

THE AUSTRALIAN RABBIT PLAGUE.

[From the Pittsburg Dispatch.]

A gentleman who spent several years in Australia, and is recently from that Continent, said to me yesterday: "The rabbit plague is the most important question before Australia to-day. On the sheep station in Victoria where I spent a year there were no less than twenty-six acres absolutely given over to the rabbit warrens. Shooting them is too expensive a luxury, poisoning them breeds a noisome stench which is most dangerous to health, weasels do not clean up their work properly, and as yet no really feasible remedy has been suggested."

"I was struck with the coincidence in one respect of the habits of the rabbit in Australia with those of the jack rabbit of Colorado. I had seen the jack rabbit, the owl and the rattlesnake getting along nicely in partnership in Colorado, and I was surprised to find the trio doing business at the same stand in Victoria. I suppose the Australian snake, as the rattler does in Colorado, draws for its share of the profits the young of the rabbit. Where the owl derives any benefit from its strange alliance has never been explained to my satisfaction."

"I remember," continued the Australian traveller, "one awfully hot day in Victoria I was riding alongside of one of the gigantic rabbit warrens. The rabbits were lying out at the mouths of their holes, sleeping for the most part. Across the white belly of one of them I noticed that a big snake, 8 or 10 feet long, was stretched. Rabbit and snake were asleep. The snake was enjoying the combined heat of the rabbit's body and the sun's rays. The Australian who accompanied me told me that probably the snake—which was not of the sort which form partnerships with other animals—had selected this rabbit for his meal at a later hour. The rabbit would sleep comfortably on unconscious of his doom until evening, and then on awakening would be so paralyzed with fear that the snake would have hardly to offer a word of explanation about being sorry to eat such a comely and well-conducted rabbit. It would be all understood by both parties at once. But we left the pair sleeping, with possibly fresh cabbages flitting through the rabbit's dream-wrapt brain."

SOMETHING LIKE A PEDIGREE.

A Scotchman and an Irishman were disputing about their respective ancestries. Said Sandy, "Man, when Moses was leadin' the Israelites tae the Promised Land, ma forbers, the M'Buckies, were big fowk in Strathscone."

"Is that all yez can boast about?" exclaimed Pat, who was possessed of rather "advanced" ideas. "Bedad, I can trace my family—the O'Dhudeens—right back through the bronze age, the stone age, an' no age at all. I'm not done yet, I can prove that, after the great evolutionary process, the first O'Dhudeen was the cloimax or human completeness having been deviloped ov a special and shupairior brade of monkeys."

A solemn-looking fellow, with a certain air of dry humour about the corners of his rather sanctimonious mouth, stepped quietly, one afternoon, into the tailoring establishment of "Call and Tuttle," Boston, and remarked to the clerk in attendance, "I want to tuttle."

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired the astonished official.

"Well," rejoined he, "I want to tuttle. Noticed your invitation over the door, so I called, and now I should like to tuttle."

He was ordered to leave the establishment, which he did with a look of angry wonder, grumbling that it seemed deuced hard he couldn't be allowed to tuttle after an express invitation. Probably he supposed "tuttle" to be Bostonian for "have a drink."



I'VE A TELEGRAM sent by "Harry,"

It asks me to go to the Beach,
And the eloquent lines before me
Flatter and urge and beseech.

To the Beach!—with its bright buoyant break-
ers,
With its stretch of smooth marble-like
sands,
With its murmur and rustle of romance
That the heart hears and quick under-
stands!

To the Beach!—where the fluctuant waters
Throb in time to the beat of our hearts,
Where the tender-keyed music of ocean
Shall seem of our being a part!

To the Beach—where we'll gather the seaweed
And sit on the sand in the sun,
Beneath my red parasol shaded,
Till the glory of daylight is done!

To the Beach! where we'll watch o'er the heaving
And tremulous breast of the sea,
The moon as she rises in beauty,
And lights up my Harry and me!

To the Beach!—oh, the note is suggestive
Of dinner and Pummery fizz—
But his first name is all that he's signed here,
And I don't know which Harry it is!

THE MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

CHATHAM, - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

Weekly, \$1.50 a year in advance.

Published in the great Lumbering and Fishing centre of Northern New Brunswick. Twelve steam gang mills within a radius of six miles. Transatlantic shipments of sawn lumber average 120 million ft. per year. Over three thousand tons of fish are shipped annually from Miramichi Railway Stations. Chatham is the Eastern terminus of the Northern and Western Railway and is connected with the Intercolonial Railway by a branch nine miles in length.

The ADVANCE is largely circulated in Counties of Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester and Restigouche, Province of New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspé, Quebec.

D. C. SMITH, Publisher.

THE ALGOMA MINER & HERALD,

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE

Mining and Agricultural Interests of West Algoma. Only mining paper in Northwest Ontario. Sample copy free. \$1.00 a year.

JAMES DICKINSON, Publisher.

Port Arthur, Ontario.

A MAIL CARRIER ATTACKED BY SHARKS.

A despatch to the *New York Herald*, dated Jacksonville, Florida, says:—The dread of the mail carriers on the Florida south-east coast are the Hillsboro and New River inlets, which have to be crossed by small boats. Here the dark water of the Everglades empty into the Atlantic with tremendous force at this season, and if the ocean is rough the meeting of the cross currents produces heavy and dangerous seas. Sharks of the fiercest kind fill the inlets. James E. Hamilton, the mail-carrier from Miami to Lake Worth, was an athletic young man, and carried the light mail on his shoulders, walking the entire distance, 75 miles, on the beach. He left Lake Worth on Tuesday, in the morning, and should have reached Refuge Station, 25 miles distant that afternoon. Late at night a fisherman named Waring came to the station and told the story of Hamilton's horrible death. Waring was about one half-mile from Hillsboro Inlet when he saw Hamilton get into his boat to cross. He noted that the sharks were about in unusual numbers, and just as Hamilton reached the centre of the crossing a huge one drove at the boat and bit a piece off the gunwale. Hamilton struck at the sharks, but nothing could drive them off. Soon both oars were bitten in two, and then the fierce tigers of the sea seemed perfectly ravenous. The boat snapped at one another, and the water for yards around was dyed with their blood. The boat began to fill, and the sharks, scenting their prey, redoubled their dashes. Hamilton stood on the middle seat as if stupefied, glaring at them. Looking up and seeing Waring, he cried out to him, but in vain. Even as he shouted a huge shark dashed up and hit the partially filled boat a tremendous blow, throwing Hamilton out into the midst of the monsters. A cry of agony was heard as he went down, and the devourers had him piecemeal before the horror-stricken spectator could take in the full measure of the tragedy. As soon as Waring recovered his senses he went to the station and told of the affair. A searching party went out at once, but nothing was found save the remnants of the boat cast on the shore.

COSTLY CARELESSNESS.

[From the Savannah (Tenn.) Courier].

We regret very much to learn of the misfortune of our friend, J. W. Burks, of Nixon. On last Wednesday night he was counting out some money to pay over to G. W. Grisham, of Newburn, and, having finished, left the money on the table where a candle was burning, and stepped into another room to get a rubber to put on his pocketbook, and when he returned he found that the candle had fallen over and consumed the money which amounted to \$1,200.

THE PRICE OF LOVE.

Why, cruel maiden, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent,—
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great,
For pay, let armies move.
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art—
Ah, Myra? if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.