

Rex and Wooley.

(The Occident.)

Rex and Wooley are good friends and playmates—indeed, they are great chums. Their families live on opposite corners, at the intersection of two streets, in the pretty little town of Colusa. Like many close friends, Rex and Wooley are unlike in appearance and disposition, yet it is evident that they have many sympathies in common, and each seems to admire in the other what is lacking in self.

They are about the same size, both affectionate and very clever. Rex is certainly handsome, though he is far from brave, and he abhors stormy weather and consequently mud—or dirt of any kind, in fact—and keeps his coat and dainty feet as immaculate as possible; while Wooley is just as certainly far from handsome, very brave, and delights in mud-puddles.

Rex wears a fine white coat of wavy hair, has the softest of large, dark brown eyes, a plummy tail, and is altogether petable. Wooley's coat is rough, shaggy and dark drab in color, and thick hair overhangs, but cannot conceal, the bright eyes twinkling with fun and merriment. His eyes shine like stars. And his tail—poor Wooley has no tail! not even the stump of a tail—never had one. Just think of it! a little dog with no tail to wag his transports of joy, express his chagrin and sorrow, or to help him turn corners easily.

One morning, Wooley called for Rex to take a little run. The weather had been stormy, but during the night it had cleared. Rex glanced at the streets, and thought that they did not look so very muddy, and that the crossing might be good, yet he hesitated—appearances were often deceitful. Again he argued to himself that he had been shut up in the house all week on account of this storm, and really needed a little exercise in the fresh air; then Wooley was so persuasive that he finally decided to go.

All this happened on the front lawn, and when they started off, Rex's mistress called, but he only turned a deaf ear, ran faster, and was soon out of sight.

Apparently they found so many items of interest that all the morning and the greater part of the af-

ternoon slipped by and no Rex came home, nor could he be found. At length, just as his pretty young mistress, Miss Bee, began to fear that either he had been stolen or had met with some dreadful accident, there came a knock at the door. Miss Bee's mamma heard it, and answered the summons, wondering why the doorbell had not been used. She opened the door. There was no one where a person ought to be; but, on glancing down, she beheld Wooley, smiling his most charming dog smile, and talking in his best manner. Being one who understands the ways and manners of dogdom, she knew at once, and replied:

'Yes, Wooley, I know what you want. Rex is outside and has sent you in to ask one of us to open the gate, which is locked. Now, you can tell Rex we will not do so, because he was very naughty to run away this morning. He must crawl under the big gate.'

Then did Wooley plead, but in vain; the lady closed the door, returned to the parlor, and was soon absorbed in a magazine. She was again interrupted by a knock at the hall door, and, supposing it to be Rex asking admission, she opened the door. No—there stood Wooley again, using all his powers of eloquent persuasion.

'It's no use, Wooley,' said the lady, 'Rex will have to come under the big gate.'

Now, to crawl under the big gate in wet weather was direful punishment for Rex. Under the big gate is a small depression in one spot, by which Rex goes in and out during the summer without soiling his coat, but during the rainy season the place is sloppy, and he never passes through it.

Again the lady retired to the parlor and the bay window, whence she could watch proceedings. Wooley went out by way of the big gate—he didn't mind the mud. There was a long consultation on the other side, then Wooley came crawling under the gate on his side, followed by the distressed Rex. Very soon there was another knock at the door, and there stood Rex, with a crestfallen air, while Wooley waited below on the walk to see the outcome. Rex 'craw-fished' in, so that the lady might not see that dreadful spot on his

side. He ran to a corner of the parlor near the bay window and sat down, now and again glancing at the disgraceful spot, which he had turned towards the wall.

He gave a sorrowful, reproving look at the lady, that said as plainly as words, 'You might have come when Wooley told you I was sorry. I didn't think you could be so unforgiving.' But the lady only said, 'I saw that spot, Rex. You are a dirty-looking dog,' whereat his humiliation was complete.

After seeing Rex safely housed, Wooley ran home, just in time to meet his own master at the gate. He was seized by the scuff of his neck, and plunged up and down in the water-trough until he was fairly clean. Wooley thought this great fun, and when released, shook himself and scampered into the house in great glee, greeting every one with a look that said, 'I've had a great time! Don't fear for the carpets, for I'm not muddy in the least. I've had a delightful bath in the trough!' Who could resist such a merry little creature?

Meanwhile Rex had now retired behind the lace curtain, nor would he come out for all the coaxing of his pretty young mistress. Not even when Miss Bee's papa, with whom Rex was a great favorite, came home, did he move or look up.

'Why, Rex! What's the matter with Rex?' said the gentleman; but Rex only hung his head and contemplated that spot. How could he ever get it clean?

When Rex's supper time came—and by the way, Rex's appetite is as dainty as himself. He eats only two fluffy white biscuits each day, and these are fed to him in delicate bits from milady's hand, for he does not know how to manage them in the usual dog way. On holidays a turkey's foot is added, but such a sumptuous feast all but causes a bilious attack each time. Well, when his supper time came, Rex had no appetite. Not one bit could he eat; so Miss Bee, who considered his punishment sufficient, came to his relief. She prepared a warm bath, and with her own fair hands cleansed his beautiful coat from that ugly spot; and the next day, but not until the next day, Rex was himself again.