

met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was unhurt, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck with the cherry-stone. And here ended the second lesson.

There was something terribly impressive in the captain's manner, and his exquisite skill. The third cherry-stone was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast. A month had passed—another—and another—of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodgings by illness.

At length the gentleman who had been his second in the former duels presented himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the cherry-stones. The note was superscribed in the captain's well-known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote feebly. There was an unusual solemnity, also, in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the cherry-stone in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir; am I to understand by this?" inquired the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!"

STORIES OF DOGS.

THE DOG DETECTIVE.

So many anecdotes are told of the faithfulness and sagacity of dogs that further proof seems to be scarcely needful; yet our readers will like to hear the substance of an account which appeared in a German paper:

Kruntz was a wealthy tanner, residing near Kinz, in Austria. He was in the habit of making long journeys on matters connected with his business several times a-year, and he always took with him a large, strong dog,