

**STABLE MADE A PRISON.**  
North Carolina Attorney Sent to Jail  
for a Mule.

From the Washington Star: "I was imprisoned in a stable once," said a well-known attorney to a Star writer. "I had been retained to recover a mule in a mountain county of North Carolina. The mule had been taken from my client and I obtained a writ of replevin, under which the sheriff turned the animal over to me. He was placed in a log stable until the case could be tried the next morning. Court convened about sunrise, under a big oak tree, and the mule was sent for, but the brute had escaped and could not be found.

"C'ou'll come to order," said the justice, "an' es the critter is gone, the red-headed lawyer'll take his place, bein' as he was the las' one then 'im in charge."

"The trial progressed and judgment was rendered in favor of my client for the mule, but in the absence of the property the justice said:

"The mule was wuth a hundred dollars, an' as the lawyer let 'im git away, I'll render judgment agin 'im for a hundred dollars an' costs, an' the sheriff 'll imprison 'im till the costs are paid."

"Of course the proceedings were illegal, but as I did not have enough money in my pockets to pay the costs I was locked up in the log stable until I could send thirty miles over the mountains and get the cash. All day long I staid in the impromptu jail, and as it grew dark my thoughts were not of a pleasant nature. Suddenly a nose stuck through the chinks. It was the lost mule, and I have never been as glad to see any living creature as I was to greet that long-eared representative of the equine race. I succeeded in making the owner of the stable hear me, and in a few minutes the mule had taken my place in the stable."

**NO FOOD FOR TWELVE DAYS.**

**Remarkable Endurance of Dogs Imprisoned by an Indiana Cave-In.**

From the Peru, Ind., Journal: A remarkable story about two dogs that were caught by a cave-in and were unable to escape until rescuers arrived, twelve days later, comes from John R. Thorne, a farmer residing two miles east of Santa Fe. One of the dogs belonged to him and the other to a neighbor. Both dogs were good rabbit hunters and would hunt from morning until night without even stopping to eat. Two weeks ago yesterday the two dogs suddenly disappeared. One, two, three days passed and the dogs were still marked absent. Their excuse was wanted. The owners suspected a certain man in Santa Fe of having killed the dogs and they were quite angry about it. Last Saturday noon Mr. Thorne heard a scratching on a door at his home. He open it, and the two skinny dogs dragged themselves into the house and fell to the floor, not dead but very near it. The sight of the dogs was enough to bring gladness and pity to the family. The creatures were in such a deplorable condition that it was thought that they would die. But they have not, and they are now getting fitted up for another hunt.

After dinner Saturday Mr. Thorne met Silas Hahn in Santa Fe and the latter asked Thorne if his dog had returned home. He said that early in the morning his (Hahn's) dog followed up a scent and landed at the foot of a hill where he began digging in the side of it. Hahn joined in, and in a short time a cave-in was struck, from out of which jumped the two dogs. They had started in a hole after a rabbit, were caught by the cave-in and had remained there with nothing to eat or drink for twelve days. And still the dogs live on.

**Colored Snow and Hail.**

Storms in which red, yellow and orange colored snows fell were recorded as long ago as the sixth century. Humboldt mentions a hailstorm which once occurred in Palermo, in which every hailstone was as red as a globule of frozen blood. On March 14, 1813, there was a hailstorm in Tuscany in which the individual stones were each of a bright yellow color. In 1808 at Carniola, Germany, they had a fall of crimson snow which was nearly five feet in depth. Snow of a brick-red hue fell in Italy in 1816, and in the Tyrol in 1847. In some sections of Iceland snow seldom falls to any considerable depth without being composed of alternate layers of frozen crystals of different colors. Sir John Ross mentions Arctic banks of red snow which are so well known to explorers that they are called the "crimson cliffs."

**Throwing Mud.**

Unless words without meaning are used a person's vocabulary must be bounded by his knowledge. Many years ago I was teaching a class of poor children in the school connected with the Church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. One day I exhibited a picture of a hay field with men carting hay. I asked the children what the men were throwing up into the cart. They answered without a moment's hesitation, "Mud!" It then occurred to me for the first time that these children had never seen a hayfield or the carting of hay, but the scavenger's cart, carting mud, they were quite familiar with, and hence they spoke within their knowledge.—Notes and Queries.

**Accepted a Chair.**

Professors are plentiful almost as people in Kansas and some other western parts, but it is perhaps seldom that the assumed compliment of the designation is so artistically rounded out as in the announcement in an Emporia paper that an accomplished professor of the tonsorial art "has accepted a chair" in the "finest shaving parlor in the city."

**A QUEER PROPOSAL.**  
It Came Tardily but Was a Model in Its Brevity.

An aristocratic young lady of Magdeburg, Germany, had spent some time at the country seat of her uncle and a young cavalier from Berlin had been paying much attention to her. Everybody thought it would be a good match for both and affairs went on swimmingly until the day drew near when the young lady was to return home. The nearer the day came the more disappointed were the young miss and her mother at the failure of the young man to ask the all-important question. Finally they left their relative's house in great dismay, and just before leaving the young lady remarked to her uncle that it probably was as well for both, as her mother had not much use for such a "chicken-hearted son-in-law." They left on a train on the narrow-gauge railway connecting the valley with the nearest town. After they had gone the young man questioned the uncle why the young lady had gone away so angry and had hardly noticed him when bidding him good-bye. The uncle, a blunt ex-soldier, repeated the remarks made by his niece when leaving to the young man, who was touched to the quick by the insinuation of cowardice contained therein. He was very much in love with the lady and had abstained from broaching the subject on account of his not considering it proper to propose anywhere but at the young lady's home, which he intended visiting before long.

This remark, however, aroused his sense of honor and without saying another word, he mounted his horse, which happened to stand ready for an outing, and galloped after the train, which had left a quarter of an hour before. Owing to benign Providence and the management of this country railroad he caught the train before it had reached the next station, Karow; he spied the young lady at the window of a first-class compartment and, riding up to the train before it came to a full stop, almost shouted breathlessly: "My dear Miss —, I ask for your hand. Yes or no?"

In the station Karow, just as the train arrived, a "Yes" was joyfully given by the young miss and tearfully approved by her mamma.

**MARRIED IN A VAULT.**

**A Step-Ladder for an Altar and Court Records for Decorations.**

Necessity compelled Albert Grom and Anna Pfahl to be married in a most novel place and amid unusual surroundings last evening. They secured a marriage license late last evening in Newport, and desired to be married at once. Judge Bennett, the successor to Squire Beasley, was solicited to officiate. The judge's office has been worn away by the tread of lovers who have journeyed there to embark upon the matrimonial sea. But the judge's office was not appropriate for a marriage ceremony last evening. The electric lamps had been "cut-out" by a falling tree, and the sanctum was in darkness. The only office in the courthouse was that of the county clerk. This was filled with men, and Miss Pfahl's modesty rebelled against so public a ceremony. Deputy Clerk Stine suggested that the big depository of the records of the office be utilized, and to this the young people acquiesced. Accompanied by Judge Bennett the couple repaired to the vault, and, with court records in lieu of floral decorations and a step-ladder for an altar, the ceremony was performed, to the enjoyment of the audience without the portals, who gained a glimpse of the bridal party through the open door of the vault.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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**JACK THE RIPPER.**  
Insanity Expert Says He Is in a County Asylum in England.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, a well-known insanity specialist of London, is in New York. He says Jack the Ripper is incarcerated in a country lunatic asylum in England. The story told by Dr. Winslow follows: "Jack the Ripper was a medical student of good family. He was a young man of slight build with light hair and blue eyes. He studied very hard and his mind, being naturally weak, gave way. He became a religious enthusiast and attended early service every morning in St. Paul's. His religious fervor resulted in homicidal mania toward the women of the street and impelled him to murder them. He lodged with a man whom I know, and suspicion was first directed toward him by reason of the fact that he returned to his lodgings at unreasonably hours; that he had innumerable coats and hats stained with blood. I have in my possession now a pair of Canadian moccasins stained with blood that the Ripper wore while on one of his murderous expeditions, but at that time they refused to co-operate with me. Subsequently the young man was placed in confinement and removed to an asylum, where he is to-day. Since his incarceration there has been no repetition of the horrible murders that he perpetrated. These facts are all known to the English authorities, and it is conceded that the man now in the asylum is 'Jack the Ripper.' It was deemed desirable, however, to hush the matter up. The details were too horrible to be made the subject of a public trial, and there was no doubt of the man's hopeless insanity."

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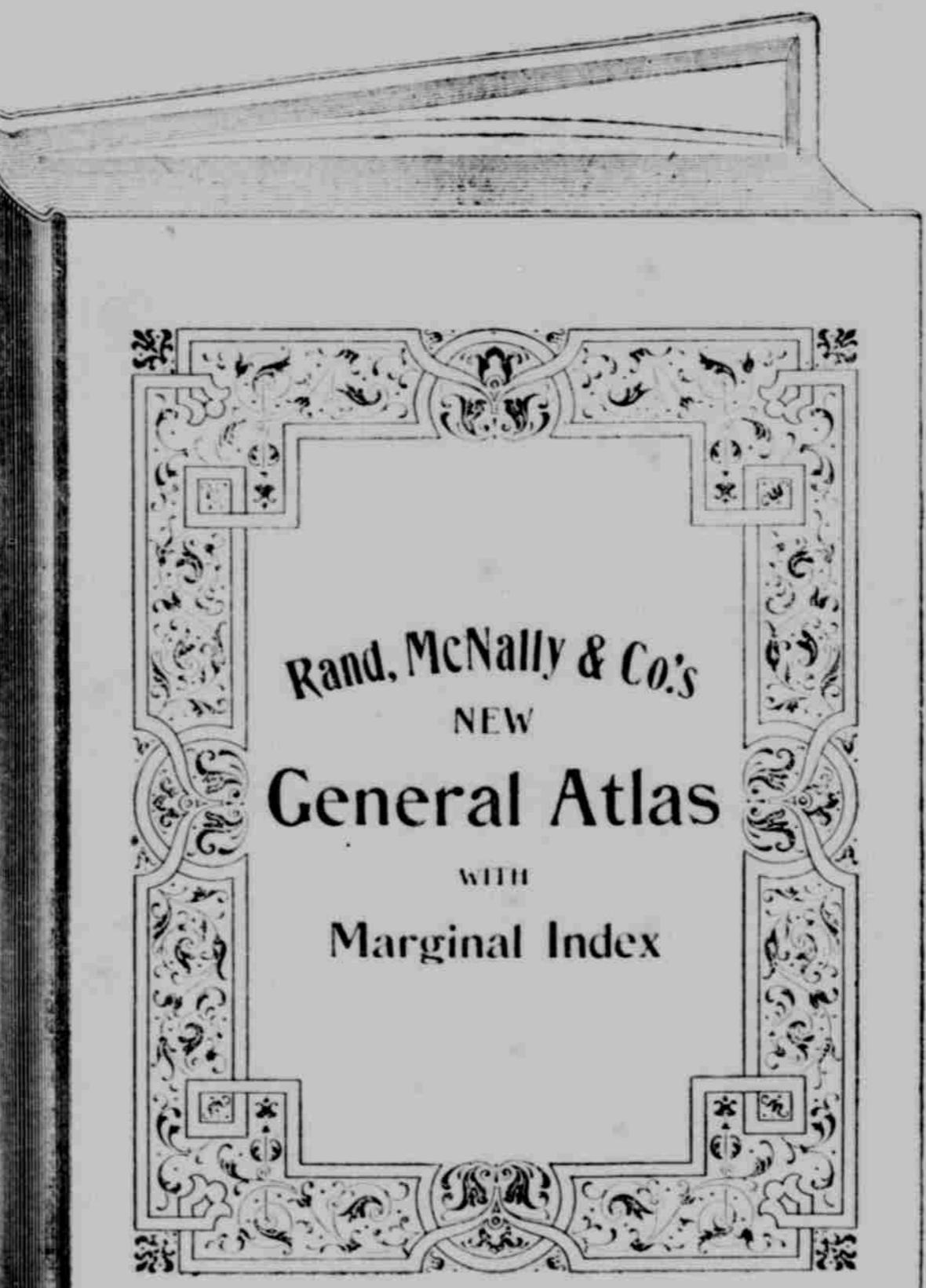
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