

of his hunting dogs that some of them slept in the bedroom. One night the duchess, who was a very pious lady, rose up for her devotions, the hounds in their hurry took the alarm, and the poor lady was torn to pieces.

To return to the Danes. The finest of these, Lena, was a splendid creature and won the prize; but I was told that a still finer one, Monarch, was absent, and sad was the cause of that absence, which was also the cause of the absence of Monarch's master and mistress.

They were expected by the Danes, and by all their other friends, canine and non-canine, but at the last moment a telegram came to say that they could not leave home. The reason was that they were nursing Monarch: 'watching his dying breath,' somebody said, but I hope it was not quite so bad as that. Monarch, who always slept in his mistress's room, was most devoted to her, and could not bear even the shortest absence from her. Now, Monarch's mistress is fond of society, and being full of gaiety and animation, thought that she should like a month or two of the London season. Monarch, however, had his opinion on the subject, and did not approve of her going without him. What to do with Monarch was a question most difficult to solve. Running along the London streets he would most likely frighten the town into fits, be gagged by a strong detachment of police, and muzzled into madness by their kind attentions. He could scarcely be put into his mistress's carriage and taken a drive with front paws and head seen at the window like the petted poodle; left to his own devices he might perhaps be stolen and vivisected. Oh, no, just let them try it!

Well, Monarch, though greatly beloved, was somewhat of an embarrassment, so it

was thought wise to send the majestic beast to the home farm, in order to wean him by degrees from the society he loved. The experiment proved a miserable failure. Monarch refused to eat, Monarch refused to sleep, and in about three days became a wretched skeleton. What was to be done? The beautiful dog was evidently dying of a broken heart. He was invited to return to the presence he loved, but he had not even strength to drag his emaciated body along. He was put into a cart and taken to the great house, but his strength was hardly equal even to this exertion, and when he arrived at his destination he was with difficulty removed to his accustomed place.

You may imagine the sorrow of his master and mistress—the tender care they showed him—the remorse they felt for the unwitting mistake! A few days' absence, they thought, would have accustomed Monarch to do without them for a little while, and with good care, and food, and liberty, they would find him on their return affectionate and unforgettable as ever; delighted to see them, but full of life and spirits, with a thousand things to tell them with his speaking eyes of all the fun he had had during their absence!

But no! Monarch's heart was far more tender than that of many a human being; his affections were far deeper, and if he could not enjoy the society he loved he would not put up with any society at all. I have not yet heard whether Monarch recovered, or whether the mistake was discovered too late to save him. If he is gone, it is difficult not to believe that there is another world for such an affectionate heart!

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