

CONTENTMENT.

"O rain," a fair maid chided, "cruel rain!
To open all thy water sports to day
And flood the earth with tears: Oh, cease,
I pray,
And I will call thee blessed. But restrain
Thy flood gates for this day—I ask no
more;
To-morrow thou canst bid them ceaseless
pour."
"O rain," the farmer's daughter joyful
cried,
"Long had thy reservoirs been tightly
sealed
Against our prayers, until the thirsty field
Nigh perished! Now thou comest all tear-
eyed
And sheddest life anew o'er all the earth,
I bless thy coming, rain, I know thy
worth."
"Ah me," the rain soliloquized, but they
Contentment know who do accept each day
Without complaint what'er befalls, or shine
Or rain, as sent by One All-wise, Divine."
—Louis C. Ziegler, in Current.

CRADOCK HOUSE.

BY WM. C. BAMBURGH.

Massachusetts claims more real opu-
lence of historic interest than any other
section of the country, and probably lit-
tle so edifying to many New Englanders
as the old residence of Governor Cradock,
in Medford.

The Cradock House, built in 1635 for
the first Governor of the Massachusetts
Company, is of brick with sloping roof
of worm-eaten and moss-covered shingles,
a low front door through which the
weary feet of Winthrop and Endicott
and their co-workers for freedom from
the bondage England imposed upon their
set have often passed. It is a spot for
memorable associations to flock upon the
thoughtful mind; but there is little re-
maining within to remind one of the age-
worn days—a stray pot-hook, a disman-
tled musket, the great chimney-piece,
perhaps; and the solemn, Puritanical
majesty of the house itself.

It was a cool, calm September morning
in 1644, that we look upon at the outset
of this story. The broad fields with the
few cattle that had been browsing along
the banks of the Mystic, now being
driven along to the pasture yonder by the
chestnut trees; the fires from the Turkey
Swamp coursing upward and drifting,
and clouding the warm blue of the sky,
the sad, solitary stillness of the sparse
settlement, all tended to impress the
wild beauty upon the hearts of Mathew
Cradock and Damaris, his daughter, who
stood at the threshold awaiting the usual
arrival of some settler for aid, counsel or
privilege.

The two seemed like lovers, so devoted
were they in their affection, and their
fidelity knew no limits, exchanging
caresses, lavishing all the sweetness that
frank girlhood and a proud father's
love could conjure up, making their
lives one constant worship and com-
munion, fostering charity, and promot-
ing that kindness in the Governor which
is chronicled in history—a fairness of
judgment and a trust in all that would
trust in him. He possessed a ready
temper, however, was quickly angered
at a slight wrong; but his daughter was
one who could control him with soothing
words and caresses.

The morning passed uneventfully at
the old Garrison House until the time
for the return of the cattle, when Mathew,
who a ways saw to their arrival himself,
espied huge black spots on the sides of
his precious cows, and he became very
angry. Rushing out to the serving-man,
he grabbed him by the long sash about
his waist, and exclaimed:

"Zounds! man! know ye not these cat-
tle are all that we have? and yet thou
dost let them stray upon public commons
and be branded with pitch. Yea, and
furthermore, they be a Governor's stock!
Curses be upon thee; but see that it oc-
cureth not again," and he ordered the
cattle to be driven to the river and
washed as well as possible.

"Sir," said the servant doffing his hat
and making motion of detaining the great
London merchant settler; "there are
tidings among the people down by the
commons that a traveler, evidently from
a distance, had come asking for Governor
Mathew Cradock, and was lodged by
Goodman Abram Nowell last night."

"Twas he that sent the message hither by
me, and added in warning that ye be
prepared against the invasion by one who
looks half Indian and half Englishman."

The thought of this suspicious arrival
was lingering in the mind of the Govern-
or as he knelt at the settle by the huge
fireplace, which was heaped up with logs
in readiness for the next winter's warmth,
and prayed for deliverance from all im-
pending dangers, and guidance in the
reception and accomplishment of all
duties.

Damaris had taken the candle and was
half way up the staircase, lighting her
mother's way to bed, and had stopped
for reply to her father's question as to the
following day's worship, when the great
brass knocker creaked and a resounding
thud announced the arrival of some one
evidently upon urgent business. Such
awakenings were not uncommon at the
fort, for the Governor had authority over
all things, and was always first appeal-
ed to.

Damaris stopped in her speech, her
mother looked anxiously at the door
door whose iron casing had served to
make the knock so much louder. "Not
after bolt was withdrawn, the huge key
turned, and he opened the door but a
few inches, inquiring in strong tones:

"What want you at this hour? Speak
quickly, for sleep is precious."

"I would see your daughter, Damaris,"
replied a gentle, manly voice that seemed
the semblance of one she had heard
before.

No such request had before been made
by any one, and it brought the Govern-
or's quick wit to a stand still.

"Man alive! Who are you that at
this hour so unpropitious, and in person-
ality so mystical, come and claim con-
verse with my daughter? She has no
doings with others than are in this
household, and I command you to keep
the peace and rouse us no more," he
said, violently closing the door and bolt-
ing and barring it, while Damaris and her
mother looked on tremblingly until the last
mode of fastening had been used. "Good
night, mother," said he, as he bade them
on their way, "and see that thy windows
are well secured. I have thoughts that
will keep me well into the night, and I must
away to-morrow early and see Governor
Winthrop. Goodman Norcross will pro-
tect you to church."

Damaris was dazed as she went to her
room after a fond embrace from her
mother, who had borne many hardships
in New England, that her daughter
might grow up well and pious. The
girl, for she was yet young, in her twen-
ties, was tall and slender, gathering into
her movements the grace and simplicity
her early life in London among
the beauty and wealth of the times
had taught her. She had fair skin, with
grey eyes that bespoke love and purity of
heart, and a gentle sacred expression that
seemed to have gathered angelic beauty
during the long sickness which nearly
snatched her away throughout the first
year in the new land. Slender fingers
showed faithful devotion to work and
duty, and on one of them was worn a
plain gold band, placed there by her
outcast brother, and a duplicate worn by
him, upon her leaving England, he not
sympathizing with the Puritans, and de-
termining to remain in London.

Damaris slept ill that night; her
thoughts conjured up wild insensate
dreams; and from dewy eve to awaken-
ing morn seemed interminable. Her
early duties called her to work, and soon
breakfast was ready for her worthy father,
who was clad in his soldier trappings
ready for departure. Last words were
spoken, and the admirable man rode
away upon his mission to Governor
Winthrop.

'Twas a September Sunday, and all
nature was decked in robes of finest
green: the autumn had not yet begun to
tinge the leaves with proud colors before
their fall, and the blustering winds were
lingering in their haunts ere descending
upon the sparse settlement, casting leaves
and branches and dust in wild confusion
upon the earth. Damaris stood at the
door looking upon the crooked river;
looking beyond it upon the pastures
and woodlands; and farther still upon the
hills that concealed the remains of many
a tragedy between the red man and some
too venturesome white settler. Her mother
was within, lusing herself with final
petty fixings, as she was awaiting the
coming of Mr. Norcross.

"Well, Andrew," said she, as he
turned the by-path and advanced, with a
curious look upon his countenance, "fa-
ther has been gone this good while
and we fear we will be late to church."

"Damaris, there is a young man yonder
at my house to-day who asks after
you, and sends you this ring as a remem-
brancer—ah! you recognize it?"

It was unusual for the Governor to be
absent from church, but there being im-
portant business with Governor Winthrop
regarding a new case of supposed witch-
craft which had been bewildering the
sturdy minds of the authorities for some
weeks, and on the day previous the
trial of the Southsayer having taken
place, Cradock was anxious to learn the
results, other important affairs detaining
him at home, although his presence had
been greatly needed in the court-room.
So it was that he journeyed to Boston,
accompanied Governor Winthrop to
church, and received the distinction of
saying grace at dinner late in the after-
noon. The witch and all her trappings
were to be let alone, and many of the
community were satisfied.

Brave Mathew set out far home early
in the evening, carrying a heavy heart,
for all who were pleased to engage in
the "fruitless beggarly art of alchemis-
try" were heavy burdens upon his acute
brain; and the news of the acquittal had
displeased him, and led his thoughts
into dissatisfied channels. The way was
long, the roads were dark, and full two
hours would elapse ere he saw the house
which protected his blessed daughter.

Then the thoughts of the previous night
came to him and began to make havoc
in his brain, and dreadful conjectures as
to the intents of the mysterious visitor
broke in upon the customary composure
of his apparently well-balanced mind.
And to add to the ardor of his disgraceful
thoughts, as he rode by Goodman
Abram Nowell's, the sun slowly setting
directly ahead of him, Abram stepped to
the edge of the roadway and said in
solemn tones and low:

"Mathew, the young man whom I
housed last night was at church with
Goodman Norcross, and did walk home
with Damaris. Strange noises and
laughter and singing have been heard
this evening since dusk, and—"

"Say no more!" commanded the Govern-
or, and rode away, Abram leaning up-
on his stick and noticing that the London
merchant carefully examined his great
pistol and then returned it to its socket.
Mathew's anger was by this time in full
control of heart and head; not even his
love for his daughter had influence over
the passionate powers. He reached his
house—no wife, no daughter to welcome
his return, no light in the house to de-
note the presence of any of his family.
He stalled his horse, and stalked into the
kitchen, which was darker than the twi-
light without; he made no sound, but
heard voices. There was a man's voice
—the same as demanded converse with
his daughter the night before—and he
heard loving words and kisses! Sdeath!
who dared kiss his child, and he sprang
into the room and beheld the sight which
increased his fury: A young man, clad
in Quaker clothes, seated upon the settle
and Damaris on his lap, his arm about
her waist. The fire of Mathew's eyes
burst upon their faces like lightning in a
prison cell; Damaris jumped at the sound
of the irate man's steps, and rose and
rushed forward to embrace him. He
threw her from him violently, and pull-
ing his pistol from his side raised it and
fired.

"Father!" screamed Damaris, in
frantic voice, "you have—killed your—
son!" and she fainted upon the body of
her brother.

Mathew Cradock, stunned by the deed
he had done, fell ill of a fever which
affected his brain. Slowly he lingered,
seldom recognizing any one but calling
for "William! my poor boy William!"
almost constantly.

He had killed his son who had remained
in London, and then becoming adventur-
ous had started for America, landing in
Salem, traveling from thence to the Med-
ford Colony to find his parents and his
sister. He had been an outcast from his
father's heart, and this was his reception.

The Governor soon lost his mind, and
died a few weeks after.—Epoch.

Some Submarine Wonders.

Among the forms of deep sea life
brought up by the dredge and trawl are
the sea-peas, says a writer in the Phila-
delphia Ledger. They resemble oddly
shaped plumes or feathers, and are of
varied and beautiful colors. There are
also sea-lilies (animal forms) resembling
nothing more than large and beautiful
white lilies. They are set in stalks like
the flowers. There are many kinds of
star fishes and echinoderms, jelly fishes,
anemones, curious crustaceans, corals,
sponges, sea spiders, mollusks, etc. Some
of them are of jelly-like consistency, and
others of the most fragile and brittle
nature, and yet they exist at the bottom
of the sea, hundreds and even thousands
of fathoms (that is to say more than a
mile) below the surface.

The taking up of the Atlantic cables
for repairs afforded the first positive
evidence that the animals brought up
by the dredge were really brought up
from the bottom of the sea, instead of
being taken during the descent and
ascent of the trawl. They were found
molded upon the outer surface of the
cable, or cemented to it by calcareous or
horny secretions, and some of them, such
as corals and bryozoa, must have been
attached as minute germs. Dr. Wyville
Thomson says: "The enormous pressure
of these great depths seemed at first
sight alone sufficient to put any
idea of life out of the question. There
was a curious popular notion, in which
I well remember sharing when a boy,
that in going down the sea water
became gradually, under the pressure,
heavier and heavier, and that all the
loose things in the sea floated at different
levels according to their specific weight;
skeletons of men, anchors, and shot and
cannon, and, last of all, the broad gold
pieces wrecked in the loss of many a gal-
leon on the Spanish Main, the whole
forming a kind of 'false bottom' to the
ocean, beneath which there lay all the
depth of clear still water, which was
heavier than molten gold."

The conditions of pressure are cer-
tainly very extraordinary. At 2,000
fathoms a man would bear upon his body
a weight equal to twenty locomotive-en-
gines, each with a long train loaded with
pig iron. We are apt to forget, however,
that water is almost incompressible, and
that, therefore, the density of sea water
at a depth of 2,000 fathoms is scarcely
appreciably increased. At the depth of
a mile, under a pressure of about 250 at-
mospheres, sea water, according to the
formula given in Jamin, is compressed
by the 1-144 of its volume, and at
twenty miles, supposing the law of the
compressibility to continue the same, by
only one seventh of its volume—that is
to say, the volume at that depth would
be six-sevenths of the volume of the same
weight of water at the surface. Any
free air suspended in the water, or con-
tained in any compressible tissue of an
animal of 2,000 fathoms, would be re-
duced to a mere fraction of its bulk, but
an organism supported through all its
tissues on all sides, within and without,
by incompressible fluids at the same
pressure would not necessarily be incom-
moded by it."

A lady was talking about going into
half mourning, and her little daughter
listened attentively for awhile, and then
exclaimed: "Mamma, are any of our re-
lations half-dead?"

LADIES' COLUMN.

"Madame."

"Can you tell me," said a lady friend
to me, "why it is that American dress-
makers with the commonest and most
peculiar of English patronymics, will
persist in prefixing 'Madame' to their
names? I think it is strange, don't
you? I wonder if they suppose that by
adopting a French prefix to their names
they ensnare people into the belief that
they are from the land of the Gaul?"
I said that I had remarked the same
thing, but that the practice was not con-
fined to this country, as I had observed
the same thing in all the large cities and
even small towns of the world, but that
I supposed that it was on the same prin-
ciple that the English and American
opera singers and danseuses invariably
Italianized their names, and that it was
largely due to the snobbery of the public
refusing to believe that exceptional ar-
tists could be produced outside of Italy
or France. People would decline to go
and hear plain Miss Smith or Jones sing,
but let her call herself Signora Tomasi
and they will cheerfully deposit their
shekels and even pay premiums for front
seats. After all it is but human nature.
—Chicago Journal.

Padlock Bracelets.

Chain bracelets are the latest "fad"
among fashionable girls. According to
a New York authority, those with pad-
locks attached were the greatest char-
m. The lover places the chain about the
wrist whose pulses beat for him, locks
the dainty symbol of bondage, and wears
the key on his watch chain. Ladies who
wear their bonds lightly find it easy to
slip the pretty evidence of engaged affec-
tions far up the arm and hide it beneath
the sleeve when they wish to please
others than their Romeos. The big con-
spicuous diamond ring is not so easily
hidden. Some of the chain bracelets are
of beaten gold and others of nugget gold.
Some are made as a simple chain, while
in others the links are beautifully en-
graved. Some have diamonds and other
precious stones set in the links. A very
novel bracelet made recently was an
acoustic ornament, if one may use that
term. It was a chain with a padlock,
but the middle seven links were nuggets
with precious stones in each one. The
first letter of the stones read: "D. E. A. R. -
E. S. T.," and the stones were placed in
the order: Diamond, Emerald, Ameth-
yist, Ruby, Emerald, Sapphire, Topaz.
This bracelet cost the trifle of \$250.

An Arab's Courtship.

The Arab loves as none but an Arab
can love; but he is also mightily ex-
citable and easily won. An Arab sees a
girl bearing water or brushwood; and in
a moment, almost at a glance, is as-
molded in love as if he had passed years
of courtship. He thinks of nothing else,
cares and dreams of nothing else but the
girl he loves; and not infrequently, if
he is disappointed in his affections, he
pines and dies. In order to commence
his suit he sends for a member of the
girl's tribe who has access to the harem;
and, first insuring his secrecy by a sol-
emn oath, confesses his love and entreats
his confidant to arrange an interview.
The confidant goes to the girl, gives her
a flower or a blade of grass, and says:
"Swear by Him who made this flower
and us also, that you will not reveal to
anyone that which I am about to unfold
to you." If the girl will not accept the
proposal she will not take the oath; but
nevertheless keeps the matter perfectly
secret from all. If she is favorably dis-
posed to the match, she answers: "I
swear by Him who made the flower you
hold, and us," and the place and time of
meeting are settled. These oaths are
never broken, and it is not long before
the ardent lover becomes the happy hus-
band.

Fashion Notes.

Separate low bodices of velvet or
watered silk are very fashionable.

Numbered with rough surface cloths
are serges in large blanket stripes.

Jet and white surah or crepe form a
combination adapted to many garments.

Sailor collars retain their popularity,
and are worn quite as much as formerly.

Some of the most elegant costumes
unite three and sometimes four textures
or colors.

Loose sleeves of figured lace have close-
fitting linings of plain Brussels net or
bobbinet.

Matinees are made with a long, loose
jacket, and a skirt of walking or demi-
train length.

Pinking retains its good effects very
well in firm, hard-finished clothes, but
is not adapted to thin goods.

Novelty plaid or striped fabrics often
form the fan and skirt when plain;
checked or striped goods are used for
the rest of the costume.

For little girls long top coats are
fashionable, and they are seen with
and without capes, with shawl collars
and with little rolling collars to suit each
taste.

Gray flosses, intermingled with gold
braids, are prettily applied to white cloth
or gros-grain silk vests, panels, collars,
pocket laps and cuffs, and the effect is
pleasing.

NOT GUILTY.

INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO ARE
OFTEN CONVICTED.

Illustrations Given by a Lawyer—
Tricks on Insurance Companies—
A Man Hanged for a Crime
that He Did Not Commit.

Since the creation of the world there
has hardly been a crime committed in
which circumstantial evidence has not
played a more or less important part in the
detection of its author. That in many
cases, it has later been discovered, inno-
cent people have been made to suffer for
the wrongdoing of others is well known,
and occasionally persons are found who
insist that they would not vote to con-
vict a prisoner even if the circumstantial
evidence was very strong. A lawyer and
a doctor were discussing the subject a
few evenings ago, writes a contributor to
the Chicago Tribune, and these two il-
lustrations were given in which grave
mistakes had been made:

Early one morning a young man
crossed the Madison street bridge coming
to his work in the business part of the
city. At that hour comparatively few
persons were astir, and there was prob-
ably no one within a half-block of him in
either direction. Near the bridge there
was a vacant place, which led back to
the river. The young man
saw lying there, near the sidewalk,
a pocketbook, and picked it up. At
that instant he heard a pistol shot. While
he was standing there, with the pocket-
book in his hand, an officer and a num-
ber of citizens gathered around him,
having heard the report. Back near the
river they found a man in the throes of
death, with a bullet hole in his head.
On his person were found letters bearing
his name and address. The young man
was asked to show the pocketbook seen
in his hand, and to his horror it contained
cards bearing the same inscription as the
letters. He endeavored to explain how
the property of the dead man came into
his possession, but he was not believed,
and was locked up, charged with murder
and robbery. In a few weeks the case
came to trial and the young man told his
story; but it had no weight against the
damaging testimony of half a dozen wit-
nesses for the prosecution, who had seen
the pocketbook in his possession the
morning of the murder. There was not
a doubt entertained by any person in the
court room as to the prisoner's guilt, and
all that seemed yet to be done was for
the lawyers to make their arguments, the
jury to convict, and the judge to im-
pose sentence. But there was one wit-
ness yet to be heard who was not ex-
pected by either side. A stranger who
had hastily entered the room announced
that he had just arrived in the city and
had something to say which must be
heard, as it was of the greatest impor-
tance. He was shown into the witness
box. He said he was a brother of the
dead man and that he lived in Iowa.
He feared that a great wrong was
about to be done to an innocent
man, and had come to prevent it. What
he wished to do was to present in evi-
dence a letter he had received from his
brother, written the evening before his
body had been found. A breathless
silence ensued, as in a clear voice he
read how the whole affair had been
planned by one who was now dead; and
how he had decided to end his existence
in such a manner that the insurance com-
panies would raise no objection to pay-
ing the full amount of the risks on his
life to his family and brother; how he
was to place his pocketbook in the alley
designated, where he could lie down
some distance away, and when he should
see it picked up that would be the signal
for firing the fatal shot; how a stout
cord would be tied to the revolver, at-
tached to the other end of which would
be a stone of sufficient weight to drag
the weapon into the river as soon as it
had done its fatal work and been released
from his grasp. Such was the manner of
the death of the brother of the stranger,
and he could not be silent without mor-
ally being the murderer of the young
man they were trying to convict. Then
followed a search in the river at the spot
where the tragedy was enacted, resulting
in the revolver, string and stone being
fished up, confirming the conspiracy
shown in the letter. Of course the
prisoner was released.

The lawyer then told of another case.
An honest old Ohio farmer one morning
strolled across his pastures. The spot
was but a short distance from the public
road. He heard groans, and he hurried
forward. Not far from the fence lay
a man with a large knife thrust into his
breast. Mechanically he stepped over
and withdrew the weapon that had dealt
a death wound. As he did so he heard
the sound of wheels on the turnpike. A
carriage stopped and two men alighted
and came toward him. They had seen
him remove the knife, and believed they
had detected the dairyman in an awful
crime. The old Scotchman was charged
with murder, was tried, convicted and
hanged. A number of years after a con-
vict in the penitentiary of another State
just before his death confessed to having
committed the deed for which the other
man had suffered. He and a companion
had slept near the old spring the night
before, and in an altercation about some
trivial matter he had stabbed his friend.

Seeing some one coming across the
pasture, he had crawled over to the fence
and watched developments. An innocent
man had been sacrificed.

Newspaper Statistics.

A compilation made from the Ameri-
can Newspaper Directory for 1887 shows
that the total number of periodical pub-
lications issued in the United States and
Canada is 15,420; 14,705 in the United
States and 714 in Canada. The first
ten States in the order of number of pub-
lications are as follows: New York, 1,591;
Illinois, 1,149; Pennsylvania, 1,135;
Ohio, 933; Iowa, 731; Kansas, 641;
Missouri, 678; Michigan, 534; Massachu-
setts, 536; Indiana, 533. These are the
only States which have each over 500
publications credited to it. South Car-
olina, Vermont, the District of Columbia,
Rhode Island, Delaware and Nevada
have each less than 100, the extremes
being ninety-six for the first named and
thirty for the last.

Of the total number 11,614 are week-
lies, 1,739 monthlies, 1,397 dailies, 23
semi-monthlies, 185 semi-weeklies, 19
quarterlies, 71 bi-weeklies, 47 tri-week-
lies, and 31 bi-monthlies. The total
circulation is 20,163,250 copies, nearly
60 per cent. being of weekly publica-
tions, 20 per cent. of monthlies, and
nearly 16 per cent. of dailies, leaving 4
per cent. to represent publications of all
classes. The average circulation of the
dailies is 2,416, and of the weeklies 1,
545. In point of circulation New York
leads with one-fourth of the total, fol-
lowed by Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio,
Massachusetts, Canada, Missouri, Michi-
gan, California, Iowa, Maine, Indiana
and Wisconsin in the order named, each
State having periodicals with an aggre-
gate circulation of half a million or more.
The lowest in the scale is Nevada, all
the periodicals published within the
limits of that State having an aggregate
circulation of 12,500.

The total number of papers issued in
a whole year is estimated at 2,547,614,
900; 1,489,030,000 being dailies, 932,
205,000 weeklies, 72,699,000 monthlies,
and only 50,000,000 for all other
classes of publications. The estimate of
the dailies is too low, as no account is
taken of the many millions of Sunday
papers issued. One hundred and twelve
publications print 37,500 copies or more
each, and represent one-fourth of the
total issue; 579 more print upwards of
7,500 each, and represent another
quarter; 2,209 range from 2,000 to 5,000
each, and constitute a third quarter,
while the remaining 12,320, with less
than 1,500 copies each, make up the re-
maining quarter.

Only 337 dailies are rated above 2,000
copies; 400 between 1,000 and 2,000
copies; 660 less than 1,000, and 345 of
these not to exceed 500.

Assuming that the number of families
in the United States is 13,000,000, the
daily papers have barely sufficient circula-
tion to supply one copy daily to every
three families, and as many persons take
more than one daily, it is safe to say that
three-fourths of the people do not
regularly get a copy of a daily paper.
The weeklies have a circulation nearly
four times that of the dailies, and are
over eight times as numerous. There is
a sufficient number of weeklies pub-
lished in the country to supply each
family with one and have nearly 3,000,
000 left over. So many families take
more than one weekly that the surplus
and more is used up among reading
families, leaving very many families
who take no paper of any kind. Still
there are few families in this country,
other than the destitute, ignorant and
inaccessible, who do not take a paper.
The monthlies issue a sufficient number
to provide every alternate family with a
copy; but the duplicates are so numerous
that probably on an average not one
family in three take a monthly.—
Detroit Free Press.

The Harvest Moon.

The harvest moon is the full moon
which falls on or near September 21. Its
peculiarity is that it rises more slowly
after sunset for a number of nights after
the full than any other full moon in the
year. This results in four or five suc-
cessive nights being almost moonlit, and
the opportunity thus given for evening
work in harvesting has led to this full
moon being distinguished by the name of
harvest moon. The difference between
the moon's times of rising on successive
nights averages about fifty minutes. The
greatest difference occurs in the spring,
when it may reach an hour and a half.
The harvest moon may rise over half an
hour late each night, while under the
most favorable conditions the difference
is only about ten minutes. The full moon
following September likewise rises but
little later from night to night, and is
called the hunter's moon. The moon's
orbit makes the least angle with the hori-
zon at the autumn equinox, and as it be-
comes, in advancing one day's position
along its orbit, less depressed below the
horizon than at any time, it has but a
little greater hour angle to travel
each succeeding night after sunset
bring it into view. Hence the full moon
for so many successive evenings in the
last of September.—Popular Science News.

It takes a clever man to conceal from
others what he doesn't know.