

new feature—a postal card announcing the shipment, was all she was used to. She opened this dainty missive with fingers that actually trembled with the rare excitement of receiving a letter. Her eyes dimmed, then overflowed, as she read the friendly message. 'We have decided to save you the trouble of doing your own sewing this summer, dear Mildred, and have fixed your things ourselves. We hope they will be all right, and that you can spend the time it would have taken you to make them over in some pleasant outings. There is a small purse in the jacket pocket with an insignificant scrap of blue paper in it, which will pay for at least a few breaths of fresh air for you, and you are positively to use it for that and nothing else. There are trolley-cars and parks at your reach, and these things are not to be despised since they are the best you can do, you busy creature.'

'At Christmas you must come to us—don't say you can't afford it, for you must. Your faithful service for Fales Brothers deserves a reward, and father means to see that you get the time and your salary, too. Father usually accomplishes what he undertakes. You will stay a month, and have a happy, restful time, we hope, and you must lay your plans accordingly.'

'Our dear friend, Ruth Sewell, who is visiting us this summer, has helped prepare your box, and so interested has she been that she says she feels as if you belonged to her, too; and, Mildred, she is worth belonging to. She sends you her love with earnest wishes for a very happy birthday and many returns, in which we all of us join.'

'Let us hear from you soon. It is a pity our correspondence has fallen so flat. We must revive it. May we not?'

'Your loving cousin, Agnes.'

Mildred laid her letter down with a radiant face. Was it possible she had felt forsaken when friends like these were hers? How ungrateful she had been! And that visit! How the days would fly with that to look forward to, and she had been wicked enough to think nobody cared. 'Dear God, forgive me! I'll try to be good,' she murmured penitently, as she knelt beside her box and carefully lifted out its contents. A summer wardrobe complete! One dainty new lawn, a neat white dress, a tailor suit hat, gloves and shoes. The pretty white garments dear to girlish hearts, and every item complete as to buttons and tapes, bindings and belts, hooks and eyes. A box of collars and ruffles; some hand-made handkerchiefs nestling beside a little flash of violet perfume, hairpins and combs, a cunning set of shirt waist studs, a half-dozen late magazines, and two or three new books; a mounted photograph of three girlish faces, merry and friendly, on the back of which was written, 'With love of Ruth, Kate and Agnes.' Last, but perhaps not least a carefully packed loaf of home-made bread, another of cake, a jar or two of fruit, a box of Kate's delicious candy, and a dozen fragrant apples of enormous size.

Mildred sat among her treasures and laughed and cried, and examined and nibbled to her heart's content. There should be a feast to-morrow night, and some of her 'companions in misery' should share it. No, it should be a merry evening picnic, and she could pay the care-fare for them all.

Was anybody ever so blest and happy before? Should she ever be lonesome or tired again?

Then and there she wrote her letter of thanks, her lonely young heart pouring into it the tenderness for which she had so seldom

been able to find expression. As she wrote her eyes were bright and her lips smiled happily. She did not know it was hot—she had forgotten her weariness. There was nothing left to remember but the goodness and unselfishness of the friends who had done so much for her, and the love of the heavenly Father who had inspired them.

Kate's eyes were wet as she read the letter, Agnes was only wiping away tears, but Ruth was smiling contentedly.

'To think how she appreciates everything and how we've never done anything before but throw her cold scraps,' sighed Agnes.

'And even that has been grudgingly done,' added Kate.

'Don't waste your time lamenting the past,' advised Ruth cheerily. 'You have a long, lovely future to make up to her in, and if I'm not mistaken, she is worth cultivating for her own sake. You have the time and the means; she has neither. There's your chance, girls, make the most of it.'

'We certainly will,' they both declared, and they are keeping their word.

Swift Doom for Rats.

The latest and most efficient as well as the most humane method of getting rid of the pest of rats is by the use of electricity. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of the proprietor of a large grain warehouse in Rochester, where the rats until recently were so abundant that their depredations were an actual source of financial loss. Since the introduction of scientific methods, however, the rats have been killed off so rapidly that within a short time they will be practically extinct.

When the rats first began to overrun this particular warehouse the aid of their time honored enemies, cats, was first called in.

The cats meant well and were energetic, but they could not follow the rats down their holes, and the rodents were so sly, as well as numerous, that it was soon evident that cats could not solve the problem of getting rid of them.

Traps of various kinds were then tried. At first they worked well. But after a little time the rats came to understand and avoid them. The same proved true of poison.

In the meantime the rats who had first selected the grain warehouse as a place where an easy living could be procured had evidently informed their rat friends, and these called in others until it seemed as if most of the rats in that part of the state must have established headquarters in that storehouse.

Then a clerk with an inventive turn of mind tackled and solved the rat question.

The warehouse is lighted with incandescent lights, which, however, are seldom used at night. First the clerk placed a flat piece of copper on the floor in one of the corners of the building and a wire was run to it from the incandescent light circuit. On this copper plate was placed a large appetizing piece of cheese. Then a second copper plate was placed on the floor almost, but not quite, touching the first copper. The return wire of the incandescent light circuit was connected with this plate.

The cheese, of course, was in full view on the floor, and nothing could have looked more innocent. But to reach it a rat would first step on the copper plate connected with the return wire. So far nothing could happen to disturb the peace of mind of his ratship. His next move, however, would be to place his forefeet on copper plate No. 1, on which the cheese had been placed. The instant the front feet of the rat touched this piece of copper he would complete the electric circuit. The cur-

rent would shoot through his body and he would drop dead before he had time to make a squeak.

There was nothing about the contrivance to indicate a trap, even to the oldest and wisest rat. The cheese was in plain sight and apparently easy to get and by its smell attracted rats from all over the warehouse. The whole arrangement looked so innocent that even the sight of the bodies of their predecessors did not frighten away the hungry rats. On the morning after the rat electrocution trap was first tried over a score of dead rats were found. The next evening half a dozen similar traps were set, all meeting with the success of the first. It was plain that the rat question was settled, so far as that warehouse was concerned.

'I think I ought to get out a patent for my electric chair for thieving rats,' said the inventor of the novel trap, proudly. 'And besides any money my scheme might bring me, I think I am entitled to a large medal from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to animals, for the rats don't suffer the least pain. They are dead before they know what has happened.'—The Presbyterian.

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