

dancing, shambling and shuffling in the passage, and almost before I could wonder how a tiny girl of five could walk so heavily, the door flew open, and in marched an ill-matched pair—a laughing, springing child, and a solemn, ungainly young bear, which she was half-dragging, half-coaxing along.

I started a few paces backwards. Colonel G. laughed. 'Lilian's playfellow,' he said; 'quite harmless—brought him home with us—pet of the regiment.'

An awkward pet I thought, but Lilian was devoted to him, caressed him, scolded him when he growled, and gave him sugar in a soda-water bottle that I might see how funny he looked getting it out of the narrow neck. 'He always lays himself upside down first,' said the merry little lady; 'see, see!'

And then sure enough, with a groan and a snarl, Rollo flumped himself down on the carpet, and lying on his back seemed to use all his four legs to extract the lumps of sugar from the bottle. When he had managed to claw out the last lump, still sniffing and snarling, Colonel G. said, 'Now Lil, show your trick,' and light as a feather Lilian put a foot on the bear's chest, and executed a pirouette on his prostrate form.

'Beauty and the Beast,' I said.

'Ah yes, Lilian acted that with Rollo last Christmas; but Rollo got angry, and tore her frock at last,' said the Colonel.

'A dangerous playfellow,' I said.

'Not at all, not at all,' was the reply; 'merely a bit of temper—Rollo is perfectly safe.'

And that was my first introduction to Rollo.

By and by I heard that he was growing big, and the soldier's wives began to look askance at him. He was dangerous, they said, and they snatched up little Billy and Mary when they saw him floundering towards their quarters. One day a soldier's baby was missing, and the mother, drowned in tears, burst into Colonel G.'s room. She was sure Rollo had eaten him. Rollo was then sunning himself composedly in the courtyard. The Colonel turned out a search party, and by and by a bundle of

scarlet was found under a gooseberry tree in the soldiers' garden plot. Baby Bunting had wandered into these forbidden quarters, and intoxicated himself on gooseberries; his loss was none of Rollo's doing, and he was speedily restored unscathed to his afflicted mother.

Lilian kissed her rough pet after that, and the Colonel boasted more than ever how perfectly safe the bear was.

Still as days went by Rollo growled and grew, and even the young officers didn't fancy meeting him alone in the long corridor which led to their rooms.

I was not partial either to finding him on the Colonel's hearthrug when I called if my friend was not there, and I have been known to entreat Monro to call the beast away, and not leave me alone with him. Still, as I am relating a biography I must not omit to state that Rollo did some good in his generation.

A foolish young soldier who had sneaked into the town after gun-fire, and was creeping back into quarters in the dark not quite sober, reported being seized and severely shaken by an evil spirit just within the barrack wall. He knew it was nothing mortal that had got hold of him. He was trembling in every limb, and there and then on his knees made a vow never to go after drink again. His comrades laughed and suggested Rollo, but young Smith scorned the idea. 'Why, the creature that caught him was seven feet high at least, and had a voice like nothing earthly!'

And never from that day did young Smith break his resolution. 'Rollo!' he would say as he passed the bear in the courtyard; 'it was none o' him.' And he honestly thought so. Yet it was Rollo all the same, and my belief is Colonel G. knew it, for he privately laughed a good deal over the story, but he bought the bear a chain, ordered him to be tied up at dusk, and warned Mrs. Masters, Lilian's old nurse, to keep the child out of the yard.

Rollo's next exploit was done in the light of day. He had always been fond of a swim in the river, a soldier would take him by his chain, and rather enjoy the glory of