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Morbus, Cholera Infantum,  
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Summer Complaint,  
and all Looseness of the Bowels in  
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He sat on the fence and looked at the bony frame-work for some time before he could realize the true conditions. It finally dawned upon him that his great desire was satisfied. Here was the horse and it had come to him of its own accord. No one could question his title, and with his youthful mind filled with visions of flying over the country on the back of his own steed, he proceeded to bring grass and water to the frame, and sat up more than half the night watching it eat and drink.

The horse was there the next morning when Sammy arose to milk the two cows, and after he had brought more grass for the frame and watered it, he fashioned a bridle from an old rope and a saddle from an old potato sack, and gaily set forth to drive the cows to their pasture ground. The horse could move under Sammy's weight and move nearly as fast as the cows could walk. He had ridden but a short distance, when the voice of Jimmy Bulwinkle, whose father had dozens of horses, greeted him.

"Gosh all hemlocks!" said Jimmy. "What a scarecrow! Where did you dig it up?"

"None o' yer business where I got it," replied Sammy. "It's mine, and I won't let you ride it, neither."

"Who wants to ride a skelton?" retorted Jimmy. "Git down and prop the old thing up 'fore he falls down on ye."

"Git down nothin'," said Sammy, turning his attention to the cows which were grazing by the roadside. "I've quit walking now. Boys what hain't got no horses can sit down and walk."

Jimmy slyly came up behind the frame-work as Sammy turned away, and struck it a heavy blow with a stick. The frame had feeling yet and made a sudden motion sideways which displaced Sammy from his perch and dropped him into the middle of the road, where the frame stood and looked reproachfully at the two boys for a moment and then began to crop the grass.

"Ye darsent do it again," said Sammy, wiping the dust from his eyes with a fist that looked very dirty and somewhat muscular.

"Spose'n I did?" said Jimmy, backing away from the threatening fist.

"Ye darsent do it again," said Sammy.

"Whose agoin' to stop me?" said Jimmy, backing still further away.

"If nobody else'll take the job, I will" replied Sammy.

Local traditions relate that this was the prettiest fight that was ever seen in Hoopole township. It says that Jimmy came home with two black eyes and a damaged nose, and that his coat was split down the back. Sammy never wore a coat in the summer time, but it is said that one leg of his worn trousers was missing when he arrived home and that both his hands were sorely bruised. It is absolutely true that from this time forward no one dared dispute Sammy's title to the frame, and that not a boy could be induced to say anything about scarecrows or "skilletons" in Sammy's presence.

The whole summer could be passed in telling how the ancient frame lived and thrived under Sammy's care, and how its bones accumulated treasures of flesh, but readers are impatient and care little for tales that reek not of wars and love. The frame-work of the horse gained strength enough to trot almost as fast as Sammy could walk, and when he began to tell the boys about its wonderful speed and hint at records of 2:40 or even 2:20, there was not a boy in all the town that dare dispute the assertions.

Sammy passed many a happy day that summer, but happiness will not stay with either beggar or millionaire, and a hard blow came when the wonderful horse went blind. The gloom dispersed and the grief grew less when it was discovered that the speed of the frame was greater than before, and Sammy drove the cows merrily back and forth until the great flood came. Floods had come before but this was the only one that Sammy ever saw in the summer time. The little river near which the cows found the best pasturage became a swelling torrent, which ran full to the top of the banks and threatened to overflow.

But Sammy felt secure on the back of his steed and on this particular evening rode darily near the brink of the flooded stream. He was making wonderful speed in pursuit of one of the cows, when there suddenly arose from the tall grass at his side a fearful looking scarecrow, and from the place where the mouth or a scarecrow ought to be, there issued a fearful scream.

"Where did ye git the skelton?" queried the dreadful voice. "When does the funeral come off?"

The horse was blind and so was spared the shock of vision, but the dreadful voice gave serious alarm. He stopped for a moment and suddenly stepped away from the sound and at the point he stepped there was nothing under him, but the swollen river.

The poor unfortunate horse with Sammy on his back disappeared from view beneath the swiftly moving waters.

Sammy had never learned to swim, but being an active boy of great determination, he did not waste any time and when he found the water too deep for wading, took a lesson at once. When he landed safely half a mile below where a drooping willow touched the water, he was prepared for a match with Jimmy Bulwinkle or any of the other boasting swimmers of his acquaintance. The ancient frame-work of a horse with its bridle of rope was never seen again by any human eye. Words cannot express the depths of Sammy's grief. No one but a boy with the horse hunger can fully understand it.

The next day there appeared, driven into the ground at the brink of the river at the point where the unfortunate horse took its fatal misstep, a rough board with this inscription:

SAKRID TOO THE MEMRI  
OF  
Buseflos. WHICH WAS MI  
HORS.

One day this board disappeared, and the next day at noon Jimmy Bulwinkle came home with one eye completely closed and the blood streaming down his face. He refused to make any disclosures as to the author of his misery, but those who had the wit to put two

## Kidney Disease On the Increase

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