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Select Poetry.

THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
There's somewhat on my breast,
The live-long day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest;
I cannot take my rest, father,
The 'I would fain do so,
A weary weight oppresseth me—
A weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear,
My lands are broad and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear;
My kin are real and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind;
Though busy flatterers warm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, father,
That chills my laboring breast—
It's that confounded cucumber
I've ate and can't digest.

THE MULE.

A Humorous Review of this Unique Animal.

THE MULE is the only animal that Noah didn't take into the ark with him. I have looked over the freight list carefully, and could not see a mule way-billed for any place. So clear-headed a man as Noah did not dare to take one on board, as he knew he would kick a hole through her in less than a week.—I don't know a man on whose head you could pour quicksilver and run less risk of its spilling off than on Noah's. He was a dreadful level-headed man, and before the freshet was over everybody on earth realized the fact.

The origin of the mule is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. Tradition informs us that when the flood had subsided, and the ark had landed on Mount



Ararat, Noah was very much surprised on one of his first observations to find a good healthy mule standing on the top of an adjoining mountain. The same tradition informs us that the mule is the only animal that lived through the flood outside of the ark.

The mule can be considered in a good many ways, though the worst place from which to consider him is directly from behind, anywhere within a radius of ten feet. I never consider a mule from that point, unless I am looking out through the flue of a boiler.

Sea captains and people who have to do with mules always pay an extra rate for life insurance companies. A mule over a belt of country where the yellow fever is indigenous generally stand the same as regards the death rate.

The word mule comes from the Greek, and signifies "to stop," and the mule itself comes to a stop also. Like grasshoppers multiplied by grasshoppers produce famine, and potato bugs multiplied by potato bugs produce a rise in the price of yeast. But when you try to multiply mules by mules they don't multiply, and hence the word mule.—You may study your arithmetic, and read through all of Train's lectures, but

you cannot discover why this is so, any more than you can why a woman cannot put on a rubber without leaning up against something.

The mule has one more leg than a milking stool, and he can stand on one and wave the other three round in as many different directions. He has only three senses, hearing, seeing and smelling. He has no more sense of taste than a stone jug, and will eat anything that contains nutriment, and he don't care two cents whether it be one per cent. or ninety-nine. All he asks is to pass him along his plate, with whatever happens to be handy round the pantry, and he won't go away and blow how poor the steak is. He just eats whatever is set before him, and asks no questions.

Mules are naturally deaf, but that supreme wisdom that teaches the little boy to wipe his nose on his sleeve, has fitted the mule out with a pair of ears that counteracts its deafness, so he can hear as readily as a person when you don't want him to. These ears answer a double purpose, as tunnels to pour sound into his head, and also as fans to brush away the flies with and keep his head cool. They are hung by hinges to the sides of his head, and flap backward and forward like a pair of wet trousers round a boy's legs. In cold latitudes quite a tasty business is done in mule ears. The ears are cut off and dried, and sold for snow-shoes, and then the stubs are trimmed up and the mules are sent south and sold for horses. In this way a great many fine horses were purchased for the army by the United States.

If I were to have a large picture of innocence, to hang up in my parlor, and I did not wish to sit for it myself, I should get a correct likeness of a mule. There is innocence enough depicted in a mule's countenance to fit out a Sunday School class. It looks as guileless as an angle worm.

A mule never grows old or dies. Once brought into existence, he continues forever. The original mule is now alive somewhere in the South, and is named Robert Toombs, because he is so stubborn.

Mules are chiefly found in the South and West. They have been more abused than Judas Iscariott. A boy who would not throw a stone at a mule if he got a chance would be considered by his parents as too mean to raise.

The mule is a good worker, but he cannot be depended on. He is liable to strike, and when a mule strikes human calculation fails to find out any rule by which to reckon when he will go to work again. It is useless to pound him, for he will stand more beating than a sitting-room carpet. He has been known to stand eleven days in one spot, apparently thinking of something, and then start off again as though nothing had happened.

Down South, when they have a surplus of small darkeys on the plantation, they send them out into the barn-yard to play, where there is a loose mule.—They always bid them good-bye when they start out, for they are sure the parting will be final. This is the most economical style of funeral now in the market.

To fully appreciate the mule, one should listen to his voice. You never can really know whether you like a mule or not till you have heard him sing. I attended a mule concert at Fort Snelling. The programme opened with a soprano solo, and then swung into a duet, and then pranced off into a trio, followed up by a quartette, and ending with a full chorus by 150 mules. I did not hear the whole thing, for when I came too, the regimental surgeon was standing over me, giving me powerful restoratives, and I heard him say that I might possibly get out again, though I would never be a well man again. I have been through the New York Stock Exchange, and spent part of a day in a boiler factory, and have been on one or two Sunday School excursions for children, but I never knew what noise was till I heard a lot of army mules bray.

One of the dead certainties about a mule is that he is sure-footed, especially with his hind feet. He never misplaces them. If he advertises that his feet will be at a certain spot at a certain time, with a sample pair of mule shoes, to which he would call your attention, you will always find them there at the ap-

pointed time. He is as reliable as the day of judgment, and he never cancels an engagement. Every man now living who drove a mule team during the war now draws a pension.

I never owned a mule. I came near buying one once. He was a fine-looking animal; his ears stood up like the side spires on an Episcopal Church. His tail was trimmed down so that it looked like a tar brush leaning up against him. He was striped off like the American flag, and Raphael's cherubs never looked more angelic than did that mule.



He looked all innocence, though he was, in no sense. The owner sat in the wagon, with his chin resting on his hand and his elbow resting on his knee. In the other hand he held a stick with a brad in the end of it. I examined the mule and asked the man a few questions and out of mere form inquired if the mule was kind, or if he kicked? 'Kind? Kick?' said the man, and those were the last words he ever uttered. He reached his stick over the front of the wagon, and stuck the brad into that mule. It



was awful to see a man snuffed out as quickly as he was. It almost took away my breath, he went so suddenly. I never saw the thread of life snap so abruptly as it did on that occasion. He didn't have time to leave a message for his family. That mule simply ducked his head, and then a pair of heels flew out behind; there was a crash, a flying of splinters, and that was all; and the



next moment that mule and I stood alone, my face covered with astonishment two feet deep, and his covered with part of an old bridle. The next day I read an account in the telegraphic news of a shower of flesh in Kentucky. I was the only man that could explain that phenomenon, and I did not dare to, lest I should be implicated in the affair with the other mule.

I have seen death in many forms, but I don't recollect of ever seeing a funeral gotten up with less pomp and display than on that occasion. If I had my choice, to either work in a nitro-glycerine factory, or take care of a mule, I should go for the factory, as in case of an explosion, there would be more possibility of my friends finding some little mementoes of me, with which to assuage their grief. A very small piece of me would lighten a very big sorrow.

I will hunt round and if I find any other facts that belong to the mule, I will write them down, and send them to you by express C. O. D.—By George A. Quimby of the Boston Weekly Globe.

An Indiana Farmer who posted a notice reading, "No hunting on this farm," was surprised to find it read, on a second inspection, "No. 1 hunting on this farm!"

A JOKE ON THE POLITICIANS.

SOME YEARS AGO, just previous to a political campaign, a group of "wire pullers" and office seekers were discussing matters. While they were thus engaged in feeling self-confident and jubilant, an old stager of the opposing party, named Sam Bellkoop came up. Ordinarily Sam was reserved and mindful of his own business, but in exciting times like the present he could be loquacious. The party of politicians, all known to be hungry for government pap, hailed Sam rather ironically, asking him how went the battle on his side. Sam said:

"I don't know, gentlemen, as I can give you any information on that subject, but I can tell you a bit of a story." Ah, that was just the thing: "Fire away, Samuel; let us have it."

Sam took a seat upon an empty nail keg, and told as follows:

Once upon a time there was a great king who had a philosopher in whose judgment he always put the utmost confidence. On a certain morning the king took it into his head that he wanted to go out a hunting, and having summoned his nobles, and all the chief men of his court, and made necessary preparations, he called his philosopher and asked him if it would rain during the day. The philosopher looked up at the clear sky, and said it would not; so the king and his nobles, and all his great men departed. Upon approaching a forest they met a countryman mounted upon a jackass, who advised them to return, assuring them that it would very soon rain.

"Bah!" cried the king. "Does this fellow know more than my philosopher? Let us ride on."

So on they rode, and had just entered the forest when the rain came down in torrents, driving them to the nearest shelter, which they reached drenched to the skin, bitterly lamenting that they did not take the rustic's advice.

When they returned to the palace the king sent for his philosopher, and having soundly berated him for letting himself be outdone by a country rustic, dismissed him. Then he sent for the countryman, intending to install him into the vacant office.

"Tell me," said the king, when the man appeared before him, "how you knew it would rain."

"I don't know, sir," replied the countryman: "my jackass told me."

"Mercy!" cried the monarch, in great astonishment. "How did he tell you?"

"It's a way he has, your majesty, of pricking up his ears and snuffing the air."

And thereupon the king sent for the jackass, and allowed the countryman to go home; and the jackass was installed into the office made vacant by the retirement of the philosopher.

"Ah!" concluded Sam; with a very woeful shake of the head, "the poor king little dreamed the calamity that simple act was to bring upon his kingdom!"

"How so?" demanded the audience, eagerly.

"Why," replied Sam, very gravely, "from that day to this, every jackass is clamoring for office."

Fighting Joe Hooker.

Speaking of gamblers, says the San Francisco Argonaut, we call to mind, out of many clever men and many honest men, the names of Charley Burroughs and Billy Chapman. For some of the virtues of life, and for some of the madder traits, they would compare more than favorably with many we have known of higher pretensions. We call to mind one incident: Chapman and Burroughs kept the rooms at the corner of Merchant and Kearney streets. We had passed through an exciting political campaign. Burroughs and Chapman were both New England men, both Republicans, both loyal. It was before the trans-continental telegraph. The Pony Express brought the news of the war. Organized rebellion had fired upon the grand old flag at Sumpter; the fort had yielded and the stars and stripes had been dragged from its flagstaff, and in its place was raised the standard of rebellion, the flag of the Palmetto State. Around their rooms hung an habitue, a gambler, and one who had lost a fortune in wooing the fickle, wicked god-

dess; a gentleman, a graduate of West Point, but a ruined and almost reckless man. The news came at nine o'clock in the evening at the taking of Sumpter. There was no more card playing that night. Then it was that from the sofa, where he had been lounging, there arose a handsome and manly form. The half inebriated, reckless man was transformed, as if by magic, into the splendid soldier.

"Now," said he, "is my time! Time to redeem myself and serve my country. I have been educated for a soldier."—Chapman turned to the money drawer of the faro table, and taking a handful of gold, said, "Take this, go and purchase what you want. I'll buy your ticket; the steamer sails to-morrow morning at nine o'clock." The steamer sailed, and from the generosity and patriotism of William Chapman and Charles Burroughs, the two professional gamblers of San Francisco, the country received the splendid and gallant services of fighting Joe Hooker, the hero of Lookout Mountain.

Killed While Testing a Fire Escape.

Michael Carey, pipeman of 9, the Mound engine, was killed while testing the new fire escape sack of the Fire Department at the Lindell Hotel yesterday. The bag is 112 feet long, 6 feet in circumference, and made of the strongest sail canvass. Both ends of the sack are open, and the manner of escaping consists simply in getting into the upper mouth, fastened to a window, and sliding down in the incline to the lower mouth, held by three or four men on the opposite side of the street. By spreading the arms and legs in descending, so as to rub the elbows and knees against the sides of the sack, the person inside can regulate his velocity almost at will. A number of the firemen had slid down the escape in safety; but Carey took a hole in the bag when about two-thirds of the way down, and went through the opening like a shot, falling to the ground being instantly killed. An examination of his boots showed that the heel of one of them had been worn about half off, leaving the ends of two or three nails sticking out, and the supposition is that in widening his legs for the purpose of decreasing his speed, one of the nails caught in the sack and made the frightful rent that let him through. —St. Louis Times.

A Child Asleep in a Tall Tree.

A very remarkable escape occurred recently to a little nephew of Edward E. Powers, of Detroit. The child, who is five years old, was missing at 12 o'clock, when looked for at dinner time, but, after calling him, the family ate dinner, and, the child not appearing, became alarmed, and instituted a search through the neighborhood. His hat was found in the yard under some large maple trees. Nothing could be heard of him until about three o'clock, when a girl discovered him up in one of the limbs of the maple trees, forty feet from the ground, asleep. The girl called him, but he did not awake, and the situation being discovered, his aunt prevented any noise being made until two boys climbed the trees and awoke him, and he was got down safely. It is not to be ascertained how long the child had been there, but a continuous search was made from 1 o'clock to 3 P. M.

A Judge's Opinion of Base Ball.

Judge Harding, of the Wilkesbarre circuit, is not very complimentary to professional base ball players. At a recent session of Court he took occasion to speak disapprovingly of the practice of forming stock associations and employing at a liberal salary, experts to play base ball. He cited instances in illustration of his statement that to become a salaried base ball player was to enter upon a career that would eventually lead, in many cases, to a cell in the penitentiary.

"How dare you say that I never open my mouth without putting my foot in it?" demanded Brown of Jones. "I hope you will forgive me," replied the latter, "for when I said that I had never seen the size of your foot."

She who does not make her family comfortable will herself never be happy at home; and she who is not happy at home will never be happy anywhere.