THE MOON.

PLANET COMPANION WORLD OF THE EARTH.

Interesting Data Concerning the Physical Features of Our Night Luminary, by Prof. Proctor.

The moon, regarded as an object of physical study, occupies a unique position among the members of our solar system. Some of the other planets—for the moon, be it remembered, is a planet, a companion world of the earth's, no mere satellite—tell us of the past of our earth's career; others again tell us of the future; but the moon speaks both of the past and future of world life. We can study her surface to learn what our earth will be like when old age and death overtake her; but we can also study the moon's surface to learn something about our earth's condition in the past. She retains the record of stages of life through which she passed millions of years ago, and through which our earth has also passed; but from the earth's face the record of these past stages have been in great degree removed or blurred and defaced till we are unable to read them aright.

It is easy to see why the moon's surface should be much less affected by atmospheric and aqueous wear and tear, during the past ages when she had an atmosphere and when she had seas. In the first place the period of time during which she was thus clothed with air and water, must have been much shorter than the corresponding period for the earth. As much the smaller orb, having in fact but the eighty-first part of the earth's mass, she would necessarily cool far more rapidly—probably (though I will not here enter on the calculations which indicate the probability) about six times faster than the earth; so that if we set the past duration of the year's fitness for life at 60,000,000 years, which geologists would regard as a moderate estimate for the duration of the Archæan, primary, secondary, tertiary and recent eras, we should have to regard 10,000,000 of years as the duration of the corresponding part of the moon's life. The work of denudation which has gone on upon the earth during the past 60,000,000 of years could not possibly have been accomplished upon the moon during 10,000,000 years, even though the work had proceeded, century by century, at the same rate. But it could not proceed nearly so fast on the moon as on the earth. To begin with, there must have been much less air and water per square mile of the moon's surface than on the earth's in corresponding portions of the life of each. Assuming the air and water to be the same proportions of the total mass of each planet, the earth had eighty-one times as much air and water as the moon, and the earth's atmosphere and water covered a surface not eighty-one times but only thirteen and one-half times the surface of the moon; so that on our reasonable assumption as to the quantity of air and wather present on the two planets, the earth had six times as much air and water over each square mile of her surface as the moon had at the corresponding stages of her life as a world. With a sixth part only of these, the instruments of denudation, the moon had also but a sixth part of the energy with which to work them. Gravity on the earth is six times as strong as gravity on the moon; and gravity on each planet was the hand by which air and water, the tools of denudation, were worked. With tools having but one-sixth the efficiency, the force of lunar gravity having but one-sixth the energy of terrestial gravity, and working for but a sixth part of the time, could do no such work in destroying the primeval features of the planet as has been accomplished on our earth. We may then expect to find in the crust of the moon, stripped as it now is of the air and water which once surrounded it, the records of the original rock surface corresponding to the Archæan rocks of our earth.

Geologists admit that the condition of the earth's surface before the primary strata began to be formed cannot be satisfactorily determined. Although certain parts of the still remaining crust are called Archæan, it is very doubtful whether they really represent the primeval crust. There is a much better chance that in portions of the moon's surface the primeval rock will still remain in something like its primeval condition; so that we may be able to read a portion of the past history of the earth better in our neighbor world, the moon, than in our own, just as as we can form a better idea of the nature of our savage ancestry by studying the ways and manners of less civilized races of to-day than from any evidence that we can obtain from the study of the records of our own race. Thus studying the moon we see the traces of the earlier vulcanian stages of her career, stages such as our own earth and every planet passes through. We see first how the still plastic crust was riven for distances of many hundreds of miles by the action of the interior forces; and we can see where molten matter flowed through those rifts and spread in ribbon-like strips over the hidden seams. Later, as the process of contraction began chiefly to affect the crust, while the nuclear matter retreated from it, we see how immense corrugations were formed, akin to those of a wrinkled skin or of a shrivelled apple.

Of these stages of earth-life traces still remain. Geologists had indeed already shown that the earth must have passed through them. But the evidence in the earth's case is recondite and obscure. In the moon's it is striking and obvious. Geologists had to study the structure of strata deep down below those which form the main portions of mountain masses, before the came on evidence of that primeval rifting followed by the outflow of molten matter which led to the sinking of the crust in the parts thus broken and overloaded, and to their receiving larger supplies of matter deposited on the trough-like portions of the sea floor thus formed. Of the original corrugations formed later, as the ancient crust contracted, we have evidence in the existence of mountain ranges—not that mountain ranges are themselves such corrugations, as was once supposed, but that it has been by the contraction of the crust, necessarily leading to a crumpling and wrinkling of its substance, that the material of the mountain ranges was raised above the sea level. This material was deposited originally in the trough-like depressions just referred to, to depths amounting in some cases to ten or twelve miles. Under the side pressures exerted on the contracting crust these immense seams of matter were shouldered, so to speak, above the mean level, to greater and greater hights, until those pressures had expended their energies. On the moon we can in many places see the corrugations themselves into which the crust was crumpled in the process of contraction.

On the moon, again, we find an immense number of craters, ranging in size from mere saucer-shaped depressions less than half a mile wide to gigantic craters having a span of more than 100 miles. In hight the crater rings range from a few hundred yards to 4,000 and 5,000. Now, on the earth there are many craters, but none which either resemble the great lunar craters in form or can be compared with them in size. Yet we cannot reasonably doubt that in earlier stages of her vulcanian past, the earth had such craters as still remain on the moon. There are, indeed, parts of the earth where the traces of such craters still remain. In the Isle of Mull, for instance (in the inner Hebrides) there is the basal wreck of a great volcanic ring which must be thirty miles wide and 12,000 or 13,000 feet high. I ought rather, perhaps, to say that the Isle of Mull itself is the basal wreck of that crater, long since reduced to a mere ring of hills by the denuding forces of air and water. And while the moon is thus interesting and instructive in regard to the past, she has much to tell us also respecting the future of our earth.

To begin with, it is clear that the moon once had seas. We can see the floors of those ancient seas in the region still called "seas," whose uniformity of level and peculiarities of tint can be explained in no other way. The mere fact, of course, that certain tracts of the moon are smoother and darker than others would mean little; but when we notice that these broad, dark and relatively smooth tracts all lie at lower levels than the brighter or whiter tracts, we see that this cannot be a mere coincidence. If water were poured upon the moon now in sufficient quantity, the water would occupy those parts of the moon which are dark, and leave uncovered just those parts which are light. No reasonable explanation of this peculiarity can be found except the supposition that seas formerly existed on the moon, occupying those regions which thus attest by their darker tints, by their uniformity of surface, and by their lower level, that they were formerly the floors of ancient lunar seas. From these regions the seas have retreated, soaked up (as it were) within the moon's interior. But the process must have been a slow one, lasting doubtless for millions of years, during which the lunar air also slowly (but in such long periods effectively) diminished in amount. When at length the process was completed, the moon had become the scene of desolation and of death which she presents now. She "being dead yet speaketh," however, and the lesson which she teaches is that our earth must likewise die. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

FINGER-TIP REFORM.

Fine Hands and Pearly Nails Quite a Fad in Washington.

One of the "local specials" in the Washington (D. C.) *Critic* reads:

The members of the French Legation have the best kept hands of any men at Washington. This is on the authority of a local manicure, as she addressed herself artistically to the reportorial finger-nails. There's hardly a man in the embassy whose fingers-tips are not as brilliant as mother-of-pearl. They go to the manicures as regular as to barbers. Why shouldn't they? Manicuring is a French art, and patriotism alone would lead them to favor it. In this city men are better patrons of manicures than are women. The *artiste des mains* drew aside a porcupine-quill portiere and showed a handsomely furnished apartment in which several well-known men were awaiting their turn at the manicural cushion.

"This is our smoking-room," she said. "Our art has found such favor among the masculine element that it was necessary to provide thus for our men patrons."

"How do you account for the predominance of men among your customers?"

"I think it's because women learn the art themselves and practice it at home. Miss Cleveland took a clever way of availing herself of the art. She sent her maid here to be treated. The maid was observing and imitative, and afterward dressed her lady's hand in the most approved fashion. But Miss Cleveland didn't profit much by her ruse, for the maid demanded the wages of skilled labor, and when this was refused her gave up her situation and opened manicural parlors."

"It's surprising how pretty fingers please even the great of the land. Not long ago a Representative from one of the Gulf States happened into my parlors. Washington civilization had pinched his toes, and, in consequence, he had a corn to be treated. After I had placed him properly on his feet he paid me liberally, and said he 'guessed he would hurry over and see the President on business.' I glanced at his hands, each finger of which carried a much-chewed nail. I suggested that he submit to manicuring, but as he didn't appear to understand what I meant, I finished off a finger for him. It took his fancy exactly, and now he exhibits ten glittering gems at his finger ends whenever he removes his gloves."

The finger-decorative fad has probably reached a higher development in Washington than in any other American city. At a fashionable school in this city nail-culture is almost a part of the curriculum, and the boarders are visited regularly by a manicure and instructed in the mysteries of ungual adornment. Mrs. James Brown Potter was noted while in Washington society for the beauty of her finger tips, and did much to increase the popularity of this peculiar art.

Mrs. Cleveland wields her own polisseur de ongles, but a public reception with its hand-grasping always undoes much careful manicural work. During Arthur's administration a manicure made regular weekly visits to the White House, and from that time nail garniture at the Capitol dates its greatest popularity.

MY LOVE.

Not as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star:
And yet her breast is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know,
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may chance to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness and peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of weekday holiness
Falls from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The springtime of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And yet on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green—
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

ONE GOOD LIFE.

A sunbeam piercing the forbidden shade
Of some drear prison cell has often brought
Quiet to troubled spirits, and has made
Dark, morbid brooding change to peaceful thought.
So one good life will prove a guiding light
To brighten paths weak mortals oft find drear—
A beacon in the narrow way of Right
To lure the fallen to a higher sphere.

IT DIDN'T JOLT.—An old negro went into the barroom of a hotel and asked for a drink of whisky. When he had swallowed the drink he stood for a few moments as if waiting for something, and then, turning to the bar-tender, said: "Look er yere, dat licker doan jolt." "Don't do what?" the bar-tender exclaimed. "Doan jolt—doan hit me. W'en I drinks licker I wants it ter be licker sho' 'nuff." "Why you old fool that whisky is six years old." "Ole age, den, dat makes it so weak. Gimme some o' dat gin ober dar, an' mix in er little suthin' dat 'll make it hit. I may be sorter cuis 'bout my drinkin', fur I tell you whut's er fack, ef er drink o' licker doan jolt me I ain't got no manner o' use fur it. I's uster breakin' colts, sah, an' I doan like ter fool wid sucklin' calves."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Give books, says a wise contemporary, but do not lend. To lend a book is to bid it farewell forever. It is the law and the prophets. It is not in the least that the borrower does not intend to return it. He does intend to. There is not an act or thought of his life which is not honorable, and he would never dream of defrauding or annoying anyone. But there is a special fate that prevails over the borrowed book. It is under a spell. It is no more amenable to ordinary human laws. The moment it is lent it is enchanted, and forever it must so remain.

A singular wedding present was made the other day by the Bishop of Exeter, England. He attended the wedding of Dr. Wilkinson, Vicar of Plymouth, and after the ceremony he presented the bridegroom with the Archdeaconry of Totness

DEEP SETTING OF MILK.

The Principle Upon Which This Method Is Practiced.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* writes: Deep setting of milk to extract the cream is easily done, provided the operator follows directions, to wit: Strain into tin cans not exceeding 8½ inches in diameter and 20 inches deep, with close covers. Before the milk has materially cooled, place the same in cold water not warmer than 50°, and not allowed to get warmer during the time named, as deep as the milk. The cans should remain at rest 12 to 24 hours, when it will be found that all the cream of material value has come to the top and can be removed. Well water in this latitude is about 49°; further South it is somewhat warmer. As we find the water warmer, we must decrease the diameter of the cans to secure the best results. For instance, if the well-water should be found 55°, and no ice could be stored up to cool it, it would be well to reduce the diameter of the cans to 6 inches. Sudden cooling after the milk is drawn from the cow, from 98° to 48°, probably causes the most effective separation that can be made, and in this connection it must be noted that the result of placing cans of warm milk in cold water, is to conduct the warmth of the milk out of the milk into the water, hence the water warms up, unless the quantity of water is so great that no change is perceptible. It is imperative that the temperature of the water be kept low the first four hours, either with ice, running water, or a large quantity. It may then be allowed to warm up to 62°, but not more, until the cream is removed. Milk cools much slower than water, and when the diameter of the can is great, even cold water fails to cool it to the center of the can before the central portion of the milk begins to acidify or sour, in which condition it stops raising cream.

PRINCIPLE OF DEEP SETTING.

From close study, many experiments, wide observation and practice, I would say, as I now understand this question, the principles involved are these: Milk just drawn from the cow, on an average at 98° Fahrenheit, is 87 per cent. water and 13 per cent. sugar, butter, fat, etc., that it shrinks in bulk cooling to 50° about one-half ounce to the gallon; that it cools much slower than water, and continues to shrink in volume until it reaches 39°, when as it grows colder it commences to expand. Now it seems plain to me, that when we place milk, warm from the cow, in a tin vessel of proper diameter (tin being a good conductor), and places it in cold water, which is also a good conductor (better than cold air), the watery part of the milk cools first, shrinks and becomes heavier in proportion to its bulk. The creamy portion must be the part that holds the heat, and not cooling, of course retains its bulk, is lighter and buoys to the top. Much more might be said to corroborate the principles here given, but I deem it unnecessary. What I have designed to show was the imperative necessity of placing the milk as soon as possible after being drawn from the cow, in a tin vessel, not over 8½ inches in diameter, in cold water (49°), and not allowed to get warmer than 55° within four or five hours. I have given the principles involved solely to enforce the necessity of following directions.

ABOUT POULTRY.

A Correspondent of the Cincinnati "Gazette's" Experience.

I wish to tell the *Gazette* readers that last year I established a hennery about six feet square, with door and air windows, made rat-proof. As the hens left their chickens we put the latter in this little house, and closed the door every night. The house was provided with roosts and trestles, in proportion to the stock which was to occupy it. No grown chicken was allowed within it.

When a hen leaves her brood they will pile up where she left them. You can take a covered basket a little after dark and, by working slowly and gently, gather the whole brood into the basket and remove them to the house. They will pile up there awhile, but by a little pains to drill them they soon take to the roosts, and will within a few days repair to the house themselves. This plan gives much better satisfaction than having them piled about the fence all summer, with all sorts of "varmints" after them.

I have houses for chickens, and strictly require them to roost within those houses. The keeper who suffers fowls to run into barn, corn-crib, stable and wagon-shed will soon run into disgust by finding everything he takes hold of covered with mites. I no more suffer chickens to roost about those places than I allow pigs in the garden. Keep the chickens in their houses, and fight the mites there with fire and boiling water.

I did not say in my last that I succeeded in cleaning the houses of mites, but I can say now that I did, after the henneries had become the most intolerable nuisances, until (as the Ag. Ed. once said) it seemed as though I would be obliged to burn the barn in order to clear out the rats. I might have been driven to such a resort, but not while I had roosts on cleats nailed on the wall. I never would have them on trestles, and they some two feet shorter than the house, so there would be a foot space at the ends. My experience may be advantageous to some one.

Hints on Cooking.

When we wish to extract juices from anything we put it in cold water and let it gradually reach the boiling point, so when we wish the viands to retain their juices and use the water only as a medium for them the opposite course must be pursued.

Starch enters largely into the composition of many vegetables, and on the prevalence of this element depends the digestibility of the vegetable. To free this element and have it thoroughly incorporate itself with the other elements in the vegetable a great amount of heat is necessary, and hence it is that all vegetables should be put down to cook in boiling water.

Some authorities claim that even though the water is boiling it extracts considerable of the starch, and therefore the nutritive element, and that steam is the only agent that should be employed in cooking many varieties, potatoes for instance. There are as many opinions against as for this method, and while it undoubtedly seems probable, still equally good results have been obtained from the older method.

Chemists say that pototoes should always be boiled in their jackets, as there are various elements detrimental to the wholesomeness of the vegetable that are absorbed by the skin, and that potatoes that are peeled before boiling retain some of these elements.

Those who are accustomed to have the potatoes peeled before being boiled think they have a peculiar taste if boiled in their skins. Of course it is all the effect of imagination, but no amount of talking will convince them of that fact, so if the potatoes have to be peeled see that quite a thick skin is taken off, because there is a very bitter acid lodged in cells quite near the skin, and you must get rid of as much of this as possible. The water, of course, draws most of this out, but it is not as effective as the absorbent nature has provided.

Soft water should be used in cooking vegetables, and the only way city folks can soften water is to add a little salt to it. Six or eight potatoes will need a teaspoonful of salt added to the water; turnips and parsnips require about the same—that is a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of water. If any scum should happen to rise to the surface when the vegetables are boiling it must be carefully skimmed off.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Farmers Discussing Politics.

There has been in secret session in St. Louis for two days past a delegate Convention of the representatives of some 200 Lodges of the Farmers' Alliance of Missouri. The Convention was composed of fifty-six delegates, representing the auxiliary alliances of as many different counties of the State. The Convention was called for the purpose of discussing, in a general way, the interest and action the farmers belonging to the body shall take in the coming political campaign. Nothing definite was determined upon, but after a full and free review of the tariff question—which it was agreed would be of the most interest to the farming classes in the national election—and after talking over some of their needs and desires in the Legislature of the State, they adjourned to await the action of the State and the National Conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties. Then they will meet and issue an address to the farmers of Missouri, asking co-operation at the polls in November, in order that there may be elected men who will give just consideration to the desires of the farm-owners. The Farmers' Alliance is being rapidly organized throughout the State, and has a membership now of about 8,000. The constitution of the Order prohibits any Lodge or members of Lodges from taking sides with any political party, except when a political party pledges itself to support and carry out the wishes of the delegate Conventions of the Alliance. Then members of all the Lodges are to vote as a unit, the object being to control legislation in their interest by the use of the balance of power at the polls.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Preventing Hog Cholera.

The Live Stock Commissioners of Nebraska have investigated hundreds of cases of hog cholera, and state that if farmers and swine-breeders should apply such rules as are herein suggested they would be able to reduce their losses to a minimum and cope successfully with the disease. If there should be an outbreak, separate all healthy from the diseased hogs as soon as possible. The healthy hogs should be removed to a new and uninfected pasture or pen, and carefully watched by an attendant. Should any that have been thought to be well become weak, or appear to be sick, ailing or off their feed, take them out and kill them. All diseased hogs should be killed and cremated as soon as possible. If the hogs be healthy it is advisable never to allow new hogs to intermingle with them in the herd until after having them subjected to a strict quarantine of not less than seven weeks. Neither is it advisable to allow any one to go into hog-pens after returning from an infected place without first changing their boots. There should be but one attendant to look after sick animals, who during such service should not be allowed to leave the place. Hogs should never be watered at a stream if it should run from where the disease is known to exist. Dogs or other animals belonging to infected farms should not be allowed to roam about at will where hogs are kept, as they may carry the infection to them. If these rules be carefully observed there need be little fear of hog cholera causing any serious loss or spreading to any alarming extent.

Enriching Milk by Feeding.

There is a great natural difference in cows with regard to the richness of milk they give, and this is only partially modified by feeding. Jersey cows make yellow butter and a good deal of it, according to the quantity of milk, even in winter. If the feed be dry and poor they will not give so much. A cow that naturally gives thin, poor milk may be made to give somewhat better milk by giving her rich food, as corn meal or oil meals. Probably if this was continued while the cow is bearing a calf the progeny will inherit this tendency to put more of the milk into the cream pot. In this way our large milkers may in time be bred as equally remarkable for butter production. There is a hint in this fact also against neglecting the feed of cows while they are dry and near dropping their calf. It might make trouble with their bags to feed rich or succulent food at this time, but this is undoubtedly the best way to develop good animals for the dairy either for milk or butter.—*American Cultivator.*

Effect of Dust on Health.

The injurious effects of certain industries upon the health of employes, arising from the dust involved, are specially felt, according to a report made to the British Parliament on the subject, by corn-millers, maltsters, tea-handlers, coffee-roasters, snuff-makers, paper-makers, flock-dressers, feather-dressers, shoddy-grinders, weavers of coverlets, dressers of hair, hatters in certain departments, dressers of colored leather, workers in flax, dressers of hemp, some workers in wool, ware-grinders, masons, iron miners, lead miners, grinders of metals, file-cutters, machine-makers, makers of firearms and button-makers. To these may be added colliers, who suffer from lung diseases in ill-ventilated mines; potters, especially the class called flat-pressers, in whom emphysema is so common that it is known as the potters' asthma; the china-scourers, who all, sooner or later, become asthmatical from inhaling the light film dust in suspension; pearl button-makers and pin-pointers, who suffer from bronchitis and hæmoptysis; the makers of grindstones, Portland cement, etc. How the white-lead industry came to be omitted from the list is inexplicable.—*Exchange.*

Right Choice of Words.

The right choice of words is the highest art of writing. It is a rare accomplishment. Few writers, even of those who have achieved distinction and won enviable estimation, have anything like perfection in that art. Most writers are satisfied if they present gracefully their meaning to the reader. They study style, practice to be elegant, and if they beget a certain facility of expression, do not concern themselves with precise meanings in selecting words. Enough attention is not given to the fact that words have soul as well as beauty, and that there are different degrees of word soul. One word will not do as well as another, simply because the two have the same general meaning. Not many evils of lax writing are as grievous as the indiscriminate use of synonyms.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Metaphors a Little Mixed.

A speaker at a financial conference in England is reported by the London *Spectator* as alluding to a certain sum as "a nest egg for us to take our stand upon." Another described a projected economy as "a mere flea bite in the ocean of Indian debt." An Irish medical man outdid the famous exordium of the Western legislator, beginning, "Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat," etc. Some change was contemplated, of which he had expressed the most vehement disapproval, declaring that it would throw "an apple of discord in their midst which, if not nipped in the bud, would burst out into a flame that would inundate the whole country."

LOOKING AT THE FUTURE.—"Yes, a pretty good-looking carpet," she said, as she stood off and surveyed it, "but—" "Are not the colors all right, ma'am?" "They seem to be." "And you like the pattern?" "Very much." "And I'm sure the price is very reasonable." "Yes. It wasn't that so much, but I was wondering how this carpet would look after my wood shed had got on fire and the engine had filled the house with water, and firemen had tramped through all the rooms, and twenty reporters had come around to ask about the insurance. I guess I'd better get something of a mud color."

INCIPIENT TOBACCO BLINDNESS.—A New York oculist says: "The greatest enemy to the eyes of young men is the cigarette. Recently a disease has appeared among smokers which is dangerous, and, after careful investigation, the best authorities, who for a long time were at a loss to understand the peculiar malady, have traced it to the small paper-covered tobacco sticks. It is now known as the 'cigarette eye,' and can be cured only by long treatment. Its symptoms are dimness and a film-like gathering over the eye, which appears and disappears at intervals."

CATTLE BRANDING.—At a recent lawsuit in Texas thirteen expert cattle branders swore that when cattle were branded "in the dark of the moon" the brand will never get larger than the first impression, no matter how much the cattle may grow. But if the branding-iron is applied in the "light of the moon" the scar will spread, and the lighter the moon the larger will be the spread.

SAVAGE RATS.—A party of ladies and gentlemen started to explore a cave near Clyde, Ark. About nine hundred yards from the mouth of the cavern they encountered an immense army of rats. The rats were vicious and made a savage attack on the explorers. Two of the ladies fainted and had to be carried out. Hundreds of the animals were slain by the men.

NASBY'S FIRST LELTER.

The Circumstances Under Which the Famous Letters Were Written.

The late D. R. Locke's own account of the writing of the Petroleum V. Nasby letters is full of interest. A paper was circulated for signatures, asking the Legislature to prohibit negro immigration and to deport those already in Ohio. The petition was circulated by a man named Levi Flenner, a worthless fellow, whose parents were county charges in the almshouse. Locke said:

"One night in a drug store, where people gather in country towns, I met Levi. I saw a paper in his pocket, and, as I knew the fellow never read a newspaper at all, I seized it as a petition. And so it was. I read it aloud with comments, and as I read, interpolating my own remarks, I felt the afflatus of the situation, and made up my mind to write the Nasby letters. That week I published the first one."

The first letter was dated from Wingert's Corners, a disloyal Ohio settlement, and was as follows:

"WINGERT'S CORNERS SECEDES.

"WINGERT'S CORNERS, March the 21, 1861.

"South Carliny and several other uv the trooly Dimecratic States hev secesht—gone orf, I may say, onto a journey after ther rites. Wingert's Corners ez trooly Demecratic ez any uv 'em, hez follored soot. A meetin' wuz held last nite, uv which I wuz Chairman, to take the matter uv our grievances into consideration, and it wuz finally resolved thet nothin' short uv secesh'n wood remedy our woes, therefore the follerin' address wich I rit wuz adoptid and ordered to be publisht:

"'To the world:

"'In takin' a step wich may, possibly, involve the State, uv wich we hev bin heretofore a part, into blood and convulshions, a decent respek for the good opinion uv the world requires us to give our reasons for takin' that step.

"'Wingert's Corners hez too long submitted to the imperious dictates uv a tyrankle Government. Our whole history hez bin wun uv agreshn on the part uv the State and uv meek and pashent endoorence on ours.

"'It refoosed to locate the State capital at the Corners, to the great detriment uv our patriotic owners uv reel estate.

"'It refoosed to gravel the streets uv the Corners, or even relay the plank roads.

"'It refoosed to locate the penitentiary at the Corners, notwithstandin' we do more toward fillin' it than any town in the State.

"'It refoosed to locate the State Fair at the Corners, blastin' the hopes uv our patriotic grosseries.

"'It located the canal one hundred miles from the Corners.

"'We hev never had a Guvner, notwithstandin' the President uv this meetin' has lived here for yeers awaitin' to be urged to accept it.

"'It hez compelled us yeer after yeer to pay our share of the taxes.

"'It hez never appinted any citizen uv the place to any offis where theft wuz possible, thus wilfully keepin' capital away from us.

"'It refoosed to either pay our raleroad subscripshun or slackwater our river.

"'Therefore, not bein' in humor to longer endoor sich outrajes, we declare ourselves free and independent of the state, and will maintain our petition with arms, if need be.'

"There wuz a lively time next day. A company of minit men wuz raised and wun of 2-minit men. The sechesen flag muskrat rampant weasel couchant on a field d'eggshell waves from both grosserys. Our merchant feels hopeful. Cut orf from the state, direct trade with the black swamp fellers, releast from his indebtedness to Cincinnati, he will again lift his hed. Our representative hez agreed to resine—when his term expires. We are in earnest. Armed with Justice and shotguns, we bid tyrants defiance.

"P. S.—The feelin' is intense. The children hev imbibed it. A lad jest past displayin' the sceheshen flag. It waved from behind, disdainin' concealment. The lion-hearted boy wore a roundabout. We are firm.

"N. B.—We are still firm.

"N. B. 2nd—We are firm—unyeeldin', calm and resoloot.

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY."

AN ICE PALACE WEDDING.

Winter Wedlock Among Singular Surroundings in the Northwest.

A novelty in the marrying line is thus described in the St. Paul (Minn.) *Globe*:

Under the glare of several hundred electric lights and amid the joyous acclaim of thousands of interested spectators a young couple stood upon a carpeted platform in the grand court of the ice palace on the evening of February 2d to plight their vows in holy wedlock. This feature of the carnival had been looked forward to with great eagerness by residents of St. Paul and visitors alike, and although 8:30 was the time fixed for the ceremony, long before that time crowds began to flock into the great court of the domain of Borealis. There was an absence of elaborate toilets usually visible at matrimonial events inside a sacred edifice. Heavy woolen mittens and covering of the same material for the ears and faces of the assemblage were conspicuous, and gayly attired tobogganers and snowshoers added to the picturesqueness of the brilliant scene. It was remarkable, too, to note how many elderly ladies braved the danger of contracting pneumonia or a graveyard cough in their desire to witness the marriage, and they bore good-humoredly the discomforts of their situation, imbued only with a desire to say that they were present on the happy occasion.

A long procession of carnival clubs, acting as an escort for the happy pair, made its appearance, flanking carriages containing the minister who was to tie the nuptial knot and relatives of the contracting parties. By dint of persuasion and sallies by the mounted ushers a passageway was cleared to admit the bridal procession, and a brass band added to the novelty of the wedding ceremony, all of the musicians being out of breath when they halted in front of the carpeted dais. Rev. Samuel G. Smith had preceded the young couple, and, removing his hat, donned a small silk traveling cap, wrapped his heavy fur coat closer about him and prepared for the ordeal. Attended by the best man and bridesmaid, George G. Brown and Miss Eva N. Evans passed slowly through the double lines of friends in the carnival clubs, and, notwithstanding the fact that they were the cynosure of so many curious eyes, walked unhesitatingly to the platform, where the minister cordially greeted them. It was not long after their arrival before the words were uttered which pledged them to stand by each other until death parted them, for better or for worse, the response being made by the bride and groom so as to be audible to all within the courtyard's precincts. As the minister concluded the beautiful and impressive ceremony the crowd broke out into a joyous cheer, and no wedding march was ever more beautifully chanted than the one which accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Brown to their carriage inside the ice palace of St. Paul.

They have been engaged for a year now, but they were not intending to be married until next March. Mrs. Evans and Eva got to talking the matter over one evening, and Mrs. Evans said the wedding should take place in church. But Eva declared she wasn't going to march up a church aisle with everybody staring at her. She said she would drive to the minister's and be married at his house. Mrs. Evans thought she would like to see a daughter of hers do that. "The idea," she said—"you'd better get married in the ice-palace. I only meant it for a joke," explained Mrs. Evans; "but the notion struck Eva and she and George, without a word to anybody, sent a letter to the Carnival Association to see if it could be done. I did not know anything about it till the answer came."

Life Among the Tarascans.

"One thing at a time" is the principle of life among the Tarascans. Perhaps it is carried to exaggeration, but it produces wonderful results. If on a Sunday morning you saunter down the road leading up from the lake to Patzcuaro you will meet thousands of the Tarascans coming to market with their wares and products to sell. Each Tarascan, or family of Tarascans, will have a stock of one thing. It may be earthenware; it may be the flat pancakes called tortillas; it may be fish; it may be feather work. Whatever it is the quality will surprise you.

The traveler sees a good deal of the one idea principal in other parts of Mexico. Going down through the heart of the table land from El Paso to the City of Mexico he encounters it in a striking manner. At Leon he is beset to buy the woven wraps called serapes. The numerous peddlers have nothing but serapes to sell. A few hours further down the road, at the station of Queretaro, the stock in trade of the platform venders is opals, nothing but opals. At Celaya, fifty men and boys thrust boxes of "dulces" in one's face and will not take a refusal to buy, as long as the train stops. The dulces are sweet, paste-like compounds, flavored with pineapple and other fruits. They are offered in little, round, wooden boxes, and are of all sorts of colors. The round boxes are assorted, according to flavors, and packed in long boxes of varying sizes and prices. Celaya is known all over the republic for its sweets. Within two hours' ride of Celaya is Irapuato, where strawberries can be bought at the station every month in the year. The peddlers have nothing but strawberries, but they always have them put up in quart, two-quart and three-quart home-made baskets of willow—great, luscious berrries. Probably the fruit could be cultivated with equal success elsewhere, but it isn't. Irapuato has the monopoly of strawberries. Even Mexicans, passing through and going 500 miles beyond, buy a basket of strawberries at Irapuato, just as they always get off at San Juan del Rio, further down the road, to buy lariats. There is a little rope walk in front of nearly every house at San Juan del Rio, and the people do scarcely anything but manufacture lariats the year round.—*Corr. Globe-Democrat.*

SAID IN FUN.

Physician—"If a child don't thrive on fresh milk, boil it." How many can stand boiling?

Counsel—"What is the plaintiff's attitude on this question?" Witness—"Recumbent lying."

Old lady—"Did you lose your leg in going up in that balloon?" Young man—"No, madam; I lost it coming down."

Wife—"You know most everything, George. What should be done in case of drowning?" Husband—"Have a funeral of course."

Boarder—"What kind of a duck is this?" Landlady—"The butcher didn't tell me." Boarder (after trying his knife on it again)—"I should call it a 'decoy duck.'"

Wife—"It would be an awful thing if that ceiling at Albany should fall, John?" Husband (something of a lobbyist)—"Yes; particularly if it should fall at night when the place is empty."

She—"I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Sissy." He—"Ya'as, in a railroad accident. I was saved but the dawg was killed," She (shocked)—"What a pity!"

Minister (dining with the family)—"You were a nice little boy in church today. I noticed you kept very quiet." Bobby—"Yes, sir. I was afraid I would wake pa up."—*New York Sun.*

Customer (at railroad restaurant)—"Here, boss, this coffee is cold." Proprietor—"Yes, sir; you see the train stops only a few minutes, an' if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."

Census taker—"You say your husband is sick, madam?" Madam—"Yes, sir, he is very low indeed." Census taker—"In that case I think I had better wait a day or two before putting him on the list."

Dakota lady (returning from church): "Do you know how the thermometer is today, John?" Husband: "Sixty-eight below." Dakota lady: "Is that all, John? Why, I feel real chilly."—*Tid-Bits.*

Reporter: "How's business?" President insurance company: "Immense. We have never in the history of the company had so many applications to act upon." Reporter: "Ah, applications for policies?" President insurance company: "Er—no; blotting paper."

"What's the matter, Jake? You look terribly excited. Anything new?" "Yes, sir; some one has poisoned my wife's pet cat, and I'd like to get hold of the man." "What are you going to do, prosecute him to the full extent of the law?" "No, I want to give him a five-dollar bill."—*Judge.*

An Ohio clergyman who has been visiting here asked a lady who makes a point of keeping abreast of the time someting in regard to her religious belief, and was shocked at the unsatisfactory answers received. "But," he said at length, "how can you be happy without faith? Doesn't your womanly nature demand a belief in something?" "Oh, as to that," she replied, "I give absolute belief to each Boston craze as long as it lasts, and that not only satisfies the demand of my womanly nature of faith, but also for variety."—*Book Buyer.*

FASHION NOTES.

All the young debutante blondes wear bonnets of poppy-red tulle for calling and afternoon teas.

For waists that are too short braces or bretelles of ribbon are used to give an appearance of greater length.

Corsages with full fronts are in great favor for dresses of various materials, from heavy silks to the thinest gauzes.

Double-breasted corsages are becoming too long for slender figures, as they have the effect of making them appear shorter in the waist.

For evening wear in the way of wraps the plush long coat is giving way to one of red cloth, or preferably of poppy-colored cashmere.

Some elaborate French gloves are embroidered on the backs with gold or silver thread in designs of fleur-de-lis and sometimes with the monogram of the wearer.

"Priscilla" slippers are very popular for evening wear with women who have pretty feet. They are like the shoes seen in pictures of Puritan maidens.

On the new bonnets all the trimmings are lowered, but they are by no means flat, but very thick aigrettes will be used again, and are as high as ever.

There has been this winter a fashion of placing on the right shoulders of decollete corsages a rosette, like a bow of ribbon, of a shade that sharply contrasts with the pale color of the gown.

There is at present a fancy among women who can afford to be fanciful for hand-made underclothes. These are marvels of beautiful stitching and needlework done directly upon the material.

A pretty walking dress is made of bright golden brown ladies cloth, with a very high finish. The skirt is edged with a little cording of sealskin, above it being many folds of the material in pink scollops. The long curtain draperies are corded with the sealskin, as are the edges of the vest, which is composed of rows of the pinked materials. A pretty little cloth and sealskin toque and a sealskin cape complete the costume.

DROPS.

"The woman question"—How shall I trim it?

In politics, "dark horses" often have red noses.

To make cider keep—Store it in a locked attic room and lose the key.

Th nu orthography should most certainly give us a new spell of weather.

The juniper smells sweetest in the fire. So affliction often brings out the loveliest characters.

Advice thrown away—Telling a person how to keep money who doesn't know how to get it.

Not displeased—The young man sitting between two pretty girls, when asked by the conductor to make room for one more on that side.

Unfair—Fair ladies at the church fair, who never show any change except change of countenance when you don't buy, even after you have no more change.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Wroiley, an' how's Tommy this mornin?" "Oh, the dear choile, who was dat disturbed wid the nois of his cryin', he didn't shlape a wink."

Hardwood Lumber for House-Finishing.

A Chicago paper says: In other countries the general use of hardwood lumber is taken as a matter of course. But little more than ten years since it would have been hard to find a firm in Chicago doing business in hardwood lumber exclusively, except perhaps for use in the manufacture of furniture. To-day this is entirely changed. No house of any pretensions is erected that has not more or less hardwood trimming, and usually in the entire trimming, as well as the floors, nothing but hardwood is introduced. This is not altogether because the architectural taste has changed, but largely because many of the hardwoods, such as maple, ash, oak, and even cherry, can be furnished dressed for less money than the same grade of soft pine can be obtained. One firm, and probably the largest in the line in the West, Hayden Bros., have a yard covering six acres of ground, in which there is nothing but hardwood lumber. The yard is centrally located, with ample track facilities, and within it is piled ever 6,000,000 feet of hardwood lumber of all descriptions. Sheds are built for the storage of fine mahoganies, etc., and large drying kilns enable the firm to deliver kiln-dried lumber on short notice, and not only supply the local market, but ship to all parts of the country.

The beauty of reading Browning is that you can turn over two pages at a time without ever knowing the difference.—*Burlington Free Press.*

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Kindly yours,
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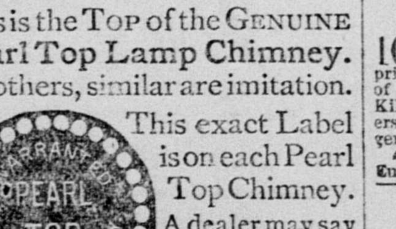

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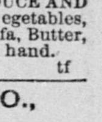

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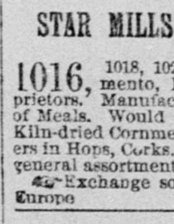

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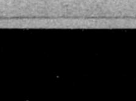

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