

ed to the Dresseldorf porch. So quiet, so full of peace, so fraught with meditation and retrospective self-communings was the scene, that Mr. Dresseldorf wondered if he could endure so much happiness every evening. Just then,

"Whoo! Who-oh-oh-oh-h!!" Whack! whack! whack! Whoa! ye son of a thief! Head him, Bill! Whoa!"

"What under the canopy—" began the startled and astonished Mr. Dresseldorf; but just then he saw a gray mule with a paint-brush tail flying down the road, head and tail up, and its heels making vicious offers at every animated object that came within range. It was plain that one of Mr. Whackem's mules had got away, as the honest teamstre and his three sons were seen skirmishing down the street. Mr. Dresseldorf groaned as the animal was cornered, and his picture of peaceful solitude fled.

"Whoa! Don't throw at him! Whoa now!" "Head him off, dad!" "Git down the road farder, Bill!" "Whoa, whoa, now!" "Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" "Hold on, Tom!" "Hurry up!" "Look out for his heels!" "Now ketch him!" Chorus, "Whoa! whoa! whoa!" "Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw!" Whoop! "Hi!" "Whoop-pee!" Dog gone the diddledy don gone mule to thunder!"

Mr. Dresseldorf groaned as the cavalcade went storming and crashing and hallooing down the street. "Thank heaven they're gone," he said.

It sounded like a calliope, only it was too far from the river; but it brought the man of peace to his feet all the same.

"Sook-kee! sook-kee! Suke! suke! seuke!"

It was Mr. Blodgers calling his cow, as he emphasized the summons by pounding on the bottom of a tin pail with the leg of a milking stool. Mr. Dresseldorf moaned and buried his nervous hands in his hair and tried to pull the top of his head off. While Mr. Blodgers was yelling and pounding, however, a hurricane came tearing up the road—a whirlwind of dust and whoops and paint-brush tails and horns and sticks—and from this awful confusion shot forth yells and brays and bawls and the discordant clangor of a cow bell. Mr. Blodgers ran out into the road, while Mr. Dresseldorf fell on his knees and crammed his finger in his ears.

"What'n thunder's chasin' that keow, I'd like to know?" queried Mr. Blodgers; then, raising his voice, "Hey! hi? I say! Whoop!" And he was tossed over Mr. Dresseldorf's fence into a garden urn, and the hurricane per- on up the street, leaving Mr. Blodgers howling like a dervish, and beseeching the

demoralized Dresseldorf to bring him some arnica and whiskey. The wretched man rose to minister to the sufferings of his neighbour, and got the two needful medicines; but just as he came out of the house the programme changed again. Mr. Sturvesant's dog, keeping an eye upon the entire neighbourhood, had met the whirlwind above mentioned up at the next corner, and had promptly turned it back. This unexpected retrograde movement placed Mr. Whackem, the three Masters Whackem, and a small mob of juvenile volunteers who had been picked up at one point of the chase and another to help catch the mule, directly in the path of the charging mule and Mr. Blodgers' cow. An immediate adjournment was at once moved and carried, and the entire community lit out for the nearest place of refuge; but Mr. Sturvesant's dog kept up the chase with such vigour that the whole vociferous, yelling, braying, bawling, barking mass came bulging through Dresseldorf's front fence, upsetting the owner of the property and carrying him and Mr. Blodgers out into the alley, where the mass fell apart, the animals running to their respective stables, and the "human warions" seeking their homes as soon as they found each other. Mr. Dresseldorf advertised his place for sale the next morning. He is fond of the quiet life of a suburban residence, he says, but it is a little too far from business.

A Burlington Adder.

Burlington rejoices in a mathematical prodigy. Indeed it is a perfect wonder, and our educational men and teachers used to find a great deal of instruction and some pleasure in interviewing the child, a bright boy of nine years. His name is Alfred J. Talbot, and his parents live at No. 1223 North Main-street. The boy's health is rather delicate, so that he has not been sent to school a great deal; but he can perform arithmetical feats that remind one of the stories told about Zerah Colburn. He was always bright, and possesses a remarkable memory. In company with two or three members of the school board, we went to the home of the prodigy for an interview. He was marvelously ready with answers to every question. Our easy starters, such as, "Add 6 and 3, and 7 and 9, and 2 and 9, and 5," were answered like a flash, and correctly every time. Then when we got the little fellow at his ease, one of the directors took him in hand. He said:

"Three times 11, plus 9, minus 17, divided by 3, plus 1, multiplied by 3, less 3, add 7, is how many?"

"Nine," shouted the boy, almost before the last word was spoken; and the School

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