

safe to say that the young hunter, who is now rapidly recovering, will not part with the tawny hide at any price.

April has been a hard month for prospective bridegrooms in Oakland, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Only the other day Adrien Chaoube was placed in the tomb at the very hour he had fixed for his wedding. Now comes another story almost as sad of a bridegroom who, after waiting patiently for years for his betrothed to keep her promise, goes insane at the hour appointed for his wedding. Such was the unhappy fate of P. S. Lemos, a man of thirty, who was prosperous and seemed to have everything to make life nappy. Yesterday he was a gay, laughing fellow, making the final arrangements to receive his bride. Today he is in the Agnews Insane Asylum, a raving maniac and a wrecked man. His friends who were invited to the wedding are unable to explain the affair, for Lemos was always a strong-minded man, and never had any trouble of a similar character before. Some nine years ago he left his home in Azores islands, but before his departure he engaged himself to a very pretty Portuguese girl. They both promised to wait for one another, and Lemos came to California to find a home. It took him many years to accomplish this, but recently he has been prosperous and secured a ranch at Briones valley, in Contra Costa county. He had plenty of money and a good home, so he sent for his pretty betrothed to join him. She had been waiting nine years for the summons, and hastened to answer when it was received. Wednesday the girl arrived at the home of Mrs. Lemos, 1667 San Pablo avenue, who is a sister of Lemos and had made arrangements for the wedding. Everything was all ready yesterday to have the ceremony performed. Lemos was driving into Oakland to meet his betrothed. As he neared the home of his sister his heart beats quickened and a strange feeling came over him. He thought he saw the face of his prospective bride before him and he halted. Suddenly there seemed to be a great crash as if his head was breaking. In a moment the young man was a raving maniac, running about the street shouting for his betrothed. Instead of to the altar he went to prison. He seemed to recover for a few minutes at the police station, and then it was that he told of the great excitement he had experienced when he was about to meet his prospective bride. Soon he was insane again and there seemed to be no hope of his recovery. The young lady called at the prison to see the unfortunate man, but he did not recognize her. He looked upon her pretty face through the eyes of a maniac and cried for his own Marie. Last night the poor fellow was sent to the Agnews Insane Asylum. The parting between the couple was indeed an affecting one.

"ALL NATURE hopes for spring, why not we?"

THE SEASON for spring chicken being near at hand, we find comfort in the definition that that particular crop of fowls takes its name from the fact that it is constructed of steel springs.

THE THREEFOLD GIRL.

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It seems to be the prevalent idea among American parents that girls need only mental guidance in this age; that if the daughter of the family is only "given a chance" to study, and has her mind crammed with knowledge, her future is assured.

If you tell them that their daughter is a three fold being, with a moral and a physical nature which needs careful guidance, they will assure you that church influences and good companions surround her morally, and that, as she is endowed with excellent health, there is no anxiety about her physically.

In consequence of this one-ideal and shortsighted influence of parents, we have a vast number of astonishingly well-educated girls—as far as book education goes—who are erratic, hysterical, ailing, and totally unfitted for the exigencies and demands of wifehood and maternity when these relations come to her.

Beside this, our daily papers teem with accounts of girls who stay away from home in moods of melancholy, or who permit themselves to be "kidnaped" by vicious people, or who conceive morbid and unaccountable passions for coachmen and inferiors, or otherwise develop propensities as distressing as unexpected to their loving but blind parents.

The moral nature of a girl needs something more than a Sunday service to prepare it for the exactions of duty. Morality means more than keeping the ten commandments.

A man may be driven to marital unfaithfulness and children to dissipation and folly through the door of a disorderly and uncomfortable home.

The religious convert who attends church service with holes in her stockings and rags on her underwear, leaving an untidy room behind her, is not on the road to correct moral training.

Order was Heaven's first law, and it should be the first lesson taught a child, especially a girl. Not by scolding and preaching, but by persistent example, cheerful tact, and frequent praise. Now and then a grown person may be taught a memorable lesson by a round scolding; but I doubt if it ever taught a child anything except distaste for the neglected duty and the scolder. I once knew a man who, by a series of misfortunes—shipwreck, illness, and loss—had become very poor. He was reduced to one suit of clothes, which he wore many months while seeking for employment; yet he always bore the appearance of a well-dressed gentleman. Indeed, he failed to obtain one position for which he applied during his dark days (a position much below his station) on the grounds that he "was too well dressed."

After he again grasped the reins of prosperity I asked him how he had managed to present such an appearance during that time. "It was all due to my early training," he said. "A more careless, disorderly child than I never lived. My mother saw this, and made it her duty to overcome the habit. No servant was ever allowed to hang up or brush a garment for me after I reached a reasoning age. I was taught how to fold, hang, and care for my clothing, and I was quietly told that I could have no replenishing of my wardrobe until I learned to take proper care of what I

had. If, through hurry or laziness, I wore a creased and dusty garment out among my playfellows, my mother expressed her mortification at seeing me present such an appearance, and I was shamed into tidiness; while an orderly act met with her warm praises. As I grew older my own pride came to the rescue and spurred me to the care of my belongings, and it has proven a priceless blessing to me all my life." If this habit of neatness was so valuable to a man, how much more valuable is it to a woman! for on woman depends the comfort of an orderly home. An untidy woman is a monstrosity to me.

A fervent young convert recently asked me to tell her how she could become more like Christ. "By darning your stockings, hanging up your clothes, and keeping your room in order, so that your parents are not ashamed to have it seen by visitors," I replied. "He that is faithful in little is faithful in much; show your love for Christ by making those about you comfortable and happy; and no one can be comfortable or happy with a slatternly woman about."

It is not only in the visible results of material comfort that a girl is benefited by this training, but the habit of systematic thought will follow her through all the small and great matters of life.

Disorderly habits produce a disorderly mind and conduct.

Man's moral and social relations to the world are such that we are liable to forget that he is an animal. Especially do we forget it in regard to young girls. While they roll in the sand and bake mud pies in the sun as children, and roar with hunger, we speak of them laughingly as "vigorous young animals." But when their swelling forms and blushing cheeks and drooping lids denote that the child is developing into the maiden, we forget and ignore the animal nature, and think of them as divine beings with growing minds.

Yet never was there a time in a girl's career when the animal nature needed such thought and careful direction by wise parents and guardians as during the few years which bridge childhood and womanhood. Aside from wise and discreet counsels, a young girl's time and mind should be fully occupied during those years. To simply crowd her brain with a multiplicity of studies will not do; there is an excess of physical vitality which must be considered. The air she breathes, the nourishment she imbibes, the sleep she takes are all combining to supply her with the magnetic and electric qualities which form the perfect woman. You note her expanding beauty, her increased vivacity, and you are delighted; but remember such changes do not take place without disturbed emotions and an excited imagination. Outdoor duties or games in the country and gymnasium work in the town, indulged in sufficiently to produce a pleasant fatigue, are a great promoter of balance and an outlet for this extra supply of vitality. Such exercise should be imposed with religious earnestness by all judicious parents. I believe the old fashioned prejudice against dancing has been productive of more physical and moral disaster in the world than all the high kicking ever done in our theatres. I have known a hysterical girl, suffering from insomnia and all manner of nervous troubles, to become normal and strong simply by dancing vigorously