

any found in abundance.

Hannaford Enterprise: M. A. Ueland had a pig that became tired of this worldly world and desiring to get a peep into the next, it proceeded to do so in the most approved and up-to-date manner. His piglets, it seems, had been in a rather despondent mood for several days, so M. A. says (just ask him), and one day last week, after grunting and squealing around about congress having approved President Taft's Canadian reciprocity treaty, or something of that sort, his piglets suddenly decided to betake himself into the great beyond, where such things don't appear to disturb a pig's life of ease and luxury. So he rammed his head into a tin bucket in about the same fashion that a hobo would into a pail of beer, and got the handle around his neck just behind his ears. But the bucket and handle fitted him too soon, and thereby hangs this tale. When his piglets discovered that he was being "canned" right here, instead of in a Chicago packing house, he grunted and squealed all the way from A to Z, did a few fine acrobatic stunts, made an aeroplane-like flight a few times and finally wound up by giving M. A. a parting squeal and doing the high dive act from a precipice into the roaring waters of the famous Shyenne. And M. A. is out just one pig and one pail—and says he never heard of a pig committing suicide. Did you?