

soned, if I missed it I could but fall, and every moment convinced me I could not remain where I was much longer; consequently, gathering myself up, I made a spring, and caught it, and as I drew my body up and lodged my knee upon it, a cheer arose from the multitude below "like the noise of many waters." In a few minutes more I gained the brow of the hill, and turning round, I waved my hat, and returned the cheer of the sable crowd.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

THE BUTCHER'S DOG.

SOME dogs are endowed with much sagacity, and make themselves very useful to their owners. A butcher of Islington, London, it is said, has a clever little dog who waits at the shop door, on week-day mornings, for the newsboy, from whom he receives a copy of the newspaper. Immediately the little dog carries the paper to his master in the parlor; but declines to give up possession of the paper until a piece of bread and butter is presented in payment of his services.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOG.

During a severe storm, many years ago, a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked on the banks near Yarmouth, and every human being on board perished. The only living thing which escaped was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed, the property of the captain, which swam ashore, bringing in his mouth his master's pocket-book. He landed on the beach, whither he was driven by the heavy surges, amongst a number of spectators, several of whom endeavoured to take the pocket-book from him, but in vain. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of his charge, which had in all human probability been delivered to him by his master in the hour of death and when he saw all hope was