NO. 18.

THE WORLD IS ROLLIN' RIGHT.

In spite o' tempests blowin'-In darkness an' in light. In reapin' time an' sowin The world is rollin' right! For still the flowers are springin' An' still the birds are singin' An' sweetest bells are ringin'-The world is rollin' right!

In spite o' tempests blowin The dove is sure in flight. Boneath the winter's snowin The filly dreams in white.

An' still the blooms are swingin' In wild winds sweet with singin'. An' still the vines are clingin'-

The world is rollin' right.

In spite o' tempests blowin' The rose o' love is growin In gardens sweet with light. With little children's kisses; No world's as sweet as this is-F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald

A MAN'S VENGEANCE.



from Pengelly, and the basket of fish Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself

the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmhard time. And they do say in the village—. Well, well," he muttered, memorines would tend to lessen her checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided to the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule he! Bad wives are of joying himself. His disappointment in the firm of the succeeding the succeeding decision of the succeeding the succee no account whativer, and supposin' you do hap on a good woman, and it pleases the Lord to take her, the years won't fill the emptiness in you she should be so easily consoled for her leaves behind. I ought to knew," and loss. The bare sight of James Hocken leave heaved a mighty sigh. "I've almost maddened her; and she had to buried wives of both sorts—three of hide her aversion to him, and listen

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless

"Perhaps. What matters now?" asked Bertha, in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kin ler."

"And let you continue to think I was false? Lookee here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before even Hocken courted you. And now you knaw I've been faithful to you..."
"I duratn't break with Jim. Mother is not on him. Oh. who did not be the set of the continue of of the continue

is set on him. Oh, why did you come?
You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim
won't. And I shall keep my promise nt Bertha's love was unchanged;

and to the breathless listener on the other side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather beaten, strongly marked features, he he had always known that Jim wasn't one that a girl would fancy. And Bertha had only accepted him at her mother's bidding, believing that Will was untrue to her. It was all so plain to him now. Poor Jim even a flower that Bertha had plucked was precious that Bertha had plucked was precious to slay friends and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery of Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow!

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London, and returned with a tenth of the seen Bertha.

whithered and dead in his pocket? And all his love in vain! Isaac whipped out his handkerchief, and mopped his his face. Yet, if Will hadn't re-But contrary to his expectation, the

girl was firm in her resolve.

"I won't listen to you," she said at last, aroused by Will's upbraidings.

"Jim isn't to blame—he knew nothing of our sweethearting—nor am I. It didn't enter my mind that mother than the same and the same letters. ght 've got your letters. How ould it? As if you alone suffered!" she faltered. "Let us part friends."
"Sweethearts or nothing," said

The old fisherman had been some-By her own admissions, Bertha's ful; yet he continued to haunt the decision had been prompted solely by principal thoroughfares, tramping fear of her mother, and consideration for James Hocken. But if on "reflections and west, in turn."

Big Ben had struck 1; he was refear of her mother, and consideration for James Hocken. But it on reflec-tion she were still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her

A fine seaman of whom Pengelly was proud, for the past year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterrranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discountenanced his suit, and, although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of Pengelly

news, informed him of her desertion, adding:
"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a

fortnight."

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmirthful. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station, and taken the train to Walebridge. Thence he could walk to the Tregons'.

But the house in view, in crossing the field. Will expired Bertha in the

Rut the house in view, in crossing the field, Will espied Bertha in the garden, and, with a muffled Ahoy! sped to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Neverthelsss, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her the blick him and the result of the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her walls him her white face, and her walls. on the turf and trembling lips would frame no welrest his bent old come. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes filled. And longing to low stone wall which enclosed John Tregon's had chilled Jim's futher, did duty for the state of the the reproaches he had come primed

be turning the place topsy three principles of the drivin', Bertha has bad a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village — Well, well," he muttered, sheeking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her profile."

Indicating a bandaged in determined the drivin' has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago – after the fire it of iron, he rightly divined that she had the mean the direction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmners was limited; the revival of fond memorines would itself to her would be would itself to her would be joying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeed in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his

What matters now?"
a, in forlorn tones. "You kept away. It would have "And I won't marry him. Mother may storm, but I don't care."
you continue to think I Will vaulted over the wall.

On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village flocked betimes to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that

Weeks and months rolled by, and other side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's hopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter?

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather the strength of the pleadings were the knell of his son's shopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter?

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather to slay friends and foe alike who allowed to hand of the proposed features.

> woful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office, Will and had decided to go to Ameri-ca, but while looking in at a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they steam launch, and the next morning steam launch, and the next morning
> the bid her goodby to go aboard, since
> r when she had never clapped eyes on
> him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha
> had refused to give her her address.
> But Jim ascertained that she had met
> her at Rotherhithe, and that was
> anough for him.

enough for him.
"I'm off to London," he announced,

With a swish, swish of feet through the long grass, crawling to his knees, old Isaac peered cautiously over the wall. Bertha was running toward the house, and Will Carter, with his head thrown back, striding in an opposite direction.

"Blees the little maid!" he ejaculated. "One time I was sfeared for Jim.
But he's got a good grip o' things. But he's got a good grip o' things. Tes, plenty more sweethearts for Will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but By the falling of an overbanging cliff near Hastings, England, an interseting slab of atone was exposed. It bears on its surface the clear impression of the foot of some gigantic extinct bird having three toes. Each toe-mark is nine and one-half inches long and shows that the original of the imprint had claws two inches in length. The ball of the foot, where the three toes should meet as a center, does not appear. Indicating that the will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but grave. Take what money you want one in the world for my lad—Bertha out o' my old leather bag; only Tregon. May my tongue be slif if I promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep set eyes, "not to meddle wi' Will."

Rising, Isaac shouldered his basket wi' Will."

Trust me to find Bertha."

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Jim had been in London three

nonths; his quest had been unsuccess

crossing Westminster Bridge to his lodgings, when a woman crouching by a lamp post shead of him, fell forward

in a heap, and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But with the

light falling on the pallid, hunger-pinched face a grean escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came

"Poor soul! she's dead," he said, at

The body was conveyed to the mor-

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to

description of Carter was hom

His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in

crossing the street he was knocked

down by a dray, and, stunned, con-

on recovering consciousness his first request was for his discharge.
"Not yet awhile," said the nurse, "But you won't be dull." That poor chap yonder," indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you.

spout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actuat-

ly lowered two of the children in safe-ty when the walls collapsed. He was

picked up so terribly injured that we had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"
But Jim was midway across the ward. Oh, heaven, to think that this

poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged.

Leaning over the brave fellow Hock-

en's emotion was hard to restrain.
"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life.

"There is a story that the most famous of all Japanese robbers, Ishlawa Goemon, once by night entering a house to kill and steal, was charmed by the smile of a baby which reached out hands to him and that he re-

out hands to him, and that he remained playing with the little creature until all chance of carrying out his purpose was lost" writes Lafcadio Hearn. "It is not hard to believe this

story. Every year the police records tell of compassion shown to children by professional criminals. Some months ago a terrible murder case was

months ago a terrible murder case was reported in the local papers—the slaughter of a household by robbers. Seven persons had been literally hewn to pieces while asleep; but the police discovered a little boy quite unharmed, crying alone in a pool of blood; and they found evidence unmistakable that the men who alone must have the

the men who slew must have taken great care not to hurt the child."

An Expensive Peath Vault.

The heirs of the late Charles Pratt.

a rich millionaire who died some time ago in Brooklyn, decided to build an expensive vault for the last resting place of his ashes. The vault will be constructed of the finest quality of

marble and will be elaborate in design. It will cost \$190,000, in addition to which the sum of \$60,000 will be set aside for the proper care

and maintenance of this handsome monumental structure. In furtherance of this plan agreed upon by the heirs a part of Mr. Flatt's estate near

Glen Cove, L. I., has been set aside as a private cemetery and there the vault will be erected.—Atlanta Con-

Fossil Footprint of a Giart Bird.

does not appear, indicating that the portion of the foot did not reach the

claw to where the spur toe mark is seen behind is exactly twenty-four inches.

By the falling of an overhanging

the court.

RESIGNATION OF HIS COOK RUF-FLES HIS SERINITY.

Every good thing in this world has its dark side, its shadow, and every shadow is brightened by some com-pensation—some rift in the clouds that still makes life worth living. The cook has quit, and I thought from the family talk that the bottom had drop-ped cut, for she was a good cook and a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since 7 o'clock. She seemed dazed." kept the kitchen as clean as a parlor, and the knives and the silverware aland the knives and the silverware always bright and the dishes shining,
and there was a napkin spread at the
head of the table to keep me from soiling the damask when I carved the
chicken, or the steak, for I am a little
careless about those things. She
dident talk much, nor seem to be in a
hurry, and she was kind to the grandtuary, and the verlict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testimony, that death was due to hurry, and she was kind to the grandchildren and made them little biscuits. She took good care of the cow and kept me in ice-cold butter-milk and venge Bertha, Jim staggered out of His inquiries for the man who had robbed him of the one jewel he covet-ed, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his made enough butter to do us when we dident have company. Sometimes she brought us some green corn or some butterbeans from her own garden, and, bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks. vent we have had since the war. But she has one fault. She will

juit when she takes a notion-when the spirit moves her-and you never know when it is going to move her. She said she was tired and I reckon she was. She might come back in a week or two or she might not. So we concluded to go along without a cook for a few days and see how it was, and it is not so bad, after all. It nearly kills my wife to get up soon, but I like it. In fact, I can't lie abed after sunrise, and so we parcelled out the work to suit us all. William must fire up the stove and put on the hominy and grind the coffee and prepare the ham, or the breakfast bacon, or the beefsteak, and then call one of the girls to make the biscuit and fry the battercakes or bake the waffles. By ready and we all enjoy it, and then her part comes in, for she had rather wash the dishes than do anything. She wants to be sure that they are clean. And then she churns to be sure that the butter is clean. We cook dinner if we feel like it, and we don't if we don't. In fact it is a relief to eat a cold lunch these hot days. It saves work and saves time and expense and makes digestion easy. My opinion is that the average family has too much cooking done, and so if we have no cook and have to do the work ourselves, there will be less done and less to surfeit health and sleep better and snore less and feel brighter in the morning. This

for he was raised in the woods and would soon grabble up something. We are dependent on the butcher and We are dependent on the butcher and baker and grocer for our daily supplies and they are dependent upon the farmers who raise them and on their customers who buy them. Even the salt they sell us is an absolute necessity. Then there is the family doctor. How could we get along without him? It was only a few months ago when I had to get up in the night and go half a mile for him in a fox trot, and I feared the little girl would die before I got back, but she didn't and he religied her end valiered an end wallered. lieved her and relieved our great anx iety, too. There is no such thing as independence in this life, but it is approximated by those who were raised to work. The boys who can chop wood and plow and fit an ax helve to an az or repair a leak in the roof or get a tack out of a shoe, or take off part of the heel tap or mend a chair or a window blind, or lay a hearth or put in a pane of glass, or do a hundred little things about the house and home, sary and hang a picture on the wall or make a firescreen or lampshade or a pillow for the sofa or even put a new court of paint on the mantle will make except in regions where cold costs nothcourt of paint on the mantle will make good wives and good mothers. You won't find many of these boys and girls in high life nor in what is called ecociety, and the danger is that if misfortune comes in these perilous times and riches take wings and fly away these children of the rich will be utterly

The trouble with me now is that I am the only bay about the house and my ngs don't obey me with that alscrity they used to. I fell up the steps this morning with an armful of stove wood, but it is better to fall up than down.

The cow dident come home last night and our little grandchild said she reckoned she was in the woods trying to find a calf. "Who said so?" I saked. "Sicily told me so," she said, "and I wish she would find one. A pretty little white one or a brown one would do."

That cew has got over the dead line
I'll bet and some farmer has taken her
up, and it will seet me a dellar to get
her back. Now, if I had a boy I could

643,179.

He entered the postoffice as a clerk in
1847, and is now 79 years old.

The assessed valuation of all taxable
property in San Francisco is 68422.

send him after her, but they all de-serted us long ago. If we had life to live over again we wouldent raise boys. They go too far away. I would like a little grandson to run about and wait on me, but there is none within reach. Our me, but there is none within reach. Our grandsons are mostly girls, and they are good children and comfort us all they can. I'we planted some popcorn for them, and we will have some fun this winter. I was reading the other day about happiness, and the writer eaid there was no such thing as present happiness, that when we are young it is just ahead of us, and when we are old it is lebind us. There is a good old it is Lebind us. There is a good deal of meisneholy truth in that, but it is not wholly true. It depends on how a man schools himself to bear the ills of life. He can be happy if he will or he can make himself miserable by brooding over little troubles. The world is bright and beautiful and full of blessings to those who try to see it so. So let Mrs. Mims stay away if she wants to and let the old cow keep on hunting for a calf and we will still be calm and serene.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution. lanta Constitution.

TALLYING PINEAPPLES. The pineapple season tasts from about March 1 to about Aug. 1. New York gets pineapples from the Florida keys, from the West Indies, and from the Bahamas; some come in steamers some in sailing vessels. Pineapples

from Havana by steamer are brought in barrels and crates; pineapples mostly in bulk, not thrown in loosely, however, but snugly stowed, so that as many as posible may be got into a

On the wharves here pineapples brought in bulk are handled with great celerity. Men in the hold of the v fill bushel baskets with them, and hand the baskets up on deck, where they are passed along and set up on the string-piece of the wharf. The trucks in which they are to be carted away are backed down handy. A box of suitable height, and which is as long as the truck is wide, is placed at the end of the truck. A man standing near on the wharf lifts the baskets from the stringpiece and sets them up on this box. Two men stand at the box, each with a basket of pineappies in front of him, to count the pines and throw them into lengths of board are placed across the end as the load rises. Two men stand in the truck to level the fruit as it

comes into them. The two counters are experts and they work with great rapidity and steadiness, keeping pineapples going all the time. Each man picks up two pineapples at a time, one with each hand, and gives them a toss into the truck, both men counting as they go along, one after another, "one," "two," "three," "four," "five," and so on up, Beggely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear. Bertha Troe she could indulge in the had tare? "She has a sandtered voice. "Don't was not longer solitary to least the heat Issae shivered. Will's—speared above the wall so the rest into a very passion of grief. "Not a single letter reached me."

"Not a single letter reached me."
"Where's she will had him!" I hat him!" I hat him!" she sobbed hysterically.
"What's he been as shivered. Will's—speared above the position."
"Perhaps. What matters now" saked Bertha, in forlora tones." "One of the will had had and a puzzed him.
""And I would have kept away. It would have kept away. It would have been kin let.""

"The tree beneath which she and Will amped to Ilfo. and I wouldn't 've poor little Berths cock. Then, again I save \$2 a week in late of cock. Then, again I save \$2 a week in late

and the man at the stringpiece sets up a full one in its place and the counters keep the pineapples going without ces-sation. At the fifth hundred the tally-man makes a mark diagonally across the four he has already made, in the commonly used method of tallying freight; but these five marks here stand for a thousand pineapples. On a double truck there are usually carried from 4,500 to 5,500 pineapples; on a single truck, from 2,000 to 3,000.—New

The Storage of Light. An interesting possibility is opened up by a recent communication of M. Charles Henry to the Paris Academie des Sciences, thus summarized in Cos-mos, and translated for the Literary Digest: "It is well known that heat hastens the emission of the light stored up by phosphorescent bodies; this fact, which it is easy to observe on a phosphorescent surface in places where it is affected by the heat of the hand, may little things about the house and home, will save many a dollar where others would send for a man and lose it. The girls who have learned to cut and fit and make their own garments, and those of their younger sisters and who can cook a good meal when it is necessary and hang a picture on the wall or light in a latent condition in phosphor except in regions where cold costs nothing; but in any case it is the first step toward a great industrial triumph, the utilization of sunlight for illumination in the night time. Who doubts that frigorific processes, which have been employed with so much success in the preservation of food materials, may also serve for the preservation of light?"

> Sold the First Postage Stam It is said that James Lafitte ! clerk in the Washington postoffice is the postoffice cierk who sold the first postage stamp and the first stampe envelope ever issued by this govern-ment, and who registered the first let-ters that were presented for registry when the system of mail protection was introduced in the United States. He entered the postoffice as a clerk in 1847, and is now 79 years old.

Heaven help the man who thinks he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. A married woman's description

an ideal man is a picture of the kind she didn't get. Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black, over our heads hardly gray.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.

Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impover-ished, the colder the blows.

Grief or misfortune seems to be in-dispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue. The second baby may weigh three pounds more than the first without

using half as much excitement.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to clean the front windows of a house than it does the back ones. Idleness is the hotbed of temptation the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker worm of felicity.

After a man is married he stops wearing button hole bouquets and be-gins to wear stains on his clothes.

The more hard days' work a man puts in during the week, the fewer theories he has for saving the coun-

No one over knew a girl who wanted to get married. The fair only yield to the prayers and solicitations of the men out of pity!

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation. Do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw.

It takes a good deal of philosophy to live in this old world of ours. When n man is heels over head in debt, and no prospects of getting out, it takes genuine philosophy to struggle on and do the best he can.—The South-West.

A Spider Fired Of a Big Cannon,

Cape Town, South Africa, claims the ever known to become a gunner in the whole world. At the Castle, Cape Town, there is a magnificent gun workel by electricity, used for giving

the midday and evening time.

One day all the military and civilians in Cape Town were astonished to hear the gun go off at 10.30 in the morning, an hour and a half before the proper time, 12 being the usual hour for firing. All the officials were puzzled at the extraordinary occurrence, but could give no explanation reace, but could give no explanation whatever. The General in command of the station became furious, and said that there was mismanagement somewhere, and gave orders for a strict search to be made by the offi-

der inside. It appears that while making an exploring trip round the instrument the unfortunate spider must have touched this tongue sufficiently to move it, and fired off the gun. The General commanding the station sent the spider to the Cape Town Museum, where he is now to be seen, with a card underneath him, entitling him the "Little Gunner," and divince fell account of his adventure giving a full account of his adventure with the Cape Town midday time gun. This proved his last adventure, how-

Most interesting of all South Florida Most interesting of all South Florida fruits, because little cultivated, almost nuknown outside of the tropics, and most highly appreciated when once introduced, is the alligator or aracado pear—the aguacate of Cuba. A very few alligator pear trees are grown in sheltered spots of Southern California; but 'South Florida, below latitude twenty-six degrees, is the only section of the United States where it can be cultivated on a large scale and as a profitable crop. Here it grows as inxuriantly and with as little care as the guava, though it requires a greater the guava, though it requires a greater depth of soil. The tree is tall, slender, and covered with a dense foliage of dark glossy green, while the ripened fruit, also green in color, is smoothgreen pulp, which, sprinkled with salt and eaten with a spoon, or made into a salad, is delicious beyond description. No one ever eats an alligator pear without wanting another, and the taste once acquired demands to be gratified regardless of expense. I have known fifty and even seventy-five cents apiece to be paid for these pears, and when I once asked a Broadway dealer which was the most expensive fruit in which was the most expensive fruit in his store, he promptly answered, "Al-ligator peara."—Harper's Round

The "Western Reserve" is the title of eleven counties in the northeast of Ohio. This tract of land was given to Connecticut by the Federal Govern Connecticut by the Federal Government as a recompense for the damage inflicted on that State by the British during the war of 1812-15. The land was sold by the State for the benefit of its school fined, Most of the original settlers of the "Pretern Reserve" were from the "land of stendy habits."

—New York Advertises.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Gas made from sawdust is used to illuminate the streets and houses of Dezeronto, Canada. The sawdust comes from the lumber mills in the neighbor-

Threads of shredded steel are used in Germany as a substitute for sand paper. It is said to work more quickly and uniformly than sand paper, and loss not clog.

Only about two minutes are required for the blood to course through the heart, thence to the lungs back to the heart, and then through the entire body, and return to the heart.

A Parisian inventor is endeavoring to perfect a phonographic watch. It he is successful, the world will soon see a watch which, by touching a spring, will whisper the time in your

sioners of New York State shows that in 1890 twenty-six per cent. of our street railways were electrically equipped, and in 1895 about ninety-

A ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, seventy-nine pounds; the water of the Dead Sea, more than twice as much—187 pounds to the ton.

How much water shall we drink? From one-third to two-tifths as many weight. Thus a person weighing 168 pounds would drink thirty-six to sixtyfour ounces, or 31 to four pints daily.

An aerial cable railway will soon be built to the summit of the volcano Popocatepetl, near the City of Mexico, 18,000 feet above the sea. It is designed both for the shipping of sulphur from the crater, and for the accommodation of tourists.

Essential oil of garlic has been used to cure consumption by Dr. Sejournet, of Revin, in the Ardennes. Mixed with two hundred times its weight of staril-ized clive oil it was injected under the skin, producing a marked improve-ment in the sixteen patients on whom it was tried.

In Siam there is a species of small black ant officered by mounted "generals." Among the working troops monster ants—elephants as compared with the others - move at regular in-tervals, and on each of these auts sid or rides one of the small ants, evidently in command.

It is said that a new soporific, to It is said that a new soporific, to which the name pellotin has been given, has been discovered in a Mexican cactus called anhalonium. The native Mexicans cat slices of the plant, which they call "pellote." Its hynotic alkaloid has been separated by Dr. Hefter, of Leipsic. One grain of pellotin is equal in its effects to 15 grains of trional and thirty-one grains of of trional and thirty-one grains of hydrate of chloral. It is effective in quieting delirium tremens only, in

Difficult Rhymes.

In the Sunday Journal of June 21 was given a list of words for which it is either impossible or nearly so to find rhymes in the English language. "Thin buck too" was given as the only rhyme for "Timbuctoo." There is a better one, however, which was originated by a clergyman some years ago in a verse written during the progress of a social game:

"If I were a cassowary,

"If I were a cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary
Hat and boots and hymn-book too."

It would require much thought to con-nect these words with good effect, but Byron has certainly done so in the following passage from "Child Har-

There is also the case of Dean Swift, There is also the case of Dean Switt, who was at one time most anxious to find a rhyme to Bettsworth—the name of a friend. One day, while remonstrating with a workman, whose claim for wages he disputed, the man exclaimed: "It's what my two-days' sweat's worth!" Dean Switt had found his rhyme and gladly paid the claim without further pariey.—New York Journal.

Styles in Men's Shirts.

A shirt that opens in the front is less likely to break across the bosom than one that opens in the back only; and one that opens in the front only (many shirts are now made to open front and back, too) fits best; the buttonholes in the collar-band and the eyelets, or other openings in the bosom for stude, afford sufficient play, while the yoke of the shirt remains firm and smooth. The shirt that opens front and back has the advantage that the stude can be put in place before the shirt is put on; in putting on and taking off the shirt it is opened at the back; the stud need not be removed until the shirt is sent to the wash. With this freedom from handling the shirt is likely to remainlonger in suitable condition for wear.

The proportion of shirts made to open in front, either front and back both or front only, is all the -time increasing. A shirt that opens in the front is

creasing.

More and more shirts are now being worn with cuffs attached.—Philadel-phia News.

About seventy-five per cent. of the