

true stories of dogs that had died from grief for their masters, as you were sure that Jack would have died for me.

"Surely in this great universe which reaches out above and all around us, there is room for the spirits of dogs that can show so much love and pity, as even to die for those they love so well."

To those last words of Sagastao, the master replied not. There were stirred within him the memories of those dark, sad days when his only boy lay at the point of death, and for him nothing more could be done. So in intense solicitude, they had awaited the issue, which fortunately was life instead of death; and vividly there came up before him the pathetic sight of the great dog, that had kept his constant vigil at the bedside of his little playfellow, and refused to be comforted, and would not eat for days, until the child was able to speak to him.

"But, father, who knows?" Then the little head dropped restfully on my body, and in a moment or two my little master was sound asleep.

¶ Of course I, Hector, only a dog, was not able to comprehend these deep things about which my masters talked, as there we rested on the fur robes that beautiful night under the stars; but there have come to me some dim thoughts or dreams, or impressions, that if our masters, who