

The New Orleans Crescent.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1868.

For the Sunday Crescent.

BY HARRY W.

Roll on, thou mighty river, roll onward to the sea, Let all now take example and onward go like thee.

The mighty king of waters who onward rolls so fast, Has work to do, and cannot pause as he rushes

And let us do what'er we try with all our strength and might, And always take the side of, and battle for the right.

And when our days are over, and when our sun is set, Our hearts are conquerors still if they have bravely met.

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EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS, ETC.

Brick Pomeroy's life is to be published. Cabbage jelly is the latest luxury. The velocipede mania has reached Baltimore.

Dickens will not write a Christmas story this year. The republic of Haiti ought to be well governed.

There are six different railroads now in process of construction in Oregon. Jenny Lind is reported to have become soured and vixenish.

Thanks to the officers of steamship Matagorda for late Texas papers. There is a man in Southwestern Pennsylvania who has walked ninety years on a crutch.

The officers of steamer Louise have favored us with late Mobile papers. A school to teach velocipede riding has been established in Paris.

The new sleeves in Paris are styled "engagantes." Large monogram handkerchiefs are now in fashion among young gentlemen.

Very pretty and stylish walking suits are now made of tartan cloth—a thick and showy material. Mr. James T. Shelton, formerly mayor of Mobile, died in that city on Monday last.

The prevailing disease at Montgomery, Ala., is negro highwaymen. It is fashionable now to have one's breath smell of onions, for the empress eats garlic.

Horse stealing as a disease, and hanging as a remedy therefor, prevails in Grant county, Ind. In Milton county, Ga., rich discoveries of gold are reported to have been recently made.

Spain has 13,471 manufacturers, and 154,300 factory operatives. The Macon and Brunswick, Ga., Railroad is to be completed by November 1st, 1869.

Colorado county, Texas, produces 50 bushels of castor beans to the acre. A topographical survey of the Gettysburg battle-field is now being made by the War Department.

The "Holy Land and Paradise Lost," on 144,000 feet of painted canvas, is traveling west through the Canadas. Rev. P. Neely, pastor of the St. Francis street Methodist Church, Mobile, died in that city on the 9th inst.

Lancaster county, Pa., has a chestnut tree twenty-seven feet in circumference, with a cherry tree growing from one of its branches. Three strikes are now in progress in New York city, viz: The cigar makers, shoemakers and piano forte makers.

W. L. Jamison, an actor and son of the late George Jamison, died on the 9th in New York, aged thirty-three years. Arrangements are being made in Nashville for the organization of a large manufacturing establishment.

Every farmer ought to know that cut nails, heated red hot, and dropped into cold water, will clinch as well as wrought nails. Walton, Me., has a dwelling house inhabited by four families.

Several of the bakers in Troy have reduced the price of bread from ten to eight cents per loaf, in consequence of the decline in the price of flour. Two old bachelors of Indianapolis made a novel bet on the election. The loser was either to marry within six weeks or forfeit \$500.

An annual farmers' supper, at which they feast on pork and beans, brown bread and pumpkin pie, is the delight of Orland citizens. The store of the Workmen's Co-operative Society, in Halifax, England, is a handsome stone building, erected at a cost of \$100,000.

Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, has given up his project of going to Missouri to live, and will remain in the former State. A Mississippi editor, in praising a favorite candidate, says: "He is as fine a fellow as ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

The Journal of Chemistry states that a pint of permanganate of potash turned into a musty barrel will make it as sweet as new in five minutes rinsing. A good thing to remember. Mr. J. H. Lick, Lick's mills, St. Clara county, Cal., planted acorns of the oak cork in 1858, and now has 85 trees, from 15 to 20 feet high and from 8 to 10 inches in diameter.

During the month of September, the National Freedmen's Savings Bank and its twenty-two branches received \$260,261 deposits, paid \$235,268 on drafts, leaving \$26,993 due depositors. During last year in England and Wales 139 persons were committed for trial for murder, and as many as 53, considerably more than a third, were women.

Otto Hollinger, son of the editor of the Newark Volksman, operated a hand organ all of Friday afternoon in the streets of that city, in fulfillment of a wager on the presidential election. The total expenses of assessing the internal revenue tax throughout the country for the last fiscal year was \$5,151,173. The amount paid as counsel fees and as rewards to informers was \$48,508.

Aurora, Illinois, is to have an immense rolling mill. All the iron for the Michigan Central, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Burlington and Missouri, and Hannibal and St. Joseph railroads, is to be manufactured there. The Amador (Cal.) Dispatch says that the famous old Texas ranger, Colonel Jack Hays, has bought about fifteen thousand acres of land in Tulsa for his friends from the South, and is not done buying.

The emperor of Austria is a hard worker. He is very systematic in his labors, and clears off the day's business before he leaves it; and the way he cuts through the red tape is an astonishment to the old grizzly heads which surround him. We have received from Haley, No. 29 Commercial Place, the following paper, The Irish People, the Sporting Times, the Pilot, the Banner of the South, the American Artisan, the Irish American, the Chimney Corner, Saturday Night and the New York Ledger.

To THE LADIES.—There are few things about which ladies are more interested than their outer coverings, be they shawls, mantillas, sacks, or cloaks. Whatever the dress may be, the fair one who is in the street invariably feels herself incomplete unless the covering be correspondingly handsome. Now how interesting it will be to them to learn that there is a store in town where cloaks of all kinds, cloth, silk and velvet, out in the latest style and made in the best manner, can be obtained at moderate prices. This place is the establishment of Mr. F. Adam, No. 76 Canal street. Mr. Adam's stock is very large, and he is therefore able to do what he professes, i. e., dispose of it at low prices. He will be happy to show what he has at any time. We advise an investigation of the contents of this store.

Marie Miller as Princess Enchante in the "White Fawn," at the Academy of Music, Monday night. A BAVE THAT IS EVERY WAY SAFE.—Messrs. John W. Morris & Co., general commission merchants, 52 Canal street, are agents for the great American Fire and Burglar Proof safes. These articles obtained the gold medal at the State fair in this city in November 1866, and in January 1868. More than this, it is hardly necessary to say. Banks, merchants and capitalists in town and country, should consult their interests.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS, ETC.

Grape culture in Iowa is a success. A farmer in Kamouraska, Quebec, recently found two thousand eels in his fishery. The Georgia papers are advocating small farms instead of large plantations.

Cranberries have been selling at \$10.50 to \$18 per barrel. Patterson, N. J., has twenty-three manufacturing establishments. Over \$100,000 was paid for butter at St. Albans, Vt., during the month of October.

The total produce of the Scottish iron works last year (1867) was 1,831,000 tons of pig iron. Over one million ayles a day are manufactured in one mill at Waterbury, Conn. Immense beds of chromium have been discovered in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

There are reported to be less than 300 practical stair-builders in New York city. A brig full of peanuts, from Africa, arrived last week in Boston. The coffee production of the world is estimated at seven hundred millions of pounds.

The wheat crop of Great Britain this season has averaged 32 bushels per acre. About 5000 saddle trees are annually made in New Braunfels, Texas. In 1866 there were nearly 18,000,000 pounds of grapes brought into Paris.

The stock of Rio coffee in the United States on 1st instant was 190,000. Some enterprising men in Nashville have started a broom factory, two chair factories and three soap factories, the largest in the South. Samuel Edison, of Vineland, New Jersey, has raised this present season on his farm on Oak road one ton of grapes on one hundred vines.

The silk mills of Paterson, N. J., have in the aggregate about three thousand employes, the most of whom are children. The corn crop of Louisiana, for the present year, will exceed that of 1867 by 800,000 bushels. In Japan, paper is used in the manufacture of fans, lanterns, umbrellas, pocket-books, cloaks and even windows.

A cotton batting factory, which turns out about four hundred pounds of batting per day, has just been founded at Toledo, Ohio. A French company has rented for sixty years the right to plant fruit trees on the slopes of railway embankments. The sales of cotton goods by the mills at Lewiston, Maine, in the quarter ending September 30, amounted to \$1,142,679.

Two crops of currants, and two of strawberries have been gathered this year in some parts of Delaware. The copper coinage of 1867, in England, consisted of 5,453,530 pence, 2,908,800 half-pence, and 5,017,600 farthings.

Hundreds of barrels of cranberries are being shipped east from Minnesota. They readily command \$3 to \$5 per bushel in that State. A. G. Tuttle, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, has shipped this fall from his nursery, of his own trees 8000, and 20,000 in all. The largest cattle owners in Texas are King & Co., of Corpus Christi. Their stocks and herds number 36,000.

Franklin introduced broom corn into this country. Previously brooms were made of evergreen boughs. Mike Carney raised 2400 bushels of potatoes on ten acres of land, within four miles of Mayville, and sold them at sixty-five cents per bushel. A Tecumseh, Mich., correspondent of the Western Rural gathered 485 cucumbers from a single hill of three plants.

The first coins of any metal issued by the United States were three hundred tons of copper cents coined at the New Haven mint in 1787. Messrs. Wheeler & Jerome, of Albany, N. Y., are now manufacturing paper boxes direct from the pulp, under two patents obtained last year. A vein of manganese of superior quality has been found on the farm of Y. H. Peyton, near Lynchburg.

The Chicago Cutlery Company now employ 85 hands, and will soon enlarge their works to double their present capacity. The coffee plant is an evergreen shrub that grows to the height of sixteen or eighteen feet, the berries growing in clusters like cherries. A valuable vein of iron ore covering an area of one hundred acres, has been discovered near Petersburg, Va.

There are 233,719 dealers in beer and spirits in Great Britain, for the year ending March 31, 1868. They paid \$4,817,000 for licenses. The Northwest produced in 1867, 600,000 tons of pig iron, and 200,000 tons of bars and plates, the total value being over \$45,000,000. The first horses introduced upon the Western continent, were brought over by Columbus in his second voyage to America in 1493.

The territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean yielded 25,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1859, and in 1868 harvested 65,000,000 bushels. The imports of sugar from Cuba into the United States for the first ten months of 1868 are 421,840 boxes and 543,638 hogsheads, against 334,234 boxes and 432,869 hogsheads.

During the three weeks ending the 4th inst. there were 63,777 cases of boots and shoes shipped from Boston, of which 6241 cases (nearly ten per cent) were shipped to New Orleans. In New York 1500 girls are employed in making paper boxes, and a larger number in the manufacture of envelopes, for which they receive about \$6 per week.

The Abington, Virginia, salt works have just been leased for five years, by a Nashville company, at an annual rent of \$31,200, the lessees to pay \$45,000 taxes now due. There are thirteen steam thrashers now at work in Salinas Valley, Santa Cruz county, California, threshing out an average of 500 bushels per day, and there is a demand for at least eight more.

Last winter the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a law inflicting a fine of \$25 for shooting or killing insectivorous birds at any season of the year. A scientific paper published abroad declares that until steel rails are adopted on all rail-ways the liabilities of destruction to life will be perennial. The San Francisco Bulletin says: "More farms have been cut up and sold in this State during the present year, probably, than in any three previous years."

About a dozen rabbits were let loose in Barron park, belonging to a gentleman in South Australia, some few years ago, and recently, in one year, 15,000 were killed on the estate. The tobacco crop of Cuba for 1868, it is reported, will be twenty-five per cent. less than that of last year, while the price will be twenty to twenty-five per cent. higher. In Australia they have fenced in 10,000 acres where ostriches are kept, and it is found that the feathers of a full grown bird will sell for \$100 a year.

The Danforth Locomotive and Machine Company, of Paterson, N. J., turns out seventy locomotives and about \$390,000 worth of cotton machinery yearly. Employment is given to about 700 hands. A large furnace has just been erected in the newly developed iron regions in Boone county, Tennessee, four miles from Kimbrough's Landing, on the Tennessee river. From 150 to 200 men are employed. The fecundity of fish is very great. A two year old trout produces a thousand eggs; a three year old 1200; a six year old 6000. Salmon and shad are still more prolific. A salmon yields, according to age, from 10,000 to 40,000; a shad from 50,000 to 100,000.

In Middletown, Vermont, is a single tomato plant, ten feet high and eight in breadth, which had upon it one bushel of fruit, some of them weighing a pound each, and all of them of large size. They are called the "perfect tomato," are thick seeded, have very few seeds, and grow very large. Cotton planters in Georgia propose to construct plowing machinery in their gin-houses, to be run by the same power which runs their gins, and spin their cotton into yarn and send it to market in this concentrated and partially manufactured form, saving a large portion of the cost of transportation and many of the expenses which now attend the sale of the raw material. Written for the Sunday Crescent.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE. CONTINUED. As I told you last week, I have seen a ghost, Now I am of a disposition not to sit quietly down accepting any theory that may be offered without at least attempting to investigate its truth. Never in my life have I known the meaning of the word fear, for when but a child of eleven years my mother, who hated a coward, put me through a course of treatment that would either throw a child into spasms or render them fearless for life. It had the latter effect upon me, and to this day I have never been able to resist the impulse of an idea, under all circumstances, investigating the why and wherefore of any noise or sight that was unusual; and after I left the old farmhouse and returned to the hotel I was vexed not only with my hosts but with myself, and in pondering over the affair came to the conclusion that I would return and see if I could not solve the mystery of the apparition. No sooner determined upon than done. I ordered a carriage and, once more, wended my way along the picturesque road, shaded by tall hickory and oak, and fringed with hazel and paw-paw bushes heavy with their burden of delicious fruit. On reaching my destination I was kindly well come, and when offered another room, said: "No, I prefer the one I had before; I am not willing to acknowledge myself conquered by a ghost, and would like to see if it will return again."

"Scarcely come soon," replied my hostess. "It does not appear very often, and months may go by and you not see it."

"At all events," I said, "I shall not give it up till I make one more trial," and so I was installed afresh in my room, and, as usual, went to rest in my soft, dreamy couch, and all passed quietly that night. The house was certainly a delightful one, my hostess agreeable and kind; yet I soon decided that there was something mysterious about the place that was not easily read. In going to and from my room I noticed that in the large hall through which I passed there seemed a space that was not accounted for by the rooms apparent, and that was out of the way of the main passage of the way up over paneling of dark oak, that, judging from the part over the paper was too beautifully carved to be hidden from sight, and the blank space without a door, or of a window, or of a chimney, and the original plan of the house. But though I could see there was a secret which perplexed me, as it was a pleasant house, with pleasant people in it, I who were kind to the stranger within its walls and made it home like to her so far as they could, I did not pry and question into what was not my own affair, not being a Yankee, you see.

Several nights passed without interruption, and I began to congratulate myself upon the fact that the ghost did not care to be bothered with visiting me, or was better employed elsewhere. I at last grew careless, and instead of watching as I did at first, would dismiss my mind after my usual hour of sleep, and dreaming over the fire until the "wee-wee" hours awoke the twilight. One night, as I was about to retire, I was awakened by a sound which I had never heard before, and which I at first thought was the organ filling the room with rich tones, and there at the organ was the fair woman. Determined this time not to be deceived or fooled in solving the singular affair, I slipped quietly out of bed, and slipped aside the heavy silken folds of the bed curtains until I could command a full view of the room on all sides, then waited to see what I should see. If a spirit it could but disappear as it has before; if a man, I would then have the gratification of having discovered the ghost that haunted the chamber. Watching her through my patient vigil by seeing her turn from the organ and slowly glide up to my bedside, and stand there looking at me with her strange glowing eyes. Presently she turned and again I felt the thrilling touch of the cold, soft hand upon my face, smoothing the hair from off my brow in an inexpressible loving way, and a gentle murmur of fond words fell upon my ear. For the first time I felt a new dread, a dread to fear it has ever been my fortune to experience, and opening my eyes I looked full into her face and spoke to her, but with a stifled cry she retreated towards the chest. Jumping out of bed I ran to the place where she had seemed to sink into the chest, just in time to see the floor near it close up as though a trap door was there; and pressing upon the place before it had time to settle firmly, I sank with me in an empty space in a small room, a door in the further end. "Never give up!" has long been my motto, and it helped me here. "Living or dead, I'll see who or what you are before I leave you," I said, and hastened after her as she fled along the passage, and began a low, sobbing cry, as I gained upon her. Running into a room at the end of the passage, she sank upon a low couch, and covered up as though in fear, while her pitiable cry made me stop and think of retracing my steps, for I now knew it was a living thing, not a spirit, that had haunted my chamber; but, on looking around me, I was in an empty space, and a part of the house to me I scarcely knew which way to turn. So gently approaching her, I spoke softly and kindly to her, entreating her to be calm and to tell me who or what she was, and what her keeping was in the possession of another, and what other a total stranger. "Oh, my God, how came you here?" Ah! Myra, my poor child, at last you have betrayed us. At the sound of her voice the fair woman sprang up from the couch and ran to her, crying, "Hide me, hide me!" and hid her face in the bosom of my hostess, who gently soothed her. "If you will show me the way to my room, Mrs. L., I'll reward you with a silver dollar, and I'll be sure to see you again; but, in the meantime let me assure you that your secret is safe with me and will never be betrayed." She simply replied, "Thank you, this is the large hall and was secret door in the blank space. At once all was explained, the singular blank space was concealed rooms appropriated to the use of the fair woman, and she was made known to me as I told you to my room a tap at the door announced my hostess, and then I heard the secret of the haunted room. ELIZABETH.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—The particular attention of the trade is directed to an advertisement of Messrs. Louis Stern & Bro., auctioneers, which appears in another column. These gentlemen have recently received, direct from the manufacturers, a large and varied assortment of boots and shoes, which to-morrow they will dispose of. The stock embraces all sorts of ladies', misses' and children's boots and shoes of every pattern. Also, brogans, boots; in short, everything pertaining to the trade. These goods will be disposed of in lots to suit purchasers. It is now the time when country merchants are laying in their winter stock. To such we cannot give a better piece of advice than to attend the sale to-morrow. The goods are of the best and will probably be sold cheap. The full particulars will be found elsewhere.

STALL NO. 2, ST. MARY'S MARKET.—Our advice to all those who want the best beef, mutton and pork the market affords, and at prices to be within the reach of all, is to give L. Bartet & Co. a call at this stall. They are fully prepared to fill all orders within their line of business at once. Frank Young is the "Co.," and who of our citizens don't know him as having been identified with the business for years? He will be always on hand ready to serve and to please you at the Red Stall, No. 2. Call and see him.

THE CRESCENT acknowledges the receipt of a pamphlet entitled "Ramsie, the new textile plant for Southern cultivation." Office, 104 Gravier street.

THE MULE THAT THE DEVIL COULD NOT RIDE.

BY COL. BLUNDERBUS.

It was on the road between M— and V—, in North Louisiana, during the late war, that I one day overtook a forlorn looking Louisiana cavalryman, leading a heavily packed but well fed mule, which plied its way daintily along the miry road, while its master trudged on painfully, and with misery depicted in every feature. Accustomed to all the whims and crochets of this class of patriots, I paid but little attention to the cavalryman or beast, but rode past without else than the customary wave of the hand. But not so with a squad of Texans who were coming on about fifty yards behind me. These fellows, with their usual curiosity, hailed the pedestrian, and demanded why he did not ride his mule instead of leading him. The party addressed gave no indication of having heard the interrogatory, but trudged on, with eyes intent upon the mud before him, as faithful a picture of a churl as ever was beheld.

"Hey, old hoss," again spoke the Texian, "why in thearnation don't you either ride or carry your mule? I'd do one or the other, any way."

The Louisianaian turned his head slowly and transferred his gaze from the mud to his interlocutor. After a few minutes he ejaculated, by way of answer: "Jeff. Davis himself couldn't ride that mule. He'd fling the devil."

"Not of 'em from Texas. He thought of he belonged to the 'butter-milk rangers' 'bout here. I'll ride his tail off 'a him."

"Bugs!" ejaculated the Louisianaian contemptuously, as he went on, apparently stimulating the subject from his mind. Now what he meant by "bugs" I cannot pretend to say; but the word appeared to have a talismanic power upon the Texian, who immediately jumped from his horse, and, confronting the leader of the mule, roughly laid his hand upon his shoulder, saying in a loud and excited tone of voice: "I tell yer I kin, and if yer believe I can't, may be you'd bet yer money on it?"

Thinking that there was a likelihood of seeing some sport I joined the party, which had halted in a sort of circle around the principal actors, and awaited further developments. Previous, however, to continuing my narration, I'll give the reader a rough sketch of the locality in our immediate vicinity. We were on a level plain which was considerably elevated above the country beyond; in fact, only about one hundred yards in our front, the road began a descent which though not precipitous was still quite a steep hill. The rains had washed deep ruts on each side of the wagon track on the hill sides, and at one particular place, when the road took a sharp turn to the right, a ravine of about twelve or fifteen feet had been cut into the clayey soil.

"I ain't got no money," said the Louisianaian, "an' 'n' bet nohow."

"I'll bet yer hoss agin yer mule, and my boots agin yer old shoes," bragged the excited "rider," from the prairie, "an' 'n' if yer don't take me up I'll lick yer ter boot."

For, almost born upon the back of a horse, a Texian considers it a deadly insult to question his ability to ride anything, from a wild mustang to a four year old beef fresh from its native pastures. Apparently considering that the chances for winning were largely in his favor, or, perhaps, fearing that the strapping six footer before him would carry out his threat, Louisianaian finally said: "Done!" to both bets; and they shook hands as an evidence of friendly feeling and honest difference of opinion.

Transferring his saddle and bridle from his horse to the mule, with a celerity and an eye to security, so peculiar to the people of his State, he was soon ready to make the trial. Like the cautious general who always endeavors to find out the strength of his enemy previous to engaging him, he, however, stopped to take a good survey of the animal he was about to attempt to master. He led him a short distance up the road, backed him, turned him and tried to find out his peculiarities by various devices. But to all appearance, as tame as a dog, the mule never showed the least bit of excitement, and was as docile and patient under the manipulation as would be a ten year old boy at Garthwells, Lewis and Stuart's clothing store in New Orleans, having a new suit of clothing tried upon him by an affectionate parent.

The Texian then took a good look at his caparisons. And truly they were formidable affairs. The bridle, with its hair rope headstall and reins, and a lever bit nearly a foot in length. I could see that his knowledge of mule flesh taught him not to trust to appearances, for when he prepared to mount, he looked well to the fastenings of his enormous spurs, and gave the sleeves of his coat a rub up to clear the way for the free use of his wrists. Then, going quietly to the side of the animal, he lifted his foot into the leather covered box stirrups, but the mule did not budge an inch. Catching hold of the mane, he suddenly raised himself from the ground and threw his leg across the mule; but as sudden as had been his movement, that of the mule was more so. He simply stepped sideways—all four legs together, apparently—in the direction from whence the man had mounted, and the Texian went too far over, and fell on his head and hands on the other side. There was then no jumping or rearing, but all was again quiet. The Texian arose quickly, and saw by his eye that he was prepared to ride or die. He again walked up to the animal and pretended to be arranging something loose on the saddle, for the reins were hanging loose on the mule's neck; but as quick as a flash of lightning, with one bound, he was in his hands, looking more like a centaur than a man.

It was beautiful, and I could not suppress an exclamation of admiration. His comrades, however, appeared to look upon it as an every-day feat, and were sitting upon their horses on the side of the road, awaiting the dismountment with a little impatience. The Louisianaian was sitting on a stump, smoking his pipe, evidently more intent upon studying the points of the Texian's horse which he held by the halter, than in watching the details of an adventure which he was so certain could only end one way. But to return to the mule and his rider.

No sooner did the animal feel the weight of the man upon his back than he began a series of gymnastic exercises which were frightful to behold. He reared, he pitched up and down, off to this side, then to that. He drew his hindquarters up towards his shoulders, after a fashion of a three-toed spay-glass, and would suddenly shoot them out again, his back curving and wriggling all the time like a snake pinned in the center. At one time it would assume a pair of ears upon nothing but his saddle, and at another the animal would seem to be as big as an elephant, whose heels were flying about loose in every direction. This went on about an hour, and the contending parties appeared to be pretty evenly matched both in skill and power of endurance. After the expiration of the time mentioned, a large wagon, drawn by eight yoke of oxen, appeared above the brow of the hill, and at the moment the mule discovered the patient toilers "under the yoke," he made for them, and rushing into the middle of the line, created an awful panic and stampede. Back down the hill again went the whole crowd, carrying with them the mule and rider, who were hopelessly involved amid the coupling chains and long crooked horns. But in their haste they slightly deviated from the right track, when they came to the short turn above described, and one yoke of oxen losing their footing, they dragged the entire team and company after them, and all went to the bottom of the ravine together, in one general conglomeration. It was at the same time a fearful and a ludicrous sight. Texas appeared to be every-where at the same time. At one moment his boots and enormous spurs would be in sight, and at the next his long sun burned whickers and dispirited hat. I am unable to explain how he got out; but that he did so without loss of time, was very evident. He had abandoned the mule to his fate, and looked considerably the worse for wear. A small stream of dark blood was trickling from his shaggy hair, one arm appeared to be broken and he limped painfully, as if wounded in one leg, from which his boot had been torn off and hung in strips.

The Louisianaian still sat on his stump, which he had not deserted during the whole struggle, and as the Texian approached, with misery stamped upon his visage and rage glowing in his swollen eyes, demanded—"Guv it up?"

The wounded man did not deign a reply, but slowly seated himself on the grass beside the road, and began to examine his wounded leg.

"I say, old fel!" said the ranger after buttermilk. "Did you hear what I axed yer? I ain't gwine to wait here all day on you. Do yer guv up the bet or not. Will yer try and ride my mule any mo, or shall I take him on the hoss?"

"Lise," said the Texian, turning to one of his comrades, "yer! have to pack my saddle and blankets fer me, I kin walk until I can find a hoss. But I'm hanged if I don't have to be cheated by a cussed houn like that. Anyhow the boots ain't worth much—maybe his shoes is better." And addressing himself to the Louisianaian, he said: "See you, you thervin' cuss, you've bin trainin' that hoss to throw somebody, and if I hadn't hurt myself agin that dratted b'd I'd be the darndest lickin' yer ever had in yer life. I'd be dog'n'd if I didn't."

After this, waiting the party preparing to leave, I rode away from the spot. The Louisianaian soon caught up with me, riding the Texian's horse, and was actually humming to himself a song. Sang he: "Ef yer want ter see he'll see the halter-ery."

He was evidently a happy man. I never learned the fate of the mule, the Texian or his companions."

IMAGINATION. BY PENNY PENNIFATHER. Imagination is one of the most useful commodities a man can have—if he has nothing else. It is a satisfaction to a man to know, however, that he has a good deal of imagination he is not likely to have the other things; or if he does have them, that he won't keep 'em long. It is the least reliable stock in trade a young man ever started with; worse than flint-lock muskets and wooden horses. For if you can't sharpen your razors on the hones, you can burn them; and the old motto is, first to keep Christmas with, but imagination won't even stop the fence cracks to keep the pigs out.

Imagination is a thing whereby, when a man doesn't know the most indistinct reason about a case, he can sit down and think till he knows it all; so it is an advantage to the ignorant. But it keeps people from acquiring a lot of interesting information which is liable to be of use to them in after life; as for instance shoemaking, blacksmithing, journeyman carpentering, tin work, house painting and the like.

It is like whisky in one respect, which is that it has a tendency to get into your head, and when it does it plays strange tricks sometimes. Now there's