



"SHE."

(RIDER HAGGARD.)

### WHEN I OWNED A DOG.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE OF CANINE PROPRIETORSHIP.

THE second dog I owned belonged to another man, a paradox which finds explanation in the fact that the other man moved away from the house but his dog wouldn't.

I should have moved away from the house also had I known what joint tenancy with the dog had in store for me. But my natural prophetic prescience, which had so often saved me the pain and humiliation of vainly digging for worms at the fishing-place instead of having them with me, ingloriously failed me at this crisis in my eventful career.

Some men have dogs born to them, others achieve dogs; others have dogs thrust upon them.

I was identified with class No. III., and I guess I stood at the top. My dog—that is to say—the former tenant's dog which so naturally and unconsciously fell into its place as part of my household live stock, was part fox-hound and part collie, with several other townships to hear from.

Looking back now adown the corridors of the past and calmly reasoning the thing over in my unbiased judgment, I should not be prepared to violently challenge a statement that he was a dog of a great many parts, and that the most conspicuous and regrettable was the part that stayed with me, which part was, in brief, the whole dog. Another prominent part was the part of his ear that he had permitted himself to be deprived of in an affray with a bigger dog. If that other dog had only left this part and chawed up the rest, I would have been the last man on the face of the earth to utter a word of protest.

This dog signaled his capacity, for usefulness the first day we moved in. He had big feet, and he made several trips to and from a sand hill at the back of the lot, each trip bringing in enough of sand to nicely cover a section of the parlor floor.

Remonstrated with, our dog simply transferred the scene of his useful labors to the kitchen, with an occasional effort to add the dining-room or a bedroom to his surface for sand deposits. If there was no sand, or the quality did not seem to suit, he was in no way disconcert-

ed. He would bring mud. He was very painstaking and persistent in this habit, notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in his path, and which, during one memorable day on which we kept tally, numbered, 8 cord-wood sticks, 3 flat-irons, 2 bath-bricks, 17 stove-lids, several dozen dippers of hot water, and the contents of both barrels of my best smooth-bore.

Finally, by moral suasion of this character, we induced the dog to stay out in the shed. As to his political proclivities, he was a Communist pure and simple. Seven nights a week when the weather was favorable and the inspiration seized him he would begin to commune with himself out under the blue vault until you would wonder why a chunk from some dog-star didn't fall down and hit him in sheer disgust at his riotous conduct.

A Nihilist also was this dog, because nothing seemed to satiate him or fatten him up. The more he annihilated the thinner he seemed to grow. This was doubtless on the principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

His hound proclivities taught him to worry small dogs to death, but nothing known to me as an experienced hunter would teach him to chase a rabbit. The collie instinct made him so partial to cows that one day he permitted a large sized calf to ravage my vegetable garden while he lay carefully taking on a load of street-mud with which he succeeded in decorating the new coverlet of the spare bed during a temporary cessation of vigilance on the part of a new hired girl, who had failed to fix properly in her mind the code of regulations governing the household and the dog.

I discharged a good girl and gave away an awfully poor dog. The last I saw of this dog he was in the possession of a family of gypsies. He was tied behind the waggon, had not improved in personal appearance, and seemed utterly unconscious, in facial expression, of his altered and reduced circumstances.

And the ruling passion strong in death, even as he limped along, I noticed that he studiously dropped his big feet into the thickest and blackest mud on the road. T. T.

### FASHIONS FOR DUDES.

Of course the garments of the masculine gender will be decidedly English, and some of them not paid for. That, also, is English.

The characteristic of men's Spring styles will be looseness. The trousers will not be so loose that the dude who inserts his person into them will be able to divest himself of the idea that he is stuffing sausages, but still, they will be looser than last year. They will be cut very much in the shape of a laborer's overalls, straight up and down. There will be almost as much elegance in the prevailing style as there is in a stick of pine wood.

The cutaway coat of three or four buttons retains its popularity. The fashion of holding out the arms as if the sufferer had a soft-boiled egg in each armpit will also be continued indefinitely.

The gentleman who wishes to be considered in good form will be attached to a watch chain and locket *a la* Sing Sing.

Among the ultra fashionables plaided trousers will be the agony as the season advances. Even whole suits of plaid will be the "propah capah." Some of them will no doubt be giddy.—*Texas Siftings*.

"DIED of a dose in a rheumatic pain," said the coroner's jury when they sat upon the old woman—and the doctor.