

NATURE'S WEATHER PROPHETS

Signs of Flowers and Animals That Were Followed Closely by Our Grandparents.

Men have made some very wonderful instruments which foretell what the weather will be, but old Mother Nature has given us messengers which tell about the weather if we watch the signs which they show. The little daisies were watched by our grandparents, who believed that spring had not come until 12 daisies were blooming on a foot of ground. The chickweeds' starry flowers tell when heavy winds or rains are coming by closing their tiny blossoms. The dandelions have the same habit. Likely the golden flowers do not want to uncover their curly heads unless they can look up to the sun. If you watch dandelions you will see that they do not open on the mornings of the days when rain falls.

Marigolds are such particular little blossoms that they will not even show a ray of their splendor if a storm is approaching or thunder is heard in the distance. The morning glories may wake early to beauty the garden, but when they suddenly wrap their silky scarfs about their faces you may be sure that rain is in the air. Some trees, such as the locust, close their leaves when a storm is coming. If you have a garden you might look to see what prophets are near to warn you of changes in the weather. Our grandmothers said that even peaceful old tabby knew when to expect either rain or snow. When the cat sat with her back to the fire our grandparents looked to have use for their overshoes and umbrellas.

BILL NYE ON FOX HUNTING

He Considered It a Most Thrilling Pastime for Sons of the American Nobility.

"Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know," said Bill Nye, "and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hives and tallow, the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stalked fracture, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloo, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sword, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic, all, all are exhilarating to the sons of the American nobility. Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild tumultuous joy of the skating rink, the toboggan slide, the mush-and-milk sociable and the straw ride. For the young American nobleman whose dual father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lung-pad, a liver-pad, a kidney-pad or a foot-pad, fox-hunting is first rate."

Miracle of a Bath Sponge.

Henry Savage Landor, at one time a captive of the Lamas in Tibet, tells the following adventure:

"The Lamas had got hold of my bath sponge, which was dry and pressed to great thinness by a heavy weight which had rested upon it. Throwing it from them, it fell in a little pool of water. I addressed the sponge in English and with any words that came into my head, pretending to utter incantations.

"The attention of the Lamas and soldiers was quickly drawn to this unusual behavior on my part. They could not conceal their terror when, as I spoke louder and louder to the sponge, it gradually swelled to its normal size. The Tibetans, who at first could hardly believe their eyes, became panic-stricken. There was a general stampede."

Had Become Matter of Habit.

When Elisha decided to take unto himself a sixth helpmeet, he repaired to the house of a Baptist minister, a venerable man who had officiated at several of Biggs' previous weddings, to make arrangements to be married there the next day. The minister reflected a moment. "Elisha," said he, "I shall, of course, be glad to marry you again. This will be the third or fourth time, will it not? If you don't mind telling me, why is it that you never have a minister of your own race tie the knot for you?" Elisha seemed hurt for a moment, but finally a broad smile illumined his features. "Well, sah," he explained, "I hab kinder got de habit ob gettin' a white man to do my marryin', an' I reckon I'll allus do it."

Smoke.

Don't imagine next time you see in weather promising storm that a "heavy" stratum of air is forcing the smoke of your chimney to the ground. Instead the condition is the opposite and the atmosphere is too light to allow the smoke to rise. To prove this fact in this vacation season fill your mouth full of tobacco smoke and dive in 20 feet of water, releasing the smoke. The smoke appears from the water almost instantly. You may say it comes up in air bubbles, but this does no more than to prove the theory. Your chimney smoke won't rise, because there isn't buoyancy enough in the air stratum to raise it.

A Dreamer.

Hicks—Johnson is a sanguine man, isn't he?

Wicks—Yes. He was saying the other day that the sweetest girl graduates every year has something new in her vocabulary next year.

Who Is Alice?

It would have been impossible for him to look a particle more devoted than he did. His attitude as he walked beside her was perfectly satisfactory, for she knew that everybody could see he belonged to her. Being a woman, this made her happy.

"It's been so lonesome during all the months you have been away," he told her for the eleventh time.

"Has it, truly?" she inquired tenderly, also for the eleventh time.

"You never can know," he proceeded, "how desolate I was with nothing to do. Why, Alice, I—"

"Alice!" she interrupted sharply. For her name was Mabel.

"Er—Mabel, I mean, of course!" said the young man hastily. "I—"

"Who is Alice?" demanded the young woman frigidly, adding a foot to the space between them.

"Alice? Ha! Ha! Why, there isn't any!" declared the young man vivaciously. "It certainly is a joke for me to call you Alice when it isn't your name! I—"

"She must be pretty much on your mind," insisted the young woman coldly, "when you go around calling every other girl by her name! You never mentioned any Alice to me in your letters!"

"Now, Mabel!" pleaded the young man, "why make a fuss over a mere slip of the tongue? Just as I spoke an automobile went by with a girl in it who reminded me of a girl I used to know in school whose name was Alice, and—"

"Your mind works quickly!" scoffed the young woman. "But I can always tell a mercerized excuse from one that's all-wool and the regulation width! You might just as well—oh, you have been going around with Alice Speckerson while I was away? I'd forgotten all about her—and she was crazy about you when she met you at that dance. If—"

"No!" insisted the young man, "It was not Alice Speckerson, for she was away, too."

"Then what Alice was it?" the young woman demanded, sternly. "You have practically admitted that there was an Alice. You needn't try to deceive me! You might as well tell me first as last, because—"

"Mabel," said the young man, gathering all his forces and speaking reproachfully. "I hate to see you getting all worked up about something that is purely imaginary. Let's go in here and get some candy—"

"Harry Pandill!" cried the young woman, "don't try to distract me from the subject! I guess I'm more than sixteen years old—"

"You don't look it," interrupted the young man hastily, seeing his chance. She merely held her nose higher in the air. "I am waiting," she reminded him in a tragedy voice. "Who is the girl named Alice that you are so in love with that you can't think of anybody else and that you have to talk about to every one whether any one is interested or not? And when you were writing me that you were worrying yourself thin because I was away. And you were running around instead with somebody named Alice, and—"

"A fellow cannot sit in his room and stare at the wall every night for two months!" protested the young man. "He's got to do something—not that I was running around with any Alice! I read lots while you were away—and the last book was that ancient one, 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' It always was a favorite of mine and I've had it in mind so much it's no wonder—"

"Pooh!" cried the young woman violently. "You never can make me believe."

"Mabel!" cried the young man earnestly, "you don't mean to say that you doubt me? Don't you believe what I tell you?"

He looked so stern that the young woman faltered a bit. "Well," she said, "it's kind of funny when you go around calling me by some other girl's name. Do you mean to say, Harry Pandill, that there really wasn't any Alice?"

"You heard what I said!" remarked the young man in a pained voice. "Really, I can't tell you how it cuts to have you, of all the world, think for a minute that I was trying to conceal something!"

"Why, Harry!" said the young woman, "of course I didn't mean to hurt your feelings! I had no idea you'd take it like this! I believe I was excited and nervous. I—I've done it myself. I remember calling a man by my poodle's name once, absent-mindedly. Only I thought for a minute—"

"Don't say any more about it," interrupted the young man with impressive kindness. "I'll forgive it, Mabel. Only I hope in future you'll trust me!"

"I'll never doubt you again, Harry," said the young woman. "You've always shown me how silly I was!"

"I'm glad you see it that way," said the young man, magnanimously. Then he said to himself: "Gee! That was a close call!"

Officers Must Be Able to Swim.

While it may be true, as has been asserted since the disaster in the North river, in which a score or more of the New Hampshire's crew were drowned, that 20 per cent. of the enlisted men of the navy cannot swim, their officers without exception can. At the naval academy midshipmen who cannot show a certain degree of proficiency in swimming are compelled to take a course in lessons.

DRINKS OF THE FAR EAST

Sake in Japan, and Samshu and Hocshu in China Are National Beverages.

Sake is the national beverage of Japan. It has a peculiar flavor not comparable to any European drink, is made from fermented rice by an intricate process in winter time and contains from eleven to fourteen per cent. alcohol.

It is a necessary constituent of every ceremonial Japanese dinner, is served hot in little ampulla-like jars and drunk with much formality from squat, earless sake cups containing approximately two ounces.

To the European palate it tastes sour at first, but a preference for it is readily acquired. Curiously enough it has a more powerful effect on the Japanese than on Europeans.

The Chinese have two alcoholic drinks—samshu and hocshu. Samshu is simply another name for arrack, but hocshu is a much more aristocratic drink. We cannot describe it better than in the words of that intangible old buccaneer, Dampier:

"This is a strong liquor, made of wheat, as I have been told. It looks like mum (a peculiar kind of beer made from wheat malt), and tastes much like it, and is very pleasant and hearty. Our seamen love it mightily and will lick their lips with it, for scarce a ship goes to China but the men come home fat with making the liquor and bring stores of jars of it home with them."

It is put up in small squat white jars, sealed with a wooden plug, covered with a thick mass of prepared clay, extending half way down the neck.

ONE ON THE POMPOUS JUDGE

Sarcastic Denunciation of Sleeping Juror Brings Startling and Discomforting Reply.

The lawyer for the prosecution had finished his closing argument and the judge, a pompous and long-winded individual, was charging the jury:

He was in the midst of an unusually long and tedious address when he suddenly noticed that one of the jurymen had fallen asleep. The indignation of his honor was boundless. Rapping sharply on his desk he awakened the slumberer, who seemed not at all abashed at being thus caught napping. After glaring at him angrily for a few moments, the magistrate in his most sarcastic tone said:

"So that's the way you attend to your duty, is it? You're a fine specimen to have on a jury. Do you think your opinion will be of any value when I send you out to determine the fate of this prisoner?"

"Yes, sir," said the jurymen quietly, "I think so."

"Oh, you do, do you?" shouted the exasperated judge. "Pray tell me, sir, how long have you been sleeping?"

"I don't know, your honor," was the reply. "How long have you been talking?"

TALENTED CONVICTS GO FREE

Song and Poetry Bring Pardon to Two; Cartoon Work Frees Third.

A prisoner has just been released from jail because he sang well. Only a little while ago a convict was pardoned because he wrote poetry. This sort of thing can be prolonged indefinitely, the Cleveland Plaindealer remarks. Convict Bill Drydock will be pardoned next month because he is a fine cartoonist. With a bit of plumbago and a whitewashed wall Bill drew a striking likeness of Banker Swoop, who is his seatmate in the prison dining room. Convict Joe

Job Printing

Our Job Department has been very busy during the past two months, but we want your business. When in need of printing give us a chance to figure on your work.

The Tribune.

REASON FOR CHURCH EXODUS

When Pastor Hears Why Men Are Leaving, He Stops Sermon and Goes Also.

More than a hundred years ago, when the stone steps of the old house were in front of the meeting house in the village—and worshipful feet went up them and along the uncarpeted aisles to the straight-backed pews, each with a wooden door held shut with a wooden button—one Sunday morning after the "long prayer," while the clergyman was in the midst of his discourse, one of the members of the congregation was seen to rise from his pew and tip-toe quietly out of the church. Soon a neighbor followed and then another and another, slowly and with reverent regard for the sanctity of the place they were so unwontedly leaving during the sermon. The minister, noticing this, says Richard Wightman in the Metropolitan, stopped in the midst of his discourse and said: "May I be permitted to inquire the reason for this exodus?" At this one of the few remaining men stood up in his pew and answered thus: "Since the service began word has been sent us that a large school of shad has been pocketed in the Oyster river. The tide has gone out and the meadows are covered with live fish. Thousands of them are flopping there in the sun, and we have thought best, sir, to improve the opportunity and go down there and secure winter food for our families." Then he sat down, and after a moment's pause the clergyman gathered up his manuscript and said: "I think that is a very good idea. I will dismiss the congregation and go and get some myself."

COME TO THE AIRDOME AND GET THAT BEAUTIFUL PRESENT

MICA-NOID IS THE NAME THAT STANDS FOR THE BEST READY ROOFING MADE

Superior to shingles because cheaper, easiest to lay, fire resisting, will not rot, blow off, nor taint or color rain water. Will outlast tin or iron which will rust and are very noisy during hail and wind storms. For proof of superior qualities of Mica-Noid Roofing.

See 15 Buildings on Culver Stock Farm covered with MICA-NOID and many other buildings in this city and county. Also thousands of testimonials from users of MICA-NOID Roofing throughout the United States.

MARSHAL WASHINGTON, Ag't
Montgomery City, Mo.

Evangelistic Campaign.

WHERE?
AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH
WHO BY?
Dr. O. P. Miles of St. Charles and Rev. Percy G. Carter of this city.

WHEN?
Meeting begins Sunday January 8th. Remember the date January 8th. A large Chorus Choir is expected to assist in these meetings. Everybody invited to help. You can't afford to miss these meetings.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR COUGHS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

"The best Painters, Contractor and Architects of the country use Mound City 'Horse Shoe' brand House Paint exclusively. Cramp & Kidwell.