Why She Wore Her Hat.

"Women are growing more sensible as a class," said the tall man at the theater, as he carefully folded up his overcoat and sat upon it.

"I don't see how you can say that," growled the short man, crossing his legs and allowing one foot to protrude into the aisle in a way which threatened danger to passers-by.

"I was noticing the small hat that woman two seats ahead of me has on," returned the tall man. "She is evidently a sensible woman and—"

"Hump, just look at the woman in front of me," growled the short man. "Do you see anything sensible about her? Look at that hat, will you?"

"I don't call that a large hat," said the tall man. "You ought to have seen the one in front of me the other evening."

"I don't know what you call a large hat, then," sniffed the short man. "I suppose this woman couldn't afford both a hat and an umbrella, so she got a hat that would do duty for both."

The tall man chuckled; then he whispered, "Keep it up; I can tell she is listening."

"Perhaps I ought not to expect her to take it off, though," went on the short man. "Her hair may be up in curl papers or crimping pins, and in that case should be the last man to wish her to take her hat off."

The lady's hands went up to the pins in her hat and then glancing at the man next her she let them drop in her lap.

"Again," went on the short man, "she may be quite an old woman and afraid of draughts, so of course I must not complain. I can't think of any other reason why she wears a hat in a theater."

The lady whirled around in her seat with blazing eyes.

"You can't think why I wear a hat in a theater, can't you," she said. "Well, I'll tell you—it is on my husband's account!"

The short man looked as if he had a touch of apoplexy, and the tall man pretended not to hear.

"I—I don't understand," faltered the short man.

"Oh, don't you. Well, as soon as the curtain goes down he will grab his hat and coat and bounce out into the aisle, calling, 'Come on, Amelia.' He puts on his coat as he goes, even if he does knock down a few people in doing it. I can't do that, and if I had to stop to put on my hat, too, he would reach home before I would catch up to him! And that is why I wear my hat at the theater!"

The short man made no reply, but, after the curtain went up, noticing that she had no program, he reached over and handed her one. —Sunday Welcome.

Not Afraid of Rats.

Mrs. B. C. Willis, of San Francisco, is giving testimony to disprove the commonly accepted belief that all women are afraid of rats. In fact, Mrs. Willis either has a special fondness for them or else the rodents are, on their part, pretty much afraid of her. Be that as it may, she exerts a powerful influence over them, and earns a fair income by ridding houses of the pests. Just how she does it nobody has been able to discover, and Mrs. Willis herself will not tell, but that she does not go about in the wholesale open and above board manner attributed to the Pied Piper of Hamlin may be mentioned in passing. All that the public have yet been able to learn of Mrs. Willis methods is in substance this: She enters the house, passes from room to room, not omitting a single closet pantry, keeping up continually a sort of sibilant whistle, which is tuneless, but with a kind of cadence that is not unlike the noise of a cricket. During the time of her passage it is not unusual to hear a mighty scampering and scrambling of rats of mice in the walls as if they were marshalling their forces, preparatory for action of some kind. When the entire cirruit of the house is made, Mrs. Willis pauses, gives three clear, sharp notes in rapid succession, when there is sure to appear from the most available crack or corner a rat or mouse, whichever happens to hold sway in the particular dwelling. This solitary rodent, which Mrs. Willis calls the "chief of the tribe," since, as she says, they have sent him to answer for them, will at once creep slowly and submissively to her feet, and crouch there as if awaiting her commands. Stooping down over the trembling, prostrate little body, whistling all the while, she picks the rat up gently, makes a few quick passes across its head, whispers something into its tiny ear, and turns it loose. That is all; it may be hypnotism; it may be any other kind of charlatanry, but, at all events, it is wonderfully effectual. In twenty four hours after Mrs. Willis' manipulation not a rat or a mouse is to be seen on the place. At her command they have simply folded their tents, like the Arabs, and silently stolen away, going nobody knows how, when, why or where.

He Did Not Care.

He was young. There was a tender, thoughtful look in his big, dark eyes, and a melancholy droop to the tawny mustache which parted over his full red lips.

Clasped closely to his breast was a shapely little head, and his slender fingers played in and out among the golden curls which covered it.

It was broad daylight. He sat before an unshaded window. The unsympathetic gaze of the waiting passengers for the train car enveloped him like a cold mist—penetrating to his very soul.

But he did not move. He did not care. He was an expert wigmaker plying his daily trade.