

HOW THE DOG HAD HIS LIKENESS TAKEN.

As the story we are about to tell may seem incredible to some of our readers, we will preface it by stating that its literal truth is vouched for by a well-known lady of Lowell, Mass., Mrs. C. A. Richardson, a sister-in-law of President Grant's Secretary of the Treasury.

Cæsar was a fine Newfoundland dog of great intelligence, owned by Mrs. R. One morning she took the dog, with some of the children of her family, to a daguerrotype-room, with the view of having a picture taken of the group.

For nearly an hour Mrs. R. tried to place Cæsar in a posture suitable for the purpose of getting a likeness; but, when she thought he was all right, he would slowly get up, shake his huge body, and, of course, spoil the picture.

Annoyed at his conduct, Mrs. R. opened the door, and, in a stern voice, said to Cæsar, "Go home, sir! You have displeased me very much: you shall not stay with us any longer." Hereupon poor Cæsar slunk away with a crest-fallen look; and Mrs. R. made no further attempt to put him in the picture. But the next day, much to her surprise, Cæsar came home with a box tied round his neck. What could it mean? He seemed to be greatly pleased, and wagged his tail expressively while waiting for the opening of the box.

His mistress was still more surprised when she found that it contained a fine daguerrotype of Cæsar himself.

At her earliest convenience she called on Mr. S., the daguerrotypist, to inquire how he had succeeded in enticing the dog into his room, and keeping him quiet. Mr. S. said, that, on the morning following the failure, he heard a