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CASSABIANCA.

One darky stood in the backer patch,
Whence all the rest had fled;
While mule heels, clods and green worms flew
A whizzing round his head.

Savory, stout and black he stood,
As born to rule a farm,
While gaping mouth and bulging eyes
Betokened his alarm.

That mule kicked hard; he wouldn't leave
"Unless de boss said so."
"De boss," unconscious of his plight,
Had gone off to the show.

The darkie yelled: "See here, boss, say!
Mus' I lif dis mule go?"
Just then the boss was miles away,
And Cuffee called out "Whoa!"

Quite thick and fast a cloud of dust
Arose toward the sky,
And filled the darkie's eyes and nose
Like flour off hotel pie.

"Say, boss!" again poor Cuffee cried,
"Ef 'taint now time I's gon!"
Naught but the clattering hoofs replied,
As the agile mule kicked on.

At last there came a thundrous crash
That inside the earth resound,
And when the dust and debris passed
The mule could not be found.

That fateful last terrific kick
Had struck on Cuffee's head.
And now, the mule, a shattered wreck,
Lay far off limp and dead.

CUT OFF HIS OWN LEG.

A WOODMAN OPERATES ON HIMSELF WITH A JACKNIFE TO ESCAPE THE WOLVES.

From the Fond du Lac (Wis.) Reporter.

A woodsman was caught by a falling tree and one of his legs was pinioned between its heavy trunk and that of a brother monarch. There it was held as is in a vise, just below the knee. The unfortunate man was alone and too far from the nearest camp to make his voice heard. His ax had been dashed from his hands and he could not reach it. Night was approaching, and hungry wolves were commencing to howl about him. He recognized that to remain there was to die. The weather was growing bitter cold, and he already felt a warning numbness. He knew that in his condition and situation he could not fight the wolves, and the prospect of becoming a helpless victim of their ravenous attacks nerved him to desperation.

Removing his suspenders and binding them as tightly as possible about his imprisoned leg he inserted the blade of his jacknife and cut away the clothing and flesh, and severed the joint. The operation proved successful, and he raised himself from the deathly trap, leaving the lower limb as the ghastly evidence of his cool determination to execute desperate measures against the grim certainty of dissolution that would attend a lack of effort. He managed to crawl to his ax, with which he cut a sapling and made a rough crutch. With its aid he made his way slowly to camp, nearly four miles distant, frequently lying down in the snow for rest. It was a long and very painful journey, and he hobbled into camp just as his strength was about to give out. Medical attendance was secured and the self-amputation was given proper dressing.

The man is yet alive, and the detailed statement from his own lips of what he suffered physically and mentally during his experience in that relentless tree clasp, and of the thoughts that nerved him up to carving his own leg, are of an exceptionally thrilling character. The morning following the injured woodman's arrival in camp some of his companions, following his tracks, visited the spot where he met with his accident. The wolves had been there, torn the covering from the flesh, leaving a clean polish on the bones.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Sir James Thornhill, a distinguished painter, was employed in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. One day, to observe the effect of a certain part of his work, he moved backwards from it along the scaffolding, until he had reached the very edge, another step would have dashed him to pieces on the pavement below. His attendant at this moment observed his danger, and in an instant threw a pot of paint at the picture. Sir James immediately rushed forward to chastise the man for his apparently unjustifiable act, but when the reason was explained, could not give his sufficient thanks or sufficiently admire his ingenuity. Had the man called out to apprise him of his danger, he would have probably lost his footing and been killed. The only means of saving him was to create a motive for his involuntarily returning from the edge of the scaffold. For this purpose an injury to the painting was a good means. All these calculations, and the act itself, were the work of an instant, for this attendant possessed the inestimable quality of presence of mind.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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NOT A HEN-COOP EDITOR

Fred Carruth, in the Chicago *Tribune*, tells the following:

"Have you a newspaper here?" I asked of a man who came over to where we were camped on the edge of a little Dakotah town.

"Yes, got one; did have two, but the other feller pulled out last week."

"Didn't it pay?"

"Naw, he wan't no good—got out the weakest paper you ever seen."

"What was the trouble with it?"

"No news, or at least none to amount to anything. Course, if something big happened that he couldn't help seein' he'd get it in, but ev'ry week there'd be a lot o' spicy things that he'd keep still's a mouse about, an' stick in a lot o' pieces on free trade, or protection, or mebby sometimes the tariff. But the other man wan't that style—no blowin' pieces in his'n, but all the spicy an' interestin' news that happened."

"So you froze the long editorial man out?"

"Had to do it, I tell you he didn't know enough to count sand. W'y lemme tell you a little case: Couple o' months ago I built me a new chicken coop—not a very big 'un, 'cause I only got six hens and a fightin' rooster—but I made it very keerful and put in two round roosts an' whitewashed 'em, an' three nests. I figured on half the hen restin' an' scratchin' while the other shift was layin', an, nailed some slats over a box in one corner to shut up the setters in, an' make 'em quit their monkey business, an' fixed her up in style generally. Pretty soon old Cooper, this man that's gone, come along, an' I calls him in an says I: 'Jes get on to the new hen house I been abuildin.' 'That looks first-rate,' says he. 'Wiggle it,' says I. He wiggled it. 'It 'pears solid,' says he. 'I claim it's the best hen-house in the city,' says I. 'Wouldn't wonder,' says he. Then he walked off with his head down, athinkin', I reckoned, what he should say 'bout it. Somehow I didn't manage to see the other feller to tell him 'bout it, but Lordy, how do you think it come out?"

"Haven't any idea. How did it?"

"W'y, I went over to Hank George's and borrowed his copy of Cooper's paper soon's it come out—Hank hadn't got a look at it yet himself—an' took it home and waded thaough it, but not a line about my hen-coop! Not a line! Not a word! Didn't say nothin' 'bout it—my name wasn't in the paper! I went so far as to even read clear through a long piece on 'Our Common School System,' thinkin' mebby that he stuck in some thin' 'bout my hen-house somewheres, but he didn't. Well, I was mad, and I think I had a right to be. I throwed the paper down, an' didn't even take it back to Hank. But next mornin', when I seen one of the other feller's papers down at the store, my eyes stuck out so you could hang your hat on 'em. There it was in his paper 'bout my hen coop, big's a Mexican dollar! It read like this: 'We hear that Uncle Abner Doty has jes' completed a large an' convenient hen-house for his fine flock of Shanghis, Bramys, Plymouth Rocks, an' so forth, together with his famous fightin' rooster, Ben Butler. We have not yet had the pleasure of sampin' any of the eggs laid in this hen-house, but we know that Uncle Abner is not the man to long forget ye editor.' That's the very way he had it, word for word, name and all. Jes' soon's I read it went right out an' told e'rybody we couldn't afford to support Old Cooper no longer, 'cause he was hurtin' the town by not mentionin' the improvements, an' I jes' kep' up the talk till what little business he did have dropped off an' nobody wouldn't have nothin' to do with him, an' he's left. You can see yourself that I couldn't very well do anything else, after the way he used me on that hen-house."

LET HIM WHISTLE.

"Stop that whistling! Don't you know it is Sunday, and the minister is listening to you?" said a young officer to a sailor on board an English vessel on which a Presbyterian minister was a passenger. "Nonsense!" said the minister, "let him whistle; it keeps evil thoughts out of his mind." I always admired that saying and the man that said it, though I do not know his name. That man knew something of human nature and of the workings of the heart; and he had a just and generous idea of the Creator. Like Luther, he believed that "music drives the devil away."

Still Ahead.

Persons desiring Safe and Cheap Insurance will do well to see an agent of the Valley Mutual Life Association of Virginia. It has members in nearly every county from the mountains to the sea and they recognize the fact that they have reliable and safe insurance and are paying up their assessments promptly and willingly. Agents wanted in every county. Liberal terms offered to live men. Address

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HE HUGGED BOTH.

AND THE EMBRACE COST A HARVARD SENIOR JUST THIRTY DOLLARS.

Wednesday evening, just before midnight, two Harvard College seniors, who had been out on a little "lark," stepped into the doorway of a bake shop on Harvard street, Cambridge, to light their cigars. One was Lloyd McKee Garrison, of Orange, N. J., a grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, of abolition fame, and the other was Henry Clarke, of Cambridge. While they waited two girls came along.

"Hello, sissy," cried one of the seniors. The girls giggled.

"Say, girls, you are out late and in danger of getting kissed."

The girls tee-heed.

"If you don't stop laughing I'll hug you both," said Garrison.

"You can't do it," was the reply.

At this Garrison ran out and forcing himself between the girls hugged them both until they cried for help. Two policemen then appeared, and Garrison seeing them relinquished his hold and sought to retreat. The officers captured him before he had taken many steps.

Next day he appeared before a magistrate. The girls, who are servants in a Cambridge family, were present, all blushing with confusion.

"Was this the man who assaulted you?" asked the Judge.

"We were not assaulted, sir; he did not hurt us a bit."

"But did this man hug you?"

"Ye-e-s, sir."

Garrison pleaded guilty to the offence, and was fined $30 and costs. He paid his fine, bowed and went out. When asked about his adventure Garrison said he was satisfied.

MESMERISM EXPERIMENTS

SOME REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS WITH SUBJECTS IN A HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

A distinguished professor, speaking of his experiments in mesmerism, in the columns of a scientific paper, says: In this way a great variety of suggestions can be produced, not only in the brain properly so called, but in all the special senses. Presenting to a somnambulist a leaf of paper perfectly white, I say to him "Here is a photograph of me." He immediately sees my portrait on that paper—sees it so plainly, so truly, that if I shuffle that particular leaf with any number of leaves exactly like it, he will readily reoganize and pick out the one upon which his brain shall, in accordance with my assertion, have impressed my photographic image. So, too, with regard to hearing or to taste. We may cause the somnambulist to hear a concert of harmonious sounds where, absolute silence reigns; we can make him drink the bitterest liquids, which he shall deem to be delightful beverage. The sensibility, both general and special, is also lulled to sleep in somnambulists, at least in those that keep the eyes closed; but when by definite excitation or suggestion the operator has summoned that sensibility to quilt the apparent apathy in which it is sunk, the awakening is comparable to an explosion. The subject's acuteness of sight and of hearing is extraordinary; he will see and hear sights and sounds that he could hardly distinguish in the waking state owing to their distance. This supersensibility has given occasion to the belief in the power of somnambulists to see objects at enormous distances, or through opaque bodies, and the like. The truth is, that in the somnambulist every sense is exalted, and the same holds good as to his muscular strength. We have spoken of the strong hold the magnetizer has on the subject. Well, let the subject be a woman possessing as little strength as may be. Let several persons stand between her and the operator, and let him summon her to come to him. She will struggle with them if they oppose her movement, and in doing so will display a surprising degree of strength.—*The Cosmopolis.*

HEROES.

When Lieut. Rhodes bravely went to the rescue of those in danger on the water, the papers were full of his praise, and justly so, and so it has been with those who show a chivalric act in saving life. When Frank Davis, a colored sailor, jumped overboard into the ice cold water, during a storm at sea, and cut loose from a floating mast the daughter of Capt. Patrick and restored her to her father's arms, at the risk of his own life, far out at sea, on a vessel supposed to be sinking, that negro's soul soared to our highest idea of bravery and he deserves that some token of respect should be shown him on his return home, in appreciation of his noble act. Frank is a citizen of Southport, and is a man of excellent character, therefore he is an honor to the State that gave him birth. We hope the colored people will procure an appropriate badge to decorate the hero, and we know the white people will assist them in so doing. North Carolina is proud of her heroes, whether white or black.—Wilmington *News.*

FLAMINGOES AT HOME.

The Brilliant Plumage of the Most Beautiful of Tropical Birds.

A walk of about an hour brought us to a small clump of trees, from behind which we carefully reconnoitered, and there, within half a mile, we saw the birds. Very lovely the pink mass looked in the bright sunlight. There were three separate clusters of nests, every one of which was occupied, while the male birds stood around, their heads raised high, as they evidently suspected mischief. As I could not clearly make out with my glasses the position of the legs of the sitting birds there was nothing for it but a long stalk over the intervening slob, and with the blazing sun now almost vertical. The first quarter of a mile was comparatively easy, as we could creep on our hands and knees; but then we came to a point where nothing but vermicular motion could avail us, and for real hard work let me recommend it to those who are content with very active exercise without attaining a high rate of progression. The tropical sun beat down upon us, hatless as we now were, from a cloudless sky; but I suppose that our profuse perspiration saved us from any ill effects; the rapid evaporation counteracting the sun's heat. It may be that I was too anxious about reaching a favorable point of observation to think of it, but I can not say that I even suffered any inconvenience.

At length, having crawled under the roots of the dwarf mangroves that covered the slob like a network of croquet hoops, we found ourselves at the edge of the marl and within 150 yards of the birds, who were still undisturbed. Here, with my glasses, I could see every feather, note the color of the eyes, and watch every movement. There were, we calculated, between seven hundred and a thousand birds, and a continuous, low goose-like cackling was kept up. Never did I see a more beautiful mass of color. The male birds had now all got together, standing about five feet high, and with necks extended and heads erect were evidently watching events, preserving in the meantime a masterly inactivity. Now and again one would stretch out his great black and scarlet wings, but the general effect was the most exquisite shade of pink, as the feathers of the breast and back are much lighter than those of the wings.

The hens sat on the nest, and some were sitting down in the muddy lagoon. I watched them carefully for nearly an hour, and looked at every nest to see if the legs were extended along the side. In no case did I see a leg. I saw the birds go on to the nest and sit down. I saw them get up and step down from the nest. In every instance the legs were folded under the bird in the usual manner. In my opinion my observation settles the point as to the mode of sitting; for even if, as I had been assured, the birds sit both ways, it is impossible that among the hundreds then sitting not one would have extended its legs. Remembering the length of the flamingo's legs, it is evident that on a nest so, not more than eight inches high, the hen could not sit, nor would even the highest nest allow of the legs being extended while the bird sat upon it.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A MAN OF MUSCLE.

Herculean Strength of a German Who Calls Himself Herr Samson.

A native of Hesse-Darmstadt is now exhibiting his extraordinary muscular powers under the assumed name of Samson. Among the most interesting feats are the following: He takes an iron ring, three-eighths of an inch thick, which he slips over his upper arm after rubbing the latter with oil. He then distends the muscles of his arm and the ring assumes an oval form, and is handed around among the spectators to convince them that "there is no deception." He next takes an iron chain, the links of which are one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and, after waving it two or three times in the air, snaps it asunder with a jerk. The pieces shower around. He afterward takes three chains—one in the left hand, the second over the neck, the third around the right wrist. All three are secured to the floor. Suddenly, springing up from a stooping position, he breaks all three of them, amid the plaudits of the crowd. Two other instances of his herculean strength may be of interest. Last year Herr Samson entered a factory where a small engine was at work. He entered into a wager that he could stop it with his arms. Every body laughed at him. However, he made the attempt and won his bet. Not long ago he was taking several ladies home from a party, when he encountered a group of roadies who made some offensive remarks. Samson struck four of the fellows to the ground, and their yells attracted the police, who, taking him for the aggressor, proceeded to handcuff him, to which he quietly submitted. But no sooner had he been thus secured than he snapped the chain and put the policemen to flight, after a fruitless endeavor to convince them of the real state of the case.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The Panama hotels have electric lights.

—The Red River Valley is said to be the most productive grain growing region in the United States. Wheat averaged the past season, from 22 to 52 bushels per acre, oats from 40 to 105 bushels per acre, and barley 30 to 65 bushels per acre. Yield for 1887:

	Wheat.	Oats.	Barley.
Pembina County	4,002,500	1,715,000	444,000
Walsh	4,967,032	2,021,082	629,500
Grand Forks	5,893,000	3,565,000	740,000
Traill	2,080,000	865,000	154,000
Cass	4,741,001	2,722,501	326,600
Richland	1,161,995	1,038,653	95,928
Total	23,038,088	10,067,855	1,811,028

—The rabbit plague has appeared in Florida. The animals are playing havoc with the green peas and cabbages in many of the Southern sections of that State.

A QUEER WATCH.

While travelling through New York State I came across what I consider a curiosity. The clerk of the Dibble house, in Matteawan, N. Y., Mr. Charles Sweet, has a watch he purchased from a German many years ago, who bought it in a pawn shop in Germany at a cost of not quite $4, American money. The curious part is, it never has been wound for eight or nine years since he has had it, for two reasons. First, it does not wind with a key, nor is it a stem winder, nor is there any other mechanical means to wind it. It winds itself simply by the motion of the body while walking or natural motion of the body during the day. It has an hour and minute hand, also a second hand, is solid silver, and has an independent second hand that registers the number of hours it is wound. It also has a peculiar centrepiece that, when touched, places the hands backward or forward at will. No manufacturer's name can be found on the works or in the case; the only letters are on the works: "Perpetual wanometer."—Dr. Charles L. Howard in New York *World.*

THE EMPEROR'S ROMANCE.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A TWIN BROTHER.

The strange story of Emperor William's remarkable life began with his very infancy. The strict law of heredity which controls all the relations of dynastic families makes no provision for twins. Hence twins are not allowed. But nature is equal and ever true to the averages, even in her freaks. So twins are sometimes born in the direct line to thrones, though history is as mum as the grave about them. Thus it happened to Frederick William III of Prussia that his wife bore him twin sons, March 22, 1797. It was a characteristic stroke of fortune for this unlucky monarch, being of all things the one piece of luck which was bad form in a royal palace. The high chamberlains of his most punctilious court were aghast at such a dangerous and unheard-of proceeding in th Hohenzollern line. To be sure there was an elder son, and little apparent likelihood that one of these would ever come to the throne, but if the succession should ever be open to them, who should decide which was which? So prompt measures were taken. There were two bits of babies just alike. One was kept for a prince of Hohenzollern; the other was given to a discreet nobleman to bring up as a gentleman of good family and mysterious origin. One prince went on to be the greatest monarch of continental Europe. The other became a staid German squire, his daughter married and migrated to Ohio, and his grandson is a well-known professor of music in the city of New York, not a little resembling his cousin, the successor to the throne of Germany. Our readers will look for this story in vain in the histories, but it is truer than history, and the Emperor William, whose death is now announced, acknowledged the relationship in letters of his own hand, addressed to his neice in Ohio, then herself an elderly woman, who had with some difficulty solved the riddle of her father's origin.—Springfield *Republican.*

THE PARSON DISTURBED.

A good story of old days in Massachusetts has recently been published. In one of the churches in the eastern part of the State a bass viol was procured to help the choir. One summer Sunday, while the parson was in the middle of the sermon, a big bull got out of his pasture and came swaggering down the road, growing as he came. The minister heard the low bellow, and, looking up towards the singer's seat with a grave face, he said, "I would thank the musicians not to tune during service time; it annoys me very much." The choir was surprised, but nothing was said. Pretty soon the bull gave another grumble, and then the parson was mad. He stopped short, and looking directly at the bass viol player, said, "I now particularly request Mr. L. that he will not tune his instrument while I am preaching." This was more than the fiddler could stand. Popping up in his seat he snapped out: "It isn't me, parson, it isn't me. It 's that d-d-darned old town bull!"

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