

Geo. F. Thayer, who presides over the booming town of Aneta, the flower of the prairie, came near ending his earthly career last Saturday. Like all men of prominence he sports a team of bronchos. He was out driving his bronchos last Saturday and some smoke from a G. N. engine, which was skimming along the track some thirty miles away, got into the eyes of his team, which caused said eyes to smart and the bronchos ran away, dumping Mayor Thayer onto a stone pile which jarred his thorax considerably. Luckily no bones were broken and the genial Geo. F. still lives to extol the beauties and grandeur of Aneta, proud flower of the prairie.