

couldn't waken a dead man on that station. Now, if it was Dillerville, or Swissfold, or some little thin name like that, all i's and e's, maybe I couldn't shake 'em up quite so boisterously, but a big mouthful like Mount Joy or Tyrone, where your voice has something to catch on to, why, man, I can put the headlight out with it!"

Confidentially the brakeman lowers his voice. "Why, yes," he says; "somebody gets carried by every run, unless I bounce him, just like a tramp. I believe when the last day comes, and Gabriel sounds his awful trumpet, and the dead rise up and answer the summons, there'll be some men won't know anything about it till the next day, and then they'll say, 'Well, you never blowed at Snyder's Crossing!'"

The man in front of us is whistling. Now listen. The man opposite has heard him, and now he is whistling too. The same air or another one; nobody ever knows what tune a man on the train is whistling save only the whistler's self. The sad passenger just behind us cannot whistle, so he sings. And the man on the wood-box plays a little accompaniment to the sibilant air which he whistles between his teeth by drumming with his heels. This sets four or five other men to drumming on the windows with their fingers. Sad indeed at this hour, devoted to railway minstrelsy, is the lot of the man who is crowded to the end of the seat and has no window to drum upon.

The tall thin passenger adds a little variety to the general effect by whistling against the striated edges of the leaves of a book. Not one of all these passengers hears the mellow piping of his fellow-passengers. Each man is absorbed in his own hum or whistle. And if you can by listening intently, and by calling to your aid a very vivid and charitable imagination, detect a tune in any of the whistle, you rarely hear a lively air. The general tenor of railroad music is tinged with melancholy, like the dash of the wild waves on the shingly beach. It has a plaintive, longing quality, a nocturne builded on a theme of homesickness; for it is when the day is done that the whistling madness seizes upon the traveller; when the hurrying landscape robes itself in cool shadow, and a quiet and peace, hallowed as an Easter dawn, broods over the farms where lie "the penned flocks in their wattled lodge," and sweet-breathed kine, with Herd's eyes, stand in the perfumed clover, or move slowly down the darkening lane; when, as the night draws on and the stars come out, the train dashes past a cottage set in the background of a wooded knoll: in the open door, bathed in a flood of light from lamp and cheery fireplace, a woman stands shading her face with open hand, as she peers down the winding road, and a little child at her side, waving a merry signal with dimpled hand to the passing train, turns the rosy face and in the direction of the mother's look to welcome "papa" home; when cosy tea-tables seen through quick glimpses of the windows in the towns paint beautiful pictures of far-away homes on the heart of the traveller,—then it is that he breathes his soul's plaintive longing through his puckered lips, and the tenderness of his dream softens the grotesque lines of the pucker, lest he might see its wrinkled caricature, and, like Athené, cast away his breathing flute forever. Listen, and you shall hear that songs of home and old love ditties are all the airs they blow who whistles in the cars at eventime.

Behold the woman preparing to go to sleep. All the shawls, rugs, and wraps whereof she may be possessed she rolls up into a large wad and lays this gigantic pillow on the arm of the seat. She braces her feet against the side of the car and lies down. Before her head can reach that fearful and wonderful pillow rolls off on the floor, and she lies down to rest her neck upon the inhospitable nickel-plated arm of the seat, while her head projects over into the aisle. Of course the first man who walks down the car knocks her hat off and bumps her head. With an expression of wearied, forlorn, despairing resignation, such as no man can imitate, she gathers up her bonnet and shawls and sits bolt upright. Sleep with her feet next the aisle, she will not. If she cannot sleep with her head projecting over the arm of the seat into the public highway of the car, she will not sleep at all.

Ah, the gentleman who gets on down at the Y switch, and prefers to ride on the rear platform of the rear coach. The brakeman has found him and is instructing him regarding the distance and condition of the walking to the next station. The gentleman's taste, in preferring to ride out on the bleak platform, is very singular; but this is a free country, and a passenger may ride where he pleases, under certain conditions of a pecuniary character. Aside from this, his position is subject only to the limitations of the Constitution of the United States and the amendments thereto. But the railway trains are not so free as the country. The gentleman who got on after the train was under way confides to the brakeman, in a moment of weakness, that his funds are not at present in available condition; that his securities are not immediately negotiable; he has no collateral that he can hypothecate on the spot, and so the inevitable stares him in the face, the hand in uniform reaches for the remorseless bell-cord, and manifest destiny beckons the embarrassed gentleman down the embankment. He says he wants to go some place where there is a coal mine. Alas! he looks as though the best fortune that could meet him in the way would be a

good-paying lead in an undeveloped soap mine. Poor tramp! I wished I owned a coal mine. I'd give him enough of it to pay his fare, anyhow. Let us be charitable. "Not to tramp," say you! True, let us be merely just to the tramps. So "he is lazy," you say. So am I. "He won't work unless he has to." Neither will I. How is it with you, brother? "But he is grimy and dirty,—deplorably untidy." I have seen diamond rings glittering only two joints above very sad-browed finger-nails. "He is wicked." So am I. "He steals." So also do some very eminent "statesmen." "He lies." So do many distinguished politicians. "He swears." So Washington did at Monmouth. "He drinks; he gets drunk." Alas! that is truly deplorable. I can find no parallel for that vice in good society; go on. "He smokes." So does Grant. "He is not trustworthy." There are American bank cashiers in Canada. The clerks in the Mint and the Treasury Department are cheeks and counter-checks upon each other; and there isn't a bank in the country will trust you with money unless you give a note with good security. "He is ungrateful: kindness would be wasted on him." Here, too, I am ungrateful a thousand times a day; kindness has been wasted upon me nearly forty years. "Oh, well! he's good for nothing; you can't do anything with him." Has any one ever tried? Well, he is gone; and the only memento we have of him is a stream of terrific profanity that followed the train as he left him standing in the ditch. "Served him right." Oh yes, yes, undoubtedly. Still, I can't help hoping, seeing the tramp is so like his more prosperous neighbors, that, when our credentials are demanded, He who was "a friend of publicans and sinners," and sat at meat with them, will not "serve us right."

She comes; my lady comes. Bird-cage, parasol, bandbox, basket, shawl-strap, bouquet and bundle. She has been sitting in the station nearly three hours waiting for this train, and in that time has tried to climb upon everything that went by in either direction, including a yard engine and a hand car. And then she never thought of buying a ticket until the train whistled, and she fell into the car "all of a heap," scrambling herself together. Now she has lost her ticket. Less than ninety seconds ago she bought it, and where is it now? Her hand-bag is in the basket, her porte-monnaie in the hand-bag, and in an inside pocket of the porte-monnaie, wrapped up in a recipe for White Mountain cake and a pattern for a new tidy stitch, is that blessed ticket. There goes her hat! As she balances it back upon her head, down comes her hair "and showers the rippled ringlets to her knee,"—only the rippled ringlets are straight wisps and merely hang down her back. As with deft touch and nimble hands she twists up the hair and belays it with a long pin, the bundle falls from the rack upon her head and topples the hat over to larboard; as she reaches up to replace the bundle, she bursts the collar button off her duster, and sticks her fingers on four pins before she can find one she dares take to repair damages. There! the bundle has exploded; and there are more things lying around that seat than a man could pack into a Saratoga trunk. This is her station, and she goes out with that shattered bundle tucked under one arm, trying to corral her wandering hair and toppling hat with one hand while with the other she vaguely feels around for woman's great stay and comfort in every wreck and distress,—more pins; and you can't help thinking, as she goes struggling and fluttering into the station, that it would be much more convenient and safer if she would run herself in sections and flag herself against every hing.

The long, long weary night has worn itself away and the passengers out. How drearily long is one night in a day-coach. But for the panorama of station and passenger you never could endure it. By daybreak, the wearied cargo has shaken itself down into endurable discomfort. The snoring proceeds in regular cadences; the children have ceased to cry; the human form divine in the various seats has taken on the distorted shapes and hideous postures of the fallen angels. Every face is pallid, grimy, wan. Every sleeping mouth is open. Disheveled hair and rumpled collars. Every touselled woman and frowzy man, waking in the pale, trying light of dawn, sighs for solitude and darkness and hates the light. There is not a good-natured soul in the car, not one. Even the jolly commercial traveller, who got on at the last station, succumbs to the infection, loses his smile at the first crossing, and snarls at the train-boy ten miles out. Come: this stop is only the stock-yards; but get off. The cattle are better, more cheerful, Christian company at five o'clock in the morning than are the all-night passengers in the day-coach.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

#### A RAT-CHARMER.

THE WAY AN EXPERT ENTICES THE RODENTS TO THEIR DEATH.

Said Mr. Thomas Fullerton, a retired rat-catcher, as he picked up a large gray rat with a pair of tongs and held it, squealing, in the air:

"Rats is all alike. People talk of the sewer rat, the house rat, the Norway rat, but they're all the same thing. There's no difference between them. They all come from the sewers in the first place, and if a house is tight at the

bottom and no holes from the sewers the rats won't get in."

"How do you catch rats?" asked the reporter.

"It's all done on scientific principles. This is the only way of holding a rat."

Fullerton was still holding the old rat in his tongs. He whisked the rat up under his arm-pit and closed his arm upon it. The position did not seem to suit him. He repeated the manoeuvre until the belly of the rat laid evenly against his side. Then he released the tongs and held the rat in position by the pressure of his arm. Sliding his hand over the rat's back, he seized it firmly by the shoulders and pulled it out. The rat was powerless to bite him, although it squirmed and squealed vigorously. Pulling down its lower jaw, he showed the two long, narrow fangs set closely together.

"Those are bad things to be bit with," he said. "The first bite don't amount to much, and it is only when the teeth close with a second pressure that there is trouble. That drives the fangs in so deep that the poison at the roots comes off in the wounds. I have had my arm swollen clear up to the shoulder by a small bite on the hand. But a rat won't bite unless you frighten him."

"How do you clear the house at rats?"

"If the house has a soft cellar floor I can get the rats out, but I can't keep them out. If it has a hard foundation, I hunt out all the holes leading from the sewers and stop them up with sand and cement. That prevents any more from getting in and those in the house from escaping. Having made the cellar tight, I find the runways by which the rats go from one floor to another. These are generally along lead pipes in the walls. A rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as walk along the floor. I nail a small square piece of tin over a part of the runway, and I grease the outside. Now, a rat can't run up this, and he slips down when he comes to it."

"If I can't get at the runways I find the hole and fix this wire door on it. You see, it is made of four pieces of short wire laid parallel, held together by crossbars and sharpened at the ends. This is suspended by the top over a rat hole. Coming from the hole a rat can easily lift it up and get through, but he can't get back, as the gate falls and the sharp points prevent him from lifting it. Now I make a rat trap of the whole house. I so fix the gates and tin slides that the rats will all be led into one room in the basement. There they are securely caught, as they cannot possibly get out. I go among them with a dark lantern and pick them up with my tongs. I can catch them as quickly as a cat can a mouse. If they get in places where I can't reach them I shoot them with this long target pistol. I use these little target cartridges, and it kills them every time."

"When the rats get in ceilings I smother them out with cayenne pepper. I have a fumigator here which works like an air-pump. I burn red pepper in it and pump it into the ceiling. The rats can't stand that and they go out as fast as they can. That is better than a ferret, as the ferrets are expensive and the rats often kill them. Ferrets are scary things to handle. If they bite you have to pry their jaws open. When I want to catch rats for dogs I set traps. First I remove everything out of their way so that they will get very hungry. Then I set the trap. Then I have another way of catching them. I wear rubber shoes into a slaughterhouse at night and carry a dark lantern. I move softly about and catch the rats with tongs before they have a chance to get away. In this way I have caught 103 rats in two hours and a half. If you ever get bitten by a rat put the wound in hot water and make it bleed. Then bathe it with arnica or spirits of turpentine."

#### THE SMALL BOY ON ERRANDS.

Where is the small boy going?  
The small boy is going on an errand.  
How do you know that the small boy is going on an errand?

Because the small boy is in such a hurry.  
How can you tell that the small boy is in a hurry?

I can tell you by the thoroughness with which he examines everything about him.

Is this exercise very exhausting?  
Exceedingly; you see that he has to sit down and rest before he has half completed his survey.

But what is the small boy doing now?  
In order to get to his destination the quicker, he has jumped upon a passing waggon.

But the waggon is going in the direction from which he came.

It makes no difference. All roads lead to Rome, you know, and all directions are the same to the small boy. The only directions he is careless of are those which were given him when he started on his errand.

What is the small boy doing now?  
The small boy is now playing marbles with another small boy.

Then he has forgotten his errand?  
Oh, no; he is only exercising his memory. He is trying to see how long he can remember his errand amidst distracting circumstances.

Will the small boy ever get to his destination?  
He will if he keeps on in the direction in which he is now crawling.

How soon do you think?  
I cannot say; but I once heard of a man who went around the world in 80 days.

#### VARIETIES.

The daughter of Victor Hugo, who is now fifty years old, is an object of commiseration. About eighteen years ago she fell in love with a naval officer who had some property in England and also estates in Tamidol. Her friends were opposed to her marriage, but as she was of age she carried her point, and the newly married couple proceeded to the West Indies. After a few years of life together the Commodore abandoned his wife, whose previous eccentricity under this blow rapidly developed into insanity. She is proud of her father's reputation, and his visits to the asylum are red letter days to her. She dresses like a young girl and is never violent, but, on the contrary, quite pleasant. She reads, sings, talks and acts rationally enough except at times, when she does queer things.

The trustees of the British Museum have lately received from Pekin some typographical curiosities in the shape of eight volumes containing portions of two Chinese works printed during the thirteenth century. These books are printed from wooden blocks, on ordinary Chinese paper, much discolored by age. The volumes have evidently been carefully preserved, and at one time belonged to the library of a Chinese prince, who, in consequence of a political intrigue, was in 1360 condemned to die. Hence the dispersion of his library.

There are eleven models submitted to a Boston committee for a statue of Theodore Parker. Four represent him seated, two or three are busts or pedestals, and others are groups variously conceived. One of these represents Mr. Parker standing on a pedestal, while on either side are two female figures in classic drapery, personifying Religion and Law. Another represents a draped female figure, with hand pointing upward, standing before him—the design being a personification of Truth. Still another shows Mr. Parker standing with one arm on a book-rack and the fingers of the other hand turning the leaves of a book, on which is inscribed selected sentences from his own writings. It is proposed to spend \$10,000 on this statue.

E. C. STEEDMAN, the poet, is building a summer house at Newcastle, N. H. In the neighborhood are the cottages of Professor Bartlett, John Albee, the poet, and the famous Wentworth Hotel. Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, lives about six miles away on the Isles of Shoals. Newcastle is an island, and Mr. Steedman's house will command a grand view of the ocean. Mrs. Steedman is spending the summer at Newcastle.

The printing of the new English dictionary, which is in preparation in London, has proceeded to the end of the article "alternate," and at that point there are over six thousand entries, as compared with under three thousand in Webster. The statisticians connected with the project have calculated that the work will contain nearly two hundred thousand main entries, and that the quotations will reach to more than a million in number.

W. H. H. MURRAY, once pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, and famous for his Adirondack adventures and "buck-board wagon" enterprise, is about to bring out the first two of six volumes of Adirondack tales. At the same time he is finishing a book on life in Texas, preparing a course of philosophical lectures for the coming season, and getting ready to begin the practice of law.

MISS ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS' summer home is beautifully situated on the Eastern Point facing Gloucester Harbor, Mass., not far from Cape Ann lighthouse. She has there two houses, one in which she works and lives during the day, and another on the most elevated portion of the Point, where she sleeps. She has made this arrangement because she is much troubled with sleeplessness and requires a dormitory where she can enjoy absolute quiet.

MILLARD MILLMORE, the sculptor who died recently in Boston, was an Irishman by birth, but came to Boston with his widowed mother and four elder brothers in 1851, when he was eight years of age. He graduated at the Brimmer School, and soon after, in 1860, entered the studio of Mr. Thomas Ball. His advance in art was very rapid. The chief works which have given him his reputation are cabinet busts of Longfellow, Sumner, Edwin Booth; the granite statues of Ceres, Flora and Pomona that adorn the front of Horticultural Hall, Boston; portrait busts of Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Henry Wilson, George S. Boutwell, Emerson, Pope Pius IX., Cardinal McCloskey, General Grant, Longfellow, General McClellan; the colossal figure of the Sphinx in the Mount Auburn Cemetery; the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common. He left in the clay a bust of Daniel Webster, ordered by the State of New Hampshire.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send (free of charge) to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. E.O.W.