

POLLY LARKIN.

SOOTHING SHOPPING. The exhausted shopper sank upon the sofa, while from the open mouth of her reverend Boston god poured a cascade of little parcels, freshly struggled for at the Monday bargain counters. "Oh," she cried, "why does one have to buy in this city? Everything is so hurried, confused, complex, distracting and nerve destroying! If I were only back at East Norley!" "Last summer while I was there I had to buy a yard of dark blue ribbon, and I drove over to the one store at the crossroads to get it. It took some five minutes to convince the amiable proprietor that I really wanted dark blue and could not be persuaded to accept light instead, which he considered more suitable and becoming to a fair complexioned person of my years; he added reassuringly that anybody under forty was not too young for baby blue. "Another five minutes were given up to his incredulous reluctance to believe that two inches wide would do as well as three, especially as the three inch width had been mislaid on a top shelf and he would have to get a step ladder to get it down. Several more minutes passed in the search for the ladder, its laborious portage from the cellar, its erection and repair with a piece of twine, the braces being broken, and his final ascent to the dim and dusty upper region, whence the box of wide ribbons was at length produced. "I found a shade that would do, and I leisurely measured off a yard, fingered it, then paused to rub a perplexed ear and smile ingratiatingly. "Fact is," he confided sweetly, "I sold the last pair of scissors in the store just before you came in, and I've forgotten my jackknife. It's kind of awkward cutting it off, but I'll manage somehow. I guess there's an ax in the shed." "He carried the silken roll away with him as he started with comfortable deliberation to find the ax, which, though the hunt for it was long and persevering, evidently could not be found, for we caught a glimpse of him at last through the half open door to the back shop serving the required yard of ribbon with an old chisel. "It was all so serene, so soothing and so satisfactory! I believe I shouldn't be a wreck before New Year's every winter if I could only do my Christmas shopping at the East Norley general emporium."—Youth's Companion.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In setting out an orchard keep together all trees of the same variety. Good garden soil is good for pot plants, but can be improved by the addition of leaf mold. Weak rosebushes may often be made to grow by giving them an occasional watering with liquid manure. One advantage with small fruits is that they can be made to furnish a supply long before trees come into bearing. In planting a border don't plant everything in rows. A row of hollyhocks, for instance, isn't half as attractive as irregularly placed groups that break the outline. With pot plants in a general way too little water is better than too much. The drooping leaves indicating drought are more easily remedied than yellow leaves, the result of being kept too wet. In preparing pots for plants the pieces of broken pots or crockery in the bottom should never be omitted, as without proper drainage the soil becomes sour, the plants languish and the leaves become yellowish. No Need to Adjourn. The legislature of a certain state was tardy in adjourning one session, although there seemed to be no important business under consideration. Judge Jones, one of the legislators, was met by a friend in the street one hot morning, and the two stopped to talk under the shade of an awning. "Goin' to clear out pretty soon, Judge?" "I suppose so," answered the statesman, mopping his brow. "Anything much goin' on down at the capitol?" "No." "They don't they wind up, then?" "Well, that's just the trouble. There's nothing but a lot of petty business to bother us, and we don't mind that. I wish something important would come up, and then the motion to adjourn would be in order."

English in England.

"You must learn the shop language before you can go shopping in England," says a girl who has just returned from there and has many stories to tell of the difficulties met in the shops. "Shoes are not shoes unless they are slippers, all boots are high, and you can't save your life get a spool of thread because there is no such thing—only a reel of cotton. If you wish cotton, sheering, for instance, you ask for calico, and the tape needle to run the ribbons in your gowns is a bodkin. There is not such a thing as a shirt waist to be had in all England, for they have nothing but blouses, and one would go continually with wet feet if she did not learn to ask for galoches."

His Mistake.

"Is this a commission house?" asked the tall man. "Yes, sir," said the commission merchant. "What can we do for you?" "Well, if you sell commissions I'd like to buy one, if they're not too dear, for my son. I want a lieutenant's commission in the army, for my son wants to be a soldier, and he's too lazy to go to West Point."—Baltimore Herald.

Not Nigardly.

"You asked her father for her hand?" "Yes." "And he refused you?" "No, he didn't. He said I could have both of 'em."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Embittered Existence.

Checks—You're the sourest, worst tempered man in town. Public—Well, you see, I live next door to a black school.—Chicago News.

Christmas is almost here, and on all sides you see the activity and general mysterious air that usually follows preparation for this interesting season of the year. The merchants state that they have never known the Christmas trade so early as the very first days of November. In fact, some of the merchants had their show-windows filled the last two weeks in October with holiday novelties. Such pretty and attractive toys they are showing, and they range from the rattle, varying in price from five cents to a couple of dollars, to bicycles, tricycles in all varieties of prices, according to the make. Everyone can be suited. There does not seem to be so great a demand for fancy work—that is, the working of pillow tops, etc., for they can purchase such attractive articles and beautiful at that, for so small a figure that it does not pay them to spend their time in working the designs, let alone the cost of materials. The stores are filled with purchasers, all evidently intent on avoiding the Christmas rush by buying now. They are wise. They have the time now and a better opportunity of procuring what they want, making their selection before everything has been picked over. The clerks are not rushed and can devote the time to attending to their wants. Polly does not wonder that so many girls faint at the counters during the X-mas rush. Sometimes the customers are standing four or five deep waiting impatiently to be waited on or demanding where their purchase is that they should have had at an early hour on the day previous or contending that they have not received the right change. Sometimes half a dozen are trying to talk at once. The bewildered girls listen to this from early in the morning till late at night, and it is no wonder that they lose consciousness. All told, it is the best thing to do to commence laying in your holiday supply as early as possible, and the merchants have wisely made this thing convenient by opening up their Christmas invoice of goods early in the season.

with its country clothing, boots, etc. He was so tired that he could depend upon it that he would get into bed at ten o'clock. Months went by and he received all along satisfactory reports from his friend. Then came the news that drought had made it necessary to feed the stock for a short time, and requested that he send money to tide over the bad spell. The student took the necessary coin from his already rapidly diminishing little bank account and sent it to his friend. That was the last he heard from him. There was no reply to his letters and he took advantage of a vacation to visit the ranch, which was in an adjoining state, and investigate the cause of his friend's strange silence. Arriving in the town he was driven to the ranch only to find it deserted and not a live animal on the place. The owner discovered that in receipt of his last money order, his so-called friend whom he had tried to assist, had sold everything, pocketed a neat sum and fled to parts unknown. All efforts to trace him proved fruitless. Forced to give up his college career, he came to California and launched out into a business that took him into various parts of the country. One day as he left the hotel in a country town he came face to face with the man who had defrauded him and whom he had been seeking. A more formal and pitiful-looking object one could not well imagine. He had lost his hands and one arm up to the shoulder; his face was scarred and seamed and he was ragged and dirty, an outcast and a tramp upon the road. He staggered back in terror when he first saw the man he had wronged and then advanced. "I suppose you are after me," he said. "Since I treated you the way I did I did misfortune has followed in my footsteps. I haven't had one happy moment. I have been cut to pieces in a logging camp and maimed for life. It didn't kill me. I haven't been out of the hospital long, so I haven't a thing to make restitution. I'm your prisoner. Lead on and I will follow." "I think you have been punished sufficiently by a higher power and I have no wish to prosecute you. Your guilty conscience is enough," he said, as he turned and left the wretched man standing in the pathway.

BRIEF REVIEW

Pneumatic Tires Unnecessary.

By a simple device placed between the running gear and the body of a heavy automobile and given its first trial recently, the problem of the pneumatic tire may possibly be solved. The device consists of small springs regulated by an air cushion and carries the body of the vehicle over a rough surface as comfortably as it could be carried by pneumatic tires, on which, according to the inventor, renders the use of pneumatic tires unnecessary. The test was made on an automobile of forty horse-power and weighing about 2400 pounds. The test seemed to be eminently satisfactory. Solid rubber tires had been placed on the rear wheels of the machine and the device was attached to the running gear. The automobile was driven over the roughest pavements that could be found on the West Side, New York, thoroughfares. How important such an invention will be to the automobile trade may be realized when it is remembered how much of the trouble encountered in automobile driving is from puncturing and the dis-assembly of pneumatic tires.

New Device for Fighting Fires.

An interesting piece of machinery known as the pneumatic fire-fighting tower that has recently been introduced in Pittsburg. The real novelty in the device is the mechanism by which the four ladders are operated. They are attached to steel tubes which telescope into each other. These are mounted on a steel tank, which contains the air. The pressure carried is 200 pounds, and the ladders can be raised and lowered to fifty pounds of air. It is the custom to fasten a man to the top section before it is hoisted. He can take a line of hose, hook it to the ladder and have it raised with him. With other extension ladders hose has to be carried up by hand. This ladder standing in the air will permit a fireman to play water into a window without having to have his ladder against the building, so that the flames shooting from a window will not scorch him.

Light and Mechanical Pressure.

Perhaps the most interesting single achievement of the year 1901 was the experimental proof that light exerts a mechanical pressure. The fact had been foretold by Clerk-Maxwell from pure theory. It was verified by experiment, both in Europe and America. The pressure on a square meter is four-tenths of a milligram for absolutely black bodies and double that for perfect reflectors.

A curious custom prevails in Korea. If a man meets his wife in the street, he ignores her presence and passes her as if she were a stranger.

The first shipment of wheat from Chicago via the lakes was made in 1838. The shipment consisted of seventy-eight bushels.

Every man should know something of law. If he knows enough to keep out of it he is a pretty good lawyer.

If you discover that you have made a mistake, don't stubbornly insist upon keeping it up; let go and run.

The molasses which is left as a residue from beet sugar manufacture is utilized in Germany to make alcohol.

A fast man is very slow when it is a case of passing his debts.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have married on \$50 a month.

PITTSBURGH BRITANNY.

A MARCH MARCH IN THE NORTH-FRONT PROVINCE.

Britanny is a land where the peasants till the earth in goose trousers, torse jackets covered with arabesque embroideries and green waistcoats trimmed with red and white. The women wear short red skirts, great metal collars and cuffs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes full of the curiosity of animals. These people live in houses built of sculptured granite and sleep in open-work chests carved like the mouchards of Egypt. In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fishermen" which fancy painters swamp the market this race is still unknown or misunderstood, for they should be seen not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old time streets, on market days and when, in fair time, the tents are pitched only in the village market places. Fiery little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens, cackles; goats bleat; pigs, tied by the lead, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens. Farmers in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan china displayed on the ground—capacious soup tureens, eider jugs and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures. The peasants converse with but few gestures; they bargain in guttural tones. These taciturn people forget themselves in the barroom on fair days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive note of the binou (a sort of bagpipe), leading monotonous dances. Into the harbor come boats laden with fish; other boats go out. The fishermen are busy at their work, and well will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep. Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.—Artist Castaigne in Century.

USE OF FALSE TEETH.

Two Millions Manufactured Annually in the United States.

Probably not less than 2,000,000 artificial teeth are manufactured in this country each year, and still the output goes on increasing. Never before was such great care manifested for teeth as has been exhibited during the past five years. In this respect Americans lead the world, not even the fastidious "Green" excelling the people of the United States in their solicitude for the preservation of natural teeth and in their application of the arts of dental science when substitutes have to be provided for nature's molars. Englishmen are notoriously careless about their teeth, although in late years great progress has been made in this matter. A prominent dentist of New York declares that nearly every patient with a mouthful of decayed teeth is a foreigner. "They let things drift," he says, "and come only when pain drives them here. Americans, and especially southerners, hasten to their dentist immediately they detect even the slightest signs of coming trouble, and the result is that there are by far more 'saved' teeth in this country than in any other. Englishmen and Irishmen are remarkably apathetic about their molars and will go about for years with hopelessly decayed teeth."—New York Times.

Gluck is a Freesty.

When Gluck composed his immortal works, a bottle of champagne was always placed on either side of the piano, and its effervescence helped to inspire the great arias of "Iphigenia," "Armida" and "Alceste." When the final rehearsals were held of the "Iphigenia," Gluck had not yet written the melody to the "Dance of the Scythians." Noverre, the ballet master, becoming uneasy over the delay, went to him one morning to urge him to hurry it up. As he entered the composer's anteroom he heard unusual and terrific noises emanating from Gluck's library. He approached stealthily and through a crack in the door saw Gluck in shirt sleeves, his face as red as fire and distorted by horrible grimaces, singing, gesticulating and jumping about like a madman. Noverre, frightened by the extraordinary spectacle, pushed the door open. "Ah, there you are," exclaimed Gluck. "I am just finishing your dance and will let you have it right away." It was then that Gluck had composed that grand orgy of the savages which created such a profound sensation on the stage.

Blind Men as Shampooers.

"I do pity these blind men so," said a stranger in the city who had been approached by so many "blind" men in walking down the avenue that he wondered how these beggars picked him out so readily. "And yet," said his host, "there are many lines of work which they could do instead of begging. For example, most of the shampooers in Japan are blind men. Some are so well to do that they own their own houses, and their patrons go to them for treatment. Others who have not succeeded so well go from house to house, and the rest of the people from sympathy guide them from place to place. Some of them walk alone, blowing on bamboo whistles. There was a time when some of them were doctors as well as shampooers."—New York Tribune.

Mortar Tossers.

There is no hod carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transferring mortar which makes it seem more like play than work to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed up in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ball. This man deftly catches the ball and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof. This plan would scarcely work for skyscrapers.

What Botanists Do Not Know.

Necessary water, commonly called sap, flows from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates in a problem not yet solved by botanists. It is known that the ascent is made chiefly in cavities in the sapwood only, the heart and bark serving other purposes. That is the extent of our knowledge of the matter. Beyond is mere conjecture, and every theory yet advanced has failed to stand the test of experiment.

Her Call.

"I ran into town today to do some shopping, dear," said Mrs. Subbute entering her husband's office, "and I—" "I see," he interrupted, "and you just ran in here because you ran out." "Ran out?" "Yes; of money."

He Had Learned It.

"I heard a good story the other day," began the grocery man, "about a certain politician." "That will do," interrupted the disappointed officeholder. "In the first place, there are no certain politicians."—Chicago News.

ALMACK'S OF LONDON.

A FRENCH WOODEN CASE OF A CENTURY OF 50 ANS.

About a century ago the seventh baronet of the fashionable world of London was a club known as Almack's, of which the patronesses were Lady Castlerose, Lady Jersey, Lady Cowper afterwards Lady Palmerston, Lady Sefton, Mrs. Drummond Barrall (afterwards Lady Willoughby), the Princess Esterhazy and the Countess Lieven. Their smiles or frowns consigned men and women to happiness or despair. It is hard for us to conceive the importance which was attached to getting admission to Almack's. Of the 300 officers of the Foot guards not more than half a dozen were honored with cards to this temple of the beau monde. The government was a pure despotism, as every government by woman is bound to be, and a host of intrigues was set on foot to get an invitation. Very often persons of rank who had the entire anywhere were excluded from the club. Such as were admitted had to dress in conformity with the edict of the tyrants, no gentleman being allowed to appear at the assemblies except in knee breeches, white cravat and crush hat. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington was about to ascend the stairs to the ballroom dressed in black trousers when the guardian of the establishment stepped forward and said, "Your grace cannot be admitted in trousers," whereupon the duke, who had a great respect for orders, quietly walked away.—New York Press.

Gave the Commodore Friendly Tip.

Several retired naval officers were talking together and let the conversation drift back to the days just after the end of the rebellion when the navy yard was at the foot of Washington avenue, or Pine street, as that highway was then called. Various anecdotes were retold concerning the absurd situation that frequently developed through the fact that politics rather than efficiency was the secret of success among employees of the yard. No employee with political influence feared for his job. One anecdote had to do with Commodore Marchand, the commandant of the station. He was making a private tour of inspection when he came across a painter seated on a spar smoking a pipe at an hour when he should have been at work. "What are you?" asked Marchand. "Painter," was the laconic reply. "Why are you not at work?" "Oh, there's lots of time to work," said the man, proceeding to refill his pipe. "Do you know who I am?" asked the commodore, angry clear through by this time. "No," said the man, without the slightest appearance of curiosity, striking a match. "I am Commodore Marchand and the commanding officer of the navy yard!" "Is that so?" asked the painter quietly, between puffs. "Well, you have a first class job, and I'd advise you to hold on to it."—Philadelphia Times.

The Quotation Completed.

Bishop Fowler of the Methodist church on one occasion found himself opposed in conference very bitterly by one of the other members and, after listening to a lengthy tirade concerning the matter in question, replied in a manner that seemed to make very little impression on his opponent, who, arising, stretched his arm in the direction of the bishop, rolled his eyes upward very solemnly and exclaimed: "Deliver me from the snare of the fowler!" "And from the noisome pestilence," added the bishop, rising quickly as a flash and mimicking the roll of the other's eyes and the stretch of the arm.

A Financier's Pan.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles M. Schwab and several friends were at Mr. Morgan's kennels looking over some of the prize hunting dogs. Mr. Schwab fell in love with a fine looking pointer and asked Mr. Morgan the dog's name. "That dog's name is Russell Sage," said Mr. Morgan. "And why do you call him Russell Sage?" asked Mr. Schwab. "Because," said the great financier, "he never loses a scent."—World's Events.

The Natural Effect.

"Just think! I swallowed his false teeth." "And now I suppose he has a titling pain in the stomach."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

How He Felt About It.

"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest." "You'd do it if you could, would you?" "Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could. It's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

It is Agreed by Medical Authorities.

That the virulence of an epidemic may be increased by the element of fear in the public mind.

NEW SHORT STORIES.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A story of the French Revolution is told in a novel by a Frenchman. The subject of the story is said to have occurred at a time when Richman was playing in a war drama—just which the chronicler does not record. The story involved two brothers southerners by birth, who became estranged through love of the same woman. The war breaks out, and one of them joins his fortunes with the Union army, the other with the Confederate forces. The crucial moment of the play occurred in the third act. A scene shows the ramparts of Vicksburg being besieged by the Union army. The brothers are in command of the respective forces. The Confederate brother comes upon the stage, points out his brother to his officers, denounces him as a traitor and glazes over their coming revenge. A certain point in the speech was the cue for the appearance of a Union officer climbing over the ramparts, followed quickly by his soldiers. The curtain usually descended on the victory of the Union forces, to the tumultuous applause of the audience. On the occasion referred to by Mr. Richman one of the Union soldiers, a little fat German, mistook the cue and before the proper time climbed over the ramparts and stood alone against the entire Confederate army. The audience began to giggle, but the German was all seriousness and stood with his gun pointed at the Confederates. At last, noting the laughter, he looked behind him and saw that the rest of the supers were not in their places. "Come on, you loafers!" he shouted. "We are getting licked!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Blow out a candle, and if the wick continues long to smolder look for bad weather.

The twelve days after Christmas indicate the weather for the following year. Each day in order shows the weather for one month. When it begins to snow, notice the size of the flakes. If they are very fine, the storm will be a long one; if large, the storm will soon be over. If the chickens come out while it rains, it is a sign that the storm is to be a long one. If they stand around under the shed, the storm will be short. When the cattle lie down as soon as they are turned out to pasture in the morning, it is because they feel a rheumatic weariness in their bones, and you can look for rain soon. When a night passes and no dew falls, it is a sign that is going to rain. This often loses much of its mystery when one remembers that dew has not fallen because the night was clouded. When you see the sun drawing water at night, know that it will rain on the morrow. The sun is said to be drawing water when its rays can be seen shining through rifts in distant clouds.

French Strain.

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that the brain of military men give out most quickly. He states that out of every 100,000 men of the army or naval profession 150 are hopeless lunatics. Of the liberal professions artists are the first to succumb to the brain strain, next the doctors, clergy, literary men and civil servants. Striking an average of this group, 177 go mad to each 100,000.—London Express.

A Painful Inference.

A teacher was instructing a class of boys and had spent half an hour trying to drive into their heads the difference between man and the lower animals, but apparently with little success. "Tommy," he said condescendingly to a little chap, "do you know the difference between, say, me and a pig or any other brute?" "No," replied Tommy innocently, but another teacher standing by laughed.—London Answers.

His Dialect.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "did you ever go to school?" "Sure," answered Meandering Mike. "I don't have to talk dis way. If I showed off me literary accomplishments, folks would wonder why I wasn't readin' de help wanted advertisements instid 'o huntin' for hand-outs."—Washington Star.

Willing to Be Sued.

"I once threatened to sue an old fellow in Vermont for \$10 that he owed a client of mine," said a New York lawyer, "but the threat did not seem to impress him much. "What good will it do you to sue me?" he asked. "It will get the money," I answered. "Here the fellow came up close to me and said, 'Say, if that's so, sue me for \$20, won't you, and give me the other \$10.' "I gave up hope of collecting that claim."—New York Times.

Home Discomforts.

"No," grumbled the husband in a spasm of confidence to a friend, "I have no place at all for my books. The storage room is kept exclusively for my wife's." "Oh, she puts away those things that are a trifle too good to be destroyed, yet scarcely good enough to be of use."—Brooklyn Life.

The Branch of Peace.

"How did you come to select Olive as a name for your baby?" "Well, you see, my wife's father objected to our marriage, and when the little one came he forgave us, so we thought it was no more than right to let her have proper credit."—Chicago Record Herald.

CONCERNING CALENDARS.

Among the Greeks and Romans abundance of calendars were not written for the general public, but were preserved as part of the esoteric learning of the priests, whom the people had to consult not only for the dates of the festivals, but for the proper times when various legal proceedings might be instituted. About 300 B. C., however, one Euctus Flavius, secretary to Apollonius Claudius, stole these secrets by repeated applications to the priests and collated the information so gained. It was really publishing an almanac when, as Livy relates, Flavius exhibited the tasts on white tables around the forum. From this time similar tablets containing the calendar, the festivals, astronomical phenomena and sometimes allusions to historical events became quite common. They have been dug up in Pompeii and elsewhere. There are also extant Christian calendars dating as far back as the fourth century, which give the names of the saints and other religious information. One of the most famous of the calendars of the middle ages is that compiled by Petrus de Dacia in A. D. 1290. A manuscript copy is preserved in the Savilian library at Oxford. The Symbolical Man or Man of Signs (Homo Signorum), still a common feature in almanacs, appears in this book, not, it is conjectured, for the first time, as it seems to have been a survival from the time of Ptolemy's "Almagest," a collection of classic observations and problems relating to geometry and astronomy. The first printed almanac was the "Pro Pluribus Annis," issued at Vienna in 1457 by an astronomer named Purbach. The earliest known almanac devoted expressly to the year of issue was published by Rabalais in 1533. Thenceforth the ephemeral yearly character of the publication came to be definitely recognized by almanac makers. Nostradamus set the fashion of incorporating predictions of coming events into almanacs, a fashion that has continued to this day in all purely astrological brochures of this sort despite intermittent efforts to suppress it by royal authority in France and elsewhere.—Era.

WEATHER PROPHETS.

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