

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Dr. Baird, in his lecture at the Conference room, gave some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. Dr. B. had no conception of it before his arrival. The sun in June goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination at night, as the sun passes round the east towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight. Dr. B. read a letter in the forest near Stockholm, at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole fact of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the North Cape, the sun does not go down for several weeks.—The sun begins to rise there at midnight. The changes, in those high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great that we can have no conception of them. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for six weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards, it remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heavens.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. They go to rest whether the sun

goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about seven o'clock, P.M., and stay there till the sun is well up in the morning; and the people get into this habit of late rising, too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch, and found it was only three o'clock; the next time he awoke it was five o'clock; but there were no persons in the street.—*Hartford Times.*

ENTERPRISING ROBINS.

A few weeks ago a pair of red-breasts, apparently just beginning life together, happened in among the shops, where the Messrs. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, make the best scales in the world. Whether they had heard the famous maxim of Sam Patch, that "some things can be done as well as others," or were moved by the genius of the place, the simple fact is, that they are trying sundry original inventions, and doing business on a large scale.

To begin with, four nests were built, in a shed, *without mud*, and a single egg laid in each. Then two other nests were built *with mud*, and eggs laid in them, so that when we saw them there were twelve eggs in all, five being in one nest. There are also two or three unfinished nests. The bird has been sitting some days, performing her incubation in a way as novel as her other doings. After setting ten or fifteen minutes on one nest, she hops into the next, and so on through the row, and then back again in the same way. Sometimes her mate brings her food, but she also sometimes leaves her nests for refreshment.—*Vermont Chronicle.*