LUNA'S DESTRUCTION.

An Occurrence of the Future Written for This Paper.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

CHAPTER I.

You ask me, my dear nephew, to narrate the story of that fateful and ghastly catastrophe which brought us, in the year 4739, A. D., so peculiar and wonderful a deliverance. I will heed your request, old and feeble man that I am, to the fullest of my powers. Well, then, let me begin at the autumn of the year 4738. At this time, as the history of your land will readily tell you, a last terrible political change had possessed the entire earth. Here in America anarchy had for nearly three centuries rioted. Nothing but the splendid material advantages of this country had saved it from the most piteous bankruptcy and degradation. The whole radical movement, as you doubtless know, began with a certain system of mild and rather sane socialism. But society was not prepared for even these comparatively gentle changes. The single idea might have succeeded if the executive, both in the States and at the general capital, had not proved fatally corrupt. Naturally good and honest citizens revolted against the gross maladministration of affairs, and finally came that short but bloody civil war in which honor and decency were defeated. Afterward almost utter lawlessness reigned. I am thankful, notwithstanding all the miseries and misfortunes it has been my lot to witness during my own lifetime, that I did not exist during those wild and hideous times. License replaced liberty; bands of insolent robbers ruled in all public places; the family was travestied in its most sacred domestic relations by the sanction of a new libidinous marriage code.

Meanwhile, through successive decades a spirit of stern revolt had been slowly gaining strength. By this time the electric steamships easily accomplished trips across the ocean in six and occasionally in four hours. Europe has thus become close to our very doors, and everything which happened there was to us very much as the occurrences at a meeting were known in Massachusetts during previous times. Our house, my dear nephew, had inherited traditions of conservatism through many generations. We were called aristocrats by our enemies, but we belonged, as you are aware, to the large yet powerless body classed politically as Cautionists. The first coined the name I cannot tell you; it had become applied, however to a great throng of dissenters in Europe, in Asia, and in many parts of Africa. My father, my uncles, and numerous other kindred besides, were in constant communication with foreign friends and sympathizers. The one universal language which for 300 years past had replaced all those various and inconvenient tongues previously spoken on earth, of course rendered such intercourse in every way facile. At this time Europe and Asia had been, as one might say overswept by a very deluge of blood. Not a trace of the great European dynasties now survived. The anarchists (or indomitables, as they had grown everywhere to be called) had set a price upon the heads of all who bore within their veins the least drop of royal blood. I think it highly probable that by the year 4728 not a single person lived on our planet who could claim the remotest relationship to the Guelphs, Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, or any of those races which had once so towered in sovereignty above their kind. At first the slaughter of royalty had been wholesale and brutal. History will tell you how the man who insisted on calling himself Victorian XII., King of England and Emperor of India, had been hanged in London before a shrieking and sneering mob of Indomitables; how Rudolph XVIII., self-styled Emperor of Austria, had, with his entire family and a body of devoted retainers, first received the most hideous indignities in a square of Vienna, and then been literally tortured to death; how a certain individual, who had persisted in proclaiming his right to the German throne under the title of Friederich Wilhelm XIV., had been first stripped naked before the furious thousands in Berlin, and then belabored with merciless lash strokes until he sank dead at the very portals of what was once his ancestors' imperial palace. These and many other frightful tragedies, my dear nephew, must surely have formed a part of your education. And I need not tell you that we Cautionists had always deplored them, while at the same time realizing the folly of all kingly claims and the futility of seeking to base government on anything which dealt with ancient "divine rights" of rulership.

We called ourselves, and indeed we were, philanthropists of the truest and purest type. The indomitables (though

BELABORED WITH LASH STROKES.

at last grown much more human) had shown us the utter vileness and falsity of their theories. Our party was enormous as regarded mere multitude, were yet the dregs of the human race. We pitied them; we comprehended how they were the inevitable result of those tyrannies and social bigotries which for ages had disgraced civilization. And yet we perceived but too clearly that the time was fast approaching when either they or we must perish. In old days men fought and died for love of country. Our impulse was so much larger than one of mere patriotism that it dwarfed such an aim into relative pettiness. We had reached that loftier plane of loving which surveys, philosophizes, attains and hence no longer foolishly struggles. Our lives were clean and chaste, our daily habits purity itself, our thoughts exalted, sincere, mutually aidful. And moreover, my boy, we had struck that new-found of all harmonious existence which to you, at this later and triumphant hour of human advancement, appears a process hardly less easy than breathing itself. I mean, simply, that we have learned to love one another. In a way we can hardly love our mighty forefathers, the Indomitables. What our forefathers had found so difficult was rendered easy to us by a wholly natural process of human evolution. It was the spiritualization of our minds, our temperaments. It had come, by slow yet certain degrees, broadening outward from those few masters who once deemed incapable of such artistic expansion. What our predecessors, in lofty and prophetic moods, had spoken of as the higher life, we had reached with no apparent effort. All the future potentialities of peace and happiness were right on the sun rose at last. We realized ourselves to be the final fruit and flower of mortal development. Other physical development we clearly foresaw, but we felt that an ideal of sweet and holy meaning, long descried from afar, steadily gaining strength and splendor, had now burst upon us at last, in the largeness of its benediction and salvation.

But, like all dawns, this one had first smitten the mountain peaks, leaving the valleys in the shade. The Indomitables were in that shade. We perceived the possibility of our own destruction at the hands of these less fortunate beings, who in every country of the globe far outnumbered us. To annihilate them was against our will, and yet we felt that not to make the attempt would be doubtless to delay thousands of years the coming of happiness on earth and the reign there of wisdom and peace.

We were stronger than the Indomitables in everything but numbers. For years past we had been slowly gaining force through organization, fraternization, and all methods by which a great sect of believers, with the certainty of right on their side, may prepare for the victory or defeat of a last opulent and prodigious contest. A system of intercommunication had become established between us in all parts of the world; at almost an hour's notice we could flash to Australia, New Zealand or Patagonia, by means of submarine cable, intelligence in cipher which would cause those of our order dwelling there to send us naval and other aid. For in many a secret nook of the coast, unknown to the anarchical governments, huge ships had long ago been prepared and a positive clandestine military network may be said to have stretched from Sweden to the Cape of Hope, from the Canadas to Terra del Fuego. Of course I do not wish to have you suppose, dear nephew, that the Indomitables were ignorant of these far-reaching and subtle preparations. They decidedly were not, but, altogether masters of the situation in every political sense, they nevertheless had lapsed into that most piteous form of weakness which is born of internal corruption. Teeming with dishonesty, they could not trust one another as individuals, and as different communities they were divided by sharp lines of feud. I know of nothing more sad and odious than their misrule and internecine turmoil. They had completely proved the total fallacy of "equal rights" principles when applied to bodies in which individualism held potent sway and true philanthropy was at a zero mark. The worst form of monarchies, like ambition, envy, greed of gain, arrogance, cold-blooded selfishness, tramping rough-shod on the feebler, hypocrisy, falsehood, audacious theft, conscienceless nepotism, wholesale slander—these raged far more hotly among the rabbles, who now called themselves law and order, than they had ever approximated toward raging when anarchy, in all its crude and flaring usurpature, had not flooded the world. Ages previously a certain French revolution had foretokened just the horrid effects from which we of a sounder and more enlightened condition were suffering then. But then there had come the reaction of tyranny; now a reaction was threatened, but it did not in the least partake of social vengeance or even revolt. As I have said, we were silently yet potently massing, without a shadow of rancor or passion. The Indomitables must go, or we must go. The globe must either be given up to wild sin and misery (for every year each increased, one being a consequence of the other), or it must, by a tremendous pulse of righteous onslaught on our part, become the habitation of humanitarianism, content and philosophic virtue.

CHAPTER II.

All through these latter years we Cautionists had openly concerned ourselves with the pursuits of learning, knowledge and scientific search. Scarcely was there a single great academy, throughout the length and breadth of the earth, which was not nourished and administered by our agency. Of what we had already accomplished I need not speak. Telescopes of a superb power had been invented by us, and through their means and those of the new interplanetary magnetic currents with which you, dear nephew, are now so wholly familiar, we had obtained distinct tidings from two planets of our solar system, Mars and Venus But apart from a somewhat vague interchange of signals we were then, as now, in ignorance of the real quality of the races on these neighbor worlds. Still, the advance had been immense. From the moon, our comparatively near stellar companion, we had succeeded in securing no sign of life. This lack of success corroborated previous conclusions, namely, that the moon was a frozen orb, without atmosphere, a colossal cinder, so to speak, revolving round a world which, because of its much smaller size, it had long ago preceded in the cooling off process, and in those evolutional changes of lower vegetable and animal life to higher, which every orb of the billions crowding space doubtless has been fated to undergo. Our greatly improved telescopes had shown us the topography of the moon as never before. Her icy peaks and barren vales were as familiar to our astronomers as to ordinary tourists are the slopes of the Alleghenies or of Catskills. No longer had science the faintest doubt on the subject of her complete present sterility. If the question of her duration ever presented itself, this, it was taken for granted, would depend on the general stability of earth and the solar system.

And yet, suddenly, to the surprise of millions, the moon had of late revealed some extraordinary novelties of phase. Not long ago, while observed here in America during her second quarter, the entire hollow of her curve had become flooded with a misty golden fire, which had faded, at length leaving a spirit of flame plainly visible. The sight was horrifying to many of the Indomitables, for ignorance, as you know, too often consorts with cowardice. As fear, too, is at the root of so much religion, in a few days various new sects were formed that spent the time in praying for deliverance from the horror of some calamity—dreaded yet unknown. We Cautionists, however, were for the most part tranquillity itself. Your own family, my dear boy, has been noted, through several generations, for their scholarship in different directions. Geology has always been a study in which I excelled; your father was devoted to astronomy, and spent hours raking the heavens at night with a telescope of great strength. From him I learned that these lunar phenomena were most probably the hideous throes of the moon's final and utter extinction.

"But I thought," was my reply to him, "that she had not had, for thousands of years, a single trace of life left."

"No visible trace," he answered. "But evidently, hidden deep down within the bowels of her sphere, have lain sluggish yet savage fires. Nature is no dawdler in our heavens—these, I should say, are certainly caused by fiery issues of a like sort from craters on her other side, that side which the eye of man has never beheld."

"Then you think," I said to your father, "that these outbursts are merely the last throes in dying life in the orb, and that no harmful consequence to earth may possibly come from them?"

Your father's grave, sweet face clouded a little.

"There is one chance," he replied, "and it might be fraught with fearful danger."

"One chance?" I questioned eagerly.

"You mean——"

"That imprisoned gases within the moon may lie at the core of this agitation. If I can use so queerly contradictory an expression, the moon might undergo an earthquake. You of course understand me."

"Perfectly; why not? But considering the depth of the moon's frozen crust, a seismic disturbance in her could scarcely be of serious import."

Your father stroked his gray, silken beard and into those mild, starry-blue eyes of his came a troubled look.

"The frozen crust on the moon's other side," he slowly said, "may not be half so deep as on the side at which we are able to gaze. Those strange lights indicate that there eruptive agencies are at work which are fiercer than any we have been able distinctly to mark."

"And you then apprehend——" I asked, suddenly pausing, and scarcely unaware just why I had either begun my query or thus abruptly broken it off.

"Apprehend?" your father repeated, with a faint yet meaning smile. For a time he was silent, even broodingly so, and then he again began to speak, in his rich even tones, and with a touch of unwonted fervor.

"It has long been my theory," he said, "that nearly all the worlds in space have a moment at which they definitely perish. The great astronomer, Ardiland, does not agree with me on this point, and yet he admits the probabilities of my hypothesis. In any large orb like the moon, these cooling-off processes have been, of necessity, irregular. All the surface of the planet is not equally dense or obdurate. Meanwhile the gases engendered by ages of slow, sullen, and repressed combustion have been insisting on some sort of outlet. For certainly on a bulk so volcanic as that of the moon there must have been vents obtained it. And yet nothing is more thinkable than that they should at last, in some stern effort to escape, rend completely asunder the material which contains them."

"I see!" was my exclamation. "And then you believe that the moon may literally explode in the heavens?"

His gentle eye kindled.

"You have grasped my meaning precisely. Ardiland believes that these phenomena we are now so constantly witnessing have a most harmless explanation. I cannot agree with him, for the secretion of gases must still, I should say, be normal, and if certain chemical crises occur their disruptive agency would be terrific."

I held my breath for a moment; I had the profoundest faith in your father's judgment on all subjects, and for his astronomic knowledge I had long felt positive reverence.

"That," I presently gasped, "would signify the destruction of the moon?"

"Her total destruction—yes."

"And to the earth, what?"

"Excessive danger."

"Of what?"

"I will not say destruction also," he returned, with hesitant voice; "but surely there would be frightful injury. And perhaps, too, our planet might be sent from her orbit and flung into the sun. Again, it is wholly credible that in case the moon should be shivered into fragments not a few of these would by any means strike the earth. Many of them—perhaps most of them—might dart into the radius of attraction wrought by other globes, like Jupiter, Mars or Saturn; for the centrifugal force of their flight would be furious when first generated, and much of the telluric mass, indeed, for this very reason of intense speed, be dissolved into vapor during its wild passage through ether; and hence our collision with any part of it might be rendered far less hurtful."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Good Times in the South.

Last year was the most prosperous in the history of cotton manufacturing in the South.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

To Grow Fruits with Pleasure and Profit—"But Farming" Should Be Abandoned—Exercise for Cattle—How to Handle a Stallion—General Notes.

Fruits on the Farm.

Not only should the farmer use every means to have all kinds of fruit, but he should endeavor to have the various fruits to come in as early in their season as possible. He should select the earliest as well as the best. Early fruit, though of inferior quality, will be of more pleasure and profit than if later and of better quality. My experience in marketing fruit for the past eighteen years has been to this effect. Seek the earliest to begin with, the best quality in all respects for main crop and the latest to quit on. The first and last or latest fruits are generally inferior, most especially with small fruits. But to grow fruits to attain the most pleasure and profit, they must be planted on good soil, well prepared and properly cared for afterwards. To plant any variety of fruit on poor soil, unless it is well and properly manured, will not only prove an unprofitable investment, but will discourage the anxious grower and foster the idea that there is no pleasure or profit in its cultivation. While fruits are very generous in their demands, still, all varieties of fruits prefer and should have, as far as practicable, soils genial to their wants, where they flourish best and grow to perfection with smallest amount of manure and cultivation. Different situations, I have noticed, make difference in the time of ripening, size, and quality of fruit. I have taken strawberry plants of the same variety of pure stock, and set at the same time two beds, one bed facing the southeast and the other on level ground. There was several days' difference in the time of ripening. Those facing the southeast ripened first and sold for 25 cents per quart, while those on level ground were as fine, if not finer, but came in later, when there were more berries in market, and sold for only 12½ cents per quart. Thus, the level bed would have deprived us of the pleasure of setting the first berries of the season before our neighbors, and enjoying the same dainty dish ourselves, besides considerable profit.—Thomas D. Baird, in Farm and Fireside.

Thoughtless Farming.

It is very difficult for the average farmer to get out of what may be termed "rut farming." There is a disposition to adhere to old methods, regardless of results.

At an institute lecture, Prof. I. P. Roberts of Cornell University, said: "I farmed without any plan until I was 35 years old. Then one day I sat down and said, 'Roberts, what is all this for, and what am I receiving for it? Why do I rise at three or four o'clock and work at twelve at night at carpentering, after my regular work is done?' I received no satisfactory answer and resolved to make a change. I was burned out, lost every dollar I had. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. It set me thinking, trying to do more with my head and less with my heels. I began to study, plan, and think to do better. Now when I have anything to do, I plan, stop, and think."

This planning, stopping, and thinking is what is revolutionizing methods in farming. We do not desire any such calamity or misfortune to befall any farmer as being burned out, but if something would occur that was harmless in its effects, but would set farmers to planning, thinking, devising some means whereby they can secure equivalent results with much less labor, something that will lead to the adoption of ways and means that have been found to be productive of good, even if they do come under the head or scientific or book farming. This is an age of progress in all directions, and there is no good reason why farmers should remain in the rear ranks.—Germantown Telegraph.

Breeding Sows.

A sow that is a good breeder should be kept for several years, or until she forms some bad habit, of which unruliness and eating her young are the two that give most trouble. When a sow gets her full growth her litters will be larger, healthier and more uniform, often without a single titman. In the first litter, especially, if the sow be a young one, there will be two and sometimes as many as three pigs that are either dead at birth or are so undersized that they are not worth raising. A three or four-year-old sow, farrowing two litters of pigs a year, will often give more profit than an average cow, and not cost so much to keep nor so much labor to care for. The chief care with a breeding sow after she gets her growth is not to let her get too fat. She will have an enormous appetite, but it should be satisfied except when she is suckling her young with the coarsest feed. Skim-milk is good, but not too much of it. With this mix bran or fine middlings, and then let the bulk of the feed be roots, or mangels in Winter, and a run in the apple orchard or a clover lot in Summer. If allowed to run in pasture one or two seasons old sows become breachy, breaking through fences and gates, and going where they please. That is the fault for which most of them have to be fattened.

Value of Clover-Fields to Orchards.

The clover-bolted neighborhood aids the fruit grower in a way frequently unsuspected. The air from the southwest blow passes over a clover-field, at almost any stage of growth, has not the dry, heated, breath-taking effect which the same breeze has when passing over bare surfaces, or grass or grain stubble. In Kansas and Nebraska, during the years when tens of thousands of acres of corn were "fired" by the hot, dry "southwesters," it was found that fields escaped almost entirely that were flanked on the southwest by clover-fields, and on the same principle, fields escaped injury that had other large fields of corn over which the scorching winds must first pass. This vineyard, the orchard, the nursery, and the garden will show less damage by fungus attacks, leaf rolling, fruit blistering, etc., when protected on the south and southwest by clover-fields or corn-fields.—Prof. J. W. Budd, in Rural Life.

Caring for Tomato Plants.

The Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, in newspaper bulletin No. 117, speaks of the pruning and training of tomato plants. It says: "Gardeners are divided in their opinions as the effect of pruning and training of tomato plants. The majority adhere to the belief that tomato plants, if allowed to sprawl over the ground, will yield a larger crop and quite as early as they will if tied to stakes. The experiment station has been investigating the matter and found that while the total yield is not increased by pruning and staking, the crop matures earlier, individual specimens are larger, than when grown by the ordinary method.

Exercise for Cattle.

Many farmers are utilizing their bulls or growing heifers to run a tread power for various kinds of farm work, such as running the separator, pumping water, churning, and sawing wood. There can be no question that such exercise is a capital thing for the general health and usefulness of the bulls, and some think that bulls worked thus are not so likely to be vicious and unruly, which stands to reason. There can be little doubt also that a moderate amount of exercise is good for growing stock, but it should not be carried too far; the young stock should never be worked till tired; and cows in milk will probably do better with very little or no exercise at all.

Horses' Shoes.

The idea that seems firmly fixed in the agricultural mind is that the best smith is the man whose shoes remain on longest without wearing out or coming off, and, as the smith is shrewd enough to know that the man at the other end of the village would cater for this market, he puts on an enormous weight of iron or "steels" the shoes, and goes in for high nailing. This ruins the feet, causes lameness, and is the very reverse of economical. Even if not worn out, says the Canadian Live Stock Journal, it is desirable to have shoes removed at least once in six weeks.

Handling a Stallion.

In handling a stallion do not be always fighting him or abusing him. Treat him kindly yet strictly. Do not allow him to do a wrong act unless you let him know he did wrong. Correct him at once, but don't expect him to act as a mare or gelding. Consider what he is and bear with his uneasiness. If stallions were handled more quietly and corrected mildly you would find less of them ugly.

Sheep and Swine.

WHEAT can often be fed profitably to sheep.

SHEEP kept clean are not affected with scab unless taken from other sheep.

AS THE hogs get to bedding together care must be taken to look out for lice.

BROOD sows will thrive better if they have a good opportunity to take exercise.

WHEN given a regular ration a pig will rarely overfeed in going once to the feed trough.

ONE serious disadvantage with very large hogs is that they are very slow to mature.

IN providing racks for the sheep be sure to arrange so that each will have a place to eat.

SHEEP seem to require more mineral elements in their food than any other kind of stock.

SHEEP will stand considerable cold, if it be dry cold, and if they are protected from the wind.

Hints to Housekeepers.

LIME JUICE and milk is one of the best remedies for dyspepsia or indigestion.

TO RESTORE the luster of morocco, rub it with the white of an egg on a bit of sponge.

A GOOD gargle for sore throat is made of vinegar and a little red pepper mixed with water.

DO NOT drink strong coffee just before retiring in the evening. It is apt to cause sleeplessness.

PONGEE should be soaked in salt and water for twenty-four hours and then ironed before it is cut. After that it may be washed when soiled, it will not spot with water and will not shrink.

TO KEEP moths away, place in tiny bags among the clothes packed away, a mixture made by pounding together in a mortar the following: Two ounces of orris root and one ounce each of cinnamon, cloves, nut meg, caraway seeds, mace, and saxaphor

Not a Desirable Boarder.

Aunt Thankful Wade in her youth had left her Eastern home and taken up a claim, near her brother's sheep ranch in Montana. Living alone, she had faced unflinchingly much danger and hardship, and enjoyed the reputation of being unusually fearless. A few rods below her house was the little railway station, and one day a box containing a live monkey was deposited upon the platform. Through the frail slats he soon found his way while the stationmaster was busy, and five minutes later he confronted Aunt Thankful as she chopped kindling wood before her door. With a shriek of dismay the startled woman ran into the house and shut the door, but the monkey, undaunted, leaped through the seven-by-nine window into the room. To reach the door again without passing the chattering creature was impossible, and promptly seized and returned with alacrity. At this trying moment the station-master appeared, and making a lasso from the clothes-line, secured his express package, which had gone so sadly astray. "Were you frightened, Aunt Thankful?" he asked. "Well," she said, stepping forward with her wonted dignity, "I don't keer if I let him fur a stiddy boarder, but I don't keer ter play ball with an ape."

A Simple Heat Engine.

An ingenious motor for the utilization of the heat rays of the sun or coal direct, thereby obviating the necessity for intervening mechanism of transformation, has been put upon the market. It is said to be the first motor to obtain useful rotary mechanical energy direct from the sun. A large corrugated drum is filled with an expansible liquid or gas. Inside the drum are vanes, which, on being rotated by the expansion of the liquid or gas, communicate their motion to a pulley. On putting the apparatus near a fire or in the sun, where one side only of the drum is heated, or on applying a gas jet, varied expansion is caused inside the drum, and the pulley rotates forcibly.

The Evolution

Of medicinal agents is gradually relegating the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing into general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.

A Comparison.

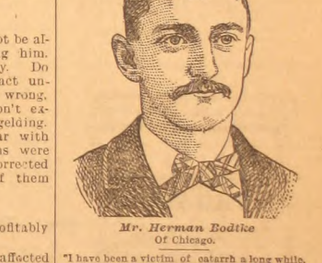
When General Cornwallis surrendered in Yorktown his army of Englishmen consisted, according to military reports, of 7,247 soldiers and 840 sailors—8,087 in all. The number of locomotives now in use on American railways is 32,193, or four times as many as Cornwallis' soldiers and sailors. The number of cars is 1,200,000.

IN the fourteenth century the French set a fashion of cutting the edges of the garments in the form of grape leaves.

Hood's Cures

Catarrh in the Head

Took Seven Bottles—Perfectly Well



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HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

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Cures Sick Headache

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