

UPS AND DOWNS.

SOME STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

A TERRIER'S SENSE OF HUMOUR.—A friend of ours and his wife were spending a musical evening with us, and an old, black, English terrier, who belonged to the house, had been in the drawing room, which was upstairs. The dog had been kindly noticed by our friend, who was partially lame from paralysis. On leaving the drawing-room the dog followed him to the top of the staircase (we, with his wife, were waiting below in the hall), and with cocked tail and ears stood gravely watching his slow, limping descent. When the invalid was nearly at the foot of the stairs the dog began to follow, limp-

handed to the bailiff, who put it in his coat pocket. Shortly afterwards we separated, the bailiff going to his home in one direction, and we to ours in an opposite one. Before we reached home we noticed that Turk was no longer with us, at which we were rather surprised, as he was a very faithful follower. Some time after we got home, perhaps an hour, I chanced to see a strange object on the public road which puzzled me as to what it was. It raised a cloud of dust as it came along, which partly obscured the vision. What was my surprise when I found it was Turk dragging a man's shooting-jacket, which proved to be the bailiff's, with the rabbit still in

ardently the face of a nice-looking donkey, who was tethered on the bank. After licking his face all over for a long time, he began to frisk around him, evidently anxious to have a trot together; but, finding that his friend was tied by a rope, he deliberately began to gnaw it, and in a very short time succeeded in setting him free! The owner of the donkey, who happened to be at work close by, then interfered and put a stop to their little game, or otherwise Master Neddy would, no doubt, have been seduced to join in a scamper. From the warmth of the dog's salutes, I imagine that he and the donkey were old friends.

OBEYING A LEGAL SUMMONS.—Dr. Barford's



THE CITY OF VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, THE PROVINCE OF CANADA WHICH PROMISES TO RANK FOREMOST AMONG THE GOLD-PRODUCING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD.

ing on three legs (he was quite sound), in humorous imitation of our poor, afflicted friend, and this assumed lameness was gravely kept up till he arrived on the mat. It was impossible to repress a smile, though our politeness was at stake.

ROBBING THE BAILIFF.—One day, when a lad, I was walking with my father, accompanied by a strong, smooth-haired retriever called Turk. We were joined by the bailiff of the farm, and in the course of our walk Turk suddenly discovered the presence of a rabbit concealed in what in Scotland is called a "dry-stane dyke." After a little trouble in removing some stones, poor bunny was caught and slaughtered, being

the pocket. We afterwards learned that the dog, to the surprise of the bailiff, quietly followed him home, and lay down near him. Presently the man took off his coat, and laid it on a chair. Instantly Turk pounced upon it, and dashed to the door with it in his mouth. He was pursued, but in vain, and succeeded in dragging the coat from one house to the other, a distance of one mile and three-fourths. It was evident the dog had a strong sense of the rights of property.

FRIENDSHIP WITH A DONKEY.—The following incident occurred recently in my walk from the beach: My curiosity was excited by seeing a young retriever on his hind legs licking very

dog at Wokingham was put into a muzzle; he objected to it, took it off, and hid it somewhere, no one knows where. A policeman saw him and summoned Dr. Barford. The case was to come off on Saturday. The children told the dog how wicked he'd been, and that Dr. Barford would have to appear at the Court, and he, too, as it was his doing; *he'd* lost the muzzle. The case was postponed (I think the policeman-witness had influenza). Dr. Barford was told of the postponement by letter, but forgot to tell the children or dog. At Saturday's Bench, the magistrates were much astonished by seeing the dog in court sitting solemnly opposite them.