CADMUS: THE DOG DEMAGOGUE.

(Concluded).

But what was I to do, when the animal refused to work at all, unless I would pat him and feed him with cake?

Then Robert used to be very angry he came he never got his Spectator at the proper time, and when he did get it it looked as if it had been worried—but I cannot see yet that it was my fault if Cadmus would insist on the first perusal of it in his kennel!

And we had a little unpleasantness, too, because I had told Robert, when he had just been congratulating himself upon having thoroughly convinced Cadmus of the inexpedience of retaining India, that I feared the dog was still under some misapprehension on the subject.

"I have just got out of him what it is that makes him howl so these moonlight nights," I said, "and I find, Robert, the idiotic thing has got it into its head that the moon is our Indian empire!"

"And what if he has?" cried Robert, irritably. "You women never understand these things! What does it signify what his impression of India is, so long as he is crazy about the impolicy of possessing it? I have no doubt his ideas on the subject are quite as lucid as those of the average elector. Why can't you let the poor dog alone?"

By-and-by Cadmus began to absent himself for periods of two or three days at a time. "He is proselytising," said Robert; "his zeal has sent him out thus early." I only know that it brought him back very late, and a perfect mask of mud.

At last, during one of these absences, Robert called to me: "I will own now I was beginning to entertain doubts—but look here. Found in his kennel!" he cried, and showed me a heap of copper and some small silver.

"I hope he came by it honestly," I said. "Fridoline, you are hard on the dog. Can you suppose he has any need of it for himself? When I have so repeatedly entreated to him upon the sin of concentrating wealth! No; all this time he has been, modestly and secretly laboring for us; these sums, depend upon it, have been collected by him for the cause!"

So when Cadmus came back, Robert complimented and thanked him warmly; "In future," he said, "I will relieve you of the responsibility of guarding these contributions. I will charge myself with the sums you bring in, open a deposit in my own name at the post office savings bank, and render you strict monthly accounts. Will that meet your views?"

I shall never forget the look in that dog's eyes, and he sulkily picked out an N, and ranged an O by its side.

"But," said Robert, "you surely intend to devote this money to the cause?" Cadmus, however, made it sufficiently plain that he did not.

"What then?" we asked, and he was a long time arranging his answer; when it was put together we read: "I want a silver collar with my name and address on like wot other dogs got."

"Similiar to those worn by other dogs, you mean," corrected Robert, "but really, this is monstrous, deplorable—you actually desire to be invested with the badge of servitude!"

No, he gave us to understand, he didn't want that—only the collar.

Robert gasped and waved him away; it was a severe blow to him that, after all his training, his pupil could betray such degraded tastes, and he became more uneasy than before about his proceedings during his long absences, and especially about the means by which he had amassed sums which seemed too considerable to have been honestly acquired by one unassisted dog.

It was left for me, at a period when Robert was away at Oxford, to penetrate this mystery. I took the liberty of following Cadmus, unknown to him, on one of his expeditions, and tracked him down until I found him—oh, the horror of it!—misusing the blessings he had received by giving street performances in orthrography to a wondering crowd round a corner. His spelling, it is true, was incorrect, but it seemed to satisfy the public taste. I broke through and caught his eye just as he was in the act, by particular desire, of spelling "potater" amid a shower of coppers.

I had him by the scruff of the neck in an instant, and made him leave his ill-gotten halfpence on the ground and come home with me. When I got him safely there, I talked to him seriously. "You," I said, "You to use your talent, which was given to you for the advancement of your species, in depriving ours of our hard-earned money! It will pain me, but I shall have to tell Robert of you."

He began sorting out his nasty alphabet, and presently I read: "I shall tell of you first."

"Of what—you impudent thing," I cried and he set to work again—presently the letters ran: "Wot you rote in your diry!"

I turned cold; for years I have been in the habit of keeping a journal in which I enter my most serious thoughts, which one is otherwise so apt to forget, and as I wrote "strictly private" outside, it never occurred to me that any eye but my own was likely to peruse it, so that I wrote with a freedom I might not otherwise have thought prudent.

The question now was, how far had my imprudence led me? and I rushed to my room, took out my journal, and examined it with anxiety.

There they were, all the hidden longings, the yearnings, the secret aspirations of my inmost heart, faithfully recorded, and I felt that there were certain passages that (though there was no harm in them) I should be very sorry for Robert to see. And on page after page there was a mark like a muddy shamrock, which showed me that that disgustingly ungentlemanly dog had read every word!

I was weak enough to return and endeavor to cajole him, and thus placed myself within his power, which I need not say he shamefully abused; all that day and the next he ate chickens and lay on my best ottoman in the drawing room, and I had to pretend to astonished callers that he was a privileged favorite!

He never owned definitely what he intended to do, and I happened, most unfortunately, to be out when Robert returned—or I should certainly have hidden Cadmus's alphabet—but I should have found him shut up in his study with that odious animal, and I knew from the manner of both that my poor secrets had been remorselessly betrayed.

"Oh, Robert!" I began at once. "I never really meant a single word of it!"

All he replied was, "I want that photograph," and as I was struck silent, he explained. "The portrait of Charlie, whom, as your journal does not hesitate to admit, you miss more and more every day — the portrait you are not ashamed to carry upon your person!"

"Do you mean my locket?" I cried. "What are you dreaming of Robert?"

"It is no dream," he said in sombre tones; "This faithful friend—at considerable cost to his own feelings—(here Cadmus shut his eyes and began to stretch)—"has felt it his duty to speak of what, in a very reprehensible exercise of his new accomplishments, he has accidentally discovered. The locket, Fridoline, the locket!"

"Then, if you must have it," I said—"there!"

Robert opened the case with trembling fingers. "A spaniel!" he cried, between disgust and relief.

"Yes," I said. "My poor dear King Charlie who died, and though he wasn't educated enough to make mischief, poor darling, was worth a dozen crawling curs like that beast there. Apologize please, Robert!"

"Cadmus," said Robert, stiffly, "have the goodness to retire to the kitchen."

The night, as Robert and I, now completely reconciled (except that he would still try to take the dog's part,) were sitting up somewhat late, we heard a couple of muffled barks in the back garden.

"You see," said Robert, "he may not be all I had hoped from him, he may be a little conceited and officious; but you must admit, Fridoline, that as the worst he remains an admirable house dog!" Here there was a ring at the bell, and we found a policeman at our gate.

"Light in your kitchen," he said, "thought I'd make inquiry, bein' late."

"The maids have gone to bed," said I.

"Then," said Robert, "it must be a burglar, and our faithful dog was seeking to give the alarm."

We went down stairs, and there, just inside the scullery window, was the lower half of a man, stuck fast and kicking violently. "That's Bleary Bill's legs," said the constable, as he secured them with a rope, and presently the entire burglar lay, swearing horribly, on the scullery floor.

"So," said Robert directly he saw him, "this is one of your old jobs, is it?" It was this man who had sold him Pincher; if further proof had been wanting, the dog entered at that moment and came cringing up to his former master.

"The hold game!" said the policeman, "you an' the dawg, Bill. But you didn't work it this time."

"If that there dog had gin me the orfice as he ought to, I'd ha' been far enough away by this time; but he never tipped me a bark, he didn't!" said the prisoner, resentfully.

"What does this mean, constable?" asked Robert.

"Why, this yere dawg's as well known to us as Bill himself—they've worked in couples many a job, cu'y we never could catch them at it. The dawg, he keeps guard like, and barks when he hears anyone comin'—twice for one of us, once for the person of the house."

"Then you mustn't blame the dog, burglar," I said, "for he did bark twice—I heard him!"

"Then, I tell yer how it was," he retorted, "I was so busy trying to find some o' your bloomin' plate that wasn't electro, that I never heard him, that's all? Well, I'm glad the old dawg didn't turn agin me, that I am. Me an' him'll stand in the dock together, eh, Pincher?"

"Don't you flatter yourself!" said the unfeeling constable, "long afore that your dawg 'll have seen the inside of a waterbutt—and a good riddance!"

"Oh," I cried, "you won't drown him surely!"

"He'll be took afore the sitting magistrate as part of the evidence for committal, and then he'll be sent to the Dogs 'Ome at Battersea, and if no one don't claim him, drowned he'll be," was the calm answer.

"But p'raps you'd like to keep him as a souvenir, sir?" the constable suggested.

I was afraid Robert was going to accept—but he coughed and reddened slightly. "On the whole," he replied, "from what I now know of his antecedents—I—ah, think not."

"Well, he ain't much to look at, certainly," agreed the policeman; "then it's all up with him."

But Cadmus, who seemed to have been following the dialogue with some interest, and not to approve of the manner in which his destiny had been decided for him, here gave a sudden spring through the open window, and was lost in the darkness.

"You won't get him inside of that waterbutt o' yourn just yet awhile!" said the burglar, chuckling.

And I am ashamed to confess that I was extremely glad of it.

* * *

Some months after the burglar's conviction, I happened to be taken by some friends with whom I was staying to a small country theatre—Robert, I need scarcely say, not forming one of the party. The piece they played was a version of the "Dog of Montargis," and directly that noble animal made its appearance I recognized him. It was Pincher, alias "Cadmus," alias "Bayard," a name under which he had apparently gone on the stage. He went through his part (which he scarcely looked) creditably enough, and when he came before the curtain at its close to bow his acknowledgements, he cast an imploring glance upward at the stage box, where I sat—the one person there who knew how checkered had been his past.

And I threw him down a little bunch of violets I was wearing, which, I think, he understood as a token that I would not betray him.

Robert, who has been allowed to read some parts of this, says I am betraying him now, but, of course, I have only mentioned this story in strict confidence, and I am sure no one would use it to prejudice a poor dog who is struggling hard to be respectable.

For I am beginning to think myself that the stage (with all its temptations) offers a far better career for a dog than demonstrating on platforms or agitating for things he can know very little about.

Robert still declares he does not agree with me—but has taken no steps as yet to educate any more dogs.

* * * *

—A disease of so delicate a nature as stricture of the urethra should only be entrusted to those of large experience and skill. By our improved methods we have been enabled to speedily and permanently cure hundreds of the worst cases. Pamphlet, reference and terms, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

Catarrh.

—Catarrh, on account of its prevalence in this country, is attracting a good deal of attention, more especially now when there is a probability of a visit from cholera, for where either is a muco-purulent discharge, such discharge forms a nidus very inviting to cholera germs, and very favorable for their reproduction in a more violent form, thus placing sufferers from catarrh at a great disadvantage in the event of a cholera visitation.

Catarrh is a contagious disease. It is a muco-purulent discharge, caused by the presence of a vegetable parasite in the lining membrane of the nose. These parasites reproduce themselves in great multitudes, and each generation is more virulent. They spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat, up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper function of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

The reason that catarrh has become so prevalent a disease is entirely due to the fact that it has not been understood. Physicians have been unanimous in treating it as a simple inflammation of the membrane and have signally failed to produce cures, but microscopic research has revealed the presence of the parasite, and now sufferers from this disease who appreciate the fact that it is by way of its secondary effects a most deadly one, will be glad to learn that a wonderfully successful treatment has been formulated, whereby the most aggravated cases of catarrh have been permanently cured in from one to three simple applications. The interesting pamphlet descriptive of this new treatment, from which we glean the above, is sent free to all applicants on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada. —The Star 15

The Indian question: "Ugh! Where big Injun's fire-water?"

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An inn gauge meant tying—The dinner bell.

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—In a long letter from John H. Hall of Baddick, Cape Breton, N.S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave. It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal." 246

Joseph English, of Boston, who seems to be a man of leisure, has wasted ink and a half hours in writing 4162 words on a postal card.

Public Notice.

—All testimonials in favor of Hallamore's Expectorant are from well known residents of Toronto. Mr. S. J. Willcock, 139 Spadina avenue, says: "I have used Hallamore's Expectorant for coughs and colds for thirteen years, and would not be without it. It never fails to cure me." 6 ex

—A. S. Smith, the hat manufacturer, has received the style of silk hat for spring both in American and English, in which he is prepared to fill orders either in the spring-blocked wire hats or the regular solid block. Ask your hatter for the wire brim hat in best quality. edx

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—There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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