GREAT St. BERNARDS.

THE Great St. Bernard of the present day is a powerful animal, as large as a mastiff, with close short hair and pendulous ears, and varying in colour.

These dogs are kept by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard in their convent founded in 962 by Bernard de Menthon, a neighbouring nobleman, for the benefit of pilgrims journeying to Rome, and situated on one of the most dangerous passes between Switzerland and Italy, near the top of the Great St. Bernard, 8120 feet above the sea. It now affords sleeping accommodation for 80 travellers, and can give shelter to about 300.

A ROUGH HAIRED ST. BERNARD.

The Hospice is connected with a station in the valley below, from which the monks above are warned by telephone when travellers are on their way up the mountain. The keepers of the Hospice are a dozen or so of Augustinian monks, all young and strong, and their work is, with the aid of their dogs, to rescue travellers who are in danger of perishing from the snow and cold.

On such occasions these sagacious and powerful dogs set out from the convent in pairs, generally an old dog and a young one, one of them bearing a little barrel of spirits attached to his neck, and the other with a cloak. Should they come upon a baffled yet struggling traveller, they conduct him to the convent, but should he have succumbed, and be covered by the snow, their keen scent detects his presence, although buried several feet below the surface. By loud barking (and a young dog of this breed kept some years ago in the suburbs of Edinburgh was able to make itself heard a mile away) they apprise the monks of the need of succour, while with their feet they attempt to clear away the snow from the body.

In this way these dogs are instrumental in saving many lives every year, although often at the sacrifice of their own: one dog which thus met with its death wore a medal stating that it had been the means of saving 22 lives.

The rigorous cold of the pass, and the difficulty of breathing the rarified air, often

do injury to the health of the monks in charge.

The St. Bernard dog, according to the traditions of the monastery, is a cross between a Danish bull bitch and a mastiff, a native hill dog, though at what time it was effected it is impossible to say. The breed was kept pure until 1812, when, owing to the severity of the winter, all the females succumbed to the cold, and the monks found themselves without the means of continuing the true breed.

Then they tried a cross with a Newfoundland, which at first failed, owing to the excessive coat of the Newfoundland, which hampered the dogs in the snow; but by degrees the monks obtained the desired shortness of coat, though occasionally specimens were born with rough coats—these were sold or given away to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who continued to breed them, so that St. Bernard dogs soon became general in Switzerland.

About 1860 they first attracted the attention of English travellers, who imported them to Britain, where they were exhibited, and at once excited much notice on account of their size and beauty. Others were introduced, and the St. Bernard soon was established as the most popular big dog, a popularity which has gone on increasing.

The St. Bernard, as bred to modern English ideas, is an immense red or orange coloured dog, marked with white on muzzle, neck, chest, feet, and tip of tail. The head should be massive and imposing, with a strong square muzzle. The coat of the rough variety is of medium length, it should not be too curly. In the smooth variety the coat should be short and wiry.

Many of the finest St. Bernards measure over 30 inches high at the shoulder, and weigh over 150 lbs. As a rule they are good tempered, though many are not to be trusted.

So many stories have been told showing the cleverness and sagacity of these beautiful dogs, that we shall have to content ourselves with a few; by care and training they can be taught to do almost any trick, and their instinct sometimes approaches the human understanding, and is truly astonishing.

There is a gentleman in Edinburgh who possesses a St. Bernard named Dandie, who is well-known throughout the whole neighbourhood, because of his intelligence and the many proofs he gives of his powers.

When his master goes to a party he invites every member of the company to throw a penknife on the floor, and the dog will, when commanded, select his master's knife from the heap and bring it to him. A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master has previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him. A comb was hidden on the top of the mantlepiece in the room, and the dog required to bring it, which he almost immediately did, although in the search he found a number of articles also belonging to his master purposely strewed around, all of which he passed over, and brought the identical comb which he was required to find.

One evening, his master having some friends at his house, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could nowhere be found.

Dandie's master, seeing the dog sitting in a corner, looking very innocent and unconscious, said to him:

"Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit," whereupon the dog immediately jumped up and laid the shilling on the table, having slily picked it up when it was dropped.

Another time, his master having spent the evening out, returned home after all his family had retired for the night, and could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could it be found anywhere in the room.

"Dandie," said he, "I cannot find my boot-jack—search for it."

The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened. Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house, and soon returned carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa.

A number of gentlemen well acquainted with Dandie are in the habit of giving him a penny when they meet him, which penny he takes to a baker's shop and purchases a cake for himself. One of these gentlemen was accosted by Dandie one day in expectation of his usual present.

"I have not got a penny with me to-day,' said the gentleman, "but I have one at home."

Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which

was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny.

By way of a joke he was given a bad penny, which he as usual carried to the baker, but was refused his cake as the money was bad. He immediately retraced his footsteps and knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet and walked away in the greatest contempt.

Although Dandie generally makes an immediate purchase with the money he receives, yet he possesses a good deal of prudent foresight. One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed to bring home a cake. His master being surprised at this, sent a servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task the dog seemed quite unconcerned until she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. His master then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling, while the servant went under the bed, where she found 7½d. under a piece of cloth; but from that time Dandie could never endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide his money in a corner of a sawpit, under the dust.

The two following anecdotes will show the devotion of St. Bernards to their masters, and how they are often instrumental in saving their lives.

One winter's night a farmer in Kent was returning late from market in a state of intoxication. He went astray from the road, and becoming completely benumbed, he fell amongst the snow, on one of the coldest nights ever known. Turning on his back he was soon overpowered by sleep. His dog, that had followed closely after him, now scratched away the snow from about him, so as to form a protecting wall about his person, and then lay down on his master's breast, for which its shaggy coat proved a seasonable protection from the inclemency of the night and the snow which continued to fall.

On the following morning, a man having gone out with the expectation of falling in with some wild fowl, had his notice attracted by the way in which the snow was heaped up, and on approaching, the dog encouraged him by the most significant gestures to come near its master. He wiped the icy incrustation from the face of the farmer, whom he then recognised, and had him conveyed to the nearest house in the village, where animation was soon restored.

A GENUINE ST. BERNARD.

There can be little doubt that the dog, by covering the most vital part, had prevented stagnation of the blood, and thus preserved the life of its master.

The farmer was not ungrateful, but refused to part with the dog, though a large sum was offered for it, saying that as long as he had a crust of bread he would share it with the preserver of his life.

Our last story is about a fisherman who lived on the coast of Iceland, and who left his home early on a December morning with the intention of paying a visit to a friend. His way lay twenty-six miles

eastward over a mountainous desert. The weather was bright and frosty, and some snow had fallen and covered the ground. His faithful dog, Castor, was his only attendant over the trackless wilds.

When he had proceeded about twelve miles from home he fell into a deep chasm, and alighted unhurt on a shelving part of the rock, about sixty feet below the surface. Castor ran about in all directions, howling mournfully, and seeking in vain for some passage to lead him to his master. He frequently came to the place from whence the latter fell, and looked down whining with much anxiety to receive his commands. Three or four times he even seemed determined to leap down, and was only prevented by much scolding from his master. In this perplexing situation he ran about the whole day. Late in the evening, however, a better idea seemed to have entered his mind, for he ran home, which he reached about eleven o'clock, and found the door shut, all the inmates of the cottage having retired to sleep.

He scratched violently at the door until he awoke the family, when his master's younger brother arose to let him in. Thinking the dog had strayed from his master, and had in consequence returned home, he proceeded towards his bed, but Castor flew to him, scratched him with his paw, and then went to the door and howled. Some food was offered to him, which he refused to eat, but again ran howling to the door; nor would he desist from visiting all the beds in the cottage and scratching and yelping, till two of the men dressed themselves and followed him, on which he began to bark in that manner in which dogs are in the habit of expressing their joy.

They had not gone far on their way when the weather became extremely boisterous, and they thought of turning back; but on their turning back, Castor expressed the utmost dissatisfaction, and pulled them by the clothes to induce them to proceed.

They did so, and he conducted them to the chasm where his master was confined. He began to scratch away the new fallen snow, and signified by a most expressive yelp that his master was below, on which one of the men shouted, and an answer was returned from below.

A rope was soon after procured, and the traveller safely drawn up, when Castor rushed to his master, and, with enthusiastic cordiality, showed his extreme joy.

* * *

The following paragraph, which recently appeared in the daily papers, is typical of others which appear at intervals, and goes to show the wonderful value of these animals in the snow:—

"About 200 tourists, English, American, and Continental, had a narrow escaped on the St. Bernard, yesterday, whither they had climbed to escape the great heat. A sudden storm broke, and snow fell, blocking the path. By the aid of the monastery dogs, however, the tourists made their way to safety."

Our Match with Amanda College.

By the Rev. A. N. MALAN, D.D.

OH, what a day was the twelfth of May!
Not a cloud or a wreath of mist;
And the sky so blue with a dazzling hue
Of sapphire and amethyst!

There were none to lag when the four-horsed drag
Drove up to the Highfield gate;
We climb on board with blithe accord,
Courageous hearts elate:
Such joyful lads!—bats, shoes, and pads,
Panoply for the fray;
And off we race, at a spanking pace
Along the King's highway.
With a glorious clamour and whirl of wheels,
Clatter and clink of flashing heels;
Horses straining at collar and trace—
Models of beauty, and strength, and grace!
Nature exulting, seemed to say,
'Never a thought of work to-day!'

Greek and Latin for brains that are thick,
Algebra, Euclid, Arithmetic;
History, Geography, German and French—
Agony worse than a dentist's wrench—
Essay, Translation, and Exercise,
Fondly supposed to make boys wise;
Grammar, Dictation, Verse and Prose—
We throw them all to the kites and crows.
No thought of books—no gloomy looks
That frown on the road to knowledge;
For we were to play, on that twelfth of May,
The match with Amanda College.

Down the valley, and up the hill,
By the river, and past the mill,
Rush-grown swamp, and reedy pool,
Shadowy nooks and corners cool;
Haunt of plover and willow-wren,
Mosterton Marsh and Hawthorn Glen;
Oaken coppice and grove of pine,
Heathery waste and furze-clad chine;

Now with a song as we bowl along,
  Now with a shout of glee;
Now with a laugh, and now with chaff,
  We drive right merrily!

* * *

We tossed for innings—the florin spun
  Skywards, and fell—Amanda won.
Their luck they praised, their hopes they raised,
  And swaggering said we should have the fun
Of hunting the leather till set of sun.
  And, oh! they looked so gallant and tall
In scarlet blazers, and tossed the ball
  From one to another with mighty jerk,
And never the tightest catch would shirk!
  College men all—we Highfield boys
Felt rather abashed by their swagger and noise;
  We seemed but imps, insignificant shrimps,
Beside the lobsters boiled but bold:
  Would they bowl lobs? Not they, fast round,
Or daisy-croppers along the ground,
  With a fearful twist—so we were told.

Their innings began—a stalwart man,
Shaven and sleek, professor of Greek,
Stepped down to the wicket with jaunty air;
His comrade followed, thick-set and square,
With a black moustache *à la militaire*;
They flourished their bats and smiled in scorn
At the Highfield boys, on that blithe May-morn:
They whistled and crowed, and seemed to say,
'We'll make mince meat of you lads to-day!'
They cut and they drew, and they drove to the 'on,'
They smacked us to 'leg'—Harry Stevenson
Changed his bowlers, and still the score
Rose 10, 20, 30, and more,
Growing as tall as a grim giraffe
On the gaunt black face of the telegraph.

At last the professor of Greek was out—
A shooter sent him 'right about';
Our next opponent failed to score—
Two wickets down for eighty-four.
Telegraph soon showed ninety for three—
Had we a chance of victory?
Four and five increased the score
To runs one hundred and twenty-four;
Six made twenty; seven and eight
Were very sorry, but could not wait,

Nine made ten, and Ten made none—
Total one hundred and eighty-one.

Harry advised us during lunch
To take it easy, and not to munch
Too much plum-pudding, and not to quaff
Anything stronger than shandigaff.
We took his advice, but I grieve to say
It did not improve our feeble play.
Down went our wickets, alas and alack!
Our cheeks turned blue, and our looks were black:
Dawson was out for a meagre seven,
Hercules only achieved eleven;
I made a duck with the worst of luck,
  Aston was bowled first ball;
Jones was no more with 'leg-before,"
  Harry outlived us all.
Harry had played in splendid form,
And weathered the brunt of the leathern storm;
Forty and five had he made in style,
Cool as a cucumber all the while.
Harry of course would carry his bat,
But very poor comfort, alas! was that.
The ninth wicket fell for 72—
There only remained old Bob Carew.

Poor old Bob! he raised no throb
Of hope in our hearts! we thought that a lob
Would decide his fate, and settle the job:
But he poked away, and managed to play
Several balls in a rustic way;
His aim was true, and he snicked a few,
While Harry hit lustily—'Go it, Carew!'

Confident grew the bold Carew,
He swung his long arms and swiped anew;
Oh, it was grand, that splendid stand!
Harry and Bob—to see them hit!
Round or lob didn't matter a bit!
A three to leg and a cut for five,
Six to the 'on' with a slashing drive;
A wide, and a three, and a bye for two—
Ones and threes, and another six
That hit the pavilion and rattled the bricks—
  The ball was a wandering Jew.
Oh! there's a catch—'twill lose the match!
  Who on the ball dare bet?
We held our breath for life or death—
Dufferton missed it! A wild 'hurrah'

Burst from our lips and echoed far—
  Only three runs to get!
Slinger was bowling—his aim was true,
But it cleared the bail of Bob Carew;
Longstop missed it—a twoer bye;
A maddening cheer proclaimed the tie!
With heart in mouth, in hope and fear
We still kept up that frenzied cheer.
The next ball sped on its fatal course,
Straight for the middle with awful force;
Bob played forward – oh! horror! he's caught!
Slinger can reach it! Quick as thought
He springs to the grasp! He has it—he trips –
The ball through his buttery fingers slips!
They run! Hurrah! Well done! Well run!
The battle is ended! We've won! We've won!

Wild with excitement we rush on the ground,
Some seized Harry, and some did carry
Bob on their shoulders. Never before
Did shouting swell such a mighty roar!
Never in annals of Highfield lore
Shall be forgotten that splendid score!
Bob got thirty, and Stevenson
  Made one hundred and twenty-one!
Oh! it was grand, their splendid stand!
Spread it abroad by sea and land;
Victory's wreath did crown our play!
Long live the fame of that glorious day!
Never the memory fade away
Of that famous match on the twelfth of May!

From the Boys' Own Paper.] [*By kind permission.*

THE CAREER OF A SKY-ROCKET.

THE evening of the eventful 'fifth' had at last arrived, and the Robinson household had turned out in force to witness the annual display of fireworks in the little back garden attached to their suburban villa, the only absentee being Mrs. R., who feigned a headache.

Jane, the maid, viewed the scene from a safe distance, giggling covertly when the preliminary cracker which was to commence the display obstinately declined to go off, and, when it did, immediately going off herself into hysterics.

Patiently awaiting my turn, yet not without qualms as to my ultimate fate, I lay on the ground in a box among catherine wheels, blue-devils, and "jumpers," from whom, with a proper sense of my superior social status, I held strictly aloof. As I mournfully contemplated the fate in store for me, all the incidents of my early life came vividly back to me.

I remember how, in a shed at Sutton, where Messrs. Brock and Co. turn out thousands of my kindred yearly, I had first appeared, in the shape of a hollow cylinder of compressed paper-pulp some 8in. long, ¼in. thick, and 1in. in diameter.

This, the first stage of my existence, was "choked" by means of a stout piece of string wound round it about an inch from one end, and tightly pulled, so as to form a narrow "neck" about half the diameter of the cylinder. I was then ready for filling.

Fitted, neck downwards, over a long spindle, the explosive composition—saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal—was rammed into me with the aid of a perforated wooden "drift" and a mallet. Having been filled up to the top of the spindle, the latter was withdrawn, and another inch of solid composition inserted.

Above this was driven a plug of hardened clay for the purpose of closing up the open end, and, lastly, a light cap containtaining coloured stars. A wooden stick to direct my flight, and a piece of coloured paper pasted round me, sealed at each end with a concoction of glue and red-lead, completed my equipment, and I was ready to face the world as a fully-fledged rocket.

The gas generated by the combustion of the explosive material, being unable to find an outlet at the top, finds egress through the narrow "choke," or neck, at the bottom, and this forces me swiftly upwards, often to a height of 2,000 feet.

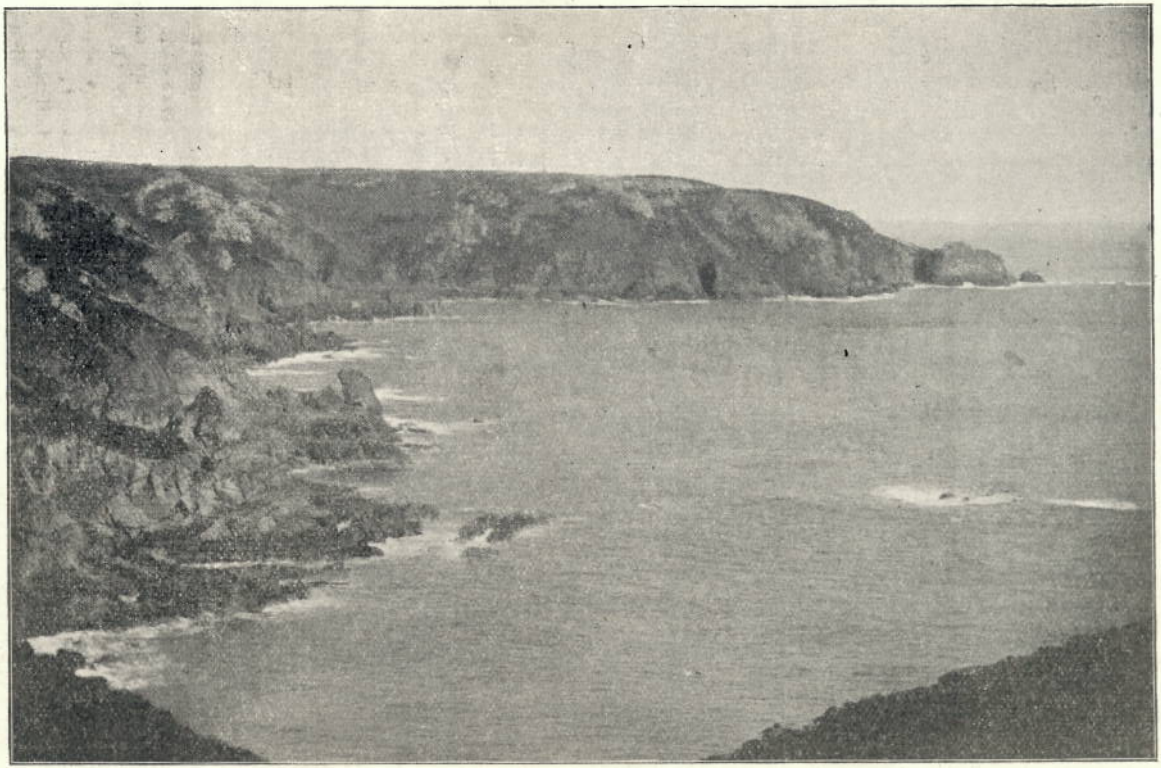
When the combustion reaches the cap at the top I become top-heavy, and, having expended my force, I naturally begin to descend. By this time, however, the gas has reached the cap, which bursts, letting fall my beautiful shower of stars or fiery rain, as the case may be.

My next experience was to find myself in a five shilling packet of fireworks exhibited in the window of a small confectioner, by whom I was handed over one evening, in defiance of the Explosive Act, to a small boy in exchange for the greater part of two months' pocket-money. My new owner took me home and submitted me to the admiring gaze of parents, brothers, and sisters.

At this point my soliloquy was rudely disturbed by Mr. Robinson grasping me in his hand and yelling exultingly, "Now for the rocket!" A heated discussion now took place as to the best method of despatching me to my aerial destination, till a neighbour's timely suggestion that the stick attached to me should be placed in a narrow-necked bottle was carried into effect.

A brand from the bonfire was then applied to my topmost extremity, when the same obliging neighbour explained that it was the wrong end. Eventually my bottom end was lit, and the pain and ignominy of being treated in such cruel fashion so roused my indignation that I sprang from the ground in digust, and sped swiftly towards the stars.

But I never succeeded in reaching them, for, the fire within me having spent itself, I exploded with a loud report into oblivion, sending a shower of brilliantly-coloured stars careering back to earth.



THE COAST OF GUERNSEY.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

ALL day long the big guns had roared, and as evening drew on they still boomed steadily. But Lieutenant Grant, R.F.A., had finished his share in the battle some hours before; and now, when the red sunset was burning over the Drakensbergs, he was slowly and painfully struggling back to consciousness. He had at first no very clear idea as to where he was, or how he had come there, but gradually the events of the day began to come back to him like a half-forgotten dream. From dawn to noon his battery had pounded away, sending round after round of shrapnel where a flash or a puff of smoke gave indication of the well-concealed Boer guns. Then the order had come to limber up and get forward, and the battery had rushed down the hill from their position, and over the boulder-strewn ground beyond; but of the subsequent career of the Battery he knew nothing, for something had met him on that bit of rough ground. It seemed as if a hot iron had seared him, and earth and sky turned blood red and danced madly before his eyes. Then the ground rose up and struck him, and everything turned black.

He had a vague idea that afterwards some one had come, done something to his leg, held a water-bottle to his lips, said something like "Can't stay, old chap, we're getting it pretty hot forward, but the ambulance will be up soon," and then, with a grasp of his hand, was gone.

But he could not be sure. So many people had come and looked at him. Had not Kruger come and stared at him, and he could not move hand or foot to make him prisoner? and though the whole British army seemed to go thundering past within an inch of the President, nobody else saw him. And Kruger stared till he turned into a frog which croaked "Water, water, water," continuously. And then it seemed to Lieutenant Grant that for years he had wandered up and down searching vainly for water. He could hear it rushing, rippling, dripping, but not one drop could he find, and his lips were on fire. Then everything melted away, except that burning thirst, and he awoke to the fact that he was lying on the ground, aching in every limb, and with a grinding, throbbing pain in his leg.

He set his teeth, and raised himself slowly and painfully on his elbow. "Water!" His water bottle lay beside him; with eager fingers he grasped it and set it to his lips. It needed all his self-control to refrain from emptying it, warm and muddy though the water was. It might have to last him a long time, he thought, and he looked to see how much there was. The bottle was nearly full, and yet he remembered that when he had last taken a drink from it—just before the Battery limbered up—it was more than half empty. What did it mean? Just that the dream of the bottle held to his lips, and the grasp of his hand, was not a dream at all, and that some one had gone into the fight again with an empty water-bottle that he, lying wounded and alone, might have a full one. Something seemed to catch in his throat, and a mist rose before his eyes as he thought of it.

Then he wondered if he could manage to get his back against the nearest boulder. It seemed as if things would not appear so bad to him, sitting up, as they did when flat on his back. Inch by inch he dragged himself till the boulder was reached, and

he had propped himself against it; but the pain to his wounded leg was so great that full consciousness slipped away from him, and he went back to the land of fevered dreams.

Now he thought he was in the little hospital at Jebba, where a year ago, he had dragged out a weary month of fever. He saw the white-washed walls, and the native "boy" sitting at the open door, and the khaki-clad figures crossing the dusty bit of ground beyond, where the sun beat down so fiercely. And he was so thirsty; but he could not get a drink of water because the hospital orderly was shot through the leg and could not move, and though some one was sitting by his bed he was reading "The Day's Work" aloud—on and on—and could not stop or there would be a rising among the Haussas.

Then he heard the splash of the waves on the shore by his Highland home, and he was in the wood which crowned the steep hill overlooking the bay. The tall Scotch firs stood out dark against the sunny blue sky, and the silky leaves of the beeches where unfolding in the sunshine. Primroses made a milky way on the mossy bank at his feet, and the crows were cawing in the trees overhead. His little rough terrier was beside him, and thrust a wet nose into his hand.

Then, though he was awake again and knew he was lying on the veldt alone, the dream seemed loth to leave him, for he still felt the warm, moist touch on his hand. He moved slightly and his fingers came in contact with something small and warm and purring—a diminutive black kitten! After the first shock of astonishment his feeling was one of almost ridiculous joy. He was not alone! There was another living, breathing creature in this wilderness. Only a kitten, but something alive to share his watch with him, for the sunset had faded, darkness was coming on rapidly, and the conviction forced itself upon him that he and many another must spend the night where they lay.

It was growing very cold; he was sinking into a torpor of pain and cold. Was it worth while to rouse himself? Then he pulled himself together sharply. No, no, God willing, he would stick to it and see the night through, he told himself. Not for the sake of those at home—he could not trust himself to think of them just then—but because of the kitten and the water in the bottle. A man had given him what might have been his own chance of life, and it must not be wasted, and what would the kitten do if he died in the night? Then the ludicrousness of the idea struck him and he laughed, and though the laugh was cut short by a stab of pain it did him good.

He drew the kitten closer to him. It shivered and mewed dismally. A fear seized him. Supposing *it* were going to be the one to die? With his stiff cold fingers he tore open his jacket and put the little thing inside. It nestled close to him and rubbed its head on his breast, but it still mewed. What could it want? It must be hungry. It had not occurred to him that he needed food, but now he felt eagerly for his haversack. It meant so much to him that the kitten should live. There was not very much in the haversack—a few buscuits and a little chocolate. Carefully and painfully, for every movement hurt him, he crumbled a biscuit into the lid of the chocolate tin and moistened it with water. Could the kitten eat it, he wondered, as he groped to bring the tin and the little black head together. It was now too dark to see anything, but he listened with delight to the scraping of the little rough tongue on the tin, and the purrs of satisfaction which replaced the pitiful mews.

It was very quiet; the guns were silent at last, and now that he could no longer hear their roar it seemed as if the last link with his comrades was broken. He and the kitten were alone to spend the night as best they could. He and the kitten! There was an odd sort of comfort in the phrase; it took the sharp edge off his loneliness, for he clung desperately to the little straw of companionship to help him through the long, weary hours before him. How cold it was! After the heat of the day the chill of the night seemed keener by contrast, and the one warm spot in his body was where the little ball of fur lay. He ate a piece of buscuit and some chocolate, for he thought the more life he could keep in himself, the more warmth he would afford to the kitten. As he took a sip of the precious water he wondered where the giver of it was. Suppose he, too, were lying out, and his water bottle empty. How would the morning find him? Perhaps the morning would not dawn on earth for

either of them; and how many others, he wondered, were counting the hours as he was, how many sleeping too soundly ever to wake again? But it would not do to think of that if he was to see the night through.

He lay back against the boulder, and watched the stars overhead and the flashes of lightning that played now and again low down in the west. The kitten stretched itself lazily, and a little black paw came out from under the covering and touched his face. He replaced it tenderly lest it should be cold, and felt a thrill of satisfaction that he had made his little companion so comfortable. He had fed it, he thought with pride, and could feed it again if it were hungry.

To occupy his thoughts he fell to wondering how the kitten had come there.

There was a farmhouse, he remembered, below the hill from which they had been firing. He must be close to it now, for the Battery was passing it when he fell. It had been occupied till quite recently. No doubt the kitten had come from there, forgotten in the hasty flight of its owners. Poor little thing! it must have roughed it pretty well in the last few days, he thought; no wonder it was ready to eat buscuit and water. Well, it had got somebody to look after it now. Twenty-four hours ago he would hardly have noticed the kitten, now it seemed the only thing in the world that mattered. It was his hold on life, something weaker and more helpless than himself to struggle for with Death. It was something more than mere chance that had brought to him that little bit of comfort for the long hours, and surely the prayer for strength to hold out that went up to the gold-strewn sky was accepted, for "He prayeth best who loveth best, all creatures, great and small."

Slowly the hours dragged on. Time after time Lieutenant Grant roused himself from a stupor of pain and cold, or woke from a snatch of fevered sleep to feed the kitten from their little store, or to draw the thin khaki with trembling fingers round his little comrade, his own pain and weariness forgotten in anxiety for its welfare.

Dawn broke; the night was ended, but it seemed, as it ebbed away, as if his strength had gone with it, and the water-bottle had long been empty. He had fought a hard fight, surely he was not to be beaten after all. Then, as in spite of himself the thread of life seemed slipping away from him, there came to his ears the last voice he had heard yesterday.

"He's here, doctor," he said, "God grant he's alive."

"Yes, he's alive," another voice answered, "bear a hand with that dhoolie there."

Then with an effort he roused himself, "Your water," he gasped, "I did not waste it. It's brought us through—the kitten and me."

"He's wandering, poor fellow," said some one as they lifted him.

"No, I am not," said Lieutenant Grant in feeble indignation, "mind my kitten. I suppose none of you chaps have got a saucer of milk about you?"

ODDS AND ENDS.

A Curious Sentence.

The Latin sentence, "Sator arepo tenet opera rotas," which is, it must be admitted, pretty bad Latin, is curious, nevertheless. It can be freely translated as "I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels." Its fine oddities are these:

It spells the same backward as forward.

The first letter of each word spells the first word.

The same may be said of the second, third, fourth, and fifth letters.

The last letters read backward spell the first word, the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

There are just as many letters in each word as there are words in the sentence.

* * *

Just "No."

It isn't so hard to say "No!" as it is
To learn to determine the way it
Had better be said to make folks understand
That that's what you mean when you say it.

* * *

Appropriate.

Little Jack: "What did papa mean by saying that he was captain of this ship?"

Ma: "Oh, that is only his way of saying that he is head of the house."

Little Jack: "Then if pa is the captain, what are you?"

Ma: "Well, I suppose I am the pilot."

Little Jack: "Oh, yes; and then I must be the compass?"

Ma: "The compass? Why the compass?"

Little Jack: "Why, the captain and pilot are always boxing the compass, you know."

* * *

Good Company.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The judge said, admonishingly, to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company."

"Yes, your lordship. You will not see me here again in a hurry."

A Boy's Revenge.

Dr. Wines, principal of a boys' school, one day had occasion to cane a pupil, and it is to be supposed did the work very thoroughly. The lad took his revenge in a way that the doctor himself could not help laughing at. Dr. Wines's front door bore a plate on which was the one word "Wines." The boy wrote an addition in big letters, so that the inscription ran: "Wines and other lickers."

* * *

On a Man named Nott.

There was a man who was Nott born,
His father was Nott before him,
He did Nott live, he did Nott die,
And his epitaph was Nott o'er him.

* * *

My Young Gentleman.

I know a well-bred little boy who never says, "I can't."
He never says, "Don't want to" or "You've got to" or "You shan't!"
He never says, "I'll tell mamma!" or calls his playmates "mean."
A lad more careful of his speech I'm sure was never seen.

He's never ungrammatical; he never mentions "ain't";
A single word of slang from him would make his mother faint!
And now I'll tell you why it is, lest this should seem absurd;
He's now exactly six months old and can not speak a word!

* * *

Flattering!

Gentleman: "You ask me for a small gift, and do not even take off your hat from your head. Is that the way to act?"

Beggar: "Excuse me, most honourable sir, I dare not, for yonder stands a policeman. If he should see me take off my hat it will occur to him at once that I am a beggar, and he will arrest me. At present, as we are now, he merely supposes we are old acquaintances having a friendly chat!"