

most villainous grin. He never con-

dened to help him to do so, and he approached the sheep, without the acquaintance of some member of the family. It was sure to get in contact with him in this way that suggested the tale told of the sheep-stealer in the house, however, Smiler never took the slightest notice of any one unless he or his master was molested.

With Smiler, the herd started at daylight every morning to consult with the sheep, and the sheep were a plying cribble into which the dog gathered the sheep, and having them all in, stood at the small opening that let them out again, one by one, as he bayed them out.

When the dog attempted to pass out at one time Smiler quickly put it back until the work was done. As soon as the dog appeared in the field, the sheep seemed to know what was wanted, and would scamper off to the crib.

When the sheep counted, the cattle were put through a similar process. If one was missing, the dog would scour the thickets until it was found and driven to the crib.

This, Smiler and Peter and his dog would do every week-end, and the most curious thing Smiler would slip off to the village in quest of Goodman, Jr. He would search every rooin in each public-house until he found his master, and then he lay down quietly at his feet.

If anyone attempted to impose on Smiler, he would seize him by the collar of the robe while he stood by the boss, he or she would not probably feel the avenging claws of Smiler. He did not permit any interference with his business, which he went about in the

BY WM. G. HALPIN.

Sheep were frequently driven home before sheep counting time in the evening. Smiler would tug at his leg to get him away, but scarcely ever succeeded for by that time he was too full to heed the dog who, seeing his efforts fail, and knowing the time to be nigh, started barking to notify Peter that "time was up."

Peter waited for his father's return, but seeing the dog come without him, both started to repeat the work of the morning.

Smiler knew the number of sheep, cattle and horses in the pastures, and would stop until he brought in the last one.

Those farmers never sent their stock to the fair or market; they were so well known that buyers visited the farms and made their bargains there.

When sheep or cattle were sold they were marked by the purchaser with a brand.

That was enough for Smiler; he watched them pass through the gate when driven away, and must have counted them for he always knew the number that was left, and when he had the residue in the crib he never sought for any more, knowing obviously that they had been taken away.

If any of the marked sheep or cattle were left in the fields after pasture as sometimes happened, for a few days, Smiler would take no notice of them and would not permit them to mix with those that were not sold, while being counted, showing that he must have been able to recognize the animals as well as recognizing the brand.

As soon as the evening work was over, the dog returned to the village and remained with his master until he got home.

One day Goodman met more boys and companions than usual, and as a necessary consequence, got outside of morning work, and did not get home until late. Shortly before midnight he started for home, and although there was a nice gravelled path on one side he took both sides of the road, feeling, no doubt, that "he was monarch of all he surveyed."

He got about half way home, when he suddenly became too heavy, and he lay down in the middle of the road.

It was about time for the mail coach to pass, and he was scarcely embraced in the arms of Sonoma, when Sullivan saw the lights of the advancing vehicle. He knew what it was and that it must inevitably run over his master if he stopped.

With that wonderful sagacity that never forsook him, he advanced to meet the coach, which was a great lumbering machine drawn by six horses and travelling at the rate of six miles an hour.

About three hundred yards from where Goodman lay in unconcealed peril, the coach met the coach, jumped and caught the lead horse by the nose, which caused the horses to start, and turn to one side, nearly upsetting the coach. The passengers, however, as the coach was filled with passengers, who were greatly startled by the shock.

The first impression was that Collier, a noted highwayman, who frequented the roads in that part of the country, was upon them. Each one felt a present alarm, and hurried to the door of the coach, but when no one appeared to demand their money, they supposed that a ghost had appeared to the horses.

Several years before a "pig robber" was killed at that spot, and his ghost was supposed to haunt the place. Horses were supposed to see ghosts when men did not, and then a great fear fell upon the crowd.

The dog was not seen, for as soon as the coach stopped he let go of the horse and lay quietly down. After some time, as neither robber nor ghost appeared, and no one thought of the driver, being willing to handle the blindness to the driver, who lay propped around for the inevitable enemy.

The dog watched him closely, and he thought it dangerous to the driver's safety to let him get up, and he tried to pull him in the direction of his master's body.

As soon as the guard felt the pull on his coat, he, assuming that the ghost was there, he bellowed, alarmed the passengers, and ran off on his own account.

A military lady in the coach happened to get into the coach, after she had chosen herself horse and rider, and she was sitting in the little folding up.

went upon him, and requested as he
 was wont to do at home when Peter
 wanted to be rid of him.
 The boy mounted his horse in a jiffy,
 and off galloped the noble animal, with
 the man in the saddle, and the dog
 on the bull's foot of the stream the sheep
 and the boy between him and the boy
 as he soon tossed about with his
 horns; yet the work delayed him a
 little, and gave the dog a start.
 The dog, however, did not get the gate
 which was at the other end of the field,
 till the frantic bull in mad pursuit
 of some men on the road saw the chase
 and was much concerned for the
 safety of his dog, the bull was gaining on
 the dog. They tried to turn the dog
 off the track, but the dog, shaking his
 undercarriage over the hedge, and
 bounding, but he heeded them not, his
 eye was before him, and he went
 straight for him. The men ran to the
 dog, but when they got there the dog
 was already on the road, and the
 white-headed bull by mounting the stile,
 the bull came up and tried to force
 his way into the road. The gate was
 strong iron structure, that resisted
 the repeated efforts of the bull to break
 through it.
 The dog, however, was now upon the
 dog with his hoofs, and paws up
 on earth with his horns.
 The farmer was nearly scared to death,
 and Smiley lay exhausted on the road,
 and the men carried the boy home, and
 related the adventure to his mother.
 The dog never again let him wear his rag
 about his neck when he went counting
 sheep.
 The lesson the older Goodman re-
 ceived in the adventure with the mail
 dog was the best temperance lecture
 ever heard, for he never tasted
 again.

BY KATE THORN

BY KATE THORNTON.

"So easy to be an editor!"

"We hear the opinion promulgated very often.

"It seems to be a very generally entertained idea that all editors have to do is to write a few lines now and then; issue orders to the devil; go to the office, and, if they are not called, to all the balls and parties, on free cost, and live on the fat of the land.

"Editors always wear good clothes, have white hands, and are acquainted with all the leading politicians and big-bugs; and they can say just what they please about any body, and, if they are not called, to the office.

"Now, we have never been an editor, and we don't banker after the job. We have no justifying after the footsteps in old Egypt. We have seen too much of life behind the scenes. We know too much of the life one leads as the editor of a popular paper.

"Is office a secure, and a happy place, as you say, at that? Well, we have never been an editor, and we don't banker after the job. We have no justifying after the footsteps in old Egypt. We have seen too much of life behind the scenes. We know too much of the life one leads as the editor of a popular paper.

"You want to be an editor? Well, you try it! If you want to be in condition of trying to please everybody, and of succeeding in pleasing nobody, there is nothing better for you than to be an editor.

"Everybody finds fault with the newspaper. The taste of all creation is to find fault, not very, and we are got up on such a plan that 'what is one man's meat is another man's poison,' in a literary as well as a literal sense.

"One man likes political intelligence; and if there is anything said against a party, he calls the editor a liar, and wishes he could meet him out where he could get a chance to give him a piece of his mind.

"There are other men who care for financial intelligence, and that

to know who has failed and who succeed; and if the paper gives the term of Brown & Co. as solvent to-day, and Brown & Co. fail next week, then the editor of that paper is held responsible, and his society is held in question; and if a newspaper editor who was going to fail next week! Again, there is a class who want to read about crimes and murders; and what is the poor editor to do when murders are not epidemic? though, to be sure, there is an epidemic of them most of the time.

"Such a dull paper," said a neighbor on the other day, fingering down one of our city dailies; not a single murder scandal of any description in it! I miss I'll pay six dollars a year for such a paper as that."

"I am glad," to suggest that perhaps nothing of the kind had occurred for the editor to chronicle, and our neighbor looked at us with ill-concealed contempt, and muttered out:

"Well, he might revive the Beecher scandal! That would be better than such a paper. I'll give him one dollar. He wants to get his money's worth, and these bad newspapers are a regular nuisance."

Mrs. Smith, an old friend of ours, wants to read the marriages and deaths, the wonders why our earth editors do not print the names of the girls who are running away; and she complains of our country; it would be such interesting reading; and tell what they died of, and how old they were, too. She thinks it is a positive wrong to people who subscribe for a paper, and pay for it, not to know what people die of. I told her that the girls were wanted!

Miss Angelina DeGruy, a young girl, writes the paper. Poetry feeds the soul and ennobles the spirit, and—and—makes me feel so—so—so—well, so sweet and raptorial! She wonders that editors do not have more poetry, and she sends us her paper a sonnet to—"The Mild-Blooded Poet."—The mild-blooded poet is the editor's opinion of the printer's efforts.

"A more marvellous, sentimental mass of humbug, not fit to be used for guarding against something but a nobody whose brain had been solemning since the creation!" and she is mad" clear through, and the editor has lost his friendship and countenance for all time.

"People have a sort of an idea that the editor is supposed to give them the news, and their affairs, gratifications and pleasures, and if they subscribe for the paper, A man's subscription entitles them to ten dollars worth of advertising space in the columns of the paper."

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