

STORIES IN PASSING.

The letters read as follows and tell their own story:

"And now, dear Flora, before I close I want to tell you about the bull fight here in Spain. We went on Sunday—they never have them upon any other day—and while it was exciting, I never want to go to another. They brought in a most beautiful bull with shiny coat and horns all polished until they shone in the sun. These were covered with garlands, and the people all clapped their hands when the magnificent animal was led out. A little later they teased him with red cloths and he darted this way and that; and all the while they tried to stab him. After he was killed I saw nothing but the flowers covered with blood. I thought I was going to faint right there."

"When I tell you, Inez, what they do here in America on their fete day, Thanksgiving, you will probably laugh and yet you should not, it is too serious. Some twenty men put big suits on and roll about after a ball and kick and strike each other. Many are badly hurt. Yesterday two had legs broken and one his spine injured. It was dreadful to see them. I never want to see another game like that."

"By the way, I hope, Inez, to be back for the Christmas fight at Saville and see the new bull to be killed then."

It is an old black canal boat moored up under the shade of the bank. The slanting rays of the sun flicker through the leaves of the trees and sprinkle silver on boat and water. The mules are idly nibbling grass beside the path. The boatman in the stern is smoking a black bowled pipe while at the other end his wife is preparing the evening meal. A ragged urchin sits dangling his browned legs over the boat edge and fishing for "sun cats." In one corner a little girl is rocking her doll to sleep with the gentle swaying of the boat. A black-white cat rubs against her knees with arched back and purrs softly. A canary in a cage sings to the birds in the trees. Across the fields, a cow bell sounds faintly. A dog barks. The frogs along the water-edge are beginning to croak. The breezes murmur through the foliage. The sun sinks behind a rose drift of clouds, and darkness creeps across the lowlands.

The druggist clerk wrapped up the powder in a "blue striped paper and pink string" package and handed it over the counter.

"How much?"

"Forty-five cents," the clerk replied, brushing a few specks from his vest and readjusting the carnation in his button-hole.

The farmer, who was somewhat deaf, went down into his faded brown jeans and brought out a five cent piece. Placing it on the counter, he took up the package and turned toward the door.

"Forty-five cents, if you please," called the clerk.

The purchaser went on without a sign of hearing.

"Hold on there! I said forty-five cents. Not five cents!"

But the farmer was out the door and walking down the street.

"Well, go on if you want to!" said the clerk, picking up the nickle. "Made three cents and a half on the stuff any way."

The son of a South Seventeenth resident, a youngster about twelve years old, went over to a neighbor's. He looked rather peculiar, and the neighbor at first could not make out what was the matter with the boy.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked.

"Shavin'," was the proud reply. Then the neighbor noticed that the boy's eyebrows were gone.

"What'd you do that for?"

"Well, my brother Tom gave me a

razor," he said innocently, "and my eyebrows were all I had to shave."

This thing happened thirty-five years ago at Fort Madison, Iowa. A low, side-wheeler came puffing down the river. touched at the wharf a moment, and then swung out into the centre of the stream. As the boat was leaving a man dressed in a long, black coat and slouch hat, stepped to the deck and deliberately fired a revolver up the main street of the town.

Two men were wounded and one killed. But the boat was rounding an island, a long, lazy, curling cloud of smoke floating back in its wake.

The next day the attack on Fort Sumter took place.

Staid Deacon Brown created quite a sensation when he took to getting up just at the end of the sermon and walking out of church. There was a good deal of talk about it.

"Don't want to miss his mail," snapped old Mrs. Huckins. "He's just afraid he won't get to read his paper, and him a deacon, too."

"No, I think he wants to avoid the collection," said her neighbor, little Mrs. Johnson; "I always did think he was awful close."

"Probably thinks he'll have to stay to Sunday school and teach a class," put in Mrs. Hicks, "but no danger of 'em asking him."

But the deacon continued to interrupt the meeting by his regular Sunday exit. And the reason was this: The hired girl had gone home for several weeks, and the deacon had to get the kitchen fire started before his wife's return.

In an evil hour he borrowed his friend's dress suit to wear to the Junior hop. The next day he realized he could never again appear at a dance in an ordinary frock. But it was May, then, and for the next six weeks he borrowed when he could, rented when he couldn't borrow, or sent his regrets. He knew that he must have one the next year—he couldn't run along this way, borrowing and renting, forever. He could earn enough in the summer, he thought, to get one.

But he struck hard luck that summer, and came up to school in the fall with money enough to take in all the parties, but not enough to buy a dress suit. So he cut society with many heart-aches and self-cursings for his last year's folly.

Then, when the year had passed, when the dances and parties and theatres were over, it dawned upon him that one school year is never remembered by the next, that the girls of this would never know whether last winter he wore a swallow-tail, sack coat or smoking jacket.

H. G. SHEDD.

GOURIER PRIZE CONTEST.

A number of stories have been sent to "The Courier" and entered in the competition for the prize. The editor reserves the right to print any or all of the stories sent in whether they receive the prize or not. This notice will be printed in the paper until the announcement of the prizes. Any who may object to the stipulation may withdraw his story from competition at any time before November 30.

The judges are John H. Ames, W. F. Summers and the Rev. H. Percy Silver. The manuscripts are to be handed to the judges without any names written upon them and the prizes will be awarded to a letter or to a number.

McSwatters—Jingo has passed in his checks.

McSwatters—You don't mean to tell me that he is dead?

McSwatters—Oh, no. I was passing by Cohen's pawnshop today and saw him hocking his golf suit.

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