

The "Terror of Milwaukee,"—Carl Linderfelt, has been getting into trouble again. The other evening Carl and his uncle, Rollin C. Cooper, were at the ranch and the uncle being somewhat of a practical joker, invited "the terror" to ride an old broken down mule, the patriarch of the ranch. Carl hesitated a moment, but was boosted on the mule by the accomodating foreman, John Houghton, but alas, his muleship objected to being ridden by a stranger, and humping up his back like a sick cat and giving a musical he-haw he shot his hind quarters in the direction of the moon and Carl made a flying trip towards the setting sun. R. C.'s jolly laugh is still reverberating among the hill while Carl does his riding on foot.