

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Gold decorated china for use and ornament was never more in evidence than at the present time.

One of the new spring materials is a fine belzine with a slightly hazy surface, and it comes in light colors.

Waist lengths of habitual silks embroidered in dainty colors are shown in the shops and they are a very desirable purchase.

Parisian novelties in chateleine bags of suede, satin and gold show decorations in the way of jeweled watches or miniature spaces for small portraits.

Owners of old-fashioned earrings are finding new use for them by converting them into hatpins. Cameos, onyx or various tints of corals or other stones mounted in gold make handsome hat anchors.

The white tulle bow in Aisatian form has found a new perch on top of the head, with a loop of hair forming the center finish. This is very becoming to young faces.

Becoming flower tokens for youthful faces are made of forget-me-nots. One designed for a pretty blonde had a full crown of white cloth and a brim of forget-me-nots. On the left side was a white aigrette.

Neck ruffles and boas are worn much flatter than early in the season, and as many are unwilling to abandon the becoming effect of a ruffle close against the neck a compromise is made by having the back stand out like a Medical collar.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. Edwin B. Grossman, daughter of Edwin Booth, lives in the house in Chicago which constituted the actor's only property in that city when he died.

An Italian woman graduated from a French university is to conduct an American course in medicine at the University of Chicago. She is Lisi Carloti Cipriana, first of her sex to take the doctor's degree in Paris.

Mrs. Long, wife of the secretary, is about the only woman of the cabinet contingent who goes out walking nearly every morning she accompanies the secretary to his office and not infrequently meets him there and walks home with him in the afternoon.

Miss Mary F. Acton and Martha S. Hoyt, of Boston, the former a lawyer and the latter the widow of a clergyman, are interested in the bill before the Massachusetts legislature empowering the governor to appoint women as "special commissioners" to perform wedding ceremonies.

Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis, the writer of magazine stories, has apartments in the quaint and romantic part of narrow old Royale street, New Orleans. The fame of her "Fridays in February" has gone beyond the gates of that city and in her saloon frequently assembles persons of note from all over the country.

Miss Elizabeth Plankington of Indianapolis has supplemented her recent gifts of paintings and statuary to the Lafayette art gallery with a collection of autograph letters. These letters are all written by men of world-wide reputation and of different nationalities (principally French) and the majority of them are illustrated by original fusain, pencil, pen and ink sketches.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A church in London still possesses an income originally given to it for the purpose of buying faggots for burning heretics.

"He that flees from me my good name, Robt me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

Written by the immortal Shakespeare. How true. That's why it lives. CASCARETS, true merit, backed by the right kind of advertising has made for them the largest sale of any similar medicine in the world, proved last year by the sale of over ten million boxes. This has caused dishonest people to try to palm off worthless stuff, as just as good. Look out for fakers and remember the genuine tablet is stamped "C. C. C." and never sold in jar or bulk, but always in a blue metal box. The genuine CASCARETS are absolutely guaranteed to cure, or you get your money back.

The fare on the Congo railroad for 250 miles is \$100, or 40 cents a mile. We can travel by rail entirely across the American continent for less money.

Get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil today; it may save you a trip for the doctor; it cures pain.

Free Alaska Indian Basket. Send 25c for postage and packing. N. Posten, 249 Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

Aside from their professional duties, some dentists don't make much of an impression.

Hypnotism. Learn to hypnotize, something wonderful, astonishing feats, create fun by the hour, have all the people talking about you in your community. Easy to learn by my late discovery. Send 10 cents for free literature and trial lessons. Prof. Edward T. Conter, 1023 High St., Des Moines, Ia.

The formation of the proposed regiment of Imperial Yeomanry to be composed of colonial subjects of the crown living in London, is about to be submitted to the king by the secretary of war.

People buy Wizard Oil because they have learned by experience that it cures pain of every kind.

Ambrose S. Otley, of Cecil county, Maryland, has made a systematic reading of the Bible for the last thirty-three years and can tell the number of letters in the scriptures, how many times they appear, the number of chapters and verses, what words spell the same either way, etc. He has just finished reading the Bible for the 117th time.

It is estimated that there are at present about 300,000 domestic ostriches in South Africa.

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Beating All Records. Whenever the American people find a thing of merit, absolute, genuine merit, they appreciate it, and never hesitate to make liberal use of it. It is merit that counts for the enormous sale of Cascarets—over ten million boxes last year. It is the best bowel and liver regulator in the world and sells at prices that suit everybody—10c, 25c and 50c a box, put up in tablet form, and ever yalab stamped "C. C. C." There is no waste. Cascarets are easy to take and are sold by the makers under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if Cascarets do not prove satisfactory. A 50c box is enough for a whole month's treatment for the worst case. We urge every sufferer to give Cascarets an immediate trial.

Wanted. Agents in every county in every state to sell "Mining Stock," \$150 salary and expenses; steady work. Send the silver for postage, prospectus and full information. Give reference. Our reference, Batesville Bank. Address C. H. Hogan, Secy., Batesville, Ark.

Most bottles have a stopper, but a man who is addicted to the bottle never knows when to stop.

Hypnotism. Be a hypnotist and make fun and money. The study is easy and fascinating, surprise all your friends, make money giving entertainments in large cities and small towns, or by teaching the art to others—this is a sure way to win a fortune. Write at once, enclosing 10 cents for free trial lessons, which pays for mailing only. Wilson Eggers, Hopkins, Mo.

The total number of students at the universities of Germany this winter is 35,513, as against 34,563 last winter.

A Whole Library of books, 60 in all for 25c. Fun and mystery. Wonderful dancing skeleton etc. Address E. M. Wimberly, Box 5, Grannis, Ark.

Perhaps they call them "machine politics" because so many politicians have "wheels."

Miss M. Link The Magnetic Healer is giving absent treatment with good success; patients are treated twice a day for \$5.00 per month. By this method of treatment and instruction, if strictly followed, a cure can be positively effected. For particulars address No. 91 Cedar St., Oshkosh, Wis. Enclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Mohair grenadines, very sheer, with white grounds patterned with different delicate colors in a silky design are conspicuous among the new materials.

"Free Absent Treatment." The undersigned will give "FREE ABSENT TREATMENT" to all sufferers for a short time only, giving you an opportunity to test this wonderful power; if you are benefited, being your own judge, and wish further treatment, his services can be had very reasonably, but first try his power, FREE OF CHARGE, no matter where you are, what your ailments are, or how long afflicted, for many cases have been cured after having been given up by physicians. It is a crime of suffer when you can be healed, thousands have been healed by this method, why not you? Each and every case given personal attention; write him today, giving him full particulars of your case. All he asks of you is to enclose 10 cents with your application for his free treatment to help pay postage. Postal cards will receive no attention. Prof. E. S. Cullums, Mobile, Ala.

The trustees of Wesleyan university, Middletown, Conn., the oldest Methodist college in the country, have given their official sanction to a bi-centennial celebration of the birth of John Wesley, to be held in June, 1903.

Kleptomaniacs is a pathetic disease. At least, there is something touching about it.

The Russian mercantile marine consists of 745 steamers and 2,283 sailing vessels.

THE PATHOS OF THE CONFLICT.

London, May 8.—The pathos of the war is shown in a strong light by the pen of A. C. Hales, the Australian correspondent of the News. He writes:

I was only a prisoner in the hands of the Boers for about a month, yet every moment of that time was so fraught with interest that I fancy I picked up more of the real nature of the Boers than I should have done under ordinary circumstances in a couple of years. I was moved from laager to laager along their fighting line; saw them at work with their rifles; saw them come in from more than one tough skirmish, bringing their dead and wounded with them; saw them when they triumphed and saw them when they had been whipped; saw them going to their farms to be welcomed by wife and children; saw them leaving home with a wife's sob in their ears and children's loving kisses on their lips. I saw some of these old gray heads shattered by our shells dying grimly, with knitted brows and fiercely clenched jaws; saw some of their heartless boys sobbing their souls out as the lifeblood dyed the African fever. I saw some passing over the border line which divides life and death, with a ring of stern-browed comrades round them, leaning upon their rifles, while a brother or a father knelt and pressed the hand of him whose feet were on the very threshold of the land beyond the shadows. I saw others smiling up into the faces of women—the poor, pain-drawn faces of the dying looking less haggard and worn than the anguish-stricken features of their womanhood who knelt to comfort them in that last awful hour—in the hour which divides time from eternity, the sunlight of lusty life from the shadows of unsearchable death. Those things I have seen, and in the ears of English men and women let me say, as one who knows and faith would speak the plain, unglit truth concerning friend and foe, that not alone beneath the British flag are heroes found. Not alone at the breasts of British matrons are brave men suckled; for, as my soul liveth, whether their cause be just or unjust, whether the right or the wrong of this war be with them—whether the blood of the hundreds that have fallen since the first rifle spoke defiance shall speak for or against them at the day of judgment—they at least know how to die, and when a man has given his life for the cause he believes in, he is proven worthy even of his worst enemy's respect. And it seems to me that the British nation, with its long roll of heroic deeds, wrought from the world over, from Africa to Iceland, can well afford to honor the splendid bravery and self-sacrifice of these rude, untutored tillers of the soil. I have seen them die.

Once as I lay a prisoner in a rocky ravine, all through the hot afternoon, I heard the rifles snapping like hounds around a cornered beast. I watched the Boers as they moved from cover to cover, one here, one there, a little further on a couple in a place of vantage, again in a natural fortress a group of eight; so they were placed as far as my eye could reach. The British force I could not see at all. They were out on the veldt, and the kopjes hid them from me; but I could hear the

regular roar and ripple of their disciplined volleys, and I course of time, by watching the action of the Boers, I could anticipate the sound.

They watched our officers, and when the signal to fire was given they dropped behind cover with such speed and certainty that seldom a man was hit. Then, when the leaden hail had ceased to fall upon the rocks, they sprang out again and gave our fellows lead for lead. After a while our gunners seemed to locate them and the shells came through the air snarling savagely, as leopards snarl before they spring, and the flying shrapnel reached many of the Boers, wounding, maiming or killing them; yet they held their positions with indomitable pluck, those who were not hit leaping out, regardless of personal danger, to pick up those who were wounded. They were a strange, motley looking crowd, dressed in all kinds of farming apparel, just such a crowd as one is apt to see in a far inland shearing shed in Australia, but no man with a man's heart in his body could help admiring their devotion to one another or their loyalty to the cause for which they were risking their lives.

One night I saw which will stay with me while memory lasts. They had placed me under a wagon, beneath a mass of overhanging rocks, for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of 50, a hard old veteran, with a complexion as dark as a New Zealand Maori. The board that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open air work as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on he got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who had fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives, and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving grasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us, the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dead laddie's hand in his. The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign.

BUY SECOND-HAND UMBRELLAS.

There are few things that cannot be bought second-hand. One can get second-hand anchors and second-hand books; second-hand gas fixtures and baby carriages; pianos and iron smokestacks; water coolers and office desks; it would be difficult to think of anything that cannot be bought second-hand. One of the things that at first might be thought to come within the category of things not sold in this manner is the umbrella. Inquiry, however, revealed the fact that umbrellas are sold second-hand, though for various simple reasons not so commonly as some other articles of personal wear or use.

Common an article as the umbrella is in use and familiar to the eye, yet it is far less commonly used than, say, for instance, shoes. In this climate, in winter at least, everybody wears shoes, and so would own at least one pair. But by no means everybody owns an umbrella. There are, in fact, plenty of people who never owned one, just as singular as it may seem to some persons, there are many people who never owned a watch. Then, as anybody can use an umbrella, it may be that a family of half a dozen persons would have only one or two umbrellas. There are plenty of big umbrella factories, with an aggregate output of millions of umbrellas yearly, but the number of factories and of the umbrellas produced would have to be multiplied if every inhabitant were to be supplied with an umbrella.

A great many umbrellas are destroyed outright; blown inside out in windstorms and made useless for any purpose; it wouldn't pay to repair them, and there is nothing left to them worth using. People commonly leave umbrellas that can be mended, to be repaired; and people often carry an umbrella that is in need of repairs with more thought of its usefulness than of its appearance. The umbrella is commonly not thrown away until it is useless to its owner; and when it is in that condition, unless it were a fine umbrella, it would not pay a second-hand dealer to repair it. For example, it would never do to put a single panel of cloth

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

Memphis, Tenn., May 8.—Mr. Henry Hooper, a St. Louis railroad man, who was in Memphis recently, while talking with a reporter, related a curious incident of his early road life, which happened while he was braking on a railroad which ran out of St. Louis.

"In 1892," said Mr. Hooper, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis and Sedalia, Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the way of hobos. Now of course, I've seen huns riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to a man hanging by the rods on a fast freight or perched on the pilot is not surprising to me, but this—well, let me tell you.

"We had been some time out of Sedalia, hitting a pretty good gait toward St. Louis. That winter the hobos along the line of the 'Mop' were a fright, and the whole crew was kept busy chasing them off the train. As far as I was concerned personally, they could all have had 'transportation' for I have been on the road myself, and believe that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limb to get over the country a fellow need not put himself out of the way to find him.

But, then, the company had different views in regard to the matter, and we had to chase 'em or lose out. That night and it was cold enough to freeze a polar bear, I made a dozen poor devils unload from the decks and rods, and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a 'pipe' coming from an old shack, but it's so.

"Well, it wasn't long before we pulled into Jeff City, and while the engineer oiled around I started out with two of the crew to chase hobos. Just as we got to the end of the train, old Brennan, the finest 'sagie eye' who ever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hines, his fireman, to back up so that he could oil and wipe his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time, so, giving it a final swipe with his slash bar, he backed up. But, being a little careless, he pulled back too far, bringing the pilot half way over the pile of red hot coals he had just raked from the fire box.

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit,

WHERE ONE HOBO RODE.

and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle it seemed to me bedlam had broken loose under that engine.

"Lemme out," yelled some one. 'Lemme out! Move her up! O Lord, I'm burnin' up!' The sounds came from under the pilot, rushing round to the front we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces beneath it, yelling for all that was in him.

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine—so as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing coat tails he still cursed, coughing all the while like an engine coming up a grade.

"How in Sam Hill," roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo was giving him, 'How in Sam Hill did you get under my pilot?' 'I got here when this bloomin' teakettle was over de pit at Sedalia; but youse fellows needn't try to barbecue me for dat, need ye?' 'Oh, but old Brennan was wrathful. 'Come out o' dat, ye dirty porch climber, or I'll see ye back over the fire.'

"How on I got out did dis track under me?" the hobo yelled back. 'Think I can dig trough it?' Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over a pit in the Sedalia roundhouse, and of course could not get out till another pit was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit in, it was a very hazardous place to ride in, for in wreck death would be certain. When we reached Chamois, twenty-five miles further on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released, but he was a sight to see. His coat tails were burned off, his whiskers and hair were singed, one of his 'lamps' was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and on the whole, to quote old Brennan, he looked like a 'traveled top string on a rainy day.'

Puck: Ferdy—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do! Percy—See a little more of the world, old chap!

TWO BIG AMERICAN SHIPS.

The first plate of the keel of the largest ship ever built in the western hemisphere was laid recently at the Cramps' yard, and, while no especial ceremonies were arranged for the great steel sheet went into its place on the blocks watched by all of the six thousand workmen who could possibly find time to view the sight.

The tremendous vessel that will be reared from this central plate is one of the pair of mammoth twins designed some time ago, and contracted for at Cramps' by the International Navigation company. The only pity is that these magnificent ships will not engage in trade from the port of their birth. They will need deeper water than the Delaware affords when the stream is in one of its mean moods, and consequently will ply between New York and Southampton or Liverpool.

The ship already started and the twin to come are not only unique in size, but likewise in design and intention, for, while much larger than the splendid St. Paul and St. Louis, built for the same company in the same yards, they are in no wise competitors along the same line. The ocean greyhounds mentioned are of 11,600 tons rating, they are 525 feet long, and are engine, with the power of 20,000 horses by contract, and far more by actual count. They can steam better

RIDDING A SHIP OF ITS RATS.

New Orleans, May 8.—While talking with some friends the captain of a big freight steamer taking on cargo at New Orleans told some queer stories about rats.

"I have the ship cleaned out by professional rat catchers whenever we touch at Liverpool," he said, "and between times we try to keep them down by trapping, but it's hard work. We don't dare use poison. If we did the hold would soon be full of dead rats and the stench would breed a fever. Our traps are of the wire cage pattern and considerable craft has to be used in setting them, for a ship rat is a very cunning beast, and he will steer clear of decoys that his land-lubber brothers walk into with their eyes open. If we simply baited the traps in the ordinary way and left them about in the hold, we wouldn't catch a dozen in a year.

"Our plan is this: On the first night we open trap doors to tie them in that position with bits of string, so they can't possibly spring shut. Then we put scraps of old cheese inside and leave them until the following evening. That's to reassure the rats that the strange wire contrivances are perfectly harmless and that they may enter in with a certainty of getting out again. Next night we rewrap the bait and take off the strings, and, as a general rule, we catch all that the cages will hold. I have seen them so full that it seemed impossible to get another rat inside,

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Somerville Journal: Even the girl who marries for love doesn't always get it.