

TWO SIDES OF A FENCE.

BY MARY HALL, IN PUCK.

Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of singing sweet and clear;
A break, a pause, and then just after,
Bursts of merry girlish laughter—
Over that big board fence, Jim; just over
That ugly fence!

Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of a whistle, shrill and clear,
And a deep bass voice, with a doleful
Tone,
Which sings the refrain, "I am all
alone!"
Over that great board fence, dear; just over
That rough old fence!

The Infatuation of Grandpa.

Grandpa Porter had become a source
of anxiety to his son and his son's
wife, Mrs. John. They were fully per-
suaded that he was in danger of being
married for his money, and that by a
young minx who might well be his
granddaughter. That grandpa had
taken a fancy to the girl they were
sure; that he thought himself deeply
in love with her they feared, for he
was not his usual jolly, careless old
self.

she passed, and the saucy minx
laughed gaily.
Grandpa's other two sons, Eben and
Charles, in answer to urgent appeals,
made their appearance.
Grandpa flew into a rage. "I won't
have anybody meddling with my af-
fairs," he declared, stamping around
noisily. "I'll do as I please, and it's
none of your business."

TELEPATHY'S NEW TESTS

REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS MADE
BY A FRENCH PROFESSOR.
Sensations of Taste and Sight Conveyed
from the Operator to the Hypnotized
Subject through the Medium of a
Third Party—Real Sources Shown.
French science has not shown itself
kindly toward experiments in the
transmission of thought, or telepathy,
writes the Paris correspondent of the
Boston Transcript. At last, however,
a professor in the Ecole de Psychologie—a private but reputable school of
Paris—has published certain positive
results obtained by him in March of
the present year. His experiments
are noteworthy for two reasons:

ing at that time in Bordeaux; he gave
neither the name of his friend nor the
address. O. ordered Mme. M., who
was hypnotized, to transport herself
to Bordeaux and tell what she saw.
Mme. M., without hesitation, began
by saying that she saw in a cafe a
brown-haired gentleman with another
who was blond. Then she saw them
go together to a newspaper office,
where the brown-haired man left the
other to go to the theatre. She could
see no more.
M. J., who knows Bordeaux well,
asked if there was not a barber's shop
just opposite the newspaper office.
Mme. M. answered that she saw a
shop closed, with curiosities inside it
(there is an old curiosity shop beside
the barber's). Mme. M. was asked to
look again, and saw the brown-haired
man once more in the newspaper of-
fice. When M. J. received the letter
telling what had really been done at
Bordeaux, his friend simply said that
he had not left his room all that even-
ing!



"So there!"
"My dear Matilda," hints Mamma,
To hear you end each sentence with
"so there!"
"I don't know," Matilda cries,
Speaking as crossly as she dare,
"That I said anything like that—
So there!"

Pets of a Queen.

The love of animals always indicates
a noble and gentle character, and
doubtless Queen Alexandra's love
of animals has endeared her doubly
to her many subjects. England's
queen has a collection of pets at Sand-
ringham that contains a wide variety,
embracing dogs, chickens, doves,
horses and parrots. Many years ago,
when she visited Ireland, a dove was
given her as an emblem of peace and
good will, and on her return to Lon-
don she bought a mate for it. Their
descendants are numerous, and the
queen always has one specially trained
for her boudoir. This particular pet
has its cage in the room, and will leave
it at her call to perch on her finger
or nestle on her shoulder. These
doves are all white, with pink eyes.
A small island in a pool is the home
of a number of foreign birds. Among
them are some curious specimens, of
which several oyster catchers are re-
garded as peculiarly interesting by
their owner. They have black and
white plumage and long red bills,
which they use like scissors to detach
the mollusk. Three turtle doves are
recent additions. They were on
board the steamer when her majesty
returned from Denmark last year, and
she became so fond of them that they
were sent to Sandringham. The
queen's kennels are extensive, and in
them are collies, Newfoundland, deer-
hounds and other varieties. Her per-
sonal pets are two Japanese spaniels,
carrying them everywhere with her.
Each kennel has a bedroom and a
sitting-room, and all open upon a large
central court-room. There is also a
hospital, and when a dog dies it is
buried in a little cemetery and a
tomestone is placed over its grave.
Sam, the poodle who was a pet of
Princess Victoria, lies here. The
princess used to have the clippings
from his long and silky coat made into
yarn for crocheting little shawls.
Queen Alexandra is well known by
every dog in the kennel. Horses come
in for a goodly share of her majesty's
affection. She has been a fine horse-
woman from childhood, and still rides
nearly every day.

one of those beautiful lamps. How I
wish I was a lightning bug and not
a clumsy old black beetle."
One day as he was digging in the
earth he came on an angle worm's
tunnel. Now the bug people think
that the angle worms are very wise
and useful, and so they are, for all
their lives long they spend in work-
ing the soil over and over so that it
will be loose for the roots of the trees
and the flowers to move through; you
know they do move, very, very slowly,
or else they would always stay in one
spot, and not go crawling under the
ground this way and that.
"Say," asked the discontented beetle
of the angle worm, "you are wise, can
you tell me where the fire flies buy
their lamps?"
"No," the worm answered, turning
his blind, pink face toward the beetle.
"but I have heard the grass roots talk-
ing together, and, if I remember
rightly, they spoke of a fire somewhere
up in the sky that warmed them;
maybe the fire flies light their lamps
there."
Then the worm turned away to bite
off a great mouthful of clay, swallow-
ing it quite contentedly. "Why don't
you ask the fire flies themselves?" it
mumbled, seeing the beetle still
waiting there, "that is what I would
advise your doing."
Now the beetle was very shy and
very proud. He was not afraid of a
blind angle worm, but when it came
to introducing himself to a fire fly,
with a lovely red head and black mark-
ings—to say nothing of the lamp—that
was too much.
"I will not ask any more questions.
I will hunt the world over till I find
that fire for myself, said the beetle
sullenly, so off he started. When he
stuck his head out of the earth worm's
tunnel the first thing he saw was a
bright red light, glittering behind the
leaves. He was sure it was far away,
because he felt no heat from it. Cer-
tainly that must be the fire the roots
were talking of. He would go there
as straight as he could crawl, so he
scrambled off over the ground, his
nose pushing the grass and his two
little feelers showing him the way,
just as you see any of the bug people
walk, if you watch them. Bye and
bye he looked up, thinking, undoubt-
edly, that he had made a long jour-
ney, and must be near the end. Merely
not a sign of the fire anywhere, no
smoke even, which was not strange
when you think that what the stupid
beetle had taken for a fire was the
setting sun, which had dropped over
the edge of the world long ago and
left only a big pink stain in the sky
where it had been.
"Dear me," fretted the beetle, "how
tired I am all for nothing and no
good!" and he burrowed under some
dry leaves to slink. When he looked
up again, however, he forgot that he
had been discouraged, for there,
white and beautiful and shining, be-
tween the tree branches he saw an-
other fire, and as soon as he saw it
he made up his mind that this was the
very one he was looking for.
"Here goes!" exclaimed the beetle
cheerfully, and he began to climb
the first tree he came to. It was a slow
journey, and many a time he would
have fallen but for the hard, hooked
claws which he dug into the bark of
the tree. He did reach the top at
last, as men and beetles always can
if they dig their claws in and work
hard enough, but when the tip-top
had been reached, dreadful to say, the
white fire had flown a million miles
away up among the stars! Can you
guess what it was that had fooled the
old beetle so?
For a long time the discontented
beetle stood on the top leaf, which
looked to his little eyes like a wide,
black floor, swinging and tilting with
the wind. There was no use, he
thought, he would give up his hunt
and go back to his cell in the ground,
where he could neither see nor hear,
for what good were eyes and ears ex-
cept to put impossible ideas in one's
head? As he turned to go down the
tree he stopped suddenly, dusted his
eyes with his feelers and looked again.
Was it possible—there in the street
below him, the very fire he was look-
ing for? Yes, there it shone, danc-
ing from an iron post and so wonder-
fully white that the moon looked like
a dirty silver plate beside it. A per-
fect cloud of bug people danced excit-
edly around it—come to light their
lamps, too, the beetle told himself, and
the next moment he stretched his
wings and went skimming through the
darkness. He forgot the other bug
people dancing there, forgot the red
sun that hid over the hill, the white
moon that ran away to the stars, the
long journey he had come on; forgot
everything except the great, blazing
diamond light that was growing nearer
with every quiver of his wings.
"Where are you going? You will
burn yourself!"
The next morning when the man
came to clean out the electric globes
he found, with a pint of other burned
up bugs, the body of a big black beetle.
"How can such a large bug have so
little sense!" he exclaimed, but when
the grass roots told the angle worm
he said nothing, because his mouth
was full of dirt.—Washington Star.

Hard on the Father.

A little girl, three years old, who is
very fond of music, has a father who
cannot distinguish one tune from an-
other. However, she is always urging
him to sing. He was trying his best
to please her with a hymn one day
and flattered himself that he was do-
ing very well. Suddenly the little ty-
rant turned upon him and demanded:
"Why don't you sing, daddy? You're
only making a noise."—New York
Press.