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git it off. It's been on so long, I don't be-
lieve you kin git it off; I don't really."

The young man advanced and made a mo-
tion to jerk off the hat, but the tramp limped
back and threw up his hands with a
clumsy frightened gesture.

"Come young gents," he whined, "don't
play games on a poor fellow as is lookin' for
the county hospital. I tell ye, young gents,
I'm a sick man, I am. I'm on the tramp
when I ought to be in bed. I can't hardly
stand, and I haint got the strength to be
fooled with. Be easy on a poor—"

But the sporting young man cut him off
with "Oh, give us a rest and take off that
hat." And then he made a pass at the poor
sick man's hat, but his hand met the poor,
sick tramp's elbow instead. And then the
poor man lifted one of his hands about as
high as a derrick, and the next instant the
silver-gray plug hat was crowded so far down
on the young man's shoulders that the points
of the dog's eared collar were sticking up
through the crown of it. And then the poor
sick man tried his other hand, and part of
the crowd started off to help pick the young
man out of a show window where he was
standing on his head, while the rest of the
congregation was trying its level best to get
out of the way of the poor sick tramp, who
was feeling about him in a vague, restless
sort of way that made the street lamps rattle
every time he found anybody. Long before
any one could interfere the convention had
adjourned *sin die*, and the poor tramp, limp-
ing on his way, the very personification of
wretchedness, sighed as he remarked apolo-
getically to the spectators :

"I tell you, gents, I'm a sick man; I'm
too sick to feel like foolin'; I'm just so sick
that when I go gropin' around for somethin'
to lean up agin, I can't tell a man from a
hitchin' post; I can't actually, and when I
rub agin anybody, nobody hadn't ought to
feel hard at me. I'm sick, that's what I
am."

Mr. Gerolman Loses His Dog.

Mr. Gerolman stood on the front porch of
his comfortable home on West Hill, one
morning looking out at the drizzling rain in
anything but a comfortable frame of mind.
He looked up and down the yard, and then
he raised his umbrella and went to the gate
and looked up and down the street. Then
he whistled in a very shrill manner three or
four times, and listened as though he was ex-
pecting a response. If he was, he was dis-
appointed, for there was no response save the
pattering of the rain on his umbrella, and he
frowned heavily as he returned to the porch,
from which sheltered post of observation he
gloomily surveyed the dispiriting weather.

"Dag gone the dag gone brute," he mut-
tered savagely, "if ever I keep another dog
again, I hope it will eat me up."

And then he whistled again. And again
there was no response. It was evident that
Mr. Gerolman had lost his dog, a beautiful
ashes of roses hound with seal brown spots
and soft satin-finish ears. He was a
valuable dog, and this was the third
time he had been lost, and Mr.
Gerolman was rapidly losing his temper as
completely as he had lost his dog. He lifted
his voice and called aloud :

"H'yuh-h-h Ponto! h yuh Ponto! h'yuhp
onto! h'yup' onto, h'yup onto, h'yuponto,
h'yuponto! h'yup, h yuh, h'yup!"

As he ceased calling, and looked anxiously
about for some indications of a dog, the
front door opened and a woman's face, shaded
with a tinge of womanly anxiety and fast-
ened to Mrs. Gerolman's head, looked out.

"The children call him Hector," a low
sweet voice said for the wistful, pretty face;
but the bereaved master of the absent dog
was in no humour to be charmed by a beau-
tiful face and flute-like voice.

"By George," he said, striding out into
the rain and purposely leaving his umbrella
on the porch to make his wife feel bad, "it's
no wonder the dog gets lost, when he don't
know himself. By Jacks, when I give
eleven dollars for a dog, I want the privilege
of naming him, and the next person about
this house that tries to fasten an old pagan,
Indian, blasphemous name on a dog of mine,
will hear from me about it; now that's all."

And then he inflated his lungs and yelled
like a scalp hunter.

Here, Hector! here, Hector! here rector,
hyur, Hector, hyur rec, h'yurreec, k'yurreec,
k'yurreec, k'yurreec! Godfrey's cordial,
where's that dog gone to? H'yuponto,
h'yupont! h'yup, h'yup, h'yup! I hope
he's poisoned—h yurrector! By George I do;
h'yuh Ponto, good dog, Ponto, Ponto, Ponto,
h'yuh Pont! I'd give fifty dollars if some-
one had strychnined the nasty, worthless,
lop-eared cur; h'yurreec, k'yurreec! By granny,
I'll kill him when he comes home, if I don't
I hope to die; h'yuh Ponto, h'yuh Ponto,
h'yur Hec!!

And as he turned back to the porch the
door again opened and the tremulous voice
sweetly asked :

"Can't you find him?"

"Naw!!!!" roared the exasperated dog-
hunter, and the door closed very precipitate-
ly and was opened no more during the ses-
sion.

"Here, Ponto!" roared Mr. Gerolman,
from his position on the porch, "Here Hec-
tor!" And then he whistled until his head
swam and his throat was so dry you could