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BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.
A summer seldom passes that the cry of "Mad dog!" is not heard in some direction or another, and many and stringent are the police regulations put in force to prevent the ravages of these animals. More than one unhappy dog, innocent of anything except fright or thirst, panic at being hunted, or having lost his way or his master, has fallen a victim to mistaken zeal.

One day during last summer a peddler was walking along the road observing a dog belonging to the neighborhood trotting before her. She knew who was the owner and also that the animal was not far from home.

A grassy bank beside the footpath, and in this bank was a wasp's nest. The insect, which flew out upon him, clustering round his head, and stinging him about the ears, eyes and nostrils. The peddler, frightened and in pain, sprang forward, rushing on with wild contortions of agony.

A policeman coming up at the moment saw him in this position hanging out, his eyes protruded. "Mad dog!" he cried, and the poor being was shot dead before he could get out of his hands.

The mother would hear of the smothering. When it was proposed to bury the dog, she refused to do so, and the matter was talked of, but she would not consent to let her dog be buried in a hole. She was so determined that she would see it buried in a hole.

The narrative will be given in the course of the family present at the time. Myself was in the house when it happened, being first cousin to Mrs. Ryan, the mistress. A comfortable farm it was, and the house was a fine one.

Many a smart young fellow would have been proud to help her, and glad to step into Ryan's shoes if he was let. For she was pleasant to look at; as trimly as a bird, and as lively and merry as a young girl.

CARE OF THE STOMACH.
When to Eat and How.—Sound Advice from an Old-Timer.
An old timer, who was brought up in hotels and restaurants, and knows all about eating, gave some points to a reporter the other day about the way for a man to make friends with his stomach.

They made strong tea, in hopes to get her to swallow some. They tried to raise her heart, telling her of the grand funeral he'd have—hundreds and hundreds coming to the funeral, and that she would be some expense spared; but you might as well talk to the dead in a way.

She didn't hear a word, but sat there without saying a word, only her mouth working with the agony within—just a froze-up, stony image of Despair! and you'd think she'd been struck by lightning.

She said she was not a doctor, but she would give you a prescription. She said she would give you a prescription. She said she would give you a prescription.

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BY LOVE RECALLED.
"I am giving you a treasure, my son. Why do you hesitate? Surely you have no other love?"
The father, an old man, with a long white beard and hair, and a pair of eyes that looked as if they had seen a great deal of the world, looked at his son with a steady gaze.

It was a happy yet frank countenance that looked at the father. The father, an old man, with a long white beard and hair, and a pair of eyes that looked as if they had seen a great deal of the world, looked at his son with a steady gaze.

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other, and Clarence walked from supper to mad delirium, in which he told his patient nurse all of which she already knew, and much besides—told of the wealth he had vowed never to touch, lying in his lawyer's hands, and of the girl he could not trace, of struggle and trial which he had gone through, which made her blue eyes dim.

But he said no word of any woman whose love was his gerdon, and she was glad that was spared her.

It was midnight hour, when the ward was silent and the lights low about them, he suddenly put forth his unimpaired hand and took one of hers; his eyes, brilliant with fever, were fastened on her face.

"My father loved you as a daughter," he said softly, "and he told me you loved me; but I did not believe, and I warned him to leave me free. Child, why did you fly from me? Did you fear I would leave you?"

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THE SECRET.
"But how is it that you know more than the rest of the world?"
"I was there when it happened," Miss Artole quietly replied, "but to this day they have not the slightest suspicion that Miss Artole is an acquaintance."

Belle Hampton opened her eyes wider than ever.
"Why, then, earth do you mean, Blanche?" she exclaimed.

"Only that I was there as a parlor-maid," Miss Artole coolly responded. "The secret which they were sweeping the magnificent width of the handsome conservatory through which they were sauntering."

"As a parlor-maid?" Belle, repeating a rare exotic as she hastily turned to look at her companion.
"A parlor-maid! What would mamma say?"

At this a little ripple of laughter parted Miss Artole's hands, and she looked at Belle. "You need not tell her. I am in the confidential to you alone, my dear."

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