

On, on from dawn to twilight—on with haste,
Seeking, but never finding—dreaming dreams,
Pursuing phantoms through a trackless waste,
Deluded oft by phosphorescent gleams,
Till silence gathers round us like a pall,
The lights expire and darkness covers all.

ENTYLLA ALLYNE.

RUNAWAY HORSES.

A few weeks ago our citizens were shocked to learn that one of their number, a young lady, in the bright bloom of her youth, had been run over on one of our public streets by a runaway horse, and suddenly hurried into eternity. The sad event cast a gloom over the community even beyond the large circle of the young lady's acquaintance, and left disconsolate and bleeding the heart of a widowed mother. We deem the occasion a fitting one to make a few remarks relative to the prevailing and guilty practice of leaving teams unsecured upon our public streets. Pedestrians have the undoubted right of way to sidewalks and street crossings. This undoubted right throws upon drivers and owners of teams the *onus* of showing clearly, in case of accident, that they had used every precaution to prevent such accident. A pedestrian should have no need to pick his way over a street crossing, suiting his movements to the whims and modes of locomotion of a passing team. His right of way should be assured to him, and if he received injury from a passing team, the owner should pay heavy damages. How do we manage these matters in this city? Teams are allowed to stand unsecured in all directions, and since the laying of the "pavement" on one of our most public thoroughfares, it has apparently been converted into a "race track" to test the speed of trotting horses. We frame laws and organize courts of justice at great expense for the protection of the life and property of every citizen, and we should not grumble at the expense, provided we were assured of our security. We have a city ordinance that no horse or team shall be left standing on any street unsecured or unattended. Practically, this law is a dead letter. It is violated daily in the very presence of law officers whose duty it is to see that its provisions are not infringed. If an unfortunate but harmless "tippler" is found "loose" upon the streets, he is immediately placed in "durance vile," and made to respect the majesty of the law. If the owner of a restless and dangerous horse leaves it unsecured upon a public street, with the