

# The Arizona Sentinel.

"Independent in All Things."

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## BABY KATIE.

Baby Katie, three years old,  
Eyes of sapphire, hair of gold;  
Hushed her song of baby bliss,  
Where she sat on grandpa's knee,  
Lovely in the baby gown,  
Grave and thoughtful grew her face,  
While her dimpled hands, outspread,  
Softly fondled grandpa's head.  
"Mama, his looks, like silver span,  
In and out her fingers run."  
"Tell me, dandyp, said the spry,  
"How you dot you" hair so white."  
"So much prettier than mine,  
"Tell me, dandyp, what do  
To make mine white and pitty, too."  
Grandpa laughed: "Well, I declare,  
So my baby wants white hair,  
Tiny, sweet, ambitious Katie,  
Many years you'll have to wait;  
Foot the child of life's dream,  
Ere your hair can be like mine.  
Hair like mine is bleached, sweet dear,  
By the snows of many a year."  
Katie slips from grandpa's knee,  
Claps her hands in merry glee;  
Sings, with pattering footsteps fleet,  
Through the door into the street,  
Where the snow is coming down,  
Soft and silent, on the town.  
Wondering what the spry would do,  
Grandpa follows slowly, too.  
"Loat, dear dandyp, best," she cries,  
Laughter beaming from her eyes;  
"Does you'll see you" baby Kate  
Didn't had to long to wait  
As the many years you said  
For the snows to white her head."  
—Harriet A. Choate, in Golden Days.

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

### An Exciting Adventure With Two Savago Wolves.

A gentleman who spent the winter of 1887 in Minnesota tells the following story of a race on skates—a race for life. Perhaps we can not do better than to give it in about his own words:

"I had been invited by an uncle to spend the fall and winter at his home in the Northern part of Minnesota. My uncle was engaged in lumbering, and partly from a desire to see my friends, and with a view also of ascertaining how I should like the country, and if I liked it and the prospect seemed favorable, to go into the business myself, my uncle had made me a good offer for me to do so. I accepted the invitation."

"I had finished my college course that year, and after the long, steady pull at books, the life of freedom and wild sports that pictured itself to me, gave an additional impulse to my resolve to pass the winter with them."

"The family consisted of my uncle, aunt, three daughters, all grown up, and a son, a bright, strong, active boy of seventeen. Although I was six years his senior, I found him as companionable as one of my own age. An ardent lover of outdoor life and sports, I could not have asked for a better guide or comrade."

"He knew every tree and shrub in the woods and its uses, the habits of wild game, and the best way of cooking it, too. He could ride, hunt and shoot in a manner that filled me with respectful admiration, and add to this a frank, fearless, generous nature, a sunny disposition that nothing seemed to cloud, and you have my cousin and companion, Frank."

"Many was the long tramp we had together, forgetting fatigue, cold and hunger in the excitement of the chase. There was one source of amusement to which we were both passionately addicted—skating; and the number of lakes of various sizes in this State, frozen by the intense cold, presented as fine a field to the lovers of this pastime as one could wish. We were perfectly at home on the ice, and spent many hours gliding away up some glittering lake, now turning to explore this or that little stream that emptied into the larger, or examining some track that entered the woods."

"One moonlight night—I will remember the date, the 23d of December—we started just at the edge of the evening to skate up the river, which glided almost directly past our door."

"A full moon rode in the clear, cloudless sky, where stars twinkled and sparkled like jewels, and every frost-covered tree, and shrub twinkled and flashed back a greeting. The broad river, gleaming far ahead, lay like a web of satin bound on either side by the dark forests."

"It was very cold, but we were warmly clad, and the brisk exercise sent the blood tingling to our very fingers and toes. No sound met our ears save the ringing of our skates, the crackle of the ice as we swiftly sped over it, or the crash of some over-burdened limb in the woods."

"We had skated on almost in silence for over two miles, when I proposed returning. Frank assented, and we had skated back a short distance when I happened to remember that the girls had asked us to get them some red berries that grew on a shrub in this vicinity, for Christmas decorating."

"Reminding Frank of this, we decided it was best to get them then, as the morning promised to be a busy day, and the girls would want them early that afternoon to commence their decorating with, which they had promised should be unusually fine with our help."

"We retraced our steps about a quarter of a mile, and after a little search found the berries. Selecting the finest branches as best we could by the moonlight, we soon had all we could conveniently carry."

"In turning, I accidentally struck my foot against a projecting branch, and in trying to save myself from a fall, sent my berries spinning across the ice."

my mishap and awkwardness, in which I joined him, our voices ringing out loud and clear, and echoing back with startling distinctness. I was just stooping to pick up my fallen branches, when a long, low, tremulous sound reached my ear, ending in a prolonged howl.

"Wolves!" said Frank at my side, in an instant. Quick, look at your skates, the one you struck; see if it is all right. We've got to skate for it now."

"At that moment we heard the snap of twigs, as though some animal was making its way through the woods."

"Hastily examining my skate and finding it secure, we dashed down the river, the trees that lined its shores seeming to fly past as they do when riding on a fast express."

"They are after us," said Frank. "I can't tell how many yet; I don't dare to turn my head. Look out for that fissure in the ice a mile ahead here."

"As good a skater as I was, and I had always been proud of my skill in that direction, Frank was a better one. He had more than once outstripped me in a friendly trial at speed, yet he did not skate a foot ahead of me now, keeping close to my side. A brave, generous, cool, clear-headed boy in the hour of danger."

"On we went, every nerve and muscle strained to its utmost. I could not help thinking, as the force hounds drew nearer, what if a strap should give way, or I should trip on a stick, or some crevice in the ice."

"Nearer and nearer they came, until we could hear the pattering of their feet on the ice, and every half-minute a yelp told us they were in eager, hot pursuit."

"Doing our utmost, skating for our lives, as we knew we were, yet they gained on us until we could hear plainly their panting breath."

"I think—I know—there are but two," said Frank, who still kept by my side. "When they get too close, skate after me to the right; and then turn back—they can't turn on the smooth ice."

"The advice did not come a second too soon, for at that instant the wolves sprang forward, their teeth clashing together in a way that made my heart leap."

"Now, quick!"

"I followed him, and the wolves, unable to turn on the smooth surface, slipped and fell far ahead. Frank in a few words explained to me that wolves, from the formation of their feet, are unable to run on ice except in a straight line, and that by quickly turning aside whenever they come too near, and then skating back a few yards, we could again turn and dash directly past them. In this way we could gain seventy-five or a hundred yards each turning."

"Had the danger been less great, it would have been a laughable sight to see the two wolves, as we glided round and swept past them, slipping on their haunches and sailing onward, helpless and raging, their white fangs gleaming, as they howled with fury and baffled rage."

"But we did not think of this then. We understood only too well the danger. If our skates failed for one instant, if we delayed the turn for an instant too long, and those gleaming teeth closed upon our garments even, all was over with us."

"At last, in the distance, glimmered the home-light. Would the brutes follow us to the very shore opposite the house? We could not stop to remove our skates. We dare not attempt the bank, even directly in front of the house, should they still be in pursuit."

"Sing out, Bert," said Frank, as we drew near. "We must make them hear us. Sing out with all your strength."

"And sing out I did, although my breath came quick and panting."

"Fortunately, my uncle had stepped outside the door to speak to one of his men. Fortunately, I say, for I doubt if I should have been left to tell this story but for that."

"Hearing our shout, they both came forward, and one glance in the clear moonlight revealed our situation."

"We will be with you, boys," they shouted, as we dashed past, and in a minute were at the bank, armed with two good rifles."

"We turned. The wolves slipped, fell and went onward, then regained footing and came after us, only to receive two ringing shots. One fell, but it took a second shot to stretch the other motionless on the ice."

"As I looked at their shaggy forms and frothing mouths, I felt that life in the West, with its wild sports and dangerous adventures, was not so desirable a life, after all."—Sadie L. Pickard, in Golden Days.

## Striving to Please.

Old Lady (sharply, to boy in drug store)—I've been waitin' for some time to be waited on, boy.

Boy (meekly)—Yes'm; wot kin I do fer you?

Old Lady—I want a two-cent stamp. Boy (anxiously to please)—Yes'm. Will you have it licked?—N. Y. Sun.

Mother—Has Mr. Goslow offered himself yet?—Harriet—No, not yet; but I think he will soon. Last night he said he was looking around for a wife, and asked me very particularly if I thought I could earn enough to venture to marry on.—Life.

We send 1,000,000 barrels of apples every year to foreign nations.

## DENTISTS IN CHINA.

### How They Puzzle and Deceive Their Ignorant Customers.

"I had always supposed previous to my arrival in China that the native dentists extracted teeth simply by means of their thumb and fore-finger, which, by constant practice, had become phenomenally strong. Even after I had been some years in Pekin I found English residents there who firmly believed this, and I myself did until my curiosity upon the subject became so great that I determined to find out the real truth of a work of some difficulty and time. A friend I had with me during my investigation at first believed that the dentists really did extract teeth with their fingers. The custom and modus operandi of the native dentists of Pekin are as follows: The dental court is held in a large, open square near the center of the city. Arranged around this square are rows of booths in which the dentist operates upon the unruly molar. For weeks and weeks we hunted this place, but the dentists were always sharp enough to prevent us making any investigation into their methods. After considerable time had been spent in this unsatisfactory kind of work we found an old practitioner who, after considerable persuasion and the promise of good payment, consented to let us both into the secret of Chinese dentistry. Even when we met by appointment he demurred, not wanting to let the 'foreign devils' know too much. But a little gold soon overcame all objections, and under a promise of the strictest secrecy during our stay in the country the old dentist told us the following:

"No Chinaman ever extracted a tooth with his fingers. He could not do it and knows too much to try. We never extract a tooth unless it is very loose, and even then we use this," and he showed a small iron implement about three inches long and one-half an inch wide, with a V-shaped cut in one end. With this concealed in our hand we push and pry the tooth, meantime pretending to rub a powder on it to loosen it. When the tooth has been sufficiently worked, a quick motion of the hand and it is out. No one ever sees this instrument and we encourage the belief that the fingers alone are used in extracting the tooth. When a person comes to see us with a toothache, and the tooth is too firm to set for us to get it out, we tell him that some devil in the shape of a worm has got into his tooth and that to take the tooth out will be dangerous, but we will take the annoying worm out and so give relief. This is done, and when the worm is out the man goes away happy."

"This was all that the old man would tell us then. After a number of visits to the dental court I was fortunate enough to be present when a woman came in to be treated for toothache. I carefully noted each motion of the dentist, and judge of my surprise when I saw him apparently take a living worm about as large as a grain of rice out of the tooth. A visit to my first informant, an old man, elicited the following: 'You are getting bad devils, just as I said you would if you knew too much, but a little more wickedness can not hurt you, as you are bad devils, any way. The worms that you thought were taken out of the woman's tooth were not worms at all. In the first place no dentist has more than one or two real live worms, and as these can not live long except in a damp place they are kept in a jar of water, so that in case any one is inclined to doubt we do not actually take them out of the teeth they can be shown as proof. What we really do is to take an instrument like this (and he showed us a long double-headed steel instrument, with a little spoon-shaped bowl at each end). Into one end of this instrument we place a piece of pith, so made as to exactly resemble a worm. This end we hold concealed in our hand. With the other end we push and scrape around the aching tooth, meanwhile sprinkling a little powder in the mouth and in the tooth. After a few moments we quickly turn the instrument around, bringing the end having the pith worm concealed in it into the patient's mouth, and there we have the worm."

"From other sources I learned that false teeth are known to some extent, but they are usually made of wood or metal and fastened into place by means of little clamps fixed around the remaining teeth."—N. Y. Telegram.

An author, whose name is withheld, offers \$1,000 reward for the return of the manuscript of a novel lost in the streets yesterday. That author evidently has a great deal of confidence in the novel, but perhaps if he had shown it to a publisher before losing it he would not offer so large a reward for its return.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

I have sometimes thought that we can not know any man thoroughly well while he is in perfect health. As the ebb tide discloses the real lines of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of a man.—Garfield.

A subscriber for the Tupelo (Miss.) Journal writes to that paper to inquire whether there are any "mule-footed" hogs in Lee County. He says there was formerly a breed in the county that bore that name, because they had unsplitt hoofs like mules.

## DUTIES OF CITIZENS.

### Why Public Obligations Should be Discharged Faithfully and Cheerfully.

Periodically the officers of courts complain of the disposition of men of business, wealth and standing in the community to shirk jury duty, and of the expedients of evasion and escape to which some of them resort, going so far even as to subject themselves to the liability of being proceeded against for contempt of court. In view of the importance of having only "good men and true" on our grand juries and our petit juries, and of the vital issues that are often involved in their indictments and verdicts, including property interests and the guilt or innocence of persons charged with crimes and misdemeanors, it is remarkable that any citizen fit for such honorable duty should be unwilling to take his turn when drawn as a jurymen.

The efficient administration of justice depends in great part upon the character of our juries, and the courts should not be embarrassed or subjected to needless trouble or delay by efforts of good citizens to evade such service. The turn of each individual citizen to act as jurymen comes only once in a great while—not more than once or twice in a lifetime, perhaps—and the term of service is generally so brief that even the busiest of men can afford the time, if they only choose to think so. At all events, in order to do each his due share as a member of the community toward insuring and maintaining justice and protecting the interests of society, every good citizen should be willing to give a portion of his time to this class of public duties occasionally, even though it be at some individual sacrifice. It should be deemed a privilege rather than a hardship; for if the good citizens shirk such service the probability is that bad citizens will be found who will be only too eager of the opportunity, and we all know what the consequences would be—consequences that the better class of people are directly interested in preventing.

There is something almost inexplicable in the reluctance with which some otherwise reasonable men consent to perform public duty, however brief the time required. They shrink from jury duty, from political duty, or from any other duty that calls them out of their offices, stores, factories or shops for a few hours each year or each decade of years, as if they owed nothing to the community but their own lives to themselves. This is not good citizenship—it is equal to bad citizenship. It indicates a lack of patriotism and of public spirit. It indicates a degree of indifference to the interests of the public and of society that is only a degree short of treason.

Every citizen of a free country that is ruled by law and in which so much depends upon the disposition of citizens to conform to the requirements of the law and to co-operate with those who are intrusted with its administration, should be prompt to respond to the call of public duty at all times. He should be willing to serve as a delegate to a convention, as an officer at elections, at inquests, on juries, whenever called upon to do so. It is his duty to do it—a duty which, if he refuses to perform, and will in all probability be performed by one who is less competent or less faithful. That disposition which causes men to shrink from and to evade this class of public duties is not commendable or creditable. It is a sign of weakness on the part of the shirker, and an element not only of his shirk but of danger to the community. Each and all of us owe something—owe much, if not every thing—to the State, to society, and to the maintenance of justice and the common welfare, and the better element of the population can not afford to give over the work of administering justice and carrying out the forms of law and government to the disreputable and the untrustworthy, no more than any of us who have a proper regard for their individual interests can afford to transfer our homes or our private business to other hands. In brief, every man should bear in mind that, as a faithful citizen, he has public duties and obligations to discharge as well as his private interests to look after, and that these public concerns, being closely related to his private interests, can no more be neglected without serious consequences, sooner or later, than his private affairs can be left to take care of themselves.—Chicago Journal.

With ill-concealed emotion he took the thin, worn hand in his and drew it gently toward him. Life at this moment would seem to him the intensity of bitterness. The past, with its struggle for existence, the present and its desolation, the future shrouded in uncertainty, all came before him as in a dream. A strange mist gathered before his eyes. He gasped, leaned heavily forward, and in a quivering and husky accent he exclaimed: "I'll pass!" Sylvester had caught a bobtail-fish and seventeen cents were swept to the other side of the table.—Dript.

The Japanese women of Osaka have formed a "Ladies' Christian Association," and at a recent meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, in that place, an audience composed of ladies only is said to have numbered over 1,000.

He (tenderly)—Yes; when it's done again, you must really see the Blondie donkey. She (incredulously)—I will. I'll look out for it, and, when I see it, I will think of you!—London Punch.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Savage time is approaching and little Fido instinctively hunts the corners and dark places.—Columbus Dispatch.

"Is this the mail car?" asked a passenger. "Yes, sir," replied the humorous conductor; "this is the snoker."—Yankers Statesman.

—It was a tender-hearted Chicago girl who recently put vaseline on some potatoes that had been exposed to and peeled by the sun.—Puck.

—When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks please to remember that he also gets more pay.—Philadelphia Call.

—Miss Pittsburgh—"Do you believe in marriage, Miss Chicago?" Miss Chicago—"Why, cert! How else could we ever have any divorces?"—Tid-Bits.

—A Burlington girl says there is no truth in the saying, "Like father, like son." She says she likes the son first-rate, but she can't bear the father.

—The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same?—Hullburton.

—Dillard—"Do you know women love to see themselves in print?" Brightly—"They ought to be encouraged, my boy; it's a heap cheaper than silk."—Lowell Citizen.

—It is the easiest thing in the world to be a philosopher. All you have to do is to utter truths you don't believe and can't make other people believe, either.—Puck.

—Raw onions are now eaten to cure insomnia. Where it fails to cure husband or wife, it will at least keep the other awake for company, and that's some consolation.—Detroit Free Press.

—Neither Very Sensible.—The man who does not advertise displays as much good sense as the man who does his Sunday pants to climb a hair-wire fence.

—Danville Breeze.

—Banish sobriety, temperance and purity, and you tear up the foundations of all public order, and all domestic quiet, and leave nothing respectable in human character.—Carl Prentiss's Sunday National.

—Timid Tourist—"Say, Cap'n, this boat seems very shaky; was anybody ever lost in her?" Boat-Man—"Not ter my knowledge. There was three men drowned from her last Thursday, but we found them all the next high tide."—Life.

## "HOBSON'S CHOICE."

### A Correct Version of the Origin of This Popular Phrase.

Did you know that this familiar phrase "Hobson's Choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man?

Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the university, letters and packages; also passengers. In addition to his express business, he had a livery stable and led horses to the university students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase "Hobson's choice."

In the spring of 1630, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London.

He died in January, 1633, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city, to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the university, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, when a student at Christ's College.—Wide Awake.

## HOW CAESAR GOT AHEAD.

### A Veracious Yarn Spun by an Ex-Confederate Soldier.

It was an ex-Confederate soldier at Sheffield, Ala., who was giving some of his experiences at the battle of Fort Donelson. He was an officer and had a young colored man for his cook. When the Confederates, or the great bulk of them, decided, after a hot fight, to withdraw from the fort, the Captain looked around for his servant, but the negro was nowhere to be seen. The officer mounted a log and called out in loud tones for his servant, and pretty soon was answered, but in such faint tones that he could not for awhile locate the cook. Caesar finally made it plain that he was in the log under the officer's feet, and was ordered to come out.

"Can't do it!" he shouted in reply. "But you must! The fight is all over!"

"But I can't—dar's fo' white men in dis log behind me!"

And when the officer investigated he found that such was the fact. They crawled out, one after another, each having an excuse to urge, and finally the darky appeared. The officer was about to open on him, but Caesar protested:

"Don't say one word! Dis ar' de first time I ever got ahead of a white man, an' it's gwine to be de werry last! De next time we hev I'm gwine to let de white man her de hull log to hisself, an' I'll look for a hole in de ground!"—Detroit Free Press.

## FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### A BOY TO TRUST IN.

She stood at the crowded crossing,  
A woman crippled and old,  
Whose this and faded garments  
A pitiful story told.  
On her arm a basket of apples  
That no one cared to buy,  
"I must sell 'em or go hungry,"  
She thought, with a weary sigh.

"Maybe if I'd cross over  
I'd have better luck," she said;  
But the crowded street before her  
Filled her with thought of dread.  
"Tain't safe for a poor old cripple,  
She said, with another sigh,  
"But I've got to take my apples  
Where somebody wants to buy."

She paused by the curbstone, tearing  
To trust herself in the tide  
Of life that was coming and going.  
"Dear me, it seems so wide,  
An' so many horses an' wagons,  
I know I'll get scart!" she said.  
"An' if I got scart"—with a shiver—  
"I'd a good deal better be dead."

"See that apple-woman, Tommy?  
She's afraid to cross the street."  
Cried a boy who was going schoolward  
To a friend he chanced to meet.  
"She'll get scart and drop her basket,  
And there'll be no end of fun.  
Hurry up, hurry up, old woman!  
Grab your apple cart and run!"

"Hush," said the other, sternly,  
And went to the woman's side,  
"If you want to cross, I'll help you,  
If you'll trust me for a guide.  
Let me carry your basket for you;  
Don't fear, but keep close to me,  
And you'll soon be over safely."  
He told her cheerily.

With some one to guide her footsteps,  
The crossing was quickly made.  
"I knew I could trust you," she told him.  
"So I didn't get afraid."  
God bless you for your kindness  
To a poor old thing like me.  
If I knew your mother, I'd tell her  
How proud she ought to be."

It fancy that this lad's mother  
Must know of his kindly deeds,  
And is glad that the boy she loves so  
Takes thought of others' needs.  
Such boys are the ones to trust in  
For the men that must be had,  
For the father of the true man  
Is the true and manly lad.

## THE POST-WOMAN.

### How the Little Gray Children Fooled Their Mamma.

Papa Gray was going to have a fence built around the back yard, and Jotham was digging the post-holes.

The children were looking on, and helping what they could, which wasn't a great deal perhaps.

"They have to have a finger apiece in every pie," laughed Jotham, good-naturedly.

"We're going to bring the posts to you," said Robin. "We'll hitch a rope on you, know, and haul 'em out one to a time, just like horses. There'll be four horses, and Mamie is going to team us. Won't that be fun? Want one now, Jotham?"

"Yes, I guess so; might's well," said Jotham. So away pranced the team, Richie and Robin and Sadie and Beth, with Mamie's short little legs flying in the rear; and they were back again, dragging the light cedar post, before Jotham ever thought of such a thing.

"Why, you're dretful smart!" said he. "I guess I'll have to hustle round."

"S'pose we'll get 'em all set to-day?" asked Robin, with such a grown-up air that Jotham laughed in spite of himself.

"Well, I don't see any thing to hinder," said he, "with such help as I've got."

But you never can tell what will happen. Before Jotham had the first post fairly set, papa wanted him to help about something at the store, and of course that was over.

"It's always just that way," pouted Robin.

"But we can do something else," said Beth, cheerily. Then all of a sudden she gave a hop, skip and a gleeful laugh. "Oh, I'll tell you," cried she. Let's—Will you?"

"Yes, ma'am-ree!" said Robin. "Come on!" and away they went.

It was about half an hour after that Mrs. Trimble, the next neighbor, ran across the garden into Mamma Gray's kitchen.

"Mrs. Gray," she said, "there's been a woman standing out in your back yard for the last ten minutes, stock-still as a post."

Mamma smiled. Mrs. Trimble was something of a gossip. But she looked out of the kitchen window, all the same, and true enough, there stood a little old woman in a shabby black dress and a shabby gray shawl, and a bonnet with the veil over her face.

"There, now!" said Mrs. Trimble. "Who do you s'pose 'tis?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said mamma. "She may be a crazy person. I must see where the children are. Poor thing! perhaps I'd better take out a lunch to her, and ask her to go along."

"I would," said Mrs. Trimble. So mamma heaped a plate with a luncheon fit for a queen and went out. Mrs. Trimble went, too.

The strange woman stood very still. She did not stir, even when Mrs. Trimble cleared her throat with a loud "Ahem!"

"It's the queerest thing I ever heard of," said mamma, going closer every minute; "she must be deaf—or crazy. She—why—why, Mrs. Trimble, it ain't a woman!"

Then up from each one of the five nearest post-holes popped a head. "Oh! ho! ho!"

"It's a post-woman, mamma!"

"Oh, didn't we fool you?"

"Didn't we though, mamma?"

"I should say you did," said Mrs. Trimble, trying hard to frown, but not succeeding very well. "The 1st of April doesn't come till next year, children."

"And to think I didn't know grand-

ma's old bombazine dress and bonnet, as many times as I've seen them," said mamma, laughing until the tears ran out of her eyes. "Well, well!"

And then she gave that nice lunch to the children, who ate it without offering the poor post-woman so much as a mouthful.

You never heard any one laugh as Jotham did when they told him about it. "If you ain't the best'st most!" said he. "Ho! ho! ho!"—Youth's Companion.

## HUGE SPIDERS.

### Formidable Creatures That Capture Birds and Lizards.

A great many plants, animals and insects which we are familiar with in our more temperate climate attain much larger size in the hot, tropical regions of the globe, and none, perhaps, are more remarkable in this respect than the different classes of spiders.

You have been told of the huge, black, hairy-legged tarantula, with his great, staring, head-like eyes, and long, cruel fangs, or nippers, who lurks in dark corners, and stows himself in the toes of your boots and other unexpected places; but, as a general rule, he can be avoided, and the web he spins interferes but little with any one. But there are other spiders, equally large and quite as formidable, that spread their nets across roads and paths, much to the occasional discomfort of unwary horsemen, or short-sighted folk on foot.

Up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a fellow of this kind that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and, riding quick in the early morning, you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil; while as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you do forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and though not venomous