



"SIR BEDIVERE."

THE MOST VALUABLE ST. BERNARD DOG IN THE WORLD.

## THE FINEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

We were pleased to receive a call the other day from Mr. E. B. Sears, proprietor of *The Wyoming Kennels*, and owner of the world-renowned St. Bernard dog, "Sir Bedivere," who has taken so many gold cups and medals in European exhibitions.

Mr. Sears called to say that as some thousands of persons have expressed a wish to see this famous dog, he has concluded to place him on exhibition some day in the near future, of which notice will be duly given in the Boston daily papers,—at a small admission fee, and give the proceeds to our "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

This dog cost Mr. Sears nearly seven thousand dollars, is now nearly four years old, of very rich orange color with perfect white markings and black shadings, and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds.

In answer to a question Mr. Sears writes us as follows: "With reference to there being a more valuable dog in New England or America, I can say without hesitancy or boasting that he is the finest dog in the world."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

## BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Mathews.)

## CHAPTER X.—JIM'S TROUBLE.

So the summer wore on, this being our last excitement, or, at least, the last worthy of note. September's golden, hazy days were gone, and bright October nearly passed, bringing us to the time when we were to go back to our city home. We would have lingered still, had it not been for Edward and the boys, the latter of whom were at school; while these short days left little leisure, save on Sunday, for enjoyment of the country to the man of business whose occasional week-day visits began after dark, and ended with the early morning light.

Packing for the change of quarters was going on, and Milly's proteges were the busiest of the busy, Edward having dispensed with Bill's services for the present, in order that he might be of assistance to us, and also that he might enjoy these last few days in the country.

They were out by the kitchen porch, one morning, acting under the supervision of the gardener, who, having given them his orders, had left them for a time to attend to some other matters.

"O, ain't we jest been an' had the jolliest time all this summer! an' ain't we awful sorry, Bill, it's all over?" said Jim, regretfully, as he bent over a barrel, in the depths of which he was stowing away cauliflowers, carrots, and other winter vegetables, destined to accompany us to town; and to serve, now and then, not only the legitimate and practical purpose with which those edibles are intended to fulfil, but also as reminders of the dear old homestead where they had grown.

"Ain't we though! An' I do feel down in the mouth to think we've got to git to-morrer," answered Bill, equally energetic

over past delights, and equally choice in the matter of language.

For although, as I have said, there had been a vast improvement in this respect, as well as in the manners of these youths since they had been brought under the influence of higher social advantages, and although Thomas did take much pains to train them in the way they should go, and bring all the weight of his own elegance to bear upon them, they were by no means yet perfect in syntax and other kindred matters, and were apt to lapse into their own peculiar style when alone with one another. At the present time, they were not aware of any overhearing ears, and permitted themselves such license as they chose.

There was a few moments' silence after Bill's response to Jim's regrets; at least there were no words, although both boys whistled "Champagne Charlie" in unison, as Jim packed away, and Bill rolled up a second barrel to be packed in its turn, when the first should be full.

The results of Bill's meditations presently made themselves known, as, having brought around his barrel, and set it up on end, he said:

"Jim, ain't it jest killin' to think how different me an' you is to what we was a year back? I'm jest fit to kill myself larfin' sometimes, when I think on ole times when we was loafin' round together—me an' you allers stuck together fust-rate, didn't we, Jim?"

"Yes," answered Jim, replying to the first question, but ignoring the second as being merely the statement of a fact which needed no confirmation. "Yes, who'd a-thought me an' you'd ever come to be so genteel? Do yer know, Bill, I hardly ever say none of those bad words now, nor you neither. We're gettin' to talk jest as fust-rate as the big swells theirselves!"

"It's mighty improvin' to be took up an' cared for by such folks as Miss Milly an' the boss," said Bill. "Yer'd be awful if yer didn't git better alongside of them. The rest of the family ain't bad, neither, specially the little gals," he added, patrouzingly.

"There!" said Jim, giving to an immense cauliflower, which he had just stored in the top of the barrel, an energetic slap not calculated to preserve it in its integrity, "there! that's full, chuck full! Now ole Burns—" the gardener, who was by no means friendly to these boys, by reason of divers small depredations committed, from time to time, upon his fruits and vegetables, depredations easily traced to their source, and which Burns conceived were not visited with sufficient severity by those in authority over the robbers—"now, ole Burns kin come an' head it up, jest as soon as he's a min' ter. Yes, Bill, it is jest surprisin' what sort o' chaps me an' you has come ter be, livin' reg'lar, an' mindin' our ways an' tongues. But—" with a certain wistfulness which sat strangely upon him—"but, Bill, you've done a heap more makin' up for it all than I've done. You went an' done that summer thanksgivin' of

yourn, yer know, an' I ain't done nothin' to show Miss Milly. I know she's been fust-rate to me, an' would like to do somethin' fust-rate myself, too. Miss Milly, she sets a heap by yer for what yer done for that gal. I heard her a-sayin' things, an' she was a-kind of chucklin' over it, an' considerable set up in her own mind, 'cause the rest on 'em, yer know, thought we was awful bad ones, an' there wasn't no good to be looked for out of us. Don't I know 'em? They think we're a kind of Pharisees, makin' believe we're better nor we really are. I want to show 'em, an' I do want awful bad to do somethin' would make Miss Milly set up with me."

"I seen you doin' lots of thinkin', lately," said Bill, regarding his companion curiously, for this was a most unwonted mood with Jim. "Is it that you've been a-moonin' over?"

"Yes," answered Jim; then added, with a little hesitation, "that, an' somethin' else that bothers me. I say, Bill," embracing a large pumpkin, and standing with it in his arms, as he put the question, "I say, Bill,

s'pose you done somethin' you knew was awful when yer done it, an' after Miss Milly got hold on yer, yer got to know it was awfuller nor yer thought it was afore yer knew yer, an' she tole yer what was what; what then?"

This was somewhat enigmatical, not to speak of its incoherence; and Jim had the pumpkin put into its place at the bottom of the second barrel before Bill saw his way clear to a suitable answer. No Edipus could have given one more to the point, however.

"If I felt bad that I done it, I'd go an' undo it just as fast as I could," he said decidedly.

"But I ain't got nothin' to undo with," said Jim, despondently, "so 'tain't no use sayin' that, nor no use feelin' bad about it neither."

"Tell a feller about it," said Bill; to which the other replied by an expression more emphatic than elegant, refusing the confidence which Bill invited.

"Tell Miss Milly, then," was the next suggestion advanced by the latter; but this was not received with much more favor than his first piece of advice. Nevertheless, it bore fruit in time.

"Tell Miss Milly!" repeated Jim, with scorn. "That shows how much you know about it! Tell Miss Milly! Her hair would stan' on end if she knew it, an' as for the rest on 'em, they'd be for puttin' me out right straight off, an' no more questions ast. Shan't let none on em know a thing about it, not if I knows myself!"

"Then you'd best not try it," said Bill, as he looked wonderingly into the half-troubled, half-defiant countenance of his companion, and marvelled what had happened to affect him thus. It was not often that Jim's saucy face wore an expression like that, or that his voice and manner told so plainly of some anxiety or vexation.

There was another silence, of a few moments' duration, even the melodious whistling having ceased now, as the boys continued stowing away the vegetables.

"I wish we hadn't had to make no beginnin'," said Jim, pausing in his work, as if the sense of his troubles was overwhelming him, and taking off his cap, and roughening up his hair with one hand.

"Beginnin' of what?" asked mystified Bill.

"No beginnin' of this! of gettin' to be like Miss Milly an' her sort of folks."

"Yor needn't trouble jest yet, then," said Bill, with a grin. "I guess we ain't come to be so much like Miss Milly, an' the other swells; that folks are goin' to take us for each other. I don't think we've begun on that yet, my child."

This tender appellation roused Jim from his despondency a little. He did not relish the patriarchal style of address; and the next moment Bill dodged a parsnip, flung at his head by the penitent.

"O, come, now! yer needn't come the father over me!" was the accompanying form of expostulation. "Anyhow," he continued, "Miss Milly tole me I was gettin' to be right polite; but that ain't what

I'm thinkin' of, Bill, manners, an' them kind of things. It's that I wish we hadn't nothin' to go back to, that Miss Milly would be sorry over if she knew it, no make-ups to do, nothin' to be kinder shamed on when yer think outer it. If I on'y could get a make-up like you did, it would be so much odds; but them don't never come my way; and besides," lowering his voice to a more subdued tone, "besides, you never—I guess you never done anythin' quite so awful as what I done."

Jim's whole tone, manner and expression were so different from his usual reckless carelessness, and he dwelt with so much emphasis on the "awful thing" which he had done, that Bill's curiosity—which was at all times omniverous—was greatly excited.

"Well, I'd help yer outer it if I could," he said, "but what's a feller to do when he don't know nothin'?"

There was reason in this, as Jim felt; and after a little more consideration, he concluded to unburden his mind to his friend for the sake of receiving his sympathy, perhaps some advice which might prove serviceable.

"Well, here's what it is," he said at length, sitting down upon the lower step of the kitchen porch, before which they were busy, lowering his voice as he talked, and becoming for the time quite oblivious of the pile of vegetables still awaiting his services; while Bill went on with his work, spite of his interest in the tale. "Here's what it is, an' I'll reckon yer'll say yer don't know no more how to help a feller, when yer hear it nor yer do now."

Again he paused, as if not quite knowing how to begin his story; then continued: "Now, I say, yer know Jack Barnes, don't yer?"

"Well, I guess me an' you ain't been chums so long for me not to know Jack Barnes," said Bill. "Yes, I know Jack Barnes."

"Well, he was awful good to me once. I had a fever once, fore ever I come across you; I dunno if ever I spoke about it to yer," said Jim. "I reckon I wouldn't a-pulled through if it hadn't been him a-pulled me through. He nussed me as if I'd been his own boy or his brother, an' he wouldn't let 'em take me to the hospital, neither, though he did lose a whole lot of days' work a-stayin' with me. Well, he's gone out West, yer know, where I'm a-goin' to him some day; but afore he went he got a gal, an' had hisself married to her."

"Yes, an' a right nice gal she was, too," said Bill. "Mighty spy as ter clothes, an' purty lookin', too, an' a pleasant tongue in her head. Jack was right proud of her, an' said she was too good for him."

"Not too good for him," objected Jim. "There couldn't be nothin' too good for him if he got paid back in what he done for other folks, an' he'll be right good to her, I know; but she was uncommon spick and span alongside of him, an' she was always at him to wash and comb hisself. He got mighty genteel along of her preachin' at him. So Jack he thought he'd order have a new shirt for the marryin', an' yer know they done it up in a sudden at the last, along of startin' off unexpected the nex' day; an' Jack he was busy as busy could be, an' he gimme a ten dollar bill an' says he, 'You go along down to that place what they calls Hous-er-Industry on Sixteenth street, where they sells shirts cheap to poor folks, an' you buy me one.' 'No!' divin' in a moment the suspicion which looked at him out of Bill's eyes, 'no! I didn't clear out with Jack's money, nor no part of it. I wouldn't 'a' done that, nohow!'"

"What then?" asked Bill, as he made another pause.

Jim went on more slowly and reluctantly, as if loth to continue his revelations.

(To be Continued.)

## LIKE WHAT HE LOOKS AT.

A man is no better than the pictures he loves to look at. If your eyes are not pure, your heart cannot be. By a newspaper one can guess the character of a man by the kind of pictorial he purchases. When the devil fails to get a man to read a bad book he sometimes succeeds in getting him to look at a bad picture.—*Tal-mage*.