

The quiet solemnity of the Sabbath was most unceremoniously broken last Sunday afternoon, when a horse hitched to a red speeding cart with Gus Langer in the seat dashed through one of the principal streets of the town at a gait that would have put Maud S. to shame, even in her palmy days. From all appearances Gus had attained a higher rate of speed than he desired. Upon inquiry we learned that in making a turn a quarter mile north of town one of the wheels had run onto the animal's hind feet. Hence the fast time and stop, which was made one mile south of town, without damage.