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Shoering a Mule. THE New York Herald's correspondent, traveling with Johnson and the other Congressional candidates in Tennessee, writes: "If there had been any sanguinary ill-feeling among those who came to attend the meeting, a scene that took place before its assembling must have routed it completely. That scene will last, in the memory of those who saw it, as long as life remains. It occurred on the verge of the town, and came near spoiling all interest in our own circus. Six negroes, on the common road, opposite a blacksmith's shop for over an hour were trying to persuade a young, tall, robust country mule to allow himself to be shod. They put a rope collar round his neck, and to that attached a line which, thrown out between his hind-legs was intended to trip up each in turn, and hold it in position while the blacksmith—Sam by name—operated on the hoof. For over an hour this extraordinary mule fought the six men, kicking away the trap laid for his enslavement as easily as he might a cobweb, and describing, high up in the air, forked lightning diagrams with his heels—a sight fearful to behold. Panting, yet patient, their hats kicked off their heads, their shirts bruised, and their pants torn, the six gallant darkeys stuck to their supernatural mule until finally they secured his right hind-leg, and had his hoof laid on Sam the blacksmith's lap, ready for the sacrifice. By this time all the surrounding points of vantage were occupied by spectators, wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement—Johnson men cheering on the mule, Maynard men cheering on the darkeys. Sam the blacksmith was a tall, well-built fellow. He had his back to the mule's head, and was in a stooping position over the hoof. In front of him, about six feet from the mule's tail (a perilous distance), was a circle of about twenty darkeys, awaiting the operation of putting the shoe on, with the most solemn interest. Never did a mule draw such pious reverence from a like audience.

"I'd ha' let him be," said one; "dar's no use a-fussin' with such a good-for-nuffin meule as dat." "Fo' Gad!" exclaimed another, in a low and cautious tone, "I do b'lieve in my so' de ole debbel hisself is in dat dar meule." "Wot you speaks alike dat fo'?" said a third, turning on the previous speaker. "Dat meule hears every tin' you say, and tinks it insultin'. Don't know wedder de debbel is in him, but I do consequently b'lieve dar's heap o'kick in his hind-legs still. Guess whoever gets him will tink so." "In the meantime, Sam had his implements ready, and an assistant farrier approached and laid the shoe tenderly upon the virgin hoof. A nail was inserted, while Sam elevated his hammer to deliver the pregnant blow that was to drive it safely home. It was a moment of breathless and agonizing suspense with whites and blacks alike. The latter anticipated a triumph for their race; the former prepared to keep their sides from splitting asunder. Sam's legs shook, but he brought down the hammer with all his might; and at the same moment an explosion occurred that fairly baffles description. A trip hammer falling on a ton-weight of nitro-glycerine, immured in a tin box, could hardly have produced any more sudden and bewildering results. Quicker than thought the mule drew his hind leg forward, and springing it back with incredible force, struck the still stooping Sam square in the bulbous centre of his hind-section, projecting him forward in the air like a cannon-ball from a catapult. As Sam disappeared in space, he knocked all the darkeys down in front of him like ninepins, scattering them over the road in all directions, and landed himself on top of a snake-fence twenty feet away. The roar that went up from the assembled multitude might have been heard in the next county. The mule grew alarmed, took to his heels, and amid the cheers of the Johnson party, crossed the country for home and freedom. Poor Sam had no shape to him when he came to, and it will be many a long day before the terminus of his spinal column forgets that visitation of mule-power."

A Romance of Crime. A young man, who gave his name as William Anderson, which was assumed, was sent to the Iowa penitentiary from Davenport a few days ago, having been convicted on a charge of burglary. Some interesting facts in the criminal's career have since come to light. He is the son of a prominent and wealthy citizen of Detroit, and received a thorough education, graduating with honor at one of New England's foremost colleges. After a trip to Europe and several months spent in travelling in this country, he returned to Detroit, where his father secured him a partnership in a leading dry goods house. While occupying this position he met a woman of beauty, fascinating address and finished education, several years older than himself, of whom he became completely enamored. On her the young man lavished money; and when he had drained his own purse, stole funds from the store, gambled, and finally com-

mitted several forgeries, in order to meet her demands. When his crimes came to light the woman left the city and has never been heard of since. The sorrowing father to save his name from disgrace, made good the sums stolen from the store, quietly paid the forged paper, and gave the erring son a considerable amount of money with which to commence life anew in the far West. He kept up no correspondence with his family from that time, and had it not happened that a gentleman from Detroit was present in the court room at the time of his trial, it is probable that they would have not known of his present whereabouts.

A Bear as an Undertaker. A gentleman from the lower country where grizzly bears helps the herders to take care of the sheep, relates a curious adventure which occurred to an Indian herdsman in his employ. He sent the man to a distant portion of a large rancho to look after a herd of sheep. The Indian at nightfall got under a shed with a roof of branches, but open on all sides, and lay down in his blankets. After a few hours' sleep he was awakened by feeling the hot breath of some animal on his face. He moved his arms and at once understood the situation—a huge bear was snuffing him.

The man, with great presence of mind, determined to keep perfectly still, for he knew if he moved or cried out, one blow of those huge paws would break his skull like a walnut. Bruin scratched off the blankets and seized the Indian by the leg. Though suffering terribly, the brave fellow did not allow a groan or cry to escape him. The bear dragged him from the hut for some distance, and then commenced to dig a hole to lay the Indian in and cover him up from cayoets. After the grave had been dug deep enough the bear (contenting himself with about a pound of flesh from the victim's thigh) moved the body to the hole and covered it up.

The Indian managed to keep the earth over his face loose enough to allow him to breathe, and when the bear retired, he crawled out toward the mustang, which was picketed some yards outside the hut. With great difficulty he mounted, and then rode toward the rancho house. A doctor was sent for, and pronounced the wounds, though severe and painful, not likely to prove fatal. The next day a hunt was organized, and the grizzly was killed in the neighborhood of the spot where he had stowed away his intended meal.

Encouraging to Poor Girls. A few years ago the Archduke Henry fell so desperately in love with a Miss Hoffman, a girl of modest beauty, sweet temper, and gentle manners, but possessing no other gift of rank or fortune, a simple citizen's daughter, that no prayers and no representations could wean him from his attachment. He married her, however, like a man, openly before all the world, fulfilling publicly all the requirements made by State and church, and willingly abandoned all the prestige of his high position. His name was struck from the army list, where he ranked as field marshal; his high orders were taken from him, and the wrath of the Archduchess Sophia, then the ruling spirit of the imperial family, went so far as to cause a serious reduction of his allowance. With rare fortitude and noble constancy he bore it all, and enjoyed true happiness by the side of his loving wife and in the midst of his numerous children. At last warm friends, fired with admiration for his courage, and convinced of the genuine merit of his wife's character, renewed their intercessions and finally saw their efforts crowned with success. During the last week his dignities have all been restored to him, and the Emperor himself is said to have been delighted with his new kinswoman, the Archduchess Henrich, nee Hoffman.—Vienna Letter.

Fortunate Blunders. An advertisement in the Boston newspapers announcing the sale at auction of the property in Newburyport, brings to mind numerous stories current in the city respecting the eccentric individual who flourished there in the latter part of the last century under the self-assumed title of Lord Timothy Dexter. This was the fortunate merchant who, with brains either so scant or disordered that he was continually making himself an object of derision, still blundering into what in those days was considered a stupendous fortune. It was Lord Dexter who on consulting a waggish acquaintance as to a profitable way of investing certain moneys, was advised to ship a quantity of warming-pans to the West Indies, and availed himself of the advice to the great profit of all who heard of the transaction. The cream of the joke, however, was, the warming-pans found sale to the sugar manufactories for ladies, and Dexter realized a great profit on the venture. A shipment of red woolen night-caps to the coast of Guinea, suggested as a joke, turned out a most fortunate speculation. Somebody wished to humbug the old fellow, told one day that news had come that all the whales were dying off. Dexter went to work and bought up all the whale-bone he could get hold of, fairly cornering the market, after which he unloaded at an immense profit. Having at last blundered into great wealth, he assumed the title of Lord Dexter, and spent a great deal of money in laying out attractive grounds about his house, but ruined the effects produced by skillful gardeners by setting up in every direction carved wooden figures of the most hideous description. Lord Dexter, becoming ambitious of literary distinction, published a book with the title "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones;" but being conscious of weakness of the matter of punctuation, put all the periods, commas, semicolons and the like at the end of the book, telling his readers to pepper and salt his production to suit themselves. A few years before his death he had a mock funeral, and afterwards beat his wife because she did not exhibit sufficient grief over his fictitious demise. Some time ago the house once occupied by this strange character, came into the possession of a wealthy citizen of Newburyport, who has made the place one of the most beautiful residences of New England.

Pat at the Railway Station. A Boston paper tells the following: "Ticket to New York," said Pat the other day at the Providence railroad station. "By the Shore Line?" inquired the ticket clerk, who always wants to be certain with this class of customers. "Shure line! Faix I do, and mighty shure, too. I want to see me brother Denis in Worcester, shure, on the way." "That's not the Shore Line. You want to go to the station on Albany street." "Divil a bit do I want to go to any station. Faix I was in a station all night for givin' am Omadaha a black eye that was blackguarding me, jist." "You don't understand. The Shore Line don't go to Worcester." "Augh, bother that! Me brother told me the train was always sure to go to Worcester, and I want the shure train." "No, no," said the clerk, laughing. "This train does not run to Worcester this is the Shore—S-h-o-r-e—Line on shore. You understand what coming on shore is, don't you?" "Comin' ashore, is it? An' is it laughin' ye are becase ye think I'm jist ashore, an' I voin' more than a dozen times wid the byes o' the old Sixth since I set me fat in Ameriky." "I tell you this train does not run to Worcester!" "Don't it? Bedad, perhaps it walks there thin, for I've heard of things been' slow an' sure—"

An Indian's Revenge. The following incident is related to have recently occurred, by the Richland county (Wisconsin) Independent: An Indian trapper and hunter has been operating in one of the northern towns of that county, and near his camp lived a farmer. The Indian had a box filled with rattlesnakes, covered with grass. Last August the Indian came to the farmer's house one day, intoxicated, and asked the farmer to give him a certain sheep that he was preparing for exhibition at the county fair, saying that he was hungry. This the farmer refused, but offered him a hen if he would shoot it. The Indian declared he would have the sheep, and fired at it, but missed it. The farmer then set his dog on the Indian and drove him away. A few nights since, the farmer was awakened from his sleep by something cold crawling over him, and seizing the object he hurled it across the room. He was horrified to hear the noise of rattles in every direction. Telling his wife to lie quiet for her life, he raised up and turned up the light, when he saw a huge rattlesnake coiled up at the foot of the bed, ready for a spring. Seizing his revolver, he fired, and shot off its head. The noise of the pistol aroused the hired man, who hastened to the room, and, before reaching it (the door was open), killed two rattlesnakes. Two more were killed in the bed room, making five in all. At the foot of the bed was the Indian's box. It is supposed that he entered the open window and emptied the snakes out on the bed.

A Hard Case. Appleton Oaksmit, in 1861 was a ship-broker in N. Y. city, married and settled down on shore, having been by profession a sea captain. In the confusion attending the outbreak of the civil war, he was accused of fitting out a vessel for the slave-trade (which was in fact designed for a whaler), thrown into Fort Lafayette, removed to Boston—where the attendance of his witnesses could not be procured—tried and convicted. His counsel made a motion for a new trial, pending which he escaped from prison, and for eleven years has been an exile from his native land. After long and wearying efforts his friends succeeded in having his case examined recently by the Cabinet at Washington, when the fact at once convinced that body of his innocence.

Under the Locomotive. A young man named Josiah T. Haight, a native of and a recent arrival in Kansas city from Wooster, Ohio, after "fighting the tiger" found himself "broke," without even so much as sufficient to pay his hotel bill. After wandering around the city he conceived the idea of endeavoring to reach Topeka, Kansas, by stealing a ride upon the Kansas Pacific night express. With this intention he went to the depot and crawled upon the pilot of the icy locomotive, and crouched down upon the trucks beneath the smoke box.

Is He Rich? How often the first question asked respecting the suitor of a daughter is this, "Is he rich?" Yes, he abounds in wealth but does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? Ask not, then, "Is he rich?" but "is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but has he honor? And do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

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