

by there came a suffocated cry from the pair, and then people saw that Rollo was keeping the soldier's head under water. Luckily, a plucky young fellow among the crowd dashed into the river and belaboured the bear with a hoopstick snatched from a child, so distracting his attention that another soldier was able to drag out the half-drowned man.

This was a serious matter, even Colonel G. admitted, and Rollo was better watched and guarded. Still, he sometimes got loose, and frightened the quiet residents in the suburbs of the town by haunting their gardens at dusk, old ladies and timid mothers sending agonised letters to the Colonel every now and then, stigmatising Rollo as a dangerous wild beast.

Lilian, however, would hear nothing against her darling; he was always good with her.

'I am quite glad the regiment is being ordered to Ireland,' said the Colonel one day to me. 'The people here are such fools about Rollo.'

The day came for the move. Lilian and her nurse had driven to the station first, and were proudly watching their darling (Masters had a sneaking regard for Rollo too) marching with the soldiers to the tune of 'The Girl I left behind me,' the orderly was dashing about in every direction, and every man, woman, and child in Middletown seemed to be lining the pathways of the street. It was a day to be remembered. All the soldiers were soon safely housed in the special train; Lilian, in her first-class compartment, watching them almost as closely as her father. There was only Rollo to be put into his carriage with his attendants. Here he came rolling along, tugging and dragging at his chain, rather cross.

'Now then, old chap!' A lug in the direction of the third-class carriage. But no! Rollo would not try to get in. A soldier lifted a paw to show him the way; a savage snarl followed.

'Now then, time's up,' said the station-master. 'Look sharp with that beast.'

But it is easier to advise than to do; and Rollo was firm. He would not leave Middletown. Any attempt to make him was met by growls and the sight of most formidable teeth. Then he turned on one man and seized him. There was a shriek of dismay from the unhappy private. A porter struck the beast and forced him to leave go. But the situation was critical.

'The train must start,' said the station-master. 'Colonel, will you see to the bear?'

'Let me go to Rollo!' screamed poor Lilian. But Masters held her fast, for Colonel G. said firmly, 'On no account, child,' and shut the carriage door.

What was to be done? Apparently Rollo had gained the victory, for he was being led away from the platform. There was a hush all down the train, every soldier's head out of his carriage, Lilian's out too, her frock held fast by Masters.

Then there was a sharp, sudden report of fire-arms somewhere outside the station. 'What's that?' said the soldier's daughter.

'One of the men's rifles gone off,' said nurse.

The little girl turned pale. Colonel G. came back, jumped into the carriage, the guard waved his flag, the train started.

'But Rollo's left behind,' said Lilian anxiously.

'Yes, Rollo's left behind,' said the Colonel. Nothing more, and nothing more was ever told to Lilian. 'My darling, I was obliged to leave him in Middletown: he wouldn't be put in the train,' said Colonel G., when she asked again about him.

But a Middletown hairdresser knew more about the pet of the regiment. He made a goodly sum after that morning by selling pots of 'veritable bear's grease made on the premises.'

But where did the raw material come from, from which to manufacture this luxury in Middletown? Ah! ask the gallant — th. They all know.

