

BIRTH OF THE MOON

LUNA WAS FLUNG OUT OF THE EARTH INTO SPACE.

She Once Filled, Perhaps, the Great Basin Now Occupied by the Pacific Ocean—Latest Ideas of Science as to Conditions on Our Satellite.

Millions of years ago the earth was not the land bound, sea swept globe so familiar to us, but a liquid mass on which floated crust some thirty-five miles thick. At that period, says the Strand Magazine, it turned on its axis at a constantly increasing speed that finally shortened the day to three hours. When that terrific velocity was obtained 5,000 cubic million miles of matter were hurled off by the enormous centrifugal force, and our moon was born. The cleaving of so large a body must have left some scar on the earth's surface. It has accordingly been suggested that the great basin now occupied by the Pacific ocean was once filled by what is now the moon.

Our moon has the distinction of being the largest of all planetary satellites—so large, indeed, that to the inhabitants of Mars it must appear with the earth as a wonderfully beautiful twin planet.

Because the moon rotates on its axis in exactly the same time that it revolves around the earth we are destined to see little more than one hemisphere. So slow is this rotation that the lunar day is equal to fifteen of our days. For half a month the moon is exposed to the fierce heat of the sun; for half a month it spins through space in the densest gloom.

Smaller in mass than the earth is, the moon's attraction for bodies must be correspondingly less. A good terrestrial athlete could cover about 120 feet on the moon in a running broad jump, and leaping over a bar would be a very commonplace feat. A man in the moon could carry six times as much and run six times as fast as he could on the earth.

Although separated from us by a distance that at times reaches 233,000 miles and is never less than 222,000 miles, we know more of the physical formation of the single pulled face that the moon ever turns toward us than we know of certain parts of Asia and the heart of Africa. Powerful telescopes have brought our satellite within a distance of forty miles of the earth. Physicists have mathematically weighed it and fixed its mass at one-eighth of the earth, or 73,000,000,000,000 tons.

The moon presents aspects without any terrestrial parallel. Rotted by fires long since dead, its honeycombed crust seems like a great globe of chilled slag. Craters are not uncommon on the earth, but in number, size and structure they bear for the most part little resemblance to those of the moon. A lunar crater is not the mouth of a volcano having a diameter of a few hundred feet, but a great circular plain twenty, fifty, even a hundred miles in diameter, surrounded by a precipice rising to a height of 5,000 or 10,000 feet, with a central hill or two about half as high.

Water cannot possibly exist as a liquid, for the temperature of the moon's surface during the long lunar night is probably not far from 400 degrees below the zero mark of a Fahrenheit thermometer, and the atmospheric pressure is so low that a gas under pressure would solidify as it escaped. Ice and snow are the forms, then, which lunar water must assume.

Because of the present paucity of water the moon's atmosphere is so exceedingly rare that startling effects are produced. Perhaps the most striking is that of the sunrise. Dawn and the soft golden glow that ushers in terrestrial day there cannot be. The sun leaps from the horizon a flaming sickle, and the loftier peaks immediately flash into light.

There is no azure sky to relieve the monotonous effects of inky black shadows and dazzling white expanses. The sun gleams in fierce splendor, with no clouds to diffuse its blinding light. All day long it is accompanied by the weird zodiacal light that we behold at rare intervals.

Even in midday the heavens are pitch black, so that, despite the sunlight, the stars and planets gleam with a brightness that they never exhibit to us even on the clearest of moonless nights at sea. They shine steadily, too, for it is the earth's atmosphere that causes them to twinkle to our eyes.

In the line of sight it is impossible to estimate distances, for there is no such phenomenon as aerial perspective. Objects are seen only when the rays of the sun strike them.

At times there may be observed spots which darken after sunrise and gradually disappear toward sunset. They cannot be caused by shadows, for shadows would be least visible when the sun is directly overhead.

They appear most quickly at the equator and invade the higher altitudes after a lapse of a few days. In the polar regions they have never been seen. What are they? Organic life resembling vegetation, answers Professor Plekoring of Harvard university, vegetation that flourishes luxuriantly while the sun shines and withers at night.

A single day, it may be urged, is not sufficiently long for the development and decay of vegetation, but sixteen hours on the moon is little more than half an hour on the earth; a day lasts half a month and may be regarded as a miniature season.

The expressions "Hallelujah" and "Amen" are said to have been introduced into Christian worship by St. Jerome about A. D. 390.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS SHOULD KNOW THIS.

Foley's Honey and Tar has cured many cases of asthma that were considered hopeless. Mrs. Adolph Buesing, 701 West Third St.,avenport, Iowa writes: "A severe cold contracted twelve years ago was neglected until it finally grew into asthma. The best medical skill available could not give me more than temporary relief. Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended and one flaty bottle entirely cured me of asthma which had been growing on me for twelve years. If I had taken it at the start I would have been saved years of suffering." Pickens Drug Co.

PICTURESQUE ALGIERS.

All Its Streets Are Staircases, and All Are Safe.

Here is a pretty picture of Algiers by Frances E. Nesbitt: "Now it is possible to go safely into even the darkest and remotest corners, and they are dark indeed. A first visit leaves one breathless, but delighted—breathless, because all the streets are staircases on a more or less imposing scale—the longest is said to have at least 500 steps; delightful, because at every turn there is sure to be something unusual to a stranger's eye. The newer stairs are wide and straight and very uninteresting, but only turn into any old street and follow its windings in and out between white walls, under arches, through gloomy passages, here a few stairs, there a gentle incline, always up and always the cool deep shade leading to the bright blue of the sky above.

"Being so narrow and so steep, there are, of course, no camels and no carts. Donkeys do all the work and trot up and down with the strangest loads, though porters carry furniture and most of the biggest things. Up and down these streets comes an endless variety of figures—town and country Arabs, spahis in their gay uniforms, French soldiers, Italian workmen, children in vivid colors, Jewesses with heads and chins swathed in dark wrappings.

"Interesting beyond all these are the Arab women sitting like ghosts from one shadowy corner to another, the folds of their hieks concealing all the glories of their indoor dress, so that in the street the only sign of riches lies in the daintiness of the French shoes and the fact that the hieks is pure silk and the little veil over the face of a finer material."—Chicago News.

After Long Years.

After long years work is visible. In agriculture you cannot see the growth. Even that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience necessarily. Every action, every word, every meal, is part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die; grace grows as life goes on.—Fredrick W. Robertson.

ON THE SPIRE.

Thrilling Incident in the Life of James Freeman Clarke.

When James Freeman Clarke was a young man he visited Salisbury, England. Here the beautiful cathedral lifts its spire 404 feet into the air. The spire is topped by a ball, and on the ball stands a cross. From the ground the ball looks like an orange, but its diameter is really greater than a man's height.

Workmen were repairing the spire. Mr. Clarke saw them crawling round the slim steeple in the golden afternoon like bugs on a bean stalk. The impulse came to him to climb the spire and stand on the horizontal beam of the cross. Accordingly at dusk when the workmen had left, the young American slipped in and made his way up the stairs to the little window which opened to the workmen's staging. To run up the scaffolding to the ball was easy. Then came the slightly more bulging curve of the ball. A short platform gave him foothold. He reached up, put his hands on the base of the cross and pulled himself up. To gain the cross arm was merely "shinning" up a good sized tree, and soon he stood on the horizontal timber and, reaching up, touched the top of the cross.

After enjoying his moment of exaltation he slid to the foot of the cross, and, with his arms round the post, slipped down over the great abdomen of the ball. His feet touched nothing. The little plank from which he had reached up was not there!

Here was a peril and one for a cool head and sure eye. Of course he could not look down. The hanging bolt that he had to keep on the bottom of the cross shortened the reach of his body and made it less than when he had stood on the plank and reached up to the cross with his hands. He must drop so that his feet should meet the plank, for he would never be able to pull himself back if he should let himself down at arms' length, and his feet hung over empty air.

Now his good head began to work. He looked up at the cross and tried to recall exactly the angle at which he had reached for it, to make his memory tell him just how the edge of that square post had appeared. A few inches to the right or to the left would mean dropping into vacancy.

Bending his head away back, he strained his eye up the cross and figured his angle of approach. He cautiously wormed himself to the right and made up his mind that here directly under his feet must be the plank. Then he dropped. The world knows that he lived to tell the tale.

Good Ladies' Horse.

"You told me he was a good ladies' horse," angrily said the man who had made the purchase.

"He was," replied the dealer. "My wife owned him, and she's one of the best women I ever knew."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A NOBLE ENEMY.

The Fate of Mokran, a Moslem Chief of Africa.

France was never in greater danger of losing her colonies in Africa than during the war with Germany in 1870. The troops were recalled from Africa to take part in the conflict that was going on against France, and Algeria was left almost defenseless.

The hour for which the conquered races had long waited had come, and if a holy war had been proclaimed it is probable that the French would have been driven from northern Africa. But the tribes did not rise while the French had their hands full on the other side of the Mediterranean, and the fact was due to their fidelity to a solemn pledge.

When the war broke out a chief of great influence among the tribes, Mokran, gave his word to the governor general of Algeria that there should be no insurrection while the war lasted. That word was faithfully kept. Disaster after disaster followed the French arms. The defeats of the war culminated in the surrender of Paris. But not a man of the tribes of Kabylia stirred. The Moslem's faith was pledged; the Moslem's faith was kept.

When, however, the last battle had been fought and the treaty of peace signed, Mokran, when released from his word, gave the governor general notice that in forty-eight hours he would declare war. The French armies, released from duty at home, hurried across the Mediterranean. The end was inevitable. Mokran, seeing that all was lost, put himself at the head of his warriors and fell fighting in the front rank. The French erected a monument to mark the spot where their noble enemy perished.

Where He Was.

"To what do you attribute your good health and remarkably robust condition?"

"To regular habits and early retiring."

"Then you have been so situated that you could carry out these excellent rules for the preservation of the health?"

"Oh, yes. I was in the Illinois penitentiary for twenty-three years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Disinterested.

"What a splendid woman she is!"

"I am glad to think you have got such a wife."

"Such a wife! Why, man, you have no idea of her generosity. When I was poor she refused to marry me because she was afraid of being a burden upon me, but the moment I came into my fortune she consented at once. What do you think of that for kindness?"

Exciting.

"Percy—I am tired of this life of ease. I want a life of toil, danger, excitement and adventure!"

"Oh, this is so sudden! But you may ask papa."—Life.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe.

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Although somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional addict, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna.

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack.

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."—C. W. Bowman.

Pe-ru-na Contains no Narcotics.

One reason why Peruna has found permanent use in so many homes is that it contains no narcotic of any kind. It can be used any length of time without acquiring a drug habit.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

Rough on the Count.

Lord Frooluch—Ah, count, did you make a favorable impression on the father of the heiress? Count Broken—Favorable! Why, when I told him I was looking for his daughter's hand he said he thought I was looking for a hard-boiled.—Chicago News.

Perfectly Secure.

An old farmer once excused himself for sleeping under the rector's sermons by observing, "Lor, sir, when you are in the pulpit we know it is all right!"—London Standard.

--FOR TWO WEEKS--

Endel's Greater Sale

Begins Saturday, July 9, at 9 A. M. High Grade Clothing

Following our usual custom every summer we will place on sale our entire stock of High-Grade Clothing, Trousers, White and Fancy Vests at 33 1/3 per cent less than the original price. It is not necessary for us to close our store to mark our goods—they are marked in plain figures—you can figure the price yourself, take off one third and pay us the difference and the suit is yours. The entire stock of CLOTHING goes in the sale

AT ONE-THIRD LESS!

This season's goods—Men's, Youths' and Childrens' Clothing—Nothing Reserved: Blacks, Blues and Plaids and Fancy suits. Every sale has a purpose. Our purpose in holding this sale is to clean out every spring and summer suit we have on hand and we have put the prices on them that will move them. You cannot buy the same grade of goods at these prices anywhere in South Carolina. The sale opens Saturday, July 7th, at 9 a. m., for Two Weeks. Remember the place and bring the cash—we will give you such values for your money that you will go home happy. Come!

All Clothing go in this sale, Nothing reserved.

No goods on approbation.

No goods charged during this sale.

All alterations must be paid for during this sale.

H. Endel, 120 South Main street, Greenville, S. C.

There are Pictures and Photographs!



For a photograph that is true in every sense, just as the camera sees you, every feature sharp and clear, every detail shown is what I give.

Only the best material that is used will be found in my work. My many satisfied patrons, their repeated orders, is an attest of my good work. I do framing and enlarging.

N. D. TAYLOR, Easley, S. C.

THE BIG STORE

Slaughter Sale of Seasonable Goods, JUST AT A TIME WHEN MOST NEEDED.

MILLINERY going for a song. We are closing one of our largest seasons in this department and we are going to clean up the remnants.

Ladies and Misses Sailors what sold for 25 and 50 cts., at 15cts. Ready-to-wear Hats what sold at 75c to \$1.00, at 75c. Ready-to-wear hats what sold \$1.00 to \$1.50, at 75c. Ready-to-wear hats what sold at \$1.50 to \$2.00, at \$1.00

Big Values in Ribbons.

3 and 4 cents ribbons 1ct. 5 cent ribbon 2 1/2 cents. 8 1/2 to 10 cent ribbon 5 cents. 15 to 25 cent ribbon 10 cents. 25 to 40 cents ribbons at 15 cents. 50 cents ribbon 25 cents

If you want some extra Ribbons or an extra Hat, you can buy it for a song.

Big reduction on white dress goods just the thing you want these hot days.

1 lot 25c white corded Madras at 16 1/2c. 1 lot embroidered Mull, the 40c quality, to close out at 25c. 3 piece Linon Zephyrin, green, tan, 20c quality, to close at 12 1/2c. 1 lot Pongee Silk, small figures, sold for 5 to close at 38c. 2 piece Pongee Net, pink and tan only, to close at 37 1/2c. 2000 yards figured Lawns 6 1/2 and 8 1/2 values, will go for 5c the yard.

Ladies Belts at Your Own Price.

\$1.25 belts at 50c. 50c and 75c belts at 35c. 25c and 35c belts only 15c.

Don't forget that we have just received solid car-load of Rock Hill Buggies, Studebaker Wagons, Star Leader Stoves, Disc Harrows and Chattanooga Reversible Disc Plows, and we are in a position to offer you inducements both in prices and terms.

HEATH-BRUCE-MORROW CO.

LEADERS IN LOWPRICES,

PICKENS, S. C.