

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL.**

**EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.**

W<sup>HOLE</sup> No. 482.

Now, as the brightest light of a full

on is never equal in intensity or quality to that which is reflected towards us by a white cloud on a summer day, it can scarcely be pretended that the weather is affected by such a cause. That the moon does exert attraction in us is manifest—we can see working in the tides; but though it can move water it is most unlikely that it can do the same to air, for the difference in the densities of the two media is

the gravity of the atmosphere is so small that there is nothing to be affected. Laplace calculated that the attraction of the sun and moon together could not stir the atmosphere a quicker rate than five miles a day. For lunar emanations, not a sign of them has ever been discovered. The action of an influence being produced by the moon is, therefore, based on no recognizable cause whatever. Fur-

more, it is now distinctly shown that no variations in weather at all locally occur at the moment of the change of quarter, any more than at ordinary times. Since the establishment of meteorological stations all over the world, it has been proved by millions of observations that there is no simultaneousness whatever between the supposed cause and the supposed ef-

The whole story is fancy and superstition, which has been handed down as uncontradicted, and which we are accepted as true because our forefathers believed. The moon exercises no more influence on the weather than herrings do on the government of Switzerland.

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**Newspapers.**

their value is by no means appreciated, but the rapidity with which people are waking up to their necessities and usefulness is one of the significant signs of the times. Few families are now content with a single newspaper. The thirst for knowledge is not easily satiated, and books, though useful—practically necessary in their place, fail to meet the demands of youth or age. The village news-

of age. The young reader is eagerly sought and its contents as eagerly devoured. Then comes the demand for the country news, state news, national and foreign news. Next to the political come the literary and then the scientific journals. This variety is demanded to satisfy the cravings of the active mind. Newspapers are also valuable to material prosperity. They advertise

village, county, or locality. They read before the reader a map on which may be traced character, design, progress. If a stranger calls at a hotel he first inquires for the village newspaper; if a friend comes from a distance, the very next thing after a family greeting, he inquires for our village or county newspaper, and we feel discomfited if you are unable

The newspaper is just as necessary for a man for his true position in life as food or raiment. Show us a ragged, ignorant man, and we will show him a reformatory. His head will cover his feet in his life if he is well supplied with newspapers. Show us the child that is not eager for newspapers. He will

**SING MORE.**—Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your childhood sang, bring them all back to your memory and

them all back to your memory and pack them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over so mysteriously sometimes. The honest man goes singing to his work; and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside and he is on his way home, where wife and child and tidy table and cheery fireside await him, he cannot help but whistle or sing.—

Colonel B——— was standing in the square at Bethel, the other day, when he espied a farmer who some weeks ago had sold him a load of very 'crook-bay'. The party in question

an active professor of religion, and more zealous worker for his own pocket. The man's profession and practice being in such marked contrast, caused the Colonel to eye him with dislike. When he came up, the Colonel charged him with deception in the matter of the hay. The skink stoutly denied the charge. The Colonel drew himself up to his full

"I'm a soldier, sir—not a liar!"

"So am I a soldier," whined the promoter of "crooked hay."

"You?" ejaculated the Colonel, in a tone of disgust. "what kind of a soldier are you?"

"I'm a soldier of the Cross," said the skinflint, with a detestable flourish of the hand.

"That may be," said the Colonel.

drily, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you."











