

TALE OF A DOG.

"One who goes bobbing round," contributes the following laughable dog story (to all but the dog) to the *Evergreen*. Of its authenticity the author pledges his word, and refers all "doubters" to W. Bro. Peter Challen, W. M. of De Lacey Lodge, No. 87, De Lacey, Indiana, the hero of the story:

De Lacey Lodge has a member who always *would* bring his dog to the lodge with him. A large dog. A male dog. An inquisitive dog. A dog haunted with the apprehension that he was lost, and that his brethren were in search of him, hence the necessity of leaving traces. A dog whose name was Bose.

This dog was an ineffable nuisance. Do you think his master loved him any the less on that account? Not a morsel. On the contrary *more*. It is with dogs as with children the homlier the more precious. Every such dog-owner looks at his cur as Canova looked at a block of Carrara marble; a splendid statue was inside, if only the chisel could develop it. Bose was hateful to eye, ear and sense. The Tyler would have sheathed his sword in his (the dog's) flesh had he dared to do it. But his (the dog's) owner was influential, he was irascible, and the Tyler gnashed his (the Tyler's) teeth in vain. Bro. Jacket who had been annoyed by this dog while going up the winding stairs in the second, audibly expressed his dissatisfaction. What was the consequence? he was black-balled for the third. "Love me, love my dog," as the Patriarch, Aaron says, and the owner of the dog had a black-ball for Bro. Jackkot.

At last, things got to their worst. And when things get to their worst they are apt to improve. Why so? because there is nothing else they can do. One night, (you ought to hear Bro. Peter Challen tell the story himself.) Bose was uncommonly disagreeable. He had interrupted the "alarm" by answering it in an uncanonical manner. He had interrupted the "circumambulation" by putting his cold nose to the candidate's cheek, thereby, occasioning a screech from that terrified individual. He had interrupted the "Enlightenment" by upsetting a candlestick on to the Senior Deacon's new apron. Finally the catastrophe came and it was in this wise:

Bro. Challen is one of those precise officers who memorizes every word he has to say. No stammering in him; no looking at notes, furtively, in his hat; no reading openly from the *Miniature Monitor*. He stands square up before the candidate, fixes his eye on him as steadily as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and what he says, he *says* like a man as he is. On the present occasion, he was doing his part in his own grand style, and he got as far as:

"There are three great duties," when the infamous dog interrupted him. The beast had been standing on the dais behind the Worshipful, listening to the lecture. At that instant haunted with its old apprehension, and deeming it necessary to establish the fact to the next dog, that he (Bose) had been there he committed an impardonable offence. Bro. Challen, although a man of consummate dignity, is after all but mortal. He is likewise a man of muscle. Seizing the dog by the neck, he made a graceful, rythmical motion with his body thus: