“Dose rats dey was de mostest noosunce; dey chaw de boy’s boots, an’. dey chaw de ropes, an’ dey chaw de stuff in de sto’e room, in fac’ dey chaw mos’ ebbey ting, dey chaw de ha’r offer de Major’s dog, an’ den dey chaw a hole in de office safe!”

“Am dat de sho nuff troof, Luke?”

“Dat am sho’ly de Lawd’s troof, Gus!”

“Why fo’ dey no kill dem?”

“Kill dem! Why, chile, dey kill dem all dey could. Dey kill dem wid traps, but dey laff at de traps, dey kill dem wid pizen, but dey jus’ grow fat and slick on pizen. Dey try cats, but dey chaw up de cats; dey chaw de weasles jus’ same too. Well, dey used ter shoot dem, an’ tu club dem, an’ chuck things at dem till dey pooty nigh chuck ebbey ting, but de rats, into de ribber, but dat jus’ gabe dem ‘nough exercise tu keep dem spry and soople, an’ dey were more an’ more ob dem ebbey day. Yas, sah! we tink dey gwine tu sink de boat eff we doan look out.”

“Huccome dey get rid on dem, Luke?”

“De Major he run dem offer de boat wid dogs.”

“How he do dat?”

“Dat dead easy! He had two dogs, one on dem war small wid floppy years, toder he were one ob dese yere Newfounlding dogs, an’ he were mos’ as big nor a horse. Dey bofe hate dem rats like pizen iby, ’cause dey chaw de lille dogs’ years an’ make dere nes’ wid de big dog’s ha’. Well de Major he seen doze dogs chase de rats, an’ he sot dere an’ study an’ study, den arter a spell, he slap he leg an’ low, ‘By George! I’m gwine tu get eben wid dem rats yet!’ sez he.

“Well, suh! he know dem rats allus run down by de coal bunkyers, doze rats allus run on de same paff, like de cows. De Major he tole some ob de boys tu take ole ‘Moze’—he were de big dorg,—an’ hol’ him by de coal bunkyers, an’ den he tuck de little dorg an’ dey raise de rats. De rats dey riz an’ run. Well, suh! Moze saw dem comin, an’ he jus’ lay he haid ’gin de wall an’ open he mouf. Dorg on me! but dem rats run right inter he mouf, an’ he jus’ gabe one skrunch, den he shuck he haid an’ he war ready for de nex’ one.

“De nex’ time we were tu Baton Rouge, all dem rats what was left dey went hum tu tack de news tu dey relations, an’ dey didn’t come back no mo’. Dat Major he war tu smart for dem sah!”

“Luke, you mean tu say dat am ebbey word de troof?”

“Dat am sholy so, Gus! Dat am perscriptibly so!”

R. S., ’oo.

The fence vault is added to the usual events for the Fall Meet.

The new medals will be presented at the Friday games.

The class games at the Gymnasium Friday should have a large attendance from every class.

The members of the ’99 Track team chose Burch captain, Friday, the roth, by a unanimous vote.

Ninety-eight has somewhat receded from its high position in athletics, and just now has neither captain nor manager for its Track team. To-day is your last chance to enter for the Friday Meet. Grasp it.

The Hare and Hounds at Wellesley Saturday did not bring out as many as usual, but the ten that ran found a very interesting course. Hares: Batcheller, ’oo; Pray, ’99. Time, 60 min. Course, 8 miles.