

H. H. Bateman invited Miss Clark to take a drive last Sunday afternoon. The day was lovely and the hearts of the young people were full of joyous anticipation of a pleasant time. They started out with a double team at a twelve mile an hour clip—more or less. As they were bowling along up north a few miles the neckyoke broke and in less time than it takes to tell about it the team had increased its speed to its utmost capacity and soon the genial Bateman and his lady were unceremoniously dumped from the chariot with more force than elegance. Luckily they escaped injury. The front of the buggy was broken and the team was finally caught and left at John Cain's. The couple walked to Mr. Cain's house and secured the use of his horse and buggy and drove to town in safety. Liveryman Johnson brought the runaway horses home Monday evening. The genial Herb. says:

“Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,

The saddest of all is: “It's on me again.”