THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU. - MISSOURI

HELEN.

Do you know since first I met you,
Helen dear,
I've been powerless to forget you—
Want you near?
That I cannot live without you?
There's a certain charm about you,
Causing me to never doubt you,
Which is queer,
Since so many girls have told me
They'd be true,
And as regularly sold me—
Not like you,
Who've been faithful to me ever,
Never sought our love to sever,
But with every fond endeavor,
Dearer grew.

Many times and oft, I've held you
On my knee,
Yet I never have compelled you
There to be;
Though I often used to kiss you,
And when far away would miss you;
I am certain that in this you
Will agree
That you sanctioned such caresses
As were those,
Yet their naughtiness no less is,
I suppose.
If Dame Rumor would but drop her
Sly remarks—but I can stop her,
You're my daughter; so it's proper—
Now she knows.

—Good Housekeeping.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

"Yes, I had some strange cases during the twenty years that I was in practice, but they were not as numerous as those I meet with now, in these days of hypnotism, trance and clairvoyance," said old Dr. Lacroix, with his fine smile, which was such an irresistible mixture of bonhommie and sarcasm, overspreading his ruddy, handsome countenance. "A great many strange things fall occasionally under the observation of an old man who for years has been a wanderer; an old idler who for his sins inherited one evil day just enough of the goods of this world to turn him from an energetic, hard-working physician into a useless member of society, with a pathological interest in his fellow beings and the queer positions in which he finds men placed on the chessboard of life. But in all the neurotic phenomena of which we have been speaking one has always to take account of the cases in which the subject has surrendered himself or herself voluntarily to the same, or, indeed, possibly, induced them." The old doctor paused and looked around at his audience of ladies with twinkling eyes. "Cases of deliberate—you understand me—deliberate trance, have not been unknown."

"Oh, yes — hysterical women," said one pretty girl.

"Hysterical women and women not hysterical," rejoined the doctor. "Some ten years ago I happened to find myself in a little German university town. These are dull little towns, but I like them. They have their charms. I liked this one especially because I had made the acquaintanceship of some of the students and quickly fraternized with them. They doubtless looked upon me as an old duffer whom one might as well humor. And I liked their youth, their reckless exhuberance, their unspent brain and strength. Naturally it was the medical student upon whom I expended my warmest sympathy and interest.

"There was especially a certain young countryman of ours for whom I had conceived a very kindly feeling. He was a pattern young man. He was exceedingly poor in the lnere of this world, and he spent far more of his time than proper in duels, and adventures of a more tender character. He had, when he chose to settle to his work, a rapidity of mental processes which outran the efforts of the plodders in no time. But, 'hang it, sir,' I used to say to him, 'when are you going to settle down for good? When will you become serious?' He had, side by side with his frivolities, a vocation for his profession which had caused me to prophesy more than once that when he had done sowing his wild oats there was the making of something tolerably remarkable in him.

"'I'm serious now,' he said to me one day. He had, in fact, entered with a graver countenance than usual. 'I've come across a very interesting case. I want you to help investigate it. Half the professors in the town are talking about it.'

"'You don't mean that trance case at the Archduke hotel?'

"'That very same.'

"He assured me that I need have no scruples about accompanying him.

"'The young lady's father — Devereux is their name—is so frantic with anxiety that he is quite willing anyone belonging to the profession should see and prescribe for his daughter. No explanation of her extraordinary condition can be found. The trance states continue to manifest themselves every day at the same time. Old Devereux—Mr. Devereux—has very little confidence in the German physicians. He would only be too glad to have an English M. D., even though not a practicing one, to take an interest in his daughter's case. I've been admitted, and I'm sure he will be equally civil to you."

Mr. Devereux, upon our reaching the Archdüke hotel, did indeed welcome us with a cordiality which was effusive. He had, in greeting us, the manner of a man shipwrecked on the planet of Mars who had suddenly fallen in with two familiar beings from mother earth. I had a suspicion that, had our meeting been under circumstances less productive of anxiety for him, he might have somewhat tempered his welcome. He was rather obviously the man of money whom sudden gains have inflated beyond his normal size. His early advantages had also, rather obviously, been rudimentary; nor had there been any apparent later effort to remedy such deficiencies. Presumably, however, Mr. Devereux had no consciousness of any shortcomings in this direction. His large countenance, now overspread by a sickly pallor, must usually be capable, I felt, of exuding a sease of immense prosperity and importance.

"Even in the brief conversation I had with him with regard to the mysterious pathological condition of Miss Estelle Devereux, a conversation during which the worthy man's parental anguish transpired plainly, he managed, incidentally, to allude to his courier, his daughter's maid, his private equipage with which he journeyed, his suites of apartments, which were those usually preserved at the Archduke for travelers of royal lineage alone.

"Miss Devereux was in an adjoining room, and presently we were hurried into her unconscious presence. The room, which was large, was filled with knots of men, young, old and middle-aged — professors, doctors, students. Miss Devereux's maid, a very demure young woman, with lowered eyes, sat by the lounge, where, outstretched, lay Miss Devereux's inanimate form.

"One may be a doctor as much as one likes, but it is an incontestable, if reprehensible, fact that one remains a man for all that. I will confess that the first thing that struck me was the young lady's beauty. In a loose morning robe of very poetic and exquisite effect, she was from her fair head to her small slipper, visible beyond the hem of her dress, certainly a most charming and attractive vision.

"I don't want to do my profession an injustice, but I must say I suspect that every man present felt the power of her beauty. Even to old Schultze, the great authority on hypnotism (who had married his housekeeper suddenly one morning because, as he said, he must have some one to see that he did not forget his nightcap, without which he always took cold, and he had no time to look for a wife), was quite aware of this fact. As for Haskins, he was so overcome that he actually dropped his stick.

"The maid got up and bent over her young mistress, smoothing something about her pillow.

"'It is the most astonishing thing, gentlemen,' said old Devereux to us in a hoarse whisper, 'but just about this time she is gifted with the most extraordinary clairvoyance. We had almost what you might call a "see-ants" here recently. You can ask her whatever you like and she can answer it.'

"Haskins nudged me.

"'Ask her something.'

"I approached the couch. Miss Devereux lay rigid, her eyes closed, yet there was a faint, warm flush on her lovely face. I bent slightly over her with some questions, I scarcely remember what, but her lips began to move before I had fairly begun.

"'I see a man,' she answered, 'two men. One is quite young, very tall, with blonde hair. The other is older, with gray hair. They come in together, I see them coming. They pass over the bridge. They stop on the way. They are going into a shop. I don't know just what kind of a shop. I can't see. It looks as though there were a great many little wooden boxes, with no covers, under a glass case. The two gentlemen are buying something. I can't tell; I can't see.' The voice died away in a sigh.

"I stood dumb. I remembered that Haskins on the way had complained of being out of cigars and that he had, after passing the bridge, gone into a shop and bought some.

"The auditors looked at us though for confirmation. Haskins and I nodded. Old Schultze grumbled something about 'very unusual case' in his beard. One or two of the professors came forward. One felt Miss Devereux's pulse. 'Rather weak, but normal.'

"'Weak, sir: weak!' cried old Devereux in his sick room whisper. 'It's a wonder she has any pulse at all. Eats nothing — absolutely nothing! Hasn't for a week, gentlemen.'

"Schultze shook his head, came nearer, seized the girl's delicate wrist in his grimy paw and raised her arm. The arm participated in the rigidity of the entire body.

"'Curious! Curious!'

"'And yet the case presents features unlike any of the authenticated cases on record,' said Dr. Hohn to Dr. Bahn.

"Haskins, the next day, came for me, as he had done before, and, as before, Miss Estelle Devereux gave us an account of the way we had taken to reach her, with various other details as to how I had employed my time during the morning—which only Haskins, who had dropped in upon her for only a little while, could have known.

"This state of affairs continued for upward of a fortnight. Miss Estelle Devereux's trances occurred at the same hour every day and lasted for the same length of time, and were always accompanied by most curious exhibitions of clairvoyance and clairaudience, of which she had never given evidence at any other period of her life. Mr. Devereux still asserted that she ate next to nothing, and the statement was verified by the attendants of the Archduke hotel.

"The wise heads of the university town for once were at a loss, and shook their unkempt masses in vain before the puzzle.

"Old Schultz at last suggested that the test of hot irons be appiled the next day to the soles of the subject's feet.

"I happened to be in her room and very near her lounge at the time. The maid sat at the foot, and Haskins was not far off. At mention of the hot irons it seemed to me that I saw something like the shadow of a tremor flutter though the patient's eyelids. The maid stirred, and Haskins took a step forward. As I turned I met his eyes. Miss Devereux lay like a waxen image, motionless as before. Drs. Schultze, Hohn, Bahn and all the rest had been too deep in their disputations to notice anything whatever.

"When we got out into the street I faced Haskins with the question:

"'Has it ever occurred to you that this charming young lady we have just left might be shamming?"

"Ladies, that was a most extraordinary glance the rascal turned upon me.

"'Well, of course, cases of hysterical women having resources to such pieces of imposture to gain certain ends are common enough. But what could Miss Devereux have to gain?' quoth he.

"'Ah, that is the interesting qoint, and one I firmly believe you to know a very great deal about.'

"'I?' His eyes danced.

"'Yes, you.'

"'Oh, come, doctor!'

"His manner confirmed the fantastic suspicion which had grafted itself upon me.

"'Look here, young man,' I exclaimed, thoroughly aroused, 'what game are you playing?'

"He broke into a laugh.

"'Great heavens, doctor, don't scream so! If you'll only keep still a moment I'll tell you. But you must give me your word first that you will not repeat—'

"'I shall promise nothing of the sort!' I cried. 'What preposterous piece of imposture and tomfoolery is this? I wish to know. I will be party to no such scandal.'

"We had reached my own door, and Haskins, hastily slipping his arm through mine, dragged me within.

"'Now, I'll tell you,' he exclaimed, breathlessly, and half laughing still, 'I'll count on your silence in spite of your threats. Miss Devereux—'

"'What do you know of Miss Devereux?'

"'Don't interrupt me at every step!' he shouted. 'I'm in love with her—madly, passionately— and have been ever since she first came here with that old idiot of a father of hers three months ago. I love her and she—she loves me! I am not going to tell you how we met first. It would take too long. But Es—Miss Devereux knew very well that she could never get her father's consent to our marriage. I should not wonder if the old duffer thinks he will be able to buy up some grand duke for her. Pshaw! Well, the long and the short of the matter is that Es—Miss Devereux hit upon this plan. Oh, she's a witch, I can tell you! When the game has been played long enough I step in and cure her. Don't you see? Great gratitude on the part of the old men, paternal benediction, etc., etc. See?'

"'I see that you are a pair of disgraceful young—'

"'Oh, no, doctor! Now, now, come!' he laughed. 'You know you'll stand by us.'

"'And you and that preciously demure little maid were in collusion as to the clairvoyance, the continued fasting and all the rest of it?'

"'Yes, yes! Come, acknowledge the scheme was original at least! But it has been played long enough. It must stop now. To-morrow I shall come forward with a claim of having found a clew to Miss Devereux's strange affection. Her amelioration will be miraculously rapid. I shall have established a reputation for the greatest future eminence in my future father-in-law's sight, and'—he broke into stentorian laughter afresh and threw his arm about my shoulder—'you, doctor, will dance at our wedding!'

"What shall I tell you further, ladies? I kept their secret after all. Miss Devereux grew steadily better, thanks to young Dr. Haskins' medicines, and now—they have, those two, been married nearly two years."—Boston Traveler.

TO MEASURE A CORAL REEF.

The Object of an Expedition That Lately Left Australia.

An attempt is now being made, under the auspices of the Royal society, to ascertain the actual thickness of a coral reef. An expedition has started from Sydney, in her majesty's ship Penguin, in order to make a deep boring at Funafuti, one of the Ellice islands.

The idea was started five or six years ago by Prof. Sollas, of Dublin, and after discussion at meetings of the British association, was brought before the government grant committee of the Royal society last year, by whom it was referred to the council of that society. This body made application to the admiralty, who permitted her majesty's ship Perguin, now engaged in surveying in those seas, to convey the members of the expedition and their apparatus thither from Sydney, and to assist them during the progress of the work.

The government of New South Wales, on being approached by Prof. Stuart, of the University of Sydney, and other men of science in that place, have lent to the expedition all the "plant" necessary for boring and their own skilled workmen, contributing to the payment of their wages and in every way cordially cooperating. A sum of over £900 has been furnished by the Royal society, from the government grant and other sources. Prof. Sollas, with the other members of the expedition, is now on his way on board the Penguin to Funafuti. It is intended to make a boring into the atoll to a depth of not less than 1,000 feet, and to collect all the information possible about the growth and history of a coral reef. On this subject the examination, if no ill-fortune await the expedition, can hardly fail to throw much light, and to help in clearing up a controversy which has now been waged for some time as to whether Darwin was right or wrong in attributing atolls and barrier reefs to the subsidence of an area on which coral was growing.—London Standard.

him a sum of money to provide the necessary materials for a bath, and on his next visit to the institution found it full of veterans scraping themselves with potsherds. "Scrape away, gentlemen, but you shall not scrape an acquaintance with me," was Hadrian's comment as he went out.

—"To scrape an acquaintance" was originated by Emperor Hadrian. Once when visiting the public bath he found an old veteran scraping himself with a piece of broken crockery, in lieu of an iron or copper scraper. Hadrian gave

ST. PETER'S EVE.

Pope Leo Goes to Pray at the Tomb of the Chief Apostle.

From time immemorial the well containing the marble staircase which leads down to the tomb of St. Peter has been called the "Confession." The word, I believe, is properly applied to the altar-rail, from the ancient practice of repeating there the General Confession immediately after receiving the communion, a custom now somewhat modified. But I may be wrong in giving this derivation. Indeed, a marble balustrade follows the horseshoe shape of the well, and upon it are placed 95 gilded lamps, which burn perpetually. There is said to be no special significance in the number, and they produce very little effect by daylight.

But on the eve of St. Peter's day, and perhaps at some other seasons, the pope has been known to come down to the church by the secret staircase leading into the Chapel of the Sacrament, to pray at the apostle's tomb. On such occasions a few great candlesticks with wax torches are placed on the floor of the church, two and two, between the chapel and the confession. The pope, attended only by a few chamberlains and noble guards, and dressed in the customary white cassock, passes swiftly along in the dim light and descends the steps of the gilded gate beneath the high altar. A marble pope kneels there too, Pius VI., of the Braschi family, his stone draperies less white than Pope Leo's cassock, his marble face scarcely whiter than the living pontiff's alabaster features.

Those are sights which few are privileged to see. There is a sort of centralization of mystery, if one may couple such words, in the private pilgrimage of the head of the church to the tomb of the chief apostle, by night, on the eve of the day which tradition has kept as the anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom from the earliest times. The whole Catholic world, if it might, would follow Leo XIII. down those marble steps, and 200,000,000 voices would repeat the prayer he says alone.

Many and solemn scenes have been acted out by night in the vast gloom of the enormous church, and if events do not actually leave an essence of themselves in places, as some have believed, yet the knowledge that they have happened where we stand and recall them has a mysterious power to thrill the heart.—Martin Crawford, in Century.

INFLUENCE OF GLASS ON WINE.

A Singular and Almost Incredible Story About Bottles.

Probably 99 persons out of every 100, taken at random, would ridicule the idea that the quality of the glass of which a bottle may be made can have any influence on the taste or keeping qualities of its contents. And yet that it does do so we have the best of evidence. We are not alluding to the influence of light shining through flasks and its action on the substance contained, but the direct chemical reaction occurring within the glass and the material within the flask.

Very recently the following case occurred in France: A wealthy retired merchant bought a lot of very costly and rare wine in casks, samples of the wine from each cask being given him by the wine merchant. The wine was delivered, and the new owner proceeded to have it racked off and bottled. Some time afterwards some of the wine was brought to the table, and on tasting it the host detected a strange, unpleasant taste, which was also noticed by the guests. A fresh bottle was found to be similarly affected, and bottle after bottle was opened with the same result. An examination of the stock in the cellar developed the fact that every bottle of the recent purchase was spoiled. A suit was brought against the wine merchant, who declared that he had delivered the article exactly according to the samples furnished. On examining these latter they were found in excellent condition.

It is unnecessary to go into details, but during the course of the action of the law some of the bottles were produced in court, when it was found that the glass had become opaque. The bottles were handed over to a chemist, along with one of the lot purchased for bottling the wine, which had never been used. This is what the chemist found in the glass of the unused bottle: Silicic acid 52.4, potash and soda 4.4, lime 32.1, argillaceous matter, iron, etc., 11.1. In the examination of the bottles that had been used, while the silicic acid and argillaceous material remained constant, or nearly so, the lime, potash and soda were very much diminished, and it was made evident that they had passed into the solution, forming compounds with the acid ingredients of the wine, decomposing the latter and rendering it unfit to drink.—National Druggist.

Photographing Thought.

Thought has been photographed by Dr. Baraduc, a Roumanian; at least that is what he tells the Paris Academie de Medicine, backing up his assertion by many photographs. These are said to be rather cloudy, though a few are distinct, representing persons and things. The method employed is for the person whose thought is to be photographed to enter a dark room, place his hand on a photographic plate, and think intently on the object to be reproduced. Dr. Baraduc asserts that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance, and instances the case of Dr. Istrate and Mr. Hasdeu. Dr. Istrate, before going to Campina, 180 miles from Bucharest, told his friend, Mr. Hasdeu, that he would appear on one of his photographic plates in Bucharest. On a specified night Mr. Hasdeu went to bed at Bucharest with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head, while Dr. Istrate went to bed at Campina, willing with all his might that his image should appear on his friend's plate. Persons who have seeen the plate say that there is on it a luminous spot in the middle of which a man's profile can be mede out.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—School directors in the district of Duverne, Ia., have ordered a cyclone cave dug at each of the schoolhouses in the district.

—It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

—The archbishop of London estimates the contribution of churchmen to religious objects during the last 25 years as amounting to about $400,000,000. Over $105,000,000 has been spent on elementary education.

—Some idea of the amazing growth of our universities is furnished by the statement that nearly 1,200 students have presented themselves for this year's examination for admission to Yale alone; the prosperity of Yale is no exception to the general rule.

—Prince Nikita, of Montenegro, has sanctioned the building of a Roman Catholic church at Cettinje, and will himself supply the greater part of the money needed. The church will be for about 150 Albanians, Turks and Austrians who reside in the town, as no Montenegrin is a Catholic.

—The Presbyterian church has made wonderful progress in every Christian country in the world during the century that is nearly gone. The United States 100 years ago Presbyterianism held the eighth place among the evangelical denominations. To-day it is the fourth largest body in this country.

—Father Mortara, a regular canon of St. Augustine, who has just been appointed to the charge of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, is said to be the Edgar Mortara whose kidnaping in 1858 by the archbishop of Bologna set all Europe in a ferment. The child of Jewish parents, he was alleged to have been baptized by a maid servant, and the Church of Rome claimed him. Neither Lord John Russell, nor the archbishop of Canterbury, nor Sir Moses Montefiore, who went to Italy for the purpose, succeeded in obtaining his release.

CLEVER SAYINGS OF COL. NORTH

He Wanted Some New Words for His Vocabulary.

The late Col. North, the nitrate king had a ready, if somewhat rough, style of wit peeliar to himself. The trap in which he was seated being on one occasion blocked in a crowded thoroughfare in immediate juxtaposition to a costermonger's cart laden with vegetables, the coachman, finding that the horse was about to help himself to the cabbages, would have backed the animal out of harm's way.

"Let him graze," said the colonel; "I want to hear the man swear!" The costermonger, turning his head around at this moment, the colonel's wish was promptly gratified by an exceptionally choice and extensive selection of expletives. "Bravo!" said North, as he threw the man a coin that would have more than bought the whole cargo of vegetables. "I thought I was pretty well educated in your line myself, but hang me if you haven't taught me four new adjectives."

North, although fond of pictures, hated what one calls "doing galleries." Once, being pressed to go and see a picture after Rubens, he quickly replied: "After Rubens! Why, surely, Rubens was the brute they were after last year when you dragged me in here. Haven't they caught the old cuss yet?" The colonel loved children, but was not wildly keen on kissing babies miscellaneously. Once, being implored by a handsome lady to kiss an exceptionally unwholesome-looking infant, of which the mother stated herself to be the living image, "Well, here goes for the image," said North, and he forthwith imprinted a sounding kiss on the fair mother's cheek.—London World.

Has London Reached Full Growth?

The result of the recent census shows that during the last five years the population has increased somewhat less rapidly than it did in the previous ten, 1881-1891. The number of people turned out to be some 15,000 below the estimate formed on the basis of 1891. The difference is small, but important, as it shows that the previous fall in the rate of increase is maintained. The population is growing at a less and less rapid pace. At the beginning of the century it used to increase by more than 20 per cent. in the ten years between successive censuses; in 1881-1891 that rate had fallen to 10.4 per cent., the lowest on record; and now it is still less. The movement is not part of a general decline; it is peculiar to London, and seems to indicate that the huge overgrowth of the metropolis has begun to cure itself. No town can go on growing indefinitely, and even London—monstrous as it is—has not fulfilled the expectations of earlier statisticians. For the four years 1871-74 the average birth rate was 35.2; for the four years 1891-94 it was only 30.9. There has been a gradual and almost continuous fall from year to year, which has not been counterbalanced by the simultaneous but slighter fall in the death rate from 22.7 to 19.9. Fewer people die in proportion to the population, but still fewer are born. This is explained by the increasing disinclination to marry. The marriage rates for the two periods contrasted are 19.6 and 17.3 respectively.—St. James Gazette.

A Rich Legacy.

Jim Webster—Hain't seed yer in a coon's age. Heard bofe yer fodder and yer mudder died. Am dat so?

Sam Johnsing (on the wagon)—Dat's de fac'. Dey's bofe dead.

"What did yer git from 'em? Labe yer much legacies?"

"Lemme see. From my fodder I got a misery in de chest, an' from my mudder his heah lubly shaped mouf what's talkin' ter yer."—Texas Sifter.

In Danger.

Jasper—I wonder why Jones whistles so much.

Jumpuppe—Probably to keep up his courage. A man who whistles as badly as he does is in constant danger of death.—Truth.

HUMOROUS.

—"When I'm a man—" began Bobbie. "What will you do?" asked his mother. "I'll name my boy after popper, and my! how I'll spank him!"—Harper's Bazar.

—"What would you say," she asked her dearest friend, "if I told you I was engaged to the count?" "I'm sure I don't know," replied the dearest friend absent-mindedly, "because I never did think much of his taste."—Chicago Post.

—Solicitude.—"William," she said, "will you do something that is for your own good?" "What is it?" "I want you to give up smoking. You are simply ruining your health and my lace curtains."—Washington Star.

—Wraggles—"Well, Adam was a lucky man." Barker—"In what particular way?" Wraggles—"He didn't have to prance around the garden like a blamed idiot holding Eve on a hundred-dollar bike."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Young Medical Student (to charity patient)—"I—I think you must have a—a some kind of a—a fever; but our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come in again in a week, when we get to fevers."—Tit-Bits.

—"That's a curious typographical error," said Mrs. Partridge. "The title of this new book is printed 'The Viking Age.'" "Well, why not?" asked Partridge. "What ought it to be?" "Why—Biking, oughtn't it?"—Tit-Bits.

—Tramp—"Want your grass cut, mum?" Lady—"No; no one cuts their grass at this time of year." Tramp—"Well, I'll contrack for next year." Lady—"Mercy! I may be dead by that time." Tramp—"I'll contrack to see that your grave is kept green."—N. Y. Herald.

WONDERS OF BIRD MIGRATION.

Some Fly During the Day and Others at Night.

The manner of travel differs greatly among the birds. Nearly everybody has seen or heard the flocks of wild geese passing over in the night, making tremendous leaps, so to speak, across the country on their way south. That the shore birds bound to Patagonia travel in like fashion has already been told. Probably the great majority of birds travel south in great flocks at tremendous height from the earth. They are thus able in pleasant weather at least to see the landscape and so direct their way unvaryingly. In storms and fogs they lose their way, become confused, plunge about among the tree tops, fly through the streets of cities and dash themselves to death against the windows of lighthouses. To my mind this gathering of timid birds like the thrush—birds that live the summer through close to the ground and are never seen 100 feet above the soil—the gathering, I say, of birds like these in great flocks that go careening high in air for vast distances over the land by night is the greatest marvel of migration. It seems a matter of course that swallows should do so, for they are tireless.

On the other hand there are birds that are seen by day in "a ceaseless tide of migration." "They pass leisurely from tree to tree, gleaning as they go," says one observer writing on the characteristics of warblers. It is worth noting that the birds who migrate in this fashion are peculiar in their habits as workers—they never waste any time in play. The robins, the orioles, the bobolinks make a picnic excursion of their annual flight, but the plodders of the feathered race must needs carry their knitting to camp meeting. It has been supposed that the birds who migrate by night do so to escape the attacks of predatory birds, but these plodding migrants are quite as subject to attacks as any. Besides, on the clear nights when the night flyers go they are certainly subject to attacks from owls. There are so many things we do not know about the habits of birds that it seems worth while to call attention to points that may be disputed in the hope that some who seek knowledge out of pure love of it may turn their attention to this most interesting part of life in nature.—Colette Smiley, in Chautauquan.

Wonderful Suns.

Astronomers are not yet all agreed as to the causes of the variations of color and brilliancy which are exhibited by many stars. In the constellation Cepheus, in the northern sky, there is a star named Delta Cephei, which in the course of about three days alternately gains and loses a large part of its light. The spectroscope has proved that Delta Cephei consists of two stars revolving around one another in a very elliptical orbit, although they never get far enough apart to be separately visible from the earth. Even when viewed with a telescope their light is blended into a single star disk, although if we could go near enough to them we should find that they are, in reality, millions of miles apart. When brightest, the united light of the twin stars is two or three times greater than when faintest. One of the explanations recently offered by astronomers to account for these changes is that one of the stars composing Delta Cephei has a very thick atmospheric veil, consisting of clouds of condensed metallic vapors, and that when the stars draw near one another in their orbital motion the increase of heat dissipates the obscuring veil, and permits the star to which it belongs to shine with a splendor that it cannot obtain when its rays are interrupted by its envelope of clouds. It is hard to believe that the inhabited worlds could exist in the neighborhood of such a pair of suns as that.—Youth's Companion.

Water from Solid Rock.

A most interesting fact has been discovered by a Swedish scientist. It is that water can be found by boring into granite and other crystalline rocks to a depth of 100 to 700 feet. A well was sunk in the Island of Akro, off the Swedish coast, not long ago, and at a depth of 110 feet fresh water was tapped, providing an apparently inexhaustible supply.—Chicago Tribune.