

# THE WEATHER PROPHEET OF BAD LEG.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

It was a big day for Bad Leg when Old Man Barlow climbed out of the stage and set his foot on Main street, and all the able-bodied men in the city gathered to give him a glad welcome, for he had been well advertised.

Old Man Barlow came from somewhere down in Maine—some little place with a big Indian jawbreaker name—and he was daddy to Woolly Barlow, one of the most respected citizens of Bad Leg, and Woolly had let us know the old man's good points. He used to sit for hours and brag about his daddy's value to a growing city like Bad Leg, until we came to believe that if we could just get Old Man Barlow to come West and settle at Bad Leg we would have the so-called city of Ringtail beat to a finish. So we all chipped in to raise enough to pay his fare West, and he came.

When Woolly first raised the subject of the advantageousness of Old Man Barlow as a citizen of our metropolis, we naturally wanted to know the old man's good points, and he asked Woolly, and the conversation went something like this:

"Is he a good worker?" we asked.

"Well, no," says Woolly, "he ain't, very."

"Is he a good fighter?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

"It he a good talker?"

"Well, no, he ain't, very."

And we went on down the list until at last Copper Judkins says:

"Well, what in Sam Hill is he good for?"

"Well," says Woolly, "he's the best weather prophet you ever see. There never was a match for the old man at pointin' out what the weather will be. He seems jest a natural born predictor, and no mistake. Let me tell you—every man in the State of Maine is a weather prophet. You can lay your hand on any man you run across first in Maine and you'll have it on a better weather prophet than the best in any other State. Weather prophesying is a science in Maine. Kids there three years old can go out doors and sniff the air a minute and say, 'Cloudy weather tomorrow,' or 'Snow fore nightfall,' I reckon, and hit it right every time. I don't s'pose you'll believe me, but the men have prophesy contests every winter, when the best prophets get together from all over the State to prophesy for a championship belt. Well, my old man can give all of them four acres and win the game every time."

So that was why we paid to have Old Man Barlow come to Bad Leg, and as soon as he landed from the stage and Limpy Taylor had made his little speech of welcome and we had done the honors at Ryerson's Palace, up speaks Copper Judkins and says:

"Well, Mister Barlow, seein' as how you've been initiated into the good society of Bad Leg and are now a full-fledged citizen of the comin' metropolis of the West, what say you to givin' us a little weather prophesy right now, just as a sample?"

The minute Old Man Barlow heard the word "weather" his eyes began to sparkle, and he ran his hand down his long white beard, and he says, "Boys, I see my son here has been tellin' you I'm some at foretellin' the weather, an' he ain't told no untruth. I guess the weather is one critter I know from A to Izzard and back again. I simply dote on the weather, and he's studied her all my life till I know her tricks like a book, and he's had all codified and scheduled and put into rules and maxims and poetry. Jest let me step to the door a minute."

With that he did step to the door and he looked at the sun to get his points of the compass, and then he held out his hand in the breeze—which wasn't much of a breeze, but as much as we usually had at Bad Leg that time of the year—and he says, short and decided like, "Wind's in the east; we'll have rain."

Well, sir, you could have heard a pin drop if anybody had one to drop, but they hadn't. We was all mightily embarrassed, for the truth was that the breeze came from the east six months every year at Bad Leg, and that was during the six months of dry spell, when it never rained at all. We ought to have told Old Man Barlow so, then and there, but he was smilin', so confident like and truthful, that, seein' it was his first day in Bad Leg, we didn't have the heart to do it. So we let him go off to his son's shack without saying anything, and he went off smiling.

First thing Copper Judkins says when the old man went out was, "He's a bloomin' old fraud!" But Ryerson spoke up quick and says, "Hold on there, Copper; don't be so fast. How do you know he's a fraud? Give him a show first," says he. "Of course," he says, "I'll admit we ain't ever had rain durin' the dry spell since mortal man come to Bad Leg, but then, we ain't ever had a weather prophet, either. Mebbe that's why. If he was just a common guesser I'd say like you say—that's he a fraud—but he ain't a common guesser. He's the champion prophesyer of the State of Maine, and I figger that he's got such a grip on the weather that what he says has jist got to come true."

Some of us thought as Judkins did, and some of us thought like Ryerson, but the end of it was that we

# WOMAN'S REALM

### A Terrible Indictment.

The modern girl is a sphinx; a hybrid kind of creature who dislikes children, talks an incomprehensible language, mostly composed of slang terms picked up goodness knows how and where, and looks upon feminine graces as—to use her own "elegant" term—"tommy-rot."—Correspondent writing in the Throne.

### Elizabeth Cabot Agassiz.

Elizabeth Cabot Agassiz, widow of Louis Agassiz, the celebrated naturalist, is dead. Mrs. Agassiz was her distinguished husband's assistant in his work, and also wrote his biography. Since his death she has been instrumental in founding and fostering Radcliffe College and other public works. She was eighty-four years old.

### The Manners of American Women.

In Harper's Bazar, Mr. Henry James continues his desperate task of reforming the women of America. It is their manners that concern him now, and he writes of them sadly but frankly.

"Let me thus then, making my image comprehensive, invite it to cover the case of the whole social opportunity of women in our rough American world—that world indeed whose admirable capacity for still feeding innumerable millions makes us even yet resent the application to its liberality of any invidious epithet. We have to breathe low that it is rough, and that the free hand we have given on all sides to our women has done much less than we might have dreamed to smooth it; we otherwise invite ourselves to taste overmuch of certain forms of the roughness. This, however, is a trifle if we only succeed in insisting, insisting with lucidity; than which there is no better way, doubtless, than to appeal with directness. Directness is achieved, accordingly, when this petition to the American woman is made, absolutely, against her much-misguided self, and when it is asked of her to recognize, not that her path is more lighted than that of her down-trodden sisters in other worlds, but that she literally stands in need of three times their sufficiency of admonition. It is in other words not three times easier for her to please and soothe and happily to exemplify, but three times more difficult—by reason of the false lights that have multiplied about her and that an atmosphere absolutely uncritical has done nothing to extinguish."

### A Left-Handed Party.

A good many prospective hostesses are racking their brains for some new scheme for entertaining their friends. The woman who entertains much knows that the guests whose hands are full are at their ease, and all stiffness vanishes. If you cannot think of something with which to fill both hands, let us try to fill one only. You may either add to the invitation "Come with the right hand tied up," or the guest may be left in ignorance of the fate awaiting her in hall or dressing room.

Let no one be excepted. The hostess greets the guests extending the left hand, and begs as a great favor that each one will register in the open blank book which she will on a table or desk near her. This alone will serve to banish the formality which is so apt to settle like a pall upon a company of people when they are met together for social purposes, especially at the beginning of the evening. The best of penmen can scarcely write the name legibly with the left hand, so all will meet on a common footing. The page will soon look worse than any kindergarten's first attempt at penmanship, and will afford amusement for all; while to the hostess it will become a pleasing souvenir of the occasion.

After that almost any form of amusement will be doubly amusing when performed by the crippled guests. A soloist might sing to her own left-handed accompaniment; a reciter make a speech with left-handed gestures; or all draw some simple object on pieces of cardboard fastened to a drawing board or on the blackboard, in which case it will be very amusing for the rest to watch the gestures and positions which the left-handed victim will unconsciously assume. On no account must the right hand be used all the evening, and comical forfeits should be in readiness to be imposed upon anyone caught in the act.

For refreshments anything requiring a spoon or a fork may be served, and no little fun may be added if the hostess has selected her menu with a view to the awkwardness of the company.

Just as all are through eating a large tray may be brought into the room, set in the centre of the table and uncovered while the hostess or a friend counts ten, then covered up for one minute, then uncovered again while ten is counted, then each one writes (or tries to) the names of all the things remembered as seen on the tray. There should be a great variety of common things on the tray. Or, if it is too much trouble to write the names the guests may go one by one into a room with the hostess or a friend and feel of the things under the cover with her left hand, announcing the name of what she thinks each one is, and the one who has

### What is Worth While?

After being a housekeeper over fifty years, and all that time on a farm, would it not be a natural wonder if I had not learned that to provide the wherewithal to eat and drink is not all of life?

What then is worth while? May I be allowed to say a few words in regard to the family circle (the oldest institution on earth)? Is it worth while to starve the brain and dwarf the soul by overwork to keep spick and span, or to get rich in pocket that some one may live in idleness and spend it on luxuries? To earn a good living is a clear duty, but to have a happy home is a greater one. A good stock of love is the main thing in the beginning. Let in the sunshine, and after the necessary work is accomplished for that day, swing quite round—sing, tell stories, or dance, if there is music, and don't forget to do a kindness for some one.

As I do not cook much now I cannot send an original idea in that line, but I do go away sometimes, and will offer some notes on that. Not long since I was at a home where there was only one child—a daughter about twelve. Suddenly she cried out: "Do, mamma, please be quiet! I am doing the very best I can, and you are scolding me all the time." The mother was a nagger, a veritable scold. In olden times they fastened such a on a ducking stool over the water to wash the sin away—a few descendants still live.

Later on John, the husband, appeared, and then the nagging began to work again. Why do you do this? Why don't you do that? He looked as though good victuals were wasted on him, for the nagging process was wearing him away, flesh and spirit. I thought: "Poor woman, it would be hard to have a brain without a tongue, but deliver us from a tongue without a brain."

In case John was a little stubborn and could not see that his wife needed help, would it not be better to use the rule of the statesman or captain of industry—diplomacy (or call it tact, if you like)?

For instance, if you have a large wash on hand and he has the laborious task of going to the city or taking a trip to the country, make the proposition that he help you in the forenoon, and you ride with him in the afternoon. He may say: "Before I'll come to that, I'll have it done." But he doesn't need to come down. The Good Book says: "The husband is the head of the household," but it also says, "The wife shall be a crown to her husband," and we all know that the crown is just above the head of the good wife who never—nags.—Laura N. Kennedy, in the New York Tribune.

### Curiosities of Servant Question.

In connection with the advanced position taken by "labor" in New Zealand, it is interesting to note the attitude of the domestic servants of that colony. A union has been formed which, through its secretary at Wellington, sent out circulars to housewives, informing them of the "claims" of the Domestic Workers' Union, and expressing the hope that their reasonableness would be acknowledged by signing the agreement accompanying the circular letter, which informs those concerned that "by so doing you will obviate the unpleasantness of appearing personally or by agent before the Conciliation Board or Arbitration Court." Here are some of the "claims":

"The week's work shall consist of sixty-eight hours, to be divided as follows: Work to commence every morning, except holidays, at 6.30 a. m., and cease on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 7.30 p. m., with three intervals of one-half hour each for meals, and one hour's interval in the afternoon of each day.

"On Thursdays work shall cease at 2 p. m., with two intervals of one-half hour each for meals.

"On Sundays work shall cease at 2 p. m., with two intervals of half an hour each for meals, but domestic shall, if required, prepare tea between the hours of 5.30 p. m. and 6.30 p. m. on alternate Sundays.

"On Wednesdays work shall cease at 10 p. m., with three intervals of half an hour each for meals and one hour interval in the afternoon.

"On Sundays two hours shall be allowed to attend church in the morning.

"Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Day, King's Birthday, Anniversary Day, Easter Monday, Labor Day, and all statutory holidays shall be deemed to be holidays, and work done on those days shall be paid for at the rate of one shilling (twenty-four cents) per hour."

To what extent these "claims" have been acknowledged has not yet transpired.—Harper's Weekly.

### New York's Oldest Street.

Crooked, narrow, busy New York street is the oldest thoroughfare in New York City to preserve its original form. It has always been a commercial mart.

The wettest hour of the day is at 8 o'clock in the morning.

### TO CLEAR OUT THE WOLVES.

#### Men With Ability as Hunters to Be Appointed Forest Guards.

Following up the wolf investigation by the Department of Agriculture last year, the forest service is aiming to appoint men as rangers and forest guards who have had experience in hunting wolves and coyotes. As was stated in the Star at the time the wolf report was made by Vernon Bailey, the wolves do not, as generally believed, makes their homes and breeding places in the forest reserves. In fact, all of the dens found in the neighborhood of the reserves studied were in the foothills and outside the limits of the reserves. But the damage the wolves did was very real, amounting, as near as could be estimated, to \$4,000,000 annually for the Western country for cattle alone, not counting sheep, horses and other animals.

The forest rangers who have so far been appointed with a special view to their wolf hunting abilities are F. L. Brandenstein and J. S. Whitlach in the Sawtooth country, in Idaho, and William Foster and George M. Glover in the Wind River valley of Wyoming. As these men are Government employes on a salary and not trapping for bounties, they will have no inducement to let the wolves breed, killing off only the old dog wolves, as is so often the case with the professional trappers. They will follow the plan outlined by Mr. Bailey and hunt out the breeding dens of the wolves and break up the families in this way. The next three months is the time when this work is most effective, and good results are expected. Other appointments will be made as rapidly as possible.—Washington Star.

### Inconveniences of an Indian Jail.

A prisoner in Rampore Boalla jail has a clear grievance against the Government. There are certain inconveniences inseparable from prison life which all reasonable criminals more or less unwillingly accept, but the most complainant draws the line at being marked down and clawed by a leopard in the seclusion of the prison yard. The animal seems to have been inspired by a suffragette-like curiosity as to the inside of a prison, and having got in by the highly irregular method of leaping the wall, she ensconced herself among the low brick piers on which the old barracks are raised from the ground. In the early afternoon she espied a prisoner in the yard, clearing up, and like the impulsive creature she was, promptly leaped upon him, striking him to the ground and at once started to claw his back. Then, with the fickleness of her sex, she suddenly changed her mind, and in an access of shyness ran away and hid herself among the brick pillars. Now Colonel R. R. Weir, Inspector-General of Prisons, happened to be in the village, and to him the incident was reported. Though it cannot be said that the duties of an Inspector-General of Prisons includes the destruction of vermin, Colonel Weir did not stop to consider technicalities, but borrowed a rifle. After some difficulty in getting within striking distance of the intruder as she lay in her fastness, he succeeded in planting his first shot behind her shoulders, after which nothing remained to be done but to drag out the carcass and record its tape measurement as more than seven feet.—London Daily Telegraph.

### Stiff in the Knee Joint.

The navy is not the only institution which has had trouble over an one-the-knee order, for kneeling as well as standing orders have been fertile of trouble in the House of Commons. The late Sir Reginald Paigrave states that the practice of ordering delinquents on their knees was stopped by the obduracy of a Mr. Murray, in February, 1750. Being ordered to kneel for the purpose of receiving the censure of the House for a breach of privilege, he refused to comply. His audacity was voted a high contempt, and he was sent to Newgate, where he remained till set free by the prorogation, four months afterward. But the victory was his, for no one, according to Paigrave, was ever afterward compelled to kneel at the bar. Oldfield, however, records the following among later instances: An election for the city of Westminster took place in 1751, when Lord Trentham was returned against Sir George Vandepoort. Serious outrages having been committed by the mob, one of the ringleaders, Mr. Crowle, an attorney, was summoned before the Commons. The delinquent was commanded to kneel and was duly reprimanded by the Speaker. On rising he wiped his knees, and said he had never been in so dirty a house before.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Put His Foot in It.

On one occasion in Scotland a guest arriving rather late at a country house was quartered in the haunted room. Although professing to be a skeptic, like many others, his courage vanished with the light. Determined, however, to protect himself as well as possible he placed a loaded revolver under his pillow and awaited events. As the clock struck midnight he saw a fleshy hand at the end of the bed, and, standing by his nerve, he addressed the visitant thus: "If you do not instantly remove your hand I shall fire without further warning." He counted three and then discharged the bullet.

A howl of pain which aroused the household followed, and it was soon discovered that the successful marksman had shot away two of his own toes.—London Throne.

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### THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Boston Club has sold Pitcher Joe Harris to the Providence Eastern League Club.

Tenney covers more ground than any other first baseman in the National League.

Pitcher Brockett, of New York, is said to be as fast as anybody going down to first base.

Jack Chapman maintains there is no one in the country who can overthrow Hans Wagner.

The Brooklyn Club has transferred Pitcher Henley to the Rochester Club of the Eastern League.

Flick, of Cleveland, is hitting in great shape and is the best pinch batsman in the League.

Manager Chance says that Blaine Durbin, who was signed as a pitcher, is a second Billy Keeler in the outfield.

"Send him to Boston" or "to Washington" is the cry in Pittsburg when any of the Pirates fails to do just what the fans expect.

Frank Isbell, of the White Sox, says he will retire after this season to become a magnate. He intends to purchase the Wichita Club.

Singularly Fred Odwell, who was last year farmed out by Cincinnati for weak hitting, this season to date is leading the Cincinnati batsmen.

There is a pitcher on the Boyers-town (Pa.) amateur team named Houck who has struck out ninety batters in seventy-two innings. Seventy-two innings are the equivalent of eight games.

Tommy Leach, though a midget in stature, is right up with the select bunch in making long distance hits. Another peewee who can bang the ball to the boundaries is Miller Huggins of the Reds.

Pitcher Flaherty has rejoined the Boston team. While disabled, he acted as scout for the Boston Club.

The ability of the people of Japan to keep silent at a time of national necessity is remarkable. This ability is a distinct asset in the great game of war, in which knowledge of the enemy's movements is still most important. It would be a particularly notable asset in war with a people like ourselves, remarks the Cincinnati Times-Star. If an American battleship had been sunk off Santiago, it is a safe guess that all the world would have known of the disaster, with details, within 15 minutes.

The beauties of the English language are again evident, to the Washington Post, in the case of that western man who had shipped with the town funds and was described as "six feet tall and 314,000 short."