

The St. Bernard Dog.

With the exception, perhaps, of the Foxterrier, there is no more popular dog to-day than our huge friend, the St. Bernard.

Whether it is partly the result of the so-called "religious halo" which surrounds the dogs in the popular mind on account of their work in saving travelers on the Alps, or whether it springs from the affectionate nature and kind disposition of the dogs themselves, certain it is that they are general favorites throughout the civilized world.

There are the long-coated or "rough" and the short-coated or "smooth" St. Bernards: the former being far the most numerous and popular. The monks themselves, it is said, rather incline to favor the smooth breed. With regard to fancy points the only difference between the rough and smooth breeds is the coat.

As a family dog none can excel, few equal, the St. Bernard; an excellent playmate for children, he will guard them against a stranger or supposed enemy with his last breath.

In height they vary from 27 inches to 34 inches, and in weight from 100 to about 160 pounds, tho' 190 has been reached. The bitches are usually a good deal smaller than the dogs. For the other points we cannot do better than quote those given by Vero Shaw in the "Book of the Dog":

Head.—The head is large, square, and massive; the face not too long but square at the muzzle, with few approaching that of the Bloodhound, but not so heavy. The stop distinct, showing off the great height of brow and occipital protuberance, which is specially marked. Ears of medium size, carried close to the cheeks. Eyes, dark, bold, and intelligent, sometimes showing the haw, in that respect also partially resembling the Bloodhound.

Neck and Shoulders.—The neck is lengthy, slightly arched on the top, with well-developed dewlap, sloping shoulders, and wide chest.

Legs, Feet, and Dew-claws.—Legs straight, with large feet, and double dew-claws, if possible, but at least single. The more fully developed the dew-claws the more inclined the dog is to turn his hind feet out, the dew-claws in such cases making one or two extra toes. The monks do not object so much to this, as it gives greater resistance to the snow, but the feet are turned out without being cow-hocked.

General Appearance.—Its appearance is showy and gay, giving the observer an impression that the dog is possessed of intelligence, strength and activity, in a marked degree.

Color.—Orange-tawny or red is most fashionable with the public. Many breeders prefer a brindle either dark-red or grey, particularly if tiger-marked, which gives a very showy appearance when relieved by the white markings. The latter are delineated as

follows—the muzzle white, with white line running up poll to neck, which should be encircled by a white collar, white chest, feet, and tip of tail. These markings are very much valued by the monks, as representing the scapular, chasuble, and other vestments peculiar to the order.

Temperament.—If carefully and properly reared, they are mild and affectionate, more so than almost any other class of dog; easily taught, and obedient to the slightest command of their masters.

Coat.—In the rough-haired, the coat is shaggy but flat in texture in order to resist the snow; and in the smooth, close and hound-like.

We hope to see some day an American St. Bernard Club established, which we are confident would do as much to improve the breed in this country as the English St. Bernard Club has in England.

This article would scarcely be complete without some mention of the latest sensation in the breed, viz., the celebrated "Plinlimmon," owned by Mr. Hedley Chapman of Trowbridge, Wilts., who paid the enormous price of \$4,000 for him at the late Crystal Palace show. This wonderful dog stands 34½ inches at shoulders and weighs 195 pounds; has orange body; broad, white blaze upon face; perfect white collar round neck; white chest and forelegs, half hind legs and end of tail; black face markings. He is by Pilgrim out of Bessie, II., and was bred by Mr. T. Hall.

"You talk about dogs," said the judge, "you talk about dogs—I can tell you the funniest story about a dog." "Did you know the dog?" put in the doctor. "I did. This dog belonged to a friend of mine, who used always to take him out with him. 'A bad habit,' put in the doctor, you should never let a dog know too much." "The dog used to wait outside for him when he went in to call on a friend. One night they were a very merry party and they kept it up late. My friend got very drunk. The dog finally got restless and began to howl. A champagne bottle passed his nose and he smelt it and shut up. About 2 o'clock in the morning my friend came out. He said good night, shut the door, walked by the garden gate all over the flower beds, and finally unable to get out, he laid down on a rosebush and went to sleep. The dog watched by him till the milkman came along in the morning, picked him up and carried him home." "That's nothing," said the doctor. "You just wait a minute. Two or three nights later he went and called on his friend again and took the dog with him. The dog waited outside a little while and began again to howl. Another champagne bottle was thrown at him. He smelt it, winked to himself, and trotted off. He went home, scratched at the door till the servant girl opened it, attracted my friend's wife's attention, made her follow him to a pile of planks and whined till they got out a very long and broad one. Then he directed them to where his master was, and when the door bell rang and the door opened, the revelers found the dog, my friend's wife, the servant and a stretcher. The dog knew what was needed, you bet." "Well, said the doctor, "I thought I knew all the dog stories, but that's a new one."—*Detroit Free Press.*