

'At the same time the old seals have put on their fresh suits, and the whole settlement breaks up for the year. The old

males leave first, a little later the mothers and bachelors, and last of all the young ones.'

### Another 'Bill.'

**W**E all remember the story of 'Bill' which appeared in our pages a short time ago, the dog with a common name, but which was not a common dog, and which received the very uncommon honour, for a dog, of a testimonial—an honour, however, which we must I agree he well deserved. We think our readers will be as much interested as we were to hear of another uncommon dog which has conferred distinction on the common name of 'Bill.'

'Bill' was the name of this plucky little English terrier which belonged to an English sailor; but 'Bill' was only a puppy when at Dunkirk he became the property of a French master, and he soon contentedly answered to friendly calls of 'Beel,' the nearest approach his new master could manage to his old name.

'Beel' and his master were firm friends, and, when the latter was called to fight for home and country during the late Continental war, 'Beel' accompanied him wherever he went, as closely as was allowed. At last came a dreadful day which 'Beel' will never forget. His master bade him goodbye, and would not let him follow, but marched off with hundreds of his fellow-soldiers. 'Beel' kept them in sight, but soon was terribly frightened by the roaring of cannon and flash of fire; such noise, confusion and smoke he had never seen. He tried to watch his master, but lost sight of him over and over again, and at last could not make him out anywhere. Poor

'Beel' was nearly frantic with excitement and alarm. He attempted to rush into the fray, but could not make his way amid the fighting, struggling crowd, so he watched and waited.

After a time the noise grew less, the flashes and smoke from the guns ceased, the soldiers moved slowly off, and 'Beel' began to hunt for his master. He did not dare to approach too closely to the marching soldiers, knowing that was against his master's orders, but to and fro on the ghastly battlefield he ran, sniffing round the prostrate forms and eagerly searching for the beloved face.

How still the men lay! How strangely white and cold they were! At length a joy-

ful bark proclaimed success. 'Beel' rushed upon his master, who was lying on the ground, licked the cold white face, and to his great delight heard his name whispered in feeble tones. He jumped round, barked, and tried by every means in his power to entice his dear master to get up and come home, but finding all efforts in vain gave up the attempt. Sniffing restlessly round, he found his master's *képi*, which had fallen off, took it in his mouth, and as twilight deepened crouched down close to the wounded soldier and kept watch.

Very sorely wounded the poor soldier was! A ball had struck him in the chest; the blood flowed freely; he had no means of staunching it, and so got weaker and weaker every hour. Save the dead and dying, none were near. They needed help

