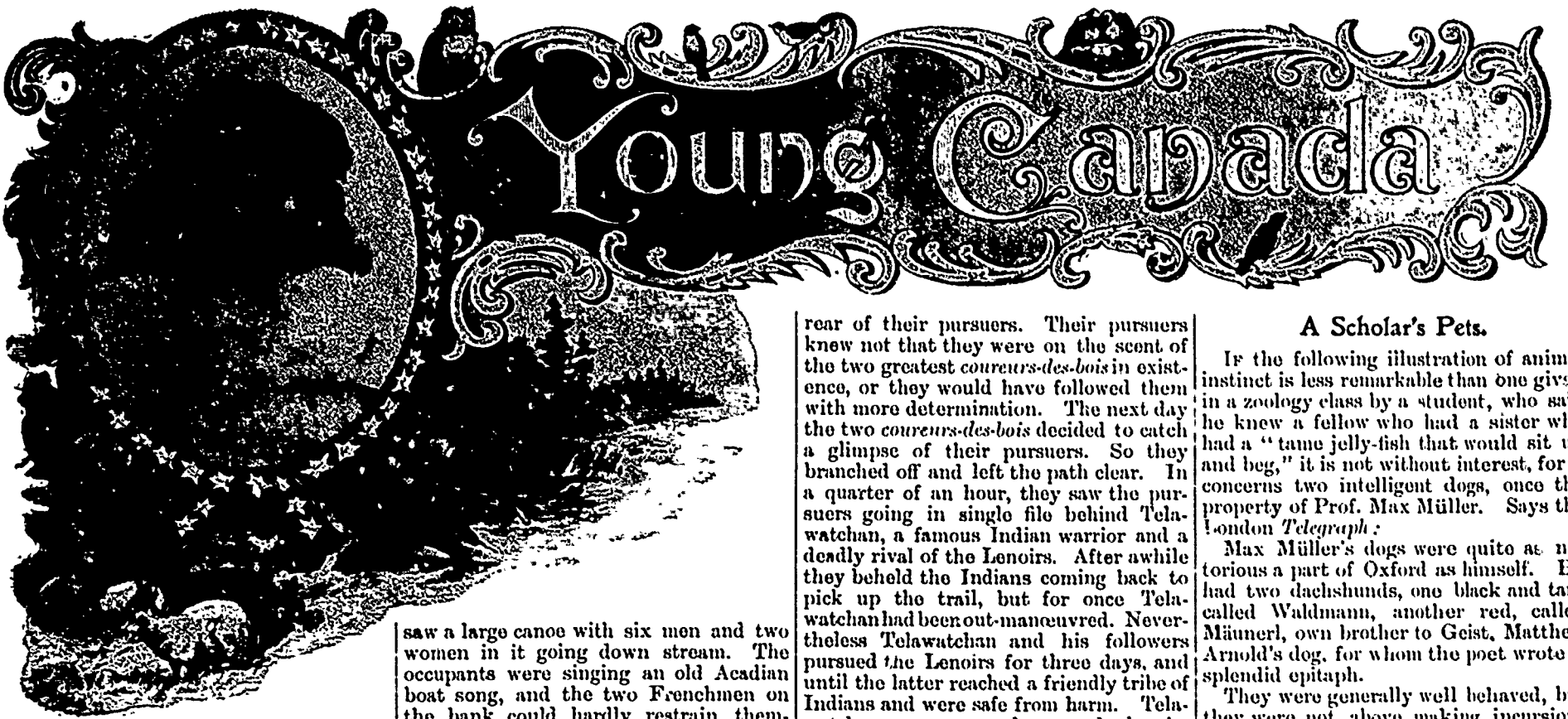




The Adventures of Jacques and Jean Lenoir.

JACQUES LENOIR and his son, Jean, lived a retired life on a farm near the village of Grand Pré. They tilled their land in summer and were *coureurs-des-bois* in winter. They knew the country from the Bay of Fundy to the borders of New York State, and were famed throughout the region for their daring exploits. The Governor of Quebec had often desired their valuable services against the Indians, but as Jacques was what would be called at the present time an honorary chief among the Indians, this was out of the question. If he should be out in the forest and needed shelter, the first Indian wigwam he came to would receive him "with open arms." His son, Jean, was highly respected among the Indians also. It is not with much surprise, then, that we learn of the clever and adroit Abenakis joining the side of the French through their influence.

Jacques and Jean, like all the other men of Grand Pré, attended church on the eventful day of September 5th, 1775, and were made prisoners. The British commander did not know that he had such noted captives, or probably he would have sent them to London. Instead of this they were deported to Louisiana along with many others.

They were not going to remain there long, however. Disguising themselves as Indians—which was not very difficult for them to do, since they were skilled in all the Indian crafts—and building a light canoe, and placing on it all the necessities for such a voyage, including numerous little trinkets for the Indians, they started north via the Mississippi river. They slept by day, and travelled by night as noiselessly as possible, and in this way succeeded in reaching the first French outpost of Fort Fond du Lac, without much trouble. However, they knew that a party would be sent in pursuit of them, and so they wasted no time at Fond du Lac. They told the Governor of the fort to detain their pursuers as long as possible, but not to tell them anything false, for fear it might lead to serious trouble with the English. They got an old Indian at the fort to draw them a map of the great Mississippi, and having amply rewarded him for his pains, they continued on their course. The next French outpost was one hundred and sixty miles farther up the river, and they hoped to reach it in a week. One day, as they were lying snug in a thicket, they

saw a large canoe with six men and two women in it going down stream. The occupants were singing an old Acadian boat song, and the two Frenchmen on the bank could hardly restrain themselves from joining in the chorus. At last, the song over, one of the boatmen proposed a halt, which all the others agreed to. Jacques knew by his voice he was no other than Charles Perrin, of Grand Pré, and he called out, "We are the *coureurs-des-bois* of Grand Pré, welcome to friends in the lonely forest." The occupants of the canoe, uttering a cry of delight, replied, "Happy we are to meet friends on our course which is as lonely as Canada's plains."

It was a merry group which sat under the forest's protection that evening and talked as only the French can talk. Charles Perrin told Jacques and Jean that Evangeline Bellefontaine was seeking Gabriel Lajeunesse all over the English colonies. Jacques then told the party, that he and his son had fled from Louisiana and were returning to Acadia to occupy their old Canadian home. He asked Charles and his companions to return with them, but Charles said they could not, as they were going to take possession of a rice farm, which they had purchased. After Jacques had warned Charles and his companions to tell their pursuers nothing but the truth, and to delay them as long as possible, the circle broke up. Those going down stream sought repose, while Jacques and Jean, who travelled only by night, launched their canoe and soon widened the distance between themselves and their friends.

Just as morning was breaking, Jean heard the hoot of an owl and, by the way it was given, knew that one Kickapoo Indian was announcing their approach to another. Jean immediately answered it correctly, and before long saw a slight ripple on the water and the head of an Indian appear. Jean gave a Kickapoo welcome, and having made satisfactory advances, the Indian was induced to come into their canoe. Jacques and Jean showed their moccasins to him, and as soon as the Indian saw these he became communicative. The two Frenchmen enriched him by giving him a hatchet and a string of beads for his squaw. The Indian told Jacques, that there were many enemies up stream, and that they had better strike into the forest at the next fork. The Canadians exchanged their canoe with the Indian for a rough map of the country through which they were to pass, and at the next fork they parted.

One day, as they were going through the forest as noiselessly as possible, they became aware that they were being pursued by a large party. By a clever piece of woodcraft, they managed to get in the

rear of their pursuers. Their pursuers knew not that they were on the scent of the two greatest *coureurs-des-bois* in existence, or they would have followed them with more determination. The next day the two *coureurs-des-bois* decided to catch a glimpse of their pursuers. So they branched off and left the path clear. In a quarter of an hour, they saw the pursuers going in single file behind Telawatchan, a famous Indian warrior and a deadly rival of the Lenoirs. After awhile they beheld the Indians coming back to pick up the trail, but for once Telawatchan had been out-manœuvred. Nevertheless Telawatchan and his followers pursued the Lenoirs for three days, and until the latter reached a friendly tribe of Indians and were safe from harm. Telawatchan was very much enraged when he heard who had baffled him, and vowed revenge on all Canadians from that hour.

Meanwhile the pursuers from Louisiana had been delayed both at Fort Fond du Lac and by the Acadians going down the Mississippi, so that by the time they were once more on the track of the escaped ones the latter were among friends in New York State. The Lenoirs remained a month among their friends, had more titles conferred upon them, and finally reached the place which had once been Grand Pré. They found their homes razed to the ground. Several families had returned to the land of their delight, and the English Government, yielding to persuasion, allowed these unfortunates to remain unmolested. Thus once more Grand Pré became the home of "the happy Acadian."—Thomas F. Hall, in "The Canadian Boy."

Trained Dogs.

PARISIAN thieves are clever, else some of them would not have trained a dog to be a useful accomplice. He was a mastiff, and his trick was to go bounding up against old gentlemen in the street.

Naturally, the average old gentleman is not steady enough upon his feet to stand against four feet or so of mastiff, and the dog would, as a rule, bring his victim to the ground.

Then a "lady" and "gentleman" would step forward, and with profuse apologies assist the fallen man to his feet. At the same time they would ease him of his watch, and of any other valuable he might happen to have about him.

Training can do much with a dog. A writer in *Chambers' Journal* tells of the successful efforts of a dog owner whom he knew, to train a dog to abstain from barking. It took three years to accomplish the task, and at the end the owner flattered himself that in his non-barking dog he had a novelty.

In some Japanese cities that dog would have been prized, for there is a quaint Japanese law in force there which makes the owner of a night-barker liable to arrest, and the penalty of a year's work for the benefit of the neighbors who have been disturbed.

The non-barker, however, was not so great a novelty as his trainer believed. The writer in *Chambers' Journal* asserts that there are at least three varieties of dogs that never bark—the Australian, the Egyptian shepherd dog, and the "lion-headed" dog of Tibet.

A Scholar's Pets.

If the following illustration of animal instinct is less remarkable than one given in a zoology class by a student, who said he knew a fellow who had a sister who had a "tame jelly-fish that would sit up and beg," it is not without interest, for it concerns two intelligent dogs, once the property of Prof. Max Müller. Says the *London Telegraph*:

Max Müller's dogs were quite as notorious a part of Oxford as himself. He had two dachshunds, one black and tan, called Waldmann, another red, called Mäuerl, own brother to Geist, Matthew Arnold's dog, for whom the poet wrote a splendid epitaph.

They were generally well behaved, but they were not above making incursions into the gardens in Professor Müller's neighborhood; and even the aristocratic Mäuerl was sometimes seen with his head in an odoriferous garbage barrel.

However, their master thought he might even be able to prove that his dachshunds could distinguish colors. He had one basket for his black and tan dachshund, Waldmann, and another for his red dachshund, Mäuerl. The black dog looked best, Professor Müller thought, on a red pillow, and the red dog on a blue one. In these two baskets they slept for years. When their master said, "Blue bed," Mäuerl would go into his; when he said, "Red bed," Waldmann would jump into his. They never mistook one for the other.

One day Mrs. Müller was sitting in the drawing-room when Waldmann came in evidently much disturbed. She asked him if he wanted to go out, to have dinner, to have water. No, it was none of these; but he kept running to the door, then waiting and looking back. At last Mrs. Müller got up and followed him, and he led her to the dining room.

There, in the red bed, lay a new dachshund just brought from Germany, and Mäuerl was in his own blue bed. "Waldy" stood between, looking first at one, then at the other, evidently saying, "And where, I ask, am I?"

The new dog was driven out, and then Waldmann got in quite content.

A Wish.

SHINE, little sunbeams, blow, welcome breeze,

Drop from the clouds, gentle showers,
We're longing for rain-ws and leaves on the trees.

And baby is watching for flowers.

—Anna M. Pratt.

LITTLE MURIEL learned in her lesson that "Yarmouth is celebrated for the curing of herrings." "Oh, how funny it must be," she exclaimed, "to see the little sick herrings sitting round getting better!"

A PAROCHIAL teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, asked a member of one of his younger classes to give him an example of a verb.—"Man," replied the boy quite readily.—"How so, my child?" inquired his master.—"Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses *being, doing, suffering*, and if that be true, *man* is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."