THE TWO CATS.

"You dearest, sweetest 'ittle duck, so ft was! Manny's pessus pet."

It sounded much like "manny's possus pet," but the voice was so young, so fresh, so cooing, that Joe Parker could not believe his

There was something "magnetic" about it, to use the slang of the day; at least it attractal Joe to the row of raspberries that thing their green arms all abroad on the old picket fence between his garden and the next neighbor's and irresistibly bent his head to peep through those respectable palings and see what he could see.

And this is what he saw: Such a lovely girl! Her hair was red, to be sure, but it was that bronze red that looks brown in the depth of its ripples and gold on their crests. Just now, in the blazing sunshine, it was all a rich deep red, with gilt threads among it, but then she had such eyes! large, clear, red hazel eyes, as beautiful as a robin's or a squirrel's, fringed with dark lashes and overbrowed with delicate dark arches, a little hited with a look of surprise that was the result of shape and outline

I regret to say that her fair, soft brow and cheeks were slightly freekled, but in such a fresh red and white the smallest spot will show, and nobody is perfectly beautiful, not even Mary Ann May, commonly called "Manny May." For instance, her mouth was large; but then it was so full, so red, and parted over such firm white teeth, that it seemed just to match the saucy little nose above and the round dimpled chin below it. Her waist was large, too, just as large as the waist of any sculptured goddess wrought by Phidias or Praxiteles, for Manny had never been pinched in mind or body, or given over to that awful tyrant "They," who puts our girls to the torture of rack and boot from their infancy, that they may be and do as

"They" do and are.

But she had a tall, strong, shapely figure, and its movements were all instinct with the untrammeled grace of nature. As she stood in her mother's garden, with both hands clasping her pet to her bosom, a basket of dandelion greens and an old case knife at her feet, she was a perfect picture; but she had not an

Joe's theories fled as he gazed. The voice had not misled him, it was not a mother's voice; the darling on whom Manny lavished her sweet words, her tender embrace, even her

kisses, was—a cat.
But such a cat! Peter was as great a beauty as his mistress. His coat of deep bule-gray was striped and dashed with shining black; a ring of black encircled his massive neck; his tail was ringed also with sable, and five wide black stripes ran from between his ears down to the very tip of the tail, merging as they went into one broad band, then there was a snow-white spot upon his breast, and his powerful paws were black as

"Manny's dumb silly about that there cat," was her father's chronic growl; but, since Manny was all the child left to him, and in beart its living idol, he only growled. He would not have uttered a derogatory word about Peter for anything; he even remembered to get a bit of meat for him whenever he went to the village, and had once been known to turn back half a mile for

that very purpose.

As for mother May, she speiled the cat just as she had spoiled Mary Ann. She was a dear, kindly, tender-hearted old woman, with an utter inabity to rule or order or mold anybody or anything. She took life as she found it, and neither fretted at nor tried to amend it-a sort of moral feather bed, soft to exasperation, but, after all, restful to the cager, hard-worked, exasperated and wiry

people of her race,
"A proper, nice woman," Semanthy Carrier said; "always an' eternally goodnatured. No faculty in her, and one that riles you consider'ble when you want to have things gee; but when you're sick or sorry, sort of comfortin', like a poultice."

Peter knew his power and his position Petted from his early kittenhood, he soon learned, like the young of the human species, that he could tyrannize over his petters, and then the warmest, softest seat was given up to him, the door opened at his first appeal, the giblets of the rarely used fowls saved for him, his tastes gratified and his notions respected. One is sometimes tempted to half accept the masculine theory that women like tyrants, when one sees how they manufacture them for themselves.

Now, Joseph Parker had just come to Meriden to live. A certain Mr. Webb, who had a manufactory in Vermont, had moved to Meriden to get more water power, and as Joe Parker was his foreman in the paper mill, he had moved too, hired a house a little way out of the village, next to Mr. May's homestead, and brought with him his mother-and his mother's cat. Hence this story, and whatever tears may besprinkle it.

Parker's ent was not at all like Pater May. He was black, all black, with greenlow eyes, and an aspect that made a stranger think of the regulation can that was the threibar of witches in all history. He came from Hanover to Meriden by rail, nailed up in a strawberry crate, hissing, spitting, yowling and sharpening his claws on his frail prison all the way, to the terror of every passenger in the car. Indeed, Joe was forced to carry crate and all into a laggage car at the third station, and ride with it the rest of the way, for the brakemen refused to look after it, so daunted were they with the wild animal Tiger was sent into solitary confinement in the cellar as soon as Mrs. Parker reached her house, and was subdued by hunger and darkness before they dared to let him range abroad in the new neighborhood.

Now, Joe Par er had not been in Meriden long enough to make much acquaintance there, and was very hard at work the first few weeks of his stay, so that he always went to sleep in church on Sunday, and missed any sight thereby of the blooming damsels in the choir or in the pews; he was ashamed of it to be sure, but there was the change of air from Vermont mountains to the fat meadow land and low lying pastures about the river, and then he was really overworked for a time in helping to place the new machinery, move the old, and settle his mother in this strange-place, where he knew no one to whom he could apply for help or suggestion. It was not Sunday to-day when he prepar through the fence at Manny, and suddenly, as if by a stroke, fost his honest young heart-for, beloved reader, this is only a love story. Only a love story; only a record of the great world sung, the event of so many lives, the finality of all.

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That passing held That totte nee total heaven or held.

as the old sout sings. When I hear people

say, "tuny a love story," a tunne or that Tiger. Why, she never would forgive me if couplet of Tennyson's:

One draw a sharp knife through my tender throat Slowly, and nothing more.

Quite enough for once! muses the average render; and so is this matter of love, be it in the passion of Romeo and Juliet or the less wordy and more commonplace emotion of a foreman in a factory and a farmer's daughter, for, after all, "do the best that ye may," tis love, love, love that makes the world go round-yes, that makes our sadold world a merry-go-round.

"Love will find out the way," says an ancient song, and Joe was no exception to the rule of the Pathfinder. He persuaded his mother to send him over to the neighbor's the very next night for a patcher of milk, and also to negotiate for their daily supply. This being successfully effected, he went daily for the milk before mill hours, and his pail was filled by Mary Ann, blooming with the sweet morning air, neat, trim and lovely at 6 o'clock a. m. as a city girl at her late dinner. Joe grew worse and worse. He thought of Manny in mill and market; her face shone above the machinery, her laugh tinkled with the mill bell. He made friends with Peter also; for cats know lovers-when they are cat lovers-just as well as children know their friends Tiger was still kept in the highfenced chicken yard on the Parker premisesnow devoid of chickens-as a measure of procaution against his straying; he was too dear to his mistress to be ventured at large yet It is not to be denied that Manny looked with favorable eyes upon Joe Parker; a personable young fellow with a good position does not fall at the feet of every farmer's daughter, even if she is a beauty. The "anxious and aimless" have in their ranks many a lovely face and capable character. Manny had been no further than the district school for her education, and her home training was too hard, practical, thorough work. She read no novels or "story papers;" The Weekly Courpractical, thorough work ant and The Puritan Recorder helped her through Sundays, but on week days she had work to do, and at night was fired enough to ro to bed early. So she was simple as well as sensible, in the best sense of simplicity, and did not coquette with Joe any more than was natural to any girl. She dimpled and blushed when he came in, pretended to be vexed when Peter preferred his knee to her lap, called him an "awful thing" if he caught her hand in his with the milk pail handle, and was always ready to go to singing school and evening meeting with him, so that his true love ran

ominously smooth. But, alas! there was trouble coming. Tige, the Parker cat, hurt himself seriously in an attempt to climb the palings of his jail yard, for they were old and rickety, and could not bear his weight. His mistress nursed him in the house for six weeks with great care, and when he was quite well again, and stronger than ever with much feeding, he was turned out of doers and allowed to roam and ravage as he would, and at once he lit upon Peter.

Dire was the conflict, but Mrs. Parker hastened to the rescue with a pail of water, and the astonished Peter, quite drenched to the skin, fled, while Mrs. Parker picked up Tiger and carried him into the kitchen lamenting over him as if he were a hurt child Now Mrs. Larker was a shy and silent woman, but very resolute; she at once made up her mi.d that the May's cat should not intrude on her premises to dis-turb Tiger. She had the garden fence re-enforced, and even a strip of wire netting added to its height on the Mays side; but she could not cabin, crib or confine Tiger himself -a circumstance that vexed her much. And when Peter came home to Mary Ann, after that first duel, dripping like a drowned rat, she, too, was indignant; but what could she do! Battles set in, howls by night, skirmishes by day; a piece was soo bitten out of Peter's lovely waving tail, and Tiger lost half an ear. Manny made invidious remarks about Mrs. Parker's catevery day of her life, and Mrs. Parker made Joe's meals bitter to his soul with evil speaking of Peter and Peter's family-meaning the Mays. Yes they were friendly enough, except on the cat question. Mrs. May taught Mrs. Parker how to knit new heels into Joe's yarn stockings, and Mrs. Parker showed Manny's mother the last pattern of crochet edging; they exchanged samples of cake, talked skill ully of pickles and preserves; in fact, had a liking and respect for each other-all but the cats,

Before the last pleasant autumn days were gone Joe had gathered courage to ask Mary Ann to marry him, and she had prettily consented; they were "keepin' company" now, and the old folks looked on well pleased to think that neither of their children would stray far from home, though Joe insisted on having a small home of his own, if only a tenement in the village, properly remarking "We won't mix folks, Manny-it don't succeed; besides, I want you all to myself" peremptory sort of logic that pleased Miss Mary Ann and made her assent hearty and

prompt. They meant to be married in April; in no less time could the modest array of clothing and house innen be made ready, for chiefly it must be sewed by Manny's deft hands; and sewed it was, with no intervention of machie-ry, and almost ready, when-how shall I tel it!—one pleasant February day Peter trailed into the house with a bleeding car, a blinking eye and one leg so hurt that he could not even himp on it. This was the climax Manny had winked at Tige's enormities all that winter for Mrs. Parker's sake (meaning Joe's; she had only once buried a basin o dishwater over him, three times chased him with a broom handle, and not thrown more than a dozen stones at him-which didn't count, for women never hit anythi g they throw at, or at least men say so.

But now Manny's patience gave a great gasp and died. She flew out of the door intent to main or slay, but Tige's black tail just whisked out of the gate; she could not follow him, so she did the next thing, which was to wash l'eter's wounds, put him to bed in the cellar, fetch him dry cathip and warm milk, and leave him to that solitude that the wounded animal seeks and the wounded man

shuns. It was tea time then, and when Joe came in at his hour for visitation he found Manny no longer tender, arch or sentimental; the hazel eyes had a redder spark in them than he had ever seen, the cheeks flamed, and the red lips were puckered into a lovely severity instead

of wreathed with smiles. "Joe," she began, rushing at once into the fray, "you will have to kill Tiger. I can't stand it. He has chawed up Peter till he's

'most dead." "My dear girl," said Joe, in a dismayed tone, "mother sets by Tiger so."
"I can't help it; he's a horrid, dreadful

est, and he'll murder Peter, and he's got to "But. Ma any, think of mother; she's goin' to be alm and she thinks sweething of

I killed him.

"Well, if you like her better'n you do me, all right. I shall kill him, unless pa will; so there!"

Now Joe was not used to girls and their ways. He thought Mary Ann meant every word she said. He was really frightened.

"But, Manny, just think. What will mother RIVE "I don't care a cent what anybody says. I will not stand by and see my dear sweet old cat killed by a dreadful beast like that and not defend him. I'll pison it."

"Oh, Mary Ann!" cried Joe.
"Then kill him yourself," she retorted.

"I cannot," said Joe, steadily. Well he knew how his silent mother loved Tiger; like many other women, she bestowed n her pet all the demonstrative affection she was too shy and too reserved to lavish on Joe. The eat slept on her bed, followed her about the bouse and garden, sprung up into her lap and purred there as she sat alone in the evenings, and however fleree a fighter of his nd, was devoted and loving to his mistress, ore than ever did she cling to him now, in housekeeper overheard: er wordless jealousy of Joe's new love; for vell she knew that

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife," and deeply she felt, as most mothers feel, that her rule and her joy were over.

Joe looked at Manny with his heart in his eyes, but that young person's willful soul had got the better of her sense and her affection both; she had given Joe her final test; she would find out now whether he loved her or his mother best. Poor Joe!
"You won't?" she asked, setting her lips in

a firm red line. "No," said Joe, with equal firmness

The situation had come to a dead lock. Just then a wild scream was heard, and a scurrying of feet. Mrs. Parker, with & face of fright, drew herself up on the picket fence, and called for Joe.

"Come quick!" she cried, "Tige has tumblcd into the cistern!"

Joe ran as fast as he could. He know the cistern was two-thirds full, and its sides slippery, but he had not an idea what to do; he

lost his wits—and Mary Ann found them! She overtook him at the door of his mother's kitchen. "Here! here!" she said, breathlessty; there's pa's scoop-net; it's real strong. You can't get him out any other way." And yet five minutes before she had made it a vital issue with Joe that he should kill this very cat. Girls are queer.

So Tige, resisting to the last, was fished out of the water butt and handed over to his delighted mistress, who rotted him in her apron and took him in for repairs, flinging over her shoulder to Manny a curt: "I don't know how to thank ye enough."

"Manny!" said Joe, holding out his arms in the moonlight.

Mary Ann rushed into them, and sobbed "I did act like all possessed! I never should

tave liked you a mite again if you'd killed tinent. A noted one is the senate marble Tige! Oh, woman! woman! \room, which appears in the picture. If you

So they were married, and lived happy ever after, and had a cat of their own handcard. If you are a distinguished person you careable as a Quaker.—Rose Terry Cooke will be taken to this beautiful room, where

FOR WHAT SHALL WE BE THANKFUL!

Some Old, Oft Repeated Questions, and Their Unfashionable Answers.

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the sorrowing. "Grief abideth with us, and in our hearts is the bitterness of continued trouble."

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the poor. "The earth overflows with plenty, but we are destitute. Cold and hunger is portion, and want is our companion all the "For what shall we be thankful?" say the

hopeler. "The days go on, but they bring us no joy. The sun and the moon traverse the beavens without warming our chilled hearts or lighting our dark pathway." "For what shall we be thankfui?" say the

"Wherever waiting to dishearten us, lurks disappointment. When we rise he it is that causes us again to fall.

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the tempted, the mistaken, the fallen. Our emptations have overcome us; our mistakes bave destroyed us; our sins have crushed us. For us there is nothing left but wretchedness

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the baffled. When we strive we fail, when we oray no answer comes; when we hope our hopes are never realized; when we love our oves are lost to us.

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the reayed. "Death has robbed us and left us morning. Our sore hearts cannot take up the cry of rojoicing, for we weep uncom-

"For what shall we be thankful?" say the dek. "We suffer and know no case. We are full of anguish night and day."
"For what she'll we thankful?" say the per-

"For what shall we thankful?" say the persecuted. "Our enemies outnumber us; our but less are greater than we can been."

"For what shall we thankful?" say the wenry, the wounded, the forsaken, the heavy of heart. "For us there is no rest, no hapeiness, no help. Weariness is our poetion and bundens can inheritance. We have no cause for rejeining from the beginning of the year to the end,"

For these for all these is is easily as Mark.

for rejoicing from the beginning of the year to the end."

For these, for all these, it is written: "Rest in the Lord. Oh, rest in the Lord. We it patiently for Him and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

To these, to all these, the promise has been given. To these, the words from a ri in old sermon come with power to head: "There is still heaven to be thankful for. Whatever corrows becave us here, whatever fired-enable losses befall us, we may yet rest in the Lord, and writ patiently for him in the little life that remains; for eyoud this wordl's gain or loss, high in the screne air of heaven, when existence ceases to be a lesson and becomes vivid ife, there and only there shall He give us our heart's desire in its immortal fullness. Here imowledge is defield, love is innerfect, purity the result of flory trial, wealth rusted into covetousness; but in heaven is the very native country of pure knowledge, perfect love, utter sinlessness, and riches that neither weeth country of pure knowledge, perfect love, ut-ter sinlessness, and riches that neither moth nor rust corrupt, that bless and curse not."

The old-fashioned colored wafers for sealing envelopes, 1776 style, are again coming into use among the leaders of New York

Thatcher took the seat indicated, contritely, humbly, submissively. Carmen's little heart was touched; but she still went on over the back of the chair.

CONGRESS AND CAPITOL

THE SENATE MARBLE ROOM AND THE "REPS" RETIRING ROOM.

Some Things Expected of Congress-The Dead of Both Houses-Senate Lobby. Crowded Quarters.

A tough story, worst of all, a true one, is told apropos of congressmen in Washington. Two gentlemen belonging to the navy applied for rooms at a certain Washington boarding house. They were plain clothes, having, like other Americans, a prejudice against wearing a uniform when they could help it.

The lodging house mistress dismissed them shortly, and they thought rather crustily. She told them her rooms were full. They turned to go away. As they did so, one by chance made a remark to the other, which revealed that they were naval officers. The

"Wait a moment," said she, "come back. I believe I can accommodate you. Pardon me, bu. I thought you were members of congress, Whether congressmen did not pay their board or what it was that had given her such a prejudice against them she did not explain, but she said she never rented rooms to members, as they are called in Washington.

But in a general way Washington city sleeps all summer and comes to life again just before the first Monday in December, when congress opens. There are bustle and running to and fro, a repapering of rooms, a setting up of stovepipes and a rummaging about for cuspidors.



SENATE MARBLE ROOM.

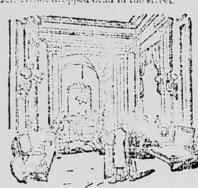
The greatest bustle and preparations are in the neighborhood of Capitol hill, at the north and south wings of that great building which looks like a squatty St. Peter's. Some of the rooms in the north or senate wing of the Capitol are among the most beautiful on this congo to see a senator while his assembly is in session you wait in the lobby and send in your you sit and talk to the senator. Every part of the room is marble of different kinds. effect is almost dazzling.

In the marble room it is, too, that senators hold consultations on bills under discussion or other matters they are anxious about. The room is splendidly upholstered and furnished

with a rich rug carpet. The rooms of the president and vice-president are among the show places of the senate wing. They are near the marble room, and are richly decorated and furnished. In the vice-president's room the visitor will see a picture for which congress paid \$25,000. It is the portrait of Washington. Government bought it in 1832.

The Canada fisheries question seems to be the most important one at this last session of the state assembly. the Forty-minth congress. What will be done with it nobody knows. It would look pusillanimous of us not to do something. There will also be an attempt again to pass an interstate commerce bill. This is to regulate freight charges on the long lines of railway. A California farmer some time ago shipped a car load of fruits and vegetables to Chicago, and when it was sold he was fifteen cents in debt. The freight charges amounted to fifteen cents more than the produce sold for. In the face of such facts it looks as though something ought to be done with interstate commerce. The constitution gives congress power to regulate it.

Every year now during the recess of congress somebody belonging to it dies. Every year, therefore, first thing, resolutions of condolence must be passed and an adjournment of some hours voted out of respect to the dead. This year the death of ex-President Arthur was announced in both houses. In the senate it was the chair of Mr. Pike, of New Hampshire, which was vacant. the house Representatives Beach and Arnot, both of New York, died during the recess. Mr. Arnot dropped dead in the street.



REPRESENTATIVES' ROOM

When a weary representative wishes to rest from his labors a brief time, or chat with one of his constituents from Cross Eye, he retires to the room you see in the picture, sinks gently into one of the richly upholstered chairs and gives himself up to ease with or without dignity. For this room which you see is the representatives' retiring room. It is not so imposing as the senate marble room. but still it is sufficiently dazzling to the eyes of the honorable members' back county constituents.

The problem which grows harder and harder to settle after each census, is how to seat the representatives. At the first United States congress there were only sixty-five members. There are now 325. After the next census this number will be still larger, unless the ratio of representation should be changed. At the first congress it was one representative to every 81,000 inhabitanta. It is now one to every 151.812. Some of them

DR. TANNER'S RIVAL.

Merlatti, an Italian Painter, Undertaker a Fifty Days' Fast.

On Oct. 27 last, Merlatti, a young Italian painter, began a fast of fifty days. It will end on Dec. 17. It is a mere test of individual endurance, on a par with our bridge jumping, but Merlatti is the sensation of Paris, Dead of Both Houses—Senate Lobby. and his effort is closely watched by the scientific men of Europe. A Paris paper thus describes him: "Seated, or rather stretched, upon a long chair of red rep, with heavy fringes, he spends much of the day reading with the greatest interest the newspapers, in which every morning the public is kept informed of the slightest incidents of his daily He is a man of about 22 years, of slight figure, dark skin and beardless, very rervous, and who talks with volu bility and energetic gesticulations. Not far from him is a sofa transformed into a sort of judicial bench, where the watchers sit, relieving each other every six hours.

Many visitors are introduced from time to time, and engage in conversation with the faster. He is very willing to tal ; and replies to all the questions that are put to him. His fast is simply the result of a let. Merlatti formerly lived for some time in London. While there he and some of his friends once got into a discussion as to the length of time a man could survive without nourish-ment. Some of them wagered that they could go without food for four,

MENLATTI.

five or six days; others for an entire week. Merlatti offered to bet that he could fast thirty-six days. He won his bet, he says, without suffering in the slightest degree. His present undertaking does not frighten him at all. He has a good stomach and unlimited courage, and he feels certain of winning. The only nourishment that he takes is pure water, a decanter filled with which is always standing on his mantelpiece. When he began his fast he occupied a modest little apartment in the Rue Tronchet. Now, however, he is lodged in more spacious quarters in the Grand hotel, where he occupies handsomely furnished apartments on the first floor. It is here Merlatti receives those who come to see himphysicians, scientists and journalists of all nationalities.

WILLIAM A. WHEELER.

The Thirtieth Vice-President of the

William A. Wheeler, who is now reported quite ill at his home in Malone, Franklin county, N. Y., was the thirtieth vice-presiof the United States, being declared elected on the same ticket as Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. He was born in Malone, N.

Y., sixty-six years ago, and choosing the law for his profession, studied, was admitted and for a number of years practiced law in his native vil-Inge. Somewhat early in life ho turned his attention to public afairs, and was elected a member of in 1950, serving two years. In 1857 and 1858 he

was a member of WILLIAM A. WHEELER. the upper house of the state legislature, and in 1860 was sent to congress. He filled no other public position until 1876. In the meantime he entered the banking business in his native place, and for some time was president of the Ogdensburg and Rouse's Point Railroad company.

The circumstances attendant and following the election of 1876, by which, through the electoral commission, Mr. Wheeler was made vice-president, are too well remembered to need recitation here. Since his retirement from the high position he was then elevated to Mr. Wheeler has lived very quietly at Malone.

The New Premier of France. M. Goldet, to whom President Grevy has assigned to of forming a new enhinet in



quet, previously seseted, was born at Aire-sur-la-Lys in 1:23, and began his iffers a lawyer at Amiens. He was not do to the noold as mally in all, and in that ody rapidly made tien as an orator.

elected to the channer of deputies, to which body he was returned by the electors in the following year. He gained the causity of M. Zola for forbidding the production of "Germinal" last year, and the celebrated author wrote a very angry lefter to The Figure, saying that M. Goblet would only be known to posterity as the man who interdicted 'Germinal.'" M. Goblet, formerly a protege of Gambetta, is said to be a secret ally of M. Clemenceau. He was minister of public instruction in the cabinet which preceded that defeated last week. In 1882 he was minister of the interior.

There is at last a prospect that the bursting shelves and cases of the congressional library will be relieved, though quite how soon no man knows. The ground is being cleared for the new library building. It will stand just south of the Capitol, and will be a noble structure. Many houses will have to be torn away to make room for it. Among them is the now historic mansion that Mary Clem-mer Hudson owned and lived in.

When it is considered that Engined leads the world in shipbuilding, it is some sing to think in a mortid be any question of the task income. think in t