

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Henry W. Sage, the founder of the Sage Female College, in Cornell University, has given \$50,000 to endow a professorship of ethics and moral philosophy in that University, in memory of his late wife.

—The President on the 21st appointed Richard P. Hammond, Jr., to be Surveyor General of California, in place of William H. Brown, who has resigned to retire on January 1st. Mr. Hammond is a civil engineer and only 28 years of age.

—The Governor of New York on the 21st appointed George H. Sterling, of Brooklyn, to be Port Warden, in place of William H. Lave aft, whose term will expire on May 25th next.

—Lieutenant General Sheridan and Inspector General Baird will leave Washington in a few days, by direction of the President, to inquire into the Indian troubles in Arizona.

—The Secretary of State was informed by cable on the 21st that the Greek Government, preparatory to the approaching naval manoeuvres, has placed torpedoes in the Straits of Lytalla and Salamis, and in certain other waters of the vicinity, and that entrance to such waters was forbidden from Friday.

—The Legislative Committee of the Trade and Labor Council at Toronto has made a report condemning the Dominion Government "for its lavish expenditure in bringing immigrants to Canada, while there is not work enough for those already here. In some instances immigrants have been reshipped to England."

—The State Board of Horticulture of California, in session at Los Angeles, on the 21st passed a resolution asking Congress to place a high protective tariff on prunes, raisins and olive oil. They also endorsed the Mexican Reciprocity Treaty.

—The Relief Committee in Galveston had been advised on the 21st of total subscriptions to the amount of \$104,700. Of this sum \$52,600 had been received and about \$50,000 distributed.

—A fire in Plainfield, New Jersey, on the 21st, destroyed the lumber yard of A. D. Cook & Co. and six barns adjoining, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000.

—The President on the 23d appointed George W. Miller, of Washington, Penna., to be U. S. Marshal for Western Pennsylvania; Marshall A. Beach, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-first District of New York; Bartlett Trip, of Yankton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Dakota; Elijah Gates, of St. Joseph, U. S. Marshal for Western Missouri; George S. Baxter, U. S. Attorney for Minnesota, and Benjamin F. Leadbeater, Surveyor General of Louisiana.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., called at the White House on the 23d, and spent a few minutes in going through the rooms, after which they stopped in the Green Room. The President being informed of their presence stepped into the Green Room on his way to the East Room, greeted them cordially and remained in conversation with them for several minutes.

—The Fenian Brotherhood in New York on the 23d held a large meeting in memory of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, "the Manchester martyrs," of whose death it was the anniversary. Irish songs were sung and addresses made by General Thomas Francis Burke and Colonel John O'Byrne. Resolutions were adopted commending the conduct of "the martyred Irish heroes," and calling on all Irishmen "to continue the struggle."

—Colonel Oudinot, addressing his constituents, in Montreal, on the 23d, said he would vote against the Government on the Riel question. It is said the next move of the leaders of the Riel agitation will be to get the county councils throughout the Province to pass resolutions condemnatory of the present Government. Six hundred French Canadian citizens met on the 23d in Troy, New York, to denounce the execution of Riel.

—The second annual convention of the National Cattle and Horse Growers' Association met on the 23d in St. Louis. There were about 600 delegates present, nearly all from the Western cattle-growing States and Territories. Colonel R. D. Hunter, President of the Association, called the convention to order and made an address.

—The Supreme Court of the United States in a case from California, on the 23d rendered a decision in effect "that neither a police officer nor a private citizen in his capacity as such officer or citizen, can lawfully arrest without a warrant or order of military authority, a deserter from the United States Army."

—The Congressional Commission on Ordnance arrived in Pittsburgh on the 23d, and, escorted by a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, visited the principal manufacturing establishments there. The facilities possessed by the firms for the manufacture of steel for guns and armor plating were set forth at the different establishments, special stress being laid upon the superior quality of the products, owing to the use of natural gas as fuel.

—The total value of our exports of merchandise during the twelve months which ended October 31st, 1885, was \$717,179,352, and during the preceding twelve months \$734,837,793. The value of our imports of merchandise for the twelve months which ended October 31st, 1885, was \$572,417,322, and during the preceding twelve months \$652,561,413.

—All the California members of Congress have started for Washington, except Senator Miller, who is too unwell to travel.

—It is understood in Ottawa that Sanford Fleming, George Stephen and D. A. Smith will be knighted "for services in connection with the construction" of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

—Fifteen small houses in a square bounded by Julia, Cypress, Danbigny and Roman streets, New Orleans, were burned on the 26th.

—The total number of immigrants who arrived in the United States last month was 25,918, against 32,097 during October, 1884.

—It is said at the Navy Department that the new steel cruisers Boston and Atlanta will be ready to receive their officers and crews about the first of March next, and that the cruiser Chicago will be launched at Chester about the third of December, but will hardly be ready for sea service before the end of next year.

—John Barclay and William Parsons were examining the barrel of a revolver in Huntington, Penna., on the 21st, when through careless handling the trigger was pulled and the ball entered Barclay's abdomen, making a wound of which he died on the 23d.

—The northeast storm of two days did great damage along the coasts of New Jersey and New York. In the interior of this State heavy snow fell, the depth of the snow along the Lehigh Valley and Reading Railroads, in the mountain districts, being two feet. Six inches of snow fell at Westminster, Maryland.

—The President on the 24th appointed Richard D. Lancaster to be Surveyor of Customs at St. Louis, and M. L. McCormack Secretary of Dakota.

—The commissions of William F. Harry, as Postmaster for Philadelphia, William Hyde, as Postmaster for St. Louis, and George F. Herman, as Postmaster at Bethlehem, Penna., were signed by the President on the 24th.

—It is said that the President's message is so far advanced that it will be completed several days before the meeting of Congress.

—Thomas A. Doyle was on the 24th re-elected Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island, by 3946 majority over Asa Lyon, Prohibitionist. The Republicans made no nomination. A majority of 820 was given for 1 cent.

—Sollicitor McCue, of the Treasury Department, was left Washington for New York to confer with the United States District Attorney in regard to the prosecution of certain suits for refund of customs duties. About two thousand of these cases await trial.

—In the Circuit Court of Hamilton county, at Cincinnati, on the 25th, the election contest was decided in favor of the Republicans. Judge Cox delivering the opinion of the majority of the Court. The figures of the vote, as they should be after necessary corrections made, were announced, giving to the Republican candidates, from 33,473, the lowest, to 33,734, the highest, and to the Democratic candidates from 33,140, the lowest, to 33,417, the highest. Judge Smith delivered a dissenting opinion. In consequence of the decision of the Court certificates of election will be given to the four Republican candidates.

—Dr. J. A. Milne, a leading physician of Oswego, New York, was on the 25th fined \$250, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment, for contempt of Court in refusing to testify in a criminal case. Dr. Milne pleaded as a defence for a refusal, that his testimony would involve the disclosure of professional secrets.

—Franklin S. Mills, for nine years Mayor of Trenton, New Jersey, dropped dead on the 25th of heart disease. General J. B. Stonehouse, Assistant Adjutant General of New York, died on the 25th in Washington.

—The Grant Monument Fund in New York on the 25th reached a total of \$100,305.

—The local option election in Atlanta, Georgia, took place on the 25th. It resulted in the polling of 70,000 votes, and a majority of 225 for prohibition. Prohibition will take effect on the last day of July next, when the existing licenses expire.

—The vote for Attorney General in Virginia has just been counted by the Board of State Canvassers, and shows a majority of 16,249 for Ayers, Democrat. The vote for Governor and Lieutenant Governor will not be canvassed until the Legislature meets next month.

—Vice President Hendricks died on the 25th at his residence in Indianapolis, of paralysis of the brain. He had been unwell for a few days. He was 66 years of age. The news of the Vice President's death has been received in his own city, in the capital of the nation and elsewhere with a deep feeling of sorrow. At a meeting of the Cabinet in Washington, it was resolved that the President and the Cabinet officers should attend the funeral in a body. The President has issued an executive order announcing the death of the Vice President, and directing that the flag be half-masted on all the public buildings of the United States, and that the Executive Departments in Washington be closed on the day of the funeral.

—Early on the 25th, a fire occurred in the Metropolitan Hotel in St. Louis. A woman jumped from a third-story window and died in a few minutes. One man was taken from his bed, nearly suffocated and seriously burned.

—A dispatch from Montreal says there is to be another large mass meeting at St. Jerome to discuss the Riel question. Several prominent politicians from Montreal will make addresses. The Trappist Snowshoe Club has passed resolutions condemning the action of the Government.

—D. I. Murphy, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Pension Bureau. He is promoted from Chief Clerk of the Board of Review.

—Hon. Edward Blake, leader of the Canadian opposition, is expected to return to Canada next month, his health being greatly improved.

—In the United States tin has been found in eight States, but in slight paying quantities, except in the Virginia mines.

—From 1334 to 1831 edicts as to dress were issued at Berlin. They forbade women without rank to wear silk dresses.

—Entire families are fleeing from Salt Lake City, being driven out by diphtheria.

A Path Leads all the Way.

I sat before my door at eve,
And looking westward I say,
Should I these garden precincts leave
And cross the meadows sweet with dew,
And climb the hills so deeply blue,
And follow still the setting day—

Still other gardens I should find,
And other meadows dewy sweet,
And still the summer roads would wind,
And still the patient earth would lead—
Though I a thousand miles should wend—
Herself unto my patient feet.

The rivers hide 'neath many a bridge,
The better pleased they greet the day;
There's guidance 'er the roughest ridge;
Aye, though 'tis thousand miles or more
To where she sits within the door,
There is a path leads all the way.

Oh, blessed land of the dear earth,
Betwixt us still, though wide we stray,
Thou seem'st to lessen thy great girth
In dusk and stillness for my feet;
Thou art hinting yet is sweet;
There is a path that leads the way!

And at its end she sits the same,
With evening face serenely bright,
With lips that sweetly speak my name;
While through her look and smile there
Play
Suggestion still of holy ways,
That conquer parting, change and night.

BEFORE THE DUEL.

In society they used to speak of him as "that handsome Signolles." His title was Viscount Goutron-Joseph de Signolles.

Orphan and master of a large fortune, he made a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world. He had a fine appearance, a good deportment, a facility of speech sufficient to gain him the reputation of a wit, some natural grace, and an air of noble reserve, a brave moustache and soft eyes—just what women admire.

He was in demand at receptions, a desirable partner in a waltz, and he inspired the men with that sort of smiling confidence enjoyed by men who possess energetic faces. He was suspected of having had some of those amours which are supposed to do credit to a young bachelor.

He lived happily, quietly, in the most absolute good moral standing. It was known that he was a good swordsman and a better shot.

"When I have to fight," he would say, "I choose pistols. With that weapon I am sure of killing my man."

Now, one evening, after having accompanied to the opera two young married ladies of his acquaintance, with their husbands, he invited the whole party after the performance to take some ice-cream at Tortona's. They had been there only a few minutes, when he observed that a gentleman seated at a neighboring table was staring steadily at one of the ladies in the party. She seemed to feel annoyed, embarrassed, and kept her head down. At last she said to her husband:

"There is a man over there who keeps staring at me. I don't know him at all; do you?"

The husband, who had not noticed anything, turned to look, and replied:

"No, I don't know him at all."
The young woman continued, half smiling, half angry:

"It is very annoying; that man spoils my ice cream."
The husband shrugged his shoulders.

"Nonsense; pay no attention to him. If we had to worry ourselves about all the insolent people we meet, there would never be an end of it."

But the viscount had suddenly risen. He could not permit that individual to destroy the enjoyment which he had offered. The insult was to him—inasmuch as it was through his invitation the party had entered the cafe. Therefore the affair concerned no one but he.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, you are staring at those ladies in a manner which I cannot tolerate. Will you be good enough to cease this staring at once!"

The other replied:

"You keep your mouth, will you?"
The viscount, setting his teeth, exclaimed:

"Take care, sir; you may compel me to violate politeness."

The stranger uttered only one word—one filthy word, that resounded from one end of the cafe, and made every one in the house start as if they had been set in motion by a spring. All who had their backs turned looked round; all their rest raised their heads; three waiters simultaneously whirled upon their heels like so many tops; the two women behind the counter started, and twisted themselves completely about, as if they were two puppets pulled by one string.

There was a great silence. Then a sudden sound clacked in the air. The viscount had slapped his adversary's face. Everybody jumped up to interfere, cards were exchanged.

After the viscount returned home that night he began to walk up and down his room with great quick strides. He was too much excited to think about anything. One solitary idea kept hovering in his mind—a duel—although the idea itself had not yet awakened any special emotion. He had done just what he ought to have done; he had behaved just as he ought to have behaved. He would be spoken of, would be approved, would be congratulated. He repeated aloud, speaking as men speak in great mental trouble:

"What a brute that man is!"
Then he sat down and began to think. He would have to procure seconds in the morning. Whom should he choose? He thought of all the most celebrated and most dignified men of his acquaintance. Finally he selected the Marquis de la Tour Noire and Col. Bourdin; a great nobleman and a great soldier—that would be just the thing. Their names would have weight in the newspapers. He suddenly discovered that he was thirsty, and he drank three glasses of water, one after another; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt full of energy. By showing himself to be plucky, ready for anything and everything, and by insisting upon rigorous and dangerous conditions—by demanding a serious, very serious, terrible duel, his adversary would be probably scared and make apologies.

He took up the man's card which he had drawn out of his pocket as he entered, and had hung on the table; and

he read it over and over again, as he had already read it in the cafe; with a glance—and as he had read it in the carriage by every passing gaslight,

"GEOFFREY LAMBL, 51 Rue Moncey."
Nothing more.

He examined the letters of this name, which seemed to him mysterious—full of vague significance. Geoffrey Lambl? Who was the fellow? What did he do? What did he stare at the woman in that way for? Wasn't it disgusting to think that a stranger, a man nobody knew anything about, could worry a notion in that way, just by taking a notion to fix his eyes insolently upon a woman's face. And the viscount repeated again aloud:

"What a brute that man is!"
Then he remained standing motionless, thinking, keeping his eyes still fixed upon the card. A rage arose within him against that bit of paper—a fury of hate mingled with a strange sense of uneasiness. It was a stupid mess, all this affair! He seized an open penknife lying beside him, and jabbed it into the middle of the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he would have to fight! Should he choose swords or pistols—for he considered himself to be the party insulted. With swords he would run less risk; but by choosing pistols, he might be able to frighten his adversary into withdrawing the challenge. It is very seldom that a duel with swords is fatal, as a reciprocal prudence generally prevents the combatants from fencing at such close quarters that the blade can inflict a very deep thrust. With pistols his life would be seriously endangered, but again, he might be able to extricate himself from the difficulty with honor, and yet without an actual meeting.

He exclaimed:

"I must be firm. He will be afraid!"
The sound of his own voice made him start, and he looked around him. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, and began to undress in order to go to bed.

As soon as he got into bed, he blew out the light and closed his eyes.

He thought: "I have the whole day to-morrow to arrange my affairs. The best thing I can do is to take a good sleep to settle my nerves."

He felt very warm between the sheets; and still he could not sleep. He turned over and over, and remained for five minutes on his right side; then he rolled over on his left side.

He felt thirsty again. He got up for a drink. Then a new anxiety came upon him:

"Is it possible that I would be afraid?"
Why did his heart start to beating so wildly at the least little familiar noise in his room? When the clock was about to strike, the click of the little spring rising up caused him a violent start, and he felt such a weight at his heart for several moments that he had to open his mouth in order to breathe.

He began to reason with himself on the possibility of the thing:

"Am I really afraid?"
No, certainly; how could a man be afraid since he was firmly resolved to carry out the affair to the very end, since he was fully decided to fight, and not to tremble. But he felt so profoundly disturbed inwardly that he kept asking himself:

"Can a man become afraid in spite of himself?"
And this doubt, this suspicion, this terror grew upon him; suppose that a force more powerful than his will, an irresistible and mastering force should overpower him, what would happen? Of course he would appear on the ground, as he had made up his mind to do so. Yes; but what would happen? What if he should be afraid? What if he should faint? And he began to think of his position, of his reputation, of his name.

And a strange desire suddenly seized him to get up and look at himself in the glass. He relit his candle. When he saw his visage reflected in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; and it seemed as if he had never seen himself before. His eyes looked enormous and he was pale—certainly he was pale, very pale indeed!

He stood there in front of the mirror. He put out his tongue as if to certify the state of his health; and all at once this thought shot through him like a bullet:

"The day after to-morrow, at this very hour, perhaps I shall be dead!"
And his heart began to thump again, furiously.

"The day after to-morrow I shall, perhaps, be dead. This person here before me; this 'I' that is in this glass will be no more. What! here I live, and in twenty-four hours I will be lying in that bed—dead, with eyes closed—cold, inanimate, gone from the world of the living."

He turned to look at the bed; and he distinctly saw himself lying there under the very same covers he had just left. His face had the hollowness of a dead face; his hands had the limpness of hands that will never move again.

Then he became afraid of his bed; and, in order to escape it, he went into his smoking-room. He took a cigar mechanically, lighted it, and began to walk up and down again. He felt cold, he started to ring the bell in order to awake his valet-chamber; but stopped suddenly, even while his hand was raised to grasp the ball-cord.

"That man would see that I am afraid."

And he did not ring. He made the fire himself. His hands shook a little, with nervous trembling, whenever they touched anything. His mind wandered, his thoughts began to fly in confusion, brusque, painful; a sort of drunkenness came upon him, as if he had been swallowing liquor.

And over and over again he kept asking himself:

"What shall I do? What is going to become of me?"
His whole body shuddered with spasmodic quiverings; he rose, and going to the window, drew aside the curtains.

The dawn was breaking—a summer dawn. The rosy sky made rosy the city, the roofs and the walls. A great glow of soft light enveloped the awakening city, like the caress of the sunrise; and with its coming there passed into the viscount's heart a ray of hope, merry, quick, brutal! What a fool he

was to have thus allowed himself to be worried by fear before anything at all had even been decided—before his seconds had seen those of Geoffrey Lambl—before he so much as knew whether he would have to fight at all.

He made his toilet, dressed and walked out with a firm step.

As he went along, he kept repeating to himself:

"I must be energetic, very energetic. I must prove that I am not a bit afraid."
His witnesses, the marquis and the colonel, put themselves at his disposal; and after a hearty shake-hands, they began to discuss the conditions.

The colonel asked:

"Do you insist upon a serious duel?"
The viscount replied:

"Very serious."
The marquis asked:

"You wish pistols?"
"Yes."
"Well, we leave you free to regulate the rest."

The viscount articulated, in a dry, jerky voice:

"Twenty paces—to fire at the word—to fire on the rise, instead of on the fall. Balls to be exchanged until one or the other be seriously wounded."

The colonel exclaimed in a tone of satisfaction:

"Those are excellent conditions. You shoot well; and all the chances are in your favor."

And they departed on their errand. The viscount returned home to wait for their return. His excitement, temporarily appeased, now began to increase every minute. He felt all along his legs and arms, in his chest, a sort of sinking, a continual quivering; he found himself utterly unable to remain quiet in any one place, whether sitting or standing. His mouth felt as dry as if he were devoid of saliva; and he clacked his tongue loudly every once in a while, as if trying to unfasten it from his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then the idea came to him to take a drink, in order to give himself courage; and he ordered a decanter of rum brought in, from which he helped himself to six small glasses, after one another.

A heat, as of a burn, passed through him, followed almost immediately by a sort of mental numbness. He thought: Here's the remedy. Now I am all right.

But at the end of an hour, he had emptied the decanter; and his excitement became intolerable. He felt a mad wish to roll on the floor, to scream, to bite. Evening came.

A sudden pull at the door bell gave him such a sense of suffocation that he could not find strength to rise to receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, not even to say "Good evening," or anything else, through fear that they might discover everything from the alteration of his voice.

The colonel said:

"Everything has been arranged according to the conditions you stipulated. Your adversary at first claimed, as the insulted party, his right to the choice of weapons, but he almost immediately after waived his claim, and accepted everything as you wished it. His seconds are two military men."

The viscount said:

"Thanks!"
The marquis exclaimed:

"You must excuse us for only coming and going out again; but we have still a thousand things to do. We must secure a good surgeon, since the duel is to end only upon the serious wounding of one of the principals; and you know bullets are not things to joke about. Then we must settle upon a good place, near some house or other, to which we can carry the wounded party if necessary; and all that sort of thing. In short we've got two or three hours' work before us."

The viscount a second time articulated:

"Thanks."
The colonel asked:

"Well, you feel all right? you are cool?"
"Yes, very cool, thank you."
The two men retired.

When he found himself all alone again, he felt as if he were going mad. When his servant had lighted the lamps, he sat down at his table to write some letters. After having traced, at the head of a blank sheet of notepaper the words "This is my last will and testament," he rose to his feet with a sudden start and walked away, feeling incapable of putting two ideas together, of making any resolution, or deciding about anything whatsoever.

So, he was going to fight! There was no getting out of it now! What was the matter with him? He wished to fight; he had the firm intention of fighting; he had resolved upon it; and nevertheless he clearly felt, in spite of his utmost determination, in spite of the utmost tension of his will, that he could not possibly find the force necessary to enable him to go as far as the place of meeting. He tried to picture the scene in his mind—his own attitude and the deportment of his adversary.

From time to time his teeth chattered with a little dry noise. He wanted to read, and took up Chateaubriand's Code du Duel. Then he asked himself:

"Does my adversary frequent the shooting galleries? Is he known? Is his name published anywhere? How can I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on the expert pistol shot, and he went through it from one end to the other. Geoffrey Lambl's name was not mentioned in it. But still if that man was not a good shot, he would never have been so prompt to accept a duel under such fatal conditions, with so dangerous a weapon.

As he walked up and down he stopped before a little round table on which lay one of Gustine Bonette's well-known pistols. He took out one of the pistols, placed himself in the position of a man about to fire, and raised his arm. But he trembled from head to foot, so that the barrel of the pistol quivered and pointed in all directions.

Then he said to himself:

"It is simply impossible. I shall never be able to fight as I am now."
He looked down the muzzle of the barrel, into the little deep black hole which spits out death; he thought of dishonor, of whippings in the salons,

of laughter at the clubs, of the contempt that women can show, of allusions in newspapers, of the open insults he would receive from cowards.

Still he stared at the weapon, and, pulling back the hammer, he so intently observed a cap shining under it, like a tiny red flame. The pistol had remained loaded, by some chance, some forgetfulness. And the discovery filled him with a confused and inexplicable joy.

If he could not maintain before the other man, the cool and dignified deportment which befores him, then he would be ruined forever. He would be stained, branded with the stamp of infamy, driven out of society! And that calm, fearless attitude he would not be able to have; he knew it; he felt certain of it. Yet he was brave enough since he wanted to fight! He was brave since—

But the half-shaped thought never completed itself in his mind; for, suddenly opening his mouth as wide as he could, he thrust the muzzle of the pistol in, back to his very throat, and pulled the trigger.

When the valet-de-chambre, startled by the report of the pistol, ran in, he found his master lying on his back, dead. A gush of blood had splattered over the white paper on the table, and formed a great red blot immediately underneath the words:

"This is my last will and testament."

The Rats of Looe.

A mile or so out at sea rises a green triangular-shaped eminence, called Looe Island. Several years since a ship was wrecked on the island, but not only were the crew saved, but several free passengers of the rat species, who had got on board nobody knew how, where, or when, were also preserved by their own strenuous exertions, and wisely took up permanent quarters for the future on the terra firma of Looe Island. In course of time these rats increased and multiplied, and, being confined all around within certain limits by the sea, soon became a palpable and tremendous nuisance. Destruction was threatened to the agricultural produce of all the small patches of cultivated land on the island—it seemed doubtful whether any man who ventured there by himself might not share the fate of Bishop Hailo and be devoured by rats.

Under these circumstances the people of Looe decided to make one determined and united effort to extirpate the whole colony of invaders. Ordinary means of destruction had been tried already, and without effect. It was said that the rats left for dead on the ground, had mysteriously revived faster than they could be picked up and skinned or cast into the sea. Rats desperately wounded had got away into their holes, and became convalescent, and increased and multiplied again more productively than ever. The great problem was, how to kill the rats, but how to annihilate them so effectually that the whole population might certainly know that the reappearance of even one of them was altogether out of the question. This was the problem, and it was solved practically and triumphantly in the following manner: All the inhabitants of the town were called to join in a great hunt. The rats were caught by every conceivable device, and straightway eaten with vindictive relish by the people of Looe. Never was any invention for destroying rats so complete and so successful as this. Every man, woman, and child that could eat could swear to the death and annihilation of all the rats they had eaten. The local returns of dead rats were not made by the bills of mortality, but by the bills of fare. It was getting rid of a nuisance by the unheard-of process of stomaching it.

A New Scheme.

A young postmaster of a village postoffice was hard at work when a gentle tap was heard upon the door, and in stepped a beautiful maiden of 16 with a money order which she desired cashed. She handed it to the official with a bashful smile, who, after closely examining it, handed her the money if called for. At the same time he asked her if she had read what was written on the margin of the order.

"No, I have not," she replied, "for I cannot make it out. Will you please read it for me?"

The young postmaster read as follows: "I send you 83 and a dozen kisses." Glancing at the bashful girl he said: "Now I have paid you the money and I suppose you want the kisses."

"Yes," she said, "if he has sent me any kisses, I want them, too."

It is hardly necessary to say that the balance of the order was promptly paid, and in a scientific manner at that, and eminently satisfactory to the country maiden, for she went out of the office smacking her lips as if there were a taste upon them she never encountered before.

After she arrived home she remarked to her mother: "Oh, mother, but this postoffice system of ours is a great thing, developing more and more every year, and each new feature added seems to be the best. Jimmy sent me a dozen kisses along with the money order, and the postmaster gave me twenty. It beats the special delivery system all hollow."

Sad-faced Humorists.

A glance at Bill Arp's melancholy face the other day suggested the query: Why are all humorists gloomy? The greatest English wits and