

A SINGULAR DOG STORY.

Theophile Gautier, a French writer on animals, tells a singular story of a dog he owned. The dog was a spaniel, and his name was Zamore. He was neither stylish in form nor handsome in color; but he was a dog of very marked characteristics, many eccentricities, and much artistic taste. One of his characteristics was his invariable and utter refusal to notice women at all; and, in fact, the only person for whom he seemed to have any special affection was Gautier's father, whom he followed, step by step, wherever he went, but always in the most demure manner, keeping close to the old gent's heels, and never stopping to gambol with other dogs, or even turn his eyes from his master's steps. One day Zamore heard music in the street, and, on going to the window, saw a band of trained dogs dancing on their hind legs to the sound of music. Zamore was immediately seized with an irresistible desire to be among them, and at once rushed to the street, and mingling with the dancing dogs, endeavoured awkwardly to imitate their motions; but only got cut by the showman's whip, and driven ignominiously back into the house. From that hour the dog's peace of mind, and even his appetite forsook him. After a while a strange noise was heard in the night time, in the room where Zamore usually slept, which continued night after night. On investigating the matter for a cause, Zamore was discovered practising on his hind legs the steps which he had so much admired in the trained dogs which he had seen dancing in the streets. And this practice he con-

tinued, running into the streets whenever he heard the sound of the dancing dogs, and watching their steps with curious interest, in order to practise them at night. This he did until he had acquired a good degree of proficiency in the art. One fine morning the servants were astonished to find some fifteen or twenty dogs gathered in a circle in the courtyard, with Zamore in the middle, exhibiting all his fine dancing acquisitions to his admiring friends. The dog survived but a short time afterwards, the author saying his disease resembled brain fever, and that it was brought on by close application to study.

Many years ago, at a dinner-party in Glasgow, there was present a lawyer of very sharp practice, fond of giving toasts or sentiments. After the cloth was removed, all withdrew but a plain old maid. She remained behind, and as the conversation became a little masculine, our friend of the "long robe" was anxious to get rid of the "old maid," and for this purpose rather prematurely asked Mr. Thrumbs the privilege of giving a toast. This being granted, he rose and gave the old toast of "Honest men and bonnie lasses." The toast was drunk with all honor, when the dame, who was sitting next the lawyer, rose from her seat, gave the lawyer a poke in the ribs with the end of her finger, and having said, "That toast neither applies to you nor me," left the room.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them—such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.