY. AND WESTERN DISTRICT.

The Winter of 1883 will set in stormy and cold, and its severity is likely to continue with but few intermissions up to the fifth or sixth of March, when a milder period will set in.

March will be, on the whole, an unsteady month, varying from harsh to mild.

April and May will likely be warm and advanced months, and May wetter than April, with heavy rain-falls at many points in Kentucky.

June and July, fair and favorable weather, with the usual Summer storms.

August will give some heavy rains and will be a more changeable month than September.

September bids fair to be fine. Frosts probable about and after the twentieth. The twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth likely dates for frosts.

October will enter warm. Cooler weather after the fifteenth or twentieth, and frosts likely about twenty-third.

November and December are likely to act somewhat similar. the year 1873, in the Western District generally.

Winter has entirely failed in his forecast of the weather for
 month *9/10*

1st Mo.

JANUARY.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	9	1 15 morn.	1 3 morn.	0 51 morn.	0 39 morn.	0 9 morn.
First Quarter.....	15	8 4 eve.	7 52 eve.	7 40 eve.	7 28 eve.	6 53 eve.
Full Moon.....	23	2 31 morn.	2 19 morn.	2 7 morn.	1 55 morn.	1 25 morn.
Third Quarter.....	31	5 42 morn.	5 30 morn.	5 18 morn.	5 6 morn.	4 36 morn.

JANUS AND JANUARY.

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
 Forward I look and backward, and below
 I count—as god of avenues and gates—
 The years that through my portals come and go.
 I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
 I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
 My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
 My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.

Longfellow.—“For the Children’s Almanac.”

MON.	1	NEW YEAR’S DAY.—All well snowed-up in Northern sections, and probably New York and Washington, D. C.
TUES.	2	
WED.	3	
THUR.	4	Brilliant and cold weather, with some low thermometer readings.
FRI.	5	
SAT.	6	A milder term commences, with snow-falls in Northern and Western sections. Snow, sleet and rain well to the Southward.
Sun.	7	
MON.	8	Good deal of snow everywhere in Northern and Middle sections. A “dip” in temperature probable.
TUES.	9	
WED.	10	Still cold, steady Winter weather.
THUR.	11	Moderating.
FRI.	12	Cold again in the majority of sections. Generally cold weather,
SAT.	13	
Sun.	14	Moderating to heavy snow-falls Westward.
MON.	15	Blustery and drifty weather, with snow-blockades.
TUES.	16	Chicago and Milwaukee well snowed-in.
WED.	17	General reports of snow-storms West and Northwest.
THUR.	18	Moderate to mild weather, generally, with rains and light snow-falls.
FRI.	19	
SAT.	20	A mild period. Rains and sleet.
Sun.	21	Overcast and moderate weather,—possibly rain or snow.
MON.	22	Moderate to mild weather continues.
TUES.	23	Change to colder weather.
WED.	24	Colder generally, with Eastern snow-falls.
THUR.	25	A fairly cold dip in many sections.
FRI.	26	Moderate to mild weather, with local snow-falls.
SAT.	27	Snow and rain-falls.
Sun.	28	Mild weather probably sets in, with general thaw and break-up in Northern sections, with wet snow-falls and rains.
MON.	29	
TUES.	30	Snow disappearing in many sections. Very mild, with rains in Western and Middle sections.
WED.	31	

GENERAL REMARKS.—Altogether a severe month in Northern and Western sections—in fact almost everywhere. The greatest descent of the mercury is likely to take place in the neighborhood of the twelfth day, and again towards the twenty-fifth.

THE WEATHER AND CLIMATE.

We have plenty of weather just now, but, as far as Canada is concerned, not much of a climate of late years. A writer in *Blackwood* once wrote: "Climate is Dignity: Weather is Impudence." Just exactly so; the thought was a happy one. That man must have tried his hand at predicting. What is more talked about than the weather? As bread is the "staff of life," just so is weather the backbone of conversation, at home and abroad, on the sea and on the land, in the royal palace, and in the husbandraan's cot. Everywhere the prosperity of a country is dependent upon the tiller of the soil, and he again depends entirely upon the weather for good returns. The weather itself—though apparently fickle—is governed by fixed laws, which are yet but imperfectly understood. Weather includes every modification of the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Each one of its agents is a power by itself, exerting a special action of its own upon us, but resembling all its fellows in their common characteristic of capriciousness and instability. Its influence, in some shape or other, is unceasing; for it works upon us through the air, which of all the details of creation is the one with which we are in the most intimate relations. And yet, though almost every other form of matter has become, in some manner or degree, subjected to our will, and can be directed, modified, or used by us, more or less, as we like and when we like, the air remains mercilessly our master; it imposes itself on us, according to its own fancies only, everywhere and always, sleeping or waking.

We cannot do without it, but we can in no way control it. Life, heat, and sound come to us through it alone; without it we could neither smell the flowers nor listen to the birds. Our food depends upon it, for abundance or starvation are its children; and, finally, we ourselves are materially composed of it, for one and all the animals and vegetables around us are in reality, as Thales wisely said, made up of condensed, woven air. But yet, notwithstanding all these relationships, the atmosphere keeps us off at arms-length and will not permit us to use it in any way but its own. This is vexing, but nothing whatever is to be gained by losing our temper about it; it would be altogether futile to imitate Voltaire, and to scornfully call the air "a blue and white heap of exhalation;" that would in no way help us. It was observed just now that weather has no visible motives for its actions, and that it therefore merits to be called an idiot. But though it has no motives, it has causes, like a bucket which goes up and down in a well; it has no will of its own, but it obeys impulses which it cannot resist.

The causes are somewhat various, and are even occasionally conflicting; but yet they all have one common origin,—they all result mainly from the fact that the atmosphere rests on a mixed floor. If all the air reposed exclusively on water or on earth alone, there would be no weather; of course there would be climates, but they probably would be very nearly free from accidents or changes, for the reason that no sufficient agents would be at work to upset their regularity as weather does. It is the division of the earth into sea and land; it is the joint, though separate, action on the atmosphere of those two bases which creates weather; it is the counter-working of those two pavements on the air above them which provokes its good or bad behavior; it is the contrast and the clashing between evaporation and precipitation, between the uplifting and the downpouring of the waters, according to the variety of topographic influences, which bring about the wild uncertainties of weather, and destroy the peaceful unities of climate.

2d Mo.

FEBRUARY.

28 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	7	1 26 eve.	1 14 eve.	1 2 eve.	0 50 eve.	0 20 eve.
First Quarter.....	14	5 11 morn.	4 59 morn.	4 47 morn.	4 35 morn.	4 5 morn.
Full Moon.....	21	7 34 eve.	7 22 eve.	7 10 eve.	6 58 eve.	6 28 eve.

FEBRUARY.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.

Approach!

The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.

Bryant.—"A Winter-Piece."

THUR.	1	A brief period of storm at entry of month.
FRI.	2	Rapidly moderating down towards close of week. Stormy
SAT.	3	weather Gulf St. Lawrence.
Sun.	4	Probable commencement of a moderate to mild period, with rain-and-snow-falls in Western and rain-storms in South- ern districts.
MON.	5	
TUES.	6	
WED.	7	Fair and moderate weather in majority of sections, with ex- tensive thaws. Change approaching to colder weather towards close of week.
THUR.	8	
FRI.	9	
SAT.	10	Colder weather, with heavy snow-falls in Northern and Western sections.
Sun.	11	
MON.	12	Stormy weather, with snow and sleet southward, from St. Lawrence River Valley.
TUES.	13	
WED.	14	Rains or snow-falls in Maritime ports and Gulf St. Lawrence. Generally fair and cold weather in Northern and Middle sections.
THUR.	15	
FRI.	16	
SAT.	17	A period of stormy weather, with rain-and-snow-falls in Western States and Ontario, Canada; and abruptly fluctu- ating temperatures.
Sun.	18	
MON.	19	
TUES.	20	Generally colder weather and still blustry.
WED.	21	
THUR.	22	A brief cold term in Northern areas, with scattered snow- falls, moderating to thaws again, and rains.
FRI.	23	
SAT.	24	
Sun.	25	Very stormy, but moderate, weather from the St. Lawrence Valley to the Atlantic Coast.
MON.	26	Gales along Middle States Sea-board and at New York. Very heavy rains.
TUES.	27	
WED.	28	Scattered local snow-and-rain-falls, with strong winds.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Great precipitation this month, both in the form of rain and snow. Cold periods brief. Some very extensive "break-ups" or thaws. The worst weather is likely to occur in the West and to the Eastward, in Gulf St. Lawrence and lower ports; also, along the Middle States Sea-board, towards or after the 25th of month.

THE YEAR 1883 bids fair to enter extremely, perhaps intensely, cold in Northwest.

THE WEATHER REPEATS ITSELF.

That the weather repeats itself is now amongst intelligent weather observers an acknowledged fact; but comparatively few persons have any idea of the closeness of the similarity between many of these recurring periods. By long and continuous attention to this subject, I have on several occasions anticipated the approach and extent of a period of disturbance, from six to ten days in advance of either the Washington or Toronto Weather Departments. This has been accomplished on two different occasions during the months of January and February, 1882, on both of which notice was given by telegraph to the different sections of Canada and the United States, that were subsequently struck by the storms predicted. It is this great and important point that I am, and for some time have been closely experimenting upon. The minor and petty details connected with the movements of the weather during these periods of recurrence, about which so many quibble, such as the dates for a snow-storm, rain-fall, or cold-snaps, are but comparatively insignificant when compared with the great benefits to be derived by the community from the correct forecasting of an approaching general storm period over certain named sections of country.

But as these recurring periods, as a matter of course, vary greatly in different sections, it becomes absolutely necessary that we should be in possession of all the data possible, and have this arranged and classified at one common centre. On this principle, assisted by personal experience, and with some knowledge of weather relationships in general, I see no reason why we should not be able from any one central point, to give accurate forecasts of the general weather conditions for the whole Northern Hemisphere, and, occasionally even, be enabled to predict for Great Britain and portions of Europe. As an example of this last, I may allude to the prediction published in 1881 relative to gales and snow-storms along the New York and Middle States' sea-board for the last week of January, 1882, in which distinct mention was also made of snow-falls in Great Britain. These actually occurred on the 28th and 29th days and notices of the storms appeared in all of our daily newspapers.

The duration of these periods of recurrence are irregular, and herein lies a difficulty—but not an insurmountable one. I find that seven, or some multiple of this number, in most instances, is a very safe base to work upon. And, here, in connection with this numeral, I would further remark that it is surprising to note how often it has, in past cycles of time, been the "mystic number" upon which the weather changes have appeared to hang. We find closely corresponding weather periods have frequently occurred in seven, fourteen, and twenty-one year divisions of time, and most of us are familiar with the every seventh storm-day of our Winter and Summer months.

Only as recently as last Autumn (1881) the general remark was, "That every Saturday stormed," and it will be of further interest to the public to learn that these "Stormy Saturdays" lasted through a period of just about seven weeks.

BRIEF PREDICTIONS.

The last week of January, 1883, will likely prove stormy or wet in "Western District."

Generally foggy weather on Gulf of St. Lawrence and Atlantic Coast, last week in January, 1883.

3d Mo.

MARCH.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Third Quarter.....	2	0 42 morn.	0 30 morn.	0 18 morn.	0 6 morn.	1d. 11 36 eve.
New Moon	8	11 47 eve.	11 35 eve.	11 23 eve.	11 11 eve.	10 41 eve.
First Quarter.....	15	3 47 eve.	3 35 eve.	3 23 eve.	3 11 eve.	2 41 eve.
Full Moon.....	23	1 21 eve.	1 9 eve.	0 57 eve.	0 45 eve.	0 15 eve.
Third Quarter.....	31	3 37 eve.	3 25 eve.	3 13 eve.	3 1 eve.	2 31 eve.

MARCH.

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn Winter dies:
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise.

Bayard Taylor.—"March."

THUR.	1	March will probably enter quietly and calmly in the ma-
FRI.	2	jority of sections, but speedily give place to its usual bluster
SAT.	3	and storm by the 3d or 4th.
Sun.	4	Stormy and clouded weather, with snow-and-rain-fall, ac-
MON.	5	
TUES.	6	cording to locality,—colder weather.
WED.	7	Snow-and-rain-falls,—blustry.
THUR.	8	More winter-like,—drifty and stormy generally.
FRI.	9	Windy and wet.
SAT.	10	Colder weather.
Sun.	11	Raw and cold, with snow-and-rain-falls.
MON.	12	Colder, but moderate, and generally fine weather. Indica-
TUES.	13	
WED.	14	tions of an approaching wet period.
THUR.	15	Moderate weather, light snow-falls or rains at Southern
FRI.	16	
SAT.	17	points and Western sections.
Sun.	18	Cold dip and scattered snow-falls. Rain and sleet South.
MON.	19	Cold and stormy weather, particularly in Maritime ports,
TUES.	20	Gulf St. Lawrence and North Atlantic Sea-board.
WED.	21	Still cold and windy weather.
THUR.	22	Scattered snow-falls,—Montreal to Chicago and Westward.
FRI.	23	Rapid moderation to rains,—particularly West and in Lower
SAT.	24	Provinces, Gulf St. Lawrence.
Sun.	25	Very wet and stormy, Halifax and New Brunswick.
MON.	26	Snow-storms at Western points. Rains along Lakes and St.
TUES.	27	Lawrence Valley. Early indications of Spring break-up,
WED.	28	and opening of navigation.
THUR.	29	General rains in Ontario and Western States.
FRI.	30	Gales in Gulf St. Lawrence and lower ports.
SAT.	31	Generally mild ending to month, with signs of early Spring
		opening. Possibly snow-fall on last day, or entry of April.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A good deal of rain this month, with some stormy periods along North Atlantic Sea-board, and at lower ports in St. Lawrence. Early indications of the Spring opening. Some unusual periods of warmth, although April may bring a brief return of wintry weather at its entry.

THE WEATHER is likely to be severe in Kentucky through December, January, and fore part of March, during the Winter of 1882 and 1883.

"OLD SAWS."

"When the Rivers and Swamps are full, Winter comes."

Some, I may say many, of the "Old Saws" have a great deal of truth about them, and the above is one of these. Winter often tarries long, until this special condition is fulfilled. The Summer of 1881 was one of heat and drought. There was great and continual evaporation, with but little or no condensation and rainfall. Consequently, lakes and rivers became exceedingly low, and swamps dried up over a very extended area of country. The law of general compensation, however, showed its presence, and the rains that the Summer refused, the Autumn gave in abundance, and at the beginning of the following year we had to record even the other extreme, namely, an overflowing, or superabundance, of water. Now, then, all is ready for Winter, and it closes in forthwith. There are, however, variations and irregularities connected with this general truth which have to be borne in mind. It does not always follow, that because waters are low and swamps dry, we are to expect no severity of cold. On the contrary, I have numerous instances on record of very early and severe cold during such seasons, when waters became ice-locked everywhere, as early as the latter part of November, and early portion of December, and the result was a water-famine. Such was the Winter of 1875-76, when five days of intense cold at the close of November and the first week of December all but closed the mighty St. Lawrence, whilst smaller and less powerful rivers throughout both Ontario and Quebec were firmly sealed for the Winter. But what followed? Why, a general break-up, later on, at the entry of the New-Year's week of 1876, and a warm January all through, when the rivers again became insecure, and many of them reopened. Therefore, it is not altogether safe to neglect to prepare for cold weather simply because "waters are low and swamps not yet full." I further notice that where the heat and drought were not so noticeable a feature during the past Summer (1881)—as, for example, in Newfoundland and portions of the maritime provinces, in parts of the United States, and in the Northwest,—there Winter set in early and quietly, and sleighing was enjoyed already for several weeks before the close of the year, as it has likewise been along the whole range of the Laurentian Mountains to the north of the Ottawa Valley. It is on the result of a careful study and comparison of such truths as the foregoing—many more of which yet remain to be discovered—that our attempts at forecasting the weather must ever be based; and though these attempts may for the present draw forth the ridicule and jeers of the non-thinking portion of our community, the time is fast approaching when this interesting and important field of investigation will force itself upon and command the attention of all thinking minds.

DURATION OF STORMS.

The duration of the storm at any place depends upon the extent of the storm, and the velocity with which it advances. If the storm be only one hundred miles in diameter, and advances twenty miles per hour, its duration at any place cannot exceed five hours. If the diameter of the storm be greater, or its progress less rapid, its duration at a given place will be increased.—*Loomis' Treatise on Meteorology.*

SPRING thunder-storms in Northern sections of the country are almost invariably followed by periods of backward weather and Northwesterly winds.

4th Mo.

APRIL.

30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	7	8 52 morn.	8 40 morn.	8 28 morn.	8 16 morn.	7 46 morn.
First Quarter.....	14	4 5 morn.	3 53 morn.	3 41 morn.	3 29 morn.	2 59 morn.
Full Moon.....	22	6 43 morn.	6 31 morn.	6 19 morn.	6 7 morn.	5 37 morn.
Third Quarter.....	30	2 19 morn.	2 7 morn.	1 55 morn.	1 43 morn.	1 13 morn.

APRIL.

Now the noisy winds are still;

April's coming up the hill!

All the Spring is in her train,

Led by shining ranks of rain;—

Pit, pat, patter, clatter;

Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!

Mary Mapes Dodge—"Now the Noisy Winds are Still."

Sun.	1	This month will probably enter with snow-falls and colder
Mon.	2	weather in Northern sections.
Tues.	3	} Cold and frosty.
Wed.	4	
Thur.	5	} Advanced and warm weather, with occasional brief relapses,
Fri.	6	
Sat.	7	} light snow-flurries.
Sun.	8	
Mon.	9	} Fine and Spring-like weather,—favorable.
Tues.	10	
Wed.	11	} Possibly snow in Lower St. Lawrence and Gulf ports. Stormy
Thur.	12	
Fri.	13	} and colder period of brief duration.
Sat.	14	
Sun.	15	} Fine warm seasonable weather, with the usual fluctuations of
Mon.	16	
Tues.	17	} an April month. Some warm to hot days. Close of week
Wed.	18	
Thur.	19	} windy and rather stormy.
Fri.	20	
Sat.	21	} Warm weather, and probably dry, with bush-fires in many
Sun.	22	
Mon.	23	} sections.
Tues.	24	
Wed.	25	} Warm to sultry weather, with local thunder-showers and
Thur.	26	
Fri.	27	} hail-storms.
Sat.	28	
Sun.	29	} Very favorable weather, with showers and cool nights. Dam-
Mon.	30	
		age done in Western sections by storms. Possibly a cool
		change in Northern areas.
		Rains becoming more frequent.
		Cloudy and cooler weather,—warm days.
		Cloudy and cooler, with cold showers and probably colder
		nights. Local frosts.
		Still cool and showery in many sections.
		Warm and sultry weather again, and very favorable to crops
		generally.—Rains.
		Wet and rather cool weather, with some sharp relapses. Cold
		rains.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The indications are that this month will be an advanced and generally favorable one, with, however, reports and complaints, possibly, of scarcity of rain in some Northern localities. There will be more rain in Ontario than in Province of Quebec or Canada. Precipitation about the average in United States districts, so far as we can judge from this early date of writing, (June 16th).

There is just a possibility of a severe relapse in proximity to the 20th of the month, but the indications are not marked.

THE MOON THEORY.

Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the earth, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed effect. The whole story is a fancy and a superstition, which has been handed down to us uncontrolled, and which we have accepted as true because our forefathers believed it. The moon exercises no more influence on weather than herrings do on the government of the United States.

The notion that the moon exerts an influence on weather is so deeply rooted that, notwithstanding all the attacks which have been made against it since meteorology has been seriously studied, it continues to retain its hold upon the majority of us—and yet there never was a popular superstition more utterly without a basis than this one. If the moon did really possess any power over weather, that power could only be exercised in one of three ways—by reflection of the sun's rays, by attraction, or by emanation. No other form of action is conceivable. Now, as the brightest light of a full moon is never equal, in intensity or quantity, to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud, on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that weather is affected by such a cause.

That the moon does exert attraction on us, is manifest. We see its working in the tides; but though it can move water, it is most unlikely that it can do the same with air, for the specific gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be attracted.

Laplace calculated that the joint attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere at a quicker rate than five miles a day.

As for lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered.

THE MYRIADS OF SHOOTING-STARS.

The average daily number of shooting-stars visible to the naked eye at one place has been estimated at one thousand. Now the number visible at one place is but one-thousandth part of those visible over the whole earth, hence the average number of meteors that traverse the atmosphere daily and that are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, if the sun, moon and clouds would permit, must be in the neighborhood of eight millions. It is thought to be considerably larger than that number. Again, with the telescopes now in use, it is found that the number of meteors to be seen through them, is about forty times the number visible to the naked eye. If this be correct, considerably over three hundred and twenty millions would be visible through the telescope from our planet daily if there were no cause to prevent them from being seen. From this it is evident that the source from whence these meteors come must be of immense extent; but the mass of these bodies is so small and their distance from each other so great that they exert no appreciable influence upon the motion of the planets. It is calculated that the average distance from each other of those seen by the naked eye, under favorable circumstances, is three hundred miles.

SUMMER frosts in the St. Lawrence River Valley almost invariably are accompanied by wind and rain-storms in Western and Southwestern and often Southern sections. Consequently, when we can predict the former with considerable confidence we may likewise anticipate the latter.

5th Mo.

MAY.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	6	5 14 eve.	5 2 eve.	4 50 eve.	4 38 eve.	4 8 eve.
First Quarter.....	13	6 10 eve.	5 58 eve.	5 46 eve.	5 34 eve.	5 4 eve.
Full Moon.....	21	10 27 eve.	10 15 eve.	10 3 eve.	9 51 eve.	9 21 eve.
Last Quarter.....	29	9 39 morn.	9 27 morn.	9 15 morn.	9 3 morn.	8 33 morn.

MAY.

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—*Milton.*

TUES.	1	A cold MAY-DAY,—possibly with snow-flurries in Northern and Western sections of country. <i>Sharp frosts.</i> —A “chilly snap.”
WED.	2	
THUR.	3	
FRI.	4	
SAT.	5	Warmer and Summer-like advanced weather for season.
Sun.	6	Fine warm weather in most sections.
MON.	7	Warm and showery.
TUES.	8	Cold change again,—snow in Gulf St. Lawrence.
WED.	9	Cold and stormy,—rather Fall-like.
THUR.	10	Warmer,—more rain required in Northern sections.
FRI.	11	Fine and cooler weather.
SAT.	12	Warm and Summer-like weather generally.
Sun.	13	Warm, but too dry.—Bush-fires in Canada.—Windy.
MON.	14	Windy, with scattered showers.
TUES.	15	Warm dry weather North.—Rains West and South.
WED.	16	Thunder-storms and sultry weather.—Rains.
THUR.	17	Hot and sultry, with thunder-storms and wind-storms.
FRI.	18	Warm and sultry, with frequent storms.
SAT.	19	Everything unusually advanced. Change to cooler and unsettled weather generally.
Sun.	20	
MON.	21	
TUES.	22	
WED.	23	Cloudy and cooler weather, with rains.
THUR.	24	
FRI.	25	
SAT.	26	
Sun.	27	Cool and rainy weather, with cool to cold evenings and nights.
MON.	28	
TUES.	29	
WED.	30	
THUR.	31	Warm to hot and favorable weather, with occasional storms—during the closing days of month, with generally dry weather, and strong warm winds and gales.—Generally favorable.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Altogether a very favorable month, although too dry in some Northern sections.—Outlook for season, good. Some of the storms are likely to be severe, with local damage to crops—but this is usually the case. Bush-fires are likely to prevail extensively in Canada and portions of bordering States. Weather in the Northwest more moist. The most unfavorable portion of the month will probably be between the 20th and 27th.

HOW THE FROST WORKS.

There is no greater engineer than the frost, even although its work is devoted to tearing down rather than to building up. Its traces are often seen in the houses of Northern climates in the bursting of jugs filled with water and of water-pipes. To the farmer it is of inestimable value. In the Fall he ploughs his farm and digs his garden, leaving the blocks of earth as coarse as possible, and trusts the work of pulverization to the frost. Its action is very simple. The rains of the Autumn and the moisture from the early snows, percolate through the earth in all directions, filling it as a sponge is filled with water. In this condition it is caught by the frost—which expands and contracts according to the degree of heat and cold—breaking and crumbling the grains of earth, until in the Spring they are perfectly soft or mellow. At the same time the same agency is at work on the fence-posts and foundations of houses and barns that are above frost depth. Settling beneath these posts and foundations the earth is expanded at the sides and bottom until the posts and foundations are forced upwards, partially out of the ground. It travels along the highway also, and in the Spring, unless the road has been made with the greatest care, it is soft and springy beneath, while here and there the water comes bubbling up and the small stones are pushed aside to permit the escape of water and mud. But its work is far greater than even this. The rain falls on the rocks—which are more or less porous—and soaks into the surface to some degree. On breaking, a great pressure is exerted, and they crumble, and a dust follows which is succeeded by vegetation, and soil is made. On the sea-shore and the mountain-side, also, large crevices are filled by the rains, and in the former case by the beating waves as well. In very cold weather these fill with ice, which expands, and year after year large masses of rocks are forced outward, until at last they break off and fall to the bottom of the precipice.

WHAT BECOMES OF WASTED SOLAR ENERGY?

Dr. Siemens is naturally dissatisfied with the ordinary theory which attributes to the sun a wanton prodigality not to be met with anywhere else in nature, within human experience. It is commonly stated that the merest fraction of the sun's radiant heat is utilized by his attendant planets, all the rest being wasted in space. According to the new theory of Dr. Siemens this is not so. From the sun's equator, which revolves at a tremendous rate, he imagines radiant heat is projected far into interplanetary space, where it meets with rarified interstellar atmosphere of various gases, which are decomposed by the heat and sent back in the shape of a counter-current to the poles of the sun. In this hypothesis there is no waste of solar energy, and no danger of the diminution and final extinction of the sun's light and heat. Moreover Dr. Siemens maintains his hypothesis, and explains that mysterious appearance—the zodiacal light—as well as those puzzling bodies—the comets. This is a very meagre sketch of the new and startling solar theory, by one who has had all his life to deal with enormous degrees of heat and whose eminent position as a practical man of science will command attention. Should Dr. Siemens' hypothesis be itself erroneous, it will at all events set investigation working in a new direction, and may thus lead to substantial gains to science.

It will likely be remarked, at Southern stations, that the Autumn of 1882 resembled, in many respects, that of 1879.

6th Mo.

JUNE.

30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	5	1 28 morn.	1 16 morn.	1 4 morn.	0 52 morn.	0 22 morn.
First Quarter.....	12	9 57 morn.	9 45 morn.	9 33 morn.	9 21 morn.	8 51 morn.
Full Moon.....	20	11 47 morn.	11 35 morn.	11 23 morn.	11 11 morn.	10 41 morn.
Third Quarter.....	27	2 54 eve.	2 42 eve.	2 30 eve.	2 18 eve.	1 48 eve.

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Lowell—"The Vision of Sir Launfal."

FRI.	1	June will enter hot to warm with too dry weather, save in
SAT.	2	extreme Western and North Western sections of country.
Sun.	3	Thunder storms frequent.
MON.	4	Heat and local thunder-storms and showers.
TUES.	5	Cooler, with light and scattered showers.
WED.	6	Wet weather in Manitoba continues.
THUR.	7	Warm and dry weather.
FRI.	8	Indications of approaching rains.
SAT.	9	Sultry and showery. Rains commencing to be more general.
Sun.	10	Good, heavy rain-falls, with heat, cool night.
MON.	11	Cool change and showery. Cool to cold nights.
TUES.	12	Cool and showery.
WED.	13	Fair to cloudy and generally cool weather.
THUR.	14	
FRI.	15	Unsettled and sultry with frequent thunder-storms.
SAT.	16	Evenings cooler. Hail- and wind-storms.
Sun.	17	Generally fair with occasional storms.
MON.	18	Favorable weather generally.
TUES.	19	Heavy rains with winds and possibly frosts.
WED.	20	Probability of damage to crops by frosts in Canada.
THUR.	21	Unfavorable weather. Cold rains, winds and frosts.
FRI.	22	A general relapse very likely.
SAT.	23	Weather more favorable and settled.
Sun.	24	Warmer, still showery, storms in air.
MON.	25	Warm to sultry with strong winds.
TUES.	26	
WED.	27	Hot weather continues with severe thunder.
THUR.	28	
FRI.	29	Wind- and hail-storms. Heavy rains in sections.
SAT.	30	Unsettled murky weather.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Not a favorable month. Storms too frequent and severe. Sudden cool to cold changes, with frosts in Northern and Middle Sections. But, as the month found things well advanced, I do not anticipate the injuries done to be serious.

With this month I generally end my Almanac predictions as far as details go. As beyond this period my impressions relative to the weather changes are not sufficiently defined. Subsequent editions of the Almanac will treat the remaining months.

THE PERPETUAL SNOW-LINE.

As we ascend in the air the temperature decreases. Even in the tropics—the region of perpetual Summer—the crests of the highest mountains have the snow-white cap of the Arctic regions. Below the snow-line all the snow that falls annually melts during the Summer; above it, the temperature is so low and the snow-fall so great that a portion remains during the whole year round.

The height of this line is determined chiefly by the distance from the Equator, by the exposure of the mountain-slope to the sun's rays, by the situation with reference to rain—bringing winds, by the dryness or wetness of the district, and by the steepness of the slope. Through the great exposure of the sun's rays on the side nearest the Equator, the snow-line in northern latitudes, on the southern slope, is usually higher than on the northern slope, although exceptional causes sometimes reverse the rule. Amongst the exceptions are the Himalayas, owing to the great depth of snow falling on the south side, the greater dryness of the climate resulting in a much greater evaporation and stronger sun-heat. Owing to the slighter precipitation and greater Summer-heat in the centre of continents, the snow-line is higher than near the coasts, and, owing to the greater prevalence of westerly over easterly winds, in many regions of the globe, it is higher on the east than on the west side of continents. This snow-line is one of the most important factors of climate in respect to the distribution of animal and vegetable life, and opens to meteorologists many interesting problems. As might be supposed from preceding remarks, there is no definite rule for finding the variation of temperature according to height, although, in reducing temperature calculations for height, one degree for every three hundred feet is usually adopted.

RELATIVE SIZE OF THE PLANETS.

Mr. J. W. Lockyer, in the "*Science Primer*," devoted to Astronomy, gives an interesting illustration of the comparative sizes of the planets and their distance from the sun. In order to find a true scale of the solar system, or, at least, the most important part of it, from our point of view, he would take a globe, a little over two feet in diameter, to represent the sun; Mercury would now be proportionately represented by a grain of mustard-seed, revolving in a circle 164 feet in diameter; Venus a pea, in a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the Earth, also a pea, at a diameter of 430 feet; Mars, a rather larger pin's-head, in a circle of 654 feet; the smaller planets by grains of sand in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter, a moderate orange, in a circle nearly half a mile in radius; Saturn, a small orange in a circle of four-fifths of a mile; Uranus, a full-sized cherry, or a small plum, upon the circumference of a circle of more than a mile and a half; and Neptune, a good-sized plum, in a circle about two miles in diameter.

It requires some such illustration as this to give any idea at all of the distances of the different heavenly bodies. It is easy to say that the earth's distance from the sun is ninety-one millions of miles,—but how far is that? A train going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, were it to leave earth on January 1st, 1883, would only reach the sun in the middle of the year 2221, or, in three hundred and thirty-eight years.

Fogs in February are related to *frosts* in May, just as "cold dips" in December are related to *thaws* in January. Both are simply illustrations of the "give-and-take" principles of the law of general compensation.

7th Mo.

JULY.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	4	10 19 morn.	10 07 morn.	9 55 morn.	9 43 morn.	9 13 morn.
First Quarter.....	12	3 05 morn.	2 53 morn.	2 41 morn.	2 29 morn.	1 59 morn.
Full Moon.....	19	10 47 eve.	10 35 eve.	10 23 eve.	10 11 eve.	9 41 eve.
Third Quarter.....	26	7 29 eve.	7 17 eve.	7 5 eve.	6 53 eve.	6 23 eve.

JULY.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days and solid banks of flowers;
 Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
 In Indian wildernesses found;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Emerson—"To the Humble Bee."

Sun.	1	"DOMINION DAY (Canada).—Storms.
MON.	2	Sultry weather with strong warm winds and severe wind-
TUES.	3	and hail-storms in Western areas
WED.	4	<i>Unsettled, with thunder-storms generally.</i>
THUR.	5	
FRI.	6	Rainy weather with frequent thunder-storms.
SAT.	7	Cloudy and murky weather generally.
Sun.	8	Cooler in Northern sections, local rains.
MON.	9	} Drier weather North, rain in Southern and Western districts.
TUES.	10	
WED.	11	Altogether favorable weather.
THUR.	12	Cooler and windy, still showery.
FRI.	13	Possibly frosts in Northern and Middle sections.
SAT.	14	
Sun.	15	Stormy and heated term in majority of sections—with wind,
MON.	16	thunder-and hail-storms of almost daily occurrence, nights
TUES.	17	cooler.
WED.	18	Fairly warm and favorable weather.
THUR.	19	
FRI.	20	} Storms of rain and wind, nights cool.
SAT.	21	
Sun.	22	Windy and unsettled weather.
MON.	23	} Fine, warm weather.
TUES.	24	
WED.	25	} Probably cooler weather, with cool nights in Northern sec-
THUR.	26	
FRI.	27	
SAT.	28	tions, and stormy weather in Western and Southern dis-
Sun.	29	tricts.
MON.	30	Cool weather with scattered storms but cooler nights.
TUES.	31	The month will probably terminate with rains in nearly
		every quarter, and cool weather.

NOTE.—The predictions from July must for the present be given in general terms as we do not pretend to locate the dates for disturbances from the early date at which we write (June, 1882). We do the best we can, however, and the *Monthly Bulletin* will revise.

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The moon shines with a borrowed light, or in other words, is simply a reflector of the sun's light, when the latter has sunk beneath the horizon, and the moon is on the opposite side of the heavens, the earth between the two, although not exactly in a direct line except during the period of eclipse. Although the moon sheds a beautiful silvery white light, it is evident that she cannot be white herself, because, in that case, the reflection would be much stronger. If the moon were an immense mirror, for example, her reflection would equal the light of the sun.

After careful estimates of the quantity of light she reflects, astronomers assert that the moon is more nearly black than white, although in reality neither the one or the other. If covered with black velvet she would still appear white, for even black velvet reflects some light, and if the moon reflected any light whatever, it would still appear white in contrast with the utter blackness of the sky. From Zöllner's observations it follows that if the moon's surface were covered with white snow her present light would be increased about four and a half times; if covered with white paper, four times; if her surface were of white sand, her light would be nearly half as great again as at present. She gives almost the same quantity of light as might be expected if her surface were entirely weathered-grey sandstone, and more than twice as much than if it were moist earth or dark grey syenite. As some parts are much brighter than others, it may be inferred that in places her surface is lighter and in others darker than weathered-grey sandstone.

ICE ON THE HUDSON.

The following table gives the dates of the closing of navigation on the Hudson since 1816. By this table it will be seen that the date of the closing of navigation is averaging later than at the beginning of the record, but this possibly may be due to larger traffic and the more powerful vessels used in these latter days:—

1816	Dec. 16	1839	Dec. 18	1861	Dec. 20
1817	Dec. 7	1840	Dec. 5	1862	Dec. 19
1818	Dec. 14	1841	Dec. 19	1863	Dec. 11
1819	Dec. 13	1842	Nov. 29	1864	Dec. 12
1820	Nov. 13	1843	Dec. 9	1865	Dec. 19
1821	Nov. 13	1844	Dec. 11	1866	Dec. 15
1822	Dec. 24	1845	Dec. 4	1867	Dec. 9
1823	Dec. 16	1846	Dec. 15	1868	Dec. 9
1826	Jan. 5	1847	Dec. 24	1869	Dec. 6
1826	Dec. 24	1848	Dec. 27	1870, Boats ran every mo.	
1827	Nov. 25	1849	Dec. 15	1871	Nov. 29
1828	Dec. 23	1850	Dec. 17	1872	Dec. 10
1830	Jan. 11	1851	Dec. 13	1873	Dec. 25
1830	Dec. 23	1852	Dec. 22	1874	Dec. 14
1831	Dec. 5	1853	Dec. 23	1875	Nov. 30
1832	Dec. 21	1854	Dec. 17	1876	Dec. 2
1833	Dec. 13	1855	Dec. 26	1877	Dec. 30
1834	Dec. 25	1856	Dec. 13	1878	Dec. 19
1835	Nov. 30	1858	Jan. 15	1879	Dec. 20
1836	Dec. 7	1858	Dec. 18	1880	Nov. 23
1837	Dec. 13	1859	Dec. 10	1882	Jan. 5
1838	Nov. 25	1860	Dec. 13		

8th Mo.

AUGUST.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
New Moon.....	2	H. M. 8 42 eve.	H. M. 8 30 eve.	H. M. 8 18 eve.	H. M. 8 6 eve.	H. M. 7 36 eve.
First Quarter.....	10	8 45 eve.	8 33 eve.	8 21 eve.	8 9 eve.	7 39 eve.
Full Moon.....	18	8 10 morn.	7 58 morn.	7 46 morn.	7 34 morn.	7 4 m.
Third Quarter.....	25	0 48 morn.	0 36 morn.	0 24 morn.	0 12 morn.	11 42 eve.

AUGUST.

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head;
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.

Christina G. Rosetti.—"A Year's Windfalls."

WED.	1	FIRST WEEK.—Warm to sultry entry of month, changing to cooler, cloudy and stormy weather at end of week, with general rain-falls and wind-storms.
THUR.	2	
FRI.	3	
SAT.	4	
Sun.	5	
MON.	6	SECOND WEEK.—Changeable, with frequent rain- and wind-storms and abrupt changes of temperature. Close of week warm to sultry, with severe thunder- and hail-storms in majority of sections.
TUES.	7	
WED.	8	
THUR.	9	
FRI.	10	
SAT.	11	THIRD WEEK.—Sultry heat, rains and thunder-storms of daily occurrence. Great deal of rain so far this month.
Sun.	12	
MON.	13	
TUES.	14	
WED.	15	
THUR.	16	FOURTH WEEK.—Storms continue with intensely hot and oppressive periods. The month ending cooler, wet and with high winds and gales.
FRI.	17	
SAT.	18	
Sun.	19	
MON.	20	
TUES.	21	
WED.	22	
THUR.	23	
FRI.	24	
SAT.	25	
Sun.	26	
MON.	27	
TUES.	28	
WED.	29	
THUR.	30	
FRI.	31	

ALTOGETHER a wet and unfavorable month. Considerable damage through hail- and wind-storms.

HAIL.

The formation of hail is begun at an elevation exceeding sixteen thousand feet, in middle latitudes, where the temperature is considerably below that of melting ice, and the icy particles in falling join together, forming larger ones, and thus the greatest size is attained below the height of four thousand feet. In the formation of the hail two currents of air invariably have a place.

Previous to the fall of hail the air is hot and highly charged with moisture. A cold current, rushing in, displaces it and rapidly forces it upwards to a great elevation, where it becomes chilled and the vapor condensed. There are thus two clouds intermingling, as it were, the one consisting of vapor condensed into water, with a temperature near thirty-two degrees, and in the other the vapor is precipitated in the form of snow, with a temperature, it may be, as low as twenty degrees. In front of the hail-cloud the air is whirled rapidly around a horizontal axis, causing the snow to collect in small balls which, becoming forced into the adjoining warmer water-cloud, is coated with water at the freezing point, which becomes congealed by the cold of the snow nucleus; and still the whirling motion continues, and the rapidly-forming ball is whirled through the snow-cloud and watery cloud alternately with amazing rapidity, and layer after layer of soft snow and transparent ice are added, until, in a few minutes, a ball is formed, perhaps as large as three or four inches in diameter. All the time the clouds have been filling rapidly and are at an elevation of about four thousand feet when the hail escapes from the vortex and falls to the earth.

The hail in falling makes a peculiar crackling noise, which is heard by those below some seconds before it reaches them.

From the nature of its formation, the fall of hail must be of short duration, and generally lasts but from four to ten minutes, and very rarely continues for as long as fifteen or twenty minutes. It falls only at the beginning or during the continuance of a rain-storm, which has a much larger area than is covered by the fall of hail.

Hailstones usually average from one-thirteenth to one-sixth of an inch in diameter, but have reached to upwards of four inches. On May 7th, 1822, hailstones weighing from twelve to thirteen ounces fell at Bonn, in Germany; on May 22d, 1851, some the size of oranges fell in Southern India; on August 13th, the same year, hailstones fell in New Hampshire weighing eighteen ounces, which, if solid ice, would make a sphere with a diameter of four inches, and a circumference of twelve and a-half inches,—some of these exceeded sixteen inches. In this storm the average depth of hail was four inches. This was exceeded by a storm which passed over the Orkneys, at the North of Scotland, on July 24th, 1818, depositing hail to the depth of nine inches, which, however, does not bear comparison with one that deposited sixteen inches of ice in the streets of Mexico, on August 17th, 1836.

THE MOIST FLEECE.

"Behold, I will put a fleece of wool in the floor; and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, . . ." (Judges vi, 37.) Gideon considered this a miracle, though he required a second one to satisfy him of his divine mission. In Southern California, in Summer, it would scarcely be a miracle. Any such object as a fleece, laid over-night on the arid plain, would be full of water, while around it the dust would be nearly as dry as at noontime.

9th Mo. SEPTEMBER. 30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	1	9 30 morn.	9 18 morn.	9 6 morn.	8 54 morn.	8 24 morn.
First Quarter.....	9	1 54 eve.	1 42 eve.	1 30 eve.	1 18 eve.	0 48 eve.
Full Moon.....	16	4 57 eve.	4 45 eve.	4 33 eve.	4 21 eve.	3 51 eve.
Third Quarter.....	23	8 6 morn.	7 54 morn.	7 42 morn.	7 30 morn.	7 0 morn.

SEPTEMBER.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.

Longfellow.—"The Falcon of Sir Federigo."

SAT.	1	FIRST WEEK.—Entry, cloudy to cool, and showery. Generally pleasant and favorable weather, with cool evenings and nights. Rains diminishing.
Sun.	2	
MON.	3	
TUES.	4	
WED.	5	
THUR.	6	
FRI.	7	
SAT.	8	SECOND WEEK.—Very similar weather. Warmer, with occasional showers. Heat again.
Sun.	9	
MON.	10	
TUES.	11	
WED.	12	
THUR.	13	
FRI.	14	
SAT.	15	THIRD WEEK.—Warm to hot and favorable weather. Cooler about the 20th or 21st. Occasional rains.
Sun.	16	
MON.	17	
TUES.	18	
WED.	19	
THUR.	20	
FRI.	21	
SAT.	22	FOURTH WEEK.—Some heavy rains, with foggy weather on Lakes and Gulf St. Lawrence. Still fair and favorable weather in the majority of sections.
Sun.	23	
MON.	24	
TUES.	25	
WED.	26	
THUR.	27	
FRI.	28	
SAT.	29	
Sun.	30	

A FAVORABLE month altogether, with no prominent disturbances.

METEORS AND AEROLITES.

A comparison of all the facts which are known respecting shooting-stars, detonating meteors and aerolites leads to the conclusion that they are all minute bodies revolving, like the comets, in orbits about the sun, and are encountered by the earth in its orbital motion. The visible path of aerolites is somewhat nearer to the earth's surface than of ordinary shooting-stars—a result which may be ascribed to their greater density. It is probable, also, that their velocity is somewhat smaller—a result which may be due to their descending into an atmosphere of greater density, which causes, therefore, greater resistance.

These three classes of bodies exhibit alternate periods of maximum and minimum abundance, and the times of maximum for the several classes correspond somewhat with each other, indicating that these bodies are collected in groups, and the three classes of bodies are grouped in a somewhat similar manner. The August meteors move in orbits which require more than a century to complete, and comprehend bodies differing greatly in size, and probably also in density. Their magnitudes range from comets, whose diameter is perhaps 100,000 miles, to minute atoms, which, in a single second, are dissipated by the heat resulting from their collision with our atmosphere. Their density ranges from that of metallic iron to earthy bodies having but feeble cohesion, which are dissipated into fine dust by the heat of collision with our atmosphere, and it is possible that the rarest of them may consist of solid or liquid matter in a state of minute subdivision, like a cloud of dust or smoke.

The periodic meteors of November, probably, comprehend bodies having an equal range of magnitude, and perhaps, also, of density.—*Loomis.*

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

On December 6th, of this year, the astronomers will have their interest worked up to the highest point of excitement. The transit of Venus, or her apparent passage across the face of the sun, affords astronomers the best means of determining the sun's distance from the earth, and on this depends the measure of distances from each other of most of the visible bodies in the heavens. The transit of Venus is sufficiently rare to give a special interest to each occasion, that previous calculations may be checked and new ones made. The last transit was in 1874, and the next after this present year will not be until June 2004. Therefore, very extensive preparations have been made for the observation this year, and the interest in the United States and Canada will be heightened by the fact that these countries will be the best situated for observations.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF WEATHER.

As regards weather recollections, says one of our "oldest inhabitants," it accords with my long observance that nothing is more general than the facility with which they lapse into oblivion, and that, too, not infrequently within a short period after the facts have transpired. In this, as in many other departments of mundane affairs, we are very liable to fall into unwitting errors by bearing in memory only intermittent, salient facts, whilst, from the feeble impressions made by less striking, but more ordinary and continuous phenomena, we fail in our general summary, and, in consequence, enunciate conclusions alike antagonistic to rational judgment and the establishment of useful knowledge.

10th Mo. OCTOBER. 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
New Moon.....	1	1 10 morn.	0 58 morn.	0 46 morn.	0 34 morn.	0 4 morn.
First Quarter.....	9	5 36 morn.	5 24 morn.	5 12 morn.	5 0 morn.	4 30 morn.
Full Moon.....	16	2 1 morn.	1 49 morn.	1 37 morn.	1 25 morn.	0 55 morn.
Third Quarter.....	22	6 34 eve.	6 21 eve.	6 10 eve.	5 58 eve.	5 28 eve.
New Moon.....	30	7 13 eve.	7 1 eve.	6 49 eve.	6 37 eve.	6 7 eve.

OCTOBER.

The October-Day is a dream, bright and beautiful as the rainbow, and as brief and fugitive. The same clouds and the same sun may be with us on the morrow, but the rainbow will have gone. There is a destroyer that goes abroad by night; he fastens upon every leaf, and freezes out its last drop of life, and leaves it on the parent stem, pale, withered, and dying.

W. Hamilton Gibson—"Pastoral Days."

MON.	1	FIRST WEEK.—Warm entry with thunder-storms and showers and generally cloudy and showery weather,—but favorable.
TUES.	2	
WED.	3	
THUR.	4	
FRI.	5	
SAT.	6	SECOND WEEK.—Wet and showery throughout—rains everywhere.—Unsettled up to end of week.
Sun.	7	
MON.	8	
TUES.	9	
WED.	10	
THUR.	11	THIRD WEEK.—Still continues showery and cooler—cool evenings and nights.—Frosts probable about 20th or 21st.
FRI.	12	
SAT.	13	
Sun.	14	
MON.	15	
TUES.	16	FOURTH WEEK.—Cool and showery, with fogs and mists.—Probably a wintry snap during week, with sharp frosts and scattered snow-flurries.—Generally fair ending of month.
WED.	17	
THUR.	18	
FRI.	19	
SAT.	20	
Sun.	21	
MON.	22	
TUES.	23	
WED.	24	
THUR.	25	
FRI.	26	
SAT.	27	
Sun.	28	
MON.	29	
TUES.	30	
WED.	31	

NOTE.—Further details respecting this Autumn month in subsequent issues of this Almanac and in *Bulletin*.

THE EARTH DRYING UP.

There is abundant evidence that the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea communicated with the Black Sea, and when the Mediterranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Sahara. In fact, geologists tell us that at one period the whole earth was covered by water, and the fact that continents of dry land now exist is proof that there is less water on our globe now than there was in its infancy.

This diminution of our supply of water is going on at the present day at a rate so rapid as to be clearly appreciable. The rivers and smaller streams of our Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago.

Country brooks, in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood, have, in many cases, totally disappeared, not through an act of man, but solely in consequence of the failure of the springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lake-side cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers or of refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has grown shallow in spite of the fact that it has been dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, and all the dredging which can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it.

The growing shallowness of the Hudson is more evident above Albany than it is in the tide-water region, and like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now almost bare of water in many places during the Summer.

In all parts of the world there is the same steady decrease of water in rivers and lakes, and the rain-fall in Europe, where scientific observations are made, is manifestly less than it was at a period within man's memory.

What is becoming of our water? Obviously it is not disappearing through evaporation, for in that case rains would give back whatever water the atmosphere might absorb. We must accept the theory that, like the water of the moon, our water is sinking into the earth's interior.—*New York World*.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

Let a drop of clear spring water evaporate on a piece of glass, and, although it contains some mineral substances, they are so minute in a single drop of water that not a speck is left behind. Let a drop of sea-water, however, evaporate in the same way and a little white point or film will be left behind which, on being placed under a microscope, is found to consist of delicate crystals of common or sea-salt. Where did this come from? It came first from the salt-rocks which, being dissolved, are gradually carried by streams into the Ocean, where it remains; because, although the salt-water does evaporate, the salt always is left behind, as in the case of the drop on the glass. It is evident from this that the sea is gaining salt year by year, and has been gaining more salt every year since the rivers first emptied into it. But it is not anything like as salt as it might be yet, as in the Atlantic the total quantity of salts amount to only about three and a half pails in every hundred pails of water; while in the Dead Sea the proportion is as much as twenty-four to the hundred of water.

11th Mo. NOVEMBER. 30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
First Quarter.....	7	7 20 eve.	7 8 eve.	6 56 eve.	6 44 eve.	6 14 eve.
Full Moon.....	14	11 53 eve.	11 41 eve.	11 29 eve.	11 17 eve.	10 47 eve.
Third Quarter.....	21	8 59 morn.	8 47 morn.	8 35 morn.	8 23 morn.	7 53 morn.
New Moon.....	29	2 10 eve.	1 58 eve.	1 46 eve.	1 34 eve.	1 4 eve.

NOVEMBER.

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—

No company—no nobility—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,

No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November!

Hood.

THUR.	1	FIRST WEEK.—Month opens cloudy and dull, with rain, sleet or snow, with more fair, cool days towards close of first week, with occasional slight rains.
FRI.	2	
SAT.	3	
Sun.	4	
MON.	5	
TUES.	6	
WED.	7	
THUR.	8	SECOND WEEK—Brings variable weather, cold to mild, and showery.
FRI.	9	
SAT.	10	
Sun.	11	
MON.	12	
TUES.	13	
WED.	14	
THUR.	15	THIRD WEEK.—Cool, cloudy and showery, with snow-flurries in Northern sections.—Growing colder.
FRI.	16	
SAT.	17	
Sun.	18	
MON.	19	
TUES.	20	
WED.	21	
THUR.	22	FOURTH WEEK.—Cloudy and cold, with rains, sleet and snow—a good deal of rain generally. Month closes with rains, snow-flurries and colder weather.
FRI.	23	
SAT.	24	
Sun.	25	
MON.	26	
TUES.	27	
WED.	28	
THUR.	29	
FRI.	30	

ALTOGETHER an open and wet month in the majority of sections.

WHIRLWINDS CAUSED BY FIRE.

Whirls may be set in motion by whatever causes a strong upward motion of the air. An extensive fire frequently produces this effect. When large fires are burning on the Western prairies, violent whirls are frequently formed, having a force sufficient to lift a man from the ground and transport him to a considerable distance. At such times the flame is sometimes collected into a fiery column, rising to the height of two hundred feet or more.

Some years since, during the burning of a cane-brake, in Alabama, several whirls were formed in the midst of the flames, some of which rose to the height of two hundred feet, and in form resembled the upper cone of an hour-glass. Similar effects were produced by the conflagration of Moscow, September 14-20, 1812.—*Loomis.*

RATE OF MOTION OF STORMS.

The rate at which cyclones travel is very variable. In the West India cyclones the highest rate which has been observed is forty-three miles per hour, and the least ten miles per hour; the mean being twenty-six miles. In the Bay of Bengal the observed rate varies from two to thirty-nine miles per hour, and in the China Sea from seven to twenty-four miles per hour. In the South Indian Ocean the observed rate varies from one to ten miles per hour. Some cyclones travel so very slowly that they may almost be considered stationary.

The direction and velocity of the wind are, however, entirely distinct from those of the storm's progress. While the storm sometimes advances at the rate of less than ten miles per hour, the velocity of the wind, which whirls round its axis, may exceed one hundred miles per hour.

THE CYANOMETER.

The Cyanometer is an instrument for measuring the intensity of the blue color of the sky. The following are a few of the generalizations arrived at through it: "The blueness of the sky generally increases from the horizon to the zenith. The blueness of the sky is greater after rain, when the air is most pure, and it diminishes as the particles of condensed vapor suspended in the air increase, showing that a pale sky is a sign of rain. The blueness of the sky decreases as we recede from the equator. The blueness of the sky increases with the altitude, and at an elevation of sixteen thousand feet the sky is almost black. There is a remarkable difference between the color of the sky as seen from the top and bottom of a large mountain."

WHERE DO CYCLONES ORIGINATE?

There is no instance on record of a hurricane having been encountered on the Equator, nor of any one having crossed that line, although two have been known to rage at the same time on the same meridian, but on opposite sides of the Equator, and 10° or 12° apart. They originate near the equatorial limit of the trade-winds, where these winds are irregular. The West India hurricanes generally originate between latitude 10° and 20° N. and longitude 50° and 60° W. on the borders of the zone of calm and variable winds, which corresponds with the zone of constant precipitation of rain.—*Loomis.*

"A WINDY Spring,—a severe Summer and a stormy Autumn."—*Lord Bacon.*

12th Mo. DECEMBER. 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON	CHARLESTON	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
First Quarter.....	7	7 2 morn.	6 50 morn.	6 38 morn.	6 26 morn.	5 56 morn.
Full Moon	13	10 44 eve.	10 32 eve.	10 20 eve.	10 8 eve.	9 38 eve.
Third Quarter.....	21	3 24 morn.	3 12 morn.	3 0 morn.	2 48 morn.	2 18 morn.
New Moon.....	29	8 16 morn.	8 4 morn.	7 52 morn.	7 40 morn.	7 10 morn.

DECEMBER.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us sing by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Longfellow.—"By the Fireside."

SAT.	1
Sun.	2
MON.	3
TUES.	4
WED.	5
THUR.	6
FRI.	7
SAT.	8
Sun.	9
MON.	10
TUES.	11
WED.	12
THUR.	13
FRI.	14
SAT.	15
Sun.	16
MON.	17
TUES.	18
WED.	19
THUR.	20
FRI.	21
SAT.	22
Sun.	23
MON.	24
TUES.	25
WED.	26
THUR.	27
FRI.	28
SAT.	29
Sun.	30
MON.	31

FIRST WEEK.—Entry of month fairly cold, with light snow-falls; speedily giving place to milder weather, with rains.

SECOND WEEK.—Colder, with scattered snow-falls in Northern areas and rains South and West.—Mild again towards close of week.

THIRD WEEK.—Generally mild weather, with rains.—Altogether very open weather for time of year.

FOURTH WEEK.—Mild and open weather, with rains and fogs up to close of year.—Very little snow anywhere.—Ice forming in some Northern sections.

WE shall have further remarks to make on this important month in a later edition of this Almanac. At present the range is too long to attempt details.

H. G. V., June 16, 1882.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON'S EXPERIENCE.

There be a man on the planet who has had his full share of novel, dangerous and startling experiences, that man is Capt. Paul Boyton, whose performances have been witnessed by hundreds of people, and who has earned prizes, medals and decorations almost numberless. The following from the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* bears directly upon this point: "The world-renowned swimmer, Capt. Paul Boyton, in a recent interview with our regular correspondent at the sea-shore, related the following:—'During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to 'shoot' one hundred and two waterfalls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for, as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of St. James OIL in my little boat. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact, I would not attempt a trip without it.' The Captain tells the following as one of his characteristic experiences: "One evening, above Lewisburg, on the Mississippi, I was on the lookout for some place where I could stop, or for some person from whom I could obtain information, when, near the bank of the river, I discovered smoke issuing from the chimney of a small cabin. I hauled to and blew my bugle. For some time the smoke issuing from the chimney was the only sign of life. Finally a man, an easy kind of an individual, came walking down leisurely, regarding me curiously.

'How far is it to Lewisburg?' I asked.

'It's a putty good distance.'

'But how far do you call it?'

'I don't call it.'

'Confound it, man; is it two, three or four thousand miles?'

'I reckon it's one of the numbers.'

Then I realized that I had met a kinsman of the Arkansas Traveler. My irritation, which had at first been exhibited, subsided, and desiring to get as much information as possible, I asked, pointing to a bar:

'Which side of the channel shall I take?'

'Either side you please.'

'Which do you consider the better?'

'I am not attendin' to other people's business.'

'Which side do the steamboats take?'

'It's owin' to what captain is aboard.'

'My friend, I think you are the d—d'st fool in Arkansas.'

'An' stranger, I think you are the devil come up to cool off. Go home!'

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbor, replied with confidence: "I do, your honor, ivery wan av them. That's wan," he added calmly, as the ship struck it, filled and sank.

The Summer of 1883 will probably form a couplet with 1882, as this first is, so will the last be.

KANSAS PRAISING IT.

WHILE I was in Topeka last Winter, said the Hon. Arthur Edgington, I had a pretty rough time of it. I got a bad cold, and, then, that not being sufficiently severe, I was also attacked with Rheumatism. The pain was in my left shoulder. At times I almost writhed in agony. I tell you, sir, that the pain could not have been greater had my shoulder been screwed up in a vise. I was utterly helpless, and felt like I was destined to remain in that condition indefinitely. My friends and a physician were generous in their prescriptions, and my room soon became a miniature apothecary shop. But nothing did me any good. One day some one told me I was enduring a great deal of needless pain, when I could invest fifty cents in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL and be cured. I invested in a bottle of the Oil, rubbed it on my shoulder twice, and in two days forgot that I ever had Rheumatism. Yes, that is a great remedy, and no mistake. They can't say too much in favor of its healing power.

The above was uttered by Mr. Edgington while sitting in the porch of the La Gonda House, at Columbus the other evening, and was overheard by an escaped reporter, who is traveling over the country *incog*. Inquiry developed the fact, that Mr. Edgington is one of the most widely-known men in Kansas, figuring prominently in politics, and acting as the responsible agent of the Bradstreet Commercial Agency.—*Oswego (Kans.) Democrat*.

MARY'S LAMB ON A NEW PRINCIPLE.

MOLLIE had a little ram, black as a rubber shoe, and every where that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between its sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again—alas! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat he stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose, and went for that ere sheep; while several well-directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door, with curses long and loud; while rammy struck the hindmost man and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast; "Aha!" he said, "I'll try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called,—“Come, rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am.”

With kind and gentle words he came from the tall pulpit down, saying:—“Rammy, rammy, ram—best sheepy in the town.”

The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson landed he was behind the hindmost seat.

And as he shot from out the door and closed it with a slam, he named a California town—I think 'twas “Yuba Dam.”—*Exchange*.

A HALO round the moon is also an indication of rain,—the larger the halo, the nearer the wet spell.

THE MARKED SEALS.

THE telegraph has been busy telling the people East of the wonders of the Graphoscopticon, and the curious use to which a Baltimore firm has been putting it on this coast—marking sea-lions with the name of the Great German Remedy, St. JACOBS OIL, and drawing such crowds to the Cliff House to see the marvels, that Foster cannot begin to entertain them. Reading of these wonders, Eastern showmen have sent dispatches here, with a view of securing the sea-lions. A shrewd circus and menagerie proprietor has offered \$10,000 for one of the animals, and the managers of Woodward's Gardens, it is understood, not to be behind-hand, have raised his figure \$2000 in order to get such an attraction. The Captain, who has, of late, been filling large orders from the East for sea-lions, has been interviewed on the subject, and the price offered is so tempting that he will try to win the prize by every means in his power. He has made overtures to Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., whose representative is now in this city, and who has charge of the Graphoscopticon, that they exercise its powers still further, and mark the animals *ad lib.* with the name of the Great German Remedy, because his chances of securing one would thereby be increased. But the Captain forgets that the Baltimore House is not working for showmen, and that he should not pocket the shekels through their instrumentality. Their purpose of arousing public attention has been as fully accomplished by two marked seals as it would have been by two thousand. Besides, the processes of the Graphoscopticon are very delicate and are impaired by too great a demand, and the number of visitors at the Cliff House just now, morning, noon and evening, is so great, that the operators of the machine cannot (as they have been instructed to do, and as they desire) pursue their manipulations in a quiet and unobserved manner. The apparatus has done its work fully on this coast.—*San Francisco Call.*

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all, now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me—did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon doors, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the unabashed youngsters.

THE March disturbance seems to point towards the middle of the month this time, and the best portion will probably be between the tenth and fifteenth in nearly all sections.

SENATOR T. F. GRADY'S EXPERIENCE.

STATE Senator Thomas F. Grady, representative from the Fourth Senatorial District is, by all odds, one of the most gifted young men in the State of New York. He is not yet thirty years of age, but has thus early become distinguished by force of inherent, original talent, his colleagues regarding him the equal of the leading men of the day. Not long since, in the presence of several New York politicians, a representative of the Albany (N. Y.) *Daily Press and Knickerbocker* overheard the Senator deliver his opinion of a certain popular article. The newspaper representative had asked Senator Grady's opinion of ST. JACOBS OIL, and the Senator said:—

"I believe ST. JACOBS OIL to be the greatest medicine of the age, and that it possesses more curative properties than any medicine ever given to the people. I would not be without it, having found it invaluable on several occasions, myself, and knowing scores of others who speak in raptures of its many good qualities. Two years ago I caught a very severe wetting during a political campaign, and the result was,—I found shortly after that I had a lodger in my shoulder in the shape of Rheumatism. I doubted the excellent qualities of ST. JACOBS OIL, but I had heard from several quarters such good reports of the Great German Remedy that I determined to judge for myself. I purchased some of the Oil and as a result of its use, I found myself relieved by the very first application; each successive application tended to better my condition, until a permanent cure was effected by it. My disagreeable lodger—Rheumatism—was discharged. My shoulder was free from pain, and I was myself again. It is a pleasure for me to recommend ST. JACOBS OIL, and I do so on all occasions. I think that as the remedy is within such easy reach, all should avail themselves of its many good qualities. There should be no 'Doubting Thomases.' The work of ST. JACOBS OIL is too good, too effective to permit there being any; therefore, as I said before, I consider it an excellent remedy."

His head was the shape and size of a Bullitt County watermelon, and he was so black that charcoal would make a light mark on him. The goat was asleep, leaning against the side of the house. The darky was smoking a decayed cigar. He espied the goat, looked at the lit end of the cigar, grinned; then at the tail end of the goat,—“grinned louder.” Looked all around, to see that nobody was looking, and touched the lit end of that cigar to the tail end of that goat. The goat turned a handspring, and the negro opened his big mouth to laugh, but the goat butted him so quickly between the chin and his breeches' pockets that his jaws came together, making a noise louder than the report of a gun. The negro's hat, boots, and cigar lay in a pile, ten feet off, while his body was curled up like a horseshoe in the mouth of a sewer opening. When he “came to” he looked around, and dispersed the crowd by saying: “Will some 'ob you gentlemen shoot me wid a pistol? A nigga dat's as big a fool as I is don't deserve to be libben.”

A VERY weak tenor, in Dublin, singing feebly, caused one of the gods to shout to an acquaintance across the gallery: “Corney, what noise is that?” “Bedad” said Corney, “I believe it's the gas whistlin' in the pipe.”

A HAZE around the sun indicates rain; it is caused by fine rain or mist in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

THE TALL SYCAMORE OF THE WABASH.

SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES RISES TO EXPLAIN.

THE following from the special Washington correspondence of the Indianapolis (Ind.) "Journal" concerning Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, embodies one of the Senator's opinions upon a subject of popular interest, and refers to the circumstances that induced it. The "Journal" goes on to say:

The Senator was troubled for some time with Rheumatism of the back and suffered considerably with that disagreeable malady. He had tried several remedies—so-called remedies—but found that they gave him no relief. One evening lately the Senator sauntered into the well-known pharmacy of Dr. W. R. Russell, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Tremont Avenue, this city, (Washington, D. C.) and purchased a bottle of ST. JACOB'S OIL, the Great German Remedy. Now, that was all very well, and nothing at all uncommon, because it is safe to say that more than one-half the Senate owe the soundness of their limbs to the same remedy; but a few evenings later our correspondent happened to be in the pharmacy, when he overheard the following conversation between the Senator and an agent for ST. JACOBS OIL, who had, in some way, heard of the Senator's cure, and had come to Washington—may be from California, who can tell?—as the methods of that enterprise are far beyond our ken.

"Mr. Senator," said the agent, just as the great Indiana statesman, after quaffing a glass of Apollinaris, was about to depart, "I have heard it whispered that you have been using ST. JACOB'S OIL, and that you have been benefited thereby. As agent for that remedy, I would, if you have no objection, like to hear you express your opinion of the Oil."

"My opinion, sir, I have no objection to giving. I consider ST. JACOB'S OIL a splendid remedy, and that it did me a great deal of good. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some Rheumatism—in fact, it was Rheumatism of the back: I used some of ST. JACOB'S OIL, and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely. I think it is a remarkable remedy, indeed."

FACTS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Galileo discovered the movement of the contribution box at a camp-meeting in 1812, and said: "It does go round;" for which he was afterwards called a rounder. Lye was first used to remove printers' ink from the hands by George Washington, in 1760. You cannot remove a lie from a newspaper except with a libel suit. Yarn was first spun by Noah in the ark. The stove-pipe joke was original with Hamlet, when he remarked: "The time is out of joint." Plug hats were introduced by Julius Cæsar to conceal his baldness. The Troy laundry was established B. C. 1193; that is to say, they had Hector and Achilles collaring and cuffing each other and Helen around there then. The boot-jack was first used as an offensive weapon in the time of Cat-aline the conspirator. Treating was first introduced by David, who gave Goliath a sling that went to his head. Fine-cut tobacco was first used by Chaucer.

A DARK and vapory sun, and a sickly-looking moon, with blunt horns and a circle round her,—or pallid, big and non-scintillating stars,—are all signs of approaching rain.

DOCTORS VOTING THE "STRAIGHT" TICKET.

WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree?" is one of those suggestive quotations that will, we expect, be used until all of the doctors and their patients shall have become angels. So long as doctors continue on this planet there will be differences of opinion among them;

Allopath, Homœopath, Hydropath, too,
Each has his notions,—betwixt me and you.

So long, however, as these differences pertain to other people, it does not affect us very seriously; but when it comes right down to us,—aye, "there's the rub;"—all the difference in the world between "skinning and being skinned." But doctors do agree, and often; what better evidence could be asked than a knowledge of the manner in which they are voting the "straight ticket" for ST. JACOBS OIL, in its application to the relief of so many painful diseases; and when the doctors are unanimous upon any question,—that question is decided. Observe the general sentiment of the following-named physicians:

Lorenzo Waite, M. D., Pittsfield, Mass.—I was called to treat a very severe case of Sciatica, that had been under the care of two eminent physicians, who were unable to afford any relief. After a continued use of various remedies that had previously, during many years of practice, never failed in similar cases to accomplish the desired result,—I was on the point of abandoning the case as incurable. At this time (although having little faith in anything that might result) I was induced to try ST. JACOBS OIL. After using one bottle according to directions, I found my patient much improved, and the use of the second bottle effected a complete cure.

Dr. R. H. SchultZ, Shenandoah, Pa., says: For twelve years and longer I have been practicing medicine and surgery, and can say, from personal experience, and with a clear conscience, that ST. JACOBS OIL, in its actual working results, is far superior to all other external applications.

Dr. J. F. Speck, Wilmington, Del., states: that he uses ST. JACOBS OIL in his family as a household remedy, a sort of universal panacea for all aches, and has always found it to act most happily.

Mrs. Dr. A. A. Jordan, 51 Lincoln Street, Worcester, Mass., observes: ST. JACOBS OIL has never failed to cure all that it claims to, and I prescribe it willingly and confidently to those of my patients who suffer with Rheumatism, Sprains, and all bodily pains. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I can highly recommend it.

C. M. Wilkins, M. D., 321 Marshall Street, Philadelphia, Pa., says ST. JACOBS OIL is a marvel, and recommends it to all of his friends who suffer with Neuralgia.

Dr. Eli Thayer, 457 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass., lately observed that ST. JACOBS OIL is a most excellent article. I have recommended its use in many cases, and have always found the result very satisfactory, said the Doctor.

Dr. O. Fuls, of Reading, Pa., Dr. Charles Regnault, of New York City, Dr. C. M. Martin, Sunbury, Pa., Dr. Reasner, of Jackson, Mich., and many other physicians have voluntarily rendered flattering opinions concerning the efficacy of ST. JACOBS OIL. Just such evidence can be furnished in abundance.

THE Chickweed is called "the poor-man's barometer," because it shuts up its flowers when rain is approaching.

A GENUINE SURPRISE.

CHICAGO is, as she may well be, justly proud of her Mayor. She is proud for several reasons, and very good ones, too, of the Hon. Carter H. Harrison. There are but few men in American politics to-day who can show so clear a record or as deserving and honorable a career as Mr. Harrison. Twice has the gentleman been called upon to fill the office of Mayor of Chicago with the highest mayoralty vote ever given a Democrat in this great city, and twice has he filled that office with honor, winning the respect and esteem of her people regardless of party. Mr. Harrison is, as yet, in the prime of life—his physical qualities being fully equal to his mental capacities, and that is saying a great deal. The only medicine which he has ever used is the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL. Speaking of that famed panacea, used by all the great men of the day, Mr. Harrison said: "Rheumatism is about the only ailment that has ever given me any bother, and that is now gone where it will trouble me no more. In the neighborhood where I live the people will have no other medicine for Rheumatism, or diseases of a similar nature, but ST. JACOBS OIL. When I first found myself suffering from Rheumatism, my leading thought naturally was to call a physician, but my neighbors all advised me to try ST. JACOBS OIL. I took the advice of my friends who had been benefited by its use. I procured some of it immediately, and—well, the result was that I have been recommending it since I found it so excellent for the Rheumatism. I have almost a bottleful of it now at home, and I am morally certain that I have no more Rheumatism. The Oil has been used in my family and neighborhood with remarkable success, and I think ST. JACOBS OIL is an excellent remedy." Such is the experience and such the opinion of his Honor the Mayor.—*Chicago Tribune*.

HON. JAMES A. GENTRY, Ex-Mayor of Manchester, near Richmond, Va., met one of our reporters and told him how he had been relieved by ST. JACOBS OIL. He had suffered with Acute Rheumatism, but by rubbing with the Oil had been cured.—*Richmond (Va.) State*.

A GALVESTON boy of about twelve had a very poor school certificate. The old man said, as he looked under the sofa for the boot-jack:

"I'll have to apply coercive measures."

"Don't do it, father. I am afraid there will be a scene, and we don't care to have the neighbors suspect that our relations are not harmonious."

The neighbors say the boy's eloquence was intoned by something that sounded like hitting a tough beefsteak with the flat side of an axe.

"WHAT is the devil?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of the new boy who was quite small. "I don't know what it is, but it can't run as fast as my pa can." "How do you know that the devil can't run fast?" "Because I heard pa say he always catches the devil when he comes home late at night from the lodge. I reckon I'll be able to catch it, too, when I get to be as big as pa." "I've no doubt of it," remarked the teacher with a sigh.

If the sun sets in crimson clouds and rises brilliant, or if the stars are numerous and bright, we know, in a general way, that we may reckon on a duration of fine weather.

OUR SHERIFF.

PROBABLY the most popular man who ever filled the office of Sheriff of the City and County of New York, State of New York, is its present incumbent, Peter Bowe, Esq. A peep through the past twenty years of the Sheriff's life shows an eventful and active career. When the horrid din of civil war broke upon the ears of the American people, and our fair land was torn with strife, we find Private Bowe's name one of the first to be enrolled, and his musket one of the first shouldered to go forth and give battle. Later on, the rolls show that Lieutenant Bowe is still foremost among the brave defenders of the Union; and when, at the expiration of a year, we look again, Major Bowe is found amongst the list of officers ready to die, if need be, for the flag they had sworn to protect; and he returned at the close of the war with the title and epaulet of Major, won from many a hard fought battle, with the "boys" of the Forty-second New York—the historical "Tammany Regiment"—the record of which forms one of the brightest pages in our history. Nor were his deeds of heroism forgotten, for we find him at the close of the war performing honorable civil duty in the metropolis. His first entrance into the Sheriff's office was to act for two terms as deputy under the respective administrations of Sheriffs Brennan and O'Brien, and he himself was finally called by the people to fill the office of Sheriff. He is of splendid physique, athletic and well-knit, unused to pain and aches, if we may except an attack of Rheumatism, which lodged itself in his shoulder last fall, and which, thanks to ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy, lasted but a short time. Short a time as it was, however, it was long enough to engender a kindly feeling in the Sheriff toward ST. JACOBS OIL, for yesterday he spoke in glowing terms of that wonderful remedy. Mr. Bowe said: "I consider ST. JACOBS OIL an excellent remedy, and one that ought certainly to find its way into every household. There is a bottle of it in my house now: Mrs. Bowe always has it there, and makes a family remedy of it. As soon as a pain or ache shows itself in the family, the Oil is at once brought into requisition, and the pain is bound to go. ST. JACOBS OIL has a way of disposing of pain equaled by no other remedy. Where there are children in the family, it is very desirable, these little people being especially liable to hurts, burns, and bruises, and the Oil has been found, by application, soothing and healing in every instance: indeed, my experience leads me to believe, that it is an infallible remedy." There is a Sheriff's proclamation for you, and one which we could not find it in our heart to keep from the people! Sheriff Bowe has spoken; the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine; the Hon. Carter Harrison, of Illinois; Hon. Wm. A. Davidson, of Ohio; Gen. Orrin L. Mann, of Chicago; Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, O.; Hon. Wm. Bowells, Minister of Customs for the Dominion of Canada;—all of these, with thousands of others, have found ST. JACOBS OIL an excellent remedy, and are pleased to say so. Surely the name of Sheriff Bowe looks well in that galaxy!—*New York Evening Telegram.*

"STUDENT" wants to know what kind of a bird was the Dodo. From the fact that the species is entirely extinct, we suppose it was the fabled Spring-chicken, of which we still hear so often and see so never.

SEPTEMBER will give frequent and heavy rains, West and South; while Eastward and in the Maritime Provinces, there is likely to be *drought* and early cold.

THE RIDDLE SOLVED.

ONCE in Egypt, whilst I wandered by the lordly Nile,
 On the ills of flesh I pondered and the doctor's guile;
 Then my footsteps, all unheeding, like to one who thinks
 Naught of where his path is leading, came I to the Sphinx.
 Long I stood in contemplation, whilst those stony eyes
 Gazed upon me meditating, with the same surprise
 They, four thousand years before, had gazed upon the race
 Who, Osiris to adore, had chiseled out that face.
 Then I spoke, my thoughts proclaiming, to that face of stone,—
 Freely speaking, naught retaining, as a man alone:
 Sphinx! I've often heard the story, in my early youth,
 How a riddle was thy glory! Now, if that's the truth,
 Thou, who riddles hast propounded, in the ages past,
 Hear my question and expound it, it shall be my last:—
 What can cure my pains rheumatic,—drive away my aches?
 And curtail those big, emphatic fees the doctor makes?
 Thus I spoke—half jest, half serious—little thinking though,
 What that granite-faced mysterious Sphinx was going to do.
 But its lips began to tremble, and a voice to say,
 "I, the Sphinx, cannot dissemble, hear me, 'it will pay.'"
 And that voice was like to thunder, all the land it filled;
 Whilst it spoke, in fear and wonder, tremulous I thrilled,—
 And the words of that old image on Egyptian soil,
 Were the pertinent instruction—"Use ST. JACOBS OIL!"

NIGHT had settled gloomily and forebodingly over the doomed City of Alexandria. The ultimatum had been named by the English Admiral, and it was proudly and immediately rejected by Arabi Bey—the leader of the insurgents. The English fleet was in thorough readiness for work—earnest and terrible though it might be,—and the darkness loaned favor to the busy Egyptians engaged in perfecting their defences. An awful stillness settles over the fleet and city—the oppressive stillness that precedes and betokens the approaching storm. Soon the stars fade, night retires, and the proud sun looks out upon the old city. Presently a flash, a roar,—and then a solid shot from one of the fleet falls among the Egyptian soldiers, and death has commenced his day's harvest on the soil of Egypt. Now comes that test of skill between artillerists; and the day's work gave the palm of marksmanship to the British, whose gunners had dismantled every fort of the Egyptians and slain hundreds of the soldiers defending them. At the close of the contest, the British Admiral had communication with the American vessels present at the conflict:—many suggest that it was for the purpose of securing a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL for the injured of his fleet; this cannot be said positively. One thing, however, is certain; ST. JACOBS OIL is so well and favorably known, that it would, most probably, be in the medical supplies of the vessels in question, and the British Admiral would be doing the kind and proper thing to secure it for his men.—*English War Correspondence from Egypt.*

VERY heavy rains in portions of Kentucky in November.

A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

ABSOLUTELY essential to the prosecution of any undertaking or enterprise is the thorough understanding of the details thereof; and very necessary, indeed, to the uninterrupted enjoyment of perfect health is the knowledge or understanding of the best means and appliances for the banishment of pain upon its first appearance. The following experiences upon the part of those who have improved their understanding by the judicious use of the proper means (indicated below), will, we think, justify others in following in their footsteps. Mr. John Lenzen, of Avon, Loraine county, Ohio, writes: "A young man, by the name of William Kotz, coachman for Mr. Charles McClellan, came to my store one morning, complaining that his feet were frost-bitten. He had in vain tried to get relief by consulting physicians, and had endeavored without success, to ease the pain by rubbing his feet with snow and ice—the remedy applied in such cases. Being exposed a great deal to the cold, by his occupation, his feet got worse daily, until one day he fainted in the street. A few days after, he again came to my store and showed me his feet. I have seen a great many sores in my life, but none to equal his, and was afraid the poor fellow would lose his limbs. He asked for ST. JACOBS OIL; but at first I refused, as I did not wish to take the responsibility upon myself. However, some friends, who happened to be in the store at the time, begged me to give the ST. JACOBS OIL to the sufferer; so we rubbed his feet with the Oil, and he took the remainder with him. After nine days the same man came into my store, perfectly well, and requested me to publish this most wonderful cure."

Mr. George T. Dreyer, 45 Division Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have suffered with Frost-bitten Feet every Winter. I applied ST. JACOBS OIL about five or six times and am entirely cured." Mr. S. S. Walker, 5 Coral Street, Lowell, Mass., says: "I have used ST. JACOBS OIL for the immediate relief and cure of Chilblains, and it accomplished both." Mr. Chas. W. Lear, 2460 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I suffered with very badly Frosted Feet. My druggist recommended ST. JACOBS OIL; I tried it, and it is the best thing I ever had in the house; half a bottle cured my feet." The Great German Remedy is equally as good for Corns and Ingrowing Nails, as the many testimonials to its efficacy would testify, had we space to present such. Mr. A. Liffers, 206 New York Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., writes: "I have been troubled for several years with very painful Corns, and tried numerous remedies. I failed to receive any benefit until I used ST. JACOBS OIL. One bottle relieved me of all pains, and the Corns disappeared entirely." Mr. R. D. Whitney, 23 Howard Street, Springfield, Mass., writes: "My wife and mother suffered for years with Corns and nothing ever helped them. They used ST. JACOBS OIL, and it worked like a charm, curing them as if by magic."

THE SNOW.

COME see the North-wind's masonry!
 Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
 Furnished with tide, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work,
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
 For number or proportion.—Emerson—"The Snow-Storm."

PEACE IN THE FAMILY.

IT had been a day of loud domestic tumult. Not that significant variance between Mr. and Madam, which comes of Mr. telling her "how his mother used to do," or of Madam threatening him with a "big brother's" anger and muscle; no, none of that. It was Monday—wash-day—an unlucky day for everyone in the house, from *paterfamilias* to little Johnny, who was just able to crawl; and it all came in this wise:—Dinah wanted to start in washing early; so with all in readiness, she was soon under way. Everthing went "lovely" until she began to stir the clothes in the huge wash-boiler; not looking at the paddle, she thrust it among the handsome linen, only to discover, too late, that Sammy, with characteristic innocence, had anointed the paddle with soft soap and coated it with soot. Quickly gathering up the heavy boiler Dinah started for one of the large tubs to turn out the badly-speckled linen; she grasped the boiler too energetically, and separated the stove-pipe joints, just as she tripped and scalded her left arm its entire length. The smoke and gas from the disjointed pipe, and Dinah's screams completely unsettled Madam, who rushed into the wash-house and then out again, up-stairs, screaming "Fire!" and "ST. JACOBS OIL!" in one breath, and continuously. On her way through the dining-room she overturned the freshly-filled market-basket, which emptied its contents over little Johnny, who was crawling from under the table, and who was somewhat surprised and two thirds buried under one dozen eggs and half a peck of tomatoes, that came rattling and rolling over him—and rather stunned by a heavy pumpkin that rolled upon his head. Johnny was very promptly and persistently heard from. In the meantime Madam had rushed up-stairs to Mr.'s room, but was thrown full-length by a very dexterous arrangement of rope which Sammy had run across the hall for his father's benefit. Madam's louder screams brought Mr., who, in his wild haste, had forgotten to put on his slippers, and had picked up a conveniently placed tack—the same entering his heel. Launching a few choice expressions at his unlucky stars, he gathered up his wife, fell over the rope himself, swore again, then cut the rope, and swearing at Sammy's budding genius, he gathered up seven bottles of ST. JACOBS OIL for the emergency below. Entering the dining-room he heard Johnny under the table, slipped into the eggs and tomatoes, and—swore. Reaching the wash-room he was nearly strangled with gas and smoke. Hastily pouring a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL over Dinah's arm "to take out the fire" and inflammation, he succeeded in quieting her. Then fixing a chair, so as to repair the stove-pipe, he mounted it, fixed the unruly pipe and—fell down on the hot stove. He arose very quickly, and—swore; yea, roundly and with mad vehemence. Madam had rubbed her bruises with the Oil in the meantime, and felt much improved. She fished Johnny from the raw custard and tomatoes, and was soothing his bumps and temper by gently rubbing him with the Great German Remedy. Mr. retired to his room, drew out the tack with the gas-pliers, and rubbed the heel, as also the burnt surfaces and his bruises with the same article, and, towards night, everybody was happy but Sammy. He was denied his supper, and held a discussion in the cellar with his vexed and abused parent. The medium of communication was a barrel stave, and his father closed the discussion by the stern *dictum*—"And now you'll sit standing for the next week, or my name is not—." The balance was lost as Sammy sped to his room, where he vigorously applied ST. JACOBS OIL, a bottle of which he gathered from the store-room on his hurried way.

Next morning, after family prayers, the unlucky events were laughingly referred to, and a unanimous vote of thanks passed in favor of ST. JACOBS OIL, as the greatest remedy in the world for household accidents and emergencies. Sammy voted for it with both hands, and a hurrah!

AN IMMENSE IRON WORKS.

MR. E. M. GIFFORD, of the Norway Iron Works, Boston, Mass., gave the following description to a Boston *Globe* representative as suggesting the special propriety of the points he makes in favor of the popular article mentioned below. Mr. Gifford observes: "I am connected with the Norway Iron Works, one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the country. There is more ST. JACOBS OIL used by the men in the works than I would like to state, lest you might put me down as a romancer. They use it right along for everything, and it does its work every time. I never thought anything advertised in the papers could take such a hold among men. You see those who work in hot iron are constantly receiving hurts in one way or another, the most common being Burns. Well, there is nothing equal to ST. JACOBS OIL for Burns. It takes all the fire out instantly—not after continued applications—but *instantly*. Therefore, you will at once perceive that it is an invaluable remedy to men who are constantly having their flesh singed by red-hot iron. Oh, yes, many have used it in Rheumatic Affections, and have yet to hear the first man say it failed to give relief. They keep it in their families, too, and all swear by it. At the works the men club in and buy it and place it in the hands of the carpenter, who dispenses it when occasion requires. There is seldom a day when it is not called for. All use it. You must understand that a cut from hot iron is not like a slash with a knife or any other cold instrument. The iron not only cuts, but it destroys the tissues, and leaves a ghastly, quivering wound exposed to the air, and a fainting, agonized wretch writhing with pain. Many a time I have seen a poor fellow thus situated soothed and relieved by the ST. JACOBS OIL, as if by magic. Only the other day a boy got frightfully cut with a piece of hot wire-rod while at work. The wound was a very bad one. He suffered intensely, and was fainting with pain. As soon as possible, a bottle of the Oil was brought from the carpenter's chest, and the wonderful liquid was poured into the wound, which was in the calf of the leg. The relief was immediate, and the boy went to work a short time afterwards, apparently unmindful of what otherwise would undoubtedly have laid him up."

COMBAT BETWEEN SPARROWS.

FROM the beam over the clock in the Bonaventure Railway Station, Montreal, one evening last Spring, four sparrows lit down on the floor, and a hand-to-hand, or, rather, beak-to-beak fight began. It was soon clear that one of the party was odious to the rest, for after a short general scuffle three set upon one, and, so to speak, "got him down," and in that position pecked and clawed him till he was actually left dead on the floor. Constable Richard and a number of persons were spectators of the affray, and the former picked up the slain bird and preserved it as an evidence of what sparrows will do when thoroughly roused.

SHE used to keep bits of broken china and crockery piled up in a convenient corner of the closet, and when asked her reason for preserving such domestic lumber, she shot a lurid glance at her husband, and merely remarked: "He knows what them's for."

MR. JACOB R. YOUNG, of Owatonna, Minn., writes: "My wife was afflicted with a very severe sore throat, as were also three of my children. We used ST. JACOBS OIL and a complete cure was the result. I cheerfully recommend it to all."

"BABY'S GOT THE MUMPS!"

AS a reporter was passing along J street yesterday afternoon, between four and five o'clock, says the Sacramento (Cal.) *Record-Union*, he observed a neatly attired but bonnetless young lady rushing into the old-established and favorably-known drug emporium of H. C. Kirk & Co. The girl's manner indicated beyond a doubt that she was in a terribly excited state of mind. Her "bangs" and "frizzes" had evidently been neglected that day; her keen dark eyes were full of fire, and in her left hand she clutched a red morocco purse. At once the thought flashed across the mind of the pencil-shaver that here might be a chance for an item—a sensation maybe. He quickly followed the lady into the store, where she was observed to rush up to one of the clerks and exclaim: "Baby's got the Mumps! Quick! quick! give me a bottle of that Great German Remedy." Her request being promptly complied with, she hastily handed the drug-clerk fifty cents and departed. "My sensation is spoiled," thought the man of news, "but as I may some day have a baby with the Mumps, I'll try to gain a little information which in future years may possibly enhance my domestic felicity." He accordingly approached the genial managing partner of the house named—Mr. Joseph Hahn—with the question, "What do you know about babies with the Mumps, and this so-called Great German Remedy?" "My esteemed friend of the press," observed the jolly Joseph, "I know that Mumps, Rheumatism and all similar painful troubles give way to the magical influences of the remedy in question (ST. JACOBS OIL), just as butter melts in the sun." In this connection it may be well to refer to the opinion of D. H. Armstrong, Esq., Assistant Postmaster, of Delta, La. The gentleman says: "I must congratulate the owners on their great discovery—ST. JACOBS OIL. I had suffered for ninety-six hours with Mumps, and one bottle of the Oil cured me in two days. I feel it my duty to recommend the great remedy."

EVENING.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

Byron.—"Parasina."

MR. W. GALER, Columbus, Ohio, writing from the *Dispatch* office there, says: "If every proprietary medicine possessed the curative properties of ST. JACOBS OIL, there would soon be a diminution of college graduates. Mr. Rankin of the *Journal* had something like Mumps not long ago. He told me that he had used a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, and it did him more good than all the doctors."

A LETTER AND ITS SEQUEL.

THE following letter and its sequel are voluntary expressions of opinion concerning a subject of especial interest to every reader. The letter is from Commander Coghlan, now in California, and the sequel from John Carr Moody, Esq., of the same State, and are eminently worthy of careful perusal and serious consideration. They were addressed voluntarily to us, and are their own best commentary.

THE LETTER.

U. S. NAVY-YARD, MARE ISLAND, CAL., Dec. 16, 1881.

SIRS:—An enforced residence of two years in this abominable climate of California made me the subject of most painful attacks of Rheumatism, during which I was totally unable to perform the arduous duties of my office. Consultation upon my case by eminent naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief, and my distress was much aggravated by the fact that my physical disability would result, under the law, in my retirement from active service, on the eve of my promotion to the grade of Commander. At this period Dr. Hoyle, a friend of mine, recommended to me ST. JACOBS OIL, the happy result of the use of which has constrained me, in my deep gratitude, to hereby acknowledge the complete and wonderful cure it has wrought in my case. I am sincerely yours.

J. B. COGHLAN, U. S. N.

THE SEQUEL.

NO. 5 LAW BUILDINGS, VALLEJO, SALONA CO., CAL., Jan. 13, 1882.

GENTLEMEN:—The publication in the *Army and Navy Journal*, of a commendatory notice of ST. JACOBS OIL, from the pen of my old and valued friend, Captain Coghlan, of the Navy, now on duty here, reminds me of an unfulfilled task, which it is a pleasure for me to complete. A sufferer for seven years from a cruel joint trouble,—pronounced by some practitioners, Gout, and by others, Rheumatism, but distressingly painful under any name,—I was slowly making my way, with my crutch, to the court-room, when I was accosted by Captain Coghlan, who kindly gave me his arm. He furnished me with an account of how his well-known sufferings were alleviated by the use of the Oil, and with his usual persistent energy, insisted on sending me some, which he had. Doubtingly enough, I applied it according to directions, and the relief within a reasonable time, was such as to make me almost disregard the evidence of my own senses. When one has been plagued so long—grown gray with pain—and exhausted purse, patience and pharmacy in seeking relief, incredulity is reasonably prominent,—and blamelessly so. But after continuous use of the remedy, I am constrained to say, with especial reference to its therapeutic value, "*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*;"—and to congratulate myself and my family specially, and the human race generally. With great relief, I am, gentlemen, yours thankfully,

JOHN CARR MOODY, *Counselor-at-Law*.

"WHY, old fellow, I thought you were dead long ago," he exclaimed, grasping his friend's hand and shaking it with an enthusiasm that almost brought tears to his eyes. "No, not dead," he responded calmly. "I expected to be, but a divorce court intervened in time to save me."

A HAPPY PREACHER.

THERE is a very worthy colored man residing in New Orleans, much esteemed by his race, who has developed a marked enthusiasm for the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL. He is popularly known as "Preacher Charlie." and wields a powerful influence among his people. He resides on upper Baronne street. This worthy man adds to his income by engaging in other pursuits besides that of ministering on sacred things. About a year since, Preacher Charlie fell from a scaffold where he was at work, and sustained severe injuries, the chief of which was a sprained ankle. Therefore, until recently, he walked with considerable difficulty. Indeed, he was quite lame and almost incapacitated for work of any description. Upon a recent occasion he stepped into his pulpit with as free a gait as he had ever evinced in his best days. The old man was so highly gratified by his restoration and the evident pleasure of his congregation thereat, that he then and there explained its cause. He said to his people that he had no doubt that many of them were wondering that he appeared so nimble, when, but a short time back, he was a cripple and moved about with pain and difficulty. He said the evidences of their sight did not deceive them; and that the cause of his appearing so much younger, and stepping so lively was ST. JACOBS OIL. After trying all the "doctor's stuff" made and provided for afflictions like his own, he was no better off at the end of the year than he was at the beginning. But he had been induced to try the ST. JACOBS OIL, and he "blessed the day he commenced using it." It had cured him, and he was free to say it was a mighty fine liniment, and he felt a heavy weight of gratitude toward it for delivering him from the body of his tribulation. It is almost superfluous to say that the statement created a pleasant sensation in the church, and many of the members of the congregation straightway provided themselves with the Oil in order to be prepared for emergencies.

This remedy seems to be upon the top wave of favor with all classes of citizens in New Orleans, being used for sprains, bruises, pains, mumps, etc., etc.

ONE summer, in the years ago, while a camp meeting was in progress in Easton County, there arrived on the ground a bully, named Miller, who had made a vow to lick Elder Johnson and break up the whole business. The Elder heard the news with calm composure, and as soon as at liberty he hunted up a worldly friend of his own and asked:

"Friend Smith, didn't you use to fight in your younger days?"

"Ah! Elder, I have had many a time a turn with the boys."

"And what is the effect of a sudden blow between the eyes?"

"It astonishes and humbles."

"Is there any danger of killing a man by such a blow?"

"Never knew a case of it."

The Elder went his way with a serene smile on his face. Miller had his coat off and was hunting for him, and they met face to face as they turned a wagon. Miller started to crack his heels and crow, but he never finished. The Elder took him one square between the lookers without stopping his pace, and it took twelve rowdies, three dippers of water and two quarts of whiskey to revive the patient and get him off the grounds. One day, a year afterwards, he met the Elder and seriously asked:

"Elder, some of the boys say I was kicked by a horse, and others stick to it that I was struck by lightning, but I've always had a suspicion that you hit me with a provision-stand. How was it, anyhow?"

AN AMUSING SCENE IN COURT.

IT is not often that Levy raises her laughing eyes before the face of blind Justice, but when she does, the rogue, she is sure to cause more merriment than, (as they say over in the States,) "the law allows." The very surroundings which are prone to give birth to any thoughts other than those of laughter, are exactly what will make anything ridiculous seem doubly so. It appears that in the course of a trial pending before one of our tribunals, one of the chief witnesses proved to be our very highly respected and well-known friend, Alderman John Baxter. Mr. Baxter, on being questioned by the Crown's Attorney as to his knowledge of the defendant, etc., said, among other things: "If your Worship please I called on the defendant and had an interview in private with him. I drew him to one side, and said, while I looked him fairly in the eye with a penetrating glance, 'Did you do it, sir?' It was fully a minute before my penetrating gaze was removed from his face. He bore the look calmly, and answered: "Mr. Baxter, I am as innocent as an unborn child.'"

"Now, this was all quite common-place, and Mr. Baxter, in the innocence of his soul, saw nothing in it. The prosecution for the Crown, in his argument before the court, in referring to that portion of the testimony, said: "May it please your Worship, when I entered on this case I did so with a firm conviction that the defendant was guilty, as charged in the indictment with the offence therein named and contrary to the law; but since my esteemed friend, the Hon. Mr. Baxter, (he of the penetrating glance), had gazed in a penetrating manner into the eye of the defendant, and he, (the defendant), having understood that awful gaze instinctively, I feel that I *must* submit when I contemplate the tremendous powers of penetration possessed by the optics of my learned and honored friend. And especially the left one. And if I mistake not, Mr. Baxter looked at him with the left one. May it please your Worship, I know of nothing that possesses penetrating qualities equal to Mr. Baxter's eyes—I may say the left eye—but ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy!"

This sally from the Crown's Attorney produced unusual mirth in the court, and for the time being it seemed that the attorney was, as is usually the case, going to have the best of it; but not so. Mr. Baxter could not let it pass in that way, so he simply rose to his feet, and in the dignified manner characteristic of that gentleman, he said:

"May it please your Worship, I am delighted to hear my able colleague speak in such terms, for despite any allusions which that gentleman may have made as to my eyes and their penetrating qualities, I wish to say that, if they do possess the penetrating powers of ST. JACOBS OIL, they are infallible truth-searchers, and the innocence of the prisoner is established beyond doubt, for ST. JACOBS OIL possesses unrivalled penetrating qualities—it will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. *I know it for I have tried it.* And I wish to say that it hits the mark every time. Therefore, it cannot fail—and from the gentleman's view of the case my eyes possess the same qualities, it is time the defendant was dismissed."

Mr. Baxter was decidedly ahead on this rencontre, as the laughter which followed, and in which even the court joined, fully testified. After adjournment a representative of this paper met with Mr. Baxter, and the gentleman laughingly said: "That little affair pleased me in more ways than one, and I am glad it came off. I wanted a chance to "speak right out in meeting" for ST. JACOBS OIL, it did my Rheumatism so much good, and that was my chance."—*Toronto (Ont.) Exchange.*

BARNEY IN TROUBLE.

From the Toronto (Canada) Grip.

MR. GRIP:—I'm a sowld man! an' this is to sartify that ST. JACOBS OIL is, widout doubt at all, the most powerful cure av the age, bad scan to it. It has cured me, sur, av the habit av years, a habit acquired in me school-days—which has grown wid me growth, and strengthened wid me strength—the habit, sur' of readin' the papers. An' I want to be afther tellin' thim vagabonds av editors that they won't have a chance to play off their practical jokes on me any more, for the sorra a paper, Grit or Tory, will I rade for the nixt six months, at laste. It wasn't enough for them to enter into a conspiracy to wane me from radin' their articles an' ayditorials, but they must do it if yez plaze, afther the Austrian *ad nauseum* method of curing an inabriate. It was ST. JACOBS OIL here an' ST. JACOBS OIL there, until the vision av that owld leech sittin' there wid his staff in wan hand an' his bottle av OIL in the other, haunted me thoughts be day an' me dhramas be night. As long as they kept it in the advertisin' columns, it didn't bother me at all, but whin every bit av a man's mental victuals is saturated with wan thing, an' that thing ST. JACOBS OIL, faix, thin, it's a stronger shtammach thin mine can stand it. Lasht week, sure, I lights my pipe an' sits down after me day's work to read that encyclopædia av daily news, the *Globe*, and was just regalin' meself wid a beautiful article entitled "A National Blessing." It was two columns long, an' I had just got half-way down the second column, whin what should crap up but—ST. JACOBS OIL. To blazes wid yez, ye vile desaver, says I, shtickin' the *Globe* into the stove wholesale, it's a pretty pass I'm come to whin I'm afther been wheedled into wastin' three mortal quarthers av an hour readin' a durthy owld advertisement agin my own will. An' wid that I sayzes me hat in a great rage, and tares away down to the *Globe* office to tell thim to sthap me paper there and thin. I wasn't down a quarther av a block, whin clang! wint iviry fire-bell in the city; all the pable cum rushin' out av doors, and luckin' back, what should I see but my own chimbley ablazin' like fury, and a grate mob agatherin round the dure. Be the time I got back there wor three or four ingines playin on me house, an' afore they got through it was loike nothin' else at all but Noah's Ark in the middle av the deluge. That shews the quantity av ST. JACOBS OIL there must have been in that *Globe* to be afther kindlin' up the chimbley like that. Well, the very nixt day I takes up the paper, and says I to meself yez won't fool me any more wid your "National Blessings;" an' to protect meself agin bein' chated again, I begins at the bottom av the page an' tries to read upwards, when after awhile I comes up to the purtiest pictur, Captain Boyton floating on his back, an' he a'rigged up like a yacht in full sail. Musha, now, sez I, did yez ivir see sich a beautiful invention? I musht be after reading all about it. So I begins 'at the top an' comes down the first column all right, but on the next column, what does Captain B. rub himself wid but—ST. JACOBS OIL! Wisha! now the devil rub the shkin off av yez, sez I, sure, it's mighty hard up Mithur Gordon Brown must be for something to supply his customers wid whin he's takin' to dosin' thim wid ST. JACOBS OIL. An' fur four days afther I darsn't look at a paper wid the corner av me left eye for fear I'd see the name av that owld Banshee on the page. Well, on the fifth day, I was afther smokin' me pipe in the corner, an' thinkin' what a desaver that *Globe* was, tho' to tell yez the truth, I was missin' it awful, whin who should come in but Katie Malloy, a mischievous clip av a girl, that's attendin' wan av

our big schools in town, here. She had a copy av the *Hamilton Avenue Times* in her hand. "Misther O'Hea," says she, wid a swate bit av a smole, "do yez know anything about nat'ral magic? here's a piece," says she, nately openin' up the paper, "its called Magic's Wonders," and it's all about a man, and how he could pull snakes all over another man's arrum—oh my! Misther O'Hea, the funniest thing—ma said I ought to bring it to you." So, without thinkin' I takes the paper, an' sure enough it was all about magic, an' all that sort av thing. Wanst, when I happened to look up, I noticed that she stud wid the door knob in her hand, an' she had a quare little shmirk on her face, an', I could shware, I saw Nora wink at her—but as they're always up to some diviltry I paid no attintion whativer, at all—till av a sudden the cowl'd dhrops av sweat broke out on me forehead, an' the nixt minute I was flyin' like the wind, out the back dure an' down the alley-way, afther that schreechin', hoaxin' little clip that had cum all the way from King Street, for the fun av seein' me read that two column advertisement of ST. JACOBS OIL.

Now, Misther Grip, I ax yez solemnly, dont yez think it's too bad for a man who pays for his paper in good faith, to think he musht examine the head an' the tail an' the middle, an' all round the edges av an article afore settlin down to read it, in order to be assured that it's not a sugar-coated advertisement he's studyin' all the time? Bedad, a horrible fear has this moment come to me, that maybe, perhaps some other victim of this vile desate, will be afther thinkin' me own letther is an advertisement. Don't yez belave it, my dear reader, it's dead in airnest I am about this desavin' business. In airnest! sure it's haunted I am be day an' be night, wid the ghost av thim three words—ST. JACOBS OIL. It holds me, sur, faster than the glittering eye av the Ancient Mariner held the man on his way to his mother-in-law's wedding;—it stares at me from iviry fence an' dead-wall; it grins at me from iviry druggist's window; it's in iviry column av iviry paper I pick up; they've all got it! and it's crazy it's drivin' me! Och, Milla Murther! I see blood! help Misther Grip! help! Murther! Thieves!—

* * * * *

DEAR SIR:—The enclosed unfinished letter addressed to you is from me poor husband, Barney, he was writin' whin all of a sudden he was took in a fit. I sint for the doctor. He says his nerves is quite shattered, an' thinks he must have somethin' prayin' on his mind. He has not been lookin' well this last two weeks. He used to be such a great reader, but now the sight av a newspaper sets him crazy loike. He takes howld av it and howlds it at arrum's length, an' luks it all over wid a square, scared kind av a luk, an' thin, wid a groan, he sticks it in the fire. Whin I said to him the other day that a bottle av ST. JACOBS OIL might do him good, he just glowered at me an' said,—"*Et tu Brute!* ye." I had a good cry over it, for Barney niver called me a brute in his life before, an' I'm afraid his mind's gettin' onsettled about sumthin' that wearin' on him.

Yours in grate throuble,

NORA O'HEA.

P. S.—Some spalpeen tills it that no woman iver writ a letthur widout a P. S.—whativer that manes. I've used ST. JACOBS OIL for Barney, rubin his spine and back with the gracious medicin' and the poor man is gettin' well.

IF the sun comes up pale and then turns red, or if the moon is large and ruddy with sharp, black horns, we may count on wind.

OPINIONS OF WELL-KNOWN CANADIANS.

THE following expressions from well-known Canadians bear directly upon the efficacy of ST. JACOBS OIL, and carry the weight of popular appreciation with them:—Mr. Robert Wilson, of the City Surveyor's office and Street Commissioner of the Eastern Division for the Board of Public Works, Toronto, Ont., says: "The Rheumatism has been a source of great bother to me, and I have done a great deal of doctoring for it, without much good. I tried ST. JACOBS OIL, and the result is, that I am now cured and as well as ever." Mr. Arthur Fisher, of the *Toronto Globe* observes: "On my last trip to the States I was seized with a very severe attack of Rheumatism. I resolved to try ST. JACOBS OIL. That very night I began applying it, and in two week's time I was as well as ever." Minister of Customs, Mr. Bowells, says: "A member of my family used the Oil and found it efficacious. I think it is a very good medicine." Mr. D. W. McDonald, Ottawa, Sergeant-at-arms of the house of Commons, says: "ST. JACOBS OIL is a splendid remedy; I used it for Rheumatism in my wrist and hand, and found it excellent." Superintendent O'Neil, of the Dominion Police, Ottawa:—"I keep that wonderful medicine, ST. JACOBS OIL, both at my home and office, and esteem it, without any exception, the most efficacious remedy in the world." Mr. John Bonner, proprietor of the celebrated Yonge street dry goods and gent's furnishing store, Toronto, says: "ST. JACOBS OIL cured me of a bad case of Neuralgia, of five years standing, when I had given up all hope of being cured and had tried fifty different so-called remedies." Mr. Winnett, one of the proprietors of the "Queen's Hotel," Toronto, observes: "My family has suffered more or less from bodily pains, but we have found the antidote for all such in ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy. It is indeed the greatest discovery of the age." Capt. George Murphy, Chief of the Government Harbor Police, Montreal, says: "I may rank myself amongst those benefited by ST. JACOBS OIL. A short time ago I suffered from a severe pain in my back between my shoulder blades, and I was cured by the use of the Great German Remedy. From all I have heard and seen of the remedy, I must say that it is unequaled." Mr. J. A. Simmers, German Consul, Toronto, Canada: "I say with thousands of others, that ST. JACOBS OIL cannot be surpassed."—And so comes the testimony from all ranks of society in the Dominion, proving beyond question, the wonderful efficacy of the Great German Remedy.

THE CLOUDS.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

Shelley.—"The Clouds."

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

WE are reconciled to the existence of lions, tigers, elephants, etc., because they serve a purpose by amusing the small boy at the menagerie; but we fail to comprehend the reason why the smaller pests, as fleas, mosquitoes, etc., are permitted to live, unless it be to bite and sting people, and cause them to use ST. JACOBS OIL, which immediately neutralizes the poison of any insect or reptile which may thus annoy them. Concerning fleas and mosquitoes the following are our sentiments: "The smartest lump of activity, its size considered, in the world is the flea—the irrepressible, irresponsible flea. This specimen is generally born of poor but honest and very industrious parents, and improves every opportunity. Unlike Micawber, who waited for things to turn up, our lively friend turns things up, and people over too, when he gets fairly to work. He can get more elbow-grease out of a man or woman than any other agency in the universe, and cause a deacon to lose his grip on goodness more quickly than the most seductive and gilded forms of wickedness. The amount of genuine, 40-horse power, muscular and effective force that a healthy and respectable flea can develop in people, is not easily calculated—it can best be observed. And as for the quality and quantity of the profound profanity that he can evolve from the average man, it is awful to contemplate. "Were you ever there?" Did you ever have one of those interesting creatures come along at the inopportune moment, pre-empt a section of your anatomy and calmly settle down to work? We have—and a full-grown, vivacious flea is worse than an attack of rheumatism. From the latter ST. JACOBS OIL always frees us, in that it causes the rheumatism to flee; but from the flea we cannot flee. These fleeting impressions were caused by a perusal of the following: "What is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday-school examination. This was a puzzler. It went down the class until it came to a simple archin who said—"Perhaps it's a flea."

THE MOSQUITO.

Who flies around of Summer night—runs in where'er he sees a light,
And ready makes for bloody fight?—That 'skeeter.

Who quiet waits until in bed, upon the pillow rests my head,
And then resolves to draw the "red?"—That 'skeeter.

Who on my ear sits till I snore, then fills his body with my "gore,"
And solemnly quoths, "never more?"—That 'skeeter.

Who causes me to start and swear, to wield a slipper, tear my hair,
And launch vile phrases on the air?"—That 'skeeter.

Who hurries me, with willing toil, to rub with the ST. JACOBS OIL,
And keep each bite from swelling boil?—That 'skeeter.

SLEEP.

BLESSINGS light on him who first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything, balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and a sleeping man there is but little difference.—*Cervantes' Don Quixote.*

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

WHILE our reporter was yesterday seated beneath the shade of one of the majestic elm trees that line the winding avenues of Washington Park, he ruminated on the fleetness of things temporal. How far his thoughts would have carried him must remain forever a mystery, for his reverie was broken in upon by the sudden appearance of Colonel David O'Brien, the widely known and justly celebrated theatrical manager who had just returned from a tour West but partly finished, because he had been overtaken by his old enemy, the Rheumatism. He says:—

"I left for the West about six week ago, and my company played some very successful engagements through the small towns of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. In Missouri I was overtaken by my old enemy the Rheumatism. I was unable to appear, and knowing if I remained longer in that climate I would be taken worse, I made arrangements to have my place filled, left my business in the hands of my agent and came on here. In St. Louis, on my way back, I was told to try ST. JACOBS OIL. I have done so, and the result is I am doing finely. In fact I am cured and will start for the West to-morrow, not forgetting to take a supply of the Oil with me, as I consider it a great thing for the Rheumatism. "I think," said the Colonel as he arose to depart, "I have done with it now, and I may thank ST. JACOBS OIL."—*Cincinnati Times*.

BOOTH'S PANACEA.

The audience at the Opera House last Friday night, when Edwin Booth played "Hamlet," undoubtedly noticed the pungent odor that pervaded the house, after the great scene between Hamlet and his mother, during which the old Chamberlain Polonius is killed. It was peculiar, yet not unpleasant, and only those familiar with the substance producing it, could account for the odor. The eminent tragedian himself and the company supporting him, have been suffering for several days past from colds and physical aches produced by the changeful weather and the usual exposure on the stage, and one of the company, Mr. D. C. Anderson, who played Polonius, was taken violently and suddenly ill during the play; by directions of Mr. Booth, who is always solicitous for the welfare of his people, a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL was brought from his dressing case and the suffering actor thoroughly rubbed with the famous German Remedy, which soon brought relief and full recovery. Mr. Booth always carries this reliable emollient with him, and the contents of his dressing case without it, would be as incomplete as the play of Hamlet without the ghost.—*Burlington, (Ia.) Paper*.

It is remarkable how many things will explode—bottles of catsup, doughnuts, soda water fountains, boilers, roast potatoes, and now a man. At least we read in a novel, that "Eugenie's father upon hearing this, exploded with indignation." This should teach fathers never to fool with indignation.

"HAVE you any rebutting testimony to offer, Patrick?" asked the justice of a prisoner arraigned for goat-killing. Pat scratched his head a minute, and a new light seemed to dawn on him. "Rebutting, is it? Shure an' that's just that's the matter, yer Honor; the bloody beast butted till divil a stitch av sate uz left on me breeches yer Honor; an' that's why I'm here the day." Pat was acquitted.

SENTIMENTS OF THE OLD NORTH STATE.

IT had been a very busy day in the U. S. Senate. Many and most important measures were awaiting their turn for discussion and decision. The season was rapidly drawing towards the sultry days of Summer—and everybody knows what Summer in Washington signifies—and the Senators were anxiously thinking of Long Branch, Cape May, Mount Desert, and other places where the sea and its cool breezes were inviting them to comfort and ease. The particular bill that engaged the attention of the learned Senators on this occasion was the Revenue Reform Bill, and they were discussing that clause of it which proposed the remission of the tax on proprietary specialties, and articles of a similar nature. Some of the members of the Senate were opposed to the removal of the tax on patent or proprietary medicines; others who knew what it meant to suffer, were in favor of the abolition of the war tax on such goods, and voted for it, giving free expression to their opinions, and urging the adoption of the measure by the potent argument of personal experience. In the discussion, one of the strongest men from the South gave utterance to the phrase, "Thank God ST. JACOBS OIL is free!" The words are accredited to Senator Vance of North Carolina, and are unmistakably the sentiments of a man who must have experienced peculiarly satisfactory results from the use of the Great German Remedy. It reminds us of an incident that occurred in the "Old North State," and which was published in the Goldsboro (N. C.) *Messenger*. The item in full reads as follows:—

ONE MAN'S FORETHOUGHT BENEFITS TWENTY PEOPLE.

"Forewarned is forearmed" is the old saying, and the closing reference of the following narration by William Bonitz, Esq., proprietor of the Bonitz House, Goldsboro, N. C., a first-class hotel, and directly opposite the Grand Opera House, is a most apt illustration of the truth of the saying. Not that Mr. Bonitz was forewarned of the accident he mentions, but because of his forethought for every comfort of the traveling public, was he able to render the service he did. In his communication Mr. B. goes on to say: "For a long time I have been intending to express my thanks for the introduction of that wonderful pain-reliever and life-preserver—ST. JACOBS OIL. It would take too much time to relate half the cases I know of that have been relieved and cured by it. For many years I have been engaged in the hotel business, and I risk nothing in saying that no hotel should be without the Great German Remedy, as not a day passes in which I have not to use ST. JACOBS OIL for some one or other of my guests. Traveling people are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, swellings, sprains, earache, headache, etc., and the means of relief for such ailments should be convenient and prompt in action. ST. JACOBS OIL fills every requirement of just such a remedy. There was a railroad accident at this point not long ago, and I relieved twenty people by the use of the Oil, saving doctors' bills thereby. No amount of money could induce me to be without the famous article."

OWING to the extreme sensitiveness of the thermometer to changes of weather, it has been frequently proposed to consider its indications as fully equal in importance to those of the barometer; but great caution is necessary in acting on this idea. The accuracy of thermometrical observations depends upon a great many conditions, such as aspect, exposure to the air, elevation above sea-level, and above the surface of the ground, all of which are immaterial or can be allowed for in dealing with the barometer.

A PECULIARLY COMPLICATED CASE.

THIS is to certify that I, J. E. Bonsall, Postmaster at Liverpool, Perry Co., Pa., do voluntarily tender the subjoined statement. I was attacked with inflammatory Rheumatism and suffered with it twenty-five weeks, the greater part of the time, I was not able to move a limb, and had to be lifted around like a child, was attended by two of the best physicians that could be had in this section, at that time, who attended me twice a day as long as there was any hope for me, but finally gave me up, deciding that it was impossible for me to get well. From the enforced long rest I partially lost the use of my right arm, which became stiff at the elbow joint. After the physician ceased attending me, and my friends had commenced to use some domestic remedies, I began to recover slowly, and in about two months more was able to walk about supported by a cane. I finally recovered my strength pretty well, but was subject to Rheumatism whenever there would come a change in the weather, or when I would get my feet the least damp. I began to engage in light employment, taught school, and then engaged in clerking in a mercantile business. I was here subject to frequent attacks of the disease which would last for a day or two when I would be around again. In the Spring of 1865, I went away to superintend a mercantile enterprise, and got along very well until the Summer of 1866, when I over-heated myself working in a damp cellar and was attacked immediately with Rheumatism and fever. The doctor worked nearly all night with me, the first night I was sick, to keep it from going to my heart. For three weeks I was very ill; I then commenced to recover slowly until I was able to walk around with a cane. Then came a relapse and for two weeks longer I was very sick, however, I finally recovered so that I could attend to business part of the time, but was hardly ever free from the terrible disease. I was completely discouraged; I spent hundreds of dollars, trying every new doctor and new medicine I would hear of. I gradually grew worse, so that I was incapacitated for any business. I finally concluded to return to my native home, but I found no relief. I tried everything without receiving any good. I then got the appointment of Postmaster of this place. The Winter of 1879-80 I was so used up with Rheumatism that I could scarcely walk from my house to my office and back again, and had to take morphine powders to get any rest at all. About that time I saw the magical medicine ST. JACOBS OIL advertised in a western paper, and read the wonderful cures that had been effected by its use. I purchased a half dozen bottles and used it freely, rubbing it in thoroughly according to directions, and then wrapped the painful parts in flannel saturated with it. I was nearly blistered, but I kept at it until I made a cure. It is now over two years and I have never felt anything of Rheumatism since. It is almost miraculous the effect it had on me. Change of weather, damp or cold does not affect me a particle. I am perfectly free from the terrible disease, after having been afflicted with it for thirty-four years.

The above is a true statement of my case and not in the least exaggerated; I was really worse than I have stated above.

Liverpool, Pa., February 28, 1882.

Respectfully,

J. E. BONSALE, P. M.

FIRST frosts probable in Northern Mississippi and adjacent sections about twenty-second or twenty-third of October.

Dews, and white morning-fogs are symptoms of clear days.

CLINCHING THEIR STATEMENTS.

A strong, unqualified and uncompromising statement is the kind that carries conviction with it to people, who are at all impressible to positive testimony; but where the statement is invested with the solemnity of an oath, how much more impressive, at least, such testimony becomes. The following cases, of recent occurrence, are of this nature, and by their exactitude of expression, evince the sentiment as well as exhibit the appreciation of those who thus voluntarily render their sworn statements as to the efficacy of the Great German Remedy:

State of Ohio, Tuscarawas County, ss.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace, within and for the township of Franklin, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, personally appeared Isaac Fulk, who being duly sworn, according to law, deposeth as follows, to wit:—That for the past twenty-eight years I have been afflicted in both joints with that most dreadful disease, Scrofulous White Swelling; that I used and tried various remedies and took treatment of the best physicians during that time, but without receiving any benefit whatever, the disease constantly growing worse. Some time ago I was induced to try ST. JACOBS OIL, and I am most happy to say that after using one bottle and a half, there is great change for the better in my case, and that I can now walk better and can perform more labor than at any time in the past twenty years, being daily employed in manual labor. I feel as nearly cured as it is possible to cure such a disease.

ISAAC FULK.

Signed and sworn to by said Isaac Fulk, before me, this 25th day of April, A. D., 1882.

PHILIP A. GARVER, *Justice of the Peace.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN., April 28, 1882.

I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Connecticut, was attacked with severe Rheumatism in my right arm, hand, leg and foot, so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure. I am satisfied that it is a great remedy for Rheumatism.

DAVID STROUSE, *Attorney-at-Law.*

State of Connecticut, New Haven County, ss.

NEW HAVEN, April 28, 1882.

Personally appeared David Strouse who signed the above, and who is known to me and made solemn oath to the truth of the same, before me.

JOHN C. GALLAHER, *Justice of the Peace.*

"You may talk about mean men," said one rustic to another, on the ferry-boat the other day; "but we've got a woman over in Alameda who takes the pie." "Kinder close, is she?" "Close! Why, last month her husband died—fourth husband, mind—and I'm blamed if she didn't take the door-plate off the front door, and had his age added, and then nailed on his coffin. Said she guessed likely she'd be wanting a new name on the door soon, any way."

An elderly resident of Newton was approached by an agent for a cyclopædia. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident, and frankly added: "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things."

THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON.

WHILE the writer was lounging in the rotunda of the Astor House lately, looking over the columns of the *N. Y. Graphic*, his attention was attracted to one of the largest things in the shape of an advertisement he had ever seen. It was a double-page cut, or rather a collection of cuts, representing the largest organ and piano factory in the world, and life-scenes of its founder, owner and manager, the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, N. J.

Happening to be well acquainted with Mr. Beatty, and knowing that his Honor was a guest at the Astor House, we sought the gentleman, and the conversation which ensued turned upon advertising. "Mr. Beatty," said the writer, "I notice that the *Graphic* has become quite musical. That is rather a big 'ad.' in to-day's issue." "Well," said his Honor slowly and with his usual modesty, "sometime ago it would have been considered such, but in these days it requires something extraordinary to be considered a 'big thing,' as our popular vernacular would twist it.

After a general conversation on heavy advertising, in which the names of several firms were mentioned, it was intimated that A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., the proprietors of the ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy, do some advertising. "Oh yes," said Mr. Beatty, "ST. JACOBS OIL is advertised in a way that leaves everything far behind; but that medicine is not only advertised through the press and such other means as its proprietors employ, but the people speak highly of it from experience; therefore it is advertised in that way purely on its merit." "In fact," said Mr. Beatty, "I have recommended the Oil to several persons myself, because I happen to know of its great curative power. I first learned that ST. JACOBS OIL is a great medicine by seeing my sister-in-law cured of the Rheumatism by its use. She had been for a long time a sufferer from that dreadful complaint, and my brother, Captain W. N. Beatty, noting the effect, resolved to try it, and the result was in his case likewise a permanent cure. The Oil cured Mrs. Beatty, whose case was exceedingly stubborn. No wonder they are well pleased with it. It is, therefore, like my pianos; the more people use them the greater the demand; and the more the people use ST. JACOBS OIL the better they like it."

AN Austin, Texas boy came home from school very much excited, and told his father that he believed all human beings were descendants from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied angrily: "That may be the case with you, sir, but it ain't with me; I can tell you that now."

WHEN Pat went a gunning for the first time he made one shot, and then looked under a tree for his game, and found a toad. "Begorra," he exclaimed, "I'd scarcely 'ave recognized ye, but ye must 'ave been a mighty foine bird, 'fore shot the feathers off ye."

A PROMISING youth recently surprised his father by asking: "Father, do you like mother?" "Why—yes, of course." "And she likes you?" "Of course she does." "Did she ever say so?" "Many a time, my son." "Did she marry you because she loved you?" "Certainly she did." The boy carefully scrutinized his parent, and, after a long pause, asked: "Well, was she as near-sighted then as he is now?"

WHERE THE NEW-YEAR BEGINS.

MR. PHINEAS FOGG, that immortal hero of the ever interesting Jules Verne, who traveled round the earth in eighty days, found that by traveling the whole distance against the apparent motion of the sun he had gained a day, which enabled him to gain also his bet. How did that come about?

About the first lesson in geography taught the child is, that the earth is round like a ball, and that it revolves on its axis once in every twenty-four hours, thus causing day and night. They also know, that all places on the same meridian or in the same longitude, have at the same moment the same hour of the day; while the time becomes faster as the meridians nearer the rising sun are crossed, and slower if the movement is in the opposite direction. There are 360 degrees in a circle,—360 degrees of longitude around the globe. In the day of twenty-four hours there are 1440 minutes, from which it is evident, that it takes but four minutes of time for the sun's rays to reach one parallel of longitude after the other. It is also evident, that there must be some line on the earth, imaginary or real, where in an instant a jump is made from the thirty-first day of December to the first day of January. Now where is this line?

It is shown very distinctly on our map, by which it will be seen that the date-line starts from the South Pole and strikes pretty nearly direct north; then inclines east of New Zealand, bends gradually to the northwest, running on the eastern side of Australia by the Hebrides and New Guinea into the Chinese or Yellow Sea, where it attains its most westerly projection. Now it makes a bending sweep to the east and north, which, leaving the Celebes and Borneo to the southwest, passes around the easterly lying Philippines, then takes a bend northeastward to the east side of the Japanese Islands, and up through Behring's Straits, then inclining a little westward, it takes the shortest road to the North Pole.

Now by the map, this line is seen to touch land at but one place, and that at its most easterly point, and here consequently the inhabitants first receive the sun's rays heralding the light of the glad New-Year. Now suppose the sun was there at seven o'clock on the morning of the new year, and that a ship is anchored a mile to the eastward waiting for the dawn to steer its way into the port; as the sun gilds its topmost mast and sails, it is Sunday morning, the 31st of December, 1882. In an instant the rays touch the highest rock of Chatham Island; it has crossed the line and the merchants date their blotters, if they work on that day, "New-Year's, Monday, January 1st, 1883," and thus the Chatham Islanders are ahead of all the world in the matter of time. But in two hours the sun has passed the thirty degrees between Chatham Island and Australia to the south, and Japan, part of China and Siberia, more towards the north, and for all that distance it is the first day of the year. As the sun marches rapidly around at the rate of a degree in four minutes, the New-Year is caught up all around the world, until when its day's journey is finished, the whole earth has spent the first day of 1883, and the people of Chatham Island begin to count Tuesday, January 2d, 1883.

It is evident from this that a ship, making a voyage around the world, to preserve on her log-book the whole distance the same dates as that of the part from which she started, must in crossing this line, if the voyage be eastward, drop a day in her calculation, and if it be westward count it twice. Ship-masters, however, do not always wait till the line traced on our map is crossed, to make their change in the date, but usually make it at the 180 degree of longitude from Greenwich.

"AWAY DOWN IN MAINE."

IT is the general expression, that for good, solid, mother-wit and sharpness, combined with the knowledge of the special adaptation of the means to the accomplishment of the end, the good people of the State of Maine step right along in the front rank. Such would certainly seem to be the case, judging by the following clippings pertaining to prominent citizens of the "Old Pine State."

SENATOR BLAINE AND HIS INTERVIEWERS.

It is said that "interviewing" is the lion in the path of all eminent public men. Certainly it consumes their time and patience, and has drawn many of them into almost absolute silence. Senator Blaine has often been subjected to the interviewer's wiles and devices, but successfully evades nearly all of them. One of them got the better of the Senator a short time ago. Most insinuating in approaches and quiet in style and manner, the interviewer had Mr. Blaine in the toils before he knew it, and he was almost tortured for a time before he got out thereof. Rheumatism is the name of the latest caller; and concerning the Senator's experience, the following reportorial notes from a long article in the Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star* make full explanation; Senator James G. Blaine has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism for some time past, and I had been informed that he had been using ST. JACOBS OIL. In order to ascertain the facts of the case, I called at his residence, No. 822 Fifteenth Street. I was unable to see the Senator, but had a brief interview with his private secretary, Mr. Sherman, a courteous gentleman, who informed me that the Senator had a supply of ST. JACOBS OIL on hand, but had not used it, from the fact that he had recovered before the Great German Remedy came to hand, and that he did not require any other remedy. The Senator, however, has, as already said, a supply of the Oil on hand in case he has another attack of Rheumatism.

"POUR oil on troubled waters" is an old recommendation; in the modern interpretation of the phrase we hear such expressions and advice as the following contained in the closing words of a long article in the *Boston Herald*: During my jauntings around town I heard many remarks of a complimentary character in relation to the merits of ST. JACOBS OIL, and one person said: "There's the venerable Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, our Ex-Vice President; he never wears an overcoat, and is, therefore, a legitimate prey of Rheumatism. If he wants to continue saving the expense of an overcoat, and at the same time escape Rheumatism, such weather as this, he must invest fifty cents in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, and lather himself with it right well. He will find it a cheap and serviceable overcoat to keep the Rheumatism from his body."

JOHN. T. BERRY, Esq., of Rockland, Me., President of the Lime Rock National Bank, and also of the Knox and Lincoln Railroad, says, he had the Rheumatism in his left foot and leg. He applied ST. JACOBS OIL, and it relieved him wonderfully. It is undoubtedly a splendid article.

IN a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

HORSE-TRADING EXTRAORDINARY.

A LOT of old veterans were sitting by a comfortable fire the other night in a certain Utah camp, culling over the husks of memory and revamping old experiences for entertainment. Trading Hank, after irrigating at the bar, said: 'I was livin' near Kearney, Nebrasky, tryin' my hand at poker and hoss-tradin' for a livin'. Some fellers from Cheyenne came along and cleaned me out of my money and every danged hoss I had but Kickin' Dick. It was a fair game, though, and I couldn't grumble. The next day after that game, I went to town on Kickin' Dick. The sheriff comes up to me and sez, 'Hank, I guess I'll take that hoss on this execution.'

"Hold on, Bill," sez I, 'wouldn't you rather have the money?'

"Every time," sez he!

"Well, just watch me trade a while, and I'll soon give you the cash."

"All right, old man, go in," sez he.

"There were a lot of tender-feet in the town, the greenest lot you ever seen. They had just got cleverly in the country. So I went for 'em.

"Well, boys, I traded seventeen times that afternoon, and had money enough before night to pay off the execution of \$100, and went home on Kickin' Dick with \$100 more in my pocket. You see, that hoss was the terriblest kicker and buckner in the world. No man but me could ride him. He could almost kick the molasses out of a ginger-cake, and when he bucked he would make a man throw up his toe-nails. Every time I traded Dick I got boot, and always charged boot to take him back again.

"But I was about sayin', when I had that bad spell a year ago, I came pretty nigh goin' over the falls. It was down to Provo. I'll be eternally explunctified if I didn't get skeared when the doctor said I had to pass. The folks where I was stoppin' sent for one of them sky-pilots and the fellow prayed for me. It sounded like free gold to me too, I can tell you, for I didn't know nothin' about the country where they said I was goin' and rather had a hankerin' after stayin' here a little longer. Well, the doctor bid me good-by and went away; but Mollie—that's my girl, you know—she didn't give up in that fashion.

"Hank," says she, 'I'm goin to rub you with St. JACOBS OIL—I believe it will cure you.'

"Gentlemen, may I be hugged by a bear if that there stuff didn't save my life as clean as wheat. I'm givin' you the word with the bark on it, sure. It does beat all creation how that Oil knocks the fur off'n Rheumatism! That's what I had, and if it hadn't been for St. JACOBS OIL I'd be prospectin' in a new country now. I'd like to shake the hand of the feller that makes it, I would, by thunder!"

"I HAVE used ST. JACOBS OIL with excellent effect on many of the animals belonging to my great ranch in North Platte, Neb., whenever I discovered them suffering with pain, and always found the Oil as efficacious for animals as for numan beings,"—says the Hon. W. F. Cody—professionally known as "Buffalo Bill."

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely veined temple against his coat-collar, and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades: "How soothing, how restful." "Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureola of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats!"

A WORD FOR THE HORSE.

FROM time immemorial the horse has been man's best friend; and whether it be on the battle-field, bearing his owner amidst the scenes of carnage, or on the field of peace, drawing the plow or harrow, or on the race-track competing with his peers for supremacy of speed—he is the same, close, genial, comforting friend, whose presence is a solace, and whose usefulness is unequaled. But a very few years back we can all remember the comparatively little attention paid to this most indispensable of all animals. We say comparatively little attention, for the horse was nearly as well groomed, and certainly as well fed as now; and at those great gatherings—the agricultural shows—you would see the pride of the County and State stables and farms assembled. But there was a conspicuous want of noble draught horses, and as for speeders—well, 2.40 was the great ultimate limit that owners in those days desired to strive for. But now, a 2.40 animal is esteemed a fair roadster, and fine animals only deserve the name when they can shade the first quarter of the third minute. There has been an immense stride forward in the right development of horse-flesh in the civilized world, as shown by the time-records of the racers and the draft capacity of the humbler, but really more useful work-horse. Many things have conspired to effect this very desirable end; chief among which have been the intelligent care and consideration bestowed upon the animal in his every relation—in a word, upon the breeding. And this has not failed to include a very serious modification of the old methods of treatment, doing away, in many cases, with the inhuman and savage plans pursued in the eradication of even simple disorders and ailments, and substituting rational measures of relief instead. A prominent factor of this reform, and one indorsed by owners, breeders, farmers and stock-men the country over, is ST. JACOBS OIL, recognized by all who have used it as an exceptionally good remedy for the ailments of the horse and stock generally, meeting more indications for its use, and effecting far better results than any article of a curative or remedial nature ever introduced. It has an enormous constituency among the press and people, and there is not a stable, farm, or enterprise of any nature requiring the use of horses, anywhere in the country, that can be found without ST. JACOBS OIL always convenient. The remedy has secured the indorsements of such experienced breeders and trainers as Aristides Welsh, Esq., of Ardenheim, near Philadelphia; Mr. Michael Goodwin, of Belmont Park, Pa.; Capt. A. J. Dick, of Louisville, Ky.; and hundreds of others just as well known.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sunday Leader.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

EX-GOV. BOWIE, of Maryland, the owner of the famous race-horse "Crickmore," while pleasantly chatting with the managing partner of a heavy advertising firm in Baltimore, was somewhat surprised by the question addressed to him, whether he would be willing to grant the privilege of re-christening his favorite horse for the sum of \$5000. The offer, certainly a tempting one, was courteously and thankfully declined. It is hardly necessary to suggest that if the proposition had been accepted, the great "Crickmore" would for the future add new and brighter lustre to the fame and popularity of ST. JACOBS OIL.—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

AN Ohio newspaper speaks of a man being bruised by the "emphatic gesture of a mule." ST. JACOBS OIL repaired the injured, however.

"DONE BROWN."

THE following letter and lines were received by Messrs. A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, Md., who sent them at the time, to the Washington (D. C.) *Star* for publication for the benefit of all concerned. Whoever "W. C." may be, he has, without doubt, great cause for rejoicing over his restoration to health; and if his gladness finds expression through the suggestions of the Muse, so much the better. The letter goes on to say: "Enclosed will be found some original verses, written by myself, which might be used as an advertisement for your valuable medicine. They were written as a parody on 'King Bruce and the Spider.' I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for three years, but am now a well man. Your medicine, ST. JACOBS OIL, takes the cake." W. C., Washington, D. C.

"THE DEACON AND THE FLY."

Old Deacon Brown had sat him down, in gloom to meditate,
With solemn "phiz," on Rheumatiz, and his unhappy fate.
He'd tried enough of worthless stuff—it did no good, and so
He'd set his face toward the place where all good deacons go.
A little fly, just passing by, attacked the Deacon's ear:
And though he "shoo'd" 'twas not subdued, but still did persevere.
The Deacon blest the little pest, and slapped with all his might;
But all in vain, it came again, to carry on the fight.
Soon he arose and blew his nose; then joyfully did cry:
"In vain I've fought; but I've been taught a lesson by this fly.
"No more I'll snuffle, nor will I 'shuffle off this mortal coil.'
But like the fly, again I'll try.—I'll use ST. JACOBS OIL."

He used the Oil; with little toil he rubbed his side and arm;
The ailment dread must quickly fled; the Deacon runs his farm.

MR. J. H. HAVERLY was recently speaking to one of our reporters, and in the course of conversation, which touched at some point upon ST. JACOBS OIL, he thus spoke concerning the Great German Remedy: "I think that, unquestionably, ST. JACOBS OIL is the greatest medicine of the age, and the most meritorious in the market. It is sure to cure when properly applied, possessing at the same time the rare quality of being certain, safe and pleasant. All of 'my people' who need any remedy of the kind, use ST. JACOBS OIL, and that only. Every now and again my manager writes me: 'So-and-so lame for two days and could not go on, but thanks to ST. JACOBS OIL, he is doing good work to-night.' Or, 'So-and-so could not sing last night; he was suffering from a severe sore-throat. This morning the hotel is ringing with his voice, the result of a single application of ST. JACOBS OIL.' Mr. Joe Mack, as bright a business man as ever took the road, telegraphed me on one occasion from 'out West:' 'Four of my people disabled; no show to-night.' A few hours later and I was about to telegraph: 'Try ST. JACOBS OIL,' when lo! along comes a wiring from Joe: 'All O. K., the boys used ST. JACOBS OIL, the Great German Remedy, and are now all right; show as usual.'—*New York Graphic*.

ALONZO wants to know "if it hurts a man to be called a liar!" No, Alonzo, no. It is more likely to hurt the other man.

PREVENTION THE BEST PLAN.

THE world is growing richer in material wealth every day; and at no period in its history has there been such an addition to its wealth as there has been in the present century. A recent and most able statistician ascribes this gratifying exhibit to the increased length of life, and the higher degree of health among people,—two of the essential outgrowths of the invention and widespread distribution of machinery. Yet, despite this higher degree of health, there are from 1500 to 1800 diseases and their varying types, which afflict poor humanity, and cause most of the suffering and sorrow of the world. Go where you will,—to the frozen fields of the North, or to the sunny slopes of the South,—maladies peculiar to the climate and to existing conditions will be found exerting their evil influence; and the common-sense of the old adage—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure"—still proves its worth when applied to disease. Disease signifies absence of ease, and wherever it exists the evidence is positive that something is wrong inside of the body or outside of it. Discomfort approaches, pain is felt, and unitedly they warn us that sickness will overtake us unless we discover and prevent the possible injury. Disease leads to loss of health and is the immediate effect of the non-observance or untimely use of preventive means. Health is founded on a good constitution, and sustained by correct habits of life. It is undermined and destroyed when people, who are either partially or entirely negligent of the laws of health, become careless in their efforts to prevent disease. Some maladies from their very nature are incurable; others are removed from the system with great difficulty; but the greater number by far can be expelled by appropriate treatment, or, what is of vastly more importance, can be prevented by the observance of the ordinary rules of caution and health. Prevention, then, as a preservative means of health, takes precedence of the regular treatment of disease, in that it prohibits that which requires such treatment; and medical men of all schools are giving constantly increased attention to the solution of that most important problem, "how to prevent disease." The conclusions of the ablest among their investigators have demonstrated that the strict observance of hygienic laws, proper attention to the digestive system, and the prompt removal of any local disturbance of a painful nature, as headache, neuralgia, etc.,—are the very best preventives of disease known.

Fresh air, pure water, nourishing food and daily exercise, coupled with the proper use of ST. JACOBS OIL, the greatest pain-reliever ever known, will be recognized as additional means to prevent the encroachment or establishment of disease.

THE RAVEN.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

Addison.—"Story of Coronis."

A PAIR OF CHARADES.

IF holy men, whose deeds were prized, have worthily been canonized
 Who more justly claims this meed than *he*, whose very thought and deed
 Aim at the happiness of men to bring them health and peace again?

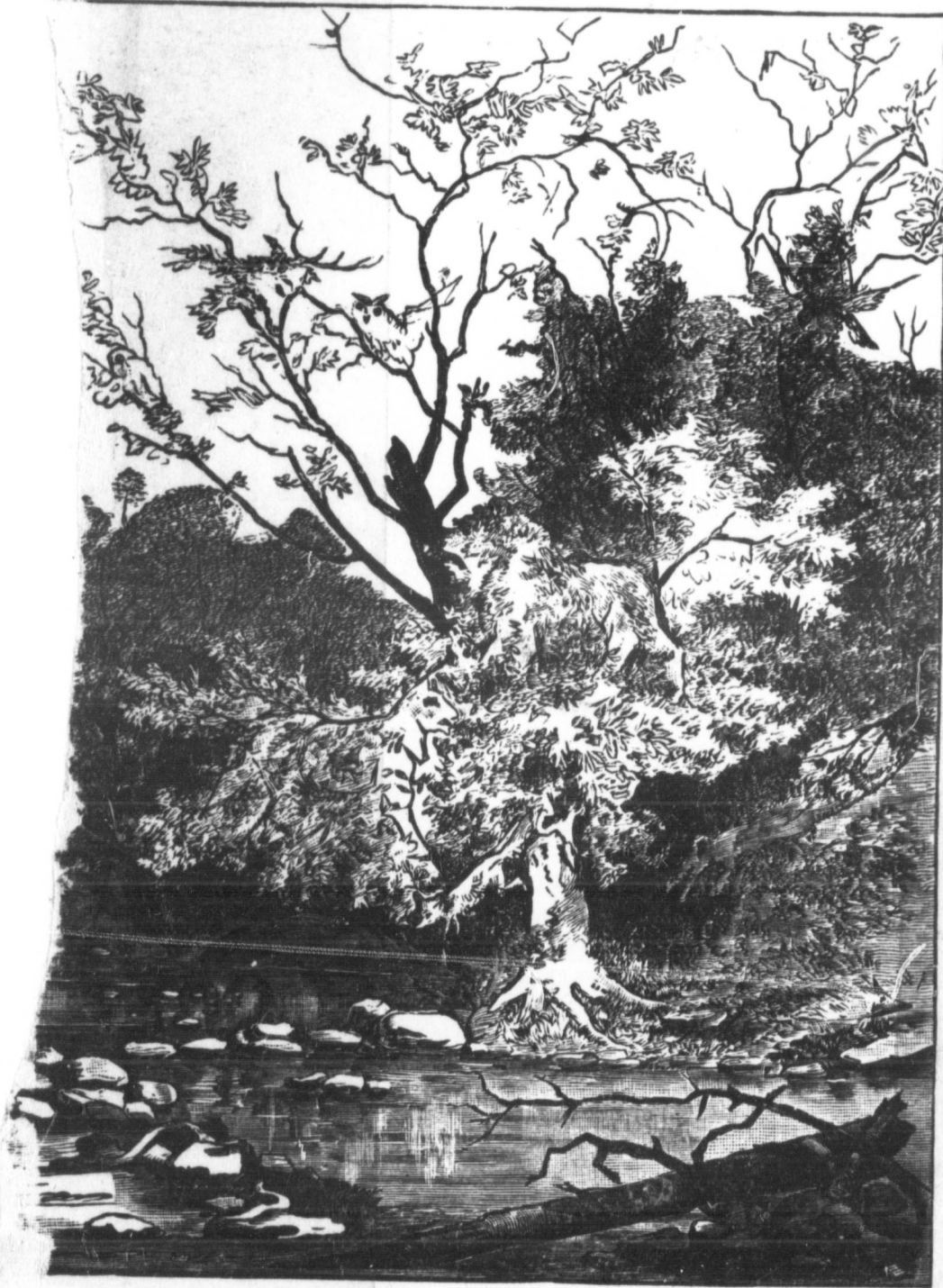
- 1.—This river famed, its way doth wend
 Where Sikh with English did contend.
- 2.—Here first in the Crimean War,
 Defeat o'ertook the mighty Czar.
- 3.—A metre used in poetry,
 Which now before your eyes you see.
- 4.—A Roman tyrant thus 'twas named,
 Who fiddled while the city flamed.
- 5.—Here poor weary mortals sleep
 In native soil, or ocean deep.

You've heard of me, I'm proud to say, I'm at my post both night and day.
 My mission is to heal the strife which fierce doth rage 'tween death and life

A few perchance may know not me, still young and from affliction free—
 On such I would my name impress, by tempting them to strive to guess,
 The problem which these lines contain, and thus a priceless secret gain.

- 1.—'Tis thus we name that potentate
 Of premier rank in every State.
- 2.—It first was known in Paradise,
 It comes to us when daylight d'ies.
- 3.—Of ills to which the flesh is heir
 This torture is most hard to bear.
- 4.—On State occasions you will see
 This ensign of authority.
- 5.—A tenant of the spangled sky,
 That's like a star in quality.
- 6.—What most folks seek by night and day
 Without it life would fast decay.

THE preceeding charades, whose answers form double acrostics, will afford our young friends, (and older ones, too,) the opportunity of testing their skill and ingenuity. The answer to the first charade is a very distinguished name. The answer to the second charade names a very celebrated substance. Where diligent effort fails to reveal the secret,—we will send their solutions to such as want them, upon receipt of a three-cent stamp and full name and address of applicant.



The Great Animal Puzzle.

CAREFUL inspection of the hidden beauties of the above weird landscape will show illustrations of the following named animals: LION, TIGER, RHINOCEROS, ELEPHANT, WOLF, FOX, PORCUPINE, BULL, BEAVER, MONKEY, DOG, GIRAFFE, CAMEL, EAGLE, OWL, PARROT, DEER, SNAKE and DUCK. The venerable monk, St. JACOB, is also calmly seated among the foliage, meditating upon the immense benefit brought to man and beast by his wonderful discovery—St. JACOBS OIL,—the Great German Remedy.



THE above cut, representing a venerable man, prayed in the corner of a suggesting at once notions of wisdom and benevolence, portrays the recognized mark of the Great German Remedy, ST. JACOBS OIL. Coincident with the introduction of ST. JACOBS OIL to the public, arose the inquiry—"What is ST. JACOBS OIL?" One solidly substantial answer has gone up from all classes of people, that it is, in every respect and comparison, the safest, surest and best remedy in the world for the cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia and all other painful diseases. As a most pronounced lately said:—Its remarkable action has mystified doctors, delighted sufferers, dispelled the doubts of the most incredulous. Its virtues are praised by thousands of the land, who have been rescued from years of suffering and torture with every form of painful disease, and granted a new lease of strength, health and activity. Physicians have certified to their inability to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other ailments, by giving up their patients to the stubborn claims of protracted and possibly death itself, ST. JACOBS OIL, by its unpretentious merit, has gained in its short time yet greater power from its almost magical influence over these diseases. It precisely expresses the true record of the Great German Remedy, and the one cause of its enormous sale and an immense mass of voluntary testimony in demonstration of its efficacy. When it is considered that this wonderful Pain-Banisher and Healer can be had at all Drug-Stores for the small sum of FIFTY CENTS, it appears, as a duty, for every one suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia or kindred complaint to obtain the relief which ST. JACOBS OIL never fails to give.

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