

RAT CATCHING IN PARIS.

Standing on a hand's-breadth of foot-path licked by the swiftly gliding stream of the great sewerage collector of the north, I talked with the rat-catcher of Paris.

We were deep down below the city. Half an hour before. Victor, the rat-catcher's son, had clanged down on us the iron manhole far above in the street, shutting out the brilliant sunshine and leaving us in inky darkness. The air was heavy with decay. From all sides reverberated noisily through the obscurity automatic flushings, sweeping the refuse out to the Seine. We were alone in this place of blackness, the century-old city of the rats. Ever since the rats came to Europe with the Crusades, subterranean Paris has afforded them a home. The original black rat has been practically replaced by the huge, fierce brown sewer rat, although black rats are still found, and a colony of pure white rats has existed for the past twenty-five years in a certain part of the sewers. A fancy-bred white rat was their founder, and they are fiercer and harder to catch than any other. Only half a dozen or so are caught each year, and they find a ready sale as fashionable pets. Forty years ago the rats boldly ventured on the boulevards, and there were no fewer than twenty-two professional ratcatchers under the Empire. But today, though the rats move in legions from one quarter of the city to another, they seldom emerge farther than the cellars.

Though there are a number of professional ratcatchers in the city today, the greatest of them all is Georges Menart, who a year ago was appointed official ratcatcher to the city of Paris. He holds the secret of attracting the rats. He never kills them in catching them. His only weapons are his adroit hands, scarred with rat bites, and his feet, quick as lightning, although encumbered with huge sewer boots. He has caught 117 rats in one hour; last week he captured 232 in three days, and his bag for 1909 was over 20,000. He sells his rats in Paris and northern France and Belgium, where ratting with dogs is enormously popular.

Wading through a foot of water, I followed this lissom, swift-footed man through miles of sewers. On his back was strapped a cage with a funnel-mouth, ending in a cloth spout, which prevented the captured rats from getting out once they were in the cage. This, his own invention, took him seven years to elaborate. In his hand he carried an acetylene lamp, which he held shaded close to his body. The sewers run beneath every street and every house has its pipe, giving into a side channel which leads into the sewer. This is where the rats assemble to feed on the remnants of food. We descended endless, precipitous steps a foot broad, down and down, to a narrow sewer so low that we had to bend double to pass. At a crossway the ratcatcher seized a sluice lever, and a jet of water poured forth down a sewer on the left. "Des rats," he whispered, and with a bound he dived down the sewer whence echoed shrill squeakings, mingled with the splash of the water, leaving me in darkness, with scuffling squeaking rats all round. I realized that ratcatching has its disadvantages. When he returned there was a jostling mass of rats in the cage swaying on his back.

"No one will ever know how many rats there are down here," he said; "there are millions of them. And they are very clever, but not quite clever enough for me and my little secret. Ah! how they hate me! I always feel as if they liked biting me when I take them with my hands. But I do not fear them. When my cage is full—it holds fifty-five rats—I put them in my shirt next my body. I have often come home with rats all over me, and when I have had a good day I have a very heavy burden to carry. Night is my best time to work, for the rats sleep in the day when the sewers are being flooded and scraped out. I come down here in the evenings all alone with my lamp and my cage and my little secret, and I walk for miles. I have often traveled twenty-five miles in one night. I never get lost. I know the Paris sewers like the palm of my hand. Ah! yes, it is dangerous, especially in rainy weather. Only a few years ago a collector, who was being shown this very collection where we are standing, slipped in, the sewerman tried to save him, and fell in likewise, and in a second they were both swept away by the current. When we hear the sewer watchmen, who look out for the rise of the waters, strike five blows on the iron manholes—and the sound travels for miles down here—we rush for the nearest opening. When I set out I send Victor to wait for me at the manhole at which I am going to emerge. He lifts the cover, and when I come out is waiting for me with my pony-cart, for fifty-five rats is a heavy load to carry. My little secret? It is fear. The rats, when they see me come, know they cannot escape me, and the fear fascinates them, so they just obey my call."

"And what do you think of when you walk the sewers at night?" I asked.

"Rats," replied the ratcatcher.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

| NORTHBOUND. | |
|-------------|-------------|
| No. 30 | 10:38 p. m. |
| No. 36 | 8:50 a. m. |
| No. 28 | 5:15 p. m. |
| SOUTHBOUND. | |
| No. 29 | 4:00 a. m. |
| No. 35 | 6:47 a. m. |
| No. 27 | 5:15 p. m. |

NAPOLEON'S LAST THOUGHT OF THE ARMY AND JOSEPHINE

On May 5, 1821, Napoleon fought his last battle and death closed the career of one of the greatest generals, if not the greatest, the world has ever seen. The last tragedy of his life was enacted on the little island of St. Helena. He was buried in a valley; a simple slab marked the place of his repose; two weeping willows waved over it, and an iron railing encircled the spot of ground.

A few days before his death he awoke one morning, saying: "I have just seen my good Josephine, but she would not embrace me. She disappeared at the moment when I was about to take her in my arms. She is not changed. She is still the same, full of devotion to me. She told me that we were about to see each other again, never more to part." The disease progressed rapidly and the dying hour drew near. A violent storm raged with wild fury on that rocky prison island as the spirit of the great Napoleon was freeing itself from its earthly fetters. His few faithful friends who shared his exile stood weeping around his couch. In the solemn silence of that sacred hour his loved voice was once more faintly heard: "France! Army! Head of the army! Josephine!" and the heart of Napoleon ceased to beat. "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!" had been the last words of the loving and forgiving Josephine. "France! The army! Josephine!" were the last images that lingered in the heart, and the last words which trembled on the lips of the dying emperor.

The heart-melting story of the hardships to which Napoleon had been subjected during his captivity at St. Helena was told over and over again to his beloved France, till the nation at last rose as one man to do his memory honor. Just twenty-five years from the time when Napoleon was landed a captive upon the island his remains were brought from their humble resting place and re-interred in the magnificent mausoleum prepared for them in the Church of the Invalides, Paris. On the anniversary of the great victory of Austerlitz the two French frigates entered the harbor of Cherbourg. All the forts, batteries and warships fired a salute. All France flocked to the cities and villages through which the funeral cortege was to pass.

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of December, 1840, the flotilla arrived at Courbevale, a small village four miles from Paris. Here the remains were to be transferred from the steamer to the shore. As the funeral barge sailed up the Seine a colossal statue of Josephine, which had been erected on the shore, offered an appropriate and fitting welcome. A Grecian temple 100 feet high had been constructed on the wharf, under which the body was to lie in state until transferred to the funeral car. The funeral car was undoubtedly the most elaborate ever devised. The church had been magnificently adorned for the solemn ceremony. The coffin was borne into the church on the shoulders of Napoleon's Old Guard, preceded by the Prince de Joinville. Louis Philippe stepped forward to receive the remains. "Sire," said the prince, "I present to you the body of the Emperor Napoleon." "I receive it," said the king, "in the name of France." Then taking from the hand of Marshal Soult the sword of Napoleon and presenting it to Gen. Bertrand, he said: "General, I charge you to place this glorious sword of the emperor upon his coffin."

Political Turncoats.

Rutherfordton Sun. The Sun will be very much surprised if Mr. S. S. McNinch, who has just accepted the Republican nomination for Congress in the Ninth district, realizes his expectations. There was a time when turncoats in the Democratic party were received in glad arms and crowned in the presence of the multitude and there was rejoicing in the camp of the faithful. But that trick cannot be turned any more. The children's bread is not given to Samaritans—not even the crumbs that fall from the table. Instead of reception there is resentment among the "pure in heart."

Nothing can be said against Mr. McNinch as a gentleman, so far as we know, but his vision has come to him too late. He is and always has been just a bit too prominent. He cannot expect to reap where he has not sown.



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| New Corn | \$2 10 | \$3 60 | \$5 35 | \$6 85 | \$2 35 | \$3 25 | \$4 25 | \$7 00 |
| One-Year-Old Corn | 2 35 | 4 10 | 5 75 | 7 35 | 3 00 | 4 50 | 5 50 | 9 00 |
| Two-Year-Old Corn | 3 00 | 5 00 | 7 00 | 9 00 | 3 25 | 5 25 | 7 25 | 9 25 |
| Old Mountain Corn | 2 75 | 4 90 | 6 90 | 8 25 | 2 75 | 3 75 | 5 25 | 7 25 |
| Old Private Stock Corn | 3 00 | 4 25 | 5 00 | 6 00 | 3 00 | 4 25 | 5 50 | 9 00 |
| Pocahontas Corn | 3 00 | 4 25 | 5 00 | 6 00 | 3 00 | 4 25 | 5 50 | 9 00 |
| Old Process Corn | 3 25 | 4 60 | 6 00 | 7 25 | 3 50 | 4 90 | 6 25 | 9 50 |
| Primrose Corn, old and mellow | 3 50 | 4 90 | 6 25 | 7 50 | 3 75 | 5 10 | 6 45 | 9 75 |

RYE WHISKEY.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|
| Gibson | 4 50 | 8 60 | 12 75 | 16 00 | 5 50 | 7 50 | 13 50 |
| Old Times | 3 75 | 7 10 | 10 50 | 13 00 | 4 00 | 6 00 | 12 00 |
| Old Prentice (case goods) | 5 50 | 7 50 | 10 50 | 13 00 | 5 00 | 6 75 | 12 75 |
| Cascade | 4 00 | 7 60 | 11 25 | 14 00 | 5 00 | 6 75 | 13 25 |
| Old Taylor | 3 75 | 7 10 | 10 50 | 13 00 | 4 75 | 6 75 | 13 25 |
| Mellwood (bottled in bond) | 4 75 | 6 75 | 10 50 | 13 00 | 4 50 | 6 85 | 12 50 |
| Overholt | 3 75 | 7 10 | 10 50 | 13 00 | 4 00 | 5 80 | 10 00 |
| Jefferson Club | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 10 00 |
| Old Henry | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 10 00 |
| Savage Mountain Rye | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 10 00 |
| Old Grand Dad | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 10 00 |
| I. W. Harper | 5 00 | 7 00 | 10 00 | 12 25 | 5 00 | 7 00 | 12 25 |
| Paul Jones Rye | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 |
| Rose Valley Rye | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 |
| Sherwood Rye | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 | 12 00 | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 |
| Excelsior | 2 25 | 4 25 | 6 25 | 8 25 | 2 25 | 4 25 | 6 25 |
| Hoover's Private Stock Rye | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 |
| Mellwood | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 | 12 00 | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 |
| Wilson Rye | 5 00 | 7 50 | 10 00 | 12 75 | 5 00 | 7 50 | 10 00 |
| Green River 4's | 5 00 | 6 75 | 8 50 | 12 25 | 5 00 | 6 75 | 8 50 |
| Calvert | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 | 12 00 | 4 50 | 6 85 | 8 50 |

MALT WHISKIES.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|------|------|------|-------|------|------|------|-------|
| Hoover's Old Malt | 3 25 | 5 90 | 8 50 | 11 00 | 3 75 | 5 50 | 7 50 | 9 50 |
| Kooney's Malt | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 |
| Duffy's Malt | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 |

GINS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|------|------|-------|-------|------|------|-------|-------|
| Booth's Old Tom | 5 00 | 7 10 | 10 00 | 13 00 | 5 00 | 7 10 | 10 00 | 13 00 |
| Turkey Gin | 3 50 | 6 60 | 9 50 | 12 00 | 4 00 | 5 75 | 7 50 | 10 00 |
| Swan Gin | 2 50 | 4 60 | 6 75 | 8 50 | 3 00 | 4 25 | 5 50 | 7 00 |
| Holland Gin | 3 00 | 6 60 | 8 25 | 10 00 | 3 00 | 6 60 | 8 25 | 10 00 |

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