

CLEVER DOGS.

Most children love dogs very much, and like to hear stories about them, so here are some which are really quite true, and which I am sure our readers will enjoy.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, a gentleman lost his dog in Piccadilly. There was such a hubbub of carriages and carts and horses and people that his whistle could not be heard, and so at last he turned sadly away and went home alone.

As he lived a little way out of London he thought there was no chance of Scotty finding his way home, especially as he always went to town by train and travelled many miles every week in *Hansom* cabs.

In about two hours a cab drove up to the door, and out jumped the dear old collie dog. The cabman rang the bell, and the gentleman went out and inquired where he had found his pet.

"Oh, sir," said the cabman, "I didn't find him, he found me! I was waiting in Piccadilly, looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. I thought it was very impudent of him, so I shouted to him to get out. Then I got down and shook my whip at him, and tried to pull him out, but never a bit did he care. He just sat still and barked, as much as to say, 'Drive on, please.'

"I took hold of him by the collar to lift him out, and then I saw your name and address, so I thought I'd just drive him home. He seemed quite happy then, and I shut the doors, and he stood up on the seat looking out as gravely as a judge till we came to your house, and then he jumped out sharp."

You may suppose the gentleman gave the kind cabman a good reward and loved his clever dog more than ever.

The dog we have been telling you about was able to help himself. But here are some true stories of dogs that took pleasure in helping people.

Perhaps you may have heard of a dog named Jack, belonging to the Brighton and South Coast Railway, who spends his whole time travelling from place to place in the most regular and systematic fashion. He always sleeps at Lewes, leaves by an early train for Brighton, visits various stations on the Portsmouth line, and returns to catch the last train back to Lewes, sitting mostly in the guard's van, and looking out of the window all the way.

How we wish he could tell us what he is thinking about! Then perhaps we should know in what the charm consists and why he takes these self-chosen journeys. I rather believe that Jack considers it in some way his duty, and if so, most faithfully does he fulfil it. Not long ago poor Jack got his leg broken; he was crossing the line and was knocked down by an engine. But the greatest care was taken of him by his many friends, and though the leg had to be taken off he is able to make his journeys on three legs as punctually as he used to do upon four. He must be persevering.

The dog I wish now to describe to you is a Scotch collie, and he belonged in his youth to a gentleman in Roxburghshire. I suppose his work at that time was simply to look after the sheep, as his father had done before him. But another and higher mission he is now called to perform.

Some time since, Mr. John Climpson, the guard of the night boat-train on the Brighton and South Coast railway, had conceived the idea of training a dog to beg funds for the fatherless children of railway servants. After making unsuccessful trials with several dogs, "Help" was presented to him. His master spoke of him as the gentlest and most intelligent of creatures, exceedingly fond of children and so most suitable to fulfil the task Mr. Climpson had in view, if Help could only know it.

It would almost seem as if he did know it. At any rate, never was there a more successful collector. Hanging from the

collar round his neck was a brass plate with this inscription, "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 306, City Road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received." But of course Help carries a box, where donations may be received on the spot, and I can assure you he gets them. He passes about from train to train, so that during the past two years he has visited a number of our principal towns and has twice crossed the channel to Dieppe. By the last French expedition he gained about £12, and altogether Help collects about £100 a year for the railway orphan fund.

Help is very knowing, and is said never to beg of any but well-dressed people. I am glad to hear he is not a bit set up or conceited, but he keeps his own simple ways, and eats his plain dinner or gnaws his bone just as he did long ago when he kept the sheep upon the Scotch hills. No, he is never proud of his good deeds. I am not quite sure whether to believe it, but the account I read of him says he actually smiles when a half crown is dropped into his box. At any rate, he is a wonderful dog, and a good dog, and I trust we may all do our duty as faithfully and punctually as Help is doing his.

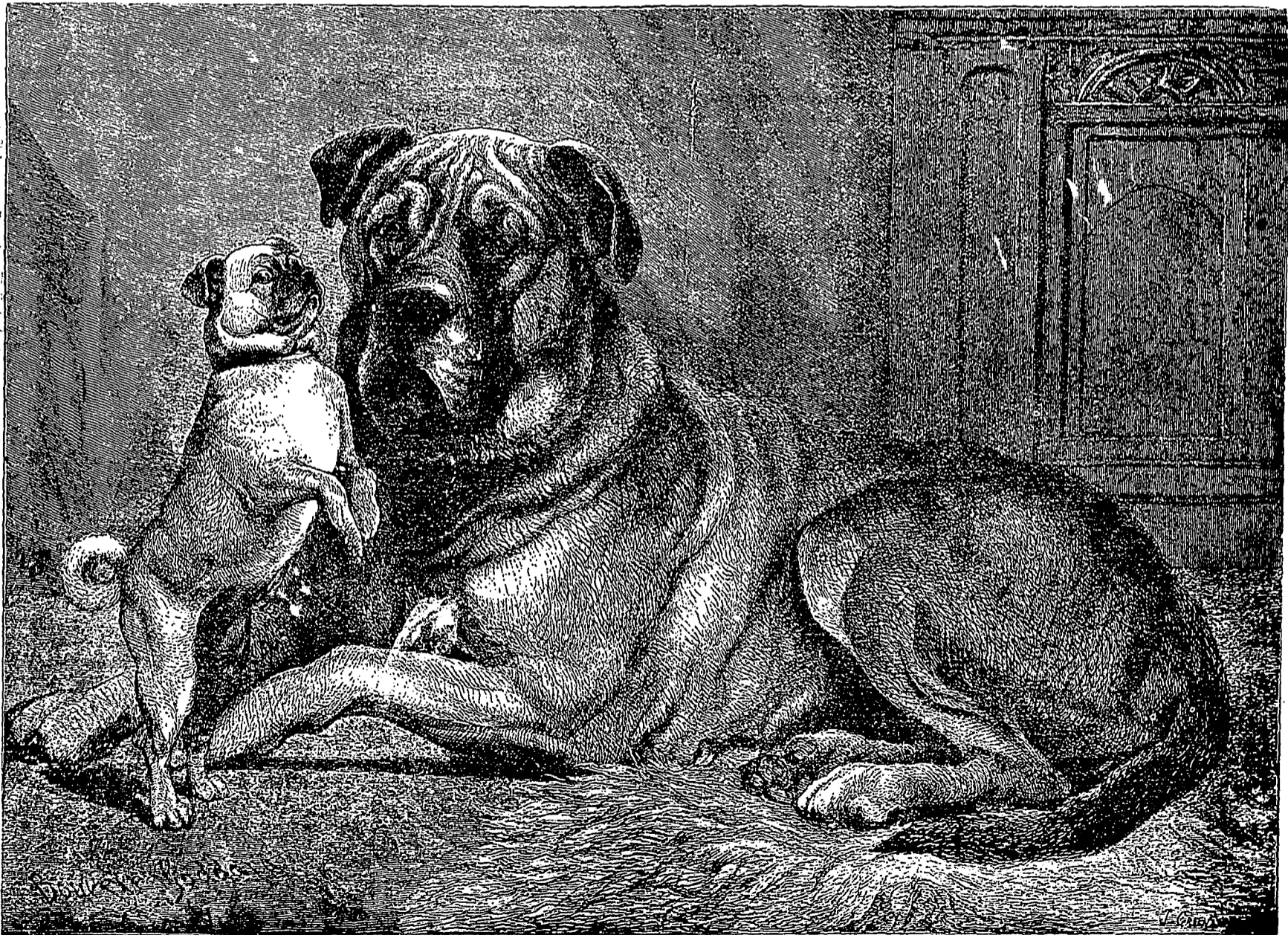
"Brake" is a retriever, and as a puppy was very intelligent and always exceedingly partial to children. He once got a piece of glass in his paw and became very lame. One day a mischievous boy caught hold of its foot and dragged it about violently, when the dog, being in great pain, snapped at the boy, but did not bite him. A complaint was made that the dog was vicious, and it was ordered to be destroyed. With this intention it was taken to the waterside, where a great stone was tied to its neck and it was thrown overboard into the water, when the rope to which the stone was attached broke, and the dog swam ashore. It was again taken to the waterside with the intention of

being effectually drowned. On its way there a kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. Curtiss saw it being led by a string, and, having inquired into the particulars, offered to take it with him, in a steamer leaving that night, to the Isle of Wight. It was given to him and he took it on board.

While on the passage the dog showed most remarkable intelligence, especially in mounting the bows of the vessel and staying as if it had been warned to look out. This attracted the notice of the sailors. Ultimately it became a frequent passenger in the boats, and as day by day it crossed the water the sailors became more and more attached to it. Cases of distress arising through sickness and death among some of those who formed the crews of the vessels, and funds being needed to relieve them, a brass collar and a brass box were made for the dog and placed on his neck, which the latter took a delight in wearing. It would go round the vessel and beg, sitting up in front of passengers and standing on its hind-legs; it would lie down, take a pipe in its mouth, wear a sailor's cap, and hold a paper in its paws. It would get up on a chair and gravely sit as one of the company at a table, holding its pipe in its mouth and wearing a cap.

In fact, through kind teaching of the sailors, it became so attached to those who had saved it that it appeared to understand all they said and only too desirous to do what it could to gratify their wishes. When Mr. Curtiss went to his room, after business, the dog would bring his slippers to him. In the morning the dog would get Mr. Curtiss' cap and then wait patiently for his going out.

Mrs. Curtiss became attached to the dog, and since she has taken him out with her he has collected nearly £50, which has been distributed to widows, orphans, and sick and disabled persons. Brake disdains to beg of poor people, and importunes only well-dressed travellers.—*Child's Companion*



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