AMUSING WAR STORY.

ow a Pursued Federal Made Balky Mule Quicken His Pace.

Y. One related the following amusing incident;
"Our regiment was in camp at Harper's Ferry, and one day a comrade and I secured permission to pay a visit to a farmhouse some distance away, where we knew there was poultry. We rode horses and had some money in our pockets to purchase what chickens and turkeys we desired, for on this occasion we had made up our minds to forego foraging, but later on circumstances arose that quickly made us forget our good resolution. A short distance from the farmhouse was a grass field into which we turned our horses to graze at will. We hen proceeded to the residence on foot, and met the farmer on an old-fashioned porch that ran the whole front of the quaint farmhouse. I told him we had some to barter for some chickens and arrkeys. This proposition seemed to freals Southern blood. He swore he'd ather see every fowl on his premises rot sefore he would sell them to any Yankee for one hundred times their weight in gold. That settled it with us, Our Sorthern blood had reached as high a soiling point as that of the old Southmer. We went straight way to the sarn, where a fine lot of fowls were peckner with the sarn, where a fine lot of fowls were peckner with the sarn, where a fine lot of fowls were peckner with the sarn, where a fine lot of fowls were peckner was a supposed to the the

barn, where a fine lot of fowls were pecking grain.

"It did not take us long to tie the legs of a goodly number of chickens and turkeys. As I was in the act of tying up the legs of a proud gobbler, I looked up, and to my dismay saw coming up the lane a small company of Confederate cavalry. I took in the situation at a glance. I knew we had not time to reach our horses, and to escape on foot was impossible. In the barnyard were two sleek mules. Throwing my string of poultry over the back of one and jumping astride the animal I shouted to Bill—that was the first name of my comrade—to follow my example. He did so, and I took the lead for the camp. The mule I was on had taken buta few jumps when I heard bill shout:

"Great thunder! He's balked Jim."
"I looked around and sure enough the mule had balked. The Johnnies were close at hand, and I shouted back: 'Crawi on his neek, Bill, and chew his ear."
"Bill lost no time in trying the exper-

Crawl on his neck, Bill, and chew his ear."

"Bill lost no time in trying the experiment. He got the end of one of the animal's long ears into his mouth and began operations. The mule gave a squeal like that of a stuck pig and rushed after its mate, which I was riding on, for dear life. Suddenly I saw something loom up and rush past me. It was Bill and his mule. Bill's teeth were imbedded in the animal's ear, and blood trickled down the side of its head. Bill was all humped up on the back of his mad steed and presented a most ludicrous sight. The turkeys flapped their wings and the chickens made a terrible clatter, which only served to make the mule go faster. I heard the Johnnies behind us laugh. They fired at us, but we were not hit. I am sure they could not have hit Bill, for he was being carried along at great speed.

"Through the picket line of our regi-

red.

"Through the picket line of our regint and on through the camp went I's mule, the poultry bobbing up and wn at every jump. As soon as I knew were out of reach of the enemy, I hered all my lung power and shouted:

"Ict go the mule's ear, Bill; we're

safe."
"Bill heard me and let go. He finally succeeded in stopping the mule, whose sides went in and out like a huge bellows. An examination showed that Bill had chewed over half the mule's ear off. Bill allowed it was the toughest bit of meat he had ever tackled, but that night he got square on roast turkey and chicken. We lost two of the best horses in our camp."—[New York Times.

An Educated Bull.

General Daniel Macauley tells some racy stories about his life at Greytown, where he has been general traffic manager for the Nicaragua Canal Company. One relates to an "educated bull," Greytown has one long street running through it, and scarcely any others, so that everything that goes on in the town may be seen from one end of it, up or down this street, to the other. "The killing of cattle for beef," says General Macauley, "is done at a killing post in the center of the town. The beef cattle are brought in from ranches one, two or three miles away. Sometimes vaqueros bring them in. A rope is tied to the animal's horns and another to his tail. A vaquero will ride in front holding one rope, and another vaquero behind holding the other. This makes a sort of procession, and as the animals are all wild and mostly ugly and inclined to make trouble there is no end of fun in watching this procession go down the street. But the greatest spectacle is when they send a little old yellow bull out to the ranch to bring in a steer. They tie the steer and the bull together by thorns at the horns and the tails, and turn them out of the ranch. The bull has been taught to make straight for the killing post, and when he comes down the street hundreds of persons go out to watch him. The other beast often makes a desperate fight to get away,

A P.ehistoric Metropolis.

from Bendego creek to the railway sta-tion, a distance of only 714 miles. The pluck and energy exhibited by these gen-tlemen in moving this gigantic airstone to their national museum is a curious commentary on the scientific ideas of the early part of the century, which denied the existence of such bodies as aerolites.—[Commercial Advertiser.

Travel Over Brooklyn Bridge.

The travel over the Brooklyn Bridge is greater than that over any other bridge in the world, and that, too, in spite of the fact that the best patronized bridges on the other side are free. During the year just passed 33,000,000 people either walked or were driven over the Bridge. On an average six persons take the cars to one who walks over. In round numbers those who walked over were 21,850,000 as asgainst 128,000,000 who used the trains since the opening of the structure. During the first six years the receipts from travel were over \$4,300,000. The railway surpasses in the matter of receipts any mile of railway in the world. July and August are usually the dullest months in the year and May about the busiest. Sunday receipts are the smallest of any day in the week. The ferries cannot vie with the Bridge in the matter of travel. In their best year, when not exposed to bridge competition, the Hamilton, Wall, South, Fulton and Catherine Ferries carried altogether only about 40,000,000 people. The increase of travel has not been uniform since the Bridge was opened, the growth being about forty per cent., twenty per cent, eighteen per cent, and six per cent. All the tickets used on the Bridge are printed on order from the Superintendent by a bank note company in million lots. Every ticket is numbered and lettered and the letter or form by which every ticket seller is known to the Superintendent. Should a counterfeit ticket be found in a drop box its origin is easily traced, because the drop box must not show any two tickets marked alike and must contain only the tickets with the particular numbers charged to the agent. The drop boxes are receptacles for all kinds of curious things. Ladies' bracelets, gloves, pocketbooks, milk tickets, postal cards, silver pieces, bank checks, cuff buttons and a thousand and one other things have been taken from the boxes from time to time.—[New York Telegram.] Cordillera Cows.

Cordillera Cows.

On the top of the Cordillera we met with a drove of Argentine cattle, the first that had ventured over this season. The drovers have hard work, and many a good ox leaves his bones on the road, proof of which we found in some skeletons we came across, picked clean by the condors which frequent the mountain tops. We perceived several of these large birds hovering overhead, their immense wings extended and motionless, drifting on that rarefied air as if they were suspended from the sky.

We had soon a striking example of the dangers of the cattle-driving trade. An animal near us loosened a big round stone, which went bounding down the steep mountain side right among the drove which was winding its way up. The missile singled out a bug black ox as its victim, and, with a fearful crash, caught him full in the ribs and hurled him downwards, in front of him till both stone and ox lay immovable at the bottom, scarcely discernable by us above. In spite of the evident danger of a similar occurrence, we could not wait till the whole herd of about seven hundred animals had reached the sunnit; so, dismounting we went on our way, finding good footing in the loose volcanic earth and stones, and in thirty minutes we had reached the valley. Half way down we passed some broken trunks, which, with the mule that carried them, had fallen and rolled over some two hundred feet till stopped by a protruding rock. The mule had been badly hurt.—[Gentleman's Magazine.

It Has a History, and is Now Run-

ming a Churning Machine.

Any one who my visit Richard Cuningham's farm, which lies pretty well up in the Blue Mountains in the north-castern part of this county, says a letter from McConnellsburg. Penn., to the the New York Sun, will see a sight the like of which was probably never seen in this country before. It is an immense black wolf—one of the last of its race in this country before. It is an immense of the last of its race in this country before. It is an immense of the last of its race in this country before. It is an immense of the last of its race in this country before. It is an immense of the last of its race in this country before. It is an immense of the last of its race in the state of the last of its race in this state—with eyes that glare fiercely at all who come near him, with the exist of the country before. It is an immense of the last of the country before. It is an immense of the last of the country before it is state—with eyes that glare fiercely at all who come near him, with the exist of the wolf, singular as it is, is by no means the strangest thing about him. He has a history.

Last spring, a year ago, Farmer Cunningham discovered that something was carrying off his lambs almost as fast as they were born in his flock. He sustended that this was being done by a widleast, and he set a trap to see if he went to his trap next morning he was amazed to find that, instead of a will. It had been years since any one had seen or heard of wolves in that region, although they were at one time numerous in the Blue woods a solitary representative of its race. It was a she wolf, and, although, the animal was held fast by both forefet in the trap, she was lying patiently on the goven the fast of the wold and captured the whelp altive. It was not more than three weeks old. Cunningham took it home with the earned to he wolds and the house of the interest of the farmy of the first proposed killing it. His wife would not hear of the killing of the will have been any of the first proposed killing it. His

animal's horns and another to his time and another to his tax aparow will ride in front holding on the control of the control

A WOLF AS A FARM HAND.

A Rat in Mis Trousers.

Mr. J. Cable, of East Town sireet, had a remarkable experience with a rat. He was hunting rodents and stopping up rat-holes in the rear of his store. One of the pests which he had been chasing suddenly disappeared. About half an hour afterward he placed his hand on his hip and found that Mr. Rat was there between his underclothes and trousers. This was stunning, and Mr. Cable, though cooly setting about to get the rodent out, was fearful all the while that it would be him. He held his pants open by the waistband, but the rat would not come out. Then he went on the pavement and asked passers-by to help him, but they only laughed at him, supposing that the rat was a candy affair, and went their way. Employed at the store was a young lady clerk, but as it would be a delicate matter to ask her to remove the rat, she was not called into requisition. Finally, a boy came in, and, Mr. Cable's clothes being loosened, the lad grabbed the creature by the tail and threw it upon the floor, killing it. Mr. Cable says he does not want to hunt any more rats.

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