Cricket Songs.

What's the song the crickets sing—
Summer, autumn, winter, spring?

When I take my little broom
And go dusting through the room:
"Sweep! sweep! sweep! sweep!"

When I go to bed at night,
Then I hear them out of sight:
"Sleep! sleep! sleep! sleep!"

When I waken, every day,
If it's sunny, then they say:
"Peep! peep! peep! peep!"

But they feel as bad as I
When it rains, for then they cry:
"Weep! weep! weep! weep!"

—*Ernest Whitney in the Christmas St. Nicholas.*

Popular Science and Art

It is reported that at Dresden the experiment has been tried of placing a nickel lightning rod on a building. The advantages claimed for this metal are that, being non-corrodible, it will last longer than iron, and will also keep bright at the points, which latter is very essential to the efficiency of rods as conductors of electricity.

The "bird spider" of tropical America has a body four and one-half inches long. The circle of the tips of the legs has a diameter of seven inches. It is so named because it builds its nest to capture small birds, lizards and reptiles. The nests usually contain 1,500 to 2,000 eggs. There are about 100 species of this formidable creature.

German photographers have succeeded in photographing a projectile in the course of its flight, and some of the photographs show the head of condensed air which precedes every shot. It is this "head" which prevents even skilful riflemen from hitting as empty egg-shell when hung on a long thread. The air blows the shell out of the way of the bullet.

The earth's internal heat is now being forced into practical service at Pesth, where the deepest artesian well in the world is being sunk to supply hot water for public baths and other purposes. A depth of 3,120 feet has been reached, and the well supplies daily 176,000 gallons of water heated to 158 degrees Fahrenheit. The boring is to be continued until the temperature of the water is raised to 176 degrees.

The suggestion having been made that the ignition of petroleum tanks may sometimes be caused by sparks from the rain of thunder-clouds, some interesting results obtained with an old piece of apparatus have been called to mind. In these experiments an electrometer showed that the drops of occasional showers are almost always more or less charged with electricity, and that it is only totally absent during foggy, moist days and long storms. The strongest charges were obtained during thunder-storms; but the air even has given indications occasionally of an electrical charge without a fall of rain.

On the northern slope of the Alps the zone of perpetual snow reaches down to about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the south side 8,800 feet. In the Pyrenees the snow line is at a height of about 8,950; in the Caucasus, 10,000 to 11,000 feet; on the south side of the Himalayas, 12,980 feet, and on the north, 19,620 feet; in Bolivia, 18,520 feet in the Western Cordillera and 15,920 in the Eastern; in Mexico, 14,760 feet; in Chili, near Santiago, 12,870; in Norway, 5,000 feet in its middle portion and 2,300 feet at its northern extremity; in Kamchatka, 5,200 feet, and Alaska, 5,500 feet.

"Can imagination kill?" is the question which the "British and Colonial Druggist" puts to itself in discussing the death of the young woman at Hackney under circumstances in which Keating's insect powder largely figured. As the powder appears, by Dr. Tidy's experiment, to be perfectly harmless, the suggestion is not unnaturally made that the deceased, who was possibly of a hysterical, highly imaginative turn of mind, took the powder in the full belief that by its means her death might be accomplished. The writer of the article in our contemporary, we think, wrongly brings forward two remarkable instances of what may be regarded as practical jokes with melancholy terminations. In the case of the convict delivered up to the scientist for the purpose of a psychological experiment (the man was strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly to be bled to death; a syphon containing water was placed near his head and the fluid was allowed to trickle audibly into a vessel below it, at the same time that a trifling scratch with a needle was inflicted on the culprit's neck; it is said that death occurred at the end of six minutes), fear must have played no inconsiderable share in the fatal result, and we do not know whether all the vital organs were in a sound condition, though they were presumably so. The old story of the case of a college porter is also one in point. The students entrapped him into a room at night, a mock inquiry was held, and the punishment of death by decapitation decreed for his want of consideration to the students. It is small wonder that, under the dominion of fear and belief in the earnestness of his tormentors, the sight of an axe and block, with subsequent blindfolding and necessary genuflexion, a smart rap with a wet towel on the back of his neck should have been followed by the picking up of a corpse.

The Rising Generation.

"So you are 13 years old, are you, Johnny?"

"Yes, and I now realize that it is an unlucky number. It's too old for dolls, and pa says it's not old enough for gentlemen's society."

While a boy named Oliver Allen was skating on the ice on Lake Champlain, N.Y., and pushing a cutter occupied by two children named Edith and Ralph Flannery, aged 12 and 5 respectively, the ice gave away and all three were drowned.

The man who frequents the pawnbroker's generally goes out on three balls.

The Lord Primate of Ireland, Dr. Knox, has just been presented with a silver salver, together with a cheque of £550, as a testimonial from the clergy and laity of Down and Connor and Dromore, of which united diocese he had been Bishop for thirty-seven years. Among the subscribers were the Lord Lieutenant and the Earl Dufferin. Later on, the same day, the Primate was presented by the clergy with a hall clock and an address of congratulation on his elevation to the primacy.

FIELD MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

Excitement in the Reichstag Over the Old General's Impressive Language.

A Berlin cablegram of Saturday's date says: The gloomy hints thrown out by the German Minister for War in the Reichstag yesterday were meant to make and have a deep impression. Had they stood alone they might have been explained by tactical causes. To-day, however, they were followed by a declaration of the veteran Von Moltke, uttered with an emphasis rarely used except at great critical moments.

The scene in the Reichstag was striking. Herr von Windhorst, speaking in the name of the Centre, had protested that his followers were patriots filled with devotion, and though declaring he thought the Minister for War took too dark a view of the situation, had declared his willingness to give the Army Bill fair consideration, when the old Field Marshal rose.

Standing in the middle of the House he turned toward the little ultramontane leader, while the Deputies crowded thickly round him, and holding a roll of paper in his hand began to speak.

There was dead silence for a time, but cheers rang out when, referring to France, he said: "So long as public opinion there clamors with unvarying and stiff-necked bitterness for the restitution of the provinces regained with so much bloodshed, so long must Germany repeat that she will shed her last drop of blood in holding and defending her conquests.

"Let us not forget," continued the veteran, amid breathless excitement, "that the security—even the existence—of great nations depends on their might; that, above all, the greatest resources for the whole safety of Germany lie in the excellence of her army."

The Ministerial crisis in France, coming at this moment, is naturally watched here with the keenest interest. The advent of Clemenceau to power just now might have grave consequences.

Pretty Washington Costumes.

Two costumes which have been seen here lately have attracted the attention of the ladies. The first was that worn by Miss Lillie Eustis, the niece of millionaire and philanthropist Corcoran, upon the occasion of her making calls upon the ladies of the Cabinet. Miss Eustis is a decided blonde, and will probably formally enter Washington society this winter. The costume referred to was a late importation from Worth. Over a full plain skirt of chamois color in loose drapings was an overskirt of dead leaf color. A monk's cowl of dark cloth, lined with a darker shade, hung down the back of the short-belted jacket. In front, on either side, extending from under the cowl and loosely-knitted across the chest were broad scarf ends of the chamois cloth finished at the bottom with a cluster of large iridescent beads in strands. The hat was a soft, round felt of dark brown, the brim trimmed all around of a lighter shade. At the back the brim was slightly wired and formed in three indentations. On the left side the brim was fastened high on the hat with a large cluster of English sparrows. The second costume was that worn by Mrs. Secretary Whitney at her last reception. The dress was a beautiful toilet of white silk grenadine, long bows and ends finishing the drapings of the tournure on the right side. The entire front of gown was formed of a white silk illusion with the stripes of seed pearls between which were intricate patterns outlined in crystal beading. The illusion was shirred at the neck, forming a full vest, and fell from thence in cascades to the edge of the skirt.—*Boston Traveller Correspondent.*

Look Out for Your Watches.

The chances of injury to watches by magnetization have been greatly multiplied by the development of the dynamo and its extensive application to electric lighting and other purposes, so that it is very common to find magnatized watches in the hands of persons having no connection whatever with electrical matters. A watch readily becomes sufficiently magnatized to derange its action aud render it entirely unreliable. Proximity to a dynamo is necessary to accomplish it. The remedy is administered on the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur.* If the watch is suffering from an attack of magnetism, magnetism must effect the cure. The watch is tested to ascertain in the first place whether it is magnetized and in need of treatment, and afterward to determine whether the treatment was effectual by presenting its different sides to a compass needle, or, better, an ordinary cambric needle magnetized and suspended by a single fibre of silk attached to its centre. The attraction of the needle by the watch is not positive evidence of its magnetization; but if one end of the needle is attracted by one side of the watch and repelled by the other side, it indicates that the watch is magnetic.—*Electrical Review.*

Big Bear's White Wife.

The Indian Department at Regina have received instructions to identify the wife of the Indian Chief Big Bear, now a convict at Stony Mountain on account of his connection with the rebellion. It is claimed that she is a white woman. A quarter of a century ago Harriet Montgomery disappeared from Dundas, Ont., where it is claimed a young band of Indians had stolen her from home and sold her to an Indian chief in the Northwest. Her relatives have been through the Department of the Interior at Ottawa endeavoring to follow a clue to her abduction. The Indian authorities declare that all Big Bear's wives around Fort Pitt are full-blooded Indians, and that the relatives of the missing girl are upon a wrong trail.

Alexander Mitchell, of Aberdeen, Carlton County, N. B., has fallen heir to a fortune left by a relative in Ceylon. The amount is placed at half a million.

An interesting statement has just been published regarding the progress of Methodism in London during the last 100 years. In 1792 there were in London district 3 circuits, 11 ministers and 3,514 church members. In 1886 there are in the same area 93 circuits, 185 circuit ministers, 27 departmental ministers, 63 supernumeraries and 36,000 church members. At the former date there was one Methodist in London to every twenty-one in the Provinces. Now there is one to every eleven.

A JILTED LOVER

Attempts to Butcher His Girl and His Successful Rival.

A quarrel that nearly resulted in a tragedy occurred in a house in University Lane, off Centre street, on Wednesday night about half-past 11 o'clock, the principals being an enraged Italian lover, Jose Fasoli, his fair inamorita, Rosie Shane, and a successful rival, William H. Swinbourne. It appears that for some time past the Italian had been paying his addresses to Miss Shane, who at first showed a preference for his company, but latterly displayed a marked coldness toward him. This enraged the impetuous lover from the Sunny South, and suspecting that there was another man in the house he placed himself on watch. Late last night he visited the house and found Swinbourne there. A few hot words were exchanged, and then, it is alleged, the Italian drew from under his coat a large carving-kdife with a blade thirteen inches long, and made a slash at Swinbourne, at the same time announcing his attention of carving up the whole household. Constable Hart was called in and he arrested the Italian, afterwards securing the knife. In the row Swinbourne received a cut in the hand, and in consequence Fasoli was charged with feloniously wounding. At the Police Court he pleaded not guilty and was remanded to Tuesday next. —*Toronto News.*

Whipple's Faithful Dog.

Mr. Whipple's constant companion at his home was a Skye terrior dog; he used to call him "beautifully ugly." He was quite a large animal of that breed, and had a large head, with an uncommonly broad brow and a lavish growth of long hair, that overshadowed the most lustrous and sympathetic pair of eyes ever seen in a dog. It was a delight to see him romp with this pet, who had as sweet and affectionate a nature as any human being. A short time before Mr. Whipple's death the animal was sent into the country for a summer outing, and when he returned in the autumn and missed his master the dog became sad and sick. He was sent to the veterinary department of Harvard College for treatment. He came home on Monday last, languishing and much emaciated, to die. He was placed in a box and buried at his summer home by moonlight.

At the same house where the dog was left for the summer there was an English pug dog which was a great favorite, and many a day this last summer they have sported over the fields together. As soon as Mr. Whipple's favorite was carried out for burrial, the English pug seemed to know in some mysterious way that his old friend and companion was in the box, and he leaped on the box and howled and wailed and showed other signs of great grief, and he had to be forcibly taken off before his companion could be buried in the corner of the garden, where this bright and animated bit of animal life in such superabundant spirits sported in full enjoyment of life the last summer.—*Boston Traveller.*

Death of the Oldest Woman in Scotland.

Sir Duncan Campbell writes to the *Morning Post* as follows: "At Dalmally, Argyllshire, on October 28th, in the person of Ann Marquiso, there died perhaps the oldest woman in Scotland. The deceased was reputed in the district to have attained the great age of 117 years, and in consequence was an object of much interest to the many summer visitors who came to Lochaweside and Dalmally. Prior to some three weeks before her death she was apparently in good health, and up to that time was able, as had been her usual custom, to walk a distance of two miles every alternate day on an errand. She has possessed robust health all through her long life, and could always eat heartily and enjoy with youthful relish a snuff or a drop of mountain dew. She was born in the parish of Glenorchy, and, according to her own statement, had only been one night out of the parish since her birth, and had, in fact, never travelled more than fifteen miles from her native place, and, curiously enough, although she lived within sight of Lochawe, and although the locomotive had been a daily 'visitor' at Dalmally for some years, she was never either in a boat or a railway carriage. Her sister Joan, who resided with her, and who is said to be some 20 years younger, is a widow, and nearly blind."

A Needle in a Cow's Heart.

On Thursday of last week a cow, belonging to T. H. Borden, of Port Williams, was taken sick, and continuing to grow worse, J. L. Neary, of Kentville, was sent for. Mr. Neary was not able to go immediately, but sent back some medicine which was given to the cow without doing her any good. Next day other medicine was sent and administered and seemed to do the cow good, and for a short time she appeared much better. Sunday night she got worse and Mr. Neary went down on Monday and found there was something wrong with the heart, and that he could do nothing to save the cow's life. On Monday night the cow died, and Mr. Neary—bound to discover what ailed her—had her opened, and found a large darning needle sticking half its length into the heart. The course of the needle could easily be traced from the stomach into the heart. Mr. Borden at once recognized the needle as one that had been lost among some apple parings the day before the cow was taken sick.—*Kentville, N. S., Chronicle.*

L'Enfant Terrible.

Angel Child—Say, have you found him yet?

Miss Anteak (on a visit)—Found whom, my little man?

Angel Child—Your husband. Ma says you are a husband-hunter.

(The *entente cordiale* is now in bad repair.)—*Punch.*

A monument is to be erected to Paul H. Hayne over his grave in Augusta, Ga., and the chairman of the committee to receive contributions is James R. Randall, of the Augusta *Chronicle*, author of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Twenty-six years ago the steamer Pacific burned and sank in the Ohio River at Uniontown, Ky. The other day a hogshead was dug up from the wreck, and, being opened, the tobacco was found to be as bright and good apparently as when it was packed.

THE PONY'S SECOND SIGHT.

An Experience in the Highlands—A Burning Cottage and a Houseless Family.

It was a very wet afternoon, writes Andrew Lang in "Longman's Magazine," and I was walking along in conversation with a charming old Highlander. He was carrying my rod and creel (empty) but his conversation was as good as any one is likely to find anywhere. He spoke of Montrose's wars, and was not on the side of the Argylls. He spoke of the Taishtaragh, I think he called it, or second sight. "Every man sees three sights in his lifetime, they say," he remarked, and confessed that he had not even seen one "sight" yet. "But there is a man at Fort William who sees everything that is going to happen." I suggested that this gentleman might make a rapid fortune if he would turn his inspired gaze on the British turf, but at that moment we noticed a great brown smoke hanging in the wet air. It was an eviction. The sight was not of the supernatural kind which the gillie spoke of, but it was fit to make a mark on the memory. Beyond the river there was a high, wooded hill, all blue in the rain. Against this the smoke arose white, and in the midst of the clear red flame the black gables of the burning cottage stood out clear. There were some sappy, green bunches of trees by the gable; on the grass near the roadside a woman was trying to cover her property—chairs, table, and an old delf dinner service, all very decent furniture. The old gillie was very much excited, and full of anger and pity. "The pony saw it," he said, "this is what the pony saw." He referred to a misdemeanor of our pony, which had shied violently as we drove down the road in the morning. To me it seemed that the horse was alarmed by a big sheep which had bounced up under its nose, but my friend credited the pony with the Taishtaragh. "The beast sees things we can't see," he told me. This gift is very interesting, but it would not comfort me to have my neck broken by a prophetic quadruped, because a farmer I did not know was going to be evicted. The case of the farmer, if it was correctly reported, seemed to illustrate the Titanic Celtic temper very well. He had not paid a penny of rent for four years. The rent may have been high, but he surely might have paid some of it. Yet, though he had economized in rent, he was unable to pay his other creditors, and his stock and cattle have been sold up. An Englishman would have perhaps thought it well to leave a farm which he could not make profitable, when he had money and stock. But the Celtic tenant simply declined to leave, in spite of many requests and warnings. The burning of his house, it was said, was an example of trop da zela on the part of the messenger-at-arms, who exceeded his instructions. It was certainly a miserable and ill-advised action. But, as we slowly climbed the hill, and saw the smoke clinging to the valley, and saw the blackened beams of an old family home, we seemed to discern the differences between our race and the Celtic peoples. We have lost the old poetical beliefs, the Taishtaragh and the rest of it. No English beater nor under-keeper (except Kingsley's poet of gamekeeping life) could have talked as that old gillie talked, an unschooled man, to whom English was a foreign tongue, half learned. History was tradition to him, a living oral legend. But we can recognize the nature and pressure of facts, without which sad knowledge society would revert into barbarism in a fortnight.

Are the Stars Peopled?

Professor Proctor says: "It is almost impossible to say under what conditions life is possible or impossible. Men of science have lately been taught this in a very striking manner. For, judging by what they know of the state of things at the bottom of the deep sea, they concluded that there could be no living creature there. They reasoned that the pressure exerted by the water would crush the life out of any known creature, which was unquestionably true. A piece of the hardest and densest wood sunk to those depths has the water literally forced into its substance, and the tremendous mail of the crocodile, or the thick skin of the rhinocerous, would be unable to resist a tithe of the enormous pressure exerted by the water at the bottom of the deep seas. Yet it is now known that creatures not only exist down there, but that, notwithstanding the great darkness that must prevail there, these creatures are provided with the means of seeing. So unlike are they to all other creatures, however, that they are unable to live out of their native depths, and when dragged up by the dredges they are burst asunder, and are killed long before reaching the surface. This should teach us that although it may be proved that in some inaccessible world, like Venus, or any of her fellow-planets, the conditions which prevail are not such as would be convenient to terrestrial creatures, or are even such as no creatures known to us could endure even for a few minutes, life may nevertheless exist. It is, indeed, tolerably certain that if there be living creatures in Venus (as, for my own part, I little doubt), and if among these creatures there be any which possess reasoning powers such as ours (which is not so certain), it must appear to such reasoning beings in Venus at least as difficult to understand how our earth can be inhabited, as we find it to conceive what nature of creatures they may be which exist in Venus."

His Blood Relations.

Stanley says that whenever he was introduced to a friendly African chief the latter compelled him to have his legs punctured, and having done the same to his own, exchanged a little blood with him. He says his legs are covered with scars made to cement friendships of this kind. Stanley's blood relations in Africa must be quite numerous.—*Boston Globe.*

Henry M. Stanley is remarkable for a broad head, very thick through the cheek bones. His hair is still dark and thick, covering the temples. He is of middle size, weighing about 180 pounds. He looks like a man of about 50 years of age.

In Boston a curious holiday novelty is a call bell for desks and dining tables. It is made of a cocoanut with a pig's head in metal in front and a metal pig's tail behind. When one rings the tail the pig grunts out a succession of muffled bell strokes.

Foibles of Sundry Folks.

The Legislature of Alabama has elected a woman for enrolling and engrossing clerk.

Saratoga, N.Y., has a woman bill-poster who handles the brush with the skill of an expert.

The Chinese have a custom of wearing two watches, because if "one makee sick and die, other live."

A little girl recently entered the store of a Hamilton druggist with a slip of paper which read: "Please sell bearer one-half-pint of tepid water."

The editor of a Georgia paper says liberty is always pictured as a woman because liberty to survive must be vigilant, and there is no blind side to a woman.

"A man said to me the other night," remarked a clergyman, "'I would not have missed your sermon for $50,' and yet, when the plate was passed round, that man put in a penny."

Nora Brown, of Owensboro, Ky., lying ill with a fever, startled her friends by suddenly saying that she saw an angel, who said to her distinctly: "Thou shalt live another year." Her friends believe Nora.

A Buffalo lawyer was under examination as a witness and had stated approximately the time at which something had occurred, when he was sharply requested by the examining attorney to be more definite. "You ought to know. It was about the time you collected my costs in that suit and kept the money," was the paralyzing reply.

A novel mode of deciding an election was recently adopted by two candidates in Crete, Neb., who had a tie for the Legislature. King and Fishburn were the parties interested, and they cast lots to see who should occupy the seat. King won and received the certificate. Fishburn afterward expressed dissatisfaction with the manner of the draw. King surrendered the certificate, and by mutual consent another draw was had, and resulted favorably to Fishburn, who received the certificate of election.

It is said that whenever an eruption of the Bromo volcano, Japan, takes place, the natives, as soon as the fire (the molten lava no doubt is meant) comes down the mountain, kindle at it the wood they use as fuel for cooking. They keep in the fire thus made for years, and whenever it goes out through neglect or for any other reason they never kindle it anew from matches, but they get a light from their nearest neighbors, whose fire was originally obtained from the volcano. The fires in use up to the latest outburst in the native cooking-places were all obtained from the Bromo eruption of 1832.

Hot Water and the Appetite.

It is a specialty of sanitary reformers, who are among the most useful of the many intellectual nuisances in the world, to be deficient in the quality of humor. One of them, some years ago, recommended that a man's dead relatives should be burned at the corners of the streets, to save gas-lamps; another, not two years ago, lectured on the unhealthiness of boots in bed-rooms, and Mr. Manserg, at the close of a most sensible address to the Sanitary Congress on water supply, brought in his views on teetotalism in the oddest way. He told his audience that "systematic hot-water drinking had been proved in America to be destructive of the appetite for alcohol." We entirely believe him, and if he extended the destructive effect to the appetite for mutton chops, fruit, or wheaten bread, we should believe him also. But why limit us to hot water, when tartar emetic, ipecacuanha, unrefined cod liver oil, and perhaps twenty other drugs would be at least equally potent? The old remedy of Rechab, total abstinence, is an easier one than that, and as perfectly effective as long as it is pursued. The difficulty of the temperate is not to leave off alcohol, but to believe in the use of leaving it off. They do not find that the most perfect abstainers in the world, life convicts, become better people.—*London Spectator.*

Not Entirely Satisfied.

It isn't always best to be entirely satisfied with everything. "Mother," said a young lady recently, "how came you to marry such a very plain, unpretentious man as father?" "If I had known that his daughter would ever have asked such a question I presume I should have hesitated." "Then you are not satisfied?" "Not entirely; I'd most wish that our daughters had been all sons."—*Hartford Post.*

A Lost Art.

Customer (to photographer)—I don't think the picture does me justice.

Photographer—My dear sir, if photography did justice to every one who has his picture taken the art would soon grow unpopular.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Difference.

City cousin (at a ball, to country cousin)—"Considerable difference betwixt this and a hop id the country, is thêre not?"

Country cousin—"Well—er—yes. Ye see, they wear clo'se all over 'em out in our parts."

Justifiable.

Inebriated Man in a Street Car (who drinks to spite his wife)—Shay, strang'r, don't you think a (hic) person's sometimes jus'fied in keepin' 'self tossicated?

Stranger—Certainly, if he is compelled to be in your company.—*Texas Siftings.*

He Was Sorry He Said it.

Guest—You're not taking any dinner, Mrs. Meredith!

Hostess—Thanks! I've had some of every dish!

Guest—Well, that's not much!—*Punch.*

Legal Tender.

Teacher—"If you were president of a county fair and wanted a gate-tender, what would you do?"

Pupil—"Boil it."

"Ma," said Clara, "I think I'll have my new seal brown suit trimmed with bows to match." "Humph!" said her father, "you won't succeed." "Why not, pa?" "Well, none of your beaux seems to match."

When you say that you don't know which are the fattest letters in the alphabet you will be told O B C T, whereupon you are expected to exclaim, O I C.