The Difficulty about that Dog.
BY JOHN QUILL.

This was the cause of all the trouble:

LOST.—On the 16th instant, a small Terrier Dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to JOHN QUILL, No. 84, Sixty-Six.

I inserted the above in the *Daily Flipflap*, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The *Flipflap* goes to press at 5 a. m. At half past six I was awakened by a pull at my door bell. I got out of my bed and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed:

"Hello! are you the fellow who lost a dog?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, then, I've fetched him," said the man.

I then explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while he looked more like a hog of wood with half the bark off and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

"Well, ain't you going to take him?"

"I couldn't have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I'll call the police."

"Now, I guess you think you's smart, dont you? I'll bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don't know a good dorg when you see him, you don't," and he went out, after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about half an hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs of a variety of breeds.

"Wh-wh-which of 'em's him, b-b-boss?" said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

"Neither of them."

"Y-you said his n-na-name was J-Jack, d-didn't you?"

"Yes, that's it."

"W-well, then, wh-wh-what'd ye call th-that?" says he, as he sung out "Jack," and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined teen in fly time.

"Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they're named Jack. I don't want to start a sausage mill, you understand. Mince meat isn't in my line."

"W-w-well, ain't you goin' to take him?"

"Certainly not, do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?"

"W-well, you sh-shan't have him now if you want him. I w-wouldn't trust a decent d-dog with a m-man like you, anyway"

And the six canines fell into line and trotted down the street after him. I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had-gorged himself with spiral springs.

"You advertised for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle. Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Sentimental school-boy!" snarled Simon. "Smitten! Stop such stuff!" Simon sent Sally's straw box spinning, seized Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

Simon Short's Son Samuel.

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers, speeding storms, spreading sunshine, saw Simon's small, shabby shop still standing staunch, saw Simon's self-same squeaking sign still swinging, silently speeding Simon's sober, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superbly.