LADY LEE
AND
OTHER ANIMAL STORIES
—
HERMON LEE ENSIGN

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LADY LEE
AND OTHER ANIMAL STORIES

LADY LEE

*'and' Other Animal
Stories*

By
HERMON LEE EATON

““ I presume we are introduced by a mutual friend.””

DRAWING BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

and WILL H. DRAKE

CHICAGO

McClurg & Co.

1901

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Drawing by Max E. Keppeler

LADY LEE

and Other Animal
Stories

By
HERMON LEE ENSIGN

Illustrated in *Photo-
gravure* from Original
Drawings by MAX·
F·KLEPPER·J·CARTER·
BEARD·JAY HAMBIDGE
and WILL H·DRAKE

CHICAGO
A.C. McClurg & Co.
1901

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As Ever
Yours friend,
Herman L. Curran.

HERMON LEE ENSIGN.

A Memoir.

THE author of the little stories of domestic animals, presented in this volume, was one of those many-sided characters which our growingly complex civilization tends more and more to produce. Without advantage of birth or fortune, living the life of a quiet American citizen and dying before he had reached the age of fifty, he had yet rounded a circle of experience and achievement that makes his life a notable one and its story one of interest and profit. To the world, to the business community, and to his general friends, he was known as a genial and companionable man, successful in his affairs, light-hearted, and satisfied with life. His more intimate friends knew that he had other interests and feelings, which represented the deeper and more vital portions of his nature. He had an eager and imaginative temperament, an instinctive love of what is good and true, and a hatred of what is bad and wrong. From childhood he was a lover of domestic animals; and this love and friendship for them, with a detestation of all that is ungentle and unkind in the treatment of them by their natural protector

man, became more than a sentiment—it became a passion with him, growing with his years and experiences, and at last filling and dominating his life. By nature one of the most kindly and gentle of men, he could not understand harshness or cruelty in others, particularly toward those defenceless creatures committed to our care. To him they were not merely our inferiors or our slaves,—they were our companions, our friends, devoting themselves to us, dependent upon us for their lives and happiness, having feelings and interests not unlike our own, suffering from injustice, degraded by ill-treatment and brutality, responding to kindness and sympathy as human beings do. The ethics of our relations to the lower animals have seldom had more forcible and practical exposition than from this humane and warm-hearted man. He talked and wrote much on the subject, and simple deeds of kindness and mercy were part of his daily life. I have seen him, as we picked our course through a mass of teams and vehicles in a crowded city, his attention attracted by a restive dray-horse—whose furious glance and vicious action no less than the restraining muzzle evinced the tendencies of an evil nature,—making his way, not without difficulty, to the horse's head, speaking to him in kind tones, and, avoiding the lunges of the suspicious and dangerous

brute, stroking his neck, talking to him in a sympathetic way, and presently soothing him to a gentler and more quiet mood. 'That horse has had a brutal master,' said my friend. 'Nothing but vicious treatment makes a horse like that; and now that his nature has been spoiled by the fault of others, he is treated all the worse on that account. That is man's inhumanity to man's dependents — a worse inhumanity, in some respects, than that to man, as being more cowardly, and the victims more helpless and defenceless.' It was this inhumanity to man's defenceless dumb companions that lay like a burden on his sympathies and occupied much of his thought in his later years. It is the protest against this inhumanity, and the desire to win men to a nobler view of their duties and obligations, that form the key-note of the stories here presented. My friend was, as I have said, a many-sided man. In his early life he had resolved to enter the ministry, and spent some time in studying to that end; he was fond of music, he had aspirations in literature, he enjoyed social life, he had his fair share of success as the world goes; but he has said to me, in speaking of personal ambitions and achievements, that the one man whose fame he most envied was Mr. Henry Bergh; that if he felt he could leave behind him such a record as this good man left, he

should regard it as the proudest monument he could desire. Had he lived, he might, with his means, abilities, and purposes, have accomplished a work not incomparable to that of him whose name will ever be associated with the cause of humane treatment of our dumb companions.

Perhaps in no other direction has the advance of civilization been shown more markedly, in our country, than in the laws and societies for the protection of animals. Those of us whose memories go back a score of years will easily recall how much more common cases of public brutality were then than they are now. It is more than a change — it is a revolution. Not so long ago one might witness, in any large city, the most shocking and devilish brutality to horses, when to venture a remonstrance was to be answered with a curse or perhaps threatened with a blow. All that, at least in our older and larger cities, is practically changed. Laws regulate, more or less effectively, our relations with the lower animals, as with each other; and in most civilized communities a citizen witnessing a case of brutality to animals may interfere as in any other case of public crime, and the law and authorities will support him and bring the offender to justice. Societies have been formed to procure and enforce these laws, there being now up-

wards of two hundred such societies incorporated in the United States, beginning with the parent society incorporated in New York in 1866 and designated as 'The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' The officers and agents of these societies are clothed with police powers, may arrest and prosecute offenders against the laws relating to animals and investigate and follow up complaints made to them. They are also a factor in procuring more advanced and completer humane legislation.

But good and noble as is the work of these societies, it is along the lines of repression that their activities largely lie; and there are other worthy fields of effort. Long study and observation had given Mr. Ensign the conviction that not a little of the commoner forms of cruelty to animals was due to thoughtlessness rather than depravity; that people would treat animals better if they really knew better. *Humane education* became, therefore, his dominant idea and purpose; as he expressed it, 'not education by the arm of the law, not by force, but by the gentler yet more powerful effect of persuasion. Force may prevent brutality in public, but it is unable to check it where it is unseen. It does not prevent an offender from wreaking vengeance on an unfortunate animal for whose ill-treatment he has suffered punishment.

It does not stop the misery and suffering caused by ignorance and thoughtlessness.' The object should be 'to awaken such a feeling of humane kindness toward the brute creation that people of every class will be led to treat animals tenderly, simply because they feel a natural inclination to do so.' To carry his ideas into practical effect, Mr. Ensign organized The National Humane Alliance, which was incorporated, in 1896, under the laws of New York. The society entered at once upon the general work of humane education, in accordance with the ideas of its founder, chiefly through the publication and dissemination of humane literature. He gave the society, as its President, much of his time and energy, and contributed annually several thousands of dollars for its support. Yet so modestly was this work given and this service rendered, that his personality was never prominent, and but few even of his acquaintances knew anything of the noble benevolence in which he was engaged and which lay so near his heart. He sealed his devotion by the final act of bequeathing to the society the bulk of his not inconsiderable fortune.

The essential meanings and accomplishments of Mr. Ensign's life may be gathered from the foregoing, and from the stories in the present collection, which represent what is most significant and distinctive in

his literary work. A brief outline of the life thus comprehended may fitly be included here. He was born in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, June 30, 1849. At an early age he removed, with his parents, to Sheffield, Bureau County, Illinois. When about fifteen years of age, through his acquaintance with a telegraph operator in whose office the bright lad was a welcome visitor, he acquired a knowledge of the art of telegraphing, and soon became an expert and efficient operator. Those were the days of 'sound' telegraphy; and Mr. Ensign attained such skill that in a short time he was sent to Davenport, Iowa, where he was the receiver of press reports for the Western Union Telegraph Company. Soon he was transferred to Colorado, and had a varied experience in Denver and other places, where he acquired a considerable knowledge of frontier life, and of the mountains, some of which appears in the present volume.

Mr. Ensign had been reared under the influence of religion, being a member of the Congregational Church; and when about twenty years of age he left Denver and entered Phillips Academy in Massachusetts, intending to study for the ministry. His health or finances failing, he soon left school and went to Chicago, where he accepted a business position with the American Bridge Company. During the great

fire of 1871, he was able to render an important service to his employers by rescuing from their offices some valuable books and taking them to a place of safety.

A few years after this, there was founded in Chicago a weekly periodical which, though its course ran but a few brief years, must be remembered as one of the most meritorious and notable journals ever published in that city. This was 'The Alliance,' a weekly journal, mildly religious, broadly humanitarian, and more fairly literary than anything in Chicago except the 'Lakeside Monthly,' — established on a sort of ministerial coöperative plan by a group of earnest and liberal clergymen, among whom were the Rev. Robert Collyer, the Rev. David Swing, the Rev. H. N. Powers, the Rev. C. D. Helmer, and the Rev. H. W. Thomas; all strong men and forces for good in their day, and two of them (Drs. Collyer and Thomas) still in ours. Of this brilliant combination of stars, Mr. Ensign became the attempted manager or business agent; but it was too brilliant to last, and presently it fell apart and Professor Swing and Mr. Ensign acquired full ownership and control of the concern. About this time (1877) I became the literary editor of the ambitious little paper, and then began my acquaintance and friendship with Mr.

Ensign which continued uninterrupted for over twenty years. Presently there came some business disagreement, when Mr. Ensign and I retired from 'The Alliance,' which fell upon evil days, and its feeble light went out utterly a year or two afterwards. Under Mr. Ensign's management it was a good and promising paper, and should have continued a civilizing influence in Chicago, where the people needed it more than they knew.

The prosperity that Mr. Ensign had sought vainly in 'The Alliance' seemed to come easily to him thereafter. His experience in journalism he turned to practical account in adopting advertising as his future business, following it with marked success and acquiring a competence in twenty years. Fertile in fancy and quick in expedient, he devised a new form of newspaper advertising, technically known as 'headline reading advertising,' which was a great novelty in its day and secured him large contracts from extensive advertisers. In 1881 or 1882 Mr. Ensign removed to Rochester, N. Y., and in 1884 to New York City, which was his home until his death, February 9, 1899.

The ingenuity and fertility of Mr. Ensign's mind led him into the region of mechanical invention, and one of his patented devices — stereotyped plates with interchangeable base, for supplying reading matter to

country papers — is still in successful use. He also, while but a boy, obtained a patent on some improved device for hydraulic elevators. His inventive faculty was not limited to mechanics: he invented dramatic situations and wrote plays, one of which he himself put on the stage with considerable success throughout the country. But his buoyant temperament and too confiding nature scarcely fitted him for the duties of a theatrical manager.

Mr. Ensign made frequent trips to Europe, and in summers took long camping vacations in the woods of the Northeast and of Canada. When in New York his home was usually at the Lotos Club, where his warm and kindly disposition made him a general favorite. His mother died in his early life; and he was never married. He had a great affection for a beautiful horse — ‘Lady Lee,’ the heroine of the story in this volume; and he drove her almost daily for nearly fifteen years. He was an enthusiastic member of the Gentlemen’s Driving Association at the old Fleetwood Park, having won the silver cup there, and other prizes on other occasions, driving his own horse. Professional racing and track gambling he abhorred, and though he owned some fine horses, would never allow them to go upon the race-track.

Like so many busy men, Mr. Ensign was looking

forward to a life of leisure, in which, freed from all cares of business, he would devote himself to the humane work and the literary work which he was wont to regard as his chief concerns in life. But the end came suddenly, in the fulness of his life and strength, leaving many purposes unfulfilled and much work unfinished. The habit of writing, formed in his journalistic days, never left him, and he had numerous plans for literary tasks which he never consummated. Among the mass of papers left at his death were found, besides the ten short stories here presented, an unfinished novel, several plays and light operas, and various fragmentary things. But of them all, the best, as being most characteristic and expressive of the purposes and interests of his life, are the stories or sketches presented in this volume, to which it is my sad privilege, as an old friend and literary associate of the author, to prefix this brief memoir and appreciation.

FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE.

Chicago, August, 1900.

LADY LEE

LADY LEE.

I FIRST met her in a country lane. She was trotting toward me with all the ease and freedom of a young and healthful creature, while I was trudging along with all the depression of a jaded dilettante. She stopped suddenly, and looked at me with lustrous eyes whose depths and gentleness I afterwards learned to fathom. She had no fear ; it was only surprise and mild curiosity. As for me — well, it was a case of love at first sight. I spoke to her, and attempted to approach her. At first she seemed disposed to repel my advances ; but presently, with ears erect, nostrils dilated, and neck arched, she suffered me to come to her and stroke her. I recalled that Hans Christian Andersen always carried fruits and sweetmeats in his pockets for the little folks he might meet in

his walks; and just then I would have given all the loose change I had in my pocket for a single lump of sugar. It pleased me, though, to see how well she liked caresses. Most horses, unfortunately, have little or no capacity for affection. A dog must love, must worship someone; a horse possesses many of the qualities of an anchorite. But the trim and jaunty filly I was then patting seemed to delight in friendship, in sympathy, in love.

While our very pleasant visit was in progress, one of the participants suddenly seemed to remember something,—just as a man of business will sometimes start and look at his watch. She made a quick movement, arched her neck gracefully, swept her long tail proudly, and with a queenly step pranced from me in the direction from which she had come. I stood and watched her as she disappeared, increasing her speed every instant, but never once abandoning the perfect trot which seemed to be her natural heritage.

On the following day I found myself again in the same lane; and, to my surprise not less than gratification, I again met my acquaintance of the day

before. This time, fortunately, I had some bon-bons in my pocket, the remnants of a package I had distributed among the children on the piazza of the hotel. I could see at once that the little filly was unaccustomed to sweets, and I watched her face while she tried the first mouthful. It was a charming study of animal expression. Her eyes seemed to dilate with pleasure, her nostrils expanded, her breath came quicker, and there was an eagerness in the way she turned toward me that was more eloquent than words. She knew the juices of the sweet grass she had so often cropped, and from which her abundant life came; she had received saccharine flavors and foretastes in the corn and oats she had consumed; but here was sweetness in its most concentrated form. It was a new and pleasing discovery in her life; and she was plainly grateful to the one who had revealed it to her.

I took my walks in the same direction each day thereafter, and always found my beautiful equine friend awaiting me. Sometimes we strolled along the country roads together, and while I chatted to her freely of my admiration, I was quite satisfied, from her

dilating nostrils, changeful expression, docile manner, and occasional whinny in varying tones, that she understood and reciprocated my attachment. One day I chanced to see a rare flower growing in a field we were passing, and I instantly climbed the fence to secure it. What was my surprise to see my companion leap the fence as easily as if it had been one foot in height instead of five, and as readily retake it when I returned to the highway. It was this doubtful accomplishment, as I afterwards learned, which gave her the holidays we were enjoying and from which she conscientiously returned each day. Every evening found her safely back in the field from which she had strayed.

It was nearly a fortnight from the time I first met Lady Lee (the name with which I had christened my new friend, and which she immediately acknowledged), that in taking my usual stroll I saw her at a distance in her accustomed place, but not alone. The slender figure of a lady was beside her, evidently visiting with her, very much as I had done. I came very near them before they observed me; then Lady Lee gave a start of delight, and

her companion one of surprise. As plainly as though it had been expressed in words, the little mare invited me to approach. I was about to pass on, with a touch of the hat; but before I could do so, the bright intelligent head of the filly was thrust before me, my course was gently turned aside, and I found myself face to face with Lady Lee's companion. The thing was done. An introduction had taken place, and I involuntarily joined in the laugh which the young lady could not repress.

‘I presume we are introduced by a mutual friend,’ I observed; ‘and certainly by one whose endorsement is genuine.’

‘I think so,’ she replied. ‘One who can win the love of an animal must have good qualities.’

‘Or seem to have?’ I asked, at the same time handing her my card.

‘No!’ said she. ‘A fine horse's instincts are much like a woman's. They detect the genuine and reject the spurious.’

‘I fear, then, our little friend has a bad master, or she would not be so often away from home. Do you know who owns her?’

‘I do not. My acquaintance with her is a recent one, but we are good friends,—aren’t we, beauty?’ and she stroked the shapely neck beside her. I noticed then, for the first time, some long ridges on the flanks of the mare, showing plainly she had recently been beaten, and not with a common whip, either. I called the young lady’s attention to this, and a shadow passed over her face like a ruffle over the surface of a clear lake. I knew we both felt the same sentiment of indignation at the brute in human form who had been guilty of the cruelty.

While we were talking, I saw a man at some distance coming along the path toward us. Lady Lee also noticed him; she pricked her ears, and snuffed ominously. It was evident she was ill at ease; and as the man came nearer she started as though about to run away. I spoke kindly to her, which she quickly acknowledged, but did not take her eyes from the approaching figure. It was painful to see her anxiety; and the young lady by my side seemed to be watching matters with the greatest interest.

‘Hold on to her, stranger!’ the man called out, when he had approached within a few rods; but at the sound of his voice the little filly started nervously, and bounded away at a pace it was useless for him to attempt to follow.

‘Consarn her!’ said the man, as he came up to us, his face flushed and every feature showing anger. ‘That infernal brute gives me more trouble than all my other hosses together.’

‘In what way?’ I inquired.

‘Why, in runnin’ away,’ he replied. ‘I hain’t got a fence on the place that’ll keep her in.’

‘And so you beat her with a fence-rail, to try to coax her to stay with you, do you? Have you ever thought that it might be your cruelty that drives her away from home?’

‘If she don’t behave she’s got to be licked, hain’t she? “Spare the rod an’ spile the child.” That’s Bible doctrine for children, an’ I reckon it’ll hold good for animals.’

‘Yes, and I think the Almighty will put it into practice sometime, and that you will be the animal.’

‘Me? Why, I’m a deacon in the church, in good an’ reg’lar standin’, an’ give more to the cause than any other man in town.’

‘And then go home and impose upon the helpless creatures that God has placed in your charge, not for any wrong they have done, but because you are angry, and must vent your rage on something. If your religion does n’t keep you in check, and prayer is of no avail, why do n’t you go out into the fields and relieve your mind by swearing? This, at all events, will not hurt others, even if it does n’t help you. But I will give you a little practical aid in the pursuit of godliness, by offering to buy this colt that is such a stumbling-block in your religious path. I will give you four hundred dollars for her.’

The keen grey eyes of the man sparkled as he heard the offer; and I saw his sordid, grasping nature. He quickly began to extol the mare’s good qualities, as strongly as he had previously railed against her.

‘That colt’s more promisin’ than any on the place,’ said he, ‘an’ she’s dirt cheap at four hundred. I would n’t sell her nohow if’t wan’t for her pesky

habit o' jumpin' out o' the lot. My folks thinks a heap of her, too; an' I'd hate to part with her myself.'

But I cut him short. 'I want no jockeying,' I said. 'Do you wish to sell or not?'

After a few more hypocritical protests, he agreed to my terms, and said he would deliver the mare that evening.

'No, indeed,' I replied, 'I'll see to her delivery myself.'

'Kin you ketch her?'

'I'll attend to that.'

'But you've got no halter.'

'I do not need one.'

'Wal, mebbe you're a hoss-tamer — I don't know.'

'I am. Do you want to know how I do it?'

'Cert'nly.'

'By kindness. Suppose you try it. But I fear it would n't come in your line. If you could be born again, there might be some hope for you.'

With that I turned to the young lady, who had been an interested witness of our conversation, and

offered to escort her home, telling the farmer to call at the hotel that evening for his money.

There was a singular charm about my new acquaintance. Doubtless the novel introduction had something to do with it ; but I found myself growing more and more interested as we chatted and strolled along. She was not one to impress a man strongly at first sight, although she was unquestionably beautiful ; but a few moments' conversation served to reveal a nature wonderfully womanly and yet strong in fibre. I knew instinctively that she loved the world of art in all its forms, but drew her highest inspiration from Nature. And so I found myself surrounded by an atmosphere of sentiment, of pleasure, and of healthfulness. She was spending the summer with her mother, in a quiet hotel across the river, and some two miles up the stream. She took long walks each day, usually in new directions, and seemed to be familiar with the country and its beauties. When I returned to the hotel I realized that in Miss Elmore I had found more than a passing acquaintance ; and thoughts of her filled my mind

during the remainder of the day, and inspired my dreams that night.

I found the monotony of country life strikingly varied by my attempts to break Lady Lee to harness. She was gentle and docile, but she had some little peculiarities of her own. One of these was a strong dislike to having anything in her mouth that she could not eat. It was a laborious task, but she seemed to understand that we were good friends; and at last she became tractable, and I drove her to wagon wherever I chose. I must confess this was usually in the direction of the little hotel across the river. Miss Elmore took a surprising interest in my pupil; and it was not long before I found myself speculating, with a seriousness that was almost amusing in its novelty, upon the problem whether or not any portion of the lady's interest in the horse could reasonably be appropriated by the horse's owner. However that might be, her attentions to Lady Lee were clearly marked, and as clearly reciprocated by the affectionate animal.

One bright morning in August, the very mildness

of which foretold the coming heat, I drove Lady Lee along the bank of the river in the direction of the little hotel. We had become well acquainted with this road — Lady and I,—and so I did not observe particularly the familiar scene around me. As we came to a bend in the river, I saw a small boat a short distance up the stream, and instantly recognized its occupant as Miss Elmore. The quick eye of Lady Lee had also detected this fact, and she raised her ears and whinnied knowingly. As we came nearer, I called Miss Elmore's name. At the sound of my voice, she started quickly, and turned so suddenly that the light shell she was pulling careened, and in another instant she was in the water. At that moment, however uncertain I may have been before, I had no doubts regarding the nature of my feeling for Miss Elmore.

I knew the distance was so great that my strength would not avail to rescue her. And yet what could I do? I turned toward Lady Lee. She stood trembling in every muscle, her nostrils dilated to their utmost, with her gaze fixed upon the spot where Miss Elmore had sunk. Quick as thought I

saw a means of rescue. I would swim Lady Lee and save the woman I then knew I loved. To loosen the mare from the vehicle was the work of a moment; but before I could act further, before I could even think, she had bounded away from me, had plunged into the stream, and was swimming rapidly toward the overturned boat. Even now, with all the losses Time extorts from Memory, I can see her. I see the proud head carried high above the stream; the strong flanks as they part the waters and propel the beautiful animal through them; the queenly mane, the sweeping tail,—all are pictured as clearly as if it were yesterday. I see her approach the boat to which a slender form is clinging; I see her gently turn and float her strong body by its side. I see the brave girl twine her white hands in the dark mane, and draw herself, with a grace which even peril cannot banish, upon the back of Lady Lee. I see the noble creature turn and swim straight toward me;—and then my eyes become so dimmed with tears that I see no more, until I find my darling's head upon my shoulder, her arms about my neck, and Lady Lee by my side.

How rapidly and delightfully the balance of the summer passed, I need not recount. Every day found me by my *fiancée*, and Lady Lee was invariably with us. She seemed to be a bond of union inseparable from our love. Through her we first met, by her we were betrothed, — and, alas! from her we were soon to part. She appeared at times to develop more than human instinct. On one occasion, while driving, we came to a bridge which we had often crossed before. As we approached, Lady Lee showed unusual excitement, and when we came to the entrance she absolutely refused to set her foot upon it. I spoke to her sharply; she turned her head and looked at me appealingly, but refused to advance a step. I stepped to her head and attempted to lead her; but it was useless. Finally, rather than treat her harshly, I humored her supposed whim, turned, and drove in another direction. The change in her feelings was at once apparent. She pranced, raised and lowered her head continually, and showed her joy in innumerable ways. We finished a delightful drive, and were alighting at the hotel, when the groom informed me that the very bridge we had

attempted to cross had gone down under the weight of a farmer's empty wagon, killing one horse and seriously injuring the farmer. I have often wondered how Lady Lee could have known that bridge was unsafe. Her quick sensibilities possibly felt some ominous tremble the last time she had crossed it. A vibration, such as men might fail to notice, is often felt by even so ponderous an animal as an elephant; why, then, should not a finely bred horse, every atom of whose body is alive with feeling, detect material dangers that duller senses overlook? Be that as it may, we were saved by Lady Lee from crossing the bridge which went down under the weight of the next one who essayed it.

I found that Lady Lee possessed great possibilities of speed. Her gait was natural and easy. In ordinary travel she assumed the long swinging step universal with roadsters; but when called upon for any special effort, her entire manner changed. She seized the bit firmly, threw her ears back, lowered her body as it seemed almost a foot, spread her flanks so that her hind feet fell fully six inches outside of the fore feet, and without a particle of lateral motion shot

straight forward with movements as regular as those of an engine piston. She loved to show her speed ; but I indulged her in it only on rare occasions.

Contrary to the accepted theories, I broke her to the saddle. I was fearful, at first, that she would seek to put in practice some of her saddle gaits when being driven ; but I soon found her gaits and manners were entirely different when before a wagon and when under a saddle.

At last the summer ended, and I returned to the city. My *fiancée*, who lived with her mother some distance up-town, was to remain a few days longer in the country ; but we had planned more than enough to occupy our leisure time on her return. Riding and driving were a prominent feature of our programme, for they were pastimes of which we were both extremely fond. I had no little curiosity to see how Lady Lee, a shy country maiden, would accept the noise, bustle, and novel sights of the city. The first day I drove her after returning home, I met a friend soon after leaving the stable. Stopping to chat with him a moment, I spoke to Lady Lee, when the unsophisticated creature started off upon the sidewalk,

thinking it a better road than the street. Poor little thing!—she had never seen a sidewalk before. But she quickly dropped into city ways, and became accustomed to city sights—even the elevated railroads. There were a few things, however, she never could fully understand. Principal among these were the statues in the Park. She never passed the Webster monument without looking up, almost with veneration, at the massive man who stood there silent and grand. The power he exercised over humanity when alive seemed to be felt by this sensitive creature even in its bronze embodiment.

The winter passed, with its snows, its sleigh-bells, its storms, and its pleasures; and spring was foretold by buds and birds. Old men, who had hibernated all winter, ventured out in close carriages, wrapped in furs to the chin. Dowagers who were recovering from the effects of social campaigning in a determined effort to keep their position on a par with their money, were out in the Park resplendent in rumbling carriages and jingling harnesses. It was upon one of the days that bring the squirrel from his home to feed on the newly formed buds, that

Miss Elmore and I rode through the Park together. We were both in such a happy frame of mind that we found little to say; yet everything about us seemed to contribute to our enjoyment. After finishing the Park, we rode on toward the Riverside Drive, and drew our horses up to take in the wonderful view from the height near Grant's Tomb. Lady Lee seemed to enjoy the sight as much as we did. She would look up the river toward the Palisades, glance at Fort Lee, and draw deep breaths of healthful enjoyment. We turned reluctantly from the scene, and rode leisurely down the drive, conscious only of happiness, and with no premonition of possible disaster.

We had gone perhaps half a mile, when I heard a heavy rolling of wheels, a quick clatter of hoofs, and the sound of voices, around a bend in the drive just behind us. I turned in the saddle, and saw a heavy carriage, drawn by a large pair of horses over which the driver had lost all control. They were coming toward us. I instantly spoke to Miss Elmore, telling her to draw out of the road; and I at once tightened the reins upon Lady Lee. She seemed

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understand the situation perfectly, so that when the team came by her side she was ready to break to the same rate of speed as that of the runaways. I quickly drew alongside, and seized the bridle of the nearest horse. At the same moment, Lady Lee slackened her pace, giving me just the purchase on the reins I desired. The sudden movement checked the animal's speed, and seemed to recall him to his senses; but his mate, maddened by the check he had received, plunged forward and sideways with increased

'I quickly drew alongside, and seized the bridle of the nearest horse.'

DRAWING BY MAX F. KLEPPER.
I saw the sharp end of the pointed silver-plated serpentine pistol such as the Devil of Fashion alone could have devised, pierce the neck of Lady Lee just above the breast, and as quickly emerge followed by a crimson stream from a large artery. I felt the noble animal tremble beneath me with pain; but not for an instant did she seem to forget herself or swerve from the duty at hand. The check which had been given the team soon brought them under subjection, and I led Lady Lee to the end of the drive, where I was quickly joined by my

* I quickly drew alongside, and seized the bull by the
nearest horn.

DRAWING BY MAX E. KATZ

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companion. I applied my handkerchief to the wound, but it was swept away by the crimson torrent. I seized a blanket from the bewildered coachman, who was standing beside his panting team ; but it also was quickly saturated. ‘My God!’ I cried, ‘must I stand here and see the life go out of this lovely creature without a possibility of checking it? Is there no Power that, recognizing an heroic sacrifice, yet permits the innocent victim to suffer? Are we indeed in Hebrew times, when lambs, doves, and embodied innocence must be sacrificed on the altar of human pride?’ And then in my heart I cursed the demon Fashion, that puts torturing appliances at the sides of horses’ mouths to make them champ and prance; that docks their tails, and trims their hoofs down to the quick; that loads them with heavy-plated harnesses, jingling and irritating chains, and pointed poles to pierce the necks of innocent dumb companions. What I said, what I did, I only partially remember; but I know a weeping girl clung to me, while we both stroked the head of our friend dying before us. There she lay upon the freshly-started grass, her strength failing at every heart-throb.

Her eyes, once so fiery, were slowly losing their lustre. Her head, always so proud, lay feebly upon the turf. But she still acknowledged the caresses we bestowed, and her glance still spoke her affection. We bowed our heads upon the poor dumb face; and so, surrounded by loving human friends, and without a struggle, the life spirit of Lady Lee departed.

GENTLEMAN JACK

GENTLEMAN JACK.

HE was one of the smallest canine creatures I ever saw, on the day I received him, nicely packed in a basket, direct from the company of his mother, brothers, and sisters. His newly opened eyes blinked inquiringly, as the cover was taken from the basket; and when I lifted him out and placed him on the table he cried pitifully, as though he felt lost and homeless. I stroked his soft fur gently, and at the touch he turned and licked my hand, piteously begging me not to harm him. ‘Poor little Jack,’ I thought, ‘only two weeks in this world, and cast out upon the uncertain mercy of mankind! One who knows the brutality of man cannot wonder that you plead for tenderness.’

I felt drawn toward the little fellow from the

first. He was a charming combination of pink and white, with large brown eyes that opened and closed uncertainly. His attempts to walk were laughable. He would start out, after mature deliberation, lifting his pudgy feet in the most determined manner, and end by a curious reel and a fall upon his nose. But he never seemed discouraged; neither would he show the least flinching, when I lifted him by the back of the neck and set his wayward steps right. Indeed, even at that early age he always looked up into my face after such service, as if to thank me.

His education seemed to be a natural outgrowth of our good feelings toward each other. Most of the suggestions that I made were well received, although I found the little fellow had the stubborn will-power characteristic of all bull-terriers. Whenever I gave him a lesson on any subject, he would seem to reflect upon it, and his subsequent conduct decided whether or not a second lesson was required. But he came successfully through the various stages of puppyhood, gradually dropping the awkward ways incident to his rapid growth, and at last developed into as fine a creature as I could desire. Even while

growing, he seemed to possess a natural dignity of manner; and when fully developed, this quality became fixed. He was courteous to everyone, but not over-familiar even to me. He showed a keen enjoyment of life, but always kept it within proper bounds.

I provided him a home at the stable, where was kept, in addition to the horses, a little Scotch terrier. Jack seemed to realize instinctively his position as a superior being, but he always showed the greatest deference and courtesy to the little terrier. He never objected in the least when she snatched the food from before him, or protested even if she took it out of his mouth. But how different was his conduct with other dogs! Whenever a small dog came about the stable he would watch him intently, following him everywhere, but never harming him, unless he undertook to disturb something, when a warning mutter was usually sufficient. The same was true with dogs of the opposite sex. But whenever any other dog, no matter how large he might be, came within his jurisdiction, there were never any preliminaries,—no questions were asked,—Jack

attacked him at once, and he was always victorious. And yet he did not seem really to care for fighting, —it rather appeared to him a duty, and he discharged it in a direct and business-like way.

Jack seemed to have some peculiar notions of the rights of sex in human beings. He acknowledged me as master, and would obey my commands — except in the matter of fighting; but he would take no orders from my wife. He was greatly attached to her, planned for her happiness on several occasions — as, for example, when he collected a motley bouquet of weeds and flowers from the garden, which he presented to her, holding it in his mouth — but he would never obey her. He would not rebel, he simply ignored her commands.

A strong attachment sprang up between Jack and the horses, especially my favorite mare. I often saw them hobnobbing together in the most intelligent manner, and it was a common thing for Jack to forsake his soft bed and sleep in the same box stall with her. One day the coachman got under the influence of liquor. In attempting to groom the mare, he, for some reason, became enraged, and, as

many drunken (and too many presumably sober) men do, sought to vent his anger on something defenceless. He seized the broom and struck the man a brutal blow on the quarters. Jack was quietly sleeping at the other end of the stable when the blow was struck, but he instantly awoke, and started up in surprise. Again the broom was raised, and this time the blow might be effective, was aimed at Jack's head; but it did not descend upon his head. The animal that would not see his friend abused seized the broom in his mouth from behind, wrested it from the hands of the groom, and stood up and growling before him. **The animal that would not see his friend abused seized the broom in his mouth.** The suddenness and boldness of the act sobered and cowed the man, and he slunk away, leaving the two friends masters of the field and open to mutual congratulations.

There came a time when the little Scotch terrier became the mother of some smaller terriers. It was amusing to see how Jack regarded them, and still more amusing to see how indulgent he was to them. No matter how much they insisted on playing with him, he never refused their whims. I have seen them sink their little teeth into his ears, and bite

DRAWING BY J. CARTER BEARD.

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his foreleg (the most sensitive spot in a dog's anatomy), but I never heard a whimper or even a protest. Indeed, while the mother often neglected the education of her offspring, I have seen Jack encourage the youngsters in their rummagings among the straw for possible rats. The fact that his mission on earth was not that of a rat-catcher did not seem to deter him in his interest in the training of those who were so called.

It happened one day that a heedless puppy, scouting about, fell into the water tank. He was so quickly submerged that he could not utter a cry; but the alert ear of Jack detected the splash. Running to the side of the tank, Jack took in the situation, and in another instant he was splashing about in the water and trying to seize the unfortunate puppy. At last he was successful, and brought the limp little animal forth, dripping, and looking more like a sponge than anything else. After he had succeeded in fishing him out, Jack gave the urchin a vigorous shaking, ostensibly to dry his coat, but I have always suspected that it was for the additional purpose of giving him a warning to be more careful

in future. A close examination of the puppy, however, showed that the skin had not been injured in the least, but that he had been seized by his long matted hair.

But if Jack's actions toward helpless members of the canine race were marked by striking peculiarities, they were no less so toward those of the human race. The first time our nurse wheeled the baby in the yard, Jack came out of the stable and gravely inspected both the carriage and its contents. He looked up into the face of the nurse, and then at my window, where I was an interested spectator. Something like a smile seemed to steal over his face; he wagged his tail approvingly, nodded his head, and returned to the stable; but thereafter he always took an absorbing interest in the child. I have seen him stand and look down into her baby face, while she laughed, crowed, pulled his ears and pounded his nose, and all the while Jack seemed to be enjoying the operation as much as she did.

On one occasion the nurse was wheeling the little one, when the letter-carrier, in his grey suit, came along. For some reason the carriage seemed

to obstruct his way, and he pushed it hastily to one side, at the same time speaking harshly. The child began to cry, when, with a single bound, and before the carrier really knew what had occurred, Jack had torn his collar and tie completely from his throat and stood glaring at him defiantly. The man hastened away; but from that time Jack cherished a strong antipathy to letter-carriers or anyone dressed in grey.

Appreciation of humor is largely a matter of education. The savage sees the ludicrous only in physical mishaps; the highly cultivated, in mental subtleties. I have often detected a glimmer of mirth in many animals, but I never saw the faculty so keen as in my canine *protégé*. He always enjoyed the mishaps of others, although solicitous for the welfare of the unfortunate. He enjoyed playing tricks of a harmless nature upon other animals. A favorite one was to feign lameness, and thus throw certain bullies off their guard. The satisfaction he enjoyed when they discovered their mistake was immense.

And now I come to the tragic portion of Jack's history. It was midsummer. The season of roses had passed; the leaves and grasses that had lately

been so bright and vigorous lost life and color, and only moved their dust-covered blades when hot passing breezes compelled it. Humanity seemed to share the general languor, and manifested but little life and less enterprise. In the midst of that heated term I was called away on an important mission. It promised to keep me a few days—I was absent a fortnight. I returned on one of the hottest days of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. No carriages were at the station, and I was compelled to walk to my home. As I turned into the street in which I lived, it was a relief to feel the shade of the elms that bordered it on either side. I glanced toward the house, and saw two children playing under the trees, one of whom, even at that distance, I recognized as my little daughter. Healthful infant life will assert itself under influences that would oppress maturer years. The heat was not oppressive, but grateful, to my child. I came within a block of where the children were playing. Their laughter was ringing in my ears and thrilling my paternal senses. In another minute my child's arms would be about my neck, her dancing eyes looking into mine, and her witching

voice carolling notes of love. There was a sudden movement at the corner just beyond. What was once a noble mastiff, but had become a rabid devil, darted into view. His mouth was white with foam; his crimson eyes seemed to stand out from his head; his harsh voice was fiercer than the bloodhound's. He saw the children, and their innocent presence seemed to increase his fury. He rushed straight for my child. I saw his movement, saw the policeman who came panting around the corner in pursuit, saw the look of horror upon the faces of the children, but I was powerless to move a muscle — paralyzed by the deadly peril of my innocent child. By a supreme effort I collected my faculties, and rushed forward; but I knew I should be too late. There was an inaudible prayer upon my lips: then came a quick flash of white across the scene, and my prayer was answered. In another moment my child was safe in my arms, while in a writhing, growling mass upon the ground, Jack and the rabid giant were settling the question of existence. I knew how it would end, but joy for the safety of my child drove from my mind all other thoughts. I caressed her,

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Drawing by J. Carter Beard

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listened to the music of her happy voice, and was carried by it to paradise. But like lightning came a realization of Jack's peril. That he would kill the mastiff was certain; but an abrasion of the skin, the puncture of a single blood-vessel, and his own fate was sealed.

I carried my little daughter into the house, and hurriedly returned. It was nearly over. Even the ferocity of madness was forced to give way before the sturdy strength and coolness of my Jack. As he saw his work was done, he released his hold, and turned with a pleased, even joyous, expression toward me. I instinctively shrank from him, and he saw the movement. His joyousness vanished, and he looked longingly for my favor. My heart was too full to speak. I motioned him after me, and went to the stable. There I found my tongue, and gave Jack the praise that he felt his due. A thorough bath restored him to his white and pure color. Then I began to search for injuries. I failed to find them; but on one ear I detected a slight wound — nothing more. I sent at once for our family physician, had it cauterized, and hoped against hope that Jack had

received no injury. But his fine sensibilities detected my anxiety and seriousness, and he seemed to wonder at it. Poor fellow! how hard he tried to amuse and divert me! The ordinary forms of sport were attempted, and then he invented new diversions. At one time he would try a species of 'sleight of hand' by throwing a bone in the air and apparently catching it in his mouth as it came down, but in reality thrusting it under his blanket so quickly I could scarcely detect the movement. This seemed to give him much amusement, and I laughed heartily over it. But my very anxiety made me serious, and much of my time was spent in observing him. And yet his happy nature seemed to be unchanged. Surely, I thought, the seeds of evil could not be germinating in his blood.

But one day I detected a change. His bright eyes had grown listless, and his active body seemed to take on unwonted languor. He became morose, and unmindful of things about him. Occasionally he would start at the sound of my voice, and I would catch a momentary glimpse of the old nature; but it would soon vanish, like the sun behind a

cloud. The next day he grew worse, and I heard him muttering to himself, though gently, as if his better nature were pleading with the horrible demon that was growing stronger every hour. I knew the worst was true; but my heart rebelled against the sacrifice that seemed inevitable. I was unreconciled that an act of such courage and devotion as his should lead to such unjust reward. Here was a creature of a despised race,—a race kicked by men, persecuted by boys, and kept down by the worst passions of which human brutes are capable, and yet living a life of purity, nobility, devotion, and sacrifice. Here was a dumb creature, superior in mental and moral life to many men in high social circles. No duplicity, no profiting by undue advantage, no lapses, nothing ignoble, dishonest, or dishonorable, could at any time be charged against him. Now he was surrendering his life for having saved another's. When mankind fully realize the quiet devotion even under abuse, the sacrifice in spite of neglect, which our dumb friends constantly endure for us, it will be a happy day, for it will indeed make men more merciful.

I went into the house and brought my wife and little girl to where Jack was lying. I took the child in my arms, and, bending down over him, told her to call his name. At the first sound of her baby voice, Jack opened his eyes quickly, with an expression of intense pain, which vanished the moment he saw who had spoken. A sense of happiness seemed to possess him; he raised one paw with a resumption of his former dignity, bowed gracefully, and wagged his tail. Then he looked at me beseechingly, as if pleading to be delivered from the strange oppression that was stealing over him, cast another glance of love at my child, and the film of forgetfulness again came over his eyes. I could not restrain my tears, and we returned to the house as from a funeral. A few minutes thereafter, chloroform had done its work, and Gentleman Jack was no more.

Is it barbarity that causes the Indian to long to meet his horse and dog in the happy hunting-ground? Is it not rather love and mercy? Is it barbarity that causes me to long for another meeting with the pure spirit that animated my friend Jack? — the

noble spirit which was temporarily extinguished that my child's life might be prolonged?

In the sunniest corner of our garden is a flower bed, carefully rounded and tenderly kept. It is bordered by forget-me-nots; while in its centre white carnations, arranged to form the single word 'JACK,' bloom through their season. But whether the flowers of summer or the snows of winter lie above that mound, they are a constant emblem of the white body and pure spirit of my dear departed friend, GENTLEMAN JACK.

UNION SQUARE JIM

UNION SQUARE JIM.

IN a snug little corner of an unused dressing-room at the Union Square Theatre, New York City, a bright and quiet brindle cat had made her bed. She had been in the theatre less than a year; and while efficient as a hunter, and a favorite with all the employees by reason of her gentle ways, she was seldom seen in the corridors. It was not surprising, therefore, that she had not been missed for several days, when accidentally George, the 'gas-man,' in going near her nest, heard the plaintive cry of young kittens. He immediately entered the old dressing-room, and found five little youngsters battling each other for the favors and attention of their mother.

Poor pussy had been without food since the birth of her children, and the appealing look she gave

George, as he bent down over her nest, touched him. Every day thereafter she was well cared for; but her motherly solicitude and office kept her thin, and she seemed little more than the shadow of her former self. It was more than a week before she ventured to leave her little family, and then, as she drew her gaunt form through the hall about the dressing-rooms, she seemed an object of pity. As she was returning to her charge, she chanced to meet in the passage one of the actors in the 'All Star' Combination. She tried to draw to one side, but was so weak she could only do so slowly. The frowning actor was just going upon the stage, and, catching sight of the shrinking creature before him, and under some strange impulse of brutish anger, he lifted his foot and threw her heavily to one side. She fell against the wall, and, too weak to cry out, sank down motionless in the corridor. She was found in that position about fifteen minutes later, mewing plaintively to herself and rolling upon the matting in pain. George was sent for, but his duties behind the curtain just then required all his attention. When the final curtain had been rung down, he hurried to the

dressing-room where the gentle creature had been taken, and sought in his unskilled but kindly way to ascertain the nature of her injury. It needed little time to see that she was badly hurt. Several ribs were broken, and there were probably other injuries. George tried to dress the hurt and make the poor creature comfortable, although he felt there was little hope in the undertaking. For four days Roxey lay upon her bed, suffering constantly, but trying to impart life to her crying kittens. On the afternoon of the fifth day, it was evident that poor Roxey could not live much longer. George had seriously thought of ending her misery; but that meant death to the kittens also, and the kind-hearted fellow could not bring himself to do it. The faithful mother tenderly washed all of her little family, one by one; then she drew them all about her as if for a last embrace, and passed away as quietly and gently as she had lived. George drew his rough hand across his face, and, tenderly lifting Roxey, had her taken away.

‘But what can we do with these kittens?’ he asked of Frank, his assistant.

‘Let’s try and raise them,’ said the generous

young man, though he had little notion how it was to be done.

The devices resorted to by these willing fellows were numerous and ingenious; but they saw the little survivors, one by one, pine away and finally die, until but a single one remained. He was a diminutive dun specimen, looking in many respects like a fine sponge. Apparently he had been the weakest of the family; yet he alone survived. The two friends watched him carefully. His little mouth was always in motion when he was awake, either mewling gently or trying to take the food George offered him. It was interesting to watch the process of feeding to which he was subjected, and for days it seemed as if he must die. But finally he began to rally, then to thrive, and in a short time he was as bright and mischievous a kitten as one would wish to see.

Poor little Jim (he had early been christened by that name) knew nothing of the companionship of his kind. If he had a memory, it did not reach back to the dark days before his eyes were open, when he could not even see his suffering mother.

The only beings he saw or knew were George and Frank, and he naturally looked up to them as his god-parents. And well did they fill the office. It seemed to be their special amusement to plan for little Jim; to teach him tricks, and, in general, to educate him properly. At first he was too full of life and far too frisky to grasp the meaning of anything but play. Tricks to him were only another form of frolic. Nothing was too large or too small for him to play with. A huge old rocking-chair, with its ponderous motion, was a delight to him; while a feather sailing across the floor simply set him wild with glee. George purchased a little rubber ball, and it was kept pretty busy most of the time bounding away from the kitten's active paws. The student of grace can find no better teacher than a young kitten. Every act is natural, each movement is the 'poetry of motion.' Such grace and such life can only come from the perfection of animal happiness.

But few kittens had such surroundings or such trainers as had Jim. Thrown only in contact with George and Frank, he instinctively studied their

ways, and very soon became an intelligent and most promising little animal. He learned to stand erect, to walk on his hind feet, and to chase his tail vigorously. He quickly understood all the commands of his masters, and usually obeyed them promptly, although the little fellow had a mind and a will of his own which were quite comical in so small a body. And so Jim grew without the sight of any other animal, his only ideas of life being drawn from his dressing-room abode and from the occasional visits of George and Frank.

One day the stage men decided to show him a mouse. They accordingly captured one, and, taking it into Jim's domain, set it loose. At sight of it Jim's eyes dilated, first with surprise and then with joy. He came up to the little creature with an evident desire to play. The mouse ran, and Jim instantly seized it. In doing so, however, the mouse succeeded in pinching Jim's nose, and the surprise and pain caused a complete stoppage of the performance. There seemed to be no malice in Jim's advances, simply the spirit of play which had always characterized him.

It was not long after the above episode when Jim began to explore the new world around him. The dingy passages in the theatre and under the stage were his entire concept of the world ; and he soon adapted himself to his surroundings in a way satisfactory to himself, if not to everybody around him. Naturally he became a night cat. The dim theatre was shut up during the day, but at night all was life and brightness. Jim would wander about the place, looking at the curious actions of those upon the stage, and making himself perfectly at home everywhere. Then, when the curtain was rung down, the large crowd dispersed, and the gas turned out, he would attach himself to the night watchman and accompany him on his rounds during the long hours of the night.

During the greater part of the day he slept. Sometimes his fancy took him away from the abandoned dressing-room, and then he would select such place as his caprices prompted. Very often this was the green cloth upon one of the desks in the business office. He was always permitted to occupy this ;

but on one occasion a brutal 'advance agent,' who saw him there, rudely seized him and threw him violently to the floor. No one happened to be present except a call-boy, but he instantly ran to George and reported the outrage. Naturally one of the most peaceable of men, George became furious, and rushed to the office. He found the 'advance agent' quietly writing, while Jim was creeping uneasily up and down, eyeing the writer suspiciously. As soon as Jim saw his friend he manifested the greatest delight. He rubbed against his legs, purred loudly, and showed how happy he felt at the arrival of reinforcements. George carefully examined Jim to see if any bones had been broken. Then he turned to the young man.

'I hear you threw Jim off'n that table; is it so?' he demanded.

The agent looked up in astonishment.

'I found the infernal cat asleep here where I wanted to write, and I put him down.'

'Did you throw him down?'

'Well, yes, I dropped him.'

‘You’re a nice one, you are. For two cents I’d drop you the same way.’

‘You would?’

‘Yes, I would.’

‘Go along and tend to your gas, and don’t talk ——’

But the sentence was never finished. A pugilistic encounter of some magnitude took place; and when at last the harsh ‘advance agent,’ between gasps, admitted he had done wrong and would not do so again, he was allowed to rise. News of the encounter spread through the theatre, and soon reached the ears of the manager. He at once instituted an inquiry; but when he heard that the cause of the fracas had been abuse of Jim, he not only did not discharge his employee, but gave the advance agent a sound lecture on cruelty to animals.

It was perhaps an outgrowth of this engagement that caused George to instruct Jim in the mysteries of pugilism. It was a difficult training, but at last it was successful. At the word of command, Jim would back into a corner, stand erect, and put up his paws in the proper pugilistic attitude. Then

George would place himself in front of him and aim a pretended blow at his head. This blow Jim would ward off with the quickness and skill of a boxer, and immediately strike a spirited blow in return. The sport would sometimes continue for many minutes, and was the source of great amusement to all lookers-on.

It was surprising what a home body Jim proved to be. He was born, and literally lived, in the theatre. His associates were men and women; and he studied their ways. Is it any wonder this had its effect upon his life and character? One of the duties which George performed was to go through every part of the theatre, from cellar to roof, once each day. Jim usually accompanied him. Whether it was through the dim corridors of the basement where scenery was stored and the close air was filled with damp odors, or up about the roof where the sunlight came streaming in, the two friends would go together, usually in the best of moods.

One afternoon during the summer a heavy shower arose, and one of the skylights on the roof sprung a leak. George went out upon the roof

to fix it; and Jim went with him. The defective place was small, and it required little work to repair it. While George was engaged in this labor, Jim went roaming about the housetop. It was a pleasant vacation for him, and he was evidently disposed to make the most of it. George was busily engaged with his repairs, when he heard a sudden crash, and looking up quickly he saw Jim, who had crept across a skylight, catching frantically at the framework, while the insecure glass broke beneath him. The plucky animal caught the frame with one paw, but could not hold on, and then, before George's eyes, Jim sank from sight and fell down to the auditorium below.

George knew at once where he would land. The skylight was directly over the centre of the parquet, and a clean fall of fully eighty feet was inevitable. Then George thought of those long rows of patent iron-backed chairs. What if Jim should strike the back of one of them! Poor Jim!

George hurried down stairs. He rushed into the parquet, calling Jim's name as he ran. The daylight was too dim in the silent theatre to show him

where the unfortunate animal lay. He struck a match and looked. There lay the poor fellow quite motionless. His form was stretched between two rows of seats; but whether or not he had fallen against their hard frames, George was unable to tell. He lifted the limp body and hurried with it to his room. There were no signs of life. He felt of the body carefully, but could not tell whether any bones were broken. He bathed Jim's head in alcohol and laid him gently upon a cushioned chair. Pretty soon Frank came in and asked what was the matter. George explained as well as he could, though his voice was shaken as he spoke.

‘Poor Jim!’ said he. ‘He’s done for, I guess. He was a good mascot for me, but he could n’t be one for himself. Well,’ he continued, wiping his eyes, ‘we’ve all got to go sometime, and I hope we’ll all be as well prepared as he was. I never knew him to do a mean or a wicked thing. He’s been with me ever since he was born, and his record is a white one. I’ve been mad lots of times; I’ve sworn and been uneasy when things did n’t go to suit me. But I’ll say this: I never saw Jim mad

or ugly or cross. I'm no moralizer, and I do n't know any too much about religion; but I know facts when I see them, and I know that no man or woman who's ever been around this theatre has ever been so good as poor Jim. I do n't say it's morality: I do n't call it character, but I do know it's goodness. It makes no difference how it got there, it's there; and if one-half the men and women were anywhere near as good as Jim, this would be a pretty good world. Poor Jim! I know I'm a good deal better man for his influence. I ain't ashamed to own that his life has been a good example for me. Many's the time I've been tempted to swear, and Jim's innocent blue eyes would come up before me and choke the words on my lips. One day I remember a drunken stage hand did something that made me mad. I raised a monkey-wrench I happened to have in my hand, and I believe I should have struck him over the head; but just then I saw Jim sitting over in the corner, and looking at me so gently and reproachfully that my hand just fell at my side. Oh, there's many things Jim has done for me, and there's lots of things he's done for other folks around

this theatre. I remember that little girl in the ballet who looked so sad and friendless when she was behind the scenes, though she smiled like an angel when she was before the lights. I saw her reading lots of little notes, and then stand thinking, thinking. I remember how Jim came and rubbed against her silk-covered ankles, and how she picked him up and began to pet him. I noticed how still he was, and how she held him all the time between the scenes. Once I saw her crying very quietly, and then I saw her bury her face in Jim's soft fur and hold it there until she was called on the stage again. That night, when she came out of the dressing-room with her plain dress and worn cloak, her face looked very determined, and I saw her march up to where Jim stood. She picked him up, and her face grew tender in a minute. She hugged him, and then put him down and ran out of the stage entrance as fast as her feet would carry her. I knew none of them dudes would catch her, and they did n't. One night, just before her engagement was over, she came and said to me: "You don't know how much I owe this cat." "How so?" says I. "I can't explain,"

says she, "but when a poor girl has n't any father, or brothers, or sisters, or friends, and is poor, and when she knows that all those who pretend to be friends only do so because they have something in view, it's everything to find a real true, honest, and noble friend that likes you for yourself alone, just as I know Jim does me." I understood her then.

'Then there was old Mary, the sweeping woman. What a fancy she took to Jim! But he never would go very near her. This seemed to puzzle the poor old woman, and I've seen her try all kinds of things to make friends with him. I remember she would bring a piece of broiled fish wrapped up in a newspaper, when she found out how much Jim liked fish, and he would eat it all right, but would never stay near her. One day I saw her sitting and thinking all alone by herself. I wondered what she was puzzling over. Finally I saw her slap her knee and say, "That's it. It's me breath the cat do n't like. Well, I do n't blame him, that I do n't." In a few days I noticed her face did n't seem so red, and in a few more days it had a clear healthy color. Then I saw she had on a nice clean apron, though she

never wore one before. And in a few days I saw Jim sitting in her lap, his eyes partly closed, happy and contented; and such a smile of satisfaction as Mary had on her face it would be hard to find again. Yes, Jim cured her of the gin habit, and I know it. Somehow I don't see why such hard luck should come to so good a fellow. If it had been one of these low, cruel chaps, like Shifty, who started to kick you once, but caught my eye in time, it would be nothing but right; but here you are laid out,—you who never did a bad thing in all your life.'

Just then Jim opened his eyes. There was a lack of lustre in them, but he recognized George.

'Poor old Jim! how is it, old fellow?' George said; but Jim closed his eyes again and relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was two weeks before Jim recovered, and when he did there were no traces of the terrible plunge which he had taken.

But a sad day came to the Union Square. One fatal noon the theatre took fire. What it was that caused it, no one could tell; but the smoke rolled

out in great volumes, and the place seemed doomed. The firemen rushed into the auditorium, and while in the gallery a portion of the structure fell, carrying several of the brave men down with it. Water was poured in, and finally the flames were under control. But still the deluge went on, completing the ruin the flames had begun. Expensive dresses and wardrobes were destroyed; the beautiful interior was a wreck; the two destructive elements had done their work.

‘Has anyone seen Jim?’

This was the inquiry of the night watchman, as he came hurriedly on the scene. The faces of all looked blank. There was a firm belief in the theatre that Jim was a mascot, and that ill-luck could hardly come if he were alive.

‘Who will go with me to find him?’ shouted George.

‘I will,’ said the foreman of the engine company on duty.

Down through the dim corridors, where a lantern gave only a ghastly light, the two men went. The dressing-room door was finally reached, but it was

closed. A few vigorous blows opened it, and the water was found to be as high in the room as outside. At first Jim was invisible; but at length he was discovered, perched upon a bracket, and very disconsolate. George gave a great shout, seized his pet, and hurried back. An anxious crowd was awaiting him; and when he appeared triumphantly bearing Jim in his arms, a shout arose that drowned even the noise of the fire.

The terrible experience through which he passed taught Jim what fire was. The engines never went thundering by the theatre, on the way to some conflagration, without arousing him thoroughly. Any sudden flaming of a gas-jet always caught his attention. He once sprang at a basin of red fire that was being ignited in the wings. In fact, Jim became a veritable fireman. This greatly amused George, and all others about the theatre. When nothing better was on hand, they would coax Jim into some entrance which was closed during the day and light a fuse in his presence. He would gravely watch the match, start at sight of the hissing flame running along the floor, and then leap frantically after it.

So quick and vigorous were his movements that he usually extinguished the flames before they had burned to the end of the fuse, and he always did it without so much as singeing his soft coat.

‘And so Jim has turned fireman, has he?’ laughed the genial manager. ‘Well, I suppose we might as well discharge our regular firemen now.’

Viewed in the light of subsequent events, this seemed almost prophetic.

It was not easy for Jim to become habituated to the new theatre. It lacked that dinginess and those odors to which he had long been used. He was provided with a fine dressing-room, but it did not seem like home. As a result, he wandered about the house still more. A popular actress was just then at the theatre, and a mutual-admiration society seemed to be organized between the lady and the large and faithful cat.

From the early days of history, special magnetic or psychic influences have been assigned to cats. They have been called the companions of witches. Special powers have been located in their bodies. A cat’s blood has been part of nearly every ancient

fetish. Rubbing the back of a cat is a familiar way of generating electricity. Cats have been said to possess nine lives. But whether there is even a foundation of truth in all these theories, it is certain that a great, almost a mysterious, friendship arose between Miss Blank, the actress, and Jim. The luxurious fellow would lie curled up on her dressing table, lazily watching her various movements from the corners of his half-open eyes. This seemed to please her.

‘Do you think I shall make a “hit” to-night, Jim?’ she would inquire, looking into the depths of his large eyes for a reply. Whatever that reply may have been, it certainly seemed to satisfy the lady, for she would go on the stage with a brighter smile and more confidence than she possessed before.

Jim usually accompanied her to the wings, but he was too well bred to venture outside that limit. Once in his earlier days he had shown himself to the public, and the effect had been both startling and ludicrous. A would-be tragedian had rented the theatre for a limited term, with the hope that his metropolitan appearance would assist him in the

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DRAWING BY J. CARTER BEARD.

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provinces. His failure was a fixed fact, and the result caused him to seek inspiration where far too many others seek it. He had been ranting through the part of *Macbeth* in a dazed way, when, turning with the lines, 'Is this a dagger I see before me?' he was confronted by the calm gaze of Jim, who had quietly walked out upon the stage. At first he thought the liquor was having a tragic effect, and his tongue refused to move. The effect upon the audience, however, was otherwise; and the tragedy became a roaring comedy.

The season of Miss Blank's engagement was drawing to a close. Jim seemed to realize this, and that good friends must soon part. He was seldom away from the actress when she was in the theatre, and he often tried in many ways to anticipate her wishes. Her slippers were always in place beside her chair, no matter where the maid might have left them. Jim was a true and attentive friend.

Only two more nights remained of the season, and the last act was called. Miss Blank left her dressing-room, and went toward the wings, closely followed by Jim. The good-natured fellow seemed

to love to stand at the entrances and see the actions of his friend upon the stage. During the entire act Jim lay beside the prompter's box watching Miss Blank's every movement. Laughter, tears, pleadings, and denunciations did not affect him, for did he not know it was 'all in the play'? The climax of the act and of the play was reached, and the first bell for the falling curtain rung. Miss Blank swept majestically before the footlights, emphasizing by every movement her effect upon the audience. As she did so, the delicate lace of her train touched one of the gas jets. The thin tissue blazed up quickly and the flame ran along the bottom of the skirt. So absorbed were actors and audience with the play that the accident was not discovered, but the quick eyes of Jim saw the first tiny flame. In spite of his training, forgetful of everything at the sight of the fire, he sprang upon the stage and pounced down upon the creeping fire as he would upon a mouse. Right and left flew his nimble paws. A tongue of flame that had fastened upon a silk ruffle was extinguished by one sweep of his little body. It singed the hair upon the poor fellow's sides, but he never flinched for a second.

He heard the frightened voice of his mistress, the screams of the audience, and saw above his head the heavy pole of the roller-curtain swiftly descending; but never for an instant did he stop or turn from his duty. A chorus of voices rang in his ears. A blaze of light flashed before his eyes. A crushing load fell upon his prostrate body, and then all was still.

The stillness was brief, and when poor Jim opened his eyes the scene was such as the stage has seldom witnessed. Upon the table of the gorgeous stage parlor lay the singed and mangled body of the faithful cat. Above him, her eyes overflowing with tears, bent Miss Blank. Grouped about were the entire company, their painted faces drawn with genuine sympathy. George, Frank, and all the stage hands stood in solemn silence, every now and then drawing their hands across their faces. A call-boy had brought a physician. He came and gravely examined the quiet creature there before him. Some prominent people who had occupied a box came behind the curtain and stood watching the scene with intense interest. The doctor shook his head.

‘Fracture of the spine,’ he said, ‘and his nine lives will not save him.’

Miss Blank could contain herself no longer. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively. Suddenly a hush came over the group, while, clear and distinct, the purrings of the gentle creature were heard, as if accidents and death were things unknown, and friendship alone was immortal. Jim lifted his poor head and sought to lick Miss Blank’s hand, but it fell helplessly upon the table. He tried to acknowledge her kind caresses, but his failing strength would not permit.

And there, upon the stage, a tragedy of real life and death was enacted. A gentle and loving spirit, that had endeared itself to all, was extinguished, and a tender emotion was left in every heart there present, however hardened or insincere. A nobler purpose of kindness to all dependent creatures instinctively came to all. But outside the theatre, in real life, car drivers were tearing their horses’ tender mouths with brutal harshness, cabmen were swearing at and beating the faithful creatures upon whom they

depended for their livelihood, and dogs, cats, and other gentle domestic animals, were suffering abuse, brutal men were scolding, cursing, and whipping their helpless wives and children, while all about was a world of beauty, and above a God of love.

MY FRIEND THE ELEPHANT

MY FRIEND THE ELEPHANT.

IT was Saturday afternoon in London, one of those beautiful July days which the climate of England renders so perfect. If any unoccupied persons failed to take advantage of the beauty of the day by coming out of doors, they must have been invalids

or misanthropes. The parks were thronged, the Zoological Gardens were crowded, and the beautiful playgrounds adjoining were filled with merry cricketers, athletes, and sightseers. The joyousness of the day seemed contagious, and I found myself driving toward the suburbs with no more definite purpose than to enjoy fully the inspiring air and the pleasant natural surroundings. In fact, I had scarcely realized in what portion of the great metropolis I was, until, looking across

a broad open space, I saw the extensive grounds of the Zoölogical Garden.

The very thing, I said to myself; nothing could be more pleasing or appropriate. And so I soon found myself within the enclosure, and surrounded, of course, by animals of every description, including those of the human species. What a sight it was! There were birds of all sizes and varieties, and beasts from the jungles, the icebergs, and the mountains. Indeed, the Oriental collection called to my mind the descriptions of the days of Solomon, with the 'ivory, and apes, and peacocks.' There was the usual motley throng about the cage of the monkeys; the sea-lions came in for their full share of wonderment and admiration, while the other lions held the attention of an awe-inspired crowd such as invariably gather about their cage.

It was while viewing these familiar but interesting sights that I heard the merry shouts of children in the distance; and, attracted as I always am by such music, I strolled in the direction from which the sounds had come. Presently I came upon them. A merry rollicking lot of children were riding upon

the face of a master elephant, who was apparently as delighted with the novel sensation as he was proud in his responsibility. I watched the performance for some time, saw the little hand descend from the elephant's back, and their places quickly filled by other elephants, while all the time the elephant seemed to be fully conscious of his duty and proud of his part in the entertainment.

After watching the performance for a considerable time I decided to approach the keeper of the elephants and enter into conversation with him. He

'Jumbo.'

appeared very content, and I could see that his long association with the dumb animal he had in charge had produced an effect upon the man himself, and upon his conversational powers. I managed, however, to draw him out somewhat and learn something of the animal he was handling. He told me that he and his elephant were the best of friends; that the animal was good natured, loved children, and was much attached to several other elephants in the park, especially to a diminutive animal from India whom they called the 'Baby Elephant.' I ventured to speak to the large animal who stood there so quietly;

Jumbo,
FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY DIXON, LONDON

the back of a monster elephant, who was apparently as delighted over the novel sensation as he was proud in his responsibility. I watched the performance for some time ; saw the little band descend from the elephant's back, and their places quickly filled by other eager children ; while all the time the elephant seemed to be fully conscious of his duty and proud of his part in the entertainment.

After watching the performance for a considerable time, I ventured to approach the keeper of the elephant and enter into conversation with him. He seemed very reticent, and I could see that his long association with the dumb animal he had in charge had produced an effect upon the man himself, and upon his conversational powers. I managed, however, to draw him out somewhat and learn something about the animal he was handling. He told me that he and the elephant were the best of friends ; that the animal was good natured, loved children, and was much attached to several other elephants in the garden, especially to a diminutive animal from India that they called the 'Baby Elephant.' I ventured to speak to the huge animal who stood there so quietly ;

and when he extended his trunk toward me in a friendly manner, I looked upon it as a recognition of a formal introduction, and shook it quite cordially. He seemed to understand my action, and passed the delicate jelly-like membrane at the mouth of his trunk over my hand, as if trying to learn more definitely what sort of a person I might be. I was rather interested to know what his conclusions were; but he did not make them known, — contenting himself by quietly holding my hand and looking at me with what seemed to be several very merry twinkles in his eye.

The children who had been riding upon the elephant were mostly sons and daughters of the rich or well-to-do; many of them were in charge of nurses or guardians, while others were accompanied by their parents, who paid the slight fee required for the ride. Away at one side, however, I caught a glimpse of a little gathering of urchins who, by their appearance, I could readily see were children of the poor. They were watching the merry-making of the other children with eager, almost hungry eyes, as they might have gazed into a pastry cook's window

at the delicacies they could not hope to enjoy. It occurred to me that it might not be a bad idea to organize a little excursion party out of this group, and give them a ride upon the elephant's back. I spoke to the keeper about it, and, a little to my surprise, he not only consented, but seemed to be very glad to do so. I wish my readers could have seen the expressions upon the faces of the children when I suggested my plan to them. Their eyes dilated, smiles came over their faces, and it did not require the eager words they uttered to show me that my invitation was instantly accepted. And what a jolly party they did make! The new sensation of being away up in the air, conveyed by the huge animal upon whom they looked with awe, made their cheeks flush and their eyes sparkle with pleasure and excitement. Poor little things, how they did enjoy it!

But what attracted my attention even more was the fact that the elephant himself seemed to understand the little party perfectly, and seemed especially glad to have them on his back. I walked along beside him while the children were having their ride, and he wound his trunk about my hand in a par-

ticularly confidential manner, as though he quite understood that I was responsible for the jolly little excursion, and highly approved of the enterprise. In this charming manner the afternoon wore away, and I returned to the city pleased and refreshed by the little outing.

The Zoölogical Garden had a special attraction for me thereafter. Whenever I had leisure for an hour or two, I was pretty certain to drive out and have a little visit with my new friend the elephant. I usually took a little present, in the form of some dainty bit of food, along with me ; and I was always sure of a good welcome. One day he showed me a special mark of confidence. It was while I was walking by his side and we were visiting together in the manner which we both quite understood, that we met another large elephant, also engaged in the transportation business. My huge friend stopped, and the other elephant also paused with a look of inquiry upon her face. Quietly but swiftly a trunk was extended, which seized the other trunk in its grasp and carried it unerringly to my hand. Of course I acknowledged the salutation cordially, and

could see that the big fellow was very much pleased at the outcome of his introduction. I felt the delicate tissues of the trunk of my new acquaintance wandering about my hand, while the eyes of its owner watched me most intently. And so my circle of friends was increased by one more.

But the time drew near when I was to return to America, and the day before sailing I visited the 'Zoo' to bid my two huge friends good-bye. I tried to make them understand that I was taking leave of them, and it was pleasant to me to think they understood and regretted my departure.

More than two years passed; and while I had not forgotten the strange acquaintances I had made in London, I must confess that thoughts of them very rarely entered my mind. I knew that elephants were very long-lived creatures, and when I thought of them at all I fancied them as alive and well, and attending to the very satisfactory duties in which I had last seen them engaged. But I heard nothing of them. One day in looking over the paper I saw the announcement that Mr. P. T. Barnum had arranged to bring 'the largest elephant in the world'

to America for exhibition purposes. I remember wondering if he would be able to find a larger specimen than my friend of the Zoölogical Garden, when, upon reading farther, I learned that this was the very animal he had purchased and proposed bringing to America. Then came the discussion in the press about the 'uprising of the people of London' against allowing that magnificent elephant to leave the country. Many young men remembered how they had ridden upon his back when they were children, and he was such a universal favorite that the excitement in London assumed quite extended proportions. Of course Mr. Barnum fanned this flame for advertising purposes; and it finally became so strong that an Act of Parliament was passed prohibiting any vessel that carried passengers from transporting large animals. How Mr. Barnum evaded this by chartering a special steamer, and how he succeeded in landing the huge creature upon American shores, are matters of history.

I was at the dock to see the grand old fellow arrive, and to welcome him to a strange land. I had serious doubts as to whether I should know him

by sight ; and it never for a moment entered my head that he could or would remember or recognize me. Imagine my amazement, therefore, when, in the midst of all the excitement of landing and the strange surroundings, he recognized me the moment our eyes met. That same wonderful trunk sought my hand, and I felt the same cordial pressure he had given it years before in London. I was decidedly pleased, as I think anyone would have been under the circumstances. It seemed very natural and nice to see my huge friend again, and quite natural to see Scott his keeper, and to find also that the 'Baby Elephant' had been brought along, partly for exhibition purposes and partly to keep the big fellow company.

I hardly need to recount in detail his career thereafter, for 'Jumbo' was under the focus of thousands of eyes every day during the remainder of his life. How well he behaved himself under the trying and tiring influences of an exhibition life, forced to travel nights and be exhibited days, jolted over rough roads in uneasy cars and paraded through the streets of cities to be gazed at by the people, are

matters that are known to nearly everybody. I saw him occasionally, when chance or good fortune threw me in his way, and many pleasant visits were the result. Time would fail me for telling of the many clever things he did. He revealed not only intelligence of a high order, but reasoning powers beyond those possessed by many men, a sturdy and honest character, and an affectionate disposition.

I recall one memorable incident. It occurred in Buffalo, where I was visiting. The afternoon performance was over. Nearly every sightseer had left the spacious tent; but, being something of a privileged character through my well-known acquaintance and friendship with the big elephant, I strolled into his quarters without question. He was calmly consuming hay, twisting and tossing it about in the most abandoned yet graceful manner. He ceased both recreation and dinner as soon as I appeared, and we were having the pleasantest possible time regardless of the visitors who were staring at us. It had long been my custom to talk to him as I would to any other friend, and I had learned to understand his responses perfectly. In the midst of our conference

there was a disturbance. I paid little heed to it, but the screams of a few women and children soon compelled my attention. Then I saw the attendants rushing excitedly about, while a wild break in the ranks of the visitors convinced me that something out of the ordinary had occurred. It was not long before I fully understood the cause of the excitement. Nero, the largest of the lions, had in some manner escaped from his cage. Ordinarily his recapture would have been a simple matter; but his keeper was not on the spot, and the frenzied condition of the other guards, as well as of the people, excited him, and caused the kingly power in his blood, which had slumbered so long, to become thoroughly aroused. Suddenly he appeared just in front of us, his ears set closely to his head, his eyes flashing, and his tail lashing furiously. I was so fascinated by the sight that I failed, at first, to see the object upon which his glaring eyes were fixed. It was a small child. Deserted by his nurse, paralyzed by fear, the little creature stood transfixed, unable even to cry. His eyes were staring, as in a vision, into the glaring orbs of the huge creature before him. His little hands clutched convulsively

a diminutive flag which the absconding nurse had evidently given him. He seemed as helpless as a bird under the influence of the charmed eyes of the serpent. It was a supreme moment. Slowly and stealthily, the lion crept on. His crimson tongue, escaping from behind the white teeth, licked his red lips as if in anticipation of his dreadful feast. His claws were unsheathed, and he appeared the embodiment of all that is rapacious, cruel, horrible.

I confess that I was as incapable of action as a child. The situation had come so suddenly, so terribly, I could not collect my faculties; and yet I realized that in another instant a tragedy, too horrible for description, would be enacted. But just at that moment, something, I hardly realized what, shot out above my head with marvellous quickness and force, and the next instant the lion was rolling upon the ground and roaring with rage and pain. In a second more, I saw the same lithe weapon that had struck the powerful blow wind, with the gentleness of a woman's caress, about the body of the child, and in another instant the little fellow was lifted swiftly, yet carefully, and deposited safely upon the broad back

The next instant the lion was rolling upon the ground.

DRAWING BY WILLY H. DRAKE

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DRAWING BY WILL. H. DRAKE

of the huge and victorious elephant, where he was easily held safe from all harm. While the lion was doubly enraged, he was also cowed; and in an exceedingly short space of time he was recaptured and returned to his cage. It would be hard to tell who were the most amazed people in that tent. The keepers were distracted, the visitors crazed by fear, while the child and myself were simply incapable of action. But there was one creature as calm, as collected, as clear-headed as any mortal man has ever been under any trying circumstance, and that was my old and doubly dear friend Jumbo.

I must pass other interesting incidents and come to a tragic and never-to-be-forgotten night in my life. I was in Hamilton, Ontario; it happened to be on the same day that the great circus arrived in the town. The day had been spent quietly, and I had prepared to take the train that left toward midnight. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not seen Jumbo, and that I would have an opportunity to do so at his car which was in the railroad near the station. So I drove to the station early, secured my tickets and baggage checks, and then strolled out

into the yard. The apparent confusion common to all freight-yards was increased by the extra work incident to the handling of the circus train. Switch engines were running to and fro, clanging their bells and whistling piercingly. The swinging lanterns of the switchmen, the rattling of car-wheels over the switches, the shouts of the men from out the semi-darkness, all made a scene of wild confusion and fascination. I was too well versed in such matters to walk along the track, and so chose a space between two tracks, which was in places very narrow. Upon reaching the train I learned that the elephants had not yet arrived. One of the men, however, informed me they would be there very shortly.

‘To which entrance will they come?’ I inquired.

‘They’ll have to come down the tracks,’ he replied. ‘These yards are shut in so, they can’t get to the train in any other way.’

‘But is not that a dangerous thing to do?’ I asked.

The man gave a shrug of indifference and said: ‘I suppose so, but what are we to do?’ The railroad

company can't change its yards to please a circus. The animals will have to measure ties, that's all.'

I realized at once that there were perils in that yard, and, shall I confess it? felt an instinctive dread; why, I cannot say, and have never since been able to understand.

I started down between the tracks in the only direction by which the animals could come, thinking I might meet them. I had gone perhaps two hundred yards, when I saw in the distance, lighted dimly by lanterns, the huge rolling forms of the on-coming elephants. How grand they looked! The indistinct light seemed to magnify their forms. As they approached I seemed to be looking up at the far outline of a chain of mountains. On they came, Jumbo in the lead, and walking with that majestic swinging stride which always characterized him. I can see him now, the grand fellow. How magnificent he was! And then I saw that he was guiding the baby elephant, and along a path which the little fellow did not seem to understand, but which Jumbo appeared to know thoroughly.

I was so absorbed by the sight that I failed to

hear the clanging of a bell over to the left; but, suddenly roused, I perceived an engine that was bearing down in my direction. I knew it would not come upon me, but, following with my eye the course of the switch, I saw it would take the track on which the elephants were walking. I shouted a warning. If the engineer heard me, he gave no sign; but Jumbo clearly heard my voice, and I could see that he recognized me. Turning his head, he saw the coming danger. There, upon the track, directly before him, stood the baby elephant. A short distance up the track was the remorseless engine, its brazen bell clanging angrily and its headlight glaring like a huge evil eye.

If I should live to extreme old age, I can never forget the scene. The grand old animal gave one look around him, and then, as though his resolution was taken quickly, thrust the baby elephant away from all danger, and stood confronting the on-coming engine. What a sight it was! There stood the highest type of animate power defying the inanimate force of the mighty engine. There was no sign of fear, not the slightest trace of flinching. He calmly

waited, confident both in his power and his duty toward the weaker member of his race which he was faithfully protecting. It is perhaps because I realized so fully the fearful danger of poor Jumbo, that I remember this scene so distinctly.

Just as the engine was almost upon him, Jumbo lowered his head and charged with all the power within his ponderous body upon the murderous machine. The engine seemed to shudder, then came to a sudden stop. The sleepy engineer, roused by the shock, had reversed the lever — but, alas! too late. The impact had not thrown Jumbo from the track, but I saw him reel, and knew the blow had been mortal. In another instant I was by his side.

‘My dear old fellow, are you hurt?’ I exclaimed.

I saw a flash of recognition and intelligence come into his eyes, but it was quickly dimmed by the blood that trickled down his forehead. And then I saw him reel again, and then, for the first time in his life, fall. I threw myself beside him. I passed my hand over his huge head, and felt the fracture which the cruel blow had inflicted. I knew there was no hope,

and yet I tried to cheer him. There he lay unflinchingly, his eyes fast glazing and his quivering trunk passing alternately to the little elephant, to Scott his keeper, and myself. He was breathing hard, but not another sound escaped his lips. The baby elephant seemed dazed, Scott was crying, and the little crowd about the prostrate body was speechless with awe and terror. I do not know what I did. I only remember clasping in my hands that marvellous trunk which, even in the dying hour, seemed instinct with sentiment and affection. Gently it responded to my frantic pressure, even while it shivered in its death agonies. Fainter and fainter grew that grasp, and I knew the life within was passing away as grandly and gently as it had always lived.

Suddenly the majestic head was raised, the closed eyes opened and earnestly gazed about. The noble animal looked with pity at Scott, with wonder at the gathering crowd, with tenderness at the baby, and, as I sincerely believe, with love at me. My streaming eyes were too dim to see clearly, but the expression could not be mistaken. Slowly the head lowered, as

if weary of life; the clasping trunk ceased its pressure upon my hand, and with a sigh that seemed almost human the grand spirit had departed. And with it ended one of the most sincere and charming friendships of my life.

SALLIE RUSSELL

SALLIE RUSSELL.

DEED, Missy Helen, de bay mare done got a colt.'

Sam's eyes sparkled as he said this, although he was, usually, one of the most stupid of his race.

By the average young lady of to-day, such an announcement would probably be received with contempt or indifference; with Helen Beauford—a Kentucky girl born and bred—it was an occasion of joy.

'Bring me my hat directly, Mirandy,' she said. 'I must go to see the little thing.'

She was expecting to see a small colt, but was wholly unprepared to find such a tiny creature as she saw in the paddock. It seemed more like a shadow than a reality. When it attempted to stand, its limbs shook so that the effort seemed altogether premature and hopeless. When it tried to walk,

after a few sidelong swayings, the attempt usually ended by a fall to earth. The anxious mother appeared to realize the feebleness of her offspring, and plainly showed her longings for its safety in her large earnest eyes.

The sight of so much weakness and helplessness instantly aroused Helen's sympathies, and she resolved to care for this little creature. But though, in common with all Kentucky girls, Helen was a lover of horses and knew much about their management, she found the task of caring for this little weakling a difficult one. The servants on the place were kept busy obeying her commands; and fresh straw, warm blankets, and hot milk were in brisk demand. All that care could do was done; and yet it seemed at times that the little colt could not live. The interest and solicitude displayed by the mother, while these efforts were being made, were most touching. She seemed to understand the gravity of the occasion, and that kind friends were doing all in their power; but she never for a moment relaxed her attention. She ate but little, and slept only occasionally. All her thoughts were plainly settled upon her colt.

But the care at last began to tell, and signs of animation and even playfulness were shown by the little creature. Its strength also increased; and then it began unmistakably to grow. And how it grew! It filled out the lines of beauty, showed well-rounded muscles under its velvet coat, and Helen soon saw, instead of a puny colt, a bright and vigorous filly.

It might be expected that a young animal that had just awakened to the joys of life would in its wild playfulness forget those around it. But it was quite otherwise with the little filly. She knew Helen was kind; and however wild she might seem at times, when life throbbed strongly within her, she was always gentle the moment Helen's voice was heard. Petting has been known to spoil a child, but kindness was never known to injure a horse. Indeed, when the word of command comes in strong tones from the voice that has been kind, it is all the more quickly obeyed. And so Helen and Sallie grew together and became companions and firm friends. It was Helen who first put a bit in Sallie's tender mouth, who first mounted her, who took her through the various steps until she became one of the finest

saddle-horses in the region. And all this without the least harshness or unkindness, but in a way that made it a pleasure for both concerned.

But a bright and vivacious young lady can hardly be expected to be wholly satisfied with the love of a horse. It is all very well as far as it goes, and may be a source, undoubtedly, of much genuine happiness, but the happiness would be all the greater for having someone to share it with her—some agreeable young man, for example. And the young man came—came unexpectedly and romantically; came riding a fine horse to hounds; came limping up to the paddock after putting a bullet through the brain of his noble animal that had fallen and broken a leg on the high stone wall just back of the meadow. Southern hospitality made Helen courteous; something she could not understand made her strangely shy. Perhaps it was the earnest way in which the stranger looked at her; perhaps it was the discovery of a hitherto unknown realm in her nature. The liniments applied by the stranger appeared to help him wonderfully, and yet he seemed fearful of moving too much, and so accepted an invitation to rest the remainder of the day. And

then his friends returned from the hunt, and took him away in one of the Beauford carriages loaned for the occasion, which Helen very well knew would be returned by the sufferer in person. It was the old story with a new cover, and a very interesting one it proved to Helen Beauford and Ashley Hamilton.

The events above described occurred in Kentucky during the years 1860 and 1861. They were of absorbing interest to those who were taking part in them, but certain events of a national character were transpiring which were of far greater importance. War has no respect for lovers; indeed, it seems to take a fiendish delight in troubling them. Hamilton was brave, and an ardent patriot; Helen, too, was brave, but trembled at the thought of her lover going to the war. Meanwhile Hamilton had raised a company of cavalry, placed himself at the head of it, and offered his services to the Federal Government. They were accepted. During the last interview between Helen and Hamilton, the brave girl tried to appear calm; but, alas! feminine tears flowed freely.

‘There is one thing I wish you to do, Ashley,’ she said, between her sobs. ‘Take Sallie with you. I shall miss her, I know, and the army is a fearful place for a creature such as she is; but I shall feel that you are safer if she is carrying you. Now, dear, don’t refuse; I have made up my mind to the sacrifice.’

And so Helen’s two best friends left her. They were both inexperienced in the rough field of war, but they both possessed the best blood in the state. It was game blood—the blood that enables its possessor to endure hardships uncomplainingly, to face disaster and possible death unflinchingly. And thus they entered together upon their new and untried life. It is a terrible life, but it has its pleasant features. Drills, parades, inspections, occasional scouting expeditions, are all agreeable to young and vigorous blood. But after that came days of hardship, nights of loneliness, hard marches, discouraging reverses, stubborn battles, sickness and death around, and misery and desolation on every hand.

It was in one of the minor battles in which Ashley was engaged that a flying ball struck Sallie

in the fleshy part of the neck. It was a painful wound, and annoyed her exceedingly ; but she seemed to know what it was, and submitted quietly to the dressing it required. However attached the filly may have been to Ashley before, she was still more devoted to him now, after being relieved of her pain and restored again to health. As for Ashley, she proved more and more dear to him, constantly reminding him of Helen, and furnishing him companionship at all times. Sallie developed and improved finely under the careful training which Ashley gave her, growing stronger with the vigorous exercise she received each day. And yet she never seemed quite adapted to army life. Her royal blood fitted her more for speed and action in peace than for the rough work of war. But however distasteful army life may have been, she never flinched and never failed to do the best in her power whenever Ashley called on her.

One night orders came to be ready at daybreak ; and when the gray light of the morning had faded into yellow, a battle was raging in all its fury.

Poor fellow ! his fate came at last, in the form

of a heavy murderous bullet. His uplifted arm fell helplessly by his side, he caught frantically at the reins, and then fell over the side of the mare to the ground. The bugle could not have checked Sallie quicker than the fall of her master. She set her forefeet firmly in the ground and stood immovable as a rock by his side. Meanwhile the tide of the furious battle had swept on, carrying with it friend and foe alike, and leaving few dead or wounded near the desolate spot where Ashley had fallen, unconscious and almost lifeless. When he revived, the first sight that met his gaze was the intelligent face of his horse looking down upon him with an anxious, earnest, and gentle expression. Human friends may forget, foes will be unpitying, but a devoted animal is steadfast. Its life is concentrated upon the objects of its love; it has no divided interests, no counter-currents of affection to draw it away.

The hot Southern sun came upon the field, but no ambulances or stretchers appeared. The battle had passed to other regions, carrying with it all camp followers and hospital attendants. A tree stood a few rods away, underneath which was ample shade.

It might as well have been in Africa, for Asahel could not reach it. His energies were gone, and with them thirst, little less than that of Sahara's burning came upon him. He could stand no longer, and he wanted to Sallie. She looked at him with the mother's nestiness of her nature, and tried to help him, but could not. A crowd of men and women passed away; but how was she, who in her agonized hunger and thirst herself, to know that Asahel was dying for water? She might easily have found him wherever he lay, but for all that, she could not reach him.

‘There she stood through that hot day, shielding him by her shadow.’

DRAWING BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

And so there she stood, shielding him by her shadow, until the night came, and with it darkness and death. Asahel had reached that stage where things around him were for the most part lost and unimportant. His consciousness would return, to be only to find a realization of his terrible agony, and then merciful oblivion would come again.

When the morning dawned, and a party of the enemy's scouts, hurrying across the country, came

There she stood through that hot day, shielding him by
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DRAWING BY MAX F. KILPPER

It might as well have been in Africa, for Ashley could not reach it. His canteen soon gave out, and then thirst, little less than that of Dante's damned, came upon him. He vainly tried to make known his want to Sallie. She looked at him with all the earnestness of her nature, and tried hard to comprehend, but could not. A stream flowed a short distance away; but how was she, who in her trouble forgot hunger and thirst herself, to know that Ashley was dying for water! She would gladly have borne him wherever he willed; but he was too weak to reach the nearest stirrup, or even cling to her tail. And so there she stood through that hot day, shielding him by her shadow from the intenseness of the sun, and never once offering to leave him. The night came, and with it chilliness and dew. Ashley had reached that stage where things around him were for the most part dim and uncertain. Occasionally consciousness would return, bringing with it a realization of his terrible anguish; and then merciful oblivion would come again.

When the morning dawned, and a party of the enemy's scouts, hurrying across the country, came

upon the spot, they found a beautiful Kentucky filly standing over an unconscious soldier. The pair seemed to these scouts scarcely worth capturing. The wounded officer was a care, and the filly was not needed; they had enough saddle-horses, although they were short of animals for transporting their captured supplies. After going a few miles, an ambulance was overtaken; but it was already loaded with wounded. Then another one was sighted; but it too was unable to receive the unconscious 'Yankee' officer. A field hospital, located in a barn, was presently reached, where the wounded man was turned over to the surgeon in charge. The faithful Sallie started to follow her master into the barn. A rough soldier seized her bit, and gave it so sudden and violent a jerk as to set her back upon her haunches and cause her to throw her head high into the air. It was the first rough treatment she had ever received, and it came as a sudden revelation that there was such a thing as evil in the world. She involuntarily shrank from the soldier, who had given her sensitive system such a shock, and received a terrible kick in the side from a heavy cavalry boot

as a reward. Every nerve in her body seemed touched by electric fire. She trembled so violently that even the accoutrements of the saddle jingled. Her nostrils were dilated, and her breath came pantingly, but a single thought of revenge apparently never entered her mind. She was the same gentle high-bred creature that God had made her; and however Satanic mankind might be around her, she was true to her gentle nature. Gradually the trembling ceased, her surprise and indignation passed away, and she submitted quietly to the demands made upon her.

‘She’s no good,’ exclaimed the man who had exhausted himself with kicking her. ‘I don’t risk my life with no such brute as that. The best thing we can do is to turn her over to the commissary department. They need hosses, and we don’t. They’ll take the devil out of her fast enough.’ And without further discussion Sally was led away to where the long line of army wagons was moving along the highway.

Sallie had drawn a light break-cart in her Kentucky home, and had often been driven singly to a light wagon; but no collar had ever encircled her

neck, nor had she ever been driven double. A mule, attached to one of the wagons, had just dropped in its tracks from overwork and underfeed, and the wagon was blockading the entire train. The harness was hastily taken from the fallen mule and clumsily fitted to Sallie, and in a few minutes more, with a crack of the whip and a volley of oaths, Sallie, the gentle, the high-born, was pressing the soft muscles of her tender neck against the rough sides of an army collar and exerting her strength to pull an overloaded army wagon by the side of a weary and ill-tempered mule.

‘Man’s inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn,’ is perhaps not so true to-day as when penned by the Scottish bard; but man’s inhumanity to animals seems greater than at that earlier period. In former days men were more dependent upon the animals about them. Horses were practically the only means of conveyance. The dog aided in securing game, on which life depended. Now, modern invention has superseded the horse, and game is only a luxury. The result has been to dissolve the dependent relation and consequent sympathy which

formerly existed, and make men more cold-blooded, if possible, than ever before. Fortunately, the law has come in and demanded that Mercy, which should be a pleasure, shall become a duty; but to be thus forced has seemed only to harden many men's hearts. The cruelty they fear to exercise in public is intensified in private, and the woes of abused animals rise like a constant cloud before the Almighty, through which human prayers for mercy can be but faintly heard. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' implies that those who are not merciful shall not have mercy. They certainly are not entitled to it.

The wound which Ashley Hamilton sustained was a severe one. Thousands of men during the war died from slighter injuries; but to untainted blood Ashley had added a temperate life, and the result was a reserve of strength and vitality that now bore him through. As soon as he was able to be moved he was taken South and confined in one of those dreadful prisons which have been so often and minutely described. Philosophy and patience were his only comforters. And while he was thus spend-

ing his life in prison, Sally was wearing hers away before a heavy wagon, Helen was mourning at home, and the cruel war was ruthlessly continued.

If any state of existence can be hopelessly wretched, it must be that of an army mule. Imagine, then, the state of a gentle, high-bred horse, designed by nature and training for lightness and speed, attached by rough harness to a jolting wagon, and wasting away her life before heavy loads. Sallie had always been carefully groomed; now she was never touched with a brush. Occasionally the teamster would roughly brush away, with a handful of straw, some mud which had been accumulating for a week or more. She had always received the best of food; now she was scantily and poorly fed. The tender skin on her neck and shoulders was worn away under the strain of the huge collar, and the raw and sensitive flesh was forced to bear the weight of the heavily loaded wagon. Sallie always did her best conscientiously, and she tried hard to make a beast of burden of herself. But she could not pull the loads as well as a stolid mule that had always been used to such toil. And so the teamster saluted her ears with

brutal curses, and wound the heavy thongs of his ox-hide whip about her slender body, every blow of which left ridges easily mistaken for her gaunt ribs. There was no blacksmith with this train to repair or replace her shoes, and her delicate hoofs were soon worn down to the quick. Every step she took jarred upon her sensitive nerves like an electric shock; and yet she had no voice with which to complain, and her appeals would have been unheeded if she had.

There is one phase of war which is usually overlooked. We sympathize with the men who sacrifice their lives, limbs, or health. We pity the widows and orphans, and are sorry for surviving friends; but we give little heed to the devoted animals without which war would be impossible. Some of these animals go into battle and charge unflinchingly upon a wall of bayonets; others stand quietly by the heavy guns they have hurried into position, and are lacerated by exploding shells. But back of all these is a toiling mass working quietly day by day to supply the food and ammunition for all these heroes. Many of them die by the way; most of them endure suffering, and nearly all of them abuse, but they are silent

martyrs, unheeded by the ones they serve and unthought of by even patriots and philanthropists.

The new and terrible work which Sallie was forced to do was bad enough, but it was not the worst of her troubles. She had discovered there was such a thing as evil in the world, and it hurt her sensitive nature terribly. She had always been treated with kindness, and felt that mankind were her friends. Now not a word of kindness greeted her ears; and this was a painful revelation to her. A highly-bred horse has a more sensitive nature than many men and women. Thoroughbreds have been known to pine away and die from the loss of a friend. A harsh word has turned the current of many a horse's nature for all time. The sudden change in Sallie's life, the loss of friends, the contact with brutality,—all these things produced a nervous and mental strain far more wearing than her physical troubles. Poor, friendless, unhappy creature!

At roll-call in the Confederate prison one morning a Yankee prisoner was missing. No one knew how he had escaped, but he could not be found within the grounds. A detachment of cavalry was

sent out to scour the country, but returned at sundown without any traces of the fugitive.

The escaped prisoner was Ashley. He was free. He had recovered his health, and a portion of his strength also. He realized fully the perils about him, but he was brave and hopeful. He had no money, no compass, and no food. Money he could not have used were it in his possession. The North Star, the moss upon the north side of the trees, and the flight of birds, took the place of the compass; and his conscience did not smite him if he helped himself to enough food to sustain life. And so he travelled night after night, while during the day he remained under cover. He kept aloof from everyone, even the negroes. He knew their nature, and felt that in most cases he would be safe in trusting them; but he preferred to take no risks, and so travelled and foraged for himself. It was a weary journey. At times fatigue discouraged him, and then again he was hopeful. The latter feeling usually came after he had enjoyed a good meal cooked by himself in the woods. But provisions grew scarce, and at last he was obliged to go several days almost

without food. Then his strength began to fail. His will-power was strong, but what can determination do when one is faint from hunger and exhausted from fatigue? It began to seem to him that life in a Southern prison was better than starvation alone in the woods; and for the first time he felt the creeping of despair.

The forage train to which Sallie belonged was hurrying away from a battlefield. It had been a disastrous field for the Southern cause, and the poor animals were being urged to the limit of their speed. The road lay through a thick wood, with sharp turns at every few rods, and deep gullies into which the wheels sunk almost to the hubs. The wagon-master who was driving Sallie had in some way secured a large flask of liquor, and its effect was to intensify his brutality. But in spite of all his whipping and cursings, his wagon had steadily lagged behind until it was now the last one in the train. The other teams could be seen ahead at each straight stretch of road, but at every turn they were shut off from view. Toward sundown they came to a fork in the road. The driver was too dazed to distinguish be-

tween the two roads, and with a crack of his heavy whip and a rough oath he forced Sallie and her mate upon the road to the left. After going about half a mile an opening among the trees was seen, and presently the road led out upon a wide marsh that stretched as far as the eye could see. A sober man would have realized at once that he had lost his way; but the fumes of the liquor in the driver's brain caused him to urge his team blindly onward. At first the road seemed easier than the one through the forest; but soon the wheels began to sink, and a thick ooze could be seen coming up from between the stunted bunch-grass. Deeper and deeper sank the wheels and heavier became the load. The driver, almost unconscious of what was passing around him, would occasionally open his eyes and apply the whip with all the power of his drunken condition. At length Sallie's mate fell to the ground completely exhausted, and in doing so shifted the collar on Sallie's neck so she could not lower her head. The driver scrambled from the wagon and staggered to the side of the fallen animal. He stooped to reach the harness, and in doing so fell headlong by the side of

the poor creature. Too inebriated to rise, he lay in a heavy stupor, while the darkness of night, combined with the thick poisonous vapors of the marsh, drew a pitying curtain over the unhappy scene.

Sallie's thin body had been covered with perspiration when her mate fell to the ground. The damp chill of the coming night now caused her to tremble with cold. The weight of the harness held down by the fallen animal made every moment an agony; and yet something seemed to tell her that if she once yielded to the temptation to lie down she would never arise. Then came the pangs of thirst and hunger; and so the weary and starless night wore away. Toward morning the driver awoke from his drunken stupor. He had been lying upon the wet ground, and had sunk into the miry soil until a small pool of slimy water had collected around him. The germs of fever had made swift progress in his system, and he awoke not to consciousness but to delirium. And then what ravings! He cursed his horses, each time jarring Sallie's tender nerves and increasing the trembling which the cold had first caused. All the rest of the night he groaned and raved; and when

the mists had cleared away, and the hot sun poured down upon his unprotected head, he begged for water to relieve his burning thirst. What a death was his, there in the lonely swamp, with only one living creature near! His groans and cries became less as his strength decreased, until a convulsive shudder ended a useless life and left his form lying in a half-made grave. And Sallie was left alone. Her strength was growing less; her trembling knees could scarcely bear the weight of her weakened body. She was immovably fixed to a heavy army wagon, while the galling harness kept her head from reaching the ground where muddy water and poor grass might have helped stay her fast departing life. Thus, in agony, two scorching days and chilling nights passed.

The second day was drawing to a close. Away toward the right, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a vast deserted morass, unbroken by even a shrub. A mile away toward the left was the line of woods through which they had come; while all around was desolation. No birds came to this forsaken spot, and God Himself seemed to have deserted it. An oppressive stillness was upon the air; a hush

as of coming disaster. Sallie strained her bloodshot eyes in one last look around the horizon. There was the agony of despair in that look. The quivering nostrils, the erect ears vibrating with agony, the open mouth and parched tongue, all denoted the last appeal of a noble but dying spirit. Was there no help? Do both God and man desert the faithful? Sallie's anxious eyes had scanned every foot of the horizon. There was no hope. She turned her appealing face toward the woods, and detected a slight movement along its edge. Then it ceased. Again it appeared, and at length, cautiously, as if fearful of danger, a human figure advanced toward her. Slowly but nearer it came. Would it prove a friend to help, or an enemy to abuse? Some instinct within told her it was a friend; and summoning all her remaining strength, she gave a long and joyous whinny. Its effect upon the approaching figure was wonderful. At first the man stopped, and then broke into as rapid a run as his evidently weakened limbs would permit. Sallie watched his approach. He was ragged, thin, and weak. His hair and beard were long; but something about him seemed familiar to Sallie,

and joy reigned where but a moment before despair had been supreme. The man was Ashley—a fugitive, in rags, but the same noble fellow, the same generous friend. The effect upon Ashley was no less marked than upon the mare; he caressed her, spoke tenderly to her, and at once proceeded to release her from her burdens. Such is the power of friendship, a mystic bond existing between man and the silent creatures about him no less really than between man and man.

The transition from despair to joy may be pleasing, but it is always something of a strain. Ashley understood the state of affairs about him fully; but he was too weakened to accept them entirely. He satisfied his hunger from the stores in the wagon, meanwhile feeding Sallie from the same source. Then they departed together for the woods, although both were so reduced it was only by the greatest effort they could get there. A quiet sheltered spot served for their camp; and, for the first time since their separation, both felt content. And that same night, in a quiet home far away in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, a maiden mourned for two lost

friends, one of whom had been reported in the returns of battle as 'missing.'

A week passed over the heads of the two friends hidden in the woods of Tennessee. It was a week spent in the effort to recover strength. Fortunately, the army wagon furnished all the requirements of food and shelter, and the ingenuity of the two friends put it to a good use. Then came the march toward home. It was a weary march, but a hopeful one. Sallie seemed to understand what it meant. She too had been captured, had passed through cruel hardships, and longed for home. One day, while following an obscure trail that skirted the base of the mountains, the quick ears of the filly detected coming footsteps. So great was the sympathy between the friends that Ashley at once knew something was approaching, although his duller senses had not detected it. He quietly withdrew to the woods, where the thickness of the leaves would conceal him. Sallie stood immovable. There was no need to hold her nostrils; she would not whinny or make the slightest noise, no matter what might appear. At

length a scouting party of cavalry came riding down the trail. They were apparently not looking for anything, and rode carelessly by. Ashley began to breathe freer, when suddenly the loud barking of a dog was heard. One of the party had his dog with him, and the animal had caught the scent of Sallie's feet where they had turned from the path. Ashley at once realized the situation and the danger. He knew the animal would be upon them in a moment, and their presence would probably be made known. He felt the sinkings of despair. A quick and cruel wish came to his mind. Oh, to choke, to kill that dog! Then suddenly, like a flash, came the thought, 'Why not subdue him by kindness?' As the dog came nearer, he stopped for a moment. He saw a ragged and forlorn man. Should he seize him? Before he could decide, a soft, low, and musical voice spoke kindly to him. This amazed him still more. He had not heard a kind word since he was a puppy, and it seemed like a voice from another world. He listened; but so much had he been imposed upon that he was distrustful and eyed with suspicion the

ragged man who was speaking such kind words. But there was something in the eyes that beamed so kindly from under the slouched hat, in the voice that spoke so gently from beneath the frowzled whiskers, which won his confidence; his tail began to wag, slowly at first, but faster and faster, until at last he came and stood beside the man, and felt the gentle and kindly touch of his hand upon his head. Such is the power of kindness. Ashley patted the dog quietly for a few moments, and then gave him some food from the scant store he had on hand. The creature showed his gratitude by licking his hand. Suddenly a whistle was heard in the distance, and the dog started and listened. The whistle was repeated, and the animal instinctively started to answer it. But a harsh voice rose on the air, and the poor dog turned back with a wistful look in his earnest eyes. Ashley knew what it meant. He believed the men would not look far for their lost animal, and he determined to keep him. The task was not difficult, and so the party of fugitives was increased to three.

The adventures which Ashley and his companions

encountered during the remainder of their journey were few in number. There were hardships, privations, and perils. But one morning at daybreak, after a night of travel, the white walls of the tents in a large encampment were seen far down the valley. Ashley's blood moved faster as he gazed, and he could not repress a shout of joy upon seeing the stars and stripes flying from a tall staff above the snowy tents. It meant indeed 'home again.'

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Visitors to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky often remark the beauty of a country seat in one of the most picturesque locations of the State. The attractive house, the neat stables, the well-kept grounds, all indicate the presence of persons of refinement and taste. It was my good fortune to be entertained at luncheon in this home on a certain day, when with a well-known gentleman of Louisville we were travelling by wagon and incidentally viewing fine horses. While our animals were being cared for, we looked through the stables. An especially bright and intelligent filly caught my eye. I

liked her appearance, and she did not object in the least to my advances. While I was stroking her neck, an under-sized mastiff came up and watched me. He seemed suspicious, but I soon overcame all that.

‘You seem pleased with the mare,’ remarked my host, a striking looking and well-preserved man in the fifties.

‘I certainly am,’ I replied.

‘There is a most interesting story connected with the ancestors of both the mare and the dog,’ he said, as his eyes lit up with the fires of recollection.

And so, as we sat over our pleasant lunch, the story as told above was narrated, and was listened to not only by the guests of the family but by a most charming woman and three bright-faced children.

‘And this attractive little mare is a descendant of the “Sallie” that saved your life?’ I enquired.

‘Exactly; and the dog is a descendant of the one I got in the woods,’ my host smilingly remarked.

‘And Sallie?’ I asked.

‘I’ll show you her grave if you care to see it.

She died at a happy old age,' he said, 'but there is one thing I must not forget to tell you . . .'

‘Which is —?’

‘Sallie was the mother, three generations back, of the famous trotter “Maud S.” Do n’t you think that “blood will tell?”’

LITTLE BYRON

LITTLE BYRON.

IT was a November day, cold, windy, and altogether disagreeable. But, cold as it was, it was not too cold for dog-dealers. For several hours one of this curious fraternity had stood at a prominent street corner on Fifth Avenue. Under each arm he held a shivering little puppy; and he tried, by covering a part of their bodies with his sleeves, to stop their pitiful trembling from the cruel cold, but with only partial success.

The little fellow under the man's right arm was unmistakably a pug. Although but little of his body was visible, the soft yellowish skin, tipped at the nose and feet with black, easily sufficed for his identification. A pretty blue ribbon, tied in a neat bow around his neck, implied respectable antecedents and associations.

The puppy under the man's left arm was easily recognizable as a Scotch terrier. He too was chilled by the cold, but his bright and restless little eyes took note of everything around him, and cast appealing glances at the passers-by. A red ribbon was around his neck, but it was plain he did not like it and could not understand its use. Every little while he would raise a pudgy paw and try to work the ribbon off; but a shake from the man's rough hand would cause him to be more quiet.

The man spoke not a word to the passers-by, but took care to keep the puppies plainly in sight, showing their points of beauty to the best advantage. And so hour after hour passed. Occasionally a lady would stop to admire the little creatures. They usually looked up in her face, blinking their eyes, and snuffing timidly to see if she were a friend. Again, a messenger boy, on his way to deliver an important note, would stop and gaze at the puppies, and try to talk to the seller. Usually the attempt was not successful; and so the boy would be compelled to find amusement elsewhere along his route.

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DRAWING BY JAY HAMBIDGE

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After a time the puppies grew hungry. As long

as they did not whine, the man paid no attention to their sufferings; but the terrier soon made known his wants, and the pug quickly seconded him. Then the man took a bottle from his pocket and poured what seemed to be milk down their throats. In reality *it was milk strongly charged with whiskey. The little fellows did not like it; but when hunger is fierce, what is to be done? They swallowed it. Then they grew very quiet, and blinked their eyes sleepily. But in a few minutes all this changed. Their eyes seemed to grow large. They stopped trembling. Next they appeared more lively, so that when a kindly old gentleman stopped and began stroking their hair the terrier wriggled and twisted like an angleworm, while the pug barked furiously.

‘Lots of life in them,’ said the man; ‘shows their breeding.’

‘Have you their pedigree?’ inquired the old gentleman.

‘Yes, sir; raised them myself from imported dogs. One of the mothers I brought from Europe.’

The old man looked incredulous. He suspected something of the real truth, which was that the

dog-seller had received the puppies that morning by express from another city where they had been stolen by one of his confederates. So the old man passed on.

The unnatural life which the liquored milk had given the puppies soon passed away, and they began to be stupid. The man was about to produce the bottle a second time, when a lady stopped in front of him. She looked first at one puppy, and then at the other, and finally placed her hand on the head of the terrier.

The dog-seller gave the puppy a sharp pinch, unseen by the lady, and this aroused the drooping life in the little animal. His eyes became bright again, and when the man called 'Rats' he pricked up his ears and looked around inquiringly.

'He's very gamy,' said the man, lifting the puppy by the back of the neck, an operation which causes but little pain, although it appears cruel. 'He's affectionate, too,' he continued, holding the puppy up toward his beard. The little fellow reached out his head as if he loved the man, but the truth was the dog-seller's whiskers had been

rubbed with an odorous oily material which dogs like, and the puppy stretched out his nose to scent it.

‘How cunning he is!’ exclaimed the woman.
‘Will he make a good pet dog?’

‘Never a better one, ma’am,’ replied the vender.

‘And can I lead him on the street?’

‘Just as easy as you would a child, ma’am,’ said the man.

‘I’m very fond of dogs; but I hate cats,’ continued the prospective customer. ‘Now this one looks like a nice doggy. I don’t know much about them, I’m afraid; but would this one look well on the street?’

‘He’d look like a drum major, ma’am. Lots of style to him. No end of people will turn to look at him when he gets grown up and goes out with a stylish lady, ma’am.’

The subtle flattery had its effect. The dog-seller was evidently a very discriminating person.

‘How much is he worth?’

‘Well, ma’am, these dogs mostly sells for fifty dollars apiece when they are such a pure breed as this, but I will sell you this one for thirty-five dollars,

for I know you will be kind to him and give him a good home. I would n't sell him to some people, not for no money.' And the man seemed greatly moved by tenderness, but not so much so as to forget to pinch the puppy again, to make him appear lively.

'I do n't think I can afford to pay so much,' she declared, with the air of a bargainer; 'but if you will deliver him to my house this evening I will pay you twenty-five dollars for him.'

In reality, the man would have taken five dollars; but he argued strongly for more.

'I brought the mother of this dog from England,' he said. 'She was one of a litter that was owned by the Princess of Wales. My brother worked in the garden at the palace, and so got the dog for me. Very few ladies owns a dog related to the Princess of Wales's dog.'

The man delivered his statement unblushingly, and the woman accepted it as true. She hesitated no longer, but would have paid an even larger sum rather than miss obtaining so rare a dog. And so that evening found the little terrier in an Avenue

mansion, where he was to be the pet of a lady of fashion.

Mrs. Forsythe Merton was a widow, and a woman of social ambitions. In this respect, at least, she was on a par with many others. She possessed the wealth, but not the ability, to become a social queen. Naturally, then, she became an imitator. Certain prominent people, in imitation of European potentates, put silver chains and monograms on their harness. Mrs. Merton covered her harness with silver, and her monogram could be recognized across the street. Several lonely childless women in the upper circles had adopted dogs to relieve their loneliness. Mrs. Merton, although she was not lonely, as she possessed a grown-up daughter, felt that she too required a dog. But while the ladies whom Mrs. Merton imitated had possessed dogs designed primarily for pets, Mrs. Merton purchased one fitted for life and animation, not for sleep and laziness. Yet she had not discernment enough to discover her mistake.

Mrs. Merton named her dog Byron. It pleased

her to have a romantic name for him, and the name suited the little fellow just as well as if it had been Jack or Terry. And then she tried to train him, to subdue his restless spirit. At first she used sharp words, then harsh commands, then a whip. It would have been as easy to tame the waves of the sea. The restless blood within his veins could only be quieted by exercise and life. Then she turned him over to the servants. If his life had been tiresome before, it was wretched now. Had the little terrier been the property of the servants, they would have treated him less harshly, perhaps sometimes even kindly; but he belonged to the mistress, and they felt no love for him. He was fed well enough, but he never heard a kind word, and was continually beaten and kicked about. But in spite of all this harshness and abuse, his natural vivacity kept him up, and he thrived wonderfully.

One day Mrs. Merton determined to take him out with her for a walk on the Avenue. He was decorated as carefully as if dressed for a reception, and was glad enough to go. And then the trouble began. Mrs. Merton walked in a stately manner:

poor Byron could not do so. He pulled at the cord with joy at the sight of every dog they met, and flew around as if mad. Mrs. Merton was mortified and angry. She would have liked to kill the little fellow then and there ; but outwardly she was smiling and serene.

At last the walk was ended. Mrs. Merton retired to her room, taking the young dog with her. A row of shapely shoes was at the side of the wall ; and seizing one of these, and holding the innocent cause of her vexation by the collar, she gave him a cruel beating. As she stopped from exhaustion, the trembling little creature looked up into her face with pleading eyes ; but he saw no pity there, only cold, cruel pride, and relentless, unreasoning anger. He felt no resentment, for he did not snarl or growl. He forgave her the moment she released him, for he turned affectionately and licked her hand. She drew it sharply away, boxed his ears, and harshly ordered him to lie down. With an inquiring and appealing look, he turned and obeyed.

After this episode his life was a series of misfortunes. The servants abused him shamefully, and his

mistress always treated him with harshness. His nature was so buoyant and cheerful that he would have been happy with even a few words or acts of kindness; but they were never given him. He would gladly have surrendered the active life for which he was fitted for the quiet life he was compelled to lead, had kindness been coupled with it, but it was not. The only time he ever heard the gentler tones of the human voice was when company was present. Then he was spoken to kindly, and caressed with the greatest apparent affection.

One day he ventured to follow Mrs. Merton into the hall, where she was saying some parting words to her visitors. She spoke gently to him, lifted him in her arms and stroked his silky hair, while chatting with her friends. The act and the posing made a pretty effect, which she well understood. The last words were said, the door swung on its noiseless hinges, and she was alone, when, without a word, the same hand which had just pressed so gently the palms of her friends fell in anger upon the head of the helpless dog, carrying

pain to his little body and agony to his sensitive spirit. And so he was compelled to endure a slavery worse than death. He had no one to appeal to: no friends at hand. His suffering was unknown outside of the walls he was compelled to call home. No humane ears heard his plaintive whinings, which at times he could not repress; no humane eyes saw the abuse, or the sufferings that resulted. The book of record in which unmerciful deeds are kept has never been opened to human view, and the mysterious entries made therein will not be known until the day when mercy may be most required.

Cruelty, neglect, confinement, and grief at last told upon little Byron, and he lost his cheerful spirits and bright ways. Then his mistress considered him a nuisance. She would willingly have given him away; but the love she had professed for him before her friends would not permit it.

One day he seemed duller than usual, and one of the servants who had just kicked him stooped down and examined him closely.

‘The little brute has got the mange,’ he exclaimed.

When this intelligence came to Mrs. Merton's ears, she called the servant.

‘James,’ she said, ‘I want you to take Byron out for exercise; and while you are gone, lose him. Do you understand?’

‘I do, ma’am, and I’ll do it,’ said the faithfully brutal servant.

The night was the middle of December, clear and cold. The servant and Byron came down Fifth Avenue until they reached Madison Square. James crossed the square, walking briskly, and Byron ambled along as fast as his weakened strength and partially blinded eyes would permit. He saw James just ahead of him, and heard the sound of his feet on the stone walk. Suddenly the sound ceased. He looked around him: he was alone. Slowly he realized his new situation: he was lost and homeless. His had been a wretched home, but it was his only one; and he felt the anguish of despair.

There is nothing in nature or in life more forlorn and pitiable than a lost dog. Men have their pride and consciousness of manhood to lean upon; but

our dumb friends are dependent upon us. Dogs especially must have someone to serve, someone to love. Their faithfulness becomes servility. The hunting dog will go until he drops, at the command of his master. The fighting dog will endure until death, if a brutal owner urges him on. Even the most abused and most debased of dogs will stand by and serve masters lower in the scale of being than themselves. The world knows of no greater devotion, a devotion to which the higher orders of humanity seldom attain.

Byron was not a hunter, and could not follow a trail. He knew his brown-stone home on the Avenue when he saw it ; but, alas, with his dimmed eyesight he could not find it. The wind had full sweep of Madison Square, and it ruffled the hair upon his weakened body, chilling him through and through. He tried to face it, but the fierce gusts blew him to one side. He sought the shelter of the great fountain in the centre of the square, which gave him some protection. Presently it began to snow ; slowly at first, but with great white flakes coming

down silently, steadily, mercilessly. They were drifted about and blown in every direction, and formed a winding-sheet for poor little Byron.

His plaintive whinings had been growing feebler; his eyes were becoming dimmed to all about him. Inside the fountain inclosure, where the rippling music of the water had all the long summer kept time to the laughter of merry children, the 'sparrow police' of the park had stored the now empty benches on which tramps and nurses and lovers had passed so many happy and sunny hours. Byron made a desperate effort, and succeeded in reaching the shelter of one of these piles of deserted benches. The cold here was no less intense, but the wind was not so piercing, and the snow came only in sifting flakes. Here he passed the night. His weak form curled itself into a trembling and shivering mass, getting what warmth it could from its own vitality. The icy stone was his bed, and the latticed benches his only covering. Poor little Byron! God pity him, in his desertion and despair; and God pity and forgive the heartless ones who turn

out upon a cruel world helpless and confiding creatures, worthy their care and love.

The night of suffering slowly passed, and at last came the morning. Byron was so weak and feverish that he could hardly move. Some instinct, however, caused him to make the effort; and he drew himself together as best he could, and wandered aimlessly across the park, shivering and almost blinded. What was it that caused him, in his misery, to seek the very corner where, a year before, he had been sold by the dog-vender? Whatever it was, at last he reached the spot, and stood there trembling and forlorn. He had once been a pet, and fairly cared for. Now he was friendless and deserted; but, unfortunately, he was not alone. A boy who was sweeping the sidewalk struck at him with his broom. He shrank away from the blow, and, in his half-blind condition, brushed against the freshly polished boots of a young exquisite. Oh, what a cruel kick he received! A shop-girl, hurrying to her store, failed to see him and almost stepped upon him. She drew her skirts away in horror, and uttered a harsh

reproach that seemed to hurt him more than either the boy's blow or the dandy's kick. Byron turned his bewildered little head in every direction; but the very atmosphere seemed filled with hostility. Laughs, jeers, harsh words, and cruel taunts greeted his sensitive ears, while his half-blinded eyes looked appealingly about him for the semblance of a friend.

Among the Babel of hostile voices, his quick ear at last caught a sympathetic tone. He could not see the one from whom it came, but he groped his way in the direction of the sound. Then he felt a gentle hand resting kindly on his head, while words of sympathy came like heavenly music amidst the discords. So hungry was he for kindness that his troubles seemed now at an end. And then the light touch of the friendly hand was gone, and the gentle voice had ceased; but he knew the direction they had taken, and blindly followed. Again the discord and danger were around him; but he felt that a refuge was just ahead, and staggered on. Presently a curbstone checked his progress; then a stone flung by a cruel boy crashed against his head. He rolled over in the gutter, just as a gorgeous carriage, filled

‘He lay there in hopeless agony and despair.’

DRAWING BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

A few moments before, a gentleman had noticed the friendless little dog, and had stopped to speak kindly to him, and even stroked his head; but, like many well-disposed persons, he had passed on without thinking further of his needs or helping him in any way. But when he saw that the carriage had

He lay there in hopeless agony and despair.
Drawing by J. A. Hamilton.

with a gay party on their way to the steamer, came along. The driver saw the helpless creature lying there in his way, but did not turn aside his horses or stop to avoid an accident. Byron's head was almost under the heavy wheel; in another instant it would be crushed.

A slight movement on the part of the little fellow, struggling blindly just before the wheel, saved his life; but one of the silken ears, that had been so often stroked by white and jewelled hands, was caught and crushed against the pavement. He lay there in hopeless agony and despair, the victim of a cruel and relentless fate which seemed bent on heaping every possible evil on his head. Yet he had never done a wicked, a treacherous, or a cruel act. He had been gentle, loving, and faithful, even when slighted and abused.

A few moments before, a gentleman had noticed the friendless little dog, and had stopped to speak kindly to him, and even stroked his head; but, like many well-disposed persons, he had passed on without thinking further of his needs or helping him in any way. But when he saw that the carriage had

run over the little fellow, he started at once to help him.

A crowd had already begun to gather about the place. 'Send for the Bergh people,' said one man, helplessly. 'Get the policeman to put a ball in him,' remarked another.

These and other suggestions, equally foolish or brutal, were cut short by the gentleman lifting the little dog in his arms and quietly taking him away. The poor sufferer, weak and trembling as he was, nestled close to his new protector, trying feebly to lick his hands, as though to show his gratitude at having found at last, what was so needful to his happiness and to his very life, a sincere human friend.

It was the turning-point in little Byron's career. The ill-fortune that had hitherto pursued him followed him no further. Snatched from an impending and cruel death, he was carefully nursed back to health and comeliness, and found in the home of his new benefactor the happiness and protection that had previously been denied him. The wrong and cruelty, the harsh words and brutal deeds, that had been

visited upon him so unmercifully, became to him but an evil dream or an indistinct memory.

But he did not quite forget. One day, while walking in the Park with his beloved master, they met a lady, richly dressed, who bowed pleasantly to the gentleman, but gave a start of surprise at sight of little Byron. She called him by name; but the dog shrank from her in affright.

‘What, do you know him?’ asked the gentleman.

‘Oh, yes, we are old friends, are n’t we, Byron?’ replied the lady.

But Byron told no tales.

How fortunate it may sometimes be for people that their ‘dumb companions’ are dumb indeed!

BABY AND THE KITTEN

BABY AND THE KITTEN.

I HAVE a charming pair of friends, a married couple, whom I knew previous to their marriage. They are exceedingly happy, and apparently inhabit but one world, and that is their home. They were the proud possessors of a beautiful child; and when I say beautiful, I mean all that the word implies. Even I, a bachelor, could see and in a manner appreciate this wondrous beauty. And how my friends discoursed about that child, and tried to interest me in him! and, really, I was quite impressed by their arguments, and even more so by the child itself.

When the baby was about a year old the nurse one day gave it a little white kitten to play with. This kitten was one of a number which had been reared in the house, and had just arrived at the kit-

tenish stage of playfulness. It was a case of mutual admiration and friendship from the first. The baby was immensely pleased with the kitten, while the kitten itself looked with wondering eyes at the little child before it. It was evidently its first sight of a baby, and it could hardly understand the diminutive creature. Finally it lifted a little paw on which the claws were carefully gloved, and gently, half playfully and half inquiringly, stroked the baby's chubby hand. The baby seemed to like it, and began to crow and laugh in that highly original manner common with babies. This seemed to close the contract of friendship on the part of these two youthful beings, and in a few moments they were frolicking together as happily as could be imagined.

Whether it was because the new state of things gave the nursemaid more leisure or because the child required less of her attention, she seemed at all events to encourage the friendship that had arisen between Baby and the kitten. And so, with a dainty blue ribbon about its neck, the little bundle of down was permitted to play about the crib and ride in the baby carriage nearly every day. The two became almost

inseparable companions—a state of things less remarkable from the standpoint of the baby than from that of the restless and playful kitten. It was perhaps not surprising that at first mamma looked with a certain distrust, not unmixed with jealousy, at the strange friendship. She had heard, as most parents have, of the superstitious legends that kittens had been known to ‘suck the breath’ of infants, but she was a woman of too much education and common sense to give anything so ridiculous more than a passing thought; and so she permitted, while she did not encourage, the newly formed friendship.

It was one of the most amusing of sights to watch these little friends play together. The kitten soon came to understand the use of the rattle, and managed to make as much noise with it as did the baby. And between the two infants the nursery became a very lively place; in fact, the child seemed able to dispense with the usual playthings of babyhood, and took high enjoyment in tumbling the kitten about, watching its antics, and crowing at the top of his voice. It could easily be seen that the baby unintentionally hurt the kitten occasionally, and the

feline infant usually protested by a shrill cry ; but it never tried to resent the treatment, and never for a moment permitted its claws to lacerate the delicate skin of the baby.

And so these two young creatures grew along together, although it could easily be seen that the kitten was maturing much faster than the baby ; but the intimacy between them seemed to increase rather than diminish. One day the nurse, for some reason known only to her class, lost her temper and spoke harshly to the child, and even began to shake it. The kitten was lying quietly asleep at the foot of the crib, but at the first sound of the harsh words it opened its eyes and looked up with wonder. Then a complete change seemed to come over it. The familiar sight of the arched back, puffed fur, and glaring eyes, was followed by the snarling, spitting actions common to cat nature, and the kitten sprang upon the nurse, clawing and striking vigorously. Of course it was unable to do any serious harm, but it brought the nurse girl to her senses, and she released the baby from her grasp. Whether the two little friends were happier over the result, and in their way talked con-

fidentially about its outcome, will perhaps never be known ; but at all events they had a very frolicsome time for the next half hour.

The little kitten began to develop a fondness for music, though not always of the highest order, for it seemed as much fascinated by the hand-organ in the street as by the piano which its mistress occasionally played. At such times it would sit very quietly, often with its head turned to one side, its ears erect, and its eyes sometimes very wide open, and again dreamily and drowsily listening as long as the music continued. Evidently the baby did not have so good an ear for music, for he often seemed restless while the kitten was so absorbed, and sought to break up the reverie in which his feline friend was indulging ; but the kitten usually managed to hear the music, notwithstanding the interruptions.

On one occasion, on a warm spring day, the music of an organ was heard upon the street, and the sounds came distinctly through the open window near which the baby and kitten were playing. The little animal listened intently, turning its head from side to side with its ears very erect. The baby tried

to drown the sound of the organ by using its lungs at their utmost capacity; but it was in vain. Suddenly, without noise or warning, a monkey, dressed in a red coat and with a jaunty hat set upon his head in a rakish manner, appeared at the open window. He blinked his little black eyes, and chattered in a quiet undertone, while gazing at the astonished pair before him. The baby was thoroughly frightened, and uttered a piercing scream; while the kitten, without retreating, arched its back, ruffled its fur, and put itself in a position of defence. It was evident, however, that the monkey was as much astonished and embarrassed as were the other members of the impromptu party. He even failed to indulge in his usual begging act, notwithstanding that the string of his master, fastened to his waist, was prompting him to do so. At last, however, he seemed to grasp the situation, and came forward, smiling in his best manner, and seated himself upon the edge of the crib. By this time the expressions of fear on the faces of both baby and kitten had turned to amazement and curiosity; so that when, a few moments after, the nurse entered the room, she

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DRAWING BY J. CARTER-BEARD.

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found the trio in the happiest kind of visiting mood, although the string of the musician was almost breaking the monkey's body in two, so stubbornly did he cling to the crib where he was having such a good time. And then it was the nurse girl's turn to be astonished and frightened. It is quite probable that she might have done the monkey some bodily injury had her courage been greater. But when she saw how pleasantly the three were getting along, she burst into laughter, which seemed to add to the enjoyment of the entire party. Suddenly, however, the mother, who had heard the child's scream, rushed into the nursery: and she too was filled with amazement, then amusement, and at last with a feeling of kindness toward the little animal that had produced such a happy effect upon the child. However, she sent him back to his master with a coin, which he placed carefully in his pocket after the manner of such simian financiers; but it is needless to say he returned the next day, and the next, and that the funniest kind of tripartite agreement existed for a brief period each day in that nursery.

There was another interesting little association in

which the baby and the kitten joined, and that was with the sparrows. One morning an enterprising little member of the sparrow fraternity hopped up on the window sill, either from curiosity or in search of food. Baby saw him and began to crow. Kitten saw him, and at once assumed that crouching cat-like attitude common to its race; but when it saw the pleased expression on the baby's face, the kitten seemed to relent and ceased its hostile demonstrations. Then the nurse quietly threw a few crumbs upon the sill, which the fearless little sparrow instantly devoured. This also furnished much amusement. Thus it happened that the next day, when the sparrow came bringing two companions, the entire nursery was eagerly awaiting them; and within a week a flock of these little chattering birds came regularly each day to the window sill. Probably no comedian ever furnished more amusement to an interested audience than did these birds to the inhabitants of the nursery. The kitten especially seemed interested in them, and apparently lost all desire for their destruction. It would lie on the edge of the window ledge, watching the birds in their gyrations,

permitting them to come within easy striking distance, and all the while seeming much amused by the happiness caused by the food distribution of the nursery.

But while there were pleasant episodes in the association of Baby and the kitten with other youthful animals, there were times when things far more serious occurred. One evening, just at twilight, when the baby had got well along in his first year and the kitten had attained almost its full proportions, the child was lying asleep, while the kitten was curled up in that form of alertful rest peculiar to cat-nature. Very quietly but very quickly a lithe body glided across the room and sprang upon the crib, and in another instant a half-grown rat had set its sharp teeth into the delicate skin of the baby's arm. Although the kitten had never seen a rat before, yet it was evident that no explanation was necessary as to the nature of the intruder, and quick as a flash the kitten seized the enemy, sprang to the floor with it, and fought with the fury of a demon. Inexperienced as the kitten was, the task was no easy one, and it received several severe wounds, but

never for an instant did it relax its hold, and in a few moments it had extinguished all signs of life in the rodent. Even then it did not cease to hold it fast, so that when the nurse and members of the family, who had heard the noise, came into the room, they found the kitten still in possession of the intruder, which it stubbornly refused to relinquish.

As time passed, it was plain that the kitten was growing in size, in strength, and in knowledge, much faster than the baby; and yet this growth did not seem to interfere in the least with the friendly relations that had always existed. So that when the youthful cat, which had finally been named Clytie, disappeared from the nursery for a period, the baby not only missed it but mourned for it. And yet the absence continued; and while the baby did not pine, it was manifest to both parents and the nurse that he felt very unhappy over the loss of his companion. One day, however, Clytie entered the nursery, looking somewhat emaciated but very proud, and carrying in her mouth a diminutive white kitten, which she deposited in the crib. The baby was overcome by its emotions. Joy at the sight of his friend, bewil-

derment upon viewing the small bundle of animated down, and a curious kind of fear, seemed to struggle with each other. But Clytie quickly overcame this embarrassment. She rubbed her head gently against the baby's hand, purring happily, and apparently in an ecstasy of pleasure. Then the baby caught the infection, which made matters very pleasant in that nursery for some time thereafter. The little cat seemed disposed to bring her entire family to that room; but this the baby's mother would not permit. She did, however, allow the cat to come there each day, much to the pleasure of both child and pussie.

It was several months after, when the kittens were fairly grown, that their mother ventured out upon the street one day for a little airing. She was standing quietly in front of her home just outside the area-way, when a well-dressed and apparently well-bred man passed along. She looked up into his face with a friendly, half-inquiring expression, for she had received such uniformly kind treatment all her life that she could not think the human race could be other than her friends. Suddenly, and without warning, the man raised a heavy foot, gave

her a cruel kick which sent her into the area, and passed along with a brutal laugh. The suddenness of the action had prevented the cat from escaping, and she fell into the area with two of her ribs broken.

There was a memorable, never-to-be-forgotten night, which came to the circle of little friends. It was November, cold and bleak. The snow fell charily, and was seized and whirled in miniature cyclones as fast as it came down. The signs upon the offices and stores creaked dismally, and the shutters of the houses rattled as if to resent the attack of the storm. It was 'Winter's wild birthnight.' And yet, within hundreds of homes, there was warmth, quiet, and happiness. It was so in the home that sheltered our baby and his parents. They had retired early, and the wild noises without did not disturb their slumbers. The lights were turned low in the nursery, and all was still within. Suddenly but noiselessly a narrow ray of light flashed out from a dark corner. It wandered in a long pencilled line toward every portion of the room. Then it vanished, and a stealthy, shuffling sound, scarcely

audible, followed the direction the last rays had taken. And then a form, grim and muffled, stood above the spot where Baby slept the sleep of innocence. The light from the lantern was flashed once more, just enough to reveal the dark face of the midnight burglar in marked contrast to the sleeping child beneath him. And, hardened as the man was, desperate as was his venture and dangerous as was his position, he paused, looked at the little face and form, and the set lines upon his countenance relaxed. But it was only for an instant. A sense of his devilish errand returned to him, and nerved him anew to his deed of plunder. He moved away from the side of the crib and was about to enter the next room, when a sound such as that household had never before heard awakened the echoes and even aroused the neighborhood. It was a wail such as is seldom heard even in thickly populated cities. It rose upon the air, died away in a moan, and was renewed with fresh energy. It was piercing, almost unearthly. It checked the burglar, and made him a sphinx instead of a brigand. Clytie had scented danger and given the alarm. The unusual noise awakened Baby, and

he added his vigorous voice to the general uproar. No burglar-alarm ever invented could equal, for a moment, the call to arms these two youthful voices produced. And the burglar realized it. He saw that all hopes of plunder were over, and that flight was his only salvation. It is pleasant to be able to add that his attempt was unsuccessful, and that he was captured and has since had an opportunity, in a felon's cell, of philosophizing upon the antipathy which one particular cat seemed to have for him.

It was a summer day, hot, dusty, oppressive. Baby had been playing with Clytie, but seemed to grow weary, and finally turned his head away and laid his flushed cheek down upon the pillow. Clytie could not understand this unusual conduct, and so curled her white bundle of fur up cosily beside him. But the little child was restless, and turned uneasily from side to side. Clytie stood up and looked at Baby wonderingly. What could it all mean? And then Baby began to cry, not loudly or peevishly, but very quietly, and with a plaintive tone. The crying continued at intervals, ending each time in a sad little moan. Poor Baby! where is nurse? and does she

not see you are suffering? So at least Clytie appeared to think.

A little later in the day the maid came in, smoothed down the pillows, and tried to soothe Baby to sleep; but he was restless, and continued to cry and moan, very softly, very pitifully. The girl did not note the crimson cheeks, the dry skin, and the parched lips of the child, and only sought to put him to sleep. And so the time passed until Mamma came to see her little treasure, and found him with a raging fever and partially delirious. Oh, the sudden agony that seemed to stifle her heart! and oh, the eternity of suspense until the family doctor came! And very grave the doctor looked, although, of course, he sought to cheer the mother all he could. And then began that struggle against the dread enemy scarlatina, which was seeking to consume the tender life of the babe; a struggle in which the life of the mother seemed a cheap price to pay for the salvation of her child.

From the first, Clytie had refused to leave the crib; and it was soon found that her presence seemed to soothe and have a good effect upon the tiny patient.

And so she was permitted to remain. We all know what vitality the cat race possesses, and the peculiar electrical force that seems stored in their bodies. That something of this vitality and power can be transmitted to others, many believe; and it was clearly apparent in the case of Baby. He plainly was better when Clytie was with him, and he seemed to understand if she left his side even for a few moments.

But, alas! Baby grew worse. He did not seem to be in pain, but it was plain that he was being consumed by the fever. And at last the fatal night came — the night when Baby lay in his mother's arms and piteously moaned his little life away. His dimmed eyes saw not and knew not those about him. His crimsoned cheek was hotter than the scalding tears that fell upon it. His parched lips and swollen tongue could not call even the loved name of his mamma. But his little hand clutched, with its departing strength, the soft silky fur upon the white body of his faithful Clytie. And when all was over, when the eyes were closed forever, the breath had ceased to come and go, and the little form was stiff-

ened in death, the tiny fingers were still twined in the soft down that grew so luxuriantly upon the gentle body of his little friend. And thus they left them: the child in the embrace of death, the other caressed as by a cherub. Friends through life — in death they were unparted.

There is an empty nursery in the home of my friends, which has remained untenanted for more than a year. The little shoes are placed carefully beside the crib. The dresses that Baby wore and the playthings in which he once delighted are in their place; but the nursery is still. Did I say the place was empty? That is a mistake. It is occupied, and almost constantly. The little crib contains a downy bed of cotton, on which for days and nights together Clytie quietly rests. She never complains, but she seems always sad. Occasionally she will wander about the room, sniffing at the little garments once worn by her friend, and then return to the crib disconsolate. Twelve long months have passed, but Clytie seldom offers to leave the room, and whenever she does go she always faithfully returns. And when the mother comes as to a shrine and strokes the

delicate garments once worn by her idol, when she kisses with all the passion of a lost love the folds which once encircled the form she worshipped, and when her tears flow with the bitterness of despair, she always sees by her side, silent but sad, the large brown eyes and white form of Baby's devoted friend, CLYTIE.

MAXEY

MAXEY.

HORACE GREELEY'S advice to young men to 'Go West' has doubtless done much good, but it has also worked some harm. Many young men, fired with a lively but indefinite ambition, have rushed westward, only to be swallowed in the maelstrom of that wild, hurrying life. Some have there found their fortunes without losing their sense of honor, while others have gained material success but lost their spiritual legacies.

Fortunately for Herbert Euston, he did not belong to the latter class. The same spirit of natural nobility which inspired him in boyhood sustained him in after years; and he went to the mining regions of the West, well protected against its moral malaria.

He looked over the field carefully, and finally

determined to push on beyond the Rocky Mountain Range, and seek a new mining region where the gifts of the earth awaited the coming of the pioneer. And so he started out, accompanied only by one companion — a diminutive and unprepossessing burro.

Those who have never known the burro can have but a vague idea of its real nature. It is not a mule; it is not, strictly speaking, a donkey. It possesses most of the physical qualities of both those animals, with little of their moral infirmities. It is strong, patient, long-suffering, and kind. It never displays sudden emotion of any sort. It may have fears, but they are never shown. It may cherish animosity, but it is never manifested. One's first impulse at the sight of a burro is to laugh. Further acquaintance arouses interest, which sometimes develops, even in men of brutal natures, into affection. An old mountain prospector will fight for his pack-animal as quickly as for any other friend.

It was with one of these devoted animals that Herbert began his career as a prospector. For more than a week they climbed the sides of mountains and worked their way through cañons and across

mountain streams, each night finding them nearer the setting sun. Their camp was usually in some narrow valley, shut in by rocky walls, but where good water and sufficient vegetation were to be found. Herbert named the burro 'Maxey,' possibly because it was the first name that occurred to him, and possibly because it answered as well as any other.

After toiling all day, carrying a pack weighing several hundred pounds, and climbing the sides of mountains to which human skill and courage were scarcely equal, Maxey would quietly graze while Herbert slept. At times the moonlight would steal from behind some giant peak, and, sifting through the evergreens upon its sides, light up the valley in strong contrast to the black shadows beyond. Then it would disappear behind another mountain, gilding only the snowy peak and leaving the rest in darkness. At such times the stillness seemed oppressive and the slightest sound was magnified ten-fold. The noisiest thing in all that scene of wildness was the little snow-fed brook. Its descent was steep; and as it sprang from rock to rock, or shot around some huge boulder, it seemed to laugh for joy at its

freedom, its youth, and its hopes for the future.

In the great city we meet thousands of people each day, until human faces almost become an annoyance. Even in smaller settlements, comparatively little is thought of human or animal life. But in the vast solitude of the mountains, where Nature rules in silent grandeur, the spirit is drawn toward man, toward dumb companions, and toward God.

As, day after day, Herbert Euston toiled through the narrow passes and observed the quiet faithfulness of the animal by his side, as the absence of all human life caused him to note more carefully the character of his dumb companion, and he realized the many noble traits of the quiet little animal, his heart was warmed with a feeling of affection for the devoted creature whose lot was cast with his. At last he came into the region beyond the range, and began his work of prospecting. It was a slow process: days of toil, nights of loneliness; one day cheered by hope, the next doomed to disappointment. But during all that time, Maxey was the same docile, faithful creature; never straying away, always ready for any task, however laborious.

It was in the month of September, near its close, that Herbert and Maxey were working their way along the side of a steep and rather barren mountain. They would advance a few steps and halt while some vigorous strokes were given with the pick into what might prove to be 'blossom rock.' It seemed to Herbert he had put his pick into nearly every rod of mountain surface in all that region; but his efforts had been fruitless. The mountain upon which he stood was of a most forbidding nature. Much of its surface was of unusually hard quartz, and the 'indications' were anything but favorable for mineral. Herbert was picking away at a crevice which seemed to give a little better promise, while Maxey was trying to secure a little bunch of grass that was growing in a crevice just above him. Suddenly the animal's sharp little feet, which seemed fitted by Nature to take hold on the rocks, slipped; and, turning quickly, Herbert saw Maxey sliding down the steep descent, his feet striking with marvellous quickness and power on the flinty rocks, but failing to hold. He passed from view; and for a moment Herbert stood still with horror. The next, he began making his way

as rapidly as possible down the sides of the cliff, to where, nearly forty feet below him, the little animal had lodged and now lay motionless. Herbert reached the spot and found the faithful little creature unconscious. At first he feared it was dead; but the large brown eyes opened slowly, and at once recognized their friend and master. Herbert made an effort to raise him, but found one of his feet had caught in a crevice, and was immovable. It was this that had checked the fall and prevented Maxey from going headlong into the cañon below.

Herbert worked his way back to the spot where he had left his pick. He soon returned with it and began prying at the rock to loosen Maxey's foot; but alas! it seemed immovable. But what was that substance at the side, which yielded so quickly? Herbert's eyes had been too long looking for it not to recognize at once that it was a large vein of mineral. A great thrill of joy came into his heart; but it instantly vanished at the sight of the poor suffering creature before him. Gently, and as quickly as possible, Herbert released the imprisoned foot, found that it was wrenched but not broken, and,

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DRAWING BY MAX F. KLEPPER

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partly carrying and partly guiding his injured companion, succeeded in getting him back to camp. Here for four days he watched him tenderly, noting every change, and at the fifth day he was rejoiced to find that, although still lame and sore, Maxey was not permanently injured, and was on the way to a speedy recovery. Then, and not before, Herbert went up the mountain to view the discovery which Maxey had been the means of revealing to him, and in doing which had so nearly lost his life. His heart beat wildly as he approached it. His arm seemed nerveless as he drove the pick down, but the vein of ore which he soon laid bare was so extended, so easily worked, and so rich, that he hardly dared to trust his senses. Here was wealth such as even his imagination had not pictured. It seemed too good to be true.

Seasons are short in the mountains, and the snow comes early. Herbert knew this, and realized he had but few days left in which to return to the settlements. But he became so interested in the discovery he had made, and so anxious to learn its extent, that he delayed his journey to the last moment, and only

started when a chilling wind from the north warned him of the coming winter. The first few days they made good progress, and the summit of the range was left behind. On the third day a leaden sky shut down upon the mountains, seeming to shroud their tops and extend even to the distant plains beyond. Occasionally a white cloud-mass would come sailing down from the north, and striking the precipitous sides of some peak break into a multitude of moist fluffy cloudlets. At times these fleecy travellers would completely envelop Herbert and his toiling companion, and it was only with difficulty that they could keep the trail. But the stay of these white-winged visitors was short, and they quickly passed along, leaving the dark unchanging sky above.

Toward night it began to snow; slightly at first, as if only as a quiet reminder that winter was on its way. But the flakes, which were small and scattering in the beginning, grew larger and larger and came in greater numbers. They would strike the cold sides of the mountain, find a little lodgment, and sift down into the crevices and ravines. They pelted the faces of the two travellers, as if chiding

them for their foolhardiness in coming to that uninhabited region; and seemed to take especial delight in forming drifts to obscure the trail.

Herbert sought the shelter of an overhanging rock, and built a fire of such twigs and branches as he could find. For a few hours it burned warmly; but fuel was scarce, and the storm grew fiercer. At last the fire went out entirely, and the darkness that preceded day settled down upon them. Herbert could feel Maxey standing beside the rock and shivering from the cold, while he walked up and down to keep his own body warm. But the patient animal stood with his back to the wind, motionless and uncomplaining.

As soon as the first signs of daylight made their appearance, Herbert and his companion resumed their march. It was a weary task. At times the trail would be clear, where the winds had carried away the snow, and again it would be entirely obscured. For hours the two struggled on, buffeted by the storm and faint from their exertions. Herbert was a brave man, but his courage could not long withstand the fury of the elements. He grew weaker and weaker.

Finally he felt an overpowering desire to sleep. He knew what this meant, but was too exhausted to resist it. Even at that desperate moment, his regard for the little burro asserted itself. He loosened the straps that held the pack, threw the burden off into the snow, and putting his arms around the gentle creature's neck, bade him good-bye and turned him loose. But Maxey refused to move. His master tried to drive him away. It was useless. Too exhausted to make further effort, Herbert sank down into the snow, with a prayer on his stiffening lips.

How long he remained in a stupor he did not know ; but at last he was partially aroused by something warm coming in contact with his body. He reached out, and in doing so clasped Maxey, who had lain down and was nestling close to him. The warm body was grateful to him, and he clung to it in a bewildered way, scarcely realizing that it was moving, that it was on its feet, and that he was on its back. For hours after that he had a dim consciousness of being carried, he knew not where. Sometimes his fancy led him to believe it was upon the back of an elephant, through some tiger-haunted

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jungle in tropical India. Again, he seemed to be conveyed by a deerhound, whose instincts scented the trail unerringly. But he was too tired to care how or where he was going, and finally forgot it all.

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'Yer in high luck, stranger.'

Herbert looked the speaker in the eye, gazed beyond to the rafters of the cabin around him, and tried to think.

'Where am I? What is it?'

'It's luck, I tell yer,—though some calls it Providence. Yer in Mountain Jim's cabin, and all right—that is, if them toes and fingers comes out well under the snow poultice I've put on.'

'How did I come here?'

'On a everlastin' little burro—a kind of a angel without wings, I reckon.'

'Where is he?'

'Oh, he's all right. I've got him over in the corner yonder, takin' a meal off'n dried bunch-grass after his journey. Yer see, I was sittin' down playin' solitaire,—bein' as that's the only game that don't need a pardner, and pards is scarce around these

diggin's, — when I heard a kind o' little tip-tap at yon door. Well, I did n't notice it much, 'cause this has been a old tearer of a storm, and noises has been pretty common fer so quiet a place; then, too, I was kind o' gone on the game. Bimeby I heard it ag'in — nothin' but tip-tap. Then I thought 't was the old spruce outside knockin' its branches to pieces on the cabin; and so I went on playin'. But the infernal thing kept tip-tappin', and so at last I got up, kind o' mad like, and opened the door, and thar stood that durned little animal, quiet as a lamb, with you on his back. Well, I just invited him right in, and he come, you bet; but I believe he 'd stood there all night, tip-tappin' — nothin' more — if I had n't opened the door.'

A smile of intense satisfaction passed over Herbert's face, even in his weakened condition. Then he fell asleep again.

For four days the storm lasted, making it impossible to think of seeking the trail for weeks to come. Herbert's frostbitten extremities gave him a great deal of annoyance; but as the injuries were not serious, he cheerfully endured the suffering.

Mountain Jim had a fair store of provisions, but it was not inexhaustible. Herbert readily saw this, and tried to accommodate himself to the situation; but the rough mountaineer would not listen to his protestations. He insisted that Herbert should share with him. But Herbert was worried about Maxey. The supply of bunch-grass had been used up the second day; the storm prevented any foraging outside, and the patient animal showed the effects of hunger in every line of his serious face. Herbert at length suggested to the owner of the cabin that he permit him to take his portion of hoe-cake in the form of meal, as it would probably answer his purpose quite as well. The bearded fellow stopped shaking the pan in which he was frying bacon, and looked sharply at his companion for a moment.

‘I understand yer,’ he said, ‘an’ yer right. But yer ain’t goin’ to play no lone hand, I kin tell yer. If yer divide yer meal with Mixey, as you call him, Mountain Jim does the same, and make no mistake.’

Herbert protested, but it was useless; and thereafter, for two days, the little burro fared daintily though sparingly. One half of each man’s portion

of meal was set aside for Maxey, but was not fed to him until the cabin table was laid. Then they all dined together—Maxey from a pail at the side of the room, and the two bearded men from opposite sides of the table. Their hunger was never satisfied, but they were cheerful and content.

After the snow stopped falling, Mountain Jim tried to break a path. It was a hard and almost hopeless undertaking. Meanwhile, Herbert gathered some spruce boughs for Maxey, but, hungry as the animal then was, it seemed almost impossible for him to live upon them. Then Herbert dug around in the snow in search of dry bunch-grass; but the rocky surface yielded very little, and sometimes only a handful would reward a hard day's search. The days passed on, an occasional rift of sunshine melting the snow in places, but not enough to allow travelling. They found that by the most careful economy their provisions would last only a week longer; and they determined to make a bold strike for the settlements.

The sufferings of that trip were almost too dreadful for description. Manly fortitude sustained the

two men, but their resolute patience was almost petulance compared with the uncomplaining endurance of Maxey. With but an occasional mouthful of food; with hunger making each bone daily more visible; with all the exertion of keeping the trail and carrying the light load of provisions, there was not the slightest sign of discontent or of yielding to their misfortunes. One might almost suppose such apparent fortitude was stupidity; but it was not. Neither was it stoicism. It was the same quality that we see so seldom among men, and admire so greatly when it is found. It was courage, patience, and endurance — qualities none the less noble and heroic when possessed in such high degree by a simple-minded mountain burro.

The last two days of their journey they were absolutely without food; and they certainly could not have endured it had they not known by the landmarks that their destination was not far off. When they reached it, the reaction from the strain threw Herbert into a fever, and for several days he was unconscious. His first care on reaching the hotel had been to see that Maxey was provided for; but had he failed to

do this, his continuous ravings would have suggested it to those about him. When the fever had left him, and, a mere skeleton, he was able to get about, he was overjoyed to find Maxey fat, well, and contented. This aided his convalescence; and the quiet life he led in Denver during the remainder of the winter restored him to his former health, strength, and activity.

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Many are the safes, vaults, and desks in America where shares of mining stock can be found. These shares are usually engraved in the highest style of the art, printed on fine bond paper, and the inevitable miner with the pick can usually be discovered among the designs. But the really profitable mines are very rare. More money has probably gone into Colorado for mining operations than ever came out in bullion. And yet the discovery made by Herbert Euston, with the help of Maxey, was the first of that series which made Colorado famous and planted a city in the heart of the wilderness. Herbert was far too shrewd not to know the importance of his discovery, but he had no desire to labor in its devel-

opment. When, therefore, he received an offer for a controlling interest in his property which amounted to an ample fortune for him, he promptly accepted it and remained in Denver to look after his other interests. His personal presence, his education, and his genial ways, made him quickly popular, and society sought him.

When society seeks an individual, it is often because that individual does not seek society. This was the case with Herbert. The trying experiences through which he had passed, the solitary existence he had led, and his own temperament, all tended toward the life of a recluse. He would take long walks on the plains about the city, always accompanied by Maxey; and the grand view of the mountains, the mildness of the climate, and the peace of his own spirit, gave him ample cause for happiness. And yet he felt a certain need, a something lacking in his life. It was such a want as every right-minded young man feels, especially when living among strangers. It was the longing for home, for love, for the influences of domestic life. His was not a heart to surrender on sight to a pretty face;

he had the appreciation of worth that told him only a beautiful soul could make him happy. And yet his experience with women was so limited that he could not readily distinguish between a noble soul and one which only seemed so. It was not surprising, therefore, that when he met a certain attractive young lady, the daughter of a prominent merchant, whose beauty of face seemed slight compared with her loveliness of spirit, he was at first deeply interested in her, and that this interest should soon ripen into love. Outwardly she was charming. She had beauty and accomplishments, and was actively engaged in the many charitable enterprises of society. Fairs, festivals, and charity balls, all found in her a ready patroness. Her social ambitions were subtle but unbounded. She saw in Herbert a means to this end. His standing, his wealth, his acquirements, were all to her purpose, and his suit was prosperous. But if the affair was a deliberate one on her part, it was not so with him. He loved the ideal as he thought he saw it revealed in her, and he was very happy.

One charming afternoon Herbert was walking along the Platte River road, accompanied by his

faithful Maxey, whose slickly groomed coat gave his homely form almost the appearance of beauty. They had been enjoying a long stroll, and Herbert was talking to his dumb companion with a confidence and freedom that evidently were well bestowed. The quiet little creature seemed to understand perfectly, and all his actions betokened his confidence and affection. As they came to a turn in the road Herbert saw a carriage approaching. His blood stirred, for he recognized the carriage and its occupants, one of whom was his *fiancée*. As they drew nearer he was puzzled and strangely pained to see a peculiar look on her face, of mingled anger and contempt, as her eyes rested on the burro. Stepping to one side and lifting his hat, he bowed as the carriage stopped.

‘We are seeing the beauties of nature,’ she laughingly declared.

‘You have them with you,’ said Herbert, gallantly.

The young ladies all smiled over this sally, and the driver spoke to his horses.

‘Of course I shall see you this evening,’ said

his betrothed, as they moved away; and Herbert bowed an affirmative.

As he walked along he was haunted by the strange look on the face he loved. What could she see repulsive in an animal possessing so many noble qualities? To Herbert's eyes he seemed more than human; why should he not to others? Was it possible her heart was not so warm as he had thought it to be? No; he would not believe it. She was noble, charitable, loving, and could not but feel generous toward the dependent creatures around her. And with this feeling he finished his walk.

'You cannot imagine, my dear,' she said that evening, 'how embarrassed I was to-day at seeing you by the side of that horrid little Mexican donkey. The Forsythe girls were with me, and you know how swell they are, and how particular. They asked me, after we drove along, if you chose your own society. Now promise me, won't you, never to be seen with that dreadful animal again?'

'But,' said Herbert, 'you do not know that animal as well as I do. I owe both my fortune and my life to him. It was through an accident, by

which he nearly lost his life, that I found my mine. I should have perished in the mountains if he had not saved me.'

'I don't care,' declared the young lady, with a flush. 'He's horrid, and I don't want you to keep him.'

'And what would you have me do with him?' inquired Herbert quietly, although his heart seemed to stop beating.

'Sell him, or give him away — anything you like, only get rid of him at once,' she replied with a laugh. The tone, the laugh, the request, all jarred upon Herbert. They were a new and unexpected revelation of her character. His heart sank.

'I cannot do what you ask,' he replied, after a pause.

The blood mounted to her temples. She had mistaken his gentleness for weakness (a not uncommon blunder with the world), and now saw her error. But her pride was aroused, and so she resorted to softer measures.

'Will you not do it for my sake?' And her appealing eyes came caressingly near him.

‘I have always tried to anticipate your wishes,’ he replied, ‘but this request is impossible. I cannot do it.’

He rose to go. Her face was flushed. The undercurrent of his being was agitated, but the surface was calm. She threw all the power of her actress nature into one appealing look, but it faded as she saw in his eyes, not the tenderness of love, but the pathos of pity.

The next day Herbert left Denver. No one knew where he had gone. The proprietor of the hotel at which he lived said he had paid his bill, packed a few things, and departed, taking with him his little burro. Most of his effects were still at the hotel, but he had left no directions regarding them, nor had he indicated where his letters should be sent. There was wonderment in Denver for some time, but the constant changes in the growing town soon diverted attention to other things, and the popular young man was forgotten.

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On the farther side of the Great Snowy Range, where fertile little valleys are occasional and rocky

cañons and lonely peaks are on every side, a mining camp was lately established. The usual number of rovers flocked in, camp-life and camp-government began. One of the miners, an exploring, venturesome man, pushed farther on into the interior, impelled by the instincts of the fortune-hunter. In the course of a few weeks he returned, and to all inquiries was silent. It was noticed that he seemed more thoughtful than before his exploring trip, and unsuccessful attempts were made to rally him. At last he departed, and in the course of time reached Denver. There it was the good fortune of the writer to meet him, and in the course of conversation he related the following story :

‘After leaving the mining camp, I pushed on through the mountains, determined to find something more valuable than the ordinary mines around me. It was a hard journey. There were no trails and no signs of human beings. I think it was the fifth day, when, as I was going through a rocky but picturesque cañon, I saw what seemed to be a cabin far up the side, where a little clump of evergreens almost hid it from view. It was the first sign I had seen that

human beings had ever been in that region; and I eagerly climbed up to examine it. As I came nearer I saw it was a neat and well-made cabin, with a certain refinement about it, quite uncommon at such places. It was quite deserted. At the door lay the bones of some animal, and on examination I became satisfied that they were those of a burro. Within, on a bunk by the side of the cabin, were the remains of a human being long since dead, — how long, there was no means of judging, but death had surely not come from starvation, for I found remnants of food in various parts of the cabin. I searched the cabin to find some trace by which to identify its departed owner, and at last was rewarded by discovering a mouldy diary. It must have lain there for years, for the paper was yellow and some of the writing was very indistinct. I preserved it, however, and it is still in my possession.'

What it was that caused me to think of such a thing, I cannot say, but I felt that I had once known the owner of that book.

'May I see that diary?' I inquired.

At first the man refused; but I became so earnest

that at last I was permitted to see it, and there, on the still preserved pages, were traced the closing scenes of a singular life. I copied them as though they were a sacred chronicle, and here reproduce the last three days entire.

‘*February 12.*—It must be fever. I have never felt so strangely before. Quinine does not seem to check it, and my head feels hot and heavy. To be sick, alone, and away from possible help, is not pleasant. For myself I do not care so much. But what will become of Maxey if I should be unable to move?—the dear fellow who has always been so patient, so devoted; who has stood by me when other friends proved false. I cannot let him suffer. I will put a supply of food where he can get it in case I should be taken really sick. I don’t think it is anything serious, but it is well to provide ahead.’

‘*February 13.*—My suspicions are correct. It is fever. Well, God’s will be done. I have no fears, no regrets; but what will poor Maxey do? He came out here with me willingly; he has never shown the slightest trace of evil; he has a true heart, and, in spite of his apparent stupidity, he is

sensible and shrewd. But his devotion is touching. I do not think I could drive him away from here, and I can tell by the way he looks at me he believes I never will try to do so.'

'*February 14.*—Valentine's Day, and I am growing hotter and weaker every hour. I know I shall soon lose my reason, and without care I cannot live. If I should die, and anyone should come and find me here, let my last request be heeded. Take care of my burro. He will live, and I will repay all care. This is my last will and testament. Money, stocks, and bonds, in the vault of the Colorado National Bank, Denver. All these go to the man who finds and cares for my poor burro—the sharer of my good and evil fortune, devoted to me during life and faithful unto death, my friend and comrade—
MAXEY.'

DANIEL PRATT

DANIEL PRATT.

FEW people ventured out during the day of the great New York blizzard in 1888, and most of those who did found cause for regret. I tried to walk a few blocks up Fifth Avenue, and succeeded in reaching Forty-second Street, when my strength and courage failed me. I turned back, and was working my way along the shelter of the big reservoir, when I heard an angry voice pitched in the harshest of tones. I looked across the avenue, and saw a man kicking vigorously and swinging his arms like a wind-mill at a large and apparently strong dog. The creature turned and ran, every few steps stopping to look back, and each time meeting with the same fierce gestures. I did not think it possible that anyone could abandon an animal in such a

storm, and so I made my way across the avenue to where the man was standing.

‘Is there anything the matter?’ I inquired.

The man, who was well dressed, looked at me with a mind-your-own-business expression, and went on shaking his fists at the dog.

‘Has the dog stolen anything?’ I again inquired.

‘No, he has not,’ was the reply, ‘but I’m not going to have him following me around all the while, besides costing me a small fortune to feed him.’

‘And so you are trying to get rid of him, are you?’

‘That’s it exactly,’ he replied; ‘he can go to the devil.’

‘He will unquestionably meet you there,’ I said, with a strong effort to control myself.

The man glared at me fiercely, but the coward instinct which exists in all cruel natures checked his bravado, and his eyes fell.

‘I advise you to return home and pray for mercy; you will need it soon enough,’ I exclaimed. ‘As for this poor creature which the Almighty has

Max & Katherine

entrusted to your care, I will see to him,' and turning on my heel I approached the dog.

He was watching me with an earnest yet distrustful look. I spoke to him kindly, touched the point of his nose with my glove, patted his head and told him to follow me. The look of gratitude which came into his eyes was touching. And so down the avenue through the drifts we went, the animal facing the worst blasts bravely and often breaking a path for me. We soon reached home, where I provided comfortable quarters for him, which he contentedly accepted.

'He was watching me with an earnest yet distrustful look.'

The new dog was a study. I could see he was a dog without a pedigree; that the blood of the St. Bernard was so diluted with the alien as to be almost past recognition. But I also saw that his disposition and character were good. I never knew an animal so hungry for human kindness. A gentle word or a friendly look would win his confidence instantly. Nothing seemed too hard for him to do for the one who was friendly to him. He accepted everything as right from those in whom he had confidence. And he had confidence in everyone who

DRAWING BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

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was kind. He seemed to believe thoroughly in the goodness of mankind, and yet one could perceive he had seen more of harshness and cruelty than of kindness. Men, boys, and women, and his fellow animals—all were his friends. His nature seemed cosmopolitan, but it was sincere.

He had been with me but a few weeks, when one day I missed him. Several days passed, and he did not appear. I visited the pound, but he was not there. Then I gave him up as lost. About a fortnight afterwards he came into my room, looking most woe-begone. His coat was ruffled, his eyes were downcast, and the end of his bushy tail was decorated with a string to which had evidently been tied that favorite plaything of a certain class of boyhood—a tin can. It was plain that he expected a harsh lecture; but he received words of sympathy. At first he was astonished, and then his gratitude knew no bounds. He licked my hand, fawned about me, and tried in every way to tell me how thankful and happy he was. We made him comfortable again, and he appeared perfectly contented for a few more weeks. But he seemed to be born to misfor-

tune. The very goodness of his heart made people impose upon him—just as we often find it to be the case in human life. I have seen men stop on the street and speak enticingly to him, and as soon as he came near enough kick at him savagely. He would naturally recoil under such treatment; but if the same man who had just kicked him spoke again in a kind manner, he would come up to him just as readily as before. Under all the forms of abuse to which he was subjected, I never heard him whine, cry, or in any way complain.

When the time for summering came, I took Daniel (I had named him Daniel Pratt, because he seemed to be a “great American traveller”) with me to the country. He enjoyed it. Every farmer and every boy for miles around our resort knew Daniel and was on speaking terms with him. He would be absent from the house for two or three days at a time, and then suddenly appear in his usual quiet and friendly fashion.

One day I was taking a long stroll, and returned by way of a beautiful lake, which, hemmed in by mountains, seemed like a diamond in an emerald

cluster. I could hear loud boyish shouts of laughter long before I reached the lake; and when at last the sheet of water came into view, I could see a number of boys playing with Daniel on the bank opposite to where I stood. Daniel was in the water, where he had evidently gone to retrieve a stick that one of the boys had thrown in, and was now swimming back toward the land. But whenever he approached the shore he was pelted with a shower of sticks and stones, and in his attempts to avoid them he was forced back into the lake again. Just as I reached the bank I saw a large stone thrown by a big boy strike Daniel on the head, and he sank beneath the water. The sight naturally aroused my indignation. I shouted to the boys, and they looked around quickly. As they did so, one of them missed his footing, fell headlong into the lake, and was instantly lost to sight. I knew the water was very deep where he had fallen in, and I started to run around the little lake to help him.

Although Daniel must have been dazed by the crushing blow he had received, yet a moment later he seemed to realize the situation as clearly as I did.

I saw him look at the spot where the boy had disappeared, and then intently scan the water for his re-appearance. There was a sudden ripple on the surface, and then a matted head of hair and a struggling pair of arms appeared. Daniel did not delay an instant. I saw him swim quickly to the boy, seize his coat collar at the back of the neck, and with strong strokes try to tow him to the land. It was a hopeless effort; for the boy, who was large, could not swim, and his weight was like lead to the sturdy dog that was trying to sustain it. Then both dog and boy sank beneath the surface. My heart sank with them. In a moment more I had reached the spot, but the surface of the lake was calm, excepting only the ripples which played about the place where both boy and dog had gone down together. It seemed to me I counted the seconds, and that each one grew longer. The frightened boys stood huddled on the bank, mute and pale. The air itself seemed suddenly stilled, and even the trees appeared to cease their rustling. During that frightful period of suspense, I looked earnestly at the place where the boy and dog had sunk; then my eyes swept nearer

shore. Something moving caught my gaze, and there, down in the depths of the clear blue lake, I saw a struggling object which seemed to come nearer. Another second and the surface was broken, and the head of the dog, still grimly holding his charge, came into view. Though possessing no pedigree, no royal blood, the noble fellow had remained faithful to his duty, to save the life of even one who had abused him. He had not only held fast to his charge, but had brought him ten feet nearer shore, so that he was within reach of help. I sprang into the water, seized the senseless lad and motioned Daniel to the land. He relinquished his hold, but he would not leave the water until I had safely landed the drowning boy.

It was hard work reviving the lad. He had been so long in the lake, and had swallowed so much water, it seemed as though he never would breathe again; but I finally succeeded in restoring him to consciousness. During all that time, Daniel, dripping with water, stood looking on, as anxious as any of the boy's companions; and when at last he saw the lad's eyes open, he seemed beside himself with joy.

The father of the boy was profuse in his thanks to me for saving the life of his son ; but I told him his thanks were due to Daniel, not to me. He declared that such a dog deserved a medal ; but I am sorry to relate that poor Daniel never received any further acknowledgement or kindness from the father.

The uncertainty which always attached to this large-hearted dog was often perplexing. While on my way back to the city from the country, I missed him. This had occurred so often that I looked upon it as a thing to be expected. Several weeks passed, when one day a friend called and informed me that he had seen my dog Daniel in Montreal. The statement seemed incredible, but I wrote a friend in that city to have a search made, and eventually I received the dog safely by express. He was rejoiced to see me once more, but every few days he would be coaxed away by kindness. My friend in Montreal learned that a man of that city, who was travelling, had met Daniel, had spoken kindly to him, and so completely had the affectionate fellow been won by the gentleness shown him that he had gone with the man to Canada.

A little lame boy — a mite of a fellow, whose name even to this day I do not know — came by my house daily, probably on his way to school. He hobbled along on crutches, and seemed very much afraid of the big dog that he saw out in my yard. I observed that Daniel watched the little chap with great interest, and finally one day went up to him, wagging his tail meanwhile. The little boy turned pale with fear. There they stood eyeing one another. At last Daniel put his nose against the child's hand where it was holding the crutch, and licked it as if with sympathy. The boy seemed to understand that this meant kindness ; and so he patted Daniel's head with his other hand. Such was the beginning of what proved a true and eventually a tragic friendship. The lame boy evidently had few playmates. The other boys, who romped and shouted, could not come down to the quiet ways of the little invalid. To find a companion and a playmate in the form of a large dog was certainly unexpected, but was just what he desired. He showed his joy in all his actions. So did Daniel. I have seldom seen anything more remarkable than the friendship of those two creatures.

The dog would watch each morning at the proper time for the boy's appearance. As soon as the little fellow came in sight, Daniel would run to meet him with a speed and force that almost seemed to put the child's life in danger. But the boy always stood firm, smiling pleasantly, while Daniel would pull up short just in time to prevent a collision. Then the child would talk to the dog, pat his head and stroke his ears, and off they would go together as happy as two friends could be.

Daniel appeared always anxious to help the little fellow, but at first it seemed difficult to do so. One day, however, as the boy stood leaning on Daniel, a sudden thought seemed to come to the dog. He turned and began to pull gently at one of the crutches. The child, thinking it play, feebly tried to resist; but Daniel insisted upon having the crutch. He then pushed his big body against the boy, who was almost forced to recline upon the dog's back; when off trotted Daniel with his burden, as proud as a king. The little fellow could hardly understand it at first, but it seemed great fun, and he was certainly getting over the ground faster than he ever had done with

his crutches. This was the beginning of the service into which Daniel voluntarily entered. The clock could hardly be more accurate than he was each day when he started off to take the boy to school. I knew the weight of the child upon his back was no trifle, but I never saw him flinch for a moment, although I have seen him lie in the shade and rest all day from the fatigue which the effort had occasioned. This, however, never prevented his going promptly to carry his charge home as soon as school was dismissed.

This friendship with the apparently friendless child kept Daniel from wandering away with the people who showed him kindness. He was just as hungry for kind words and caresses as ever; but he seemed to feel that he now had a duty to perform, and he never neglected it. I had long made it my practice not to interfere with his actions, for, aside from his habit of wandering away, his conduct was blameless. He was therefore at liberty to help the lame boy as much as he chose, and right royally did he do it.

One night I had been working at my desk until

midnight, although it seemed but little more than nine o'clock. I got up, closed the desk, and determined to retire; but my mind was in too active a condition for sleep. A stroll of a mile in the cool night air would settle matters, I thought; and so I took my coat and hat and started out. Daniel's kennel was in the back yard, and as soon as he heard me open the door he came bounding forward. I spoke to him, patted his head, and we walked up the street together. My thoughts were dancing all over the surface of my brain, and try as I might I could not divert them.

There were but few people on the streets, and they seemed belated and to be hurrying homeward. As I walked along, I heard the first stroke of the fire-bell. Such sounds seldom affect me. I have seen the Western plains swept by a fire as by a whirlwind. I saw the great fire of Chicago, even before the watchman on guard in his tower discovered it; and all through that terrible night I witnessed the sights and heard the sounds which its horror occasioned. All minor conflagrations have never aroused me since then, except only where

human or animal life were concerned. But as I heard the alarm this night and saw the flames a few squares away, I felt that the fire might prove the right diversion for me, and quiet the riot in my head. I therefore turned in the direction of the flames. At the next corner the engines came tearing by.

During all this time Daniel walked quietly by my side, and even as we drew nearer the fire he did not seem excited; but the moment we came in sight of the burning building, he raised his voice with a bay of agony and dashed away from me toward the crowd. I could not understand his conduct. When I reached the spot I saw him rushing about among the people, looking here and there, and scenting every footmark. Then he ran up to me, and, seizing my coat, seemed to urge me to some action, which I could not understand. At that moment the firemen came out of the building — which was a tenement — bringing some people who had been overcome by the smoke, but who fortunately were rescued in time. Daniel ran up to them, looked at each one, and came back to me howling in agony. ‘What’s the matter, old fellow?’ I inquired; but

Daniel seemed still more frantic with excitement. He tugged at my coat, he licked my hand, and sought in every way to pull me toward the burning building; but although my brain was just then so active, my comprehension was dull and I could not understand him. Then he sprang up against my chest, his panting face near mine, and a world of agony, of longing, in his deep brown eyes. How soon, how noble those great eyes were, as even in the confusion of the moment I could not help observing them. Alas! how little did I realize I was seeing that for the last time. I saw something emerging from the smoke that was pouring in clouds from the doorway. I saw the burning building.

I was amazed. Did the dog understand? Was he crazed by the fire, as horses sometimes are? I stood motionless, my eyes fixed on the door through which Daniel had disappeared.

It may have been five minutes, but it seemed to me an hour, when I saw something emerging from the smoke that was pouring in clouds from the doorway at which I gazed. The firemen came up and gathered about it, and for a moment stopped there.

I saw something emerging from the smoke that was
pouring in clouds from the doorway.
Drawing by Alex F. Keppner

Daniel seemed still more frantic with excitement. He tugged at my coat, he licked my hand, and sought in every way to pull me toward the burning building; but although my brain was just then so active, my comprehension was dull and I could not understand him. Then he sprang up against my chest, his panting face near mine, and a world of agony, of longing, in his deep brown eyes. How fine, how noble those great eyes were, as even in the confusion of the moment I could not help observing them. Alas! how little did I realize I was seeing them for the last time. He gazed earnestly at me for a moment, and then turned and ran headlong into the burning building.

I was amazed. Did the dog intend suicide? Was he crazed by the fire, as horses sometimes are? I stood motionless, my eyes fixed on the door through which Daniel had disappeared.

It may have been five minutes, but it seemed to me an hour, when I saw something emerging from the smoke that was pouring in clouds from the doorway at which I gazed. The firemen came up and gathered about it, and for a moment stopped their

fight with the flames. Then I saw a strong fireman lift a limp figure and carry it toward the group of people who had just been rescued; and then I realized it all. The senseless creature they were carrying was the lame boy — Daniel's friend — saved from death by the one he loved.

I pushed my way through the crowd, and there on the pavement, breathing hard in agony, but uttering no sound, with every particle of hair burned from his body, and his eyes closed, lay Daniel — noble, devoted Daniel. I spoke to him, and he heard me; but he was too weak even to raise his head.

I have many pets around my house, for I love animals next to men. I also have many visitors, and take pleasure in showing them these pets. My friends often speak of the peculiar creatures they see about my home — as, for example, the screech-owl (who punctuates the night as regularly as a cuckoo clock, and more noisily); but what none of them seem quite able to understand is why I keep with such special care a blind, hairless dog, covered with scars, and able only to limp feebly about. I have never cared to explain my reasons to anyone. But

now that I have written this story, all will understand that the repulsive looking dog that lives in my house, and whose nature is still as kind and gentle as that of a dove—who loves human sympathy, who never complains, and who will to-day, blind as he is, do any human being a kindness—is none other than the faithful, loving, self-sacrificing DANIEL PRATT.

A KINDERGARTEN EXPERIMENT

A KINDERGARTEN EXPERIMENT.

READER, do you love birds? I do not ask if you love to see them on the lawn or in the trees, for it is fair to assume that all refined persons love them in that way; but have you ever become really attached to them and learned to look upon them as companions? If so, let

me hope you understood and appreciated their delicacy, their sensitiveness, and their many tender qualities, better than I once did.

I lived in a city 'flat'; still worse, it was a bachelor's 'flat.' You will naturally say that this was a poor place for birds; and I quite agree with the sentiment. But if any earthly locality needs cheering, demands beautifying and brightening, surely it is the domicile of the man who lives alone. Feeling something of this need, I secured as companions

a singing canary and a beautiful bullfinch. They seemed very bright and apparently happy in their new brass cages — quite aristocratic, in fact, — although I fancied now and then I could detect a note in their voices that was not altogether one of contentment. But we got along quite well together. My manservant was attentive enough to them, and I supplemented his efforts by little kindnesses that they apparently appreciated. And yet something seemed to be not quite right with them. To this day I cannot tell positively what it was, and only assume it was simply the want of freedom.

Cage life is necessarily an irksome, monotonous existence. Carniverous animals chafe under it, even when completely tamed. Why, then, should not those winged creatures whose very being is freedom and blitheness, who dwell in the air more than on the earth, and whose free nature cannot brook confinement, have all the freedom their Creator designed? I can see those birds now, as they sat upon their perches or hopped about the cages, trying hard to be happy, but with a cloud of unrest about them all the while. Poor little things!

The habit of owning pets, like most habits, seems to be progressive. I owned two birds, and longed for more. But I was not certain just what to procure. I did not care for a parrot — a vulgar and garrulous creature, whose education, both moral and intellectual, requires almost more care than that of a child; a cockatoo seemed little better, except that he is less gaudy; while a mocking-bird becomes in time altogether too confidential. And so I did not extend the confines of my aviary.

It was while in this state of mind that I one evening attended the chicken-show at Madison Square Garden. I found it very interesting. What kings those roosters were, and how proud and defiant! And how docile and domestic the little hens seemed, even in such a strange and public place! All of these creatures were busy and alert, doing their best to entertain the company, although it was far beyond their usual hour for retiring. At last I came to a spot that appeared to possess special attractiveness. It would be hard to say whether it most resembled a hospital, a foundry, or an asylum. It was the incubator. I looked through the windows on the

side, at the nicely placed (I had almost said laid) rows of eggs, and wondered how many of them would ever become animate. Two young fellows at my side were laying wagers on the same problem; they were evidently of that class who would lay odds upon anything, even whether or not the sun would rise the following morning.

While I was still looking, something seemed to be taking place in one of the eggs. A tiny hole in the shell was visible. It enlarged, and I could see a small beak working industriously for freedom, and breaking away the shell that confined it. If I was interested before, I became absorbed then. Not a motion escaped me. Little by little the prison walls gave way, and finally there appeared a funny, fluffy little head, whose black eyes blinked wonderingly at the world. I welcomed the little stranger most cordially; but doubtless the glass which separated us prevented my congratulations from reaching him. However, he came forth successfully, looked around, and attempted to navigate the billowy sea of eggs that surrounded him. The attempt was a failure.

The falls he received would have disheartened a more mature athlete than he; and yet he did not seem to be at all discouraged — possibly just because he was so inexperienced. I felt sorry for the poor little chap, and suggested to his keeper — or guardian, or nurse, I hardly know which, — that he might perhaps be emancipated to advantage. The look I received in response conveyed to me that I was not an expert in chicken-raising. But I held my ground, and waited. It was not long before another agitation occurred in another shell-prison. This second aspirant for freedom had a harder time than his companion, but I was glad to see that he did not get discouraged, and that eventually he succeeded in gaining his liberty.

Then I approached the keeper on another tack. How much would he take for those two foundlings? Having been a witness of their courageous entry into a cold world, I naturally felt something of a god-father's interest in their welfare. The man's manner changed at once, and I found him ready to bargain. And so, without waiting to learn the fate of the remainder of the brood, I had the two little fellows

nicely wrapped in cotton, and, with a supply of chick food, stored them safely in the pocket of my great-coat. And then I started for home.

The evening was chilly, and I buttoned my coat up closely, guarding carefully the new charge which I had assumed. At a certain corner on Fifth Avenue there was a lamp post, unlighted at the time I passed. What it was that caused me to glance up, I do not know; but perched upon its top sat an owl, with all the quiet dignity which has caused that bird to become the emblem of wisdom. I spoke to him, and waved my hand aloft; but he remained serenely indifferent to all my demonstrations. Then curiosity came to the front. What in the world was the bird doing there? Where had he come from? How had he penetrated to the heart of a great city, and found lodgment on such a curious perch? I did not try to answer the questions then, nor have I ever done so since. What I did do was to swing, by the cross bar, up within reach of his owlship, quietly capture him, and store him gently away in the unoccupied pocket of my great-coat. That it was an uncalled-

for proceeding, I did not stop to think; that he might have ideas of liberty at variance with my summary action, did not enter my head, any more than it does that of hundreds of persons who are brutal through thoughtlessness.

So here was a new responsibility, and, as I began to think it over, a rather serious one. What in the world was I to do with the owl? Where was I to put him? On what should I feed him? And, for that matter, what was I to do with the quiet little chickens that were still slumbering in my pocket? I began to realize the great truth which so many heads of families have learned, that it is far easier to assume an obligation than to discharge it. But then, I was a bachelor.

One of the rooms of the Broadway 'flat' which I occupied was an inner one, and was used for storing guns, fishing-rods, and other implements of carnage. An appliance closely associated with these weapons was a 'striking bag,' suspended from the centre of the room, which I occasionally 'punched,' nominally for exercise, but doubtless more for train-

ing. Once an ill-directed blow had sent the bag flying through a window between the inner room and the one used as a library. Fortunately, a large picture, with an exceedingly heavy frame, now hung directly over the window, and hence concealed the fracture, which was meanwhile awaiting the attention of the glazier.

It now occurred to me that this inner room would be an admirable abode for my owl. In the first place, it was dark; and we all know that owls 'love darkness rather than light.' Then there were mice there, and they naturally would furnish him with food. It seemed a fortunate provision for getting rid of mice without the aid of a cat, which would not have been a congenial companion for the birds. In fact, I thought the owl question was very happily settled. How little I foresaw the outcome!

On reaching home, I deposited Mr. Owl in the inner room, upon a bracket that ran out from the wall. He seemed to take to the place kindly, and, so far as I could see, appeared to be contented. But one should never judge from appearances—especially with owls. The chickens were a much harder prob-

lem. They were, of course, new to the world, and lacking in experience, such as the owl unquestionably possessed; and, what I did not realize before, but soon learned, they were without a mother. All poultry men know that little chickens must be 'brooded'; but then, you see, I was an amateur. The minute I took them from their box of cotton they began to peep pitifully. I fed them on the yolk of an egg which the incubator man had given me, and they ate greedily. But the moment I offered to leave them they followed me like little dogs, peeping with all the earnestness of homeless wanderers. I tried to throw them down, but they would not leave me. 'The minute I took them from their box of cotton they began to peep pitifully.'

DRAWING BY J. CARTER BEARD.

In the morning I found the little fellows in very good condition, and with vigorous appetites. It was amusing to watch the fluffy little balls of down, pick-

The minute I look them from their box or cotton they
began to peep pitifully.
Drawing by J. CARTER BRAD.

lem. They were, of course, new to the world, and lacking in experience, such as the owl unquestionably possessed; and, what I did not realize before, but soon learned, they were without a mother. All poultry men know that little chickens must be 'brooded'; but then, you see, I was an amateur. The minute I took them from their box of cotton they began to peep pitifully. I fed them on the yolk of an egg which the incubator man had given me, and they ate greedily. But the moment I offered to leave them they followed me like little dogs, peeping with all the earnestness of homeless wanderers. I tried to throw them off their guard and escape from them; but it was impossible. What was I to do? Certainly I could not take them to bed with me, and the hour was late. At last I put them in a large pasteboard box in which I cut holes to admit air. I heard them peeping away, fainter and fainter, until they had apparently gone to sleep; and then I followed their example.

In the morning I found the little fellows in very good condition, and with vigorous appetites. It was amusing to watch the fluffy little balls of down, pick-

ing away at their food, and apparently contented with the conditions around them. But the moment I attempted to go away they left their food and insisted upon following me. Here was a dilemma. I needed breakfast quite as badly as did my charges, and yet they would not desert me any more than Mrs. Micawber would her worthless spouse. It was, to say the least, perplexing. After a while I managed to escape from them long enough to slip into the dark room to see how the owl was flourishing. It was so dark I could not even see his eyes; but upon lighting the burner I found him in the same position I had left him in. Apparently he had not stirred; but there was a look in his eyes I did not like. I knew he had heard the chickens in the adjoining room, and that they had been a sore temptation to him; but still he had not moved from his place. Surely, I thought, he could not be very bloodthirsty. I returned to the next room, and was received by the chickens with all the joy of lost children. I saw that the canary and bullfinch were well provided with food and water, and then I departed. I may as well confess that I drew a long breath after I reached the

street, for I had never before assumed such heavy responsibilities, especially of this kind.

I did not return home until afternoon. The first thing that greeted me upon opening the door was what appeared to be a snow-storm. The entire room seemed filled with a cloud of down. It floated up to the ceiling; it covered the carpet. I was amazed. What could it mean? Of course I looked for the cause, and, I must confess, with a beating heart and sad forebodings. There, upon the table, lay the remains of my canary, headless, and largely plucked. There was something pathetic even in his dying attitude. I looked for the chickens; but the floating cloud of down was all that indicated that they had ever existed. However thoughtless or heartless I may have been before, I broke down then and groaned aloud. These innocent creatures had been sacrificed through my heedlessness and bad management. They were under my care and protection; I had made myself responsible for their welfare and happiness, and yet I had exposed them to their natural enemy. Voluntarily assuming the office of guardian, I had basely betrayed my

trust. A realization of it all came to me with crushing force, and I was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt.

When the first emotion had passed away, I looked about for the perpetrator of the crime. There he was, perched upon a bust of Cæsar (I do not possess one of Pallas) as if he had fled for refuge to that ancient advocate of slaughter. What could I do? Logically, he was not to blame; he had only followed out his natural instincts, and I had enabled him to do so. Investigation showed that the owl had gone through the broken pane of glass, pushed aside, by a strength incredible, the heavy picture that hung before it, and thus reached the room where both chickens and birds were domiciled. The rest appeared to have been quite easy. It is probable that the owl reversed the order common to the animal man, and consumed his desert first. Certainly chicklets less than twenty-four hours old should be tender enough for the most fastidious owlet. But evidently his appetite had not been appeased by the chickens, and he felt that a portion at least of the canary was necessary.

How the little bullfinch escaped, I could not imagine. I found him somewhat perturbed, and no wonder. He had witnessed a scene of carnage in which, fortunately, he was only a spectator. I felt like congratulating him, but he was evidently in no frame of mind for conventionalities. We were pretty good friends, however, and I fancy I was able to reassure him a little. How much they love sympathy—all these small inarticulate friends of ours,—and how little we realize it or bestow it! Poor little fellow! he came up to the bars of the cage and put his tiny head against the hand I extended. He rubbed his velvet down against my roughened cuticle. He even chirped a little, in a half-frightened way, as if trying to tell me of the dreadful sight he had witnessed. I talked to him gently, and put a fresh piece of apple between the bars; but he was in no mood for dining.

And so the problem of my responsibilities had narrowed. I could now concentrate my attentions upon two instead of five dependent creatures; but I was not happy over the prospect. It is true I might have solved the question by opening the win-

dows and giving both birds their freedom. I thought of that, but what would have been the result? Assuming that the bullfinch escaped the owl (which was doubtful), how was he to exist? He had been reared as a dependent, and could not care for himself. To liberate him would have been to expose him to inclement elements, to hunger, and to all the enemies that swarm in air and on the earth to prey upon the unprotected. No, I could not do that. I continued, therefore, to carry out the responsibility I had voluntarily assumed. It was a difficult task. The little bird pined somewhat. I fancied his nervous system had received a shock from which it never fully recovered. I coaxed him with all the bird delicacies of which I had ever heard, and he seemed very grateful,—indeed, he appeared to have become especially attached to me since the death of the canary; but yet he pined. Poor little fellow! It was indeed pitiful.

But to return to the owl. He, too, failed to thrive. I never quite understood the cause, but I could see he grew weaker and weaker. I fed him carefully, and think he did not starve himself; but

he drooped. One day, as I came in, he tried to fly from his perch and fell all in a heap upon the floor. I picked him up, but he could not open his eyes, and, with a few spasms, and an occasional gasp, he passed away. While it was a relief to me, I could not help feeling sorry for the poor fellow. At the same time I began to question myself as to whether I was morally responsible not only for the miserable life he had led, but also for his death. I had made him a captive, and in captivity he perished.

At last I was reduced to one feathered pet, the bright little bullfinch that had survived all his companions. He puzzled me more and more. Apparently he was bright enough, and usually cheerful, but there was an air of sadness about him that I knew was foreign to his nature. I could see he was pining. I was ready to do anything in my power for him, but there really seemed to be nothing for me to do—at least I then thought so.

One night I came in from the club, turned on the lights, and looked into his cage. I did not see him on his accustomed perch, and upon looking the second time found him lying on the floor of his

home. I spoke, and he instantly responded, but oh, with such a feeble voice. I opened the door of his cage, took him in my hand, and tenderly caressed the poor little sufferer. He tried to raise his head, but was too weak, and it fell back helplessly. He seemed to be trying to tell me his trouble; but in vain. I knew too well he must be in agony, and that relief was probably near. Peep, peep, came in feeble tones, while every few moments a gentle flutter of the wings showed how sensitive was the sweet nature enshrined within that little frame. I could feel a tremor, like that of a small electric battery, as I held him in my hand, and knew the vibrations were growing less and less each moment. I placed him beside my cheek, where he could feel the warmth of my body, and hear my voice more distinctly; and there he lay, throbbing and breathing less and less, but apparently conscious, and grateful for my attentions. At all events he did not struggle.

Reader, have you ever held the head and felt the pulse of one whom you loved, and knew that the life current was each moment becoming slower and feebler?

Our attachments are, and should be, more toward our flesh and blood than to the dumb companions about us; but the life is the same, and the sensation the same when we feel it is about to depart.

And so I lost the last of my feathered pets — lost them largely because I did not understand them, could not comprehend their delicate and sensitive natures, and hence did not properly care for them. I deserve the severest blame, the most unqualified censure. And yet, was I so very much worse in this respect than many others who are to-day keeping pets for their own selfish pleasure and subjecting them literally to a lingering death? Do we always stop to consider, in assuming an obligation, how important it may be and what serious consequences it may involve? And do we always realize that, having once assumed such an obligation, its moral responsibility can never be evaded? How many men, presumably honorable, have sold their speeders, hunters, or carriage horses, after they have outlived their highest usefulness, regardless of the depths of humiliation and suffering to which the last days of the faithful creatures may be subjected! The enslave-

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ment of an animal places a responsibility upon the master which no fine reasoning can ever evade. As one who has learned these truths by a bitter experience that involved several innocent lives, I appeal to the readers of these pages to tenderly care for the creatures whose welfare they have assumed and the responsibility for which they cannot escape.

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