

## WHEN MEN FLEE.

"Look Out for the Mad Dog"

Had a hungry lion been turned loose, had a mad tiger been released from his cage, had a terrible serpent made its appearance among men, there would have been a frightened rush and a sinking of hearts, but no such feeling of terror as fell upon men when the shout was suddenly heard:

"Look out for the mad dog!"

There was a wild, desperate rush for places of safety. There were women at the doors—children in the street—but men fled away and let them take care of themselves. That cry had struck the heart with such a chill as the peril of fire or flood or the battlefield can never bring. It was God's mercy that the brute paused for a moment at the head of the street—not in fear—not for observation—but to turn and writhe and twist and savagely bite his panting sides and tired legs.

A mastiff which would almost rival a lion in size and strength—his jaws dropping a yellowish foam—his black breast flecked and spotted—his eyes blazing the fires of a thousand agonies—his lips drawn back to show his terrible teeth, and men and women and children knew that his bite meant death in its most awful form. That one precious moment saved a dozen lives. As the brute ceased tearing himself and continued his way, the street was clear of human life. There were horses hitched here and there. The poor beasts seemed to realize that some awful danger menaced. With ears pointed forward—with eyes dilated and full of fear—with flanks heaving as if they had but ended a gallop, they waited their fate. The sight of living objects seemed to arouse a new fury in the dog, and he sprang at the breast of the nearest horse and left a great patch of blood and froth to mark the spot his fangs had entered. A second—a third—a fourth—and then he desisted. He seemed to have been seized with sudden fear. He crouched under a wagon and whined and trembled as if expecting punishment. The horses nervously lifted their feet, and he shrank away. A wandering dog came around the corner, barked loudly at the stranger in the village, and the brute so terrible a moment before groveled in the dust and howled in dismay.

It is so with paroxysms of madness. He soon rose up, slunk off down the street, and, when finding himself followed, he turned aside into an open gate to hide himself. The hand of Providence was in it. He entered a paddock from which there was no escape, and a trembling hand closed the gate upon him. It was not a moment too soon. The fires of madness blazed up again and sent the blood boiling through every vein, and fear was no longer in control. He dashed about the inclosure, snapping at every stick and chip and bush—tearing at the boards—flinging his froth over the grass and high up on the fence.

Now, as the head and shoulders of a man appear above the fence to observe his movements, the dog became the incarnation of ferocity. His eyes bazed anew; his fangs gleamed through bloody foam—his hair stands erect; his tail lashes the ground in subdued fury. He moves toward the fence—creeping—writhing—choking back his agonies for the moment while he scores another victim. Creep—creep—the foaming—the fangs clash ing—the muscles gathering for one mighty effort. Now, with a terrible growl he springs, seeming sure of his vengeance, but he strikes the boards and falls back on the ground to writhe and twist and tear his own flesh again.

Other men appear. Guns are being brought out to shoot the brute. The sound of human voices enrages him to fury. He goes rushing about, snapping, snarling, vindictive. Wounds but add to his fury for the time, and the hands which hold rifle and revolver tremble as the

ed. By and by, when the

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When Rev. S. L. B. Chase was a pastor in Rockland he one day essayed to treat the Sunday-school to a blackboard exposition of the lesson. So for a starter, and in the way of graphically illuminating his remarks, he took a piece of chalk and painfully sketched on the blackboard two human hearts joined together. "Now, then," he said, turning to the school, "who will tell me what I have drawn?" "I knew," called a very small boy on the front seat. "Well," the pastor kindly said, "what is it?" And the very little boy on the front seat shrieked out, "A terminator!"

A little girl who realized that her little 3-months-old baby brother was bald and toothless and believing in the efficacy of prayer added this request to her "Now I lay me down," etc., the other night: "O Lord, bless little Percy, and do give him some hair and some teeth."

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A.P. 285.

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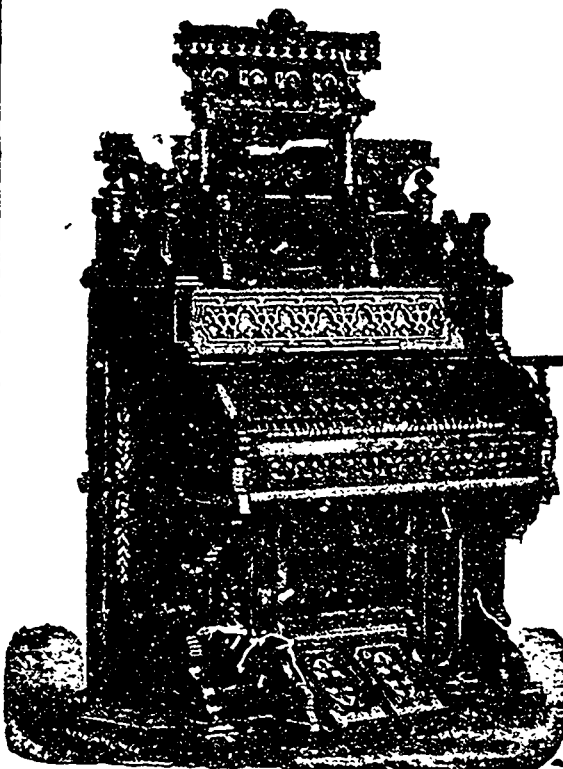
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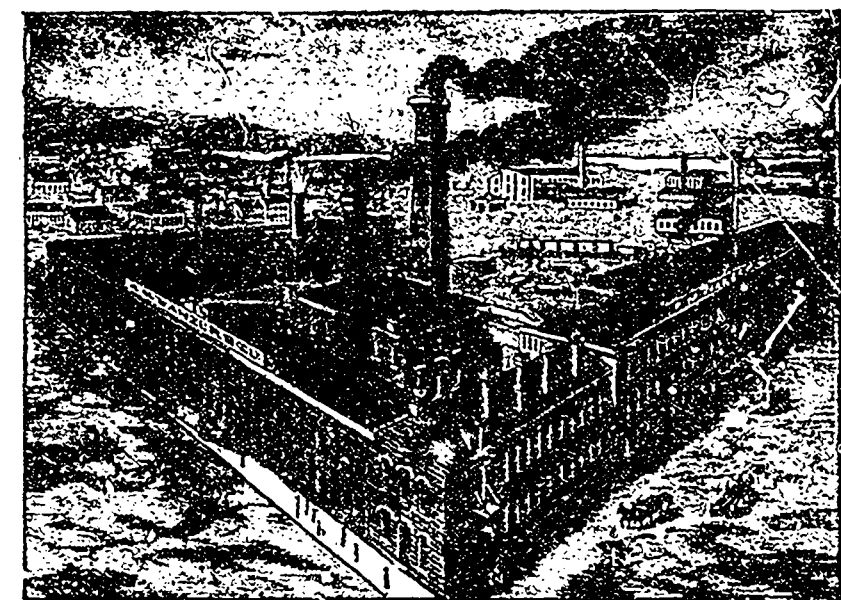
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