

A PUZZLE MESSAGE FROM THE JAPANESE.



HOW DID O SO WEET WARN THE AMERICAN SAILORS.

know that the bundled-up prisoner was Very So, she thought at once of the blossoming cherry tree, which shows how beautiful he must have been, for you will admit that few, if any, persons whom you know would remind you of a blossoming cherry tree, whose mouth was tied up with a large double knot.

O So Weet hurried to Lord Hilo Kutyou, made a perky little bow, and inquired: "Is it true, O August One, that you intend most politely to cut off the head of the honorable prisoner in your worthy black cell?"

"You bet!" responded Lord Hilo, who had lost much of his ancient nobility during his dispirited career of executing people. "August pardon deign," said O So Weet. "Stupid me would humbly beg your illustrious nobility to grant him honorable forgiveness."

"Ho! ho! ho!" cried Old Hilo Kutyou. "What nonsense have you been getting into your head, eh? Let me tell you, O So Weet, that if you say another word, I'll have him sliced up bit by bit right in front of you. As it is, I'm going to save him for tomorrow afternoon, when I expect to entertain some friends, and I'll make him, there won't be much left to forgive when I'm through with him."

O So Weet knew that there was no use in saying more. She went away and cried, and then she thought, and then she cried again. But all at once she had an idea. You must know that this was at the time when American ships of war first visited Japan, and one of these ships was just off the shore.

O So Weet knew that every day the American sailors used to go up the road that led by the Samurai's palace, and she conceived the idea immediately of asking them for help. But how could she do it? She did not dare address them herself, and, besides, she could not speak English and they could not speak Japanese.

Suddenly she remembered that an old priest who lived near by could speak English, and she hastened to him. He shook his head after he had heard her story, and told her that it would be sure death if the Samurai or his guards saw any speaking to the American sailors. "But," said he, "I have a plan that may work. I will put up a sign at your place, and say that something is wrong at the palace. Then you must manage to show them the black cell, and maybe they will save the prisoner."

The old priest began hastily to make a sign. Happily his knowledge of English had been gained long before when he was a very young man, indeed, and even then he had not really learned more than three dozen words; and he had forgotten 20 of these since; so he did not find it absolutely easy to put a warning into words. Still, he managed finally to remember the six words, and he made his sign out of them. Unfortunately he got the parts mixed up without being aware of it, because he was so old and his memory was so bad.

When the sailors arrived in front of the palace gates and saw the sign they thought at first that it was Japanese, but there was something queer about it, and they stopped to puzzle it out. Finally they all gave it up except one man. Just as the rest started away he cried out:

"I have it. It's an invitation. Let's go up the palace and see how things are. So the sailors, 50 of them, went up to the palace. And they got there just as the old Samurai was about to deal Prince Very So the first of his famous cuts with sword number 17, which was eight feet long and sharp as poison.

Of course the sailors jumped in and stopped it. And in the battle that ensued, Prince Very So, whose bonds had been cut, seized a five-foot double-edged sword and chased Old Hilo Kutyou down the road so fast that Hilo Kutyou couldn't stop until he had gone so far that there was no use in going back. So that settled him.

And Prince Very So married O So Weet and they made a couple so beautiful that the greatest of the Emperor wrote a song that said:

O So Weet and Very So. They are the splendor of the Island. They glow like wistaria among the golden coils.

And all the people, even the 50 American sailors, sang the song at the wedding, and they sing it in Japan to this day, and wish that such beautiful persons lived nowadays.

Are you as smart as the American sailor who solved the involuntary puzzle of the old priest who couldn't remember English?

Hans and Yuly's Romantic Adventures

Searching for Pygmy Land, They Find It at Last.

HANS and Yuly had no trouble in making their way down to the banks of the lost river, and for an hour they found a hiding-place behind a bush. They did not dare make inquiries for fear they would be questioned themselves. The only idea Hans had was to get a boat and float away, and Yuly left it all to him.

After an hour the lights in the houses began to disappear, and the children stole out and walked along until they found a skiff drawn up on the shore. There were no oars in it, but from a pile of lumber near by they got pieces of board for paddles and were soon afloat. When they had paddled and drifted for a mile or more Hans discovered that Yuly was weeping.

When asked what was the matter she replied:

"I do not think you are a wise boy. You know nothing of the dangers of the river, or how long we may have to be afloat. The tramp told us that any one would be dashed to pieces on the rocks or drowned. That may happen to us within an hour. We should have found out about things at the village."

Hans realized that he had been hasty, but he replied:

"We must either go on now or go back home. You may lie down in the bottom of the boat and sleep, and I will remain awake and keep watch. I shall surely hear a great roaring before we come to the spot, and it will then be time to go ashore. You can't expect to find giants and pygmies unless we keep on."

Yuly said no more, and half an hour later was asleep. For an hour or so Hans sat up very straight and used his paddle most of the time to help the boat along. The river ran pretty swiftly, but there were no rocks to look out for, nor did he see any other boats afloat.

He passed many houses on either bank, but all were in darkness. By and by he began to get sleepy. He fought the feeling off for awhile, but at last he dozed down in his seat and was soon in dreamland, and the boat was left to take care of itself.

I must now tell you about the river. Twelve miles below where the children got the boat, the stream divided at an island. The stream running on one side of the island flowed on for 20 miles to the sea; that on the other side ran into a big hole in the cliffs and was seen no more.

Many boats went up and down, but of course they had a cure not to take the wrong side of the island. While Hans and Yuly slept the boat was floating down, and by and by it reached the island.

Two or three strokes of the paddle would have sent it into the right channel, but the paddle lay in the bottom of the boat. Left to itself, the boat took the channel of danger, and five minutes later Hans and Yuly were roused from sleep by the water splashing over them. The boat was jumping and plunging



like a frightened horse, and as they hung on for dear life the roaring about was terrific. The boat was soon half full of water, and this swashed to and fro and almost drowned them as the craft pitched about.

Every minute they expected to be dashed to pieces, and this continued for a quarter of an hour. Then the roaring died away, the boat ceased to toss about, and there was black darkness all around them.

Yuly began to cry and scream as soon as she could get her breath, but Hans knew that the danger was over and said to her:

"Stop your noise and use your shoes to bail the water out of the boat. Can't you see that we are all right now?" "What was it?" she asked, as she worked away.

"I can't say for sure, but I think we must have been sucked into the hole while we both slept. I thought we were doomed to death, but you can see that we are floating along as smoothly as you please."

"But what makes it so dark, Hans? When I went to sleep the stars were shining."

"So they were, and I could even see the dogs as we passed some of the houses. I can't say why it is so dark, unless a storm is coming up. We have near got to the end of the boat and are no longer afraid, and we will sit here

on the seat together and float on. If a storm comes we will try and get ashore." Neither of the children knew that they were now far under ground and in a great tunnel. Now and then their boat grazed against the rocky sides, but they thought it had brushed against the shore.

They were wet and chilly but they sat with their arms around each other and talked for an hour or two. Then they began to nod and in a few minutes were in a troubled sleep.

Three or four times in the next three or four hours one or the other woke up for a moment to find that the darkness was as before, and that the boat was floating along all right, but they were not fully aroused until they were alarmed by the murmuring of voices.

Yuly was the first to awake, and she shook Hans by the shoulder and exclaimed: "Hans—Hans, up with you—something has happened!"

"What is it?" she sleepily asked as he rubbed his eyes.

She had no need to answer his question. Their boat was made fast to a grassy bank, and on the bank were dozens and dozens of little people looking down at them and pointing and murmuring. "They must be pygmies!" whispered Hans.

"Yes, we have surely arrived in pygmy land at last," replied Yuly.

(To be continued.)

SAD SEA DOGS, "RAGS" AND "DOOLEY"

They Have Their Barks on a Steamship Pier in Brooklyn.

THE water front of New York City is a borough of Brooklyn boasts two characters—"Rags" and "Dooley"—who are known by every foreman, tally-man, stevedore and longshoreman from Long Island City to the Independent Stores at Forty-first street, South Brooklyn. They are typical tramp dogs, but at the Anchor Line dock, pier No. 23, which they make their headquarters, they are regarded with affection.

Rags is a mongrel pup. He weighs about 40 pounds, has short, dirty white hair, looks something like a pig, has only one eye and is lazy. He may justly be termed a mongrel pure and simple.

Dooley can boast of a somewhat better

welcome. As soon as a gangplank is run ashore, the first one to board the boat of the Anchor Line boats, and that in this manner he can tell them as they come up the harbor.

Be that as it may, he certainly has made friends of all the officers and crew, and he is never happier than when one of these boats is moored alongside the pier. His deep disgust is apparent when the vacant wharf is rented to some other line that needs temporary accommodation.

Dooley arrived on the pier about a year after Rags. When the office employees, one morning just before the holidays, heard a row in Hamilton avenue they ran out to see the cause of the trouble. They found Rags in a fight with a bull pup of less than half his weight.

Though encouraged by his friends, Rags was badly whipped, but somehow or other he acquired a liking for the victor. In dog language he invited him to make his home on the pier.

Since that time they have been boon companions. Throw a stone at Rags and you are pretty apt to hit Dooley. Hunt up Dooley and Rags is to be found near by.

When forming the partnership they have carried on business in a businesslike way. Any dog that encroaches on their territory is instantly tackled by Rags. It makes no difference as to size. A large St. Bernard is just as acceptable as a ten-pound cur. Rags goes at him.

If possible he does the work alone. If whipped, he turns tail and runs down the pier, barking loudly for assistance.

Then his old enemy, Dooley, gets in his paw. While Rags, at a safe distance, sits down and looks his wounds, watches Dooley carry the battle to a finish. Then Rags administers to Dooley's hurts and the pair go to the storekeeper's room, where they "have one" from surplus stock of bones on the result of the fight.

Rags has taught Dooley one thing—to be "handcuffed" and look out for the future. When the latter made his first visit to one of the liners and was regaled with a square meal, he left some of the bones in the galley. Not so with Rags, who had learned by experience that plenty was not always to be had on the pier.

In some way he communicated this fact to Dooley, and now as soon as they have eaten their fill they industriously carry away and hide under the wharf floor any surplus in the way of grub that will keep.

If there is no steamer in for a week they are abundantly provided for. If two weeks elapse between the visits of the boats, they still need-not go hungry.

Attempts have been made to steal the dogs, but so far ineffectually. As the dock employees are very jealous of their pets, they keep a watchful eye upon them, and the first question asked of the night

watchmen as the day force arrives is, "Are Rags and Dooley all right?"

The men are determined that as long as the canine loafers live they shall have food and shelter in the storekeeper or some other comfortable quarter on Pier 23.

The Oldest Domestic Fowl.

Most persons, if asked what is the oldest domestic fowl, would answer without hesitation that it is the hen. But this is incorrect.

The excavations in Asia Minor, among the ruins of ancient Babylon and Assyria, show that long before the old races knew anything about hens, they had domesticated the goose, as is proved

by the wall paintings and sculptures. These show geese in a variety of ways; but no hens and ducks can be found in a single picture of those early ages. Portraits of the latter fowls do not begin to occur until a considerable period after the geese appear. The ancient City of Babylon must have been a mighty center of goosebreeding, for the geese is a prominent subject in inscription and sculpture.

Worst Land for Children.

Spain is the worst of the civilized countries for children. The annual deaths of children under 5 years of age amount to 230,000 in that country. Most of these deaths are due, it seems, to the extremely poor condition of the milk. In Madrid, where five times more little children die every year than in all big Paris, it was found that of 100 samples of milk 88 were entirely unfit for consumption.

GHOSTLY ARMIES IN THE SKY

EVERYONE who has read Kipling's story of the "Lost Legion" knows how the ghosts of dead troopers of a revolted native regiment who were cut off by hillmen in the days of the great Mutiny, wander by night, if we may believe the descendants of their murderers, about the calms in a mountain valley which mark the resting place of their bones.

The story of phantom armies is an old one, dear to the heart of the superstitious, and has existed in some form in all ages and in all climes.

Even in this enlightened age there are many places besides the Afghan mountain valley in which a Lost Legion chokes its sabers in the misty night, where phantom warriors fight again their battles on the anniversary of the combat in which they fell.

Most famous of all ghostly battles is that which is fought every year high in the air above the plains of Chalons, on the anniversary of the battle of Marston, in history. Some authorities place the

number of the dead at 300,000, while more conservative historians estimate 100,000.

Now, on the anniversary of the battle, the peasants living on the great plains which surround Chalons declare that they see above them cloudy legions charging and countercharging—Attila and Aetius struggling once more for the dominion of the world.

In Rajputana, India, near the town of Ajmer, there is a plain on which opens a mountain defile. The natives declare that often on a misty night there will issue from the mountain pass a body of 600 or 800 warriors, mounted on Arab steeds and clad in the sacred green which can be worn by the descendants of the Prophet alone.

The troops ride with no sound of spur jangling or sabre clashing. The feet of the horses make no sound, and though they ride hard as if charging in battle, there is an intense stillness over the plain.

Sometimes for hours at a time the spectral squadrons will wheel and charge the anniversary of that great battle in which Attila and his Huns were defeated

154 years ago by the allied Goths and Romans.

In that great battle the loss of life was greater than in any other battle recorded about and then, spurring to the entrance of the mountain defile, will vanish away. The shadowy riders of the night are, say the faithful Mussulmans of the Rajputana, the ghosts of Hussein and his followers, who were slaughtered upon the plain of Kerbela, as the grandson of Mahomet was journeying to Bagdad in response to an invitation to be King of Persia.

Why Hussein and his warriors should make their ghostly charges over the plains of Rajputana, when their slaughter took place hundreds of miles away on the plains of Bagdad, it is difficult to explain, but ghosts are sometimes exceedingly erratic.

Another place where phantom warriors fight in the moonlight, according to the tales of the peasantry, is the pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, where the rear guard of the army of Charlemagne was overcome by the Moors in 778.

It was there that Roland and Oliver fought so well and died with the Peers of France.

Near the close of the combat, when nearly all the rearward were dead, Roland blew his horn Oliphant, and, the sound coming to King Charles, brought him back, but not in time to save his gallant warriors. Now, at night, the Paynim host and the Palladins and Peers fight again in the dark valley, and the mountaineer, turning in his bed, hears from the defile the wailing of the horn Oliphant calling back King Charles.

In 1746 a considerable stir was made in Scotland by the appearance of a phantom army on the side of Southwell Mountain, between Penrith and Keswick. A number of people saw the apparition and made affidavit to it. A small army of horsemen suddenly appeared moving along the mountain side "where mortal horseman ne'er might ride." They were distinct, but rather diaphanous beings, and made no sound as they galloped along till they disappeared over the crest of the mountain.

"The ghosts of warriors slain in some forgotten battle," said the peasants, and many more besides; but the scientific men in Edinburgh said "Only a mirage."

THE ROSES OF OLD CHIOS

Although the rose is so popular throughout all the world now, that great fortunes are being earned by growers everywhere, the queen of the flowers does not enjoy the unique position that she held in ancient Greece.

The love of the old Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, for the rose was almost akin to worship, and many a high-liver of those days has gone down in history as having spent his whole patrimony in roses for feasts.

The Greeks knew nearly all the general varieties of roses that are known to us, both single and double blossoms, and big tracts of land were taken out of the grain and food producing area in order to grow roses.

The old island of Chios was almost entirely an island of roses, and to those who approached it from the sea it pre-

sented the appearance of a gigantic bouquet of red and white and yellow blossoms, with the shining white pillars of temples and villas gleaming from the splendor of the flowers.

Shipsloads of roses were sent to Athens every day from Chios. That was probably the most beautiful freight that ever went by sea since the world began, and it must have been a glorious sight to see the galleys, all decked with flowers, steering over the blue Aegean Sea.

Roses were used for emblems of joy and sorrow, for triumph and defeat. A wreath of roses ornamented the bride, and wreaths of roses decked those who were going to their graves. The victor entered cities over a path of roses, and wherever he trod during his triumphal march, the blossoms formed a carpet for his feet.

In old Rome, too, the rose was considered the most precious of flowers. On May 28 a great rose feast used to begin in Rome in memory of the dead, and for a week or more the cemeteries were literally overwhelmed with the flowers. In the great time of Imperial Rome, the guests at big feasts sat on rose petals that were piled high around them. The floor was carpeted with them and men vied with each other to find new and extravagant uses for the beloved flowers.

For one single banquet, Nero imported 125,000 pounds of roses from Alexandria.

It was there that Roland and Oliver fought so well and died with the Peers of France.

Near the close of the combat, when nearly all the rearward were dead, Roland blew his horn Oliphant, and, the sound coming to King Charles, brought him back, but not in time to save his gallant warriors. Now, at night, the Paynim host and the Palladins and Peers fight again in the dark valley, and the mountaineer, turning in his bed, hears from the defile the wailing of the horn Oliphant calling back King Charles.

In 1746 a considerable stir was made in Scotland by the appearance of a phantom army on the side of Southwell Mountain, between Penrith and Keswick. A number of people saw the apparition and made affidavit to it. A small army of horsemen suddenly appeared moving along the mountain side "where mortal horseman ne'er might ride." They were distinct, but rather diaphanous beings, and made no sound as they galloped along till they disappeared over the crest of the mountain.

"The ghosts of warriors slain in some forgotten battle," said the peasants, and many more besides; but the scientific men in Edinburgh said "Only a mirage."

Near the close of the combat, when nearly all the rearward were dead, Roland blew his horn Oliphant, and, the sound coming to King Charles, brought him back, but not in time to save his gallant warriors. Now, at night, the Paynim host and the Palladins and Peers fight again in the dark valley, and the mountaineer, turning in his bed, hears from the defile the wailing of the horn Oliphant calling back King Charles.

In 1746 a considerable stir was made in Scotland by the appearance of a phantom army on the side of Southwell Mountain, between Penrith and Keswick. A number of people saw the apparition and made affidavit to it. A small army of horsemen suddenly appeared moving along the mountain side "where mortal horseman ne'er might ride." They were distinct, but rather diaphanous beings, and made no sound as they galloped along till they disappeared over the crest of the mountain.

"The ghosts of warriors slain in some forgotten battle," said the peasants, and many more besides; but the scientific men in Edinburgh said "Only a mirage."

Near the close of the combat, when nearly all the rearward were dead, Roland blew his horn Oliphant, and, the sound coming to King Charles, brought him back, but not in time to save his gallant warriors. Now, at night, the Paynim host and the Palladins and Peers fight again in the dark valley, and the mountaineer, turning in his bed, hears from the defile the wailing of the horn Oliphant calling back King Charles.

In 1746 a considerable stir was made in Scotland by the appearance of a phantom army on the side of Southwell Mountain, between Penrith and Keswick. A number of people saw the apparition and made affidavit to it. A small army of horsemen suddenly appeared moving along the mountain side "where mortal horseman ne'er might ride." They were distinct, but rather diaphanous beings, and made no sound as they galloped along till they disappeared over the crest of the mountain.

"The ghosts of warriors slain in some forgotten battle," said the peasants, and many more besides; but the scientific men in Edinburgh said "Only a mirage."

The Deeds of Naughty Nan.



To sit upon what a chair is for, as all the world's aware. And, therefore, as you will admit, it's perfectly proper to sit upon one, and discover air. Where you thought you would find the chair. So Aunt Samantha found when she sat on the floor in mine. And it can well be understood that for the old it is not good. 'Tis and that this is only one of all the things that Nan has done.

ter lineage. He appears to be pretty nearly a full-blooded bull pup. The friendship that exists between the two is wonderful—the more remarkable as it was the result of Dooley whipping Rags soundly in a square fight.

Rags personifies the fat and intelligent leader, while Dooley is the heeler ever ready to do the bidding of the boss. Whenever Rags is in trouble he simply calls for Dooley and steps aside to see punishment administered to the stray dog that dares to antagonize the dictator of Pier 23. This has been done time and again, and it has come to be a byword among the dock employees and frequenters that Rags and Dooley can be depended upon any time and under any circumstances to try conclusions with anything that comes their way.

Rags' first appearance was on a bleak day in November, six or seven years ago. While the men in the pier were eating their dinners in the interval of unloading a ship, a stray dog came upon the wharf. He looked so starved and weebone and seemed so utterly friendless that one of the longshoremen tossed him a bit of lunch.

The poor brute eagerly seized the piece of meat, and, after devouring it, crept up to the man and wagged his stumpy tail. Others noticed the occurrence and contributed scraps of their dinner to the famished animal. He seemed to appreciate the kindness, and remained on the wharf the rest of the day.

The next morning when the men came to work the dog was still there, and ran up to meet them, wagging his stumpy tail in sign of welcome. From that time on he has never gone more than a few hundred feet away from this pier. He quickly got to know every one of the regular employees, and was attentive to them, but he had no use for strangers.

One peculiarity of Rags is that he is acquainted with all the Anchor Line boats, their officers and crew. When one of these boats approaches the dock, Rags is out at the end of the stringpiece barking

at the dog. He appears to be pretty nearly a full-blooded bull pup. The friendship that exists between the two is wonderful—the more remarkable as it was the result of Dooley whipping Rags soundly in a square fight.

Rags personifies the fat and intelligent leader, while Dooley is the heeler ever ready to do the bidding of the boss. Whenever Rags is in trouble he simply calls for Dooley and steps aside to see punishment administered to the stray dog that dares to antagonize the dictator of Pier 23. This has been done time and again, and it has come to be a byword among the dock employees and frequenters that Rags and Dooley can be depended upon any time and under any circumstances to try conclusions with anything that comes their way.

Rags' first appearance was on a bleak day in November, six or seven years ago. While the men in the pier were eating their dinners in the interval of unloading a ship, a stray dog came upon the wharf. He looked so starved and weebone and seemed so utterly friendless that one of the longshoremen tossed him a bit of lunch.

The poor brute eagerly seized the piece of meat, and, after devouring it, crept up to the man and wagged his stumpy tail. Others noticed the occurrence and contributed scraps of their dinner to the famished animal. He seemed to appreciate the kindness, and remained on the wharf the rest of the day.

The next morning when the men came to work the dog was still there, and ran up to meet them, wagging his stumpy tail in sign of welcome. From that time on he has never gone more than a few hundred feet away from this pier. He quickly got to know every one of the regular employees, and was attentive to them, but he had no use for strangers.

One peculiarity of Rags is that he is acquainted with all the Anchor Line boats, their officers and crew. When one of these boats approaches the dock, Rags is out at the end of the stringpiece barking

at the dog. He appears to be pretty nearly a full-blooded bull pup. The friendship that exists between the two is wonderful—the more remarkable as it was the result of Dooley whipping Rags soundly in a square fight.

Rags personifies the fat and intelligent leader, while Dooley is the heeler ever ready to do the bidding of the boss. Whenever Rags is in trouble he simply calls for Dooley and steps aside to see punishment administered to the stray dog that dares to antagonize the dictator of Pier 23. This has been done time and again, and it has come to be a byword among the dock employees and frequenters that Rags and Dooley can be depended upon any time and under any circumstances to try conclusions with anything that comes their way.

Rags' first appearance was on a bleak day in November, six or seven years ago. While the men in the pier were eating their dinners in the interval of unloading a ship, a stray dog came upon the wharf. He looked so starved and weebone and seemed so utterly friendless that one of the longshoremen tossed him a bit of lunch.

The poor brute eagerly seized the piece of meat, and, after devouring it, crept up to the man and wagged his stumpy tail. Others noticed the occurrence and contributed scraps of their dinner to the famished animal. He seemed to appreciate the kindness, and remained on the wharf the rest of the day.

The next morning when the men came to work the dog was still there, and ran up to meet them, wagging his stumpy tail in sign of welcome. From that time on he has never gone more than a few hundred feet away from this pier. He quickly got to know every one of the regular employees, and was attentive to them, but he had no use for strangers.

One peculiarity of Rags is that he is acquainted with all the Anchor Line boats, their officers and crew. When one of these boats approaches the dock, Rags is out at the end of the stringpiece barking

at the dog. He appears to be pretty nearly a full-blooded bull pup. The friendship that exists between the two is wonderful—the more remarkable as it was the result of Dooley whipping Rags soundly in a square fight.

Rags personifies the fat and intelligent leader, while Dooley is the heeler ever ready to do the bidding of the boss. Whenever Rags is in trouble he simply calls for Dooley and steps aside to see punishment administered to the stray dog that dares to antagonize the dictator of Pier 23. This has been done time and again, and it has come to be a byword among the dock employees and frequenters that Rags and Dooley can be depended upon any time and under any circumstances to try conclusions with anything that comes their way.

Rags' first appearance was on a bleak day in November, six or seven years ago. While the men in the pier were eating their dinners in the interval of unloading a ship, a stray dog came upon the wharf. He looked so starved and weebone and seemed so utterly friendless that one of the longshoremen tossed him a bit of lunch.

The poor brute eagerly seized the piece of meat, and, after devouring it, crept up to the man and wagged his stumpy tail. Others noticed the occurrence and contributed scraps of their dinner to the famished animal. He seemed to appreciate the kindness, and remained on the wharf the rest of the day.

The next morning when the men came to work the dog was still there, and ran up to meet them, wagging his stumpy tail in sign of welcome. From that time on he has never gone more than a few hundred feet away from this pier. He quickly got to know every one of the regular employees, and was attentive to them, but he had no use for strangers.

One peculiarity of Rags is that he is acquainted with all the Anchor Line boats, their officers and crew. When one of these boats approaches the dock, Rags is out at the end of the stringpiece barking

at the dog. He appears to be pretty nearly a full-blooded bull pup. The friendship that exists between the two is wonderful—the more remarkable as it was the result of Dooley whipping Rags soundly