

The Arizona Sentinel.

"Independent in All Things."

J. W. DORRINGTON, Proprietor.

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TEARS ON A PILLOW.

The tears that fall on a pillow,
In showers like summer rain,
Unbidden, yet not unwelcome
In hours of grief and pain—
That well from a heart's deep pulsings,
With throbs of faint surcease—
Oh, come to a soul sore stricken,
As messengers of peace.

The tears that fall on a pillow,
Away from mortal sight,
That tell of sorrows and battles
In life's untiring fight;
From the eye of man though hidden,
Like specks of glistening sand,
Are seen by Him who holdeth
The sparrow in His hand.

Then, tears that fall on a pillow,
Come, wash away all stain
From gathering veils of sadness,
"Nesth sunny skies again,
Come from a fount free flowing,
Like a forestal mountain rill;
Come with the welcome message:
"Peace, troubled soul, be still!"
—Clark W. Brown, in Good Housekeeping.

A DEADLY REPTILE.

The Bloat Rattlesnake of the Staked Plains.

A New Yorker's Observations in a Famous Snake Region—The Rattlesnake's Fearful Odor and Fatal Fighting Partner.

"I wonder why some of these chaps who like to go around the country exhibiting themselves in conjunction with a den of real live rattlesnakes don't get together an aggregation of that cheerful species of their favorite serpent known as the bloat rattlesnake of the Staked Plains?" said a New Yorker who has prospected over pretty much all of the southern part of this country. "Not but what the specimens of the northern rattlesnake they fool with are savage enough and poisonous enough to satisfy the curiosity of the most morbid of our sight-seeing fellow-citizens, but the rattler of the Staked Plains is so much more hideous, and his toxicological accomplishments are of a grade so much higher than those of his local prototype, that the sight of a family of them would strike the spectator with a degree of terror that a whole museum full of the ordinary rattlesnakes couldn't inspire, and the museum proprietor could not assure his patrons, if he felt so disposed of the unusual attraction of the killing by the Staked Plains snake of a keeper every hour. That would be a small job for the snake, and an undoubtedly paying card for the museum.

"When it is known that this particular Texas rattlesnake is a terror even to an Apache Indian, it is scarcely necessary to say anything further as to its qualities, for if there is one thing that is worse than a rattlesnake in the estimation of the plainsman or settler it is an Apache Indian. These Indians utilize the snake for a most horrible purpose. The rattler of the Staked Plains grows to a length of six feet and to a girth of twelve inches. I killed one once that had twenty-seven rattles on, and his head measured five inches from his neck to the tip of his nose, and was three inches wide at the base of his skull. His fangs were an inch long, and he was altogether the most horrible-looking specimen of the serpent family I ever saw. These snakes are of a bright yellow color, with the same dark markings that their smaller and less deadly relative of the north has. While terrible enough any day in the year, it is not until about the middle of August that the Staked Plains rattlesnake takes on the tenuity of the frightfulness of his nature, physical as well as moral. He then, from some cause unknown, becomes puffed up and bloated, until he is fully one-third larger than his normal size. He looks like an elongated bladder. Always sluggish and slow of movement, but inclined usually, like all of his kind, to move out of the way of danger. In August he simply makes no effort to move at all, except to put himself in shape to strike at anything and every thing that comes in his way. He is absolutely one big, swollen reservoir of venom at this time of year, or his bite would not kill an Apache in less than an hour, as it has been known to do.

"Dreading these venomous snakes as they do, yet the Apaches make it their business to go among them at the very time they are the most deadly, lying in blood-hiscent all through that God-forsaken country. It is then these Indians collect the venom of the rattlesnakes to be used in poisoning their arrows. They do this by placing the liver or heart of a deer, freshly torn from the animal's body, in front of the snake, who buries his fangs in it again and again. In a few seconds the heart or liver will turn a purplish black, so quickly does the poison effect it. When the Indian thinks the receptacle has drawn all the venom from the serpent's poison sacs, it is removed and hung in the sun to rot. When it is ready to drop apart, the tips of the arrows are thrust into the meat and thoroughly coated with the deadly matter. The arrows are dried, and any wound inflicted by one of the poisoned shafts is the same to its recipient as if he had been bitten by the bloated provider of the venom itself. The victim's body will swell in a short time to frightful proportions, and he dies in untold agony. I wonder what kind of a showing the snake tamers of the dime museums would make with a congress of ophiophiles like this of the Staked Plains?"

"This truly terrible snake emits an odor of great offensiveness, which seems to be taken and enlarged upon, if that is possible, by a curious snake that is the inevitable attendant or pioneer of these big serpents. This

snake is known down there as the rattlesnake pilot, and one who had never seen it before and did not know what it was would think it was a rattlesnake itself, although it hasn't a single rattle nor the sign of one. With that exception it has all the markings and characteristics of the rattlesnake, and will coil itself, shake its tail, and strike just the same as the big and deadly serpent of whose proximity it is the certain indicator. The rattlesnake pilot grows to be two feet long, and is poisonous to about the same degree that a hornet is. The mysterious affinity between it and the Staked Plains rattlesnake has never been explained.

"The big rattlesnake has three implacable enemies in three fierce-looking but entirely non-venomous snakes peculiar to that locality—the bull snake, the king snake, and the Texas black snake. It seems as if these serpents were continually on the hunt for the rattlesnake, and the traveler through that country is sure to be entertained, almost every mile or so, by the sight of a combat between one of these snakes and a rattler. A serpent armed with the deadly weapon that the rattlesnake wields would naturally be supposed to have the advantage in a contest of this kind, but his non-venomous fangs are so much quicker in their movements than the rattler that they are able to avoid his fangs, and invariably overcome him and squeeze the life out of him before he can strike twice. I saw one of these fights once in which the rattlesnake either deliberately committed suicide or stuck his fangs into his own body in striking at the bull snake that attacked him. The bull snake was coiled about the rattler, and the latter struck viciously. His jaws closed upon his own body a few inches above the tail. The bull snake instantly uncoiled himself and withdrew a yard or so from the rattlesnake, where he watched the latter with his head raised a few inches from the ground. The rattlesnake gradually straightened out, and in a few minutes was dead. The bull snake then glided away. It is during these attacks of the bull snake, the king snake or the black snake on the rattler that the vicious little pilot shows its fealty to his big companion. He darts upon its foe, and fights fiercely in aid of the rattlesnake. The curious part of it is that the other snakes pay no attention to the courageous little pilot, but after dispatching the rattler flash away out of sight, leaving the pilot to fret and fume on the scene of the short but savage conflict, until he, too, convinced that his friend, the rattlesnake, is just all caring for, hurries away from the spot. The offensive odor of the rattlesnake and the pilot is most noticeable during these battles.

"McCormell, the Pennsylvania snake charmer, says that he can not remain long in the cage with his snakes because their breath makes him sick. I have excellent reason for knowing that. I killed one once that had twenty-seven rattles on, and his head measured five inches from his neck to the tip of his nose, and was three inches wide at the base of his skull. His fangs were an inch long, and he was altogether the most horrible-looking specimen of the serpent family I ever saw. These snakes are of a bright yellow color, with the same dark markings that their smaller and less deadly relative of the north has. While terrible enough any day in the year, it is not until about the middle of August that the Staked Plains rattlesnake takes on the tenuity of the frightfulness of his nature, physical as well as moral. He then, from some cause unknown, becomes puffed up and bloated, until he is fully one-third larger than his normal size. He looks like an elongated bladder. Always sluggish and slow of movement, but inclined usually, like all of his kind, to move out of the way of danger. In August he simply makes no effort to move at all, except to put himself in shape to strike at anything and every thing that comes in his way. He is absolutely one big, swollen reservoir of venom at this time of year, or his bite would not kill an Apache in less than an hour, as it has been known to do.

"I used to fish and hunt a great deal in the very locality where McCormell lives, and where he captured his rattlesnakes. One fall I was deer hunting in what is known as the Porter Pond region, with a friend of mine and Ed Quick, a well-known local hunter and guide. One night, for the novelty of the thing to my friend, who had never roughed it to that extent, we put up in a deserted cabin in a wild spot along Saw creek. It was a local landmark, known as Burned Mill Cabin. The night was cold, the time of year being late November, and we built a blazing fire in the big fireplace in the cabin. We littered the floor with hemlock boughs and turned in for the night, the blaze lighting up the whole interior.

"Away in the night I woke up. There was a peculiar feeling in my head—a heavy, numb feeling, hard to describe. I lay still for a moment, and then became aware of a sickening odor in the cabin. The blaze in the fireplace had burned down to a few smoldering embers, but the atmosphere of the room seemed stifling. I rose to a sitting posture, and was instantly seized with dizziness and nausea. My friend lay next to me on the hemlock boughs, and I reached over and shook and called him, but could get no response. Then I called Quick, who was snoring away, next the fireplace, and finally aroused him. He rose up in his place, and had no sooner done so than he exclaimed: "Rattlesnakes!"

"He sprang to his feet, and as he did so I heard the unmistakable sounding of a rattlesnake's rattle in the direction of the hearth. Quick paid no attention to that, but dashed for the cabin door and threw it open. Then he shouted to me to wake up my friend and get out into the air as soon as possible. "It ain't that the snakes is goin' to bite you," he said, "but their breath's a-killin' of you!"

"I couldn't rouse my friend, and Quick carried him out of the cabin. It was all that I could do to drag myself out. My friend was entirely gone, and it was not until he had lain in the cool air for some time, and Quick had poured brandy down his throat, that he began to revive. The fresh air soon restored me, but my head ached severely, and the nausea continued for an hour or more. After we were all in tolerable good shape, Quick told us that it was plain, and

something he should have thought of when we took possession of the cabin, that rattlesnakes had stored themselves away for the winter in the nooks and crannies about the old chimney and hearth, and that our fire had warmed them up so that some of them had crawled out of their hiding places and had probably coiled themselves on the hearth to enjoy the genial glow of the fire.

"The breath of a rattlesnake," Quick said, "specially after the snake has been confined for several weeks to close winter quarters, is as p'ison as it's bite, though not quite so sudden. There was enough snakes got hot up last night to fill that close cabin full of their breath, and it was a lucky thing for the hull of us that you woke up as you did."

"We camped for the rest of the night around a fire in the open air. In the morning Quick pried up the hearthstone of the fire-place and killed nine immense rattlesnakes. He said that there were undoubtedly many more stored away about the cabin, but neither I nor my friend cared to have them hunted out, and we did not tarry any longer about Burned Mill Cabin than was necessary. I made up my mind then that I would just as soon take my chances in a close room with the gas turned on as in one where two or three rattlesnakes had the opportunity of ensconcing themselves.—N. Y. Sun.

TOO MANY UNIFORMS.

And to the Great Disgust of the Stranger They All Were Blue.

"In the language of the prophet," remarked an urbane stranger yesterday, as he heaved a sigh and a rock at a wandering cur simultaneously, "blue uniforms with brass buttons are altogether too promiscuous. I arrived in Lincoln this morning, and started out to find a long-lost parent. For a time the search was fruitless, but finally I encountered a man in one of those emblazoned blue suits. I had been taught at my mother's knee that a man so attired might be sized up as a policeman, so I approached him with due humility and propounded a simple conundrum treating of the location of the man whom I hunted. He regarded me with unspeakable hauteur, and said: 'I am no policeman; I am a railway conductor.' Awe-struck and humiliated, I apologized to him, and went my way, determined to be more circumspect thereafter. Pretty soon I beheld a man dressed in a raiment similar to that worn by the conductor, and I thought it might be a good scheme to question him as to the time when my train left town. I questioned him. He listened to me with ill-concealed indignation, and when I had spoken he sternly answered: 'You evidently take me for a conductor or a time table; I am a policeman.' Thoroughly disheartened, I walked a block, and encountered another gentleman in a blue uniform with brass buttons. Surely," said I, "there can be no mistake this time. I have at last recognized a policeman. Being thoroughly satisfied that my judgment was correct, I accosted him, asking in a low, well-modulated voice where I could find the man I sought. The officer viewed me superciliously and said: 'Young man, you have made a mistake; I am the Meat Inspector.' In my search I ran across baggage-men, porters, district messenger boys and elevator supervisors, all wearing blue clothes with brass buttons, and you can't imagine how relieved I felt when I finally collided with a constable in gray clothes who gave me the information I desired. I am convinced that an ordinance should be passed making it a felony for any body not a policeman to wear a policeman's garb." Then the stranger heaved another sigh and another rock and disappeared in the blue distance.—Nebraska State Journal.

"The whole phenomena of faith cure and so-called Christian science lie in the domain of this new science. What over there is in thought transference is here.

A physician of some prominence, in an interview on the subject of hypnotism, said to a reporter: "From time to time I am using hypnotism, or suggestion, where the conditions warrant it, among the sick. I do not claim for it any supernatural power, nor do I lessen the faith of people in God as the healer of our diseases, but I tell them that there are certain diseases proceeding from the nervous system that can be modified or healed, and I use suggestion as a remedy. Whether I can effect a permanent cure by the means I do not know yet, as there are complications beyond the reach of this agent.

"The physicians of this country should come up to the use of this, and I will cheerfully resign all encroachment upon their art when they do. Men of strong perceptions and dominant wills often see life where others prognosticate death, and bring back, by the infusion of their own strong wills, those who else might give up the struggle and die.

"No man who has had a wide experience among the sick and the dying but what can substantiate this with case upon case. The grosser forms of materialism are giving away before some of the subtler forms of matter, and these fall out of our hands in the presence of psychic forces, of which all matter is but a varied manifestation. The secret of life is still the secret of God. The knowledge of Him in the domain of either morals or physics is the increase of the knowledge of life."—N. Y. World.

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ALL ABOUT NECKLACES.

Historical Notes Concerning an Ornament of Great Antiquity.

Necklaces in the reign of Charles I, were made of amber set in gold. Pharaoh put a gold chain about Joseph's neck as a mark of his authority in Egypt.

Among the Tartars of the time of Genghis Khan the necklace was often made of human teeth.

The Southern negroes constantly wear bead necklaces, looking upon them as genuine charms.

In the reign of Henry VIII any one who had not £200 per year income could not wear a necklace.

One of the most valuable and coveted possessions of the Western Indian is the necklace of grizzly bear's claws.

The Puritans abolished necklaces, as they abolished every thing they laid their hands on which savored of ornament.

Thousands of people place necklaces of coral beads around the necks of babies, with the belief that they will assist the children in teething.

When the Saxon dynasty was overthrown by the Normans, all persons below a certain rank were forbidden to wear necklaces under heavy penalties.

In South America the natives wear necklaces of a peculiarly marked seed which belongs to a plant growing only on the mountains along the snow line.—Minneapolis Tribune.

The dried figs of commerce come from but a small area, when we consider how regular is the supply and how ubiquitous its appearance. A district near Smyrna—a narrow strip of land about sixty miles long, and averaging some eight miles broad—yields the annual produce that is exported to every large city in Europe.

SECRETS OF HYPNOTISM.

The Strange Force Which is Puzzling the Scientific World.

When a person has become thoroughly hypnotized he is but an automaton, moving, acting, thinking at the will of the operator, who can produce any sensation that he may desire. He can destroy sensation and complete anesthesia. The fingers of a subject can be sewed together, drawing thread through the flesh, and the victim will remain an amused spectator. You can render any sense hyperaesthetic, so that intense pain will be felt at the slightest touch.

Every sense can be intensified, though no other person in the room can be heard save the operator, yet the faintest whisper by him will be heard distinctly across a wide room. A watch in his hand can be heard at a distance of thirty or forty feet distinctly, and located, even when the subject is blindfolded.

Memory is made exceedingly acute, so that things in a normal state which are forgotten are easily remembered and recalled. A young man who had lost a small article was made to remember where he had it last, and was sent for it, and returned with it as a matter of course, though he had searched long and painfully for it when in a normal state of mind. It is impossible to hypnotize an idiot, but not impossible to hypnotize a feeble-minded person, and there is a use of it indicated in that respect which promises development to such in acuteness and mental strength.

It can be made the instrument of many crimes. At the request of a physician present I suggested to a young lady whom I had hypnotized that she was suffering with a sore throat and pneumonia, and that she had a high fever and was ill. Her pulse increased so rapidly that in the space of five seconds the physician said that the increase was at the rate of forty beats to the minute. It is my opinion that I could have killed her by increasing the heart's action, and that a physician would have signed a certificate of death by pneumonia or paralysis of the heart.

She was of a gentle, kindly disposition, and yet, hypnotized, would commit murder at the operator's direction as readily as she would eat an apple. A paper dagger was placed in her hand, and she was instructed to kill a person present, and she stabbed him with but little hesitation, and on being awakened had no remembrance of doing the deed. She would have committed suicide with the same indifference as she committed the murder, and make no plea against it. The story that comes from France that such a thing was done, and that the operator who commanded the suicide is to be hanged for murder is all a probable thing, whether the story published is an invention or a fact. A business man who could be hypnotized would write a check at the command of the operator and then forget ever having done it.

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THEY WERE BOTH QUEER.

A young man with a bad scalp-weep called at the office of a Lafayette avenue doctor yesterday to have it dressed, and the doctor queried: "Have him arrested for it?" "No." "Got away, eh?" "No." "Won't you have him arrested?" "No." "You must be queer." "I am. So is my wife. We have been married only six weeks, and she gave me this because I couldn't give her three dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

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PITH AND POINT.

—He that hath ears to hear let him hear.

—The charity which holds a multitude of sins isn't half so much needed nowadays as the sterner virtue which rawhides them.—Puck.

—Extremes meet in almost every thing; it is hard to tell whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the plowman at the bottom, labors hardest.—Terrence.

—Men think it's goodness of heart that makes them generous at times when in reality it is only regularity of the liver.—Merchant Traveler.

—We are not more ingenious in searching out bad motives for good actions, when performed by others, than good motives for bad actions, when performed by ourselves.

—A man will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people, will, in the quickest and most delicate ways, improve himself.

—Happiness comes only from a consciousness of well-doing. Fleeting pleasure we may enjoy for a short time; but we need look back with no regret to a happy "might have been" unless we could picture ourselves doing right.

—There come hard experiences in most lives, when self-denial must be practiced and many things which are desirable done without; but it is to a great extent left to our choice whether this shall be during the strength and enthusiasm of youth, or when the infirmities of age are upon us.

—The day-laborer, who earns, with hard hand and the sweat of his face, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.

—If, in the pursuit of that on which we have set our hearts, we take steps which violate our sense of right and lower our moral tone, to just that extent we do not lessen the success of our lives. The temporary gain which may seem to ensue is in reality our worst failure, and will sooner or later manifest itself as such.

—Whoever is wise is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "harken unto counsel"; whereas the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own.

A SYMPATHETIC JURY.

It Reimburses a Liguant for the Loss of a Valuable Tooth.

A case was recently tried in one of the Boston courts which involved a peculiar state of facts. It was an action of tort against the keeper of a restaurant to recover damages for personal injuries and the loss of a tooth. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff, a man of high social standing in Boston, and one who thinks a great deal of his personal appearance, went into the defendant's restaurant to get a lunch. Among other things he ordered some lettuce. Being somewhat of a nervous temperament and being in haste to make a train, he ate rapidly. While eating the lettuce a prominent tooth struck a large-sized gravelstone and was badly broken. The restaurant keeper refusing to make any satisfactory adjustment of the matter, the injured party brought suit to recover damages for the alleged negligence and carelessness of the defendant and his servants to wash and clean the lettuce properly. The court, on the plaintiff's testimony, ruled that the case was a proper one for the jury.

The expert testimony as to the value of a tooth apart from the physical and mental suffering of the plaintiff, was conflicting, it being a novel and perplexing subject in which to fix the measure of damages. The plaintiff claimed that the lost tooth was of a particular value to him, both as to use and looks, and that he would not have lost it for \$500. The jury was of the opinion that the defendant should be more careful, and gave the plaintiff a substantial verdict, a sum sufficient to buy an entire false set.—Chicago Journal.

The Burro and the Bull-Dog.

A burro and a bull-dog had a fight recently in Fresno, Cal. Burro is California for conkey. The burro was browsing on dockle burs by the roadside when the bull-dog trotted along, stopped, and without a growl, seized the donkey by the shank bone of the off hind leg. The burro kicked and kicked, and then he tried to reach the dog with his mouth, but unavailingly. Then the burro laid down on his back and brought his hind legs forward towards his head. He shut his jaws on the dog's back and slowly straightened out. The dog without flinching kept his grip on the shank bone. But the donkey had just as much grit, and kept on straightening out, though the strain was causing the flesh and muscles to be terribly lacerated. The dog let go first. The burro kept its hold on the dog's back, and in a second was on its feet, with the dog dangling from its mouth. The burro's leg was terribly lacerated, but he did not seem to mind. He limped across the road, and, deliberately pausing several times to rest, rubbed the dog back and forth over the barbed-wire fence until it was killed. The dog did not howl from the beginning to the end.—Cor. Chicago Journal.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

YOU'LL REAP WHAT YOU SOW.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter, day by day,
Will bring you joy or woe.

For sowing and growing,
Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things ere known,
And sowing and reaping,
And sorrow and joy.

Will never change seed that is sown,
Be watchful of your works, my boy,
Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut, and deeds bring blood,
And wounds are stubborn facts.

Whether sleeping or weeping,
Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown will still grow;
The rose brings new roses;
The thorn-tree discloses
Its thorns as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,
Nor walk and mate with vice;
"The boy is father to the man,"
Then fly when sins entice!

A HARD-WORKED BOY.

The Reason Why Jacky Didn't Go Fishing.

"Now, Jacky, I'll tell you what chores you have to do this morning."

"Oh, dear!" wailed Jack, "I want to go fishing, right off."

"You can go fishing. All you have to do won't take you more than half an hour, if you hurry."

"I hate to do chores," said Jack.

"Of course you do. Every body knows that. But chores have to be done, and it is a good thing for small boys to have something to do."

"Yes, yes," said Jack. "Every body thinks small boys ought to work all the time."

"You are to carry this pail of cream over to Mrs. Lee's."

"It's ever so far."

"It is scarcely half a mile. And cut a basket of kindling, and dig enough potatoes for dinner."

"I hate to dig. It always makes my back ache. And I hate to split kindling; I most cut myself the other day."

"Here's the cream."

"It's such a splendid morning for fishing."

Jack whined dolefully as he took the small pail and went through the back yard.

"Chores, chores!" he grumbled. "I do believe they think boys were made for nothing else but to do chores. I shall be all tired out before I go fishing. If mother'd ever been a boy and had to do chores she'd know."

Hannah, the girl that helped in the kitchen, was in the yard, and Jack's remarks had been half to her and half to himself.

"Do you think your mother has no chores to do, then?" asked Hannah.

"Of course she hasn't," said Jack. "Did you ever see her piling wood, or running errands, or driving the cows, or cutting kindling?"

"Did you ever see her making bread or pies or cakes for little boys to eat?" asked Hannah.

"Did you ever see her making butter and cheese and soft soap? Did you ever see her sweeping and dusting and making boys' beds? Did you ever see her making pants and coats and mending stockings and sewing on buttons?"

"Here, Watch, Watch, Watch!" called Jack, as he turned into the lane.

"I believe I'll hitch Watch to the little cart and make him draw me," said Jack. "He's a lazy fellow, and ought to be good for something."

Jack set his pail down and hunted in the barn for some straps and strings. By the time he had found enough, Watch was gone, and had to be hunted up again. It took some time to harness him in, and then he showed, as he had often shown before, that he did not enjoy being turned into a horse.

"Get up, Watch! Behave yourself, I say," Jack seated himself in the cart, and ordered Watch to go on. Then Jack came to a dead stand still until Jack got out and led him, when he would start off on a brisk run, and Jack would jump into the cart. But the moment he felt the small boy's weight Watch again came to a halt. After this had taken place about a dozen times, the cream, strange to say, arrived safely at Mrs. Lee's.

Jack worked his way home as he had come, and turned his dismal face toward the wood-yard.

"I never did like to chop kindling. I don't see why Hannah uses up such an awful lot of it. I don't see why she can't cut it herself. Stop now—there are some good pieces lying here. That'll be so much less to cut."

He pounced on some small bits of wood, and then began looking for more.

"Perhaps I can find enough without cutting a mite."

Up and down the yard went Jack, carefully picking up chips and small bits of wood. He found a long stick, and, with much labor, broke it into short pieces with his hands. He turned over some heavy sticks of wood to find a few bits which lay under them. He spent a good deal of time breaking splinters from the hard wood, getting many a sliver into his fingers.

"I do declare, I've most got my basket full," he at length said. "I'll finish with some of these dry bushes over on that heap in the corner."

The bushes were thorny and hard to get at, but in the course of time Jack had the satisfaction of seeing his basket filled.

"Now for the potatoes. I think Joe ought to dig the potatoes. It's dreadfully hard work to dig. I believe I'll get my bait first, and then I shall be all ready to go fishing."

Bait was rather scarce, and it took Jack a full half-hour to get enough. This duty done, Jack looked, with a groan, into the potato patch.

"I'll take three hills, anyhow. I wonder what folks want to eat so many potatoes for. Ah! there's one 'most on top of the ground. I wonder why they plant potatoes so deep under the ground, anyway. Perhaps I can find some more on top of the hills. Yes, there's one over in that row."

For an hour the small boy walked up and down between the rows, pouncing upon any potato which might chance to be peeping out of the ground, often rooting deeply with hands for others which lay concealed near them.

"Well, I've got my potatoes at last!" he said, standing up to wipe his forehead, "and I didn't have to dig a bit. But it's awfully hot, and my back aches like sixty. Of course, it's hard to get potatoes, even if you don't have to dig. What's that? It's the dinner-hour. But it can't be dinner-time. But what would they be blowing the horn for? I do believe it's dinner-time. There are the men coming. Dear me! I wanted to go fishing!"

"Jacky," called his mother, as she saw him, "why didn't you come and get the potatoes for dinner? Hannah had to get them an hour ago. Where were you?"

"I—guess I was digging bait," said Jack.