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heautiful animals I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. This breed make grand field dogs, excellent retrievers and most thoroughly faithful friends. It is a great pity that these setters are in later years being bred for show points and not for field sports. To see a field trial between Gordon, Irish and English setters and many of the best breeds of pointers is indeed a scene of beauty.

Has man a closer friend than the dog? You may beat and ill use, aye maim him, and he will creep after you, showing with every action his deep love for you. I think the most intense affection I have ever known was shown by a dog. The lakeside residents of one of our frontier towns of Ontario were dogs may not enter.

Setter, Togo of Japan, one of the most astonished one morning to see a big black dog seated on the ice of the bay and remaining there hour after hour. Finally it was decided to go out to him and they found his crouched beside a hole in the ice, on the edge of it lay a watch and chain and a few bits of pocket trinkets. Nothing could induce that faithful beast to quit his guard beside the fatal gap that had swallowed his despairing master. Beneath that ice was all he truly loved on earth and he must wait and watch and guard the spot until his friend returned. Poor faithful dog, they had to drag him away with a noosed rope—for his master was away to a far country where humble

Cy's Choice

Cyrus Pettingill made brooms for a living, and Ezra Hoskins kept a store in the New Hampshire town where both of them lived. One day, says the Columbia Record, Cy came in with a load of brooms, and then dickering began. "Ezra, I want to sell you these

"All right, Cy, I'll take them."

"I don't want any store pay," continued Cy. "I want cash for them."

After a thoughtful pause Ezra said, "I tell you what I'll do, Cy. I'll give you half cash and half trade." Cy pulled a straw out of one of the brooms and looked at it, as if for in-

spiration.
"I guess that'll be all right," he said

After Ezra had put the brooms in their place in the store, he said:

"Here's your money, Cy. Now what do you want in trade?"

Cy's shrewd glance swept over the miscellaneous stock of the store. "Well, Ezra," said he, "if it's all the

same to you, I'll take brooms."

Not Violent

"Ah!" ejaculated the wide-eyed tourist who was pervading Rampage, Arizona, on the qui vive for thrills. "I suppose that swaggering fellow over there has a record as a Bad Man?" "Him?" contemptuously snorted Alkali Ike. "Aw, heck—he ain't even killed an innocent bystander!"

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