

rest of the population has not saved up enough wealth in the bank, as he has himself, to enable them all to live without work, and join him in so delightful an occupation. Enough, however, has been deciphered to make us tolerably familiar with the laws, logic, philosophy, and religious and other customs of the Lunatics.

On account of the atmosphere of Luna being all on one side, and the water also, the atmosphere is of great density. It is usually what we would call "heavy," and makes long continued speaking a somewhat difficult matter. So much does this condition affect people that the average clergyman cannot speak for more than about fifteen minutes of our time, or a little more than one minute of lunar time, without taking a rest, while the leading soprano sings a "piece" with an Italian title; that is, the lady sings it with her voice, while she holds the Italian title, which belongs to the piece, in her hand, though sometimes the Italian finish gets off the title and affects her voice. [I have just learned that these musical names are not really Italian but correspond to Italian in Lunacy, and in this is followed the usual traditions of cultivated people. O. G. W.] The people say they enjoy a heavy atmosphere very much.

Not least striking among the interesting information obtained is that in relation to the literature of the Lunatics, and its display on the dome of their sky. The origin of this practice is shrouded in mystery, but is supposed to have been the result of an accidental exposure to the light of the sun for a whole lunar day of some large bottles bearing inscriptions on the outside and containing some very clear liquid. Tradition says that the light became stored in combination with certain chemicals and on the return of night the rays were again released, and passing through the bottles, were projected skyward with such surprising results that lenses on a scale we know nothing of have become as common with the Lunatics as printing presses are with us. The art of storing the sun's rays being also perfected, a newspaper man (I use the earthly term) sets up his whole paper and, with mirrors and a patent condenser, shunts the whole affair through gigantic lenses and in a few seconds the complete edition is before the eyes of the subscribers. Do they

have subscribers? Of course they do; though everybody may read the stuff, those that lean to another way of thinking won't, while those who follow the editor pay gladly. Besides, each paper has a key to some of the stories and social scandals that help to make life endurable which is given to subscribers only. A law exists making it a misdemeanor for any editor to publish or cause to be published any leading article of a political nature without also publishing a key to it. The scheme is said to work well and save readers a lot of trouble. An editor is not troubled with "Reader," "Publico," "Fair Play," "Radical," "Justice," "Anti-humbbug," or any of these fellows to any great extent, writing for a paper being treated there as we treat a problem in bricklaying; it is left to those who make a business of it. The oldest inhabitant can only recall one instance of an amateur having sent a letter for publication after a bill had passed the legislature requiring publishers to publish without correction or alteration, any accepted MS. sent them. So scarce are these literary effusions now that any editor will gladly pay for outside amateur work, and pay a large price, too.

In the *Daily Dodger* recently, the Lunatic literary lights were treated to a lamentation over the good old days that were once so full of amateur open letters, and the clouds were covered with a reprint of the last genuine one that appeared. A fair rendering is appended:

coRRupshun & waist

to the editor Of The
"Know party purest"

Dear sr i Take the Liberte off cending
you thease fue lines too lett you and mie
Felo intelegant Electers no how far Sum
people is from noing how to conduc
Afares for the good off probone a publi-
can i refer too the weigh the Schkool
bored is goin On wen the voat was goin
too be tuk i culd haff ben Elected miself
if i had stuped soo the scheams thay did
trusty tomsen sed if I wude voat for him
and knott run miself he wude use His
Influens too gett the bored too bie mie
Lott for a cite for a knew Schkool Hous
i was too giff him fife Pr Sent Comishen
he gafe me his Sakrid wurd off Oner He
wude sea me thru wel god Nose how
i wurkt too put him Inn soe that our
waured culd haff a Fit and proppr Repre-