

WYVE FENCES KILL EMEUS.

My Sons Starve Rather Than Change Westward Course. A correspondent of the Emu, living in the west of Perth, Western Australia, reports that numbers of emeus are destroyed in his district by striking against the wire fences...

NO CHANCE FOR ILLUSIONS.

Madam Know Her Limitations and Her Capabilities. There was no false pride about Leola Madden and she had no illusions at the age of 45 when she accepted Hiram Gregg's offer of marriage...

Strange Story of a Mexican Church. An interesting story is brought from Olaya by an American lady, who searches for the truth of it, which might furnish food for thought and inspiration to the skeptical, who cannot accept as gospel all stories relating to the supernatural.

Catching Whales in St. Lawrence. The St. Lawrence river white fish industry is now running full blast in the vicinity of Seven Islands. It seems that the company engaged in this work is now taking on an average a whale every day.

Golfers Please Note. The best golf story of the season comes from Blackburn, Mass. A Mr. Hazen Brothers, the Blackburn Justice's clerk, had driven from the fifth hole when a big seagull swooped down on the ball as it hit and carried it off in its bill.

Not All Etiquette. Why Waxy waxy? What are the waxy calling cards, old chap? Ask Batts. It depends entirely on the side that are out against you, old tramp Puck.

A Compliment. Mr. Higgins never says anything original. "An" answered Miss Cayenne, "and therein he displays excellent judgment."

SOCIETY PAST AND PRESENT.

Gush About "Good Old Times" Has No Real Foundation. After-dinner speakers are making much of the old-fashioned honesty. They very properly bemoan present corruption, graft, chicanery and the entire list of evils which, with time-honored jokes, make up the stock in trade of after-dinner speakers.

BISHOP WON THEIR HEARTS.

Loafers in Slums of Denver Recognized a Man. Bishop Olmsted, of Denver, is the hero of a graceful story that was told in a Denver church the other day. Bishop Olmsted, as soon as he took up his residence—some three years ago—in Denver, began to take a great interest in the Denver poor.

Here's Honest Confession. "Every little while," said the busy girl, "somebody writes a pathetic letter to the newspapers asking why it is that women will persist in riding in the smoking seats in street cars.

Queered Himself. The traveling man who had not visited the town for a year or two, seated himself in the hotel dining-room. "What has become of the pretty girl that used to wait on this table?" he asked, unfolding his napkin and looking up with a genial smile.

His Life Work in China. Sir Robert Hart, who for 43 years has held the high office of inspector general of the Chinese maritime customs, is reported to be preparing to return to England.

Bees Rout Ball Players. The First Baptist Church Sunday school held its annual picnic the other day at Brookside Park, says the York Gazette. A baseball game was broken up by a number of bumblebees, which attacked the players so fiercely as to leave fond remembrances.

Profitable. Hykers—Do you mean to say you found a gold mine in your back yard? Hykers—Yes, sir; it was a vegetable garden at first, but we worked it so as to turn it into a small gold mine.—Detroit Free Press.

A Stand-Patter. "If you please, Mr. Thompson, you have spelled 'business' here with an 'i' and a 'z'." "How?" "You have spelled it 'biz-ness'." "Well, let it go. The old way is good enough for me."

TRIBUTE TO A BULL DOG.

He Was Disfigured with Scars, But a Faithful Brute. I would very much like to add a few remarks upon the loveliness of that horrid bulldog, says a writer in the New York Times. My dog was a yellow and white coated animal, with the wet, pink mouth, with little black spots upon the pink.

WANTED THE FRESH AIR.

Confinement in Church Not at All to Youngster's Taste. Shortly after Mrs. X. arrived at a certain village much favored as a summer resort, she took her two small sons for a walk. In the course of their peregrinations they visited the village cemetery, where the epitaphs on many of the old tombstones were read and commented on.

Fresh Air Towers.

Dr. Scheri, a well known physician and an authority on national hygiene, has made a singular proposal to the Berlin town council, which this body is now considering. Dr. Scheri's proposal is that the town council should build airy pavilions at several points of the city at about 150 feet above the level of the streets.

Riding the Marches.

The ceremony known as the "Riding of Langholm Marches" took place yesterday. At half-past five a drum and fife band summoned the inhabitants from their beds, and preceded them to Old Hillhead, where they witnessed a bound race of six miles, which was covered in 19 minutes.

The Bachelors of England.

Under our present system our men emigrate, but leave our delicately nurtured women at home. Families of grown-up, unmarried daughters, discontented and restless, are far too numerous among us, and all the while in far-off places of the empire, there are men by the thousand hungering for the sight of an English lass.

The Fate of the Czars.

The reported determination of the czar to abdicate recalls the fact that since 1613, when the Romanoffs became the Royal house of Russia, there have been 18 czars. Of these 18 Romanoffs one (Ivan) was an idiot, three have been murdered by their relatives (not including Alexis, son of Peter the Great, poisoned by his father), one was assassinated by his subjects, 12 have died more or less natural death, while the present czar, Nicholas II, makes the eighteenth, and his fate history has still to determine.

COW TURNED THE FAUCET.

Sagacious Animal Saved Herself a Long Walk to the River. The county poor farm has, according to the assertion of the inmates, the cleverest cow in the state, says the New York World correspondent at Portland, Ore. The animal is an old red Jersey that has been on the farm for years. The matron at the farm last summer discovered that the faucet on the hydrant in the back yard was frequently turned on, but constant watching failed to disclose the miscreant.

HAVE FOUND SCOTT'S CAMP.

Diary Shows Immense Sums Have Been Taken From It. Walter Scott's camp has been discovered by a party of prospectors about 12 miles south of Willow creek. There are two caves not far apart, reached by a precipitous ascent of 200 feet from the bottom of the canyon.

Sargent's Blind Pupils.

Mr. J. S. Sargent tells of an artist in Paris who had much difficulty in getting his pupils to make use of the extremely "impressionistic ideas" of art. One evening, at a large dinner party, he asked an elderly gentleman next to him, who was very shortsighted, how the gentleman at the foot of the table appeared to him.

Bore Had Best of It.

John Philip Sousa was talking about musical bores. "I must confess," he said, "that a musical bore once got the better of me. It was at a Wagner opera, and the bore sat on my left. He had a book of the score open on his knee, and he hummed every passage—every single passage. My patience was at last exhausted. I turned to the man and said: 'I beg your pardon, but I didn't pay you to hear you sing.' 'Then,' said he, 'you have all that into the bargain, eh?'"

Looking Forward.

Shakespeare was reading "Macbeth" to a friend and had just finished the lines: "Lay on, Macduff! And damned be he who first cries 'Hold! Enough!'" "But why do you work in that profanity?" asks the friend. "Why," Shakespeare explains, with a patient consideration of the other's lack of prophetic insight, "the day is coming when the only way to get a laugh from the audience will be to have one of the characters swear, and surely I want this play to have a few comedy touches in it."—Life.

The Automoblist's Smile.

Under his thick coat of dust Tete de Veau smiled gayly. "Well," said L'Oignon, "you don't look like a man who has just been fined \$50 for furious speeding." "Listen, my boy," explained the other, as he pushed back his leather goggles. "On the strength of that speeding charge I have sold my slow, old-fashioned, back-entrance car at a profit that will pay the fine and leave me something handsome over to boot."

Couldn't Understand It.

"When my husband was in Spain last year," said Mrs. Swellman, "he succeeded in buying in quite a lot of the king's wine." "Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Nurtch. "The idea of buying second-hand wine!"

Might As Well Have Married Him.

"What is she mad at him for?" "He said he'd kill himself if she refused him." "And she did and he didn't, eh?"—Houston Post.

UNHOOKING THE ELUSIVE EEL.

Ingenious Angler Asserts Hypnotic Method is Best. It isn't so hard to catch an eel. Not infrequently you will land one when you are fishing for something else. But getting him off the hook without having your line tangled and tied into innumerable knots—aye, that's the rub! When Isaac Walton wrote his treatise on the gentle art of angling, he overlooked the eel. Yet the possibilities of this squirming fish in developing patience in the fisherman are infinite. The average angler, when he has hooked one, can do nothing more than rub his hand in the dirt till it is rough with grime, seize the eel by the neck and club him to death. Meanwhile his line is all snarls and tangles.

THE MAN WHO IS AHEAD.

Proper Tribute Paid to Worthy Member of Community. In almost every newspaper you pick up you are pretty sure to find a lot of gush about the man behind the counter and the man behind the gun, the man behind the buzz-saw and the man behind the sun; the man behind the times and the man behind his rents; the man behind the plowshare and the man behind the fence; the man behind the whistle and the man behind the cars; the man behind the kodak and the man behind the bars; the man behind his whiskers and the man behind his fists, and everything is entered on the list. But they've skipped another fellow of whom nothing has been said—the fellow who is even, or a little way ahead, who pays for what he gets, whose bills are always signed. He's a blamed sight more important than the man who is behind. All the editors and merchants, and the whole commercial clan, are indebted for existence to this honest fellowman. He keeps us all in business, and his town is never dead; and so we take off our hats to the man who is ahead.—Judge.

Alfred Vanderbilt's Banter.

"On the Alfred G. Vanderbilt coach," said a Pittsburger, "I rode from the Hotel Windsor to the Atlantic City horse show for the small sum of one dollar. The day I was in good spirits the driver was his paying guest. He bantered very gracefully the beautiful young lady who sat beside him on the box seat. 'I heard Mr. Vanderbilt say that women were never satisfied. No matter what you gave them, they always wanted something else, and if they couldn't get what they wanted by fair means then they got it by foul.' 'He said that last fall a lady who had just returned from Newport sent for a fashionable physician. 'The physician, on arriving, found the lady reclining on a couch one hand fanning her and another holding to her nose a gold bottle of smelling salts. 'What is the nature, madam, of your complaint?' the physician asked. 'Oh, doctor,' said the lady, plaintively, 'I am suffering dreadfully from—er—oh, what was that illness anyway for which you sent my friend, Mrs. Golde, on a yachting tour in the Mediterranean?'"

An Old Kentucky Campaign.

Judge John M. Harlan and James B. McCreary canvassed Kentucky together, as the Republican and Democratic candidates for governor, 37 years ago. They traveled about the state on a joint debating trip, and in many small mountain places had to sleep in the same bed. They were warm personal friends, and so did not object to this intimacy. One night Mr. Harlan got into bed first. Senator McCreary was not far behind, and just as he entered the bed Judge Harlan raised his bulky form—he is a large man—and said in his stentorian voice: "McCreary, there is one thing certain, the next governor of Kentucky is in this bed!" As he spoke the bed slats broke and Judge Harlan rolled to the floor. Senator McCreary caught and held himself in bed, and as Judge Harlan reached the floor, he said: "John, you are right, the next governor of Kentucky is still in this bed."

Motor Buses and Trams.

Will suburban trains die out, killed by the all-popular motor bus? In 15 months there will be 160 additional vans on the roads, and in the next eight months no fewer than 300 more. To-day the vanguard company employs 600 men, then the number will reach 3,000. Certainly it seems as though the doom of the suburban train were sealed.—Motoring Illustrated.

Broad Hint to Congregation.

Being annoyed by persons who left his church before the sermon, a Devonshire vicar, says an English newspaper, has met the case by fixing in a prominent position a notice which is written to this effect: "All adults who are unbaptized or possessed by devils should leave the church before the sermon. Otherwise they should remain till the conclusion of the service."

His Ready Retort.

"Jack Thompson is a very witty fellow." "Well, he's a chemist; he ought to be." "Now, what on earth has that to do with his wit?" "Everything; chemists should be always ready with retorts."—The Ritz.

Shades of Meaning.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the man who quotes. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "it is stranger or, at all events, it is more unusual."

LEARNED LESSON TOO WELL.

Reporter Went to Extremes in Desire for Caution. "My boy," said the editor of the Hillsville Bugle to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say 'the cashier who stole the funds,' say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—turn in a stickful about that second ward social last night." Owing to an influx of visitors, it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the Bugle caught a glimpse of the great family daily. Halfway down the social columns his eye lit on the following cautious paragraph: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of second ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10:30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Cinch club, and that, with the exception of Mrs. James Billwinger, who says she comes from Leavitts Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments. 'The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called, 'Honest Shoe Man,' of 215 East State street.' Shortly afterward a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the Bugle, flew 15 feet into the street and landed with what bystanders assert was a dull, sickening thud.—Puck.

OLD CUSTOMS IN SWEDEN.

Peasants Do Much Hand Work—Roj suit is Few Factories. Sweden is the home of the handicrafts. In addition to manual training taught in schools, the most exquisite hand weaving, lace making, brass work, even pottery, is done by the peasants. Each district has its own patterns, which the peasants make and sell, deeming it unprofitable to have agents to do with patterns of other localities. Because of the handicrafts Sweden has not many textile factories, although there are some where conditions of work are for the most part good. The people, however, are encouraged to continue hand weaving and to hold their time-honored industrial customs rather than to take the risk of a disturbed economic order due to a market glutted with shoddy trash. In all Sweden there are to-day only about 10,000 factories, of all kinds, employing in all a little more than 255,000 workmen—not a great number out of a total population of more than 3,000,000.—The Craftsman.

Sandy's Eleventh Commandment.

Bishop Brooks was at one time interested in Sandy McKenzie, a well known character in and about Boston. Sandy was a pretty good fellow, but not much of a churchman. One day the bishop was taking him to task for playing cards and getting intoxicated on Sunday. "I'm afraid, Sandy," he said, "you don't know much about the Ten Commandments." "What's the Ten Commandments?" asked Sandy. "Oh, ay, nay, I dinna ken aught about the Ten Commandments," said Sandy, "but I ken the Eleventh Commandment right well." "The Eleventh Commandment," said the mystified bishop, "why, Sandy, there is no Eleventh Commandment." "Oh, ay," said the imperturbable Scotchman. "The bishop, becoming rather curious, asked: 'Well, Sandy, and what is the Eleventh Commandment?'" "The Eleventh Commandment, ye ken," said Sandy, "is for every man to mind his ain business."

Practical Premonition.

A well-known Free church minister, still living, had undertaken to preach in one of the Channel Islands. He arrived at Waterloo station, possessed with a strong reluctance to go farther. He took his ticket and compelled himself to go on the platform; but the warning influence grew more strong. After selecting a compartment he abandoned his resolve and left the station. Next morning the loss of the channel steamer was placarded through London. His sister-in-law, living in the west of England, wrote a day or two later to tell him that she had a sudden impression that he was going into great danger, and she was conscious of a strong effort on her part to save him. This premonition had a practical issue. "Most stories of apparitions are trivial in detail and purposeless in result."—London Mail.