Correspondence

CANANDAIGUA.

On Sunday evening May 31, at St. Mary's church, twenty new members will be received into the Young Ladies Sodality. Rev. J. E. Hartley of Palmyra, will preach the reception sermon.

Father Burke of Angola, N.Y., preached a very fine sermon last Thursday evening on "The Palace of the King." Father Burke is an eloquent speaker and he was appreciated by those who heard him.

The plans for the basement and specification of the new church have been completed and the stone work will be commenced as soon as the contract can be let.

The marriage of James Cullinane and Margaret Patterson occured last Tuesday morning at St. Mary's church. Father Dougherty performed the ceremony.

The funeral of Mrs. Bridget Pentoney aged 83 years, took place on Thursday. May 21. Deceased lived on Niagara St. and has been ill for a long time.

MANCHESTER.

Mr. Patrick McEnaney died at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth McNally, on Monday, May 18, of consumption, aged 33 years. He was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, and came to this country at the age of seventeen. He leaves a father, one sister and two brothers to mourn his loss. The funeral was held from St. Dominic's church, at Shortsville, on Wednesday morning, at ten o'clock. High mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Harrington of Waterloo, assisted by Rev Father O'Hanlon. Interment at Clifton Springs.

Call not back the dear departed,
  Anchored safe where storms are o'er,
On the border land we left him.
  Soon to meet and part no more.

When we leave this world of changes,
  When we leave this world of care,
We shall find our missing loved one
  In our Father's mansion fair.

GENESEO.

Miss Katheryn Fitzgerald, who has been home on a visit for several weeks, returned to Rochester last week.

Charles B. O'Connell of Medina, visited friends here this week. Mr. O'Connell is practicing law at Medina now.

Mr and Mrs. Geo. Teasdale of Rochester, were the guests of friends here the first of the week.

The Normal base ball team are playing great ball this season.

Mr. Anthony Hallihan and William Marrion are both laid up with sprained knees received while playing ball

Rev. A. A. Hughes assisted at the Forty Hour's services at Bloomfield Tuesday and Wednesday this week.

A cement walk has been laid in front of St. Mary's hall, which is a great improvement.

The Rosary society purchased new vestments for Rev. A. A. Hughes and were worn for the first time last week.

James Dwyer, the ever obliging clerk at J. Cullinan's grocery store, is on the sick list this week from the effects of being vacinated. James intended to go to Rochester to see the circus this week and thought he had better get a jab before going.

Miss Mae Hughes of Rochester, has been the guest of the Misses Flemings for a week.

Terrence McDonald has purchased the Curtiss house on Elizabeth St., and moved it to his lot on the same street, and will fix it for rent.

The Rosary society of St. Mary's church gave a progressive pedro party at St. Mary's hall on Friday evening of this week and all who were present had an enjoyable time. Ice cream and cake were served.

BATH.

The Forty Hours devotion will begin at St. Mary's church next Sunday with the 10:30 o'clock mass and last until the following Wednesday morning.

James L. Grogan spent the past week in New York City.

The following ladies were named last Sunday to decorate the altar for the Forty Hours devotion: Mrs. C. C. Cornwell, Mrs. E. Conley, Misses Sarah Lannon and Kate Bowes.

James L. Grogan and George O'Connor went to Hornellsville to-day to take the third degree in the Knights of Columbus.

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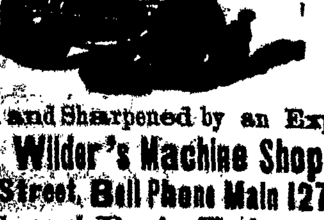
ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK
Resources Jan. 1, 1903, $20,841,412.53
Surplus Jan. 1, 1903, - 1,923,431.30
Money loaned on bond and mortgage in sums of $10,000 and under at 5 per cent. Over $10,000 at
4 1-2 Per Cent.
Deposits made on or before the first three business days of any month will draw interest from the first day of that month, provided they remain to the end of a quarterly interest period.
JAMES BRACKETT, President.
HENRY S. HANFORD, Treasurer.
THOMAS H. HUSBAND, Secretary.

Lawn Mowers

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In Memoriam.

At the last regular meeting of Council 18, C.R.& B.A. the following resolutions were adopted upon the death of Brother Thomas Sheil:

The face of one who lately was among us now has gone and his sweet voice which once did thrill our heart is silent now in death. We all felt the charm of his personality and regret the loss of his society. To the afflicted parents of Thomas Sheil and to his bereft sisters and brothers our hearts go out in silent sympathy. But as we looked upon his quite face, we felt that, in the light of faith which leads us on and on, the strength of hope, which does sustain in all adversity, we should meet again wherein there is no more sorrow, grief or woe.

Committee: Ida McMahan, Mary A. Colby, D. G. Kavanaugh.

Branch 88, C. M. B. A. has suffered a great loss in the death of Brother Thomas Dowling who has been identified with the association since its early history and who by his untiring efforts and devotion to Branch 88 has endeared himself to all its members, always ready to do anything to promote the welfare of the association. He will be sadly missed at the meetings of Branch 88. The following resolutions were adopted·

Whereas, an all wise God has seen fit to summon from our midst our late Brother Thomas Dowling, we humbly submit to His divine will.

Resolved, that in the death of Brother Thomas Dowling this Branch has lost a faithful member who was ever ready to do his duty.

Resolved, that we tender to his bereaved widow and family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad affliction and pray God may grant them strength to bear their trying ordeal.

Resolved, that our charter be draped for thirty days, that a copy of these resolution be sent to the bereaved family and published in the Catholic Journal.

Committee, D. J. Allen, J. A. Woock, Frank D Knight.

Catholic Base Ball League.

Schedule for next week
St. Marys vs. Holy Apostles Tuesday
Imm. Con. vs Corpus Christi Thursday
St. Bridgets vs. St. Boniface Saturday

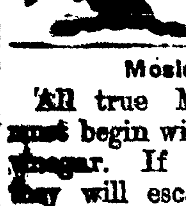
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F.J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, Price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New Fish Market
216 Clinton Ave, North
Fish, Oysters and Clams
Always on hand.
MARSH W. WALZER.

COOK OPERA HOUSE
Week of
June 1.
COOK OPERA HOUSE
STOCK COMPANY
WITH
JESSIE BONSTELLE
IN
"LATOSCA."
Durkin Buttons next Monday Matinee.
MATINEES
TEN CENTS.
Monday, Wednesday,
Friday, Saturday,


Whether your party be one or fifty—you will find Higgins' rigs are nifty—full of go never slow, showy and fine. 'Phone 49.

Moslems at Meals.

All true Moslems when eating must begin with salt and finish with vinegar. If they begin with salt, they will escape the contagion of seventy diseases. If they finish with vinegar, their worldly prosperity will continue to increase. The host is in etiquette bound to be the first to start eating and the last to leave off. The priests recite certain passages of the Koran before and after lunch and dinner and also before drinking water at any hour of the day.

Advantages of the Cat.

In a memoir of Lord Salisbury there is an amusing story of his childhood. "Oh, Betty," he sighed one day to his nurse, "I wish I was a cat!" "Why?" asked the astonished Betty. "When I think," said the child, "of the many times I must dress and undress before I die, I wish my clothes grew on my back!"

Quarterly Report of the Merchants Bank of Rochester

At the Close of Business on the 23rd day of May, 1903.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,880,100 45	
Overdrafts		2,677 05	
Due from trust companies, banks, bankers and brokers	$ 26,319 10		
Due from approved reserve agents	166,475 72		
		192,794 82	
Real estate		31,050 00	
Mortgages owned		43,867 29	
Stocks and bonds		197,054 41	
Specie	$17,330 63		
U.S. legal tenders and circulating notes of national banks	62,906 00		
Cash items viz: Bills and checks for the next days exchanges	52,873 24		
		133,109 92	
Assets not included under any of the above heads			
Furniture and fixtures		2,250 00	
		$1,982,912 94	

LIABILITIES.

Captial stock paid in, in cash		$100,000 00	
Surplus fund		50,000 00	
Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid		38,923 49	
Due depositors	$1,524,162 69		
Due trust companies, banks, bankers, brokers and savings banks	234,826 76		
Due treasurer of the state of New York	35,000 00		
		1,793,989 45	
		$1,982,912 94	

State of New York, County of Monroe, ss.

Percy R. McPhail, president, and John C. Rodenbeck, cashier, of the Merchants Bank of Rochester, a bank located and doing business at No. 125 East Main St. in the city of Rochester, in said county, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report, with the schedule accompanying the same, is true and correct in all respects, to the best of his knowledge and belief, and they further say that the usual business of said bank has been transacted at the location required by the banking law (Chap. 689, Laws of 1892), and not elsewhere and that the above report is made in compliance with an official notice received from the superintendent of banks designating the 23rd day of May, 1903, as the day on which such report shall be made.

P. R. McPHAIL, President.
J. C. RODENBECK, Cashier.

Severally subscribed and sworn to by both deponents, the 26th day of May, 1903, before me.

A. S. NEWELL, Notary Public.

A CASE OF DIPLOMACY.

He Understood the Old Man's Ways and So Won a Bride.

"Diplomacy, my boy, diplomacy," laughed the young man in response to a question from a friend who had received one of the cards.

"Her father isn't such a bad old chap if you know how to handle him. I will admit that getting his consent to our marriage caused the girl and I no end of concern, but I went at it in the right way and won.

"Her father is a man who likes to have his own way, which, as a matter of fact, is bound to be different from that of any one else. Knowing this, I called upon him at his office to get his consent, but I was wise enough not to ask it in a direct way.

"'I suppose you know,' I began as the old man sat in his chair and glared at me, 'that I have paid a good deal of attention to your daughter. Much to my regret, it has gone much further than I wish it had. Your daughter has assured me that I alone can make her happy, and I am afraid that she speaks the truth. I will be candid with you, sir, and say that at the time I thought I loved her, but I have found one whom I love more, and I have called upon you, sir, for assistance in breaking off an attachment that I have found unbearable.'

"'What's that?' shouted the old man, sitting bolt upright in his chair.

"'Your assistance, sir,' I continued. 'I know that you have been opposed to my marrying your daughter, and I thought that you would be willing to assist me in breaking the unfortunate attachment that your daughter bears for me.'

"'Never!' roared the old man. 'You miserable scoundrel! What do you mean by playing with my daughter's heart and then casting it lightly aside? By heavens, you will marry her or I'll know the reason why! At once, sir; at once!'

"Well, there is no use repeating all the old man said, for he kept it up until he ran out of breath and had succeeded in frightening me into agreeing to marry the girl.

"The old man is all right if you know how to handle him. I have served notice on him that I don't want him to make a vulgar display by placing a big check among the wedding presents, and if there isn't a good, fat one there I'll be very much mistaken."

A CHARACTER.

He sowed and hoped for reaping—
  A happy man and wise;
The clouds—they did his weeping;
  The wind, it sighed his sighs.

Made all that fortune brought him
  The limit of desire;
Thanked God for shade in summer days,
  In winter time for fire.

When tempest as with vengeful rod
  His earthly mansion cleft,
On the blank sod he still thanked God
  Life and the land were left.

Content, his earthly race he ran
  And died—so people say—
Some ten years later than the man
  Who worried life away.

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DIANA'S SPIDER.

The Band, Gusset and Seam is a society recruited from an exclusive circle of Nob Hill's youthful matrons. It meets through the winter, with aggravated activity during Lent, at houses of the members; its symbol "First flannels to the indigent;" its symbol, a thimble crossed by a pair of scissors argent on a background of flannel gules surmounted by a spool of thread couchant.

The demure maid who serves bouillon, tea and chocolate to the society's fair Dorcases hears tales from every quarter of the globe of life in the summer colonies along the New England coast of yachting cruises through Norwegian fjords in the yellow wake of the midnight sun, of walking tours in the Landes and camping trips in the north woods. She knows her planet better than many whose orbits are less circumscribed and can safely be relied upon for information regarding elk in Oregon or salmon in the Columbia the proper time to hunt the grizzly in Assiniboia and the relative merits of the Andalusian donkey and his twin brother the Rocky Mountain burro.

After serving the Bradamete of the society with a cup of tea and a caviare sandwich she retires to a dusky corner of the room refills the lamp under the brazen kettle and rearranges the Dresden cups and saucers and the jewel mounted spoons upon the teakwood table.

When the fluffy haired Mrs. Jack, the society's president and hostess of the occasion, begins her story, there is a lull in the talk, which the wind fills in with a neatly executed arpeggio.

Mrs. Jack's mouth droops in wistful curves and beside her eyes an infant's would seem sophisticated.

"Jack says I must go with him to Africa, but I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face after my experience on the Big Muddy."

Mrs. Jack's adventures have familiarized the society with Tin Cup, Big Bug, Bumblebee and Medicine Hat. But the Big Muddy offers delightful fields for speculation, for it has not yet found a place on any map, and its only high roads are the half obliterated trails left by the Utes when they willingly departed for new hunting grounds.

"You remember the bighorn I shot after Jack and the guides had tracked him for ten days over the Rattlesnake range in Wyoming." Mrs. Jack continues plaintively.

The society remembers the bighorn as well as the giant shark in the Mexican gulf, the mountain lion and the cinnamon bear with amber eyes picked off by Mrs. Jack's rifle in the San Francisquito mountains The idea of her not daring to look a tiger in the face under any circumstances taxes the credulity of the society. Has she ever known fear, ever quailed before beast, bird or fish—this modern Artemis?

When she accompanies her husband on his hunting expedition, she wears the woods' autumn livery—leaf brown and scarlet—an abbreviated skirt and leggings of brown corduroy, a scarlet leather shirt with elks' teeth for buttons, a hat festooned with trout and salmon flies and shining leaders. A cartridge belt girdles her slender waist, with its depending revolver and hunting knife.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Jack has escaped the cinnamon's embrace, and bruin might well be pardoned such an indiscretion.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him. But I had never confessed to him that there was one set to which I should be unequal. It came on the Big Muddy. Listen:

"We were camped in the quaking aspen. Snow had fallen, and the elk were coming down. You could hear them bungling on every side just before dawn. It is easy to stop a band of elk as they pass your camp by imitating their call upon an empty cartridge shell. I have learned the trick, and Jack had no hesitation in permitting me to choose my own trail one morning and following it alone afoot, he and the guides scattering in other directions. The taste of the camp coffee was still upon my lips, my cheeks tingled with the frosty breath of the morning air as I kept cautiously to the windward of the elk, who trumpeting stirred me like martial music.

"A stray bear track showed here and there in the fresh snow. But I was after elk. A hundred miles lay between our camp and the nearest settlement. Ah, the solitude of those woods!"

Mrs. Jack leans back in her chair and sighs reminiscently as she gazes into the blazing hearth fire, a charming picture in her house gown of old blue, brightening with gleams of Persian embroidery, interwoven with uncut jewels.

"I had gone three miles, perhaps four, over fallen spruce up the steep side of a rugged mountain, when crash across my trail came a band of elk, headed by a magnificent bull.

"Crouching behind a bowlder, I waited. I have waited so often for big game, from Alaska to the gulf. Jack says I have seen more than he can ever hope to see if he lives to be 100. My hand was steady. Jack often gets buck fever. I never do. I took deliberate aim. The elk came toward the bullet and dropped dead without a struggle. Blazing the trail as I retraced it toward camp for the pack animals, I saw that there were new bear tracks. I was not out that day for bear, and I did not care to come upon one alone, although I had no thought of shirking the encounter were it forced upon me.

"A bear in a bear pit is a clumsy creature. In the woods he challenges your admiration by his clever fashion of covering the ground without apparent effort. The one I soon descried ahead of me was lumbering along like a bunch of tumbleweed, lengthening the distance between us at a rapid rate.

"Foolishly I indulged myself in a shot at him, striking his shoulder. He turned upon me with a roar of pain. At that instant I needed all my nerve. This time I chose a tree for cover and awaited. He came on without a halt, straight toward me. I fired again, missing him. I was just about to try a third shot when the test came, of which I have spoken."

"The test?" murmurs the society breathlessly.

"The test of my courage to which I had always felt I should be unequal—the thing I had dreaded in my forest wanderings with Jack."

"What!" the society demands, with one voice.

"I had raised my rifle, when I felt something fluttering in my hair. I fancied a leader had slipped from my hat rim. Oh, horror! It was a spider! And as I shook my head violently to dislodge it, it struggled into my ear.

"I have never been conscious of having fired that third shot. Somehow the rifle was discharged, and by the same chance the bullet laid the bear low.

"I fainted, and when I came to myself I was lying across the bear's body, with six strange men standing around me.

"Ten thousand boiler factories were at work in my brain. 'Hear the noises!' I cried. 'Will no one stop them?'

"And now comes the strangest part of my story.

"The engineer of Jack's yacht once got a mosquito in his ear It drove him quite mad before we could find a doctor. He hung over the yacht's side, held by six of the crew, begging for death. When the doctor arrived upon the scene, he applied a handkerchief wet with ether to the man's ear, quieting the mosquito's struggles and restoring the man to sanity.

"I believe myself in the man's plight—stark staring mad—when upon this peak of Darien, 500 miles from an ambulance and a surgeon, I heard one of the men to whom I had so wildly appealed, reply quietly, 'Have no fear, madam. You are in safe hands, for we are all doctors.'

"They deluged my ear with water from a nearby stream, which they brought in a tin cup. Finding the spider still unsubdued, one of the doctors asked for a hypodermic syringe. Five were instantly proffered. An icy arrow penetrated seemingly to the seat of the gray matter—still, without effect upon the spider, whose prenicious rectivity caused me indescribable agony.

"'Ether?' cheerfully returned the doctor who was attending me. 'Why, of course. Brown fetch out your ether bottle.' And if Brown did not produce from the depths of his waistcoat pocket a small bottle of ether may I be instantly retired from the presidency of our society. It transpired later that Brown was a physician with an alien hobby—entomology—and carried ether with him everywhere to anaesthetize his specimens.

"In an instant relief came—such relief as only one who has passed through an experience like mine can appreciate.

"The rest of the story is soon told, When I gathered myself together, the six doctors presented themselves to me with due formality. They dined that night at our camp on my elk.

"Jack was thoroughly ashamed of me. What did the elk and bear matter with the memory of the spider fresh in our minds?

"No, decidedly," Mrs. Jack repeats as the maid fetches her a second cup of tea, "I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face after my Waterloo on the Big Muddy It would have been a pleasing legend for my tombstone, this:

"One
To whom the forests were an open
  book,
Wh[illegible]ined to Diana's daring the skill
  [illegible] her spear,
  [illegible]es here,
  Slain by a bug in her ear."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Watched as Well as Prayed.

Parson Adams, minister in Lunenburg for over thirty-five years, at one time stopped to pass the night at a friend's house. The clergyman was both tired and hungry. It was proposed to have prayers at once, and then supper, after which the minister could go directly to his bed. To this he agreed, and the family were called together. The supper was to consist mainly of Indian cakes, which were set to bake on platters in front of the fire. The parson's seat was opposite the kitchen door. The service began, but in a moment Parson Adams saw that one of the cakes had fallen down and was burning. He paused and looked toward his hostess, who seemed unconscious of any culinary crisis.

"Mrs. Blank," he said, gravely, "we are told to watch as well as to pray. I cannot help seeing that one of those excellent cakes is burning. I will thank you to attend to it."

The cake was rescued, and Parson Adams resumed his Scripture reading with an easy mind.

A Strange Battle.

A Camden (Del.) farmers tells a story of a queer combat between a swarm of flies and mosquitoes over the possession of a horse. The animal was grazing in a meadow when a huge cloud of mosquitoes surrounded it. The horse became frantic and rushed around the field, when a swarm of the big flies attacked it. Then the cloud of mosquitoes and flies became mixed and the air was filled with a strange noise, but every moment some mosquitoes or flies were seen to drop to the earth. The horse was covered with blood, the mosquitoes abandoning their prey to the flies.—New York Tribune.

Railway Building.

When a railway is being built the surface of the road has to be ballasted, generally with gravel, sometimes with ashes or other material. The Great Northern, of Scotland, is ballasted with granite chips; the Southern Pacific is ballasted with salt; the Durango line in Mexico is ballasted with silver ore and laid with ties of ebony.

Do remember that it is pleasanter to recall one's successes than one's failures.

THE PLEASURE OF PERFUME.

Some People Don't Seem to Exercise Any Judgment in Selecting It.

"Some people," said the large and portly person to the Washington Star reporter, as they stood in a drug store with a caseful of perfumes spread before them, "don't seem to exercise one bit of judgment in the selection of a perfume. What they appear to want is something that will find its chief function in concealing some other smell which is less pleasant.

"It isn't so with me. To me there is sentiment in smell, if you will permit the alliteration and I buy my purfume because of the sentiment. When I was younger I don't know but that I bought about as other people did, and still do; but now, having given up the frivolties of the gay world, I live more in the past, and I love to think what the world was to me as a boy. I lived in the country, and when one has started from the ground he never quite forgets his starting point. I might say he never ceases to love it. Now here," said the large and portly person, picking up a bottle of some fashionable scent, "this is an odor that reminds me always of crowded ball-rooms, of women in satins and laces, of men in full dress of music and dancing and wine and long hours into the night and heaviness and sorrow in the morning. Do you think I want to get a whiff of that sort every time I take out my handkerchief? Here's another. This reminds me of the theatres, on the stage and off; the glare of lights, the temptations, the joys, the triumphs, the defeats, the late suppers, the bitterness, the broken hearts, the everything that a man would rather forget, and a woman can never forget. Not any perfumed reminders of that kind if you please.

"There are others that are equally undesirable, and there are others that are so artificial that they remind me of nothing, and they are, if anything, worse than the others.

"Now, this," and the large and portly person picked up a bottle, "is what I use, because it is redolent of the farm. When I catch a breath of it, it makes me a boy again, and I can see the old fence across the clover field, I can almost touch the clamering vines, I can feel the nibble of the first spring fish at my pin hook, I can hear the cows in the pasture, I can see the blue skies up through the leafy shade of the big old tree in the front yard. I can see it all, I can hear it all, I can feel it all, and I hold the bottle in my hands as a treasure greater than that lamp of Aladdin's, which brought him gold for the rubbing of it; for what this perfume brings to me is what all the gold in the world can never bring to a man when once he has let it slip from his grasp in his grasping for what is worth so much less."

The large and portly person was silent for as much as a minute, gazing as if at something which was not on the earth. Then he spoke again.

"Yes," he said to the clerk, "you may wrap me up a bottle of this and give one to this gentleman also," nodding with a persuasive smile at the reporter.

How to Dress for a Photograph.

There is more in getting a photograph than simply going to a photographer. He must know his business and you must know yours, otherwise the result will be a likeness that is neither flattering nor truthful.

If you are short and stout don't ask the poor artist to make a picture of you full length. He will if you insist, but he knows he is doing a great wrong thereby. Nothing is so graceful and pleasing in a picture of a stout lady as a sitting at half-length, the figure so turned as to hide the stoutness.

Again, if you are slim and angular, do not for an instant forget that a full-length figure will make you appear more slim and angular. Then the pretty bust picture is your only hope, and you should insist on having none other.

If a gentleman has a very long neck—no matter how nicely he looks in a high collar—his picture, if taken in such a high affair, would look grotesque. A short neck and high collar, and long neck and a low turned-down collar, by all means. No loud stripes, no great checks, no striking figures should be worn in a photograph.

One thing bear in mind when you visit the studio bring along your home expression. Don't spend two days before you come to the studio practicing poses and different expressions before your mirror, and, lastly, give the photographer the benefit of exercising his artistic and professional ability.

Reading of Character by Finger-Nails.

Fortune-telling by means of the finger-nails was not uncommon at one time, but has now sobered down into a discreet reading of character. For instance: A person of broad nails is of gentle nature, timid and bashful. Those whose nails grow into the flesh at the points or sides are given to luxury. A white mark on the nail bespeaks misfortune. Persons with very pale nails are subject to much infirmity of the flesh and persecution by neighbors and friends. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Indolent people have generally fleshy nails. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy, and conceit. Melancholy persons are distinguished by their pale or lead-colored nails; and choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

A Curious Sentence.

The following curious sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," is pretty bad Latin, but may be freely translated: "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." It has these peculiarities:

First—It spells backward and forward the same.

Second—The first letter of each word spells the first word.

Third—The second letter of each word spells the second word, and so on with the third, fourth and fifth.

Fourth—The last letters, read backward, spell the first word; the next to the last, the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth—There are just as many letters in each word as there are words.