

STEERING HEAD.

It was further arranged that the young couple should go away after the wedding of a couple of weeks, as Clifton insisted that Shirley needed a change after the long confinement of the winter. Shirley, however, had no objection to this, but she was not to be hurried into a home of her own.

"Wait a little, she urged. 'You would have to rush things so that you would be tired out, to start with, and with your school shopping and all the other things you will have to select carpets, curtains and furniture. There will be plenty of time for that when you get back from your bridal trip, and you will be better satisfied with your purchases if you do not make them in a hurry.'"

This advice commended itself to the lovers, although Clifton looked slightly disappointed. He was very eager to have a cozy nest of his own.

"But where shall we come back to on our return?"

"It would be very expensive to go to a hotel for any length of time," said Shirley. "I have a room at the Wilbur, but it is empty, and you could be very comfortable there, while you are looking about for and furnishing a permanent home."

This plan also struck the young people favorably, and they decided to act upon it at once.

Clifton saw Mrs. Wilbur before he left, and after looking at the rooms referred to, engaged for the suite with the understanding that it was to be nicely furnished before he occupied it.

After her departure Shirley gravely began to consider ways and means for providing herself with a suitable wardrobe.

"I am sure I do not know how I am to manage it," she said, with a sigh, as she shut herself in her room, after Madame had retired, and began to look over her apparel. "I need a handsome traveling suit, and it must be handsome and nice if I am to be married in it—pretty silk, for dinner and evening wear, and a dainty wrapper or tea gown. I could get along with only three new dresses, by making over some of my old ones; but where is the money to do the great things I want? I must have a good many other things which I must have. Or the time to make them, for of course I cannot afford to hire any sewing done."

She went to bed feeling greatly troubled over these puzzling questions, not being able to sleep as well as usual, on account of her anxiety, she felt depressed and almost ill when she arose in the morning.

She kept it to herself, however, for she could not have been annoyed, especially as it was Saturday, and she was going for the long-wished-for ride in the park.

More than this, she knew, if she mentioned her perplexity, Madame would instantly begin to question her about the money she was supposed to have in the bank, and this would necessitate explanations, and the expenditure which might make her unhappy.

The day proved to be very warm and sunny; the season, too, was unusually forward, and Mrs. Wilbur, who was as happy as a child to get out of doors once more, after being so long a prisoner, and to see the great green trees and flowers in the glory of their summer bloom.

"Let us get out and walk about," she said, after reaching the park. "I have my overcoat on, so I shall not take cold, and I am just going to stand on the grass, honest ground once more, after being pent up the house for more than three months, and seeing but stone walls and cobblestones."

So they alighted, Shirley giving their driver permission to do what he pleased for an hour, while they strolled leisurely through the delightful walks and avenues. After awhile they sat down on a rustic seat, beneath the shade of a large maple, and as they rested they fell to chatting about Shirley's approaching marriage.

"While thus engaged they heard the sound of footsteps upon the gravel walk, and glancing up, they saw a gentleman just coming into view around a bend in the path.

"Humph!" ejaculated Madame, with a violent start; she started forward as if to get a better view of the stranger, who she did not move, she scarcely seemed to breathe until he was directly opposite her, when she suddenly arose from her seat, her face startlingly pale, save for a crimson spot upon each cheek, and a peculiar, almost fierce, light in her small black eyes.

Her movement attracted the attention of the man, who, until that moment, had been walking with bowed head, as if absorbed in deep thought.

He glanced toward the woman, stopped short on meeting her gaze, while an expression of blank astonishment settled upon his features, and he flushed to his brow as he exclaimed:

"Fellie, Marton, by all that is astounding!"

"Alec Hartman, by all that is false!" retorted Madame, bridling with sudden anger, although she was trembling visibly.

The man appeared to be somewhat embarrassed by her words; his eyes wavered, and he started forward, as if undecided whether to go on or stay where he was, and brave an interview with this sudden apparition from the past.

Shirley, scarcely less astonished than her two companions, for she had instantly recognized the man—instinctively recalled that Madame Marton and the recalcitrant lever of the past, at last face to face, and feeling that the presence of a third person would be decidedly a trap, she quietly slipped away, leaving them together to breast the encounter as best they might.

Mr. Alexander Hartman was the first to recover his self-possession, and, with a slightly embarrassed and deprecatory laugh, he remarked:

"Well, Fellie, you are about right, I am forced to acknowledge. I was false, I did use you confoundedly mean, and no mistake, but, if ever a man repented his just deserts, I've had my pay."

"Your pay?" repeated Madame, with a scornful reflection, for the rush of old memories had unnerved her.

"Yes, it is a fact, for if you will be moment's peace since the day that I wrote you that abominable letter," the man replied.

Madame allowed her eyes to wander over the poorly-dressed man before her, over his sunken cheeks, and the lines on his face, noting with keen appreciation the richness and neatness of his attire, the costly, clear white shirt, which gleamed on his shirt front, and the exquisitely carved and gold-mounted ivory handle to the cane that he held.

"Yes, you look as if you had suffered," she returned quietly, but with stinging sarcasm.

Again the man laughed, but there was a note of bitterness in the sound.

"You are still very bitter toward me, Fellie, in spite of the many years that have elapsed," he remarked. "I cannot blame you, but, and his voice faltered a trifle, 'we are old now—too old to treasure ill-will on account of the follies of the past, are we not? I have often thought I would like to meet you and ask your forgiveness for the wrong I did you. I went within a few miles of you last summer, but I was too cowardly and I was almost in sight of your home. I confess that I was wronged, but I would have wronged you a hundred times more if I had kept my troth to you when my heart was another man's."

"Where is the woman who supplanted me?" demanded Madame Marton.

"Dead!"

"Your wife dead?"

"I never had any wife, Fellie."

"What! didn't you marry the girl after all?" sharply questioned Madame.

"No! I have never married. Edna Remington was already betrothed to another when I began to love her."

"Fool!" muttered Madame, between her tightly compressed lips.

"Yes, I was a fool for supposing that I could win her from the man she had chosen; but it had been my only fault, I should, perhaps, have less to regret at the present time, her companion moodily returned. 'May I sit down beside you, Fellie?'

"I should," she continued, after a minute of awkward silence, "if I would like to tell you the story of the long years that have intervened since we met. I was feeling old and sad, lonely and morose, when I came upon you so suddenly just now, for I haven't a relative in the world that I know of. I have lived a lonely, selfish kind of life. I have

wronged others beside you, but they are all gone beyond the reach of any restitution, unless— But never mind that now. I believe it would do me good to make an open confession to you, Fellie, if you do not so thoroughly despise me that you cannot listen to me."

The woman's face had lost something of its sternness during the latter part of this speech, and she made no objection when her old-time lover seated himself beside her, although she shivered slightly as his hand touched hers for an instant while so doing.

It was a strange fact that she had never ceased to love the choice of her youth, even though his desertion of her, and all she had suffered in consequence, had served to embitter her nature and make her seem the enemy of all mankind. But, away down in the depths of her faithful heart she had cherished his image, as the devotee cherishes the idol he worships, and it was sacredly enshrined there today as the dearest, though most painful, memory of her life.

She would have suffered torture, however, rather than begin his such-died story. "You already know," she remarked, "what my early life was—how my mother married her second husband when I was nine years of age; how a year later another son was born to her, and until we both reached manhood my stepbrother was like my second father, and I loved each other with an affection such as few 'own' brothers experience. Our father, for I regarded him as such, died when his son was twenty, dividing his property equally between us and our mother, and charged us to be true to each other as long as she should live. About that time I met you and believed in you as I could never love any other woman. I was living very fast at this time; I spent money lavishly; in fact, I wasted my inheritance, and was not long in coming to the end of my rope. Ascribed to acknowledge the fact to my brother and mother, however, I secured a position in a bank at a fair salary, but represented to them that was a large stockholder, and so accounted for my way for the time I spent in the institution. All this time I was also deceiving you, for you too, believed me to be rich, but I thought if I could only manage to keep my head above board until after our marriage, things would settle themselves. Upon my return from my last visit to you, my brother introduced me to a Miss Remington, to whom he had recently become engaged, having met her during the summer, while he was at the bank. I first looked at her with a cold, unfeeling eye, but when I saw Edna Remington I might have been an honest man today; but from the moment I first looked upon her perfect face, I was lost to all sense of honor and manhood. I was envious of my brother, who had the beauty that bound me to you, and I recklessly vowed that I would win the girl from the man to whom she was promised, and whom, it was evident, she loved very dearly. But how? I seemed as if the devil inspired me by suggesting a most villainous idea. I must first break my engagement with my brother, then I must prove Everard unworthy of his betrothed. The first was easily done; our bank, by a skillfully imitated signature of one of the largest stockholders of the city, was bankrupted, and was detected and Everard was arrested."

[To Be Continued.]

Aphorisms.

From Carlyle's Sartor Resartus:

Do the duty which lies nearest thee.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny.

Man is emphatically a proselytizing creature.

With stupidity and sound digestion man may front much.

Sarcasm I now see to be in general the language of the devil.

What you can see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite.

Great men are too often unknown, or what is worse, misknown.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether reclaimably bad.

Language is called the garment of thought; however, it should be, language is the flesh garment, the body of thought.

Wouldst thou be a peasant's son that knew, however readily, there was a God in heaven and in man; or a duke's son that knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the family coach?

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discernment of the infinite in the finite, of the ideal mode real.

Shakespeare says, we are creatures that look before and after: the more surprising that we do not look around a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.

But the hardest problem were ever this first: to find by study of yourself and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward capability specially is.

Truly a thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such an one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the nether empire.

Man lives in time, has his whole earthly being, endeavor and destiny shaped for him by time. Only in the transitory time-symbol is the ever motionless eternity we stand on made manifest.

YOUNG CHILDREN AND

Malt Breakfast Food.

Do not allow your little ones to use starchy and irritating foods such as oatmeal and the majority of ordinary prepared grain foods. They are hard to digest, and lack the grand constituents for the formation of bone and muscle. Malt Breakfast Food is predigested, therefore does not tax digestion, and the children love it, and thrive fast on it. Malt Breakfast Food is as cheap as common oatmeal; one packet makes three meals. At all Grocers.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

[Chicago Tribune.]

An experienced wife can assure the health authorities that it is impossible to keep the mouth closed while cleaning boots. It is absolutely necessary to talk sharply to the man of the house once a day, if not oftener, during the process.

Prizes
Catch
many women.
What do prizes
amount to? Not
worth consid-
ering. Cannot
pay you for
poor work,
greater ex-
pense and
risk to clothes,
which you get with
ing powder. Any woman who
uses PEARLINE has a prize,
and will save enough to buy
more and better knick-knacks.
Pearline Saves 652

CARNEGIE'S HOME IS A PALACE!

Plans of New Residence Read Like Magician's Tale.

Every Convenience Which Genius Can Contrive and Wealth Secure To Be Provided in Structure Now Being Erected in New York.

[New York Tribune.]

A huge block of apartment houses is being demolished and cleared away to give additional area to the grounds surrounding the new mansion of Andrew Carnegie at Ninetieth street and Fifth avenue. Already one block has been sacrificed and others are to follow. In order to make landscape gardening possible the solid rock has been excavated to a depth of ten feet, the huge basin thus made has been drained and filled in with loam, and in this bed thirty maple trees have been planted. The landscape gardener's work will come later.

There are eighty rooms in the Carnegie house, and of these easily half are in the quarters below ground, that is, in the basement, cellar, and sub-cellar. Here the plumbers have held possession for months, laying the foundation of personal comfort as it will be later enjoyed by the residents above.

With \$100,000 worth of plumbing apparatus, and \$55,000 worth of plumbing in its relation to water and the sewage system there is reason to credit the statement that this Carnegie mansion will have the most perfect system of plumbing in the world.

At present, of course, everything is rough, but the boilers, cylinders, brass pipes, the zinc air boxes, the thermostats, the thousand and one details that an engineer can understand, will represent the fortune invested there.

PERFECTION IN PLUMBING WORK.

In the sub-cellar two flights below ground is the great furnace, and a coal bin that holds two hundred tons of coal. Over a miniature railroad track runs a small car between the bin and the furnace, directed automatically, so that from the coal supply, one-quarter of a ton is emptied into the car at once, after which the car makes its way to the furnace and deposits its load into the fire. On this same floor are the huge water filters. There are also improvements in the direct flow of sewage that precludes the possibility of sewer gas. The walls, floors and ceilings are tiled. A master engineer, with three assistants, each having a class of three hands, will constitute the corps of men to run the mechanism below ground.

In the cellar proper is the connecting link between the furnace and the registers and radiators above. Only the mechanical mind can grasp the why and wherefore of the network of machinery that here, in every direction, on this floor everything in sight is tiled. The wine cellar has its terra-cotta walls honeycombed with small openings, each large enough to hold a bottle. The laundry and ironing-room are situated at a corner of the cellar, and the drying-room is also there. These rooms are all small.

Another flight up leads to the basement proper. Here is the kitchen, the private kitchen, the housekeeper's private apartment and office, linen closet, bootroom, brushroom, servants' dining-room, and the steward's office. Mr. Carnegie is looking out upon the servants' entrance, so that he may know of the comings and goings of the below stairs. Again the walls, ceilings and floors are tiled. On this floor also is the telephone "central" of the Carnegie mansion. There are twenty telephones in the house, in place of speaking-tubes. All electric wires in the house are inclosed in iron pipes, and the unlaid floors at the present time reveal the mechanism employed in this part of the building. As far as it is constructed up to the present time, the kitchen, it is said, will be the most perfect in every detail of any that have ever been built.

GREAT ORGAN PROVIDED.

One flight up from the basement brings one on a level with the carriage drive. In this hall are to be wonders unimagined and unwritten. Mr. Carnegie has given orders that the wood carving shall be the most ornate that is procurable. At the right of the front door is the room where the people who call on official business are to be received. At the left is the place where the organ will stand. It is said in regard to this organ that the manufacturer has proved them- selves so grasping that the architect recommended that in future when a house it to be supplied with a church organ, the organ be built first and the house be built around it. The organ is to cost \$15,000.

On the floor are the usual rooms—the drawing-room, the library, Mr. Carnegie's private library and den, and the grand picture gallery, which is also the billiard-room, and which is two-stories high, with a skylight overhead. There is the dining-room, the breakfast-room, and the hall itself, which the music room. Only the experienced and imaginative eye can picture the appearance of these apartments when supplied with all that art can devise. But this is all a secret at present.

OVERLOOK CENTRAL PARK.

From the arrangement of the rooms on the second floor it is evident that the house has been designed to meet the requirements of the family of the owner, for the entire floor is devoted to the use of three persons. The windows of Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie's private apartments overlook Central Park, the drive, and the reservoir lake. This is like a view into a private park. In the southwest corner is an enormous double-room—the bedroom—and from it toward the north opens Mr. Carnegie's dressing-room, and opening from that his private bathroom. From the other side of the double-bedroom is Mrs. Carnegie's dressing-room, and from that opens her private bathroom. The other large rooms are the day nursery for little Miss Carnegie, a large, sunny room overlooking the private grounds; the night nursery, the private bathroom, the children's dressing-room, and, last, the private sitting-room, and, last, the private pantry, where the child's food may be prepared in case of emergency. There is a passenger elevator which runs from the parlor floor to the third floor only, and the servants' elevator, which runs from the cellar to the top floor, where are the servants' quarters. The third floor contains the guest rooms and is arranged to accommodate a large party of guests. The fourth floor contains the private apartments of Mrs. Carnegie's sister, who is a member of the family, is on the third floor.

Mr. Carnegie has given instructions that the most elaborate woodwork in the house be placed in his own and his wife's private apartments.

Many people are disappointed by the plainness of the house, but, as it is, Mr. Carnegie has pronounced it "too fancy" to suit him. It will be completed in about one year.

THE LARGEST ENGINE

A Description of the Largest Stationary Engine Ever Built in the United States.

[Literary Digest.]

What is, asserted to be the largest stationary engine ever built in the United States has just been completed in East Pittsburgh, Pa., by the Westinghouse Machine Company for the New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat and Power Company. Seven others of equal size are to be built for the same company. These engines are rated at 6,000 horse-power each. The following is a description in part:

"The idea of the proportions of this monster engine can best be grasped if it is said that more than 10,000 separate pieces of different kinds of metal were used in its construction, and that the engine completely weighs more than 1,500 tons. The total weight of the engine is the dimensions: Height from floor line to the top of the cylinder, 37.25 feet; width across front, 41 feet; width from front to rear, 23 feet; diameter of fly-wheel, 23 feet; weight of main shaft, 136,000 pounds; diameter of shaft, 26 to 29 inches. For slipping, the engine will require 20 cars. The base of this engine, cast in three pieces, weighs 100 tons. Upon this base are set the three A-frames, which are set at regular flange tops, upon which are set and bolted the cross-head guide-frames."

"Circumscribing the engine frame are three iron platforms, connected together by spiral iron stairways, each other by spiral iron stairways, and to the ground by means of a stairway descending from the lowest platform. There are one high-pressure cylinder, 43½ inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, each 75 inches in diameter. The stroke is 60 inches, and the speed 75 revolutions per minute. The engine is condensing, and a total of 26 inches is maintained at all times. No quenching is required."

"The main shaft is of open-hearth, fluid compressed, hydraulic forged steel, the connecting rods are of the same material, and both were supplied by the Bethlehem Steel Company. The shaft is 29½ inches in diameter at the bearings; it has a 10-inch hole through the center of that portion located between the bearings, and a 9-inch hole at the bearings. The total weight of the main shaft is 136,000 pounds."

"The fly-wheel center is of air-furnace iron, the arms and rims of cast steel. The central portion is cast in five segments, each consisting of two arms and 72 degrees of the rim. These are joined by I-links shrunk into pockets in the sides, and are bolted to the hub, ensuring a cast-steel fly-wheel 23 inches in diameter. The rim is strongly reinforced in such a way as to give practically three rings running together, each self-supporting as to centrifugal force."

"Though this engine is somewhat more powerful than either of the two recently built for the Bay Ridge Station of the King's County Light and Power Company, the fly-wheel is considerably smaller, a construction which in this case because the cranks are arranged in the best position to give an even turning moment—cranks being separated by 120 degrees—a consequence that is not possible to attain in any two-cylinder engine."

YIELDED TO PERSUASION

Mr. B. Davis, of Hamilton, Was Well Advised For Five Years Afflicted With Dyspepsia—Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Justified His Friend's Arguments.

Mr. B. Davis is a carpenter living at 211 Wellington street, Hamilton, Ontario. His experience with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is interesting.

Mr. Davis has suffered with Dyspepsia for five years. The disease had become chronic with him. His stomach was permanently disabled. Every- thing that he ate would digest properly. His food lay fermenting in his stomach. Great pain always followed meals, which consisted of the plainest possible food.

Nothing Mr. Davis took in the way of medicine would relieve him. He tried doctors, and remedies advertised to cure Dyspepsia, one after the other, all to no purpose.

Finally a good friend of Mr. Davis asked him if he had tried Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Mr. Davis replied that he had not. He said he had tried all the medicines he was going to.

The friend persisted. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets were not to be classed with other patent medicines, he said. They were simply pepsin and diastase, two well-known and harmless digestants, put up in a form to be easily and pleasantly taken.

Mr. Davis finally yielded to persuasion. He bought a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. His friend had won. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets need no further aid in convincing anyone of their merit. A trial is conclusive.

Here is the result of Mr. Davis' trial of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in his own words:

"I have been a sufferer for five years with Dyspepsia. Nothing I ate would digest, nor would anything that I could get relieve me. A friend advised me to try Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and after awhile I yielded to persuasion, and tried them. I have only used two boxes, but they have cured me. I write this to let others suffering with Dyspepsia know about the medicine that cured me."

It is a mistake to offer your friends inferior tea when you can just as easily give them Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green.

RAT CATCHERS KEPT BUSY.

Traps Their Weapons in a Ceaseless War on Rodents.

The Operations Carried on From the Cellar to the Top of Skyscrapers—Poison and Ferrets Criticised—A Good Word for the Cat.

[New York Sun.]

Seven rat catchers are kept busy hustling by the proprietor of a Fourth avenue animal store. The field of their labors is wide, also high. For they work from the Battery to Harlem, and from the cellar to the topmost floors of skyscrapers.

Hundreds of rats every month fall prey to the seven rat catchers. Hundreds more are victims of the other members of the rat catching profession, so that the vital statistics concerning rats are on as big a scale as those about cats, 65,000 of which are annually and officially asphyxiated in this city.

The seven rat catchers of Harlem do not resemble the rat catching Piper of Hamelin. Instead of luring their long-tailed legions from their haunts by means of music, the twentieth century rat catchers depend upon the more prosaic but also more conclusive process of trapping.

"Why," said the headman, grandly, "we sometimes set as many as a hundred traps in one building. That would be in one of these big hotels. We have yearly contracts with some of the hotels, otherwise the rats would get so thick and so sassy that they would sit at the clerk's desk and eat your name right out of the register if they didn't happen to like you."

"We have to keep peeping away at the hotels all the time to keep the rats out. There's so much garbage, you know. The rats get into the place when it's building. I don't know why, but they're worse in that respect to the fireproof hotels. But they get into any house where there's anything to eat. Some people think we use ferrets to catch them, but we don't use anything but traps, principally English traps of steel. The minute the rat touches the center piece the jaws snap together."

"Sometimes we don't bait a trap at all. We set it in front of a rat hole, boxing it in so that the rat must go to the center piece in order to get in or out. If you use a wooden trap you may catch one rat or mouse with it, but you're not likely to catch a second rat. A wooden trap's usefulness is ended when there has been one victim of one victim on it. The rest of the rat tribe will let it severely alone after that. Our steel traps we can scald and wash in kerosene and use until they wear out."

"Nobodies with any common sense uses poison nowadays. A rat or a mouse that has been poisoned gets his revenge by going off into the wall or under the floor and dying there. A dead rat in a house is enough worse than a live one. Rat poison is a bad thing. It does more harm than they ever did good. They send a few rats off to die in the walls, and they even up by sending an occasional human being to the cemetery."

"Ferrets, of course, are better than poison, but they are not entirely to be trusted. A rat can go where a ferret can't. The ferret, being a ground animal, works downward, so the best way to start it at the top of the house and go down to the cellar. But say, the rat can go where the ferret can't follow. It will cut across a lower floor and will climb back to the top again. You put a ferret into an empty room with a rat and it will kill the rat. But if there is chair or other furniture in there the rat will get out of reach. The rat can jump and the ferret can't."

"Then, too, the ferret makes trouble in the same way rat poison does. It sucks the rat's blood and leaves the carcass. It isn't a retriever. So if it happens to catch a rat in the wall the body is left there. Cats are useful in keeping rats and mice out of a building, especially a private house, but they are not practicable in hotels, where many people would object to having them come into their rooms."

"We have a good many orders from private houses. In those cases we ask three months' time in which to rid the house of the rat pest. One of our men visits the house several times a week to take care of the traps. We have orders for yachts, too. Most boats carry cats, but on the big steamers the rats are a continual nuisance."

"The ocean steamers have their rat catching done on the other side. I suppose they get it done cheaper over there. Publishing houses have a good deal of trouble with rats, and mice, too. The rats like the paste, and they do not like the paper for rats or mice. I do not know of any other houses of that kind are bothered chiefly because their employees eat luncheon in the work rooms and strew crumbs around. A great many business houses keep cats as mousers, but some of them apply to us."

"Rats are great for carrying off things and hiding them, and they seem to have a special liking for anything shiny. Sometimes when we have ripped up a floor in a search for rats or their nests we have found silver spoons or a napkin ring or a piece of jewelry. Rats carry off whole napkins, too, and repair their nests with them. Of course, they store away bread and crackers and cheese—all sorts of eatables, in fact."

"Here are six young rats one of our men brought in when they were mere babies. He found a whole nest of them, but some of them have died. There are generally twelve or fourteen in a nest. You see, even if we manage to kill off most of the adult rats in a place there may be sudden booms in their rat inhabitants. A few nests will send the census reports up with a bound. These little fellows are friendly enough," and certainly they displayed an amazing eagerness for attention, running up the wires of the cage and rubbing their noses amicably against the man's finger.

"Is any part of New York more infested by rats than other quarters of the city?"

"Why, yes. I don't know why, but the upper west side seems to have the worst of it."

A woman who has kept house in New York for twenty years elevated her nose scornfully at the mention of the seven rat catchers.

"Nonsense!" she said. "Our old Muff keeps our house as clear of rats and mice as it could be if we kept a rat catcher all the time. I'd rather have her do the work because she makes it a steady job. What is the use of letting your house go on accumulating rats until you can't stand it any longer and then have a rat catcher cluttering around several times a week with traps here, there and everywhere?"

"We didn't have a cat when we first began housekeeping, but we had rats. My husband always went downstairs and got something to eat when he came in late at night, and he said positively the rats used to sit in a row and watch him eat. No, he was a drinking man. And anyway, I saw them myself. I didn't care especially about cats, but I thought it over and decided that I preferred one cat to a houseful of rats, and I am more than ever set in that preference."

Muff rarely comes above the kitchen floor, but I tell you it's a mighty shy mouse that gets by her. In the while the cook says that there's a mouse in the kitchen closet. That is where they first appear. But inside of a day or two Muff treats herself to a whole mouse, and she gets nothing more of mice for a long time. But if one house in a block keeps a cat, the rest have to keep cats, too, or be fairly overrun with mice."

Our next-door neighbor doesn't like cats, so she keeps mice as well as she can, which isn't very well. All the mice which would dwell with us, if Muff gave them the chance, are compelled to flock to her house, so she gets a double dose. Once in a while there is a tragic accident when the house is given over to men with mice. We are so pleased with Muff and ourselves that we are insufferable in