

While driving home from Wimbledon last Sunday afternoon with his Sunday girl, Druggist Feckler met with bad luck. When in the neighborhood of Hannaford and while driving up a side hill (this is John's story) the cutter tipped over, depositing his fair companion in a snowdrift with scant ceremony and landing John with no light force on his ear. However, he froze onto the lines for a short time and by the way that team snatched him over the boulder strewn prairie we venture to say that he saw a greater pyrotechnic display than he will ever see again. Picking himself up and putting the pieces in his pocket, John philosophically remarked: "This world then the fireworks," and started back to dig his girl out of a snowdrift after which operation he went after the team and here is where the real trouble commenced. The team had run onto the big trestle bridge at Hannaford and there they lay with their feet through the trestle work and a forty foot drop on either side, and it was only by hard work that the animals were secured so that they could not flounder from the bridge. A team was secured and for over an hour several men labored to get the horses from their dangerous position which was finally accomplished. The horses were considerably bruised up and the cutter suffered more or less, but the genial John and the lady escaped without injury. We suggest that the next time young men want to go for a drive with young ladies that they hire a competent driver.