

The young Captain saluted, and fell into his place without a word, and off rode the detachment.

It was weary work riding over stony ridges and sandy hollows, through the blistering heat and the blinding glare, while the hot prickly dust rolled up in clouds at each step, clogged every pore and choked every breath. Mile after mile of the desert was left behind, hour after hour of the burning, weary, interminable day crept slowly past, but still there was no sign of the enemy, or of any living thing save a wide-winged vulture, which hung poised in mid-air, like a blot upon the bright, scorching, cloudless sky. The soldiers grew impatient, and began to murmur and growl.

But all at once the dog (which was still keeping pace with them) stopped short, snuffed the air uneasily, and then began to run restlessly backward and forward, uttering a low anxious whine.

"Do you think he scents the enemy," whispered Colonel Noirmont to Captain de Picardon.

"I'll stake my life he does," replied the Captain. "I've never yet found him wrong. There must be some hollow here that we can't see. Here, Morel, Barbot, hold fast to each other, while I climb on to your shoulders."

And then, supported by the two burly troopers, he raised himself high enough to make out a dry water course a few hundred yards ahead, in the hollow of which a large number of men might easily be hidden.

"Ah!" cried the Colonel, when he heard this. "they want to catch us in an ambush, do they? Not so fast, my fine fellows! Half a dozen of you dismount, lads, and unsling your carbines, move forward about fifty paces and then fire."

The crash of the volley rolled like thunder along the silent desert, while the Colonel roared, in Arabic:

"Come out, you dogs! We see you plainly."

The effect was magical. Up started, as if rising through the earth, a swarm of savage faces and wild figures, while the flash and the crackle of the answering volley followed as thunder follows lightning; but the Arabs firing hastily and almost at random, only wounded two men.

"Now," thundered the Colonel, "upon them before they can reload."

Down swept the French upon their enemies like a whirlwind, and in a moment were hand to hand with them. The Arabs fought like tigers, but training and discipline soon began to tell, and the battle was over (as one of the French troopers regretfully observed) "almost before one had time to enjoy it."

But when the Arabs began to scatter and fly, the Colonel (whose blood was fairly up) dashed off in

pursuit of them so recklessly that he was soon left almost alone, seeing which three of the enemy faced round and attacked him.

Captain de Picardon—who was famous as the best swordsman in the regiment—came dashing up barely in time to cut down one of Noirmont's assailants, while the Colonel himself disposed of another; but the third man was just about to stab de Picardon in the back, when his dog flew at the Arab's throat, and clutched it with such hearty energy that the man fell to the ground bleeding and half strangled.

"Form in line!" shouted Colonel Noirmont, when the fight was over, and all the wounded had been brought in. "My children, you have done well, and I thank you. To-morrow you will be reported for good service to the commander-in-chief himself, and he will not forget you; but I have one acknowledgment to make before that. Captain de Picardon, bring forward your dog."

The four-footed scout was at once produced, and when set down in front of the Colonel, he stood up on his hind legs and made a military salute with his fore paw, to the unbounded delight of the soldiers.

"A soldier who knows his duty so well," said the Colonel, with a grim smile, "must not go unrecompensed, and thus I reward his services."

So saying, he detached from his own uniform the cross of the Legion of Honor, and hung it around the dog's neck amid thundering cheers from the assembled troopers, who declared with one voice that his decoration had been fairly won by their "Dog Soldier."—*Harper's Young People*.

PERSONAL.

We understand from Amherst papers that inspector E. J. Lay has been offered the Principalship of the Mt. Allison Male Academy. This is a very practical comment on our article of last issue. No better appointment for Mt. Allison could probably be made we are convinced. But we hope our public school system is not of the kind which will allow universally recognized merit in one of its officers to be the occasion of his loss to the service, just for the lack of a remuneration which a private institution could afford to offer.

We clip the following from our exchanges with very much pleasure:

Ed. Fulton, B. A., 1889, with first rank honors in English and history, and E. J. McLeod, B. A., 1890, with first rank honors in Greek and English, have been awarded scholarships called the "Price Greenleaf Aid" at Harvard. Also A. S. McKenzie, B. A., 1885, with honors in mathematics, a tutor at Dalhousie college during the sessions of