

## WISE DOGS AND MULES.

COULD DO ALMOST EVERYTHING  
APART FROM TALKING.

The Mastiff That Could Count and tell one Color From Another—A Dog With a Memory and one With a Sense of Humor—Used as Trustworthy Messengers.

The beasts which perish are a mighty interesting lot if only the observer looks at them through sympathetic eyes, says a writer in the N. Y. Sun. Such an observer can no more doubt their possession of what are called the higher faculties than he can doubt the sun's shining or the growth of grass. In proof take a few stories here set down. For the most part they came within the writer's knowledge. In the few cases given at second hand the source was trustworthy.

Take first the story of Dash, a big, white, shaggy, mongrel mastiff, who stood almost four feet at the shoulder, and could pull down an ox. Yet he was the gentlest of four-footed things; likewise, the most faithful. His master ran a big farm, had pasture of 200 acres in extent, and kept sheep, hogs, and cattle by the hundred, not to mention some twenty-five head of horses and mules. He could take Dash into the clover field, where all were grazing, show him the track of one particular beast—sheep, hog, or cow, it made no difference—say to the dog "Fetch," and then go about his business, and be certain Dash would separate and bring out that particular animal if he had to follow it all day, and, further, if the track were crossed by a hundred different hoods. But that was less wonderful than Dash's ability to count and distinguish colors. If the order was "Fetch two," or three, or five, he obeyed it accurately. He would drive up the mules, it told to do it, paying no attention to the horses grazing beside them; conversely, if horses were ordered he took no heed of the long ears. He would fetch the grey mare, or the bay, according to direction, and knew the riding horses—Sonny, Silver Tail, and Blazes—by name as well as all the men on the place. The time he was about the house he was the most vigilant and discriminating of watch dogs. Familiar friends and neighbors he met at the gate, barking, frolicking, and capering about. Strangers of good appearance he escorted sedately to the front door, keeping a little way behind, and never taking his eyes from them till they had been spoken to by some of the family. But to the shambling, seedy, or ill-looking he was a terror on four feet, barking, growling, leaning violently against the gate, and showing his teeth savagely if they made to pass.

Dash died full of years and honors, leaving Watch, his son, to reign in his stead. Outwardly Watch was his counterpart, but through his mother owned a brindle bull cross which cropped out in the fiercest savagery. His master had by this time removed into the county town, but lived in the outskirts, and had garden, orchard, and paddock, besides his house plot. Though tramps and light-fingered darkies assailed, everything within his enclosure went untouched so long as Watch was out of his kennel, though he was never freed of block and chain.

One day, as a visitor came in from the street, the dog growled and frightened her to the point of screaming. His master rapped him lightly across the nose and bade him be gone, telling him it was disgraceful thus to annoy a lady. Watch slunk away, still growling. Two days later he espied the woman about whom he had been scolded passing along the pavement outside his owner's gate. At once he leaped the fence with a force that broke his chain, sprang upon her, threw her down, and would have mangled her had not his master run to his rescue. Always afterward the sight of her sent him into a crazy rage.

Watch had a good memory for kindness as well as for hurts. Another visitor to the house saw him thirsty and panting beside his kennel and ran out to him with a big basin of water. He lapped languidly, with no sign of satisfaction, but always thereafter the water bearer could come into the house in the absence of all the family and be greeted with a silent, friendly wag of the tail. This was the more remarkable because no other person could lift the gate latch without finding Watch dashing down the front walk, ready to attack him. Yet even to this favored one he permitted no approach to familiarity. If she had ventured upon trespassing past he would have flown at her throat.

Jack was a dog of another temper, the dearest, wiry black-and-tan terrier that ever chased butterflies or burrowed after moles. The velvet-coated gentry were his chosen prey. No matter where he found a run, at once he fell to furious digging. One day, in the course of it, he found himself stopped by a bigish shallow-growing root, directly across the molehill. He tried first to dig beyond it, but it impeded his dlying paws. He stopped short, and dropped his head, as one in deep thought, then caught the offending root between his teeth and gnawed it in two. After that he began digging afresh, but the projecting root-ends were nearly as troublesome as before they were severed. Crouching a little at one side, he seized an end and fast in his mouth and gave a backward spring or two, which pulled the root out of the earth for a space of perhaps a foot. Then he caught the other end and jerked it out a like distance, the while looking reproachfully up at his young mistress. Her father, Jack's usual comrade, had a habit of cutting roots in two and pulling them out thus for him. Possibly Jack had recognized and resented the indubitable fact that womankind rarely carry pocket knives.

Jack and Tipsey, the tortoise-shell kitten, were great friends. Neither had the least good will toward other cats and dogs. But they eat often from the same platter, and always, when Jack lay curled in front of the big open fireplace, Tipsey's chosen resting place was the round of his side. One chilly evening when a roaring fire made a fierce draft over the rug, Jack lay down at full length, prone and straight, as though he were dead. Tipsey came tip-toeing a little, and tried to establish herself comfortably on the side of him next

the fire. For perhaps three minutes she twined and turned, curled herself now this way, now that, but could not adapt herself to his altered pose. Presently she got up, walked around to his head, and began to give him dainty fillops on the nose with a soft forepaw. Twice, thrice she struck, and he did not stir. Then the watchers saw her claws unsheathed, and a smart scratch planted upon Master Jack's nose. It brought him to terms. He sat up, blinked a minute at Tipsey, then laid himself down in his usual conave, while she made herself snug in the hollow of his forearm. In another household there was the keenest jealousy between Major, the black Newfoundland, and Trix, wisest of rat terriers. If she heard rat or mouse, there was no peace for anybody until she had chased and killed it. Then the sport began for the human onlookers. Major was a bit of a wag. It delighted him to seize Trix's quarry and parade about with it fast in his mouth as though he could answer for its death. Trix ran after him, whining piteously, and now and then snapping at his curly heels. If he was forced to surrender her prey to her he would drop down, put his nose between his paws and watch her, lynx-eyed, as she went from one to another, laying her dead mouse down at the feet of each and looking up until she was told: "Yes, Trix caught it! Nice Trix!" After she had made the round, she ran off and buried her trophy, watching the spot jealously until her master came home at night. Then she dug it up and ran and laid it before him. When he had given her heed of praise, she tossed the mouse away, and looked over at Major, as though saying, "Take it and welcome. I don't care for it any more."

A gentleman living some twelve miles out of Memphis, Tenn., owned a bird dog whose intelligence was a neighborhood marvel. This was some fifty years back, but even then there were such things as yellow fever epidemics. A peculiarly virulent one was raging in the town, and the gentleman found himself under the strenuous necessity of communicating with his son John, who was a commission merchant there. His family white and black, numbered more than a hundred, and naturally he did not wish to risk bringing the fatal fever on the plantation. Therefore he determined to test Birdo as a messenger. He wrote a letter, fastened it securely to the dog's collar, took him to the plantation's outer verge, and said: "Birdo, go and give John this letter. Understand me, John! Nobody else. Then come home, but not till you have seen him."

Birdo trotted off. It was a little after sunrise when he started. At sundown he was back with a letter from John, saying that the dog had gone first to his house and found him absent, then had trotted to the store and sat, growling whenever his partner tried to take the letter, until John himself came in. To him he darted, barking and capering, and though he sat quiet throughout the writing of a return letter, it was no sooner fast to his collar than he ran to the door, whining to be off.

In the flash days of steamboating, before the war, the Captain of a Mississippi River boat had a dog that could distinguish between the passengers if once he had heard their names. The matter was mentioned one night in the saloon and a passenger sneered at the idea.

"Bet you \$500 the dog can't do it once in three times," he said.

"Come," rejoined the Captain. "Write a note to your wife and I will write one to mine. Both are in the ladies cabin. We will give the notes to Snip at the same time, and if he fails to deliver them properly the money is yours."

The passenger wrote merely his wife's pet name inside a slip of paper, which he folded and addressed. The Captain's missive ran:

Dear Wife: Send me word at once what Snip does when he comes into the cabin.

Then he delivered both slips to the dog, saying as he handed over the passenger's note:

"Snip, this is for Mrs. M——, who sat beside me at supper. Give it to her, then take this other note to my Miss Catherine."

Snip ran away. The men sat smoking and chatting. Very shortly a waiter brought in a scrap of paper to the passenger. His wife had written, "What does it mean, your sending me a note by this little dog?"

At almost the same minute the Captain's wife wrote: "Snip came in and ran about sniffing at all of us, then jumped in Mrs. M——'s lap, dropped a bit of paper there, and came unto me with the other one." The passenger owned himself beaten and offered \$1,000 for Snip, saying luck could not go against him if he owned so wise a beast. But the Captain would not part with Snip, who lived and died a river dog.

So much for the dogs. They by no means monopolize the reasoning faculty in what are styled the lower animals. Many men are not so wise as some very wise mules. Jet was one of them, a big black fellow, standing nearly sixteen hands, and so tough and supple that he might have been made of whalebone and India rubber. At work he was a jewel of the first water. A playful spell made him a torment. He could open gates and draw bars as though his feet were hands, and the fence was not built that he could not jump if the humor took him. Consequently most of his summer leisure was passed in a stall, though the rest of the work stock ranged and frolicked over acres knee deep in luscious clover. Jet, it turned to grass, would crop it ravenously, but moved swiftly as he cropped toward the outer fence, where it was nearest a neighboring plantation for which he had developed an inordinate fondness. He was over the fence and galloping to the neighbor's always inside half an hour after he was out of the stable.

The neighbor usually stabled him or sent him home outright, but that made no difference. Jet ran there all the same. One day his owner, vexed beyond endurance by his continual outbreaks, begged the neighbor to set the mule hard at work the next time he broke in. The neighbor agreed and put Jet to the following plough, beside two of his own beasts. A half day they strained and tugged through matted clover and weedy tangle. When Jet came for the noon feed he was turned to wallow, but in place of that he leaped the fence, set his head on one side and his tail up and went whinnying home at a gallop. What is more to the point, he stayed there faithfully, evidently reasoning that it was better to take pleasure in leisure than to go visiting and be set at wearying work.

## FOUND AROUND BERMUD

MUCH TO ATTRACT AND CHARM  
THE CURIOUS STRANGER.

The Place Supposed to be the Scene of the Play "The Tempest"—How it Looks in These Times—A Land of Fruit, Flowers and Much Picturesque Beauty.

Do you remember Shakespeare's "still vexed Bermoothes," where, in "The Tempest," he located Ariel's birthplace and led the king of Naples into such uncanny adventures in Prospero's abode? Well, this is the very spot; and long before it is reached you are ready to swear that the same old tempest, in which the powers of darkness prevail, has been "vexing" its outskirts from that day to this. Not that storms are more frequent in this part of the world than any other, but because the Bermudas lie beyond the Gulf Stream, diagonally across that great river of the sea which is responsible for such a variety of ill-natured weather, and exactly in the centre of the far-reaching system of ocean currents that makes the circuit of the Atlantic. The group is said to contain 365 islands—one for every day in the year; but as that number is ascribed to several other groups, it is probable that no exact count has been made of them. At any rate there is no inhabited land on the face of the round globe so isolated—unless it be St. Helena—its nearest neighbor being Cape Hatteras, in North Carolina, 625 miles away. The islands lie in the latitude of Charleston, S. C., 770 miles north-east from Nassau, our starting point, precisely the same distance, southeast, from New York city, and almost the same from Halifax, Nova Scotia. How can that be, does some surprised reader inquire, who has not lately consulted his geography.

Looking on a map you will see that New York, the Bermudas and Halifax form a perfect triangle, the hypothenuse lying between Bermuda and Halifax, the perpendicular between Halifax and New York and the base between New York and Bermuda. They do not actually belong to the West Indies, but may be said to bear the same relation to them that a strong but distant fort does to the city from which it is invisible, while guarding and protecting it.

From England's point of view the Bermudas are the key to the Antilles, filling a most important role in defending British interests and harassing those of an opponent. In their harbor the Queen's fleet may refuel and refit, and her rich traders find refuge from an enemy's cruiser. Our George Washington recognized their value when he wrote, "Let us annex the Bermudas and thus possess a nest of hornets to annoy British trade," but, for once in his life, the father of his country was a trifle behind time. English statesmen had also foreseen their importance as a naval station, and the union jack already floated over the group.

Victoria made it her Malta of the West, and strengthened the naturally strong position until it became almost impregnable. But, though numerically so many and strategically of such vast importance, the Bermudas are, after all, an insignificant speck in a wide waste of waters. Disposed in the form of a shepherd's crook, or a long-shanked fishhook, they cover barely twenty-five miles from end to end—not more than fifteen miles in a straight line, with a breadth of about two furlongs. Many of the islands are so tiny that a single tree would shade their whole circumference, and their area, all told, is a little less than nineteen square miles.

To go direct to the Bermudas from Nassau, New York, or Nova Scotia takes only about seventy hours; but the less said about that trip the better. Given the passage of the English channel intensifies and stretched out over four days, instead of four hours, and you may have some idea of it. Crossing the Gulf Stream diagonally is never conducive to ease of mind or body. But after purgatory lies paradise.

A wonderful transformation takes place as we pass from the dark and turbulent Atlantic into the clear blue waters in which the Bermudas sit upon her coral reef; on one side of a sharply defined line you see the dull black of molten lead; on the other the bright azure of the summer heavens. One by one the pallid passengers creep on deck, protesting that in future dry land will be good enough for them; but so blessedly evanescent is the memory of sea-sickness that hardly are they ashore before they begin to clamor for yachts, sail boats, steam tugs, any sort of craft that will take them far out among the reefs, where the ocean swells heaviest. The first view of the Bermudas is likely to be disappointing for you have had in mind something akin to the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence, clustered like "emerald gems in the ring of the wave." These lie so close together, the main ones connected by bridges spanning the narrow fords, that they seem all one straggling queerly shaped island. Nature took extraordinary care to protect this precious bit of her handiwork. So perfectly is it guarded by outlying coral reefs that only through one single channel can large vessels approach the harbor, and only in broad day-light can they enter that.

Some time in the darkness of night we heard the look-out crying, "Light on the port bow, sir!" and knew that we had made the Bermuda light on St. David's Head, which first gives evidence to voyagers in these parts that dangerous land is near; and presently the engine pulse had ceased to beat, indicating that anchor had been cast somewhere in the crook of the fishhook, to wait for day and a pilot. The sun was high next morning before the

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dense fog had lifted and a negro pilot clambered on board to conduct us into Hamilton harbor. Slowly we steered among islets and hidden shelves innumerable into a well-bubbled channel, but the most tortuous and difficult one that modern vessels can find in the world's circuit.

The delight of reaching land is intensified by the loveliness spread out on every side. The wonderful transparency of the water, countless islets making new pictures at every turn, the shifting light on the low hills, the flowers that almost hide white pebbles peeping out here and there from leafy bowers, all combine to form a scene of rare beauty. All the islands were originally covered with dense forests of cedar, most of which still remain, making the shores look exactly like those away to the northward around Cape Ann and Canso Bay, but the waving plumes of palm trees struggling to the water's edge, india rubber trees, oranges, pawpaws, bananas, speak of the semi-tropics.

The five largest islands are named St. David's, St. George's, the Main Island, or "Continent," as it is often called, Somerset, and Ireland. St. George's occupies the upper end of the crook and Ireland the extreme point. At the northern limit of the outlying reefs rises a picturesque group called the North Rocks, the highest pinnacle of a submerged Bermuda, which may itself have been a peak of the fabled Atlantis. The "Continent," or Main Island, is fifteen miles long, St. George's three, Somerset three, and Ireland three. Only a few of the islands are inhabited—Nonsuch, Golets, Ports, and Rivers, besides those above mentioned, and the two bore rocks, Boaz and Watford, occupied conjointly as a military station. The baby islets scattered about among their fellows form several magnificent harbors and a multitude of tiny bays and fiords. Among the former are Castle Harbour (spelled in English fashion with the unnecessary u), Great Sound, and Herring Bay. St. George's Island is fortified by a formidable armament, which looks imposing enough as we enter the channel it permanently settled here, all the advantageous points bristle with sturdy fortifications, and the walls of a great hospital glimmer white in the transparent air.

Still more important is Ireland Island, on the other side of the channel, with its extensive work shops and arsenal, and its famous floating dock, 381 feet long, looming up like some mighty marine monster stranded on the beach, which everybody knows was towed over from England a few years ago.

Ireland Island was formerly a convict station, but has not been used as a penal settlement for the last quarter of a century. The Bermudas are completely spider-webbed with the best of roads, and all the result of convict labor. Farther on you pass the Government House on Langton Hill, and the station from which the arrival of your steamer has long ago been heralded by the customary signals. Then Admiralty House comes into view; and then, rounding Spanish Point, you find yourself in the pretty land-locked bay on whose shore lies Hamilton, the capital and chief town of the Bermudas. The most conspicuous building in sight, called the "Commissioner's House," looks like a big hotel, but you learn later on that it is used as military quarters, and has a singular history. Some years ago a certain treasury clerk was appointed by the Crown as "Commissioner" in charge of the dock yards. This high and mighty individual was not satisfied with the house given him to occupy, and he petitioned the home government for the wherewithal to build one more to his liking.

He received permission to expend twelve thousand pounds sterling in the erection of a new building, but this generous concession seemed to turn his head, for he proceeded to build a veritable palace, with beautifully carved marble chimney pieces (in a land where fires are never necessary), and stables for dozens of horses at a time when

horses were useless in the Bermudas; marble bathrooms, floors and wall of Italian tiles, and other trifles that ran the bill up to over sixty thousand instead of the stipulated twelve thousand pounds. But the lavish gentleman for whom all this expense was incurred never occupied his palace, but went raving mad just before its completion, and with his downfall the office of "Commissioner" was abolished.

We came to anchor in Grassy Bay, in front of Hamilton, a little before noon; but found to our chagrin that the tide was out, and we must lie here till night waiting for it. Five miles from shore—so near and yet so far! After a while the little steaming Moonshine (pronounced Mo-on-dyne, meaning "the messenger"), came puffing alongside and demanded the mail; but for some occult reason known only to her managers she utterly refused to take any passengers on board. So there was nothing for it but to set on the shady side of the deck and pass the hours as patiently as possible.

When all became quiet again in the sea-bottom, viewed from over the side of the boat, looked like a brilliant flower garden in which the many-colored fish, darting among the delicate fronds of coral, resembled bright-winged birds in the foliage. The sea fan could be distinctly traced beneath the clear waters, spreading its lilac network, side by side with the sea-rod, black as ebony and tough as whalebone; and beautiful sea-leathers waving above humble oysters, glistening shells and flower-like sponges, anemones and "urchins," while in the midst, half buried in the sand and crusted with all manner of tiny ocean creatures, lay two or three ancient cannon. All these jutting rocks and patches of immature islands, reared from the deep by busy coral zoophytes, though so troublesome to mariners, are filled with interesting material for the scientist and geologist.

There is no doubt that the Bermudas, like other islands farther to the eastward, were originally of coral formation.

The action of the waves throwing sand upon the coral reefs caused masses to be piled up, which atmospheric influences converted into limestone, covered in the slow lapse of centuries with soil and vegetation. This limestone is soft, though not friable, and is quarried with hand saws.

It looks rather odd to see a man digging the cellar of his house with a hand-saw, and afterwards erecting the walls from the product of his excavations. The houses are roofed with the same stone, and as a rule whitewashed all over. When grouped together, as in a village street, the glare of the tropical sun upon these white walls is trying to the eyes and shocking to one's sense of "the eternal fitness," but when isolated, as most of the houses are, and peeping out amid dark green verdure, the effect is not so bad. On a moonlight night, viewed from the deck of a vessel in the harbor, Hamilton reminds one of Pere la Chaise, with its massive tombs standing out—ghostly mansions in a veritable city of the dead! But here the comparison ends, for Hamilton by daylight is a very lively corpse indeed, but quite too proper to harbor any sepulcher, such as that of Abelard and Heloise, for weeping lovers' pilgrimages. But there are other Meccas here. For instance, the house where Tom Moore, the jolly bard who translated Anacreon, lived for some years, and the dripping cavern he frequented and the ragged calabash tree under which he composed a lot of verses.

Moore, you remember, drifted over to these islands with a commission to the Vice Admiralty Court in his pocket. This was in 1803, I believe, and he held the office for forty years. But after a short stay in the Bermudas he left affairs in the hands of a deputy and returned to England. History relates how he was righteously rewarded for his negligence of trust in being swindled out of everything by the deputy, and having some heavy debts of honor to settle. During the brief time of Moore's residence here, he seemed to have made hay pretty lively while the sun shone, in the

way of love-making and the weaving of amatory couplets to other men's wives—which were probably no more sincere than the rest of his verses. In spite of his love-poetry he records in prose that he found the ladies "more susceptible than beautiful" (for shame! Tom Moore); and of their husbands he adds: "The philosopher who held that in the next life men are transformed into mules and women into turtles may see that marvel very nearly accomplished at Bermuda."

Shakespeare probably got his idea of the "still vexed Bermoothes" from the tales of that redoubtable liar of the innumerable descendants—Captain John Smith. Years later Edmund Waller came here with the Earl of Warwick to heal his broken heart, which the Lady Dorothy Sidney had so sadly lacerated. His poem, entitled "The Battle of the Summer Isles," describing an imaginary contest between the Bermudas and a certain whaler, has a few spirited lines amid a lot of what, newspaper men nowadays would characterize as "rot." Andrew Marvel, the well-known secretary of Oliver Cromwell, did his share to bring these islands into literary prominence by his exquisite poem, "The Emigrants in Bermuda," which shows that some of the Puritans were not lacking in sentiment, though able to give "apostolic knocks and blows." But to my mind none of them, not even the Bard of Avon, wrote so delightfully about these isles of eternal summer as Lucy Larcom, our unpretending New England poetess, in her "Bermoothes."—Fannie B. Ward.

Great Cow or Great Lie?

Moses Viff of Rose Bank, L. I., has a curious and valuable Alderney cow. She is very large and has a hollow in her back which will hold over a gallon of water, and the cow always stands in the rain until the hollow is filled. It is then absorbed through the pores, and she gives that much additional milk; but, oddly enough, this curdled milk does not take place if ordinary water is poured into the hollow spot. Mr. Viff states that the process is even more strange if there happens to be a rainbow during the shower, as in that case the cream that rises on the milk takes on all the beautiful colors of mother-of-pearl.



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