

A VICTIM TO DUTY.

I must admit that I am somewhat ashamed to relate the beginning of our mutual attachment. To speak frankly, there is little room for proper self-respect or dignity in the confession that one fell in love at first sight with a miserable looking creature, discovered shivering beneath a portochere on a black and stormy night; it may be evangelical, but it hardly savors of pride for a man to share his existence with a poor, homeless and abandoned wretch who begged for a night's shelter and came from nobody knew where.

But a man's affections cannot always be set upon the high and mighty of this earth, nor can his esteem be given solely to those who have succeeded in obtaining a large share of its good things. Those attachments which are most talked of are very often the least pleasant, and it must be admitted that a lack of fortune is not necessarily a disparagement, and, for the most part, the cruel tricks of fate take away nothing of personal merit.

Besides, I was rewarded for my good deed, if it was one, so rare and unbounded an admiration and gratitude that it deserves to be mentioned.

To begin at the beginning, then, I was on my way home from the club, where I had just lost at play a sum large enough to destroy all thoughts of merriment. On such occasions the world invariably becomes black and gloomy, my fellow men appear greater fools than they actually are, women are but painted imitations of beauty and all cab drivers a pest to be ruthlessly treated.

All my best sentiments are clouded over for the time, and in my wrath and despair I usually endeavor to make some one else as unhappy as I am myself. Accordingly, I remember upon this particular occasion two beggars had hastily and tremblingly withdrawn from my footsteps as I stalked tragically homeward.

Suddenly, as I turned a poorly lighted corner, I heard a low whine at my side. I haughtily turned my head the other way. Two steps further came a second cry, from the other side this time and more persistent and insistent.

"The devil fly away with you!" I thought irritably. "I suppose I can't decently leave the poor beggar to die just because I have lost a few piles of gold pieces."

I paused, feeling in my pockets for the few scattered coins that had survived the evening's shipwreck. The light from the flaring street lamp illuminated a single spot in the darkness, and instead of the beggar I had expected I saw—a little, shivering, black dog, whose long curly ears fell nearly to the ground and whose tail, wagging pitifully, betrayed the owner's misery better than any words.

I was furious. To be sure, the dog is the friend of man in general, and I am the friend of the dog in particular. But to be stopped on such a night, when I was nobody's friend, either in general or particular, and just for a dog, was too much!

I started to walk on, when I felt his tongue, warm and moist, lick my hand. Doubtless he wished to thank me for having done so much as to pause and glare at him for an instant. It was generous of me, truly!

I stopped again. His tail was wagging more and more earnestly, and his dark eyes looked imploringly into mine.

"Come," he was saying in his dog's language, which I understand perfectly, "come, now, don't be hard hearted! Look, I am freezing cold and starving to death! I haven't a master, nor the smallest sign of a bone, nor anywhere to sleep. Take me home with you. I'll follow you and obey you and love you, for I'm a very good sort of dog. Oh, I'm sure that now you've seen how miserable I am, you can't go on and leave me to die. Honest, now, can you?"

He was right. I couldn't. It didn't take very long for me to tell him so, either. I stooped and patted his curly head and the dog, understanding my language as well as I had read his, jumped into my arms with his wet, cold feet, uttering short little barks, which were all he had strength for.

"Come along, old man," I said; "you belong to me now."

He didn't make me repeat it twice, but rubbed his muzzle against my leg and trotted beside me happily.

"Aren't you rather hungry?" I inquired presently, looking at him.

"Gracious, yes; abominably so," answered the tail, wagging furiously.

"Come on, then, we'll go and have some supper," I suggested.

He accepted my proposition with alacrity, and we stopped at a restaurant, where I procured an excellent soup, full of all sorts of doggy delicacies, and put it down before my new friend. He was evidently satisfied, for he ate with an appetite which I secretly envied him.

While he ate I examined him. He was of a good breed, certainly, for his limbs were well formed and shapely. Stolen from somebody's kennel, I surmised.

I decided that I would name him Nedjeh, which seemed to suit his dark beauty, and I informed him of his new cognomen. It took him some time to get used to it, but then, I couldn't expect everything.

The next morning, after a night spent on a comfortable pillow, Nedjeh was as much at home in my bachelor quarters as if he had been born there. He examined all the corners, searched the closets, watched my orderly polish my boots with every sign of approval and, lastly, turned his attention to me and my bed. He regularly took possession of me and made himself completely at home.

After his own toilet had been made and the traces of his former misery removed, I presented him to the mess where, with perfect self-possession, he accepted the pettings and attentions of my fellow officers.

"He would make an excellent military dog," said the Colonel, always an eminently practical man.

"Very true," said the Lieutenant-Colonel, who invariably agreed with his superior, as was proper.

"Let me have him, Wilhelm," said my chum, a Captain in my own regiment. "I'll teach him the tricks of the trade. He'd be a fine mascot."

And, indeed, it was not long before the intelligent animal had learned his lesson well. He could give the alarm, discover sentinels and spies and carry written messages, delivering them to the proper person. The Colonel was delighted with him, and he soon became the pet of the regiment.

There was one thing, however, that Nedjeh learned to hate very thoroughly, even a painted picture, and that was the French uniform. In order to inspire him with a lasting sentiment of this nature, my friend the Captain, after fastening the dog in the stable, had dressed up as a French officer and then pretended to strike me.

The experiment was a complete success, so much so that we had to interrupt it for fear of an accident, for Nedjeh was straining at his rope and growling. After that he evinced a great hatred for anything that recalled the uniform. Alas, it was this very sentiment that brought about his death.

One day in July I was walking with my friends on the outskirts of the city, admiring the rich crops that would soon be harvested. Nedjeh was with me, on a leash.

From time to time he looked at me with a bored expression and yawned widely, his white teeth gleaming in his mouth. Seeing that I was bound to continue my walk, he followed at my heels with a resigned droop to his ears.

We stopped where a company of men were practising marksmanship and presently I felt a hard tug at the leash. Nedjeh, his eyes gleaming, his hair bristling, was standing on his hind legs barking madly.

In vain I tried to soothe him, patting and calling him pet names; he only continued to bark, hoarsely and chokingly, as he strained at his collar. At last he gave one long snap at the leash, which broke. Nedjeh tumbled over in the dust but, recovering himself, dashed off at a wild run.

"Here, here, Nedjeh; come back!" I commanded, but his ears were sealed.

At some distance in the field were the painted models of a man, standing, kneeling and lying down, which served as targets for the men to shoot at. One of these was painted in the hated colors of the French uniform.

With a furious growl, Nedjeh rushed upon this latter, biting it and tearing it to pieces. The astonished soldier laid down his gun, and the onlookers, delighted with the spectacle, applauded boisterously.

"Bravo for the dog! Down with the Frenchman! Go ahead, Fido; eat him up!" they cried.

I hastened to catch hold again of the leash, but by the time I did so all that remained of the unfortunate model was a scattered pile of wooden splinters, torn and bitten. Nedjeh had satisfied his hatred, and, panting, he awaited my approach with a triumphant air. And although I was obliged to pay for the destroyed target, I could not find any excuse for scolding my dog, who had done nothing but what he had been taught to consider his duty.

Now comes the sad epilogue of my story, which I here dedicate to all my readers who are fond of dogs. I should have wished to conclude in a less funeral strain, and portray Nedjeh as continuing the course of his exploits in a real encounter with the enemy wherein he would be covered with glory. But, alas, the poor animal died, though not upon the field of battle, yet none the less a victim. He was made to pay with his life a too complete obedience to the lessons he had received.

He died during the night, poisoned by the colors he had absorbed while devouring the painted Frenchman. All my care was powerless to save him, and even the veterinary was obliged to confess himself baffled.

Poor little dog! We lamented him, you may be sure, and we buried him in a corner of the mess garden, in a quiet, sheltered spot, and over his grave we put the inscription:

NEDJEH,
The dog of the Regiment.
A victim to his duty!

Women form nearly one-fifth of the students at Swiss universities.

VOYAGE TO BOTANY BAY

EXPERIENCE IN AN AUSTRALIAN CONVICT SHIP.

Hardened Criminals and Young Lads Were Chained Together.

It was July 10, 1838, and the morning broke clear with a promise of sunshine as we rose at the unusually early hour of three o'clock. It was the day of our sailing from England for Australia—16,000 miles over the sea—and the day of parting from our dear ones. My father had been called upon in command of his regiment to go with the convicts to Botany Bay. Although the idea was especially repugnant to him, as he was a widower, with the care of two daughters of sixteen and eighteen and a widowed mother, he declined to do as many of the military did, beg to be excused, for he was rigid in his views that a soldier was bound to go without hesitation wherever called upon, writes M. C. in New York Evening Post.

I was at the age when the light that is around is all from within, and the idea of a voyage of five months seemed delightful, in spite of the fact that nearly all of my fellow-passengers would be battened off from my view. However, youth lives in anticipation, and little did I think when I rose that morning that it would be my last day on English soil—for I am hardly likely at my advanced age after sixty-seven years, to visit England.

We boarded H.M.S. "Portsea" at Tilbury Fort, and it was sad to see the poor fellows file on board at Portsmouth from the prison hulks or convict ships, sinners though they were, chained to each other by big irons, two by two, and handcuffed.

A MOTLEY CREW

they seemed (with a few exceptions, of whom more hereafter). Sullen faces, hardened some of them, and such as you would expect, for to use my father's words, the majority were the offspring of Newgate—England's Sing Sing. True there were those who had been sent out for minor offences, but only five in a hundred. It was in this way that, side by side, there marched the poacher, embezzler, the treble convicted felon and the murderer, the bigamist and the lad who had stolen a watch. Think of it! four hundred Britishers marching in prison garb, with the sign of the broad arrow—the brand of the convict—sewn on the back and arms, most of them leaving home and country forever. Transportation for life was the sentence of most of them.

When all were on board and had been taken in hand by their respective guards, the subordinate officers, my father returned to the saloon, and taking up a packet of letters, asked us to read them carefully and see if they contained anything seditious in them. One of the first I opened demanded instant attention. It was written by the mother of a clerk of the Bank of England, found guilty of embezzlement of sixty pounds, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The broken-hearted mother, who was even now waiting on the quay at the foot of the gangway, implored of Captain —, my father, to allow her just five minutes with her son. She urged that she would never see her boy again, as she had not many months to live. She promised not to speak, just to hold him to her heart once more was all she asked. She would submit to be searched, anything but the thought that she must never see him again! My father walked up and down in great perturbation—he knew how strict the orders were on that subject, and how could he give permission to one and not to another. And yet how could he refuse this piteous appeal. Suddenly he stopped walking, he had come to a decision. He would risk a reprimand, as he considered the lad's sentence a relic of

BARBARIC SEVERITY.

He gave orders for "No. 16" to be brought to him. A refined looking young man stood before him, with bowed head and ashy face. Then he was told that his mother would see him for a few moments on parting. The young man had a request to make. He implored my father to allow him to put another pair of trousers over those he wore, that his mother might be spared the sight of the leg irons, which would add so much to the horror of his situation. It would have taken too long to have had the irons removed—for they were riveted on. His mother was waiting now for permission to come on board.

A soldier walked down the gang plank, and touching his cap, said, "The captain wishes to see you, madam." A richly dressed and comparatively young woman followed him into the saloon, where my father met her. Her son was standing in expectation. He rushed to his mother's outstretched arms, and during the whole of the interview, which lasted five minutes, not a word was spoken, only the broken sobs of the unhappy pair were heard. My father was obliged to remain with them, and seeing that it was only prolonging grief, he gently touched her shoulder and drew her away—the sergeant leading the young man back to his cabin. My father assisted the stricken mother to the gangway, and chocking with emotion, wrung her hand saying, "May God keep me and mine from such sorrow as yours. I will remember you." On arriving in Australia he appointed the young man "sentry" at Hyde Park Bar-

racks (the House of Detention in Sydney) instead of sending him out to work on the roads in a convict gang.

The poor fellow's first letter informed him of his mother's death, and at the expiration of his sentence he remained in the colony. He belonged to a good family, as none but influential people got their sons into the Bank of England at that time—and we can quite understand that he would not care to join his family after

SUCH AN EXPERIENCE.

"Transportation to Botany Bay" was the next thing to hanging in the British mind at that time. The herding with felons—the treatment they received from some of the military (who were despots) were too well known, and I recall no instance where a returned convict settled on British soil. Indeed, of the hundreds who were "sent out" one hears little; they seem to have disappeared from the face of the earth.

Our voyage was long and tedious, and the first break was caused by the death of a tailor, who died of brain fever. Poor fellow, he had brooded over his misfortune and refused food from the time he left Portsmouth. His ravings were hideous, and his death was a happy release. He had been convicted of the paltry offence of stealing a small sum of money from his aunt, a miserly old woman, whose only visitor he was. He always maintained his innocence to the last, and the officials on board really thought that as he differed so much from the others (who owned to their offences, and who bore their lot with tolerable equanimity) that he was innocent. Up to the time of his arrest he had always been a devoted husband and father, and an exemplary man. His burial at sea was a pathetic incident. No mourners, the quartermaster and captain standing while the body, wrapped in canvas was slid into the sea.

The health of that large consignment of human beings was a matter of great responsibility to the ship surgeon, Dr. Bell, for having no vegetables, an epidemic of scurvy broke out, which the physician sought to avert by liberal doses of lime water administered to unwilling partakers. On one occasion the surgeon reported a case of insubordination. Captain D—, one of the prisoners, had refused to touch the lime water, as it had been mixed in the bathtub, the only available vessel of sufficiently gigantic proportions. Insubordination was punished for forty-eight hours in the guard room, but my father passed the matter over, with the exclamation, "Poor devil! I don't wonder."

A STORM AROSE

when we were off the coast of Tasmania, and the men besought of their keepers to set them free, as they were chained to their bunks by the leg. Above the roaring of the wind we could hear the shouts of the men. "Let us free; we shall drown like rats!" "I only stole a watch," cried one. Thus their delinquencies were published all night for the benefit of those on board, until dawn, when the storm abated. Military discipline was inexorable, and had the ship gone down that night they would have gone down, too, in their bunks, for the danger of unloosing such a mob was too great. A fortnight later, when the ship dropped anchor in Port Jackson, the first sight that greeted us was fourteen men hanging by the neck from temporary scaffolds. They had been hanged that morning outside the jail, as was the custom in England in those days. Justice was speedy. These men were highwaymen; it was the custom to awe the spectators and to hang several of them together in public. On landing in Sydney now, with its beautiful city and gaily dressed and happy crowds, it is difficult to think that such scenes were enacted there less than seventy years ago, and to know the workings of the imperial mind which could make "a dumping ground" of so fair a spot.

One of the most remarkable prisoners on board our ship was Captain C—. He had been convicted of bigamy and sentenced to transportation and five years' penal servitude. The circumstances of his case were as follows: In his youth he had made an unhappy alliance, and before he departed for India, whither he was ordered on active service, he had a legal separation made out. Remaining in India eleven years, he just returned in time to be sent to Spain, where he distinguished himself in action, losing an arm, and winning the much coveted Victoria Cross (for special bravery) among other decorations. He was the "lion" of the hour, and percesses vied with one another in adding lustre to their entertainments by the presence of

THE HANDSOME SOLDIER

whose breast glittered with medals pinned on by his sovereign.

Among the ladies he met at this time was an heiress of distinction, young, beautiful, and with suitors all round, whom she disdained because she had fallen in love with the gallant captain. While in India, several years before, Captain C— had heard of his wife's death, and it seems extraordinary that he did not verify the news before entertaining any idea of a second marriage. He did not do so, however, and he married the heiress in spite of the opposition of her family, who, being Roman Catholics, objected to her marrying out of the fold. He was a Protestant. They were married a year, and life went merrily with them, when a whisper came which startled military and aristocratic circles. Captain

C—'s wife had appeared; she had been "in retreat" in a convent, and on coming out had heard of her husband's brilliant achievements and of his marriage. His arrest followed and he was relentlessly prosecuted by his second wife's brother. His failure to verify his wife's supposed death went against him at his trial, and he was convicted.

His brother officers never could understand how so honorable a man could make such a mistake, and they always believed him innocent, but British law was obdurate, although great influence was brought to bear that he might be spared transportation. His second wife stood by him and believed in him, and continued to write the most impassioned love letters (which my father, in his official capacity, was obliged to read) for three years, when they suddenly ceased, and no answer was received to repeated letters from Captain C—, who imagined that either she had died, or, in a weak moment, had listened to the persuasions of her brother and entered a convent. Ten years later, Captain C—'s picture was in the London "Illustrated News" as the inventor of a gun, which was as well known then as the Maxim is to-day.

A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Climbers' Experience in a Terrible Thunderstorm.

It is not the expected dangers which are the greatest menace to Alpine climbers. Mr. W. C. Slingsby tells in the Alpine Journal of a party of three who set out to scale the Dent Blanche with every reasonable expectation of a quick return. They were well equipped, were all experienced climbers in first-rate condition, and the weather was above reproach. Yet an unforeseen peril overtook them, and not one of them would willingly repeat the experience of that night. Says Mr. Slingsby:

We climbed up without an adventure, and about four o'clock in the afternoon we started to come down. The weather was perfect, and we had no thought of mishap. We had been descending for about one hour when a flash of lightning called our attention to a black cloud, which advanced toward us and caused us to hasten our movements.

Suddenly, without warning, the cloud fell upon us, dense and dark. The axes in our hands gave out faint steady flames; so did our gloves, and our hair stood out straight. A handkerchief which Solby had tied over his head looked like a tiara of light. The sight was uncanny, but interesting. The sparks and flames emitted no heat and no hissing, but I felt an unpleasant vibration about my spectacles.

One hundred and fifty feet of climbing would take us over the dangerous part of our journey, and in spite of the darkness we pressed on to reach safety before nightfall. We were all seated on a steep incline of ledge, clearing away the ice, when all at once the mountainside appeared to break out in a blaze, followed by a muzzled muffled peal of thunder, which seemed to come out of the interior of the mountain. If a great crevice had opened and fire burst forth we should not have been more surprised.

Solby and Smith cried out, "My axe is struck!" and each let his axe go into the chasm in front of us. We were blinded by the terribly intense light. Smith had a broad band burned half-way round his neck, but aside from that we were not hurt. There was nothing to do but to wait until the storm should pass. The spectacle was so grand that we even took a grim enjoyment in it. But when it had passed night had fallen, and we were prisoners until morning.

We lashed ourselves to the rocks, braced our feet on the small projections of the steep incline and tried to make the best of it. It snowed and hailed and blew. We did not dare to sleep, but kept our hands and feet moving all night long. Smith was so dazed by the electric shock that he kept calling us by wrong names.

At the earliest dawn we made a breakfast of frozen oranges and sardines. Then we tried to start, but we were so benumbed that we were forced to wait for the sun to give some heat. When it finally did blaze upon us and our stiffness had disappeared, we rescued our axes and started for Zermatt, which we reached at nightfall. A rescuing party had just been organized to go to our relief.

EVERY MAN TO HIS TASTE.

In the garden of a great man six persons were sitting, a scientific man a merchant, a poet, a young man, very much in love—a lawyer and a lady. The wind was blowing rather hard and six apples fell down. Each took one. The scientific man took his apple and discovered a new law of nature. The merchant sold his. The poet ate his. The young man who was very much in love gave his to his sweetheart. The lawyer went to law against the owner of the tree on account of being hit by the fallen apple. But the lady took her apple to the owner of the tree, gained his affections, and as he was rich she had lots of money all the rest of her life.—From Fables of Eugene Ihtai.

France leads the countries of Europe in theatres, having 374,