PEEPS AT NORWAY.

...LAR-NEST FARMS AND MOUNTAIN SUMMER DAIRIES.

...ST WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

...Days of Contemplation of Scenery Grand and Impressive—Mountains Reaching Above the Clouds.

...rights 1893 by Edgar L. Wakeman.

London, Nov. 16, 1893.—Travelers in Norway who have written of Norway and its people, have invariably spoken of the characteristic subjects, but in so ...manner as to pique and never to ...the reader's interest. These are ...have been termed for a best ...the "Eagle-nest farms," and the ...summer dairies.

...to be I know no traveler writing ...language has ever visited the far-...and while a few have actually seen ...the environment and the strange ...of both life at the same have never ...adequately described.

...along the Norwegian coast ...Bergen to the Lofoden islands, ...the closest observant of the manifold ...and particularly if a pow-...glass is used, will be surprised ...number of utterly lonely and ...habitations, seemingly perched ...the gray crags at great altitudes ...between sea and sky. The larger ...number of these are at least 2000 ...above the sea. To the eye is seems ...that place even for their ...could be secured. The pict-...always the same. A line of black ...thousands of feet high; a dent of ...a depression of misty blue ...the spot of a home is built; and ...black and sombre crags behind ...above and beyond these ...glacier fields.

...from a distance their eerie lo-...and the ragged huddles struct-...which often surround the main ...seem the nest of the ea-...the size of beetling crags, they ...to be called ...Sometimes the eye will follow ...track for miles, descending from ...heights to a cavernous, rock-...perched beside the water. In this ...a little boat house may be seen ...in the oak; and somewhere near a ...zigzag path will trail upward ...the darkening depths. This ...for the eagle-nest farmer is a ...road, or has this means of com-...with the outer world; but ...he reaches his home-perch above; ...he assists in his descents habitu-...of what manner of folk these ...are find contentment in lives of ...and coffee solitude, danger and manner-...and sometimes even conjectures ...I visited me until I found means ...

...the cliff walls of the larger and ...fiords which penetrate the main-...from the coast, the eagle-nest farms ...are more numerous than along the ...coast. This is particularly true ...portions of the Hardanger, Sogne, ...Throndhjem fiords. In the lordly ...Fiord, a branch of the Aurlands ...of the Sogne, and in a few in-...in the Throndhjem, they are at ...altitudes that the upper like ...of snow or ice, like poising ...upon edges of the cliff. I had ...located at prodigious heights ...Styve and Holmenas, on the ...wall-crests of this fiord, which, ...away beyond Dyredal to the water-...of the Yre Raaken that tumbles ...feet, is like some black and ter-...gateway to the realms of Hades; ...leading of the picturesque ...Bakke, where snow-capped moun-...thousands of feet sheer above ...leaving not a spare foot be-...habitations of man. Imagine ...of some, I determined that a ...endeavor should end in a broken ...and I would first have seen a Norwegian ...farm.

...days passed at Bakke, four days ...contemplation of scenery so sombre ...awful that it continually suggested ...infernal, before I found anyone ...companion or willing to act as a ...guide. Then good fortune came to me ...the person of a stamping young fel-...native of Grindedal, who had been ...away from his own mountain home ...America, and tired of a roving life ...antipodes, was returning as best ...could, with a look of eager homesick-...in his eyes almost strange in its ...expression. The little he was to receive ...wages, guide and interpreter, would ...return pay his passage on the third ...steamer around through Aurlands Fiord ...Fiord, and still leave him as many ...as a peasant's hard labor for a ...year will give for saving in Nor-...So we were a happy pair as we ...in the small boat, hired at Bakke, ...the northeast towards Styve and Dyr-...Ske fields above the clouds.

...I could not have found in all Norway ...more fitting companions for this parti-...adventure. Not one in every four age ...of method of stages by four-footed ...many of these fiords was still in ...Travelers were then taken from ...station to another in cumberous ...appointed boats. The crew of each ...return with other passengers to ...home station; and frequently these ...from stress of travelers' haste, ...hired for the week or month, ...make voyages the entire length of ...and its various lesser branches. ...This often brought the real Vikings of ...generation, that is, the dwellers on ...or creeks, along the fiords, into ac-...with the peasant folk of au-...fiord; and the father of my guide, ...name was Peter Ericsson, was ...master of such a boat when Peter ...a lad. Those who dwelt at Fejes ...Bakke in not only know the lowly of ...but many had acquired the almost ...meaning of the Indians' ...or the coast-sailors' inexplaina-...subtle sense of instinctive pre-...of location in fair weather or ...This made clearer to these boatmen ...an ordinance chart every hidden ...represented wonderful or unsea-...upon the crags; while the very ...whom we had set out to visit ...in the days before the steam-...awoke the sleeping echoes ...Naero fiord, one of the ...of Peter's father's boat.

...we had provided food and ...The unfurling of the wa-...majestic scenery of the fiord, the ...at sunset, coarse and nar-...raling spectacle, where old and fa-...faces and half leaving shee-...of farm buildings tumbled at the ...of precipices, or seemed tram-...from the forks of roaring torrents; ...the shore at the meetings and parting ...small pleasant groups to whom the ...fiord was the only highway ...towns, and who always shook ...with us as though we were old ...days friends they had not seen for ...decades and never expected to see again, ...and waving "Farvel" to us as ...we were in sight—brought us un-...to the best harbortown of our cliff-lor-...when it was already fairly night ...there at the bottom of the narrow ...of the fiord.

...place into which Peter devoted ...night was one of the most ...and picturesque I ever had the for-...to know. From the middle of the ...the opening was wholly unob-...but my guide informed me ...hundreds more like it could be ...among the tremendous walls of the Norwegian fiords. It was practically a vertical fissure 2000 feet high, and perhaps as deep below the water's surface. One edge was almost as smooth and rounded as a hewn pillar for all its mighty height. The other, correspondingly fashioned, would have closed against it, had the same inconceivable nature force which separated it as it again to place, with perfect lamination and without an inch of variance or waste space. The two edges of these formations reaching above the clouds were not fifteen feet apart at the entrance; but away in there were weird and awful depths! for while sight could not penetrate them the murmurs, whispers plaintive songs and hoarser threnodies of falling waters, told the wondrous story of erosions, displacements, heathlifts, and all the elemental struggles which the dead centuries hall known.

Not fifty feet from the entrance our boat grated against a shelving rock. It was almost as level as the floor, and but a few inches above the water. Beyond this the rock had perhaps centuries before been eaten away or had given away, forming a covered hollow like half of a truncated cone. This, moreover, resembling a section of the pre-historic bee hive huts of Ireland, was to be our resting place for the night—a place which had probably sheltered more human beings before me than the greatest and oldest hotel in Norway; and I then learned of another interesting custom of Norwegian peasantry. As I have before pointed out, the fiords are their real highways. Journeys of hundreds of miles are still made by entire families or parties too poor, or too thrifty, to seek shelter and food at the fiord-side hamlets. They have for centuries used these nature-built stations. Their food, fish, and sheep-skins for covering are brought with them in their boats; and water, the purest, purest, coldest water in the world, is leaping or trickling from every rock.

Peter had no sooner built a cheery fire—for each sailing party from immemorial custom contributes to the public supply, and there is always fuel at hand—than he explained, much in hand, some of the curious characteristics of this quaintest lodging I had ever beheld. A genuine Norwegian inn without landlord, station without master, hotel without host. On the same rocky level, but just around a projection of the fiordwall, was a tiny paddock with little walls, knee-high, built of loose stones. The source of certain inaccountable sounds I had already heard with dire forebodings now was made clear. Three gay Norwegian cows were munching their green fodder, and two of the tiniest calves I had ever seen stood gravely beside them. These might belong to the engineman we were about to visit, Peter told me. In any event, here the peasantry, who often changed the grazing places of their little herds, penned the animals at night; and the wise little things, conscious as their masters of the chance of night-roaming or mischief, never budged from the fine square yards of rock to which they were meekly led from the boats.

Where we built our fire, fires had been lighted since the time of Harald Haarfagre. In a hole or little chamber in the rock were a few rude iron utensils which had perhaps been used for centuries by those fiord wayfarers; and another little indention in the wall served as a sort of tethrey, where those who felt able or willing to do so deposited a few ore, nearly the smallest coin in the world, in tribute to the eagle-nest farmer, thousands of feet above, to whose possessions this strange place was a sort of lower and outer lodge. Having drawn our boat upon the rock we slept within it. It was a wakeful night for me. The sounding of the wind through the narrow fissure was full of ghostly plaints and voices; while the falling of near yet unseen waters of differing volumes from varying heights, seemed almost articulate with wild speech and song, as "Tale nightly mythologic brows of Norseland in concourse within this mysterious chasm were returned for a night to chant their sagas there of love, of the chase and of war.

It was late when we awoke. The calves had mysteriously disappeared. Peter was then sure they were Frederickson's on the cliff-top above. Their owner had come with a companion, and without disturbing us had slung the little animals over their shoulders and were now scaling the heights with them. Peter said we must make haste, as the cows were to follow, and we should overtake the engineer at home before they began another descent. With a bit of food in our hands we started. Peter in the van. The way led for a few hundred feet, past the engineer's boat-house, along the edge of what was on these sides, an almost vertical hollow cube cut by nature from solid stone. More than a score of waterfalls were seen. Some seemed no larger than a white ribbon of lace waving down the black rock sides. Others poured from cups and hollows larger accumulated volumes. And still others issued like spouting tunnels from cavernous holes in the rocks. All fell in an immense bed of such great depth that the discharge of the waters from the black cauldron was without ripple where they mingled with those of the fiord.

The other side of the mighty hollow cube was broken into irregular masses of rock, some ploughed as smooth as though polished by a lapidary, and between them tremendous disintegrations were powdered stone and detritus of sand, so I knew that sometime, thousands of years ago, a parcel of glaciers had filled into the chasm and thus provided a not altogether perilous way for our ascent. A zig-zag path, forming altogether a distance of perhaps two miles, led up the broken chasm side; and at three places huge timbers had been rigged for raising and lowering with rude windlasses, apparatus, with large leather bands fastened around their bodies, and all things that could not climb or be carried on these steady engineer's backs. Here then was half the mystery of these famous eagle-nest Norwegian farms removed. Peter said they were equally accessible both upon the coasts and fiords. They have simply seemed inaccessible to those travelers who read the books from steamer's decks, and have been put among the eagles, the clouds and the glaciers, in the pictures, without so much as a rope and swinging wicker basket to aid the reader's imagination in safe ascent.

We met the head farmer and his son on their way back to the first-side paddock, near the upper edge of the chasm. I was each more of a curiosity to these good folk than they to me; for I was the first foreigner that had ever visited this, so far as I can learn, any other, eagle-nest farm in Norway. Peter made them know easily enough who he was, and the greetings at the farm house, where we for several branches of our family were huddled in great roomy messes along the plateau, were rather an ovation than a welcome. I was altogether disappointed; for I had looked forward to knowing in this experience the utermost desolation in which human beings can sustain life. I was glad to find one of the cheerless places I had come upon anywhere in Norway.

The eagle-nest farm comprises altogether 200 or 300 acres of partially tillable and grazing land. A mountain stream run through it. The cliff-edge above the fiord was protected by low walls of timber and stone. The entire tract might be called "level," or rather a saucer-shaped depression little coterie at saucer-shaped depression such as you will find among the Scottish Highlands. In front was a misty line above the fiord, then a mighty panorama of mountain, valley and waterfall as far as the eye could reach. Behind, far first as the eye could reach. Behind, far first a field of impalpable rock. Then came a secondary impenetrable forest of fir, secondary impenetrable forest of fir. Above this was another line of scarred gray masses of jagged stone, its upper edge serrated with streaks and gullies of snow; and then the glittering range of snow; and then the glittering range of snow, the Dyrdal Field beyond. The ice upon the Dyrdal Field was almost in sight of this altitude, with white peaks everywhere along the dazzling horizon. The air was painful and blinding, after a long was painful and blinding, after a week passed in the shadowy depths of the fiord of the rocky harbor.

There were five, or, perhaps, six, timber-built houses, perhaps half a score of outbuildings for stocks and feeds, all arranged so as to protect as much as possible both humans and animals from the awful winter winds; a large storehouse as big as a village church for our...m use; and a curious old mill for grinding grain, where the stream tumbled into the chasm in which we had passed the night. The larger farmhouse or sort of mitthereb to them all, had a wide outer, enclosed hall. In this were bestowed on shelves, hung from pegs or stood in corners a strange collection of oars, fishing gear, rude farm implements, game-traps, tremendous fur coats and rawhide boots, stags' heads and antlers, tusks of wild boars, pewter-horns and shot pouches and firearms and of strange and antique pattern. The living rooms were four in number, huge and square, leading from one to another through square openings; and in a corner of each was an open fireplace as large as I have ever seen. Every article of furniture—long low tables, uncouth but comfortable chairs, cumbersome chests, bunk-beds built into and against the walls, heavy shelves upon great pegs driven into the house timbers, and even the gaily painted bureaus with the "house-wives" names names and dates of their marriage upon them—was of home manufacture.

With all these evidences of ample content, if within primitive environment, I felt abashed at my own constantly recurring preconceived tendencies to construct social and material pictures of meagerness and desolation where no such conditions existed. At middagsmad, or dinner, which consisted of a sort of vegetable soup seasoned with bits of dried fish, the universal flatbread, something like the Scottish bannock, black bread, inordinate quantities of cheese, butter, cream and milk, great basins of tea, but wondrously sweet preserves or strawberries, these things were frankly spoken of, causing the greatest merriment among the family of my host.

What lacked they? Here were comfortable homes, and their land which had remained unpossessed in the one family since Norway was Norway. The women spun the yarn, wove the cloth, made the clothing they all wore, and besides attended to the cattle, and worked much in the fields. The men felled timber in the winter, hunted reindeer, trapped and shot game, sometimes went on long fishing and whaling enterprises; and the land produced enough grain for food and grass for fodder, besides furnishing grazing for animals of less fortunate peasants who often brought their cows here for the summer months, and which sustained the presence of the three wanderers in the gorge beside the fiord.

All these, and much more, though none had ever attended school. Elementary education seems almost hereditary here, and books, from the musty sagas to the prose poems of Andersen, were piled upon the rude shelves above the fireplaces. Two or three times a year they went to church at Bakke. These were great occasions, and all went in boats together. In the long winter months the fires of the great chimneys roared as loud as the mountain tempests with snow whose they visited other eagle-nest homes, and enjoyed much simple merry-making; and from year to year out, indeed, from one generation to another, they know no incurrable misery, and experienced no need or longing beyond their own natural peculiar and confinement.

More surprising than all, after we had departed—the entire "eagle-nest" community accompanying us to the edge of the chasm and wending near a hearty "Farvel" after we even when the cliff had hidden them from sight—and while descending to the fiord with the head farmer and his son, we learned that these folk had never seen or known any officer of the law; and that there was not even a tradition in the numerous family above our heads of a title to their lands being essential, or of any attempt ever having been made for the collection of taxes upon any of these Norwegian eagle-nest farms.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LA GRIPPE AGAIN.

The reappearance of the "Grip" calls to mind the experience of James O. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexia, Texas. He was sick in bed ten days with the grip during its prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and with considerable success, I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack, I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first, but for the use of this remedy. It should be borne in mind that the grip is a severe cold, and requires severe and prompt treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectively, give this remedy a trial. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by N. E. Grammer and J. P. Nicks & Co., druggists.

THE AWFULLEST THING!

A New Orleans Girl Has a Terrible Time at the Fair.

Here is the story of a thrilling adventure of a New Orleans girl, told in her own words, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat:

"Oh, it was the awfullest thing. We were walking up the Midway, mother and I and Charlie and Elisabeth and Uncle John, and we stopped to look at a clown, who was the most outrageously funny creature you ever saw. And when I had almost killed myself laughing at him I turned and couldn't find a single one of the party. I ran here and there and got mixed up in the crowd and was bumped into by men and a waiting cart went by and nearly knocked me down and the floor up in Hagenbeck's reared and then I was frightened almost to death, with all kinds of queer people looking at me suspiciously. I didn't know what to do, so I just embankment on, and finally found my way back into the fair, and was so tired that I felt just like dropping.

"I said: I know what I'll do; I'll go to dinner. So I went and ordered a bottle of wine, because I was feeling faint. And I drank the wine on perfect vacancy, without having eaten anything all day, and it went to my head, and I got just as tipsy as a fool. Everything began to go round and the waiters came and cleared everything on the table upside down and then disappeared into the ceiling, and a band that was playing in the corner of the room began to reel backward and forward like a drunken man. After that I went over to take the elevated train and on the way I saw some men playing tag on the terrace of the lagoon, and one of them ran right off the back into the water and disappeared, and a Columbian guard waved his arms wildly and got into a Cevlon entrapper and went gallantly to the rescue, and then the fireworks began to go up over the Transportation building, and it must have dropped out of a balloon hanging up to a parachute with lanterns on his feet, and people began to duck around me, pulling at kinds of wild people, and the building began to rock and sway, and I ran into a beach nearly crushed, and it was by the merest accident that Bob Blanghton dropped by and told me that Uncle John and the rest were waiting for me at the bad depressing of the public weather building and we got in an electric launch and went over there, and I had to ride in great state in a carriage and stay in bed two days, with a headache and things around me, but nothing to eat but peptonized and nourishing soups."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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FOSTER'S WEATHER.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED UNTIL DECEMBER 15.

A SEVERE COLD WAVE TO COME.

A Hard Winter in Store for Us, With Severe Cold in Spots—The Great Light Giver—Local Forecasts.

Copyrighted 1893, by W. T. Foster.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 2.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm wave to cross the continent from December 4 to 8, and the next will reach the Pacific coast about the 9th, cross the Western mountains by close of 10th, the great Central valleys from 11th to 13th, and the Eastern states about the 14th.

The cool wave following this storm will be its most notable feature, as it will be more severe than usual. Cool waves are usually considered the winding up of storms, especially from April 1 to October 1, but the seat of energy will appear to reside in the cool waves that will cross the continent from December 6 to 10 and from 12th to 16th. As this last mentioned cool wave nears the New England states, about the 15th or 16th, it will probably develop unusual force.

The warm wave will cross the Western mountains about the 9th, the great central valleys about the 11th and the Eastern states about the 13th. The cool wave will cross the Western mountains about the 12th, the great central valleys about the 14th and the Eastern states about the 16th.

About November 18 the causes of precipitation were expected to change their influence, causing a large increase of rain and snow in December and January, where precipitation is deficient.

Those who have expected a mild winter are doomed to disappointment. Severe cold, however, seldom covers the whole continent, and we may expect the severe weather in spots, giving to the country as a whole what is termed a hard winter.

THE GREAT LIGHT GIVER.

Recent researches indicate that two belts of magnetic radiations, each about 23 degrees wide, encircle the sun parallel with the equator, the center of each belt being about thirty-four degrees from the sun's magnetic poles. These magnetic poles are supposed to be four and a half degrees from the sun's geographic poles and therefore the magnetic belts are about nine degrees nearer the sun's geographic equator on one side of the sun than on the opposite side.

These discoveries are supposed to have been made by Prof. Frank Bigelow, of the national weather bureau, and if he is correct about it a great similarity exists between the sun and earth in their magnetic arrangements.

The earth has four magnetic poles. One of these is on an island northwest of Hudson's bay near latitude 70 and longitude 97. The corresponding southern magnetic pole has never been exactly located. Another magnetic north pole has been found in Siberia about 68 degrees of north latitude and 120 of longitude, or near where these lines cross the Lena river. This magnetic north pole is about eight degrees further south than the one found on this continent.

These magnetic poles are the coldest places on earth and it would appear that in them the cold of outer space comes down to the earth. The weather is supposed to be more warmer at the earth's geographic north pole than at the magnetic north poles, twenty to twenty-eight degrees further south.

Secondary magnetic poles are also found. One of these lies southwest of Hudson's bay in northwestern Ontario, at about 50 north and 90 west. Our cold waves appear to come out of this secondary magnetic north pole. St. Vincent, Minnesota, is the nearest to the United States, on the path of the cold waves, to that secondary magnetic center, and is the coldest place in the United States.

If the national weather bureau would arrange to have stations near that magnetic center, at Kewatin or Gilbert, north of Lake of the Woods, they would probably discover most of the cold waves days before they reach the United States.

Professor Bigelow places one of the two magnetic poles of the sun at 102 degrees west of the other so that they are not on opposite sides of the sun by 78 degrees. Those of the earth are similar. The magnetic pole in Asia is 217 east of the one on this continent, leaving them only 143 degrees apart by way of the west.

These magnetic poles not only have something to do with the weather of the earth and the sun, but with with their position on their axes. All over the earth are found permanent high barometers, as on all the great oceans, both north and south, and these places of permanent high pressures are the same as the magnetic poles, but of less force and greater dimensions.

At other points on the earth are found the opposites of these where are permanent low barometers as near Iceland, the Hebrides sea and all around the earth at its equator. In these latter the forces go from the earth. These appear to be the respiratory organs of the earth, though which it breathes the ether of space, on which it feeds and from which it accumulates and grows.

Professor Bigelow's theory is that the magnetic poles of the sun throw out lines of force through which the earth must pass in its revolution around the sun and that passing through these lines of force the earth and its atmosphere are affected, causing changes in our weather. He has been at work on these lines for two years under pay of the government at about $6 per day, and the result is that he is coming to my theory of weather changes at a very rapid rate.

Prof. Bigelow's work is valuable to real planetary meteorologists, but he will never succeed in laying the true foundation for meteorology. His theories will cause his failure.

Years ago the government was induced to spend large sums of money in employing sails in order to learn the direction good sails. It was a fad too, and the experienced farmer pulled out good sails at sight, while the scientific gentlemen, with all their costly experiments, are forced to acknowledge that they know nothing about what qualities are necessary for productive sails.

Prof. Bigelow and his class can discover magnetic poles and meridians of force on earth, but when they come to apply those to the weather a failure is sure to result. It is the veriest nonsense to claim that the sun is the only weather disturbing cause, and probably Prof. Bigelow will never get beyond that idea. His work only confirms planetary meteorologists in their theories. They discovered, many years ago, from effects on our atmosphere, the whole electro magnetic field of forces and Bigelow and others are just now beginning to suspicion its existence.

A true knowledge of astronomy and a right conception of the laws of nature will expell the foolish notions advocated by astrologists. That the position of the stars and planets at the birth of a human being can have a ruling influence in the life and fortune of that being, is a belief unworthy of this enlightened age. The human race, in all its branches, in its highest as well as its lowest civilizations, is filled with enormous superstition. Will mankind ever be able to throw off these superstitions and be governed by grand truths that are always susceptible of positive proof?

It is somewhat of a convulsion, accidental or otherwise, that full moons occur north of the earth's equator during our winter, and south during the winters of the Southern hemisphere.

The earth crosses the plane of the sun's equator December 5 and if there is a force going out from the sun over its equator, the earth will store up a portion of that force which will become manifest as a severe storm during the next few weeks.

LOCAL FORECASTS.

Weather changes move from west to east across the continent, and each local forecast is made for within 250 miles east and west of the magnetic meridian mentioned, for all the country between 25 and 50 degrees of north latitude. These local weather changes will occur within twenty-four hours before or after sunset of the dates given below:

LOS ANGELES AND BOISE CITY.
December 3—Warmer.
December 4—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 5—Wind changing.
December 6—Cooler and clearing.
December 7—Fair and cool.
December 8—Moderating.
December 9—Warmer.

SANTA FE, DENVER, BLACK HILLS.
December 3—Moderating.
December 4—Warmer.
December 5—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 6—Wind changing.
December 7—Cooler and clearing.
December 8—Fair and cool.
December 9—Moderating.

GALVESTON, KANSAS CITY, MINNEAPOLIS.
December 3—Fair and cooler.
December 4—Moderating.
December 5—Warmer.
December 6—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 7—Wind changing.
December 8—Cooler and clearing.
December 9—Fair and cool.

ATLANTA, CINCINNATI, LANSING.
December 3—Cooler and clearing.
December 4—Fair and cool.
December 5—Moderating.
December 6—Warmer.
December 7—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 8—Wind changing.
December 9—Cooler and clearing.

NEW YORK, OTTAWA.
December 3—Wind changing.
December 4—Cooler and clearing.
December 5—Fair and cool.
December 6—Moderating.
December 7—Warmer.
December 8—Storm wave on this meridian.
December 9—Wind changing.

Pompous Science Examiner—How is the earth divided? Intelligent Lad—By earthquakes, etc.—London Tid-Bits.

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Cures positively and permanently in 1 to 5 days all forms of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Lost Power, Nocturnal Emissions, Premature Decay, Wasting Weakness, Lost Power, Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervous Debility