

MANAGING A MULE.

You, Nebuchadnezzar, woaah sah. What is you trying to do, sah? I'd had you for to know, sah.

Dar, dat's de way to do it! It's comin' right down to it; jes watch him plowin' 'trod it;

He minds de like a nigger; if he was only bigger he'd fetch a mighty fluger;

Is dis head me, or not me? Or is de debble got me? Hab I laid here mor'n a week?

The Necktie-and-Throat Tree.

Imagine the luxury of such a tree, and the delights of going out to your needle and thread orchard and picking a needle threaded and already for business.

Vanderbilt's Plans.

Asheville Democrat. George W. Vanderbilt, the youngest of the sons of the late William H. Vanderbilt, is determined, in addition to his well known palace in New York, to have the most magnificent private park and the lordliest country estate in America.

His model stables, which will be scattered over the 5,000 acres, for the purpose of housing thousands of horses and cattle of the very bluest of blue bone blood, will cost, it is said, at least \$200,000 more.

A man sat at an open window one summer's evening, his wife close by, reading.

"O, Mr. Marshall, is your wife at home?" inquired a female voice from the street below.

"What woman was that, sir?" "I did not see or hear any woman, he said."

"Don't tell me that, sir," replied the wife. "Do you want Fanny to come to see you when your wife is gone away?"

The Uses to Which Ventriloquism May be Put.

Fun, of course. It is always amusing? Yes, quite so. Always innocent? Afraid not. It may be, however, depends on the person using it.

All laughter is a combination of surprise mingled with a sense of approval. All perfect ventriloquial work causes surprise, but sometimes disapproval to those who are not "in the game."

Ventriloquism itself, however, is a very curious illusion. We have watched it under the workings of celebrated stage performers. There are two erroneous popular notions regarding it.

The following are a few of the uses to which ventriloquism has been put, and are strictly correct, as they passed under our own observation, and we can vouch for them.

A newly married husband, in an adjoining room, locked the door, and carried on a conversation with a supposed woman, whose voice he imitated perfectly.

"Where is that woman?" she demanded. "Gone," said the husband, coolly. "She has not gone. Who and where is she?"

"For God's sake, George! exclaimed the frantic wife, let her out! Where is the key? This a terrible affair! Oh! George! how could you?—and only married three days! I shall go wild. Is she another wife of yours?"

"Help! Help! I am dying!" came very feebly from the closet now. The key was procured, the door opened, and no one was there.

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Gordon's Charmed Life.

For the first two years of the war the life of Gen. Gordon appeared to be protected by some omnipotent power. In leading his men he was constantly exposed, and though others fell on every side of him he remained uninjured.

At the beginning of the engagement a shell burst immediately in front of him, and a large piece struck him fairly in the chest. A bad bruise was inflicted, but Gordon never showed that he felt the pain of it, and continued at the head of his men.

The congregation and minister were too astonished for utterance. A hasty benediction was pronounced, and the services ended. They made a search under the platform for the unfortunate individual, and the ventriloquist aided them.

At a party one night a certain chair was vacant. It was easy, large and attractive. A young man took it. "Don't sit on me! Get up, quick!"

"Where are you?" asked the young man. "In the cushion." The delusion was so real that the young man asked permission to cut the cushion open, which was granted.

"Well that is strange," he said. "Of course, it is strange; don't try it again," said a still small voice from the chair.

A Frenchman in Delmonico's in New York, had ordered a whole chicken. It was brought to him. He took his knife, whittled it, was just about to cut the fowl, when a prolonged and agonizing groan came forth from the chicken.

On the 26th of March, 1765, the battle of Shepherdstown was fought, and General Gordon, as a corps commander, received his last wound, a ball piercing his right leg.

At every entertainment given by a ventriloquist, numerous tricks are played upon the audience. Until recently the methods by which the art could be learned were never given to the public.

Remarkable Duels.

From the San Diego Union. One afternoon last week there was a large and interested crowd of amusement seekers in and in front of the large side widows of Knox & Van Haren's drug store.

On this particular afternoon it was determined to see how the animals would act when placed together. A layer of sand about an inch thick was spread over the bottom of a glass globe, and first the two centipedes were dropped in and with them a horned toad.

The body was taken out of the globe and soon after the tarantula was dropped in. The centipede had not had time to recover any strength after his battle with his fellow and his sting had lost its death-dealing qualities.

One of the company who had watched two battles was impressed with the way the centipede fought in the first battle, and ventured the assertion that the centipede was the better fighter.

The tarantula fights with a pair of pinchers which are thrust out just below or from the lower part of the head. These are very hard and strong enough to leave marks on a lead pencil.

In the battle in the globe the two came together a dozen or more rounds, breaking away and returning to the opposite sides of the globe at the close of each.

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BEAUVOIR, Miss., Feb. 1, 1890. I have engaged to prepare a biography of my late husband, which will be published at an early date.

Negro emigrants from the eastern part of the State will keep the trains on the Western road pretty well crowded. Last Sunday's batch was estimated at 1,000.

What's the Matter with Reynard.

Rockingham Rocket. The "foxes have holes," but they are not keeping to them out in the neighborhood of Ledbetter's factory, but have been cutting up some very strange antics lately.

A short time after, Mr. Alex McInnis was walking along the road near his house when met a fox in the road. He called his dog—a small fox—and the dog and fox had a "hand-to-hand" fight.

On Tuesday morning before Christmas as the hands were going to work at the mill he was attacked by a fox, which got a firm hold upon the leg of his pants.

Have they got the rabies, or foxaphobia? A Dollar Worth \$550. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A fact of greatest interest to numismatists is the finding of the missing 1804 silver dollar. Only four silver disks of this date were ever put into circulation, and for years the whereabouts of the fourth has been eagerly searched for.

Sleeping with the Head to the North. The superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their heads toward the North is now believed to be based upon a scientific principle.

How Saints are Made. State Chronicle. It is proposed to make Jeanne d'Arc a saint by canonization.

The first watches were made at Nuremberg in 1477. Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first telescope was used in the same country in 1608. The first union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge.

At the Paris Exposition.

Among the many wonders there is none that shows more accurate scientific knowledge on the part of the makers than the enormous globe on which the earth's surface is depicted.

There are two classes of lawyers in England, one being called barristers, the other attorneys. When a case is to be tried, the attorney who has taken it from the client, gets up the evidence and prepares the papers.

A Good Work. Marion Harland, the friend and helper of women everywhere, has taken up the work of restoring the ruined monument marking the burial-place of Mary the mother of George Washington.

One hundred years ago this venerable woman was interred in private grounds near Fredericksburg Virginia. In 1833, the corner-stone of an imposing memorial was laid by President Andrew Jackson.

Marion Harland says truly—in her appeal to the mothers and daughters of America to erect a fitting monument to her who gave Our Country a Father—that "the sun shines upon no sadder run in the length and breadth of our land, than this unfinished structure."

The publishers of The Home-Maker, of which Marion Harland is the editor, offer, as their contribution to the good cause, seventy-five cents out of every annual subscription of two dollars to the Magazine sent in during the next six months.

The offer is generous and should meet with an enthusiastic response.

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It is proposed to hold an international exhibition in Berlin in 1897 which shall eclipse the recent exposition in Paris.