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NO 20.

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SLIPPING AWAY.
They are slipping away—those sweet, swift years,
Like a leaf on the current east,
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.
As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's dying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breeze hid,
That lift the willows long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.
As light as the breath of the thistle down,
As fond as a lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea-shell's throat,
As sweet as the wood-hut's wooing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.
One after another we then pass,
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.
There are only a few years to come,
Shall we trample them under our ruthless feet
These beautiful blossoms rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?
There are only a few swift years—an, let
No anxious taint be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word!

A SEWING-GIRL.

"Now, girls, this won't do!" said
Madame Molini, pouncing upon the
six pale sewing-girls, like a wolf into a
flock of lambs. "No it will never do
in the world! I don't pay you all exor-
bitant wages to sit with your hands
folded like fine ladies. Miss Sedgewick,
we are waiting for that lavender silk
polonaise. Lucy Lisle, why do you not
go on with those buttonholes? Miss
Fox, you will be so good as to change
your seat from the window to the mid-
dle of the room at once!"

"But, Madame I can't see there to lay
on those fine bias folds!" pleaded Miss
Fox.
"You mean you can't see the carts and
carriages in the street, and the type-set-
ters at the windows opposite!" retorted
Madame Molini, whose true nomencla-
ture was 'Mullens,' and who had been a
Milliner's apprentice, in the goodly city
of Cork, before she set up on Sixth ave-
nue as a French modiste.

Lucy Lisle caught up her work.
"I stopped just a minute Madame,
with that bad stitch in my side," she
said and began to stitch away with
eager haste.
"If you're sick," said Madame, severe-
ly "you had better go home and send
for the doctor. While you are here
your time is mine, bought and paid for!"

While Miss Sedgewick, in self-defense
urged that she had not enough silk
gimp to trim the polonaise and was wait-
ing for more.
"Not enough," shrilly repeated mad-
ame—"not enough! I measured that
trimming myself, and I know there is
enough. You may just rip that off again,
and sew it on higher up, and more eco-
nomically; and I shall deduct this morn-
ing's lot time from your wages! What's
that, Flora Fay—the mode colored silk
dress? Finished? And where are the
two and a half yards which were left?"

"I folded them up with the dress, mad-
ame, said Flora Fay an innocent, blue-
eyed young girl recently from the coun-
try, who stood, in an unconsciously
graceful attitude, before the fat and for-
did dressmaker.

"Then you were a goose for your
pains," shrilly retorted Madame Molini,
as she unfurled the parcel, abstracted the
piece of glistening uncut silk, and
whisked it away upon the shelf. "Two
yards and a half isn't much, but it is
better than nothing."

Flora Fay opened her innocent blue
eyes wide.
"What is she going to do with it?"
she asked Miss Fox, in a whisper, as
madame rustled off to scold the errand
boy for putting too much coal on the
gratefire.

"Don't you know little silly?" laughed
Miss Fox. "It is what she cabbages!"
"Cabbages?" repeated Flora, in amazement. "I don't understand you."
"You will when you see the mode silk
made up into a sleeveless basque for
madame," said the other, "trimmed with
the gimp that was left from Mrs. An-
drew's dinner-dress, and the pearl fringe
from Mrs. Ossett's white damask ball
costume."

"But you don't mean," said the
breathless Flora "that madame takes the
silk that is left from the customers'
dresses?"
"Goosie!" cried Miss Fox, "don't
talk nonsense any longer. It is what
every fashionable dressmaker does, and—"

"There's the reception-room bell,"
shrilly called madame. "Miss Fay, an-
swer it at once!"
Harry Drake was standing in the
room, all glistening with satin drapery,
gilded mouldings and huge mirrors,
when Flora came in—Harry Drake, the
young sea-captain who boarded at the
same quiet and inexpensive house where
Flora was allowed a hall bedroom at a
reasonable rate, on account of Mrs. Dodds
having once boarded a summer at the
old Fay farm-house up among the Berk-
shire hills, and still retaining a kind re-
collection of Mrs. Fay's kindness during
an illness which overtook her there.

"Oh, Miss Fay, is it you?" said Harry.
"Do you work here? Upon my word,
you seem to be in very comfortable
quarters."
"But I don't stay here all the while,"
said Flora, noting how his glance wan-
dered from gilding to fresco, Azminis-

ter carpet to bronzed chandelier. "I saw
in a little dark room, where there is a
stifling smell of coal gas and no carpet
on the floor."

"I've come for a dress," said Captain
Drake, plunging headlong into his sub-
ject, after the fashion of men in general
—"my sister's dress. She is to be mar-
ried next week, and some of her friends
coaxed her to have her dress made here.
Miss Fortescue—she's only my half-sis-
ter, you know," in answer to Flora's
look of surprise; "but she is going to
marry well, I hope."

"It's the mode colored dress," said
Flora with brightening eyes. "I helped
to trim it myself. 'Yes, it's all ready.'"
And presently madame came smiling
in, with the bill, and the dress folded
neatly in a white pasteboard box, and
Captain Drake departed with a dim idea
that Madame Molini perfectly compre-
hended the art of high charges.

Miss Fortescue herself came the next
day. She was a lady not lacking in
quiet resolution. She knew her rights,
and was prepared to defend them.

"Where is the material I sent?" said
she to Miss Fox, who was in attendance
in the reception room. "It is not made
up in the dress. I had purchased enough
for a new waist and sleeves, and it is not
all here."

"You must be mistaken," said Miss
Fox, with an aspect of polite impossi-
bility. "The bias puffs and folds cut up
the material shockingly, and—"
But at this moment, little Flora Fay
who was packing some tulle capes and
fichus into a bandbox, at the back of
the room, rose and came forward, with
deepening color.

"There are two yards and a half of the
mode-colored silk, Miss Fox," she inter-
rupted—"don't you remember? on the
shelf in the back room."

Miss Fox colored and bit her lip.
Madame Molini, with ominously dark-
ened face, twitched the two yards and
a half of silk off the shelf, folded it into
a paper and handed it to Miss Fortescue,
muttering something about a 'mistake
made by one of her young women,' and
the young lady departed, a little dubious
as to whether or not the fashionable
dressmaker had intended to cheat her.

She had hardly closed the door be-
hind her, however, when Madame Molini
turned upon poor Flora Fay, with a
scarlet spot glowing in each cheek and
eyes closely compressed.
"Young woman," said she, "you are
discharged!"

"Discharged!" echoed Flora. "For
what?"
"I want no one in my service," said
madame, "who is too conscientious to
fulfill my wishes. You have intermed-
dled unwarrantably in the matter of that
silk, and I repeat that you are no longer
in my employment!"

So poor little Flora went crying home,
with a vague comprehension that she
had been discharged because she had
spoken out the truth.

It was nearly a fortnight afterward
that Captain Drake noticed the absence
of Miss Fay from the table of the board-
ing-house.
"Is your little blue-eyed lodger ill,
Mrs. Dodds?" he asked. "I don't think
I have seen her of late."
"No, she's not ill," said the landlady.
"That is to say, not exactly sick. But
she will be if she don't look out. She's
boarding herself, Captain Drake, on
bread and crackers, and such like, poor
dear! and wasting away like a little
shadow, because she's lost her situation
at that dressmaking place, and don't
see her way clear to another. And she
won't run into debt, she says, not even
for a meal of victuals. Ah!" the good
woman added, "I can remember when
she was the pet and darling of the old
folks at home, before they lost their all,
running about among the daisies and
buttercups like a sunbeam."

"But how did she come to lose her
place?" asked Captain Drake.
And Mrs. Dodds, who liked to hear
the sound of her own voice, told the
whole story.

"It's a shame!" cried the captain.
"Just what I say myself," nodded the
landlady.
And the next day, Miss Fortescue
(who was Mrs. Awright now) came to
see Flora Fay.

"It was all my fault," she said, with
affectionate vehemence, "that you lost
your situation—and oh, if you would
come and stay with me, and help me
with the sewing for my new house, I
should esteem it such a favor! Would
you please?"

"Are you quite sure that I can make
myself useful?" said Flora, a little hesi-
tatingly.

"Yes, quite," said Mrs. Awright.
And, in the sunny atmosphere of the
bride's pretty home, the young country-
girl seemed to expand into a different
creature. Captain Drake, the most de-
voted brother in the world, came there
nearly every day; and little Flora, all
unconscious of her own feelings, began
to watch for his daily visit as a helio-
tropic blossom watches the sun.

Until at last, there was talk of another
long voyage to Japan, and then Flora
grew pale and nervous again.
"I—I have been here long enough,"
she said. "If I go to the Exchange
Bureau, they will perhaps tell me of a
new situation. And I need a change."
"Flora," said he, "are you unwilling
that I should sail to Jeddo?"
"I always had a horror of the sea,"

whispered Flora, hanging down her
pretty head. "But of course Captain
Drake, you must do as you please."
"Yes, of course," he answered, ab-
sently, and when he was gone, Flora
shed a few quiet tears over the table
linen she was hemming for Mrs. Awk-
right.

"How bold and unmanly it is of
me," she thought, "to let myself care
for a man who does not think twice of
me? Don't he had cared one iota for me,
would he not have said so then?"

But the next evening, at dusk Captain
Drake sauntered in with that swaying
gait of his, as if he were still treading
the deck of an outward-bound vessel.
"Don't run away, Flora," said he, as
the girl caught up her work, and pre-
pared for a precipitate retreat.

"Did—did you want to speak to me?"
she faltered, with downcast eyes.

"Don't I always want to speak to you,
Sit down, Flora," said he, "and hear
what I've been coming."

"Now it is coming," thought Flora,
with a sick feeling at heart. He is going
to be married, and he is coming to tell
me so."

"I have decided to give up the sea-
faring business," said Captain Drake.
"Have you?" muttered Flora, faintly.
"I am so glad."

"And I've bought a farm in Connecti-
cut," he went on—"the old Berkshire
farm, Flora, where you were born and
brought up. I'm going to be a farmer-
er!"

She looked up at him, the rose and
lily following each other across her
cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, involuntarily, "If I
could only see the dear old place once
more!"

"But I won't go there to live," said
the captain determinedly, "unless you'll
go there with me, Flora, as the farmer's
wife! What do you think of it, little
girl? Shall it be a partnership?"

And when Mrs. Awright came in,
the papers were all sealed, signed and
delivered, the "partnership" was a fore-
gone conclusion.
"I don't know how I shall succeed as
a farmer," said Captain Drake, to his
sister; "but if little Flora here is only
with me, there's nothing in all the
world that I haven't courage to under-
take."

And when Mrs. Awright took Flora's
hand in hers, the girl whispered:
"I think I am the happiest creature
in all the wide world to-night. Because,
dear Mrs. Awright, he loves me?"

London Names.

So far from Slough being a corrup-
tion of "slow," the place, as might have
been expected, had a name long before
a coach, or even a wagon, trundled
through its rutty street. As far back as
1442 the village was called "Lee
Slowe," and the bricks with which Eton
College is built were made, according
to authentic documents still extant, at
"Slowe." Thus the local derivation of
the name of this ancient hamlet, which,
at the first blush, could have deceived
no one, falls to the ground. Etymology,
indeed, is a dangerous pastime for
unpractised hands to play at. It some-
times leads to awkward consequences.

At one time the railway authorities
insisted on naming a station not far from
Cambridge Oakington, though the
country folks in the immediate vicinity
knew the locality as Hockington. This,
however, was deemed a Cockneyism
until a sceptical, antiquary discovered
that the name was derived from the
family of Hocking, and that in reality
the rustics were right and the railway
wrong. Again, no belief has been
stronger than that of a court of Ludgate
Hill was named in honor of Pocohontas—
"La Belle Sauvage." Unhappily,
however, further research proves that
the spot has no association with the
beautiful daughter of Powhatan, "Em-
perour of Virginia," but was the
quondam site of the "Bell and Savage"
public house. If the world was to be
dominated by scholars of the Slough
type, Hampstead, instead of being a
corruption of the Saxon "hamstede,"
or some place, would be named from
somebody who once lived there, and
preferred pig's flesh to mutton. Again,
Holborn is "Old Bourne" or "d Hackney
has nothing to do with coaches
plying for hire or tales twice told, but is
a long-descended memory of Hakon,
the Danish Jarl, who, following the
ways of his race, 1,500 years ago ap-
propriated the "ey" or island. Clap-
ham looks, at first sight, to the etymo-
logist well read in old chronicles easy to
associate with one of the old lords of
the soil, Osgod Clapa, the Dane, at
whose daughter's marriage feast Har-
dicanute drank himself to death. But we
are at once silenced when we find that
in the Chertsey Register the place is
named Clappenhame as far back as the
reign of Alfred, and that by the time
the Domesday Book was compiled the
name had become transformed into
Clopeham. Picoadilly is in no way con-
nected with pickles. But after settling
this point, there is left us a wide choice
among "peccadilloes," a word which
Butler applies to the collar in the pil-
lory; Piccadilla Hall, a shop for the sale
of "peccadillas," or turnovers, a once
fashionable article of dress; or "pecca-
dillas," a cake formerly hawked in the
fields now covered with a province of
houses.

The Russian Nihilists.

The trial of the two men concerned in
General Srelnikoff's assassination ter-
minated very quickly. The following
facts are gathered from the evidence
given:—The deceased was sitting on a
seat in the boulevard quietly contem-
plating the sea, when his murderer ap-
proached and fired a revolver. The
General was shot through the neck, the
ball entering his brain. He expired in
a few moments afterwards in the arms
of some persons who had hastened to
his assistance. After committing the
crime the murderer jumped into a
droshki which was waiting him on the
boulevard. He was stopped, however,
by a man called Korriga and was ar-
rested, together with his accomplice, who
acted as coachman. A citizen named
Labsine, a soldier named Nekrassov,
and a Custom House clerk named Igna-
rovitch also played a part in the capture.

Labsine and Nekrassov were wounded
by the murderer in the struggle. The
droshki had been hired by the two men
for a day and a half. The horse had been
bought for 25 roubles two days previ-
ously. On searching the assassins
three revolvers, three daggers, and
several flasks of poison were found on
them. One of them was stopping at
the Hotel de la Crimée, where General
Srelnikoff also stayed. The accused
declared that the General's death had
been resolved on because of his activity
in prosecuting inquiries into crimes
against the State. He was an obstacle
to the successful propagation of revolu-
tionary doctrines among the working
classes of Odessa. The two captured
criminals, who gave false names, were
brought before the military tribunal at
Odessa, and on the 21st of April were
sentenced to be hanged. General
Srelnikoff's funeral took place with
great pomp on the 2d instant, at the
Cathedral. The hearse was escorted by
a large detachment of infantry and ar-
tillery, and was followed by thousands
of spectators.

The execution of the murderers took
place the next morning, after the sen-
tence had been approved by General
Gourko. At 7 o'clock on Monday morn-
ing the prisoners reached the place of
execution, wearing on their breasts
placards, on which was the inscription
"State Criminal." The hangman, who
had, as usual, been brought from his
prison at Moscow, and had arrived
during the night, according to custom,
was dressed in the red shirt of the Rus-
sian moujiks, the wide trousers tucked
into high boots. The scaffold, which
was approached by five steps, was a
rough platform resting on trestles.

Two gibbets rose above it and two black
posts. The local authorities were sta-
tioned in a circle around the scaffold.
The arrival of the prisoners was herald-
ed by the shrill sound of fifes and the
beating of drums. Each prisoner was
attended by a priest. On ascending the
steps, they were received by the hang-
man and bound to the posts. In three
minutes the execution was over.

A Clever Chinaman.

Sim Changlo, a Chinese laundryman in
St. Louis, is something of a genius. He
possesses a knowledge of painting, clock-
making, engineering, engraving, fancy
sewing, and is well up in the arts and
sciences, including chemistry and other
branches of learning. At present Changlo
is engaged in completing what he pleases
to term the "World's Fair." This curi-
osity consists of a miniature Chinese
house containing towers and verandas,
and possessing other features peculiar to
Mongolian architecture. The structure
rests on a table. It is about four feet high
and five feet long, and its rooms are all
open on one side, in order that the spec-
tator may see what is taking place within.
Directly in front of the house is a yard in
which two Chinamen are represented as
playing a Mongolian game, and two others
in the act of building a brick wall. On
the steps two ladies are standing face to
face, in the act of saluting each other.

Three Chinese ladies sit on the veranda
engaged in close conversation, while two
men on the veranda directly over their
heads are leaning forward and endeavoring
to overhear what they are saying. About
the building butterflies, that look as nat-
ural as life, are seen with wings outstretched
in the act of flying. This is what the ob-
server finds on the exterior of the build-
ing, but he becomes more deeply inter-
ested when he inspects the contents of the
apartments within. In one apartment he
sees an army of soldiers mounted on horses,
in another a solemn procession of priests,
and in another a lot of wild animals, etc.
When the clockwork that operates this
vast establishment is wound up and set
started, the effect produced is decidedly
striking. The butterflies tremble on in-
visible wires, and appear to be flying about
in the air; the men at the brick wall work
vigorously, the characters in front of the
main entrance bow gracefully, with their
hands clasped before them, Chinese fashion;
the soldiers move around briskly, the ani-
mals run swiftly, and the women on the
veranda over the main entrance vociferate
wildly. In fact, everything connected
with the establishment is natural and life-
like.

"How long did it take you, Mr. Changlo,
to make that concern?"
"Oh, it took me no longer than a month.
I work very fast and can make such things
very quick. The house, you see, is com-
posed of wood. All the trimmings are of
silk. Those pictures you see on the table-
cloth hiding the legs of the table, I
painted. They are oil paintings. One
represents a Chinese castle. The other
two are landscape representations of moun-
tains. There are in the building and yard
in front of it just 150 figures, which move
when the house is wound up."

Two Captains in one ship will surely
sink her.

A Night With A Rat Catcher.

One of the most expert rat catchers in
New York is a little man with a thought-
ful face.
"I constantly think about 'em, sir," he
says, "and I lose no opportunity for a
findin' out their curious ways, which is
quite remarkable, I do assure you, sir."
"Are there many in your line here?"

"There is many, sir, which has the audi-
city to call themselves rat catchers, which
they ain't, notwithstanding. I should say
there is about ten of 'em."
His hair is long and tangled; he has a
scraggy moustache, and his hands are un-
commonly large, with monstrous knuckles
and long nails; they are scarred in many
places. He is much under the average
height, and as quick as a rat in his move-
ments. He does everything with abrupt
gestures. When putting on his hat his
hand moves with great rapidity. He walks
leisurely to within two feet of a door, and
then his hand flies out and the door opens
like a flash. His speech is as slow as his
movements are rapid, and the muscles of
his face never seem to change. His ruling
passion is his great pride in his calling.

"Which it's looked up to on the other
side," he says, "as it should be, bein' a
profession requirin' unusual abilities."
He invited the reporter to go with him
on one of his expeditions against his en-
emy, the rat, and a few nights later they
met at a stable in West Fourth street.
The rat catcher wore a pair of light cloth
slippers, heavy trousers, flannel shirt, and
vest. He had a kit of tools with him, and
at about 11 o'clock he went to work.

First he went carefully around the edges
of the floor, and learned every rat hole.
There were a number; some at the edges
of the partitions between the stalls, others
at the washstand, and a number in the
harness closet. The rats had ruined val-
uable harness. Many efforts had been
made to exterminate them, but without
success.

"I guess I'll get 'em out, sir. I just
cleared 217 rats of a private residence on
Tenth avenue in three nights," he said.
He then took a number of little wire
doors out of his bag. They were about
four inches square. One of these was
screwed over each rat hole at an angle of
forty-five degrees, so that the rat could
easily raise it on coming out of the hole,
but could not get back into the hole again
after it had dropped in place. When
every hole had been thus covered the re-
porter retired to the top of a shelf of a
long step ladder and smoked, while the
rat catcher turned down the lights and
cleared the large floor of the stable of all
the small objects that could be readily
piled in the carriages or on the shelves.

"Are you sure the rats will come out?"
"Oh, yes, sir. They comes out every
night. Some men professin' to call them-
selves professions' claims that they have
a poison that will make rats come out of
their hole an' die, but it can't be done.
They claims, also, as how they can charm
rats; more lies, I assure you. Phospho-
rous poison causes most horrid thirst, an'
the rats comes out of their holes an'
drinks, an' then goes back an' dies. Then
there's a pretty how-to-d', an' whole
floods must come up at great expense."

He was moving about in a most stealthy
manner, now trying one little gate and
now another. A large bag of coarse material,
with a string with which to close the
opening, hung on a harness peg, and he
had sprinkled a little powder down several
of the holes, which was designed to make
the rats thirsty and cause them to come
out for water. He lighted a stub pipe
and perched himself on the bottom of the
step ladder with his chin in one hand,
while he slowly opened and closed a pair
of tongs, nearly two feet long, with flat
blades.

Everything was quiet for a few minutes,
and then there was a slight scratching
noise. One of the little doors, and a monstrous
rat, as fat as an alderman, slowly came
out. The door dropped to behind him;
he turned quickly, tried to get back, and
ran squealing along the wall.

"He's a good one," remarked the little
man in a whisper, going out into the
middle of the room, laying his pipe on the
step and turning up the gas. "I'll tell
you what I'll do; I'll catch this one in my
hands."
He began to squeak through his teeth,
making a noise like the squeaking of a
rat, and slowly approached the fat intru-
der. The rat backed into a corner and
stood with his little eyes gleaming and
tail swishing rapidly from side to side.
The rat catcher slowly drew closer until
the rat suddenly shot off along the wall.

In an instant the little man had sprung
forward with a bound, and was entirely
reclined, and with head first, the rat, to
his hands were outstretched, and he
pinned it to the floor with a force that
made it squeal. The bound was like that
which a cat would make.

"He is indeed a fat one, sir," he said,
getting on his feet; "you'll observe—"
"Keep him away! Ain't you afraid
he'll bite?"
"Afraid, sir? I do assure you nothing
is further from my thoughts. Besides, it's
very rarely that they bite if you know
how to handle 'em. You might let this
one run all over you and not get hurt."

"Yes, I might, but I won't."
"Well, then," he said, calmly, and be-
fore the reporter could interfere the little
Englishman had thrust the rat inside his
clothing, and the creature emerged from
his right trousers leg and shot like a
meteor behind the step ladder. The reporter
raised his feet one step higher, and the
rat catcher crept up toward the rat with
the same quiet movement that a cat dis-
plays. The badgered animal shot one
way and another until it reached the
corner, when the little man pounced on
it and dropped it into the bag. There it
squealed for a time and then became
quiet, while the little rat catcher resumed
his pipe.

"Were you ever badly bitten?"
"Several times. Once I suffered long,
but I deserved it, for I let the beast bite
me through carelessness, you know. His
bite poisoned my arm, an' I had a dread-
ful unhappy time for four months or so.
It was in Pittsburgh, Pa. Rats? Well,
there was rats there an' no mistake. In
the St. Clair hotel I caught 120 in one
night, and 437 in six nights. I caught
169 in the Seventh avenue hotel in two
nights, and in five I got 211 out of the
Monongahela hotel."

"The hotels there seem to have been
very fairly stocked."
"Well, yes, sir, but it's almost as bad
here. I've been five years employed by
Earle's hotel, cleared out the St. Stephen,

an' get regular jobs at the Fifth avenue,
Windsor, Brunswick, an' Metropolitan
hotels. Rats in abundance is not de-
sirable."
He laid his pipe on the step again and
said, reflectively:

"That's a ugly lookin' customer as I've
seen this many a day. He'll fight, but
I'll get him bare-handed just to show you
the sport."

Another rat, much larger than the first,
with scrawny legs and an emaciated body,
was standing by the hole he had just
emerged from, and trying to open the
little wire door. When the little man ap-
proached him the rat slowly retreated, but
did not go as though frightened, as his
fat predecessor had, but rather as a savage
cat retreats, turning half around toward
his pursuer every few steps. When he
had reached the corner he stood at bay.

The man edged up toward him, but be-
fore he got within jumping distance the
rat shot off along the wall. He was
driven back several times, and he became
angrier at every defeat, until at length the
little man was ready to spring at him,
when the rat made a noisy squeak and
jumped straight for his throat. It bounded
from the floor with a spring of extraor-
dinary strength, and shot at the man's
throat as though driven from a cannon
with its teeth all showing and its long tail
straight. The rat catcher threw up his
arm