

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1899.

## A CANINE'S DOUBLE LIFE.

A THRILLING STORY OF WULLY THE FAMOUS SCOTCH COLLIE.

Guarded His Master's Flock by Day and Killed the Neighbour's Sheep at Night Under the Guise of a Fox and Otherwise Distinguished Himself.

That a dog may lead a double life—in fact be a canine Dr. J. Kyll and Mr. Hyde—is vouched for by an eminent naturalist Ernest Seton Thompson. In the book called 'Some Animals I Have Known,' just published, he tells a thrilling story of 'Wully,' a Scotch collie, that guarded his master's sheep by day and killed the neighbor's sheep at night under the guise of a fox.

Away up in the Cheviots little Wully was born. He and one other of the litter were kept—his brother because he resembled the best dog in the vicinity and himself because he was a little yellow beauty. His early life was that of a sheep dog in company with an experienced collie, who trained him, and an old shepherd, who was scarcely inferior to them in intelligence.

By the time he was two years old Wully was full grown and had taken a thorough course in sheep. He knew them from ram horn to lamb foot, and old Robin, his master, at length had such confidence in his sagacity that he would frequently stay at the tavern all night while Wully guarded the woolly idiots on the hills. His education had been wisely bestowed, and in most ways he was a very bright little dog, with a future before him.

Then came a great sorrow to Wully. His worthless old master, Robin, cast him off. The dog's next home was in Monksdale, in Derbyshire. His new master, Dorley, with his daughter Huldah, had a farm on the lowland and on the moors had a large number of sheep. These Wully guarded with his old-time sagacity.

He was reserved and preoccupied for a dog—rather too ready to show his teeth to strangers. But he was so faithful that Dorley did not lose a sheep that year, though his neighbors, lost many by eagles and foxes. At length came a time when the depredations of a certain big yellow fox became the talk and fear of the country. Whole flocks of sheep were destroyed in a night, as if done by a fox.

Suspicious bloody tracks were at length found leading to Wully's home door, and the neighbors accused him of being the criminal that had long masqueraded as a fox at night. Dorley swore that it was nothing but a jealous conspiracy to rob him of Wully.

Wully sleeps in the kitchen every night. Never is out till he's let to bide with the yowes. Why, mon, he's w'oor sheep the year round, and never a hoof have Ah lost.

Dorley became much excited over this abominable attempt against Wully's reputation and life. The neighbors got equally angry, and it was a wise suggestion of Huldah's that quieted them.

'Feyther,' said she, 'Ah'll sleep in the kitchen the night. If Wully's as we way of gettin' out Ah'll see it, an' if he's no out an' sheep's killed on the country side, we'll ha' proof it's us Wully.'

That night Huldah stretched herself on the settee and Wully slept as usual underneath the table. As night wore on the dog became restless. He turned on his bed and once or twice got up, stretched, looked at Huldah and lay down again. About two o'clock he seemed no longer able to resist some strange impulse. He arose, quietly looked toward the low window, then at the motionless girl. Huldah lay still and breathed as though sleeping.

'Wully slowly came near and sniffed and breathed his doggy breath in her face. She made no move. He nudged her gently with his nose. Then with his sharp ears forward and his head on one side studied her calm face. Still no sign. He walked quietly to the window, mounted the table without noise, placed his nose under the sash bar and raised the light frame until he could put one paw underneath. Then changing, he put his nose under the sash and raised it high enough to slip out, easing down the frame finally on his tail with an adroitness that told of long practice. Then he disappeared into the darkness.

From her couch Huldah watched in amazement. After waiting for some time to make sure he had gone she arose, intending to call her father at once, but on second thought she decided to await more conclusive proof. She peered into the darkness, but no sign of Wully was to be seen. She put more wood on the fire and



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lay down again. For over an hour she lay wide awake, listening.

Another hour tick-tocked. She heard a slight sound at the window that made her heart jump. The scratching sound was soon followed by the lifting of the sash, and in a short time Wully was back in the kitchen with the window closed behind him.

Huldah had seen enough. There could no longer be any doubt that the neighbors were right, and more—a new thought flashed into her quick brain; she realized that the weird fox of Monksdale was before her. His eyes gleamed, and his mane bristled. But he cowered under her gaze and grovelled on the floor, as though begging for mercy. Slowly he crawled nearer and nearer, as if to lick her feet, until quite close, then with the fury of a tiger, he sprang for her throat.

The girl was taken unawares, but she threw up her arm in time, but Wully's long, gleaming tusks sank into her flesh and grazed on the bone.

'Help! help! feyther, feyther!' she shrieked.

Wully was a light weight, and for a moment she flung him off. But there could be no mistaking his purpose. The game was up. It was his life or hers now.

'Feyther! feyther!' she screamed as the yellow fury, striving to kill her, bit and tore the unprotected hands that had so often fed him. In vain she fought to hold him off. He would soon have had her by the throat, when in rushed Dorley.

Straight at him now in the same horrid silence sprang Wully and savagely tore him again and again before a deadly blow from the sagot hook disabled him, dashing him gasping and writhing, on the stone floor, desperate and done for, but game and defiant to the last.

Another quick blow scattered his brains on the hearth stone, where so long he had been a faithful and honored retainer, and Wully, bright, fierce, trusty, trustworthy Wully, quivered a moment, then straightened out and lay forever still.

Not a Nation of Shopkeepers.

'We are not a nation of shopkeepers,' haughtily remarked one member of the Spanish cabinet. 'Of course we are not,' answered the other. 'There is a great deal of satisfaction in reflecting that even

though the Philippines are no longer ours, we got a much needed 20 million in spect cash for a very troublesome lot of ground. As I said, we are not a nation of shopkeepers; but I imagine we could hold our own if we were to open a few real estate offices.'

### PSYCHIC SCIENCE A LOVE CURE.

A Method of Breaking off Unfortunate Affairs of the Heart.

Psychic science is a great thing, when it condescends to apply itself to straightening out mundane tangles, and applied psychic science is doing wonders in Paris. Distracted parents and caparons rise up and call it blessed. Victims of unhappy love affairs exorcise Cupid and the devil in its name. Luthario and Don Juan find their occupation gone. Love has been discredited for some time past, but now he hasn't a pointed arrow left in his quiver.

'Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.' There's really no excuse for heartache and temptation and regret in this advanced age. A man has come out of the east to set lance at rest against Cupid, and he is prospering better in his quest than might be expected. When he first turned up in Paris he didn't devote all of his attention to love affairs. He wore flowing hair and medieval costumes and an occult expression, and did psychic things of various sorts. He was a follower in the paths of the Wandering Jew and Cagliostro, but those paths have grown thorny in these prosaic days and a cruel world gaped him about his clothes and his familiar spirits, and he got very low in spirits of all kinds, and was tempted to abandon psychics and go into a patisserie shop. Being in the way of exorcising demons, he resisted temptation. Then his business began to improve. Psychical research became the fad; and the public, finding the thing sanctified by fashion, indulged its bent for credulity.

Business in psychics was brisk; and the man from the east had an inspiration. He knew that love affairs were universal, and that they led to puzzling situations. Psychics, applied to love, would appeal to a tremendous clientele. He became a specialist. Just by way of getting his hand in and showing what he could do in the way of adjusting matrimonial events, he married a real Princess, who made up in pedigree what she lacked in fortune. Incidentally he promised her to give up medieval clothes and long hair, and was obliged to face the spirits of the invisible world in a frock coat and patent leather pumps; but he kept his occult expression and the symbolic poses and his incantations. He announced that, with the aid of Sister Aldegond, a nun who had renounced the veil and had consented to be a medium for his supernatural power, he could deliver any young woman from the demon of love. Against sober, well regulated love, sanctioned by conscience and parents, he waged no war. (Witness the Princess.) But unconventional and foolish love he would

down. it took all the spells in his black books. Paris was an excellent place for his business, and he prospered from the start. Now every one talks of him and it is an admitted fact that many grande dames have consulted him.

One of his recent triumphs was in the case of an illustrious family in the Faubourg St. Germain. The pretty young daughter of the family has given her parents no end of trouble, and defied all French family traditions. She was madly in love with a disreputable and utterly ineligible Lieutenant, and would not listen to reason. The infatuation caused much scandal. The girl was punished, scolded, nagged, trotted about Europe, but stubbornly held to her Lieutenant. Finally, she became seriously ill. Her parents were in despair. They couldn't permit so hopeless a messianism, but they couldn't see their daughter die. Then Madame la Comtesse, the mother, heard of the Master of Applied Psychics. As a last resort she appealed to him. Now the young Lieutenant goes sorrowing, the girl is heart whole, and the Master of Psychics rides the topmost wave of popularity and is working over hours. Unfortunately the press of affairs has exhausted his medium, and he is searching vainly for some sensitive, virtuous, and mystical young woman who can share the tired nun's duties.

When a patient calls upon the master he listens to the tale of woe, meditates and goes out of the room for a while. When he returns he brings Sister Aldegond with him. She takes the hand of the patient, rolls her eyes toward the ceiling, and submits herself to the mesmeric influence of the master. After a time the patient is conscious of a strange sensation. According to the description of one of the women, she felt as though an electric knob were turned at the back of her head and a dazzling light flowed into her brain. Then she saw distinctly all the faults and imperfections of the man she loved, and she despised him. She was led to a seat where she lay for a few moments, and then she went home cured and wondering how she could ever have cared for the man.

All of which is convenient for the woman but hard for the man; and unless something is done to throttle psychic science the lady killer will become extinct in society. Hard-headed scientists say that the new love cure is an interesting but unwarrantable illustration of the force of hypnotic suggestion and should be suppressed; but to the casual observer, a love cure seems a practical and labor saving institution that does its work with expedition and despatch, and without pangs and torments.

### A Curious Case of Somnambulism.

The modern novelist is very prone to found his plots on the doings of sleep walkers and hypnotists; but, as usual, 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and his efforts are outdone by actual occurrences. Here, for example, is a true story from France of a gentleman missing from his bedroom a packet containing more than \$10,000 worth of bonds. The thief could not be traced; but shortly afterwards the mistress of the house, who had taken the robbery to heart even more than her husband, was taken to a doctor, for she was suffering from nervous prostration. The doctor, a firm believer in hypnotism, was told of the robbery, and, putting two and two together, hypnotized his patient and extorted a confession from her that she had taken the bonds and buried them in the garden. There, upon search being made, they were found, but the lady is as yet quite ignorant of the fact that she herself was the person who hid them—Chambers's Journal.

## "THAT TERROR of MOTHERS."

How it was overcome by a Nova Scotian mother

Who is well known as an author.

Of all the evils that attack children scarcely any other is more dreaded than croup. It so often comes in the night. The danger is so great. The climax is so sudden. It is no wonder that Mrs. W. J. Dickson (better known under her pen name of "Stanford Eveleth") calls it "the terror of mothers." Nor is it any wonder that she writes in terms of praise and gratitude for the relief which she has found both from her own anxieties, and for her children's ailments, in Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"Memory does not recall the time when Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was not used in our family, for throat and lung troubles. That terror of mothers—the startling, croupy cough—never alarmed me, so long for her bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house to supplement the hot-water bath. When suffering with whooping cough, in its worst form, and articulation was impossible on account of the choking, my children would point and gesticulate toward the bottle; for experience had taught them that relief was in its contents."—Mrs. W. J. Dickson ("Stanford Eveleth"), author of "Romance of the Provinces," Truro, N. S.

C. J. Wooldridge, Wortham, Tex., writes: "One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Having a part of a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, Wortham, Tex.

These statements make argument in favor of this remedy unnecessary. It is a family medicine that no home should be without. It is just as efficacious in bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, and all other varieties of coughs, as it is in croup. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice, on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.