

How the Dog Got Home.

A story is told of a dog which lived on a ship. The vessel was anchored in the harbor of a foreign port. The dog often went ashore with the officers, and, being occupied with various dog-gish amusements, often was left behind when the officers returned in their boat to the ship. The first time this occurred, the poor dog knew not what to do when he found the ship's boat gone. He ran up and down the wharf barking and whining.

A boat was lying at the wharf in which a native was sitting. The dog suddenly stopped, jumped into the boat, and gave several short barks, as if to say, "I want to go to that ship out there."

The man knew the dog, took in the situation, and, doubtless thinking of a fee, he rowed the dog to the ship's side. The man got his fee, for the officers were glad to have their pet returned to them. After that the dog often got back to the ship in the same manner.

The following anecdote is somewhat similar in character, and speaks well for the dog's intelligence:

"You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs," said the narrator, "and Scoti, my collie dog, always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on one occasion I was walking and missed him.

"Search was in vain. The crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle; and, after waiting awhile and looking everywhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back.

"In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scoti. The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him.

"Oh sir," said the cabby, "I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was standing close by St. James' Church, a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog.

"Like his impudence," says I, and so I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but hesits still and barks, as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.' As I seizes him by the collar, I reads his name and address.

"All right, my fine gentleman," says I, "I'll drive you where you're wanted, I dare say! So I shuts the door, and my gentleman settles hisself with his head jest a-looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as though he'd been a regular fare."

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