Not McPherson's hero of that name, but Thomas Campbell's Fingal-or, rather, be who was Thomas Campbell. Fingal was a dog; an excellent one; professionally, the best in the neighborhood. At an early age, in obedience to instincts descended through a long line of colles, he commenced the duties of shepherd's assistant in the service of his triend and master, then chief shepherd on the broad acres of the Duke of Athol. For five years, dating from the opening of our story, he had discharged the duties of his office with dog-like fidelity, and great-ly more than even a colly's intelligence.

A large, strong bute was Fingal: being quite as much the superior in strength to those of his breed as he was their master in mgacity. But chiefly was he remarkable for his mental qualities. He was a very wise dog. Indeed, so undeniable were his claims to what is understood by the metaphyto what is uncerson." that, throughout the entire county side, it was said of him, "He can do everything that's

needed of him but speak."

Now, what am I going to relate of Fing—as for short be was called—may be regarded as truth or not, just as the reader pleases. I say this because the relation I am about to make regarding him is truly marvelous, and therefore calculated to raise doubt.

Fing's master—by one of those pleas-ing dispensations which tend so much to rob death of its terror to their sur-vivors—bad fallen heir to a few hundred pounds; and being a man of much energy of character, he adopted the more renunerative business of direct, purchasing beeves and sheep, and disposing of them at tairs. For three years Thomas Campbell pursued his risky, wandering profession, each year adding to his importance as a dealer in stock. On all his trips, Fing. of course, was his never-failing companion.

Thomas Campbell was a bachelor, and lived with his brother Duncan, on a farm which they had bought between them. The place was known as Craigburn. Duncan was the elder of the two sons; was married and had a fun-ily, the oldest being almost a full-

grown man. In those days, facilities in bank exchanges were not as they now are; so that persons going to remote places in the country took whatever cash they might have along with them in gold; thus subjecting themselves to the risks of robbery and probable mur-

Mr. Campbell, in his last trip, had doubled the number of the largest herd he had yet taken. An eager market awaited him at Falkirk fair, where his well-known manly character and fair dealing had made him a desirable party to a business transaction. Disposing of his stock to much advantage, he started for home. He traveled, as was usual in those days, on horseback, carrying his portmantau behind his saddle But Thomas Campbell never reached

What became of him, no one knew. The country was searched; but not the slightest trace could be found of the drover or his dog. The horse, too, was missing. If blood had been spilt, the sharp, drenching rains of late autumn had washed it all away. Being well-known all along the route, he could be tracked to within ten miles of Craigburn. There, mystery enveloped his fate in thrice-fold darkness.

His brother had offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the discovery and if it appeared that he had been murdered, he promised the remaining part of Thomas's fortune, including his share of the farm, for the appre-hension of the murderer. To this lat-ter clause the Duke added two hundred regards from his private negatives.

pounds from his private purse.

Nearly a week had passed from the Nearly a week had passed from the date when the drover and dog were last seen; and Sabath morning found the afficted Campbells still mourning over the fate of their lost relative. The morning family services had passed, and Duncan went out to ponder over the terrible dispensation that had atricken the strong man down in his strength, and deprived him of a brother. He had barely passed the outer door when he observed an animal slowly crawling up the lane leading to the house.

the house.
"What can it be?" said he.
At first it struck him that it was stealing along to pounce upon some stray donestic fowl. But, on more closely watching its motions, he saw that its frequent stops suggested ex-haustion rather than caution; that its movements partook too much of feeble-ness to be a beast of prey—a wolf, for instance, or a large-sized badger. Call-ing to his son Donald, who stood at the window, to come out, they approached the strange looking animal together. It had stopped, and lay as if incapable of dragging itself an inch farther; and seeing them, it uttered a low, plaintive whine, and slightly moved its tail. "Oh, father, it's Fingal!" cried the son, as he started with all speed toward

the wretched brute.

the wretched brute.

True enough, it was Fing; but so emaciated by hunger and bodily suffering as to be hardly recognizable.

Raising the dog carefully up between them, in a few minutes more he lay upon a sofa mat in a room adjoining the kitchen. Donald, weeping like a boy, sat down beside him, and raising the battered head on his leg, placed close to his muzzle a small pan of milk, which he greedily but painfully lapped.

There was not a dry eye in the fam-

which he greedily but painfully lapped. There was not a dry eye in the family; each of the household, from the 'guide man' to the farm servants, condoling with the skinny, maimed animal. And truly the poor dog presented a most pitiable condition. A deep gash, partially healed, in his neck told plainly enough he had been shot. His bead, too, was terribly mangled, as if it had been smashed with a Leavy instrument. Various other bruises were found upon him. In addition to these revolting cruelties, he was a mere skeleton, his bones actually probuding

the although the

word for it, we'll have a clue to the mystery, now," said Mrs. Campbell, at which Fing feebly wag-

ged his tail, as if in acknowledgment of the compliment to his sagacity.

"Tak" ye mae heed no, maister," said the servant-lass; "there's a Providence here; and be sure o' this, whin there's nacbody else to tak' care o' the doug. I'll be wi' him."

In a short time a little milk was again placed before him, which he rav-enously, but with wident distress, licked up.
"Puir Fing!" was the exclamation

"Puir Fing: was the exclamation from all; and, sympathy ruling the hour, found Fing with attendants constantly at his side. For three days and nights was he so nursed. After that he was enabled to sit, but looking woefully "disjaskit" (sick and exhausted). Fing, however, was convalescent, and bade fair at no distant date to be as much of a dog as ever.

About a month more had passed, and a meeting of neighbors was being held at Craiglann. Fing, well recov-ered, was actively trotting up and down the lane, accompanying each visitor that came. As many as a dozen per-sons had assembled.

Over a glass of toddy—for in those days the bottle presided at all deliberations—they were discussing the great mystery and the possible chance of the dogs' return throwing light upon the subject. Fing was present. Sitting on his hanneles he seemed to be taking as intelligent an interest as the wisest. He would prick up his ears at an observation that seemed to tally with his own cromprehension of the matter: then drop his head at some other, as if he might say, "No, it is useless to do

Noticing the intelligence manifested by the animal, the Duke's principal game-keeper, a man greatly esteemed for courage and intelligence, remarked, "If the reward will ever become due, there is the one that it will fail to," pointing to Fing. The dog wagged his tail, and moving up to the gamekeeper, put his muzzle on his knee.
"The likes o' that!" was the gene

ral exclamation The special discussion having been exhausted, conversation began to take a more convivial turn. Fing, perceiving it, curled himself up in a corner by an intermediate door. He had lain there for an hour or so, when one of the guests dropped a tumbler upon the

floor, breaking it. "Oh, just never mind that, Mr. Don-aldson," cried Mrs. Campbell, from an adjoining room. "When the chap-man, Cuthbert, comes..."

At the mention of the pedler's name Fing rose at a bound, barking turiously, and gnashing his teeth in a frenzy of rage, while his hair stood up as if turned to bristles.

"The dog's gaen mad!" cried a

"What's the matter, Fing?" said Duncan.

The dog, in the fierce extremety of his anger, fairly howled. Duncan, after quieting him, sat for a moment overcome with thought. Then, hastily arising, and calling Fing to follow him. he left the room followed by the dog. After passing half way down the lane, Duncan turned to Fing, and shouted, "Cuthbert!" The same degree of rage was exhibited as when, in the room, his wife mentioned the

"Cuthbert!" he repeated: "Find him out!"

name

With a fierce howl of delight at the then, returning, barked savagely, as if at an imaginary enemy. And so he kept bounding down the lane and returning, as if inviting Duncan to

Mr. Campbell returned to the house, and asked his guests to excuse him; then mounting a horse, he followed Fing. The dog, as if understanding

down to a quiet jog, taking the direc-tion leading south.
"On the track at last," thought the brother, as he trotted along the rough

hrother, as he trotted along the rough highway, following the detective Fing.

Two miles were passed; he full of confidence in the ultimate result of their journey, the dog ever and anon pricking his ears, as if anticipating the approach of the man he sought. Leaving the main road, Fing spring into a bridal-path on a patch of moorland. The way was a cross-cut by land. The way was a cross-cut by which the distance to the nearest town was shortened by a couple of miles. At a short distance further it wound up a steep hill, at the top of which it struck along a rocky escarpment having a sheer depth of two hundred feet, at the base of which the Tay murmured on its gleaming passage to the sea.
On his left a forest of firs clinbed, shadowy and frowning, entirely shut.
ting out the heavens. There was no house within three miles either north, south or west; and on the earstern wild the habitations to be seen ware. side the habitations to be seen were away on the bottom lands, far beyond the reach of human voice. A fit place for outrage and blood.

Along the road the peddler had passed about the time the drover disappeared; and along that road Thomas Campbell was in the habit of returning from the lowlands. How it was that the circumstance of the peddler's that the circumstance of the peddler's passage through that part of the country at that time had never been mentioned, was this: Rory Cuthbert, the chapman, had supplied the inhabitants of that dreary, out-of-the-way region for years, sustaining a reputation for honest dealing with all. It is true, some ugly stories about the cruely and want of patriotism during the rebellion of '45 had been circulated; but as he had not been alone in his symnathy with the Pretender, his meanpathy with the Pretender, his meanness as a spy were forgotten in his fair dealings as a trader. He traveled with a single horse, putting up at houses wherever night might overtake him. Another thing which helped to give him immunity from suspiction of being doing, he had the reputation of being a God-fearing man, habitually taking part in the simple morning and evening religious exercises of the people at whose houses he staid, and not frequently asking a blessing at the table over the family meals. Cuthbert was well-known at the home of the Campbell brothers, having made Craigburn pathy with the Pretender, his meanbell brothers, having made Craigburn a stopping-place when passing. Be-ing a man of much information, and constantly on the wing, he was a bear-

er of news; therefore a most likely person to be welcomed to the house of an intelligent family. So apparently inoffensive a man was not likely to be mixed up with murders and robbery. About midway of this desolate stretch of road, a natural bridge spans

a rugged chasm, its narrow passage barely admitting a single carriage. A more dismal spot it were hard to conceive. An abrupt turn closes the road both ways; and on either side the tall sombre pines closed out everything besombre pines closed out everything be-yond, save a narrow strip of blue above. Beneath yawns the fearful throat of the gorge, the vexed waters crushing their impetuous way just jag-ged cliffs till they mingle in the roar of the waterfall that leaps into the

river below.

On approaching the spot, Fing gave mouth to a succession of fierce yelps, his rage increasing as he neared it. On the bride his savagery was little less than madness. How after how of tiger-like ferocity roused the echoes, intermingled with convulsive snapping of his laws, as if fearing at an aftersal. of his jaws, as if tearing at an adversi-ry. All at once his fury ceased, and, squatting on his body, he commenced dragging himself along towards the

woods to the left.

Dismounting, Duncan followed him until he came to a clump of heather, into which he crawled, as if in great pain, and lay down; then crawling the classic in the crawling that the classic in the crawling that the classic in the out, he commenced walking slowly in the direction of Craighum. No trace of blood was visible. If blood had been shed there, nature had wiped everything clear again with drenching

"That'll do, Fing." said Duncan to his companion, who was still crawling painfully along. The dog resumed his natural position, led the way back to

The conclusions of Duncan Campbell from the premises afforded by the dog, were that the bridge had been the scene of his brother's murder, and the attempted destruction of Fing. Tha, the drover had been suddenly attacked—shot, perhaps—and tumbled over into the chasm, that Fingal, too, had been shot and felled by the pistol in the rufdan's hands; but that, after the murder, he had succeeded in saving his life by stealing to the hiding place which had served him as a hospital,

leaving nature to do the surgery.

On regaining the bridge, Fing stood on the centre, looking wistfully down among the crags; he whinning and trembling the while as if desperately weighing the chances of success in leap-ing down from cliff to cliff in search of the beloved friend he had seen tossed

over in the helplesness of death.
"Na, na, Fing, come back. We've
got a better use for you than that.
Listen! Cuthbert! Find him out!" The sagacious dog leaped wildly about for an instant.

"Down, Fing; not now, my man; ye're a good dong," said Duncan, pat-ting the colly on the head; "and so sure as there is a God in heaven, Thomas shall be revenged. Now, let's gang back."

Duncan imparted his convictions only to his wife.

"Cuthbert might get wind of it, ye see," he said, "and so make him rin the country. Fingal and I will leave the morn's mornin', on the part of retribution; and guided by the reason—for there's me instinct about it—o'. for there's nae instinct about it-o' Fing, justice shall be vindicated and society in future be protected frae the bluidy hands and the black heart o' a villain and a murderer.'

Fing, who was a participant in this interview, sat listening to the revelation made to his mistress; and at the end of the conference he fawned upon her, licking her band, as if be-eeching her to offer no objection to the contemplated journey.

his son Donald was, along with two farm laborers and the servant lassie, His presence at once arrested their attention.

"Donald, my man," said the father, "business makes it necessary that I gang doon to the Lowlands for a week or sae, may be longer, may be shorter; but, however lang or short, let things go on at Craighburn just the same. The journey I'm aboot takin' you'll be jaloosin (suspecting) the nature o'; but, for the present, maething mair can be

"Dinna be feared, faither," replied the son; "gang your ways, and the Lord be wi you on yir errand. Rob and Tam here and myself will gie a good account o' oursels when ye come back. It's comin' on winter, and there will be but little to dae; but what should be dune will be dune winns it, There is nae fear o' us maister,"

the men replied. "Nae, sai, not a bit," added the las-

sic.
"Noo let us pray that a successfu" "No let us play that it sectors to the journey," said Duncan Campbell; "for without the help o' the Lord there's nae wisdom in human effort—

or doing effort aither."

A portion of the sacred writings having been read, the family of the mouning been read, the family of the mountaineer knelt by their seats, and the father offered up a prayer to the God of the merciful for their protection during his absence, closing with the entreaty that justice might not sleep nor duty simuler till the mystery of his brother should be unfolded. "Make bare thine arm, O Lord, against the evil-doer. Let him not go free. Thou hast promised that out of weak things of the earth, the wisdom of the wicked shall be confounded and Thy name glorified. Make it sae in this instance. Here is but a doug, a puir wordless glorified. Make it sae in this instance. Here is but a doug, a puir wordless doug, to guide; but with Thee everything is possible. Keep the seal of silence upon the lips of this humble household till justice shall be windicated, and Thine shall be the praise and the clare.

the glory. Amen." Early next morning, Duncan Campbell, mounted on a strong, swift horse, accompanied by Fing, started for the

Two weeks had past but no trace of the peddler could be found. The news of the mysterious disappearance of the drover had traveled along the route to Falkirk; and the honest, noble char-ter of Thomas Campbell having gained him many friends, the houter was everywhere met with sympathy and offers of service, Fing, too, was well

known, and frequent were the compliments he received on learning the sufferings he had undergone.

"Ye dinna suspect Cuthbert, dae ye?" many inquired.
"I amanxious to hear his deponcment before a magistrate, that's a'," Dancau would cautiously reply.

Another week had passed, and still no traces of the peddler.

no traces of the peddler.

"He mann hae fled the country," thought Duncan. "But our pilgrimage is not yet ended, Fing. Let us on, Fing, however, needed no encour-

agement to go on; for, if apprehensive that his companion might become weary of the search, he always kept in advance of the horse, hopefully snutfing the road to catch scent of the rey he sought.
Packmen were numerous in those

days. Indeed, it was to the peddler that country people were indebted for small articles of merchandise. Being numerous, they were all more or less known to each other by reputation.

known to each other by reputation.
Duncan had got as far south as Cumberland in England.
"Cathbert, did ye say?" replied one
of the tramping fraternity of whom
Duncan had made inquiry respecting the object of his search. "On, ave, I've heard o' him. He traveled in the Heelants (Highlands). Ye'll find him —if I bev as been wroughy informed— in the toon o' Frameholt, in England here, about nine miles frae the city o' Hull. He's about to open a braw (show) shop there. He did a thrivin' business in the Heclants. Ye seem the be agitated, gude man. Is there anything unco (wonderful) about Cuthbert?"

But, without answering the man. Duncan put spurs to his horse, and pursued his journey with increased haste. Fing seemed to catch an inkling of the information just imparted to his companion. He bounded on in advance, his ears pricked forward, and the hair of his tail, neck, and back stiffly bristling. Putting his horse to his utmost, a few days more saw Duacan within an hour's ride of his victim. At the outskirts of the village of Frame-holt, he met a laborer, of whom he inquired about Cuthbert. "You'll find 'im oop theere t' vil-

lage," he replied.

Muffling his face with his plaid. Duncan rode up to the inn, and giving his horse to the ostler, he called for the landlord.

I want to see a magistrate," said the Highlander. He was informed where one could be found.

"Come. Fing, stick close by me," said Duran. "It you should get yir e'e on him afore I did, it might breed mischief. In an bour after the arrival of the pursuers, Curhbert, the whilom packman was a prisoner in charge of a consta-

ble; and that same evening found him in the county goal, charged with the the crime of murder. In due time the prisoner was tried. The proof, however, was found insufficient to convict him. A large sum of money was found in his possession,

but that, it was argued, he might have earned by his business. The fact of his having slept at the house of Dun-can the night before the disappearance of the drover, however, much it might breed suspicion, was no evidence against him. The story of the dog was only wondered at. The prisoner was discharged. But justice stood at the door of the

court ready to receive him.

No sooner had be entered the outer hall leading to the street, than Fingal, with a sayage howl of revenge, sprang to his throat, and, locking his strong jaws, which enclosed the chapman's, windpipe, he hung to him till they fell together. His elenched fungs defied all After the preparations for a short absence from his home, Duncan and his wife entered the large kitchen, where of the bystanders, he kept his grip till his viction lay motionless as a corpse.

A surgeon was called; but the fangs of the colly had done their worst. The pedler recovered conscionsness only long enough to confess his guilt.

## HUMOROUS.

A boy being asked the meaning of the word amateur, said it was a man what slipped up and wasn't jawed for't. "See here, mister," sald a lad driven up a tree by a ferocious dog, "if you don't take that dog away, I'll eat up

all your apples.' An enthusiastic African, who had "spent de winter in Jamaky," found it an earthly paradise. He said he could 'lie abed, and putting his arms out de windy, pick oranges, pineapples and Jamaica rum right off de trees."

The Newburn Times heard the other day of a lady who caromed on the red head of her husband through the win-dow of a billiard-room with a brickbat. He ended the game with a vigorous "home run."

Enraged Parent-Did you throw the half brick at random?

Weeping Boy-No, I threw it at Johnny Williams. Parent-And did you strike him on

purpose?

Boy—No; I struck him on the nose. A ranting politicism, at a dinner party in Berkshire county, the other day, talking of the intermarriage of whites and negroes, said: "I don't believe in it. I think it is a sin. It is my opinion that every person ought to marry one of his own sex!"

A candy boy, passing through a ear, met a cross old gentleman, and says: "Pop corn, pop corn!" "Hain't got any teeth," angrily replied the man. "Gum drops, gum drops!" calls the smart boy. smart boy.

On the road between Menden and Hartford, Connecticut, there is a saloon where decoctions of benzine are passed over a rickety bar, at the small price of five cents. Directly opposite is a country graveyard, where the people for a few miles around bury their dead. The hostess of the saloon has an un-feeling sign on the side of her door, as follows: "Key to the cemetery gate within."

"Well, Pat," said a gentleman,
"Tim didn't quite kill you with that
brickbat, did he?" "No, but I wish
he had." "What for ?" "So I could
have him lung, the willain," replied
Pat. Rotal to the confess about relate

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