BE THOU NEAR.

When the shadows gather round me,
When my path is dark and drear,
When the storms of life are raging,
Be thou near.

Trust me, let thy faith inspire me.
In the struggle ne'er to yield;
Let thy love, so pure and holy,
By my shield.

Blest communion, sweet and heav'nly,
Saves me from the tempter's pow'r;
Stay thou near, loved one, I need thee
Ev'ry hour.
—Sat. Evening Post.

SARAH'S ROMANCE.

"Dearest mamma, couldn't I have it?"

Mrs. Aubrey sat by the half-light of the dim fire—coals were by far too dear for a reckless blaze to be permitted—with the curtain yet undrawn, so that the tender yellow light of the February sunset shone in, and the angles of the room were filled with shadows.

A pretty little room it seemed now, although it would hardly have borne the brilliant, uncompromising light of noonday for the carpet was darned and mended in many a place, and neatly fashioned rag rugs had been laid skillfully down to hide the spots which were past all redemption. The table-cover was faded by many a washing; the curtains were arranged in folds which should not betray the rags, and the very mantel ornaments were mended with cement.

To keep up the outward show and dignity of a lady upon an income which would have been insufficient for a servant, is trying to the most courageous nature; yet this had been Mrs. Aubrey's task ever since her husband died, leaving her with little Sara, a little child of nine summers. She had economized in the most painful degree; she had worn her shabby dresses until they were ready to drop off; she had patched her clothes until there was scarcely a shred left of the original material; she had cut off this luxury and that condiment from her poor table until her diet became literally bread and water; and even then debts grew upon her life like hideous fungi. Her husband had left her a trifle, but this was carefully reserved for the expenses of her little Sara However she might pinch and save and starve, Sara was always comfortably clad, and had plenty of good, wholesome food to eat. But there are a score of shabby-genteel devices by which reduced ladies can earn a few dollars, and Mrs. Aubrey solicited copying from the village lawyer, sat up long after Sara's pretty eyes were sealed in slumber to embroider fine work for the stores, and even rejoiced to get plain sewing to do, at a rate which was pitifully meager!

It had been seven years of famine, but the end of the long ordeal was approaching at last. Sara was being trained for a teacher, and the graduation day was near at hand—Sara, who had grown into a tall, lovely girl, like a white lily; with deep violet eyes, reddish-brown hair, all interwoven with threads of gold, and cheeks of velvety pink; and Mr. Mitchell, the principal, had promised to use his very best efforts to obtain a situation for Sarah when she had graduated; and all seemed couleur de rose.

And in the winter twilight Sara had rushed into the room, bringing with her a breath of frozen, pine-scented air, and told her mother how the graduating class were all to be dressed in white merino and white silk shirred overskirts and broad white ribbon sashes.

"Not a bit of color about us, mamma," the girl breathlessly added, "except the little knots of blue violets we are to wear at our belts."

Mrs. Aubrey looked aghast.

"White merino, dear! With white silk shirred overskirts! Indeed, indeed, Sara, as far as you are concerned, it is quite out of the question!"

"Mamma!" cried out the girl.

"My darling, it would cost twenty-five dollars at the very least," urged Mrs. Aubrey.

"No, mamma," pleaded Sara; "only twenty. Helen Hazleton says we can buy the material all in one piece and get a considerable reduction on it; and you know, mamma, darling, that you are such a skillful needlewoman that my dressmaker's bill will be nothing."

"But even then, dearest," said Mrs. Aubrey, "where are we to get the twenty dollars?"

Pretty Sara burst into tears.

"My darling, don't!" pleaded the mother in whose heart every sparkling drop fell like the acute prick of a dagger. "Don't break my heart, Sara! I should like to see you as elegantly dressed as any girl in the school, but you know how poor we are."

And then with her tear-wet face hidden on her mother's shoulder, Sara sobbed out: "Couldn't I have it, mamma? Oh, darling mamma, couldn't I?"

"I will do up your old muslin, dear," sobped the mother. "And I think we can afford some fresh blonde and the new ribbon sash and—"

"Oh, mamma" interrupted poor Sara, "must I wear that old, tattered, shrunken thing, when all the other girls are in merino and white shirred silk?"

"Dearest, what else can we do?" Mrs. Aubrey could almost have cried with Sara had she dared to give way to her feelings.

"How wretched it is to be poor!" sobbed Sara, sitting down on the hearth rug, with her face in her mother's lap. "Mamma, what have we done that we should be so cramped and ground down, so fettered with poverty?"

"It will not be so always, dear," encouraged her mother.

"No," said Sara, sadly; "I shall be a teacher soon. And then, mamma, you shall have a wine-colored cashmere dress and a set of furs, and I will wear what I please. But, mamma, if I could only have the white merino dress this once!"

"My daughter! my daughter!" Sara could feel the warm drops from her mother's eyes upon her cheek.

"Mamma!" she cried out, caressingly, "don't cry, that's a darling; I'll wear the old white muslin! I'll wear anything! You have been a heroine, quietly and patiently, all these years, and here am I that can't endure a single privation! Mamma, I'll be a heroine, too." And the pale mother and blooming daughter clasped each other tenderly in a long, silent embrace.

"But it's a shame, isn't it," resumed Sara, after a brief silence, "that wealth should be so unevenly divided in this world? Look at Helen Hazelton, at the court,' with her greenhouses full of flowers, and her pony phaeton, and the diamonds she is to have when she leaves school. It's a surprise for her, mamma, quite a surprise. Col. Hazelton himself showed them to me—a cross and a pair of solitaire eardrops like sparkles of white fire."

"Showed them to you, dear?"

"Yes, mamma!" answered the girl.

"But how came he to do that?"

"Oh, he often talks to me when I am at the court."

Mrs. Aubrey was silent for a few minutes. A vague fear was entering into her heart.

"Sara," she said, at last, "I do not think that it is best for you to be too much at Hazelton court."

"Why not, mamma?" Sara opened her big blue eyes in innocent surprise. "It's so pleasant there, and I like them all so much."

Mrs. Aubrey hesitated. She could not answer: "Because Col. Hazelton is a widower, and people will talk and gossip." So she equivocated a little, and made reply:

"They live so differently from what we do, darling. It is scarcely a good or wise preparation for your new life." Sara pondered the matter over. "I don't see what difference it makes, mamma," said she; "but, of course, when I get a situation I shall have no time for visiting; and Helen is going to Paris with her father in the spring, so there will be an end of all my intimacy there."

Brave little Sara! She was a heroine, for she wore the old washed-over muslin dress, standing among the fair young girls in soft merino and lustrous dead-white silk.

"Mamma can't afford it," she answered quietly to all the criticisms that were uttered.

Helen Hazelton brought her home that evening in the sleigh, with a box of cut rosebuds and East India ferns, and left her with her mother.

Mrs. Aubrey looked up from her sewing.

"My darling," said she, "your cheeks are like carnations!"

"It's the winter air, I suppose," said Sara, flinging down her bonnet. "Mamma, put aside that hateful needle! You are never to sew any more! I've made up my mind not to teach in the New York public schools!"

"Sara!"

"I am going to Hazelton court."

Mrs. Aubrey's faded eyes sparkled.

"To be Helen's governess?" cried she.

"Helen's governess, indeed!" said Sara. "Helen knows as much as I do; mamma, you have guessed wrong this time."

She knelt down on the floor and laid her cheek on her mother's knee.

"Mamma, Col. Hazelton has asked me to marry him," said she, "and I have said yes."

"Asked you to marry him, Sara? But you are such a child!" cried Mrs. Aubrey.

"That's the reason he likes me, he says," confessed blushing Sara.

"And you, dearest—do you love him?"

"Mamma, he's the one man in all the world to me," whispered the girl. And child and mother wept together a shower of happy tears.

"But, sweetest," whispered Mrs. Aubrey, "you seem such a child to be married."

"Yes, mamma, I know," said Sara, gravely. "But if I am to be happy, the sooner I begin the better." Which was an incontrovertible piece of logic.
—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

A Captious Critic.

"On a recent trip to Philadelphia," remarked Dr. Frank Childs, "I occupied a seat with an elderly female of an argumentative turn of mind, who, recognizing my calling from my attire, gradually led me into a discussion upon religious matters.

"The old lady was an interesting talker, and the conversation ran smoothly until we flatly disagreed upon a certain point. She took one view of it, and I took a second that was the direct reverse.

"Then we resorted to scriptural quotations to convince each other, and for several minutes they flew thick and fast.

"Suddenly I recalled one that I was convinced would settle the matter.

"'You see, madam,' I said, 'St. Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, says—' and I repeated the passage to her in what I consider my most impressive manner. My opponent paused and reflected a moment.

"'Yes,' she replied, with an air of firm conviction, 'I know all about it, and I don't think any the better of Paul for saying that.'

"I gracefully surrendered."—Commercial Advertiser.

A Traveler's Pipe.

A traveler's pipe is an English invention. The bowl has a hook attached to it which can be inserted in the buttonhole of the coat, while a tube communicates with the mouthpiece. The smoker thus has both hands free to be occupied as he finds necessary.

THE DIAMOND EARRINGS.

A BROADWAY JEWELER'S PECULIAR CUSTOMER.

What a Fashionable Woman Is Wearing—A Gambler's Anchor to Windward—An Ingenious Way of Negotiating a Loan.

"I have had some peculiar customers," said an old Broadway jeweler, "but there was one case which I believe no one can duplicate. I have a large patronage from the men about town—the gamblers and the racing people. They are very liberal buyers of jewelry when fortune favors them, and they select first-class goods, and in most instances appear to be excellent judges of quality.

"The individual of whom I was about to tell you, was a man who first came to my store about four years ago. He was a very shabby-looking young fellow, whom I watched cautiously when I passed him a pair of cheap solitaire ear-rings in compliance with his request. He hardly glanced at them, and asked for something better, and I took the first pair, and brought out a pair that were a shade higher in price. These he pushed aside also, and asked for finer goods, until I had shown him everything in my stock except a pair of ear-rings worth $900, which I did not care to permit him to handle.

"I was a little out of patience with the fellow, and pointing to the ear-rings in the show-case, I told him the price, and he immediately asked to see them. Thinking that he might make an effort to grab them and run away, I lifted them from their velvet case and walked around the counter, holding them up to the light, as if my change of position was actuated by a desire to show the stones to the best advantage.

"He examined both stones very closely, and almost took away my breath when he said he would take them, and at the same time pulled out a large roll of bank notes from his pocket. He counted out $900, and after I had wrapped the earrings he bade me good night and hurried away. I was nonplussed. The man was a mystery to me, and I often thought of him, until one night about a month later when he came again.

"He wore a shiny silk hat, and his shabby clothing had been replaced by neat, but very expensive garments. He saw that I recognized him, and after a few words about the weather drew from his pocket the earrings I had sold him, and said that his wife disliked the settings and that he desired new ones. I showed him several other styles, and he soon selected one.

"Then he told me that he had expected a large amount of money, but had been disappointed, and finally, in a very frank, business-like manner, asked me if I would lend him $500 until the earrings would be reset. It looked a little like pawnbroker, but I believed that the man was in close quarters financially, and after critically examining the stones to see that they had not been changed, I gave him the money.

"At the time when I had told him the earrings would be ready he came, paid me the amount borrowed and $20 for the settings, but insisted that no allowance be made for the old settings. He thanked me for the favor, and went away.

"A week later he came again for new settings and a $500 loan, and he continued having those stones reset at irregular intervals nearly four years, each time asking for the money, and always paying it at the time appointed for the delivery of the earrings.

"During our long acquaintance I learned that he was an inveterate gambler who played high stakes, and that the diamond earrings had originally been bought as a nest-egg for days when luck was against him. He feared that a pawnbroker might change the stones, so instead of raising money on the earrings in the usual way, he adopted the novel scheme in which he involved me.

"Who wore the ear-rings? Nobody. He carried them around in a chamois bag. Did I not find it troublesome to have him borrowing and returning money so frequently? No; I liked the fellow, and, aside from that, it paid me too handsomely. His last visit here was a couple of months ago, when he left the ear-rings after picking out their twenty-second setting, and took away with him $500.

"The night they were to be finished I received a request from the man to call at his rooms. I found him alone in a cheerless little hall bedroom, dying of pneumonia. He was very grateful to me for having been his banker, as he put it, and asked me to see that he was decently buried, after telling me to keep the ear-rings for the money advanced and for the funeral expenses.

"I complied with his request. Have I the diamonds yet? No; I sold them last Christmas for $1,200, and they are now worn by one of the most fashionable women in the city.—Jewelers' Review.

Wood Fit for Violins.

An amateur violin-maker of Portland, Me., has secured a prize in a spruce beam from an old house at North Yarmouth. The beam had been seasoning for more than a hundred years, and the little boards sawn from it give forth the clear mellow sound that is desired in violin stock. Gemunder, the New York maker of violins, was in Portland recently and secured some of the wood.

A Pet Moose.

Mark Kenniston of Phillips, Me., has a bull moose which he raised from a calf, which is so tame that he turns it out every warm day to browse in the neighboring fields. He catches the big bull as easily as he would a pet lamb, and is breaking him to harness. He hitched the moose to a wagon last summer and was carried ten miles at a railroad speed before he could stop the animal.

GREAT CLOCKS.

Some Ancient Time-Pieces That Are Still Doing Duty in Tower and Steeple.

It is quite unnecessary to enumerate the marvelous clocks which have a world-wide celebrity, the Strasburg clock, for example, or that at Berne, the many old cathedral clocks in England, that, for instance, in Exeter, which retains the striking part made in 1300, while the great clock in Canterbury Catheral is nearly 600 years old. But it is of interest to know that two clocks have been exhibited in this country within the last fifteen years, which were made, we believe, at Columbus, Ohio, and one of which is an exact reproduction of the world-renowned clock of Strasburg Cathedral.

When we come to a consideration of modern clocks we find a variety, says the Jewelers' Review, limited only by length of purse and purpose for which they are intended, from the little time-piece costing less than $1, suitable for shipboard and traveling, to the exquisite horologe in marble and gold, with its cameos and statuettes, costing hundreds of dollars. Musical and chiming clocks play an important part in modern households as surely as they are losing favor in church steeples. They were invented in Germany and we read of them in 1580. As adapted to rooms, they are sometimes exceedingly sweet in tone and sometimes a very great nuisance.

However, chime clocks are favorites in many homes, and what is known as the Westminster chime is as popular as the cuckoo clock of German origin was awhile ago. Clocks are of course adapted in style to the rooms for which they are intended, and certainly no room is complete without one. It is becoming more and more usual to increase their number, and as everybody nowadays carries a watch of some sort or other, so every room, however hmmble has its clock.

In France notably, and in England usually, it is the fashion to have mantle-shelf sets, including the clock and candelabra of the same style, and very handsome such sets often are. For dining rooms they would be in marble or bronze, or dark carved woods; in the drawing rooms, of ormolu or gilt, beautifully decorated, very often with medallions painted by hand, and frequently covered by brass shades. Very handsome stands are made in Dresden china, the value of the clock depending, after a certain moderate sum for the works, entirely upon the material and workmanship of the case.

Sorting Amber.

When gathered amber is sorted the pale pieces go to the pipe makers of Turkey, Arabia, Egypt and Levant; the light bone-colored and veined pieces to the ornament makers of Italy; the full yellow to inner Africa and the South sea islands for the ornamentation of the dusky belles and the finer grades to France, England and the United States. The water amber is nearly all "clear;" the mine amber is generally the "clouded." An average price at the mine is $4 per pound, but fine varieties and pieces run up to fancy prices. The total production in 1890 amounted to 4,441,050 pounds, and this bids fair to be largely increased.—Tobacco.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Every transatlantic trip of the larger of the ocean liners costs from $15,000 to $20,000.

The hydraulic railroad now daily operated in Paris consists of four carriages or cars, each having a capacity of twenty-five passengers. The train runs as smoothly as a boat on water. There are no wheels, no steam, no electricity. Apparently everything moves on its own accord.

Government engineers have enumerated no less than 126 rivers in the Mississippi valley, which, in the present natural state, are not available to steam navigation, but which might be made so at a very reasonable cost. A two or three foot navigation for nine months of the year might be secured on a total of nearly 15,000 miles, and with a reasonable expenditure.

BUSINESS BREVITIES.

Ivory is sensitive to weather. Exposure to cold soon cracks it and renders billiard balls untrue. They are easily knocked out of shape, too, if not well seasoned or not well made. The centre of the tusk should go through the centre of the ball to preserve best a true spherical form.

A new English pattern of stair thread is made of alternate strips of lead and steel, the lead furnishing foothold and the steel preventing wear. The lead is cast in grooves in a plate of steel, and it is asserted that this form of step has unusual durability, not wearing smooth even under heavy travel.

There is now imported into this country a peculiar vegetable material from Orun, an Algerian seaport on the Mediterranean sea. The fibre of this substance possesses the quality of being so elastic that it can be used as a substitute for springs and the like in the manufacture of furniture backs and seats; it is so expansive, indeed, and so easily affected by higher temperatures in its dry state that, when packed, the bales have to be held in place by means of heavy steel bands. The peculiarity of this grass is that it thrives only around the volcanic slopes of Oran, and flourishes up to within a short distance of the craters themselves—the latter being always in a semi-active state, and the earth around so warm that not a plant of any kind can thrive or is ever seen to grow except this steel-like product, and the practical value of which is likely to be fully utilized in future.

THIS IS KLEPTOMANIA.

INSTANCES OF THEFT AMONG WEALTHY WOMEN.

Most Clever Methods Adopted by People Socially Prominent—How Madam Supplied Her Daughter With Earrings.

"Are there any kleptomaniacs in Louisville?" asked a representative of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Fourth street jeweller smiled at the question and led the way to a quiet corner. His feelings had been touched in a sore spot.

A short time ago, according to the jeweller, a wealthy woman bought a diamond brooch from his store and, tiring of it after a few months' wear sent it back to be worked into a different shape. One diamond was to remain over and be returned loose with the brooch. The woman's orders were carried out, and diamond and brooch, securely wrapped, given into her hands by a trustworthy employe. Hardly had the man returned from the errand when the woman telephoned that the loose diamond was missing. The jeweller was dumfounded. The messenger declared he had given the package to the woman just as he had received it from the jeweler. His employer believed him, but he could not bring himself to suspect the woman. He thought she might have dropped the stone while unwrapping the parcel, and suggested that explanation. But the woman was positive that no diamond was in the parcel when she received it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to make up the loss. This the jeweler did, but his suspicions were now aroused, and he determined to be watchful. It was not a great while before the woman came to the store with another piece of work. She had a diamond which she was going to send down to be set in a breastpin. In a few days the diamond came, and judge of the jeweler's surprise when he recognized by a peculiar flaw, the very diamond he had returned with the brooch! The jeweler's course was quickly taken. He simply kept the diamond. The woman has tacitly acknowledged her guilt, for, though this happened several years ago, she has never had the courage to claim it.

Another woman of almost equal prominence used to present each of her daughters on her sixteenth birthday with a handsome pair of earrings. When the youngest girl reached that age, her mother went as usual to the jewelry store and asked to look over the stock. None of the earrings seemed to suit her, and remarking that she would try Mr. So-and-so, around the corner, she left the store. When the clerk counted the earrings, as is the custom before putting them away, he found one pair missing; and notified the proprietor. The proprietor determined to await developments. In a few days the woman's daughter passed the store with the missing jewels conspicuously displayed. Clerk and jeweler were both confident; but, that there might be no mistakes, the jeweler decided to wait for a chance to identify them more accurately. The woman used to send her girls' earrings regularly to be cleaned, and this was the expected chance. Soon the earrings of the elder daughters came in, as usual; but those of the youngest daughter were not with them. The earrings of the older daughters continue at regular intervals to come in, but the pair of the youngest daughter are cleaned elsewhere. One thing can be said to the woman's credit. She is shrewder than the average kleptomaniac.

Another so-called kleptomaniac has proved more than a match for the wariest clerk. She seldom leaves a store but there is some article missing. The shopkeepers know her, and on such occasions a bill of whatever is missed is made out and presented to her husband. He is evidently acquainted with her peculiarities, for he always settles without a word. Another well-known woman the jeweller once detected trying to slip a ring into her pocket. The percentage of thieves in the upper circles is, of course, exceedingly small, but nevertheless much larger than one would suppose. That few of these thieves are men is not surprising when one remembers that there is little sympathy for a masculine thief of any class, and that therefore they are more liable to exposure.

Oddly Addressed.

Postoffice clerks don't appreciate jokes of a certain order. Not long ago a letter reached the New York York general postoffice seemingly addressed to no one in particular. But on its face was a capital picture of a big, rosy-cheeked apple, stem and all. Underneath it was "New York City." It was, to use a postal phrase, "iced" —that is, laid aside among other missives destined for the dead letter office.

Nobody expected that a claimant would turn up, but one did, and on the very day the letter arrived, too. He asked if there was "Anything for Andrew Appel."

At first the clerk said "No," but upon reflection concluded that perhaps he was in the presence of the owner of the missive.

In response to inquiries Mr. Appel said he was expecting to receive a letter from his brother. Sure enough the letter bore the postmark of the city named, and the clerk gave it to the expectant man.

"Yes, that's for me," he remarked. "That looks like an apple, don't it? Well, I'm 'An. Appel,' An. being short for 'Andrew;" and he left laughing at the construction of his brother's pleasantry.

Of all things in the world that are "better late than never," going to bed certainly ranks first.

A REMARKABLE WATCH.

It Does Not Injure It to Turn the Key Either Way.

From time to time there have appeared accounts of curious old watches, but I do not remember ever having seen an account of any such as I am about to describe, states a writer in the Jeweler's Review. Many years ago I was engaged in business in a seaport town, and on this particular day there had arrived a ship with its crew which had been out some three or four years. When the sailors had been paid off they made the town quite lively, and three sailors came into the shop who were pretty full and making lots of fun. One of them asked if I bought old watches. I hesitated, and finally asked to see the article in question. He handed it to me, saying, "It's a queer old watch; don't make any difference which way you wind it." This seemed very strange and excited my curiosity. Still I thought this chap is drunk and does not know what he is saying. I took the key from the bunch and wound it in the usual way. I tried it the other way and it seemingly wound all right that way. I opened it to look at the mechanism, but there was nothing unusual to be seen. The watch was an ordinary double case bull's eye English watch. Well, I bought the watch and it remained in the possesssion of the proprietor for nearly thirty years. About seven years ago there appeared in the Horological Journal an inquiry asking if any one had ever seen such a watch. It gave the name of the maker, who had died years before, and it advertised the watch, saying it was a nice invention, as it could be used even though the man was tipsy, and it might be intrusted to the servants without fear that it would come to grief. I answered and told the person that I had once had the fuzee of such a watch and had sent it to the museum of the British Horological institute in London. I dare say it has been examined by many. The mechanism was very curious and rather difficult to describe. The main wheel was fast on the arbor, which was turned very true, and was long enough to go through both plates of the watch. There was a piece which went on the arbor exactly like the cannon pinion with a square at the top for the key. The pinion at the bottom geared into a small pinion that turned on a stud which was fastened to the main wheel. This in turn geared into an internal gear which was fastened to the fuzee. On the lower edge of the fuzee was cut a ratchet, as is often seen in old watches. Fastened to the fuzee was a click that operated into the cannon pinion. Therefore, whichever way the key was turned it wound the watch.

A QUEER TRAVELER.

Interesting Stories Told of a Small Dog and a Black Cat.

An engineer employed on the works of the Yverdon and Simpson railway has a little terrier, states the London Spectator. As he was going away for some time he asked a friend at Yverdon to take charge of his dog. Bijou knew the lady well, and was apparently quite happy and comfortable, but in about a week disappeared. Mlle. J. naturally was much distressed, when, to her great relief, she received a letter from Lausanne, from Mr. R.'s mother, saying: "Bijou is with us; he appeared on Monday."

He remained at Lausanne a few days and then returned to Yverdon by train. This he repeated several times, always getting out at the right station, staying with Mme. R. occasionally three days. Needless to say all the officials knew him well. Whether he imagined he would find his master at his mother's house or whether, like all the rest of the world, he wanted a change, as he could not tell us, I cannot say.

My next story is of a cat, a black cat called Bonnivard, who lives at Montreux. He has learned how to open the door. Your readers know, no doubt, that the Swiss door handles are different from ours, going up and down. Bonnivard found that by jumping on the handles he could open the door. There is also in this house a gray cat, who is a great friend of his. One day Peter was outside and mewed to come in His mistress was busy writing and took no notice. Peter became more urgent. Bonnivard, who was asleep on a chair, raised his head and listened, and seeing Peter's wants still unattended to, he got up, walked across the room, opened the door and admitted his friend. I have heard that black cats are the most intelligent and tortoise-shell cats the most amiable of the cat tribe. I wonder if there is any ground for this belief?

One of Nature's Laws.

According to a law of nature, when a body is cooled it becomes heavier than when it is hot. There is one exception to the rule, however, and that is in the case of water. Do you know how important that exception is to us? Cool a can of water from, say, seventy degrees down to forty degrees, and then pour it into a tub of water whose temperature is warmer than forty degrees. You will see that the cooler water will sink immediately to the bottom of the tub. That is how our seas, lakes and rivers get circulation. But when the cooling process goes below thirty-nine degrees, strange to say, the water becomes lighter than it was when warm. Suppose it continued, as other bodies do, to get heavier as it got colder, do you not see what would happen? Ice, as soon as it formed, would sink to the bottom, layer upon layer, and seas, lakes and rivers would be frozen solid in winter. But the one freezing would do for all time, since the hottest sun of the hottest summer would not thaw the rigid mass.