

An Astro-Meteorologist Sees a Mighty Heat on Its Way From the Stars.

Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, writes calling attention to the following extracts from his "Summer Forecast," published in the May number of his journal.

"The summer will soon be upon us, and all are concerned in asking: What are the probabilities?" In two words, heat and drought. May will be fine, more like June than May, and although there will have its sudden storms and changes, July will give us some persistent dry weather, which, under burning skies and with parching chinooks, will wither the tender crops, burn the grass, bake the soil, dry up many of the perennial springs, in which some of our friends place so much confidence, and turn the tinder-like forests into an easy prey to the fires which will make them but smoke and ashes.

The heat at present will be extreme. There will be not only hot waves, but seas, oceans of heat, until humanity will suffer severely. Days in July and August in the west and south promise temperatures over 100° in the shade. Very heavy storms, frequent and of long duration, will be met at intervals, when precipitation will be abnormal. Cool terms will follow, but in their wake will come the dry, hot winds and sultry periods again, parching everything before them.

The drought of 1919, who themselves remember those of 1854, 1868, 1876 and 1887 will, before next October, have added 1881 to their catalogue of dry, hot summers. The drought of 1919, who themselves remember those of 1854, 1868, 1876 and 1887 will, before next October, have added 1881 to their catalogue of dry, hot summers.

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THE ART OF KEEPING COOL.

Bits of Advice Prompted by Old-fashioned Common Sense.

The art of keeping cool these days is all too often in wide human interest to the art of money-making. Yet the chief factor in both is a little old-fashioned common sense, with the comprehension of every body.

It is with the first approach of warm weather we surrender to the heat, without any effort to overcome the changed climatic conditions, we are largely to blame for our sufferings.

But when she had laid down the burden of her secret, and the special messenger had been despatched to Belgrave House, Nea put off thought for a while, and she sat by the window and chattered to Maurice.

Thomas Bedow, an Allegheny City blacksmith, lost the use of his legs two years ago, and his physician told him that he was afflicted with an incurable case of paralysis.

Up to the last week Mrs. B. F. Howe, of Huntington, Ind., had for more than three years been a bedridden invalid.

The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch.

Chicago woman who has had some success in the Christian science faith cured her husband of his blindness.

The fidelity of a dog to his master was well illustrated last evening at Seventeenth street and Portland avenue.

He Accepted His Mother's Version. "Mamma," said a young hopeful on Clinton avenue yesterday, "what is a goner?"

Senator Boyd's Cat. Senator Boyd caught a Tartar yesterday in the person of little Miss Clarke, a maiden of 7 years or thereabouts.

dark look on his face that he knew so well, and give him a curt dismissal? Maurice remembered George Anderson and trembled, as well he might; and then as the whole hopelessness of the case rashed upon him, he thought that he would tell his darling that he had been made—dis-

And so through the long dark hours Maurice lay and fought out his fierce battle of life, and morning found him the victor. The victor, but not for long; for at the first hint, the first whispered word that he must tell her father, or that he must leave her for ever, Nea clung to him in a perfect passion of love.

The self-willed, undisciplined child had grown into the wayward undisciplined girl. No one but her father had ever thwarted Nea, and now even he will have consented to her whims.

She told him what he knew already, that Mr. Huntington would turn him out of his office; that he would probably lose his bread, or condemn her to solitude, until she had promised to give him up and marry Lord Bertie.

Mr. Huntington was better—he could leave his room and walk up and down the corridor leaning on his cane.

They were to be married in three weeks time they were to be married. Mr. Huntington could not leave before then.

Nea never hesitated, never repented, though Maurice's face grew thin and haggard with anxiety as the days went by.

They were to be married in the old city churches; and afterwards Maurice was to take her to his lodging in Ampton street; and they were to write a letter to Mr. Huntington. Maurice must help her write it, Nea said.

Nea said afterwards that it was that silent evening, when she and his cold touch, that first brought a doubt to her mind; during the long drive he spoke little to her—only held her hand tightly; and when at last they stood together in the dark old church, with its gloomy stair and white gleaming monuments, the poor child gave a shiver that was almost fear, and suddenly burst into tears.

Work on the short line railway from Montreal to the sea is progressing satisfactorily. All the contracts in the State of Maine have been awarded, and the sections under contract are expected to be completed in November.

A Sky Terror. A young man belonging to a London gentleman, says the Field, is caring for eight little chickens. They occupy a basket and the chickens nestle in the dog's long hair and seem comfortable.

Wait a Bit. (The Century.) What Johnny came a-courting I thought him a coward. For I was only a young thing. And he looked so well when I was sent him on his way. With "Wait a bit, bid a bit."

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Oh, Johnny was a dandy. He took me to his room. He had a very nice room. He had a very nice room. He had a very nice room.

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SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

For when November came with its short days, its yellow fogs, its heavy atmosphere, a thing happened in Mr. Huntington's office.

A young clerk, the one above Maurice—a weak, dissipated fellow, who had lately given great dissatisfaction by his unpunctuality and carelessness—brought one day with him five thousand pounds belonging to his employer, Mr. Huntington.

He knew George Anderson's haunts, he said, and from George Anderson's accidentally overheard, he thought he had a clue, and might succeed in finding him.

There was something so modest and self-reliant in the young man's manner as he spoke, that after a searching glance at his face, Mr. Huntington agreed to leave the matter in his hands, only bidding him not to let the young villain escape, as he certainly meant to punish him.

Many were the incidents that befell Maurice and his companion in this first day of their quest; but at last, thanks to his sagacity and the unerring instinct of the officer, they were soon on the right track, and before night had very far advanced their search for a low public-house in Liverpool, lurking round corners and talking to army sailors.

The next morning they boarded the Washington, bound for New York, that was to lose anchor at the turn of the tide; and while Stanton, the detective, was making inquiries of the captain about the steerage passengers, Maurice's sharp eyes had caught sight of a young sailor with a patch over his eye, apparently busy with a coil of ropes, and he walked up to him carefully, but as he looked at his side a moment his mind was changed.

"Don't look round, George," he whispered; "for heaven's sake keep to the ropes or you are lost. Slip the pocket-book in my hand, and I will try and get the detective out of the boat."

"Would it be penal servitude, Maurice?" muttered the lad, and his face turned a ghastly hue at the thought of the human bloodhound behind him.

"Five or ten years at least," returned Maurice.

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