

so ludicrous that the sergeant, although he was well used to such spectacles, was obliged to turn away to conceal the broad grin that overspread his countenance.

The next object of his attention was a Gordon setter who was gayly trotting into the park, but who, on catching the sergeant's eye, at once changed his happy-go-lucky demeanor for a guilty shambling gait.

"What are you doing here, Mr. Ormistead's dog?" said the sergeant in a stern voice, as he glanced at the animal's collar. "Where's your escort?"

The setter immediately prostrated himself on the ground, but his humble attitude was belied by the roguish don't-care expression of the eyes he rolled up at the guardian of the law.

The sergeant waved his hand at him. "Get home with you. You know you can't run loose here. What would the ducks and the cats say to you; or rather, what would you say to them?"

The dog was not ready to give in. He extended the tip of a very pink tongue, and