

## AN INTELLIGENT MULE.

It Saved a Train and the Life of Another Mule.

One day on a railroad an engineer scared up a mule on the track beside him. They were about two miles from a bridge at the time; knowing the fashion all animals have of running straight ahead on the track instead of putting their common sense on the matter and sheering off to one side, the engineer fairly made the surrounding country ring with the noise of his whistle so as to get clear of the mule before they got to the bridge. But Mr. Mule seemed to think the whistle was only intended to keep him on the track and make him run faster, and he kept straight on at redoubled speed. Of course the engine could easily have overtaken him and knocked him into smithereens, but as that might have resulted in knocking the train into the same kind of fragments, the engineer slackened speed a little, and finally stopped and sent the fireman out to drive the beast off the track.

That was done several times, but each time the fireman had hardly got back into the cab again when the mule was on the track the same as before and tearing ahead like mad. In fact, the thing was becoming very monotonous, when, looking up suddenly, the engineer saw that he was close to the bridge. Then he began to get uneasy, for fear the idiot of a mule—as he thought the animal to be—was going to try to cross the bridge, though how he would manage to step on the ties surefooted the puzzled railroaders could not understand.

They were so near the bridge by that time that the engineer dared not go another rod, so he stopped short, just as the old mule dashed off across a field, braying like a good fellow. And then the engineer and fireman saw the game the wise old animal was playing. Right in the middle of the bridge was another mule stuck fast, with his legs between the ties.

The old railroaders insist upon it that the mule kept on the track to make the train go slow, and thus prevent it from coming into collision with the mule on the bridge, not because it cared so much about the fate of its companion, but to save the train from wreck.

## LUCKIER THAN WHITTINGTON.

How a Cat Saved LeNoir From Suicide and Brought Him Fame.

Maurice LeNoir, a Parisian painter, is famous for his pictures of cats of all colors and sizes. Eight years ago he was miserably poor—so poor that one evening he bought some laudanum, with the settled determination to put an end to his wretched life.

Re-entering his room he lighted a candle and began to write a farewell note, when suddenly there sprang upon the table a little yellow kitten, evidently a waif. It was thin and famished, and it rubbed its head pleadingly against the artist's cheek.

"Ah!" cried LeNoir, "here is something hungrier than I."

With bread and milk, all he had, he fed the kitten, then warmed it within his coat, where it caressed the hand that held it, and then purred itself to sleep.

LeNoir reflected—  
"Can I die now, when I have something to care for? At least I will live until tomorrow."

In the morning the little kitten appeared so pretty that LeNoir painted and sold its portrait. Another and another was ordered, until the artist painted cats without number and made his fortune.

And he proved not ungrateful. The yellow cat now has his cushion in the studio, and wears a golden collar inscribed, "To My Benefactor."

## Was it the Loistee System?

A laughable story is told of a man who attended a "memory class."

"Hello, Tom!" said a friend, "I hear you are attending this memory class. What do you think of it?"

"Greatest discovery of the age," said Tom enthusiastically; "I tell you it's a grand thing. Why, two months ago I couldn't remember anything for a day—I couldn't remember names and dates at all; and now, since I've taken up this system, I can't forget anything. No, sir, I really can't."

"Is that so? I must look into the thing myself. What's the teacher's name?"

"Oh, his name—um—um, let me see. What is his name? I know it as well as I know my own. Odd sort of a name, but common enough, too. It's—it's—I had it at my very tongue's end just now. It's something like—like—hanged if I remember what it is. I'll find out, and let you know. I never could remember names."

## He Wasn't a Scholar.

In a great mining encroachment action against Lord Wimborne, which was recently being tried before Mr Justice Charles, a witness (a collier) was being examined in the Welsh vernacular—of course, through the friendly medium of an interpreter.

The following dialogue took place between counsel and witness—  
"How long ago were you working in the mine?"

"I don't know."

"How old are you now?"

"Forty-four."

"Were you married at the time?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been married?"

"I don't know." (Laughter). And then, apologetically—"Not being a scholar I don't know."

## Swapped Offices.

All kinds of trades are on record, but it probably remained for Oklahoma to produce a case of two men trading official positions. When the Cherokee strip was opened last fall, says the Chicago Times, Frank Dimon was appointed sheriff of County Q and James Lee county clerk. After serving six months each man had become convinced that he would like the change. They went to Guthrie, saw the governor, and gained his consent to the exchange. Then each signed, and the governor appointed Dimon clerk and Lee sheriff.

## Plain Living and High Thinking.

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## SATON THE HOT RAILS.

A Band of Apaches Given a Surprise on a Santa Fe Train.

"For real hot-weather stories you want to go to the hot-weather country," says W. F. White, passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fe Railroad. "Now you can find hot weather that is hot weather in New Mexico and Arizona. It's one thing to go through that country now on a train which carries the conveniences for keeping cool, but it was quite another thing when the railroad was being built and there was nothing between you and the sun but fiery alkali dust."

The Atchison road reached Deming, N. M., in 1881, and it was a hot summer. It had been hot right along for days in that steady, energetic fashion that would make a man wish for an hour in a Bessemer steel mill to cool off. The first construction train pulled into Deming on a day that was so scorching as to stand out even among those other blistering days. The train was made up of a long line of flat cars, and along the centre of the cars ran a pile of steel rails a foot high. The rails had been in the full glare of an unblinking sun until they were about as hot as when they first came through the rails at the mill.

When the train came into Deming it was, of course, an object of great interest, and no one was more interested than a lot of Apache Indians. They were peaceful enough, and filled with curiosity and were quick to assert the birthright of the American Indian to ride free on a railroad train. The conductor in charge was something of a joker and saw an opportunity for some fun. He urged the Indians all to climb up on the flat cars and have a ride. The engineer was in the scheme, and as soon as the Indians were up on the cars, he backed the engine with a jerk. They could ride a bucking pony under any condition of unsteadiness, but this motion was new to them and the entire party sat down on the rails.

"Now, you must remember the summer costume of an Apache can be cut out of a pocket handkerchief with cloth to spare. Well, my idea of Indian stoicism was shattered. There were shrieks that added new notes to the regulation war whoop, and the Apaches left that train and started off across the hot sands in a way that would have turned us all gray if they had been coming toward us instead of running away. They undoubtedly to this minute remember that as the hottest day they ever knew."

## HIS RETURN HOME.

Dignified and Orderly, but Why Did He Light the Gas in Daylight?

"I know a man," says Mr. James W. Scott, "who recently went home from a club function at a scandalously late hour, or, if you please, at an equally scandalously early hour. He had a wholesome regard for his better half, so he entered the house very dignifiedly, hung up his hat in its proper place and mounted the stairway to his apartment with exemplary precision. He struck a match softly, lighted the gas and was exceedingly cautious about disrobing and in placing his garments in just such order that his wife should have no possible occasion to reproach him next day. Indeed, he conducted himself with nice particularity which is not infrequently born of a consciousness that too much wine has been imbibed."

"Well, when he woke up and dressed and came downstairs his wife received him smilingly."

"I watched you carefully," said she, "and I don't know that ever before you were so dignified and orderly. I was particularly charmed by the decency with which you put away your clothing."

"Yes," said the husband proudly, "I flatter myself that I did acquit myself handsomely for a man who had been out to dinner."

"Yes, my dear," continued the wife, "but there was one thing that I could not understand. Why did you light the gas in broad daylight?"

## Wellington as a Sepoy General.

A hitherto unpublished letter by the Duke of Wellington was read at the speech day of King William's College, Isle of Man, on Wednesday. The letter was written to Col. Wilke, one of the garrison of St. Helena when Napoleon was there, and it contained the following interesting reference to the duke's greatest battle: "It is due to me to call me the Sepoy general. It is due to me to have having been a Sepoy general that I won the battle of Waterloo. It taught me where to place men with whom I could trust the honor of England, and where to place men who were not so satisfactory. I had troops with me at Waterloo in whose hands the safety and honor of king and country could well be placed. I had numbers of others, some of whom I could not trust at all; some I could barely trust; and others who were not properly trained. It was owing to the fact of my having learned in the Sepoy wars to place the best of the men in the parts of the field where the greatest courage and bravery were required, and others where those qualities were not required, that I won the battle of Waterloo."

## The Danger of Being an Athlete.

"There is very great danger of an athlete dying of lung trouble if he ever ceases his sports," said Professor A. C. Mathews. "In athletic exercises large lungs are required, and they become inflated beyond their natural size. If the athlete ceases his practice and adopts anything approaching a sedentary life, the lungs, falling largely into disuse, easily decay, and the result is quick consumption. It is frequently the case that young men in college who are athletic leaders, after graduation, go into stores, offices or counting rooms, and in a few years die of consumption. Every one is surprised, and it is said: 'Such a strong, healthy man when he left college! Who would have thought he would die with consumption?' Must have been hereditary." As a matter of fact, he brought it upon himself by failing to keep up the practices that expended his lungs."

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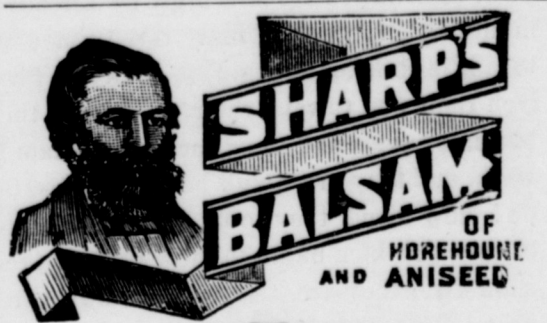
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## TEACHING A CAT A LESSON.

The Man Who Gave His Wife Pointers on Feline Management.

The man who always has a cure for every ill and a remedy for every evil showed one of his strokes of genius the other day. His wife's cat had acquired a fondness for one of the bath tubs in the house. Of course, this tub was in the room next to the dressing room of the master of the house. Of course, the master of the house doesn't like cat.

"Fannie," he said, "I found that cat snoozing in my bath tub again today."

"I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I have tried to break her of that habit, but I don't seem to succeed."

"Well, we must have that cat drowned," he said fiercely.

His wife protested mildly.

"That is the only annoying trick she has," she said. "It would be a pity to kill her."

"Then," said the man of the house, "I'll take this thing into my own hands. Now, I'll just explain to you how I'll do it. You know how she gets into the tub. She takes a run, leaps to the edge and goes in without a stop. I'm going to run about three inches of water into the tub, let it stand there, and let her get a soaking. You know how a cat likes water," he added, significantly.

He put his plan into operation at once.

That afternoon pussie did her hurdle rare, as usual, over the side of the bath tub. The plan worked to perfection. There was a loud cry, a streak of cat through the dressing-room, and a wet flash in the sewing-room. Near the door of this room stood a perch on which rested in peaceful sleep a dignified parrot. The cat tried this hurdle, but missed it, and the parrot, knocked to the floor, added to the force of the cyclone which went raging around the house.

A table was knocked over and a statue of the Venus of Milo, already short of arms, was made legless. The adored baby of the house was frightened into spasms, the parrot scolded and screamed herself into a fit, and afterwards the dripping cat, having made a lightning tour of the house, was found, trembling and subdued, on her mistress' jacket, price \$65.

"I hope," said the lord of the manor, when he had surveyed the scene of wreckage, "that this will teach your cat a lesson."

"I hope so," said his wife, soothing the baby and looking at her jacket with mournful eyes.

"There is only one way to go about such things," said the husband, with satisfaction. "I pride myself on being able to handle animals," and his wife discreetly said nothing.

## UNDER A ROYAL UMBRELLA

Which is now a Sacred Relic in an Austrian Home.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria was recently spending a few days at Lintz. One morning she started for a long walk in the environs of the town, accompanied only by a lady-in-waiting. Suddenly it began to rain; but the Empress opened her umbrella and continued on her way. Near the hamlet of Windlingen she noticed a little child, who had taken refuge from the storm under the branches of a great tree. The Empress asked the little one a few questions about the neighborhood, and was about to continue her walk when the child asked:

"Dear madame, I beg you to take me under your umbrella."

The request was granted and the three marched on toward the village, the Empress asking the child about her family, her duties at school, and the people of the hamlet.

When the rain ceased, the child, the daughter of a peasant, bade her companions farewell. The Empress, however, made her a present of the gold-handled umbrella that she might not get wet when it rained again.

"But, dear madame," remarked the child, her eyes wide open with wonder; "you must be rich if you can buy a new umbrella!"

Her Majesty smiled and kissed the girl good-bye. A few days later she took a drive in the same neighborhood and saw the child parading up and down the village streets with her umbrella, followed by her playmates. Her Majesty greeted her little friend and was recognized by some of the older inhabitants of the village, who soon informed the parents of the girl to whom the present was due. The umbrella is now a sacred relic in the peasant home.

## THE LADY'S NEPHEW.

How He Made Himself Thoroughly at Home in His Aunt's House.

Two ladies, on entering a house in Belgravia to attend an afternoon party, were escorted by a well-dressed gentleman, who said, "I presume you are going to Lady C—'s" and they all went in together. Although the lady of the house did not recognize the gentleman, she concluded that he had been duly invited, as he accompanied her friends.

After a handsome silver service had been placed upon the table, the hostess was called out of the room for a few minutes, and during her absence the gentleman said to the company:

"I'll play a trick upon my aunt," and at the same time proceeded to fill his pockets with silver spoons, cream-jug, sugar-basin, etc., and hastily left the apartment.

Shortly afterwards Lady C—returned, and said, with some surprise, "I thought the servant had brought in all the tea-service?"

"Yes," replied one of the two ladies; "but your nephew said he would play a trick upon you, and carried off most of the articles."

"My nephew!" exclaimed her ladyship; "I have no nephew in the world. I thought the gentleman was a friend of yours?"

## How to Drink Milk.

"Why don't you post a placard telling your customers how to drink milk?" said a customer to a milk dealer after a man that had just emptied his glass at two gulps had gone out. "Milk is a food, and should be treated as such," continued the speaker. "It should be drunk slowly in small sips, so that saliva shall be mixed with it. It is better, indeed, to eat something as one drinks, so as to excite the flow of saliva. When the doctors put their patients on the exclusive milk diet they recommend the use of chewing gum during the continuance of the regimen. That is why all the makers of chewing gum advertise their wares as a cure for indigestion."

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