

THE DEMOCRAT.

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CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI.

CARE'S SLAVE.

It was the budding May-time,
The white boughs overhead;
"Oh, give to me some play-time,
Good Master Care," I said.
I saw his head begin to shake—
"Not now, just wait and see—
I'll give you a holiday
When planting's done," said he.

It was the glowing summer;
How cool the woodland's shade!
Again an eager comer,
"Oh, give to-day!" I prayed.
"Old Master Care his forehead knit;
"The grass is ripe to mow."
Work on till haying-time is past,
And then I'll let you go."

It was the glad September;
The maple leaves were red.
"Oh, Master Care! Remember,
You promised me," I said.
"And you will find," he answered me,
"I'll keep my promise true,
And you may sport when harvest's done,
With nothing else to do."

Now winter winds are blowing—
(How weak I feel and old!)
And, by the hearth, bright glowing,
I shiver with the cold.
And Care sits down beside me,
And counts up, one by one,
The tasks that I have done—
Or I have left undone;
While I, low muttering to myself,
Wish I had laughed and sung,
And had my share of honest joy
When I was strong and young.
—Marion Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

SWIPES.

BY HOWARD SEGUR.

Swipes was, to use the vernacular of the day, the kid around the telegraph office in the little town of Crompton. Who his parents were—if, indeed, he ever had any—was not definitely known by the people of Crompton. No one seemed to take sufficient interest in him to look up his lineage, further than that almost any one of the villagers could tell you that he had been shipped to the town some years before with four other boys of about his own age—seven years—from the orphans' home at Boston, with the expectation of finding homes for them among the farmers of eastern Nebraska.

His four companions had only stopped with the farmers to whom they were assigned long enough to get fitted out with clothing, when they silently left for parts unknown. Rumor had it that there were missing from the various homes they had left numerous articles of clothing and jewelry, and one farmer said that he had missed \$25 that he had carelessly left in his pocketbook on the kitchen table the night of the disappearance.

Swipes, whose real name—so far as he knew—was Harry Russell, did not go with the other boys, but a good many said that if he could have had his choice he would certainly have gone.

So strong was the talk in the neighborhood against the boys that Deacon Bowles, who was hard-fisted, avaricious farmer, and who had "taken Swipes to raise," finally said:

"Yes, indeed he must go! How do I know but what he is stayin' here as a kind of a decoy, to either steal everything on the place he can lay his hands on, or murder the whole family some night in cold blood?"

As the deacon was a man of his word, Swipes was unceremoniously bounced. Being in a strange country, the boy hardly knew what to do or where to go. Had he been in the city he would have known what to do at once. As it was, he finally concluded that he must reach Denver in some way, where he would get a "kit" and go to blacking boots or selling papers, as he had done in Boston.

As Denver was a long distance away, and the only practicable means of reaching that point was by rail, he naturally drifted to the station to inquire concerning the distance, fare and time of trains. He met the station agent as he was starting for the livery stable with an important message for Deacon Bowles, which he intended sending to the country by "special messenger."

When he saw Swipes he stopped abruptly and said: "Hello! you're the very one I'm looking for. I've a message for the deacon, and you can save me the trouble of looking up some one to deliver it."

"I ain't stayin' at his place now," said Swipes.

"Since when?"

"This mornin'; he fired me."

"Well, is that so? You won't object to make half a dollar, will you, by taking this message to him?"

"No, sir; I can take it." Saying which, Swipes took the message and walked back to the deacon's.

"Thought I told you to leave the place!" shouted the deacon, as he caught a glimpse of Swipes through the hedge, as he reached the end of a row of corn he was plowing.

"Guess they ain't no law agin a feller bringing a message to you, is they?" queried Swipes, as he handed the message through the hedge fence to the deacon.

As he read the telegram, the deacon grew livid with rage, as was his custom when things did not go as he wished them to. "No, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I'll not take the young upstart to keep through vacation to have him pester and worry the life out of me," alluding to the contents of the message, which was from his wealthy nephew in the city, who asked the deacon to keep his son through the summer vacation. The deacon had kept him the summer before and, as a compensation for his trouble, had received a hundred dollars, which was welcome to the hard-fisted old curmudgeon.

"Well, why don't you go?" growled the deacon when, after reading the message, he saw that Swipes was still waiting.

"I want half a dollar," rejoined Swipes.

"A half a dollar! What do you want a half a dollar for?"

"For deliverin' that message; I'm special messenger," said Swipes, straightening up to his full height.

"A half dollar for walkin' from the deapo with a message, when I didn't give you that much for a month's work! I won't pay it!" and the deacon shook his fist at Swipes in a menacing manner.

"All right, ol' man; the feller that sent it will have to pay it, then," retorted Swipes, as he started off.

The deacon turned his team; gave his trousers a hitch; took off his shoe and knocked the dirt out of it by striking it against the plow beam; replaced it; took a chew of tobacco; slapped the old sorrel mare on the rump with the lines, and resumed plowing corn.

He had not gone over half way across the 40-acre field ere he regretted that he had not paid for the delivery of the message. If his nephew were compelled to pay for it, he would be notified that the deacon had refused payment, which would be the means of knocking the deacon out of the \$100 which he so much coveted.

By the time he had returned to the side of the field where Swipes had given him the message he had concluded to hail the boy and pay him the 50 cents, if he could not find him down to 25. Swipes was nearly a mile away, and the deacon could not get his attention, although he called lustily. He finally unhitched his team, and mounting the old sorrel mare, started her toward town at her best gait. When he had overtaken Swipes the deacon said:

"I'll give you 25 cents for fetchin' out that air message, an' not another cent."

"I ain't carryin' messages three miles for 25 cents," answered Swipes, in a sarcastic tone. "An' since you're so anxious to settle, it'll take jist a dollar an' a half to square it," he added.

The agent had told Swipes that the telegraph company would allow a messenger to collect 50 cents per mile "in some cases."

The deacon foamed and raged, threatening a whipping and arrest, but to no avail. Swipes stuck to his price.

After making the boy promise that nothing would be said to his nephew about refusing payment for the delivery of the message, the deacon grudgingly paid the \$1.50.

When Swipes related the circumstance to the agent it so amused him that the little fellow was immediately engaged as messenger boy, which position was vacant at the time. The salary was small, though more than enough to pay his board, and by sleeping in the office he was able to economize closely enough to clothe himself fairly well. He also had the privilege of learning telegraphy and station work.

Thus it was that, at the end of ten years, Swipes had charge of the baggage department of the station at a salary of \$25 a month.

The name of "Swipes" still clung to him, though he had proven himself not only an honest young man, but a gentleman in every sense of the word. Although he worked hard and faithfully for the company, there appeared to be no show for promotion for him.

"There is no hope for me," he would say. "How can I, who have not even a name for sure, ever expect promotion, when I must compete with young men who have respectable parents and nice homes! If they want promotion, some one of their influential friends who has a 'stand-in' with the superintendent or some other official of the road, speaks a good word for them and they go right past me!"

He would not even unburden himself to his closest friend—the agent—as he had arrived at that point in a young man's life where the conviction is forced upon him that no one cares whether he lives or dies. He plodded along during the day, and attended a night school in the evening. He had mastered station work, and was capable of taking charge of and running a small station—with the exception of telegraphing; in this he appeared to be rather obtuse, although he could telegraph, after a fashion.

The only recreation he took was with his bicycle. He had become an expert on a wheel and was considered authority on anything pertaining to cycling.

Swipes still slept in the office. A section of the wainscoting partition between the baggage-room and the office had been cut out and the lower side hung on hinges, and a stationary box bunk had been made in the opening in the baggage-room, which had a drop door on the baggage-room side, so there would be a chance for a draught in the warm weather when both doors were open, and could be closed when not in use.

One night in the fall he crawled into his bunk from the baggage-room, and, as the night was rather chilly, he did not drop the door on the office side. He soon fell asleep. How long he had slept he could not say, but suddenly he found himself wide awake.

Presently he heard someone conversing in a low tone in the office, directly in front of his bunk. He recognized in one of the speakers the new night operator, who had arrived but a day or two before. The other voice was strange to him. As he listened he heard unfolded a plot that almost caused his heart to cease beating.

The new operator was a member of a gang who intended to wreck No. 16, the east-bound express train, due at Crompton at 1:20 that night. As the operator knew nothing of the bunk being in the baggage-room, and Swipes had made no noise on retiring, he supposed that he and his pal were alone. It seemed that a part of the gang had gone to a bridge, which crossed a wide, deep ravine, five miles west of town, and would remove the angle bars from two rails at the west end of the bridge, and pull the rails over three or four inches and spike them, thus making a sure thing of a complete wreck of the train. During the confusion consequent upon the

wreck, the wreckers would rush in and secure \$300,000 which the operator had notified them was in the express run that night, and then make their escape, straightening up to his full height.

Even now the wreckers were getting the rails in shape to insure the contemplated disaster. How could Swipes avert it? There were two desperate men in the office who were certainly armed. Swipes had nothing to combat them with save a pocket-knife. It would be useless to attempt to overpower them.

He quietly arose, slipped his clothing on, stepped to the window, and by the light of the moon, just disappearing under the western horizon, saw by his watch that it only lacked ten minutes of the time when No. 16 was to leave Brewster, the station west of Crompton.

His line of action was laid out in an instant. Quietly opening the baggage-room door, he rolled his bicycle outside and, taking a lantern with a red globe in one hand, he mounted, and was soon speeding westward at a tremendous rate. Faster and faster he urged his wheel. He could never pass the bridge in time to stop the train. Then, too, he would be seen by the wreckers if he attempted it, as the wagon road followed the right of way at the bridge. It was impossible to go around off the road on account of the ravines. Precious moments were flying. Swipes set his teeth together with a bull dog determination and pedaled for life.

In his strenuous efforts to get more speed out of his wheel one of the pedals broke, causing him almost to take a header. He sprang to the ground and jerked the tool bag from the wheel; as he did so the wrench fell out, struck the globe of the lantern and broke it into fragments.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "what am I to do!"

But not a moment did he lose. Seizing a pair of pliers and a short piece of wire which fell from the tool bag, he dashed up the road like mad, leaving his wheel where it had fallen.

Far away in the distant city the train-dispatcher was slowly calling Brewster station for the report of train 16. The train had been a few minutes late all the evening, but was gaining, and he had hoped to have it reach Brewster on time. It was now just due at Brewster, and he continued to call:

"Bu, Bu, Bs, Bu, Bu—"

There was an interruption on the circuit. First a few unintelligible sputters from the instrument, then slowly was spelled out the following:

"T-r-a-i-n w-r-e-c-k-e-d-s h-a-v-e r-e-m-o-v-e-d t-w-o r-a-i-l-s a-t h-i-g-h l-e-v-e-l-g-e. F-o-r G-o-d-s-s-t-o-p N-o S-i-x—"

Then the wire came open.

The dispatcher comprehended the situation in an instant. He sprang to the key on another line and fairly made the telegraph instrument jump from the table as he called Brewster. He finally raised him and said:

"No, 16!"

"Here, go in min.," was the response. "Hold 16; don't let her get away!"

No answer to his order.

Again he made the sounder hum as he rapidly called "Bu."

Presently he was interrupted by the operator at Brewster answering:

"Just in time to catch hind end rear coach and pull bell cord as train started."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the dispatcher.

In a very few moments orders were given to the section men to proceed to the high bridge ahead of No. 16 and thoroughly examine the bridge before allowing the train to cross. And to also examine wire No. 1, for an opening between Brewster and Crompton.

Two rails were found with angle bars removed and the spikes drawn and pulled out in such shape as would have sent the train to destruction.

After getting the track in shape and the train safely over the bridge, the trackmen proceeded to look for a break in line No. 1. As it was now daylight the line could be plainly seen.

Three miles west of Crompton the break was found. Swipes was also found at the break, with one broken arm, and his right leg broken above the knee. He had climbed a telegraph pole which was supplied with a "ground wire," cut the main wire and attached the wire he had taken from the toolbag of his bicycle to the west end of the main wire, so it would be long enough to tap against the ground wire on the pole. He could just accomplish this by hanging on to the pole at the extreme top. Then he was able to roughly spell out a message of warning by tapping the main line to the ground wire, although he had no means of knowing whether he was heard or not. Receiving a severe shock from the wires, he had lost his hold upon the pole and fallen to the ground, thereby breaking his limbs.

Swipes privately told his story to the agent after his fractured limbs had been attended to, and the superintendent of the road was sent for. On the arrival of that official the night operator was placed under arrest, and when confronted with the knowledge of his crime he turned state's evidence and furnished information which was the means of securing the arrest and subsequent conviction of the entire gang.

To-day Swipes is chief train dispatcher of that road. When asked how he came into that position, being younger than most men holding similar situations, he proudly points to a queer-shaped glass case which contains an old-fashioned high wheel, in the same condition it was when picked up near the telegraph pole to which it carried him in time to save the train from wreck. "And," he is wont to add, "in time to carry me into the chief train dispatcher's office."

It is said by geologists that iron in marketable quantities has been found in every country on the globe.

The common coppers of commerce so extensively used as a disinfectant, is a salt of iron, the sulphate.

EVENING DRESSES.

How Women Can Make Over Some Which They Have.

With the opera begun and the party season beginning we must look to our evening frocks. Some of those which we wore last winter will serve again this year. Others should be ripped up for linings, given to small girls for party frocks or made into sofa cushions.

Nothing is shabbier than a dilapidated evening dress. Many women do not realize how quickly the ribbons and laces upon a dancing frock become tumbled. Nor how readily an old gown may be made to look fresh by new trimmings.

This, however, is an important thing to remember. New ribbons of the original color of a dress should not be placed upon it after it has been worn. By comparison the dress will seem shabby. Contrasts upon old fabrics always are the proper accessories. For example, a white ribbon, fresh, against a white silk dress old, makes the whole garment to seem patchy. Purple or green or yellow or blue ribbons next to the white gown will produce an effect entirely smart if the silk has been frayed.

Sometimes it is well to sponge an evening frock with a soap-barley water. If the material is heavy and the folds can be unrippled and left wrapped until dry around broomstick handles the plan may be tried. When the silk is light in weight and uncertain in color a benzine bath preparatory to a refashioning over a rather stiff muslin and cambrie lining should be considered.

Some gowns this winter are sleeveless, but a woman must be sure that her arms are perfect before she plans to reveal them. And that her dress is beautiful enough to bear severe criticism. Any style in small puffs or butterfly designs will be in order. Really large sleeves are distinctly out of fashion. Last evening I noticed some upon an evening gown at the theater, and they seemed amusingly old.

This is a fearful pace we are living at in these times in everything and fashions. But it is so simple a thing to perk up last season's sleeves into this one's no one need worry about that.

Amateur dressmakers will find that best effects in the greatest number of evening fancies come from a liberal use of an inner stiffening—grass linen, muslin, even tarlatan. Hair cloth has little in common with silks.

Among hints especially to remember about worn silks is this—that a fabric too shabby for use undraped may be converted into a lovely ball toilet simply by covering loosely with tulle, chiffon or net in the same or a contrasting color.

Broadly speaking, ball gowns this year are of draped silks, dinner and reception costumes are of brocades. Even the debutantes are wearing brocades. There is a wide demand for them. They range in all degrees of modesty, tiny self-colored or contrasting flowers, up to huge flaming bouquets upon every-hued background.—St. Louis Republic.

INTERPRETING POLICE DIALECT.

The Court Was "Next" to That Sort of Language.

"You see, yer honor," said the copper to the court, "I pipes dis guy squeezein' de gim, an'—"

"What's that?"

"Stealing a diamond, sir," interposed the clerk.

"An," went on the copper, "when he gits fly dat I'm next he lands his tongs in me lamps."

"Stuck his fingers in the officer's eyes, your honor," explained the clerk again.

"I trows me wings around 'im," continued the copper, "an' gittin' nex' dat de pinch is on de level de gun blows de gim an' puts de case on de bum."

"Which means," said the clerk, "that he threw his arms around the prisoner and that as soon as the thief saw he couldn't get away he threw the diamond in the street and spoiled the charge of robbery."

"And now," said the copper, "I hez on'y me own whistle an' kin on'y squeeze out de one tune."

"Or, in other words," said the clerk, "he has only his own word to offer as evidence."

The court pondered a moment, then said:

"Case of conalorum and very much on the string order. My own lamps are on the bum and I can't see the spiel. All of which means that the officer's a liar and that he can't build any monuments for himself in this court at the expense of a tin horn who couldn't steal an eyebrow off a flea without letting the whole fly force in with it. Blow the gun and tell the guy in blue that he's a little the coarsest that ever trotted down the bicycle path. Next!—St. Paul Dispatch.

Toilet Hints.

If one's complexion is "muddy," sallow or covered with blackheads, the lemon bottle is not the remedy which should be sought first. Instead, the candidate for a complexion of roses and cream should begin to diet. Hot water taken half an hour before breakfast with a little lemon juice in it is better than creams to restore the skin to clearness. Graham and whole wheat bread, fruit, clear tea and coffee, if tea and coffee are used, plenty of green vegetables, lean meat and broiled fish form an admirable complexion diet. Pastry and candies should be avoided. After diet and exercises have paved the way for other treatment, a weekly face steaming may be tried. The woman whose purse does not permit her to go to the professional beautifiers should fill a bowl with boiling water. Over this she should hold her face, into which a cold cream has been rubbed, for ten minutes or so, covering her head and shoulders and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel. After drying the face she should rub more cold cream into it, and she should not venture out into the air for at least three hours.—Boston Budget.

The way of the transgressor is sometimes harder for his friends than for himself.—Texas Sifter

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The pastor of a Presbyterian church in Brooklyn was recently hunting with a friend when the latter mistook him for a quail and filled his left arm with birdshot.

A monument is being erected at Kamrar, Ia., to the memory of Miss McBeth, the Nez Perce Indian missionary, who died in Mount Idaho about five years ago.

On one day recently three Massachusetts churches celebrated anniversaries—the Eliot church at Newton, the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of John Eliot's first sermon to the Indians; the Unitarians' church at Lexington, the two hundredth anniversary of the settling of the first pastor, and the North Congregational church at Springfield, the fiftieth anniversary of its organization.

Bishop Creighton, of Peterborough, who has just been appointed bishop of London, is a man of mark. In 1884 he became professor of ecclesiastical history in Cambridge. In 1886 he was present at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of Harvard, and received from it the degree of LL. D. He is the author of several historical works, and is one of the hardest-working bishops on the bench.

Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, editor of the Age (Afro-American), writing in the New York Sun, gives some interesting facts concerning the growth of the African Methodist Episcopal church. Of the 10,000,000 colored population of the United States, 1,200,000 are Methodists, while 1,350,000 are Baptists. The Methodist church property is about \$12,000,000. In all, fully 4,000,000 Afro-Americans are members of some church, and 16,000 are ministers.

Dr. Thornton, an expert in the education of deaf mutes, says that a modification of the telephone promises to be of material use in the education of those deaf mutes who possess a fragment of hearing power, and it has the following important advantages over the single-speaking tube that is sometimes used: Firstly, that the wires from several receivers can be coupled up to one transmitter, and thus a teacher can instruct a group of children at the same time, and, secondly, that, as it is not necessary for the teacher to apply his mouth close to the transmitter, the pupils have a full view of his facial expression and lip movements, which is not the case when he has to direct his attention and his voice into the mouth of a speaking-tube or trumpet.

THE UNKNOWN NORTH.

Facts About a Hitherto Unexplored Region in British America.

J. B. Tyrrell, of the Dominion geological survey department lately returned from the unknown north, where he has been making explorations. He left Selkirk on the 24th of June. Taking canoes at Grand Rapids, he, with Indian guides, proceeded to Norway house, and descended the Nelson river 100 miles to the Pine river, which they ascended to the Wolf river. All this territory has practically never before been entered by white men. Reaching the Nelson, they again descended it for about 75 miles, and followed the Burntwood to a remote Hudson Bay company post.

"This large section of the country," says Mr. Tyrrell, "is not a wilderness of rocks such as lies to the east of here and has been described by many of the men who have pretended to have a knowledge of the region. I found a well-wooded country, interspersed with stretches of prairie; a soil of rich clay loam, with clay subsoil. Great stretches that were a few years ago heavily timbered with spruce have felt the deadly effects of fire and are now a blackened stubble of dead trees.

"There are large areas of rich, cultivable lands west of the Nelson, and, though wheat is not grown, simply because it would be of no value, all varieties of vegetables are produced in the gardens of the Hudson Bay company posts and proved hardy. Large stretches of prairie also occur, and I have stood on the banks of the Burntwood river and gazed on just such rich stretches as might have been seen on the Saskatchewan or Assiniboine—land that will be good for agricultural purposes and excellent for stock raising some time, though now it is practically inaccessible.

"All this country is but a continuation of the Red River valley. It is all the deposit of a great lake, of which Lake Winnipeg is the sunken representative, which stretches from a short distance east of the Red to the Pembina mountains on the west and from Grand Forks on the south to a point further north than was reached this trip.

"Except for the climate, that great country to the west of the Nelson river has been as richly blessed by Providence as the far-famed Red River valley."—Minneapolis Journal.

Prairie Pimples.

Southwestern Louisiana is bordered along the coast with broad sandy and gravelly plains to which the name of "pimple prairies" has been given. This curious title comes from the circular mounds, arranged in zones and along intersecting lines, with which large areas of the plains are covered. Formerly these mounds, which average 50 feet in diameter and attain occasionally a height of ten feet, were supposed to have been made by ants, with whose nests they abound. But recently Prof. Clendenin, of the Louisiana state university, has found reason for thinking that the mounds were formed through the blowing up of mud by gas escaping from vents in the ground. The arrangement of the mounds in zones and lines is accounted for by supposing that the gas vents existed along the fractures radiating from an earthquake center.—Youth's Companion.

A Natural Question.

Convict—I'm in here for having five wives.
Visitor—How are you enjoying your liberty?—Town Topics.

HUMOROUS.

"—He—'Madam, you have my assurance that I am a gentleman! She—'I have no reason to doubt your assurance.'—Harlem Life.

"—An Idea.—'An' phwat are yez a-doin' wid that pig in the sea?' 'Shure, an' I'm making salt pork av him afore I kill him.'—Truth.

"—'Faw,' said Tommy Tucker, 'am I descended from the monkey?' 'Not on my side of the house,' replied Mr. Tucker, with much positiveness.—Tit-Bits.

"—Mamma.—'Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday.' Johnny—'H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman never can keep a secret.'—Boston Transcript.

"—Bacon.—'In Venezuela they have trees which look exactly like umbrellas.' Egbert.—'I should think they'd be afraid to leave them out all night then.'—Yonkers Statesman.

"—During the Interval.—'Bobbie—'Papa, do green apples always give a boy a pain?' 'Bingo—'I believe so. Why?' 'I was wondering if this was going to be an exception to the rule.'—Brooklyn Life.

"—Prince de Conti was not fastidious on the subject of the mass. He wished to have for his almoner Abbe Prevost, the author of 'Mason Lescant.' 'Monsieur,' said the abbe to him, 'I have never said mass.' 'Never mind,' says the prince, 'I never hear it.'—London Figaro.

"—'I've got a great mind,' said the young man, 'to go west and grow up with the country.' 'But you don't know anything about agriculture.' 'I know that. But there are one or two sections where there seems to be so many politicians that I believe an energetic man could come pretty near getting a monopoly of the farming.'—Washington Star.

CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S AXIS.

Continual Slight Changes in All Parallels of Latitude.

Of all the astronomical problems under discussion of late years, one of the most interesting has been that of changes in the earth's axis. It has been found that the imaginary line about which the earth rotates once a day is not invariably fixed with reference to the earth, but is continually changing its position in that body. The term "pole" has, therefore, to be taken in two different senses: (1) As the end of the shortest diameter of the earth—this is a fixed point, with reference to the earth, as long as the earth keeps its shape, and may be called the "pole of figure;" (2) The pole may be defined as the end of the diameter about which the earth is revolving, and this pole may be called the "pole of rotation."

It is found that the pole of rotation is continually shifting its position with reference to the pole of figure, along a curved line of considerable complexity. The distance between the poles is very small, never as much as 40 feet. Largely through the unwearied researches of Dr. S. C. Chandler the motion has been shown to be mainly composed of two parts. One part is a motion of the pole of rotation about the pole of figure in a circle of radius 12 feet, with a time of revolution of about 423 days. The second motion is of somewhat the same character, but with a period of one year, and the amplitude of this motion has varied during the last half century from four to twenty feet.

Some idea of the actual motion may be got by imagining a crank-arm 12 feet long attached to the pole of figure and revolving once in 423 days. To the moving end of this crank-arm is attached another, which gradually changes in length and revolves once a year. The free end of this traces out the path of the pole of rotation. The actual path is apparently quite complicated.

One of the principal effects of this shifting of the pole is that the latitudes of all places on the earth are continually changing. In fact, it was by this periodic variation in the latitude that the motion of the pole was detected. All parallels of latitude are continually shifting, with a range of motion of less than 40 feet from the mean position. There is little or no astronomical evidence of any progressive change in the position of the pole of rotation, by virtue of which it occupied a position greatly different from the present. Apparently the former existence of tropical plants and animals in what are now polar regions of the earth could be explained on such a hypothesis; but no one has yet been able to suggest a probable cause in the axis of rotation, and an explanation must be looked for elsewhere. The small, periodic variations are the only ones about which we can be at all certain.—Popular Science News.

Siberia's Railway.

There is soon to be a new country to visit and a new way of going round the world. It seems only the other day that Jules Verne's man went around in 80 days, and thought it a considerable feat. The record for circumnavigation is now 66 days, or thereabouts. Baron Hilkoff, the combination of American mechanic and Russian prince who was in this country recently, said that when the railroad across Siberia is finished, which, he thinks, will be in four or five years, the time of getting around will be cut in two, and from 30 to 33 days will suffice for it. He allows ten days to cross Siberia from St. Petersburg, ten days from Vladivostok to San Francisco, and 13 days from there to St. Petersburg again. Early in the next century, then, the tired American may turn his face eastward when he starts on his month's vacation, and keep it turned that way until he gets home, just about in time to resume his work.—Harper's Weekly.

A Distinction.

"I suppose," said the native of America to the foreigner, "that you find our manners and customs very interesting." "Not exactly," replied the visitor, as he gazed at a fleeting bicycle girl. "What I find interesting are your manners and costumes."—Chicago Inter Ocean.