

to bring you the newest gossip or the latest scandal, and stay on and on, keeping you in mental hot water till evaporation would be positive relief.

Then there are troublesome servants; hosts of agents, each determined to force his wares upon you; tiresome gentlemen who, coming in of an evening, do not know when to leave, and remain rooted to the spot till midnight, despite your yawns, wearied eyes, comments on the weather, and glances at the clock.

Though, in most cases, children are the causes of trouble to their elders, the situations are sometimes reversed. Who would not hate to be continually teased with such questions as "How old was Methuselah?" "Who discovered America?" "What do two and two make?" We heard of one nervous little boy who was nearly frightened into fits one day, when bungling old Parson P., with a voice like thunder, asked him, "Who made the world in six days and rested on the seventh?" "I did," screamed the child, bursting into tears, "but—I'll—never—do so—any more!" v.

LUNATICA, Jan. 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS L.,—

By the last lightning express from your planet I received, along with a number of sighs and sentimentalisms, a really modest and sensible letter from you. It was translated for me by one of my numerous cloud attendants who frequently visit your globe. She is now inditing my reply, which you will receive in the next snow storm.

I am naturally much interested in the inhabitants of the globe, which has been for so many ages revolving around me. It amuses me vastly to see your puny little men turning their telescopes towards my great domain, trying to fathom some of its mysteries. Doubtless you think this orb remains motionless in space, but that is a mistake, for I always manage to keep the side on which my capital is situated turned towards the earth. I could describe some queer scenes I have witnessed on your globe, but you seem more interested in things up here. I suppose you never travelled far from the earth in all your life, poor child, so it is no wonder you aspire to nobler and higher things.

Of course I was in existence long before the earth, and my reason for having such an appendage is obvious. It was so insufferably hot up here that I found it necessary to have a screen to keep off the direct rays of the sun. The earth answers the purpose very well, and we now have a delightful change of seasons, the greatest heat occurring only once a month.

You have at last come to the right quarter to inquire concerning the object of the human race. Why, my dear young lady, it was evolved especially for the amusement and edification of the denizens of this orb. Accustomed as you are to sham theatres, frivolous novels, and flimsy poetry, you can have no idea of the grand panorama, living poems and romances, not to mention sound moral examples, displayed for our benefit. You would take a different view of life if you were up here for awhile.

What exaggerated ideas you people have of your own importance, and what strange notions some of your brilliant geniuses promulgate. For instance, I hear that it is commonly reported among you that I was elevated to this sphere of action for gathering sticks on Sunday. Please to inform any deluded mortals who hold this idea that the women of my household have, from time immemorial, superintended the accumulation of firewood, and relieved me of this and of all other disagreeable duties.

There are, however, a few of your fellow-inhabitants (and may I take the liberty of classing you among them?) who, being endowed with lunar wisdom, are the saving of the race. Most of them are kept in close confinement, but a few utterly unappreciated unfortunates are still allowed to roam at large.

These I have inspired with many ennobling ideas. You have, doubtless, noticed the vast strides in moral and intellectual progress the world has taken since these learned scientists discovered the origin of man, but you never imagined whence they derived those lofty theories. They are chosen followers of mine, and it was I who told them all about it.

I have another class of especial favorites upon the earth, namely, those enlightened beings who are trying to elevate your sex to positions worthy of your gigantic intellect.

If some of your cynics could only pay me