

—On Friday night of last week while D. T. Wilson and Dan. McDonald were making a survey of the railroad they discovered a horse thief running at a break-neck speed on the thousand-dollar pacer of our able physician, T. F. Kerr. The news was promptly spread and in less time than it takes to tell it Sheriff Johnson and a posse of less than thirty blood thirsty men was soon scouring the country for the thief and horse. But the excitement was so intense that this party of would-be lynchers were sure to take the opposite direction from that which the bold rascal was madly pursuing. Therefore, it has to be chronicled that after riding hard for nearly two days the vigilaners returned without their thief, but with the privilege of looking upon the gentle stolen pony as he peacefully stood eating in his stall. The horse had returned of his own accord, having been turned loose by the thief. Thus endeth the first horse-stealing lesson.

We have spoken time and again with