

## HOME DAYS WITH FATHER

By GABRIELLE GREELEY CLENDENIN  
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MRS. CLENDENIN

FRIDAY evening was always the brightest and happiest of the whole week at Chappaqua, for that was sure to bring my dear father home. The whole house was alive with happy preparation. The very pine trees pointed tiny little fingers down the wild woody road to show the way he was coming. How eagerly I remember watching a certain little pink gingham frock being ironed in which I was to go and meet him. I used to sit between two patriarchal oak trees till in the distance the familiar figure was seen, slightly bent forward, his arms loaded with good things, entering the gate; and then I would fly to meet him. How my little arm used to try to crook itself up and take as much of his load as it could, and how somehow the burden was always lifted just a little higher, so my help was only an empty form. We used often on these walks to talk of a wonderful pony that he was looking for, and which arrived, sleek and round, and mischievous, one birthday morning.

The first thing when we reached the house was to seek mother's room where the dear inmate for years struggled with a terrible cough. From there, carried in triumph on his back, I would ride down to dinner. After dinner, sitting around the table, he would call for Dana's book of poetry and read to us many of his favorites. I look now at the familiar lines and smile to think how incomprehensible it must have been to my childish mind, and yet I loved the reading, and thought, like the wise men of to-day, I "knew it all." I used frequently to pipe up at those happy times "Papa, please tell us a 'nanydote.'" One of the anecdotes still remains in my mind; of a certain sea captain who traveling for his company used to bring in very long bills. One of the charges they especially objected to was three pounds for "a cocked hat" to be worn on a visit to an Indian prince. The next time the accounts were more wisely itemized, and they expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied. "Ah," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "the cocked hat's there, but you don't see it."

At one of the home gatherings some one, fearing I was being petted too much, said: "Mr. Greeley, don't flatter the child."

"But," I answered in his defense, "Pussy just loves flattery," and if gentleness and a great loving heart injures anyone he would have given me some excuse for being spoiled.

I remember one incident of his indulgence. One day he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. My covetous little heart proceeded to set itself upon that canine effigy. In vain papa offered me a whole dog. But I pleaded that no other head in the world would be like that head, and the result was he sawed it off and went back to town with a handleless umbrella.

I cannot recall my father speaking a single harsh or unkind word to either my dear sister or myself, but I can recall to-day an occasion in which I longed to give myself a good shaking. Papa was engrossed in his paper, and no word or inquiry of mine could rouse him. So, to get his attention at any price, I began tearing away little bits of his newspaper. I must have reached at length the article he was reading, for, gently rising, he lifted me by my arms (for my legs I made instantly limp) and so deposited me outside his locked door without a word. Howls of indignation from me brought anxious inquiries from a relative, but he made no explanation; neither did I. My humiliation was too great at being ignored.

The faces of people are children's books, from which they read searchingly. Scanning earnestly his dear face, so full of the sunshine of purity, so bright with humor and wisdom, a deep impression, never to be effaced, was made upon me at the terrible sorrow I saw written there when he came home and told us of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. Never again did I see that look till the one he loved to call "Mother" passed away. Then it settled down with a grief from which he never roused himself. I never could trace any signs of disappointment at the presidential campaign going against him, but rather a quiet and humorous philosophy. I think his main regret would have been for those faithful friends who had followed a lost cause. The Saturday before my mother's death he walked with me to Saint Mary's School, where he had placed me a few days before. Little did I think, as he left me at the door, we should meet on Monday at the side of that dear mother from whose face death had smoothed the cares and sufferings of years. From that time he could not sleep, and he seemed not to care to eat. The mainspring of his home had broken. The one who, though sick unto death for years, had been such a force and strength at home, holding up the noblest and highest examples to her children, teaching us that truth must be followed at any cost, yet reaching down in womanly tenderness to the smallest animal, or going out in the snow, though sick herself, to protect some poor drunken man whom the boys were pelting, telling me never to laugh at such a one, for they were suffering from a terrible disease; yes, the look that he had worn when Lincoln was killed came back to stay. The heart that could love and work for others could break when the highly-strung chords were strained too far. I have had to listen to long explanations about his disappointed ambition. To die

or live for the good of his laboring brothers and sisters was the only ambition I could ever discover in that great loving heart. He had no tears to shed at his wife's funeral. But as he turned away from the simple plot at Greenwood he said: "That vault will be opened for me in less than a month." And it was not the first of his prophecies to be sadly fulfilled.

Years afterward a society man told me how one evening, near midnight, when Delmonico's was filled with gay pleasure seekers, he caught sight for one moment, in the light which streamed across the pavement from the doorway, of an old man in a white coat carrying the baskets of two little ragged girls, evidently taking them to a place of shelter from the storm. So do I love to picture him again. The world of the prosperous and thoughtless was little affected by his life, but as he fades into the darkness of the night of oblivion, I like to think of him as one who desired ever to bring the homeless and the wretched to shelter, and to carry their burdens for them.

## SOME FACTS ABOUT THE MOON

By MARY PROCTOR

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OF all the heavenly bodies, the moon has attracted the most attention among astronomers. This is doubtless due to the fact that her comparative nearness to the earth brings her peculiarly within the range of our observation.

Group together a few facts about this wonderful heavenly body, for example, and see how interesting they are:

In distance, the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away from our earth, around which she gravitates like a satellite.

Her diameter is about 2153 miles; she has a solid surface of 14,600,000 miles, and a solid content of about 10,000 of cubic miles.

The earth's surface only exceeds the moon's about thirteen and a half times. The moon's surface is fully as large as Africa and Australia together, and nearly as large as North and South America without the islands.

Yet large as the moon is, it would require seventy million of such bodies to equal the volume of the sun. The moon appears to us as large as the sun because she is four hundred times nearer to us than the sun.

The time during which the moon goes through her entire circuit of the heavens, from any star till she comes to the same star again, is called a sidereal month, and consists of about twenty-seven and a quarter days. The time which intervenes between one new moon and another is called a synodical month, and consists of nearly twenty-nine and a half days.

When the moon is invisible to us, it is because her dark hemisphere is turned toward the earth, and this condition of the moon is called new moon; but when she has traveled a little further on, and has her bright side full toward us, she is our full moon.

A new moon occurs when the sun and moon meet in the same part of the heavens; but the sun, as well as the moon, is apparently traveling eastward, and nearly at the rate of one degree a day, and consequently during the twenty-seven days while the moon has been going around the earth the sun has been going forward about the same number of degrees in the same direction. Hence, when the moon comes around to the part of the heavens where she passed the sun last, she does not find him there, and must go on more than two days before she comes up with him again.

The moon has two motions, one of revolution around the earth, another of rotation on itself. These two movements, by a curious coincidence, are made in the same interval of time. We know that there is a new moon when our satellite is invisible both during the day and night. She then occupies a place very near the sun in the heavens, presenting to us her dark hemisphere; for this reason, and because she is merged in the splendor of the solar rays, she is then invisible to us.

About four days elapse between the disappearance of the moon in the morning in the east, and her reappearance in the evening in the west, a little after the setting of the sun.

Between the first quarter and the full moon seven days elapse, during which the form of the illuminated part approaches nearer and nearer to that of a complete circle; the moon rises and sets later and later, always turning toward the west the circular portion of her disk. About fifteen days after the new moon, the whole of her illuminated portion is presented to us, and the hour of her rising is nearly that of the setting of the sun, which in turn rises when the moon sets. It is midnight when she attains the highest part of her course; then the sun itself passes the lower meridian under the horizon; that is to say, relatively to the earth, the moon is precisely opposite the sun.

The light which the moon gives, which we call "moonlight," is given by the sun, and is reflected back from her surface, just as it is from Venus and the rest of the planets. The moon is a solid globe like the planets, and she does not shine by any light of her own.

The power of the light of the moon is inferior to that of the sun. Dr. Wollaston, by certain photometric methods, compared the light of the sun with that of the full moon, and found that to obtain moonlight as intense in its lustre as sunlight, it would be necessary that 801,072 full moons should be stationed in the firmament together.

When viewed through a good telescope, the surface of the moon presents a wonderful aspect—extensive valleys, shelving rocks, and long ridges of elevated mountains projecting their shadows on the plains below. The mountain scenery equals in grandeur the rugged Alpine heights and the Apennines, after which some of her mountains have been named.