

# SOME POPULAR DOGS.

BY H. KENDRICK, JUNR.



WIRE HAISED TERRIER.

**T**HE keeping of dogs has become remarkably popular in these modern days, and it is the exception rather than the rule to meet a country pedestrian without his four-footed companion. There are, however, a number of misconceptions with regard to the keeping of these faithful creatures. Some people seem to consider that a dog can be made perfectly comfortable in a draughty barrel in any stable yard. Chained to his uncomfortable home all night long and a great portion of the day, is it any wonder that neighbours complain about the noisy animal? The first principle to be adhered to must be that of good housing, and kennels, of all sorts and varieties, are now advertised so cheaply that it scarcely pays to make one, and there is certainly no excuse for keeping a dog in anything but a comfortable home.

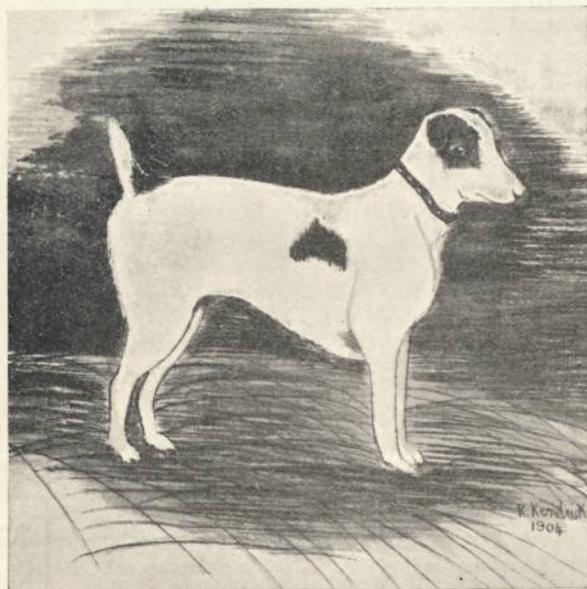
There is considerable misconception

also among dog-owners as to how to feed their animals. Some persevere with dog-biscuits alone, and boast about it. Such a diet is disastrous, for the dog comes of a purely carnivorous race, yet, contrary to all natural instincts, he is allowed not a scrap of his natural food. Dogs must have a certain amount of vegetable food for, if fed exclusively on meat, they soon become gross and the odour is unpleasant. The digestive organs must be kept fairly active and have a reasonable quantity of food to work upon, and a great portion of this food must be non-stimulating. Therefore give your dog a fair proportion of meat and make up his meal with biscuit, bread, rice, potatoes or other similar substances. Never limit your dog to one meal per day, which he will gulp down in furious haste, for the digestive organs in this way will soon become upset. The principal meal of the day should be given in the evening and after it the dog will

sleep quietly all the night and be bright and active in the morning.

There is another point which is often overlooked and that is the absolutely necessary essential to health—exercise. The various skin diseases which attack dogs are, almost all attributable to over-feeding or lack of exercise. Make a point of taking your dog out yourself. It will not only do the dog good, but do you good also, and the animal grieves for the companionship of its master. It may seem absurd to mention grief as a cause of illness, but those in the know will readily admit that 'fretting' and home-sickness are frequently the cause of tangible illnesses. It is therefore only proper and humane to look after the dog yourself and you will find that in every case the attention you give it will be amply repaid.

It is a difficult matter to recommend any particular breed. They are so numerous and all possess so many good points that it is almost impossible to differentiate. There is no doubt, however, that the



FOX TERRIER.

Terrier family is one of the most popular at the present. We give pictures of a Smooth-haired Fox Terrier, and of a Wire-haired Terrier, both of which are extremely pleasant companions. They are smart in appearance and take up very little

room. These are both useful qualifications, where space is a consideration. It is not difficult to breed these dogs, and the common belief that a host of troubles begin with the weaning of the pups is without foundation. The youngsters should be encouraged to lap as soon as they commence to crawl and they will thus be fairly well able to take care of themselves, when the mother affords them no further nourishment, and there will consequently be no check in their growth.

There is a story told of a young lady, in Scotland who, on returning from a walk, was met by her Terrier which, taking hold of her dress, began pulling her back with all its might. Yielding to the dumb importunity of her favourite, the lady allowed herself to be led to the kitchen fire where the dog commenced to fondly lick her hand, but still unable to comprehend the unusual conduct of her pet, she was about to retire when the animal sprang across the floor and, taking in his teeth the handle of a pan in which the children's porridge used to be prepared, began to drag it towards its mistress. The mystery was at once solved. The dog was, through the neglect of servants, in a famishing condition, and took this effective method of making known its wants, which were, of course attended to.

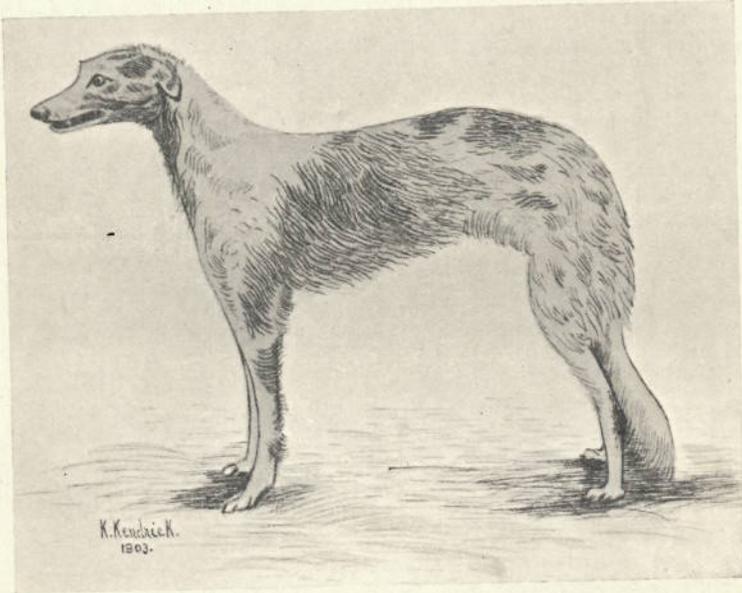
The Borzoi, or Russian Wolfhound, has recently found a stronghold in this country, and now that it has arrived it is becoming more popular daily. There is scarcely a more elegant member of the canine race, for it combines a powerful frame, nobility of appearance, and great speed in running. This hound is a large one, and in height is from 26 to 30 inches. The favourite colour is

white with orange grey or fawn patches, and a head evenly marked. Some are all white, and these are considered to be of great value in Russia. Others are white with black patches, and there are varieties of coats—one profuse and somewhat curly,

and the other silky in texture and much flatter. The Borzoi possesses a very long and narrow head, with great strength of jaw.

The Greyhound represents a popular variety with a large number of inhabitants of these isles and for fleetness of limb

cauldron was suspended in which the dogs' meat was cooked. When the meat was once in the pot and surrounded by a blaze, the cook naturally thought he might depart to attend to other duties. Such a course however could not be followed, as



BORZOI

there is nothing to surpass it. The animal is built on racing lines. The back is gently arched, the legs perfectly straight, and the cat-like feet with solid pads, add to its ability in the stern chase. The greyhound is found anything from 24 to 27 inches in height and from 40 to 70 lbs. in weight. Everyone knows of the wonderful running powers of these dogs as exemplified at the race for the Waterloo Cup each year, and the value of the fleetest of the fleet is occasionally only equalled by the value of the finest racehorse.

The well-known Mr. Youatt tells a good story which goes to prove that the Greyhound is not the silly animal which some people appear to think him. Two Greyhounds were concerned and their great weakness was meat, to possess which they would risk anything. This was serious, not so much on account of the value of the plunder, but that the consumption of it makes the dogs too fat and lazy for coursing purposes. Adjoining the kennel there was a room in which an iron

the theft of the boiling meat was certain to be the result. One dog would rear himself against the side of the pot, pat open the lid with his paw and taking any projecting scrap of the joint within his teeth, he would whip out the whole on to the floor, and when cool both the dogs would quickly eat it up. First of all the plan of tying down the lid with cords was adopted, but the dogs soon found out how to bite these asunder. Iron chains were then substituted but still the dogs' ingenuity was not to be baffled; they continued to rear themselves on their hind legs and, applying their strength at the same moment, pushed the boiler fairly off the fire and sent it rolling on the floor, but although the iron chains prevented their getting at the meat, they were able to lap up the broth as it streamed on the floor.

Another dog which we illustrate is the Dachshund. This is a peculiarly shaped animal, formed on somewhat the same lines as the Basset-hound, having the same long body and similar short and crooked

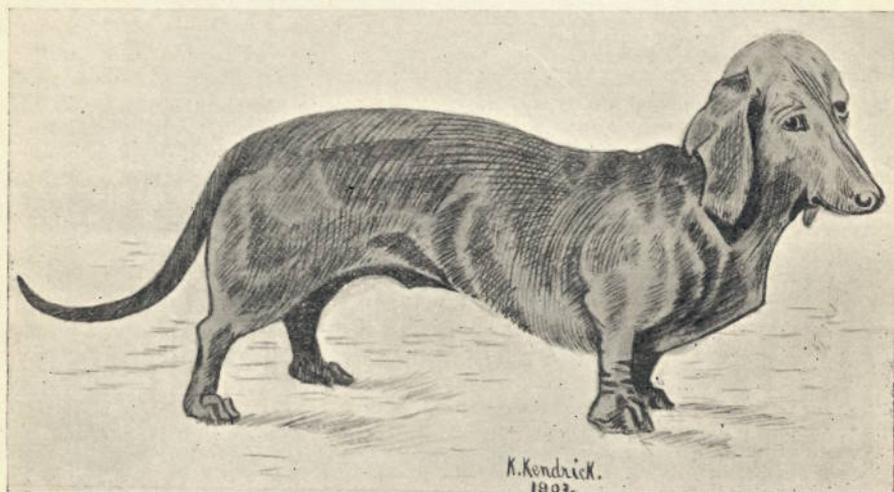
fore-legs. The back of the Dachshund is slightly more arched than that of the Basset-hound and he has not so much muscle in the hind quarters and is of course considerably smaller. The colour is red, black and tan, liver and tan, or dappled. He is generally found smooth coated. This dog has a very nice skin, which makes him particularly suitable as a pet dog, and he is a favourite with ladies, being naturally clean and good tempered. Owing to his peculiar appearance, Punch has described him as "a sort of dog you sell by the yard."

There is another variety which finds favour in an entirely different direction to the Dachshund. It is the Collie, and

most prized legacies in the canine world.

The Ettrick shepherd relates that on one occasion he happened to say, in the presence of his dog, "I am going to Bowerhope for a fortnight, but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with other dogs." Hector was absent next morning, and when his master reached Bowerhope there he found his dog sitting on a knoll, awaiting his arrival. Hector had crossed a flooded river to reach the place where he was seated.

On another occasion 700 lambs, which the shepherd had under his charge, broke away in the middle of the night and scampered off in three different parties across the hills. "Sirrah," cried the shep-



DACHSHUND.

its sagacity as a sheep-dog gives it at once a unique position in the annals of the dog world. A typical specimen of the Collie variety has strong feet, as an advantage. The eye is bright and intelligent looking, the head tapering, and the ears fall over at the tips. The body of the Collie is formed on very beautiful lines. The coat is long and flowing, especially about the neck and under portions of the legs. Underneath the coat proper there is a subsidiary coat, close and dense in the texture. This is a provision by nature which renders the dog almost impervious to cold and damp. The tail is long and flowing, and completes a very noble animal. Whether as a show specimen or a working dog, the Collie is without doubt one of our

herd to his dog, "they're awa'." The night was so dark that he did not see the dog, but the faithful animal heard his master's words and immediately set off. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion spent the night in traversing the hills for miles around, but could neither see the flock nor the dog. On their way home in the morning, however, they discovered the lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine and the dog standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but remaining true to his charge. Not one lamb in the whole flock was missing.

In conclusion I would add, that provided the general rules of health are strictly adhered to, dogs are not difficult to keep in perfect order.

## SOME ANIMAL CURIOSITIES.

**T**HERE are thousands of gulls far inland in the spring, and among the small but busy ones that search about so keenly for eatables you will often notice a much larger gull—brown or white and black. He disdains to take part in the struggle for pieces of bread at the riverside, or worms in the fields. He hangs about the outskirts like a field-cornet till some small gull gets hold of a good portion. Then he swoops down on the lucky finder, and makes a savage drive at him with his bill, buffeting him, too, with his great wings.

The smaller one dodges, and tries to get away, but is hampered by the food which he carries. At last he has to drop it and fly off, squawking indignantly. The pirate catches the food before it drops, and swallows it. He keeps up this programme all day, and is always fat and well-fed. In summer he varies the diet by visiting the rocky ledges on the coast and stealing other birds' eggs.

The dormouse does a good deal of hoarding-up during the autumn months. He lays in a good store of nuts, and other edibles, to take the edge off his appetite when he wakes up during his winter sleep. These are often stored in hollow parts of willow-trees near the ground. Unfortunately, the water-rats, that abound in such places get to know of all this commendable industry. They watch the dormice at work, and then go and levy a tax on the granary, or, in other words, eat as much of the stores as they can. There is no authority for the dormice to appeal to, for they are without the franchise; and might is the only right in animal communities. The unfortunate dormice have thus to start all over again, or die of starvation. As water-rats are increasing in numbers considerably, dormice are dying out in low-lying districts.

The American rattlesnake has a way of

quartering himself on the prairie-dogs—little guinea-pig-like beasts that settle in colonies on the plains. The prairie-dogs make burrows for themselves, and live therein; but in nearly every other burrow a rattler is quartered. The lawful owners dare not try to turn him out, so he stays there; and too often he apt to help himself to a young prairie-dog by way of dinner. Most of his meals are upon other beasts, but when times are hard he does not hesitate to make a meal of his hosts. He frequently goes to another burrow for his dinner in these cases, but at the best, is a great nuisance.

There is a small but diligent kind of beetle, common in all parts of Britain, called the waggoner, which exists in thrifty assemblies of a dozen or so. He lives on soft wood to a large extent, and makes a combined house and food-store of a young tree, by boring into the trunk and making a regular habitation of it, with galleries, apartments, and so forth. Here the tribe lives and prospers, till another beetle, known as the watchman, comes along. This person has a rooted antipathy to work, and does no wood-boring, though his principal diet is soft wood. Watchmen simply look out for the habitations made by the waggoner tribes, and take up quarters there. They exist on the wood as it is dug out by the waggoners, until the latter are eaten out of house and home. The sad part of it is that the watchman likes to vary his woody diet with meat at times, and he is not above eating one or two of his workmen, if they are plentiful.

A baser libel was never penned than that amazing bit of natural history which described the sloth as the laziest animal known. Like the snail, the poor sloth was never cut out for anything better. Even when his worst enemy, the keen-toothed jaguar, is hounding him through

the green arches of the tropical forest, the wretched sloth cannot add another yard an hour to his speed.

Here, in England, it is easy to find a dozen cases of wild creatures whose dislike for hard work far exceeds the sloth. The first duty of any self-respecting bird is surely to build a nest in which to raise its young. Yet look at the number which shirk this necessary proceeding. The kestrel never dreams of such exertion. The last year's home of a magpie suits Mr. and Mrs. Kestrel to perfection. They don't care much about the roof the careful magpie has erected, so that they roughly beat aside before laying their eggs. The sparrow-hawk, too, finds something of the same sort very handy. The house where Mrs. Carrion Crow brought up her last year's brood does well to go on with. Even the lump of rough odds and ends which has once done duty as a squirrel's nest is not to be despised.

The cuckoo has passed into a proverb, not only as the laziest of lazy birds, but as a downright thief and poacher. She not only presumes on the kindness of other birds to lay her egg in their nests, but her young, when hatched, cruelly evicts its foster brothers and sisters to perish miserably on the cold earth below. The cheeky sparrow, too, has many of the bad habits of the habitual tramp. His nest, when he makes one, is of the most untidy description, and a house-marten's mud-built abode is very much to his taste if he can seize it during the absence of its proper owner.

Some creatures are much too lazy to feed themselves. There is a large warrior ant the ancestors of which, many generations ago, captured smaller ants as slaves. In the course of ages the fighting ants have become so helpless and incapable that if their slaves do not attend them they simply perish, not knowing how or where to procure the necessary food.

To such an extent, indeed, has this degeneration proceeded, that the very struc-

ture of the Amazon Ant, as it is called, has slowly altered, till its mandibles have lost their teeth and are become mere nippers—deadly weapons indeed but useless except for purposes of war.

Not only do their slaves feed them, but also carry them on their backs from place to place.

The fish-hawk is another creature that prefers its hard work done for it. It hovers over the gulls as they are fishing, spots one rising with a plump mackerel in its claws, and swoops down like a thunderbolt. The poor gull, scared out of its senses, drops its feast, which the pirate seizes ere it reaches the water, and devours itself.

In the water one finds various creatures that are not possessed of sufficient energy to do their own travelling, and so calmly impound something else to act as steed. The remora, or sucking-fish, thinks nothing of a thousand-mile trip fastened tight on the back of a shark or the hull of a ship, and when it lets go never dreams of offering a fare, or even so much as a thank-you.

Another small fish with a big Latin name travels in the mouth of the Brazilian catfish.

Crabs, some of them, are not specially energetic. The little pea-crab generally foists himself upon the mussle or oyster, and lives in comfort on the spoils of his unwilling host. The hermit-crab seems, through ages of laziness, to have lost the power of forming for himself a shell of any kind; so to save himself from being the tit-bit for the first prowler he hides his jelly-like form in the recesses of the first old shell he comes across.

The number of creatures which trade on others for homes and places of refuge is legion. Owls live in prairie-dogs' burrows, petrels of the Chicken Islands in lizards' burrows, whilst snakes of every description take refuge in the holes dug by rabbits, tortoises, or other earth-tunnelers.





# AN ECCENTRIC ACQUAINTANCE.

By

THE REV. A. N. MALAN, D.D.

**M**R. BARKHAM was thoroughly annoyed. He wanted a walk and a whiff of fresh air before school—it was raining—and his umbrella was not to be found. Mr. Barkham denounced the man who had called on him that morning as an unprincipled scoundrel. The man had sent in his card, stating that he had come on important business; he had told an extraordinary story, and had evidently concluded his unwelcome visit by walking off with the umbrella.

Fuming with indignation, Mr. Barkham put on a macintosh, and hurried off to the police station. He told his grievance in forcible words, as he handed over the card, bearing name and address—*Mr. J. Spinks, 129, Wimbly Street, Soho*. He described the individual as of shabby disreputable appearance, dressed in ill-fitting clothes, and he hoped the police would catch him. Their efforts were ineffectual—the address on the card had no real existence—Mr. Barkham could only endure the mortification of feeling himself the victim of roguery and deceit.

The incident had in some measure lost its sting when the summer holidays came, and Mr. Barkham went off to spend a month in Devonshire.

Buddlecombe is a pleasant little seaside place, with good opportunities for cricket, lawn tennis, and golf. A steamer puts in when it is not too rough. There is no pier—the steamer feels its way to the beach, runs its nose into the shingle, lets down a gangway from the bows: you walk

up, ladies and gentlemen, and away you go.

The bathing is all that deep sea can make it, but the merciless stones are a trial to the feet, and the strong tide warns the swimmer to know his own powers. One day the policeman took a dip, and gaily swam out to sea. The tide carried him down channel; he got ashore with difficulty, and had to hobble the gauntlet back to his starting-place amid the jeers of young Buddlecombe.

Every visitor makes a point of going to Clyst Cannon. It is only a few stations from Buddlecombe. Mr. Barkham made the excursion on a very warm day. Three elderly ladies, with a long-haired dog, a parrot in a large cage, and manifold boxes and bundles, gave him plenty of occupation before the train started. He settled them into a carriage, and, not liking the companionship of parrots and long-haired dogs he got into the adjoining compartment. There he found comparative luxury—only three other men in the carriage—a corner for each of them.

The train went merrily on its way. At Plymbery a large concourse of passengers struggling for accommodation, soon filled the carriages beyond the Company's regulations. A family party beleaguered Mr. Barkham's compartment.

"Come along, 'Liza—we must get in where we can. 'Taint no use being particular. Smoker? Never mind. My! ain't it 'ot!"

'Liza followed her mother, who carried a baby. Three sturdy girls succeeded in pushing an enormous grandmother into

the carriage. Three small boys followed, and two larrikins brought up the rear.

There were now fifteen all told in the carriage, not counting the baby, and grand-mamma took up room for three. The small boys slobbered over penny-in-the-slot chocolate, and fought for the windows, clutching at any knee that offered vantage, and leaving their trade marks as they forged ahead.

Liza's mother threw out occasional hints that they were only going as far as Puddleston. Mr. Barkham, taking courage at the thought, pondered on episodes in Foxe's Book of Martyrs, and wondered if roasting before a slow fire was worse than stewing in the suffocation of an over-crowded railway carriage.

Matters improved at Puddleston—Clyst Cannon was reached at last, and Mr. Barkham alighted on the platform. While debating on his further movements he heard a call for help, and saw a passenger struggling with a large bag wedged in the doorway of a carriage.

"Will you kindly take my bag, Sir—there is only one porter in the place—I have other parcels."

Mr. Barkham lent a hand, while the passenger collected his chattels. When the baggage was marshalled in some order on the platform, the passenger said—

"I thank you for your timely assistance, Sir. I'm suffering from rabies produced by squalling babies. Ah! there's something irregular about our pronunciation of Latin—we profess to follow the English mode—then, what are we to say? Rabies and babies, or rabies and babies? I will write to *Notes and Queries* on the subject."

The passenger was dressed in a well-cut tweed suit, and his face seemed familiar to Mr. Barkham. But the passenger was first in the field of recognition.

"Ah," he said, "I thought I knew your face, Sir! Delighted to meet you again! You remember me—J. Spinks?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Barkham.

"Well, I am surprised to meet you in such an outlandish place. What brings you to Clyst Cannon?"

"I'm stopping at Buddlecombe, and the guide-book mentions Clyst Cannon as interesting for the ruins of an old feudal castle."

"Bunkum, Sir, all bunkum—you might as well be asked to admire a heap of stones by the road-side. I invite you to go one better. Let me show you a bit of

the country from a seat in my dog-cart. No refusal! I will give you lunch, and drive you back in the cool of the evening. And oh—by the way—I took the liberty of borrowing your umbrella the other day, which I forgot to return—you shall have it with full apologies for my rudeness."

Mr. Barkham was so bewildered by the unexpected meeting, the transformation of the disreputable individual who had purloined his umbrella, the humour of his frank confession—that, before he could fully grasp the situation, he found himself seated in the dogcart. The groom nimbly stowed the luggage, Mr. Spinks mounted, and at a light crack of the whip the mare stepped out bravely, and away they whirled down the long street. Mr. Barkham felt the exhilaration of flying through the fresh air with keen enjoyment, after his late experience of the train. His companion made himself most agreeable, with a fund of anecdote and interesting information about the neighbourhood. But he was thinking of the former interview.

Suddenly Mr. Spinks turned his face full upon Mr. Barkham.

"Now, Sir," he said, "tell me honestly—did you take me for a swindler, or a lunatic, when I paid you a visit?"

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Barkham, "your behaviour was a little eccentric. The address on your card could not be identified."

"Oh—so you called in the aid of the police! Ah, I must be more cautious in future. Let me explain. I have no address when I go to London. I spend a night at one hotel, and the next at another. I like variety. One day I passed a shop window in which visiting cards were displayed—printed while you wait. I had a fancy to see how it was done. The man printed my name, and asked for an address. Wishing to oblige, I coined one. He made no objection. I regret that it caused you inconvenience."

"It was only a passing annoyance, but may I ask what brought you to Sandhurst? You expressed surprise at my coming to Clyst Cannon—let that be my excuse for the inquisitive question."

"I was spending a few days at Crowthorne, and, being an admirer of Charles Kingsley, I was on a pilgrimage to Eversley. It looked threatening for rain, and I had no umbrella. So I matured a little plot. I called at your house and borrowed the article wanted."

"Your fertility of resource is remarkable! But the experiment was liable to misconstruction—"

"A trifle odd, perhaps—nothing worse—I forgot to return the umbrella, and have apologised for my forgetfulness."

"There is one more little point," said Mr. Barkham, "I cannot help contrasting your appearance to-day with your—er—er—"

"Put it strong, sir; don't spare me—say, shabby beggar-man appearance, I deserve it, but let me explain. My friend at Crowthorne is one of nature's gentlemen, though his lot is cast in humble circumstances. My luggage went astray. I got wet, and had to borrow some apparel from my host."

Mr. Barkham admitted that the explanation was satisfactory.

They were now driving over high ground, with a panoramic view of genuine Devonshire outspread before them. Heather-clad regions, golden with gorse, sloped in generous folds towards the sea. Multitudinous elms crowded the vast expanse of low-lying lands. Villages with stately church-towers, the gleaming waters of Exmouth estuary, the slumbrous hills rising beyond—every feature of the landscape contributed to a picture of varied beauty.

"That is my cottage," said Mr. Spinks, presently, pointing with the whip to a gabled roof among elms, down in the vale. By an easy descent winding through a lane, cool with the shade of over-arching trees, and blotched with sifted sun-gleams, they soon reached an open gate.

"Monarch of all I survey!" said Mr. Spinks, as the mare pricked her ears and sped up the drive, fringed with greenest turf. Beds of old-fashioned flowers, rose trees laden with bloom, and well-trimmed shrubs, graced the approach to the cottage. It was covered with draperies of clematis, jasmine, honey-suckle, and rambling roses. Two spreading myrtle bushes stood as sentinels at the door of this artist's paradise. "Welcome to Myrtle Dene!" said Mr. Spinks. "Enter, sir, and find a cool respite from the fiery beams of Apollo."

They passed in, and the guest was ushered into a room with open windows at each end, which gave free play to the breeze.

"The lunatic's den, sir! Take that chair—you'll find it comfortable. Let me offer you a Havanah in prime condition. King Edward himself, God bless him, could hardly find a better."

Mr. Barkham, filled with amazement,

settled himself to enjoy the fragrant weed. He let his eyes wander round the room. Water-colours elegantly framed, cabinets filled with curios, brackets laden with quaint ornaments, ivory netskies, statuettes in bronze, marble, and alabaster; Indian and Chinese carvings, polished agates, medallions, grotesque gnomes, war-clubs and weapons, suggesting the skill of South Sea islanders, cases of stuffed birds in gorgeous plumage—these adornments were arranged in a bewilderment of colour and variety. Panel-work of black oak was surmounted by a broad dado of foliated pattern in brown and white wood. A book-shelf well stocked, a library table not too crowded with the paraphernalia of the pen to leave space for a bowl of blush-roses, a revolving library-chair, and the two arm-chairs in which the guest and his host sat, completed the furniture of the room.

Mr. Barkham gazed in amazement to think that he had denounced the master of this wonderful array as an unprincipled rogue! He detected a twinkle of humour in his host's eye.

"You have a most charming study, Mr. Spinks; I am lost in admiration!"

"Well, sir, you see, I'm a lonely man, blest with sufficient means to indulge my tastes. I have picked up odds and ends abroad, and when I'm at home I have to make my own amusements. I sketch a good deal—those are some of my daubs on the wall. I pick up pebbles, and polish them—" he got up and took a specimen from a cabinet—"here's a beautiful bit of shell-agate from Sidmouth."

Mr. Barkham examined it, and expressed his appreciation of its merits.

"And what are those medallions?" he asked; "Antiques from Pompeii?"

"No, sir—mere swindles, worthy of the swindler you took me for—sections of thigh-bones of Devonshire oxen and plaster of Paris. . . Those coloured ones are horse-chestnuts—when dried, they cut like ivory. . . These gnomes are carved from the bark of *Pinus Pinaster*, with chestnut heads—fine occupation for winter evenings. . . These war-clubs are fashioned from limbs of trees—I'm fond of prowling about the woods, and always carry a pocket saw. . . I worked the dado with a red-hot poker—common deal."

"I have no words to express my admiration," said Mr. Barkham; "I bow to you, Mr. Spinks, as an artist of versatile genius and unrivalled skill!"

"You flatter me, sir! A Yankee turn for whittling would be nearer the mark. My mother came from Boston."

The tour of the room was hardly finished, when luncheon was announced. An appetising repast was served, with wortle-berries and cream to conclude. Afterwards a siesta, with desultory conversation between puffs of fragrant smoke. Mr. Spinks told pithy anecdotes of his varied experiences. On one occasion he had been present at a cannibal feast in Africa. "They served up *man*, roast and boiled. I tried each—tender and good—something like pork." He told an amusing yarn about two of his neighbours—Captain Penguin, Inspector of the Coastguard, and Sir Henry Keslake, of Lymcross Court. Sir Henry was a little man, very deaf, somewhat of a recluse, not well known in the neighbourhood. One day he went to call on Captain Penguin, whom he knew intimately. He walked into the house without ringing the bell—went into the dining-room and drawing-room. Not finding the Captain at home, he sat down to write him a letter. A new maid found him seated in her master's study. She accosted him—he could not hear a word she said, and got angry. She was frightened, and, taking him for a burglar, she went to a public-house hard by, frequented by sailors. She asked them to come and turn out a vagabond. Only too ready for a row they rushed to the house, seized the old gentleman by the scruff of the neck, and kicked him out of the house.

The afternoon waned, and Mr. Barkham hinted that it was time to leave.

"Right, sir—always speed the parting guest—we'll order the trap. Meantime you must see my Great Dane. I call him *Colbrand*, after the Danish giant, who fought with the Earl of Warwick in the days of Athelstan. . . Ah, I was forgetting, I must restore your umbrella. . . Here it is."

Mr. Barkham received it with thanks, and they went to the stables. While the mare was being harnessed, Mr. Spinks opened the upper door of a loose box. A deep growl greeted him, and the majestic head and fore-paws of a hound, as large as a calf, appeared over the edge of the lower door. The master went up and caressed the huge beast. Then he suddenly said to him, "Colbrand, you old *scoundrel*!" The dog cowered back to the furthest corner of the box, grovelling in the straw.

"Power of the human voice, sir!" said Mr. Spinks; "When I first had that hound, he was so savage that I dared not go near him. I tamed him in a week. I shut him up in the yard, and three times a day I used to stand at that open window and repeat the word *scoundrel* to him twenty times. At first he only growled and tried to leap at me. Then he seemed surprised, and gradually showed symptoms of shame. At last the first utterance of the word utterly cowed him. Then I went into the yard like a lion-tamer—fed him—made friends with him. The magic word was my talisman. Whenever he forgets himself it quells him in a moment."

Mr. Spinks went into the box, and played with the monster. "You want some water, old boy—would you kindly fill the bucket, sir—mind how you turn the tap."

Mr. Barkham took the bucket, and turned the tap. Instantly the bucket was dashed from his hand by a rush of water, fierce as high-pressure steam escaping from an engine. Mr. Barkham had presence of mind to turn back the tap. The action was followed by subterranean noises which might have been the prelude of an earthquake. The brick pavement was upheaved, and a fan-shaped fountain burst like a sheet of corrugated glass high into the air. The effect was magnificent. Fully to the height of 50 feet spouted the flood with violent effervescence. It was caught by the breeze, and dispersed in vapourous clouds with beautiful rainbow effects. Mr. Barkham raised his umbrella to keep off the drenching rain. He wondered how the simple turning of a tap should produce such extraordinary results.

Mr. Spinks showed no surprise. He left the loose box, and sharing the umbrella, he led Mr. Barkham to a shelter from the storm.

"Ring up the contractor, John," he called to the groom. "Oh, my water-works!"

"It is a grand show!" said Mr. Barkham.

"Grand, Sir? Do you think it a *show* provided for the entertainment of my guests? There's nothing grand in having 20,000 gallons of water discharged in a thunder-storm, and then to be left without a drop for a week!"

"Is that so?"

"Let me explain. When I bought this place, the water had to be fetched from a farm a mile away. They told me I could

get an inexhaustible supply by sinking a well. I sank a well 200 feet and got none. There was a splendid spring on the hill yonder, but it ran down the wrong slope. I hatched a noble scheme—to divert the stream, build a reservoir, and lay down pipes to the cottage. I settled with a man to do the job for £300, and keep it in repair for a year. It has been finished two months, and the contractor has had his hands pretty full. We have had three bursts similar to this already. I accuse him of laying down inferior pipes. He says they are the best made. I tell him they ought to be three times as strong—he says no pipes could stand water at 400

feet pressure. I tell him he should have known that before he took on the job—he growls and calls himself the biggest fool born. I don't care to dispute that statement. Luckily he is on the spot, so he can start again to-morrow. The storm will have abated by mid-night—and I shall have no water for a week."

The dog-cart was brought round, and they drove to Clyst Cannon, where Mr. Barkham took leave of his host with profuse thanks for his hospitality. And as he journeyed back to Buddlecombe, Mr. Barkham reviewed the day's experience, and reflected that it is not always fair to form a judgment on first appearances.



## FABLES.

### THE OAK AND THE IVY.

"**W**ILL you allow me, sir?" said the ivy to a gnarled old oak. "I won't intrude without your permission."

The oak looked down at his feet, which the ivy was covering, but made no answer.

"What a ragged old fellow you are," said the ivy, when she had reached half way up the massive trunk. "I have covered knots and knobs innumerable in you: you may thank me for looking so handsome."

"Do you think we shall sell for much?" said the ivy, as she grew up to the topmost boughs. "I see they have been marking us. I presume we are in the same lot. You are aware that you owe all your beauty to me."

The oak was felled, and the ivy lay withered and trailing on the ground. "Alas!" she cried, "how could I so forget myself? I knew I was but ivy when at the bottom of the tree, but when I got to the top I thought I was an oak!"

\* \* \* \*

### JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

"**T**HEY'RE going to hang Snap!" said Frisk, my lady's Blenheim, as she stood wagging her tail with great animation on the top of the kitchen-steps looking out into the yard.

"Well, who'd have thought it!" said Growler. "But I'm not surprised when I reflect; that was what master and the groom were talking about yesterday, no doubt, for they looked at him."

"They're measuring his neck for a rope," said Frisk, scampering off.

"Snap's going to be hanged," said Growler to Tray.

"Indeed! well, I thought he looked very low-spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all; but are you sure?"

"Oh, I fancy he has the rope round his neck already."

"Only think of Snap," said Tray to Lion, the Newfoundland dog.

"What about him?" said Lion, apparently more inclined to think of something else.

"Going to be hanged, that's all."

"And enough too," said Lion. "When?"

"Oh, I doubt if he isn't hanged already; I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago."

"Poor fellow! what's it for?"

"I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to the master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says."

"I thought he was a great favourite."

"Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately."

"When did you notice it?"

"I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but anyone might have seen it long ago."

"I never saw it."

At this moment Snap ran into the yard with a new collar on.

"Hey, what's this?" said Lion, as Snap trotted from one to another to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top of the steps and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler, "Who'd have thought they were measuring him for a collar?"

# A TRIUMPH OF ENGINEERING.

## PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

NATURE did not altogether do the work of making Plymouth Harbour, although it was in use long before its present splendid security was acquired. As a roadstead, the Sound was made insecure for centuries by its exposure to gales from the south, and it was only when the engineer's art was called into activity that a remedy was found. The remedy consists of the noble Breakwater, which breaks the force of the Channel's angriest storms, and preserves a sure and safe anchorage behind it.

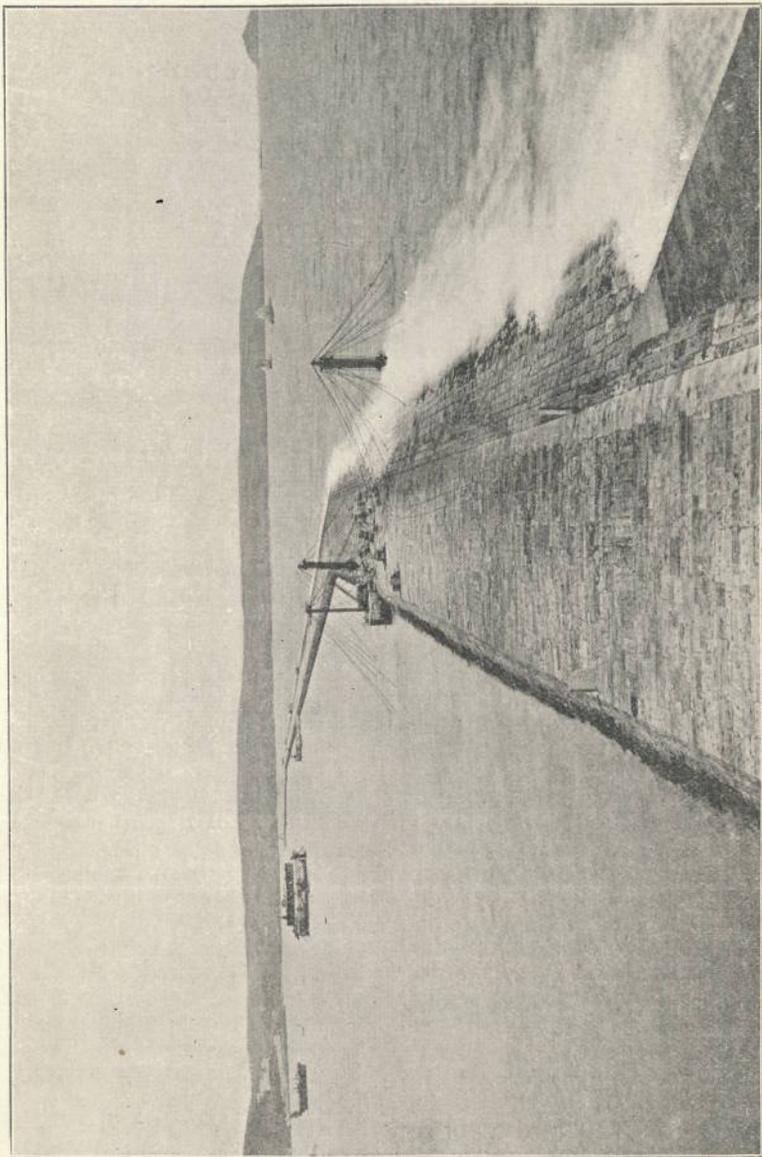
It was originally suggested by Admiral Earl St. Vincent, when Earl Grey was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1806, and Rennie, senior, designed it. His plan was to form a basis for the stupendous work by casting into the sea huge angular blocks of rock, weighing from two to ten tons, intermingled with rubble, which the waves would fix in such positions as to be in the end impregnable to their assaults. Its curved form was adopted as presenting the greatest face resistance. The cost was estimated at £1,055,000, and 2,000,000 tons of stone were deemed sufficient to complete the undertaking.

This great work was begun in 1811, one of the first contracts entered into being the leasing of 25 acres of limestone for £10,000, at Oreston, on the Cattewater. In the year 1812, quarries were opened, rails laid, wharves built, and other developments affected. By the springtime of 1813, 50,000 tons of rock had been deposited, and the work done became in part visible at low water; later in the year an army of navvies were at work on it, and in the following year (1814) the structure grandly withstood the fiercest onslaught of a terrific storm, the water protected by it being calm enough for ships to shelter in. Year by year the work continued. In 1816, 333,000 tons of stone

were deposited, and matters appeared to be progressing rapidly, but in the following year a hurricane displaced 200 yards of the upper rubble, and some modifications in Mr. Rennie's original plan became needful.

Herein the sea itself was the first engineer; it indicated where the weakness was, and taught Rennie how, where and at what angle to form his resisting slope, in this way vastly adding to the stability of the work. The waves formed an angle of repose at which their successors might lash vainly for centuries to come. During that terrific, if useful storm, the *Jasper* warsloop and *Telegraph* schooner, which had anchored outside the Breakwater, were totally wrecked and their crews drowned.

Rennie the elder died in 1821, and the prosecution of the work fell into the hands of his son, Sir John Rennie, who made many modifications and improvements in the plans. The difficulties he encountered were appalling, but by one device or another they were all surmounted, the lighthouse was built, and finally, in 1847, after nearly forty years' hard work and anxiety, something like completion was attained. The structure has now been tested long and severely, and shows no signs of weakness anywhere. The perfect repose of its angular rock formation in depth of water varying from 18 to 45 feet, is as great as if Nature had placed them there, and not man. But the Breakwater proved a more stupendous and costly work than its originators contemplated. More than 4,000,000 tons of stone were used in its construction, and the cost was little less than £2,000,000. Within it there is a fort of first-class strength, mounting ten heavy guns, perhaps one of the strongest places in the world, harmless as it appears. The entire length of the Breakwater is 1,700 yards, its breadth of base 120 yards, and its height 50 feet.



PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER.

## ANECDOTES.

### Obvious.

They were sappers of the Royal Engineers, and they were testing one of the new military balloons. Merrily they sailed away, till it seemed they had come far enough, and they determined to descend and ascertain their precise location. They came down over a field where a rustic was at work.

"Hi, Johnny! where are we?"

The Bucolic one gazed upward in amazement, and the gallant warrior thought he had not heard.

"Can you tell us where we are?" he bawled. And just as the balloon drifted past came the answer:

"Whoy, ye be in a balloon, bean't ye?"

The sappers' comment on the reply is really not worth recording.

\* \* \*

### Didn't Answer.

Little Jimmy Roberts was the most junior reporter on the "Slowfield Times," and one of his first commissions was to report an address by an eminent traveller and engineer. Now, little Jimmy had stored away in his capacious mind a row of patent memory pegs, on which to hang important facts. Unfortunately, one of those memory pegs broke off short on this occasion. He noticed that the eminent lecturer was described as a Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.

"H'm!" he said. "M.I.C.E.—mice. That's an easy combination. I shall remember that easily."

But, as we have said, the memory peg broke off, with the consequence that the chief-sub had a fit when he read Jimmy's "copy" which began:

"An exceedingly interesting lecture was given last evening by Mr. Thomas Jawkins, R.A.T.S.!"

\* \* \*

### A Poser.

Little Tommy Tubbins was taking his first lessons in astronomy, and, in his usual taking way, was putting his dear papa through his paces.

"What I want to know, dad," he said confidentially, "is this. Can you tell me if the moon is inhabited?"

"Well, Tommy," said Tubbins senior, after a frantic dive into the archives of his

memory, "some astronomers think it is and some think not; but the general opinion is that it is."

"Many people live there, dad?"

"Yes," said pa. "It is supposed that there are more people in the moon than in the earth!"

"I say pa!"

The old man wiped his brow.

"What is it?"

"Mustn't they be crowded when there's a new moon?" \* \* \*

### Why Freddie was Unhappy.

"You do not look happy Freddie," said his class-teacher. "What is wrong?"

The boy's blue eyes filled with tears, and he had to take a shy bite at his apple for comfort.

"I ain't happy, teacher," he said; "and it's all your fault."

"My fault? What do you mean?"

Freddie had to take two bites at his apple this time before he could get his voice under control.

"Why," he said, "you remember you told us that it was a poor rule which wouldn't work both ways?"

"Yes."

"Well, I thought it wasn't right for father to have a poor rule, so I took his new brass-bound two-footer and bent it till it worked both ways, and then father he said I'd broken the joints, and he spanked me! Boo-hoo!"

\* \* \*

### Oratory.

The lecturer was excelling himself. His metaphors may have been a trifle mixed, and his oratory a little perfervid; but what did that matter when loud cheers greeted every sentence? Imperial unity was his theme, and as he neared the end he felt that something great was demanded of him in the way of peroration. By degrees he worked himself up to the climax, and then the words gushed forth like water from the rippling brook.

"Patriotism" he cried—"Patriotism is the back-bone of the British Empire! And, gentlemen what have we to do with that back-bone to bring it to the front!"

Then he sat down, and felt he had surpassed himself indeed.