

A MULE STORY.

THERE are but two ways of learning either good or evil. One is, to learn by our own experience. The other is, to learn from the experience of others. I need not say that the first method is very expensive, and sometimes dangerous, especially when the lesson learned is an evil one. The drunkard, of all men, knows the cost and pain of personal experience.

Last First of July a certain farming lad gained some very impressive personal experience which he will remember all his life. The night before the First he said to his venerable sire: "Father, the boys are going to celebrate Dominion Day to-morrow in the village, and there is going to be a procession of the 'Antiques and Horribles' in the morning—mayn't I go over early and see the fun?" "Yes, Sammy," answered the old man, "but you must do the milking and the chores before you go."

Next morning the lad was up before daylight and, with his milk-pail, hastened to the barn. It being quite dark he had to feel his way, but unfortunately got into the wrong pen—he got into the pen where the mule lived.

I am not much of a mulist. I don't know the domestic habits of the mule, but I have an idea that the average mule is not much of a milker. I do not remember ever seeing mule milk or mule butter advertised for sale, nor have I ever read of a mule that took a prize at a cattle-show for being a superior dairy animal.

Josh Billings, in his great work on natural history, says that a mule has four legs—two to travel with and two to kick with. It was the last-mentioned that the boy got introduced to. The introduction was so sudden and exciting that the boy didn't have time to fill his pail, because that disappeared through the skylight while he went through the barn-door and landed in the mash-tub. He reviewed the "Antiques and Horribles" in bed that day, and for several days thereafter.