

Down in a Well.

Commissioner L. C. Day was driving on his way homeward when overtaken by the storm last Saturday afternoon. The storm was coming up fast and looked to Mr. Day rather "owly," and when within about a quarter of a mile of the Bentley place he put his team in a dead run to gain that haven of shelter. He made it all right, and unhooking his team started them in at the stable door, but remarking to himself that that place was "too rickety for old Day to stay in," he made for the house. What was his consternation on gaining the door to find it effectually locked and barred against his entrance. He gave a few kicks and tried to get in, but his efforts proving unavailing, and he not liking the ominous looks of the warring elements, looked around for some other place of safety in which to deposit his carcass. Spying the well, he immediately made for it and crawled in, breathing a great sigh of relief when gaining its friendly security. He says that once in awhile he would crawl up to the top to take a peep at the storm, only to dodge down again when he noted the threatening aspect of the elements. He remained there throughout the storm, and emerged safe and sound, only to find that it was not so bad a storm as he supposed it was going to be, and that he might just as well have driven the extra mile and gained the security of his own home. Mr. Day no doubt took the safe plan, but it was amusing to hear him tell of it, and would have been more so to have been an eye witness and to have seen his head bobbing up ever and anon and ducking down again at sight of the storm clouds. Probably Mr. Day thought with the Irish soldier, that "he would rather be a coward for five minutes than a corpse all the rest of his life."