

CLOUD BAROMETERS.

HOW TO FORETELL THE WEATHER BY LOOKING OVERHEAD.

Cirrus is the Highest of All Clouds, and Cumulus is Much the Biggest of Any Form of Cloud—The Wettest Cloud of All is Nimbus.

"It is clouding up. It must be going to rain." This is a remark you may hear constantly, and few people seem to realize that the one thing is by no means a consequence of the other. True, all clouds are composed of water vapor, but it is absurd to imagine that because clouds become visible in the sky they are therefore going to discharge their contents upon our heads.

On the contrary, some clouds are actually prophets of fine weather. Cirrus, for instance, or curl cloud, as it is often picturesquely called, is, as a rule, a fine weather harbinger. Cirrus is the highest of all clouds. You can tell that by the fact that its thin, twisty, fibrous streaks are illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun long after the earth below is wrapped in shadow. Threads and groups of cirrus clouds, the finer the better, appearing after a gale, presage a long continuance of settled weather. On the other hand, if after several fine days cirrus appears in long parallel bands stretching right across the sky in the form popularly known as "mares' tails," there will almost certainly be a change of wind and probably rain to follow.

Unlike other clouds, cirrus is composed not of water vapor, but of tiny crystals of ice. You can tell by its motion what the pace and direction of the highest current of wind. Careful observation has proved that cirrus sometimes travels at the rate of a mile in eighteen seconds.

Another form of cloud which is usually an accompaniment of fine, warm weather are those cottonlike, whitish balls which are scientifically termed cumulus.

Early in the morning of a fine summer day cumulus begins to form as a few soft, scattered specks in the blue above. These specks grow and enlarge without, as a rule, traveling very fast, for they are formed by vapor ascending from the earth in columns. By early afternoon they often cover the whole sky, but toward 4 or 5 o'clock they usually decrease and finally vanish by sunset. If they behave in this way you may be almost certain that the ensuing twenty-four hours will be fine.

On the other hand, if the cumulus clouds increase toward sunset, turn black in their centers and shine at the edges with an angry light, rain will follow, or, in very hot weather, thunder. Thunder is specially foretold by the cumulus clouds showing rounded, sharply marked tops with silvery white edges. Cumulus, which turns very dark with black, shaggy edges, means cold rain accompanied by wind.

Cumulus is much the biggest of any form of cloud. A single cloud of this description will measure six or seven miles from its flat, dark base to its rounded, glistening summit—that is to say, its bulk and height far exceed those of earth's greatest mountains. The temperature in such a cloud as this has been measured to vary over 150 degrees—that is, from 80 degrees Fahrenheit at the base to 75 degrees below zero at its summit.

Stratus is still another form of cloud which presents no special indication of rain. It is more common at night than in the day and consists of long, horizontal bands of darkish cloud, which lie very low and near the earth's surface. It rises on calm, clear evenings after warm days and may often be seen in mountainous districts slowly creeping up the hillsides. If the sun rises through layers of stratus it is usually a sign of a fine, warm day to come. After sunrise, stratus, as a rule, rises higher into the air and slowly disappears.

In early summer, when the weather is showery, you may perhaps notice, through breaks in the rain clouds, an appearance of dense white cloudlets in small, irregular tufts brightly irradiated by sunshine. The children call it mackerel sky. Its real name is cirro cumulus, and it is a sure sign of heat and probably fine weather. Seen in winter, mackerel sky portends a thaw and wet, mild weather. It is the next highest cloud to the cirrus and is sometimes called sonder cloud.

A sure prophet of wind and rain is cirro stratus or vane cloud. It consists of long, thin clouds with torn edges flying at a great height above the earth. It is dull in color and irregular in shape.

The wettest cloud of all is nimbus, which is seen in its most perfect form during a thunderstorm. It is a mixture of other clouds, a dense black or gray sheet which often appears to come up against the wind. Usually when it first appears driving up over the horizon its edges are fringed and tipped with rolling masses of cumulus. The most ominous sign about a nimbus cloud is when its advancing summit is tipped with a mass of dense, white, smoky cloud, which seems to roll over and over. This is an omen of severe electrical disturbance and a furious squall.

—Penrose's Weekly.

A Cool Hand.
"Mamie, girl, that young man of yours has been coming now for almost a year."
"Yes, mother."
"Isn't it about time he was breaking the ice?"
"I don't believe he intends to break the ice. He's going to wear it out."—Puck.

Not a Sure Test.
Mamma—I am sure, Miranda, that Harold thinks as much of you as ever. He still eats your cooking, doesn't he?
Young Wife—Yes, but I'm afraid, mamma, he does it now from a sense of duty.—Chicago Tribune.

Only Wanted a Chance.
Mother—Perhaps the young man needs a little encouragement. Daughter—Yes, mamma; I wish you would keep out of sight more while he is here.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.—Pope.

THE FUNNY PUFFER.

A Fish That Blows Himself Up Into a Round Ball.

The funniest little fellow in salt water is the puffer or swell fish. Fishermen call him the blow fish. When he is swimming around at ease with nothing to alarm him he looks queer enough, for the skin of his abdomen is all loose and wrinkled, and he has such a funny little tail and such ridiculous little fins and such a big, three cornered head that he looks entirely absurd. His mouth, instead of being big and gaping, as most fish mouths are, is only a tiny round hole at the end of a pointed, conical snout. Out of this circular mouth protrude his teeth, like those of a rabbit. He would be about as homely a fish as could be made if it were not for the beautiful orange and yellow and silver colorings that play all over him. But queer as he looks when he is at ease it is only when he is frightened or excited that he becomes really funny. If he is hooked, for instance, he comes to the surface grinding those protruding teeth so that the sound can be heard a good many feet away. And then as soon as the hand touches him he begins to grunt hoarsely, and with each grunt he swells a bit till within a few moments he is puffed himself so full of air that he is quite round and firm like a ball. So thoroughly does he distend himself with air that when the fishermen hurl him at the water with all their force, as they often do, he will bounce just like a rubber ball.

If he is dropped into the water after blowing himself full of air he floats on it as lightly as a thistle-down, and he will stay that way until he has assured himself that danger has gone by. He does the same when he is pursued by other fish. And as he floats almost entirely out of water, with only a little bit of his hard, spongy body sunk under the surface, very few fish can hurt him once he is inflated.

HIS CLEAR MEMORY.

The Witness Proved to the Lawyer That He Could Remember.

A story is told of an eminent lawyer receiving a severe reprimand from a witness whom he was trying to browbeat. It was an important issue, and in order to save his cause from defeat it was necessary that the lawyer should impeach the witness. He endeavored to do it on the ground of age in the following manner:

"How old are you?" asked the lawyer.

"Seventy-two years," replied the witness.

"Your memory, of course, is not so brilliant and vivid as it was twenty years ago, is it?" asked the lawyer.

"I do not know but it is," answered the witness.

"State some circumstance which occurred, say, twelve years ago," said the lawyer, "and we shall be able to see how well you can remember."

"I appeal to your honor," said the witness, "if I am to be interrogated in this manner. It is insolent!"

"You had better answer the question," replied the judge.

"Yes, sir; state it," said the lawyer.

"Well, sir, if you compel me to do it I will. About twelve years ago you studied in Judge —'s office, did you not?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer.

"Well, sir, I remember your father coming into my office and saying to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to be examined tomorrow, and I wish you would lend me \$15 to buy him a suit of clothes.' I remember also, sir, that from that day to this he has never paid me that sum. That, sir, I remember as though it were yesterday."—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Amplified Woman.

"The car was entirely empty with the exception of one man," said Miss Myra Kelly. "He was the reverse of the car. As I entered he rose, made me an unsteady but magnificent bow and said: 'Madam, please be kind enough to assesthe thish plashe.' There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him and sat down."
"And for twenty blocks that idiot hung from a strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car but ourselves. Occasionally I have been taken for other women, but I never before had any one think that I was a carful."

Artificial Snow.

A curious instance of the formation of artificial snow was witnessed on one occasion in the town of Agen, in France. A fire broke out in a sawmill when the temperature was 10 degrees below freezing point. The water thrown upon the fire was instantly vaporized, and, rising in the cold, dry air, was immediately condensed and fell as snow. With bright starlight and a strong northwest wind blowing the whirling snow above and the raging fire below, a brilliant spectacle was presented.

Would Show No Mercy.

Hogan (calling on next door neighbor)—I suppose you're heard th' illigant classical music that's bin imyanthin' from me residence for th' pasht wake or so? We got wan av thim mechanical planny players on thrie. Clancy (thereby)—On thrie, is th' Glory bel I only wisht I wor th' judge!—Puck.

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SEX IN EATING.

A woman enjoys well cooked, well served food, but her happiness does not depend upon it so completely as does a man's.

Without regular, abundant meals a man is disturbed in spirit and considers himself abused. When a man loses his appetite it is because of some physical ailment, never a mental one. A great blow may make the touching of food an actual impossibility for his sister for hours, or even days; but, no matter if the foundations of the earth were shaken, the ordinary man can eat. He can eat at any time or all the time. I know a man who is "living on the street" during his wife's absence, and he confesses to averaging five meals a day.

Food so often is not more than raiment with a girl. Investigate the light housekeeping arrangements of sky parlors, or even first class rooms, and consider the well gowned girl therein and see if it is. I know a girl, and a college girl, who existed on 87 cents for one week in order to buy an expensive trifle her mother's good sense had denied her. Shopgirls, they say, sacrifice their lunches to buy a Laura Jean Libbey novel, but where is the man that ever goes without a reasonable amount of good food for any need he may have?—Brown Book.

Powerful Odor of Ambergris.

The druggist held in his hand a lump of gray substance like putty. It was smaller than a baseball and as light as cork. Through it, here and there, ran streaks of yellow and black.

"This is a lump of ambergris," the druggist said. "It is worth about \$500, I judge. Smell it."

The patron put his nose to the ambergris. Then he said, surprised:

"Why, it has no smell."

The druggist, smiling, rubbed it with his sleeve, and immediately a powerful, musklike odor filled the air.

"Crude ambergris," he said, "never smells until you warm it or rub it."

"This chunk of ambergris here smells like musk. That is because it is crude. The odor of prepared ambergris has not the least resemblance to musk."

He rubbed his hand over his sleeve.

"From handling this," he said, "my coat will smell for months. My hands, no matter how I wash them, will smell for several days."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Crystallizing Flowers.

The process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill. Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water. Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip twelve hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.

A Puzzle.

At an examination in an English school the teacher was so pleased with his class that he said they could ask him any question they liked.

Some were asked and replied to. Seeing one little fellow in deep thought, the teacher asked him for a question.

"P-please, sir, if you was in a soft mud heap up to your neck and I was to throw a brick at your head, would you duck?"

The answer is not recorded.

Quite Different.

Mother—You're been sitting in the conservatory all this time, and with young Charlie Brown! Am I never to faint a sense of decency in you?
Daughter—'Twas Lord Copperbulge I was with, mamma, dear. Mother—Oh, that's a different matter. Girls will be girls!

For a Rainy Day.

Smith (newly married)—Don't you think we had better lay aside something for a rainy day? Young Wife—Charley, dear, I am so glad you said that. While I was out shopping this morning I bought two lovely silk umbrellas, one for you and one for me.

His Public Speech.

Mrs. Littlewit (proudly)—Only just think! Charles has gone to address a public gathering. Friend—I didn't know he was a speechmaker. Mrs. Littlewit—Nor I, but he's been called upon to make a statement before a meeting of his creditors.

His Recipe.

Long Haired Foot (singing)—There is no breeze that can cool the heat of love. Disappointed Benedict—Ever tried the marriage refrigerator, son?—New Orleans Picayune.

THE COLOR OF MAN.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Mussulmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the Great Being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.

Best Selling Book in the World.

The Bible is the best selling book in the world. It leads, and by a long interval, all other publications in copies purchased in the ordinary channels of trade without regard to what may be called the official distributor.

Every bookstore which undertakes to carry a full line of stock sells the Bible. Several important corporations confine themselves to the manufacture and sale of Bibles, and others find in the Bible their leading feature. Of no other book can this be said. Speaking some time ago of the insatiable demand for the Bible as an article of merchandise, an officer of the Methodist Book Concern said: "Like all publishers, we have to keep watch of the sale of books in general, even the most popular, so as not to get overstocked. But this never occurs in printing the Bible. We just keep the presses steadily at work, and if we happen to find that we have 40,000 or 50,000 copies on hand it gives us no uneasiness. We are sure to sell them, and we go straight ahead printing."—Century.

The Dirtiest People in the World.

With possible exceptions in the cases of Tibet and Lapland we are compelled to admit that the English working classes are probably the dirtiest bipeds in the world, alike in their clothes and in their persons, and that they display themselves in public and even travel by public conveyances in conditions which would not be tolerated in any other civilized country.

Nothing like English working class dirt is ever seen in public on the continent of Europe unless in its far eastern portions, and dirt is prejudicial to health not only by its direct physical operation, but, in a still greater degree, by reason of the absence of self respect which it entails and which removes from the dirty man or woman at least one safeguard against drunkenness and against misconduct.—London Lancet.

Asparagus.

Asparagus, deservedly a favorite vegetable, was extensively cultivated by the ancient Romans, but was not introduced into England before 1669. In some parts of Europe the seeds are used as substitute for coffee, and a spirituous liquor is made from the ripe berries. Asparagus is both lithic and diuretic, and its roots used to be extensively used in medicine. In some old recipe books directions are given for boiling asparagus one hour, but this is a great mistake—twenty or thirty minutes is long enough to cook it sufficiently—but there was one suggestion worth following. Instead of cutting off the white parts it advised that they be broken, saying that if they were too tough to break they were unfit to eat.

Sheep Sorrel Pie.

A Kansas editor pays tribute to the sheep sorrel pie, which was one of the luxuries of primitive Kansas. "It was dried apple pie from December until grass, or until the squaws came around with wild gooseberries. But, happy thought, with the coming of the Johnny Jumpup came sheep sorrel, and, with sorghum sweetening, what lovely pies were made! Corn bread and Missouri bacon, sorghum and butter-milk, with a quarter section of sheep sorrel pie to finish up! Kansas people of this day and generation don't know what real good living is."

On the Pyramids.

It is said that Richard Harding Davis once made a joke about the pyramids that is still repeated at Shepherd's hotel, the fashionable hostelry of Cairo. Mr. Davis was studying the pyramids, and a guide approached and said to him:

"It took hundreds of years to build them monuments, sir."

"A government job, eh?" said the novelist.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at H. Alex. Stoke's drug store.

World's Fair Excursions.

Low-rate ten-day excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad, July 2, 7, 14, 21, and 28. Rate, \$14.65 from Reynoldsville. Train leaves Reynoldsville at 5.27 p. m., connecting with special train from New York arriving in St. Louis at 4.15 p. m. next day.

The Good Old Way.

A severe cold or attack of the grippe is like a fire, the sooner you combat it the better your chances are to overpower it. But few mothers in this age are willing to do the necessary work required to give a good old-fashioned reliable treatment such as would be administered by their grandmothers, backed by Boechee's German Syrup, which was always liberally used in connection with the home treatment of colds and is still in greater household favor than any known remedy. But even without the application of the old fashioned aids German Syrup will cure a severe cold in quick time. It will cure colds in children or grown people. It relieves the congested organs, allays the irritation, and effectively stops the cough. Any child will take it. It is invaluable in a household of children. Trial size bottle, 25c; regular size, 75c. For sale by H. Alex. Stoke.

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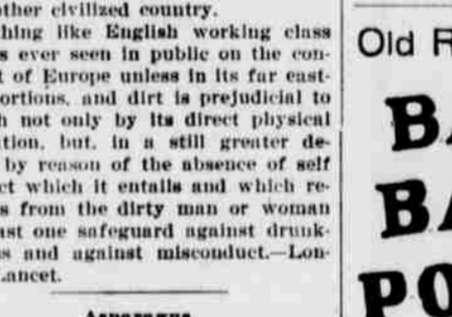
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BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION. Low Grade Division. In Effect May 29, 1904. Eastern Standard Time

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 109	No. 113	No. 101	No. 101	No. 10
Pittsburg	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15
Red Bank	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30	6:30
Lawsonham	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
New Bethlehem	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00
Oak Ridge	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15
Mayport	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30
Summersville	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
Brookville	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
Low	8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15	8:15
Brookville	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
Reynoldsville	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45	8:45
Lawsonham	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
Red Bank	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15	9:15
Pittsburg	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30	9:30

Train 101 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:30 a. m., Red Bank 11:10 a. m., Brookville 12:41 p. m., DuBois 2:50 p. m.

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STATIONS.	No. 108	No. 106	No. 102	No. 102	No. 10
Driftwood</					