

HURRY AND DISPATCH.

The Former the Mark of a Weak Mind and the Latter of a Strong One.

Among the many causes of poor and inefficient work is the habit of hurry, which takes possession of some busy people. Having, or imagining they have, more to do in a given time than can be done properly, they grow confused, agitated and nervous; and, under this pressure, they proceed with the work in hand without the requisite deliberation and care, perhaps omitting parts of it, sometimes important parts, and producing at last an imperfect and inferior performance which can neither be permanent or satisfactory.

There is hardly any employment, from the simplest manual work to the most complex and difficult mental labor, that does not suffer from this cause. The dwelling house in process of building is to be finished at a certain time. With proper forethought and system it would have been done, but the time approaches and the work is still incomplete. The future occupants are impatient, the contractor is anxious, the workmen are driven, the work is hurried through and annoyance, discomfort and, sometimes, danger ensue, and repairs are soon found necessary. The business man undertakes more than he can manage, the days are not long enough for his needs, he is agitated by the constant pressure, driven by conflicting claims, his business suffers for the want of a clear and cool head, his health suffers from continual and unrelaxed exertion, his family suffers from his deterioration, and general disaster ensues. The physician, with many other calls to make, hurries through the visit, neglecting some important symptoms, and his patient dies; the lawyer hurries through his plea, and loses his case; the preacher hurries through the preparation of his sermon, and fails to make an impression; the artist hurries on his picture to completion, and his best conception is not there; the teacher hurries through a prescribed course of instruction, and the class is left destitute of the more important elements of knowledge. It is not too much to say that a large proportion of the unhappiness, the ignorance, the loss of property, and even the loss of life that is endured in the world is to be directly traced to the hurry and drive which characterizes so much of the labor performed.

The chief motives that lead men to this practice are the ambition to accomplish impossibilities, and the desire to make up for lost time. Industrious people, who lack judgment and forethought, often undertake more than they can do, and in trying to resist the inevitable they come to grief. On the other hand, the idle, or self-indulgent, conscious of having wasted or misappropriated hours that should have been co-ordinated to labor, try to subvert nature's inexorable law by hurried efforts in the remnant of time left to them. Only stern experience can teach them that all such hopes are vain, that each hour has its own mission to fulfill, and that, if once lost, it is lost forever. Many persons not only drift into these hurried ways, but pride themselves upon them. They boast on their speed and contrast it with the slower methods of their most deliberate neighbors. They flatter themselves upon their dispatch and hold themselves of more value on that account. Slowness in work, lingering or loitering over what is to be done, is not to be recommended. On the contrary, energy and vigor will prompt the healthy and industrious man to labor steadily and rapidly, while neglecting nothing that is needed to perfect his work. But this is very different from the agitated and excited hurry which has been mentioned. An old writer says truly: "No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, dispatch of a strong one." The man of dispatch is cool, calm and collected; he views the task before him with reference to his ability to perform it; he allows sufficient time to do it justice, then he pursues it in every detail, rapidly and continuously, but without forgetting or omitting any thing by which he can perfect it. He is then free to devote himself to the next thing, and in this way he will accomplish far more and far better work than could be done by any excited and hurried performance. Bacon says: "I knew a wise man, who had it for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion, 'stay a little,' that we may make an end the sooner."

Besides the superior character of his achievements, the man of calm dispatch will, other things being equal, live a longer, a more healthful and happier life than he who uses precipitous haste. Hurry and worry, which usually go together, ruin more lives and destroy more happiness than any amount of regular, systematic labor. Any one may prove this for himself by noticing his own sensations after a season of hurried and agitated effort. The fatigue and reaction tell forcibly on the strength and vigor, and unfit him for subsequent labor. Certainly a life thus spent must be a short and unsatisfactory one. It would be well for each one to bear in mind that there is always time enough for him to do well all that he is called upon to do at all. If he undertakes more than this, he does injustice both to his work and to himself. On the other hand, if he wastes the time which is entrusted to him, let him not hope to atone for it by extra haste and hurry. When we have learned to avoid wasting time on the one hand, and crowding it on the other, we shall begin to appreciate its true value. Des Moines Leader.

—There have been but five snow-storms in San Francisco, Cal., during the past forty years.

LONDON DETECTIVES.

How They Are Trained to Pursue and Capture Quick-Witted Criminals.

The men who show special aptitude for the work are first sent out and tested as patrols in plain clothes, afterward they are detached as divisional detectives. Each of the divisions has its own detective constables, the sergeants being always on duty at the central station. The superintendent or inspector is in attendance from nine to five to receive applications for assistance and to issue orders. The duties of the city detectives are especially difficult and delicate. Now and again, of course, they have to trace out the perpetrators of a commonplace murder or ordinary burglary. But as a rule they are chiefly concerned with commercial frauds, where the criminal is presumably as quick-witted as themselves, and has probably taken his precautions against discovery. Generally he has already "made tracks," and sought refuge in foreign countries. He may have gone where there is no extradition treaty; but as there are many disagreeables to be met with among foreigners, whose manners he dislikes and of whose language he is ignorant, he more frequently takes a passage for America or Australia. It seems so easy to change your name, to cast your skin and lose yourself in a new existence among a great English-speaking population. Even in the former case, and beyond the range of extradition treaties, the refugee from justice is not altogether safe. Should the detective follow him up and find him out, existence may be made unpleasant or even intolerable. The agent of the English law can stick to the fugitive like his shadow; and by communicating with foreign confederates, who eagerly lend assistance, can make any Continental retreat uncommonly hot. As matter of fact, successful pursuit and ultimate capture are for the most part mere questions of money. If a notorious absconder is not tracked and brought back, it is generally because those who have been robbed and wronged have personal reasons for hushing up the affair. At this moment there are city gentlemen, once sufficiently notorious, left to themselves and to their consciences in Spain and in Sweden, whose present addresses are as well known as that of any respectable merchant in the post-office directory. But in such cases the police are powerless, unless private enterprise sets them in motion.—Blackwood's Magazine.

HEADS OR TAILS.

A Scientific Attempt to Show the Chance of Winning in Matching.

Richard A. Proctor, in his new book on "Chance and Luck," touches upon one point which must at one time have interested almost every body. It is the notion that if you toss a coin, say ten times in succession, and it comes down "tails," it is more likely on the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails." The truth appears to be this, that if you toss for an hour, "heads" will not exceed "tails" or "tails" "heads" in a greater ratio than 21 to 20. If you toss for a day the inequality will not be greater than 101 to 100. And yet, if during that time you toss "tails" ten times in succession (as you may often do) there will be no more likelihood of "heads" than of "tails" on the eleventh throw. It is, indeed, obviously out of the question that any thing that has previously taken place can have given the coin a tendency to come down in one way rather than in another. The notion is perhaps capable of a reduction to absurdity in this way: Suppose it to be true that a coin which has come down "tails" ten times in succession is more likely at the eleventh throw to come down "heads" than "tails." Now let the tosser who has thrown "tails" ten times refrain from making the eleventh throw. Let him put the coin in his pocket and toss it a year hence; it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails." Or let him not toss at all, but pass it to another, who will toss it five years after. As the probability inheres in the coin, it is still more likely to come down "heads" than "tails." Supposing all this to be true, it would appear that you might take up an old Roman coin and toss it, thinking the chances to be even, whereas the probabilities had really been decided by the last pitcher, who tossed it 2,000 years ago. One can suppose this idea to be a proper subject for the reverie of a school boy's half holiday. But Mr. Proctor mentions the case of an Englishman, an accomplished gambler, who made it the basis of a "system" at roulette. He watched the table for two hours, nothing carefully the numbers which came up during that time. Then he staked his money upon the numbers which had come up very seldom or not at all. The first day the Englishman won £700 in a single hour. His exultation was great. He had discovered the philosopher's stone. Within a week, however, he had lost it all.—Chicago News.

—Nevada City can boast of a real Hercules. A few evenings ago a gentleman who lives some distance from town rode in on horse-back to get his mail. As he was mounting his horse in front of a store on Broad street, the saddle turned. The gentleman fell to the ground on his back, and the bystanders were horrified to see that his foot was held fast in the stirrup. The frightened horse made one jump, but before he could make another a big-listed Cornish miner had seized him by the tail, and held him by main force till the rider was rescued from his perilous situation.—Nevada (Cal.) Herald.

STYLES OF SPEAKING.

Effect of Temperament On the Characteristics of a Speaker's Language.

The facility with which one speaks that which he thinks and feels indicates the function of language, but the style or characteristics of the language which persons use is, of course, varied and colored according to the temperament, strength and peculiar combination of the other traits. A man with pride and steadfastness will become familiar with all the words born of dignity, authority and power. One who is severe will become master of, and give special emphasis to, the words which relate to force, courage, severity and acrimony. One who is social will learn all the lore of love, friendship and affection; will have all those adjectives at his tongue's end which savor of sociality, or serve to illuminate those subjects which minister in that domain. Those who hunger for applause will speak eloquently of respectability, of good society, of style, elegance and whatever ministers to ambition, and will be adepts in the use of those words which carry the unction of flattery. A man who is prudent and cunning will be especially familiar with, and employ with great effect, all words which relate to fear, anxiety, solicitude, policy and guardedness of conduct and expression. He will learn how to shelve a subject very closely without hitting it; how to go gracefully around those crooked, unsavory phases of life which may not be laid open or exposed. In short, he will learn how to talk and say nothing; and how not to commit himself. He will button-hole a man and take him to some out-of-the-way place, and whisper suggestions, instead of uttering courageous and manly facts and opinions. Another person will drive right onward in the out-spoken expression of the very core of the subject; will talk loudly and not care who hears him. Those in whom the aesthetic prevails will be inclined to speak of the beautiful, the sublime, and the poetical; will incline to exaggerate and employ the superlative degree of comparison. To them things will be perfectly splendid, gorgeous and august. Persons with less of the poetical and imaginative will be calm, accurate, dry, very realistic. Their style of language will resemble a grape-vine in the month of March, pruned close to the trunk; while the former will have a style resembling a grape-vine in the month of August, with its umbrageous foliage and laden with fruit. He knows how to develop from the dry stick of truth a great deal that is flowing, showy and fragrant. Those who are strong reasoners are inclined to use words that are solid and ponderous. They will be realities. Their language has sturdy verbs and nouns. Webster illustrates this style in his masterly speech in the Senate, in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina. On the other hand, those who observe more than think, are apt to have a redundancy of descriptive words, which unfold and give varied shades of meaning.—From "How to Teach."

INSECT POISONS.

Standard Insecticides for Use on or About Plants and Shrubs.

London Purple.—To twenty pounds flour from one-quarter to one-half pound is added and well mixed. This is applied with a sifter or blower. With forty gallons of water one-quarter to one-half pound is mixed for spraying. Paris Green.—With twenty pounds of flour from three-quarters to one pound is mixed and applied by sifting or by a blower. The same amount of insecticide to forty gallons of water is used as a spray. Bisulphide of Carbon.—For use in the ground a quantity is poured or injected among the roots that are being infected. Against insects damaging stored grain of a museum material a small quantity is used in an air-tight vessel. Carbolic Acid.—A solution of one part in a hundred of water is used against parasites on domestic animals and their barns and sheds; also on the surface of plants among the roots in the ground. Hellebore.—The powder is sifted on alone or mixed one part to twenty of flour. With one gallon of water one-quarter pound is mixed for spraying. Kerosene-Milk Emulsion.—To one part milk add two parts kerosene, and churn by force pump or other agitator. The butter-like emulsion is diluted with libitum with water. An easier method is to simply mix one part kerosene with eight of milk. Soap Emulsion.—In one gallon hot water one-half pound whale-oil soap is dissolved. This, instead of milk, is mixed to an emulsion with kerosene in the same manner and proportion as above. Pyrethrum—Sifted Insect Powder.—Is blown or puffed on dry; also applied in water one gallon to a teaspoonful of the powder, well stirred and then sprayed. Tobacco Decoction.—This is made as strong as possible as a wash or spray to kill insect pests on animals and plants.—Report of U. S. Bureau of Entomology. —A gentleman who was largely instrumental in procuring the release from Sing Sing of the unjustly imprisoned young men, Poole and Font, says that the day after the newspapers had published an account of their release he received twenty-three offers from merchants and others of situations for the men. Of the thirty offers that he received one was from a saloon-keeper, who thought the young men would draw custom; another was from a dime museum manager.

BOWSER AND THE BABY.

The Mother of the Little Cherub Relates Some of Her Trials and Tribulations.

I may have heretofore mentioned the fact that Mr. Bowser and I do not exactly agree as to how a baby should be brought up. I think he is a very unreasonable father in various instances. He came home one day when baby was only three months old and found him crying. "Mrs. Bowser, that baby's got corns!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he hung up his hat. "Corns?" "Yes, corns! You act as if you never heard of corns. Put him down while I examine his feet." "The idea! Who ever heard of a baby three months old having corns?" "There's a good deal in this world you never heard of, Mrs. Bowser. Put the young'un down." He examined the baby's feet, pulled his toes apart, and of course he didn't find any corns. I knew he wouldn't. "Then what is he bawling about?" he persisted. "Babies always cry more or less." "They do, eh? Well, if this or that doesn't cry less I'll find some way to make him! I shall hold him responsible from this day out." Our baby had the hives, as every other baby has. Mr. Bowser came home and found me holding the child and mother preparing some warm drink. There were the blotches and pimples, but baby wasn't even fretting. "What's the matter of that young monkey now?" demanded Mr. Bowser, as he caught sight of the pimples. "Only the hives, my dear." "Only! Have you had the doctor?" "Why, no. There is no need of a doctor." "Isn't there! Mrs. Bowser, that may be hives, and it may be small-pox! It looks more like the latter disease to me. If that young'un has gone and brought the small-pox into this house I warn him to look out for himself! I'm a loving husband and fond father and all that, but I propose to draw a line with my children. I shall draw it at small-pox." "Mr. Bowser" said my mother, "you should not get unduly excited. This is only a case of the hives. This child has yet to go through with measles, chicken-pox, whooping-cough and several other kindred diseases or ailments." "He has, eh! He proposes to keep this house upset for the next eight or ten years, does he? Never! I'll lug him out this very night and lay him on somebody's door-step!" Baby was five months old before Mr. Bowser suddenly discovered that he was bald-headed. He was holding the child at the time, and he rolled him into the crib and called me from the foot of the stairs: "Mrs. Bowser, for Heaven's sake come down here as fast as you can!" "What is it?" I asked as I hurried down. "Why, this infernal young'un's bald-headed!" "Is that all? Why, I thought you had dropped him!" "Is that all! Isn't that enough? He might as well die at once. Think of the ridicule that will be heaped upon my child from the very hour he is able to toddle to the door! Grown people will take him for some little old man who was saved off for a dwarf, and children will yell: 'Bald-headed Bowser!' at him. Imagine our feelings as we hear the street gamins shout: 'Old Bowser, where's your bald-head!' And it has come to this!" "Give the baby a chance, my dear." "Chance! Chance! Haven't I given him every possible show since he was born? Hasn't he been the direct and only cause of my losing fifteen pounds weight in four months?" "But his hair will come out. He'll have a good head of hair when he's a year old." "Oh, he will! Yes, if he knows what's good for him he will. He's my child, of course I have got the feeling of a father, but sooner than have him grow up a bald-head, I'd abandon a d disown him!" One day soon after I found baby's scalp red and irritated, and the cook informed me that she saw Mr. Bowser fussing around the crib. I called him in from the back yard and charged him with sinister designs, and I know from his guilty manners that he had been trying some of his nostrums warranted to make hair grow. On another occasion, when I was giving baby a bath, Mr. Bowser happened in, and it wasn't a minute before Mr. Bowser had made up his mind that the child's feet were too large. "Nonsense, Mr. Bowser! His feet are all right. See how chubby and healthy they are." "Yes, and gaze upon their size! I tell you, he was cut out for a giant! In two years my boots won't fit him!" "Pshaw!" "You may pshaw all you will, but he's going to be a monstrosity! It won't be five years before you'll see an advertisement in the papers reading: 'GREATEST WONDER OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY! Big-Footed Bowser, son of Old Man and Old Woman Bowser, of Detroit. Biggest Boots of any Human Being in this World!' No. 21's don't come within a Mile of Fitting him!" "Fat, happy and low pays the bill." "Yes, that's what you'll see, Mrs. Bowser, and you'll grin and tinkle over it and deadhead your way in every afternoon. I won't! The disgrace will have put me under the sod. Wash away, Mrs. Bowser, but don't you dare to let that young'un know I'm the slightest relation to him—not the slightest!"—Detroit Free Press.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Historical and Statistical Facts Relating to Chicago's Marvellous Growth.

"Born at Vandalia, Ill., Saturday, March 4, 1837, the City of Chicago." Historic words are these. The birth of a city but half a century ago, having at the time of incorporation but 4,000 inhabitants. This year that babe records her fiftieth anniversary as a city with a population of 750,000 people. Enterprise and thrift were her parents, natural resources her succor, and she was clothed by the indomitable will and perseverance of honest hearts, strong hands, and clear heads, and a situation unsurpassed. What a history is this! A city born out of swamp lands and odoriferous wild-onion beds. Grown to be a mighty metropolis in thirty-four short years, destroyed almost in a day by a demon of fire, and within a period of another sixteen years entirely rebuilt with a grandeur and stability almost beyond the comprehension of those not familiar with the city's history. August 10, 1833, the young village of Chicago was incorporated as a town. The event was talked of with pride by the few hardy settlers living in the vicinity, for then the wily savage built his wigwam unmolested within a stone's throw of every inhabitable building in the fort, and the adventurous settler, amid continued hardships, cultivated a small portion of the fertile prairies far away from the every-day comforts of civilization, and tilling a soil which he called his own only by virtue of a "squatter's claim." The county of Cook, named in honor of the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, had been portioned off from Peoria county but two years before—in 1831—when the village of Chicago was incorporated into a town by an almost unanimous vote, 12 voting in favor and 1 against the change. The following year—1834—the poll-list had but 111 names registered as voting, and the total tax receipts amounting to but \$48.90, a sum insufficient to meet current expenditures and necessitating a loan of \$60 for street improvements. Gradually the tide of emigration drifted westward, and many stopped at that point, coming by boat or horseback around the lake by way of Detroit and along the lake shore. New buildings sprang up like mushrooms to accommodate the newcomers, and by 1836 luxuries as well as the necessities of life were among the imports of the "merchants" doing business here. The uncertainty of title to lands vested in the Government by the Indians caused urgent appeals to be made for relief, and in July, 1835, the first sale of canal lands was held here and the titles given by the canal trustees to purchasers. From this time an unhealthy period of speculation began; values were very unsteady and varied greatly from week to week, resulting in a financial crash the following year. A branch of the Second State Bank, the first to do a general banking business, was located here in 1836, and went down with the rest in the eventful year of '37. On November 18, 1836, the board of trustees for the "town" of Chicago held a meeting and ordered "that the president invite the citizens of each of the three districts (north, south, and west) of the town to meet in their respective districts and select three suitable persons to meet with the board of trustees on Thursday evening next and consult together with them on the expediency of applying to the Legislature of the State for a city charter and adopting a draft to accompany such application." All the provisions of a city were finally agreed upon and the board of town trustees sent a messenger by the stage-coach with it to Vandalia, about seventy-five miles below Springfield, where the Legislature was in session. The act of the incorporation of the city was approved March 4, 1837. The first census taken after the incorporation was July 1, 1837, and showed a total population of 4,179, divided as follows:

Table with columns: WAARD, Under 5 years, Over 5 years, 21 years and over, Colored. Rows: First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Totals.

White, 3,998; black, 77; sailors on vessels owned here, 118—total, 4,179.

It was also shown by this census that there existed, July 1, 4 warehouses, 398 dwellings, 29 dry-goods stores, 5 hardware, 3 druggists, 19 grocery and provisions, 10 taverns, 26 groceries, 17 lawyers' offices, and 5 churches.—Chicago News.

Be Sure to Beware of

Corn doctors who don't extricate corns. Ear doctors who advertise sure cures for deafness. Lotteries of all descriptions, which are a delusion and a snare. Lawyers who volunteer their services from "charitable motives." Appliances which are advertised to cure all physical infirmities, from disordered brain to a sore foot. Brokers and bankers who send you printed circulars guaranteeing fortunes if you invest small margins through them. Bogus detective agencies whose representatives work for a small consideration, and are as liable to betray you as to serve you.—Cincinnati Enquirer. —A woman in Wolf Pit Township, N. C., angry at her husband, threw the baby in his arms, and it hit the little one on the head and killed it.

COURTSHIP IN MEXICO.

The Way in Which Lovers Are Compelled to Woo the Fair Senoritas.

Mexican ladies seldom go out without some one of the family or a servant. They do not have gentlemen callers. There is no chance for a gallant youth to burn the midnight oil in gas at his prospective father-in-law's expense. If a young man has been acquainted with a girl from childhood, or by some accident is allowed to visit the family and becomes a lover, he is immediately forbidden the house, and must continue his courting as best he can. It is then the balcony is of service. A signal is agreed upon, and the seniorita with ears alert hears it, and appears upon the balcony and converses with her lover below in the street. Notes are secretly exchanged, but never through the mail. To give you an idea of Mexican courtship, how Cupid breaks down the barriers made by ignorance and superstition, I will explain what is here termed "playing the bear." This is a very popular game—at least it seems so among the Mexicans. It is played by two persons, a lady and a gentleman. Both are usually young—in their teens as it were—though there are instances of the game being played by couples who had passed that period by several years. A young man becomes smitten with a fair charmer at the opera or at church. He follows the lady to her home. Having that located, he makes it his business to be in that neighborhood as much as possible. He will stroll by the house with heavy expressive of the state of his heart, and he should catch a glimpse of his fair one he is happy. If he receives a smile he becomes intoxicated with love and is ready to play the "bear" for an indefinite period of time. If the lady is seated on the balcony when Romeo arrives upon the scene she usually withdraws, after exchanging glances with him. This programme is kept up for months. At last he receives a smile from fair Juliet. From smiles they go to exchanging a few words. There have been actual cases where the bear has frolicked about for a year or two before he fickle maid would exchange a word with him. Very often there are two or three bears casting longings in the same direction. This frequently causes bad blood. As soon as the couple begin to know each other's views matters progress rapidly. After the arrive at an understanding the persevering lover hastens to the padre. The kind priest finding that there is no reason for objection on either side, proceeds to intercede with the girl's parents and gain him admission to the domicile of his lady love. As soon as a young man enters the house he is considered engaged to the daughter. Wedding quickly follows, and there is no more "playing the bear" so far that young man is concerned. A great deal depends on the girl in this game. She can make it long or short game. There has been a case brought to my notice of a young man who has never missed an evening of nearly three years, and he is still in the first stage of the game, posing walking up and down in front of the seniorita's home hoping to receive a smile. Close observers say that, so she only condescends to let him see least bit of her white dress through half-closed French windows that open on the balcony. He was asked why he played the bear so long when he could with so little encouragement. His reply was: "Oh, I love her so dearly! And she's so rich!" I passed by a house last evening since and saw a lover standing in the shadow of a friendly tree way. He had a guitar. I moved the shadow to see the by-play. As the soft notes broke the quietude of the evening I saw a window open in the house adjoining and a seniorita stepped on the balcony. The music continued for a few moments and then ceased. I saw the fair one drop something over the balcony. The lover caught it and retired into the shadow again. I stroked up the street, crossed over and went toward them. I saw he was holding something to his ear, and I knew telephone communications were perfect between these two loving hearts. There is no such thing as being introduced, even though he lover be accompanied by a relation. Should the parties meet on the promenade and the relative desires to speak with his fair one, he excuses himself and joins her, leaving the lover out in the cold as it were, until he gains admittance to her parents' house through the intervention of the priest. If while walking in the Alameda or Zoelco he meets the object of his affections he keeps at a respectful distance, hoping that his presence may be noticed by her. If while riding he sees her in a carriage, he places himself as near as possible and feels rewarded for his trouble if he catches a glimpse of her face at the turning or receives a sly glance of recognition. An engagement broken in Mexico is considered a serious matter. The lady is looked upon as disgraced and seldom has another suit. —San Francisco Chronicle. —Mail Carrier Rigney, of North Carolina, was stopped the other day on the Blue Ridge by highwaymen, who demanded the mail bag or his life. He gave up neither, but by skillful argument and shrewd persuasion convinced the robbers that the pouch contained nothing of value, and they let him go unrobbed. Afterward he had himself arrested. —A little girl was jailed at Santa Rosa, Cal., a few days ago, for throwing stones into a neighbor's yard.