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About The Moon.
FACTS CONCERNING OUR NEAREST NEIGHBOR IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon. In its course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation to the dwellers upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellite, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that in bulk, the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth. We can discern, through powerful telescopes, the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that there are visible two craters of volcanoes sixty miles wide; another, ten thousand feet deep; that one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them, that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail," that it has neither atmosphere, air or water; that, in short, it is "nothing else but a ball of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun." No fires ever issue from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollowed-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary, treeless, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides, and reflects the sun-beams into moonlight; but whirls, like a corpse in ceremonies of silver-cloth and black velvet; round and round the earth."

The astronomers have carefully constructed a geography of the moon, and given names to its various features. For instance, they have called some of the mountains of the moon, "Copernicus," "Posidonius," "Clavius," after earthly philosophers; others, they have christened by the names of the famous peaks of the earth; and the dreary valleys and waterless bays and lakes have received fanciful but inapposite names, such as "the Bays of Clouds," the "Lake of Nectar" and the "Gulf of Rainbows."

It is doubtful, according to Sir Robert Ball, if any increase of the magnifying powers of telescopes will add any further definite knowledge to that which has already been acquired about the moon. He believes that, when the moon is brought by greater lenses to within fifty (instead of, as now, two hundred and fifty) miles of the earth, as it probably will be in the near future, the result of this improved observation will be mainly valuable as confirming the conclusions already arrived at.—*Youth's Companion.*

Life In The Slums.
HIGH RENTS PAID BY NEW YORK'S POOR FOR WRETCHED TENEMENTS.

You will return from your first visit to the slums with two strong impressions: One, of the utter hopelessness of trying to do anything; the other, of the necessity for doing something immediately, lest the heavens fall. Perhaps you have evolved in your boudoir some beautiful scheme of amelioration; it has occurred to you that if ten rich men of the city could be persuaded to give \$100,000 apiece, not as a charity but as an investment, to build ten tenements each to accommodate seventy families, it would be a great and glorious thing. But, as you stand in "the Bend" in Mulberry street and gaze about you, it will be to say in despair, "\$1,000,000, ten tenements, 700 families! Of what possible use to plan such an infinitesimal oasis of relief in this universe of misery and degradation?" You have never before seen people so hived. Above you, below you, behind you, in front of you, to the right, to the left, in the rear, in the distance, crowded against each other, behind each other, above each other, are human beings. They swarm on the side-walks, they are entering and issuing from the doorways, they lean out the windows. You have always supposed that in the homes of the poor you would be filled with pity for the hard work you would be seeing them do; women bending over wash-tubs or ironing-tables, cobblers cobbling, tailors sewing, seamstresses running machines, tinkers mending, children weeping bitterly, as they, too, turn a machine or try to make a shoe; everybody toiling for dear life for a mouthful of bread, too busy to look up, even as you pass. But the first impression made upon you in the slums is that of a horrible leisure. What are these people doing? Nothing. What are they capable of doing? Nothing. What do they want you to do for them? Nothing. What can you do for them? Nothing.

Nothing is more astonishing, in investigating the slums, than the discovery of the enormous prices the poor are paying for the most wretched accommodations. One man boasts that he draws 33 per cent. on his tenement investments. Mr. Alfred White's experiments with improved tenements have been carried on for ten years, and have been made in the city which is the third largest in the United States, so that he has certainly

had to grapple with all the problems presented by a large city; and he states that for \$1.50 a week you can give tenants two light, airy rooms, with separate sink, scullery and arrangements for coal, etc., and draw 6 per cent. on your investment; yet you will find families paying \$6 a week for two rooms, with right to use the hallway for some of their "things;" and in the same house a woman with three children paying \$2 a week for one room in the basement, where she lives, cooks, cats, and does washing for a living, with a dark closet and one bed where she and the three children sleep. In a semi-circle of sheds occupied by rag-pickers one woman pays \$1 a week for the end of one shed.

Half of the trouble is caused by the wilful cruelty, but half by the careless thoughtlessness, of the landlords. A wise writer has said recently: "Often you don't need to say to a man, 'Why do you do so?' If you can show him what he is doing, it is often enough to rouse him to reform." I have faith enough in human nature to believe that if we could organize a procession of landlords and compel them to walk through the tenements districts, they would begin to reform themselves. Half of them do not know what they are doing; trusting the care of their property to agents, whose interest it is not to trouble them with demands for repairs or any lessening of income.—*Mrs. A. W. Rollins, in Forum.*

The Real Romance in Life.
THE STRANGE UPS AND DOWNS OF A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

I want to tell you something I heard as I came from 'Partners' the other night. About 40 years ago a Mrs. Monroe, a childless widow with a large fortune, took a house in Curzon street for the season, and wanting a companion, be thought her of her niece Jessie, the eldest daughter of a clergyman in Scotland, a young lady only just out. The girl was written for came and proved a great success, for she was an excellent dancer, exceedingly pretty and blessed with a good digestion and consequently with a good temper. It was after the May drawing room, at which she had been presented at the ball at S. House, that Captain—shall we call him Nemo?—meeting her for the first time, fell desperately in love before the end of the evening. A few rides in the early morning by the Serpentine, a few 'drums' in the Arlington street or Park lane, the opera twice, the theatre once, endless dinners, routs and balls, and then, just at the end of the season, he proposed and was accepted. The lover having little money, Mrs. Monroe generously agreed to give her niece an allowance, and insisted on the marriage taking place in town, instead of upsetting the quiet little manse close to the loch on the west coast. So St. James, Piccadilly, was filled with the elite to view the ceremony one early autumn morning, and Miss Jessie in orange blossoms and Brussels lace sat in the old barbaric fashion through the long wedding breakfast, afterwards, in a flounced gown and round-curtained bonnet, going with her bridegroom for their honeymoon to the Italian lakes. Captain Nemo was a sailor, and soon had to start with his ship for a cruise of fifteen months. I think there was a talk of his wife joining him, but the station selected was an unhealthy one, so after all she remained in England with her aunt to look after her. Letters were to be very regular, and the time would soon pass. When the letters were all written and received, and the very last of the 15 months had dragged itself away, the day arrived on which Jessie was to meet her husband at the railway station. No one was on the platform but Mrs. Monroe, looking white and strange, who gave him a note to read, and then took him to his pretty little empty house from which the inmate had flown only that morning, to Paris. The poor lady wept, asked that her carelessness might be forgiven; he had been duped, deceived, and would never see the wretched girl again. Captain Nemo was quite gentle. Yes, he would try to dine with her that night and they would talk over what was best to be done. Then he went into the morning room, where Jessie's miniature still hung on the wall, and an hour afterwards, when they went to call him, he was found dead with a bullet through his heart, clasping her portrait and her cruel letter in his cold fingers. There being no World or Truth in those days, the scandal was quietly hushed up. After a time Mrs. Nemo appeared in London, but none of her old friends noticed her; her own people sternly cast her off. Mrs. Monroe answered no appeal and formally refused any communication, and finally when she died left not a penny of her fortune to the erring niece who had so grossly deceived her. So year after year came and went, and matters grew from bad to worse. A woman educated so long ago was not so likely to be able to help herself as is the Girton-trained girl of the day, with her practical common sense, and it became more difficult for her to keep her head above water. Within the last ten years she has found occupation, however; and if you like to come with me some afternoon I can show you where a small spare woman in neat bonnet and shawl, with fine China-blue eyes and lint-white hair, diligently sweeps a crossing in the very heart of her old neighborhood; which small woman is Mrs. Monroe's niece, the girl who was presented to the Queen, who danced at S. House, who was married at St. James', Piccadilly, and had an Italian honeymoon. She refuses all help now from any one.—*London Correspondence Toronto Weekly.*

—A young man in Cambou, Me., gave two young ladies a ride to singing-school and left them there to get home the best way they could, while he returned with his best girl. The next time the two slighted damsels met the fellow they gave him such a flogging that he was laid up for several days.

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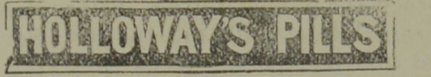
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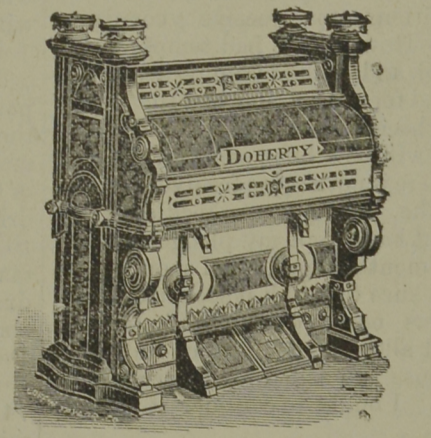
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