The Arizona Sentinel.

THE SENTINEL, Established in 1870.
THE REPUBLICAN, Established in 1884.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

VOLUME XVIII. YUMA, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889. NUMBER 28.

WHAT WINS.

The world has full many a hero:
Go read what those heroes have done,
And you'll find that though oft they were baffled
They kept up their courage, and won.
They never lost courage in failure,
Giving up, as the weak-hearted will.
But said: "We will try and keep trying,
And conquer all obstacles still."

And this they have done, the world over
Their tasks were accomplished at last
By often-repeated endeavor.
The young oak may bend to the blast,
But it springs to its place when it passes,
And grows to new strength every day,
And in time it stands firm in the tempest
Whose wrath whirls the tall pine away.

Defeat makes a man more persistent
If the right kind of courage is his:
He determines to conquer, and does it,
And this is what heroism is.
Strive on with a patient endeavor:
The steadfast of purpose will win.
Defeat comes to-day, but to-morrow
May usher the grand triumph in.

—Eben E. Rexford, in Wide-Awake.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Interesting and Amusing Anecdotes of the Huge Beasts.

They are Affectionate, Fond of Delicacies and Enjoy a Joke; But Their Anger is Something Terrible—Some Celebrated Elephants.

The elephant may well be considered the head of the menagerie. Young and old are never tired of watching these wonderful creatures; they are so knowing, so loving, yet so terrible in their anger. An elephant can tear off huge branches of trees with his trunk, or stamp the life out of a tiger with his great feet; yet the same trunk can be trained to pick up a pin, and the mighty feet to tread gingerly over the recumbent forms of sleeping or intoxicated keepers. Strange as it may appear, an elephant's skin is very sensitive; mosquitoes annoy him greatly, and a beating is a terrible punishment for him. Courageous as he is, an elephant is very nervous. He will fight any other huge beast, yet a mouse is said to make him shake with apprehension and trumpet with terror.

Elephants are very mischievous and inquisitive; they raise latches, open doors, and enjoy immensely their own practical jokes, though so ready to resent indignities to themselves. Sensitive as regards insult, their affection is warm and lasting, and dogs, horses and other animals are often the objects of their attachments. Elephants are pleased with gay colors, delight in sweet perfumes, are dainty in their tastes, and revel in the water like an Englishman in his bath. They practice theft with the ingenuity of the "Artful Dodger" himself, are as meddlesome as monkeys, have the caution and cunning of a diplomatist, and the memory of Magliabechi.

When born, a baby-elephant stands about three feet high, and is not considered grown up until thirty years old. Accidents excepted, he is likely to live about one hundred and fifty years, if not longer. Though delicate in its tastes, an elephant likes quantity as well as quality, and at his meals makes nothing of bales of hay and gallons of water. His ingenuity in trying to cater for himself is astonishing, and often amusing. An American showman saw an elephant pull up a stake to which he was chained, "go to a feed-bin containing oats, wrench off the lock, raise the lid, eat all he wanted, put down the lid again, return to his place, poke the stake back into the same hole, and stamp it down with his foot, and, when his keeper came, look as innocent as a lamb." A twinkle in his cunning eyes showed his enjoyment of the situation when the man stormed and raged on discovering the robbery.

An incident of an elephant's memory is said to have occurred some years since, when Wombwell's menagerie was exhibiting at Bolton. Four years before the same collection was in the town, and on that occasion, on being released from its van, a large elephant walked across the Town-Hall square to a public house and protruded its trunk into the lobby. The bar-maid supplied the animal with refreshments, and the keeper, who had been in search of his charge, then conducted him back to his den. On being released at the breaking-up of the show on the second visit, the same elephant broke away at a brisk trot in the direction of the hostelry, and the unwonted charge upon the premises greatly alarmed the inmates. The former barmaid, now the landlady, arrived on the scene, and recognizing her old friend, once more regaled him to his heart's content. The elephant then submitted to be led away by his keeper.

Although elephants will not submit to abuse, they are not difficult to teach, and at first are fond of going through their tricks on their own account. Performing-elephants in Rome were taught to dance by the association of music and a hot floor. A block and pulley is now sometimes used in training an elephant to assume various positions, and the word of command given as if it was doing the trick of its own accord. Good treatment with firmness is necessary in teaching them, and any rebeliousness must be checked by the whip. They cry out when subdued, and the trouble is then over for the time. Even wild elephants are said to be easily taught when once subdued. Most of us have admired the wonderful agility of such clumsy-looking animals in balancing themselves on inverted tubs, and so forth. At Astley's, elephants used to delight thousands with their performances. These huge creatures were made to stand on their hind legs with their forefeet poodlewise dangling in the air. Another stood on its head with its hind legs raised perpendicularly. Placed on pedestals, they wheeled round rapidly, or balanced themselves on the side-legs only, and gave other evidences of wonderful training. Well-trained baby elephants are great favorites. One was taught to sit at table, fan herself, and do numerous tricks to delight children and their elders too. The two clever baby-elephants "Jock and Jenny" were marvelously trained. They made their bow to the audience, and then one of them walked on the tops of a double row of bottles. On a plank placed over a trestle they see-sawed like a couple of children guessing the required equilibrium with almost human exactitude. Playing on an organ and drum and dancing in time to the jingles of bells, were amongst their other accomplishments.

The habitual caution of these intelligent creatures is illustrated when they are traveling from show to show. Should several be in a car together, one of their number will remain awake on guard while the others are sleeping. Some years ago experiments were made in the transport of elephants by railway. One of the ordinary cattle-wagons of the East India railway was fitted up for the purpose, and the animal was placed in the center space of the wagon, between six shafts, a breast and back bar, and secured in addition by anklets on the fore and hind feet, united by couplings transversely and longitundinally, and further by four diagonal morning chains passing through holes, and lashed round the corner pillars of the wagon. The first elephant loaded, having his head free, took the opportunity to remove with his trunk a portion of the roof of the truck; it was therefore found necessary to put a collar round the neck of the elephant, with a vertical chain leading through, secured to the floor. In this way a successful experiment was made to Pundooah and back, the animal showing no signs of fear, or making any attempt to free himself.

Many interesting and famous elephants have been favorites of the circus-going public long before the late Jumbo's successful debut. One of these, known as "Canada," was a desperate character. When in one of his tantrums, "he did as much mischief as a tornado," to use a showman's words—tossing hacks into the air and tearing down signs and lamp-posts. He was sent with the rest of a menagerie to a farm, and when there, had one of his mad fits. Rushing into the stable-yard, "in a few minutes he killed two buffaloes, a sacred cow, a couple of elks, several horses, and a camel. He would seize an animal, toss it in the air, catch it on his tusks, and then either jam or trample the life out of it." He then sallied out for the town, and the popular excitement can be imagined. "A trap was set with a long ponderous chain with an enormous corner-stone at its end to entangle the animal's legs and hold him." A man then ran out in sight of Canada, and the elephant instantly rushed after him. "The trap was successful so far as making the chain and stone fast to him, but he kept right on, and would have caught the man, who was a fast runner, had the latter not jumped down into an unfinished cellar of a new house, and ran up a narrow flight of steps on the opposite side. The elephant jumped down after him as easily as a dog would, with the big stone clattering behind him." Fortunately, the stone was large enough to stick wedged against the walls on each side of the stairway, and Canada was fast, but it was a close shave for the man. They managed to secure the savage animal with more chains, and then went to work to conquer him. As the account graphically describes it, "they wore out big clubs on him, fired loads of buckshot into his trunk and ears, and beat and tortured him for hours, until he howled in token of surrender. The moment he was loose, however, he gave a yell of rage, dashed out of the cellar, and started to kill. Every one flew for his life; but he was tired, and took up his position under cover of three haystacks, hunting all who ventured near him. "Buckshot fired into his head only checked his wild rushes, and whenever he thought people were on the other side of a stack from him, he tried his best to topple the hay over on them. The fight went on for three days and nights, during which time he had not a bite to eat—for he was too angry even to take any of the hay around him—and not a drop of water." At length, despairing of saving him, the shot-guns were exchanged for heavy rifles, and several big bullets at close range finally put an end to him.

The first live elephant seen in London was in the reign of Henry III., and the citizens closed their shops and donned their holiday attire in its honor. King James I. had a private menagerie in St. Jame's Park in which was kept the elephant presented to him by the King of Spain. It cost some hundreds a year to keep this animal, besides "the wyne he must drink from April to September, a gallon the daye." Another celebrity was the huge elephant "Chunee," whose tragic end during a strange attack of mental aberration kept all London in a ferment for several days. If we recollect aright, a show-elephant in London was the mother of the first elephant born in captivity. A large elephant, weighing heavier than Jumbo, though not so tall, was recently on view in Liverpool, where there was quite a run on his photographs.

Elephants, being so powerful and intelligent, are worse than any wild animal when in one of their sudden fits of ungovernable rage. The amount of killing they take is incredible. Heavy rifles that kick tremendously often have little effect in stopping their wild charges, and in one instance, in India, even a field-piece, fired repeatedly, failed for a considerable time to put an end to the career of a mad elephant.—Chambers' Journal.

MR. CLUGSTON'S ESCAPE.

An Editor's Life Saved by the Proper Application of a Tariff Article.

"Is the editor in?"

The person who spoke was a tall, raw-boned man, with red hair and a freckled face. He had a hand like a canvas-covered ham, and was cross-eyed.

Mr. Clugston, the editor and proprietor of the Doodleville Yelper, looked up.

"Why—ah—good morning, sir," he replied, with a frozen sort of smile contorting his face, and a Manitoba wave careering madly up and down his spinal column. "It's a fine day—er—"

"Not particularly," said the visitor, in a rasping voice.

And it wasn't. It was a raw, blustering, rainy day, and the wild geese were flying southwestward with a reckless, On-to-Oklahoma, get-there-Eli movement, and a hideously-profane emphasis in their hastily-warbled music.

"That's what I"— began Mr. Clugston, as he noted with a sinking feeling that his caller stood in the only doorway affording an exit from his 8x10 sanctum, and that there wasn't a weapon sharper than a paste brush anywhere within sight to defend himself with in case of an attack.

"No, it wasn't," was the sneering rejoinder. "It wasn't what you meant to say, and you know it wasn't! You don't know what you intended to say, you white-livered, pop-eyed, tow-headed disfigurer of white paper! You lean, cheap, boarding-house cut from the shank of a starved mutton! You're scared to death, and you know it! I've come to polish you off, sir! I'm going to knock your two eyes into one, and chuck your No. 6 head in your own ink keg!"

"Wh-wh-what have I done?" asked the editor, in a trembling voice.

"What have you done?" echoed the large, red-haired man, coming nearer. "Do you pretend you don't know, you washed-out fragment of a man? Do you pretend you didn't mean me when you printed that piece in your paper last week about 'How to Make a White Man of a Strawberry Blonde?' Do you"—

"That article," exclaimed Mr. Clugston, earnestly and appealingly, "was printed 297 miles from here, and"—

"That's a little too thin! That may do to tell some elm-peeler from Kreidler's Mills, but it won't go down with me. Your paper, sir, ain't edited and published 297 miles from Doodleville. I'm going to show you, sir, how to make a mop of a Doodleville editor!"

He threw off his coat, kicked over the editorial chair, and made a fierce grab at the frightened journalist.

In moments of great emergency something like inspiration comes at times to the assistance of hard-pressed humanity. As his antagonist lunged savagely at him, Mr. Clugston cast a wild, despairing glance around the room. His eye fell on something lying on the table—something that had hitherto escaped his notice. Quick as a flash he seized it and brought it down squarely on the head of his assailant. For one brief moment the gigantic frame of the red-haired man stood motionless, and then with a crash that shook the Yelper office from back-door to awning-post in front he fell prostrate.

"Carry out this unsightly object," said Mr. Clugston to the office hands who came running in from the back room to see what was the trouble; and with the cold, severe aspect of a man whose time was too precious to be wasted on trifles the editor of the Doodleville Yelper sat down at his table again and resumed the work of writing a lurid description, at ten cents a line, of Mrs. Van Sampson's millinery opening.

He had knocked the big, freckle-faced man senseless with an editorial entitled "Tariff on Wool."—Chicago Tribune.

Gladstone on Washington.

When I first read in detail the "Life of Washington," I was profoundly impressed with the moral elevation and greatness of his character, and I found myself at a loss to name, among the statesmen of any age or country, many, or possibly any, who could be his rival. In saying this, I mean no disparagement to the class of politicians, the men of my own craft and cloth, whom, in my owu land and my own experience, I have found no less wanting than other men of love and of admiration. I name among those who seem to me to come near even to him. But I will shut out the last half century from the comparison. I will then say that if, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice, at any time during the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.—From Gladstone's Letter to G. W. Smalley.

—A Wisconsin woman describes her runaway husband as "an ordinary-looking man, troubled with a short breath and a long mustache."

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

Information Obtained from Old Women in Countries Near and Far.

The funeral procession must not cross a river.

The last name a dying person calls is the next to follow.

A dish-cloth hung on a door-knob is a sign of death in a family.

The corpse must not pass twice over any part of the same road.

To dance on the ground indicates disaster or death within a year.

Whoever works on a sick person's dress he or she will die within a year.

If a hoe be carried through a house some one will die before the year is out.

If thirteen sit at a table the one who rises first will not live through the year.

The person on whom the eyes of a dying person last rest will be the first to die.

Whoever counts the carriages at a passing funeral will die within the year.

To break a looking-glass is a sign of death in the family before the year closes.

If three persons look at the same time into a mirror one will die within the year.

The clock should be stopped at the time of death, as its running will bring ill luck.

If one dies, and no rigor mortis ensues, it indicates a speedy second death in the family.

If a hearse is drawn by two white horses death in the neighborhood will occur in a month.

It is unlucky in a funeral for those present to repass the house where death has occurred.

If rain falls on a new-made grave there will be another death in the family within the year.

If the grave is left open over Sunday another death will occur before the Sunday following.

To keep the corpse in the house over Sunday will bring death in the family efore the year is out.

It is unlucky to pass through a funeral, either between the carriages or the files of mourners on foot.

If rain falls into an open grave another burial in the cemetery will occur within three days.

At a funeral entering a church before the mourners means death to some of the entering party.

To put on a bonnet or hat of one in mourning is the sign that you will wear one before the year is out.

If any one comes to a funeral after the procession starts another death will occur in the same house.

In Switzerland, if a grave is left open over Sunday, it is said that within four weeks one of the village will die.

If, during sickness, a pair of shears be dropped in such a manner that the point sticks into the floor, it indicates the death of the sick person.

When a woman who has been sewing puts her thimble on the table as she sits down to eat, it is a sign that she will be left a widow if she marries.

A common saying in England is: "Happy is the corpse the rain falls on." This belief exists also in the United States. Thus it is said that if rain falls at the time of the funeral it is a sign that the dead has gone to Heaven.—Chicago Mail.

THE CARPET MOTH.

Several Methods of Attacking and Destroying This Household Pest.

Where carpets are used and only taken up once a year at "house-cleaning," the conditions are very favorable for the carpet bug's increase, particularly where the house-cleaning is hurriedly done. When a house has once become infested, nothing but the most energetic measures will completely rid it of the pest, and in complete riddance is the only hope, as in a year a very few individuals will so increase as to do great damage. At house-cleaning time then, as many rooms should be bared at once as possible, and the house-keeper should go carefully over the rooms, removing all dust, and with a hand-atomizer charged with benzine should puff the liquid into all the floor cracks and under the base-boards until every crevice has been reached. The carpets themselves, after thorough beating, should be lightly sprayed with the same substance, which will quickly evaporate, leaving no odor after a short time. The inflammability of benzine should be remembered, however, and no light should be brought near it. This done, before relaying the carpets, it will be well to pour into the cracks a moderately thick mixture of plaster of Paris and water, which soon sets and fills them with a solid substance into which the insects will not enter. Then lay around the borders of the room a width of tarred roofing-paper, and afterward relay the carpets. This thorough treatment should answer in the very worst cases, and in a house so cleaned the insect will probably not regain a foothold during the ensuing year. Cloth-covered furniture which may have also become infested should be steamed or also treated with benzine, and chests or drawers in which infested clothing has been stored should be thoroughly sprayed.

Another method of treatment consists in laying a damp cloth (an old towel or a folded sheet will do) smoothly over the suspected part of the carpet, and ironing it with a hot iron. The steam thus generated will pass through the carpet and kill all the insects immediately beneath. If not too laborious, an entire room could be treated to advantage in this way.—Good Housekeeping.

PITH AND POINT.

—It is only the unlucky who think fortune blind.

—Dignity is expensive, and, without other good qualities, is not particularly profitable.

—Every thing is smooth sailing with us when we have no difficulty in raising the wind.

—Character like porcelain-ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no changes of color after it is burned in.

—Because a man sleeps well is no sign that he has an easy conscience. He may have got tired out committing sin.—Somerville Journal.

—Pay your bill twice rather than go to law. There are as many lawyers clamoring for the wrong as there are lawyers clamoring for the right—Atchison Globe.

—It is only natural that the man who never has time to do any thing never seems to get any thing done.—Merchant Traveler.

—It ain't true dat sorrow 'velops all de good p'ints o' er man, fur de pusson dat grows up in sorrow is like de stalk o' co'n dat grows up in de shade. He mout be jest ez tall, but he won't be nigh so healthy.—Arkansaw Traveler.

—Some men will not shave on Sabbath, and yet they spend all the week in shaving their fellow-men; and many think it very wicked to black their boots on Sabbath morning, yet they do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days.—Beecher.

—When Drexilius was asked by a friend how he could do so much as he had done he answered: "The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, or eight thousand four hundred and sixty hours; in so many hours great things may be done; the slow tortoise made a long journey by losing no time."—Bishop Horne.

—A life without suffering would be like a picture without shade. The pets of Nature, who do not know what suffering is can not realize it, have always a certain rawness, like foolish landsmen who laugh at the terrors of the ocean because they have neither experience enough to know what those terrrors are, nor brain enough to imagine them.—Hamerton.

—A difference between honorable and dishorable competition is the conduct of the victor to the vanquished. Some men rise above others only to crush them—others to lift and exalt them. Some boast with noisy triumph and scorn those who are left behind; others have "a way of making people feel comfortable." One artist who has risen high in public favor uses his influence to depreciate the works of his brother artists; another takes them by the hand and gives them courage for fresh endeavors.

MAKING FRENCH WINES.

Amusing Story of the Alleged Falsification of Clarets in France.

The falsification of wines is once more becoming a burning subject in France. It is notorious that millions of bottles of the vin rouge which is consumed at home and sent abroad are guiltless of one drop of the juice of the grape. Concerning this wholesale "falsification" of Bordeaux wines, I was told an amusing story this winter by a French gentleman who was my traveling companion from Marseilles to Paris.

Here is the story: A farmer in Normandy, seeing a wine advertised by a firm in Bordeaux, wrote for a couple of casks of it, and forwarded the money. A fortnight afterward it arrived at the station, and he sent his carter to bring it home. The carter brought two casks, but, to the farmer's astonishment, only one cask was full; the other was empty. An examination of the cask showed that it had not been tampered with, and there was no trace of leakage. Evidently an empty cask had been sent by mistake. The farmer at once wrote to the Bordeaux wine merchant to complain of the carelessness. In due course a reply was received, which was as follows: "Dear Sir—I am sorry for the mistake made by my man, but you can easily rectify it. If you will fill the empty cask with water and leave it for a fortnight you will find the wine all right. The ingredients are at the bottom of the cask, but my man foolishly admitted to add the water. Waiting your further orders, I am, sir, yours, etc."

My French friend assured me that this was a fact. The story became public through the Norman farmer demanding the return of his money, and, the wine merchant objecting, the case came before the law courts. After this, what price for "vin ordinaire?" If that's what they give political prisoners, no wonder Boulanger ran away.—George R. Sims, in London Referee.

They Would Be So Nice.

The ladies of —— Church were packing a box of clothing to send to the wife of a Western missionary.

Mrs. A—My dear Mrs. B, what can you be thinking of to send off those lovely stockings of yours? The very newest color, too!

Mrs. B—It does break my heart to part with them, and I shouldn't think of it if I hadn't just read something about the dye stuff they used to get this particular shade, being liable to poison one frightfully.

Mrs. A—Oh, horrors! Let's get them out of our hands quick! Here, there's room for them right down in this corner.—Munsey's Weekly.

—The leap year privilege is said to be 660 years old.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who, in his thoughtless mirth,
Can e'er forget
His mighty debt
To her who gave him birth.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling still,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove;
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

Oh! who so sad as he
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad;
Let our delight
Be to requite,
And make our parents glad!

—The Appeal.

SELF-CONTROL.

A Kingdom Whose Subjects Need to be Constantly Restrained—The Mightiest Human Power in the World.

From childhood up, there has been something inspiring to me in the sight of a team of four horses, and to be whirled on by them was a curious mixture of terror and exaltation. Who does not like to watch the driver, whether he sits on the high seat of a country picnic wagon, or mounts the elegant four-in-hand coach. What a watchful eye, what a grasp he has on the reins, not a prance of the sixteen feet, not a pricking of the eight ears, not a turn of the four heads escapes him. He knows which one will shy on the slightest provocation, which one will be ready to start off if a team comes up behind. The reins are slender but strong; he keeps them well in hand, and because he keeps them well in hand, the coach whirls on in safety. I dare say you have all envied him.

You will not be at a loss to understand the figure, if I say you are each driving a four-in-hand. If I should go still further I think I would name your steeds: Thought, Affection, Appetite and Passion, and when you have learned to manage them in all their different exercises, you have learned self-control.

Or I might use another figure, and say each of you is a King in his own right, having a kingdom full of subjects wide-awake, and often turbulent, who must be constantly restrained if order and right-doing shall prevail in the realm. This kingdom we call "Self," and to rule it well is to have self-control.

We are all fond of power, but I can tell you the power over one's own self is the mightiest human power in the world. It is much more interesting to see a boy or a man subdue himself than to watch any control of mere animals.

I remember a boy whom I used to study. He had a quick, fiery spirit, which started up in anger on very slight incitement, indeed it was almost vicious. But he had been taught that wouldn't do, and his efforts at self-control were, to say the least, unique. I have seen him as a little fellow dash out of the house in a rage, run around it two or three times, and come in with a smiling face. It was his own remedy, administered in his own way; but as time has gone on, he has had himself more and more in hand, until now, only a little trembling of the lips, and then a firm compression, show that he is moved. That boy is destined to be a strong man.

This is the phase of self-control which presents itself most vividly to you now; the quick hot spirit of youth, the fight which is in most boys is what you recognize now as needing restraint. The longer you live the more you will see that it must lay its hand on every part of your lives. Self-control in eating and drinking keeps you from becoming gluttons and drunkards; that you can understand. But do you not know, and God forbid you should ever realize, the possibilities of evil which lie in every life. There are risks in thinking, risks in every affection, in every passion, in every appetite which can only be avoided by this stern self rule.

You can turn to the Book to find the estimate there put upon it. Over and over again in the Proverbs it is expressed in various ways. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And James says: "Let every man be * * * slow to speak, slow to wrath." Paul says: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." I wish you would try to find out all there is in the Bible, which touches on this subject; I am sure the number of texts will surprise you. * * *

It will be of little use to talk of this, if we do not practice it. Let us begin to-day this self-control, knowing that it is to be a life-long work, but knowing also that it will grow easier as we go along, and we become "strong in the Lord and in the strength of His might."

Who is free? He who masters his own self. Who is powerful? He who can control his passions.—From "Talks with Boys," in N. Y. Observer.

SILLY AND WICKED FUN.

What "Aunt Marjorie Precept" Thinks About Practical Jokes and Those Who Engage in Them.

A practical joke is a sort of a trick played by one person upon another, in the hope of making him uncomfortable and ridiculous. To put one's friend in an absurd situation, to interfere with his rights, to do something which will hurt him in body or mind, not very deeply perhaps, yet really, is the object of the practical joker. I have never in my life been able to see the least good, the least innocent fun, in practical jokes, but I have seen a great deal of evil and mischief resulting from them. I can not think of a person addicted to practical joking as any thing but mean and contemptible. For how can we honor the disposition which takes pleasure in cruelty?

Some years ago, just at dusk, a maid-servant in a certain beautiful home took it into her head that it would be rare fun to dress herself in a sheet and frighten another of the servants. So she slipped into the grounds, hid herself behind a tree, and waited her opportunity. Dancing merrily along, singing with a voice like a bird, came a sweet little daughter of the house, who had been sent on an errand to the lodge at the end of the green avenue. The merry child, sensitive to her finger-tips, caught a glimpse of the straight, stark figure skulking behind the oaks, and was so frightened that a few months afterward she died—of nervous shock the physicians said, which then began its fatal work.

In one of our New England colleges a youth who had been studying hard that he might enter the freshman class was startled from his sleep at midnight by a party of fellows in masks, who proceeded to make sport for themselves by the stupid process called "hazing" their companion. They had their silly fun, but it is to be hoped that none of the number engaged in it can ever think of that night without a pang, for it made the youth insane.

I don't like to believe that any of my readers engage in this wretched kind of jesting. If they do, it is because they have never looked at it from the right point of view. There isn't among my friends one, I am sure, who would be happy in making any one else miserable.

I saw Fred the other day perched in a nook 'way, 'way up in a tall tree, and I thought: "What a splendid climber you are, Fred, and how nimbly you'd run to the mizzen-top if you were a sailor boy!" I know that Fred was as sure-footed as a cat, and his eyes like a squirrel, and the grip of a monkey, so I was not alarmed on his account. Not so his mother. She came to the door, called "Fred! Fred!" and finally descried him in his airy nest, from which "his voice fell like a falling star." Then she was greatly distressed and frightened, and I was disappointed in Fred, because, instead of relieving her fears at once, he said:

"Oh, pouf, mamma! there's no danger. Why are you so excited? I've been here dozens of times."

He *did* descend at last; but a true gentleman—and Fred means to be a gentleman—would not have allowed a woman to be frightened even for an instant, especially when the woman was his own mother.

The spirit which leads one not to care when a friend is suffering terrors on one's account is the same which makes the practical jest possible. Aunt Majorie's children must banish this if they would make their little world happy.—Harper's Young People.

"If She Only Would."

If she only would believe it, the average strength and health of a girl does not stand in the way of "the higher education of women."

If she only would not make haste at table, but sit willingly and sociably through the time allotted for meals, "indigestion," another of the school-girl's bugbears, would never put in an appearance. Steaks, chops and roasts should be both "well-chewed" and "well-chatted."

If she only would forego little lunches and midnight spreads, *eat only at table*, never touch a nut, a cake, candy or fruit, "between meals," those other terrors of the girl student—"dyspepsia," "biliousness," "loss of appetite"—would not make her their prey.

(The girl careful in all these matters will be sure to have inviolable rules for her baths and her out-of-door exercises).

If she only would, furthermore, hold it to be "bad form" to indulge during school-life in formal calls, the theater, dances, correspondence and making acquaintance with gentlemen, and the reading of current fiction—*then*, great ease and simplicity of living, and time to rest, would be possible to her, together with a tremendous concentration of the mind upon study; she would find herself, day after day, full of "attack," "pursuit," "*corps d'esprit*," "love of investigation," "mastery," and all the other high vitalities of brain and blood that make the "hard pull and long pull" of a school-course an enthusiasm and a joy.—Wide Awake.

—The qualities of different vegetables are worth knowing in the spring. According to one authority celery acts upon the nervous system, and it is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes stimulate the liver, and spinach and common dandelion, prepared in the same way, have a direct effect on diseases of the kidney. Onions, garlic and olives promote digestion by stimulating the circulatory system, with the consequent increase of the saliva and gastric juice. Raw onions are also regarded as a remedy for sleeplessness, and the French believe that onion soup is an excelent tonic in cases of debility of the digestive organs