passed February 1, 1868, chapter 33, entitled "An act to amend an act for the protection of Sheriffs," etc.

Sec. 5. Be it further enacted, That upon the application of the sworn statement of ten or more known unconditional Union men of good moral character, or three Justices of the Peace of any county in this State, setting forth that the civil laws can not be enforced, and that the law abiding citizens can not be protected in their rights and liberty without the aid of the military authorities, it shall be the duty of the Governor to furnish such number of troops as may be necessary to enforce the laws and protect the citizens from violence.

Sec. 6. Be it further enacted, That all all laws and parts of laws in conflict with this act are repealed, and this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Marrying for the Sake of a Dog.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PICCIOLA.

My friend Cabassol used to say that a family to be complete should consist of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time, indeed, when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor; for he was the crustiest, most growling old bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden, or beat [illegible] fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect One, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Indeed he said once, when I was there, too, that Medor was his best friend; and yet it was I that gave him the dog. Medor had belonged to a widow lady living at St. Germain en Laye, who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot, for Medor was a born hunter, and the forest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again, so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new master. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together. If Cabassol went to walk, Medor went with him. If the master ate dinner his dog had it at the same time; and it really seemed as if Cabassol were right, and that they made a perfect family.

But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and, trembling from head to foot, began to growl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang; Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him he found him rolling in an ecstacy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. This was, as you have guessed, his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cobassol permit her to have Medor again? She would pay him any whatever he chose to ask for board during the three years he [illegible] absent from her, and a round [illegible] besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner. Give up his dog! Never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, madame." The lady bitterly reproached him and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough—she did not mind that—but because he was likely to make Medor die of grief by refusing to give him to her.

"See!" she cried, "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me, and no one else."

These last words enranged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and, determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said:

"Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill which lies between my house and Paris. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever one of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she. "I am agreed;" for she was confident the dog would follow her.

Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, as I said, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, [illegible] talk and to make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, and the widow lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits, and made herself quite entertaining.

When the time came for her to go the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill, the two, I mean, for Medor, was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, then Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them. He ran back to him then saw his mistress was not following but was keeping on in her path. He ran back to her, then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then—and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all; he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted on the very top of the hill where they had separated and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol meanwhile saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment, the lady came up the hill from the other side; she, too, out of pity for Medor, and resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? If he were to go with either alone it would break his heart.

Cabassol reflected. He saw one way of getting out of the difficulty, and that was to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Medor's sake. And so they married to please the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and dog.