WATCHES THE CLOUDS.

One New Yorker's Easy and Well Paid, but Important, Job.

There is one man in New York who would seem to hold an easy and unique job. From Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 he puts in his whole time watching for clouds from the top of one of the tallest skyscrapers. He does nothing else, is well paid if he performs his duty vigilantly and has no one to boss or hustle him around—except the clouds. For tools he works with a telescope, and he can smoke, read poetry or do what he pleases, provided he keeps his weather eye keenly peeled for the first sign of a storm cloud sweeping down the Hudson. On that rests his whole job, for should a thunderstorm catch him napping it would mean a serious strain on the leading electric light and power company.

In no other city but New York do conditions make for such a contingency. Owing to the compact construction of the huge blocks of downtown skyscrapers an enormous amount of electric light is suddenly demanded whenever the sky becomes darkened. Thousands of bulbs are simultaneously switched on. At nightfall this need for light is easily calculated, but no certain provision can be made against the sudden overshadow of a storm cloud other than by stationing a lookout man on the top of a skyscraper. Consequently when he sees a cloud sweeping down the Hudson or advancing from any other direction it is his business to watch its approach carefully.

Therein he must use a bit of judgment. If it is likely to sweep clear of the city he need not bother about it. But should he reckon it will pass over Manhattan it is his business to telephone the chief power station a warning that a storm cloud is coming. At once a red light glows in the engine room, and the stokers hustle to shovel coal into the furnaces. Presently the huge generators revolve at greater speed to supply the emergency demand for electricity. Thus when the thousands of lights are switched on downtown few are likely to guess how the sudden call for light has been met.

Meanwhile the cloud watcher is in no fear that a mechanical device will deprive him of his job, for the weather instrument that can record just the direction a cloud will take in sweeping on toward Manhattan is yet in the dim future of invention.—New York Tribune.

Course of the Panama Canal.

There is a somewhat popular delusion about the Panama canal—to wit, that the course from Colon, on the Caribbean or Atlantic side of the isthmus, to Panama, on the Pacific side, is from east to west. Of course the Atlantic is at the east and the Pacific is at the west, but the isthmus is very crooked and at this point tends from a little south of west to north of east, and Colon is actually farther west than Panama. As a result the canal runs from north-northwest to south-southeast, and on reaching the Pacific one finds himself farther east than he was when he left the Atlantic. Queer, isn't it, to go westward by going eastward? But it's a geographical fact, all the same, which few realize until they study the map.—New York Tribune.

Canine Etiquette.

In their relations one with another dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. Unless they are on very intimate terms they take great pains never to brush against or even touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person and live in the same house and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him, but with the egotism of a true aristocrat he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose. —Henry C. Merwin in Atlantic.

No Canes For Actors.

There is one profession that has always refrained from carrying a walking stick. The actor knows well that on the stage he must walk without extraneous support, and he knows that the mere hint of a walking stick in his hand as he walks the streets is a temptation to lean this way or that. Actors, even when out of a job, never lean on a stick. They know that their balanced walk is their asset. If the whole of society recurs to walking sticks the actors will refrain.—London Chronicle.

Not Even Bent.

Little Eric had dropped a basket containing some eggs on his way home from the grocery.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"I didn't break any," replied Eric, "but the hulls came off two or three."—Chicago News.

Tomato Seed Oil.

An excellent burning oil has been extracted from tomato seeds. These, with the skins, are thoroughly dried in the sun. The seeds are then crushed in a hydraulic press and yield a thin yellow oil. This when burned in a lamp gives a bright, odorless light.—London Mail.

Made Him Too Good.

"So she married him to reform him. And what is the result?"

"He's so good now that he's shocked by the gowns she wears." — Boston Transcript.

It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes heroes.—Louis Kossuth.

COULTER'S QUEER STORY.

It Was Thought He Had Discovered Hades, but He Hadn't.

At a gathering in Milwaukee a well known minister was called on to tell a story, and this is what he told:

"Did you ever hear of Coulter's hell? Of the two men lost by the great Lewis and Clark expedition of 1803 on its long journey through the northwest one was a man named Coulter. He was captured by Indians, who stripped him and set him to running the gantlet.

"Outrunning their blows, he snatched a spear from the last Indian, killed him with it and ran into the mountains naked and wounded, but at last free and armed. Wandering toward the southeast, he presently found himself in a land where the forces of nature appeared to have gone mad together. Rivers from which he sought to drink ran hot water, boiling fountains gushed hundreds of feet in the air, volcanoes of black mud vomited at him, bubbling fountains of snow white mud gushed around, with others of crimson and blue and green. A mountain of pure sulphur crystals rose on one hand, and from beside a stream rose another composed of black glass almost as clear as a window pane.

"At last, escaping from the place, he was found by some trappers, who clothed him and took him to St. Louis, where they reported him as one whose mind had been wrecked by his experiences. Wherever he told of the frightful country which he swore he had seen men roared with mirth at the yarn and made him tell and retell it till within a few years it went all over the west as an example of the effect of the horrors of being lost on the human mind. It was commonly known as 'the story of Coulter's hell,' and under that name it frequently appeared in the eastern papers in the early thirties and forties. Coulter himself finally died regarded to the last as a hopeless maniac.

"And then in 1869 some Montana trappers wandered into the region and came back with the astounding tale that Coulter had told the truth and had never been insane at all. The government immediately rushed soldiers and scientists into the country, and before long it became the Yellowstone National park. And that is the story of Coulter's hell."—Milwaukee Journal.

NERVE IN BASEBALL.

Result of a Wild Throw to Third With the Bases Full.

Charley Dooin, one of the famous catchers of the National league, tells a story to the effect that after a brief trial with the St. Paul club in 1889 Charles A. Comiskey, then its manager, advised him to return to the tailoring business and stick to it.

Another yarn concerning Dooin tells how a little later on and when he was still little more than a youth and weighing in the neighborhood of 115 pounds, he wished himself upon Manager McKibben of the St. Joseph club. When Dooin reported Mac walked around him twice and then announced that he wanted a catcher and not a jockey. Injuries to regulars, however, gave the boy his chance, and he was sent in to backstop for "Big Jim" Wiggs.

In his first game Dooin wanted to prove that in addition to being a catcher he was some thrower. When he heaved to second the baseman would have needed a ladder to get the ball; to third his pegs were low, and his shoots to first nearly took the sacker off his feet. After his wild throws had filled the bases in one inning he threw to third again to catch a runner off the cushion. The ball went so high the left fielder almost got to it on the fly, while "everybody came home."

When the inning was over Dooin had four errors charged against him, and he walked to the clubhouse and began to pack up his clothes. McKibben stopped him, saying his nerve in daring to throw to third to catch a man off with the bases full, caused by his previous bad throws, deserved another chance. Dooin stuck and caught almost every game that season. His next jump was to the Phillies, and his reputation was made.—Ed A. Goewey in Leslie's.

Made Her More Nervous.

She was rather a nervous old lady and, fearful of being robbed of her purse, kept it in a pocket of her underskirt. Taking a cab, she, at the end of the journey, began searching, as ladies do, for the carefully concealed pocket. The cabby, misconstruing her movements, looked on grimly.

"Well, mem," he broke in, "when you've done a-scratching, me fare's 18 pence."—London Tatler.

Impeachment.

In England it was the old practice to impeach for conduct out of office. Private citizens could be impeached. Dr. Sacheverell was impeached for preaching an unpopular sermon, the Duke of Richmond for proposing an adjournment of the house of lords and Inigo Jones for tearing down a church. But in America impeachment has been restricted to men in office for conduct in office.—Argonaut.

Crazy as a Loon.

"Before I sentence the prisoner I should like to ask the attorney why he thinks that the defendant is insane."

"Your honor, he admits that he had a perfectly fair trial."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Holding on Tight.

You can't always tell: the young man who holds on to you as tightly as a vise before marriage, girls, may hold on to his money the same way afterward.—Florida Times Union.

GETTING ON THE STAGE.

Dangers That Beset New Eggs in the Vaudeville Basket.

The most amazing thing to a theatrical manager is the utter lack of comprehension on the part of applicants of what professional work really means.

When I was writing vaudeville sketches I used to get letters from young fellows in country towns who wanted to go into vaudeville. For some unaccountable reason they figured out that that was the easiest way to break into the entertainment business. As a matter of fact, they were choosing the very toughest end of it all. In vaudeville there is no stage manager to tell one what to do and how to do it. He must rely entirely upon himself. Furthermore, he must do his own booking, get his own transfer agent to take care of his baggage, negotiate his own railroading and even pack his own properties. In fact, he has a thousand and one troubles to divert his mind from his proper business. It never seems to dawn upon the aspirant that it's much better to get into a great organization, where there's somebody to attend to every problem for him and where he has a chance to learn the details of stagecraft.

A clever vaudeville man, to begin with, must have a good act, and if he be unknown he must know how to talk his act to the managers. If he employs an agent he is at a disadvantage, because these persons work for the management of the theaters. Furthermore, the vaudeville man must remember that he comes out on to the stage with nothing behind him, practically no properties, no chorus girls to divert attention. The eyes of the people are centered on him. He must do it all. It is by far the most difficult business in the world to succeed at, unless one is very talented.—George M. Cohan, in the New York Sun.

SCARED THE LION.

Bravery and Daring Displayed by an African Woman.

In "Hunting the Elephant In Africa" the author, Captain C. H. Stigand, in telling some lion stories, admits that there is a certain thrill in connection with the king of the jungle. The Somalis say that a lion makes you jump three times—first, when you hear him roar; secondly, when you unexpectedly meet his spoor, and thirdly, when you first sight him. They say that even a bold man is thus frightened three times by a lion, but after the sudden shock of seeing him is over he is no longer afraid. And in this connection he tells us a good story of female heroism:

"At a village near Fort Mangoche, also in Nyasaland, a man was sitting one night at the door of his hut drumming while his wife was cooking food inside. The hut was an isolated one, being several hundred yards from the rest of the village.

"Suddenly the woman heard the man call out, 'A lion has got me.' She took a burning fagot from the fire, ran out and smacked the lion in the face. The astonished animal let go, and she dragged her husband into the hut and hastily put up the poles which form the door. The man died a few minutes after, and the woman sat there with the dead body.

"Presently the lion returned and scratched gently on the door. This he repeated several times till it got on the woman's nerves. At last she could stand it no longer, so she took another fagot from the fire, unbarred the door and fled to the village, leaving the dead man. The lion then walked into the hut and took him."

How We Got the Gas Jet.

Possibly very few people know that we owe the ordinary gas jet to the accidental use of a woman's thimble. After the dinner of the British Commercial Gas association Professor Vivian Lewes told how Clegg of Redruth used to burn the illuminant straight from the open pipe and turn it off by plugging the pipe with some clay. Upon one occasion his lump of clay was missing, and, picking up his wife's thimble, he put this on top of the pipe. Much to his surprise, the gas escaped through small holes which had been worn by the constant use of the needle, small burning jets of gas resulting. From this Professor Lewes traced the evolution of the gas jet.—London Globe.

Surf Birds.

That birds of the family termed surf birds in the Hawaiian Islands should leave that paradise of the Pacific to go and rear their young in the tundras of Alaska would seem to many an extraordinary proceeding, yet the turnstone and the black bellied plover and the Pacific golden plover make the long journey of about 4,000 miles thither annually.

Classified the Family.

"Everybody in our family's some kind of an animal," said Bobby to the amazed lady visitor.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed.

"Well," replied Bobby, "mother's a dear, my baby sister is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat."—Dundee Advertiser

Shooting Through Glass.

A rifle bullet may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass. If the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.—London Telegraph.

Poor Eve.

Eve (in the garden)—Adam, I've got to have another dress. Adam—Eve, you're the most resolute woman I've ever known. You're always turning over a new leaf.—London Tatler.

Directory

Ohio County

Circuit Court—T. F. Birkhead, Judge; Ben D. Ringo, Attorney; W. P. Midkiff, Jailer; E. G. Barrass, Clerk; E. E. Birkhead, Master Commissioner; R. T. Collins, Trustee Jury Fund; T. H. Black, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—S. O. Keown, Beaver Dam; G. P. Jones, Route 5, Hartford; W. C. Earp, Rosine. Court convenes first Monday in February and continues three weeks; third Monday in April, two weeks; third Monday in October two weeks.

County Court—R. R. Wedding, Judge; W. S. Tinsley, Clerk; C. E. Smith, Attorney, Hartford. Court convenes first Monday in each month.

Quarterly Court—Begins on the fourth Monday in February, May, August and November.

Court of Claims—Convenes first Tuesday in January and first Tuesday in October.

Other County Officers—C. S. Moxley, Surveyor, Fordsville, Ky., R. F. D. No. 2; Bernard Felix, Assessor, Hartford, Ky., R. F. D. No. 2; Henry Leach, Superintendent, Hartford; Dr. A. B. Riley, Coroner, Hartford.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

Leslie Combs, Hartford, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in March, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in June, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in September, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in December.

John H. Miles, Rockport, Friday after 3rd Monday in March, Friday after 3rd Monday in June, Friday after 3rd Monday in September, Friday after 3rd Monday in December.

O. E. Scott, Cromwell, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in March, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in June, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in September, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in December.

John H. Miles, Rockport, Friday after 3rd Monday in March, Friday after 3rd Monday in June, Friday after 3rd Monday in September, Friday after 3rd Monday in December.

J. C. Jackson, Centertown, Saturday after 3rd Monday in March, Saturday after 3rd Monday in June, Saturday after 3rd Monday in September, Saturday after 3rd Monday in December.

M. C. Cook, Renfrow, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in March, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in May, Tuesday after 3rd Monday in August, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in November.

Thomas Sanders, Olaton, Wednesday after the second Monday in March, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in May, Wednesday after 3rd Monday in August, Wednesday after 2nd Monday in November.

Grant Pollard, Fordsville, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in March, Thursday after 2nd Monday in May, Thursday after 3rd Monday in August, Thursday after 2nd Monday in November.

J. L. Patton, Ralph, Friday after 2nd Monday in March, Friday after 2nd Monday in May, Friday after 3rd Monday in August, Friday after 2nd Monday in November.

HARTFORD POLICE COURT.

C. M. Crowe, Judge; John B. Wilson, City Attorney; J. P. Stevens, Marshal; Court convenes second Monday in each month.

City Council—J. H. Williams, Mayor; R. T. Collins, Clerk; E. P. Thomas, Treasurer. Members of Council—Robert Hoover, P. B. Taylor, J. H. B. Carson, E. P. Moore, Fred Cooper, W. J. Bean.

School Trustees—Dr. E. B. Pendleton, Chairman; W. H. Barnes, Secretary; Dr. J. W. Taylor, W. S. Tinsley and J. D. Duke.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

M. E. Church, South—Services morning and evening every first and third Sunday in each month. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Rev. Saville, pastor.

Baptist Church—Services morning and evening every second and fourth Sunday in each month. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Rev. English, pastor.

Christian Church—Services every fourth Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7. p. m. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Elder W. B. Wright pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church—Sunday school every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Hartford Lodge No. 675, F. and A. M. meets every first Monday night in each month. M. L. Heavrin, W. M.; Owen Hunter, Secretary.

Hartford Chapter No. 84, O. E. S. meets every second and fourth Monday evenings. Miss Anna J. Patton, W. M.; Jas. H. Williams, W. B.; Miss Elizabeth Miller, Secretary.

Rough River Lodge No. 110 Knights of Pythias meets every Tuesday evening. W. F. Anderson, C. C.; J. Ney Foster, K. of R. & S.

Hartford Tent No. 99, K. O. T. M. meets every first and third Thursday nights. R. T. Collins, Commander; L. P. Foreman, Record Keeper.

Acme Lodge No. 339 I. O. O. F. meets every second and fourth Friday nights in each month. C. M. Barnett, Noble Grand; W. R. Hedrick, Secretary.

Hartford Camp No. 202 W. O. W. meets every second and fourth Saturday nights in each month. Leslie Bennett, Council Commander; W. C. Wallace, Clerk.

Sunshine Hive No. 42, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Friday nights in each month. Mrs. Attye Griffin, Lady Commander; Mrs. Lula Pendleton, Lady Record Keeper.

Keystone Chapter No. 110, R. A. M., meets every third Saturday night in each month. John T. Moore High Priest; W. S. Tinsley, Secretary.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF EQUTY.

National Officers—President, Ira M. J. Chryst, Hudson, Wis.; V. President, S. B. Robertson, Calhoun, Ky.; Secretary & Treas., H. G. Tank, Wausau, Wis.

State Officers—President, J. H. McConnell, Princeton, Ky.; Vice President, J. H. Burney, Muhlenberg Co.; Secretary & Treas., S. B. Robertson, Calhoun, Ky.; Organizer, T. H. Balmain, Hartford, Ky.

Members State Executive Board—Ben Watson, Webster county; J. W. Dunn, Daviess county; Henry Pirtle, Ohio county; E. I. Ray, Hardin county; C. G. Davenport, Warren county.

Ohio county officers—L. B. Tichenor, President; Henry Pirtle, Secretary; S. E. Bennett, Treasurer.

COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Henry Leach, Chairman, Hartford, Ky.

1. L. B. Tichenor, Hartford, R. F. D. No. 5.
2. E. C. Hartford, Reynolds, Ky.
3. M. S. Patterson, Olaton, Ky.
4. B. L. Alford, White Run, Ky.
5. Richard Plummer, Taylor Mines, Kentucky.